

Blues Progression Songbook

Print Edition of Sept. 5, 2022

43 Songs – 120 Pages

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Pending Beatles Songs & Covers

- Don't Pass Me By
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- For You Blue
- I'm Down
- Kansas City-Hey Hey Hey Hey
- Little Child
- Matchbox
- Rock And Roll Music
- She's A Woman
- Slow Down
- The Ballad Of John And Yoko
- The One After 909
- The Word
- Why Don't We Do It In The Road
- Yer Blues

409 (Brian Wilson & Gary Usher, 1962) (C)

409 by The Beach Boys (1962) (G @ 159) (Also in E)

Tacet C **Tacet** C G C | C
She's real fine, my 409. She's real fine, my 409, my 4 – 0 – 9.

C
Well, I saved my pennies and I saved my dimes (*Giddy-up, giddy-up, 409*)

F C
'For I knew there would be a time (*Giddy-up, giddy-up, 409*)

G F C | C
When I would buy a brand-new 409 (*409, 409*)

Chorus

C
Giddy-up, giddy-up, giddy-up, 409. (*Giddy-up, giddy-up, 409*)

F
Giddy-up, giddy-up, Giddy-up, 409 (*409*)

C
Giddy-up, 4 – 0 – 9. (*Giddy-up, giddy-up, 409*).

G F C | C
Nothing can catch her, nothing can touch my 409, 409.

Instrumental Verse

*Background – 4x in the first two lines of verse (2 measure duration each):
Ooo giddy-up, giddy-up.*

C
When I take her to the drag she really shines (*Giddy-up, giddy-up, 409*)

F C
She always turns in the fastest time (*Giddy-up, giddy-up, 409*)

G F C | C
My four-speed, dual-carb, posi-traction 4 – 0 – 9. (*409, 409*) **Chorus**

Outro

C
409, 409. Giddy-up, 409 (*409*). Giddy-up, 409 (*409*). Giddy-up, 409 (*409*).

409 (Brian Wilson & Gary Usher, 1962) (F)

409 by The Beach Boys (1962) (G @ 159) (Also in E)

Tacet F **Tacet** F C F | F
She's real fine, my 409. She's real fine, my 409, my 4 – 0 – 9.

F
Well, I saved my pennies and I saved my dimes (*Giddy-up, giddy-up, 409*)

Bb F
'For I knew there would be a time (*Giddy-up, giddy-up, 409*)

C Bb F | F
When I would buy a brand-new 409 (*409, 409*)

Chorus

F
Giddy-up, giddy-up, giddy-up, 409. (*Giddy-up, giddy-up, 409*)

Bb
Giddy-up, giddy-up, Giddy-up, 409 (*409*)

F
Giddy-up, 4 – 0 – 9. (*Giddy-up, giddy-up, 409*).

C Bb F | F
Nothing can catch her, nothing can touch my 409, 409.

Instrumental Verse

*Background – 4x in the first two lines of verse (2 measure duration each):
Ooo giddy-up, giddy-up.*

F
When I take her to the drag she really shines (*Giddy-up, giddy-up, 409*)

Bb F
She always turns in the fastest time (*Giddy-up, giddy-up, 409*)

C Bb F | F
My four-speed, dual-carb, posi-traction 4 – 0 – 9. (*409, 409*) **Chorus**

Outro

F
409, 409. Giddy-up, 409 (*409*). Giddy-up, 409 (*409*). Giddy-up, 409 (*409*).

Bad Boy (Larry Williams, 1958) (C)

Bad Boy by The Beatles (1965) – Bad Boy by Larry Williams (1958)

Intro (4 Measures) C7

C7

A bad little kid moved into my neighborhood
He won't do nothing right, just a sitting got to look so good

F7

He don't wanna go to school and learn to read and write

C7

Just sits around the house and plays that rock and roll music all night

G7

F7

___ Well he put thumb tacks on teacher's chair, puts chewing gum in li'l girl's hair

C7 | **G7**

___ Now Junior behave yourself

C7

Buys every rock and roll book on the magazine stand
Every dime that he gets oh he's off to the jukebox man

F7

Well he worries that teacher till at night she's aready to poop

C7

From rocking and a rolling spinning in a hula-hoop

G7

F7

Well this rock and roll has gotta stop, Junior's head is hard as rock

C7 | **G**

___ Now Junior behave yourself, ow

Instrumental verse

G7

Gonna tell ya mamma you'd better do what she said
Get to the barber shop and get that hair cut off your head

F7

Threw the canary and you fed it to the neighbor's cat

C7

You gave the cocker spaniel a bathing mother's laundromat

G7

F7

Well ya mama said it's gotta stop, Junior's head is hard as a rock

C7 | **C**

___ Now, Junior be have yourself, Ooo

Bad Boy (Larry Williams, 1958) (F)

Bad Boy by The Beatles (1965) – Bad Boy by Larry Williams (1958)

Intro (4 Measures) F7

F7

A bad little kid moved into my neighborhood
He won't do nothing right, just a sitting got to look so good

Bb7

He don't wanna go to school and learn to read and write

F7

Just sits around the house and plays that rock and roll music all night

C7

Bb7

___ Well he put thumb tacks on teacher's chair, puts chewing gum in li'l girl's hair

F7 | **C7**

___ Now Junior behave yourself

F7

Buys every rock and roll book on the magazine stand
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Bb7

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F7 | **C**

___ Now Junior behave yourself, ow

Instrumental verse

C7

Gonna tell ya mamma you'd better do what she said
Get to the barber shop and get that hair cut off your head

Bb7

Threw the canary and you fed it to the neighbor's cat

F7

You gave the cocker spaniel a bathing mother's laundromat

C7

Bb7

Well ya mama said it's gotta stop, Junior's head is hard as a rock

F7 | **F**

___ Now, Junior be have yourself, Ooo

Bad Boy (Larry Williams, 1958) (G)

Bad Boy by The Beatles (1965) – Bad Boy by Larry Williams (1958)

Intro (4 Measures) G7

G7

A bad little kid moved into my neighborhood
He won't do nothing right, just a sitting got to look so good

C7

He don't wanna go to school and learn to read and write

G7

Just sits around the house and plays that rock and roll music all night

D7

C7

__ Well he put thumb tacks on teacher's chair, puts chewing gum in li'l girl's hair

G7

| **D7**

__ Now Junior behave yourself

G7

Buys every rock and roll book on the magazine stand
Every dime that he gets oh he's off to the jukebox man

C7

Well he worries that teacher till at night she's aready to poop

G7

From rocking and a rolling spinning in a hula-hoop

D7

C7

Well this rock and roll has gotta stop, Junior's head is hard as rock

G7

| **D**

__ Now Junior behave yourself, ow

Instrumental verse

D7

Gonna tell ya mamma you'd better do what she said
Get to the barber shop and get that hair cut off your head

C7

Threw the canary and you fed it to the neighbor's cat

G7

You gave the cocker spaniel a bathing mother's laundromat

D7

C7

Well ya mama said it's gotta stop, Junior's head is hard as a rock

G7

| **G**

__ Now, Junior be have yourself, Ooo

Basin Street Blues (Spencer Williams, 1928) (C)

Basin Street Blues by Ella Fitzgerald (1949) (Bb @ 103)

Version 3: Chords have been altered & simplified from the original sheet music. – 2/2 Time, “Moderato”

Intro (4 Measures - Last line of verse) C | C | G7 | C ↓

C G | C G |

Won't-cha come along with me

C7 G7 | C7 G7 |

To the Missis-sippi?

C F D7

We'll take the boat to the land of dreams

C G7 C

Steam down the river down to New Or-leans

C G | C G |

The band's there to meet us,

C7 G7 | C G7 |

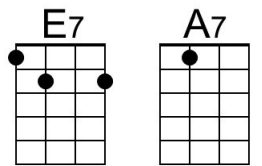
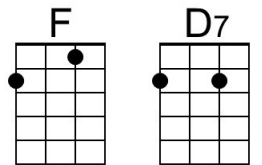
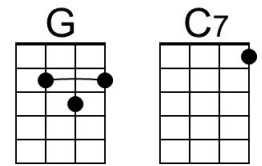
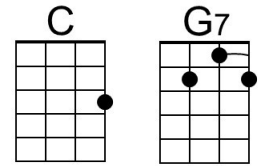
Old friends to greet us.

C F D7

Where all the light and the dark folks meet,

C G7 C

_ Way down yonder on Ba-sin Street.



Chorus

C E7 A7
Basin Street, is the street, where the elite,

D7 G7
Always meet In New Orleans, _ lan' of dreams.

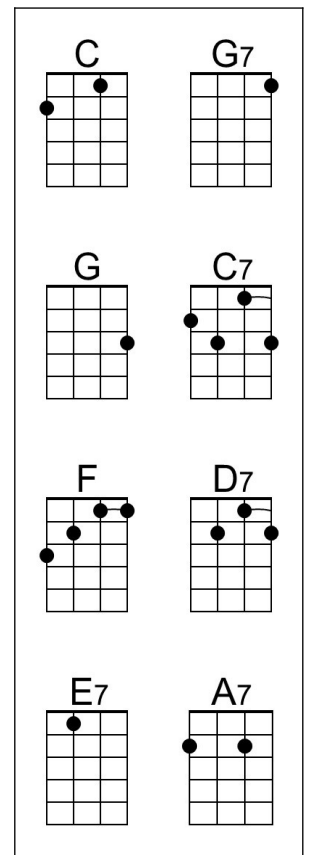
C
You'll never know how nice it seems, or

F G7 C E7
Just how much it really means. _ Glad to be, yes, siree,

A7 D7
Where welcome's free, dear to me, where I can lose

| G7 C - F | C - G7 |
| 1. _ My Basin Street Blues. **Repeat from Chorus**

| G7 C - G7 | F - C
| 2. _ My Basin Street Blues.



Basin Street Blues (Spencer Williams, 1928) (G)

Basin Street Blues by Ella Fitzgerald (1949) (Bb @ 103)

Version 3: Chords have been altered & simplified from the original sheet music. – 2/2 Time, “Moderato”

Intro (4 Measures - Last line of verse) G | G | D7 | G ↓

G D | G D |

Won't-cha come along with me

G7 D7 | G7 D7 |

To the Missis-sippi?

G C A7

We'll take the boat to the land of dreams

G D7 G

Steam down the river down to New Or-leans

G D | G D |

The band's there to meet us,

G7 D7 | G D7 |

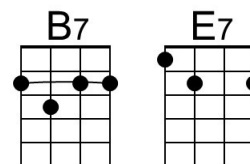
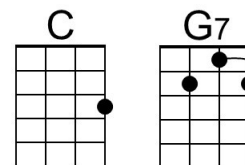
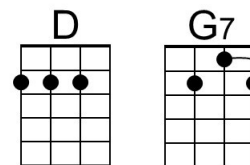
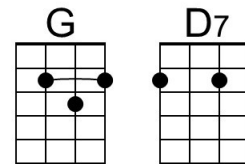
Old friends to greet us.

G C A7

Where all the light and the dark folks meet,

G D7 G

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Chorus

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A7 D7
Always meet In New Orleans, _ lan' of dreams.

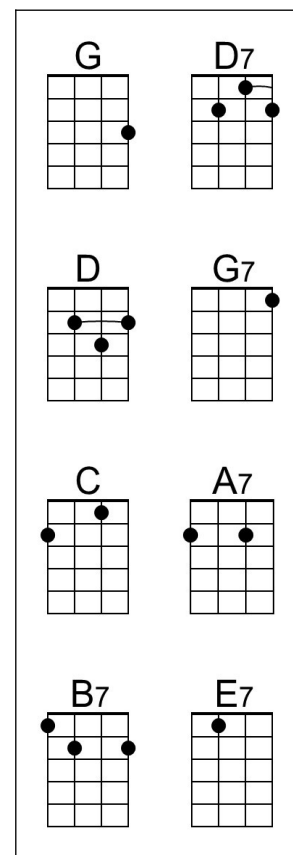
G
You'll never know how nice it seems, or

C D7 G B7
Just how much it really means. _ Glad to be, yes, siree,

E7 A7
Where welcome's free, dear to me, where I can lose

| D7 G - C | G - D7 |
| 1. _ My Basin Street Blues. **Repeat from Chorus**

| D7 G - D7 | C - G
| 2. _ My Basin Street Blues.



Birthday (John Lennon & Paul McCartney, 1968) (A)

Birthday by The Beatles (1968) (A)

Intro (Chords to Verse)

A7

__ They say it's your birthday, it's my birthday too, yeah

D7

E7

__ They say it's you birthday, __ we're gonna have a good time

E7

A7

| A7

__ I'm glad it's your birthday. __ Happy birthday to you!

Bridge

E7

Yes we're going to a party, party.

Yes we're going to a party, party.

Yes we're going to a party, party.

Chorus

C

G

C

__ I would like you to dance (birthday),

G

C

Take a cha-cha-cha-chance (birthday)

G

C

G

- B

E

I would like you to dance (birthday), ooo, dance, yeah

Instrumental Verse

Break A | G | A | G

Repeat Chorus

A7

__ They say it's your birthday, it's my birthday too, yeah

D7

E7

__ They say it's you birthday, __ we're gonna have a good time

E7

A7

| A7

__ I'm glad it's your birthday. __ Happy birthday to you!

Birthday (John Lennon & Paul McCartney, 1968) (D)

Birthday by The Beatles (1968) (A)

Intro (Chords to Verse)

D7

__ They say it's your birthday, it's my birthday too, yeah

G7

A7

__ They say it's you birthday, __ we're gonna have a good time

A7

D7

| D7

__ I'm glad it's your birthday. __ Happy birthday to you!

Bridge

A

Yes we're going to a party, party.

Yes we're going to a party, party.

Yes we're going to a party, party.

Chorus

F

C

F

__ I would like you to dance (birthday),

C

F

Take a cha-cha-cha-chance (birthday)

C

F

C

- E

A

I would like you to dance (birthday), ooo, dance, yeah

Instrumental Verse

Break D | C | D | C

Repeat Chorus

D7

__ They say it's your birthday, it's my birthday too, yeah

G7

A7

__ They say it's you birthday, __ we're gonna have a good time

A7

D7

| D7

__ I'm glad it's your birthday. __ Happy birthday to you!

Boom Boom (John Lee Hooker, 1961) (C)

Boom Boom by John Lee Hooker (1962) (original recording, 2:29)

Boom Boom by John Lee Hooker (1992) (Official) (4:19)

Boom Boom by John Lee Hooker (from "The Blues Brothers," 1980,
with 1:30 Instrumental Intro and different lyrics)

Boom Boom by The Animals (1964)

Intro C | F | [*original recording: chords of first verse, 12 measures*]

C C
_ Boom, boom, boom, boom

I'm gonna shoot you right down, right off your feet

Take you home with me, put you in my house

Boom, boom, boom, boom. Mm mm mm. Mm mm mm mm.

I love to see you walk, up and down the floor [strut]

And when you talking to me that baby talk

I like it like that ___ when you talk like that
You knocks me out, right off of my feet.

How how how how. Whoa, yeah.

Bridge (*chords of verse*)

Won't you walk that walk.

And talk that talk and whisper in my ear

Tell me she love me I love that talk that baby talk
You knocks me out, right off of my feet

How, how, how, how – Yeah yeah

Outro

C | F | C |

Boom Boom (John Lee Hooker, 1961) (F)

Boom Boom by John Lee Hooker (1962) (original recording, 2:29)

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Boom Boom by The Animals (1964)

Intro F | Bb | [*original recording: chords of first verse, 12 measures*]

F F
_ Boom, boom, boom, boom

I'm gonna shoot you right down, right off your feet

Take you home with me, put you in my house

Boom, boom, boom, boom. Mm mm mm. Mm mm mm mm.

I love to see you walk, up and down the floor [strut]

And when you talking to me that baby talk

I like it like that ___ when you talk like that
You knocks me out, right off of my feet.

How how how how. Whoa, yeah.

Bridge (chords of verse)

Won't you walk that walk.

And talk that talk and whisper in my ear

Tell me she love me I love that talk that baby talk
You knocks me out, right off of my feet

How, how, how, how – Yeah yeah

Outro

F | Bb | F |

Boom Boom (John Lee Hooker, 1961) (G)

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Boom Boom by The Animals (1964)

Intro G | C | [original recording: chords of first verse, 12 measures]

G G
_ Boom, boom, boom, boom

I'm gonna shoot you right down, right off your feet

Take you home with me, put you in my house

Boom, boom, boom, boom. Mm mm mm. Mm mm mm mm.

I love to see you walk, up and down the floor [strut]

And when you talking to me that baby talk

I like it like that ___ when you talk like that
You knocks me out, right off of my feet.

How how how how. Whoa, yeah.

Bridge (chords of verse)

Won't you walk that walk.

And talk that talk and whisper in my ear

Tell me she love me I love that talk that baby talk
You knocks me out, right off of my feet

How, how, how, how – Yeah yeah

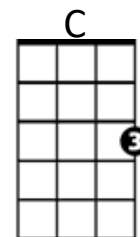
Outro

G | C | G |

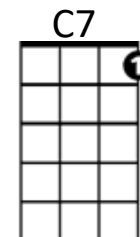
Call Me the Breeze (J.J. Cale 1971)

Intro: C F C G F C

C C7
They call me the breeze, I keep blowing down the road



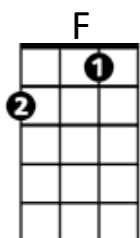
F C
They call me the breeze, I keep blowing down the road



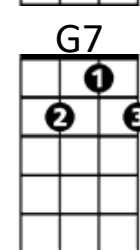
G7 F C
I ain't got me nobody, I ain't carrying me no load

C C7
Ain't no change in the weather, ain't no change in me

F C
There ain't no change in the weather, ain't no change in me



G7 F C
I ain't hiding from nobody, nobody's hiding from me



Instrumental verse

C C7
I got that green light, baby, I got to keep moving on

F C
I got that green light, baby, I got to keep moving on

G7 F C
I might go out to California, might go down to Georgia, I don't know

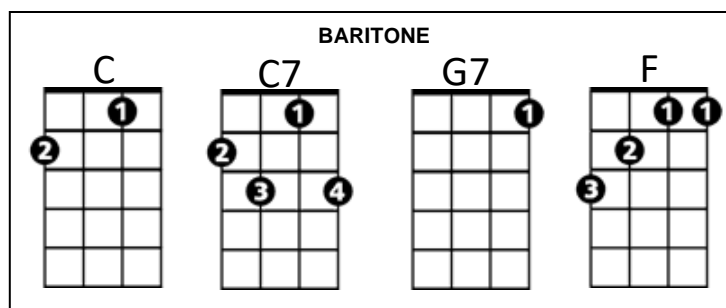
C C7
Well I dig you Georgia peaches, Makes me feel right at home

F C
Well now I dig you Georgia peaches, Makes me feel right at home

G7 F C
But I don't love me no one woman, So I can't stay in Georgia long

Repeat 1st Verse

Oooh mr breeze



Call Me the Breeze (J.J. Cale 1971) (Nashville Notation)

Intro: 1 4 1 5(7) 4 1

1 1(7)
They call me the breeze, I keep blowing down the road

4 1
They call me the breeze, I keep blowing down the road

5(7) 4 1
I ain't got me nobody, I ain't carrying me no load

1 1(7)
Ain't no change in the weather, ain't no change in me

4 1
There ain't no change in the weather, ain't no change in me

5(7) 4 1
I ain't hiding from nobody, nobody's hiding from me

| 1 | 4 | 5 |
|----|----|---|
| A | D | E |
| Bb | Eb | F |
| C | F | G |
| D | G | A |
| E | A | B |
| F | Bb | C |
| G | C | D |

Instrumental verse

1 1(7)
I got that green light, baby, I got to keep moving on

4 1
I got that green light, baby, I got to keep moving on

5(7) 4 1
I might go out to California, might go down to Georgia, I don't know

1 1(7)
Well I dig you Georgia peaches, Makes me feel right at home

4 1
Well now I dig you Georgia peaches, Makes me feel right at home

5(7) 4 1
But I don't love me no one woman, So I can't stay in Georgia long

Repeat 1st Verse

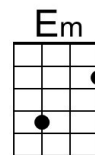
Oooh mr breeze

Can't Buy Me Love (Lennon-McCartney, 1964) (C)

Can't Buy Me Love by The Beatles (C)

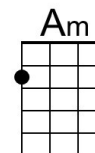
Intro (Single Strum) C

Em Am Em Am Dm G7
 Can't buy me lo - ove, lo - ove, can't buy me lo - ove.



C
 I'll buy you a diamond ring, my friend, if it makes you feel alright.

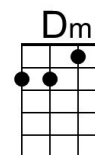
F C
 I'll get you anything, my friend, if it makes you feel alright.



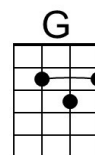
G F C
 'Cause I don't care too ↓ much for money, money can't buy me love.

