

On A Lighter Note

A Few Funny, Off-beat or Weird Songs

Annex – Print Edition

April 18, 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)

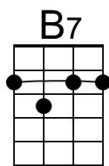
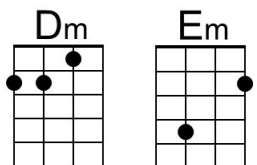
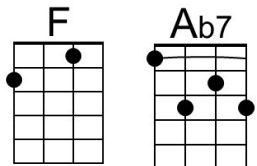
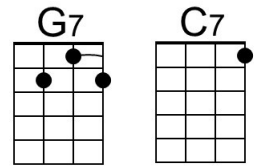
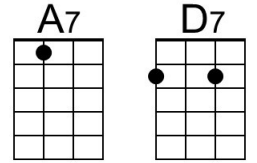
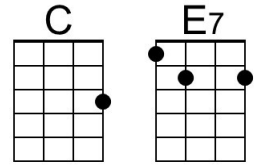
Dm A7 Dm A7
Then it's flat top, dirty bop, coppin' a feel
Dm A7 Dm A7
Grubbin' on the livin' room floor (so sore)
Em B7
They send you off to college,
Em B7
Try to gain a little knowledge
D7 G7
But all you want to do is learn how to score

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

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.

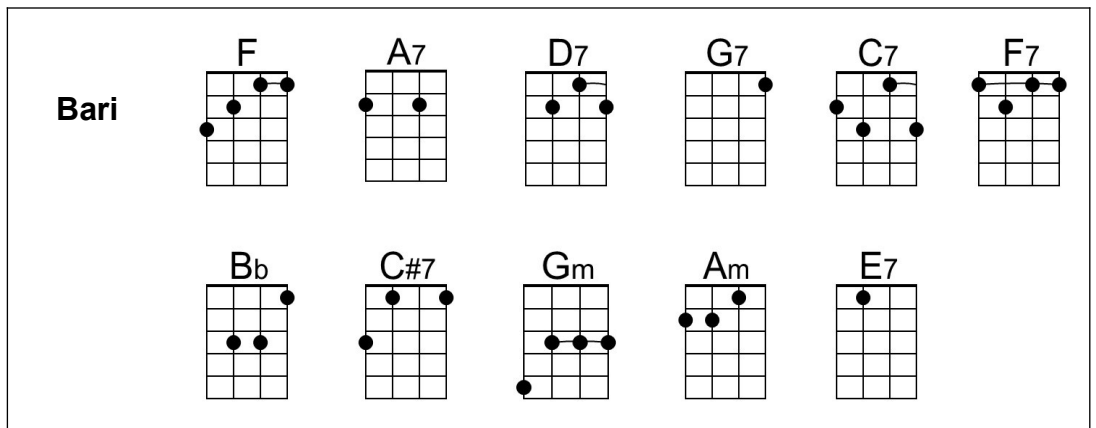
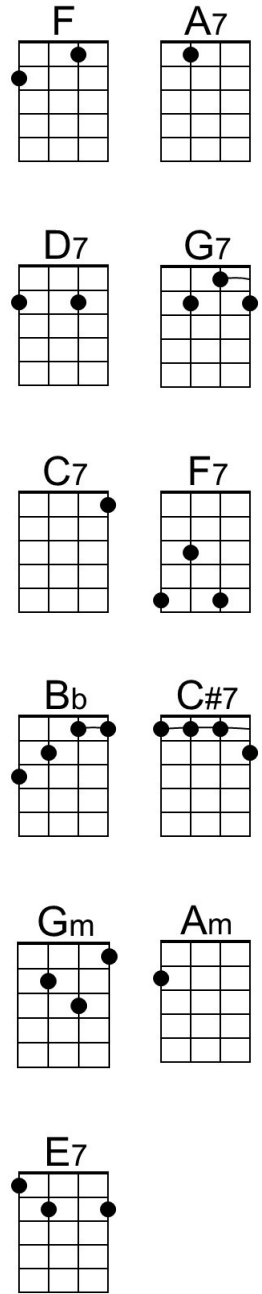
F A7 | D7 D7 | G7 C7 | F C7 |
F A7 | D7 G7 | C7 F
(Thin, thin, pencil thin mustache)

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

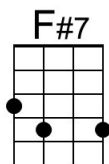
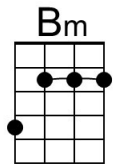
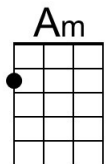
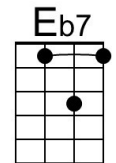
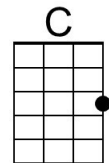
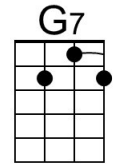
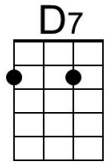
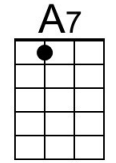
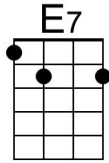
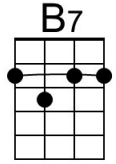
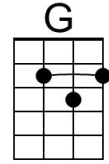
G **B7** **E7** Araby
If I only had a pencil-thin mustache

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)

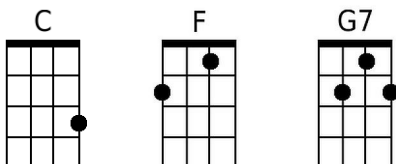
Intro (4 Measures): Strum in on C

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**

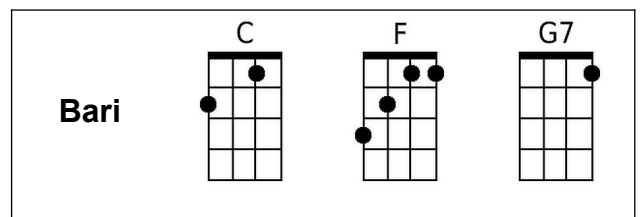


C **F**
 Old Hick'ry said we could take 'em by su'prise
G7
 If we didn't fire our musket
C
 till we looked 'em in the eyes
F
 We held our fire till we see'd their faces well
G7
 Then we opened up with squirrel guns
C
 and really gave 'em Well - **Chorus**

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)

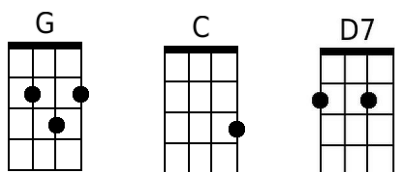
Intro (4 Measures): Strum in on G

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.

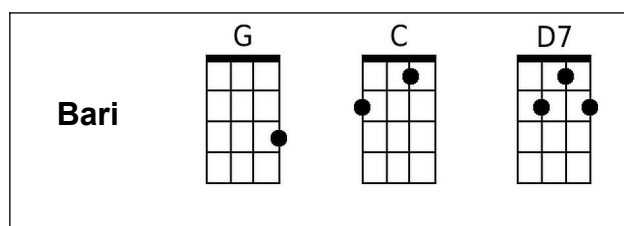
G
 We looked down the river
C
 and we see'd the British come
D7
 And there musta been a hund'erd of 'em
G
 beatin' on the drum
 They stepped so high
C
 and they made their bugles ring
D7
 We stood beside our cotton bales
G
 and didn't say a thing. **Chorus**



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**



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
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
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..

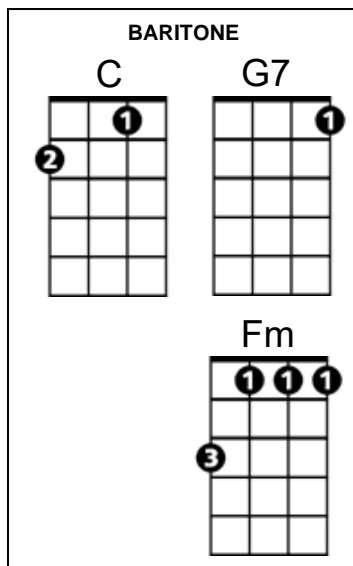
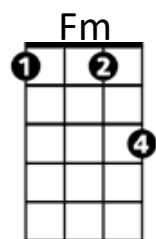
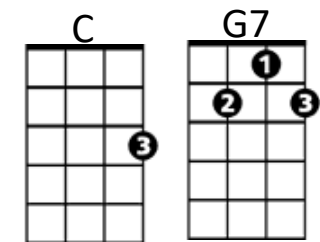
C G7 C
He still had on his brake.

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.

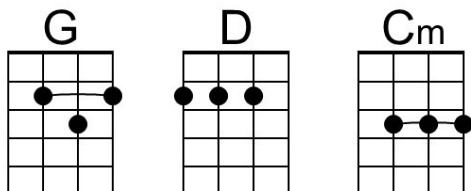
G D7 G D7
 But the little Nash Rambler stayed right be-hind.
 G D7 G
 He still I had on his brake.

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.

