**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-vived.

 **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.

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|  |  |  | **Bari** |  |  |  |  |  |

**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**

 **Dm A7 Dm - A7**

I was there in Zoom's new tavern,

 **Dm Bb7 F - A7**

singing songs and playing uke.

**Dm A7 Dm - G**

Ten good friends were gathered

 **Bb7 A7 Dm - A7**

on that sunny after-noon.

 **Dm A7 Dm - A7**

Keith was singing St. James In-firm‘ry,

 **Dm Bb7 F - A7**

a song we all en-joy.

 **Dm A7 Dm - G**

When six young trolls in-truded,

 **Bb7 A7 Dm - A7**

they were swearing up and down the aisle.

**Dm A7 Dm - A7**

One troll wrote this message

 **Dm Bb7 F - A7**

in language that I can't re-peat.

 **Dm A7 Dm - G**

You can guess how low this troll was

 **Bb7 A7 Dm - A7**

by his use of nasty words.

 **Dm A7 Dm - A7**

But John, he sprang to action

 **Dm Bb7 F - A7**

with Kirk, a plan to best the trolls.

 **Dm A7 Dm - G**

They could not harm the uke group

 **Bb7 A7 Dm - A7**

so their plan was acted on.

 **Dm A7 Dm - A7**

But the screen was badly damaged;

  **Dm Bb7 F - A7**

a burial was on the way.

 **Dm A7 Dm - G**

The sopranos sang a dirge to its mem’ry

 **Bb7 A7 Dm - A7**

and the tenors sang the har-mony.

 **Dm A7 Dm - A7**

Now the baris bore the coffin;

 **Dm Bb7 F - A7**

The concerts alight: St. Elmo's fire.

 **Dm Bb7 F - A7**

And the uke gods wept the whole way

**Bb7 A7 Dm - A7**

Only carbon fiber sur-vived.

 **Dm A7 Dm - A7**

So we all had the last laugh.

 **Dm Bb7 F - A7**

Those ugly trolls had lost the game.

 **Dm Bb7 F - A7**

Keep the faith, sing a song, and smile:

 **Bb7 A7 Dm - A7**

We'll beat those trolls every time.

 **Bb7 A7 Dm - A7 | Dm**

We'll beat those trolls every time.

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|  |  |  | **Bari** |  |  |  |  |  |

**Halloween in Zoom's New Tavern (Em)**

**To the tune of ‘St. James Infirmary Blues’, more or less.**

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

**Intro Em B7 | Em**

 **Em B7 Em - B7**

I was there in Zoom's new tavern,

 **Em C7 G - B7**

singing songs and playing uke.

**Em B7 Em - A**

Ten good friends were gathered

 **C7 B7 Em - B7**

on that sunny after-noon.

 **Em B7 Em - B7**

Keith was singing St. James In-firm‘ry,

 **Em C7 G - B7**

a song we all en-joy.

 **Em B7 Em - A**

When six young trolls in-truded,

 **C7 B7 Em - B7**

they were swearing up and down the aisle.

**Em B7 Em - B7**

One troll wrote this message

 **Em C7 G - B7**

in language that I can't re-peat.

 **Em B7 Em - A**

You can guess how low this troll was

 **C7 B7 Em - B7**

by his use of nasty words.

 **Em B7 Em - B7**

But John, he sprang to action

 **Em C7 G - B7**

with Kirk, a plan to best the trolls.

 **Em B7 Em - A**

They could not harm the uke group

 **C7 B7 Em - B7**

so their plan was acted on.

 **Em B7 Em - B7**

But the screen was badly damaged;

  **Em C7 G - B7**

a burial was on the way.

 **Em B7 Em - A**

The sopranos sang a dirge to its mem’ry

 **C7 B7 Em - B7**

and the tenors sang the har-mony.

 **Em B7 Em - B7**

Now the baris bore the coffin;

 **Em C7 G - B7**

The concerts alight: St. Elmo's fire.

 **Em C7 G - B7**

And the uke gods wept the whole way

**C7 B7 Em - B7**

Only carbon fiber sur-vived.

 **Em B7 Em - B7**

So we all had the last laugh.

 **Em C7 G - B7**

Those ugly trolls had lost the game.

 **Em C7 G - B7**

Keep the faith, sing a song, and smile:

 **C7 B7 Em - B7**

We'll beat those trolls every time.

 **C7 B7 Em - B7 | Em**

We'll beat those trolls every time.

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