

A

A

I parked my taxi, For a visit with my muse.

A

E7 / A

Jammin' with my brothers, Gotta play the blues.

Chorus:

A (walk up)

D7

A

10-7 Taxi, What kinda trouble can you find?

D7

A

10-7 , Yea, Means Off Duty,

D7

A

10-7, Can't go very far,

D7

E7 / A

Off Duty Taxi, Better park that car.

A

A

While we was jammin', Heard something from the street,

A

A

Little Jury with her blue dress on, Running from the Heat,

A

A

Asking about the taxi, And, can she get a ride,

A (stop)

E7 / A

Said, "Sure, but this will take a while. Come sit here, inside."

Chorus:

Don't know I'd ever seen her, But she surely was around,

She sat there in that pretty dress, Listening to the sound.

Time to leave, I asked where did she want to ride?

Stopped round to a couple clubs, While she ran inside.

Chorus: (then jam on chorus)

Then she turned to me and said, I'm sure we could be friends,

And me, I'm just tryin' to learn, How this story ends.

When she made me understand, We took a little ride.

She went round to the back, Then she had me come inside.

Chorus: 2X out