

The UkeQuestors Zoom Jam Series

On A Lighter Note

A Few Funny, Off-beat or Weird Songs

Print Edition

April 6, 2021

83 Songs, 169 Pages



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50 Ways to Leave Your Lover (Paul Simon)

Am G F7
 "The problem is all inside your head",
 E7
 She said to me,
 Am G F E7
 The answer is easy if you take it logically.
 Am G F7 E7
 I'd like to help you in your struggle to be free.
 Am Dm Am
 There must be - fifty ways to leave your lover."

Am G F7 E7
 She said: "It's really not my habit to intrude,
 Am G
 Furthermore I hope my meaning won't be
 F E7
 Lost or mis-construed,
 Am G F7 E7
 But I'll repeat myself, at the risk of being crude.
 Am Dm Am
 There must be - fifty ways to leave your lover."
 Dm Am
 Fifty ways to leave your lover."

Chorus:

C
 Just slip out the back Jack,
 Eb
 Make a new plan Stan,
 F7 C
 No need to be coy Roy, just get yourself free
 C
 Hop on the bus Gus,
 Eb
 You don't need to discuss much,
 F7 C
 Just drop off the key Lee, and get yourself free.

C Eb
 Slip out the back Jack, make a new plan Stan,
 F7
 You don't need to be coy Roy,
 C
 you just listen to me.
 C
 Hop on the bus Gus,
 Eb
 You don't need to discuss much,
 F7 C
 Just drop off the key Lee, and get yourself free.

Am G
 She said: "It grieves me so
 F7 E7
 To see you in such pain.
 Am G
 I wish there was something I could do
 F E7
 To make you smile again."
 Am G
 I said: "I appreciate that
 F7 E7
 And would you please explain
 Am Dm Am
 About the - fifty ways."

Am G
 She said: "Why don't we both just
 F7 E7
 Sleep on it tonight,
 Am G
 And I believe that in the morning
 F E7
 You'll begin to see the light."
 Am G
 Then she kissed me and I realized,
 F7 E7
 She probably was right,
 Am Dm Am
 There must be fifty ways to leave your lover,
 Dm Am
 Fifty ways to leave your lover.

(Chorus)

BARITONE

Am 	G 	F7 	E7
F 	Dm 	C 	Eb

Am G

--	--

F7 E7

--	--

F

--

Dm

--

C Eb

--	--

50 Ways to Leave Your Lover (Paul Simon)

Em D C7
 "The problem is all inside your head",
 B7
 She said to me,
 Em D C B7
 The answer is easy if you take it logically.
 Em D C7 B7
 I'd like to help you in your struggle to be free.
 Em Am Em
 There must be - fifty ways to leave your lover."

Em D C7 B7
 She said: "It's really not my habit to intrude,
 Em D
 Furthermore I hope my meaning won't be
 C E7
 Lost or mis-construed,
 Em D C7 B7
 But I'll repeat myself, at the risk of being crude.
 Em Am Em
 There must be - fifty ways to leave your lover."
 Am Em
 Fifty ways to leave your lover."

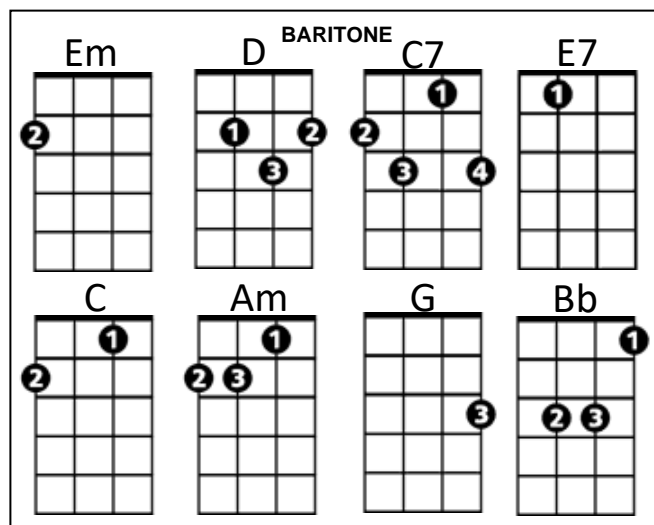
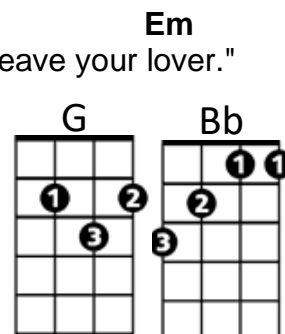
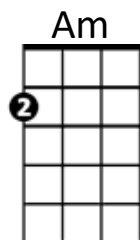
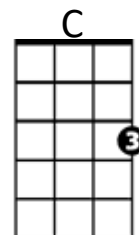
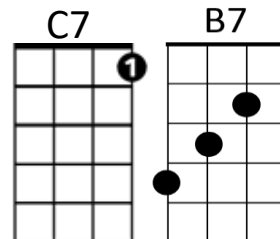
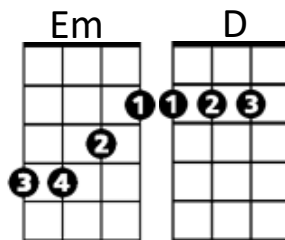
Chorus:
 G
 Just slip out the back Jack,
 Bb
 Make a new plan Stan,
 C7 G
 No need to be coy Roy, just get yourself free
 G
 Hop on the bus Gus,
 Bb
 You don't need to discuss much,
 C7 G
 Just drop off the key Lee, and get yourself free.

G Bb
 Slip out the back Jack, make a new plan Stan,
 C7
 You don't need to be coy Roy,
 G
 You just listen to me.
 G
 Hop on the bus Gus,
 Bb
 You don't need to discuss much,
 C7 G
 Just drop off the key Lee, and get yourself free.

Em D
 She said: "It grieves me so
 C7 B7
 To see you in such pain.
 Em D
 I wish there was something I could do
 C B7
 To make you smile again."
 Em D
 I said: "I appreciate that
 C7 B7
 And would you please explain
 Em Am Em
 About the - fifty wa -ys."

Em D
 She said: "Why don't we both just
 C7 B7
 Sleep on it tonight,
 Em D
 And I believe that in the morning
 C B7
 You'll begin to see the light."
 Em D
 Then she kissed me and I realized,
 C7 B7
 She probably was right,
 Em Am Em
 There must be - fifty ways to leave your lover."
 Am Em
 Fifty ways to leave your lover.

(Chorus)



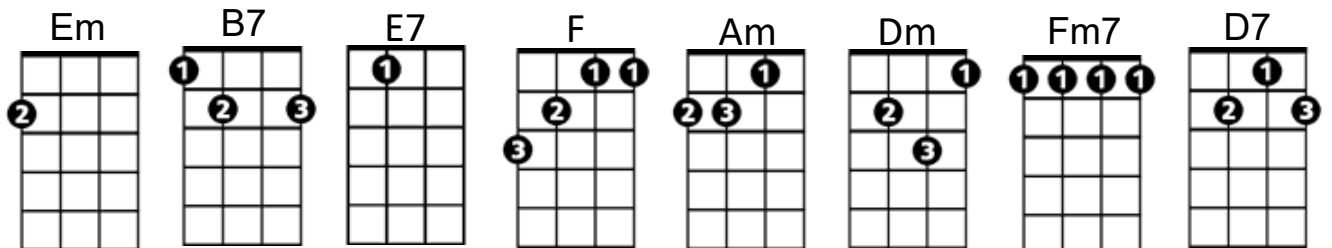
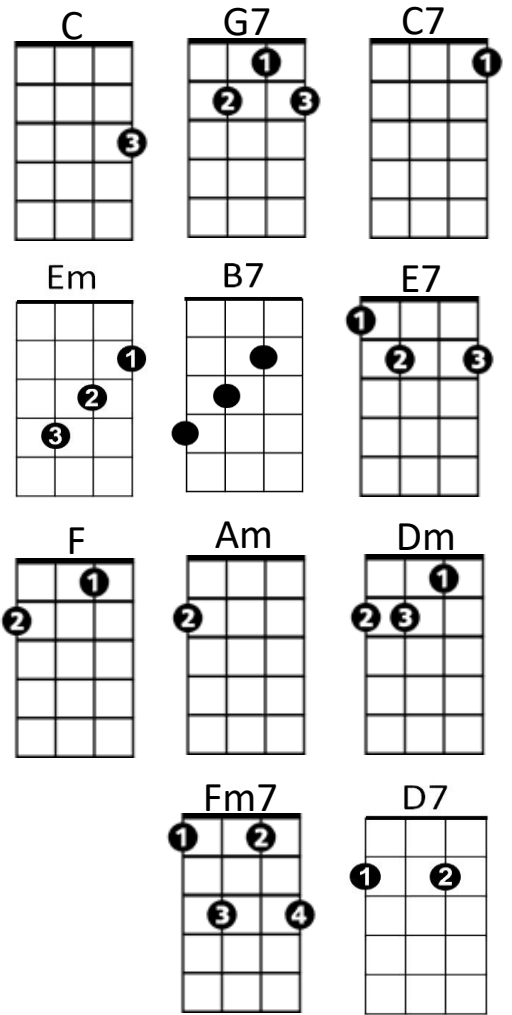
Ain't We Got Fun (Richard A Whiting / Raymond B Egan) Key C

C **G7**
 Every morning, every evening, ain't we got fun?
C **C7**
 Not much money, oh but honey, ain't we got fun?
F **C**
 The rent's unpaid, dear, we haven't a car
Em **B7** **Em** **G7**
 But any-way dear, we'll stay as we are

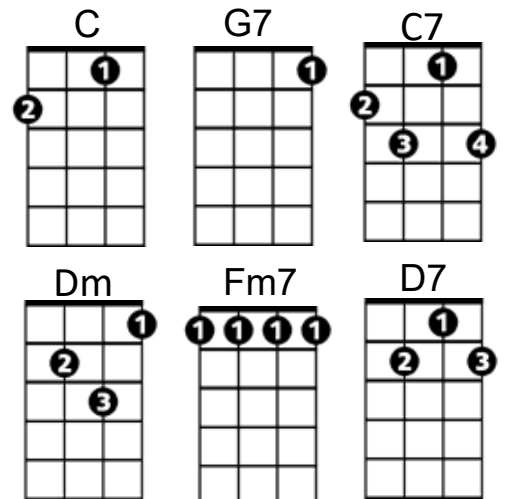
C **G7**
 Even if we owe the grocer, don't we have fun?
C **C7**
 Tax collector's getting closer, still we have fun
F **E7** **Am**
 There's nothing sur - er,
Dm **B7** **C** **Fm7**
 The rich get richer and the poor get poorer
C **D7** **G7** **C**
 In the meantime, in between time ain't we got fun?

(First Verse)

C **G7**
 Even if we owe the grocer, don't we have fun?
C **C7**
 Tax collector's getting closer, still we have fun
F **E7** **Am**
 There's nothing sur - er,
Dm **B7** **C** **Fm7**
 The rich get richer and the poor get children
C **D9** **G7** **C**
 In the meantime, in between time ain't we got fun?



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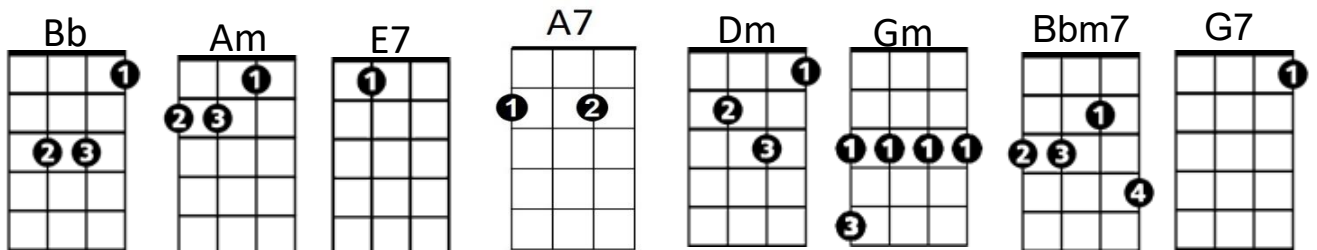
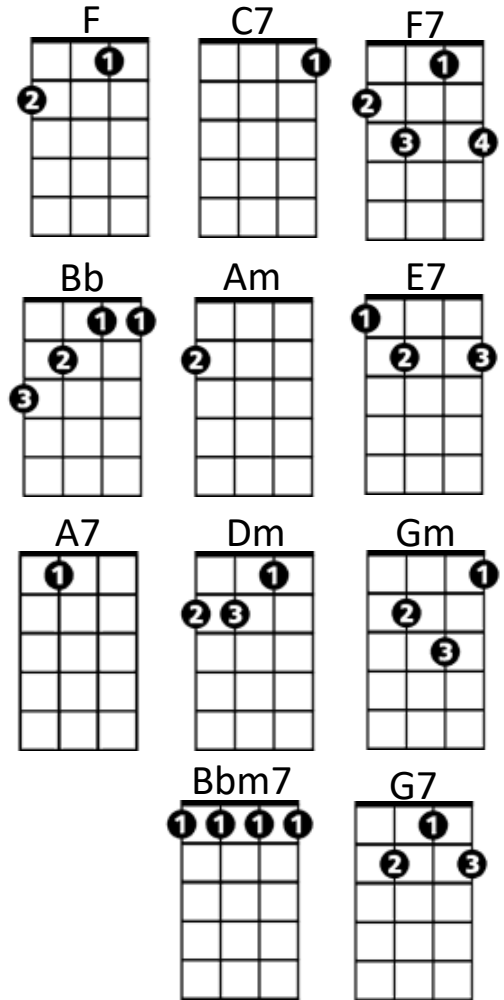
Ain't We Got Fun (Richard A Whiting / Raymond B Egan) Key F

F **C7**
 Every morning, every evening, ain't we got fun?
F **F7**
 Not much money, oh but honey, ain't we got fun?
F
 The rent's unpaid, dear, we haven't a car
Am **E7** **Am** **C7**
 But any-way dear, we'll stay as we are

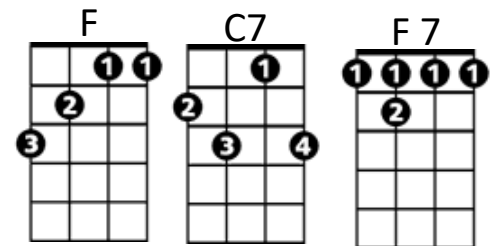
F **C7**
 Even if we owe the grocer, don't we have fun?
F **F7**
 Tax collector's getting closer, still we have fun
Bb **A7** **Dm**
 There's nothing sur - er,
Gm **E7** **F** **Bbm7**
 The rich get richer and the poor get poorer
F **G7** **C7** **F**
 In the meantime, in between time ain't we got fun?

(First Verse)

F **C7**
 Even if we owe the grocer, don't we have fun?
F **F7**
 Tax collector's getting closer, still we have fun
Bb **A7** **Dm**
 There's nothing sur - er,
Gm **E7** **F** **Bbm7**
 The rich get richer and the poor get children
F **G7** **C7** **F**
 In the meantime, in between time ain't we got fun?



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All My Exes Live in Texas (Sanger D. Shafer / Linda J. Shafer)

Chorus

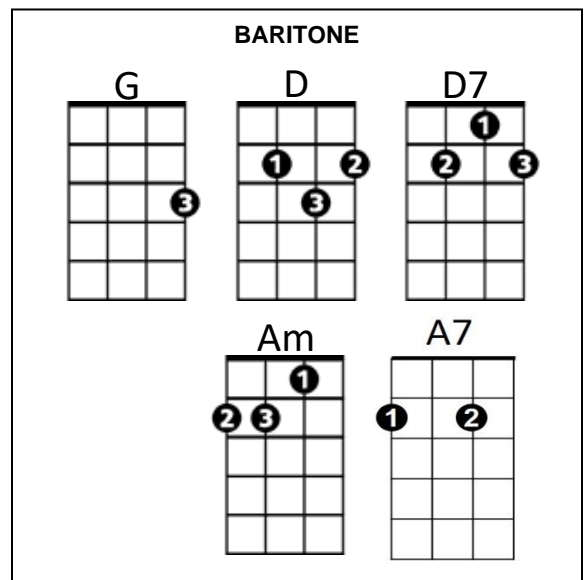
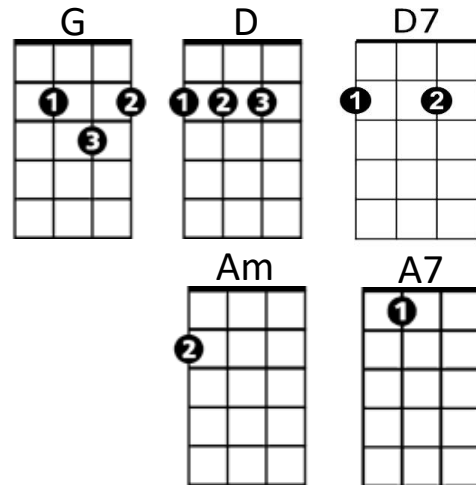
G **D**
All my exes live in Texas
D7 **Am** **G**
And Texas is the place I'd dearly love to be
D
But all my exes live in Texas
D7 **G**
And that's why I hang my hat in Tennessee

G
Rosanna's down in Texarkana,
Am
Wanted me to push her broom
D
Sweet Eileen's in Abilene,
G
She forgot I hung the moon
And Allison's in Galveston,
Am
somehow lost her sanity
A7
And Dimples, who now lives in Temple,
D
Has got the law looking for me

(Chorus)

G **Am**
I remember that ol' Frio River where I learned to swim
D
But it brings to mind another time
G
Where I wore my welcome thin
Am
By Transcendental Meditation I go there each night
A7 **D**
But I always come back to myself, long before daylight

G **D**
All my exes live in Texas
D7 **Am** **G**
And Texas is the place I'd dearly love to be
D
But all my exes live in Texas
D7 **G**
Therefore I reside in Tennessee
D
Some folks think I'm hidin' ~
it's been rumored that I died
D7 **G**
But I'm alive and well in Tennessee

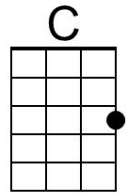


Apples And Bananas (Traditional North American Children's Song)

Apples and Bananas (Alt.) by Raffi from "One Light, One Sun" (1985)

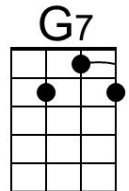
Intro C G7

C **G7**
I like to eat, eat, eat apples and bana-nas



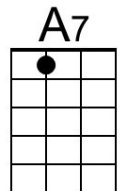
C
I like to eat, eat, eat apples and bana-nas

G7 **C** **G7**
I like to ate, ate, ate epples and bene-nes



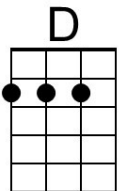
C
I like to ate, ate, ate epples and bene-nes

G7 **C** **G7**
I like to eat, eat, eat eeples and beenee-nees



C **D**
I like to eat, eat, eat eeples and beenee-nees

A7 **D** **A7**
And I like to ite, ite, ite ipples and bini-nis



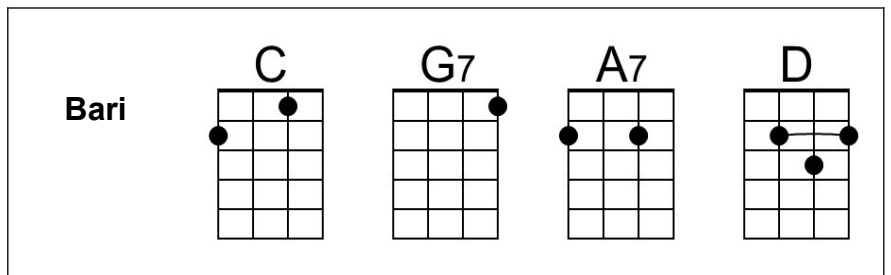
D
I like to ite, ite, ite ipples and bini-nis

A7 **D** **A7**
I like to ote, ote, ote, oplles and bono-nos

D
I like to ote, ote, ote, oplles and bono-nos

A7 **D** **A7**
And I like to ute, ute, ute upples and bunu-nus

D A7 D
I like to ute, ute, ute upples and bunu-nus.

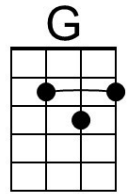


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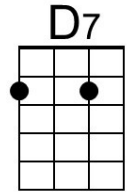
Intro G D7

G **D7**
I like to eat, eat, eat apples and bana-nas



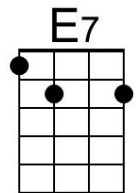
G
I like to eat, eat, eat apples and bana-nas

D7 **G** **D7**
I like to ate, ate, ate epples and bene-nes



G
I like to ate, ate, ate epples and bene-nes

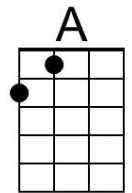
D7 **G** **D7**
I like to eat, eat, eat eeples and beenee-nees



G **A**
I like to eat, eat, eat eeples and beenee-nees

E7 **A** **E7**
And I like to ite, ite, ite ipples and bini-nis

A
I like to ite, ite, ite ipples and bini-nis



E7 **A** **E7**
I like to ote, ote, ote, oplles and bono-nos

A
I like to ote, ote, ote, oplles and bono-nos

E7 **A** **E7**
And I like to ute, ute, ute upples and bunu-nus

A E7 A
I like to ute, ute, ute upples and bunu-nus.

Bari

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..

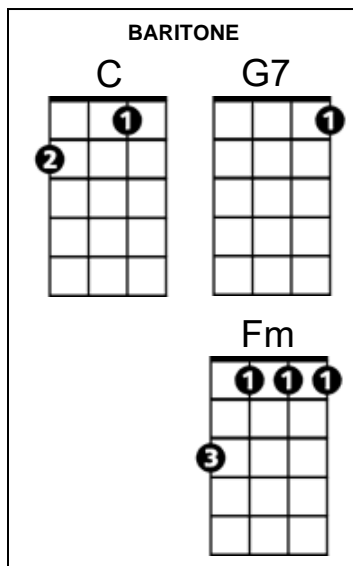
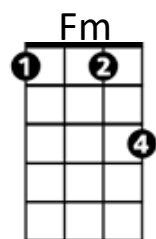
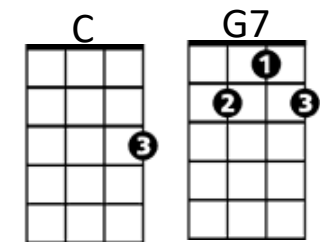
C G7 C
He still had on his brake.

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

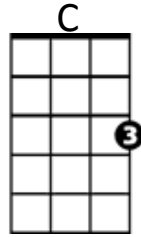
Fm C
And yelled for me to hear..

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

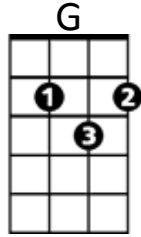
G7 F G7 C
Outa sec..ond gear?'

Big Rock Candy Mountain (Harry "Haywire" McClintock)

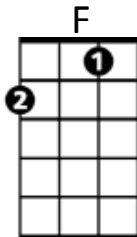
C
 One evening as the sun went down
 G **C**
 And the jungle fire was burning,
C
 Down the track came a hobo hiking,
 G **C**
 And he said, "Boys, I'm not turning;
 F **C** **F C**
 I'm headed for a land that's far away
 F **C** **G**
 Beside the crystal fountains
 C
 So come with me, we'll go and see
 G **C**
 The Big Rock Candy Mountains



C
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,
 F **C**
 There's a land that's fair and bright,
 F **C**
 Where the handouts grow on bushes
 F **G**
 And you sleep out every night.
 C
 Where the boxcars all are empty
 F **C**
 And the sun shines every day
 F **C** **F** **C**
 On the birds and the bees and the cigarette trees
 F **C** **F** **C**
 The lemonade springs where the bluebird sings
 G **C**
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.



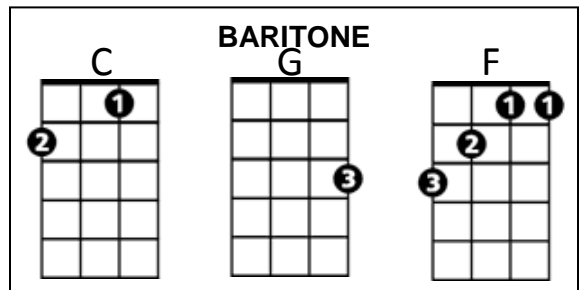
C
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
 F **C**
 All the cops have wooden legs
 F **C**
 And the bulldogs all have rubber teeth
 F **G**
 And the hens lay soft-boiled eggs
 C
 The farmers' trees are full of fruit
 F **C**
 And the barns are full of hay
 F **C** **F** **C**
 Oh I'm bound to go where there ain't no snow
 F **C** **F** **C**
 Where the rain don't fall and the wind don't blow
 G **C**
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.



C
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
 F **C**
 You never change your socks
 F **C**
 And the little streams of alcohol
 F **G**
 Come a-trickling down the rocks
 C
 The brakemen have to tip their hats
 F **C**
 And the railway bulls are blind
 F **C** **F** **C**
 There's a lake of stew and of whiskey too
 F **C** **F** **C**
 You can paddle all around 'em in a big canoe
 G **C**
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

C
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,
 F **C**
 The jails are made of tin.
 F **C**
 And you can walk right out again,
 F **G**
 As soon as you are in.
 C
 There ain't no short-handled shovels,
 F **C**
 No axes, saws or picks,
 F **C** **F** **C**
 I'm a-going to stay where you sleep all day,
 F **C** **F** **C**
 Where they hung the jerk that invented work
 G **C**
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

Ending:
 F **C** **F** **C**
 I'll see you all this coming fall
 G **C**
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

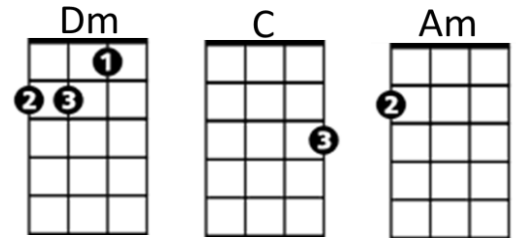


Blood on the Coal

(Harry Shearer / Christopher Guest / Michael John Mckean - 'A Mighty Wind')

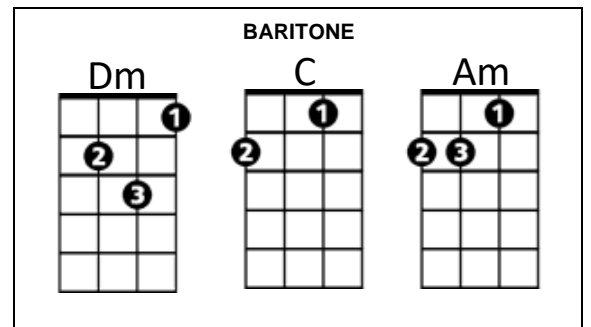
Intro: Dm

Dm **C**
It was April 27, in the year of 91,
Am **Dm**
'Bout a mile below the surface and the warm Kentucky sun.
Dm **C**
The late shift was ending, and the early shift was late,
Am **Dm**
The foreman ate his dinner, from a dirty tin plate.



Chorus:

Dm **C**
Blood on the tracks, blood in the mine,
Am **Dm**
Brothers and sisters, what a terrible time.
C
Ole 97 went in the wrong hole,
Am **Dm**
Now in mine number 60, there's blood on the coal,
C **Am**
Blood on the coal, blood on the coal.