C
 I'll give you all I've got to give, if you say you love me too.

F C
 I may not have a lot to give, but what I got I'll give to you.



G F C
 I don't care too ↓ much for money, money can't buy me love.



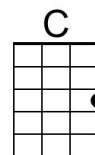
Bridge

Em Am C
 Can't buy me lo - ove, everybody tells me so.

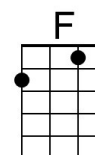
Em Am Dm G
 Can't buy me lo - ove, no, no, no nooo!

C
 Say you don't need no diamond rings, and I'll be satisfied.

F C
 Tell me that you want the kind of things that money just can't buy.



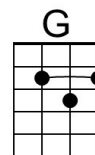
G F C
 I don't care too ↓ much for money, money can't buy me love.



Repeat From Bridge

Outro

Em Am Em Am Dm G7 C | C
 Can't buy me lo - ove, lo - ove, can't buy me lo - o - ove.



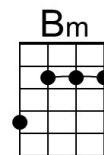
| | | | | | | | |
|----------|----|----|----|---|---|---|----|
| Baritone | Em | Am | Dm | G | C | F | G7 |
| | | | | | | | |

Can't Buy Me Love (Lennon-McCartney, 1964) (G)

Can't Buy Me Love by The Beatles (C)

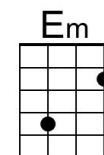
Intro (Single Strum) G

Bm Em Bm Em **Am D7**
 Can't buy me lo - ove, lo - ove, can't buy me lo - ove.



G
 I'll buy you a diamond ring, my friend, if it makes you feel alright.

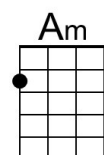
C **G**
 I'll get you anything, my friend, if it makes you feel alright.



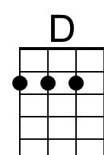
D **C** **G**
 'Cause I don't care too ↓ much for money, money can't buy me love.

G
 I'll give you all I've got to give, if you say you love me too.

C **G**
 I may not have a lot to give, but what I got I'll give to you.



D **C** **G**
 I don't care too ↓ much for money, money can't buy me love.



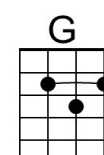
Bridge

Bm Em G
 Can't buy me lo - ove, everybody tells me so.

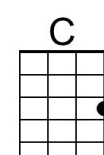
Bm Em Am D
 Can't buy me lo - ove, no, no, no *nooo!*

G
 Say you don't need no diamond rings, and I'll be satisfied.

C **G**
 Tell me that you want the kind of things that money just can't buy.



D **C** **G**
 I don't care too ↓ much for money, money can't buy me love.



Repeat From Bridge

Outro

Bm Em Bm Em **Am D7 G | G**
 Can't buy me lo - ove, lo - ove, can't buy me lo - o - ove.



| | | | | | | | |
|-----------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|------------------|
| Baritone | <p>Bm</p> | <p>Em</p> | <p>Am</p> | <p>D</p> | <p>G</p> | <p>C</p> | <p>D7</p> |
|-----------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|------------------|

Chains (Gerry Goffin & Carole King, 1962) (C)

Chains by The Beatles (1963) (Bb) – Chains by The Cookies (1962) (D)

Intro (4x with Harmonica) C

C
Chains, my baby's got me locked up in chains.

F C
And they ain't the kind that you can see.

G F C - G7
Whoa, oh, these chains of love got a hold on me, Yeah .

C
Chains, well I can't break away from these chains.

F C
Can't run around, 'cause I'm not free.

G F C - C7
Whoa, oh, these chains of love won't let me be, Yeah

F C C7
I wanna tell you, pretty baby, I think you're fine.

F G
I'd like to love you, but, darlin', I'm imprisoned by these

C
Chains, my baby's got me locked up in chains,

F C
And they ain't the kind that you can see.

G F C - C7
Whoa, oh, these chains of love got a hold on me, Yeah,

F C C7
Please believe me when I tell you, your lips are sweet.

F G
I'd like to kiss them, but I can't break away from all of these

C
Chains, my baby's got me locked up in chains.

F C
And they ain't the kind that you can see.

G F C - G7
Whoa, oh, these chains of love got a hold on me, yeah.

Outro

C F Fm C F C
Chains, Chains of love, Chains of love. Chains of Love.

Chains (Gerry Goffin & Carole King, 1962) (F)

Chains by The Beatles (1963) (Bb) – Chains by The Cookies (1962) (D)

Intro (4x with Harmonica) F

F
Chains, my baby's got me locked up in chains.

Bb F
And they ain't the kind that you can see.

C Bb F - C7
Whoa, oh, these chains of love got a hold on me, Yeah .

F
Chains, well I can't break away from these chains.

Bb F
Can't run around, 'cause I'm not free.

C Bb F - F7
Whoa, oh, these chains of love won't let me be, Yeah

Bb F F7
I wanna tell you, pretty baby, I think you're fine.

Bb C
I'd like to love you, but, darlin', I'm imprisoned by these

F
Chains, my baby's got me locked up in chains,

Bb F
And they ain't the kind that you can see.

C Bb F - F7
Whoa, oh, these chains of love got a hold on me, Yeah,

Bb F F7
Please believe me when I tell you, your lips are sweet.

Bb C
I'd like to kiss them, but I can't break away from all of these

F
Chains, my baby's got me locked up in chains.

Bb F
And they ain't the kind that you can see.

C Bb F - C7
Whoa, oh, these chains of love got a hold on me, yeah.

Outro

F Bb Bbm F Bb F
Chains, Chains of love, Chains of love. Chains of Love.

Chains (Gerry Goffin & Carole King, 1962) (G)

Chains by The Beatles (1963) (Bb) – Chains by The Cookies (1962) (D)

Intro (4x with Harmonica) G

G
Chains, my baby's got me locked up in chains.

C G
And they ain't the kind that you can see.

D C G - D7
Whoa, oh, these chains of love got a hold on me, Yeah .

G
Chains, well I can't break away from these chains.

C G
Can't run around, 'cause I'm not free.

D C G - G7
Whoa, oh, these chains of love won't let me be, Yeah

C G G7
I wanna tell you, pretty baby, I think you're fine.

C D
I'd like to love you, but, darlin', I'm imprisoned by these

G
Chains, my baby's got me locked up in chains,

C G
And they ain't the kind that you can see.

D C G - G7
Whoa, oh, these chains of love got a hold on me, Yeah,

C G G7
Please believe me when I tell you, your lips are sweet.

C D
I'd like to kiss them, but I can't break away from all of these

G
Chains, my baby's got me locked up in chains.

C G
And they ain't the kind that you can see.

D C G - D7
Whoa, oh, these chains of love got a hold on me, yeah.

Outro

G C Cm G C G
Chains, Chains of love, Chains of love. Chains of Love.

Day Tripper (John Lennon & Paul McCartney, 1965) (C)

Day Tripper by The Beatles – Day Tripper by The Beatles (Beatles 1) (E)

Intro (4x) | C | C↓ C↓ Bb↓ Bb↓ |

C
Got a good reason, for taking the easy way out
F C
Got a good reason, for taking the easy way out, now
D
She was a day – tripper, one way ticket, yeah
F E A G
It took me so-oo long to find out, and I found out.

Instrumental Interlude (2x) | C | C↓ C↓ Bb↓ Bb↓ |

C
She's a big teaser, she took me half – way there,
F C
She's a big teaser, she took me half – way there, now
D
She was a day – tripper, one way ticket, yeah
F E A G
It took me so-oo long to find out, and I found out.

Instrumental Interlude (6x) | C | C↓ C↓ Bb↓ Bb↓ |

Vocal Interlude (6x) | C | C↓ C↓ Bb↓ Bb↓ |
Ah -----> [Ascending]

Instrumental Interlude (2x) | C | C↓ C↓ Bb↓ Bb↓ |

C
Tried to please her, she only played one-night stands
F C
Tried to please her, she only played one-night stands, now
D
She was a day – tripper, Sunday driver, yeah
F E A G
It took me so-oo long to find out, and I found out

Outro

Instrumental Interlude (6x) | C | C↓ C↓ Bb↓ Bb↓ |

Vocal (4x)
C | C Bb | C | C Bb |
Day tripper. Day trip per, yeah.

Day Tripper (John Lennon & Paul McCartney, 1965) (F)

Day Tripper by The Beatles – Day Tripper by The Beatles (Beatles 1) (E)

Intro (4x) | F | F↓ F↓ Eb↓ Eb↓ |

F
 Got a good reason, for taking the easy way out
Bb **F**
 Got a good reason, for taking the easy way out, now
G
 She was a day – tripper, one way ticket, yeah
Bb **A** **D** **C**
 It took me so-oo long to find out, and I found out.

Instrumental Interlude (2x) | F | F↓ F↓ Eb↓ Eb↓ |

F
 She's a big teaser, she took me half – way there,
Bb **F**
 She's a big teaser, she took me half – way there, now
G
 She was a day – tripper, one way ticket, yeah
Bb **A** **D** **C**
 It took me so-oo long to find out, and I found out.

Instrumental Interlude (6x) | F | F↓ F↓ Eb↓ Eb↓ |

Vocal Interlude (6x) | F | F↓ F↓ Eb↓ Eb↓ |
 Ah -----> [Ascending]

Instrumental Interlude (2x) | F | F↓ F↓ Eb↓ Eb↓ |

F
 Tried to please her, she only played one-night stands
Bb **F**
 Tried to please her, she only played one-night stands, now
G
 She was a day – tripper, Sunday driver, yeah
Bb **A** **D** **C**
 It took me so-oo long to find out, and I found out

Outro

Instrumental Interlude (6x) | F | F↓ F↓ Eb↓ Eb↓ |

Vocal (4x)
F | F Eb | **F** | F Eb |
 Day tripper. Day trip per, yeah.

Day Tripper (John Lennon & Paul McCartney, 1965) (G)

Day Tripper by The Beatles – Day Tripper by The Beatles (Beatles 1) (E)

Intro (4x) | G | G↓ G↓ F↓ F↓ |

G
 Got a good reason, for taking the easy way out
C **G**
 Got a good reason, for taking the easy way out, now
A
 She was a day – tripper, one way ticket, yeah
C B E D
 It took me so-oo long to find out, and I found out.

Instrumental Interlude (2x) | G | G↓ G↓ F↓ F↓ |

G
 She's a big teaser, she took me half – way there,
C **G**
 She's a big teaser, she took me half – way there, now
A
 She was a day – tripper, one way ticket, yeah
C B E D
 It took me so-oo long to find out, and I found out.

Instrumental Interlude (6x) | G | G↓ G↓ F↓ F↓ |

Vocal Interlude (6x) | G | G↓ G↓ F↓ F↓ |
 Ah -----> [Ascending]

Instrumental Interlude (2x) | G | G↓ G↓ F↓ F↓ |

G
 Tried to please her, she only played one-night stands
C **G**
 Tried to please her, she only played one-night stands, now
A
 She was a day – tripper, Sunday driver, yeah
C B E D
 It took me so-oo long to find out, and I found out

Outro

Instrumental Interlude (6x) | G | G↓ G↓ F↓ F↓ |

Vocal (4x)
G | G F | **G** | G F |
 Day tripper. Day trip per, yeah.

Dizzy Miss Lizzie (Larry Williams, 1958) (C)

Dizzy Miss Lizzie by The Beatles (1965) – Dizzy Miss Lizzie by Larry Williams (1958)

C F C G C

Intro Ooh, ah, ah, huu

C - C7
You make me dizzy Miss Lizzy, the way you rock and roll

F C
You make me dizzy Miss Lizzy, when you do the stroll

G F C
Come on Miss Lizzy, love me 'fore I grow too old

C - C7
Come on, give me fever, put your little hand in mine

F C
You make me dizzy, dizzy Lizzy, oh, girl you look so fine

G C
You're just a-rocking and a-rolling, I sure do wish you were mine, ah

Instrumental Verse

C - C7
Ooh, ah, you make me dizzy Miss Lizzy, when you call my name

F C
Ooo, baby, say, you're driving me in-sane

G C
Come on, come on, come on, baby, I want to be your lover man, Ah

Instrumental Verse

C - C7
Run and tell your mama, I want you be my bride

F C
Run and tell your brother, Baby don't run and hide

G F C
You make me dizzy Miss Lizzy, Girl I want to marry you

C - C7
Come on, give me fever, put your little hand in mine.

F C
You make me dizzy, Miss Lizzy, girl you look so fine

G F C
You're just a-rockin' and a-rollin', ooo, I sure do wish you were mine.

Dizzy Miss Lizzie (Larry Williams, 1958) (F)

Dizzy Miss Lizzie by The Beatles (1965) – Dizzy Miss Lizzie by Larry Williams (1958)

F Bb F C F

Intro Ooh, ah, ah, huu

F - F7

You make me dizzy Miss Lizzy, the way you rock and roll

Bb F

You make me dizzy Miss Lizzy, when you do the stroll

C Bb F

Come on Miss Lizzy, love me 'fore I grow too old

F - F7

Come on, give me fever, put your little hand in mine

Bb F

You make me dizzy, dizzy Lizzy, oh, girl you look so fine

C F

You're just a-rocking and a-rolling, I sure do wish you were mine, ah

Instrumental Verse

F - F7

Ooh, ah, you make me dizzy Miss Lizzy, when you call my name

Bb F

Ooo, baby, say, you're driving me in-sane

C F

Come on, come on, come on, baby, I want to be your lover man, Ah

Instrumental Verse

F - F7

Run and tell your mama, I want you be my bride

Bb F

Run and tell your brother, Baby don't run and hide

C Bb F

You make me dizzy Miss Lizzy, Girl I want to marry you

F - F7

Come on, give me fever, put your little hand in mine.

Bb F

You make me dizzy, Miss Lizzy, girl you look so fine

C Bb F

You're just a-rockin' and a-rollin', ooo, I sure do wish you were mine.

Dizzy Miss Lizzie (Larry Williams, 1958) (G)

Dizzy Miss Lizzie by The Beatles (1965) – Dizzy Miss Lizzie by Larry Williams (1958)

G C G D G

Intro Ooh, ah, ah, huu

G **- G7**
 You make me dizzy Miss Lizzy, the way you rock and roll
C **G**
 You make me dizzy Miss Lizzy, when you do the stroll
D C **G**
 Come on Miss Lizzy, love me 'fore I grow too old

G **- G7**
 Come on, give me fever, put your little hand in mine
C **G**
 You make me dizzy, dizzy Lizzy, oh, girl you look so fine
D **G**
 You're just a-rocking and a-rolling, I sure do wish you were mine, ah

Instrumental Verse

G **- G7**
 Ooh, ah, you make me dizzy Miss Lizzy, when you call my name
C **G**
 Ooo, baby, say, you're driving me in-sane
D **G**
 Come on, come on, come on, baby, I want to be your lover man, Ah

Instrumental Verse

G **- G7**
 Run and tell your mama, I want you be my bride
C **G**
 Run and tell your brother, Baby don't run and hide
D C **G**
 You make me dizzy Miss Lizzy, Girl I want to marry you

G **- G7**
 Come on, give me fever, put your little hand in mine.
C **G**
 You make me dizzy, Miss Lizzy, girl you look so fine
D C **G**
 You're just a-rockin' and a-rollin', ooo, I sure do wish you were mine.

Going Up The Country (C)

Adapted by Alan Wilson from "[Bull Doze Blues](#)" by Henry Thomas (1928)

[Going Up The Country](#) by Canned Heat (1968) (Bb @ 158)

[Going Up The Country](#) by Canned Heat (Woodstock, 1969)

Intro (Chords to Verse) C F C G C

C
I'm goin' up the country, baby don't you wanna go?
F C
I'm goin' up the country, baby don't you wanna go?
G7 G C | C
I'm goin' to some place where I've never been be-fore.

C
I'm goin', I'm goin' where the water tastes like wine.
F C
Well, I'm goin' where the water tastes like wine.
G7 G C | C
We can jump in the water and stay drunk all the time.

Optional Instrumental Verse C F C G C

C F C
I'm gonna leave this city, got to get away. I'm gonna leave this city, got to get a-way.
G7 G C | C
All this fussin' and fightin', man you know I sure can't stay.

C
Now baby, packin' up the truck you know I got to leave today.
F C
Just exactly where we're goin' I can not say, but we might even leave the USA.
G C | C
'Cause it's a brand-new game and I don't wanna play.

Optional Instrumental Verse C F C G C

Bridge

F C
No use of you running or screaming and crying
G7 G C | C
'Cause you got a home man, long as I got mine.

Optional Instrumental Bridge F C G C F

Optional Instrumental Verse C F C G C

Going Up The Country (F)

Adapted by Alan Wilson from "[Bull Doze Blues](#)" by Henry Thomas (1928)

[Going Up The Country](#) by Canned Heat (1968) (Bb @ 158)

[Going Up The Country](#) by Canned Heat (Woodstock, 1969)

Intro (Chords to Verse) F Bb F C F

F
I'm goin' up the country, baby don't you wanna go?
Bb F
I'm goin' up the country, baby don't you wanna go?
C7 C F | F
I'm goin' to some place where I've never been be-fore.

F
I'm goin', I'm goin' where the water tastes like wine.
Bb F
Well, I'm goin' where the water tastes like wine.
C7 C F | F
We can jump in the water and stay drunk all the time.

Optional Instrumental Verse F Bb F C F

F Bb F
I'm gonna leave this city, got to get away. I'm gonna leave this city, got to get a-way.
C7 C F | F
All this fussin' and fightin', man you know I sure can't stay.

F
Now baby, packin' up the truck you know I got to leave today.
Bb F
Just exactly where we're goin' I can not say, but we might even leave the USA.
C F | F
'Cause it's a brand-new game and I don't wanna play.

Optional Instrumental Verse F Bb F C F

Bridge

Bb F
No use of you running or screaming and crying
C7 C F | F
'Cause you got a home man, long as I got mine.

Optional Instrumental Bridge Bb F C F Bb

Optional Instrumental Verse F Bb F C F

Going Up The Country (G)

Adapted by Alan Wilson from "[Bull Doze Blues](#)" by Henry Thomas (1928)

[Going Up The Country](#) by Canned Heat (1968) (Bb @ 158)

[Going Up The Country](#) by Canned Heat (Woodstock, 1969)

Intro (Chords to Verse) G C G D G

G
I'm goin' up the country, baby don't you wanna go?
C G
I'm goin' up the country, baby don't you wanna go?
D7 D G | G
I'm goin' to some place where I've never been be-fore.

G
I'm goin', I'm goin' where the water tastes like wine.
C G
Well, I'm goin' where the water tastes like wine.
D7 D G | G
We can jump in the water and stay drunk all the time.

Optional Instrumental Verse G C G D G

G C G
I'm gonna leave this city, got to get away. I'm gonna leave this city, got to get a-way.
D7 D G | G
All this fussin' and fightin', man you know I sure can't stay.

G
Now baby, packin' up the truck you know I got to leave today.
C G
Just exactly where we're goin' I can not say, but we might even leave the USA.
D G | G
'Cause it's a brand-new game and I don't wanna play.

Optional Instrumental Verse G C G D G

Bridge

C G
No use of you running or screaming and crying
D7 D G | G
'Cause you got a home man, long as I got mine.

Optional Instrumental Bridge C G D G C

Optional Instrumental Verse G C G D G

Hound Dog (Jerry Leiber & Mike Stoller, 1952) (F)

Hound Dog by Elvis Presley (1956) (C @ 87)

Hound Dog by Big Mama Thornton (1952) (A @ 133)

Intro F ↓

)

Verse 1

F

You ain't nothin' but a hound dog, cryin' all the time.

Bb

F

You ain't nothin' but a hound dog, cryin' all the time.

C7

Bb

F

Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit, and you ain't no friend of mine.

Verse 2

F

Well they said you was high-classed, well, that was just a lie.

Bb

F

Yeah they said you was high-classed, well, that was just a lie.

C7

Bb

F

Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit, and you ain't no friend of mine.

Repeat Verse 1

Optional Solo (Verse) F F F F - Bb Bb F F - C7 Bb F F

Repeat Verse 2

Optional Solo (Verse) F F F F - Bb Bb F F - C7 Bb F F

Repeat Verse 2

Repeat Verse 1

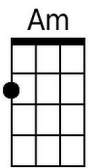
Outro

C7 | F

House of the Rising Sun (Traditional, adapted by Eric Burdon) (Am)

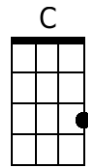
House of the Rising Sun by The Animals – 6/8 Time

Intro: Am C | D F | Am E7 | Am E7



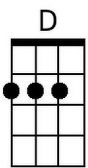
Am C D F Am C E7
There is a house in New Orleans, They call the Risin' Sun

Am C D F Am E7 Am - E7
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy. And God, I know I'm one. **Repeat Intro**



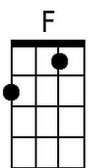
Am C D - F Am C E7
My mother was a tailor. She sewed my new blue jeans.

