

On A Lighter Note

A Few Funny, Off-beat or Weird Songs

Annex
April 6, 2021

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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
 Bawana
 D7 G7
 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)

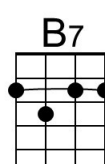
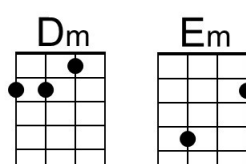
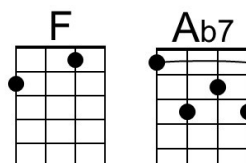
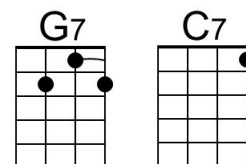
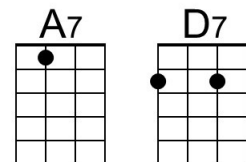
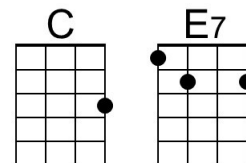
Dm A7 Dm A7
 Then it's flat top, dirty bop, coppin' a feel
 Dm A7 Dm A7
 Grubbin' on the livin' room floor (so sore)
 Em B7
 They send you off to college,
 Em B7
 Try to gain a little knowledge
 D7 G7
 But all you want to do is learn how to score

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

Chorus
 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.

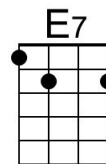
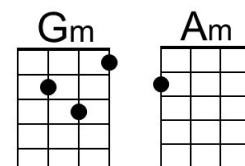
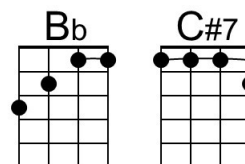
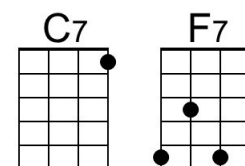
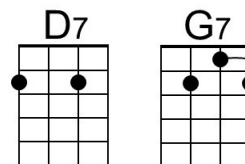
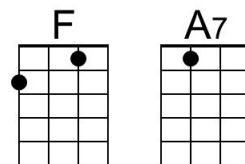
F A7 | D7 D7 | G7 C7 | F C7 |
F A7 | D7 G7 | C7 F
(Thin, thin, pencil thin mustache)

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.



Bari

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'
marijuana

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** **A7** | **D7** **G**
(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

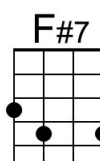
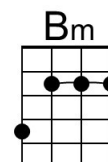
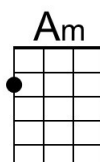
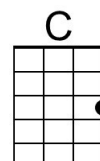
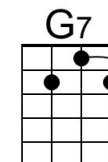
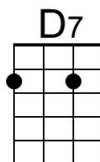
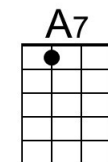
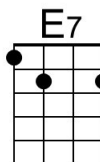
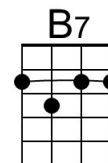
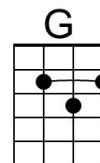
G **B7** **E7** Araby
If I only had a pencil-thin mustache

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)

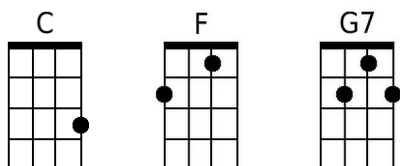
Intro (4 Measures): Strum in on C

C **F**
 In 1814 we took a little trip
G7
 A-long with Col. Jackson
C
 down the mighty Mississipp'
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**

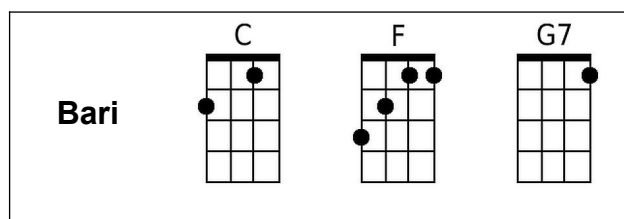


C **F**
 Old Hick'ry said we could take 'em by su'prise
G7
 If we didn't fire our musket
C
 till we looked 'em in the eyes
F
 We held our fire till we see'd their faces well
G7
 Then we opened up with squirrel guns
C
 and really gave 'em Well - **Chorus**

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)