Dm **C**
Well, the slag pits were steamin', it was 7:25,
Am **Dm**
Every miner worked the coal face; every one of them alive.
Dm **C**
The train came round the corner; you could hear the trestle groan,
Am **Dm**
But the switcher wasn't listenin', so he left the switch alone! - **(Chorus)**

Dm **C**
Well, the walls began to tremble and the men began to yell,
Am **Dm**
They could hear that lonesome whistle, like an echo out of...well.
Dm **C**
They dropped their picks and shovels, as to safety they did run,
Am **Dm**
For to stay amongst the living, in the year of ninety-one. - **(Chorus)**

Dm **C**
Now, an Irishman named Murphy said; "I'll stop that iron he-orse!"
Am **Dm**
And he stood athwart its passage and it crushed him dead of course.
Dm **C**
And I hope he hears the irony, when e're this tale is told,
Am **Dm**
The train that took his life was burning good Kentucky coal. (Hey!) - **(Chorus)** End with Dm

Breakfast in America (Richard Davies / Charles Hodgson / Roger Pomfret)

Dm **C**
 Take a look at my girlfriend
Bb
 She's the only one I got
Dm **C**
 Not much of a girlfriend
Bb
 I never seem to get a lot

A **A7**
 Take a jumbo across the water
Dm
 Like to see America
A **A7**
 See the girls in California
Gm **C**
 I'm hoping it's going to come true
Gm **C**
 But there's not a lot I can do

Dm **C**
 Could we have kippers for breakfast
Bb
 Mummy dear, Mummy dear
Dm **C**
 They got to have 'em in Texas
Bb
 'Cause everyone's a millionaire

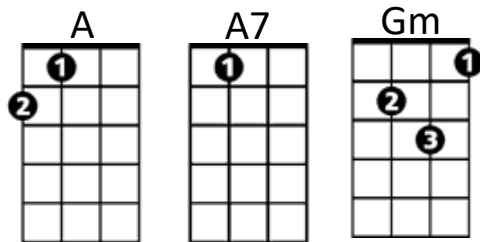
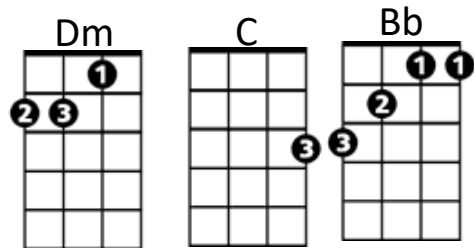
A **A7**
 I'm a winner, I'm a sinner
Dm
 Do you want my autograph
A **A7**
 I'm a loser, what a joker
Gm **C**
 I'm playing my jokes upon you
Gm **C**
 While there's nothing better to do, hey

A **A7** **Dm**
 Ba ba da dum, ba ba, da-d' do da do da do
A **A7** **Dm**
 Ba ba da dum, ba ba, da-d' do da do da do
Bb **Gm** **C**
 La la la, la la la, la la la la

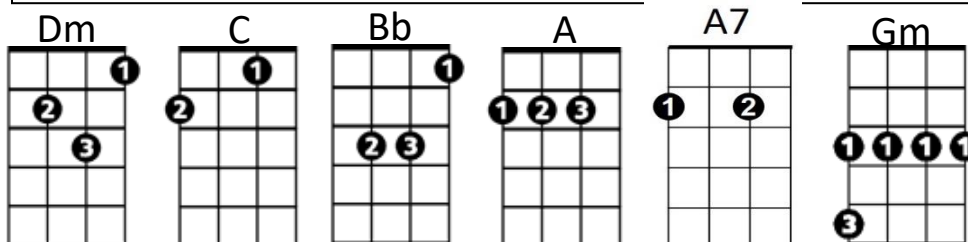
Dm **C**
 Don't you look at my girlfriend, girlfriend
Bb
 'Cause she's the only one I got
Dm **C**
 Not much of a girlfriend, girlfriend
Bb
 I never seem to get a lot - What's she got? Not a lot

A **A7**
 Take a jumbo across the water
Dm
 Like to see America
A **A7**
 See the girls in California
Gm **C**
 I'm hoping it's going to come true
Gm **C**
 But there's not a lot I can do, hey

A **A7** **Dm**
 Ba ba da dum, ba ba, da-d' do da do da do
A **A7** **Dm**
 Ba ba da dum, ba ba, da-d' do da do da do
A **Dm**
 Hey u-um, hey u-um, hey u-um, hey u-um
A **Dm**
 Hey u-um, hey u-um, hey u-um, hey u-um
Bb **Gm** **C** **Dm**
 La la la, la la la, la la la la



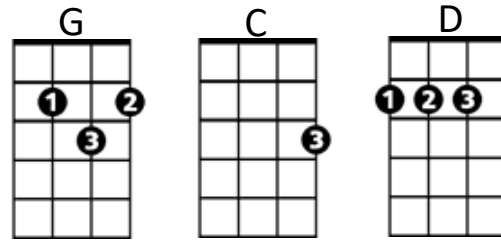
BARITONE



Cecilia (Simon and Garfunkel)

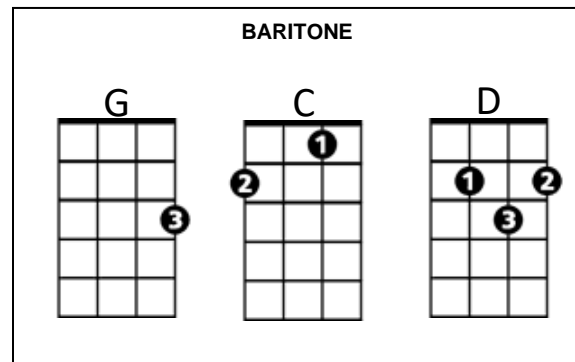
CHORUS:

G C G
 Cecilia, you're breaking my heart
C G D
 You're shaking my confidence daily
C G C G
 Oh Ceci-lia, I'm down on my knees
C G D
 I'm begging you please to come home



(Repeat CHORUS)

G C G
 Making love in the afternoon with Cecilia
C D G
 Up in my bedroom (making love...)
C G
 I got up to wash my face
C G
 When I come back to bed
D G
 Someone's taken my place



(CHORUS)

G
 Come on home
C G C G D
 Bo po bo bo, bopo popo popo po po ..

Instrumental Chorus

C G C G
 Jubila-tion, she loves me again
C G D
 I fall on the floor and I laughing
C G C G
 Jubila-tion, she loves me again
C G D
 I fall on the floor and I laughing

Repeat 3x to fade

C G C G
 Woh ho woh ho woh woh oh oh oh
C G D G
 Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

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)

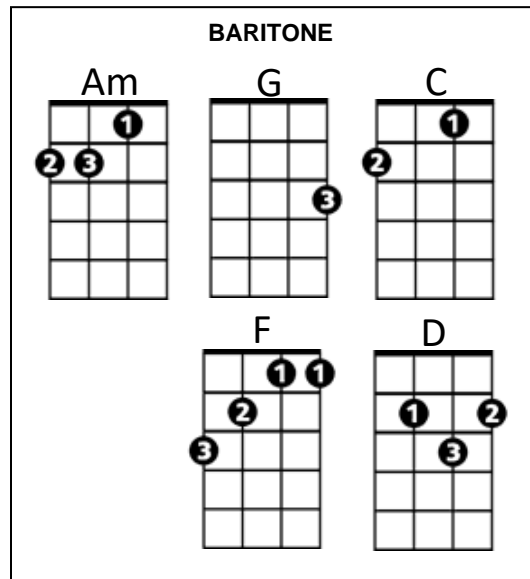
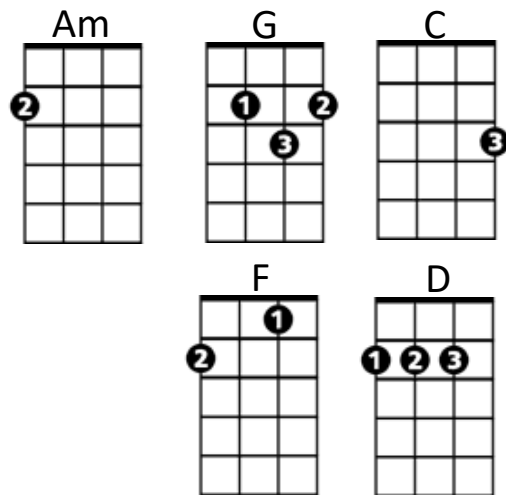
Am - - G (3x) / C (hold)

(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)



Chug-a-lug (Roger Miller)

Intro: G C D7 C (3x) G

CHORUS:

TACET

Chug-a-lug Chug-a-lug

G D7

Make you wanna holler hid-e-ho

G

Burns your tummy don't you know

D7 G

Chug-a-lug Chug-a-lug

TACET G

Grape wine in a mason jar

D7

Homemade and brought to school

G

By a friend of mine after class

D7

Me and him and this other fool decide

G

That we'll drink up what's left

D7

Chug-a-lug so I helped ourselves

G

First time for everything

TACET

Mmmm my ears still ring

(CHORUS)

G

4-H and FFA

D7

On a field trip to the farm

G

Me and a friend sneak off behind

D7

This big old barn

G

Where we uncovered this covered up moonshine still

D7

How we thought we'd drink our fill

G

I swallowed it with a smile

TACET

Ughhh I run ten miles

(CHORUS)

G

Jukebox and a sawdust floor

D7

Something like I ain't never seen

G

Heck I'm just going on fifteen

D7

But with the help of my fan-egleing uncle

G

D7

I get snuck in for my first taste of sin

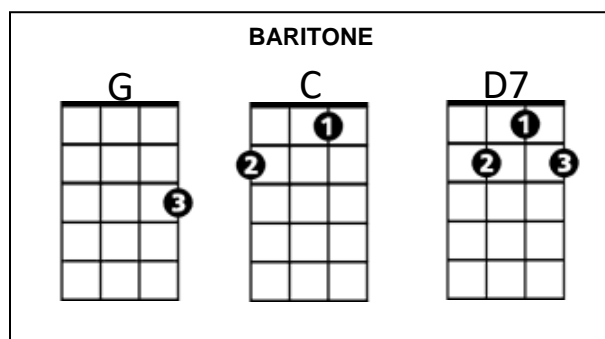
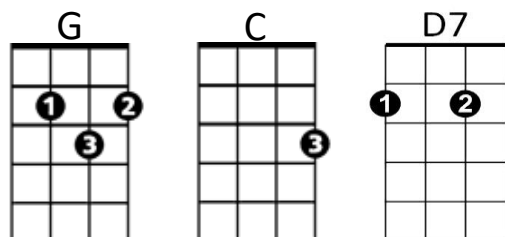
G

I said let me have a big old sip

TACET

I done a double back flip

(CHORUS)



Cosmic Cowboy (Michael Murphey)

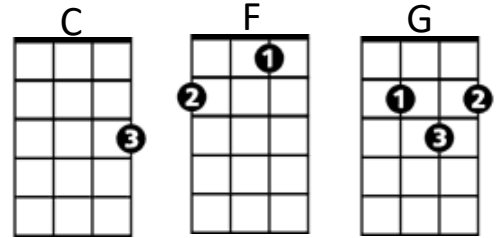
C Merry-go-rounds and burial grounds are all the same to me.

G Horses on posts and kids and ghosts

F Are spirits that we ought to set free.

F Them city slicker pickers got a lot of slicker licks than me.

G But ridin' the range and acting strange is where I want to be.



Chorus:

C And I just wanna be a cosmic cowboy
G I just wanna ride and rope and hoot (whooo-hoo)
C Well I just wanna be a cosmic cowboy
G A super-natural country rockin' galoot

C Well skinny dippin' and Lone Star sippin' and steel guitar
G Are just as good as Hollywood - And some boogie-woogie bars.

F I'm gonna buy me a vest and a head out west - My little woman and myself.

G And when we come to town the people gather around
F And marvel at that little baby's health.

(Chorus)

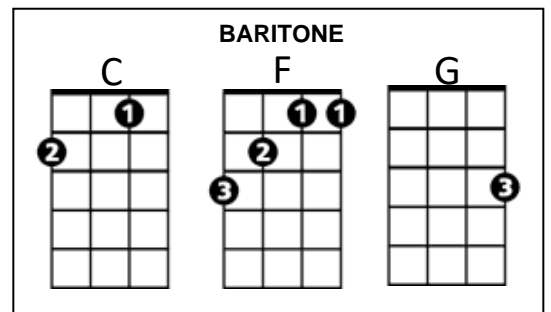
C There's a big raccoon and a harvest moon - Keep rolling through my mind.

G A home on the range where the antelope play
F Is sometimes hard to find.

F So don't bury me on the lone prairie, I'd rather play there alive.

G Well, I'm doing my best I keep my thumb in the west
F My little bronco in over-drive.

(Chorus) 2x repeat to fade



Dead Skunk in the Middle of the Road (Loudon Wainwright III) Key G

Intro: last two lines of chorus

G **D**
 Crossing the highway late last night,
C
 He shoulda looked left
G
 And he shoulda looked right.
D
 He didn't see the station wagon car.
C **G**
 The skunk got squashed and there you are.

CHORUS:

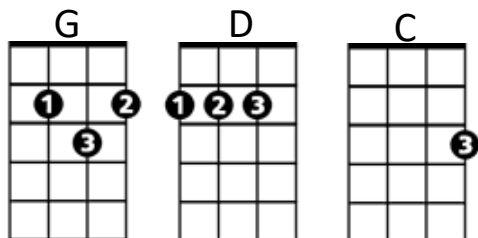
G
 You got your dead skunk
D
 In the middle of the road
C **G**
 Dead skunk in the middle of the road
D
 Dead skunk in the middle of the road
C **G**
 (And it's) Stinking to high heaven

G D C G

G **D**
 Take a whiff on me - That ain't no rose.
C **G**
 Roll up your window and hold your nose.
 You don't have to look
D
 And you don't have to see
C **G**
 'Cause you can feel it in your ol-factory.

(Chorus)

G D C G (2X)



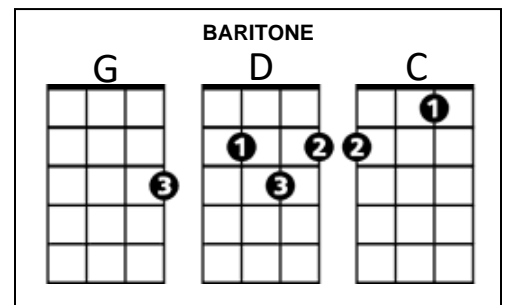
G
 Yeah, you got your dead cat
D
 And you got your dead dog.
C
 On a moonlit night
G
 You got your dead toad frog.
 You got your dead rabbit
D
 And your dead raccoon.
C
 The blood and the guts,
G
 They gonna make you swoon.

(Chorus) C'mon, stink

G D C G (2X)

G **D**
 You got it. It's dead - It's in the middle,
C **G**
 Dead skunk in the middle
D
 Dead skunk in the middle of the road
C **G**
 Stinking to high heaven
D **C** **G**
 All over the road - Technicolor
D **C** **G**
 Oh, you got pollution.
D
 It's dead. It's in the middle,
C **G**
 And it's stinkin' to high heaven.

G D C G



Dead Skunk in the Middle of the Road (Loudon Wainwright III) Key C

Intro: last two lines of chorus

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F
 He shoulda looked left
C
 And he shoulda looked right.
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F **C**
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CHORUS:

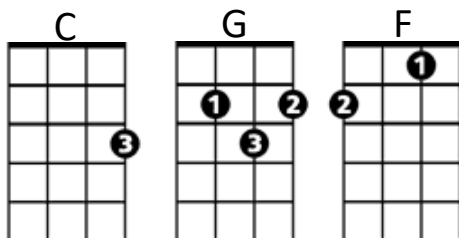
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 You got your dead skunk
G
 In the middle of the road
F **C**
 Dead skunk in the middle of the road
G
 Dead skunk in the middle of the road
F **C**
 (And it's) Stinking to high heaven

C G F C

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 Roll up your window and hold your nose.
 You don't have to look
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 'Cause you can feel it in your ol-factory.

(Chorus)

C G F C (2X)



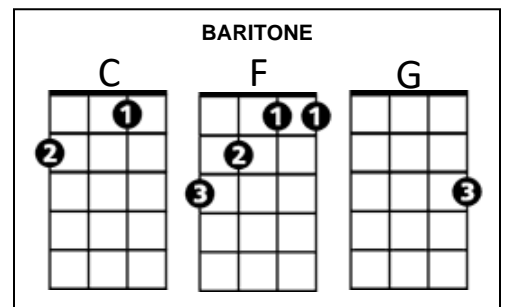
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C
 They gonna make you swoon.

(Chorus) C'mon, stink

C G F C (2X)

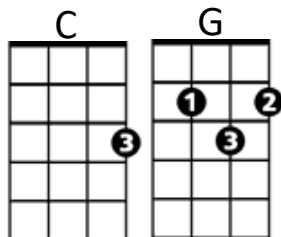
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 Dead skunk in the middle
G
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 Stinking to high heaven
G **F** **C**
 All over the road - Technicolor
G **F** **C**
 Oh, you got pollution.
G
 It's dead. It's in the middle,
F **C**
 And it's stinkin' to high heaven.

C G F C



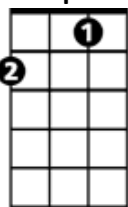
Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavor (Lonnie Donegan) (Original Version) Key C

C G C G C
 Oh-me, oh-my, oh-you, whatever shall I do?
F C G C
 Halle-lujah, the question is pe-culiar
G C G C
 I'd give a lot of dough, if only I could know
D D7 G7
 The answer to my question, is it yes or is it no?

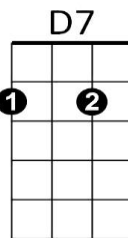


C G C G C
 The convict out on bail said "Put me back in Jail"
F C G C
 Harrang de knocker, he must be off his rocker
G C G C
 Then back in his old cell, the reason he did tell
D D7 (mumble like toothless)
 His gum was stuck above his bed and his false teeth as well

C G7
 Does your chewing gum lose its flavor on the bedpost overnight?
C C7
 If your mother says don't chew it, do you swallow it in spite?
F G C F
 Can you catch it on your tonsils; can you heave it left and right?
C G C
 Does your chewing gum lose its flavor on the bedpost over-night?



G7 C G7
 Does your chewing gum have more uses than it says upon the pack?
C C7
 Can you stretch it out much further than the man upon the rack?
F G C F
 Can you lend it to your brother and ex-pect to get it back?
C G C
 Does your chewing gum lose its flavor when your lips refuse to smack?

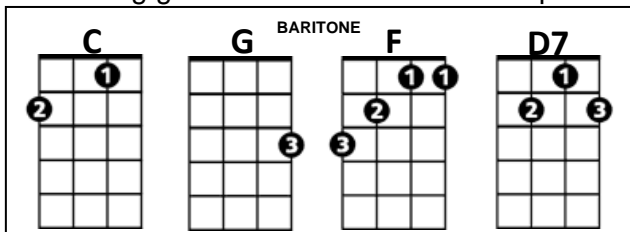


C G C G C
 One night old Granny Stead stuck gum all round her bed
F C G C
 Elastic rollers, all that chewing without molars
G C G C
 A prowler in the night, got stuck on Gran's bed, right?
D D7 G7
 Old Granny leapt up in the air, shouting out, "Tonight's the night!"

C G C G C
 When on our honey-moon, up in our hotel room
F C G C
 It was heaven, we slept 'til half eleven
G C G C
 I found a waiter next to me; he was embarrassed as could be
D D7 G7
 He said, "I've been stuck your bedpost. It's your early morning tea"

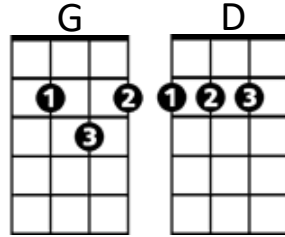
C G7
 Does your chewing gum lose its sticky on the bedpost overnight?
C C7
 Does it go all hard, fall on the floor and look a nasty sight?
F G C F
 Can you bend it like a fish hook just in case you get a bite?
C G C
 Does your chewing gum lose its flavor on the bedpost over-night?

C G7
 Does your chewing gum lose its flavor on the bedpost overnight?
C C7
 If your mother says don't chew it, do you swallow it in spite?
F G C F
 Can you catch it on your tonsils; can you heave it left and right?
C G C
 Does your chewing gum lose its flavor on the bedpost overnight?
D7 G C
 On the bed -post o - ver - night!



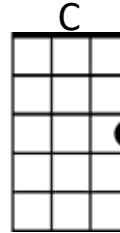
Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavor (Lonnie Donegan) (Original Version) Key G

G D G D G
 Oh-me, oh-my, oh-you, whatever shall I do?
C G D G
 Halle-lujah, the question is pe-culiar
D G D G
 I'd give a lot of dough, if only I could know
A A7 D7
 The answer to my question, is it yes or is it no?



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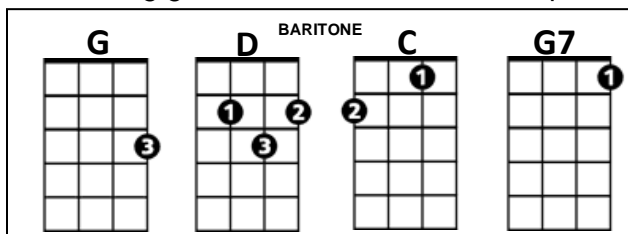


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G G7
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C D G C
 Can you catch it on your tonsils; can you heave it left and right?
G D G
 Does your chewing gum lose its flavor on the bedpost overnight?
A7 D G
 On the bed -post o - ver - night!



Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavor (Lonnie Donegan) (1961 version)

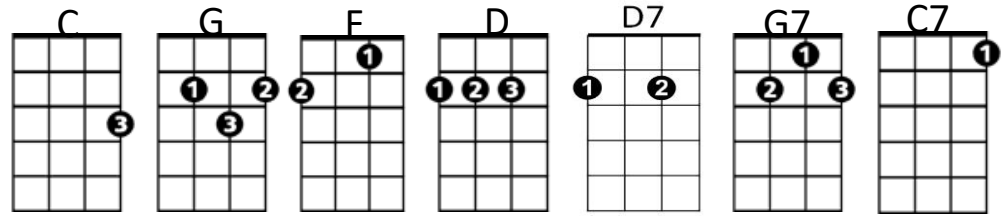
Key C

C G C G C
Oh-me, oh-my, oh-you, whatever shall I do?

F C G C
Halle-lujah, the question is pe-culiar

G C G C
I'd give a lot of dough, if only I could know

D D7 G7
The answer to my question, is it yes or is it no?



CHORUS:

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Does your chewing gum lose its flavor on the bedpost overnight?

C C7
If your mother says don't chew it, do you swallow it in spite?

F G C F
Can you catch it on your tonsils; can you heave it left and right?

C G C
Does your chewing gum lose its flavor on the bedpost overnight?

C G C G C
Now the nation rose as one to send their only son

F C G C
Up to the White House, yes, the nation's only White House

G C G C
To voice their dis - content, un-to the Pres-i-dent

D D7 G7
They pawn the burning question what has swept this con-ti-nent

TACET
If tin whistles are made of tin, what do they make fog horns out of?
Boom, boom!

(CHORUS)

D7 G C (STOP)
On the bedpost o - ver - night -

TACET
Hello there, I love you and the one who holds you tight

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Sat'day night

D7 G C (STOP)
On the bedpost o - ver - night -

TACET
A dollar is a dollar and a dime is a dime

He's singin' out the chorus but he hasn't got the time

D7 G C
On the bedpost o - ver - night, yeah

G C G C
Here comes a blushing bride, the groom is by her side

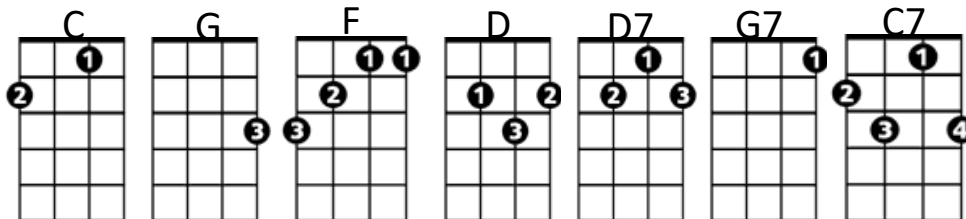
F C G C
Up to the altar, just as steady as Gibraltar

G C G C
Why, the groom has got the ring, and it's such a pretty thing

D D7 G7
But as he slips it on her finger, the choir begins to sing

(CHORUS)

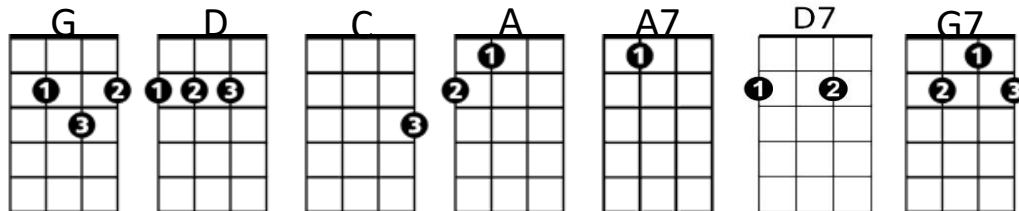
BARITONE



Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavor (Lonnie Donegan) (1961 version)

Key G

G D G D G
 Oh-me, oh-my, oh-you, whatever shall I do?
 C G D G
 Halle-lujah, the question is pe-culiar
 D G D G
 I'd give a lot of dough, if only I could know
 A A7 D7
 The answer to my question, is it yes or is it no?



G D G D G
 Now the nation rose as one to send their only son
 C G D G
 Up to the White House, yes, the nation's only White House
 D G D G
 To voice their dis - content, un-to the Pres-i-dent
 A A7 D7
 They pawn the burning question what has swept this con-ti-nent
TACET
 If tin whistles are made of tin, what do they make fog horns out of?
 Boom, boom!

CHORUS:

G D7
 Does your chewing gum lose its flavor on the bedpost overnight?
 G G7
 If your mother says don't chew it, do you swallow it in spite?
 C D G C
 Can you catch it on your tonsils; can you heave it left and right?
 G D G
 Does your chewing gum lose its flavor on the bedpost overnight?

(CHORUS)

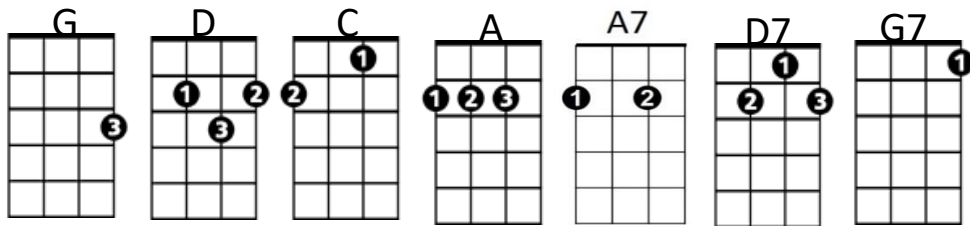
A7 D G (STOP)
 On the bedpost o - ver - night -
TACET
 Hello there, I love you and the one who holds you tight
 Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Sat'day night

D G D G
 Here comes a blushing bride, the groom is by her side
 C G D G
 Up to the altar, just as steady as Gibraltar
 D G D G
 Why, the groom has got the ring, and it's such a pretty thing
 A A7 D7
 But as he slips it on her finger, the choir begins to sing

A7 D G (STOP)
 On the bedpost o - ver - night -
TACET
 A dollar is a dollar and a dime is a dime
 He's singin' out the chorus but he hasn't got the time

(CHORUS)

BARITONE



A7 D G
 On the bedpost o - ver - night, yeah

Drunken Sailor (Traditional, Adapted by G. Millar & W. McDonald)

Drunken Sailor by The Irish Rovers (2012) – Key of Am

Intro (2 measures) Am

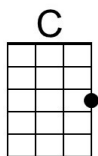
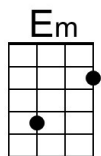
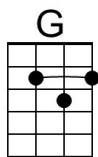
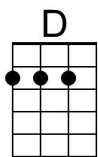
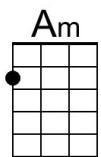
Am **D**
 What will we do with a drunken sailor?
G **Em**
 What will we do with a drunken sailor?
Am **D**
 What will we do with a drunken sailor?
C G Am
 Earl-ie in the morning?

Chorus

Am **D**
 Weigh, hey and up she rises
G **Em**
 Weigh, hey and up she rises
Am **D**
 Weigh, hey and up she rises
C G Am
 Earl-ie in the morning.