Am C D F Am E7 Am - E7
My father was a gamblin' man, Down in New Or-leans. **Repeat Intro**



Am C D F Am C E7
Now, the only thing a gambler needs, is a suitcase and a trunk

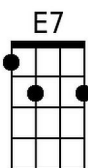
Am C D F Am E7 Am - E7
And the only time that he's satis-fied, is when he's on a drunk. **Repeat Intro**



Instrumental Verse. Repeat Intro

Am C D - F Am C E7
Oh, Mother, tell your children Not to do what I have done.

Am C D F Am E7 Am - E7
Spend your lives in sin and miser-y in the House of the Risin' Sun. **Repeat Intro**



Am C D - F Am C E7
Well, I've got one foot on the platform. The other foot on the train.

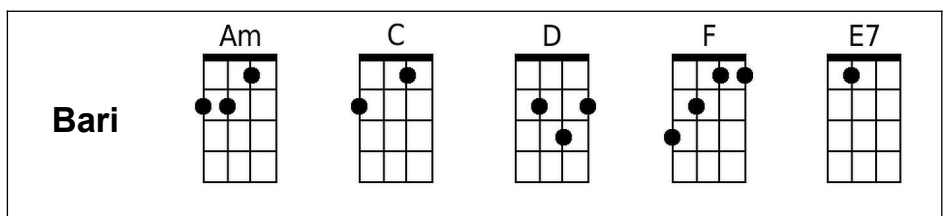
Am C D - F Am E7 Am - E7
I'm goin' back to New Orleans, To wear that ball and chain. **Repeat Intro**

Am C D - F Am C E7
There is a house in New Orleans They call the Risin' Sun

Am C D F Am E7 Am - E7
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy. And God, I know I'm one.

Am C | D F | Am E7 | Am D | Am D | Am D | Am

Strum:
1 2& 3&
D DU DU

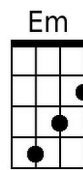


Note: Repetition of the Intro after every verse is optional. Baritones can re-create the Animals opening by doing an arpeggio of each chord in the Introduction (especially if amplified).

House of the Rising Sun (Traditional, adapted by Eric Burdon) (Em)

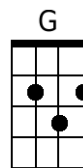
House of the Rising Sun by The Animals – 6/8 Time

Intro: Em G | A C | Em B7 | Em B7



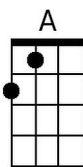
Em G A C Em G B7
There is a house in New Or-leans, They call the Risin' Sun

Em G A C Em B7 Em - B7
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy. And God, I know I'm one. **Repeat Intro**



Em G A - C Em G B7
My mother was a tailor. She sewed my new blue jeans.

Em G A C Em B7 Em - B7
My father was a gamblin' man, Down in New Or-leans. **Repeat Intro**



Em G A C Em G B7
Now, the only thing a gambler needs, is a suitcase and a trunk

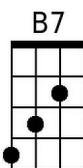
Em G A C Em B7 Em - B7
And the only time that he's satis-fied, is when he's on a drunk. **Repeat Intro**



Instrumental Verse. Repeat Intro

Em G A - C Em G B7
Oh, Mother, tell your children Not to do what I have done.

Em G A C Em B7 Em - B7
Spend your lives in sin and miser-y in the House of the Risin' Sun. **Repeat Intro**



Em G A - C Em G B7
Well, I've got one foot on the platform. The other foot on the train.

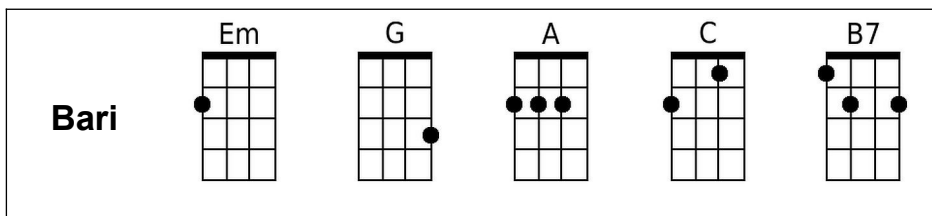
Em G A - C Em B7 Em - B7
I'm goin' back to New Orleans, To wear that ball and chain. **Repeat Intro**

Em G A - C Em G B7
There is a house in New Orleans They call the Risin' Sun

Em G A C Em B7 Em - B7
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy. And God, I know I'm one.

Em G | A C | Em B7 | Em A | Em A | Em A | Em

Strum:
1 2& 3&
D DU DU



Note: Repetition of the Intro after every verse is optional.

I'm Moving On (Hank Snow) Key G

G
That big eight-wheeler rollin' down the track
G7
Means your true-lovin' daddy ain't comin' back
C **G**
'Cause I'm movin' on, I'll soon be gone
D7
You were flyin' too high for my little old sky,
G
So I'm movin' on

G
That big loud whistle as it blew and blew
G7
Said hello to the southland we're comin' to you
C **G**
And we're movin' on, oh hear my song
D7
You had the laugh on me so I set you free,
G
And I'm movin' on

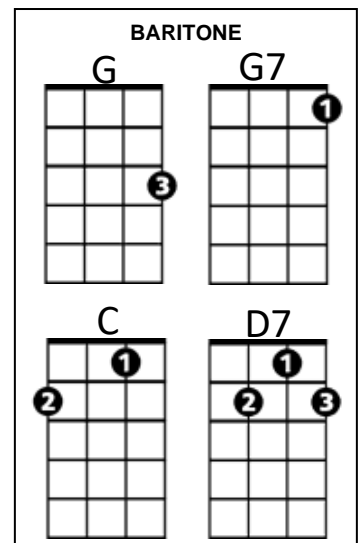
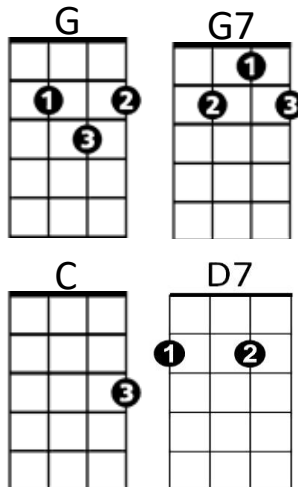
G
Mister fireman won't you please listen to me
G7
'Cause I got a pretty mama in Tennessee
C **G**
Keep movin' me on, keep rollin' on
D7
So shovel the coal let this rattler roll,
G
And keep movin' me on

G
Mister Engineer take that throttle in hand
G7
This rattler's the fastest in the southern land
C **G**
To keep movin' me on, keep rollin' on
D7
You gonna ease my mind put me there on time,
G
And keep rollin' on

G
I've told you baby from time to time
G7
But you just wouldn't listen or pay me no mind
C **G**
Now I'm movin' on, I'm rollin' on
D7
You've broken your vow and it's all over now,
G
So I'm movin' on

G
You've switched your engine now I ain't got time
G7
Cor a triflin' woman on my mainline
C **G**
'Cause I'm movin on, you done your daddy wrong
D7
I warned you twice now you can settle the price,
G
'Cause I'm movin on

G
But someday baby when you've had your play
G7
You're gonna want your daddy but your daddy will say
C **G**
Keep movin' on, you stayed away too long
D7
I'm through with you too bad you're blue,
G
Keep movin' on
D7
I'm through with you too bad you're blue,
G
Keep movin' on



I'm Moving On (Hank Snow) Key C

C
That big eight-wheeler rollin' down the track
C7
Means your true-lovin' daddy ain't comin' back
F C
'Cause I'm movin' on, I'll soon be gone
G7
You were flyin' too high for my little old sky,
C
So I'm movin' on

C
That big loud whistle as it blew and blew
C7
Said hello to the southland we're comin' to you
F C
And we're movin' on, oh hear my song
G7
You had the laugh on me so I set you free,
C
And I'm movin' on

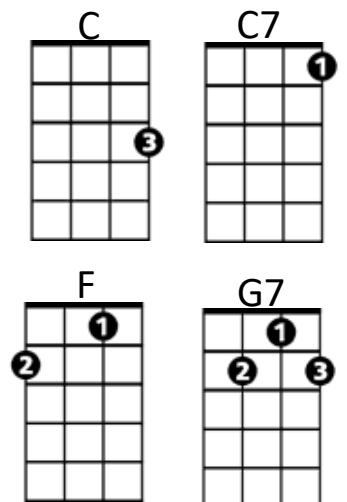
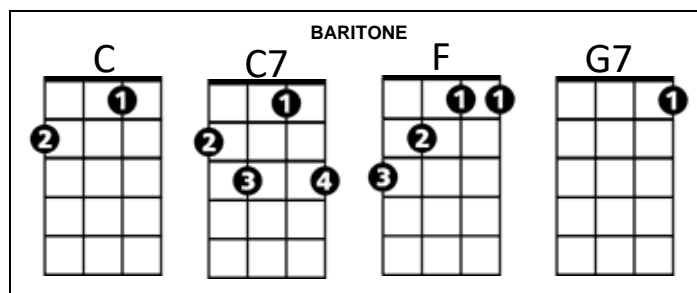
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And keep movin' me on

C
Mister Engineer take that throttle in hand
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To keep movin' me on, keep rollin' on
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I've told you baby from time to time
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But you just wouldn't listen or pay me no mind
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Now I'm movin' on, I'm rollin' on
G7
You've broken your vow and it's all over now,
C
So I'm movin' on

C
You've switched your engine now I ain't got time
C7
For a triffin' woman on my mainline
F C
'Cause I'm movin' on, you done your daddy wrong
G7
I warned you twice now you can settle the price,
C
'cCuse I'm movin' on

C
But someday baby when you've had your play
C7
You're gonna want your daddy but your daddy will say
F C
Keep movin' on, you stayed away too long
G7
I'm through with you too bad you're blue,
C
keep movin' on
G7
I'm through with you too bad you're blue,
C
keep movin' on



In the Summertime (Ray Dorset, 1968) (C)

In the Summertime by Mungo Jerry (1970) (E @ 164)

Intro Melody for verse

C
In the summertime when the weather is high,
You can stretch right up and touch the sky,

F
When the weather is fine, you got women,

C
You got women on your mind.

G
Have a drink, have a drive,

F **C**
Go out and see what you can find.

C
If her daddy's rich, take her out for a meal,
If her daddy's poor, just do as you feel.

F
Speed along the lane, do a ton or a ton and

C
twenty-five.

G **F**
When the sun goes down, you can make it,

C
Make it good in a lay-by.

C
We're no threat, people, we're not dirty,
We're not mean,
We love everybody but we do as we please.

F
When the weather is fine, we go fishing

C
or go swimming in the sea.

G
We're always happy,

F **C**
Life's for living, yeah, that's our philosophy.

C
Sing a-long with us, da da di di di -
Da da da da - yeah we're hap- hap-py

F **C**
Da da da da, di di di di di da da da

G
Da da da da ,

F **C**
da da da da da da da da da da da da

Instrumental Bridge: Verse melody

C
When the winter's here, yeah, it's party-time,
Bring a bottle, wear your bright clothes,
it'll soon be summertime.

F
And we'll sing again, we'll go driving

C
or may-be we'll settle down.

G
If she's rich, if she's nice,

F **C**
Bring your friends and we'll all go into town.

Repeat first verse.

G
Have a drink, have a drive,

F **C**
Go out and see what you can find.

In the Summertime (Ray Dorset, 1968) (G)

In the Summertime by Mungo Jerry (1970) (E @ 164)

Intro Melody for verse

G
 In the summertime when the weather is high,
 You can stretch right up and touch the sky,
C
 When the weather is fine, you got women,
G
 You got women on your mind.
D
 Have a drink, have a drive,
C **G**
 Go out and see what you can find.

G
 If her daddy's rich, take her out for a meal,
 If her daddy's poor, just do as you feel.
C
 Speed along the lane, do a ton or a ton and
G
 twenty-five.
D **C**
 When the sun goes down, you can make it,
G
 Make it good in a lay-by.

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 We're no threat, people, we're not dirty,
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 We love everybody but we do as we please.
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 Da da da da - yeah we're hap- hap-py
C **G**
 Da da da da, di di di di di da da da
D
 Da da da da ,
C **G**
 da da da da da da da da da da da da

Instrumental Bridge: Verse melody

G
 When the winter's here, yeah, it's party-time,
 Bring a bottle, wear your bright clothes,
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C
 And we'll sing again, we'll go driving
G
 or may-be we'll settle down.
D
 If she's rich, if she's nice,
C **G**
 Bring your friends and we'll all go into town.

Repeat first verse.

D
 Have a drink, have a drive,
C **G**
 Go out and see what you can find.

Johnny B. Goode (Chuck Berry, 1957) (C)

Johnny B. Goode by Chuck Berry (1958) (Bb @ 168)

Intro C F C G F C G

C
 Deep down Louisiana close to New Orleans
 Way back up in the woods among the evergreens
 F
 There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood
 C
 Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode
 G
 Who never ever learned to read or write so well
 C F C
 But he could play the guitar just like a ringing a bell

Chorus:

C
 Go go, Go Johnny go - Go, Go Johnny go
 F C
 Go, Go Johnny go - Go, Go Johnny go
 G F C G
 Go, Johnny B. Goode

Outro: C | G | C |
 C

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack
 Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track
 F
 Oh, the engineers would see him sitting in the shade
 C
 Strumming with the rhythm that the drivers made
 G
 People passing by they would stop and say
 C F C
 Oh my that little country boy could play. **Chorus**

C
 His mother told him "Someday you will be a man,
 And you will be the leader of a big old band.
 F
 Many people coming from miles around
 C
 To hear you play your music when the sun go down
 G
 Maybe someday your name will be in lights
 C F C
 Saying Johnny B. Goode tonight." **Chorus**

Johnny B. Goode (Chuck Berry, 1957) (F)

Johnny B. Goode by Chuck Berry (1958) (Bb @ 168)

Intro F Bb F C Bb F C

F
 Deep down Louisiana close to New Orleans
 Way back up in the woods among the evergreens
 Bb
 There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood
 F
 Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode
 C
 Who never ever learned to read or write so well
 F Bb F
 But he could play the guitar just like a ringing a bell

Chorus:

F
 Go go, Go Johnny go - Go, Go Johnny go
 Bb F
 Go, Go Johnny go - Go, Go Johnny go
 C Bb F C
 Go, Johnny B. Goode

Outro: F | C | F |
 F

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack
 Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track
 Bb
 Oh, the engineers would see him sitting in the shade
 F
 Strumming with the rhythm that the drivers made
 C
 People passing by they would stop and say
 F Bb F
 Oh my that little country boy could play. **Chorus**

F
 His mother told him "Someday you will be a man,
 And you will be the leader of a big old band.
 Bb
 Many people coming from miles around
 F
 To hear you play your music when the sun go down
 C
 Maybe someday your name will be in lights
 F Bb F
 Saying Johnny B. Goode tonight." **Chorus**

Johnny B. Goode (Chuck Berry, 1957) (G)Johnny B. Goode by Chuck Berry (1958) (Bb @ 168)**Intro** G C G D C G D**G**

Deep down Louisiana close to New Orleans
 Way back up in the woods among the evergreens

C

There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood

G

Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode

D

Who never ever learned to read or write so well

G**C****G**

But he could play the guitar just like a ringing a bell

Chorus:**G**

Go go, Go Johnny go - Go, Go Johnny go

C**G**

Go, Go Johnny go - Go, Go Johnny go

D C**G****D**

Go, Johnny B. Goode

Outro: G | D | G |**G**

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack
 Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track

C

Oh, the engineers would see him sitting in the shade

G

Strumming with the rhythm that the drivers made

D

People passing by they would stop and say

G**C****G**

Oh my that little country boy could play. **Chorus**

G

His mother told him "Someday you will be a man,
 And you will be the leader of a big old band.

C

Many people coming from miles around

G

To hear you play your music when the sun go down

D

Maybe someday your name will be in lights

G**C****G**

Saying Johnny B. Goode tonight." **Chorus**

Kansas City (Jerry Leiber & Mike Stoller, 1952) (C)**Kansas City by Wilbert Harrison (1959) (C# @ 110)****Kansas City (as K.C. Lovin') by Little Willie Littlefield (1952) (C @ 121)****Intro G7 | F7 | C | C****C**
I'm goin' to Kansas City, Kansas City here I come, | **C****F**
I'm goin' to Kansas City, Kansas City, here I come. **C | C****G7** **F7** **C | C**
They got some crazy little women there and I'm gonna get me one.**C**
I'm gonna be standin' on the corner, Twelfth Street and Vine. | **C****F** **C | C**
I'm gonna be standin' on the corner, Twelfth Street and Vine.**G7** **F7** **C | C**
With my Kansas City baby, and a bottle of Kansas City wine.**C**
Well I might take a train, I might take a plane,
but if I have to walk I'm going just the same,**F** **C | C**
I'm going to Kansas City, Kansas City here I come**G7** **F7** **C | C**
They got some crazy little women there and I'm gonna get me one.**Optional Instrumental of First Verse****C**
Now, if I stay with that woman, I know I'm going to die.
Gotta find a brand new baby, that's the reason why . . .**F** **C | C**
I'm goin' to Kansas City, Kansas City, here I come.**G7** **F7** **C | C**
They got some crazy little women there and I'm gonna get me one.**G7** **F7** **C | C**
They got some crazy little women there and I'm gonna get me one.**G7** **F7** **C | C**
They got some crazy little women there and I'm gonna get me one.

In the UK, this was a #26 hit for Little Richard also in 1959. He would play it in a medley with his song "Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey." The Beatles covered it in 1964.

Kansas City (Jerry Leiber & Mike Stoller, 1952) (F)Kansas City by Wilbert Harrison (1959) (C# @ 110)Kansas City (as K.C. Lovin') by Little Willie Littlefield (1952) (C @ 121)**Intro** C7 | Bb7 | F | F

F | F
I'm goin' to Kansas City, Kansas City here I come,
Bb F | F
I'm goin' to Kansas City, Kansas City, here I come.
C7 Bb7 F | F
They got some crazy little women there and I'm gonna get me one.

F | F
I'm gonna be standin' on the corner, Twelfth Street and Vine.
Bb F | F
I'm gonna be standin' on the corner, Twelfth Street and Vine.
C7 Bb7 F | F
With my Kansas City baby, and a bottle of Kansas City wine.

F
Well I might take a train, I might take a plane,
but if I have to walk I'm going just the same,

Bb F | F
I'm going to Kansas City, Kansas City here I come
C7 Bb7 F | F
They got some crazy little women there and I'm gonna get me one.

Optional Instrumental of First Verse

F
Now, if I stay with that woman, I know I'm going to die.
Gotta find a brand new baby, that's the reason why . . .

Bb F | F
I'm goin' to Kansas City, Kansas City, here I come.
C7 Bb7 F | F
They got some crazy little women there and I'm gonna get me one.
C7 Bb7 F | F
They got some crazy little women there and I'm gonna get me one.
C7 Bb7 F | F
They got some crazy little women there and I'm gonna get me one.

In the UK, this was a #26 hit for Little Richard also in 1959. He would play it in a medley with his song "Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey." The Beatles covered it in 1964.

Kansas City (Jerry Leiber & Mike Stoller, 1952) (G)

Kansas City by Wilbert Harrison (1959) (C# @ 110)

Kansas City (as K.C. Lovin') by Little Willie Littlefield (1952) (C @ 121)

Intro D7 | C7 | G | G

G | G
 I'm goin' to Kansas City, Kansas City here I come,
 C G | G
 I'm goin' to Kansas City, Kansas City, here I come.
 D7 C7 G | G
 They got some crazy little women there and I'm gonna get me one.

G | G
 I'm gonna be standin' on the corner, Twelfth Street and Vine.
 C G | G
 I'm gonna be standin' on the corner, Twelfth Street and Vine.
 D7 C7 G | G
 With my Kansas City baby, and a bottle of Kansas City wine.

G
 Well I might take a train, I might take a plane,
 but if I have to walk I'm going just the same,

C G | G
 I'm going to Kansas City, Kansas City here I come
 D7 C7 G | G
 They got some crazy little women there and I'm gonna get me one.

Optional Instrumental of First Verse

G
 Now, if I stay with that woman, I know I'm going to die.
 Gotta find a brand new baby, that's the reason why . . .

C G | G
 I'm goin' to Kansas City, Kansas City, here I come.
 D7 C7 G | G
 They got some crazy little women there and I'm gonna get me one.
 D7 C7 G | G
 They got some crazy little women there and I'm gonna get me one.
 D7 C7 G | G
 They got some crazy little women there and I'm gonna get me one.

Little Deuce Coupe¹ (Brian Wilson and Roger Christian, 1963) (G)

Little Deuce Coupe by The Beach Boys (1963) (Ab @ 135) (also in C# & F)

C **F** **C | C**
 Little deuce coupe, you don't know what I got
Little deuce Coupe, you don't know what I got

C
 Well I'm not braggin', babe, so don't put me down,
 But I've got the fastest set of wheels in town.