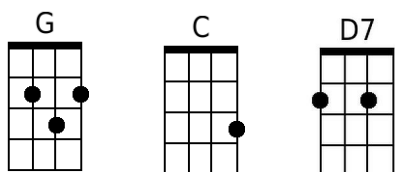
Intro (4 Measures): Strum in on G

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**

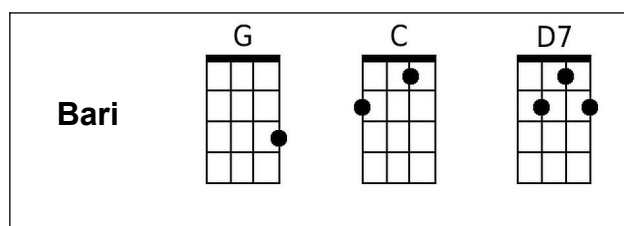


G **C**
 Old Hick'ry said we could take 'em by su'prise
D7
 If we didn't fire our musket
G
 till we looked 'em in the eyes
C
 We held our fire till we see'd their faces well
D7
 Then we opened up with squirrel guns
G
 and really gave 'em Well - **Chorus**

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**



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

1	4	5(7)
A	D	E7
C	F	G7
D	G	A7
F	Bb	C7
G	C	D7

Intro (4 Measures): Strum in on 1

1 4
 In 1814 we took a little trip
 5(7)
 A-long with Col. Jackson
 1
 down the mighty Mississip'
 4
 We took a little bacon and we took a little beans
 5(7)
 And we caught the bloody British
 1
 in a town in New Orleans.

Chorus

1
 We fired our guns and the British kept a comin'
 There wasn't nigh as many
 5(7) 1
 as there was a while a-go
 4
 We fired once more and they began to runnin'
 5(7) 1
 On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mex-i-co.

1
 We looked down the river
 4
 and we see'd the British come
 5(7)
 And there musta been a hund'erd of 'em
 1
 beatin' on the drum

 They stepped so high
 4
 and they made their bugles ring
 5(7)
 We stood beside our cotton bales
 1
 and didn't say a thing. **Chorus**

1 4
 Old Hick'ry said we could take 'em by su'prise
 5(7)
 If we didn't fire our musket
 1
 till we looked 'em in the eyes
 4
 We held our fire till we see'd their faces well
 5(7)
 Then we opened up with squirrel guns
 1
 and really gave 'em Well - **Chorus**

Bridge

1
 Yeah! they ran through the briars
 and they ran through the brambles
 And they ran through the bushes
 5(7) 1
 Where a rabbit couldn't go
 They ran so fast that the
 hounds couldn't catch 'em
 5(7) 1
 On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mex-i-co.

1 4
 We fired our cannon till the barrel melted down
 5(7)
 So we grabbed an alligator
 1
 and we fought another round

 We filled his head with cannonballs
 4
 and powdered his behind
 5(7)
 And when we touched the powder off,
 1
 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
 If you don't scrub that kitchen floor, you ain't gonna rock and roll no more
 Yakety yak Don't talk back.

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

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

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

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

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

Ukulele Band of Alabama
www.ubalabama.weebly.com
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..

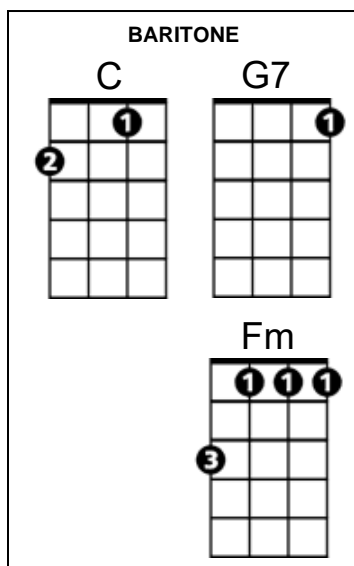
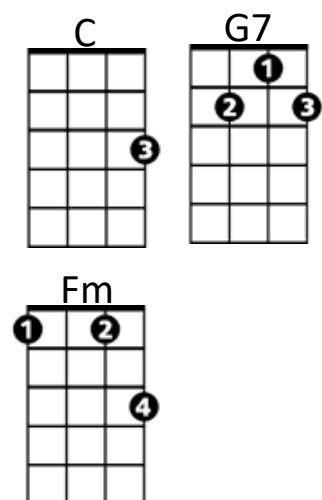
C G7 C
He still had on his brake.