Am **D**
 Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
G **Em**
 Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
Am **D**
 Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
C G Am
 Earl-ie in the morning. **Chorus**

Am **D**
 Put him in the long boat til he's sober,
G **Em**
 Put him in the long boat til he's sober,
Am **D**
 Put him in the long boat til he's sober,
C G Am
 Earl-ie in the morning. **Chorus**



Instrumental Em D Em A D (2x)

Am **D**
 Put him in the scuppers with a hose pipe on him,
G **Em**
 Put him in the scuppers with a hose pipe on him,
Am **D**
 Put him in the scuppers with a hose pipe on him,
C G Am
 Earl-ie in the morning. **Chorus**

Am **D**
 Put him in the bed with the Captain's daughter,
G **Em**
 Put him in the bed with the Captain's daughter,
Am **D**
 Put him in the bed with the Captain's daughter,
C G Am
 Earl-ie in the morning. Chorus

Am **D**
 That's what we'll do with a drunken sailor,
G **Em**
 That's what we'll do with a drunken sailor,
Am **D**
 That's what we'll do with a drunken sailor,
C G Am
 Earl-ie in the morning. **Chorus (2x)**

Outro Em D Em A D (2x)

Bari

Drunken Sailor (Traditional, Adapted by G. Millar & W. McDonald)

Drunken Sailor by The Irish Rovers (2012) – Key of Em

Intro (2 measures) Em

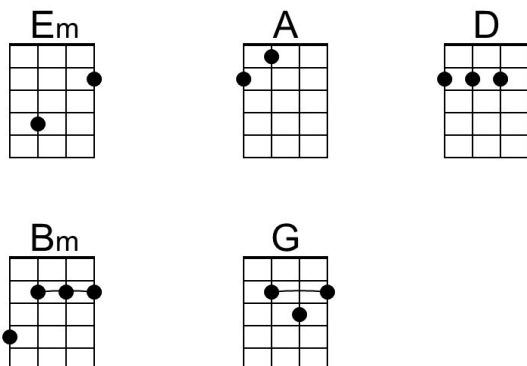
Em **A**
 What will we do with a drunken sailor?
D **Bm**
 What will we do with a drunken sailor?
Em **A**
 What will we do with a drunken sailor?
G D Em
 Earl-ie in the morning?

Chorus

Em **A**
 Weigh, hey and up she rises
D **Bm**
 Weigh, hey and up she rises
Em **A**
 Weigh, hey and up she rises
G D Em
 Earl-ie in the morning.

Em **A**
 Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
D **Bm**
 Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
Em **A**
 Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
G D Em
 Earl-ie in the morning. **Chorus**

Em **A**
 Put him in the long boat til he's sober,
D **Bm**
 Put him in the long boat til he's sober,
Em **A**
 Put him in the long boat til he's sober,
G D Em
 Earl-ie in the morning. **Chorus**



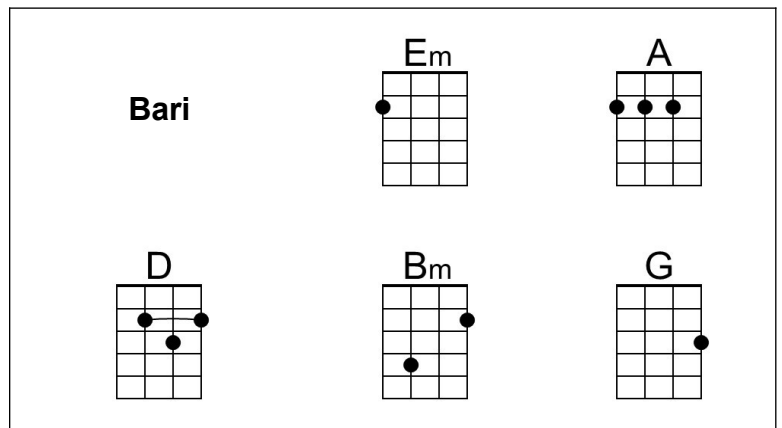
Instrumental Em D Em A D (2x)

Em **A**
 Put him in the scuppers with a hose pipe on him,
D **Bm**
 Put him in the scuppers with a hose pipe on him,
Em **A**
 Put him in the scuppers with a hose pipe on him,
G D Em
 Earl-ie in the morning. **Chorus**

Em **A**
 Put him in the bed with the Captain's daughter,
D **Bm**
 Put him in the bed with the Captain's daughter,
Em **A**
 Put him in the bed with the Captain's daughter,
G D Em
 Earl-ie in the morning. **Chorus**

Em **A**
 That's what we'll do with a drunken sailor,
D **Bm**
 That's what we'll do with a drunken sailor,
Em **A**
 That's what we'll do with a drunken sailor,
G D Em
 Earl-ie in the morning. **Chorus (2x)**

Outro Em D Em A D (2x)



Fare Away (Michael John Mckean / Annette O'toole / Jeffery Lynn Vanston)

(Performed by The Main Street Singers from 'A Mighty Wind')

Intro: G / C Cmaj7 D G (Chorus 1 melody)

G Sun breaks over the sprits'l yard,
C Cmaj7 A7 D
 Jib sheet's haulin' to lee-ward hard.
G C G
 Crosstree's hummin' a mornin' hymn,
C Cmaj7 D G D G
 I'm the cabin boy; call me Jim. (His name's Jim).

G
 Fare away, fare away, under main top sail,
C Cmaj7 D G
 To the fur-be-low of the wily wha...le.

G C G
 Captain's stalking the quarter-deck,
C Cmaj7 A7 D
 Tells the tale of his first ship-wreck.
G C G
 Castaway with a case of rum,
C Cmaj7 D G
 Hoped that rescue would never come, (never come).

G
 Fare away, fare away, under main top sail,
C Cmaj7 D G
 To the fur-be-low of the wily whale.
C Cmaj7 D
 To the fur-be-low of the wi-ly, wi-ly...

(Verse melody)

G C G
 First mate Adam's a hardened man,
C Cmaj7 A7 D
 Says the captain's a charla-tan.
G C G
 Don't know tackle from futtock plates,
C Cmaj7 D G
 He'll sail us into the Pear...ly Gates.

G
 Fare away, fare away, under main top sail,
C Cmaj7 D G
 To the fur-be-low of the wily wha...le.

G C G
 I been sailin' these seven seas,
C Cmaj7 A7 D
 Since I's nigh high to a mermaid's knees.
G C G
 Come next April I'm sixty-three,
C G C G
 I can't ad-vance! (I like short pants!)
Am Em D G
 Safe in the cabin on the open sea.
C Cmaj7 D G
 Safe in the cabin on the open sea.

G
 Fare away, fare away, under main top sail,
C Cmaj7 D G
 To the fur-be-low of the wily wha...le.
C Cmaj7 C Cmaj7
 To the fur-be-low of, to the fur-be-low of.
C Cmaj7 D C/G G
 To the fur-be-low of the wily, wi-ly wha...le.

BARITONE			
C 	G 	C 	G
Cmaj7 	D 	Cmaj7 	D
C/G 	A7 	C/G 	A7

Fins (Jimmy Buffet)

Intro: C F G / G F C (2x)

F G C
She came down from Cincinna-ti

F G C
It took her three days on a train.

F G C
Lookin' for some peace and qui- et

F G C
Hoped to see the sun again

F G C
But now she lives down by the ocean

F G C
She's takin' care to look for sharks

F G C
They hang out in the local bars

F G C
And they feed right after dark

Em7 Am
Can't you feel 'em cir-clin', honey?

Em7 Am
Can't you feel 'em swimmin' around?

F G F G
You got fins to the left, fins to the right,

F G C
and you're the only bait in town.

G Am G Am
Oh, oh, oh ,oh

F G F G
You got fins to the left, fins to the right,

F G C
And you're the only girl in town.

C F G / G F C (2x)

F G C
She's saving up all of her money,

F G C
wants to head it south in May

F G C
Maybe roll in the sand with a rock 'n' roll man

F G C
Somewhere down Montserrat way.

F G C
But the money's good in the season,

F G C
Helps to lighten up her load

F G C
Boys keep her high as the months go by

F G C
She's getting postcards from the road.

(Chorus) (Closin' in, schoolin' around, girl)

C F G / G F C (2x)

F G C
Sailed off to Antigua,

F G C
It took her three days on a boat

F G C
Lookin' for some peace and quiet

F G C
Maybe keep her dreams afloat

F G C
But now she feels like a re-mora

F G C
'Cause the school's still close at hand

F G C
Just behind the reef are the big white teeth

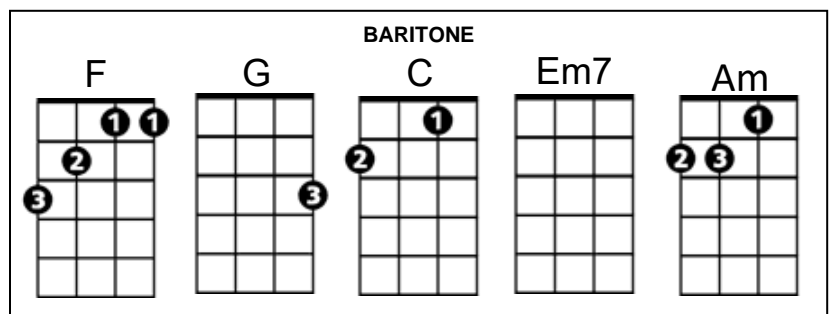
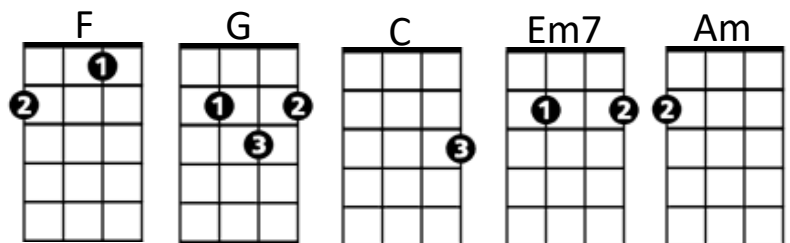
F G C
Of the sharks that can swim on the land.

(Chorus) (Circling, schooling, bait)

F G F G
You got fins to the left, fins to the right,

F G C
And you're the only girl in town

C F G / G F C (2x)



Fish Song (Nitty Gritty Dirt Band) Key C

C **Am** **F**
 Sat here by this stony brook until the grey day turned to dusk
C **F** **G**
 When up swam a fish with a children's book thought that I was lost.
C **Am** **F**
 He was on his way to the salmon hop, that's where they go to breed
C **G** **F** **C**
 Saw me sitting on this log and thought I'd like to read.

Refrain:

F **C** **F** **C**
 The night was cloudy but the moon he found a hole
F **C** **Am** **G** **G7**
 Said that he felt bad for me 'cause I had no place to go

TACET

The moon started talkin' ~
Dm **Am** **F** **C**
 Why aren't you at the harvest ball with some sweet young gal
Am **F** **G** **G7**
 You just sit like a bump on the log and call that fish your pal.

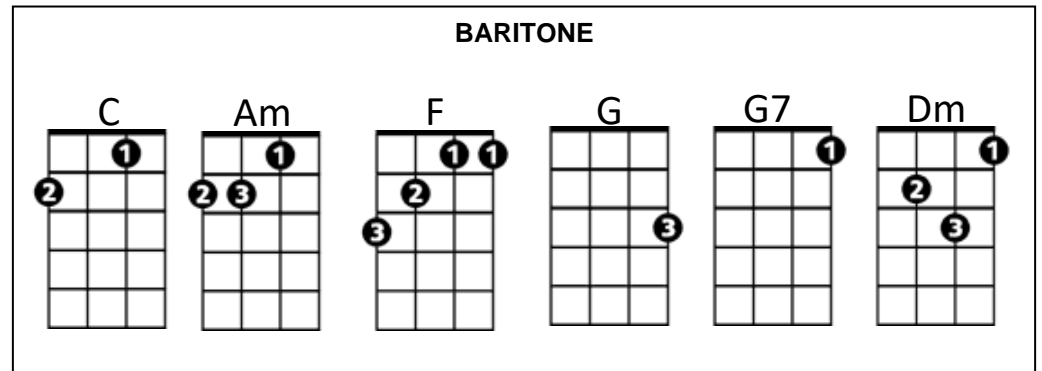
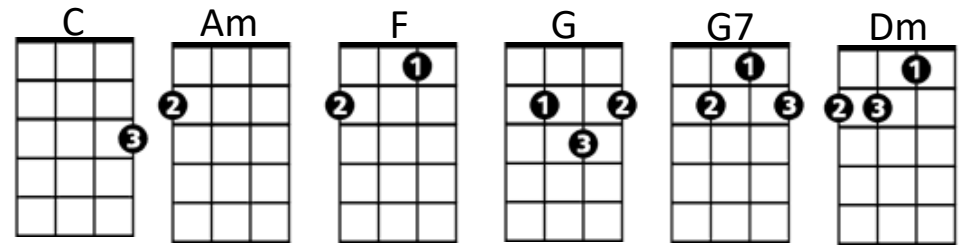
C **Am** **F**
 Well, I told him I was an orphan and lived here all alone
C **G** **F** **C**
 But many people have often tried to catch and take me home
TACET
 They never caught me!

Instrumental Refrain

C **Am** **F**
 Thought that I was a-hiding, call this log my home
C **G**
 But the fish and the moon and a sweet young gal
F **C**
 All want me for their own.

(Refrain)

Dm **Am** **F** **C**
 So I met that gal at the harvest ball, she took me to her room
Am **F** **C**
 While I slept in children's dreams, the fish ran away with the moon.
F **C**
 The fish ran away with the moon
F **C**
 The fish ran away with the moon
F **C**
 Na-na-na-na-hee (repeat to fade)



Fish Song (Nitty Gritty Dirt Band) Key G

G **Em** **C**
 Sat here by this stony brook until the grey day turned to dusk
G **C** **D**
 When up swam a fish with a children's book thought that I was lost.
G **Em** **C**
 He was on his way to the salmon hop, that's where they go to breed
G **D** **C** **G**
 Saw me sitting on this log and thought I'd like to read.

Refrain:

C **G** **C** **G**
 The night was cloudy but the moon he found a hole
C **G** **Em** **D** **D7**
 Said that he felt bad for me 'cause I had no place to go

TACET

The moon started talkin' ~
Am **Em** **C** **G**
 Why aren't you at the harvest ball with some sweet young gal
Em **C** **D** **D7**
 You just sit like a bump on the log and call that fish your pal.

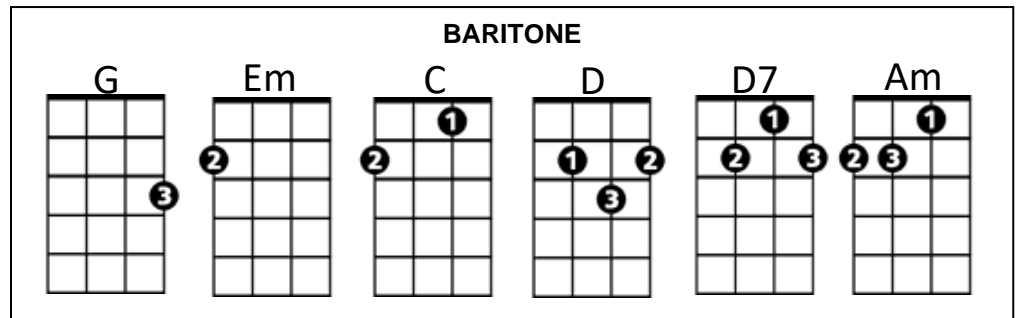
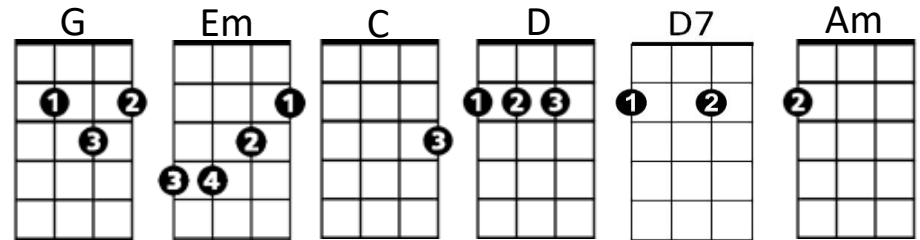
G **Em** **C**
 Well, I told him I was an orphan and lived here all alone
G **D** **C** **G**
 But many people have often tried to catch and take me home
TACET
 They never caught me!

Instrumental Refrain

G **Em** **C**
 Thought that I was a-hiding, call this log my home
G **D**
 But the fish and the moon and a sweet young gal
C **G**
 All want me for their own.

(Refrain)

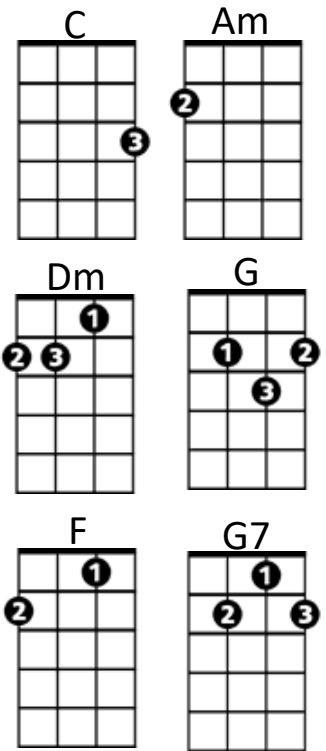
Am **Em** **C** **G**
 So I met that gal at the harvest ball, she took me to her room
Em **C** **G**
 While I slept in children's dreams, the fish ran away with the moon.
C **G**
 The fish ran away with the moon
C **G**
 The fish ran away with the moon
C **G**
 Na-na-na-na-hee (repeat to fade)



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:

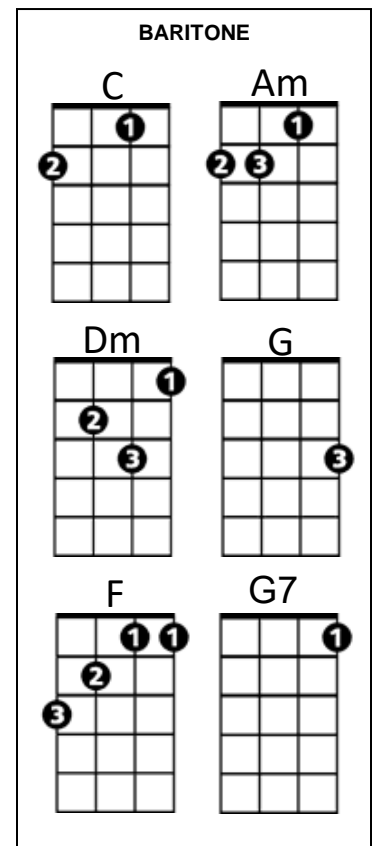
Am
 Counting flowers on the wall. That don't bother me at all
 Playing solitaire till dawn with a deck of fifty one
F
 Smoking cigarettes and watching Captain Kangaroo.
G **G7** **G**
 Now don't tell me I have nothing to do.

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)



Friends In Low Places

Garth Brooks

Blame... it... all on my roots. I showed up in boots, and ruined your black tie affair.
The last one to know. The last one to show. The last one you thought you'd see there.
And I saw the surprise, and the fear in his eyes, when I took his glass of champagne.
I toasted you, said honey we may be through, but you'll never hear me complain.

'Cause I got friends in low places, where the whiskey drowns and the beer chases
My blues away... And I'll be okay
I'm not big on social graces. Think I'll slip on down to the Oasis
'Cause I've got friends... in low places

C C C C Dm G C C

Well I guess I was wrong. I just don't belong. But then, I've been there before.
Everything is alright. I'll just say goodnight, and I'll show myself to the door.
Hey I didn't mean... to cause a big scene... just give me an hour and then,
I'll be as high as that ivory tower... that you're livin' in.

'Cause I got friends in low places, where the whiskey drowns and the beer chases
My blues away... And I'll be okay
I'm not big on social graces. Think I'll slip on down to the Oasis
'Cause I've got friends... in low places

'Cause I got friends in low places, where the whiskey drowns and the beer chases
My blues away... And I'll be okay
I'm not big on social graces. Think I'll slip on down to the Oasis
'Cause I've got friends... in low places
'Cause I've got friends... in low places *whoop and holler!!!*

C 0003
Cmaj7 0002
Dm 2210
G 0232
G7 0212
A 2100
D 2220
Em 0432
A7 0100

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

Honey You Don't Know My Mind (J. Skinner)

Intro: G7 **C**
Baby you don't know my mind today

C **F**
Honey you don't know my mind I'm lonesome all the time

G7 **C**
Now you're born to lose a drifter and that's me

F
You can travel for so long till a rambler's heart goes wrong

G7 **c**
Baby you don't know my mind today

C **F**
I've been a hobo and a tramp my soul has done been stamped

G7 **C**
Thank God though I've learned the hard hard way

F
When I find I can't win I'll be checking out again

G7 **C**
Baby you don't know my mind today

C **F**
Heard the music of the rail slept in every old dirty jail

G7 **C**
And life's too short for you to worry me

F
You say I'm sweet and kind I can love a thousand times

G7 **C**
Baby you don't know my mind today

C **F**
Honey you don't know my mind I was born the restless kind

G7 **C**
You made it rough let's keep it that way

F
You're gonna find you were wrong when your loving daddy's gone

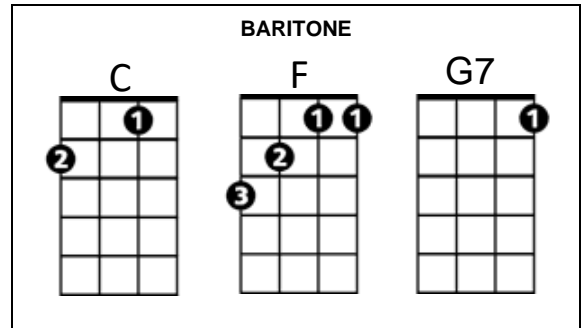
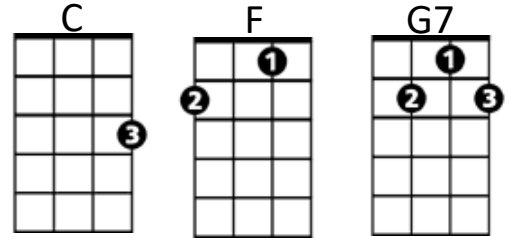
G7 **C**
Baby you don't know my mind today

C **F**
Honey you don't know my mind I'm lonesome all the time

G7 **C**
I've travelled fast on this tough road you see

F
I'm not here to judge or please but to give my poor heart ease

G7 **C**
Baby you don't know my mind today

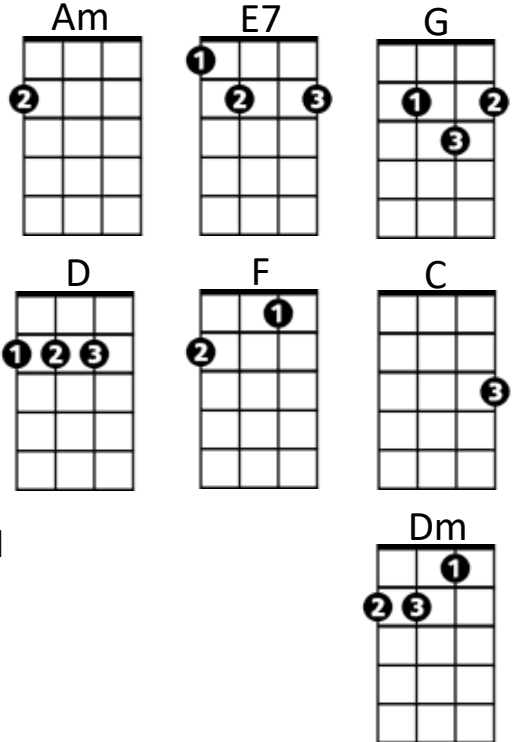


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Hotel California

Intro: Melody for verse 2x

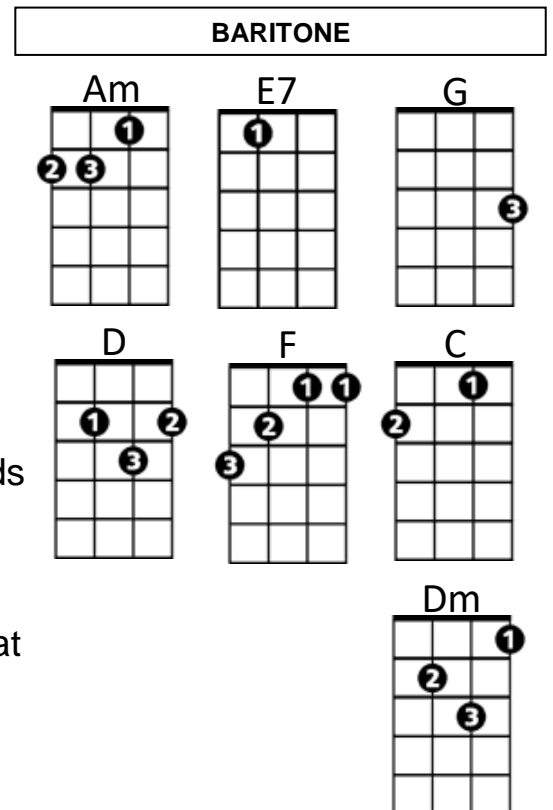
Am **E7**
 On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair
G **D**
 Warm smell of colitas rising up through the air
F **C**
 Up ahead in the distance, I saw a shimmering light
Dm
 My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim,
E7
 I had to stop for the night



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

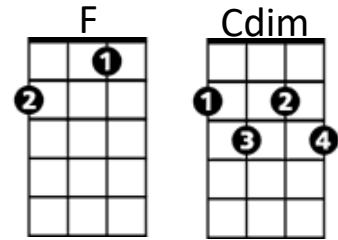
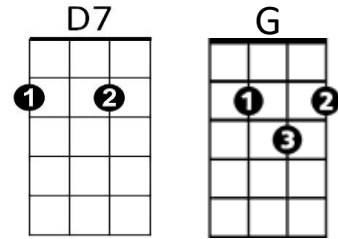
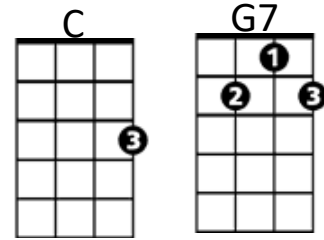
Am **E7**
Last thing I remember, I was running for the door
G **D**
I had to find the passage back to the place I was before
F **C**
"Relax" said the night man; we are programmed to receive
Dm **E7**
You can check out any time you like - but you can never leave...