F
 When something comes up to me, he don't even try,
C
 Cause if it had a set of wings, man, I know she could fly.

Chorus

G Dm G7 C | C
 She's my little deuce Coupe, ___ you don't know what I got
Little deuce Coupe, you don't know what I got

C
 She's just a little deuce coupe with a flat head mill,
 But she'll walk a Thunderbird like she's it's standin' still.

F
 She's ported and relieved and she's stroked and bored.

C
 She'll do a hundred and forty in the top end, floored. **Chorus**

Bridge

F
 She's got a competition clutch with the four on the floor,

C
 And she purrs like a kitten till the Lake pipes roar.

F
 And if that ain't enough to make you flip your lid,

D G
 There's one more thing: I got the pink slip, Daddy.

C
 And comin' off the line when the light turns green,
 Well she blows 'em outta the water like you've never seen.

F C
 I get pushed out of shape and it's hard to steer, when I get rubber in all four gears.

Outro Repeat Chorus (3x)

¹ "Little Deuce Coupe" refers to a 1932 Ford Model 18, a popular car during the hot rod era of the 1960s. "Little Saint Nick" was a spin-off from this song.

Little Deuce Coupe (Brian Wilson and Roger Christian, 1963) (F)

Little Deuce Coupe by The Beach Boys (1963) (Ab @ 135) (also in C# & F)

F **Bb** **F | F**
Little deuce coupe, you don't know what I got
Little deuce Coupe, you don't know what I got

F
Well I'm not braggin', babe, so don't put me down,
But I've got the fastest set of wheels in town.

Bb
When something comes up to me, he don't even try,
F
Cause if it had a set of wings, man, I know she could fly.

Chorus

C **Gm** **C7** **F | F**
She's my little deuce Coupe, ___ you don't know what I got
Little deuce Coupe, you don't know what I got

F
She's just a little deuce coupe with a flat head mill,
But she'll walk a Thunderbird like she's it's standin' still.

Bb
She's ported and relieved and she's stroked and bored.
F
She'll do a hundred and forty in the top end, floored. **Chorus**

Bridge

Bb
She's got a competition clutch with the four on the floor,
F
And she purrs like a kitten till the Lake pipes roar.

Bb
And if that ain't enough to make you flip your lid,
G **C**
There's one more thing: I got the pink slip, Daddy.

F
And comin' off the line when the light turns green,
Well she blows 'em outta the water like you've never seen.

Bb **F**
I get pushed out of shape and it's hard to steer, when I get rubber in all four gears.

Outro *Repeat Chorus (3x)*

Little Deuce Coupe (Brian Wilson and Roger Christian, 1963) (G)

Little Deuce Coupe by The Beach Boys (1963) (Ab @ 135) (also in C# & F)

G **C** **G**
 Little deuce coupe, you don't know what I got!
Little deuce Coupe, you don't know what I got!

G
 Well I'm not braggin', babe, so don't put me down,
 But I've got the fastest set of wheels in town.

C
 When something comes up to me, he don't even try,
G
 Cause if it had a set of wings, man, I know she could fly.

Chorus

D **Am** **D7** **G | G**
 She's my little deuce Coupe, ___ you don't know what I got!
Little deuce Coupe, you don't know what I got!

G
 She's just a little deuce coupe with a flat head mill,
 But she'll walk a Thunderbird like she's it's standin' still.

C
 She's ported and relieved and she's stroked and bored.

G
 She'll do a hundred and forty in the top end, floored. **Chorus**

Bridge

C
 She's got a competition clutch with the four on the floor,

G
 And she purrs like a kitten till the Lake pipes roar.

C
 And if that ain't enough to make you flip your lid,

Am **D**
 There's one more thing: I got the pink slip, Daddy.

G
 And comin' off the line when the light turns green,
 Well she blows 'em outta the water like you've never seen.

C **G**
 I get pushed out of shape and it's hard to steer, when I get rubber in all four gears.

Outro *Repeat Chorus (3x)*

Lockdown Blues

by SJ Nolan 4/13/2020

A7

Early in the morning - ain't no place to go
Coffee in the kitchen - bacon on the stove

D7

Bread is in the oven - tradin' that for eggs

A7

Later I'll be mowin' - good for these old legs

E7

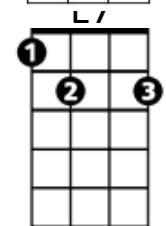
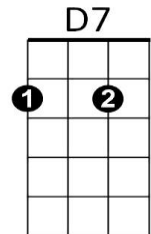
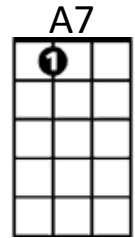
Findin' stuff to do

D7

While shelterin' in place

A7

Slow down on my drinkin', don't be fallin' on my face, yeah

**Instrumental - repeat 12 bar blues sequence key of A****A7**

This my friends is - what we gotta do
Here in Alabama - and other places, too.

D7

Gotta be polite now - in groups of 10 or few

A7

Gettin' in my shelter now, be seein' you

E7

Biscuits be a bakin'

D7

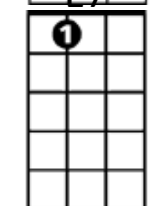
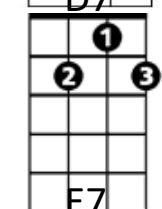
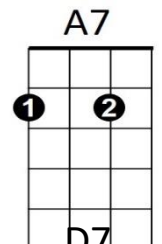
Gravy in the pan

A7

Keepin' 6 away - Making new friends
I'm not - at the moment... gotta stay in lockdown
Goin' nowhere fast...we gone...

Blues riff or repeat instrumental 12 bar blues sequence

BARITONE

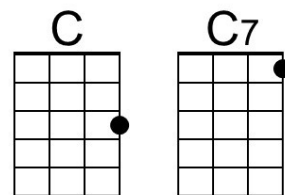


Long Tall Sally (R. Blackwell, E. Johnson & Little Richard, 1956) (C)

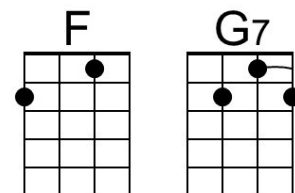
Long Tall Sally by The Beatles (1964) (C @ 172)

Intro C ↓

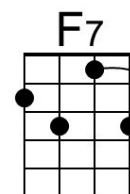
I'm gonna tell Aunt Mary 'bout Uncle John
 He said he had the misery but he got a lot of fun!



Oh, baby, yeah now baby
 Woo-oo-oo baby, some fun tonight, _ yeah



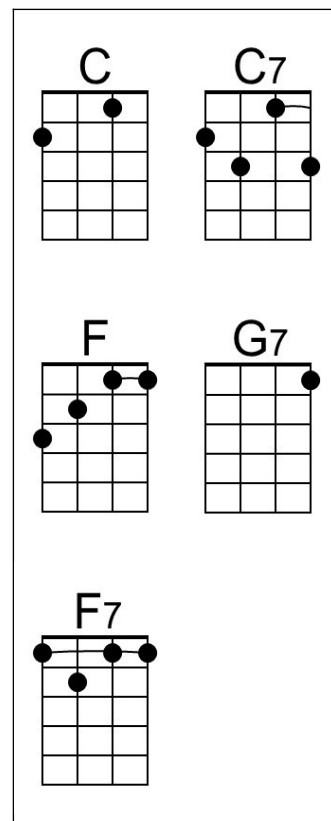
I saw Uncle John with Long Tall Sally
 He saw Aunt Mary comin' and he ducked back in the alley



Oh, baby, yeah now baby
 Woo-oo-oo baby, some fun tonight- aahhhh, woo!!!!

Instrumental Verse

Well Long Tall Sally, shes a pretty sweet
 She got everything that Uncle John need
 Oh, baby, yeah now baby
 Woo-oo-oo baby, some fun tonight, aahhhh- yeah-ah-ah!!!!



Instrumental Verse

Well, we'll have some fun tonight. Have some fun tonight, woo!
 Everything's all right! Have some fun tonight
 Have some fun, yeah, yeah, yeah, ahhhhh

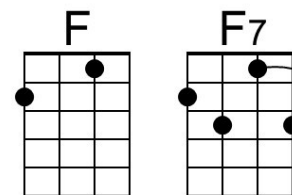
We're gonna have some fun tonight, have some fun to-night,
 Everything's all right, have some fun tonight, well
 We'll have some fun, some fun to-night!

Long Tall Sally (R. Blackwell, E. Johnson & Little Richard, 1956) (F)

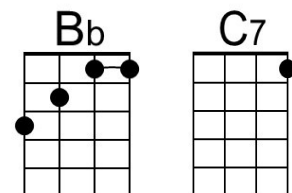
Long Tall Sally by The Beatles (1964) (C @ 172)

Intro F ↓

I'm gonna tell Aunt Mary 'bout Uncle John
 He said he had the misery but he got a lot of fun!



Oh, baby, yeah now baby
 Woo-oo-oo baby, some fun tonight, _ yeah



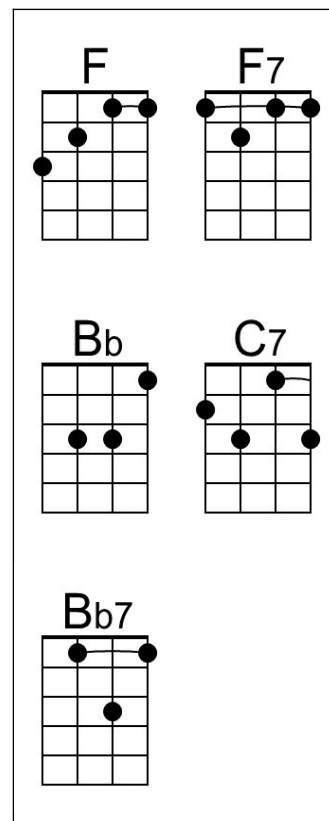
I saw Uncle John with Long Tall Sally
 He saw Aunt Mary comin' and he ducked back in the alley



Oh, baby, yeah now baby
 Woo-oo-oo baby, some fun tonight- aahhhh, woo!!!!

Instrumental Verse

Well Long Tall Sally, shes a pretty sweet
 She got everything that Uncle John need
 Oh, baby, yeah now baby
 Woo-oo-oo baby, some fun tonight, aahhhh- yeah-ah-ah!!!!



Instrumental Verse

Well, we'll have some fun tonight. Have some fun tonight, woo!
 Everything's all right! Have some fun tonight
 Have some fun, yeah, yeah, yeah, ahhhhh

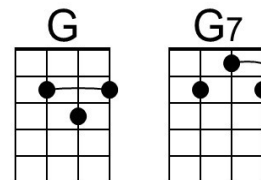
We're gonna have some fun tonight, have some fun to-night,
 Everything's all right, have some fun tonight, well
 We'll have some fun, some fun to-night!

Long Tall Sally (R. Blackwell, E. Johnson & Little Richard, 1956) (G)

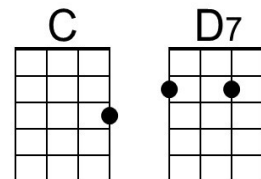
Long Tall Sally by The Beatles (1964) (C @ 172)

Intro G ↓

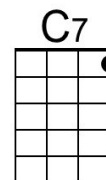
I'm gonna tell Aunt Mary 'bout Uncle John
 He said he had the misery but he got a lot of fun!



Oh, baby, yeah now baby
 Woo-oo-oo baby, some fun tonight, _ yeah



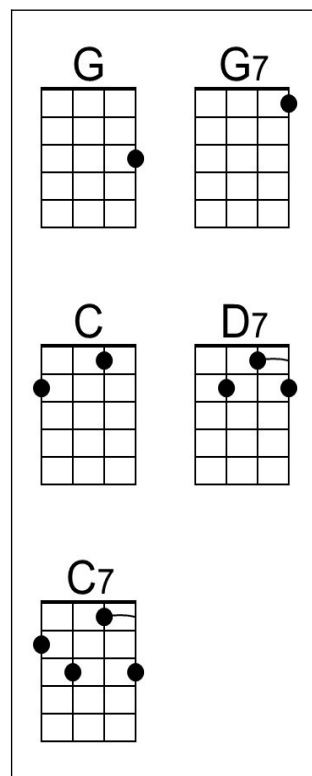
I saw Uncle John with Long Tall Sally
 He saw Aunt Mary comin' and he ducked back in the alley



Oh, baby, yeah now baby
 Woo-oo-oo baby, some fun tonight- aahhhh, woo!!!!

Instrumental Verse

Well Long Tall Sally, shes a pretty sweet
 She got everything that Uncle John need
 Oh, baby, yeah now baby
 Woo-oo-oo baby, some fun tonight, aahhhh- yeah-ah-ah!!!!



Instrumental Verse

Well, we'll have some fun tonight. Have some fun tonight, woo!
 Everything's all right! Have some fun tonight
 Have some fun, yeah, yeah, yeah, ahhhhh

We're gonna have some fun tonight, have some fun to-night,
 Everything's all right, have some fun tonight, well
 We'll have some fun, some fun to-night!

Rock And Roll (C)

John Bonham, John Paul Jones, Jimmy Page, Robert Plant, 1971

Rock And Roll by Led Zeppelin (1972) (A @ 170)

Intro C F C G C

C

It's been a long time since I rock and rolled,
It's been a long time since I did the Stroll

F

Ooh let me get it back, let me get it back

C

Let me get it back, baby, where I come from.

Chorus

G

It's been a long time, been a long time,

F

C

Been a long lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely time.

C

Yes it has. It's been a long time since The Book of Love
I can't count the tears of a life with no love

F

C

Carry me back, carry me back, carry me back, baby, where I come from. **Chorus**

Instrumental F C G C / C F C G / F C

C

Seems so long since we walked in the moonlight
Making vows that just can't work right

F

Open your arms, open your arms, open your arms,

C

Baby, let my love come running in. **Chorus**

Instrumental F C G C / C F C G / F C

F C G

— — — It's been a long time been a long time

F

Been a long lonely lonely lonely lonely.

Rock And Roll (F)

John Bonham, John Paul Jones, Jimmy Page, Robert Plant, 1971

Rock And Roll by Led Zeppelin (1972) (A @ 170)

Intro F Bb F C F

F

It's been a long time since I rock and rolled,
It's been a long time since I did the Stroll

Bb

Ooh let me get it back, let me get it back

F

Let me get it back, baby, where I come from.

Chorus

C

It's been a long time, been a long time,

Bb

F

Been a long lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely time.

F

Yes it has. It's been a long time since The Book of Love
I can't count the tears of a life with no love

Bb

F

Carry me back, carry me back, carry me back, baby, where I come from. **Chorus**

Instrumental Bb F C F / F Bb F C / Bb F

F

Seems so long since we walked in the moonlight
Making vows that just can't work right

Bb

Open your arms, open your arms, open your arms,

F

Baby, let my love come running in. **Chorus**

Instrumental Bb F C F / F Bb F C / Bb F

Bb F C

__ _ _ It's been a long time been a long time

Bb

Been a long lonely lonely lonely lonely.

Rock And Roll (G)

John Bonham, John Paul Jones, Jimmy Page, Robert Plant, 1971

Rock And Roll by Led Zeppelin (1972) (A @ 170)

Intro G C G D G

G

It's been a long time since I rock and rolled,
It's been a long time since I did the Stroll

C

Ooh let me get it back, let me get it back

G

Let me get it back, baby, where I come from.

Chorus

D

It's been a long time, been a long time,

C

G

Been a long lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely time.

G

Yes it has. It's been a long time since The Book of Love
I can't count the tears of a life with no love

C

G

Carry me back, carry me back, carry me back, baby, where I come from. **Chorus**

Instrumental C G D G / G C G D / C G

G

Seems so long since we walked in the moonlight
Making vows that just can't work right

C

Open your arms, open your arms, open your arms,

G

Baby, let my love come running in. **Chorus**

Instrumental C G D G / G C G D / C G

C G D

— — — It's been a long time been a long time

C

Been a long lonely lonely lonely lonely.

Rock Around the Clock (C)

Max C. Freedman & James E. Myers, 1952

Rock Around the Clock by Bill Haley & His Comets (1954) (A @ 182)

Intro

C

↓ ↓ One, two, three o'clock, four o'clock rock
Five, six, seven o'clock, eight o'clock rock
Nine, ten, eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock rock

G7

We're gonna rock around the clock tonight.

C

Put your glad rags on and join me hon',
We'll have some fun when the clock strikes one

Chorus

F7

We're gonna rock around the clock tonight,

C

We're gonna rock, rock, rock, 'till broad daylight.

G7

We're gonna rock, gonna rock around the clock to-night

C | C

Outro A | E7 ↓ _ ↓ ↑ ↓ | A
(Hold)

C

When the clock strikes two, three and four, if the band slows down we'll yell for more.

Chorus

Instrumental (chords to verse & chorus) C F7 C G7 C

C

When the chimes ring five, six, and seven, we'll be right in seventh heaven. **Chorus**

C

When it's eight, nine, ten, eleven too, I'll be goin' strong and so will you. **Chorus**

Instrumental (chords to verse & chorus) C F7 C G7 C

C

When the clock strikes twelve we'll cool off then start rockin' 'round the clock again.

Chorus

Rock Around the Clock (F)

Max C. Freedman & James E. Myers, 1952

Rock Around the Clock by Bill Haley & His Comets (1954) (A @ 182)

Intro

F

↓ ↓ One, two, three o'clock, four o'clock rock
Five, six, seven o'clock, eight o'clock rock
Nine, ten, eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock rock

C7

We're gonna rock around the clock tonight.

F

Put your glad rags on and join me hon',
We'll have some fun when the clock strikes one

Chorus

Bb7

We're gonna rock around the clock tonight,

F

We're gonna rock, rock, rock, 'till broad daylight.

C7

We're gonna rock, gonna rock around the clock to-night

F | F

Outro A | E7 ↓ _ ↓ ↑ ↓ | A
(Hold)

F

When the clock strikes two, three and four, if the band slows down we'll yell for more.

Chorus

Instrumental (chords to verse & chorus) F Bb7 F C7 F

F

When the chimes ring five, six, and seven, we'll be right in seventh heaven. **Chorus**

F

When it's eight, nine, ten, eleven too, I'll be goin' strong and so will you. **Chorus**

Instrumental (chords to verse & chorus) F Bb7 F C7 F

F

When the clock strikes twelve we'll cool off then start rockin' 'round the clock again.

Chorus

Rock Around the Clock (G)

Max C. Freedman & James E. Myers, 1952

Rock Around the Clock by Bill Haley & His Comets (1954) (A @ 182)

Intro

G

↓ ↓ One, two, three o'clock, four o'clock rock
Five, six, seven o'clock, eight o'clock rock
Nine, ten, eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock rock

D7

We're gonna rock around the clock tonight.

G

Put your glad rags on and join me hon',
We'll have some fun when the clock strikes one

Chorus

C7

We're gonna rock around the clock tonight,

G

We're gonna rock, rock, rock, 'till broad daylight.

D7

We're gonna rock, gonna rock around the clock to-night

G | G

Outro **A** | **E7** ↓ _ ↓ ↑ ↓ | **A**
(**Hold**)

G

When the clock strikes two, three and four, if the band slows down we'll yell for more.

Chorus

Instrumental (*chords to verse & chorus*) **G C7 G D7 G**

G

When the chimes ring five, six, and seven, we'll be right in seventh heaven.

Chorus

G

When it's eight, nine, ten, eleven too, I'll be goin' strong and so will you.

Chorus

Instrumental (*chords to verse & chorus*) **G C7 G D7 G**

G

When the clock strikes twelve we'll cool off then start rockin' 'round the clock again.

Chorus



Rock Me Baby (C)

Joe Josea, Lil' Son Jackson, Curtis Jones, B.B. King, 1951-1964

Rock Me Baby by B.B. King (Original Recording, 1962) (C @ 90)

Rock Me Baby by B.B. King (Live Performance)¹

Rock Me Baby by B.B. King (Live at Sing Sing Prison, Thanksgiving, 1972)

Intro (Chords to first verse)

C - C7
 ___ Rock me baby, rock me all night long

F C - C7
 ___ Rock me baby, honey, rock me all night long.

G F C - G7
 ___ I want you to rock me baby, like my back ain't got no bone.

C - C7
 ___ Roll me baby, like you roll a wagon wheel.

F C - C7
 ___ Honey, roll me baby, like you roll a wagon wheel.

G F C - G7
 ___ Want you to roll me baby, you don't know how it make me feel.

Instrumental (Chords to verse)

C - C7
 ___ Rock me baby, honey, rock me slow.

F C - C7
 ___ Hey, rock me pretty baby, baby rock me slow.

G F C - G7
 ___ Want you to rock me baby _ till I want no more

Instrumental

C | C | C | C | G7 ↓↓↓ C

Note:

12 Bar Blues - 12 measures (bars) of four beats each. The chords used are I, IV, and V chords. In the key of C, I = C, IV = F, and V = G

1 In the "live performance," King replaces verse 2 with verse 3. After the instrumental he performs a call-and-response with the audience: "Rock Me . . . (Rock Me)" followed by a lengthy instrumental.