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.

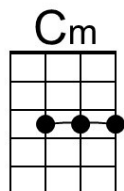
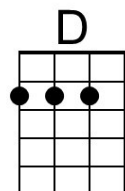
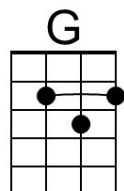
Chorus

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.

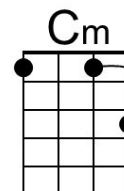
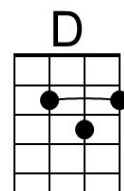
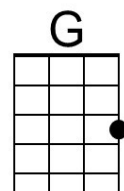
Cm G
The fella rolled down his window

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?'

Bari



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)

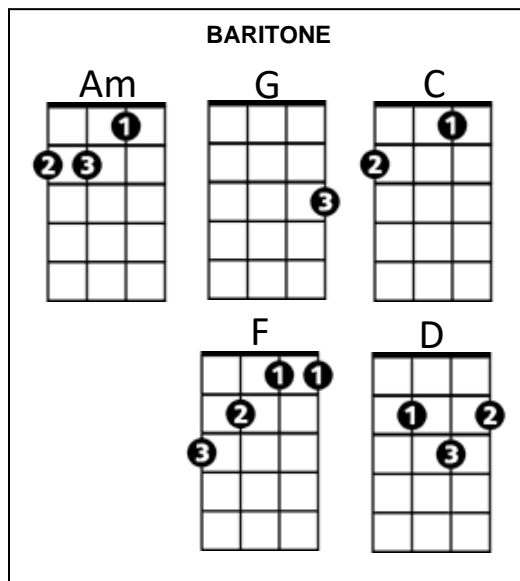
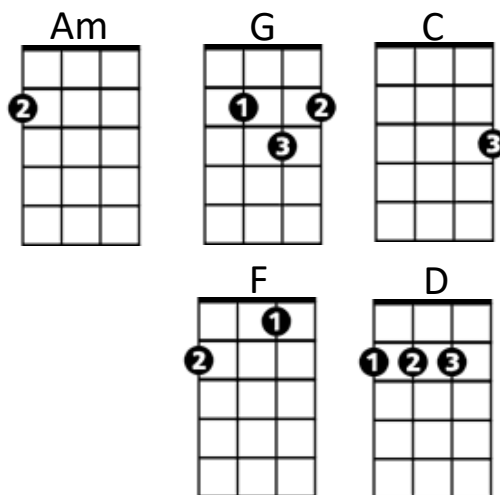
Am - - G (3x) / C (hold)

(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)

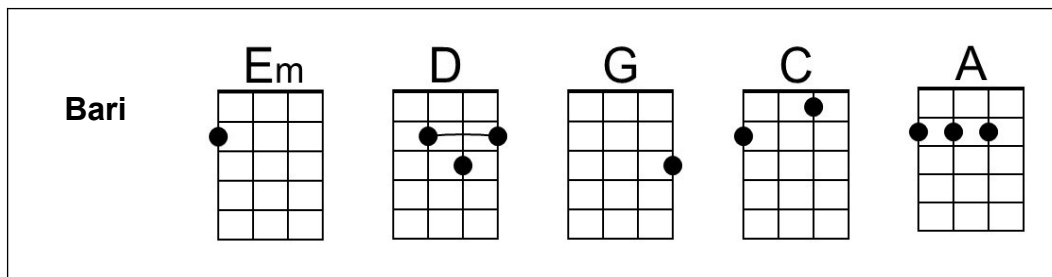
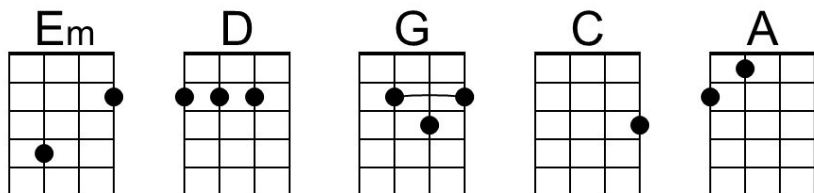
(A Capella)