Instrumental verse 2x

I Like Bananas Because They Have No Bones

Lyrics Lorraine Milne, music Chris Yacich / Recorded by George Elrick 1936

C **G7** **C**
 Standing by the fruit stall on the corner (on the corner)
C **G7** **C**
 Once I heard a customer complain (he complained)
D7 **G** **D7** **G**
 You never seem to show (uh-uh) ..the fruit we all love so (oh, no)
D7 **G** **G7**
 That's why business hasn't been the same (been the same)



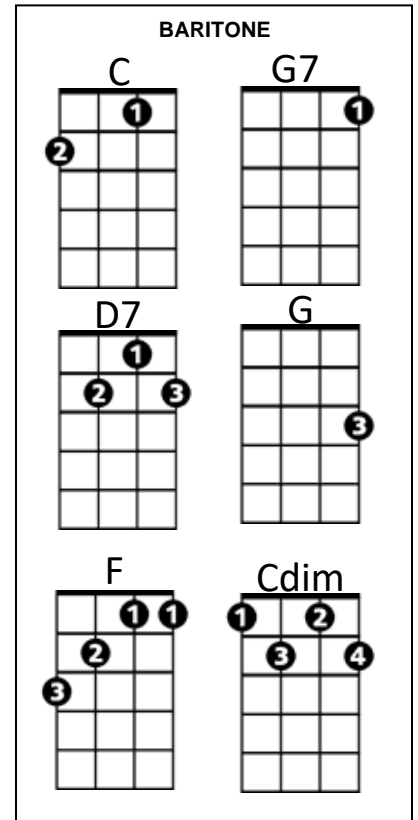
C **D7**
 I don't like your peaches They are full of stones
G7 **C**
 I like bananas because they have no bones
C **D7**
 Cherries are full of pits, I leave them alone
G7 **C**
 I like bananas because they have no bones

Bridge: **F** **Cdim** **C**
 No matter where I go with Susie, May, or Anna
D7 **G** **G7**
 I want the world to know, I must have my banana

C **D7**
 We can't play the trumpet, don't blow saxophones
G7 **C**
 We strum ukuleles for their mellow tones

Kazoo:
C **D7**
 Do-do-do- do- do- do Do-do-do do-do
G7 **C**
 Do-do-do- do- do Do-do-do do-do **repeat Bridge**

C **D7**
 Grapes with all those little seeds make my tummy groan
G7 **C**
 I like bananas because they have no bones
C **D7**
 Cabbages and onions hurt my singing tones
G7 **C**
 I like bananas because they have no bones
G7 **F** **G7** **C** **////** **G7** **C**
 I like bananas because they—have—no—bones



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l-QkMaCS7CU&t=58s>



I Like Bananas Because They Have No Bones (A)

Lyrics: Lorraine Milne; Music: Chris Yacich

I Like Bananas Because They have No Bones by George Elrick (1936) – Version 2

A **E7** **A**
 Standing by the fruit stall on the corner (on the corner)

A **E7** **A**
 Once I heard a customer com-plain (he complained)

B7 **E7** **B7** **E7**
 You never seem to show (uh-uh), the fruit we all love so (oh, no)

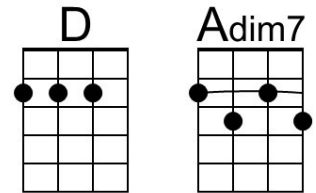
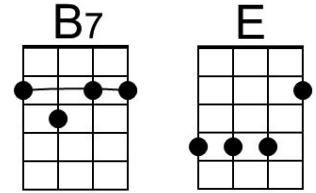
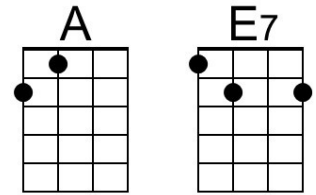
B7 **E** **E7**
 That's why business hasn't been the same (been the same)

A **B7**
 I don't like your peaches. They are full of stones.

E7 **A**
 I like bananas because they have no bones.

A **B7**
 Cherries are full of pits, I leave them alone.

E7 **A**
 I like bananas because they have no bones.



Bridge

D **Adim7** **A**
 No matter where I go with Susie, May, or Anna.

B7 **E** **E7**
 I want the world to know, I must have my ba-nana.

A **B7**
 We can't play the trumpet, don't blow saxophones.

E7 **A**
 We strum ukuleles for their mellow tones.

Kazoo verse

A **B7**
 Do-do-do- do- do- do. Do-do-do do-do.

E7 **A** **Repeat Bridge**
 Do-do-do- do- do. Do-do-do do-do.

A **B7**
 Grapes with all those little seeds make my tummy groan.

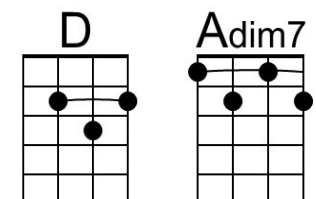
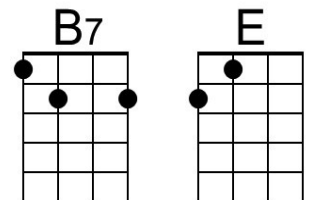
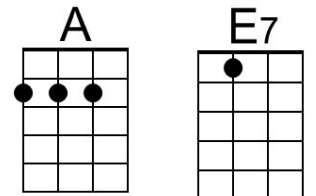
E7 **A**
 I like bananas because they have no bones.

A **B7**
 Cabbages and onions hurt my singing tones.

E7 **A**
 I like bananas because they have no bones.

E7 **D** **E7** **A**//// **E7** **A**
 I like bananas because they—have—no—bones!!

Bari

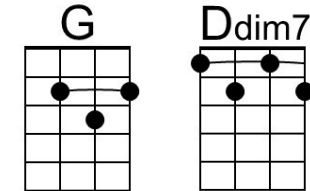
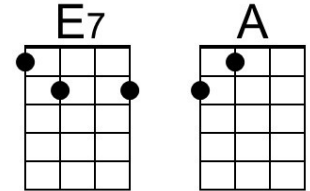
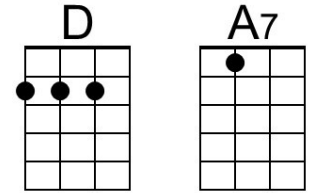


I Like Bananas Because They Have No Bones (D)

Lyrics: Lorraine Milne; Music: Chris Yacich

I Like Bananas Because They have No Bones by George Elrick (1936) – Version 2

D **A7** **D**
 Standing by the fruit stall on the corner (on the corner)
D **A7** **D**
 Once I heard a customer com-plain (he complained)
E7 **A7** **E7** **A7**
 You never seem to show (uh-uh), the fruit we all love so (oh, no)
E7 **A** **A7**
 That's why business hasn't been the same (been the same)
D **E7**
 I don't like your peaches. They are full of stones.
A7 **D**
 I like bananas because they have no bones.
D **E7**
 Cherries are full of pits, I leave them alone.
A7 **D**
 I like bananas because they have no bones.



Bridge

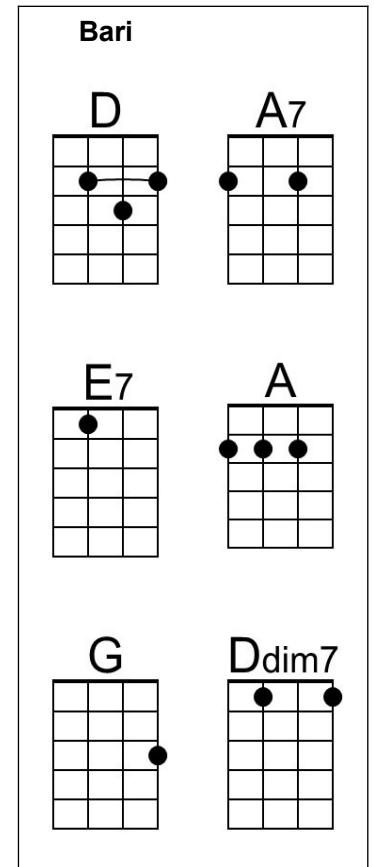
G **Ddim7** **D**
 No matter where I go with Susie, May, or Anna.
E7 **A** **A7**
 I want the world to know, I must have my ba-nana.

D **E7**
 We can't play the trumpet, don't blow saxophones.
A7 **D**
 We strum ukuleles for their mellow tones.

Kazoo verse

D **E7**
 Do-do-do- do- do- do. Do-do-do do-do.
A7 **D**
 Do-do-do- do- do. Do-do-do do-do. **Repeat Bridge**

D **E7**
 Grapes with all those little seeds make my tummy groan.
A7 **D**
 I like bananas because they have no bones.
D **E7**
 Cabbages and onions hurt my singing tones.
A7 **D**
 I like bananas because they have no bones.
A7 **G** **A7** **D** **////** **A7** **D**
 I like bananas because they—have—no—bones!!



I Wanna Be Sedated

(John Johnny Ramone Cummings / Douglas Dee Dee Ramone Colvin / Jeffrey Joey Ramone Hyman)

Intro: C x2

C
Twenty, twenty, twenty four hours to go,
F C
I wanna be sedated
C F C
Nothin' to do, no where to go, oh, I wanna be sedated

G C
Just get me to the airport, put me on a plane
G C
Hurry, hurry, hurry, before I go insane
G C
I can't control my fingers, I can't control my brain
F G C
Oh no, oh, oh, oh, oh

C
Twenty, twenty, twenty four hours to go,
F C
I wanna be sedated
C F C
Nothin' to do, no where to go, oh, I wanna be sedated

G C
Just put me in a wheelchair, get me on a plane
G C
Hurry, hurry, hurry, before I go insane
G C
I can't control my fingers, I can't control my brain
F G
Oh no, oh, oh, oh, oh

C F G C x2 C

D
Twenty, twenty, twenty four hours to go,
G D
I wanna be sedated
D G D
Nothin' to do, no where to go, oh, I wanna be sedated

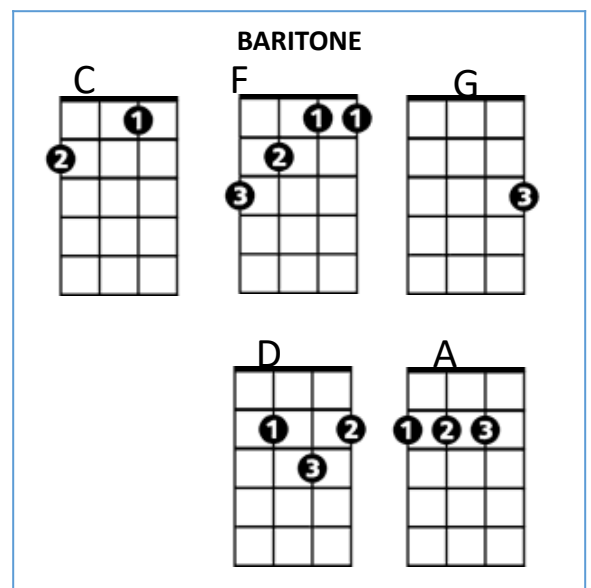
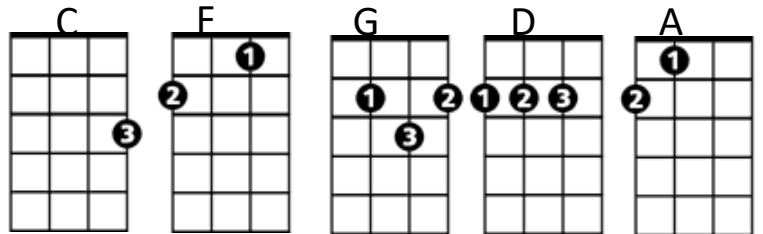
A D
Just put me in a wheelchair, get me to the show
A D
Hurry, hurry, hurry, before I go loco
A D
I can't control my fingers, I can't control my toes
G A D
Oh no, oh, oh, oh, oh

D
Twenty, twenty, twenty four hours to go,
G D
I wanna be sedated
D G D
Nothin' to do, no where to go, oh, I wanna be sedated

A D
Just put me in a wheelchair, get me to the show
A D
Hurry, hurry, hurry, before I go loco
A D
I can't control my fingers, I can't control my toes
G A
Oh no, oh, oh, oh, oh

Ending (4x)

D G
Bamp bamp, ba bamp, ba bamp bamp, ba bamp,
A D
I wanna be sedated



I Wanna Be Sedated (Ramones)

Intro: F x2

F
Twenty, twenty, twenty four hours to go,
Bb **F**
I wanna be sedated
F **Bb** **F**
Nothin' to do, no where to go, oh, I wanna be sedated

C **F**
Just get me to the airport, put me on a plane
C **F**
Hurry, hurry, hurry, before I go insane
C **F**
I can't control my fingers, I can't control my brain
Bb **C** **F**
Oh no, oh, oh, oh, oh

F
Twenty, twenty, twenty four hours to go,
Bb **F**
I wanna be sedated
F **Bb** **F**
Nothin' to do, no where to go, oh, I wanna be sedated

C **F**
Just put me in a wheelchair, get me on a plane
C **F**
Hurry, hurry, hurry, before I go insane
C **F**
I can't control my fingers, I can't control my brain
Bb **C**
Oh no, oh, oh, oh, oh

F Bb C F x2 F

G
Twenty, twenty, twenty four hours to go,
C **G**
I wanna be sedated
G **C** **G**
Nothin' to do, no where to go, oh, I wanna be sedated

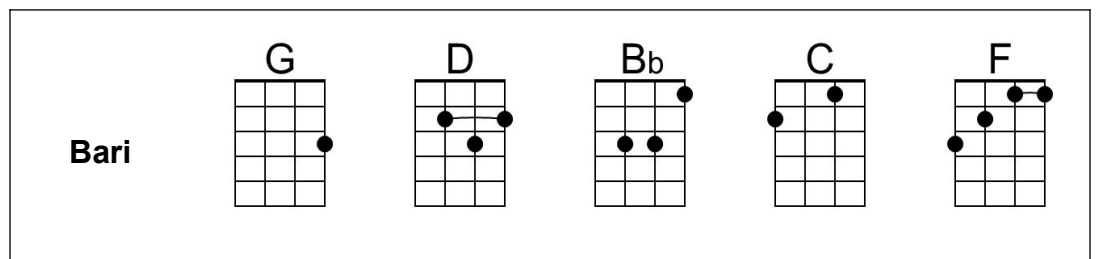
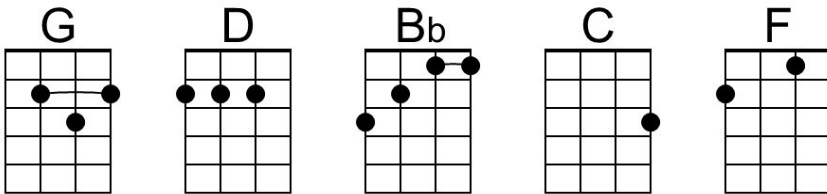
D **G**
Just put me in a wheelchair, get me to the show
D **G**
Hurry, hurry, hurry, before I go loco
D **G**
I can't control my fingers, I can't control my toes
C **D** **G**
Oh no, oh, oh, oh, oh

G
Twenty, twenty, twenty four hours to go,
C **G**
I wanna be sedated
G **C** **G**
Nothin' to do, no where to go, oh, I wanna be sedated

D **G**
Just put me in a wheelchair, get me to the show
D **G**
Hurry, hurry, hurry, before I go loco
D **G**
I can't control my fingers, I can't control my toes
C **D**
Oh no, oh, oh, oh, oh

Ending (4x)

G **C**
Bamp bamp, ba bamp, ba bamp bamp, ba bamp,
D **G**
I wanna be sedated

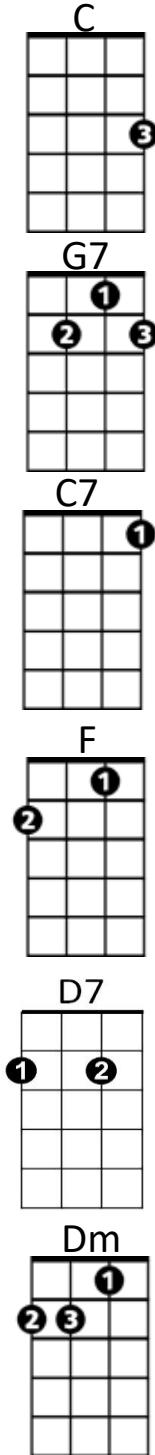


I'm My Own Grandpa (Dwight B Latham / Moe Jaffe)

C
Now many many years ago
G7
When I was twenty three
I was married to a widow
C
Who was pretty as could be
C7
This widow had a grown-up daughter
F
Who had hair of red
D7
My father fell in love with her
G7
And soon the two were wed

C
This made my dad my son-in-law
G7
And really changed my life
My daughter was my mother
C
Cause she was my father's wife
C7
To complicate the matter
F
Even though it brought me joy
D7
I soon became the father
G7
Of a bouncing baby boy

C
My little baby then became
G7
A brother-in-law to dad
And so became my uncle
C
Though it made me very sad
C7
For if he was my uncle
F
That also made him the brother
D7
Of the widow's grown-up daughter
G7
Who of course was my step-mother

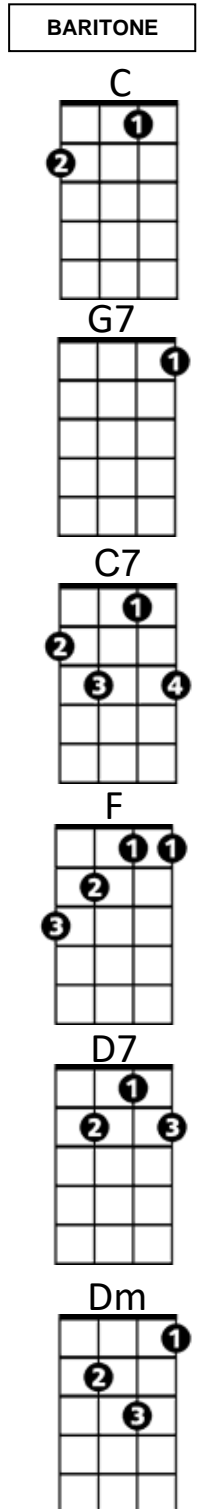


C
My father's wife then had a son
G7
That kept them on the run
And he became my grandchild
C
For he was my daughter's son
C7
My wife is now my mother's mother
F
And it makes me blue
D7
Because she is my wife
G7
She's my grandmother too

C
Now if my wife is my grandmother
G7
Then I am her grandchild
And every time I think of it
C
It nearly drives me wild
C7
For now I have become
F
The strangest case you ever saw
D7
As the husband of my grandmother
G7
I am my own grandpa

Chorus: (2x)

C G7 C C7
I'm my own grandpa
F Dm
I'm my own grandpa
C
It sounds funny I know
F Dm
But it really is so
C G7 C
I'm my own grandpa



Istanbul (Not Constantinople) Kennedy/Simon, They Might Be Giants

Am E7 Am/ Am/

Am Dm Am Dm
Istanbul was Constantinople, now it's Istanbul, not Constantinople
E7 Am Dm
Been a long time gone, Constantinople, it's a Turkish delight on a moonlit night
Am Dm Am Dm
Every gal in Constantinople lives in Istanbul, not Constantinople
E7 Am E7 Am/
So if you've gotta date in Constantinople, she'll be waiting in Istanbul

Am
Even old New York was once New Amsterdam
E7 Am E7
Why they changed it I can't say, people just liked it better that waaay
Am Am
So take me back to Constantinople, no you can't go back to Constantinople
E7 Am E7/ E7/
Been a long time gone, Constantinople, why did Constantinople get the works?
E7 Am Am
That's nobody's business but the Turks

Am Am
Do do do do dodo do dododo, Do do do do dodo do dododo
E7 Am///
Do do do do dodo do Itstanbulll,(Itstanbulll)
Am Am
Do do do do dodo do dododo, Do do do do dodo do dododo
E7 Am///
Do do do do dodo do Itstanbulll,(Itstanbulll)

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

Am
Even old New York was once New Amsterdam
E7 Am E7
Why they changed it I can't say, people just liked it better that waaay
Am Am
Istanbul was Constantinople, now it's Istanbul, not Constantinople
E7 Am E7/ E7/
Been a long time gone, Constantinople, why did Constantinople get the works?
E7 Am Am
That's nobody's business but the Turks Sooooo!

Am Dm Am Dm
Take me back to Constantinople, no you can't go back to Constantinople
E7 Am E7/ E7/
Been a long time gone, Constantinople, why did Constantinople get the works?
E7 Am Am/// Am~~~
That's no-body's business but the Turks Is-Tan-Bullllllll

Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie (Brian Hyland)

Intro:

C **F** **G7**
Bop bop bop bop babobpop bop bop bop

C **Dm** **G7**
She was afraid to come out of the locker

Dm **G7** **C**
She was as nervous as she could be

C **C7** **F**
She was afraid to come out of the locker

C **Dm** **G7** **C**
She was afraid that somebo - dy would see

Chorus:

Tacet

Two, three, four, tell the people what she wore!

G7 **C**
It was an itsy bitsy teenie weenie yellow polka-dot bikini

G7 **C**
That she wore for the first time today.

G7 **C**
An itsy bitsy teenie weenie yellow polka-dot bikini

G7 **C**
So in the locker she wanted to stay.

Tacet

Two, three, four, stick around we'll tell you more!

(Intro)

C **Dm** **G7**
She was afraid to come out in the open

Dm **G7** **C**
And so a blanket around her she wore.

C **C7** **F**
She was afraid to come out in the open.

C **Dm** **G7** **C**
And so she sat bundled up on the shore.

(Chorus)

G7 **C**
So in the blanket she wanted to stay.

Tacet

Two, three, four, stick around we'll tell you more!

(Intro)

C **Dm** **G7**
Now she is afraid to come out of the water.

Dm **G7** **C**
And I wonder what she's gonna do.

C **C7** **F**
'Cause she's afraid to come out of the water.

C **Dm** **G7** **C**
And now the poor little girl's turning blue.

(Chorus)

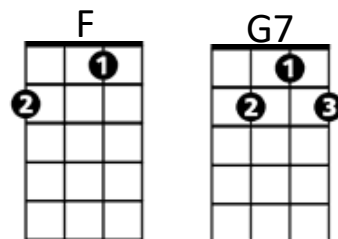
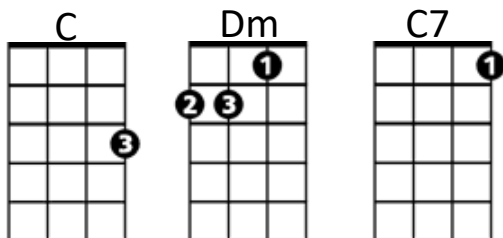
G7 **C**
So in the water she wanted to stay.

G7
From the locker to the blanket,

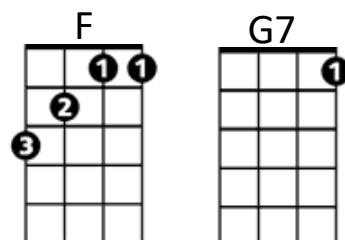
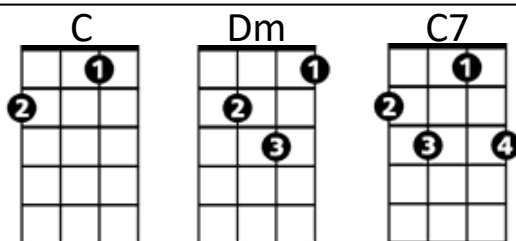
C
From the blanket to the shore,

G7
From the shore to the water

C
Guess there isn't any more. – cha cha cha!



BARITONE



Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie (Brian Hyland)

Intro:

G **C** **D7**
Bop bop bop bop ba-bop-bop bop bop bop

G **Am** **D7**
She was afraid to come out of the locker

Am **D7** **G**
She was as nervous as she could be

G **G7** **C**
She was afraid to come out of the locker

G **Am** **D7** **G**
She was afraid that somebo - dy would see

G **Am** **D7**
She was afraid to come out in the open

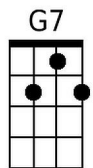
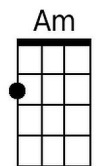
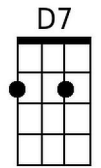
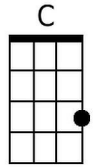
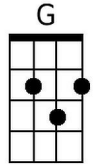
Am **D7** **G**
And so a blanket around her she wore.

G **G7** **C**
She was afraid to come out in the open.

G **Am** **D7** **G**
And so she sat bundled up on the shore.

Chorus.

D7 **G**
So in the blanket she wanted to stay.



Chorus:

Tacet

Two, three, four, tell the people what she wore!

D7
It was an itsy bitsy teenie weenie

G
Yellow polka-dot bikini

D7 **G**
That she wore for the first time today.

D7
An itsy bitsy teenie weenie

G
Yellow polka-dot bikini

D7 **G**
So in the locker she wanted to stay.

Tacet

Two, three, four, stick around we'll tell you more!

Intro

G **Am** **D7**
Now she is afraid to come out of the water.

Am **D7** **G**
And I wonder what she's gonna do.

G **G7** **C**
'Cause she's afraid to come out of the water.

G **Am** **D7** **G**
And now the poor little girl's turning blue.

Chorus

D7 **G**
So in the water she wanted to stay.

D7
From the locker to the blanket,

G
From the blanket to the shore,

D7
From the shore to the water

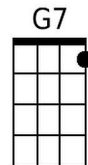
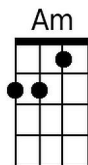
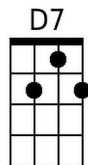
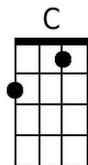
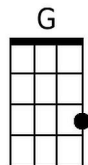
G
Guess there isn't any more. - cha cha cha!

Tacet

Two, three, four, stick around we'll tell you more!

Intro

Bari



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I've Got A Tiger By The Tail

Buck Owens

I've...got ...a... tiger by the tail it's plain to see
A7 D A7
I won't be much when you get through with me
D G
Well I'm a losing weight and a turning mighty pale
A7 D
Looks like I've got a tiger by the tail.

Well I thought the day I met you, you were meek as a lamb
A7 D A7
Just the kind to fit my dreams and plans
D G
Now the pace we're livin' takes the wind from my sails,
A7 D /
And it looks like I've got a tiger by the tail

I've...got ...a... tiger by the tail it's plain to see
A7 D A7
I won't be much when you get through with me
D G
Well I'm a losing weight and a turning mighty pale
A7 D
Looks like I've got a tiger by the tail.

D G A7 D-A7 D G A7 D

Well every night you drag me where the bright lights're found
A7 D A7
There ain't no way to slow you down
D G
I'm as 'bout as helpless as a leaf in a gale,
A7 D /
and it looks like I've got a tiger by the tail

I've...got ...a... tiger by the tail it's plain to see
A7 D A7
I won't be much when you get through with me
D G
Well I'm a losing weight and a turning mighty pale
A7 D
Looks like I've got a tiger by the tail.
A7 D A7 D
Looks like I've got a tiger by the tail.

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

I've Got A Tiger By The Tail

Buck Owens

Guitar Solo:

A-----
E-----0--233 233 233--3--455 455 455 2 0-----
C 122 122 122--2-----2-----2 2 2 20-----0
G-----2 2 2-

A-----
E-----0--233 233 233--3--455 455 455 2 0-----
C 122 122 122--2-----2-----2 2 2 -0-2-----
G-----

Ukulele Band of Alabama
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Jug Band Music (John Sebastian)

C
I was down in Savannah, eatin' cream and bananas
G7
When the heat just made me faint

I began to get cross-eyed, I thought I was lost, I'd
C
Begun to see things as they ain't

As the relatives gathered to see what's the matter
D7
The doctor came to see was I dyin'

C
But the doctor said, "Give him jug band music
G7 **C**
It seems to make him feel just fine"

G7
I was told a little tale about a skinny-as-a-rail
C
Eight-foot cowboy with a headache
G7
He was hung up in the desert swattin' rats and tryin'
to get a drink of water

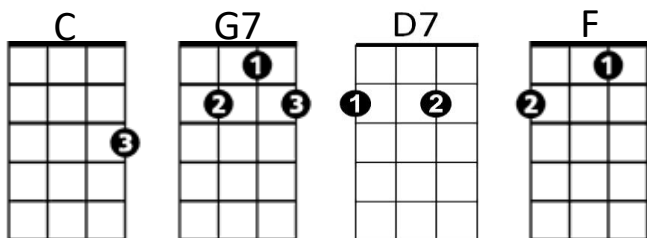
C
With his knees a-gettin' mud-caked

And I'll tell you in a sentence how he stumbled into
Memphis, Tennessee

F
Hardly crawlin', lookin' dust-baked

We gave him a little water, a little bit of wine
C
He opened up his eyes, but they didn't seem to shine

Then the doctor said, "Give him jug band music
G7 **C**
It seems to make him feel just fine"



C
So if you ever get sickly, get Sis to run quickly
G7
To the dusty closet shelf

And pull out a washboard, and play a guitar chord
C
And do a little do-it-yourself

And call on your neighbors to put down their labors
D7
And come and play the hardware in time

C
'Cause the doctor said, "Give him jug band music
G7 **C**
It seems to make him feel just fine"

G7
I was floatin' in the ocean greased with suntan lotion
C
When I got wiped out by a beach boy
G7

He was surfen' when he hit me but jumped off his
board to get me

C
And he dragged me by the armpit like a child's toy

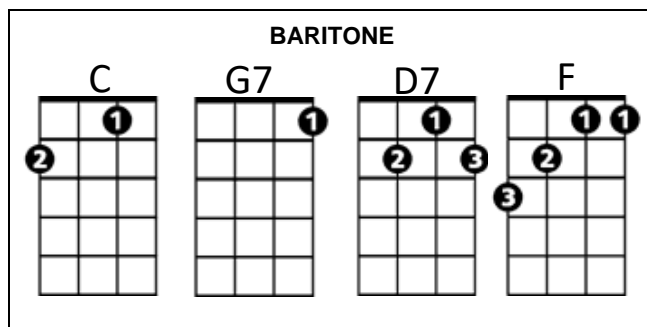
As we staggered into land with all the waiters eatin'
sandwiches

F
He tried to mooch a towel from the hoi polloi

He emptied out his eardrums, I emptied out mine
C
And everybody knows that the very last line

Is "the doctor said, 'Give him jug band music
G7 **C**
It seems to make him feel just fine"

C
And the doctor said "give him jug band music
G7 **C**
It seems to make him feel just fine"



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Jump In The Line Harry Belafonte, 1961

F C-C7 F C-C7 F C-C7 F F

F C
Shake, shake, shake, Senora, shake your body line

C7 F
Shake, shake, shake, Senora, shake it all the time

C
Work, work, work, Senora, work your body line

C7 F
Work, work, work, Senora, work it all the time

F Bb
My girl's name is Senora

F C
I tell you friends, I adore her

F Bb
And when she dances, oh brother!