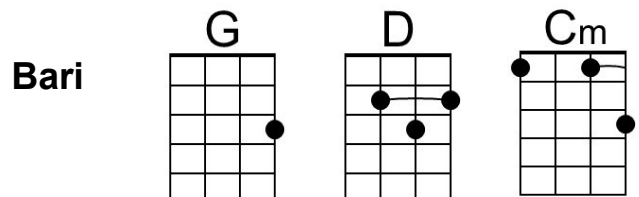
G D7 G D7 G D7 G
 I'll show him that a Cadillac is not a car to scorn.

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)

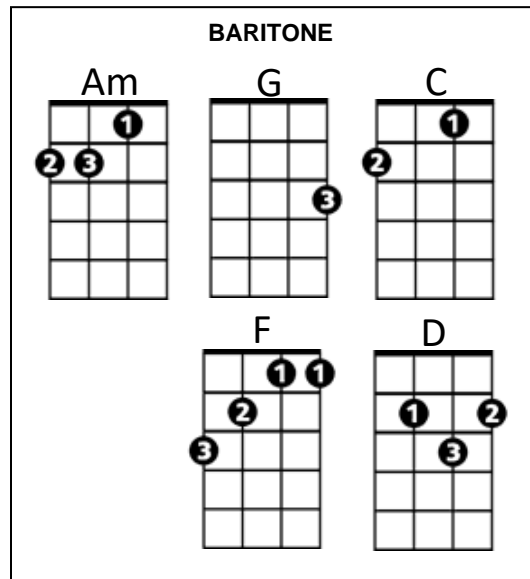
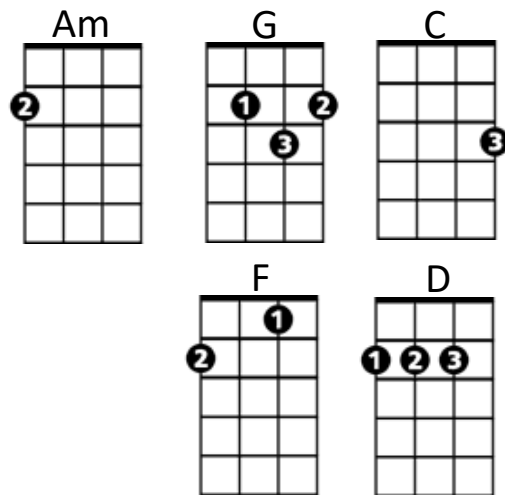
Am - - G (3x) / C (hold)

(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)

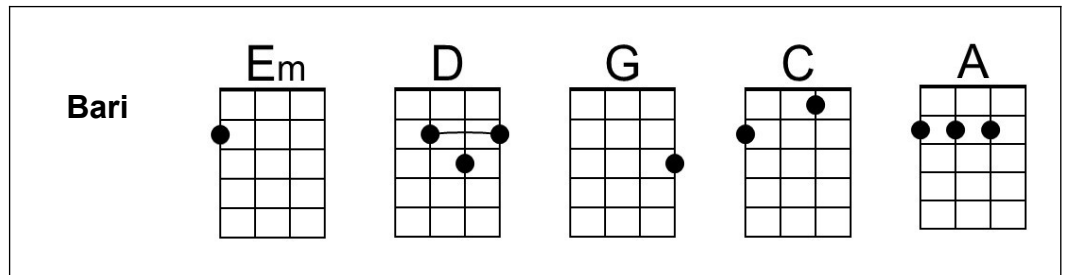
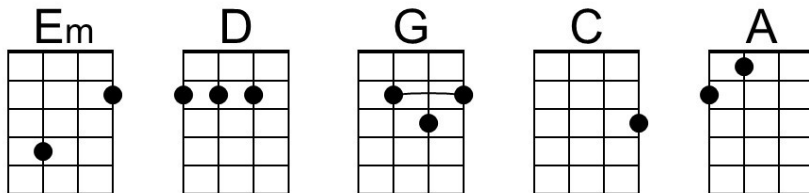
(A Capella)

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)

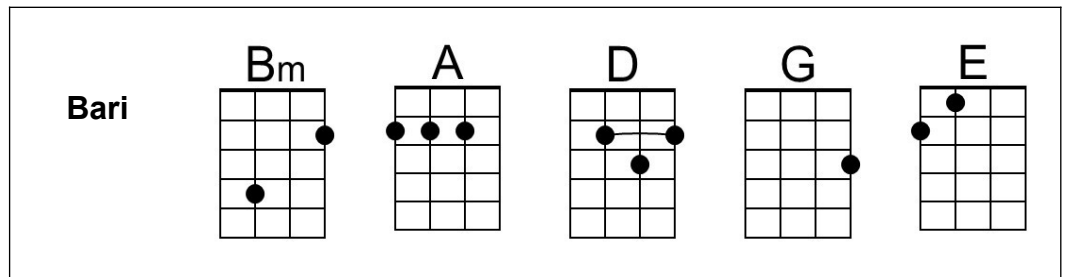
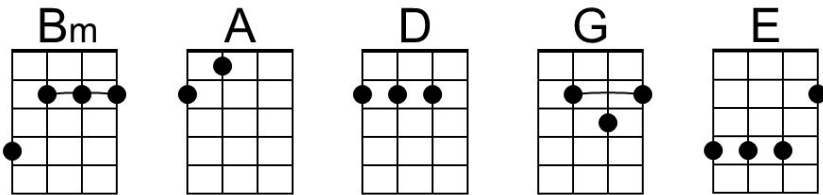
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Big kosher pickle and a cold draft beer
Well, good God Almighty, which way do I steer?
For my - **Chorus**

Outro

G A D
Cheeseburger in paradise (2x)

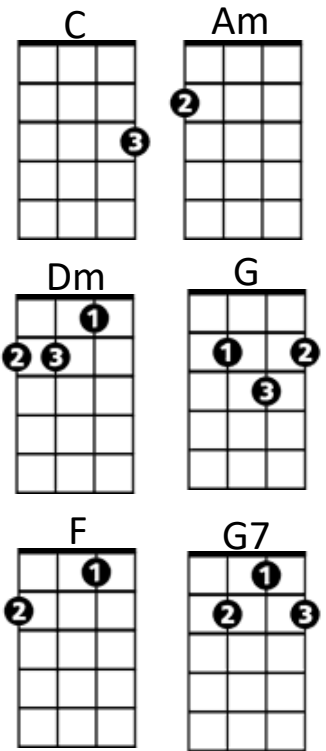
| Bm - - A (3x) | D (Hold)



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:

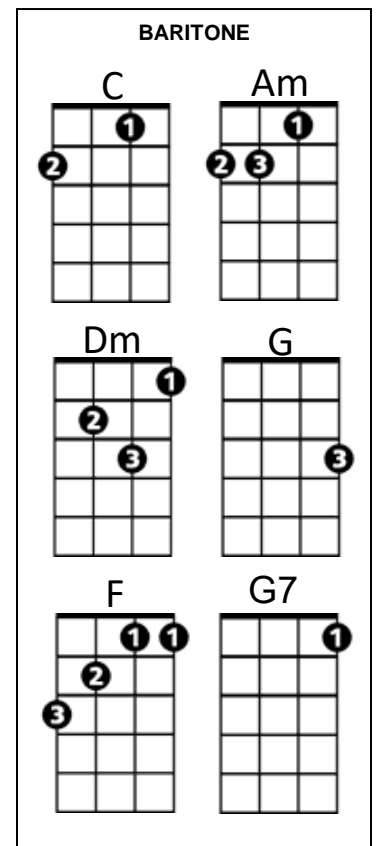
Am
 Counting flowers on the wall. That don't bother me at all
 Playing solitaire till dawn with a deck of fifty one
F
 Smoking cigarettes and watching Captain Kangaroo.
G **G7** **G**
 Now don't tell me I have nothing to do.

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.

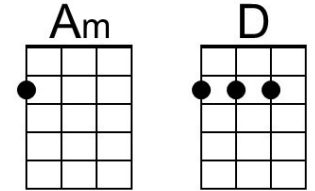
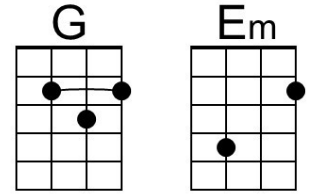
(Chorus)



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

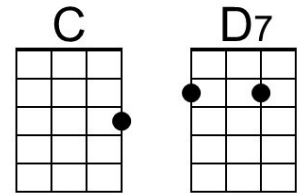
Intro Em

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

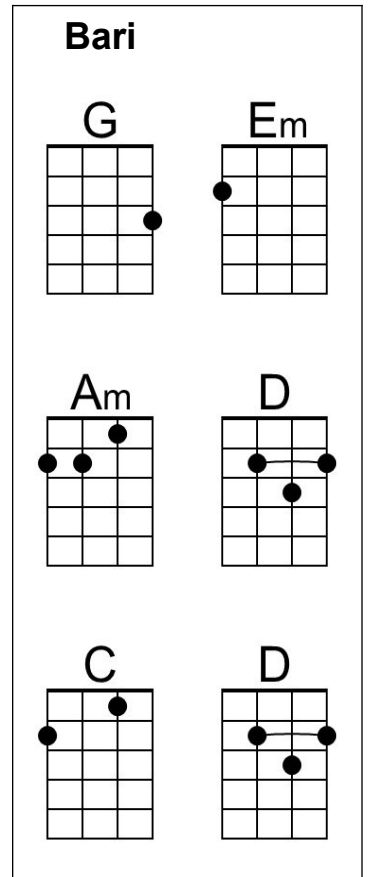


Chorus

Em
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 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.