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)

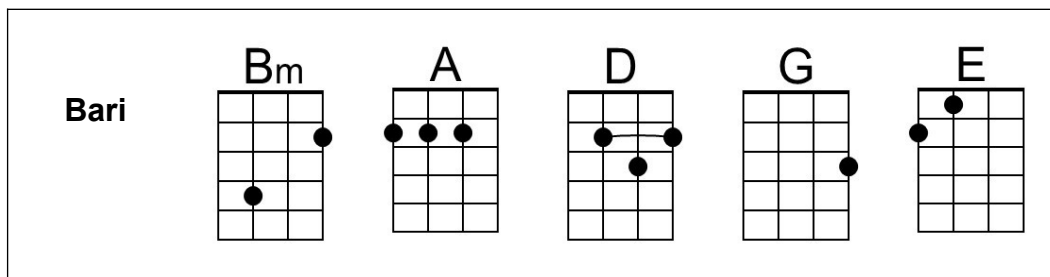
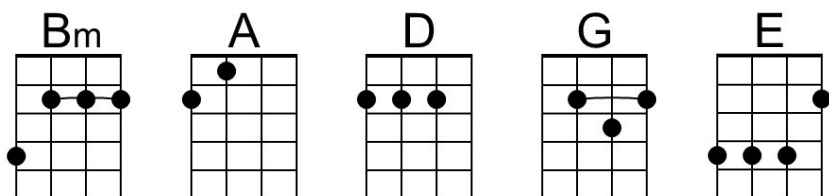
(A Capella)

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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)

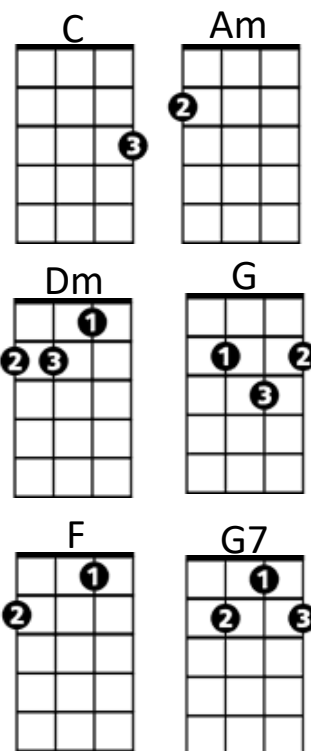
| Bm - - A (3x) | D (Hold)



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:**

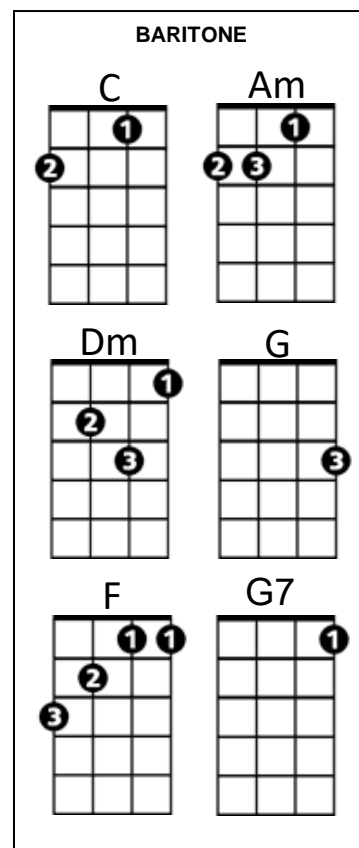
Am
Counting flowers on the wall. That don't bother me at all

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)

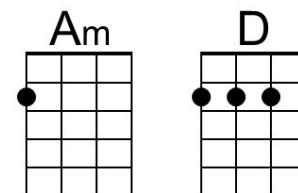
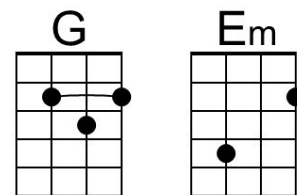
C **Am**
Well it's good to see you. I must go. I know I look affright.
Dm **G**
Anyway my eyes are not accustomed to this light
C **Am**
And my shoes are not accustomed to this hard concrete
Dm **G**
I must go back to my room and make my day complete.