Rock Me Baby (F)

Joe Josea, Lil' Son Jackson, Curtis Jones, B.B. King, 1951-1964

[Rock Me Baby](#) by B.B. King (Original Recording, 1962) (C @ 90)

[Rock Me Baby](#) by B.B. King (Live Performance)²

[Rock Me Baby](#) by B.B. King (Live at Sing Sing Prison, Thanksgiving, 1972)

Intro (Chords to first verse)

F - F7
 ___ Rock me baby, rock me all night long

Bb F - F7
 ___ Rock me baby, honey, rock me all night long.

C Bb F - C7
 ___ I want you to rock me baby, like my back ain't got no bone.

F - F7
 ___ Roll me baby, like you roll a wagon wheel.

Bb F - F7
 ___ Honey, roll me baby, like you roll a wagon wheel.

C Bb F - C7
 ___ Want you to roll me baby, you don't know how it make me feel.

Instrumental (Chords to verse)

F - F7
 ___ Rock me baby, honey, rock me slow.

Bb F - F7
 ___ Hey, rock me pretty baby, baby rock me slow.

C Bb F - C7
 ___ Want you to rock me baby _ till I want no more

Instrumental

F | F | F | F | C7 ↓↓↓ F

Note:

12 Bar Blues - 12 measures (bars) of four beats each. The chords used are I, IV, and V chords. In the key of F, I = F, IV = Bb, and V = C.

² In the “live performance,” King replaces verse 2 with verse 3. After the instrumental he performs a [call-and-response](#) with the audience: “Rock Me . . . (*Rock Me*)” followed by a lengthy instrumental.

Rock Me Baby (G)

Joe Josea, Lil' Son Jackson, Curtis Jones, B.B. King, 1951-1964

[Rock Me Baby](#) by B.B. King (Original Recording, 1962) (C @ 90)[Rock Me Baby](#) by B.B. King (Live Performance)³[Rock Me Baby](#) by B.B. King (Live at Sing Sing Prison, Thanksgiving, 1972)**Intro** (*Chords to first verse*)

G **- G7**
 ___ Rock me baby, rock me all night long
C **G - G7**
 ___ Rock me baby, honey, rock me all night long.
D **C** **G - D7**
 ___ I want you to rock me baby, like my back ain't got no bone.

G **- G7**
 ___ Roll me baby, like you roll a wagon wheel.
C **G - G7**
 ___ Honey, roll me baby, like you roll a wagon wheel.
D **C** **G - D7**
 ___ Want you to roll me baby, you don't know how it make me feel.

Instrumental (*Chords to verse*)

G **- G7**
 ___ Rock me baby, honey, rock me slow.
C **G - G7**
 ___ Hey, rock me pretty baby, baby rock me slow.
D **C** **G - D7**
 ___ Want you to rock me baby _ till I want no more

Instrumental

G | G | G | G | D7 ↓↓↓ G

Note:

12 Bar Blues - 12 measures (bars) of four beats each. The chords used are I, IV, and V chords. In the key of G, I = G, IV = C, and V = D

3 In the "live performance," King replaces verse 2 with verse 3. After the instrumental he performs a [call-and-response](#) with the audience: "Rock Me . . . (*Rock Me*)" followed by a lengthy instrumental.

Roll Over Beethoven (Chuck Berry, 1956) (C)

Roll Over Beethoven by Chuck Berry, 1956 (Eb) - Roll Over Beethoven by the Beatles 1963 (D)

Intro | C | F | G7 | C |

C F C
I'm gonna write a little letter, gonna mail it to my local D.J.
F C
Yeah an' it's a rockin' little record I want my jockey to play.
F G7 C | G7
Roll over Beethoven, I gotta hear it again to-day.

C F C
You know, my temperature's risin', the jukebox's blowin' a fuse.
F C
My heart's beatin' rhythm and my soul keeps a-singin' the blues.
F G7 C | G7
Roll over Beethoven and tell Tschaikowsky the news.

C F C
I got the rockin' pneumonia, I need a shot of rhythm and blues.
F C
I caught the rollin' arthritis sittin' down at a rhythm re-view.
F G7 C | G7
Roll over Beethoven they're rockin' in two by two.

C
Well, if you feelin' like it, go get your lover, then reel and rock it.
F
Roll it over and move on up just a trifle further
C
And reel and rock with it, roll it over,
F G7 C | G7
Roll over Beethoven, dig these rhythm and blues.

C F
Well, early in the mornin' I'm a-givin' you a warnin'
C
Don't you step on my blue suede shoes.
F C
Hey diddle diddle, I am playin' my fiddle, ain't got nothin' to lose.
F G7 C | G7
Roll over Beethoven and tell Tschaikowsky the news.

C F C
You know she wiggles like a glow worm, dance like a spinnin' top.
F C
She got a crazy partner, Ya oughta see 'em reel and rock.
F G7 C | G7
Long as she got a dime the music wont never stop.

C
Roll over Beethoven, roll over Beethoven,
F C
Roll over Beethoven, roll over Beethoven,
G7 C | F | G7 | C |
Roll over Beethoven, dig these rhythm and blues.

Roll Over Beethoven (Chuck Berry, 1956) (D)

Roll Over Beethoven by Chuck Berry, 1956 (Eb) - Roll Over Beethoven by the Beatles 1963 (D)

Intro | D | G | A7 | D |

D G D
I'm gonna write a little letter, gonna mail it to my local D.J.
G D
Yeah an' it's a rockin' little record I want my jockey to play.
G A7 D | A7
Roll over Beethoven, I gotta hear it again to-day.

D G D
You know, my temperature's risin', the jukebox's blowin' a fuse.
G D
My heart's beatin' rhythm and my soul keeps a-singin' the blues.
G A7 D | A7
Roll over Beethoven and tell Tschaikowsky the news.

D G D
I got the rockin' pneumonia, I need a shot of rhythm and blues.
G D
I caught the rollin' arthritis sittin' down at a rhythm re-view.
G A7 D | A7
Roll over Beethoven they're rockin' in two by two.

D
Well, if you feelin' like it, go get your lover, then reel and rock it.
G
Roll it over and move on up just a trifle further
D
And reel and rock with it, roll it over,
G A7 D | A7
Roll over Beethoven, dig these rhythm and blues.

D G
Well, early in the mornin' I'm a-givin' you a warnin'
D
Don't you step on my blue suede shoes.
G D
Hey diddle diddle, I am playin' my fiddle, ain't got nothin' to lose.
G A7 D | A7
Roll over Beethoven and tell Tschaikowsky the news.

D G D
You know she wiggles like a glow worm, dance like a spinnin' top.
G D
She got a crazy partner, Ya oughta see 'em reel and rock.
G A7 D | A7
Long as she got a dime the music wont never stop.

D
Roll over Beethoven, roll over Beethoven,
G D
Roll over Beethoven, roll over Beethoven,
A7 D | G | A7 | D |
Roll over Beethoven, dig these rhythm and blues.

Roll Over Beethoven (Chuck Berry, 1956) (G)

Roll Over Beethoven by Chuck Berry, 1956 (Eb) - Roll Over Beethoven by the Beatles 1963 (D)

Intro | G | C | D7 | G |

G C G
I'm gonna write a little letter, gonna mail it to my local D.J.
C G
Yeah an' it's a rockin' little record I want my jockey to play.
C D7 G | D7
Roll over Beethoven, I gotta hear it again to-day.

G C G
You know, my temperature's risin', the jukebox's blowin' a fuse.
C G
My heart's beatin' rhythm and my soul keeps a-singin' the blues.
C D7 G | D7
Roll over Beethoven and tell Tschaikowsky the news.

G C G
I got the rockin' pneumonia, I need a shot of rhythm and blues.
C G
I caught the rollin' arthritis sittin' down at a rhythm re-view.
C D7 G | D7
Roll over Beethoven they're rockin' in two by two.

G
Well, if you feelin' like it, go get your lover, then reel and rock it.
C
Roll it over and move on up just a trifle further
G
And reel and rock with it, roll it over,
C D7 G | D7
Roll over Beethoven, dig these rhythm and blues.

G C
Well, early in the mornin' I'm a-givin' you a warnin'
G
Don't you step on my blue suede shoes.
C G
Hey diddle diddle, I am playin' my fiddle, ain't got nothin' to lose.
C D7 G | D7
Roll over Beethoven and tell Tschaikowsky the news.

G C G
You know she wiggles like a glow worm, dance like a spinnin' top.
C G
She got a crazy partner, Ya oughta see 'em reel and rock.
C D7 G | D7
Long as she got a dime the music wont never stop.

G
Roll over Beethoven, roll over Beethoven,
C G
Roll over Beethoven, roll over Beethoven,
D7 G | C | D7 | G |
Roll over Beethoven, dig these rhythm and blues.

Shut Down (Brian Wilson & Roger Christian, ca. 1962) (C)

Shut Down by The Beach Boys (1963) (Ab @ 160)

D **Fm** **G** **C | G**
Intro Tack it up, tack it up, buddy, gonna shut you down.

C
 It happened on the strip where the road is wide, two cool shorts standing side-by-side.

F
 Yeah, my fuel-injected Stingray and a four thirteen¹

C
 Revin' up our engines and it sounds real mean.

D **Fm** **G** **C | G**
 Tack it up, tack it up, buddy, gonna shut you down.

C
 Declining numbers at an even rate, at the count of one, we both accelerate.

F **C**
 My Stingray is light, the slicks are starting to spin, but the 413's really diggin' in.

D **Fm** **G** **C | G**
 Gotta be cool now, power shift here we go.

Bridge

F
 Super stock Dodge is winding out in low,
C
 But my fuel-injected Stingray's really starting to go.

F
 To get the traction, I'm riding my clutch.

C **G**
 My pressure plate's burnin'; that machine's too much.

Instrumental Bridge

C
 Pedal's to the floor, hear his dual quads drink,
 And now the four-thirteen's lead is starting to shrink.

F
 He's hot with ram induction, but it's understood,

C
 I got a fuel-injected engine sittin' under my hood.

Outro (4x)

D **F** **G** **C | C**
 Shut it off, shut it off, buddy, now I shut you down.

¹ Probably a 1962 "Super Sport" (*Ramcharger*) Dodge Dart with a "Max Wedge" 413 cu. in. (6.8 L) engine and twin 4-barrel carburetors, generating up to 420 horsepower. Notwithstanding the Outro, the Dodge would have defeated the 1962 Stringray (327 cc-5.35 L, 350 hp) given drivers of equal ability.

Shut Down (Brian Wilson & Roger Christian, ca. 1962) (F)

Shut Down by The Beach Boys (1963) (Ab @ 160)

G **Bbm** **C** **F | C**
Intro Tack it up, tack it up, buddy, gonna shut you down.

F
 It happened on the strip where the road is wide, two cool shorts standing side-by-side.

Bb
 Yeah, my fuel-injected Stingray and a four thirteen

F
 Revin' up our engines and it sounds real mean.

G **Bbm** **C** **F | C**
 Tack it up, tack it up, buddy, gonna shut you down.

F
 Declining numbers at an even rate, at the count of one, we both accelerate.

Bb **F**
 My Stingray is light, the slicks are starting to spin, but the 413's really diggin' in.

G **Bbm** **C** **F | C**
 Gotta be cool now, power shift here we go.

Bridge

Bb
 Super stock Dodge is winding out in low,
F
 But my fuel-injected Stingray's really starting to go.

Bb
 To get the traction, I'm riding my clutch.

F **C**
 My pressure plate's burnin'; that machine's too much.

Instrumental Bridge

F
 Pedal's to the floor, hear his dual quads drink,
 And now the four-thirteen's lead is starting to shrink.

Bb
 He's hot with ram induction, but it's understood,

F
 I got a fuel-injected engine sittin' under my hood.

Outro (4x)

G **Bb** **C** **F | F**
 Shut it off, shut it off, buddy, now I shut you down.

Shut Down (Brian Wilson & Roger Christian, ca. 1962) (G)

Shut Down by The Beach Boys (1963) (Ab @ 160)

A **Cm** **D** **G | D**
Intro Tack it up, tack it up, buddy, gonna shut you down.

G
It happened on the strip where the road is wide, two cool shorts standing side-by-side.

C
Yeah, my fuel-injected Stingray and a four thirteen

G
Revin' up our engines and it sounds real mean.

A **Cm** **D** **G | D**
Tack it up, tack it up, buddy, gonna shut you down.

G
Declining numbers at an even rate, at the count of one, we both accelerate.

C **G**
My Stingray is light, the slicks are starting to spin, but the 413's really diggin' in.

A **Cm** **D** **G | D**
Gotta be cool now, power shift here we go.

Bridge

C
Super stock Dodge is winding out in low,
G
But my fuel-injected Stingray's really starting to go.

C
To get the traction, I'm riding my clutch.

G **D**
My pressure plate's burnin'; that machine's too much.

Instrumental Bridge

G
Pedal's to the floor, hear his dual quads drink,
And now the four-thirteen's lead is starting to shrink.

C
He's hot with ram induction, but it's understood,

G
I got a fuel-injected engine sittin' under my hood.

Outro (4x)

A **C** **D** **G | G**
Shut it off, shut it off, buddy, now I shut you down.

St. James Infirmary Blues (Of uncertain origin before 1928) (Am)

Intro (8 Measures): First 2 lines.

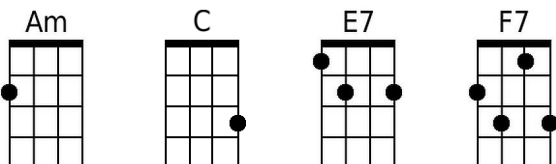
Am E7 Am
 It was down at old Joe's bar room
Am F7 C E7
 At the corner by the square
Am E7 Am
 They were serving drinks as usual
F7 E7 Am
 And the usual crowd was there

Am E7 Am
 On my left stood big Joe MacKennedy
Am F7 C E7
 His eyes were bloodshot red
Am E7 Am
 And as he looked at the gang around him
F7 E7 Am
 These were the very words he said.

Am E7 Am
 I went down to St. James Infirmary
Am F7 C E7
 I saw my baby there
Am E7 Am
 Stretched out on a long, white table
F7 E7 Am
 So young, so cold, so fair

Am E7 Am
 Seventeen coal-black horses
Am F7 C E7
 Hitched to a rubber-tied hack
Am E7 Am
 Seven girls goin' to the graveyard
F7 E7 Am
 Only six of them are coming back

Strum: 1 2 3&4
D D DUD

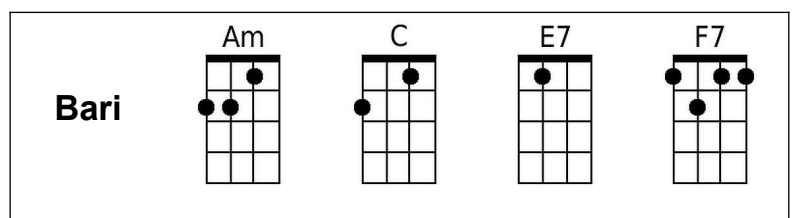


Am E7 Am
 Let her go. Let her go, God bless her
Am F7 C E7
 Wherever she may be
Am E7 Am
 She may search this wide world over
F7 E7 Am
 And never find another man like me

Instrumental Verse

Am E7 Am
 When I die just bury me
Am F7 C E7
 In my high-top Stetson hat
Am E7
 Place a twenty-dollar gold piece
Am
 On my watch chain
F7 E7 Am
 To let the Lord know I died standing pat
Am E7 Am
 I want six crap-shooters for my pall-bearers
Am F7 C E7
 A chorus girl to sing me a song
Am E7 Am
 Place a jazz band on my hearse wagon
F7 E7 Am
 To raise hell as we roll along
Am E7 Am
 Now that you've heard my story
Am F7 C E7
 I'll take another shot of booze
Am E7 Am
 And if anyone here should ask you
F7 E7 Am
 I've got the gambler's blues

Instrumental Verse, end on Am



St. James Infirmary Blues (Of uncertain origin before 1928) (Dm)

Intro (8 Measures): First 2 lines.

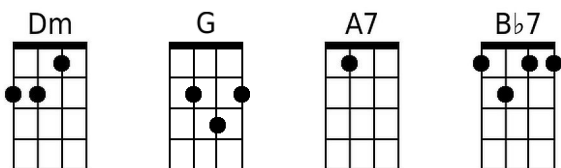
Dm A7 Dm
 It was down at old Joe's bar room
Dm Bb7 F A7
 At the corner by the square
Dm A7 Dm
 They were serving drinks as usual
Bb7 A7 Dm
 And the usual crowd was there

Dm A7 Dm
 On my left stood big Joe MacKennedy
Dm Bb7 F A7
 His eyes were bloodshot red
Dm A7 Dm
 And as he looked at the gang around him
Bb7 A7 Dm
 These were the very words he said.

Dm A7 Dm
 I went down to St. James Infirmary
Dm Bb7 F A7
 I saw my baby there
Dm A7 Dm
 Stretched out on a long, white table
Bb7 A7 Dm
 So young, so cold, so fair

Dm A7 Dm
 Seventeen coal-black horses
Dm Bb7 F A7
 Hitched to a rubber-tied hack
Dm A7 Dm
 Seven girls goin' to the graveyard
Bb7 A7 Dm
 Only six of them are coming back

Strum: 1 2 3&4
D D DUD



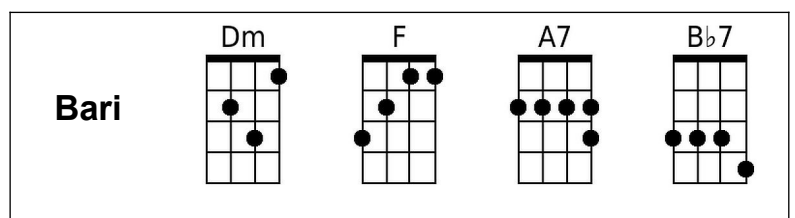
Dm A7 Dm
 Let her go. Let her go, God bless her
Dm Bb7 F A7
 Wherever she may be
Dm A7 Dm
 She may search this wide world over
Bb7 A7 Dm
 And never find another man like me

Instrumental Verse

Dm A7 Dm
 When I die just bury me
Dm Bb7 F A7
 In my high-top Stetson hat
Dm A7
 Place a twenty-dollar gold piece
Dm
 On my watch chain
Bb7 A7 Dm
 To let the Lord know I died standing pat
Dm A7 Dm
 I want six crap-shooters for my pall-bearers
Dm Bb7 F A7
 A chorus girl to sing me a song
Dm A7 Dm
 Place a jazz band on my hearse wagon
Bb7 A7 Dm
 To raise hell as we roll along

Dm A7 Dm
 Now that you've heard my story
Dm Bb7 F A7
 I'll take another shot of booze
Dm A7 Dm
 And if anyone here should ask you
Bb7 A7 Dm
 I've got the gambler's blues

Instrumental Verse, end on Am



St. James Infirmary Blues (Of uncertain origin before 1928) (Em)

Intro (8 Measures): First 2 lines.

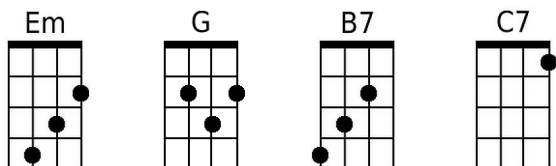
Em B7 Em
 It was down at old Joe's bar room
 Em C7 G B7
 At the corner by the square
 Em B7 Em
 They were serving drinks as usual
 C7 B7 Em
 And the usual crowd was there

Em B7 Em
 On my left stood big Joe MacKennedy
 Em C7 G B7
 His eyes were bloodshot red
 Em B7 Em
 And as he looked at the gang around him
 C7 B7 Em
 These were the very words he said.

