

# On A Lighter Note

A Few Funny, Off-beat or Weird Songs

**Annex**  
**April 6, 2021**

**12 Songs, 29 Pages**

<b>April 3, 2021</b>	
Pencil Thin Mustache (C, F & G) (Correcting keys of C and G)	2
The Battle of New Orleans (C, G & NN) <b>New</b>	5
Yakety Yak (G) <b>New</b>	8
<b>April 5, 2021</b>	
Beep Beep (Little Nash Rambler) (C & G) (Adding key of G)	9
Cheeseburger in Paradise (F C & G) (Adding keys of C & G)	11
Flowers On The Wall (C & G) (Adding key of G)	14
Lady Godiva (C & G) <b>New</b>	16
Lil Red Riding Hood (Am & Em) (Adding key of Em)	18
MTA (Kingston Trio) (C & G) (Adding key of G)	20
Nashville Cats (C & G) (Adding key of G)	22
<b>April 6, 2021</b>	
Hotel California (Am & Em) (Adding key of Em)	24
Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da (C & G) (With Chords) <b>New</b>	28

# Pencil Thin Mustache (Jimmy Buffett) (C)

**Intro** C E7 | A7 A7 | D7 G7 | C G7 |

C E7 A7  
Now they make new movies in old black and  
D7 G7 white  
With happy endings, where nobody fights  
C E7 A7  
So if you find your-self in that nostalgic rage  
D7 G7  
Honey, jump right up and show your age...

**Chorus**

C E7 A7  
I wish I had a pencil thin mustache  
D7 G7 C  
The "Boston Blackie" kind  
C E7 A7  
A two-toned Ricky Ri-cardo jacket  
D7 G7  
And an autographed picture of Andy Devine

C C7  
I remember bein' buck toothed and skinny  
F Ab7  
Writin' fan letters to Sky's niece Penny  
C E7 A7  
Oh I wish I had a pencil thin mustache  
D7 G7 C  
Then I could solve some mysteries too

Dm A7 Dm A7  
Oh it's Bandstand, Disneyland, growin' up  
Dm A7 Dm fast  
Drinkin' on a fake I.D.  
Em B7 Em B7

And Ramar of the jungle was everyone's  
D7 G7 Bawana  
But only jazz musicians were smokin'  
marijuana

C E7 A7  
Yeah, I wish I had a pencil thin mustache  
D7 G7 C  
Then I could solve some mysteries too.

**Instrumental** C E7 | A7 A7 | D7 G7 | C G7

C E7 | A7 D7 | G7 C  
(Thin, thin, pencil thin mustache)

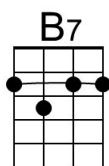
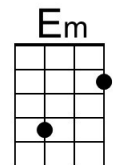
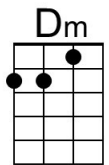
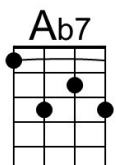
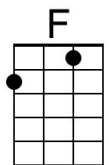
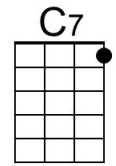
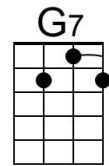
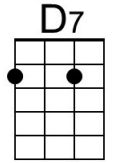
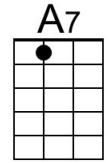
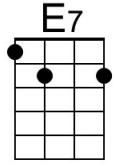
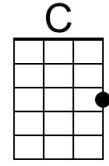
Dm A7 Dm A7  
Then it's flat top, dirty bop, coppin' a feel  
Dm A7 Dm A7  
Grubbin' on the livin' room floor (so sore)  
Em B7  
They send you off to college,  
Em B7  
Try to gain a little knowledge  
D7 G7  
But all you want to do is learn how to score

C E7 A7  
Yeah, but now I'm gettin' old, and I don't wear  
D7 G7 underwear  
I don't go to church and I don't cut my hair  
C E7 A7  
But I can go to movies and see it all there  
D7 G7 C  
Just the way that it used to be. That's why

C C7  
Oh, I could be anyone I wanted to be  
F Ab7  
Maybe suave Errol Flynn or the Sheik of  
C E7 A7 Araby  
If I only had a pencil-thin mustache  
D7 G7 C  
Then I could do some cruisin' too

**Outro**

C  
Yeah, Brylcreem, a little dab'll do yah,  
D7 G7 C G7 C  
Oh, I could do some cruisin' too.



**Bari**

# Pencil Thin Mustache (Jimmy Buffett) (F)

**Intro** F A7 | D7 D7 | G7 C7 | F C7 |

F A7 D7  
Now they make new movies in old black and  
G7 C7 white  
With happy endings, where nobody fights  
F A7 D7  
So if you find your-self in that nostalgic rage  
G7 C7  
Honey, jump right up and show your age...

**Chorus**

F A7 D7  
I wish I had a pencil thin mustache  
G7 C7 F  
The "Boston Blackie" kind  
F A7 D7  
A two-toned Ricky Ri-cardo jacket  
G7 C7  
And an autographed picture of Andy Devine

F F7  
I remember bein' buck toothed and skinny  
Bb C#7  
Writin' fan letters to Sky's niece Penny  
F A7 D7  
Oh I wish I had a pencil thin mustache  
G7 C7 F  
Then I could solve some mysteries too

Gm D7 Gm D7  
Oh it's Bandstand, Disneyland, growin' up fast  
Gm D7 Gm  
Drinkin' on a fake I.D  
Am E7 Am E7  
And Ramar of the jungle was everyone's  
G7 C7 Bawana  
But only jazz musicians were smokin'  
marijuana

F A7 D7  
Yeah, I wish I had a pencil thin mustache  
G7 C7 F  
Then I could solve some mysteries too.

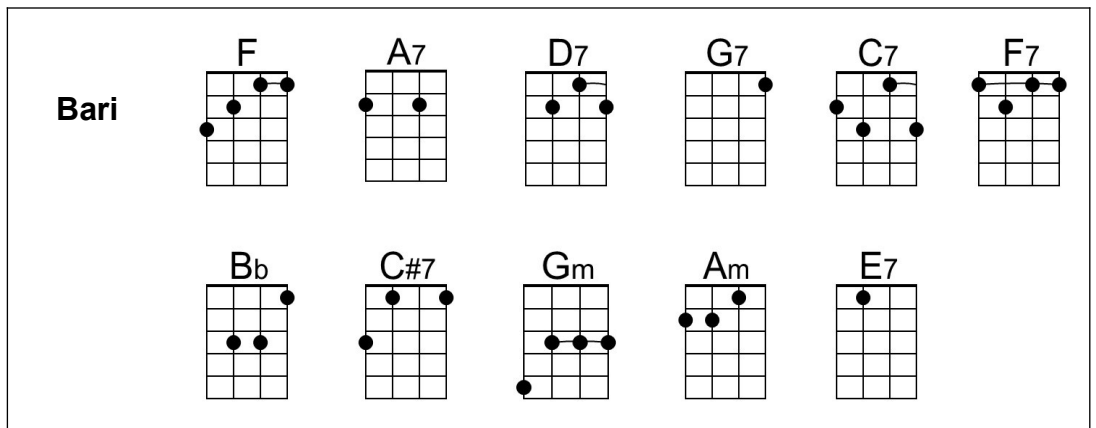
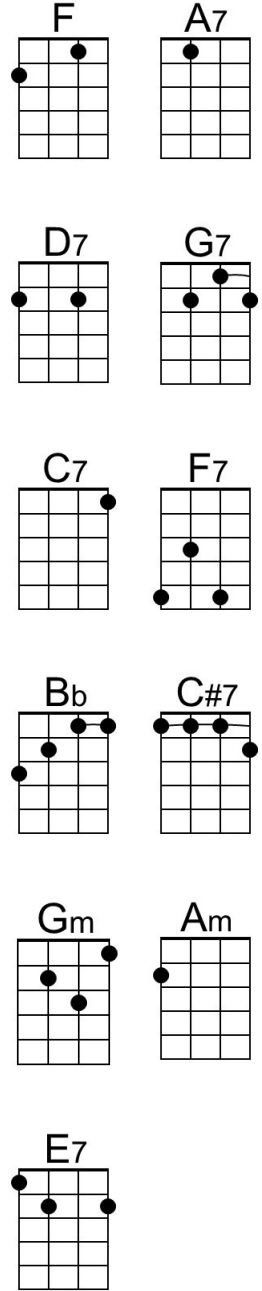
F A7 | D7 D7 | G7 C7 | F C7 |  
F A7 | D7 G7 | C7 F  
(Thin, thin, pencil thin mustache)

Gm D7 Gm D7  
Then it's flat top, dirty bop, coppin' a feel  
Gm D7 Gm D7  
Grubbin' on the livin' room floor (so sore)  
Am E7  
They send you off to college,  
Am E7  
Try to gain a little knowledge  
G7 C7  
But all you want to do is learn how to score

F A7 D7  
Yeah, but now I'm gettin' old, and I don't wear  
underwear  
G7 C7  
I don't go to church and I don't cut my hair  
F A7 D7  
But I can go to movies and see it all there  
G7 C7 F  
Just the way that it used to be. That's why.

**Chorus**

F F7  
Oh, I could be anyone I wanted to be  
Bb C#7  
Maybe suave Errol Flynn or the Sheik of  
Araby  
F A7 D7  
If I only had a pencil-thin mustache  
G7 C7 F  
Then I could do some cruisin' too  
F  
Yeah, Brylcreem, a little dab'll do yah,  
G7 C7 F C7 F  
Oh, I could do some cruisin' too.