(Chorus)

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

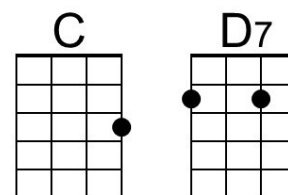
Intro Em

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



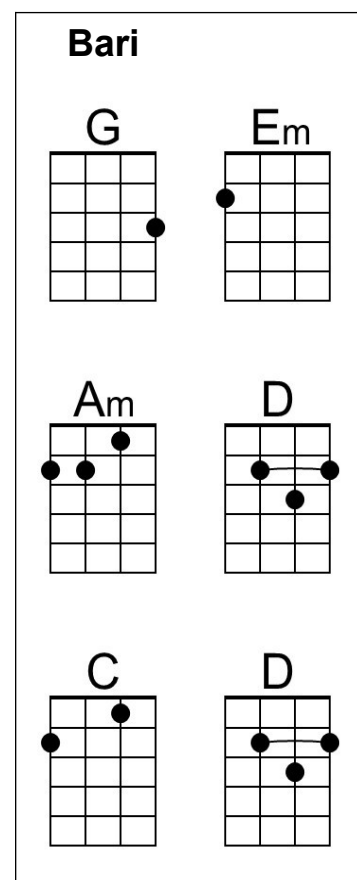
Chorus

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**

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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

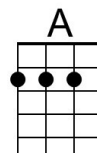
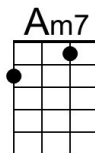
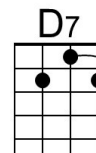
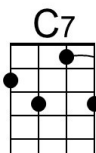
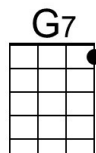
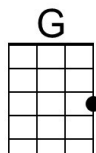
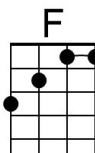
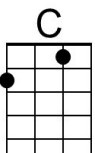
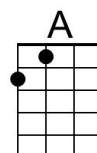
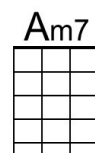
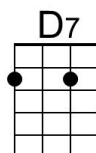
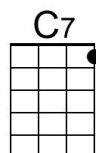
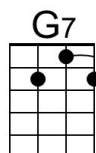
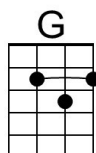
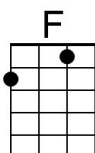
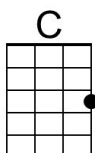
lyin' on the barber's floor.

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
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G7 A7
hangin' down around her knees,

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All the cats who dig strip-tease,

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falling down across her arms.

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Hey, hey, hey..Lady God..i. .va.

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She found fame and made her name..

G C G
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C Am D G7
Came into town ...and said to her..

A7
How'd you like to be a star?

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You're a girl that could go far,

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Especially dressed the way you are.

D G7
She smiled at him..

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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,

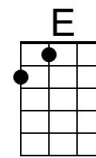
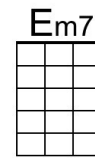
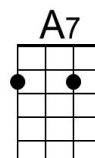
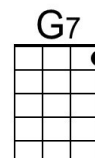
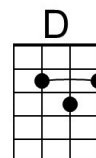
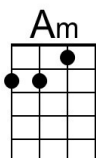
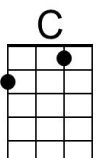
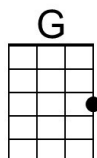
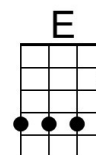
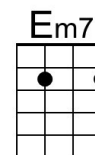
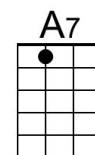
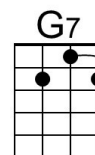
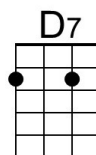
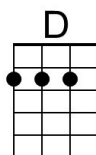
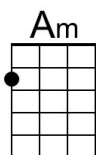
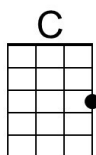
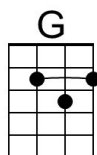
G7 Am
Now she can afford her clothes.

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
Owwww!

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
Owwww!

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
Owwww!