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Am **D**
 As long as I can dream it's hard to slow this swinger down
G **Em**
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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..

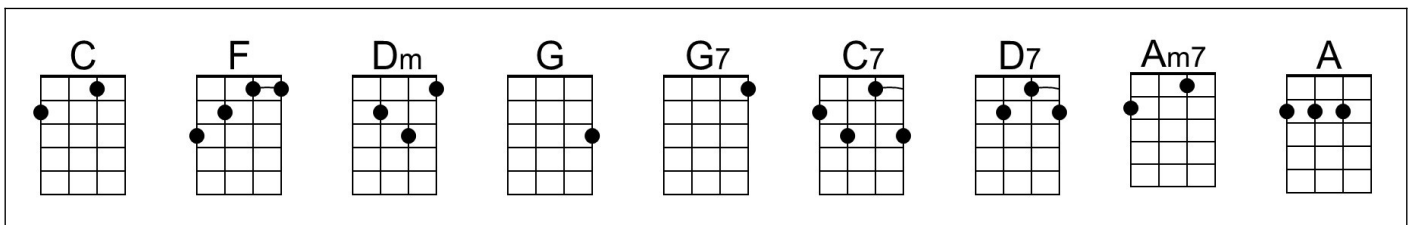
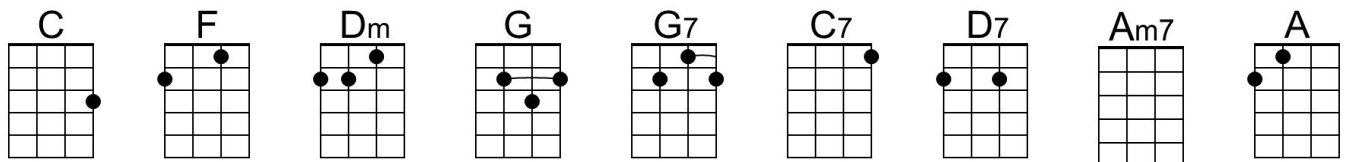
D7
Gave her pretty head a shake.
G7 C
That was Lady G's mis-take..
A A7 D7 G7 C
hey-hey-hey.__. Lady God..i. .va.

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)

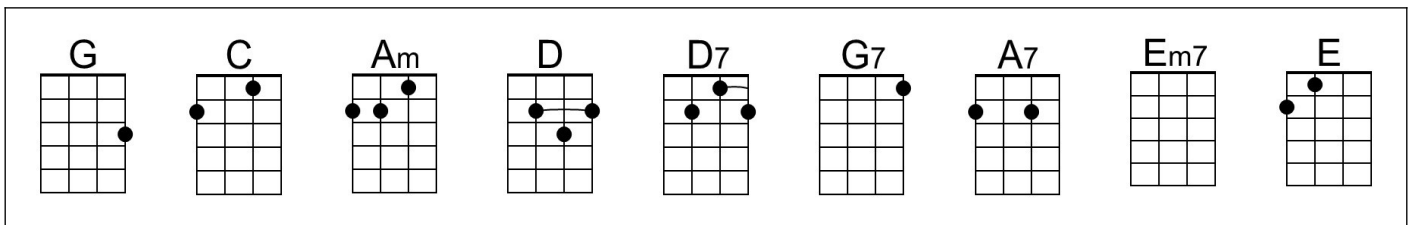
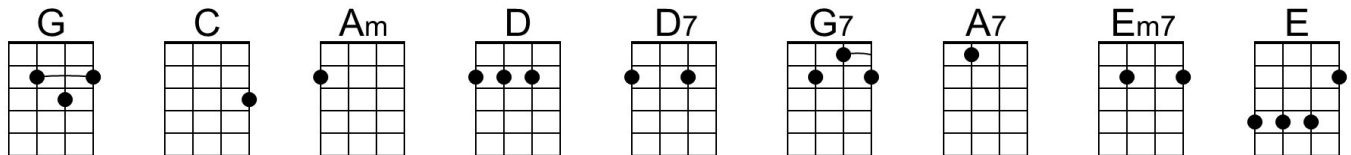
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 hangin' down around her knees,
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G7 Am
 prayin' for a little breeze.
D G7
 Her long blonde hair,
A7
 falling down across her arms.
D7 G
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 Gave her pretty head a shake.
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 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.
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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

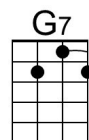
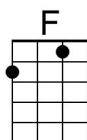
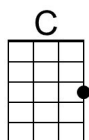
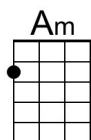
G7
Before we get to Grandma's place

Am **C**
Little Red Riding Hood

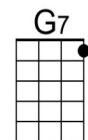
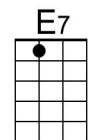
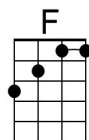
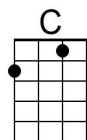
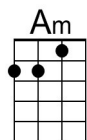
Dm
You sure are lookin' good

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

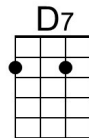
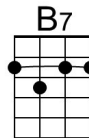
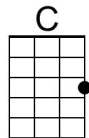
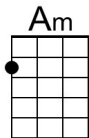
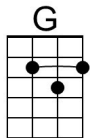
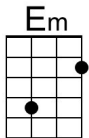
D7
Before we get to Grandma's place

Em **G**
Little Red Riding Hood

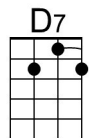
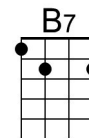
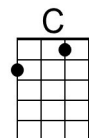
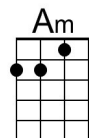
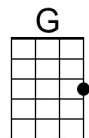
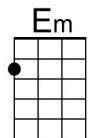
Am
You sure are lookin' good

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.**

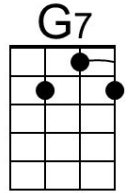
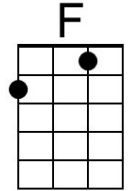
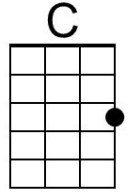
C
Charlie's wife goes down
F
To the Scully Square Station,
C **G7**
Every day at a quarter past two.
C
And through the open window
F
She hands Charlie his sandwich
C **G7** **C**
As the train goes rumbling through.

Chorus.

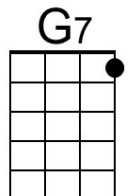
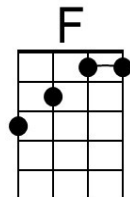
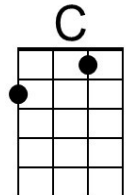
C
Now you citizens of Boston,
F
Don't you think it's a scandal,
C **G7**
How the people have to pay and pay?
C **F**
Fight the fare increase, vote for George
O'Brien,
C **G7** **C**
Get poor Charlie off the M - T - A!

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.**

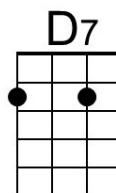
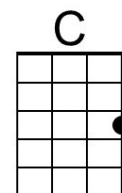
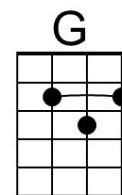
G
Charlie's wife goes down
C
To the Scully Square Station,
G **D7**
Every day at a quarter past two.
G
And through the open window
C
She hands Charlie his sandwich
G **D7** **G**
As the train goes rumbling through.

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

G

C

D7

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

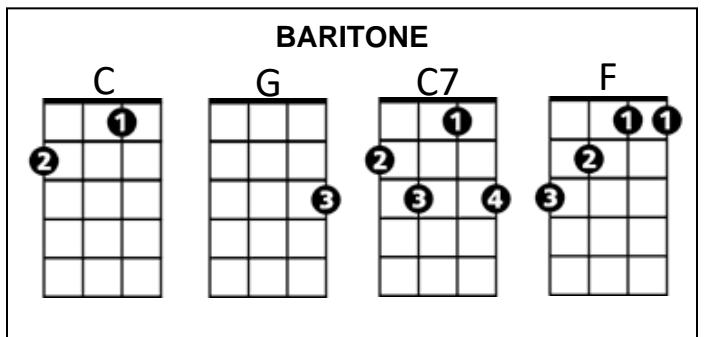
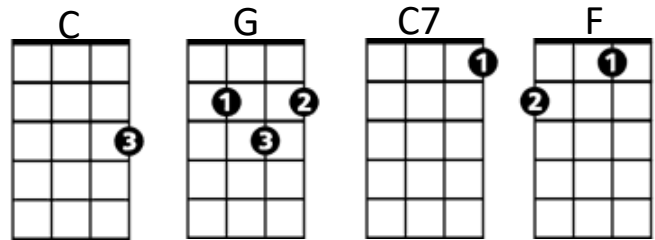
F
To be a guitar picker in Nashville

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



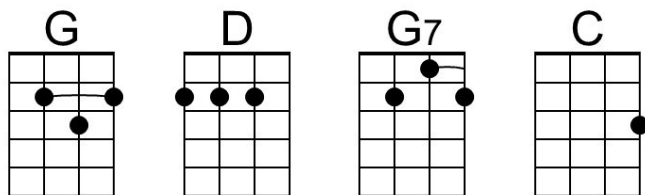
Nashville Cats (John Sebastian) (G)

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 . . .