# Pencil Thin Mustache (Jimmy Buffett) (G)

**Intro** G B7 | E7 E7 | A7 D7 | G D7 |

**G** **B7** **E7**  
Now they make new movies in old black and white

**A7** **D7**  
With happy endings, where nobody fights

**G** **B7** **E7**  
So if you find your-self in that nostalgic rage  
**A7** **D7**  
Honey, jump right up and show your age...

**Chorus**

**G** **B7** **E7**  
I wish I had a pencil thin mustache

**A7** **D7** **G**  
The "Boston Blackie" kind

**G** **B7** **E7**  
A two-toned Ricky Ri-cardo jacket  
**A7** **D7**

And an autographed picture of Andy Devine

**G** **G7**  
I remember bein' buck toothed and skinny

**C** **Eb7**  
Writin' fan letters to Sky's niece Penny

**G** **B7** **E7**  
Oh I wish I had a pencil thin mustache  
**A7** **D7** **G**

Then I could solve some mysteries too

**Am** **E7** **Am** **E7**  
Oh it's Bandstand, Disneyland, growin' up fast

**Am** **E7** **Am**  
Drinkin' on a fake I.D.

**Bm** **F#7** **Bm** **F#7**  
And Ramar of the jungle was everyone's

**A7** **D7** Bawana  
But only jazz musicians were smokin'

**G** **B7** **E7**  
Yeah, I wish I had a pencil thin mustache

**A7** **D7** **G**  
Then I could solve some mysteries too.

**Instrumental** G B7 | E7 E7 | A7 D7 | G D7

**G** **B7** | **E7** **E7** | **A7** **D7** | **G** **D7**  
(Thin, thin, pencil thin mustache)

**Am** **E7** **Am** **E7**  
Then it's flat top, dirty bop, coppin' a feel

**Am** **E7** **Am** **E7**  
Grubbin' on the livin' room floor (so sore)

**Bm** **F#7**  
They send you off to college,  
**Bm** **F#7**

Try to gain a little knowledge  
**A7** **D7**

But all you want to do is learn how to score

**G** **B7** **E7**  
Yeah, but now I'm gettin' old, and I don't wear

**A7** **D7** underwear  
I don't go to church and I don't cut my hair

**G** **B7** **E7**  
But I can go to movies and see it all there

**A7** **D7** **G**  
Just the way that it used to be. That's why

**Chorus**

**G** **G7**  
Oh, I could be anyone I wanted to be

**C** **Eb7**  
Maybe suave Errol Flynn or the Sheik of

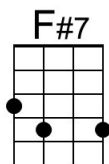
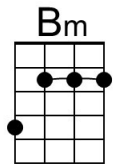
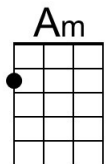
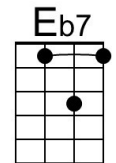
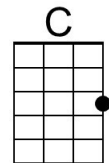
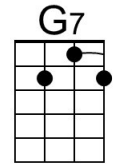
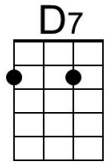
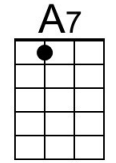
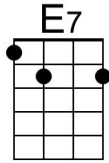
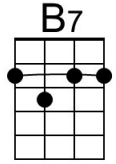
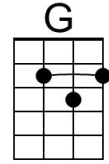
**G** **B7** **E7** Araby  
If I only had a pencil-thin mustache

**A7** **D7** **G**  
Then I could do some cruisin' too

**Outro**

**G**  
Yeah, Brylcreem, a little dab'll do yah,

**A7** **D7** **G** **D7** **G**  
Oh, I could do some cruisin' too.



**Bari**

# The Battle of New Orleans (Jimmy Driftwood, ca. 1959) (C)

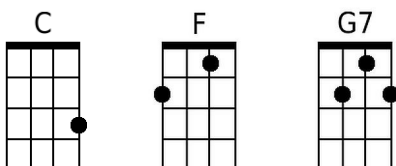
## Intro (4 Measures): Strum in on C

**C** **F**  
 In 1814 we took a little trip  
**G7**  
 A-long with Col. Jackson  
**C**  
 down the mighty Mississip'  
**F**  
 We took a little bacon and we took a little beans  
**G7**  
 And we caught the bloody British  
**C**  
 in a town in New Orleans.

## Chorus

**C**  
 We fired our guns and the British kept a comin'  
 There wasn't nigh as many as there  
**G7** **C**  
 was a while a-go  
**F**  
 We fired once more and they began to runnin'  
**G7** **C**  
 On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mex-i-co.

**C**  
 We looked down the river  
**F**  
 and we see'd the British come  
**G7**  
 And there musta been a hund'erd of 'em  
**C**  
 beatin' on the drum  
 They stepped so high and they  
**F**  
 made their bugles ring  
**G7**  
 We stood beside our cotton bales  
**C**  
 and didn't say a thing. **Chorus**

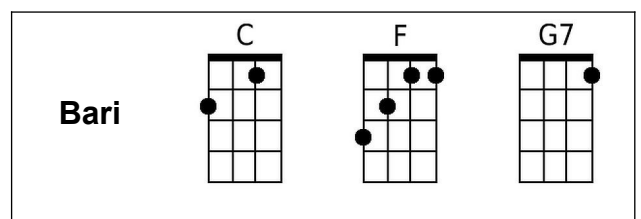


**C** **F**  
 Old Hick'ry said we could take 'em by su'prise  
**G7**  
 If we didn't fire our musket  
**C**  
 till we looked 'em in the eyes  
**F**  
 We held our fire till we see'd their faces well  
**G7**  
 Then we opened up with squirrel guns  
**C**  
 and really gave 'em Well - **Chorus**

## Bridge

**C**  
 Yeah! they ran through the briars  
 and they ran through the brambles  
 And they ran through the bushes  
**G7** **C**  
 Where a rabbit couldn't go  
 They ran so fast that the  
 hounds couldn't catch 'em  
**G7** **C**  
 On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mex-i-co.

**C** **F**  
 We fired our cannon till the barrel melted down  
**G7**  
 So we grabbed an alligator  
**C**  
 and we fought another round  
 We filled his head with cannonballs  
**F**  
 and powdered his behind  
**G7**  
 And when we touched the powder off,  
**C**  
 the 'gator lost his mind. **Chorus** **Bridge**



# The Battle of New Orleans (Jimmy Driftwood, ca. 1959) (G)

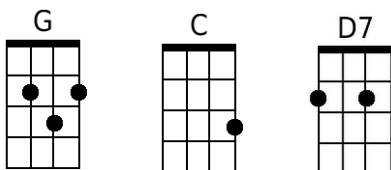
## Intro (4 Measures): Strum in on G

**G** **C**  
 In 1814 we took a little trip  
**D7**  
 A-long with Col. Jackson  
**G**  
 down the mighty Mississip'  
**C**  
 We took a little bacon and we took a little beans  
**D7**  
 And we caught the bloody British  
**G**  
 in a town in New Orleans.

## Chorus

**G**  
 We fired our guns and the British kept a comin'  
 There wasn't nigh as many  
**D7** **G**  
 as there was a while a-go  
**C**  
 We fired once more and they began to runnin'  
**D7** **G**  
 On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mex-i-co.

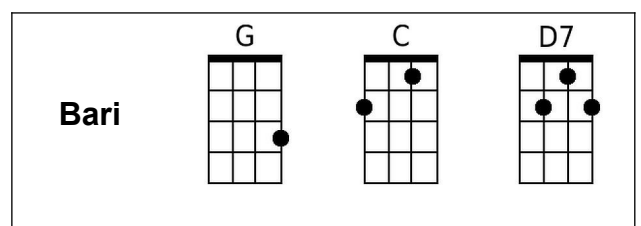
**G**  
 We looked down the river  
**C**  
 and we see'd the British come  
**D7**  
 And there musta been a hund'erd of 'em  
**G**  
 beatin' on the drum  
 They stepped so high  
**C**  
 and they made their bugles ring  
**D7**  
 We stood beside our cotton bales  
**G**  
 and didn't say a thing. **Chorus**



**G** **C**  
 Old Hick'ry said we could take 'em by su'prise  
**D7**  
 If we didn't fire our musket  
**G**  
 till we looked 'em in the eyes  
**C**  
 We held our fire till we see'd their faces well  
**D7**  
 Then we opened up with squirrel guns  
**G**  
 and really gave 'em Well - **Chorus**

## Bridge

**G**  
 Yeah! they ran through the briars  
 and they ran through the brambles  
 And they ran through the bushes  
**D7** **G**  
 Where a rabbit couldn't go  
 They ran so fast that the  
 hounds couldn't catch 'em  
**D7** **G**  
 On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mex-i-co.  
**G** **C**  
 We fired our cannon till the barrel melted down  
**D7**  
 So we grabbed an alligator  
**G**  
 and we fought another round  
 We filled his head with cannonballs  
**C**  
 and powdered his behind  
**D7**  
 And when we touched the powder off,  
**G**  
 the 'gator lost his mind. **Chorus** **Bridge**





# Yakety Yak

The Coasters.