F C
She's a hurricane in all kinds of weather

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F C F C
Jump in de line, rock your body in time - OK, I believe you!

F C F C
Jump in de line, rock your body in time - Rock your body, child!

F C F C
Jump in de line, rock your body in time - Somebody help me!

F C F C
Jump in de line, rock your body in time - Whoa!

CHORUS 1

F Bb
You can talk about Cha Cha

F C
Tango, Waltz, or de Rumba

F Bb
Senora's dance has no title

F C
You jump in the saddle hold to de bridle!

CHORUS 2

CHORUS 1

F Bb
Senora, she's a sensation
F C
The reason for aviation
F Bb
And fellas, you got to watch it
F C
When she wind up, she bottom, she go like a rocket!

CHORUS 2

F F C
Shake, shake, shake, Senora, 1 2 3 4 5 shake your body line
C7 F
Shake, shake, shake, Senora, 1 2 3 4 5 shake it all the time
F C
Work, work, work, Senora, 1 2 3 4 5 work your body line
C7 F
Work, work, work, Senora, 1 2 3 4 5 work it all the time

F Bb
Senora dances Calypso
F C
Left to right is de tempo
F Bb
And when she gets the sensation
F C
She go up in the air, come down in slow motion

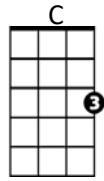
CHORUS 2

F C
Shake, shake, shake, Senora, shake your body line
C7 F
Shake, shake, shake, Senora, shake it all the time

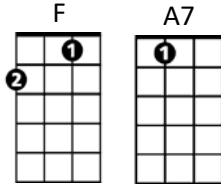
Work, work, work, Senora!!

Junk Food Junkie (Larry Groce)

C
You know I love that organic cooking,
F C
I always ask for more.

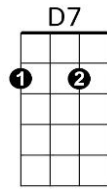


A7
And they call me Mr. Natural,
D7 G
On down to the health food store.



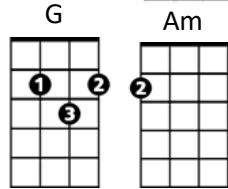
C
I only eat good sea salt,
F C
White sugar don't touch my lips.

A7
And my friends are always begging me to take them
D G C Am
On macrobiotic trips, Yes, they are.



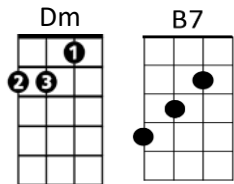
Am
Oh, but at night I take out my strongbox,
Dm Am
That I keep under lock and key.

And I take it off to my closet,
B7 E7
Where nobody else can see.



Am
I open that door so slowly,

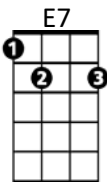
Dm Am
Take a peek up north and south.



C A7
Then I pull out a Hostess Twinkie,
D7 G C
And I pop it in my mouth.

CHORUS:

F C
Yeah, in the daytime I'm Mr. Natural,
G C
Just as healthy as I can be.
Am
But at night I'm a junk food junkie,
E7 Am
Good Lord have pity on me.



C
Well, at lunchtime you can always find me,
F C
At the Whole Earth Vitamin Bar.

A7
Just sucking on my plain white yogurt,
D7 G
From my hand thrown pottery jar.

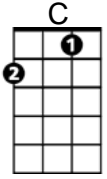
C
And sippin' a little hand pressed cider,
F C
With a carrot stick for dessert.

A7
And wiping my face in a natural way,
D7 G C Am
On the sleeve of my peasant shirt. Oh yeah!
Am
Ah, but when that clock strikes midnight
Dm Am
And I'm all by myself.

B7 E7
I work that combination, on my secret hideaway shelf.
Am
And I pull out some Fritos corn chips,

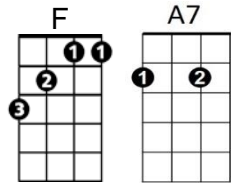
BARITONE

Dm Am
Dr. Pepper and an ol' Moon Pie.
C A7
Then I sit back in glorious expectation,
D7 G C
Of a genuine junk food high.

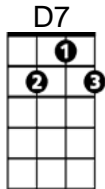


(CHORUS)

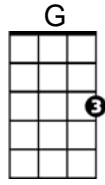
C
My friends down at the commune,
F C
They think I'm pretty neat.



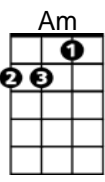
A7
Oh, I don't know nothing about arts and crafts,
D7 G
But I give 'em all something to eat.



C
I'm a friend to old Euell Gibbons,
F C
And I only eat homegrown spice.

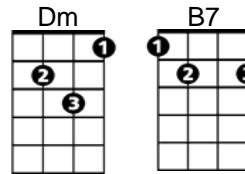


A7
I got a John Keats autographed Grecian urn,
D7 G C Am
Filled up with my brown rice. Yes, I do.



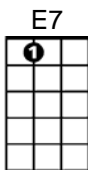
Am
Oh, but folks, lately I have been spotted,
Dm Am
With a Big Mac on my breath.

Stumbling into a Colonel Sanders,
B7 E7
With a face as white as death.



Am
I'm afraid someday they'll find me,
Dm Am
Just stretched out on my bed.

C A7
With a handful of Pringles Potato Chips,
D7 G C
And a Ding Dong by my head.



(CHORUS) (Last line slowly)

Keep Your Hands to Yourself (Daniel John Baird)

C
I got little change in my pocket goin' jing-a-ling-a-ling **C7**
Gonna call you on the telephone baby and give you a ring

F
But each time I try, I get the same old thing - always

C
No huggy, no kissy, till I get a wedding ring

G **F**
Now honey, now baby, don't put my love upon no shelf

TACET
She said, don't hand me no lines and keep your hands to yourself

C C7 F / C G F C / G

C
Now baby baby baby why you treat me this way **C7**

Now I'm still your lover boy I still feel the same way

F
That's when she told me the story 'bout free milk and a cow **C**

And said, no huggy, no kissy, till I get a wedding vow

G **F**
Now honey, now baby, don't put my love upon no shelf

TACET
She said, don't hand me no lines and keep your hands to yourself

C C7 F / C G F C / G

C
Ya see I wanted her real bad and I was about to give in

That's when she started talkin' about true love, started talkin' about sin **C7**

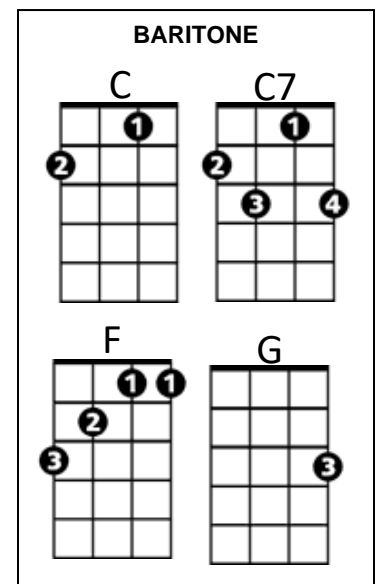
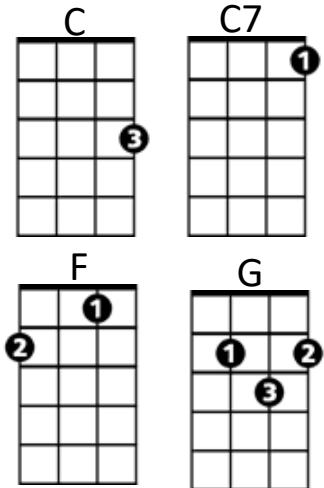
F
I said honey, I'll live with ya for the rest of my life

C
She said, no huggy, no kissy, till you make me your wife

G **F**
Now honey, now baby, don't put my love upon no shelf,

TACET
She said, don't hand me no lines and keep your hands to yourself

C C7 F / C G F C



Laurie (Strange Things Happen in this World) (Milton Addington)

C Am F G

Last night at the dance I met Laurie,

C Em F G

So lovely and warm, an angel of a girl.

C C7 F Fm

Last night I fell in love with Laurie -

C Am Dm F G

Strange things happen in this world.

C Am F G

As I walked her home, she said it was her birthday.

C Em F G

I pulled her close and said, "Will I see you anymore?"

C C7 F Fm

Then suddenly she asked for my sweater

C Am Dm G C C7

And said that she was very, very cold.

F C C7

I kissed her good night at her door and started home,

F C C7

Then thought about my sweater and went right back instead.

F C Am

I knocked at her door and a man appeared.

D7 F G

I told why I'd come, then he said:

C Am F G

"You're wrong, son, you weren't with my daughter.

C Em F G

How can you be so cruel to come to me this way?

C C7 F Fm

My Laurie left this world on her birthday -

C Am Dm Em A7

She died a year ago today."

D Bm G A

A strange force drew me to the graveyard.

D F#m G A

I stood in the dark, I saw the shadows wave,

D D7 G Gm

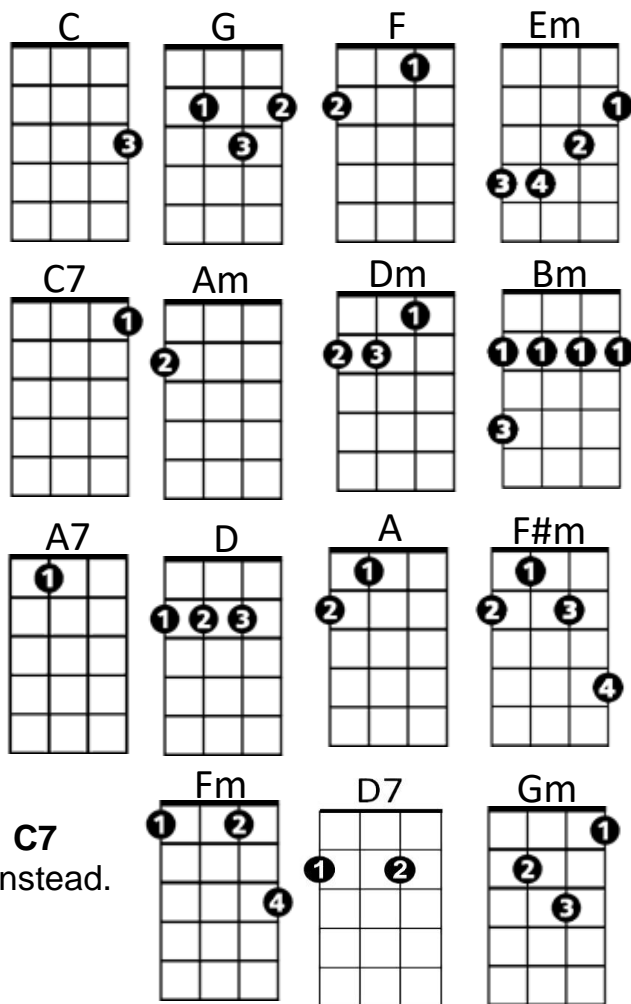
And then I looked and saw my sweater

D G D D7

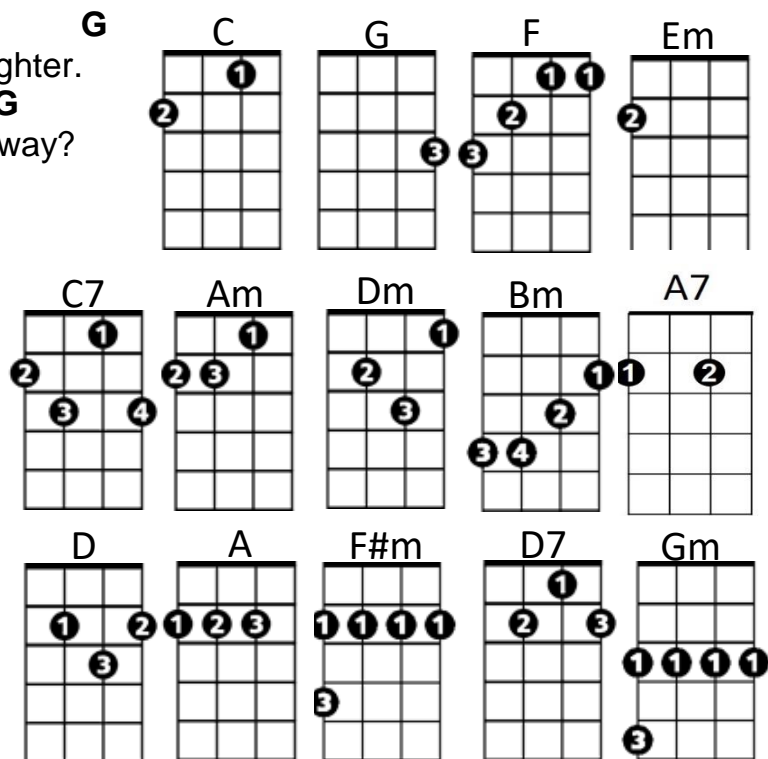
Lyin' there upon her grave.

G A G D

Strange things happen in this - world.



BARITONE



Little Red Riding Hood (J.P. Richardson)

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!

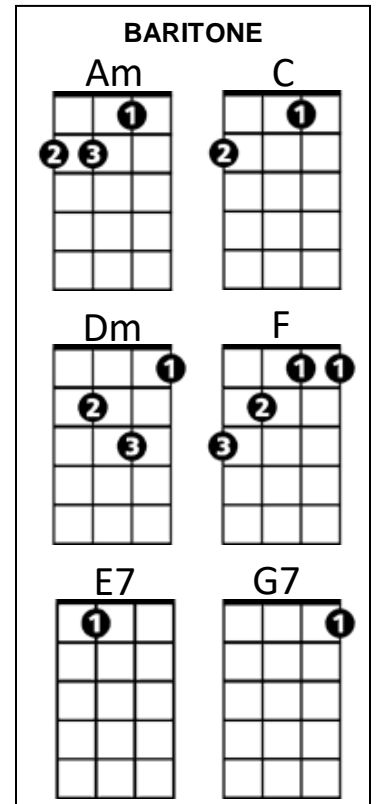
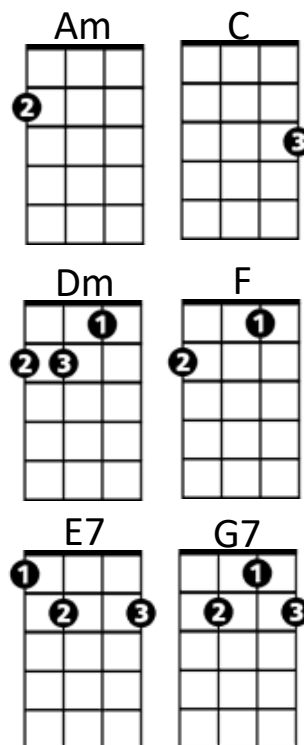
Am **C**
Little Red Riding Hood,
Dm
I'd like to hold you if I could
F **E7** **Am**
But you might think I'm a big bad wolf, so I won't
E7
Owwwww!

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



Lola (Ray Davies)

Intro: Ab Bb C

C
I met her in a club down in old Soho
F Bb
Where you drink champagne and it tastes just like

C F Fsus4 F
coca cola - C-O-L-A, c ola

C
She walked up to me and she asked me to dance

F Bb
I asked her her name and in a dark brown voice

C
She said "Lola"
F Bb Ab Bb C

L-O-L-A, Lola, Lo lo lo lo lola

C
Well I'm not the world's most physical guy

F
but when she squeezed me tight

Bb C
she nearly broke my spine, oh my Lola

F Fsus4 F
Lo lo lo lo Lola

C
Well I'm not dumb but I can't understand
F Bb
why she walked like a woman and talked like a man

C
oh my Lola
F Bb Ab Bb C
Lo lo lo lo Lola Lo lo lo lo Lola

G7
Well we drank champagne and danced all night
D
under electric candlelight

F
She picked me up and sat me on her knee
and said 'Dear boy, won't you come home with me'

C
Well I'm not the world's most passionate guy

F Bb C
But when I looked in her eye,
Well I almost fell for my Lola

F Bb Ab Ab Bb
Lo lo lo lo Lola Lo lo lo lo Lola

C F Bb Ab Ab Bb C
Lola, Lo lo lo lo Lola, lo lo lo lo Lola

F C G7
I pushed her away

F C G7
I walked to the door

F C G7
I fell to the floor

C Em Am
I got down on my knees

G7
Then I looked at her and she at me

C
Well that's the way that I want it to stay

F Bb C
and I always want it to be that way for my Lola

F Fsus4 F
Lo lo lo lo Lola

C
Girls will be boys and boys will be girls

F Bb
It's a mixed up, muddled up, shook up world except

C F
for Lola - Lo lo lo lo Lola

G7
Well I left home just a week before

D
And I'd never ever kissed a woman before

F
Lola smiled and took me by the hand
and said 'Dear boy, I'm gonna make you a man'

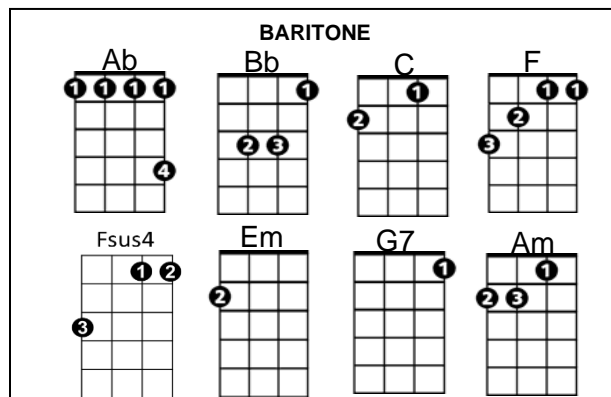
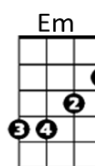
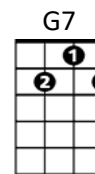
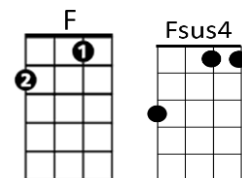
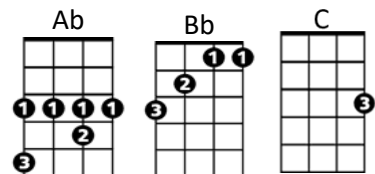
C
Well I'm not the world's most passionate man

F Bb
But I know what I am and what I am is a man

C F Bb Ab Ab Bb
and so is Lola, lo lo lo lo lola Lo lo lo lo Lola

(3X - end C)

C F Bb Ab Ab Bb
Lola, lo lo lo lo Lola, lo lo lo lo Lola



Lola (Ray Davies)

Intro: Eb F G

G
I met her in a club down in old Soho
C F
Where you drink champagne and it tastes just like
G
coca cola
C Csus4 C
C-O-L-A, cola
G
She walked up to me and she asked me to dance
C F
I asked her her name and in a dark brown voice she
G
said "Lola"
C F Eb F G
L-O-L-A, Lola, Lo lo lo lo lola

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F G
she nearly broke my spine, oh my Lola
C Csus4 C
Lo lo lo lo Lola

G
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G
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Lo lo lo lo Lola Lo lo lo lo Lola

D7
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A
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and said 'Dear boy, won't you come home with me'

G
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C
But when I looked in her eye,
F G
Well I almost fell for my Lola
C F Eb Eb F
Lo lo lo lo Lola Lo lo lo lo Lola
G C F Eb Eb F G
Lola, Lo lo lo lo Lola, lo lo lo lo Lola

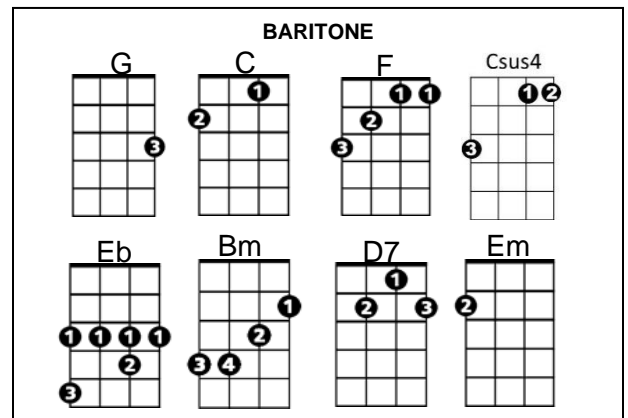
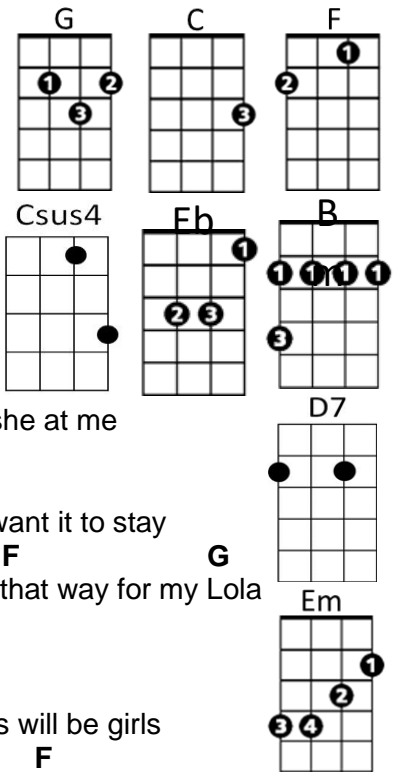
C G D7
I pushed her away
C G D7
I walked to the door
C G D7
I fell to the floor
G Bm Em
I got down on my knees
D7
Then I looked at her and she at me

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C F G
and I always want it to be that way for my Lola
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C
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and said 'dear boy, I'm gonna make you a man'

G
Well I'm not the world's most passionate man
C F
But I know what I am and what I am is a man
G C F Eb Eb F
and so is Lola, lo lo lo lo lola Lo lo lo lo Lola

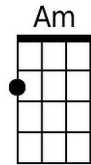
G C F Eb Eb F (3x, end G)
Lola, lo lo lo lo Lola, lo lo lo lo Lola



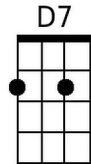
Love Potion Number Nine (Jerry Leiber & Mike Stoller, 1959) (Am)

Love Potion Number Nine by The Clovers – Version 1 (Single Hit, 1959)

Am↓↓ I took my troubles down to Madam Ruth,
Am↓↓ You know that gypsy with the gold-capped tooth.

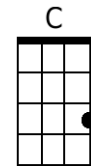


C
 She's got a pad on 34th and Vine,
D7 Sellin' little bottles of ___ **E7**↓ Love Potion Number Nine. **Am | D7 E7 |**



Am I told her that I was a flop with chicks; I've been this way since 19-56.
C

She looked at my palm and she made a magic sign
D7 She said, "What you need is ___ **E7**↓ Love Potion Number Nine." **Am**



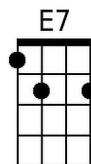
Chorus

D7
 She bent down and turned around and gave me a wink

Bm
 She said, "I'm gonna make it up right here in the sink"

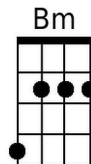
D7
 It smelled like turpentine and looked like Indian ink

E7↓ I held my nose, I closed my eyes, ___ **E7**↓↓ (bass voice) I took a drink.



Am I didn't know it was a day or night. I started kissin' ev'ry thing in sight.
C

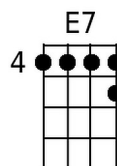
But when I kissed a cop at 34th and Vine,
D7 He broke my little bottle of ___ **E7**↓ Love Potion Number Nine. **Am | D7 E7 |**



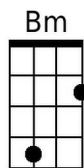
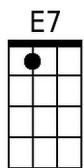
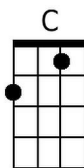
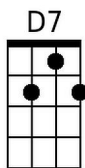
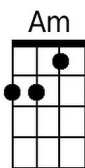
Repeat from Chorus.

Outro:

E7 Love Potion Number Nine **Am** (2x)



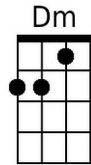
Baritone



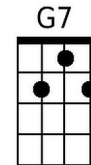
Love Potion Number Nine (Jerry Leiber & Mike Stoller, 1959) (Dm)

Love Potion Number Nine by The Clovers – Version 1 (Single Hit, 1959)

Dm↓↓ **G7**
I took my troubles down to Madam Ruth,
Dm↓↓ **G7**
You know that gypsy with the gold-capped tooth.

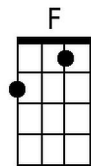


F
She's got a pad on 34th and Vine,
G7 **A7**↓ **Dm | G7 A7 |**
Sellin' little bottles of ___ Love Potion Number Nine.



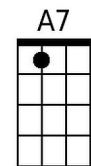
Dm **G7** **Dm** **G7**
I told her that I was a flop with chicks; I've been this way since 19-56.

F
She looked at my palm and she made a magic sign
G7 **A7**↓ **Dm**
She said, "What you need is ___ Love Potion Number Nine."



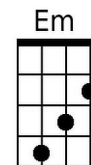
Chorus

G7
She bent down and turned around and gave me a wink
Em
She said, "I'm gonna make it up right here in the sink"
G7
It smelled like turpentine and looked like Indian ink
A7↓ **A7**↓↓ (*bass voice*)
I held my nose, I closed my eyes, ___ I took a drink.



Dm **G7** **Dm** **G7**
I didn't know it was a day or night. I started kissin' ev'ry thing in sight.

F
But when I kissed a cop at 34th and Vine,
G7 **A7**↓ **Dm | G7 A7 |**
He broke my little bottle of ___ Love Potion Number Nine.

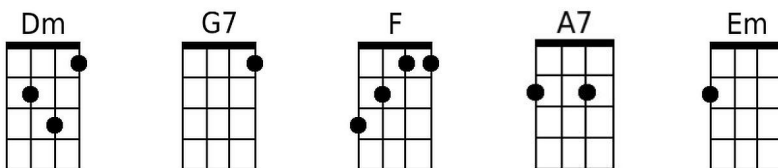


Repeat from Chorus.

Outro:

A7 **Dm**
Love Potion Number Nine **(2x)**

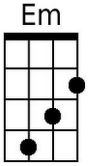
Baritone



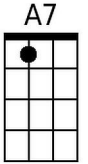
Love Potion Number Nine (Jerry Leiber & Mike Stoller, 1959) (Em)

Love Potion Number Nine by The Clovers – Version 1 (Single Hit, 1959)

Em↓↓ **A7**
I took my troubles down to Madam Ruth,
Em↓↓ **A7**
You know that gypsy with the gold-capped tooth.

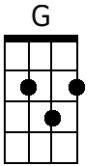


G
She's got a pad on 34th and Vine,
A7 **B7**↓ **Em** | **A7** **B7** |
Sellin' little bottles of ___ Love Potion Number Nine.



Em **A7** **Em** **A7**
I told her that I was a flop with chicks; I've been this way since 19-56.