Em B7 Em
 I went down to St. James Infirmary
 Em C7 G B7
 I saw my baby there
 Em B7 Em
 Stretched out on a long, white table
 C7 B7 Em
 So young, so cold, so fair

Em B7 Em
 Seventeen coal-black horses
 Em C7 G B7
 Hitched to a rubber-tied hack
 Em B7 Em
 Seven girls goin' to the graveyard
 C7 B7 Em
 Only six of them are coming back

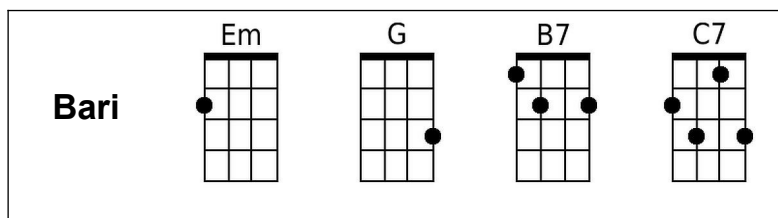
Strum: 1 2 3&4
 D D DUD



Em B7 Em
 Let her go. Let her go, God bless her
 Em C7 G B7
 Wherever she may be
 Em B7 Em
 She may search this wide world over
 C7 B7 Em
 And never find another man like me

Instrumental Verse

Em B7 Em
 When I die just bury me
 Em C7 G B7
 In my high-top Stetson hat
 Em B7
 Place a twenty-dollar gold piece
 Em
 On my watch chain
 C7 B7 Em
 To let the Lord know I died standing pat
 Em B7 Em
 I want six crap-shooters for my pall-bearers
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 A chorus girl to sing me a song
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 Place a jazz band on my hearse wagon
 C7 B7 Em
 To raise hell as we roll along
 Em B7 Em
 Now that you've heard my story
 Em C7 G B7
 I'll take another shot of booze
 Em B7 Em
 And if anyone here should ask you
 C7 B7 Em
 I've got the gambler's blues

Instrumental Verse, end on Am

Stuck In The Middle With You (Gerry Rafferty & Joe Egan, 1973) (C)

Stuck In The Middle With You by Stealers Wheel (1973) (D @ 124)

Intro (8 measures) C

C
Well, I don't know why I came here tonight. I got the feeling that something ain't right
F7 C
I'm so scared in case I fall off my chair, and I'm wondering how I'll get down the stairs
G Bb F C | C
Clowns to the left of me, Jokers to the right, here I am, stuck in the middle with you.

C
Yes, I'm stuck in the middle with you, and I'm wondering what it is I should do.
F7 C
It's so hard to keep this smile from my face, losing control, yeah, I'm all over the place
G Bb F C | C
Clowns to the left of me, Jokers to the right, here I am, stuck in the middle with you.

Bridge

F7 C | C
Well, you started out with nothing and you're proud that you're a self-made man.
F7
And your friends they all come crawlin', slap you on the back and say
C | C G7 | C | C | C | C |
"Please.... Please....."

C
Trying to make some sense of it all, but I can see that it makes no sense at all.
F7 C
Is it cool to go to sleep on the floor? Cause I don't think that I can take any more.
G Bb F C | C
Clowns to the left of me, Jokers to the right, here I am, stuck in the middle with you.

Instrumental Verse

Repeat Bridge

Repeat First Verse

Outro

C C
Yes, I'm stuck in the middle with you, Stuck in the middle with you
C | C | C
Here I am, stuck in the middle with you.

Stuck In The Middle With You (Gerry Rafferty & Joe Egan, 1973) (F)Stuck In The Middle With You by Stealers Wheel (1973) (D @ 124)**Intro** (8 measures) F

F

Well, I don't know why I came here tonight. I got the feeling that something ain't right

Bb7

F

I'm so scared in case I fall off my chair, and I'm wondering how I'll get down the stairs

C Eb Bb F | F

Clowns to the left of me, Jokers to the right, here I am, stuck in the middle with you.

F

Yes, I'm stuck in the middle with you, and I'm wondering what it is I should do.

Bb7

F

It's so hard to keep this smile from my face, losing control, yeah, I'm all over the place

C Eb Bb F | F

Clowns to the left of me, Jokers to the right, here I am, stuck in the middle with you.

Bridge

Bb7

F | F

Well, you started out with nothing and you're proud that you're a self-made man.

Bb7

And your friends they all come crawlin', slap you on the back and say

F | F C7 | F | F | F | F |

"Please.... Please....."

F

Trying to make some sense of it all, but I can see that it makes no sense at all.

Bb7

F

Is it cool to go to sleep on the floor? Cause I don't think that I can take any more.

C Eb Bb F | F

Clowns to the left of me, Jokers to the right, here I am, stuck in the middle with you.

Instrumental Verse**Repeat Bridge****Repeat First Verse****Outro**

F

F

Yes, I'm stuck in the middle with you, Stuck in the middle with you

F

| F | F

Here I am, stuck in the middle with you.

Stuck In The Middle With You (Gerry Rafferty & Joe Egan, 1973) (G)Stuck In The Middle With You by Stealers Wheel (1973) (D @ 124)**Intro** (8 measures) G

G

Well, I don't know why I came here tonight. I got the feeling that something ain't right

C7

G

I'm so scared in case I fall off my chair, and I'm wondering how I'll get down the stairs

D F C G | G

Clowns to the left of me, Jokers to the right, here I am, stuck in the middle with you.

G

Yes, I'm stuck in the middle with you, and I'm wondering what it is I should do.

C7

G

It's so hard to keep this smile from my face, losing control, yeah, I'm all over the place

D F C G | G

Clowns to the left of me, Jokers to the right, here I am, stuck in the middle with you.

Bridge

C7

G | G

Well, you started out with nothing and you're proud that you're a self-made man.

C7

And your friends they all come crawlin', slap you on the back and say

G | G D7 | G | G | G | G |

"Please.... Please....."

G

Trying to make some sense of it all, but I can see that it makes no sense at all.

C7

G

Is it cool to go to sleep on the floor? Cause I don't think that I can take any more.

D F C G | G

Clowns to the left of me, Jokers to the right, here I am, stuck in the middle with you.

Instrumental Verse**Repeat Bridge****Repeat First Verse****Outro**

G

G

Yes, I'm stuck in the middle with you, _ Stuck in the middle with you

G

| G | G

Here I am, stuck in the middle with you.

Surfin' Safari (Brian Wilson & Mike Love, ca. 1961-62) (C)

Surfin' Safari by The Beach Boys (1962) (A @ 158)**Intro**

G F
 Lets go surfin now, everybody's learnin' how,
 D7 G | G
 Come on a safari with me (*come on and safari with...*)

C F G7 F7 C
 Early in the morning well be startin' out, some honeys will be comin' a-long.
 F7 G7 F7 C
 We're loadin' up our woody with the boards inside, and headin' out singin' our song.

Chorus

C
 Come on, baby, wait and see, yes, I'm gonna take you surfin' with me.
 F C
 Come on a-long, surf babe, wait and see, yes, I'm gonna take you surfin' with me.
 G F
 Let's go surfin' now, everybody's learning how,
 D7 G7 | G7
 Come on a safari with me (*come on and safari with...*)

C F G7 F7 C
 In Huntington and Malibu, they're shootin' the pier, in Rincon they're walkin' the nose.
 F G7 F7 C
 We're goin' on safari to the islands this year, so if you're comin', get ready to go. **Chorus**

Optional Instrumental Verse

C F G7 F7 C
 They're anglin' in Laguna and Cerro Azul, they're kickin' out in Dohini, too.
 F
 I tell you surfings runnin' wild, it's getting bigger every day
 G7 F7 C
 From Hawaii to the shores of Peru. **Chorus**

Outro

G7 C | C | C | C F7 | C ↓↓↓_↓
 Come on safari with me, with me, with me with me.
 (*Surfin safari*) (*Surfin safari*) (*Surfin safari*)

Surfin' Safari (Brian Wilson & Mike Love, ca. 1961-62) (F)

Surfin' Safari by The Beach Boys (1962) (A @ 158)**Intro**

C **Bb**
 Lets go surfin now, everybody's learnin' how,
G7 **C** | **C**
 Come on a safari with me (*come on and safari with...*)

F **Bb** **C7** **Bb7** **F**
 Early in the morning well be startin' out, some honeys will be comin' a-long.
Bb7 **C7** **Bb7** **F**
 We're loadin' up our woody with the boards inside, and headin' out singin' our song.

Chorus

F
 Come on, baby, wait and see, yes, I'm gonna take you surfin' with me.
Bb **F**
 Come on a-long, surf babe, wait and see, yes, I'm gonna take you surfin' with me.
C **Bb**
 Let's go surfin' now, everybody's learning how,
G7 **C7** | **C7**
 Come on a safari with me (*come on and safari with...*)

F **Bb** **C7** **Bb7** **F**
 In Huntington and Malibu, they're shootin' the pier, in Rincon they're walkin' the nose.
Bb **C7** **Bb7** **F**
 We're goin' on safari to the islands this year, so if you're comin', get ready to go. **Chorus**

Optional Instrumental Verse

F **Bb** **C7** **Bb7** **F**
 They're anglin' in Laguna and Cerro Azul, they're kickin' out in Dohini, too.
Bb
 I tell you surfings runnin' wild, it's getting bigger every day
C7 **Bb7** **F**
 From Hawaii to the shores of Peru. **Chorus**

Outro

C7 **F** | **F** | **F** | **F Bb7** | **F** ↓↓↓_↓
 Come on safari with me, with me, with me with me.
 (*Surfin safari*) (*Surfin safari*) (*Surfin safari*)

Surfin' Safari (Brian Wilson & Mike Love, ca. 1961-62) (G)

Surfin' Safari by The Beach Boys (1962) (A @ 158)

Intro

D C
 Lets go surfin now, everybody's learnin' how,
 A7 D | D
 Come on a safari with me (*come on and safari with...*)

G C D7 C7 G
 Early in the morning well be startin' out, some honeys will be comin' a-long.
 C7 D7 C7 G
 We're loadin' up our woody with the boards inside, and headin' out singin' our song.

Chorus

G
 Come on, baby, wait and see, yes, I'm gonna take you surfin' with me.
 C G
 Come on a-long, surf babe, wait and see, yes, I'm gonna take you surfin' with me.
 D C
 Let's go surfin' now, everybody's learning how,
 A7 D7 | D7
 Come on a safari with me (*come on and safari with...*)

G C D7 C7 G
 In Huntington and Malibu, they're shootin' the pier, in Rincon they're walkin' the nose.
 C D7 C7 G
 We're goin' on safari to the islands this year, so if you're comin', get ready to go. **Chorus**

Optional Instrumental Verse

G C D7 C7 G
 They're anglin' in Laguna and Cerro Azul, they're kickin' out in Dohini, too.
 C
 I tell you surfings runnin' wild, it's getting bigger every day
 D7 C7 G
 From Hawaii to the shores of Peru. **Chorus**

Outro

D7 G | G | G | G C7 | G ↓↓↓_↓
 Come on safari with me, with me, with me with me.
 (*Surfin safari*) (*Surfin safari*) (*Surfin safari*)

Sweet Home Chicago (Attrib. To Robert Johnson, 1936) (A)Sweet Home Chicago by Robert Johnson (1936) (Dbm @ 90)Sweet Home Chicago by The Blues Brothers (1980) (A @ 126) (Alt.)**Intro** | A7 Dm | A7 E7 |

A7 D7 A7 | A7 D7 A7 | A7

Oh, baby don't you want to go. Oh, baby don't you want to go.

E7 A7 A7 Dm | A7 E7

Back to the land of California, to my sweet home Chi-cago.

A7 D7 A7 | A7 D7 A7 | A7

Oh, baby don't you want to go. Oh, baby don't you want to go.

E7 A7 | A7 Dm | A7 E7

Back to the land of California, to my sweet home Chi - cago

A7

Now one and one is two, two and two is four.

I'm heavy loaded, baby. I'm booked, I gotta go.

D7 A7 | A7

Cryin' baby, honey don't you want to go,

E7 A7 | A7 Dm | A7 E7

Back to the land of California, to my sweet home Chi - cago.

A7

Now two and two is four, four and two is six.

You gon' keep on monkeyin' 'round here, friend-boy

You're gon' get your business all in a trick.

D7 A7 | A7

Well I'm cryin', baby, honey don't you want to go,

E7 A7 | A7 Dm | A7 E7

Eack to the land of California, to my sweet home Chi - cago.

A7

Now six and two is eight, eight and two is ten.

Friend-boy, she trick you one time, she sure gon' do it again.

D7 A7 | A7

And I'm crying, hey, baby, don't you want to go

E7 A7 | A7 Dm | A7 E7

To the land of California, to my home sweet home Chi - cago.

A7

I'm going to California, from Des Moines, I-o-way.

Somebody will tell me that you need my help someday.

D7 A7 | A7

Cryin' hey, hey, baby, don't you want to go,

E7 A7 | A7 D | Dm | A7

Back to the land of California, to my sweet home Chi - cago.

Sweet Home Chicago (Attrib. To Robert Johnson, 1936) (C)

Sweet Home Chicago by Robert Johnson (1936) (Dbm @ 90)

Sweet Home Chicago by The Blues Brothers (1980) (A @ 126) (Alt.)

Intro | C7 Fm | C7 G7 |

C7 F7 C7 | C7 F7 C7 | C7

Oh, baby don't you want to go. Oh, baby don't you want to go.

G7 C7 C7 Fm | C7 G7

Back to the land of California, to my sweet home Chi-cago.

C7 F7 C7 | C7 F7 C7 | C7

Oh, baby don't you want to go. Oh, baby don't you want to go.

G7 C7 | C7 Fm | C7 G7

Back to the land of California, to my sweet home Chi - cago

C7

Now one and one is two, two and two is four.

I'm heavy loaded, baby. I'm booked, I gotta go.

F7 C7 | C7

Cryin' baby, honey don't you want to go,

G7 C7 | C7 Fm | C7 G7

Back to the land of California, to my sweet home Chi - cago.

C7

Now two and two is four, four and two is six.

You gon' keep on monkeyin' 'round here, friend-boy

You're gon' get your business all in a trick.

F7 C7 | C7

Well I'm cryin', baby, honey don't you want to go,

G7 C7 | C7 Fm | C7 G7

Eack to the land of California, to my sweet home Chi - cago.

C7

Now six and two is eight, eight and two is ten.

Friend-boy, she trick you one time, she sure gon' do it again.

F7 C7 | C7

And I'm crying, hey, baby, don't you want to go

G7 C7 | C7 Fm | C7 G7

To the land of California, to my home sweet home Chi - cago.

C7

I'm going to California, from Des Moines, I-o-way.

Somebody will tell me that you need my help someday.

F7 C7 | C7

Cryin' hey, hey, baby, don't you want to go,

G7 C7 | C7 F | Fm | C7

Back to the land of California, to my sweet home Chi - cago.

Sweet Home Chicago (Attrib. To Robert Johnson, 1936) (E)

Sweet Home Chicago by Robert Johnson (1936) (Dbm @ 90)

Sweet Home Chicago by The Blues Brothers (1980) (A @ 126) (Alt.)

Intro | E7 Am | E7 B7 |

E7 A7 E7 | E7 A7 E7 | E7

Oh, baby don't you want to go. Oh, baby don't you want to go.

B7 E7 E7 Am | E7 B7

Back to the land of California, to my sweet home Chi-cago.

E7 A7 E7 | E7 A7 E7 | E7

Oh, baby don't you want to go. Oh, baby don't you want to go.

B7 E7 | E7 Am | E7 B7

Back to the land of California, to my sweet home Chi - cago

E7

Now one and one is two, two and two is four.

I'm heavy loaded, baby. I'm booked, I gotta go.

A7 E7 | E7

Cryin' baby, honey don't you want to go,

B7 E7 | E7 Am | E7 B7

Back to the land of California, to my sweet home Chi - cago.

E7

Now two and two is four, four and two is six.

You gon' keep on monkeyin' 'round here, friend-boy

You're gon' get your business all in a trick.

A7 E7 | E7

Well I'm cryin', baby, honey don't you want to go,

B7 E7 | E7 Am | E7 B7

Back to the land of California, to my sweet home Chi - cago.

E7

Now six and two is eight, eight and two is ten.

Friend-boy, she trick you one time, she sure gon' do it again.

A7 E7 | E7

And I'm crying, hey, baby, don't you want to go

B7 E7 | E7 Am | E7 B7

To the land of California, to my home sweet home Chi - cago.

E7

I'm going to California, from Des Moines, I-o-way.

Somebody will tell me that you need my help someday.

A7 E7 | E7

Cryin' hey, hey, baby, don't you want to go,

B7 E7 | E7 A | Am | E7

Back to the land of California, to my sweet home Chi - cago.



Sweet Potato Fry Blues (C)

Sweet Potato Fry Blues (excerpt) by Janet Bright (1958-2019)
The Pensacola Ukulele Players Society (PUPS)

Intro G7 F7

C
Well here's a friendly warning you'd be wise to heed.
C7
I'm a lover not a fighter 'less you come between me
F7 C C7 C C7
And my sweet potato, sweet potato fries.
G7 F7 C C7 C C7
Keep your hands off my yams and your eyes off my sweet potato fries.

C
Now you can have my cornbread and homemade apple pie,
C7
Wash it down with sweet tea, but I ain't about to lie.
F7 C C7 C C7
You better keep your eyes off my sweet potato fries.
G7 F7 C C7 C C7
Keep your hands off my yams and your eyes off my sweet potato fries.

Instrumental G7 F7 C

C
Well if you listened closely you know just what to do.
C7
If I'm eatin' sweet potato fries they ain't for you.
F7 C C7 C C7
And you will avert your eyes from my sweet potato fries.
G7 F7 C C7 C C7
Keep your hands off my yams and your eyes off my sweet potato fries.
G7 F7 C C7 C C7 C
Keep your hands off my yams and your eyes off my sweet potato fries.

Source: Sweet Potato Fry Blues

<https://www.gulfweb.net/rlwalker/PensacolaUkulelePlayersSociety/music/Sweet%20Potato%20Fry%20Blues.pdf>

Sweet Potato Fry Blues (F)

Sweet Potato Fry Blues (excerpt) by Janet Bright (1958-2019)

The Pensacola Ukulele Players Society (PUPS)

Intro C7 Bb7

F

Well here's a friendly warning you'd be wise to heed.

F7

I'm a lover not a fighter 'less you come between me

Bb7

F F7 F F7

And my sweet potato, sweet potato fries.

C7

Bb7

F F7 F F7

Keep your hands off my yams and your eyes off my sweet potato fries.

F

Now you can have my cornbread and homemade apple pie,

F7

Wash it down with sweet tea, but I ain't about to lie.

Bb7

F F7 F F7

You better keep your eyes off my sweet potato fries.

C7

Bb7

F F7 F F7

Keep your hands off my yams and your eyes off my sweet potato fries.

Instrumental C7 Bb7 F

F

Well if you listened closely you know just what to do.

F7

If I'm eatin' sweet potato fries they ain't for you.

Bb7

F F7 F F7

And you will avert your eyes from my sweet potato fries.

C7

Bb7

F F7 F F7

Keep your hands off my yams and your eyes off my sweet potato fries.

C7

Bb7

F F7 F F7 F

Keep your hands off my yams and your eyes off my sweet potato fries.

Source: Sweet Potato Fry Blues

<https://www.gulfweb.net/rlwalker/PensacolaUkulelePlayersSociety/music/Sweet%20Potato%20Fry%20Blues.pdf>

Sweet Potato Fry Blues (G)

Sweet Potato Fry Blues (excerpt) by Janet Bright (1958-2019)

The Pensacola Ukulele Players Society (PUPS)

Intro D7 C7

G

Well here's a friendly warning you'd be wise to heed.

G7

I'm a lover not a fighter 'less you come between me

C7

G G7 G G7

And my sweet potato, sweet potato fries.

D7

C7

G G7 G G7

Keep your hands off my yams and your eyes off my sweet potato fries.

G

Now you can have my cornbread and homemade apple pie,

G7

Wash it down with sweet tea, but I ain't about to lie.

C7

G G7 G G7

You better keep your eyes off my sweet potato fries.

D7

C7

G G7 G G7

Keep your hands off my yams and your eyes off my sweet potato fries.

Instrumental D7 C7 G

G

Well if you listened closely you know just what to do.

G7

If I'm eatin' sweet potato fries they ain't for you.

C7

G G7 G G7

And you will avert your eyes from my sweet potato fries.

D7

C7

G G7 G G7

Keep your hands off my yams and your eyes off my sweet potato fries.

D7

C7

G G7 G G7 G

Keep your hands off my yams and your eyes off my sweet potato fries.

Source: Sweet Potato Fry Blues

<https://www.gulfweb.net/rlwalker/PensacolaUkulelePlayersSociety/music/Sweet%20Potato%20Fry%20Blues.pdf>

Tutti Frutti (Little Richard & Dorothy LaBostrie, 1955) (C)

Tutti Frutti by Little Richard (1955) (F @ 185)

C

A wop ba pa loo mop, a lop bom bom.

Chorus

C

Tutti frutti, oh rutti -- Tutti frutti, oh rutti

F

C

Tutti frutti, oh rutti -- Tutti frutti, oh rutti

G

F

C

Tutti frutti, oh rutti -- A wop ba pa loo mop, a lop bom bom.

C

I got a girl named Sue, she knows just what to do

F

C

I got a girl named Sue, she knows just what to do

She rock to the east, She rock to the west

But she's the girl that I love best. **Chorus**

C

I got a girl named Daisy, she almost drive me crazy

F

C

I got a girl named Daisy, she almost drive me crazy

She knows how to love me, yes, indeed

Boy, you don't know what she do to me **Chorus**

C

F C G F C

Ooow! (*Tenor Sax Solo*) Ooh! **Chorus**

C

I got a girl named Daisy, she almost drive me crazy

F

C

I got a girl named Daisy, she almost drive me crazy

She knows how to love me, yes, indeed

Boy, you don't know what she do to me **Chorus**

Tutti Frutti (Little Richard & Dorothy LaBostrie, 1955) (F)

Tutti Frutti by Little Richard (1955) (F @ 185)

F

A wop ba pa loo mop, a lop bom bom.