Take out the papers and the trash, or you don't get no spending cash  
G C  
If you don't scrub that kitchen floor, you ain't gonna rock and roll no more  
D7 G/  
Yakety yak Don't talk back.  
G/ G/

Just finish cleaning up your room, let's see the dust fly with that broom  
G C  
Get all that garbage out of sight, or you don't go out Friday night.  
D7 G/  
Yakety yak Don't talk back.  
G/ G/

You just put on your coat and hat, and walk yourself to the laundry mat  
G C  
And when you finish doing that, bring in the dog and put out the cat.  
D7 G/  
Yakety yak Don't talk back.  
G/ G/

(One verse of chords) (Kazoo/Sax solo)

Don't you give me no dirty looks, your father's hip, he knows what cooks  
G C  
Just tell your hoodlum friends outside, you ain't got time to take a ride.  
D7 G/  
Yakety yak Don't talk back.  
G/ G/

(One verse of chords) (Kazoo/Sax solo)

**Ukulele Band of Alabama**  
[www.ubalabama.weebly.com](http://www.ubalabama.weebly.com)  
[www.facebook.com/ubalabama](http://www.facebook.com/ubalabama)



## Beep Beep (Little Nash Rambler) (Carl Cicchetti / Donald Claps)

C G7 C G7 C G7 C  
While riding in my Cadillac, what to my surprise.

C G7 C G7  
A little Nash Rambler was following me,

C G7 C  
About one third my size.

Fm C  
The guy must have wanted to pass me up,

Fm C  
As he kept on tooting his horn.

C G7 C G7 C G7 C  
I'll show him that a Cadillac is not a car to scorn.

### CHORUS:

C G7  
Beep-beep, beep-beep..

C G7 C  
His horn went beep, beep, beep.

C G7 C G7  
I pushed my foot down to the floor,

C G7 C  
To give the guy the shake.

C G7 C G7  
But the little Nash Rambler stayed right behind..

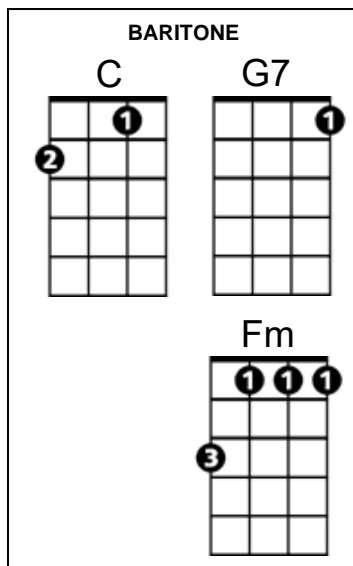
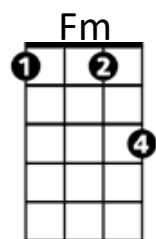
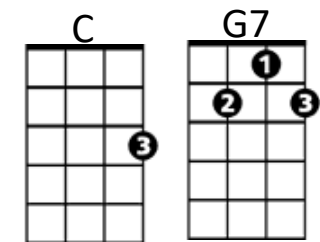
C G7 C  
He still had on his brake.

C Fm C  
He musta thought his car had more guts,

Fm C  
As he kept on tooting his horn.

C G7 C G7 C G7 C  
I'll show him that a Cadillac is not a car to scorn.

### (CHORUS)



C G7 C G7  
My car went into passing gear

C G7 C  
And we took off with gust.

G7 C  
Soon we were going ninety,

G7 C  
Musta left him in the dust.

Fm C  
When I peeked in the mirror of my car

Fm C  
I couldn't believe my eyes.

G7 C G7  
The little Nash Rambler was right behind,

C G7 C  
You'd think that guy could fly.

### (CHORUS)

C G7 C G7  
Now we were doing a hundred and ten,

C G7 C  
This certainly was a race.

G7 C  
For a Rambler to pass a Caddy,

G7 C  
Would be a big disgrace.

Fm C  
The guy must have wanted to pass me up,

Fm C  
As he kept on tooting his horn.

C G7 C G7 C G7 C  
I'll show him that a Cadillac is not a car to scorn.

C G7 C G7  
Now we're going a hundred and twenty,

C G7 C  
As fast as I could go.

C G7 C G7  
The Rambler pulled along side of me

C G7 C  
As if we were going slow.

Fm C  
The fella rolled down his window

Fm C  
And yelled for me to hear..

Fm C  
'Hey buddy how do I get this car,

G7 F G7 C  
Outa sec..ond gear?'

# Beep Beep (Little Nash Rambler) (Carl Cicchetti & Donald Claps) (G)

G D7 G D7 G D7 G  
 While riding in my Cadillac, what to my surprise.  
 G D7 G D7  
 A little Nash Rambler was following me,  
 G D7 G  
 About one third my size.

Cm G  
 The guy must have wanted to pass me up,  
 Cm G  
 As he kept on tooting his horn.

G D7 G D7 G D7 G  
 I'll show him that a Cadillac is not a car to scorn.

## Chorus

G D7  
 Beep-beep, beep-beep..  
 G D7 G  
 His horn went beep, beep, beep.

G D7 G D7  
 I pushed my foot down to the floor,  
 G D7 G  
 To give the guy the shake.

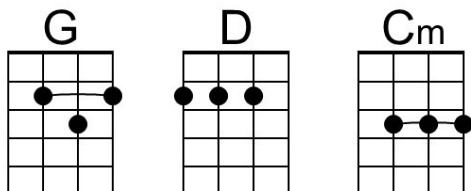
G D7 G D7  
 But the little Nash Rambler stayed right be-hind.  
 G D7 G  
 He still I had on his brake.

G Cm G  
 He musta thought his car had more guts,  
 Cm G  
 As he kept on tooting his horn.

G D7 G D7 G D7 G  
 I'll show him that a Cadillac is not a car to scorn.

## Chorus

G D7 G D7  
 My car went into passing gear  
 G D7 G  
 And we took off with gust.  
 D7 G  
 Soon we were going ninety,  
 D7 G  
 Musta left him in the dust.



Cm G  
 When I peeked in the mirror of my car  
 Cm G  
 I couldn't believe my eyes.

D7 G D7  
 The little Nash Rambler was right behind,  
 G D7 G  
 You'd think that guy could fly. **Chorus**

G D7 G D7  
 Now we were doing a hundred and ten,  
 G D7 G  
 This certainly was a race.

D7 G  
 For a Rambler to pass a Caddy,  
 D7 G  
 Would be a big disgrace.

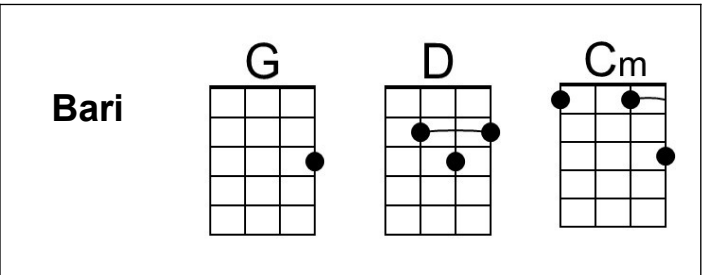
Cm G  
 The guy must have wanted to pass me up,  
 Cm G  
 As he kept on tooting his horn.  
 G D7 G D7 G D7 G  
 I'll show him that a Cadillac is not a car to scorn.

G D7 G D7  
 Now we're going a hundred and twenty,  
 G D7 G  
 As fast as I could go.

G D7 G D7  
 The Rambler pulled along side of me  
 G D7 G  
 As if we were going slow.

Cm G  
 The fella rolled down his window  
 Cm G  
 And yelled for me to hear..

Cm G  
 'Hey buddy how do I get this car,  
 D7 C D7 G  
 Outa sec..ond gear?'



# Cheeseburger in Paradise (Jimmy Buffett)

**Intro:** Am - - G (3x) / C (hold)

F G C  
Tried to amend my carnivorous habits  
F G C  
Made it nearly seventy days  
F G C  
Losin' weight without speed, eatin' sunflower  
seeds  
D G  
Drinkin' lots of carrot juice and soakin' up rays.  
F G C  
But at night I'd have these wonderful dreams,  
F G Am  
Some kind of sensuous treat  
F C F C  
Not zucchini, fettucini or bulgar wheat,  
F C G C  
But a big warm bun and a huge hunk of meat.

**Chorus:**

F G C  
Cheeseburger in paradise  
F G C  
Heaven on earth with an onion slice  
F G C  
Not too particular, not too precise, I'm just a -  
F G C Am - - G / C (hold)  
Cheeseburger in paradise

F G C  
Heard about the old-time sailor men  
F G C  
They eat the same thing again and again  
F G C  
Warm beer and bread they said could raise the  
dead  
D G  
Well, it reminds me of the menu at a Holiday Inn  
F G C  
But times have changed for sailors these days  
F G Am  
When I'm in port I get what I need.  
F C F C  
Not just Havanas or bananas or daiquiris  
F C G C  
But that American creation on which I feed.