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

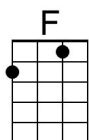
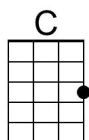
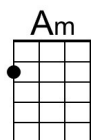
G7
Before we get to Grandma's place

Am **C**
Little Red Riding Hood

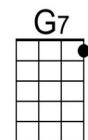
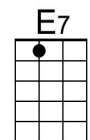
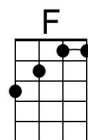
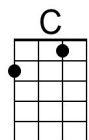
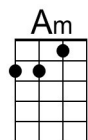
Dm
You sure are lookin' good

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

E7 **Am** **C** **Dm** **F** **E7** **Am**
Owwww -- 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

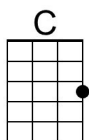
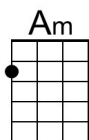
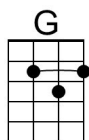
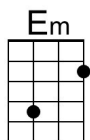
D7
Before we get to Grandma's place

Em **G**
Little Red Riding Hood

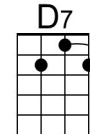
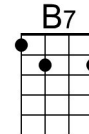
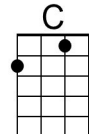
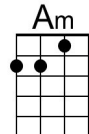
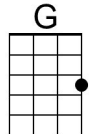
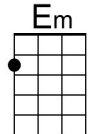
Am
You sure are lookin' good

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.**

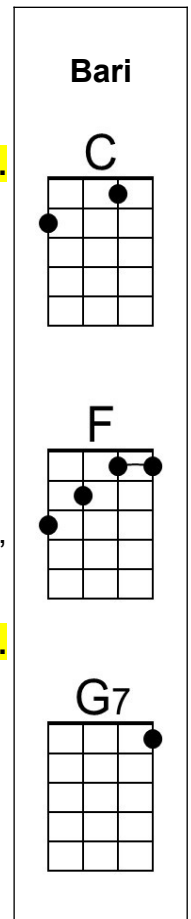
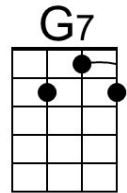
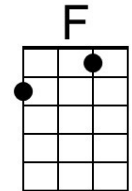
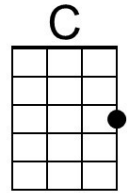
C
Charlie's wife goes down
F
To the Scully Square Station,
C **G7**
Every day at a quarter past two.
C
And through the open window
F
She hands Charlie his sandwich
C **G7** **C**
As the train goes rumbling through.

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.



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 Chelsea,
G **D7** **G**
Or my brother in Roxbury?" **Chorus.**

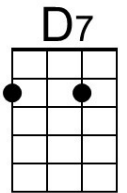
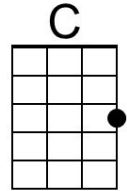
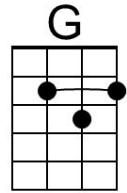
G
Charlie's wife goes down
C
To the Scully Square Station,
G **D7**
Every day at a quarter past two.
G
And through the open window
C
She hands Charlie his sandwich
G **D7** **G**
As the train goes rumbling through.

Chorus.

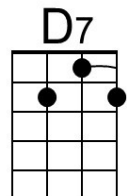
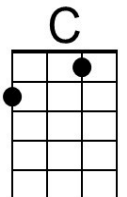
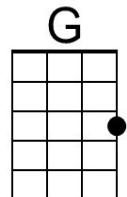
G
Now you citizens of Boston,
C
Don't you think it's a scandal,
G **D7**
How the people have to pay and pay?
G **C**
Fight the fare increase, vote for George
O'Brien,
G **D7** **G**
Get poor Charlie off the M - T - A!

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

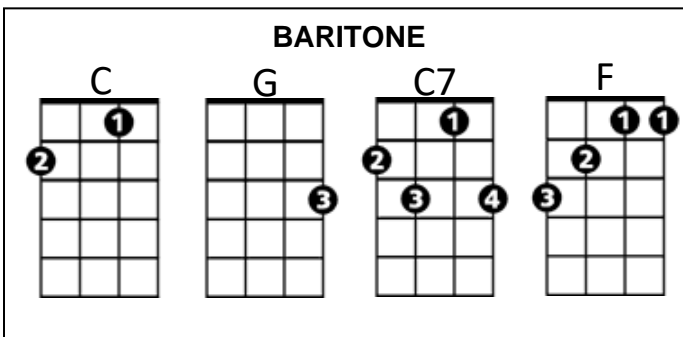
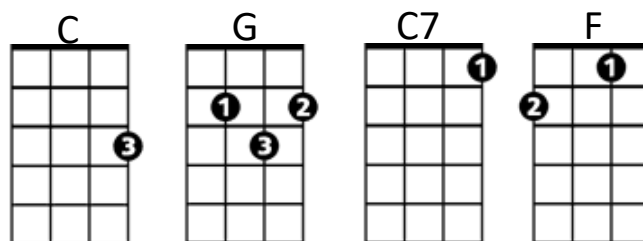
F
 To be a guitar picker in Nashville

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 . . .