G
She looked at my palm and she made a magic sign
A7 **B7**↓ **Em**
She said, "What you need is ___ Love Potion Number Nine."



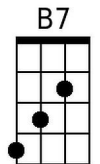
Chorus

A7
She bent down and turned around and gave me a wink

F#m
She said, "I'm gonna make it up right here in the sink"

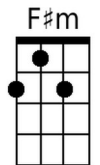
A7
It smelled like turpentine and looked like Indian ink

B7↓ **B7**↓↓ (*bass voice*)
I held my nose, I closed my eyes, ___ I took a drink.



Em **A7** **Em** **A7**
I didn't know it was a day or night. I started kissin' ev'ry thing in sight.

G
But when I kissed a cop at 34th and Vine,
A7 **B7**↓ **Em** | **A7** **B7** |
He broke my little bottle of ___ Love Potion Number Nine.

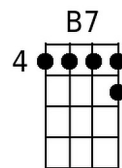
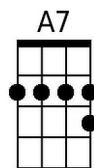
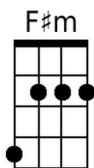
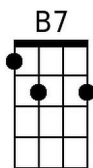
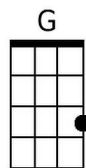
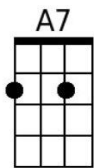
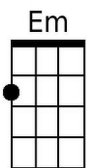


Repeat from Chorus.

Outro:

B7 **Em**
Love Potion Number Nine **(2x)**

Baritone



Love Potion No. 9 (Jerry Leiber & Mike Stoller, 1959) (Am)

Love Potion No. 9 by the Searchers (1964)

Am ↓↓ **D7**
I took my troubles down to Madam Ruth,

Am ↓↓ **D7**
You know, that gypsy with the gold-capped tooth.

C
She's got a pad down on 34th and Vine,

D7 **E7**↓ **Am | D7 E7 |**
Sellin' little bottles of ___ Love Potion Number Nine.

Am **D7** **Am** **D7**
I told her that I was a flop with chicks; I've been that way since 19-56.

C
She looked at my palm and she made a magic sign

D7 **E7**↓ **Am**
She said, "What you need is ___ Love Potion Number Nine."

Chorus

D7
She bent down and turned around and gave me a wink

Bm
She said, "I'm gonna make it up right here in the sink"

D7
It smelled like turpentine and looked like Indian ink

E7↓ **E7**↓↓
I held my nose, I closed my eyes, ___ I took a drink.

Am **D7** **Am** **D7**
I didn't know if it was day or night. I started kissin' ev'ry thing in sight.

C
But when I kissed a cop down on 34th and Vine,

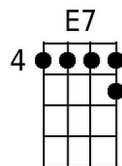
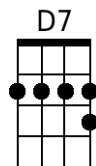
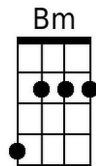
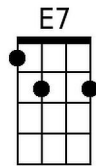
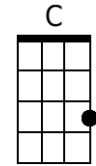
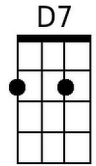
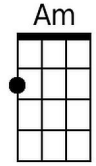
D7 **E7**↓ **Am | D7 E7 |**
He broke my little bottle of ___ Love Potion Number Nine.

Second time: Am then to Outro

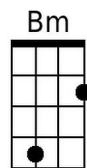
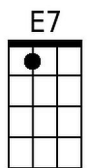
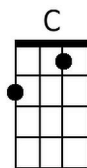
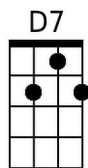
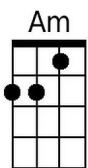
Repeat from Chorus.

Outro:

E7 **Am**
Love Potion Number Nine **(3x. Retard last time through)**



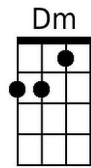
Baritone



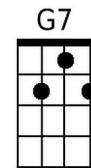
Love Potion No. 9 (Jerry Leiber & Mike Stoller, 1959) (Dm)

Love Potion No. 9 by the Searchers (1964)

Dm ↓↓ **G7**
I took my troubles down to Madam Ruth,
Dm ↓↓ **G7**
You know, that gypsy with the gold-capped tooth.

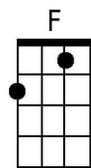


F
She's got a pad down on 34th and Vine,
G7 **A7** ↓ **Dm | G7 A7 |**
Sellin' little bottles of ___ Love Potion Number Nine.



Dm **G7** **Dm** **G7**
I told her that I was a flop with chicks; I've been that way since 19-56.

F
She looked at my palm and she made a magic sign
G7 **A7** ↓ **Dm**
She said, "What you need is ___ Love Potion Number Nine."



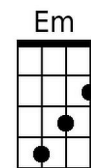
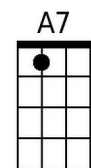
Chorus

G7
She bent down and turned around and gave me a wink

Em
She said, "I'm gonna make it up right here in the sink"

G7
It smelled like turpentine and looked like Indian ink

A7 ↓ **A7** ↓↓
I held my nose, I closed my eyes, ___ I took a drink.



Dm **G7** **Dm** **G7**
I didn't know if it was day or night. I started kissin' ev'ry thing in sight.

F
But when I kissed a cop down on 34th and Vine,
G7 **A7** ↓ **Dm | G7 A7 |**
He broke my little bottle of ___ Love Potion Number Nine.

Second time: Dm then to Outro

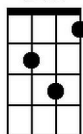
Repeat from Chorus.

Outro:

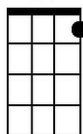
A7 **Dm**
Love Potion Number Nine **(3x. Retard last time through)**

Baritone

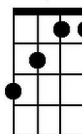
Dm



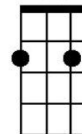
G7



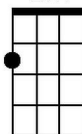
F



A7



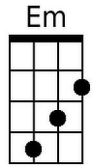
Em



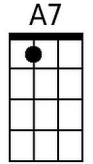
Love Potion No. 9 (Jerry Leiber & Mike Stoller, 1959) (Em)

Love Potion No. 9 by the Searchers (1964)

Em↓↓ **A7**
I took my troubles down to Madam Ruth,
Em↓↓ **A7**
You know, that gypsy with the gold-capped tooth.

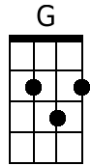


G
She's got a pad down on 34th and Vine,
A7 **B7**↓ **Em | A7 B7 |**
Sellin' little bottles of ___ Love Potion Number Nine.



Em **A7** **Em** **A7**
I told her that I was a flop with chicks; I've been that way since 19-56.

G
She looked at my palm and she made a magic sign
A7 **B7**↓ **Em**
She said, "What you need is ___ Love Potion Number Nine."



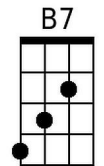
Chorus

A7
She bent down and turned around and gave me a wink

F#m
She said, "I'm gonna make it up right here in the sink"

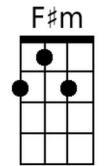
A7
It smelled like turpentine and looked like Indian ink

B7↓ **B7**↓↓
I held my nose, I closed my eyes, ___ I took a drink.



Em **A7** **Em** **A7**
I didn't know if it was day or night. I started kissin' ev'ry thing in sight.

G
But when I kissed a cop down on 34th and Vine,
A7 **B7**↓ **Em | A7 B7 |**
He broke my little bottle of ___ Love Potion Number Nine.



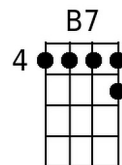
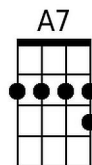
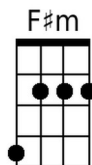
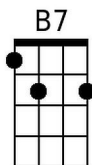
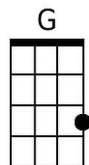
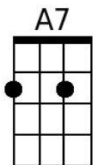
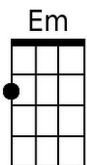
Second time: Em then to Outro

Repeat from Chorus.

Outro:

B7 **Em**
Love Potion Number Nine **(3x. Retard last time through)**

Baritone



Lumberjack (Monty Python)

G **C**
Oh, I'm a lumberjack and I'm okay
D **G**
I sleep all night and I work all day
G **C**
He's a lumberjack and he's okay
D **G**
He sleeps all night and he works all day

G **C**
I cut down trees, I eat my lunch
D **G**
I go to the la-va-tree
G **C**
On Wednesdays I go shopping
D **D** **G**
And have buttered scones for tea

G **C**
He cuts down trees, he eats his lunch
D **G**
He goes to the la-va-tree
G **C**
On Wednesdays he goes shopping
D **D** **G**
and has buttered scones for tea

G **C**
I'm a lumberjack, and I'm ok
D **G**
I sleep all night and I work all day
G **C**
I cut down trees, I skip and jump
D **G**
I like to press wildflowers
G **C**
I put on women's clothing
D **G**
And hang around in bars

G **C**
He cuts down trees, he skips and jumps
D **G**
He likes to press wildflowers
G **C**
He puts on women's clothing
D **G**
And hangs around in bars

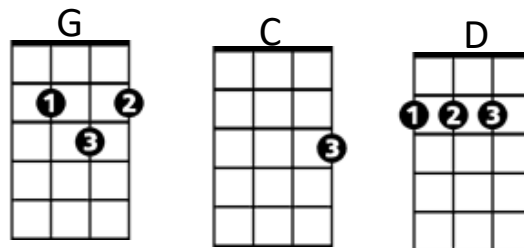
G **C**
I'm a lumberjack, and I'm ok
D **G**
I sleep all night and I work all day

G **C**
I cut down trees I wear high-heels
D **G**
Suspenders and a bra
G **C**
I wish I'd been a girly
D **G**
Just like my dear papa

G **C**
He's a lumberjack, and he's ok
D **G**
He sleeps all night and he works all day
G **C**
He cuts down trees he wears high-heels
D **G**
Suspenders and a bra???????

Hey what's all this yaddi yaddi yadda.....

G **C**
He's a lumberjack, and he's ok
D **G**
He sleeps all night and he works all day
G **C**
He's a lumberjack, and he's okkkkkkaaaaayyyyyyy
D **G**
He sleeps all night and he works all day!!! (Very Fast)



Lumberjack (Monty Python)

C **F**
Oh, I'm a lumberjack and I'm okay
G **C**
I sleep all night and I work all day
C **F**
He's a lumberjack and he's okay
G **C**
He sleeps all night and he works all day

C **F**
I cut down trees, I eat my lunch
G **C**
I go to the la-va-tree
C **F**
On Wednesdays I go shopping
G **C**
And have buttered scones for tea

C **F**
He cuts down trees, he eats his lunch
G **C**
He goes to the la-va-tree
C **F**
On Wednesdays he goes shopping
G **C**
And has buttered scones for tea

G **F**
I'm a lumberjack, and I'm ok
G **C**
I sleep all night and I work all day
C **F**
I cut down trees, I skip and jump
G **C**
I like to press wildflowers
C **F**
I put on women's clothing
D **C**
And hang around in bars

C **F**
He cuts down trees, he skips and jumps
G **C**
He likes to press wildflowers
C **F**
He puts on women's clothing
G **C**
And hangs around in bars

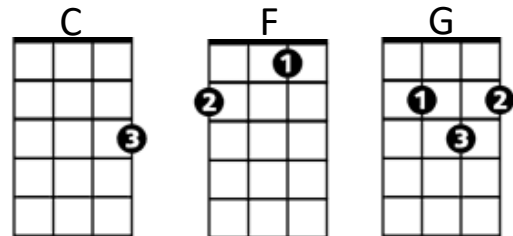
C **F**
I'm a lumberjack, and I'm ok
G **C**
I sleep all night and I work all day

C **F**
I cut down trees I wear high-heels
G **C**
Suspenders and a bra
C **F**
I wish I'd been a girly
G **C**
Just like my dear papa

C **F**
He's a lumberjack, and he's ok
G **C**
He sleeps all night and he works all day
C **F**
He cut down trees he wears high-heels
G **C**
Suspenders and a bra???????

Hey what's all this yaddi yaddi yadda.....

C **F**
He's a lumberjack, and he's ok
G **C**
He sleeps all night and he works all day
C **F**
He's a lumberjack, and he's okkkkkkaaaaayyyyyyy
G **C**
He sleeps all night and he works all day!!! (Very Fast)



Lydia the Tattooed Lady (Yip Harburg / Harold Arlen)

C
Oh Lydia oh Lydia, say have you met Lydia?

F G7
Lydia, the Tat-tooeed La dy

F C F C F Dm F Dm
She has eyes that folks adore so - And a torso even more so

C C7 F
Lydia oh Lydia, that encyclopydia, oh Lydia the Queen of Tattoo

Dm
On her back is the Battle of Waterloo

F
Beside it the wreck of the Hesperus, too

C F
And proudly above waves the red, white, and blue

C G7 C
You can learn a lot from Lydia

G7 C G7
La la la. La la la La la la La la la - la la

C
When her robe is unfurled, she will show you the world

F G7
If you only step up and tell her where
For a dime you can see Kankakee or Pa-ree

C
Or Washington crossing the Delaware

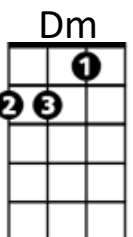
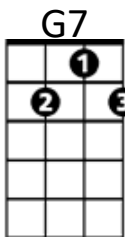
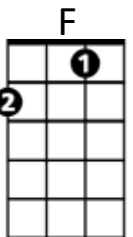
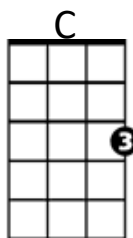
G7 C G7
La la la. La la la La la la La la la - la la

C
Oh Lydia oh Lydia, say have you met Lydia?

F G7
Oh Lydia the Tat-tooeed Lady

F C F C F Dm F
When her muscles start relaxin' - Up the hill comes Andrew

Dm
Jackson



C **C7** **F**
Lydia oh Lydia, that encyclopydia, oh Lydia the queen of them all

Dm
For two bits she will do a mazurka in jazz

F
With a view of Niagara that nobody has

C F
And on a clear day you can see Alcatraz

C G C
You can learn a lot from Lydia

G7 C G7
La la la. La la la La la la La la la - la la

C
Come along and see Buffalo Bill with his lasso

F G7
Just a little classic by Mendel Picasso

C
Here's Captain Spaulding exploring the Amazon

G7 C G7
Here's Godiva but with her pajamas on

G7 C G7
La la la. La la la La la la La la la - la la

C
Oh Lydia oh Lydia, that encyclopydia

C7 F
Oh Lydia the champ of them all

Dm
She once swept an admiral clear off his feet

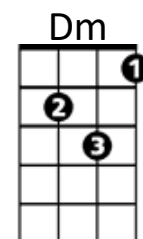
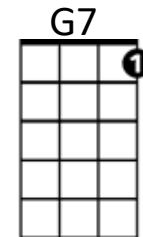
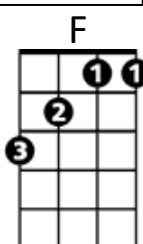
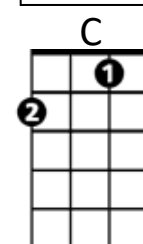
F
The ships on her hips made his heart skip a beat

C F
And now the old boy's in command of the fleet

C G7 C
For he went and married Lydia

C G7 C G7 C
I said Lydia (he said Lydia) I said Lydia ----- La La!

BARITONE



Mairzy Doats (Milton Drake, Al Hoffman and Jerry Livingston, 1943) (C)

Intro (4 measures) Dm7 G7 C G7

Chorus

C Gdim7

Mairzy doats and dozy doats, and liddle lamzy divey,

Dm7 G7 C G7

A kiddley divey too, wouldn't you?

C Gdim7

Mairzy doats and dozy doats, and liddle lamzy divey,

Dm7 G7 C

A kiddley divey too, wouldn't you?

Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7

If the words sound queer, and funny to your ear,

F

A little bit jumbled and jivey,

Am7 D7 Am7 D7

Sing " Mares eat oats and does eat oats

G Dm7 G7

And little lambs eat ivy.

Dm7 G7 C G7

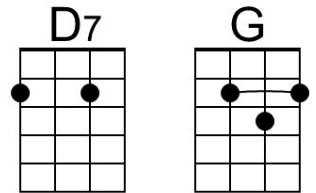
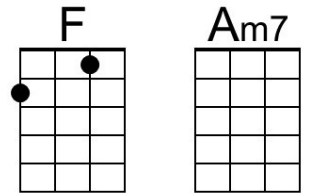
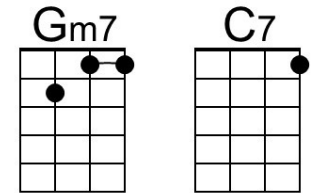
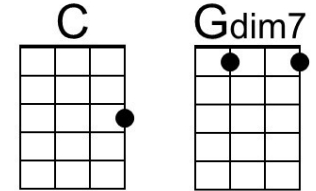
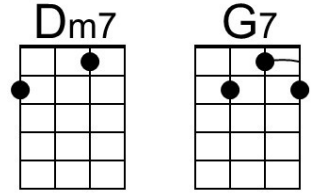
A kid will eat ivy too wouldn't you?" Oh!

Repeat Chorus (2x)

Outro

Dm7 G7 C

A kiddley divey too, wouldn't you?

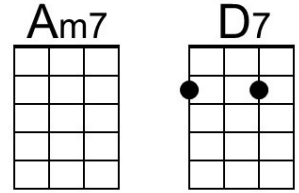


Bari

A collection of Bari guitar chord diagrams for the following chords: Dm7, G7, C, Gdim7, Gm7, C7, F, Am7, D7, and G. Each diagram shows the fretting pattern for the respective chord on a six-string guitar.

Mairzy Doats (Milton Drake, Al Hoffman and Jerry Livingston, 1943) (G)

Intro (4 measures) Am7 D7 G D7



Chorus

G Ddim7

Mairzy doats and dozy doats, and liddle lamzy divey,

Am7 D7 G D7

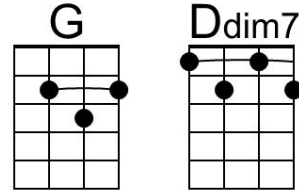
A kiddley divey too, wouldn't you?

G Ddim7

Mairzy doats and dozy doats, and liddle lamzy divey,

Am7 D7 G D7

A kiddley divey too, wouldn't you?



Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7

If the words sound queer, and funny to your ear,

C

A little bit jumbled and jivey,

Em7 A7 Em7 A7

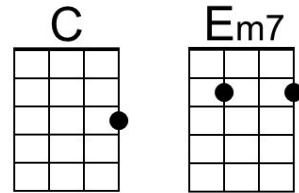
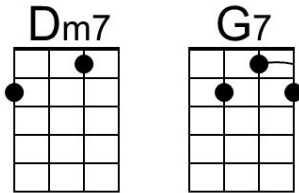
Sing " Mares eat oats and does eat oats

D Am7 D7

And little lambs eat ivy.

Am7 D7 G D7

A kid will eat ivy too wouldn't you?" Oh!

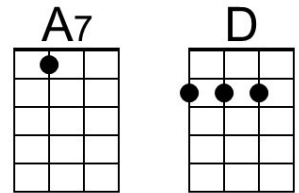


Repeat Chorus

Outro

Am7 D7 G

A kiddley divey too, wouldn't you?



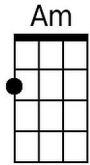
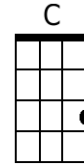
Bari

Am7: 2nd fret on 4th string, 3rd fret on 5th string.
D7: 2nd fret on 2nd string, 3rd fret on 3rd string, 2nd fret on 4th string, 3rd fret on 5th string.
G: 3rd fret on 2nd string, 2nd fret on 3rd string, 3rd fret on 4th string, 2nd fret on 5th string.
Ddim7: 2nd fret on 2nd string, 3rd fret on 3rd string, 2nd fret on 4th string, 3rd fret on 5th string.
Dm7: 2nd fret on 2nd string, 3rd fret on 3rd string, 2nd fret on 4th string, 3rd fret on 5th string.
G7: 3rd fret on 2nd string, 2nd fret on 3rd string, 3rd fret on 4th string, 2nd fret on 5th string.
C: Open strings, 3rd fret on 5th string.
Em7: 2nd fret on 2nd string, 3rd fret on 3rd string, 2nd fret on 4th string, 3rd fret on 5th string.
A7: 2nd fret on 2nd string, 3rd fret on 3rd string, 2nd fret on 4th string, 3rd fret on 5th string.
D: 2nd fret on 2nd string, 3rd fret on 3rd string, 2nd fret on 4th string, 3rd fret on 5th string.

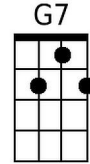
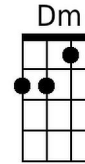
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Makin' Whoopee (Gus Kahn & Walter Donaldson) (C)

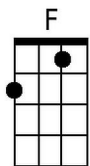
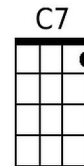
C Am Dm G7 C C7 F Fm
 Another bride, another June, another sunny honey-moon
C Am Dm G7 C Cdim Dm G7
 Another season, another reason, for makin' whoopee



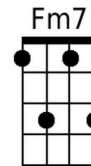
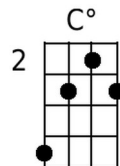
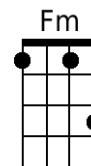
C Am Dm G7
 You get some shoes, a little rice
C C7 F Fm
 The groom's so nervous he answers twice
C Am Dm G7 C F Fm7 C
 It's really thrillin' that he's so willin' for makin' whoopee.



C7 Dm Dm C
 Picture a little love nest, down where the roses cling.
C7 Dm Dm G7
 Picture that same love nest, and see what a year will bring.



C Am Dm G7
 He's doin' dishes and baby clothes,
C C7 F Fm
 He's so ambitious, he even sews
C Am Dm G7
 Just don't forget, folks, - that's what you get, folks,
C Cdim Dm G7
 For makin' whoopee.



Bari

C Am Dm G7
 Another year or maybe less
C C7 F Fm
 What's this I hear? Well, can't you guess?
C Am Dm G7
 She feels neglected and he's suspected
C Cdim Dm G7
 Of makin' whoopee

C Am Dm G7
 She sits alone 'most every night
C C7 F Fm
 He doesn't phone her, he doesn't write
C Am Dm G7
 He says he's "busy" but she says "is he?"
C F Fm7 C
 He's makin' whoopee

C7 Dm Dm C
 He doesn't make much money, only a five-thousand per.
C7 Dm Dm G7
 Some judge who thinks he's funny, told him he got to pay six to her.

C Am Dm G7
 He says: "Now judge, suppose I fail."
C C7 F Fm
 The judge says: "Budge right into jail!
C Am Dm G7
 You'd better keep her I think it's cheaper
C Cdim Dm G7
 Than makin' whoopee
C Am Dm G7
 Just don't forget, folks, that's what you get, folks,
C F Fm7 C
 For makin' whoopee.

Some great chord progressions in this song:

Verse (Nashville Notation and Roman Notation):

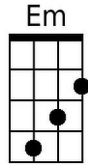
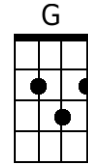
1	6m	2m	5(7)		I	vi	ii	V7
1	1(7)	4	4m		I	I 7	IV	iv
1	6m	2m	5(7)		I	vi	ii	V7
1	1 dim	2m	5(7)		I	I dim	ii	V7

Bridge (Nashville Notation and Roman Notation):

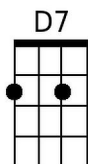
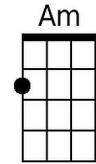
1(7)	2m	2m	1		I7	ii	ii	I
1(7)	2m	2m	5(7)		I7	ii	ii	V7

Makin' Whoopee (Gus Kahn & Walter Donaldson) (G)

G Em Am D7 G G7 C Cm
 Another bride, another June, Another sunny honey-moon
G Em Am D7 G Gdim Am D7
 Another season, another reason, for makin' whoopee

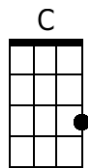
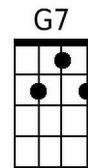


G Em Am D7
 You get some shoes, a little rice,
G G7 C Cm
 The groom's so nervous he answers twice.

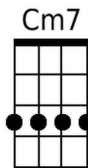
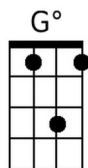
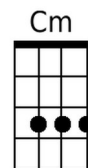


G Em Am D7 G C Cm7 G
 It's really thrillin' that he's so willin' for makin' whoopee

G7 Am Am G
 Picture a little love nest, down where the roses cling.
G7 Am Am D7
 Picture that same love nest, and see what a year will bring



G Em Am D7
 He's doin' dishes and baby clothes
G G7 C Cm
 He's so ambitious, he even sews
G Em Am D7
 Just don't forget, folks, that's what you get, folks,
G Gdim Am D7
 For makin' whoopee!



Bari

G 	Em 	Am 	D7 	G7
C 	Cm 	G° 2 	Cm7 	

G Em Am D7
 Another year or maybe less,
G G7 C Cm
 What's this I hear? Well, can't you guess?
G Em Am D7
 She feels neglected and he's suspected,
G Gdim Am D7
 Of makin' whoopee.

G Em Am D7
 She sits alone 'most every night,
G G7 C Cm
 He doesn't phone her, he doesn't write,
G Em Am D7
 He says he's "busy" but she says "is he?"
G C Cm7 G
 He's makin' whoopee.

G7 Am Am G
 He doesn't make much money, only a five-thousand per.
G7 Am Am D7
 Some judge who thinks he's funny, told him he got to pay six to her.

G Em Am D7
 He says: "Now judge, suppose I fail."
G G7 C Cm
 The judge says: "Budge right into jail!
G Em Am D7
 You'd better keep her I think it's cheaper
G Gdim Am D7
 Than makin' whoopee
G Em Am D7
 Just don't forget, folks, that's what you get, folks,
G C Cm7 G
 For makin' whoopee!