**(Chorus)**

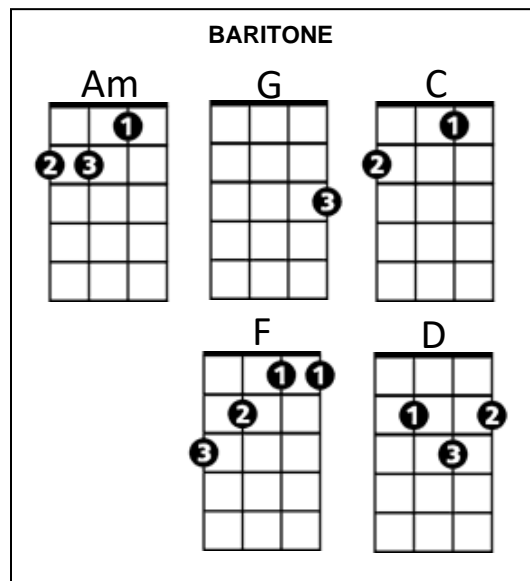
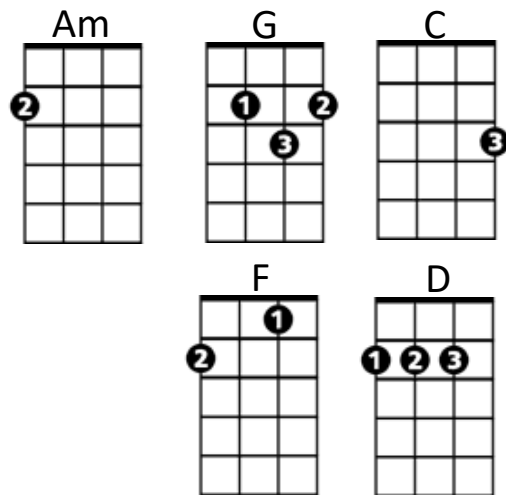
Am - - G (3x) / C (hold)

**(A Capella)**

I like mine with lettuce and tomato  
Heinz 57 and french fried potatoes  
Big kosher pickle and a cold draft beer  
Well, good God Almighty, which way do I steer  
For my -

**(Chorus)**

F G C (2x)  
Cheeseburger in paradise  
Am - - G (3x) / C (hold)



# Cheeseburger in Paradise (Jimmy Buffett) (C)

**Intro:** | Em - - D (3x) | G (Hold)

C D G  
 Tried to amend my carnivorous habits  
 C D G  
 Made it nearly seventy days  
 C D G  
 Losin' weight without speed, eatin' sunflower  
 A D seeds  
 Drinkin' lots of carrot juice and soakin' up rays.  
 C D G  
 But at night I'd have these wonderful dreams,  
 C D Em  
 Some kind of sensuous treat  
 C G C G  
 Not zucchini, fettucini or bulgar wheat,  
 C G D G  
 But a big warm bun and a huge hunk of meat.

## Chorus

C D G  
 Cheeseburger in paradise  
 C D G  
 Heaven on earth with an onion slice.  
 C D G  
 Not too particular, not too precise, I'm just a -  
 C D G  
 Cheeseburger in paradise.

| Em - - D (3x) | G (Hold)

C D G  
 Heard about the old-time sailor men  
 C D G  
 They eat the same thing again and again  
 C D G  
 Warm beer and bread they said could raise the  
 A D dead  
 Well, it reminds me of the menu at a Holiday Inn  
 C D G  
 But times have changed for sailors these days  
 C D Em  
 When I'm in port I get what I need.  
 C G C G  
 Not just Havanas or bananas or daiquiris  
 C G D G  
 But that American creation on which I feed.

## Chorus

| Em - - D (3x) | G (Hold)

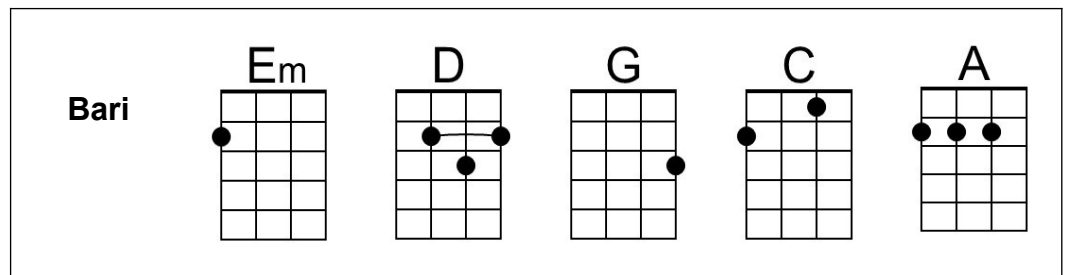
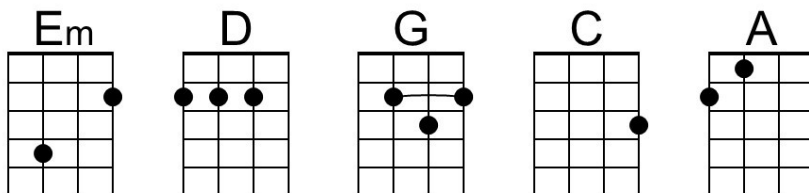
## (A Capella)

I like mine with lettuce and tomato  
 Heinz 57 and french fried potatoes  
 Big kosher pickle and a cold draft beer  
 Well, good God Almighty, which way do I steer?  
 For my - **Chorus**

## Outro

C D G  
 Cheeseburger in paradise (2x)

| Em - - D (3x) | G (Hold)



# Cheeseburger in Paradise (Jimmy Buffett) (G)

**Intro** | Bm - - A (3x) | D (Hold)

G A D  
Tried to amend my carnivorous habits  
G A D  
Made it nearly seventy days  
G A D  
Losin' weight without speed, eatin' sunflower  
E A seeds  
Drinkin' lots of carrot juice and soakin' up rays.  
G A D  
But at night I'd have these wonderful dreams,  
G A Bm  
Some kind of sensuous treat  
G D G D  
Not zucchini, fettucini or bulgar wheat,  
G D A D  
But a big warm bun and a huge hunk of meat.

**Chorus**

G A D  
Cheeseburger in paradise  
G A D  
Heaven on earth with an onion slice  
G A D  
Not too particular, not too precise, I'm just a -  
G A D  
Cheeseburger in paradise

| Bm - - A | D (Hold)

G A D  
Heard about the old-time sailor men  
G A D  
They eat the same thing again and again  
G A D  
Warm beer and bread they said could raise the  
E A dead  
Well, it reminds me of the menu at a Holiday Inn  
G A D  
But times have changed for sailors these days  
G A Bm  
When I'm in port I get what I need.  
G D G D  
Not just Havanas or bananas or daiquiris  
G D A D  
But that American creation on which I feed.

**Chorus**

| Bm - - A (3x) | D (Hold)

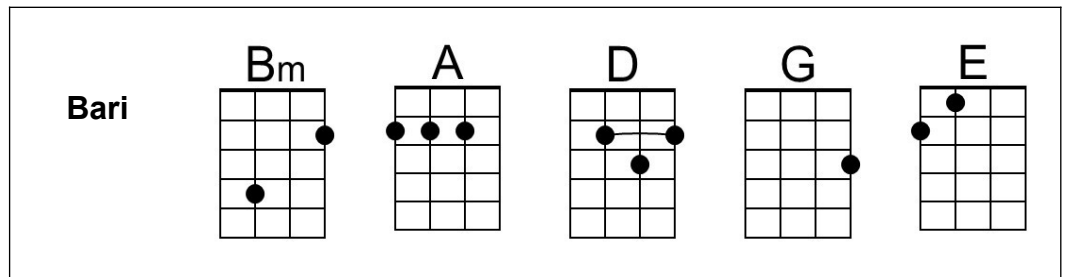
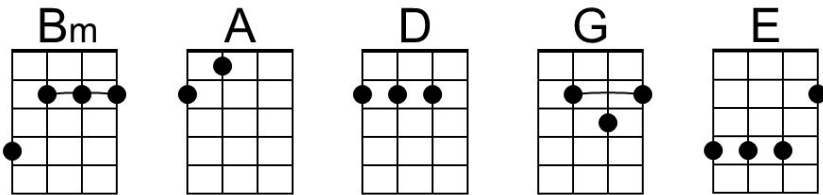
**(A Capella)**

I like mine with lettuce and tomato  
Heinz 57 and french fried potatoes  
Big kosher pickle and a cold draft beer  
Well, good God Almighty, which way do I steer?  
For my - **Chorus**

**Outro**

G A D  
Cheeseburger in paradise (2x)

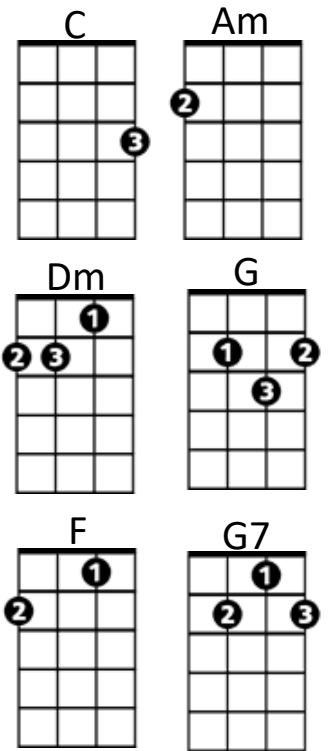
| Bm - - A (3x) | D (Hold)



## Flowers on The Wall (De Witt Lewis, 1965)

### Intro Am

**C** **Am**  
 I keep hearing your concern about my happiness  
**Dm** **G**  
 All that thought you've given me is conscience I guess  
**C** **Am**  
 If I were walking in your shoes I wouldn't worry none  
**Dm** **G**  
 You and your friends are worried about me I'm having lots of fun



### Chorus:

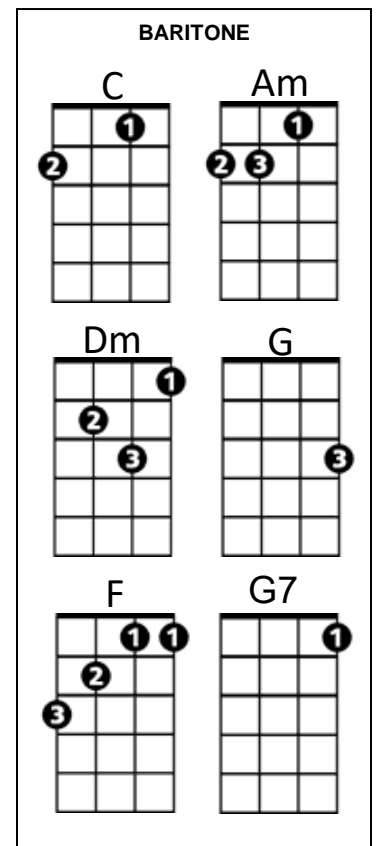
**Am**  
 Counting flowers on the wall. That don't bother me at all  
 Playing solitaire till dawn with a deck of fifty one  
**F**  
 Smoking cigarettes and watching Captain Kangaroo.  
**G** **G7** **G**  
 Now don't tell me I have nothing to do.