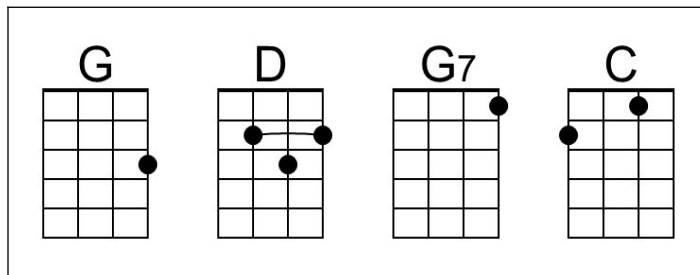
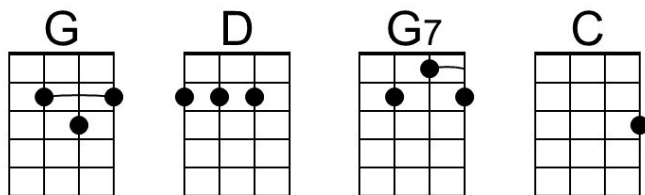
Chorus

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

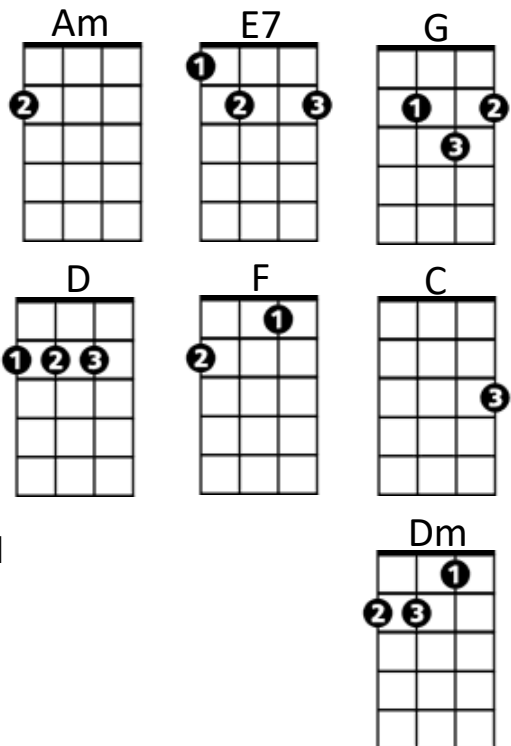
G C G D G



Hotel California

Intro: Melody for verse 2x

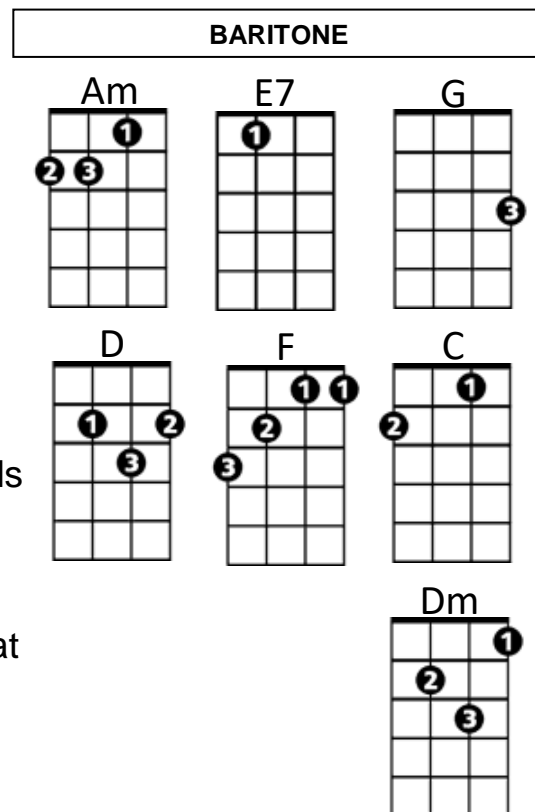
Am **E7**
 On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair
G **D**
 Warm smell of colitas rising up through the air
F **C**
 Up ahead in the distance, I saw a shimmering light
Dm
 My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim,
E7
 I had to stop for the night