Chorus

F

Tutti frutti, oh rutti -- Tutti frutti, oh rutti

Bb

F

Tutti frutti, oh rutti -- Tutti frutti, oh rutti

C

Bb

F

Tutti frutti, oh rutti -- A wop ba pa loo mop, a lop bom bom.

F

I got a girl named Sue, she knows just what to do

Bb

F

I got a girl named Sue, she knows just what to do

She rock to the east, She rock to the west

But she's the girl that I love best. **Chorus**

F

I got a girl named Daisy, she almost drive me crazy

Bb

F

I got a girl named Daisy, she almost drive me crazy

She knows how to love me, yes, indeed

Boy, you don't know what she do to me **Chorus**

F

Bb F C Bb F

Ooow! (*Tenor Sax Solo*) Ooh! **Chorus**

F

I got a girl named Daisy, she almost drive me crazy

Bb

F

I got a girl named Daisy, she almost drive me crazy

She knows how to love me, yes, indeed

Boy, you don't know what she do to me **Chorus**

Tutti Frutti (Little Richard & Dorothy LaBostrie, 1955) (G)

Tutti Frutti by Little Richard (1955) (F @ 185)

G

A wop ba pa loo mop, a lop bom bom.

Chorus

G

Tutti frutti, oh rutti -- Tutti frutti, oh rutti

C

G

Tutti frutti, oh rutti -- Tutti frutti, oh rutti

D

C

G

Tutti frutti, oh rutti -- A wop ba pa loo mop, a lop bom bom.

G

I got a girl named Sue, she knows just what to do

C

G

I got a girl named Sue, she knows just what to do

She rock to the east, She rock to the west

But she's the girl that I love best. **Chorus**

G

I got a girl named Daisy, she almost drive me crazy

C

G

I got a girl named Daisy, she almost drive me crazy

She knows how to love me, yes, indeed

Boy, you don't know what she do to me **Chorus**

G

C G D C G

Ooow! (*Tenor Sax Solo*) Ooh! **Chorus**

G

I got a girl named Daisy, she almost drive me crazy

C

G

I got a girl named Daisy, she almost drive me crazy

She knows how to love me, yes, indeed

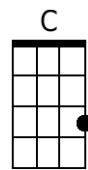
Boy, you don't know what she do to me **Chorus**

Walking To New Orleans (C)

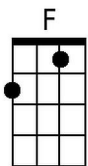
Bobby Charles [Robert Charles Guidry], Antione "Fats" Domino, Jr., & Dave Bartholomew, 1960

Strum in on C

C **F**
This time I'm walkin' to New Orleans, I'm walkin' to New Orleans.



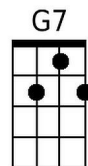
G7
I'm going to need two pair of shoes,



F
When I get through walkin' these blues,

C
When I get back to New Orleans

C **F**
I've got my suitcase in my hand, now, ain't that a shame.



G7 **F**
I'm leavin' here today, yes, I'm goin' back home to stay.

C
Yes, I'm walkin' to New Orleans.

C **F**
You use to be my honey, till you spent all my money.

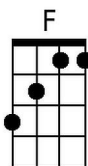
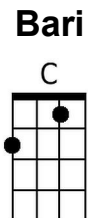
G7 **F**
No use for you to cry, I'll see you bye and bye,

C
'Cause I'm walkin' to New Orleans.

C **F**
I've got no time for talkin', I've got to keep on walkin'

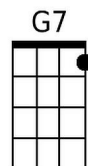
G7 **F**
New Orleans is my home, That's the reason why I'm goin'

C
Yes, I'm walkin' to New Orleans



Outro

C
I'm walkin' to New Orleans (3x)



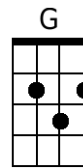
Bari

Walking To New Orleans (G)

Bobby Charles [Robert Charles Guidry], Antione "Fats" Domino, Jr., & Dave Bartholomew, 1960

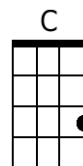
Strum in on G

G **C**
This time I'm walkin' to New Orleans, I'm walkin' to New Orleans.



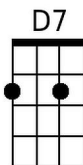
D7
I'm going to need two pair of shoes,

C
When I get through walkin' these blues,



G
When I get back to New Orleans

G **C**
I've got my suitcase in my hand, now, ain't that a shame.



D7 **C**
I'm leavin' here today, yes, I'm goin' back home to stay.

G
Yes, I'm walkin' to New Orleans.

G **C**
You use to be my honey, till you spent all my money.

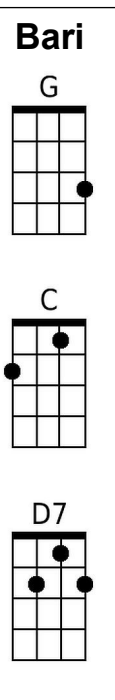
D7 **C**
No use for you to cry, I'll see you bye and bye,

G
'Cause I'm walkin' to New Orleans.

G **C**
I've got no time for talkin', I've got to keep on walkin'

D7 **C**
New Orleans is my home, That's the reason why I'm goin'

G
Yes, I'm walkin' to New Orleans



Outro

G
I'm walkin' to New Orleans (3x)

Wooly Bully (Domingo "Sam" Samudio, 1964) (C)

Wooly Bully by Sam The Sham & The Pharaohs (1964) (G)

Wooly Bully by Sam The Sham & The Pharaohs (1965) (Live)

Wooly Bully by Sam The Sham & The Pharaohs (2000) (Live)

Intro plus straight 12-bar blues progression

Tacet

Uno, dos, one, two, tres, quatro.

C7↓ _ C7↓ _ C7↓ C7↓ C7↓ C7↓ C7↓ C7↓ C7↓ C7↓

| | | | |
|----|----|----|----|
| C7 | C7 | C7 | C7 |
| F7 | F7 | C7 | C7 |
| G7 | F7 | C7 | C7 |

C7

Matty told Hatty, about a thang she found. Had two big horns and a wooly jaw.

F7 C7 G7 F7 C7 | G7

Wooly bully, woolly bully. wooly bully, wooly bully, wooly bully.

C7

Hatty told Matty "let's don't take no chance.

Lets not be L-seven, come and learn to dance."

F7 C7 G7 F7 C7 | G7

Wooly bully, woolly bully. wooly bully, wooly bully, wooly bully.

Watch it now, watch it.

Repeat Intro Chords (Saxophone Solo)

C7

Matty told Hatty, "that's the thang to do.

Get you someone really, pull the wool with you."

F7 C7 G7 F7 C7 | G7

Wooly bully, woolly bully. wooly bully, wooly bully, wooly bully.

Watch it now, watch it, here he comes.. You got it.. You got it..

Outro C7↓ _ C7↓ _ C7↓ C7↓ C7↓ C7↓ C7↓ C7↓ C7↓ C7↓ | C7

Wooly Bully (Domingo "Sam" Samudio, 1964) (F)

[Wooly Bully](#) by Sam The Sham & The Pharaohs (1964) (G)

[Wooly Bully](#) by Sam The Sham & The Pharaohs (1965) (Live)

[Wooly Bully](#) by Sam The Sham & The Pharaohs (2000) (Live)

Intro *plus straight 12-bar blues progression*

Tacet

Uno, dos, one, two, tres, quatro.

F7↓ _ F7↓ _ F7↓ F7↓ F7↓ F7↓ F7↓ F7↓ F7↓ F7↓

| | | | |
|-----|-----|----|----|
| F7 | F7 | F7 | F7 |
| Bb7 | Bb7 | F7 | F7 |
| C7 | Bb7 | F7 | F7 |

F7

Matty told Hatty, about a thang she found. Had two big horns and a wooly jaw.

Bb7 F7 C7 Bb7 F7 | C7

Wooly bully, woolly bully. wooly bully, wooly bully, wooly bully.

F7

Hatty told Matty "let's don't take no chance.

Lets not be L-seven, come and learn to dance."

Bb7 F7 C7 Bb7 F7 | C7

Wooly bully, woolly bully. wooly bully, wooly bully, wooly bully.

Watch it now, watch it.

Repeat Intro Chords (Saxophone Solo)

F7

Matty told Hatty, "that's the thang to do.

Get you someone really, pull the wool with you."

Bb7 F7 C7 Bb7 F7 | C7

Wooly bully, woolly bully. wooly bully, wooly bully, wooly bully.

Watch it now, watch it, here he comes.. You got it.. You got it..

Outro F7↓ _ F7↓ _ F7↓ F7↓ F7↓ F7↓ F7↓ F7↓ F7↓ F7↓ | F7

Wooly Bully (Domingo "Sam" Samudio, 1964) (G)

Wooly Bully by Sam The Sham & The Pharaohs (1964) (G)

Wooly Bully by Sam The Sham & The Pharaohs (1965) (Live)

Wooly Bully by Sam The Sham & The Pharaohs (2000) (Live)

Intro plus straight 12-bar blues progression

Tacet

Uno, dos, one, two, tres, quatro.

G7↓ _ G7↓ _ G7↓ G7↓ G7↓ G7↓ G7↓ G7↓ G7↓ G7↓

| | | | |
|----|----|----|----|
| G7 | G7 | G7 | G7 |
| C7 | C7 | G7 | G7 |
| D7 | C7 | G7 | G7 |

G7

Matty told Hatty, about a thang she found. Had two big horns and a wooly jaw.

C7 G7 D7 C7 G7 | D7

Wooly bully, woolly bully. wooly bully, wooly bully, wooly bully.

G7

Hatty told Matty "let's don't take no chance.

Lets not be L-seven, come and learn to dance."

C7 G7 D7 C7 G7 | D7

Wooly bully, woolly bully. wooly bully, wooly bully, wooly bully.

Watch it now, watch it.

Repeat Intro Chords (Saxophone Solo)

G7

Matty told Hatty, "that's the thang to do.

Get you someone really, pull the wool with you."

C7 G7 D7 C7 G7 | D7

Wooly bully, woolly bully. wooly bully, wooly bully, wooly bully.

Watch it now, watch it, here he comes..

You got it.. You got it..

Outro G7↓ _ G7↓ _ G7↓ G7↓ G7↓ G7↓ G7↓ G7↓ G7↓ | G7

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Blue Suede Shoes (Carl Perkins, 1955) (C)

[Blue Suede Shoes](#) by Elvis Presley (1956) (D @ 95)**Intro** C ↓

Well it's a * one for the money, * two for the show
 C C
 * Three to get ready, now go cat go
 F7 C
 But don't you step on my blue suede shoes
 G7 F7 C | G7
 You can do anything but lay off of my blue suede shoes

Well you can * knock me down, * step in my face
 C C
 * Slander my name all * over the place
 C C
 And * do anything that you * want to do
 C C7
 But ah ah honey lay off of my shoes
 F7 C
 And don't you step on my blue suede shoes
 G7 F7 C | G7
 You can do anything but lay off of my blue suede shoes

Instrumental

C C C C7 F7 F7 C C G7 F7 C G7

Well you can * burn my house, * steal my car
 C C
 * Drink my liquor from an * old fruit jar
 C C
 And * do anything that you * want to do
 C C7
 But ah ah honey lay off of my shoes
 F7 C
 And don't you step on my blue suede shoes
 G7 F7 C | G7
 You can do anything but lay off of my blue suede shoes

Blue Suede Shoes (Carl Perkins, 1955) (F)

[Blue Suede Shoes](#) by Elvis Presley (1956) (D @ 95)**Intro** F ↓

Well it's a * one for the money, * two for the show
 F F7
 * Three to get ready, now go cat go
 Bb7 F
 But don't you step on my blue suede shoes
 C7 Bb7 F | C7
 You can do anything but lay off of my blue suede shoes

Well you can * knock me down, * step in my face
 F F
 * Slander my name all * over the place
 F F
 And * do anything that you * want to do
 F F7
 But ah ah honey lay off of my shoes
 Bb7 F
 And don't you step on my blue suede shoes
 C7 Bb7 F | C7
 You can do anything but lay off of my blue suede shoes.

Instrumental

F F F F7 Bb7 Bb7 F F C7 Bb7 F C7

Well you can * burn my house, * steal my car
 F F
 * Drink my liquor from an * old fruit jar
 F F
 And * do anything that you * want to do
 F F7
 But ah ah honey lay off of my shoes
 Bb7 F
 And don't you step on my blue suede shoes
 C7 Bb7 F | C7
 You can do anything but lay off of my blue suede shoes.

Instrumental

F F F F7 Bb7 Bb7 F F C7 Bb7 F C7

Well it's a * one for the money, * two for the show

* Three to get ready, now go cat go

But don't you step on my blue suede shoes

You can do anything but lay off of my blue suede shoes

Outro (Quiet start and build to full on last line)

Blue blue, blue suede shoes

Blue blue, blue suede shoes. Blue blue, blue suede shoes.

Blue blue, blue suede shoes.

You can do anything but lay off of my blue suede shoes.

Blue Suede Shoes (Carl Perkins, 1955) (G)

[Blue Suede Shoes](#) by Elvis Presley (1956) (D @ 95)**Intro** G ↓

Well it's a * one for the money, * two for the show
 G G
 * Three to get ready, now go cat go
 C7 G
 But don't you step on my blue suede shoes
 D7 C7 G | D7
 You can do anything but lay off of my blue suede shoes

Well you can * knock me down, * step in my face
 G G
 * Slander my name all * over the place
 G G
 And * do anything that you * want to do
 G G7
 But ah ah honey lay off of my shoes
 C7 G
 And don't you step on my blue suede shoes
 D7 C7 G | D7
 You can do anything but lay off of my blue suede shoes

Instrumental

G G G G7 C7 C7 G G D7 C7 G D7

Well you can * burn my house, * steal my car
 G G
 * Drink my liquor from an * old fruit jar
 G G
 And * do anything that you * want to do
 G G7
 But ah ah honey lay off of my shoes
 C7 G
 And don't you step on my blue suede shoes
 D7 C7 G | D7
 You can do anything but lay off of my blue suede shoes

Instrumental

G G G G7 C7 C7 G G D7 C7 G D7

Well it's a * one for the money, * two for the show

* Three to get ready, now go cat go

But don't you step on my blue suede shoes

You can do anything but lay off of my blue suede shoes

Outro (Quiet start and build to full on last line)

Blue blue, blue suede shoes

Blue blue, blue suede shoes. Blue blue, blue suede shoes.

Blue blue, blue suede shoes.

You can do anything but lay off of my blue suede shoes.

Boys (Luther Dixon & Wes Farrell, 1960) (C)
Boys by The Beatles (1963) (E) – **Boys** by The Shirelles (1960) (G)

Intro G F C G7

C
I been told when a boy kiss a girl. Take a trip around the world

F
Hey, hey (bop shuop, m'bop bop shuop)

Chorus

C
Hey, hey (bop shuop, m'bop bop shuop)

G F C G7
Hey, hey (bop shuop), yeah, she say ya do (bop shuop)

C
My girl says when I kiss her lips. Gets a thrill through her fingertips.

F
Hey, hey (bop shuop, m'bop bop shuop) **Chorus**

Bridge

C
__ Well, I talk about boys (yeah, yeah, boys)

C
Don't ya know I mean boys (yeah, yeah, boys)

G
Well, I talk about boys, now (yeah, yeah, boys)

Aah, boys (yeah, yeah, boys)

Well, I talk about boys, now (yeah, yeah, boys)

F
__ What a bundle of joy! (yeah, yeah, boys)

G7
(Alright, George!)

Instrumental Verse

C
My girl says when I kiss her lips. Gets a thrill through her fingertips.

F
Hey, hey (bop shuop, m'bop bop shuop) **Chorus**

C

Well, I talk about boys (yeah, yeah, boys)
Don't ya know I mean boys (yeah, yeah, boys)

F

Well, I talk about boys, now (yeah, yeah, boys)

C

Aah boys (yeah, yeah,)

G

Well, I talk about boys, now (yeah, yeah, boys)

F

C

G7

C

___ What a bundle of joy! Oh, oh, ah yeah boys (yeah, yeah, boys)

Outro

C

Don't ya know I mean boys? (yeah, yeah, boys)

F

Ooh, boys (yeah, yeah, boys)

C

Ah ha (yeah, yeah, boys)

Boys (Luther Dixon & Wes Farrell, 1960) (F)
Boys by The Beatles (1963) (E) – **Boys** by The Shirelles (1960) (G)

Intro C Bb F C7

F
I been told when a boy kiss a girl. Take a trip around the world

Bb
Hey, hey (bop shuop, m'bop bop shuop)

Chorus

F
Hey, hey (bop shuop, m'bop bop shuop)

C **Bb** **F C7**
Hey, hey (bop shuop), yeah, she say ya do (bop shuop)

F
My girl says when I kiss her lips. Gets a thrill through her fingertips.

Bb
Hey, hey (bop shuop, m'bop bop shuop) **Chorus**

Bridge

F
__ Well, I talk about boys (yeah, yeah, boys)

F
Don't ya know I mean boys (yeah, yeah, boys)

C
Well, I talk about boys, now (yeah, yeah, boys)

Aah, boys (yeah, yeah, boys)

Well, I talk about boys, now (yeah, yeah, boys)

Bb
__ What a bundle of joy! (yeah, yeah, boys)

C7
(Alright, George!)

Instrumental Verse

F
My girl says when I kiss her lips. Gets a thrill through her fingertips.

Bb
Hey, hey (bop shuop, m'bop bop shuop) **Chorus**

F

Well, I talk about boys (yeah, yeah, boys)
Don't ya know I mean boys (yeah, yeah, boys)

Bb

Well, I talk about boys, now (yeah, yeah, boys)

F

Aah boys (yeah, yeah,)

C

Well, I talk about boys, now (yeah, yeah, boys)

Bb

F

C7

F

___ What a bundle of joy! Oh, oh, ah yeah boys (yeah, yeah, boys)

Outro

F

Don't ya know I mean boys? (yeah, yeah, boys)

Bb

Ooh, boys (yeah, yeah, boys)

F

Ah ha (yeah, yeah, boys)

Boys (Luther Dixon & Wes Farrell, 1960) (G)
Boys by The Beatles (1963) (E) – **Boys** by The Shirelles (1960) (G)

Intro D C G D7

G
I been told when a boy kiss a girl. Take a trip around the world

C
Hey, hey (bop shuop, m'bop bop shuop)

Chorus

G
Hey, hey (bop shuop, m'bop bop shuop)

D C G D7
Hey, hey (bop shuop), yeah, she say ya do (bop shuop)

G
My girl says when I kiss her lips. Gets a thrill through her fingertips.

C
Hey, hey (bop shuop, m'bop bop shuop) **Chorus**

Bridge

G
__ Well, I talk about boys (yeah, yeah, boys)

G
Don't ya know I mean boys (yeah, yeah, boys)

D
Well, I talk about boys, now (yeah, yeah, boys)

Aah, boys (yeah, yeah, boys)
Well, I talk about boys, now (yeah, yeah, boys)

C
__ What a bundle of joy! (yeah, yeah, boys)

D7
(Alright, George!)

Instrumental Verse

G
My girl says when I kiss her lips. Gets a thrill through her fingertips.

C
Hey, hey (bop shuop, m'bop bop shuop) **Chorus**

G

Well, I talk about boys (yeah, yeah, boys)
Don't ya know I mean boys (yeah, yeah, boys)

C

Well, I talk about boys, now (yeah, yeah, boys)

G

Aah boys (yeah, yeah,)

D

Well, I talk about boys, now (yeah, yeah, boys)

C **G** **D7** **G**

___ What a bundle of joy! Oh, oh, ah yeah boys (yeah, yeah, boys)

Outro

G

Don't ya know I mean boys? (yeah, yeah, boys)

C

Ooh, boys (yeah, yeah, boys)

G

Ah ha (yeah, yeah, boys)

In the Summertime (Ray Dorset, 1970) (C)

*Ukulele Parody adaptation by Holly Soptick from the *Uke On! Group in Kansas*

[In the Summertime](#) by Mungo Jerry (Original Music Video)

[In the Summertime](#) by Ray Dorset and Mungo Jerry, the Ealing Blues Festival, 23 July 2017

[In the Summertime \(Ukulele Parody\)](#) by Patsy Walker

[In the Summertime \(Ukulele Parody\)](#) by Robin Tricker

Intro 1 (4 Measures)

D d U u d u

[Scratch] | [Scratch] | [Scratch] | [Scratch] / (Island strum pattern)

Intro 2

| | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| C | | C | |
| Chh-chh-chh-Uh, | Chh-chh-chh-Uh, | Chh-chh-chh-Uh, | Chh-chh-chh-Uh, |
| F | | C | |
| Chh chh-chh-Uh, | Chh-chh-chh-Uh, | Chh-chh-chh-uh, | Chh-chh-chh-Uh, |
| G7 | F | C | C |
| Chh-chh-chh-Uh, | Chh-chh-chh-Uh, | Chh-chh-chh-Uh, | Chh-ch-ch. |

C

In the summertime, when the weather is hot

C7

You can stretch right up and touch the sky

F

When the weather's fine, you got ukin', you got ukin' on your mind

G7

F

C

C

Play a chord, don't be bored, just go out and see what you can find.