**C** **Am**  
 Last night I dressed in tails --- pretended I was on the town  
**Dm** **G**  
 As long as I can dream it's hard to slow this swinger down  
**C** **Am**  
 So please don't give a thought to me I'm really doing fine  
**Dm** **G**  
 You can always find me here -- having quite a time

### (Chorus)

**C** **Am**  
 Well it's good to see you. I must go. I know I look affright.  
**Dm** **G**  
 Anyway my eyes are not accustomed to this light  
**C** **Am**  
 And my shoes are not accustomed to this hard concrete  
**Dm** **G**  
 I must go back to my room and make my day complete.

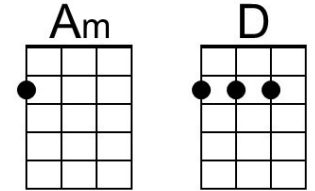
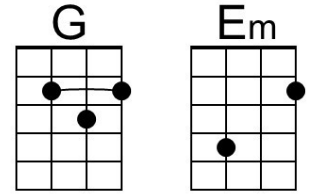
### (Chorus)



# Flowers on The Wall (De Witt Lewis, 1965) (G)

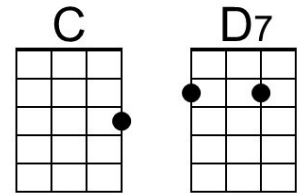
## Intro Em

**G** **Em**  
 I keep hearing your concern a-bout my happiness  
**Am** **D**  
 All that thought you've given me is conscience I guess  
**G** **Em**  
 If I were walking in y our shoes I wouldn't worry none  
**Am** **D**  
 You and your friends are worried about me I'm having lots of fun



## Chorus

**Em**  
 Counting flowers on the wall. That don't bother me at all  
 Playing solitaire till dawn with a deck of fifty one  
**F**  
 Smoking cigarettes and watching Captain Kangaroo.  
**G** **G7** **G**  
 Now don't tell me I have nothing to do.



**G** **Em**  
 Last night I dressed in tails --- pretended I was on the town  
**Am** **D**  
 As long as I can dream it's hard to slow this swinger down  
**G** **Em**  
 So please don't give a thought to me I'm really doing fine  
**Am** **D**  
 You can always find me here -- having quite a time. **Chorus**

**Bari**

Diagram for G: A guitar fretboard with a dot on the 3rd fret of the 5th string.

Diagram for Em: A guitar fretboard with dots on the 2nd fret of the 4th string and 1st fret of the 5th string.

Diagram for Am: A guitar fretboard with dots on the 1st fret of the 2nd string and 1st fret of the 3rd string.

Diagram for D: A guitar fretboard with dots on the 2nd fret of the 4th string, 2nd fret of the 5th string, and 2nd fret of the 1st string.

Diagram for C: A guitar fretboard with dots on the 3rd fret of the 5th string and 3rd fret of the 4th string.

Diagram for D: A guitar fretboard with dots on the 2nd fret of the 4th string, 2nd fret of the 5th string, and 2nd fret of the 1st string.

**G** **Em**  
 Well it's good to see you. I must go. I know I look affright.  
**Am** **D**  
 Anyway my eyes are not accustomed to this light  
**G** **Em**  
 And my shoes are not accustomed to this hard concrete  
**Am** **D**  
 I must go back to my room and make my day complete. **Chorus**

# Lady Godiva (Mike Leander, Charlie Mills & Gordon Mills, 1966) (C)

Lady Godiva by Peter and Gordon (1966) (Stereo, 2011 Remaster)

**C F C F**  
Seven-teen, a beauty queen,  
**C F C**  
she made a ride that caused

**F Dm G**  
A scene in the town.

**G7 C**  
Her long blonde hair,

**C7 D7**  
hangin' down around her knees,

**G7 Am7**  
All the cats who dig strip-tease,

**C7 Dm**  
prayin' for a little breeze.

**G C7**  
Her long blonde hair,

**D7**  
falling down across her arms.

**G7 C**  
Hiding all the lady's charms..

**A D7 G7 C**  
Hey, hey, hey..Lady God..i. .va.

**C F C F**  
She found fame and made her name..

**C F C**  
A Holly-wood di-rector

**F Dm G C7**  
Came into town ...and said to her..

**D7**  
How'd you like to be a star?

**G7 Am7**  
You're a girl that could go far,

**C7 Dm**  
Especially dressed the way you are.  
**G C7**  
She smiled at him..

**D7**  
Gave her pretty head a shake.

**G7 C**  
That was Lady G's mis-take..

**A A7 D7 G7 C**  
hey-hey-hey.\_\_. Lady God..i. .va.

**C F C F**  
He di-rects Cer-tificate X.

**C F C F**  
And people now are craning their necks..

**Dm G C7**  
to see her, cause she's a star...

**D7**  
one that everybody knows.

**G7 Am7**  
Finished with the striptease shows,

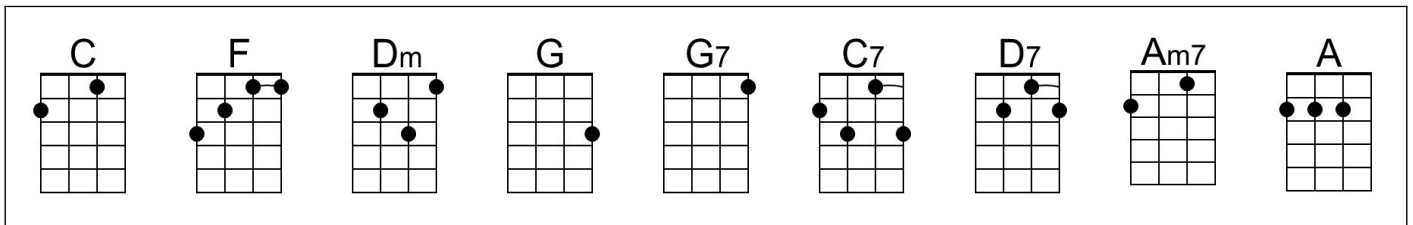
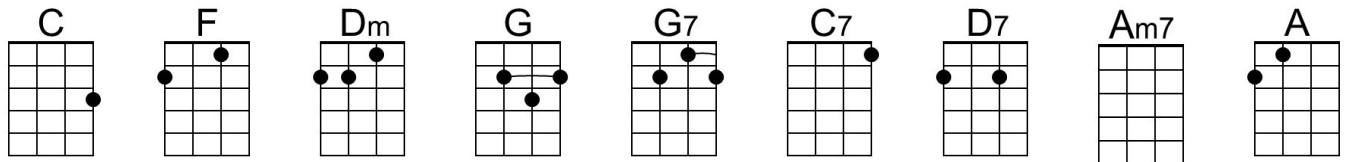
**C7 Dm**  
Now she can afford her clothes.

**G C7**  
Her long blonde hair,

**D7**  
lyin' on the barber's floor.

**G7 C**  
Doesn't need it long

**A A7 D7 G7 C F C**  
any-more.\_\_ Lady God...i ..va.





# Lady Godiva (Mike Leander, Charlie Mills & Gordon Mills, 1966) (G)

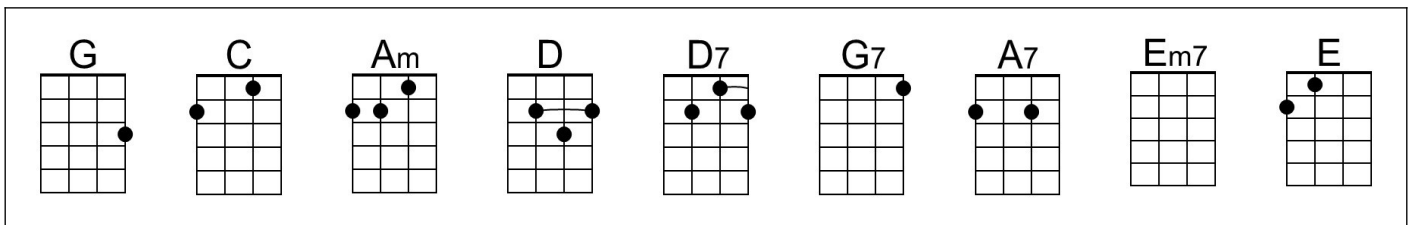
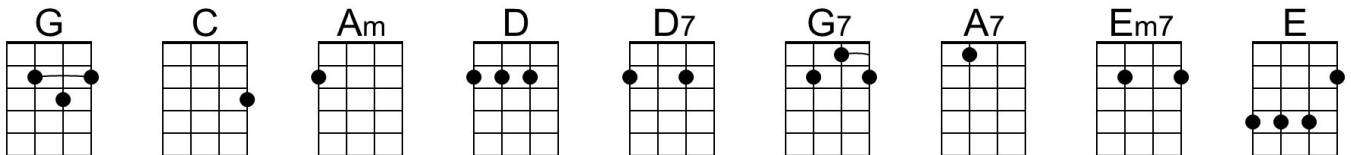
Lady Godiva by Peter and Gordon (1966) (Stereo, 2011 Remaster)

**G C G C**  
 Seven-teen, a beauty queen,  
**G C G**  
 she made a ride that caused  
**C Am D**  
 A scene in the town.  
**D7 G**  
 Her long blonde hair,  
**G7 A7**  
 hangin' down around her knees,  
**D7 Em7**  
 All the cats who dig strip-tease,  
**G7 Am**  
 prayin' for a little breeze.  
**D G7**  
 Her long blonde hair,  
**A7**  
 falling down across her arms.  
**D7 G**  
 Hiding all the lady's charms..  
**E A7 D7 G**  
 Hey, hey, hey..Lady God..i. .va.