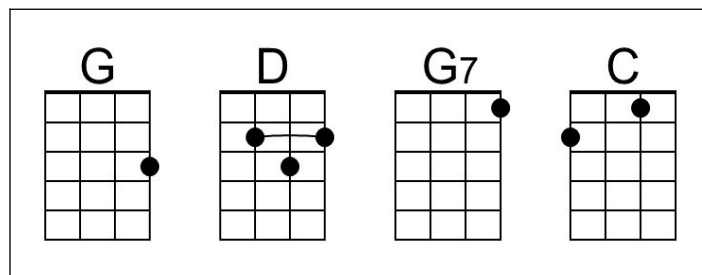
Chorus

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

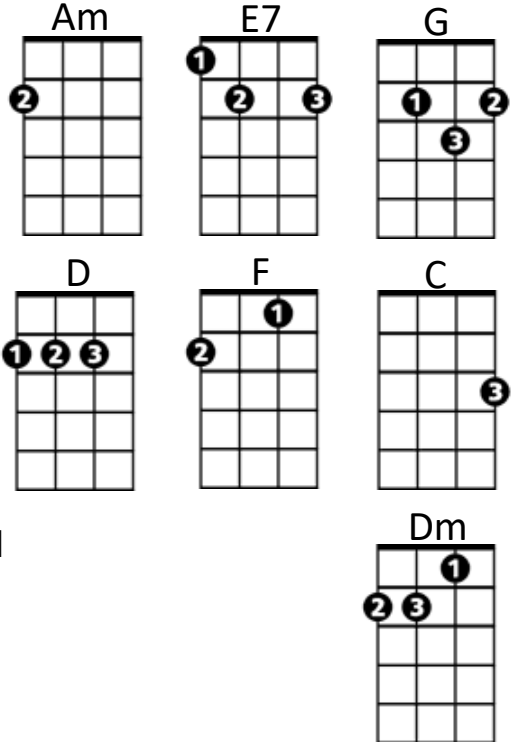
G C G D G



Hotel California

Intro: Melody for verse 2x

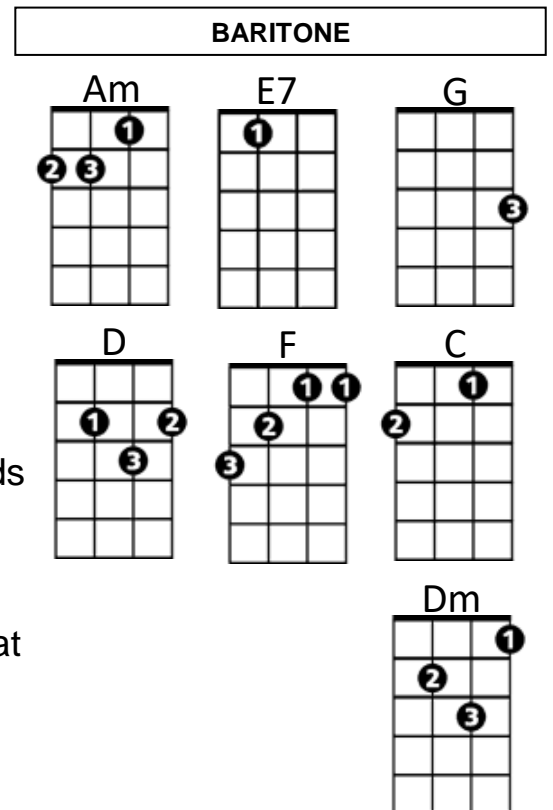
Am **E7**
 On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair
G **D**
 Warm smell of colitas rising up through the air
F **C**
 Up ahead in the distance, I saw a shimmering light
Dm
 My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim,
E7
 I had to stop for the night



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

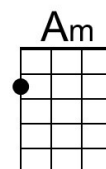
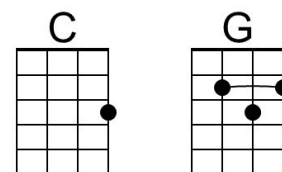
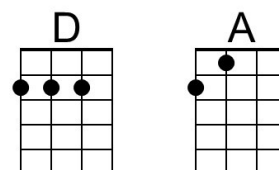
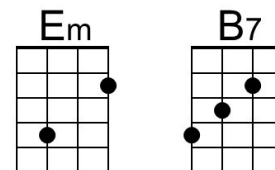
Am **E7**
Last thing I remember, I was running for the door
G **D**
I had to find the passage back to the place I was before
F **C**
"Relax" said the night man; we are programmed to receive
Dm **E7**
You can check out any time you like - but you can never leave...

Instrumental verse 2x

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

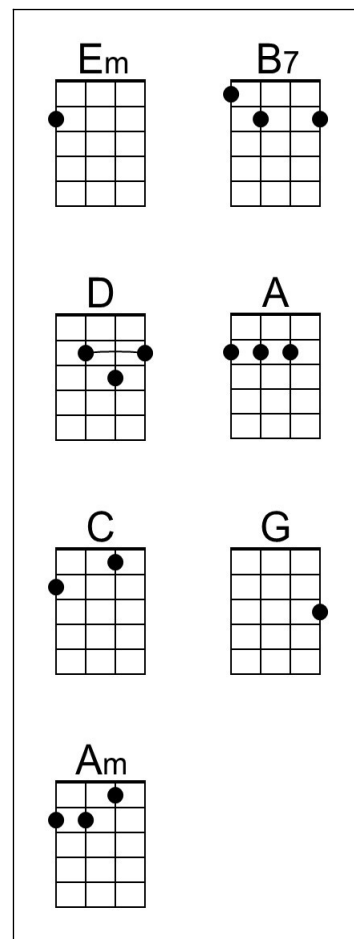
Intro: Melody for verse 2x

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



Em **B7**
So I called up the captain; Please bring me my wine (he said)
D **A**
We haven't had that spirit here since 1969
C **G**
And still those voices are calling from far away
Am **B7**
Wake you up in the middle of the night just to hear them say...

C **G**
Welcome to the Hotel California.
 B7 **Em**
Such a lovely place, such a lovely face
C **G**
They're livin' it up at the Hotel California
 Am **B7**
What a nice surprise, bring your alibis

Em **B7**
Mirrors on the ceiling; the pink champagne on ice (and she said)
D **A**
We are all just prisoners here, of our own device
C **G**
And in the master's chambers, they gathered for the feast
Am **B7**
They stab it with their steely knives but they just can't kill the beast

Em **B7**
Last thing I remember, I was running for the door
D **A**
I had to find the passage back to the place I was before
C **G**
"Relax" said the night man; we are programmed to receive
Am **B7**
You can check out any time you like - but you can never leave...

Instrumental verse 2x

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**

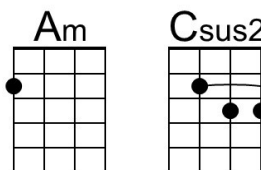
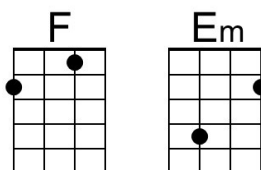
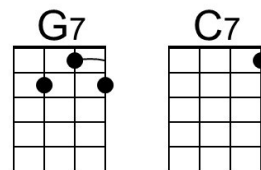
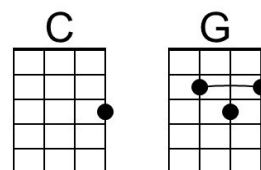
C G G7 C
Happy ever after in the market place, *Molly* lets the children lend a hand

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

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

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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**

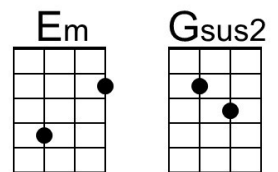
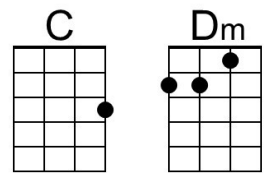
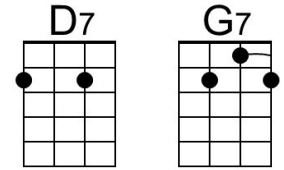
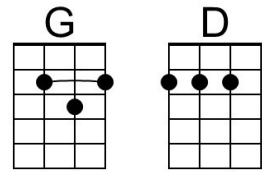
G D D7 G
Happy ever after in the market place, *Molly* lets the children lend a hand

