

# Halloween in Zoom's New Tavern (Am)

To the tune of 'St. James Infirmary Blues', more or less.

Adaptation by Doug Anderson – Based on events occurring on Oct. 30, 2021

## Intro Am E7 | Am

Am E7 Am - E7  
I was there in Zoom's new tavern,  
Am F7 C - E7  
singing songs and playing uke.  
Am E7 Am - D  
Ten good friends were gathered  
F7 E7 Am - E7  
on that sunny after-noon.

Am E7 Am - E7  
Keith was singing St. James In-firm'ry,  
Am F7 C - E7  
a song we all en-joy.  
Am E7 Am - D  
When six young trolls in-truded,  
F7 E7 Am - E7  
they were swearing up and down the aisle.

Am E7 Am - E7  
One troll wrote this message  
Am F7 C - E7  
in language that I can't re-peat.  
Am E7 Am - D  
You can guess how low this troll was  
F7 E7 Am - E7  
by his use of nasty words.

Am E7 Am - E7  
But John, he sprang to action  
Am F7 C - E7  
with Kirk, a plan to best the trolls.

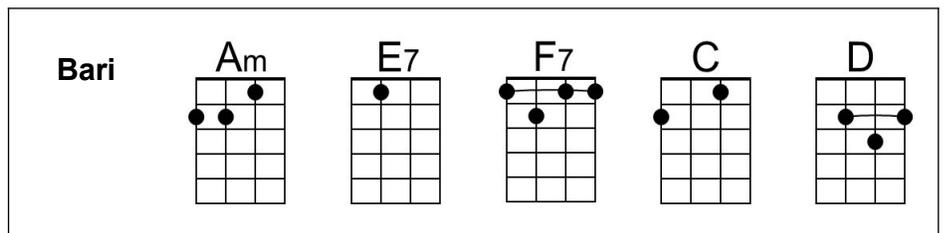
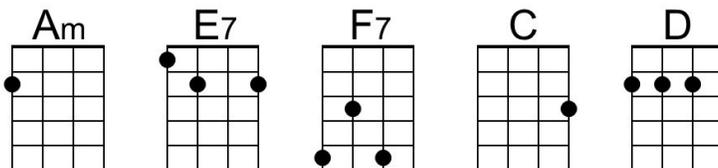
Am E7 Am - D  
They could not harm the uke group  
F7 E7 Am - E7  
so their plan was acted on.

Am E7 Am - E7  
But the screen was badly damaged;  
Am F7 C - E7  
a burial was on the way.

Am E7 Am - D  
The sopranos sang a dirge to its mem'ry  
F7 E7 Am - E7  
and the tenors sang the har-mony.

Am E7 Am - E7  
Now the baris bore the coffin;  
Am F7 C - E7  
The concerts alight: St. Elmo's fire.  
Am F7 C - E7  
And the uke gods wept the whole way  
F7 E7 Am - E7  
Only carbon fiber sur-vided.

Am E7 Am - E7  
So we all had the last laugh.  
Am F7 C - E7  
Those ugly trolls had lost the game.  
Am F7 C - E7  
Keep the faith, sing a song, and smile:  
F7 E7 Am - E7  
We'll beat those trolls every time.  
F7 E7 Am - E7 | Am  
We'll beat those trolls every time.





# Halloween in Zoom's New Tavern (Dm)

To the tune of 'St. James Infirmary Blues', more or less.

Adaptation by Doug Anderson – Based on events occurring on Oct. 30, 2021

## Intro Dm A7 | Dm

I was there in Zoom's new tavern,  
 singing songs and playing uke.  
 Ten good friends were gathered  
 on that sunny after-noon.

Keith was singing St. James In-firm'ry,  
 a song we all en-joy.  
 When six young trolls in-truded,  
 they were swearing up and down the aisle.

One troll wrote this message  
 in language that I can't re-peat.  
 You can guess how low this troll was  
 by his use of nasty words.

But John, he sprang to action  
 with Kirk, a plan to best the trolls.

They could not harm the uke group  
 so their plan was acted on.

But the screen was badly damaged;  
 a burial was on the way.  
 The sopranos sang a dirge to its mem'ry  
 and the tenors sang the har-mony.

Now the baris bore the coffin;  
 The concerts alight: St. Elmo's fire.  
 And the uke gods wept the whole way  
 Only carbon fiber sur-vided.

So we all had the last laugh.  
 Those ugly trolls had lost the game.  
 Keep the faith, sing a song, and smile:  
 We'll beat those trolls every time.  
 We'll beat those trolls every time.