**G C G C**  
 She found fame and made her name..  
**G C G**  
 A Holly-wood di-rector  
**C Am D G7**  
 Came into town ...and said to her..  
**A7**  
 How'd you like to be a star?  
**D7 Em7**  
 You're a girl that could go far,

**G7 Am**  
 Especially dressed the way you are.  
**D G7**  
 She smiled at him..  
**A7**  
 Gave her pretty head a shake.  
**D7 G**  
 That was Lady G's mis-take..  
**E E7 A7 D7 G**  
 hey-hey-hey...Lady God..i. .va.

**G C G C**  
 He di-rects Cer-tificate X.  
**G C**  
 And people now are  
**G C Am**  
 craning their necks..to see her.  
**D G7**  
 Cause she's a star..  
**A7**  
 one that everybody knows.  
**D7 Em7**  
 Finished with the striptease shows,  
**G7 Am**  
 Now she can afford her clothes.  
**D G7**  
 Her long blonde hair,  
**A7**  
 lyin' on the barber's floor.  
**D7 G**  
 Doesn't need it long  
**E E7 A7 D7 G C G**  
 any-more... Lady God...i ..va.



# Lil Red Riding Hood (J.P. Richardson) (Am)

**Spoken** OWOOO Who do I see walking in these woods? It's Little Red Riding Hood!

**Am** **C**  
Hey there, Little Red Riding Hood

**Dm**  
You sure are lookin' good

**F** **E7** **Am**  
You're everything a big bad wolf could want

**E7**  
Oh, Listen to me!

**Am** **C**  
Little Red Riding Hood

**Dm**  
I don't think little big girls should

**F** **E7** **Am**  
Go walkin' in these spooky old woods alone

**E7**  
Owwwww!

**C**  
What big eyes you have

**Am**  
The kind of eyes that drive wolves mad

**Dm**  
So just to see that you don't get chased

**G7**  
I think I ought to walk with you for a ways

**C**  
What cool lips you have

**Am**  
They're sure to lure someone bad

**Dm**  
So until you get to Grandma's place

**G7**  
I think you ought to walk with me and be safe

**Am** **C**  
I'm gonna keep my sheep suit on

**Dm**  
Till I'm sure that you've been shown

**F** **E7** **Am**  
That I can be trusted walkin' with you alone

**E7**  
Owwwww!

**Am** **C**  
Little Red Riding Hood,

**Dm**  
I'd like to hold you if I could

**F** **E7** **Am**  
But you might think I'm a big bad wolf, so I won't

**E7**  
Owwwww!

**C**  
What a big heart I have

**Am**  
The better to love you with

**Dm**  
Little Red Riding Hood

**G7**  
Even bad wolves can be good

**C**  
I'll try to keep satisfied

**Am**  
Just to walk close by your side

**Dm**  
Maybe you'll see things my way

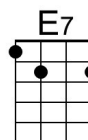
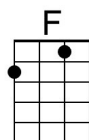
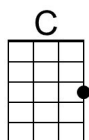
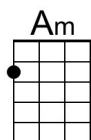
**G7**  
Before we get to Grandma's place

**Am** **C**  
Little Red Riding Hood

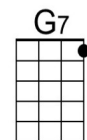
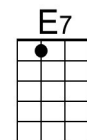
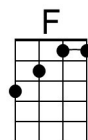
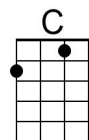
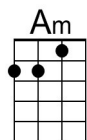
**Dm**  
You sure are lookin' good

**F** **E7** **Am**  
You're everything a big bad wolf could want

**E7** **Am** **C** **Dm** **F** **E7** **Am**  
Owwwww -- I mean a baaad - - baaad



Bari



# Lil Red Riding Hood (J.P. Richardson) (Em)

**Spoken** OWOOO Who do I see walking in these woods? It's Little Red Riding Hood!

**Em** **G**  
Hey there, Little Red Riding Hood

**Am**  
You sure are lookin' good

**C** **B7** **Em**  
You're everything a big bad wolf could want  
**B7**  
Oh, Listen to me!

**Em** **G**  
Little Red Riding Hood

**Am**  
I don't think little big girls should

**C** **B7** **Em**  
Do walkin' in these spooky old woods alone  
**B7**  
Owwww!

**G**  
What big eyes you have

**Em**  
The kind of eyes that drive wolves mad  
**Am**

So just to see that you don't get chased  
**D7**

I think I ought to walk with you for a ways

**G**  
What cool lips you have

**Em**  
They're sure to lure someone bad  
**Am**

So until you get to Grandma's place  
**D7**

I think you ought to walk with me and be safe

**Em** **G**  
I'm gonna keep my sheep suit on

**Am**  
Till I'm sure that you've been shown

**C** **B7** **Em**  
That I can be trusted walkin' with you alone  
**B7**  
Owwww!

**Em** **G**  
Little Red Riding Hood,

**Am**  
I'd like to hold you if I could

**C** **B7** **Em**  
But you might think I'm a big bad wolf, so I won't  
**B7**  
Owwww!

**G**  
What a big heart I have

**Em**  
The better to love you with

**Am**  
Little Red Riding Hood

**D7**  
Even bad wolves can be good

**G**  
I'll try to keep satisfied

**Em**  
Just to walk close by your side

**Am**  
Maybe you'll see things my way

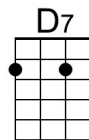
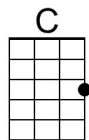
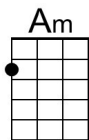
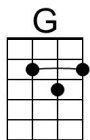
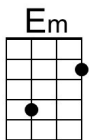
**D7**  
Before we get to Grandma's place

**Em** **G**  
Little Red Riding Hood

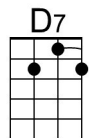
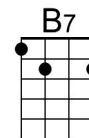
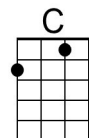
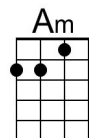
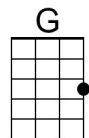
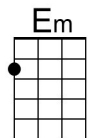
**Am**  
You sure are lookin' good

**C** **B7** **Em**  
You're everything a big bad wolf could want

**E7** **Am** **C** **Dm** **F** **E7** **Am**  
Owwww -- I mean a baaad - - baaad



**Bari**



# MTA (Kingston Trio) (C)

**C**  
Let me tell you of a story  
**F**  
'bout a man named Charlie  
**C** **G7**  
On a tragic and fateful day.  
**C**  
He put ten cents in his pocket,  
**F**  
kissed his wife and family,  
**C** **G7** **C**  
Went to ride on the M - T - A

## Chorus:

**C**  
But will he ever return?  
**F**  
No, he'll never return,  
**C** **G7**  
And his fate is still unlearned.  
**C**  
He may ride forever  
**F**  
'neath the streets of Boston,  
**C** **G7** **C**  
He's the man who never returned.

**C**  
Charlie handed in his dime  
**F**  
At the Scully Square Station,  
**C** **G7**  
And he changed for Jamaica Plain.  
**C**  
When he got there the conductor told him,  
**F**  
"One more nickel!"  
**C** **G7** **C**  
Charlie couldn't get off of that train.

## Chorus.

**C**  
Now all night long  
**F**  
Charlie rides through the stations,  
**C** **G7**  
Crying, "What will become of me?"  
**C**  
How can I afford to see  
**F**  
My sister in Chelsey,  
**C** **G7** **C**  
Or my brother in Roxbury?" **Chorus.**

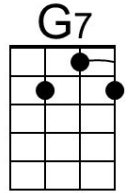
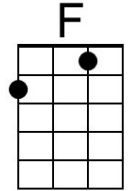
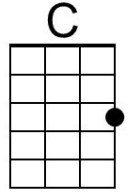
**C**  
Charlie's wife goes down  
**F**  
To the Scully Square Station,  
**C** **G7**  
Every day at a quarter past two.  
**C**  
And through the open window  
**F**  
She hands Charlie his sandwich  
**C** **G7** **C**  
As the train goes rumbling through.

## Chorus.

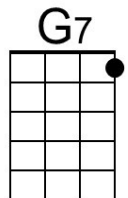
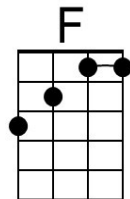
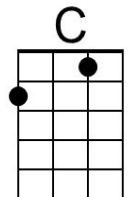
**C**  
Now you citizens of Boston,  
**F**  
Don't you think it's a scandal,  
**C** **G7**  
How the people have to pay and pay?  
**C** **F**  
Fight the fare increase, vote for George  
O'Brien,  
**C** **G7** **C**  
Get poor Charlie off the M - T - A!

## Chorus.

**C** **G7** **C**  
He's the man who never returned.



## Bari



## MTA (Kingston Trio) (G)

**G**  
Let me tell you of a story  
**C**  
'bout a man named Charlie  
**G** **D7**  
On a tragic and fateful day.  
**G**  
He put ten cents in his pocket,  
**C**  
kissed his wife and family,  
**G** **D7** **G**  
Went to ride on the M - T - A

### Chorus:

**G**  
But will he ever return?  
**C**  
No, he'll never return,  
**G** **D7**  
And his fate is still unlearned.  
**G**  
He may ride forever  
**C**  
'neath the streets of Boston,  
**G** **D7** **G**  
He's the man who never returned.