Some great chord progressions in this song:

Verse (Nashville Notation and Roman Notation):

1	6m	2m	5(7)		I	vi	ii	V7
1	1(7)	4	4m		I	I 7	IV	iv
1	6m	2m	5(7)		I	vi	ii	V7
1	1 dim	2m	5(7)		I	I dim	ii	V7

Bridge (Nashville Notation and Roman Notation):

1(7)	2m	2m	1		I 7	ii	ii	I
1(7)	2m	2m	5(7)		I 7	ii	ii	V7

Maxwell's Silver Hammer (Paul McCartney, John Lennon)

C **A7**
Joan was quizzical studied pataphysical
Dm
Science in the home
G7 **C** **G7**
Late nights all alone with a test tube oh oh oh oh
C **A7**
Maxwell Edison majoring in medicine
Dm
Calls her on the phone
G7 **C** **G7**
Can I take you out to the pictures Jo-o-o-oan
D7
But as she's getting ready to go
G7 **Gdim** **G7**
A knock comes on the door

Chorus:

C
Bang Bang Maxwell's silver hammer
D7
Came down upon her head
G7
Bang bang Maxwell's silver hammer
Dm **G7** **C** **G7** **C**
Made sure that she was dead

C/ E7/ Am/ C7/ F// G7// C/ G7/ C/

C **A7**
Back in school again Maxwell plays the fool again
Dm
Teacher gets annoyed
G7 **C** **G7**
Wishing to avoid an unpleasant sce e e ene
C **A7**
She tells Max to stay when the class has gone away
Dm
So he waits behind
G7 **C** **G7**
Writing fifty times I must not be so o o o
D7
But when she turns her back on the boy
G7 **Gdim** **G7**
He creeps up from behind

Chorus:

(Instrumental Chorus)

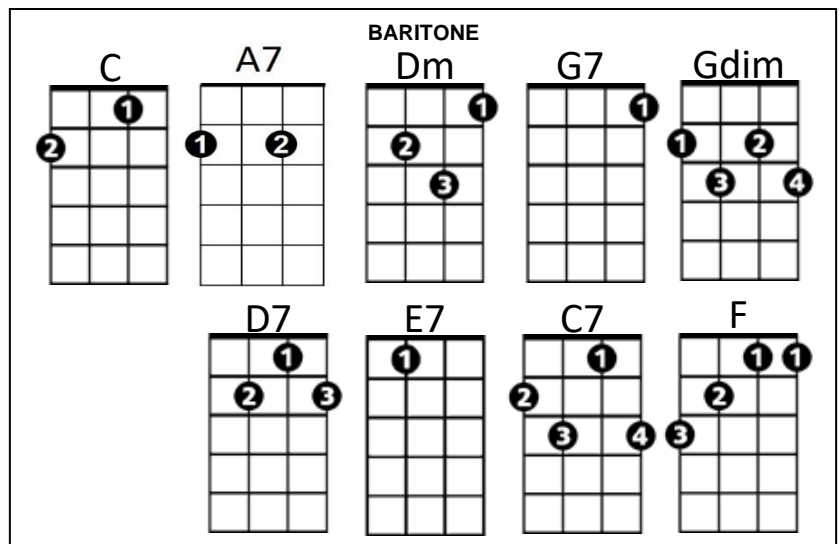
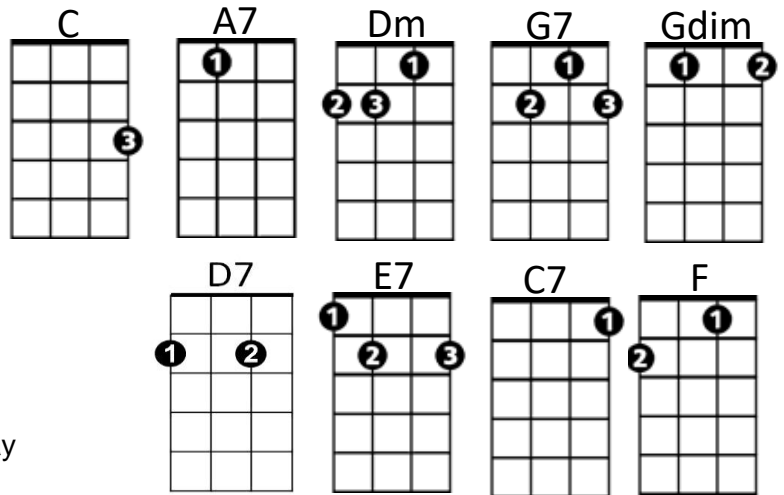
C/ E7/ Am/ C7/ F/ G7/ C/ G7/ C/

C **A7**
P.C. Thirty-one said we caught a dirty one
Dm
Maxwell stands alone
G7 **C** **G7**
Painting testimonial pictures oh oh oh oh
C **A7**
Rose and Valerie screaming from the gallery
Dm
Say he must go free
G7 **C** **G7**
The judge does not agree and he tells them so-o-o-o
D7
But as the words are leaving his lips
G7 **Gdim** **G7**
A noise comes from behind

(Chorus)

(Instrumental Chorus)

C E7 Am C7 F// G7// C/ G7/ C/
Sil - ver Ham - mer



Maxwell's Silver Hammer (Paul McCartney, John Lennon) (G)

G **E7**
Joan was quizzical studied pataphysical
Am
Science in the home
D7
Late nights all alone with a test tube
G **D7**
Oh oh oh oh
G **E7**
Maxwell Edison majoring in medicine
Am
Calls her on the phone
D7 **G** **D7**
Can I take you out to the pictures Jo-o-o-oan
A7
But as she's getting ready to go
D7 **Ddim** **D7**
A knock comes on the door

Chorus:

G
Bang Bang Maxwell's silver hammer
A7
Came down upon her head
D7
Bang bang Maxwell's silver hammer
Am **D7** **G** **D7** **G**
Made sure that she was dead

G/ B7/ Em/ G7/ C// D7// G/ D7/ G/

G **E7**
Back in school again Maxwell plays the fool
again
Am
Teacher gets annoyed
D7 **G** **D7**
Wishing to avoid an unpleasant sce e e ene

G **E7**
She tells Max to stay when the class has
gone away
Am
So he waits behind
D7 **G** **D7**
Writing fifty times I must not be so o o o
A7
But when she turns her back on the boy
D7 **Ddim** **D7**
He creeps up from behind. **Chorus**

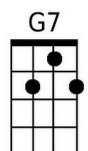
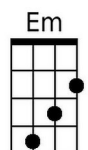
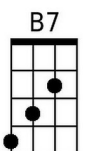
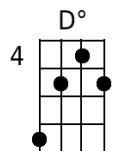
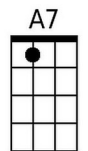
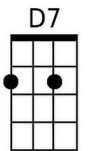
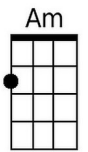
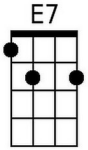
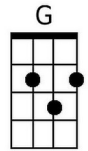
(Instrumental Chorus)

G/ B7/ Em/ G7/ C/ D7/ G/ D7/ G/

G **E7**
P.C. Thirty-one said we caught a dirty one
Am
Maxwell stands alone
D7 **G** **D7**
Painting testimonial pictures oh oh oh oh
G **E7**
Rose and Valerie screaming from the gallery
Am
Say he must go free
D7
The judge does not agree
G **D7**
And he tells them so-o-o-o
A7
But as the words are leaving his lips
D7 **Ddim** **D7**
A noise comes from behind. **Chorus**

(Instrumental Chorus)

G **B7** **Em** **G7** **C// D7// G/ D7/ G/**
Sil - ver Ham - mer



Bari

May The Bird Of Paradise Fly Up Your Nose (Neal Merritt, 1965)

May The Bird Of Paradise Fly Up Your Nose by Little Jimmy Dickens, The Bobby Lord Show,
Oct. 19, 1965 – Key of C

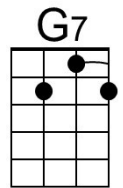
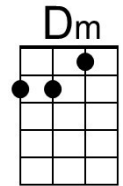
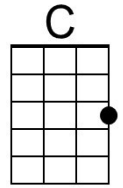
Intro (4 measures) C | Dm G7 | C | C

C G7 C
One fine day as I was walking down the street,

G7
Spied a beggar man with rags upon his feet

C C7 F Fm
Took a penny from my pocket, in his tin cup I did drop it.

C G7 C
And I heard him say as I made my re-treat.



Chorus

C G7 C
May the bird of paradise fly up your nose,

G7
May an elephant caress you with his toes.

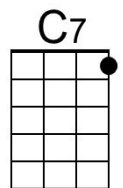
C C7 F
May your wife be plagued with runners in her hose,

C G7 C - G7
May the bird of para-dise fly up your nose

C G7 C G7
My laundry man is really on his toes, found a hundred dollar bill among my clothes

C C7 F Fm
When he called me I came running, gave him back his dime for phoning

C G7 C
And I heard him saying as I turned to go. **Chorus**

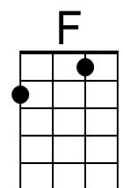


C G7 C
I was way behind one day to catch the train.

G7
The taxi driver said "We'll make it just the same."

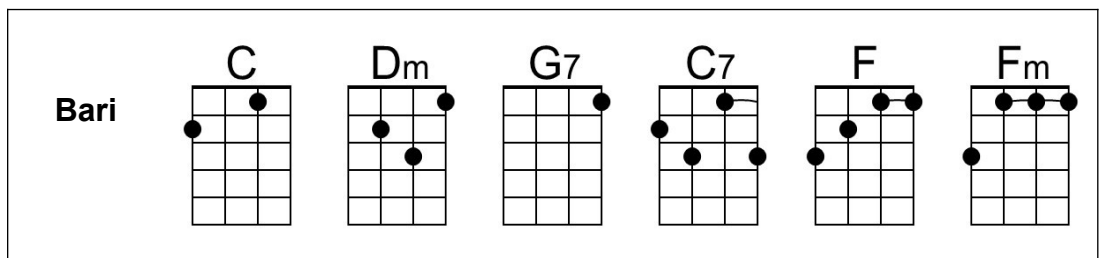
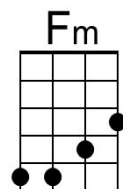
C C7 F Fm
A speed cop made it with us, and as he wrote out the ticket

C G7 C
I stood by politely waiting for my change. **Chorus**



Outro

C G7 C | G7 | C
May the bird of paradise fly up your nose.



May The Bird Of Paradise Fly Up Your Nose (Neal Merritt, 1965)

May The Bird Of Paradise Fly Up Your Nose by Little Jimmy Dickens, The Bobby Lord Show,
Oct. 19, 1965 – Key of G

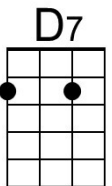
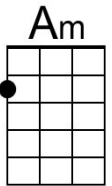
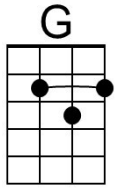
Intro (4 measures) G | Am D7 | G | G

G D7 G
One fine day as I was walking down the street,

D7
Spied a beggar man with rags upon his feet

G G7 C Cm
Took a penny from my pocket, in his tin cup I did drop it.

G D7 G
And I heard him say as I made my re-treat.



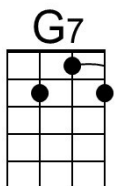
Chorus

G D7 G
May the bird of paradise fly up your nose,

D7
May an elephant caress you with his toes.

G G7 C
May your wife be plagued with runners in her hose,

G D7 G - D7
May the bird of para-dise fly up your nose



G D7 G D7
My laundry man is really on his toes, found a hundred dollar bill among my clothes

G G7 C Cm
When he called me I came running, gave him back his dime for phoning

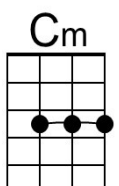
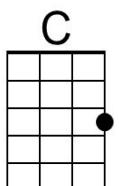
G D7 G
And I heard him saying as I turned to go. **Chorus**

G D7 G
I was way behind one day to catch the train.

D7
The taxi driver said "We'll make it just the same."

G G7 C Cm
A speed cop made it with us, and as he wrote out the ticket

G D7 G
I stood by politely waiting for my change. **Chorus**



Outro

G D7 G | D7 | G
May the bird of paradise fly up your nose.

Bari

McDonald's Kitchen (Seamus Kennedy)

C **G** **Am** **Em**
Have you seen the young girl who serves McDonald's burgers?
F **C** **D** **G**
Stacking them in boxes in their dry little piles
C **G** **Am** **Em**
In her eyes you'll see no pride 'cause she knows what they've put inside
F **C** **G** **C** **C7**
When she sees us eating it's the only time she smiles

Chorus:

F **C** **G** **F** **C** **G** **Am**
So how can you tell me you're hu-ng -ry?
D **G** **G7**
And say a snack you'd like to find?
C **G** **Am** **Em**
Let me take you by the hand I'll lead you through McDonald's Kitchen
F **C** **G** **C**
I'll show you something to make you change your mind

C **G** **Am** **Em**
Have you seen the old girl in the closed up Wendy's?
F **C** **D** **G**
Scraping up the pieces from the tables and the floor?
C **G** **Am** **Em**
In an effort to disguise them she takes them back and fries them
F **C** **G** **C** **C7**
But you still recognize them when they come 'round once more

(Chorus)

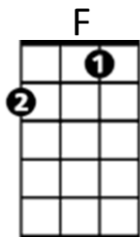
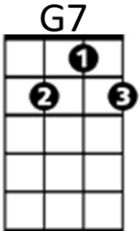
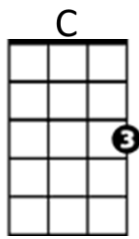
C **G** **Am** **Em**
Have you seen the businessman outside Colonel Sanders?
F **C** **D** **G**
His appetite fading as he peers inside
C **G** **Am** **Em**
All around the city little voices cry, "Have pity!"
F **C** **G** **C** **C7**
On one more forgotten kitty who's now Kentucky Fried.

(Chorus)

F **C** **G** **F** **C**
I'll show you something to make you change your mind

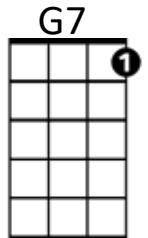
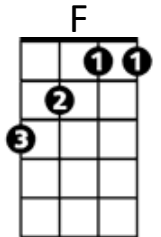
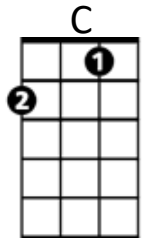
MTA (Kingston Trio)

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



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?"

BARITONE



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.

(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.

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 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)

(Chorus)

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

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

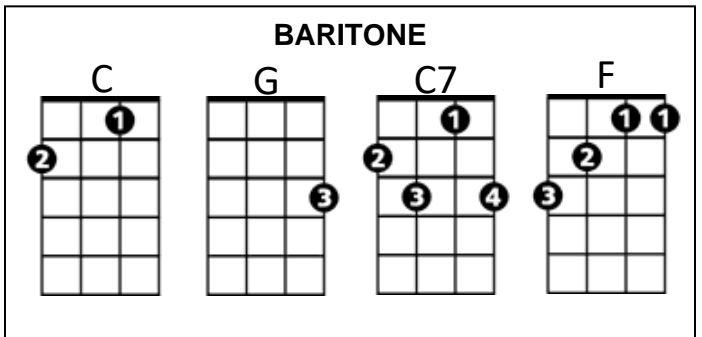
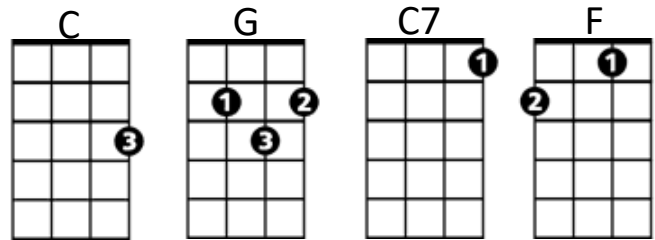
F
 To be a guitar picker in Nashville

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



Never Did No Wanderin' (by The Folkmen from 'A Mighty Wind')

Intro: Dm

Dm C Dm F A7

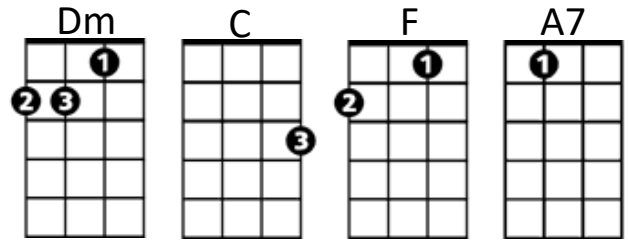
My mama was the cold north wind, my daddy was the so-n,

Dm C
Of a rail road man, from west of Hell,

Bb Am Dm
Where the trains don't even run.

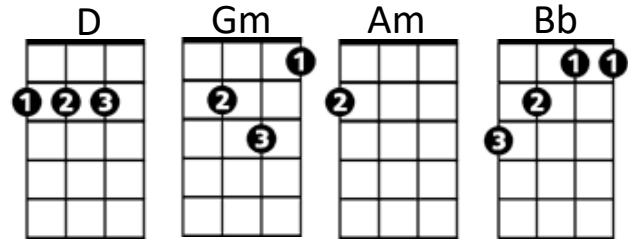
F Dm
Never heard the whistle of a South-bound freight,

F A7
Or the singing of it's drivin' wheel... no l...



Chorus:

Dm C Dm F
Never did no wanderin', never did no wanderin'.
Dm A7 Dm
Never did no wanderin' after all.



Dm C
They say the highway's just one big road,

Dm F A7
And it goes from here to the-re.

Dm C
And they say you carry a heavy load,

Bb Am Dm
When you're rollin' down the line some-where.

F Dm
Never seen the dance of the telephone poles,

F A7
As they go whizzin' by... no l...

(Chorus)

Gm Dm Gm A7
Never did no wanderin'... high.....Never did no wanderin'... low.

Dm C
Now a sailor's life is a life for him,

Dm F A7
But it never was for me-e.

Dm C
And I've never soared where the hawk may soar,

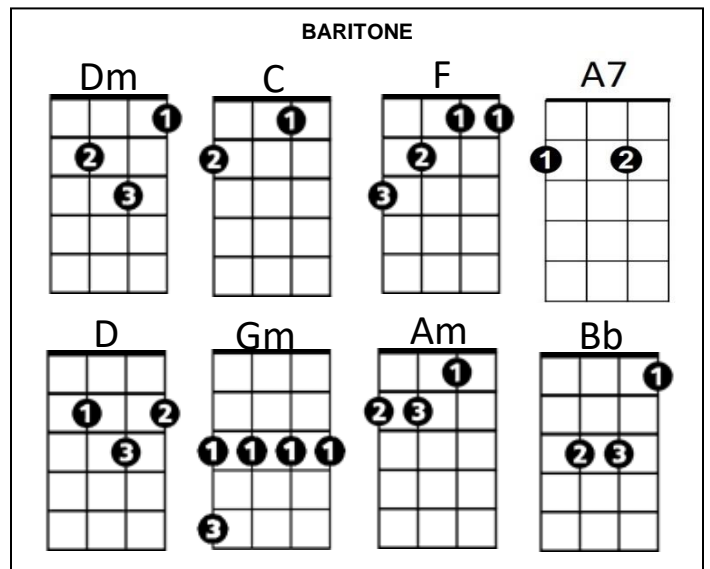
Bb Am Dm
Or seen what the hawk might see.

F Dm
Never hiked to heaven on a mountain trail,

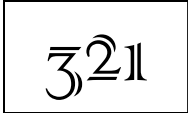
F A7
Never rolled on a river's rage... no l...

(Chorus)

Outro: Dm A7 D
Never did no wanderin' after all...



Nine Miles from Gundagai (attributed to 'Bullocky Bill')



Intro: F G7 C (last line of verse)

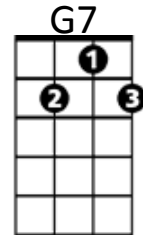
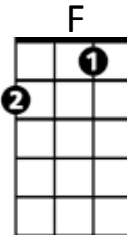
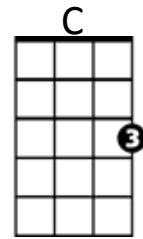
C I'm used to punching bullock teams across the hills and plains **F**
G7 I've teamed the outback forty years in blazing droughts and rains **C**
I've lived a heap of troubles down without a blooming lie **F**
G7 But I won't forget what happened to me nine miles from Gundagai **C**

C T'was getting dark, the team got bogged, the axel snapped in two **F**
G7 I lost my matches and my pipe, ah, what was I to do **C**
The rain came on, t'was bitter cold and hungry too was I **F**
G7 And the dog shat in the tucker box nine miles from Gundagai **C**
F **G7** **C**
And the dog shat in the tucker box nine miles from Gundagai **C**

C Some blokes I know have stacks of luck no matter how they fall **F**
G7 But there was I, Lord luvva duck, no blessed luck at all **C**
I couldn't make a pot of tea nor keep my trousers dry **F**
G7 And the dog shat in the tucker box nine miles from Gundagai **C**

C I can forgive the blooming team, I can forgive the rain **F**
G7 I can forgive the dark and cold and go through it again **C**
I can forgive my rotten luck, but hang me till I die **F**
G7 I can't forgive that bloody dog nine miles from Gundagai **C**
F **G7** **C**
I can't forgive that bloody dog nine miles from Gundagai **C**

C But that's all dead and past and gone, I've sold the team for meat **F**
G7 And where I got the bullocks bogged now there's an asphalt street **C**
The dog, ah well, he took a bait and quickly he did die **F**
G7 So I buried him in that tucker box nine miles from Gundagai **C**
F **G7** **C**
And I buried hi m in that tucker box nine miles from Gundagai **C**



BARITONE

C
1st fret 1st string, open strings, open strings, open strings, open strings.

F
1st fret 1st string, 1st fret 2nd string, 2nd fret 3rd string, 3rd fret 4th string, open strings, open strings.

G7
1st fret 1st string, open strings, open strings, open strings, open strings, open strings.

Ob La Di Ob La Da The Beatles

DDDD D/D/

G D D7 G
Desmond had a barrow in the market place, Molly is the singer in a band.
G G7 C G D G
Desmond says to Molly, girl I like your face, and Molly says this as she takes him by the hand.

G D Em G D G
Ob-la-di, ob-la-da, life goes on bra. La la how the life goes on.
G D Em G D G
Ob-la-di, ob-la-da, life goes on bra. La la how the life goes on.

G D D7 G
Desmond takes a trolley to the jeweler's store, buys a twenty carat golden ring.
G G7 C G D G
Takes it back to Molly, waiting at the door, and as he gives it to her she begins to sing.

G D Em G D G
Ob-la-di, ob-la-da, life goes on bra. La la how the life goes on.
G D Em G D G
Ob-la-di, ob-la-da, life goes on bra. La la how the life goes on.

Bridge

C G G7
In a couple of years they have built a home sweet home
C G D
with a couple of kids running in the yard of Desmond and Molly Jones.

G D D7 G
Happy ever after in the market place, Desmond lets the children lend a hand.
G7 C G D G
Molly stays at home and does her pretty face, and in the evening she still sings it with the band.

Chorus, Bridge, Last Verse,

G D Em G D G
Ob-la-di, ob-la-da, life goes on bra. La la how the life goes on.
G D Em G D Em
Ob-la-di, ob-la-da, life goes on bra. La la how the life goes on.
Em D G/ G...

And if you want some fun, say Ob-La-Di-Bla-Da

Old Joe's Place (Christopher Guest/Michael Mckean/Harry Shearer)

BARITONE

C F
When-ever I'm out a-wandering,
C F
Chasing a rainbow dream.

C Am
I often stop and think a-bout,
D7 G
A place I've never seen.

Am Em
Where friendly folks can gather,
Am G G7
And raise the rafters high.

C Am
With songs and tales of yester-year,
F G C
Un-til they say good-bye.

(n.c.) F C
Well... There's a puppy in the parlor,
F C
And a skillet on the stove,
F C G C
And a smelly old blanket, that a Navajo wove.

F C
There's a chicken on the table,
F C
But you got to say grace.

F C
There's always something cooking
G C F C G C
At Old Joe's Place.

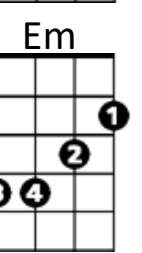
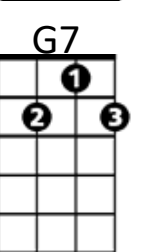
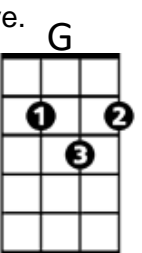
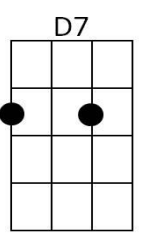
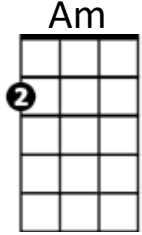
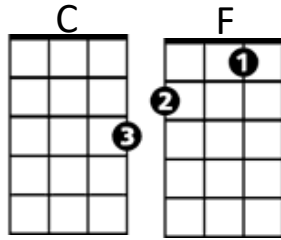
C F
Now folks come by round evening time,
C F
Soon as the sun goes down.

C Am
Some drop in from right next door,
D7 G
And some from out of town. Pick it!
Am Em / Am G G7 / C Am / F G C

(n.c.) F C
Well... There's a puppy in the parlor,
F C
And a skillet on the stove,
F C G C
And a smelly old blanket, that a Navajo wove

F C
There's popcorn in the popper,
F C
And a porker in the pot.

F C
There's pie in the pantry,
G C
And the coffee's always hot.



F C
There's a chicken on the table,
F C
But you got to say grace.
F C
There's always something cooking
G C F C G C
At Old Joe's Place.

C F
Now they don't allow no frowns inside;
C F
Leave them by the door.

C Am
There's apple brandy by the keg,
D7 G
And sawdust on the floor.

Am Em
So if you've got a hankerin',
Am G G7
I'll tell you where to go.

C Am
Just look for the busted neon sign,
F (n.c.)
That flashes... "EA_A__OE's"

(n.c.) F C
Well... There's a puppy in the parlor,
F C
And a skillet on the stove,

F C G C
And a smelly old blanket, that a Navajo wove
F C
There's popcorn in the popper.

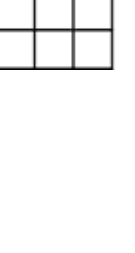
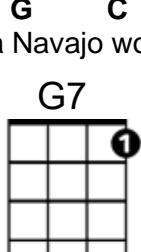
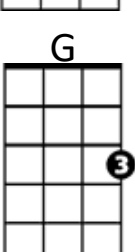
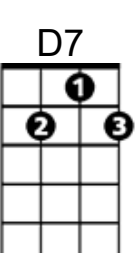
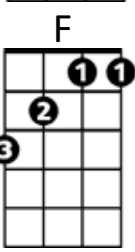
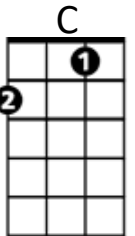
F C
And a porker in the pot.
F C
There's pie in the pantry,

G C
And the coffee's always hot.
F C
There's sausage in the morning,

F C G C
And a party every night,
F C
There's a nurse on duty, if you don't feel right.

F C
There's a chicken on the table,
F C (deep breath, "whew")
But you got to say grace.

F C
There's always something cooking
G C F C G C
At Old Joe's Place.