C

If your wallet's rich, you can play solid wood

C7

If your wallet's poor, just play one that sounds good

F

Play your uke today, play one song or two or maybe twenty-five

G7

F

C

C

When the sun goes down, you can pick it, and just kick it, feel a-live

In The Summertime (Ukulele Parody) (C) – Page 2**C**

We're four-string people: G, C, E, and A

C**C7**

We like every chord, but there's some we can't play

F**C**

When the weather's fine, we go pickin', or go pluckin' 'cause it's free

G7**F****C**

We're always happy, life's for ukin', yeah, that's our philoso-phy

C

Strum along with us Dee-dee-dee, dee-dee

C**C7**

Dah-dah-dah, dah-dah Yeah we're hap-happy Dah dah

F**C**

Dee-dah-do, Dah dee-dah Dah-de-do-de-dah

G7**F****C**

Yeah, Dah-dah-do, Dah-dah-dah Dah-dah-dah, do-dah-dah.

C**C**

Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh,

F**C**

Chh chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh,

G7**F****C****C**

Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-ch-ch.

CWhen the summer's here, yeah it's "*Uke On!" time¹**C7**

Bring your uke, eat some cukes, we'll be feelin' fine.

F**C**

And we'll sing again, we'll be strummin', we'll be comin' to share a song.

G7**F****C**

Join the crowd, sing out loud, bring your friends, and we'll all play a-long.

Outro

[Scratch] Chh-chh-chh [Scratch] Chh-chh-chh [Scratch] Chh-chh-chh [Scratch]

1 Or your group name

In the Summertime (Ray Dorset, 1970) (G)

*Ukulele Parody adaptation by Holly Soptick from the *Uke On! Group in Kansas*

[In the Summertime](#) by Mungo Jerry (Original Music Video)

[In the Summertime](#) by Ray Dorset and Mungo Jerry, the Ealing Blues Festival, 23 July 2017

[In the Summertime \(Ukulele Parody\)](#) by Patsy Walker

[In the Summertime \(Ukulele Parody\)](#) by Robin Tricker

Intro 1 (4 Measures)

D d U u d u

[Scratch] | [Scratch] | [Scratch] | [Scratch] / (Island strum pattern)

Intro 2

| | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| G | | G | |
| Chh-chh-chh-Uh, | Chh-chh-chh-Uh, | Chh-chh-chh-Uh, | Chh-chh-chh-Uh, |
| C | | G | |
| Chh chh-chh-Uh, | Chh-chh-chh-Uh, | Chh-chh-chh-uh, | Chh-chh-chh-Uh, |
| D7 | C | G | G |
| Chh-chh-chh-Uh, | Chh-chh-chh-Uh, | Chh-chh-chh-Uh, | Chh-ch-ch. |

G

In the summertime, when the weather is hot

G7

You can stretch right up and touch the sky

C

G

When the weather's fine, you got ukin', you got ukin' on your mind

D7

C

G

Play a chord, don't be bored, just go out and see what you can find.

G

If your wallet's rich, you can play solid wood

G7

If your wallet's poor, just play one that sounds good

C

G

Play your uke today, play one song or two or maybe twenty-five

D7

C

G

When the sun goes down, you can pick it, and just kick it, feel a-live

In The Summertime (Ukulele Parody) (G) – Page 2**G**

We're four-string people: G, C, E, and A

G**G7**

We like every chord, but there's some we can't play

C**G**

When the weather's fine, we go pickin', or go pluckin' 'cause it's free

D7**C****G**

We're always happy, life's for ukin', yeah, that's our philoso-phy

G

Strum along with us Dee-dee-dee, dee-dee

G**G7**

Dah-dah-dah, dah-dah Yeah we're hap-happy Dah dah

C**G**

Dee-dah-do, Dah dee-dah Dah-de-do-de-dah

D7**C****G**

Yeah, Dah-dah-do, Dah-dah-dah Dah-dah-dah, do-dah-dah.

G**G**

Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh,

C**G**

Chh chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh,

D7**C****G****G**

Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-ch-ch.

GWhen the summer's here, yeah it's "*Uke On!" time²**G7**

Bring your uke, eat some cukes, we'll be feelin' fine.

C**G**

And we'll sing again, we'll be strummin', we'll be comin' to share a song.

D7**C****G**

Join the crowd, sing out loud, bring your friends, and we'll all play a-long.

Outro

[Scratch] Chh-chh-chh [Scratch] Chh-chh-chh [Scratch] Chh-chh-chh [Scratch]

Sweet Home Chicago (Attrib. to Robert Johnson, 1936) (A)*Lyrics altered from the original song attributed Robert Johnson*Sweet Home Chicago by The Blues Brothers (1980) (Official Audio) (A @ 126)Sweet Home Chicago by The Blues Brothers (Film Clip from 1980 movie)**Intro** A7 D7 | E7 A7**Chorus**

A7 D7 A7 | A7
 Come on, oh baby, don't you wanna go?

A7 D7 A7 | A7
 Come on, oh baby, don't you wanna go?

E7 D7 A7 | A7
 Back to that same old place, ___ sweet home Chi-cago.

E7 A7 D7 A7 | A7
 ___ Come on, baby, don't you wanna go?

D7 A7 | A7
 Hid-e-hey, baby don't you wanna go?

E7 D7 A7 | A7
 Back to that same old place, ___ sweet home Chi-cago.

Instrumental Chorus

E7 A7
 ___ Well, ___ one and one is two, six and two is eight.
 Come on baby don't ya make me late.

D7 A7 | A7
 Hid-e-hey, baby don't you wanna go?

E7 D7 A7 | A7
 Back to that same old place ___ sweet home Chi-cago.

E7 A7 D7 A7 | A7
 ___ Come on, baby, don't you wanna go?

D7 A7 | A7
 Hid-e-hey, baby don't you wanna go?

E7 D7 A7 | A7
 Back to that same old place, ___ sweet home Chi-cago.

D7 A7 | A7
 Come on, ___ baby don't you wanna go?

E7 D7 A7 | A7
 Back to that same old place, ___ sweet home Chi-cago.

Instrumental Verse

A7

___ Six and three is nine, nine and nine is eighteen.
 Look there brother, baby, and see what I've seen.

D7 **A7 | A7**
 Hid-e-hey, baby don't you wanna go?

E7 **D7** **A7 | A7**
 Back to that same old place ___ Sweet home Chi-cago.

E7 **A7 D7** **A7 | A7**
 ___ Oh, come on, baby, don't you wanna go?

D7 **A7 | A7**
 Come on, ___ baby don't you wanna go?

E7 **D7** **A7 | A7**
 Back to that same old place, ___ my sweet home Chi-cago.

Outro **A7 D7 | E7 A7**

Note that in the original score, the Intro was a guitar solo and the Outro was six instrumental solos of verse and chorus.

Sweet Home Chicago (Attrib. to Robert Johnson, 1936) (E)*Lyrics altered from the original song attributed Robert Johnson*[Sweet Home Chicago](#) by The Blues Brothers (1980) (Official Audio) (A @ 126)[Sweet Home Chicago](#) by The Blues Brothers (Film Clip from 1980 movie)**Intro** E7 A7 | B7 E7**Chorus**

E7 A7 E7 | E7
Come on, oh baby, don't you wanna go?

E7 A7 E7 | E7
Come on, oh baby, don't you wanna go?

B7 A7 E7 | E7
Back to that same old place, ___ sweet home Chi-cago.

B7 E7 A7 E7 | E7
___ Come on, baby, don't you wanna go?

A7 E7 | E7
Hid-e-hey, baby don't you wanna go?

B7 A7 E7 | E7
Back to that same old place, ___ sweet home Chi-cago.

Instrumental Chorus

B7 E7
___ Well, ___ one and one is two, six and two is eight.
Come on baby don't ya make me late.

A7 E7 | E7
Hid-e-hey, baby don't you wanna go?

B7 A7 E7 | E7
Back to that same old place ___ sweet home Chi-cago.

B7 E7 A7 E7 | E7
___ Come on, baby, don't you wanna go?

A7 E7 | E7
Hid-e-hey, baby don't you wanna go?

B7 A7 E7 | E7
Back to that same old place, ___ sweet home Chi-cago.

A7 E7 | E7
Come on, ___ baby don't you wanna go?

B7 A7 E7 | E7
Back to that same old place, ___ sweet home Chi-cago.

Instrumental Verse

E7

__ Six and three is nine, nine and nine is eighteen.
 Look there brother, baby, and see what I've seen.

A7 **E7 | E7**
 Hid-e-hey, baby don't you wanna go?

B7 **A7** **E7 | E7**
 Back to that same old place __ Sweet home Chi-cago.

B7 **E7 A7** **E7 | E7**
 __ Oh, come on, baby, don't you wanna go?

A7 **E7 | E7**
 Come on, __ baby don't you wanna go?

B7 **A7** **E7 | E7**
 Back to that same old place, __ my sweet home Chi-cago.

Outro **E7 A7 | B7 E7**

Note that in the original score, the Intro was a guitar solo and the Outro was six instrumental solos of verse and chorus.

Tab for the original Intro (Key of E)

Source: [Sweet Home Chicago Chords by The Blues Brothers,](#)
 Ultimate Guitar Ver. 2.

```
e | -9/10-10-10-10-10-9-- | -9/10-10-10-10-10-9--7----- |
B | 10/12-12-12-12-12-10- | -10/12-12-12-12-12-10-8----- |
G | ----- | -----9- |
D | ----- | ----- |
A | ----- | ----- |
E | ----- | ----- |
```

```
e | ---4-----3-----2-----1---0----- |
B | -4---4\3---3\2---2\1---1p0----- |
G | ----- |
D | ----- |
A | -----0-1-2- |
E | ----- |
```

Legend:

- p Pull-off
- / Slide up
- \ Slide down

Devil With a Blue Dress / Good Golly Miss Molly

Chorus:

G **F**
 Devil with the blue dress, blue dress, blue dress, Devil with the blue dress on
C **F** **C** **F** **C** **F** **C**
 Devil with the blue dress, blue dress, blue dress, Devil with the blue dress on

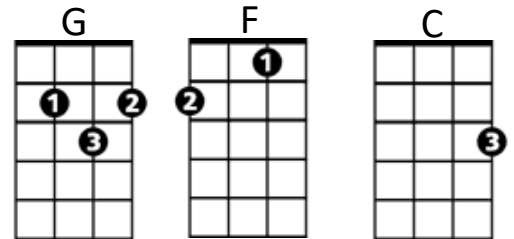
C
 Fee, fee, fi, fi, fo-fo, fum - Look at mine today, here she comes
 Wearin' her wig hat and shades to match - Her high-heel shoes and an alligator hat
F **C**
 Wearin' pearls and diamond rings - She's got bracelets on her fingers, now, and
 everything?

(Chorus)

C
 Wearin' her perfume, Chanel No. 5 - Got to be the finest thing alive
 Walks real cool, catches everybody's eye - Catch you too nervous and you can't say hi
F **C**
 Not too skinny not too fat, a real humdinger and I like it like that

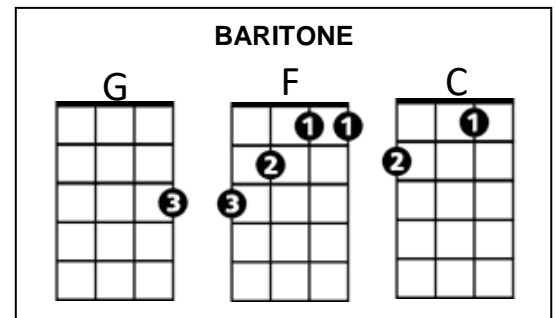
(Chorus) (STOP)

TACET **F** **C** 2X
 Good golly, Miss Molly - you sure like to ball -
G **F** **C** **G**
 If you're rockin' and rollin - Hear your mama call
C



From the early, early mornin' 'til the early, early nights
 See Miss Molly rockin' at the House of Blue Lights

TACET **F** **C**
 Good golly, Miss Molly - You sure like to ball
G **F** **C** **G**
 You have take it easy - Hear your mama call

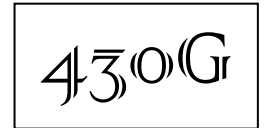


C
 Fee, fee, fi, fi, fo-fo, fum - Look once again, now, here she comes
 Wearin' her wig hat and shades to match - Got high-heel shoes and an alligator hat
F **C**
 Wearin' her pearls and her diamond rings - That sort of thing is now everything

(Chorus) 3X

Folsom Prison Blues – Johnny Cash

Key G



G
I hear the train a comin' , It's rollin' 'round the bend

G7
And I ain't seen the sunshine - Since, I don't know when

C **G**
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison, and time keeps draggin' on

D **G**
But that train keeps a-rollin', on down to San Antone

G
When I was just a baby, my Mama told me, "Son

G7
Always be a good boy, don't ever play with guns"

C **G**
But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die

D **G**
When I hear that whistle blowin' - I hang my head and cry

G
I bet there's rich folks eatin', In a fancy dining car

G7
They're probably drinkin' coffee, and smokin' big cigars

C **G**
But I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free

D **G**
But those people keep a-movin', and that's what tortures me

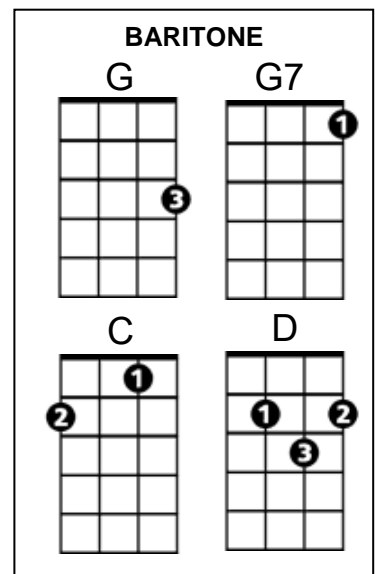
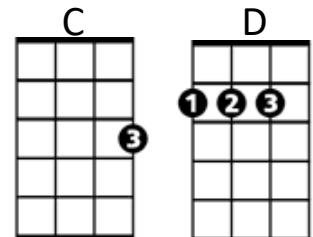
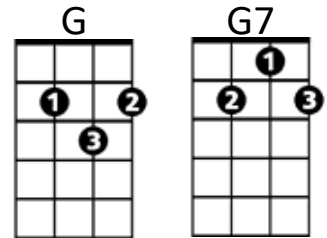
G
Well if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine

G7
I bet I'd move it on a little - farther down the line

C **G**
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay

D **G**
And I'd let that lonesome whistle ~ Blow my blues away

D **G**
And I'd let that lonesome whistle ~ Blow my blues away



I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For (U2, Bono)

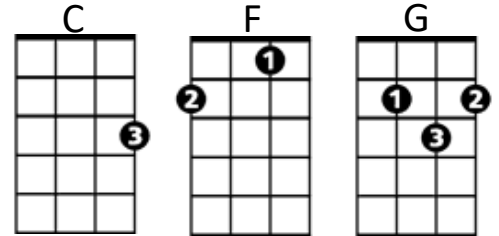


C
I have climbed the highest mountains, I have run through the fields

F **C**
Only to be with you, only to be with you

C
I have run, I have crawled, I have scaled these city walls

F **C**
These city walls, only to be with you



Chorus:

G **F** **C**
But I still haven't found what I'm looking for
G **F** **C**
But I still haven't found what I'm looking for

C
I have kissed honey lips, felt the healing fingertips

F **C**
It burned like fire, this burning desire

C
I have spoke with the tongue of angels, I have held the hand of a devil

F **C**
It was warm in the night, I was cold as a stone

(Chorus)

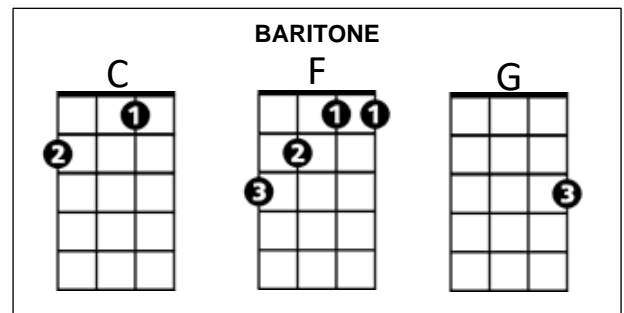
C
I believe in the Kingdom come, then all the colors will bleed into one

F **C**
Bleed into one, but yes I'm still running.

C
You broke the bonds and you loosed the chains, carried the Cross and all my shame

F **C**
All my shame, you know I believe it

(Chorus 2x) (Pitch down second chorus)



Maybellene, (Chuck Berry) (NN)

Intro: 1

Chorus:

1

Maybellene, why can't you be true

4(7)

1

Oh, Maybellene, why can't you be true

5(7)

4(7)

1

You've started back doin' the things you used to do

1

As I was motivatin' over the hill
 I saw Maybellene in a Coupe de Ville
 Cadillac rollin' on the open road
 Nothin' outruns my V-8 Ford
 Cadillac doin' 'bout 95
 Bumper-to-bumper, rollin' side by side

(Chorus)

1

Cadillac rolled up ahead of the Ford
 The Ford got hot, wouldn't do no more
 It soon got cloudy and it started to rain
 I tooted my horn for the passing lane
 Rain was pourin' under my hood
 I knew that was doin' my motor good

(Chorus)

1

Motor cooled down, the heat went down
 That's when I heard that highway sound
 The Cadillac sittin' like a ton of lead
 A hundred and ten, half a mile ahead
 The Cadillac looked like it was sittin' still
 I caught Maybellene at the top of the hill

(Chorus)

| | | |
|----|------|------|
| 1 | 4(7) | 5(7) |
| A | D7 | E7 |
| B | E7 | F#7 |
| Bb | Eb7 | F7 |
| C | F7 | G7 |
| D | G7 | A7 |
| E | A7 | B7 |
| F | Bb7 | C7 |
| G | C7 | D7 |

Mustang Sally (Bonny Rice 1965)

Intro: C C7 C C7 C C7 C

C7 C C7 C C7 C

Mustang Sally

C7 C C7 C C7 C

Guess you better slow your Mustang down

F F7

Mustang Sally, now baby

F C C7 C C7 C C7 C

Guess you better slow your Mustang down

G
You been running all over town, now

tacet C C7 C C7 C C7 C

Oh, I guess I have to put your flat feet on the ground

C7 C C7 C C7 C
All you wanna do is ride around Sally (Ride Sally, ride)

C7 C C7 C C7 C
All you wanna do is ride around Sally (Ride Sally, ride)

F F7 F F F7 F
All you wanna do is ride around Sally (Ride Sally ride)

C7 C C7 C C7 C
All you wanna do is ride around Sally (Ride Sally, ride)

G G\F#\F
One of these early mornings, yeah

C C7 C C7 C C7 C

Gonna be wiping yo weeping eyes

C7 C C7 C
I bought you a brand new Mustang, a nineteen sixty-five,

C7 C C7
Now you come around - signifying, now woman

C C7
You don't wanna let me ride

F F7
Mustang Sally, now baby

F C C7 C C7 C C7 C
Guess you better slow your Mustang down

G
You been running all over town, now

tacet C C7 C C7 C C7 C

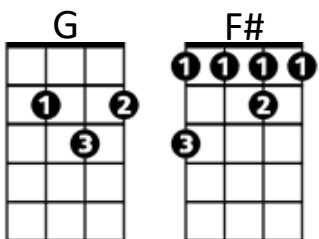
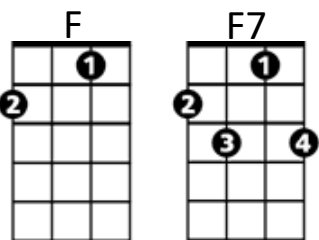
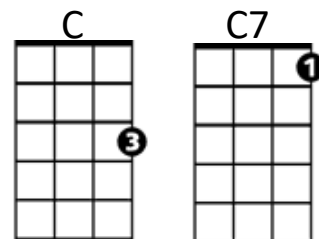
Oh, I guess I have to put your flat feet on the ground

C7 C C7 C C7 C
All you wanna do is ride around Sally (Ride Sally, ride)

C7 C C7 C C7 C
All you wanna do is ride around Sally (Ride Sally, ride)

F F7 F F F7 F
All you wanna do is ride around Sally (Ride Sally ride)

C7 C C7 C C7 C
All you wanna do is ride around Sally (Ride Sally, ride)



BARITONE