**G**  
Charlie handed in his dime  
**C**  
At the Scully Square Station,  
**G** **D7**  
And he changed for Jamaica Plain.  
**G**  
When he got there the conductor told him,  
**C**  
"One more nickel!"  
**G** **D7** **G**  
Charlie couldn't get off of that train.

### Chorus.

**G**  
Now all night long  
**C**  
Charlie rides through the stations,  
**G** **D7**  
Crying, "What will become of me?"  
**G**  
How can I afford to see  
**C**  
My sister in Chelsey,  
**G** **D7** **G**  
Or my brother in Roxbury?" **Chorus.**

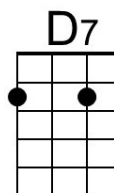
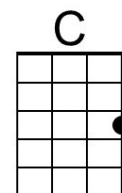
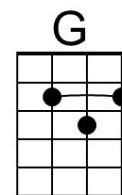
**G**  
Charlie's wife goes down  
**C**  
To the Scully Square Station,  
**G** **D7**  
Every day at a quarter past two.  
**G**  
And through the open window  
**C**  
She hands Charlie his sandwich  
**G** **D7** **G**  
As the train goes rumbling through.

### Chorus.

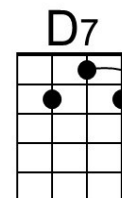
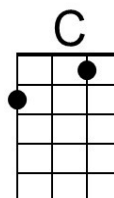
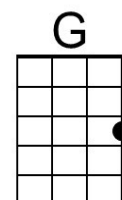
**G**  
Now you citizens of Boston,  
**C**  
Don't you think it's a scandal,  
**G** **D7**  
How the people have to pay and pay?  
**G** **C**  
Fight the fare increase, vote for George  
O'Brien,  
**G** **D7** **G**  
Get poor Charlie off the M - T - A!

### Chorus.

**G** **D7** **G**  
He's the man who never returned.



**Bari**



# Nashville Cats (John Sebastian)

C \*

## Chorus:

C G C C7  
 Nashville Cats, play clean as country water  
 C G C C7  
 Nashville Cats, play wild as mountain dew  
 C G C C7  
 Nashville Cats, been playin' since they's babies  
 C G C C7 G  
 Nashville Cats, get work before they're two

C  
 Well, there's thirteen hundred and fifty two  
 G  
 Guitar pickers in Nashville  
 And they can pick more notes than the number of ants  
 C  
 On a Tennessee anthill

Yeah, there's thirteen hundred and fifty two  
 F  
 Guitar cases in Nashville  
 G  
 And any one that unpacks his guitar could play  
 C G  
 Twice as better than I will

C  
 Yeah, I was just thirteen, you might say I was a  
 G  
 Musical proverbial knee-high

When I heard a couple new-sounding tunes on the tubes

C  
 And they blasted me sky-high

And the record man said every one is a yellow Sun  
 F  
 Record from Nashville

G  
 And up north there ain't nobody buys them  
 C G  
 And I said, but I will

And it was

## (Chorus)

C  
 Well, there's sixteen thousand eight hundred twenty one

G  
 Mothers from Nashville

All their friends play music, and they ain't uptight

C  
 If one of the kids will

Because it's custom made for any mother's son

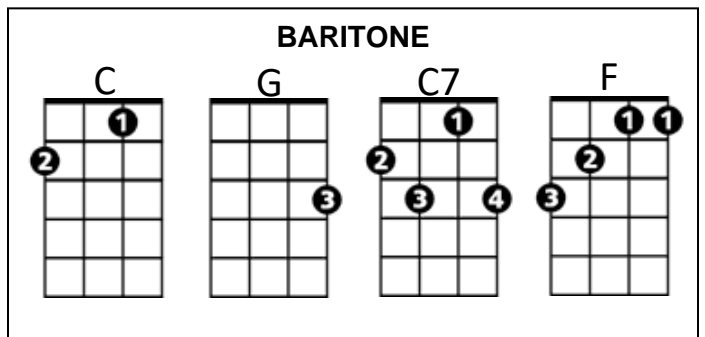
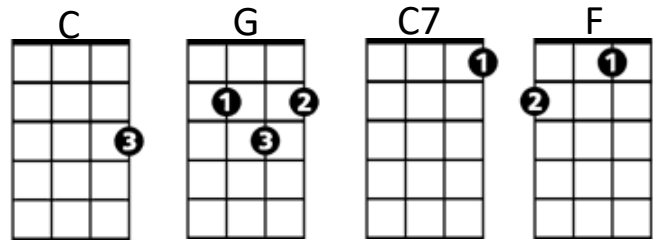
F  
 To be a guitar picker in Nashville

G  
 And I sure am glad I got a chance to say a word about

C G  
 The music and the mothers from Nashville

## (Chorus)

C F C G C



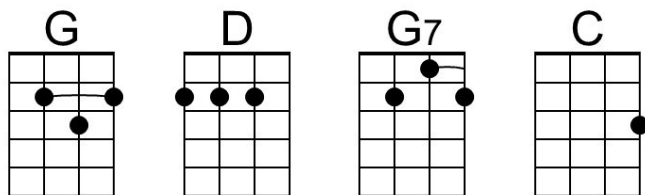
# Nashville Cats (John Sebastian) (G)

## Intro G (Hold)

## Chorus

G D G G7  
 Nashville Cats, play clean as country water  
 G D G G7  
 Nashville Cats, play wild as mountain dew  
 G D G G7  
 Nashville Cats, been playin' since they's babies  
 G D G G7 D  
 Nashville Cats, get work before they're two

G  
 Well, there's thirteen hundred and fifty two  
 D  
 Guitar pickers in Nashville  
 D  
 And they can pick more notes than the number  
 G of ants  
 On a Tennessee anthill  
 G  
 Yeah, there's thirteen hundred and fifty two  
 C  
 Guitar cases in Nashville  
 D  
 And any one that unpacks his guitar could play  
 G D  
 Twice as better than I will.



G  
 Yeah, I was just thirteen, you might say I was a  
 D  
 Musical proverbial knee-high  
 D  
 When I heard a couple new-sounding tunes on  
 G the tubes  
 And they blasted me sky-high  
 G  
 And the record man said every one is a yellow  
 C Sun  
 Record from Nashville  
 D  
 And up north there ain't nobody buys them  
 G D  
 And I said, but I will. And it was . . .

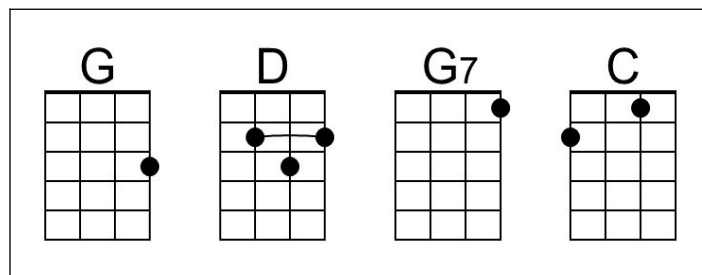
## Chorus

G  
 Well, there's sixteen thousand eight hundred  
 D twenty one  
 Mothers from Nashville  
 D  
 All their friends play music, and they ain't uptight  
 G  
 If one of the kids will  
 G  
 Because it's custom made for any mother's son  
 C  
 To be a guitar picker in Nashville  
 D  
 And I sure am glad I got a chance to say a word  
 about  
 G D  
 The music and the mothers from Nashville . . .

## Chorus

## Outro

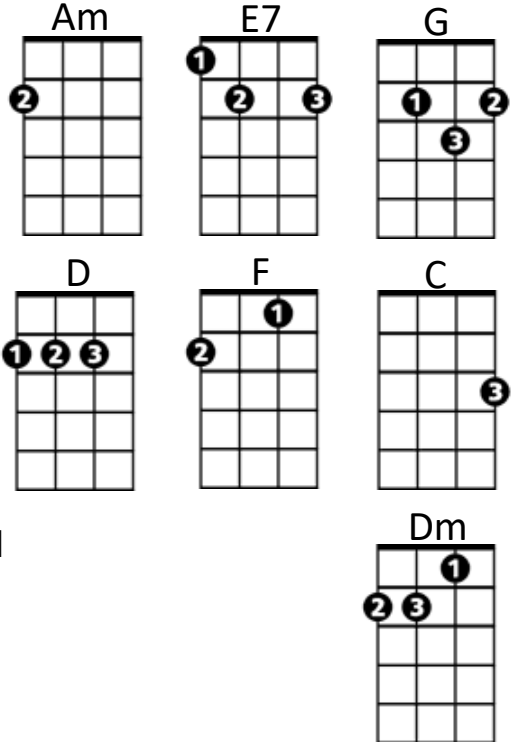
G C G D G



# Hotel California

## Intro: Melody for verse 2x

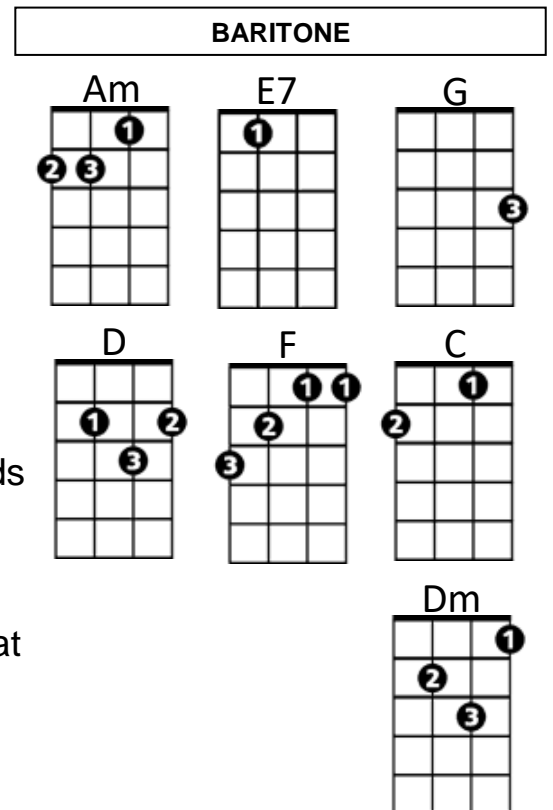
**Am** **E7**  
 On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair  
**G** **D**  
 Warm smell of colitas rising up through the air  
**F** **C**  
 Up ahead in the distance, I saw a shimmering light  
**Dm**  
 My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim,  
**E7**  
 I had to stop for the night



**Am** **E7**  
 There she stood in the doorway; I heard the mission bell  
**G**  
 And I was thinking to myself  
**D**  
 This could be heaven or this could be hell  
**F** **C**  
 Then she lit up a candle, and she showed me the way  
**Dm** **E7**  
 There were voices down the corridor, I thought I heard them say...