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

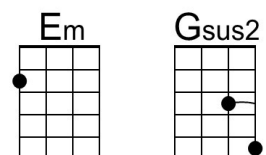
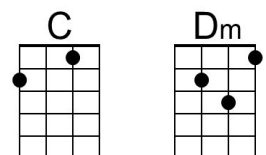
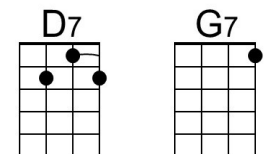
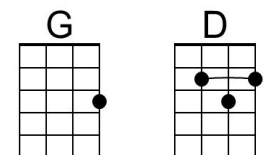
G D7 G
And in the evening *she's a singer with the band*, yeah! **Chorus**

Outro

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



Bari



Always Look on the Bright Side of Life (Eric Idle)

Am **Adim**
 Some things in life are bad,
G **Em7**
 They can really make you mad
Am **Adim** **G** **Em7**
 Other things just make you swear and curse
Am **Adim**
 When you're chewing on life's gristle
G **E7**
 Don't grumble, give a whistle
A7 **D7**
 And this'll help things turn out for the best

Chorus:

G **Em7** **Am** **D7** **G**
 And always look on the bright side of life
Em7 **Am** **D7**
G **Em7** **Am** **D7** **G** **Em7** **Am** **D7**
 Always look on the light side of life

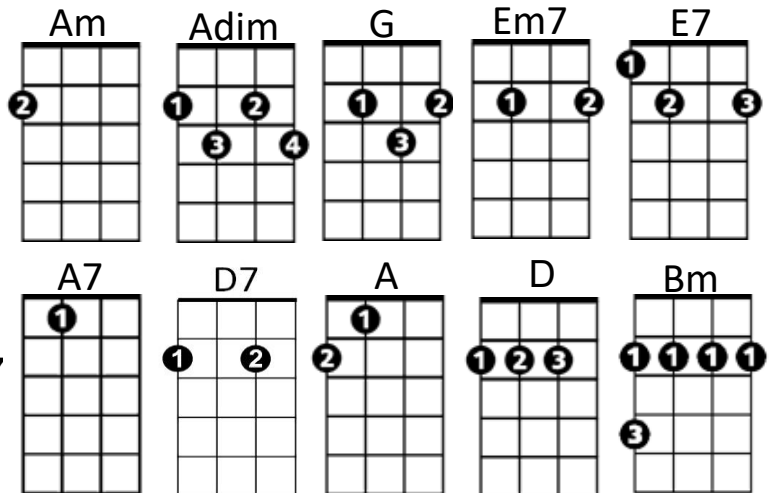
Am **Adim**
 If life seems jolly rotten,
G **Em7**
 There's some thing you've forgotten
Am **Adim**
 And that's to laugh and smile
G **Em7**
 And dance and sing.
Am **Adim**
 When you're feeling in the dumps,
G **E7**
 Don't be silly chumps
A7 **D7**
 Just purse your lips and whistle - that's the thing

(Chorus)

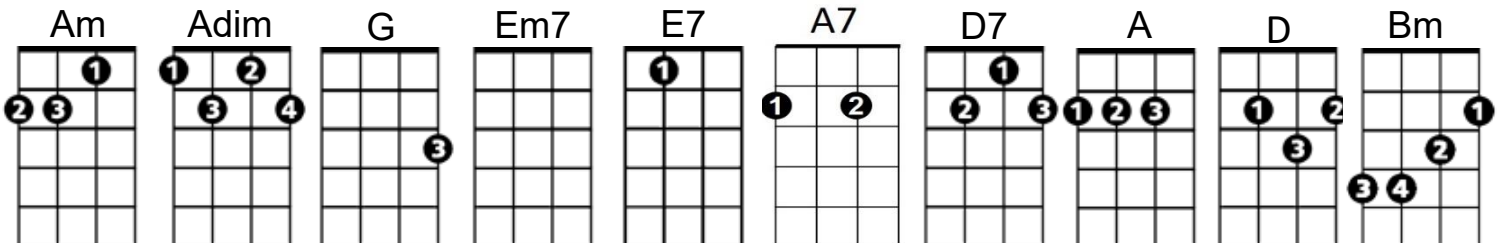
Am **Adim** **G** **Em7**
 For life is quite absurd and death's the final word
Am **Adim** **G** **Em7**
 You must always face the curtain with a bow
Am **Adim** **G** **Em7**
 Forget about your sin - give the audience a grin
A7 **D7**
 Enjoy it - it's your last chance anyhow.

G **Em7** **Am** **D7** **G**
 So always look on the bright side of death
Em7 **Am** **D7**
G **Em7** **Am** **D7** **G**
 Just before you draw your terminal breath
Em7 **Am** **D7**
Am **Adim** **G** **Em7**
 Life's a piece of s - t when you look at it
Am **Adim** **G** **Em7**
 Life's a laugh and death's a joke, it's true
Am **Adim**
 You'll see it's all a show,
G **E7**
 keep 'em laughing as you go
A7 **D7**
 Just remember that the last laugh is on you

G **Em7** **Am** **D7** **G**
 And always look on the bright side of life
Em7 **Am** **D7**
G **Em7** **Am** **D7** **G** **Em7** **Am** **D7**
 Always look on the right side of life
 (Come on guys, cheer up)
A **D** **Bm** **E7** **A** **D** **Bm** **E7**
 Always look on the bright side of life
A **D** **Bm** **E7** **A** **D** **Bm** **E7**
 Always look on the right side of life



BARITONE





Eddystone Light (G)

Traditional English (Burl Ives, The Weavers, Peter, Paul, and Mary)

Chorus

A **A7** **D7**
 Yo ho ho, the wind blows free
D **D7** **G**
 Oh, for a life on the rolling sea

D7 **G**
 Oh, me father was the keeper of the Eddystone
C **D** **G** Light

And he courted a mermaid one fine night
G

From this union there came three
C **D** **G**
 A porpoise and a porgy and the other was me.

Chorus

G
 One night, while I was trimming of the glim¹
C **D** **G**
 Singing a verse from the evening hymn
G
 A voice from the starboard shouted, "Ahoy"
C **D** **G**
 And there was me mother, a-sitting on the buoy

(Don't be ridiculous a boy is a juvenile male

C **D** **G**

No, a buoy, it guides the ships to sail)

Chorus

G
 Tell me what has become of my children of
C **D** **G** three?

My mother she did ask of me
G

One was exhibited as a talking fish
C **D** **G**
 And the other was served on a chafing dish

Chorus

G
 Then the phosphorous flashed in her seaweed
C **D** **G** hair

I looked a-gain me mother wasn't there
G
 Her voice came echoing out of the night

C **D**
 "Well, the devil take keeper

G
 of the Eddystone Light", **Chorus**

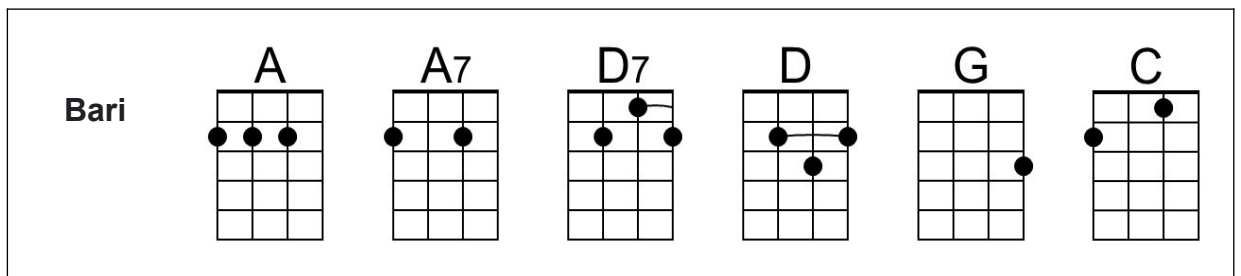
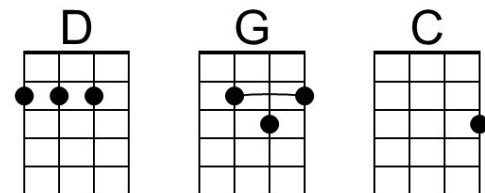
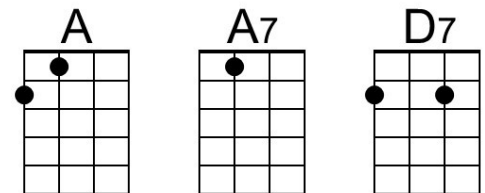
D7 **G**
 Oh, the moral of the story
 you'll learn when you find

C **D**
 To leave God's creatures for what
G
 nature had in mind,

G
 For fishes are for cookin',
 and mermaids are for tales,

C **D**
 And seaweed is for sushi, and

G
 protectin' is for whales. **Chorus**



¹ A "glim" is a candle or lantern

Eddystone Light (Traditional English) (Bb)

Eddystone Light by The Weavers

Sailor Hornpipe Intro

Bb Eb / Cm F / /

A-----1-----1-----1-----1-----3----- | -----3-----3-----3-----0----- |

E-----1-----1-----1-----1-----3----- | -----3-----3-----3-----3-----1--1-- |

C--2-----2-----3--3-- | -3-----3----- |

G----- | ----- |

F Bb
Oh, me father was the keeper of the Eddystone
Eb F Bb Light
And he courted a mermaid one fine night
Bb
From this union there came three
Eb F Bb
A porpoise and a porgy and the other was me.