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

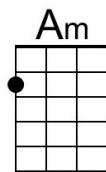
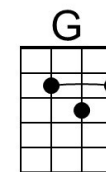
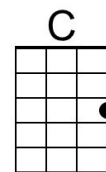
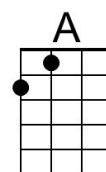
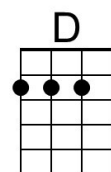
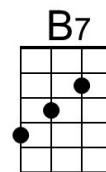
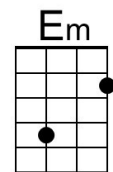
Am **E7**
 Last thing I remember, I was running for the door
G **D**
 I had to find the passage back to the place I was before
F **C**
 "Relax" said the night man; we are programmed to receive
Dm **E7**
 You can check out any time you like - but you can never leave...

Instrumental verse 2x

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

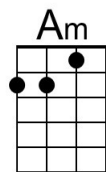
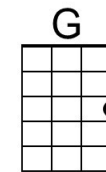
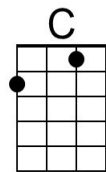
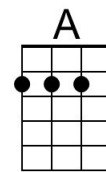
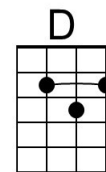
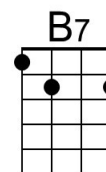
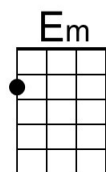
Intro: Melody for verse 2x

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**

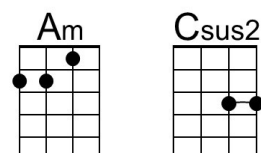
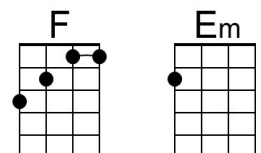
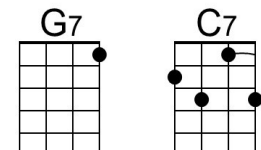
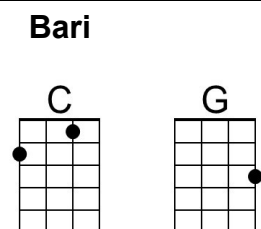
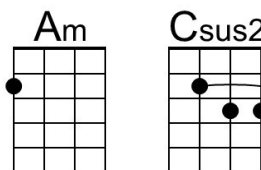
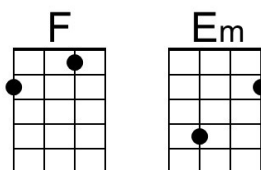
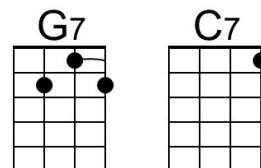
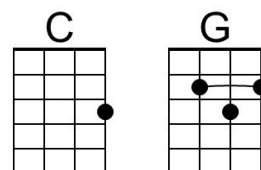
C G G7 C
Happy ever after in the market place, *Molly* lets the children lend a hand

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!



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**

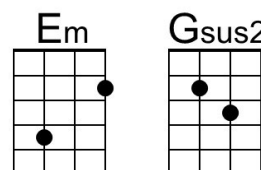
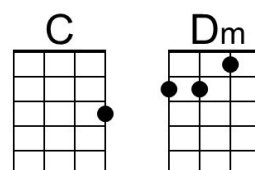
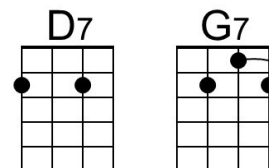
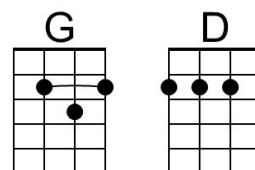
G D D7 G
Happy ever after in the market place, *Molly* lets the children lend a hand

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!



Bari