**F** **C**  
 Welcome to the Hotel California.  
**E7** **Am**  
 Such a lovely place, such a lovely face  
**F** **C**  
 Plenty of room at the Hotel California  
**Dm** **E7**  
 Any time of year, you can find it here

**Am** **E7**  
 Her mind is Tiffany-twisted, she got the Mercedes bends  
**G** **D**  
 She got a lot of pretty pretty boys she calls friends  
**F** **C**  
 How they danced in the courtyard, sweet summer sweat  
**Dm** **E7**  
 Some dance to remember, some dance to forget





**Am** **E7**  
So I called up the captain; Please bring me my wine (he said)  
**G** **D**  
We haven't had that spirit here since 1969  
**F** **C**  
And still those voices are calling from far away  
**Dm** **E7**  
Wake you up in the middle of the night just to hear them say...

**F** **C**  
Welcome to the Hotel California.  
**E7** **Am**  
Such a lovely place, such a lovely face  
**F** **C**  
They're livin' it up at the Hotel California  
**Dm** **E7**  
What a nice surprise, bring your alibis

**Am** **E7**  
Mirrors on the ceiling; the pink champagne on ice (and she said)  
**G** **D**  
We are all just prisoners here, of our own device  
**F** **C**  
And in the master's chambers, they gathered for the feast  
**Dm** **E7**  
They stab it with their steely knives but they just can't kill the beast

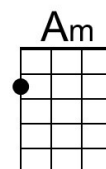
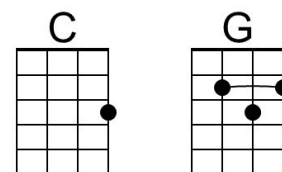
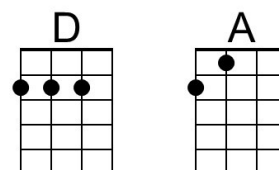
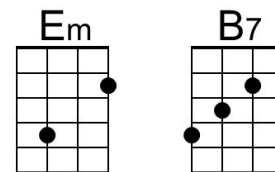
**Am** **E7**  
Last thing I remember, I was running for the door  
**G** **D**  
I had to find the passage back to the place I was before  
**F** **C**  
"Relax" said the night man; we are programmed to receive  
**Dm** **E7**  
You can check out any time you like - but you can never leave...

**Instrumental verse 2x**

# Hotel California (Felder, Henley & Frey, 1976) (Em)

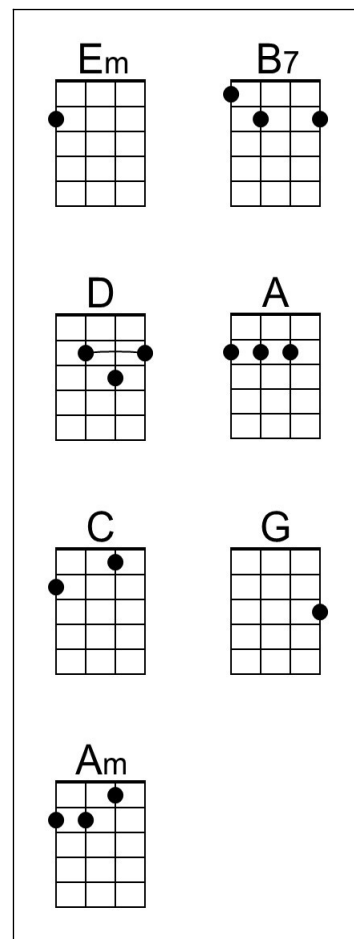
## Intro: Melody for verse 2x

**Em** **B7**  
 On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair  
**D** **A**  
 Warm smell of colitas rising up through the air  
**C** **G**  
 Up ahead in the distance, I saw a shimmering light  
**Am**  
 My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim,  
**B7**  
 I had to stop for the night  
**Em** **B7**  
 There she stood in the doorway; I heard the mission bell  
**D**  
 And I was thinking to myself  
**A**  
 This could be heaven or this could be hell  
**C** **G**  
 Then she lit up a candle, and she showed me the way  
**Am** **B7**  
 There were voices down the corridor, I thought I heard them say...



**C** **G**  
 Welcome to the Hotel California.  
**B7** **Em**  
 Such a lovely place, such a lovely face  
**C** **G**  
 Plenty of room at the Hotel California  
**Am** **B7**  
 Any time of year, you can find it here

**Em** **B7**  
 Her mind is Tiffany-twisted, she got the Mercedes bends  
**D** **A**  
 She got a lot of pretty pretty boys she calls friends  
**C** **G**  
 How they danced in the courtyard, sweet summer sweat  
**Am** **B7**  
 Some dance to remember, some dance to forget





# Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da (Paul McCartney & John Lennon, 1968) (C)

Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da by The Beatles (in Bb)

**Intro** | C C C G7 | C | C | C | C |

C G G7 C  
Desmond has a barrow in the market place. Molly is the singer in a band.

C7 F  
Desmond says to Molly, "Girl, I like your face"

C G7 C  
And Molly says this as she takes him by the hand

## Chorus

C Em Am C G7 C  
Ob-la-di, ob-la-da, life goes on, bra, La la how that life goes on.

C Em Am C G7 C  
Ob-la-di, ob-la-da, life goes on, bra, La la how that life goes on.

C G  
Desmond takes a trolley to the jeweller's store

G7 C  
Buys a twenty carat golden ring

C7 F  
Takes it back to Molly waiting at the door,

C G7 C  
And as he gives it to her she begins to sing. **Chorus**

## Bridge

F C Csus2 C C7  
In a couple of years they have built a home sweet home

F C G7  
With a couple of kids running in the yard of Desmond and Molly Jones.

C G  
Happy ever after in the market place,

G7 C  
Desmond lets the children lend a hand

C7 F  
Molly stays at home and does her pretty face

C G7 C  
And in the evening she still sings it with the band, yeah! **Chorus** **Bridge**

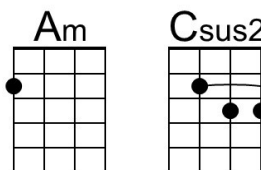
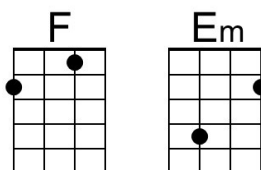
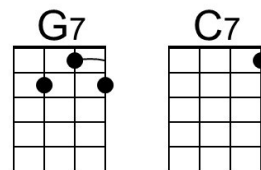
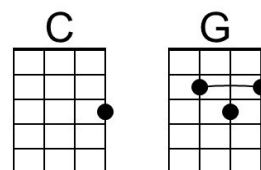
C G G7 C  
Happy ever after in the market place, *Molly* lets the children lend a hand

C7 F  
*Desmond* stays at home and does *his* pretty face

C G7 C  
And in the evening *she's* a singer with the band, yeah! **Chorus**

## Outro

G7 C  
And if you want some fun, sing ob-la-di-bla-da!



**Bari**

C G

G7 C7

F Em

Am Csus2

# Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da (Paul McCartney & John Lennon, 1968) (G)

Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da by The Beatles (in Bb)

**Intro** | G G G D7 | G | G | G | G |

G D D7 G  
Desmond has a barrow in the market place. Molly is the singer in a band.

G7 C  
Desmond says to Molly, "Girl, I like your face"

G D7 G  
And Molly says this as she takes him by the hand

## Chorus

G Dm Em G D7 G  
Ob-la-di, ob-la-da, life goes on, bra, La la how that life goes on.

G Dm Em G D7 G  
Ob-la-di, ob-la-da, life goes on, bra, La la how that life goes on.

G D  
Desmond takes a trolley to the jeweller's store

D7 G  
Buys a twenty carat golden ring

G7 C  
Takes it back to Molly waiting at the door,

G D7 G  
And as he gives it to her she begins to sing. **Chorus**

## Bridge

C G Gsus2 G G7  
In a couple of years they have built a home sweet home

C G D7  
With a couple of kids running in the yard of Desmond and Molly Jones.

G D  
Happy ever after in the market place,

D7 G  
Desmond lets the children lend a hand

G7 C  
Molly stays at home and does her pretty face

G D7 G  
And in the evening she still sings it with the band, yeah! **Chorus** **Bridge**

G D D7 G  
Happy ever after in the market place, *Molly* lets the children lend a hand

G7 C  
*Desmond* stays at home and does *his* pretty face

G D7 G  
And in the evening *she's a singer with the band*, yeah! **Chorus**

## Outro

D7 G  
And if you want some fun, sing ob-la-di-bla-da!