Chorus

C C7 F
Yo ho ho, the wind blows free
F F7 Bb
Oh, for a life on the rolling sea

Bb
One night, while I was trimming of the glim²
Eb F Bb
Singing a verse from the evening hymn
Bb
A voice from the starboard shouted, "Ahoy"
Eb F Bb
And there was me mother, a-sitting on the buoy

Chorus

Bb
Tell me what has become of my children of
Eb F Bb three?
My mother she did ask of me
Bb
One was exhibited as a talking fish
Eb F Bb
And the other was served on a chafing dish.

Chorus

Bb
Then the phosphorous flashed in her seaweed
Eb F Bb hair
I looked a-gain me mother wasn't there
Bb
Her voice came echoing out of the night
Eb F
"Well, the devil take the keeper
Bb
of the Eddystone Light", **Chorus**

Bb
Oh, the moral of the story
you'll learn when you find
Eb F
To leave God's creatures for what
Bb
nature had in mind,
Bb
For fishes are for cookin',
and mermaids are for tales,
Eb F
And seaweed is for sushi,
Bb
and protectin' is for whales. **Chorus**

F Bb Eb

C C7 F7

Bari

2 A "glim" is a candle or lantern

Eddystone Light (F)

Traditional English (Burl Ives, The Weavers, Peter, Paul, and Mary)

Chorus

G G7 C7
Yo ho ho, the wind blows free
C C7 F
Oh, for a life on the rolling sea

C7 F
Oh, me father was the keeper of the Eddystone
Bb C F Light
And he courted a mermaid one fine night
F
From this union there came three

Bb C F
A porpoise and a porgy and the other was me
Chorus

F
One night, while I was trimming of the glim³
Bb C F
Singing a verse from the evening hymn
F
A voice from the starboard shouted, "Ahoy"
Bb C F
And there was me mother, a-sitting on the buoy

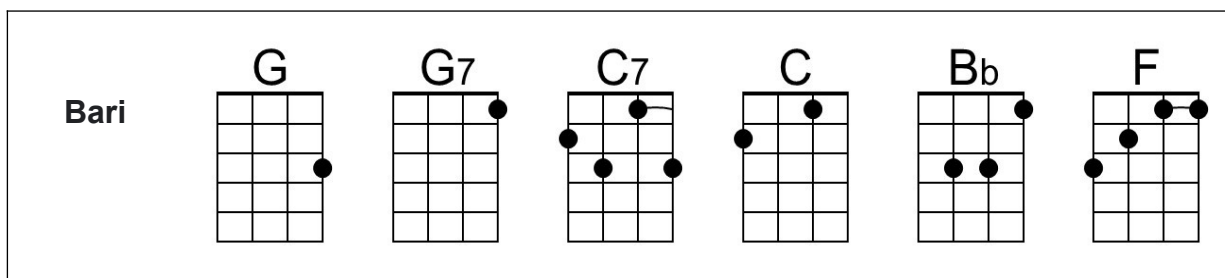
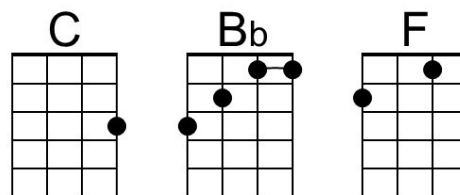
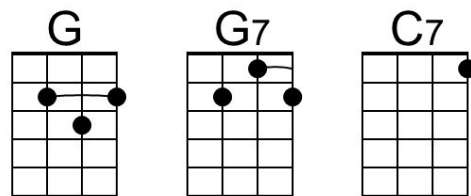
*(Don't be ridiculous a boy is a juvenile male
Bb C F
No, a buoy, it guides the ships to sail)*

Chorus

F
Tell me what has become of my children of
Bb C F three?
My mother she did ask of me
F
One was exhibited as a talking fish
Bb C F
And the other was served on a chafing dish
Chorus

F
Then the phosphorous flashed
in her seaweed hair
Bb C F
I looked a-gain me mother wasn't there
F
Her voice came echoing out of the night
Bb C
"Well, the devil take the keeper
F
of the Eddystone Light", **Chorus**

F
Oh, the moral of the story you'll
learn when you find
Bb C
To leave God's creatures for what
F
nature had in mind,
F
For fishes are for cookin', and
mermaids are for tales,
Bb C
And seaweed is for sushi,
F
and protectin' is for whales.
Chorus



3 A "glim" is a candle or lantern

Galaxy Song (Eric Idle & John DuPrez, ca. 1983) (F) **GCEA**

Spoken with single strum:

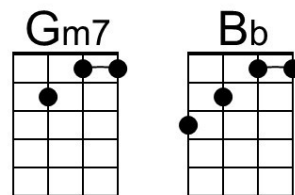
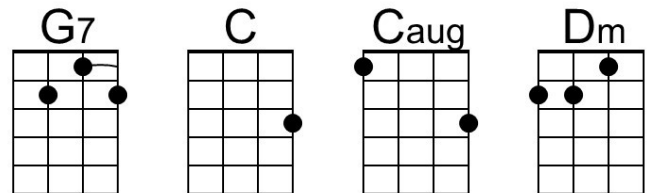
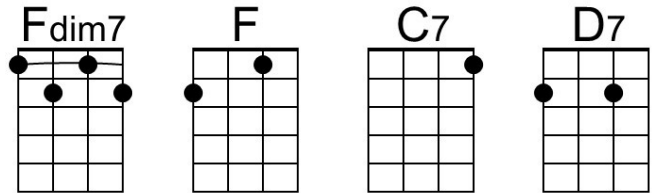
Fdim7 **F**
 Whenever life gets you down, Mrs. Brown
Fdim7 **C7**
 And things seem hard or tough
Fdim7 **F** **D7**
 And people are stupid, ob-noxious or daft
G7 **C** **C7**
 And you feel that you've had quite e-nough

C7 **F** **Caug**
 Just re-member that you're standing
Dm **F**
 on a planet that's e-volving
Fdim7 **C7**
 And revolving at nine hundred miles an hour
C **Gm7** **C7**
 And orbiting at nineteen miles a second,
Gm7
 so it's reckoned
C **C7** **F** **C7**
 A sun that is the source of all our power
F **Caug**
 The sun and you and me
Dm **F**
 and all the stars that we can see
D7 **Bb**
 Are moving at a million miles a day
Bb **F** hour
 In an outer spiral arm, at forty thousand miles an
C7 **F** **C7**
 Of the galaxy we call the 'milky way'

F **Caug** **Dm** **F**
 Our galaxy itself contains a hundred billion stars
Fdim7 **C7**
 It's a hundred thousand light years side to side
C **Gm7**
 It bulges in the middle,
C7 **Gm7**
 sixteen thousand light years thick
C
 But out by us, it's just
C7 **F** **C7**
 three thousand light years wide
F **Caug**
 We're thirty thousand light years
Dm **F**
 from galactic central point
D7 **Bb**
 We go 'round every two hundred million years
Bb **F**
 And our galaxy is only one of millions of billions
C7 **F** **C7**
 In this amazing and expanding uni-verse.

C7 **F** **Caug**
 The uni-verse it-self keeps on
Dm **F**
 ex-panding and ex-panding
Fdim7 **C7**
 In all of the directions it can whiz
C **Gm7** **C7** **Gm7**
 As fast as it can go, the speed of light, you know
C **C7**
 Twelve million miles a minute
F **C7**
 and that's the fastest speed there is

F **Caug**
 So remember, when you're feeling
Dm **F**
 very small and insecure
D7 **Bb**
 How amazingly unlikely is your birth
Bb
 And pray that there's intelligent life
F
 somewhere up in space
C7 **F** **C7** **F**
 'Cause it's bugger all down here on Earth



Galaxy Song (Eric Idle & John DuPrez, ca. 1983) (F) **DGBE**

Spoken with single strum:

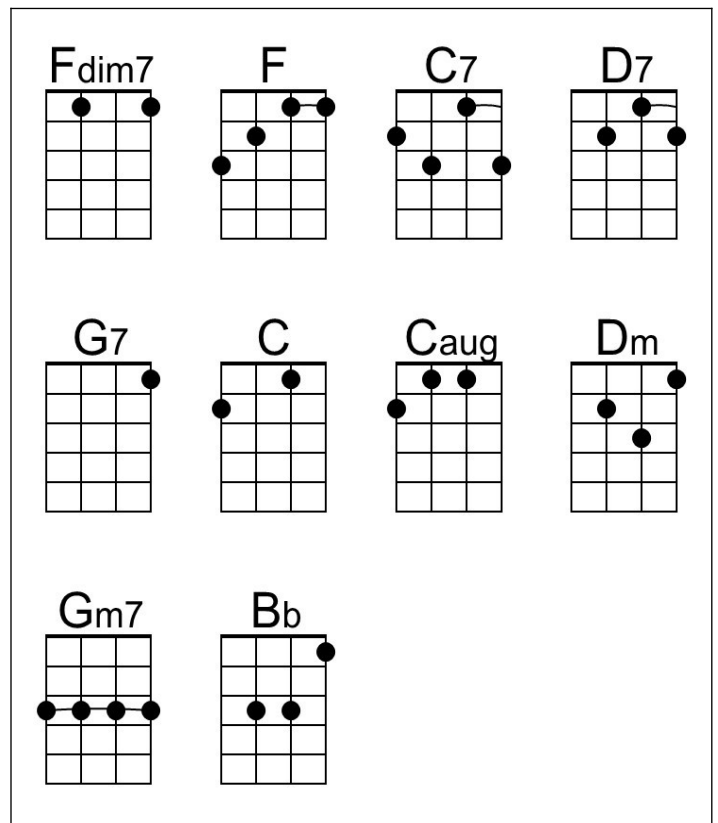
Fdim7 **F**
 Whenever life gets you down, Mrs. Brown
Fdim7 **C7**
 And things seem hard or tough
Fdim7 **F** **D7**
 And people are stupid, ob-noxious or daft
G7 **C** **C7**
 And you feel that you've had quite e-nough

C7 **F** **Caug**
 Just re-member that you're standing
Dm **F**
 on a planet that's e-volving
Fdim7 **C7**
 And revolving at nine hundred miles an hour
C **Gm7** **C7**
 And orbiting at nineteen miles a second,
Gm7
 so it's reckoned
C **C7** **F** **C7**
 A sun that is the source of all our power
F **Caug**
 The sun and you and me
Dm **F**
 and all the stars that we can see
D7 **Bb**
 Are moving at a million miles a day
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 In an outer spiral arm, at forty thousand miles an
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 Of the galaxy we call the 'milky way'

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 Our galaxy itself contains a hundred billion stars
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 It's a hundred thousand light years side to side
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 It bulges in the middle,
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 sixteen thousand light years thick
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 But out by us, it's just
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 three thousand light years wide
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 We're thirty thousand light years
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 from galactic central point
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 And our galaxy is only one of millions of billions
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 Twelve million miles a minute
F **C7**
 and that's the fastest speed there is

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 So remember, when you're feeling
Dm **F**
 very small and insecure
D7 **Bb**
 How amazingly unlikely is your birth
Bb
 And pray that there's intelligent life
F
 somewhere up in space
C7 **F** **C7** **F**
 'Cause it's bugger all down here on Earth



Hello Muddah, Hello Fadduh (Allan Sherman, 1963) (C)

Music from Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours" from *La Gioconda* – **GCEA**

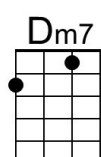
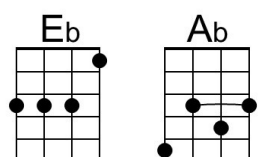
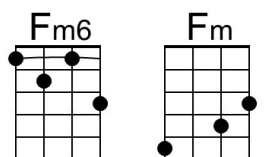
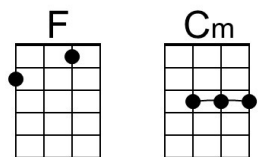
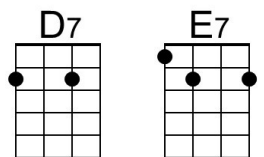
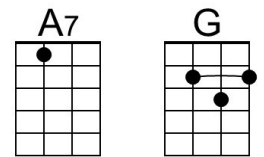
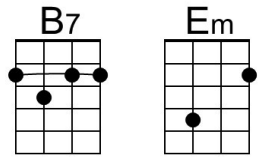
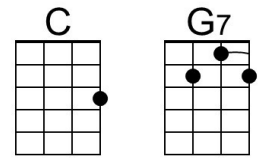
Intro C | G7 | C G7 | C

C G7
Hello muddah hello faddah
C
Here I am at Camp Gre-nada
B7 Em
Camp is very enter-taining
A7 G
And they say we'll have some fun
D7 G7
If it stops raining.
C G7
I went hiking with Joe Spivey,
C
He developed poison ivy.
E7 F
You re-mem-ber Leonard Skinner?
C
He got ptomaine poisoning
G7 C
Last night after dinner.

C G7
All the counselors hate the waiters
C
And the lake has alli-gators
B7 Em
And the head coach wants no sissies
A7 G
So he reads to us from
D7 G7
Something called U-lysses.
C G7
Now I don't want this should scare ya
C
But my bunk mate has ma-laria
E7 F
You re-mem-ber Jeffrey Hardy?
C G7
They're a-bout to organ-ize
C
A searching party.

Bridge

Cm Fm6
Take me home, oh muddah, faddah.
Cm Fm
Take me home. I hate Grenada.
Cm Eb
Don't leave me out in the forest
Ab Eb G7
Where I might get eaten by a bear.
Cm Fm6
Take me home. I promise I will
Cm Fm
Not make noise or mess the house
Cm Eb
With other boys oh please
Ab
Don't make me stay
Dm7 G7
I've been here one whole day.
C G7
Dearest faddah, darling muddah
C
How's my precious little bruddah?
B7 Em
Let me come home if you miss me
A7 G
I would even let Aunt
D7 G
Bertha hug and kiss me.
C G7
Wait a minute, it's stopped hailing.
C
Guys are swimming, guys are sailing.
E7 F
Playing baseball, gee that's better.
C
Muddah, faddah kindly
G7 C | C G7 | C
Disregard this letter.



Hello Muddah, Hello Fadduh (Allan Sherman, 1963) (C)

Music from Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours" from *La Gioconda* – **DGBE**

Intro C | G7 | C G7 | C

C G7
Hello muddah hello faddah

C
Here I am at Camp Gre-nada

B7 Em
Camp is very enter-taining

A7 G
And they say we'll have some fun

D7 G7
If it stops raining.

C G7
I went hiking with Joe Spivey,

C
He developed poison ivy.

E7 F
You re-mem-ber Leonard Skinner?

C
He got ptomaine poisoning

G7 C
Last night after dinner.

C G7
All the counselors hate the waiters

C
And the lake has alli-gators

B7 Em
And the head coach wants no sissies

A7 G
So he reads to us from

D7 G7
Something called U-lysses.

C G7
Now I don't want this should scare ya

C
But my bunk mate has ma-laria

E7 F
You re-mem-ber Jeffrey Hardy?

C G7
They're a-bout to organ-ize

C
A searching party.

Bridge

Cm Fm6
Take me home, oh muddah, faddah.

Cm Fm
Take me home. I hate Grenada.

Cm Eb
Don't leave me out in the forest

Ab Eb G7
Where I might get eaten by a bear.

Cm Fm6
Take me home. I promise I will

Cm Fm
Not make noise or mess the house

Cm Eb
With other boys oh please

Ab
Don't make me stay

Dm7 G7
I've been here one whole day.

C G7
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C
How's my precious little bruddah?

B7 Em
Let me come home if you miss me

A7 G
I would even let Aunt

D7 G
Bertha hug and kiss me.

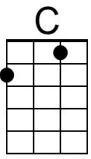
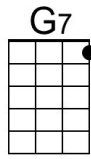
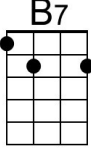
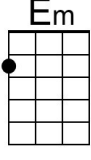
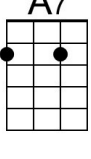
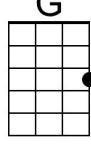
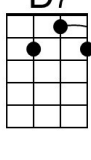
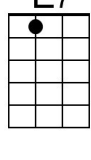
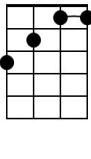
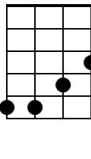
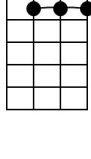
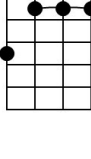
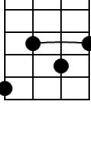
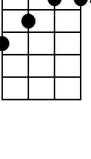
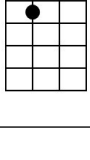
C G7
Wait a minute, it's stopped hailing.

C
Guys are swimming, guys are sailing.

E7 F
Playing baseball, gee that's better.

C
Muddah, faddah kindly

G7 C | C G7 | C
Disregard this letter.

Hello Muddah, Hello Fadduh (Allan Sherman, 1963) (G)

Music from Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours" from *La Gioconda* – **GCEA**

Intro G | D7 | G D7 | G

G D7
Hello muddah hello faddah

G
Here I am at Camp Gre-nada

F#7 Bm
Camp is very enter-taining

E7 D
And they say we'll have some fun

A7 D7
If it stops raining.

G D7
I went hiking with Joe Spivey,

G
He developed poison ivy.

B7 C
You re-mem-ber Leonard Skinner?

G
He got ptomaine poisoning

D7 G
Last night after dinner.

G D7
All the counselors hate the waiters

G
And the lake has alli-gators

F#7 Bm
And the head coach wants no sissies

E7 D
So he reads to us from

A7 D7
Something called U-lysses.

G D7
Now I don't want this should scare ya

G
But my bunk mate has ma-laria

B7 C
You re-mem-ber Jeffrey Hardy?

G D7
They're a-bout to organ-ize

G
A searching party.

Bridge

Gm Cm6
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Gm Cm
Take me home. I hate Grenada.

Gm Bb
Don't leave me out in the forest

Eb Bb D7
Where I might get eaten by a bear.

Gm Cm6
Take me home. I promise I will

Gm Cm
Not make noise or mess the house

Gm Bb
With other boys oh please

Eb
Don't make me stay

Am7 D7
I've been here one whole day.

G D7
Dearest faddah, darling muddah

G
How's my precious little bruddah?

F#7 Bm
Let me come home if you miss me

E7 D
I would even let Aunt

A7 D
Bertha hug and kiss me.

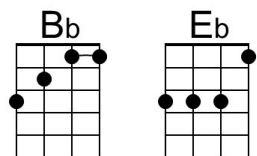
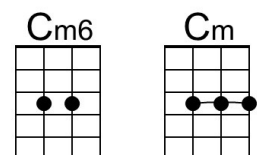
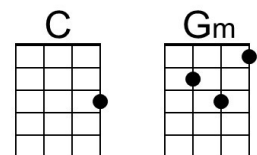
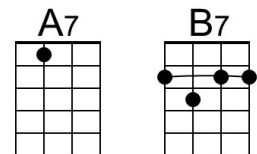
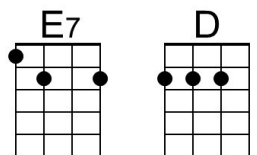
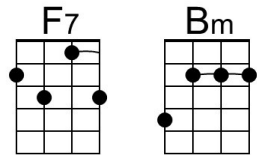
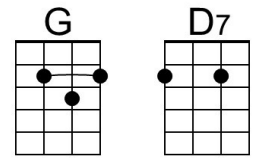
G D7
Wait a minute, it's stopped hailing.

G
Guys are swimming, guys are sailing.

B7 C
Playing baseball, gee that's better.

G
Muddah, faddah kindly

D7 G | G D7 | G
Disregard this letter.



Hello Muddah, Hello Fadduh (Allan Sherman, 1963) (G)

Music from Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours" from *La Gioconda* – **DGBE**

Intro G | D7 | G D7 | G

G D7
Hello muddah hello faddah

G
Here I am at Camp Gre-nada

F#7 Bm
Camp is very enter-taining

E7 D
And they say we'll have some fun

A7 D7
If it stops raining.

G D7
I went hiking with Joe Spivey,

G
He developed poison ivy.

B7 C
You re-mem-ber Leonard Skinner?

G
He got ptomaine poisoning

D7 G
Last night after dinner.

G D7
All the counselors hate the waiters

G
And the lake has alli-gators

F#7 Bm
And the head coach wants no sissies

E7 D
So he reads to us from

A7 D7
Something called U-lysses.

G D7
Now I don't want this should scare ya

G
But my bunk mate has ma-laria

B7 C
You re-mem-ber Jeffrey Hardy?

G D7
They're a-bout to organ-ize

G
A searching party.

Bridge

Gm Cm6
Take me home, oh muddah, faddah.

Gm Cm
Take me home. I hate Grenada.

Gm Bb
Don't leave me out in the forest

Eb Bb D7
Where I might get eaten by a bear.

Gm Cm6
Take me home. I promise I will

Gm Cm
Not make noise or mess the house

Gm Bb
With other boys oh please

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D7 G | G D7 | G
Disregard this letter.

G	D7
F7	Bm
E7	D
A7	B7
C	Gm
Cm6	Cm
Bb	Eb
Am7	

Sweet Violets (Charles Green / Cy Coben)

G **D7**
 There once was a farmer who took a young miss
 In back of the barn where he gave her a -

G **D7**
Lecture on horses and chickens and eggs,
 And told her that she has such beautiful -

G **D7**
Manners that suited a girl of her charms,
 A girl that he'd like for to take in his -

G **D7**
Washing and ironing, and then if she did,
 They could get married and raise lots of -

Chorus:

G **D7**
 Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses,
 Covered all over from head to toe,
G **C** **G**
 Covered all over with sweet vio-lets.

G **D7**
 The girl told the farmer that he'd better stop,
 And she told her father and called a -

G **D7**
Taxi which got there before very long,
 For someone was doing his little girl -

G **D7**
Right for a change, and so here's what he said:
 "If you marry her, son, you're better off -

G **D7**
Single 'cause it's been my belief,
 All a man gets out of marriage is-

(Chorus)

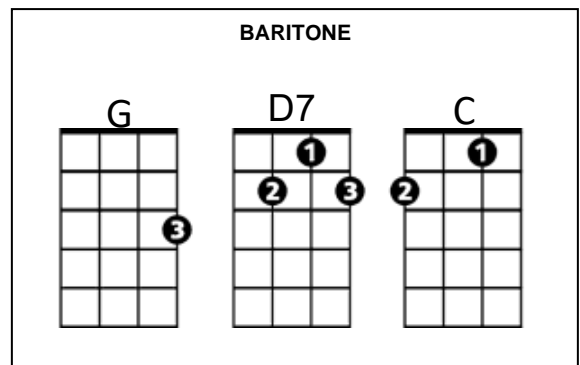
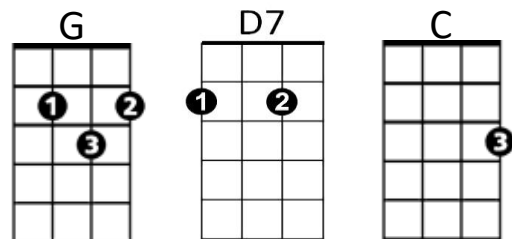
G **D7**
 The farmer decided he'd wed anyway,
 And started in planning for his wedding -

G **D7**
Suit which he'd purchased for only one buck,
 But then he found out he was just out of -

G **D7**
Money and so he got left in the lurch,
 Standing and waiting in front of the -

G **D7**
End of this story, which just goes to show,
 All a girl wants from a man is his-

(Chorus)



Dear Abby (extra verse)

Key of D

D **G** **D**
Dear Abby Dear Abby my feet are too long
E7 **A7**
My hair's fallin' out and my rights are all wrong
D **G** **D**
My friends they all tell me I have no friends at all
A **D**
Won't you write me a letter won't you give me a call
G/ A/ **D**
Si--gned Be--wildered

D **G** **D**
Be-wildered Bewildered you have no com-plaint
E7 **A7**
You are what you are and you ain't what you ain't
D **G** **D**
So listen up buster and listen up good
A **D**
Stop wishin' for bad luck and knockin' on wood

G/ A/ D D D D

D **G** **D**
Dear Abby Dear Abby my fountain pen leaks
E7 **A7**
My wife hollers at me and my kids are all freaks
D **G** **D**
Every side I get up on is the wrong side of the bed
A **D**
If it weren't so expensive I'd wish I were dead
G/ A/ **D**
Si--gned Un--happy

D **G** **D**
Un-happy Unhappy you have no com-plaint

E7 A7
You are what you are and you ain't what you ain't
D G D

So listen up buster and listen up good

A D
Stop wishin' for bad luck and knockin' on wood

G/ A/ D D D D

D G D
Dear Abby Dear Abby you won't believe this

E7 A7
But my stomach makes noises when-ever I kiss

D G D
My girlfriend she tells me it's all in my head

A D
But my stomach it tells me to write you in-stead

G/ A/ A/ D
Si--gned Noise--maker

D G D
Noise-maker Noise-maker you have no com-plaint

E7 A7
You are what you are and you ain't what you ain't

D G D
So listen up buster and listen up good

A D
Stop wishin' for bad luck and knockin' on wood

G/ A/ D D D D

D G D
Dear Abby Dear Abby well I never thought

E7 A7
That me and my girlfriend would ever get caught

D
We were sittin' in the back seat

G D
just shootin' the breeze

With her hair up in curlers and her pants to her knees
G/ A/ A/ D
Si--gned Just Married

D G D
Just Married Just Married you have no com-plaint
E7 A7

You are what you are and you ain't what you ain't

D G D
So listen up buster and listen up good

A D
Stop wishin' for bad luck and knockin' on wood

G/ A/ D D D D

D G D
Dear Abby Dear Abby I've a question to ask

E7 A7
When can I see my friends without wearing a mask

D G D
Go to a concert the movies the zoo

A D
There are so many things that I wish I could do

G/ A/ A/ D
Si---gned Stir Crazy

D G D
Stir Crazy Stir Crazy you have no com-plaint

E7 A7
You are what you are and you ain't what you ain't

D G D
So listen up buster and listen up good

A D
Stop wishin' for bad luck and knockin' on wood

G A D D///
Si--gned Dear Abby