On the Cover of the Rolling Stone (Shel Silverstein) (Key C)

C
 Well we are big rock singers
 We've got golden fingers
 And we're loved everywhere we go, **G**
 We sing about beauty and we sing about truth
G7 **C**
 At ten thousand dollars a show;
 We take all kind of pills to give us all kind of thrills,
F
 But the thrill we've never known,
G
 Is the thrill that'll get you
 When you get your picture
C
 On the cover of the Rolling Stone

CHORUS:

C **G**
 Rolling Stone -

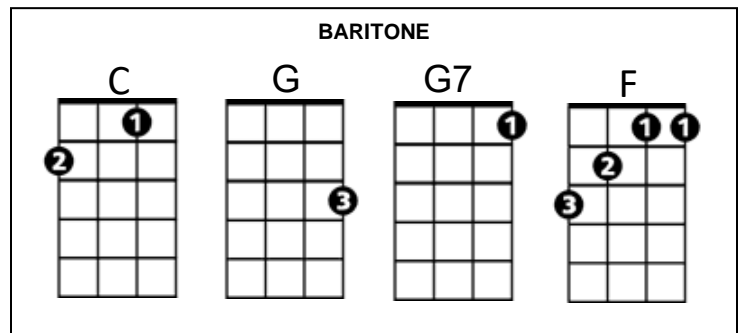
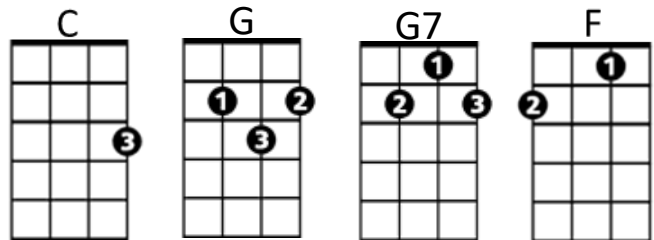
Wanna see my picture on the cover
C
 Wanna buy five copies for my mother
G
 Wanna see my smilin' face
F **C**
 On the cover of the Rolling Stone

C
 I've got a freaky old lady name of Cocaine Katy
G
 Who embroiders all my jeans,
 I've got my poor old gray-haired Daddy,
G7 **C**
 Drivin' my limousine
 Now it's all designed to blow our minds
F
 But our minds won't really be blown,
G
 Like the blow that'll get you
 when you get your picture
C
 On the cover of the Rolling Stone

(CHORUS)

C
 We got a lot of little blue-eyed, teenage groupies
G
 Who do anything we say,
 We got a genuine Indian guru,
G7 **C**
 Who's showin' us a better way,
 We got all the friends that money can buy,
F
 So we never have to be alone,
G
 And we keep gettin' richer but we can't get our
 picture
C
 On the cover of the Rolling Stone

(CHORUS) 2x



On the Cover of the Rolling Stone (Shel Silverstein) Key F

F
 Well we are big rock singers
 we've got golden fingers
 And we're loved everywhere we go, **C**
 We sing about beauty and we sing about truth
C7 **F**
 At ten thousand dollars a show;
 We take all kind of pills to give us all kind of thrills,
Bb
 But the thrill we've never known,
C
 Is the thrill that'll get you
 when you get your picture
F
 On the cover of the Rolling Stone

CHORUS:

F **C**
 Rolling Stone -

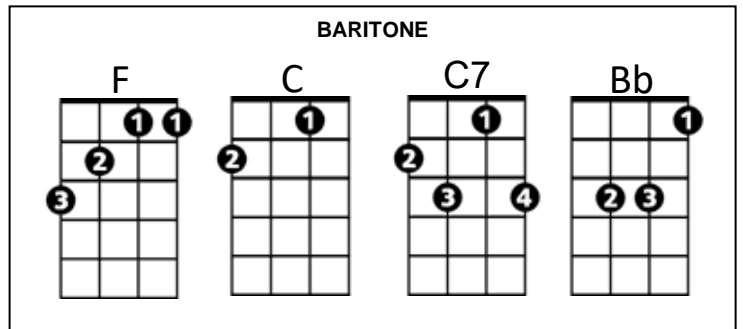
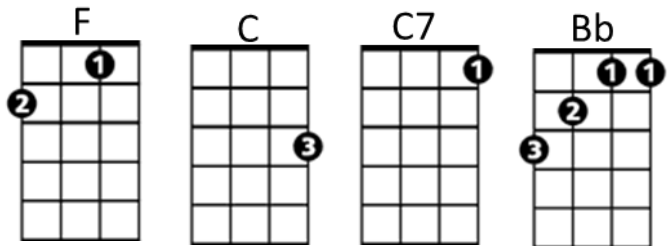
Wanna see my picture on the cover
F
 Wanna buy five copies for my mother
C
 Wanna see my smilin' face
Bb **F**
 On the cover of the Rolling Stone

F
 I've got a freaky old lady name of Cocaine Katy
C
 Who embroiders all my jeans,
 I've got my poor old gray-haired Daddy,
C7 **F**
 Drivin' my limousine
 Now it's all designed to blow our minds
Bb
 But our minds won't really be blown,
C
 Like the blow that'll get you
 when you get your picture
F
 On the cover of the Rolling Stone

(CHORUS)

F
 We got a lot of little blue-eyed, teenage groupies
C
 Who do anything we say,
 We got a genuine Indian guru,
C7 **F**
 Who's showin' us a better way,
 We got all the friends that money can buy,
Bb
 So we never have to be alone,
C
 And we keep gettin' richer
 But we can't get our picture
F
 On the cover of the Rolling Stone

(CHORUS) 2x



On The Cover of the Rolling Stone (Shel Silverstein) Key G

G

Well we are big rock singers

we've got golden fingers

And we're loved everywhere we go,

We sing about beauty and we sing about truth

D7 At ten thousand dollars a **G** show;

We take all kind of pills to give us all kind of thrills,

But the thrill we've never known,

Is the thrill that'll get you

when you get your picture

On the cover of the Rolling Stone

CHORUS:

G **D**
Rolling Stone -

Wanna see my picture on the cover

G
Wanna buy five copies for my mother

D
Wanna see my smilin' face

C **G**
On the cover of the Rolling Stone

G

I've got a freaky old lady name of Cocaine Katy

Who embroiders all my jeans,

I've got my poor old gray-haired Daddy,

D7 Drivin' my limousine **G**

Now it's all designed to blow our minds

But our minds won't really be blown,

Like the blow that'll get you

when you get your picture

On the cover of the Rolling Stone

(CHORUS)

G

We got a lot of little blue-eyed, teenage groupies

Who do anything we say,

We got a genuine Indian guru,

D7 Who's showin' us a better way, **G**

We got all the friends that money can buy,

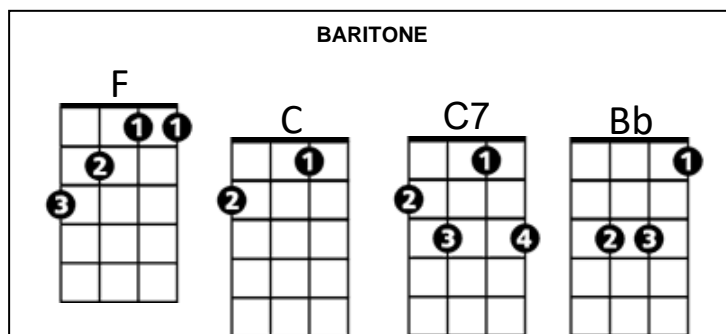
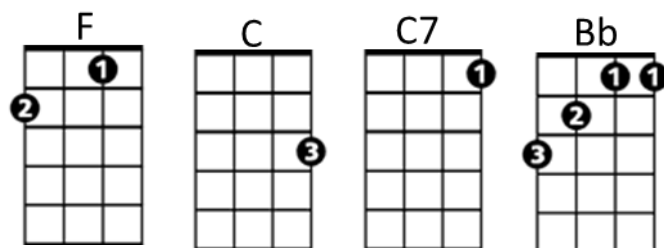
So we never have to be alone,

And we keep gettin' richer

But we can't get our picture

On the cover of the Rolling Stone

(CHORUS) 2x



On the Cover of the Rolling Stone (Shel Silverstein) NN

1
Well we are big rock singers
we've got golden fingers
And we're loved everywhere we go, 5
We sing about beauty and we sing about truth
5(7) 1
At ten thousand dollars a show;
We take all kind of pills to give us all kind of thrills,
But the thrill we've never known, 4
5
Is the thrill that'll get you
when you get your picture
On the cover of the Rolling Stone 1

CHORUS:

1 5
Rolling Stone -

Wanna see my picture on the cover
1
Wanna buy five copies for my mother
5
Wanna see my smilin' face
4 1
On the cover of the Rolling Stone

1
I've got a freaky old lady name of Cocaine Katy
5
Who embroiders all my jeans,
I've got my poor old gray-haired Daddy,
5(7) 1
Drivin' my limousine
Now it's all designed to blow our minds
4
But our minds won't really be blown,
5
Like the blow that'll get you
when you get your picture
On the cover of the Rolling Stone 1

(CHORUS)

1
We got a lot of little blue-eyed, teenage groupies
5
Who do anything we say,
We got a genuine Indian guru,
5(7) 1
Who's showin' us a better way,
We got all the friends that money can buy,
4
So we never have to be alone,
5
And we keep gettin' richer
But we can't get our picture
On the cover of the Rolling Stone 1

(CHORUS) 2x

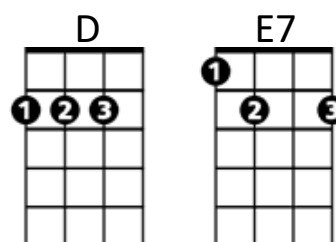
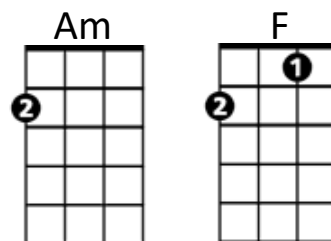
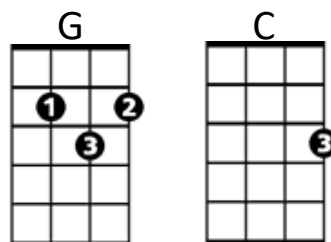
1	4	5
A	D	E
Bb	Eb	F
C	F	G
D	G	A
E	A	B
F	Bb	C
G	C	D

Panama Red (P. Rowan) Key C

Intro: G C

Chorus:

Am G
Panama Red, Panama Red,
F D G
He'll steal your woman then he'll rob your head.
Am G
Panama Red, Panama Red,
E7 F
On his white horse Mescalito, he comes breezin' thru town.
G C
Bet your woman is up in bed with ol' Panama Red.

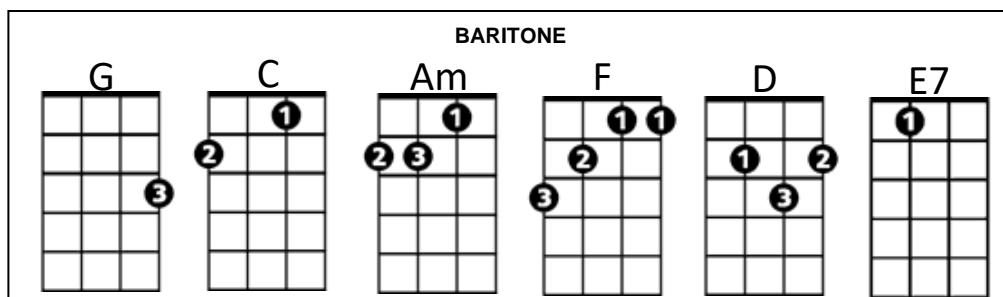


C
The judge don't know when Red's in town,
F
He keeps well hidden under ground.
G C
Everybody's actin' lazy, fallin' out or hangin' round.
C F
My woman said, Hey Pedro, you're actin' crazy like a clown.
G C
Nobody feels like workin' Panama Red is back in town.

(Chorus)

C F
Everybody's lookin' out for him 'cause they know Red satisfies.
G C
Little girls like to listen to him sing and tell sweet lies.
C F
But when things get too confusin' honey, you're better off in bed.
G C
I'll be searchin' all the joints in town for Panama Red.

(Chorus) 3x to fade

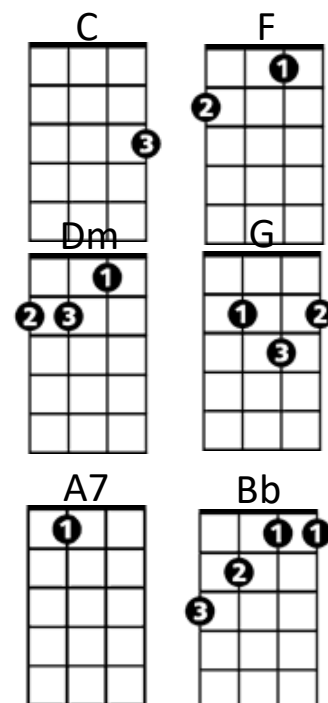


Panama Red (P. Rowan) Key F

Intro C F

Chorus:

Dm C
 Panama Red, Panama Red,
Bb G C
 He'll steal your woman then he'll rob your head.
Dm C
 Panama Red, Panama Red,
A7 Bb
 On his white horse Mescalito, he comes breezin' thru town.
C F
 Bet your woman is up in bed with ol' Panama Red.

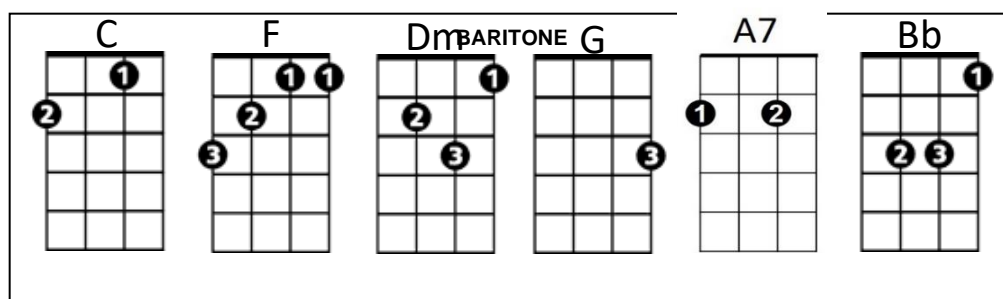


F
 The judge don't know when Red's in town,
Bb
 He keeps well hidden underground.
C F
 Everybody's actin' lazy, fallin' out or hangin' round.
F Bb
 My woman said, Hey Pedro, you're actin' crazy like a clown.
C F
 Nobody feels like workin' Panama Red is back in town.

(Chorus)

F Bb
 Everybody's lookin' out for him 'cause they know Red satisfies.
C F
 Little girls like to listen to him sing and tell sweet lies.
F Bb
 But when things get too confusin' honey, you're better off in bed.
C F
 I'll be searchin' all the joints in town for Panama Red.

(Chorus) 3x to fade

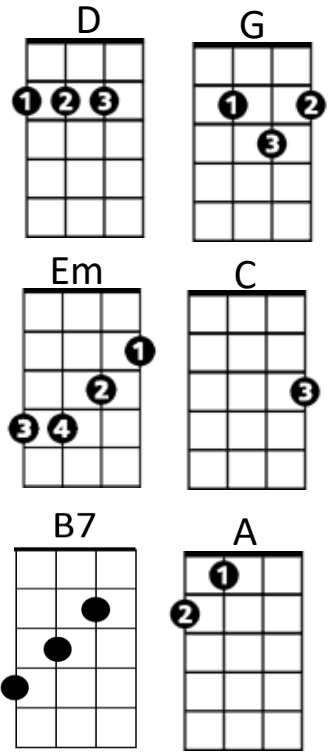


Panama Red (P. Rowan)

Intro D G

Chorus:

Em D
 Panama Red, Panama Red,
C A D
 He'll steal your woman then he'll rob your head.
Em D
 Panama Red, Panama Red,
B7 C
 On his white horse Mescalito, he comes breezin' thru town.
D G
 Bet your woman is up in bed with ol' Panama Red.

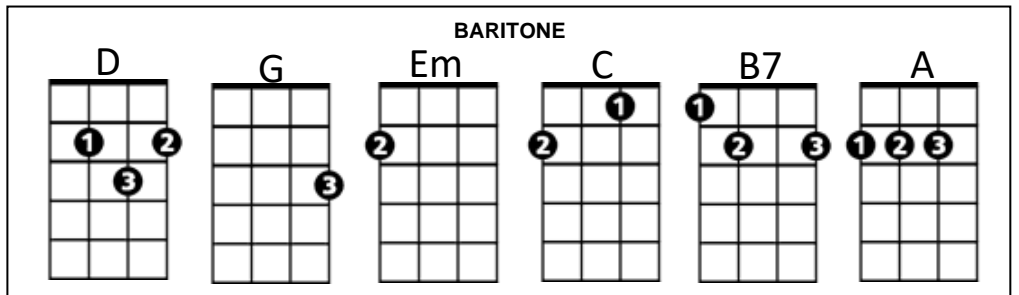


G
 The judge don't know when Red's in town,
C
 He keeps well hidden underground.
D G
 Everybody's actin' lazy, fallin' out or hangin' round.
G C
 My woman said, Hey Pedro, you're actin' crazy like a clown.
D G
 Nobody feels like workin' Panama Red is back in town.

(Chorus)

G C
 Everybody's lookin' out for him 'cause they know Red satisfies.
D G
 Little girls like to listen to him sing and tell sweet lies.
G C
 But when things get too confusin' honey, you're better off in bed.
D G
 I'll be searchin' all the joints in town for Panama Red.

(Chorus) 3x to fade



Pencil Thin Mustache (Jimmy Buffett) (C)

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

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

Chorus

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

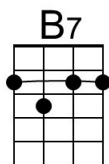
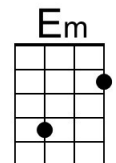
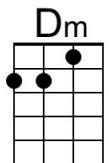
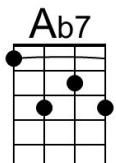
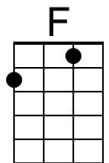
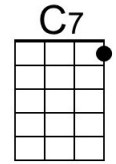
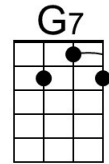
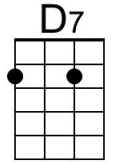
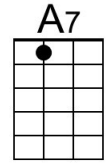
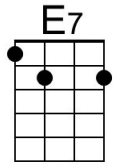
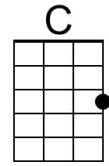
Dm A7 Dm A7
Then it's flat top, dirty bop, coppin' a feel
Dm A7 Dm A7
Grubbin' on the livin' room floor (so sore)
Em B7
They send you off to college,
Em B7
Try to gain a little knowledge
D7 G7
But all you want to do is learn how to score

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

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

Outro

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



Bari

Pencil Thin Mustache (Jimmy Buffett) (F)

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

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

Chorus

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

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

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

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

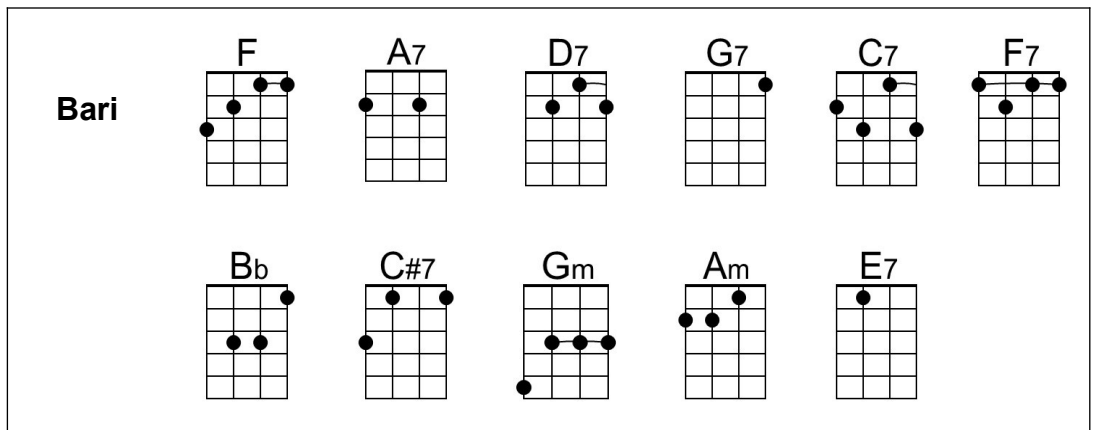
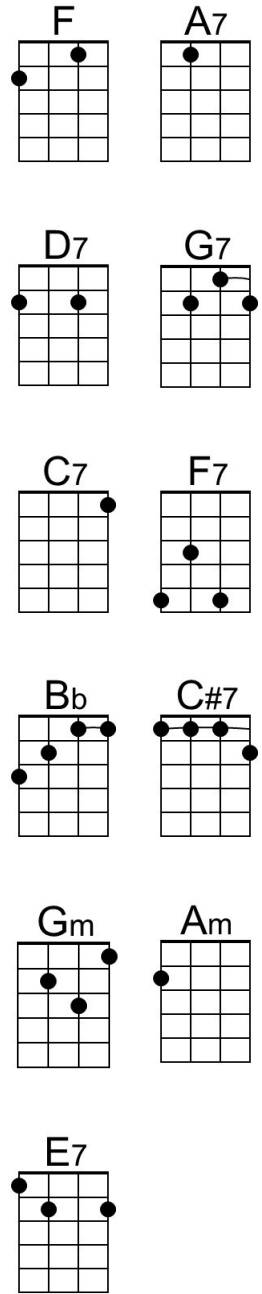
F A7 | D7 D7 | G7 C7 | F C7 |
F A7 | D7 G7 | C7 F
(Thin, thin, pencil thin mustache)

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

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

Chorus

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



Pencil Thin Mustache (Jimmy Buffett) (G)

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

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

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

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

Chorus

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

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

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

And an autographed picture of Andy Devine

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

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

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

Then I could solve some mysteries too

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But all you want to do is learn how to score

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

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

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

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

Chorus

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

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

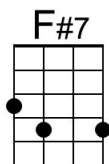
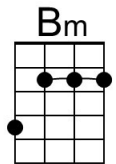
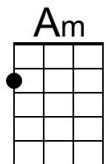
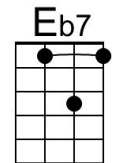
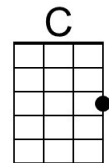
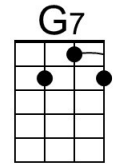
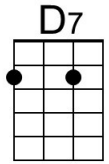
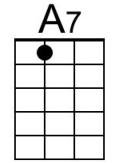
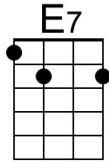
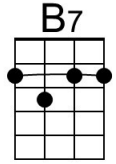
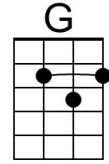
G **B7** **E7** Araby
If I only had a pencil-thin mustache

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

Outro

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

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



Bari

Potato's in the Paddy Wagon (Michael John McKean, Annette O'Toole) (C)

Chorus:

C
Come on boys, Potato's in the paddy wagon
F C
Gotta get her outta there

C
Come on boys, Potato's in the paddy wagon
G C
Mama says it just ain't fair

C
One night mama went
F
To fetch us up a sweet potato
G C
Fell down the cel lar stairs
F
Stork dropped in while she was on the floor
G C
So my sister was born down there
G C
Daddy says this'n will be nothin' but a misery
F C G
Never will be worth a damn
C F
But mama just loved her little sweet Potato baby
G C
With a face like a parboiled yam

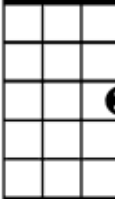
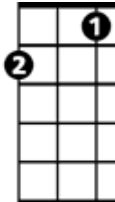
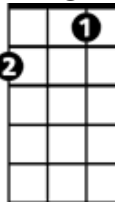
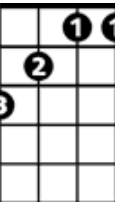



(Chorus)

C F
Potato grew up to be as pretty as a peach
G C
In her calico and honey yellow curls
C
Went to the apple cider ball at the armory
G C
With all the other ripe and ready girls
G C
Sheriff Dan Pike, picked Potato for the polka
F C G
But she spurned him with a fiddle de-dee
C
And before she could turn around
F
and find another partner
G C
Sheriff took her into cus-to-dy

(Chorus)

C F
Mama 'n' daddy put together quite a little posse
G C
Countin' me and Jack and cousin Will
C F
We all hopped into the old Chevy pickup
G C
And we caught 'em at the top of the hill
G
Daddy took his Remington
C
And shot away the lock
F C G
For to set his little darlin' free
C F
But Potato said, "Daddy, shut the gol dern door
G C
Sheriff wants to marry me"
C
Let's go boys, Potato's in the paddy wagon
F C
Guess we better leave her there
Let's go boys, Potato's in the paddy wagon
G C
Mama says it's more than fair
Let's go boys, Potato's in the paddy wagon
G C
Guess we better leave her there
Let's go boys, Potato's in the paddy wagon
3X
G C
Mama says it's more than fair **(extend last line)**

BARITONE

C		F		C		F
						

Potato's in the Paddy Wagon (Michael John McKean, Annette O'Toole) (D)

Chorus:

D
Come on boys, Potato's in the paddy wagon
G D
Gotta get her outta there

A D
Come on boys, Potato's in the paddy wagon
A D
Mama says it just ain't fair

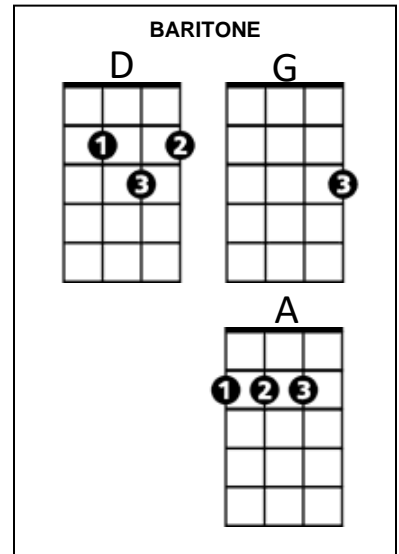
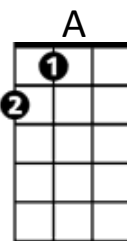
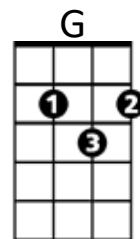
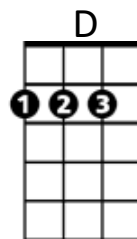
D
One night mama went
G
To fetch us up a sweet potato
A D
Fell down the cellar stairs
G
Stork dropped in while she was on the floor
A D
So my sister was born down there
A D
Daddy says this'n will be nothin' but a misery
G D A
Never will be worth a damn
D G
But mama just loved her little sweet Potato baby
A D
With a face like a parboiled yam

(Chorus)

D G
Potato grew up to be as pretty as a peach
A D
In her calico and honey yellow curls
D
Went to the apple cider ball at the armory
A D
With all the other ripe and ready girls
A D
Sheriff Dan Pike, picked Potato for the polka
G D A
But she spurned him with a fiddle de-dee
D
And before she could turn around
G
and find another partner
A D
Sheriff took her into cus-to-dy

(Chorus)

D G
Mama 'n' daddy put together quite a little posse
A D
Countin' me and Jack and cousin Will
D G
We all hopped into the old Chevy pickup
A D
And we caught 'em at the top of the hill
A
Daddy took his Remington
D
And shot away the lock
G D A
For to set his little darlin' free
D G
But Potato said, "Daddy, shut the gol dern door
A D
Sheriff wants to marry me"
D
Let's go boys, Potato's in the paddy wagon
G D
Guess we better leave her there
Let's go boys, Potato's in the paddy wagon
A D
Mama says it's more than fair
Let's go boys, Potato's in the paddy wagon
A D
Guess we better leave her there
Let's go boys, Potato's in the paddy wagon
3X
A D
Mama says it's more than fair **(extend last line)**



Potato's in the Paddy Wagon (Michael John McKean, Annette O'Toole) (G)

Chorus:

G
Come on boys, Potato's in the paddy wagon
C G
Gotta get her outta there

D G
Come on boys, Potato's in the paddy wagon
D G
Mama says it just ain't fair

G
One night mama went
C
To fetch us up a sweet potato
D G
Fell down the cellar stairs
C
Stork dropped in while she was on the floor
D G
So my sister was born down there
D G
Daddy says this'n will be nothin' but a misery
C G D
Never will be worth a damn
G C
But mama just loved her little sweet Potato baby
D G
With a face like a parboiled yam

(Chorus)

G C
Potato grew up to be as pretty as a peach
D G
In her calico and honey yellow curls
G
Went to the apple cider ball at the armory
D G
With all the other ripe and ready girls
D G
Sheriff Dan Pike, picked Potato for the polka
C G D
But she spurned him with a fiddle de-dee
G
And before she could turn around
C
and find another partner
D G
Sheriff took her into cus-to-dy

(Chorus)

G C
Mama 'n' daddy put together quite a little posse
D G
Countin' me and Jack and cousin Will
G C
We all hopped into the old Chevy pickup
D G
And we caught 'em at the top of the hill
D
Daddy took his Remington
G
And shot away the lock
C G D
For to set his little darlin' free
G C
But Potato said, "Daddy, shut the gol dern door
D G
Sheriff wants to marry me"
G
Let's go boys, Potato's in the paddy wagon
C G
Guess we better leave her there
Let's go boys, Potato's in the paddy wagon
D G
Mama says it's more than fair
Let's go boys, Potato's in the paddy wagon
D G
Guess we better leave her there
Let's go boys, Potato's in the paddy wagon
3X
D G
Mama says it's more than fair **(extend last line)**

Ukulele chord diagrams for G, C, and D chords. The G chord diagram shows frets 2, 3, 2, 1. The C chord diagram shows frets 3, 2, 3, 1. The D chord diagram shows frets 2, 3, 2, 1. A box labeled 'BARITONE' contains the same three diagrams with an additional D chord diagram below them, showing frets 2, 3, 2, 1.

Purple People Eater (Sheb Wooley) (C)

Purple People Eater by Sheb Wooley

Intro: G7 G C

C
Well, I saw the thing comin' out of the sky

G C
It had the one long horn, one big eye

F
I commenced to shakin' and I said "ooh-eee"

G C
It looks like a purple eater to me

Chorus

C
It was a one-eyed, one-horned, flyin' purple people eater

G
One-eyed, one-horned, flyin' purple people eater

C
A one-eyed, one-horned, flyin' purple people eater

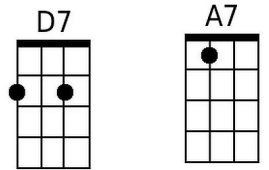
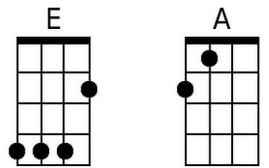
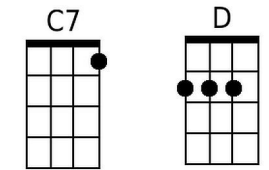
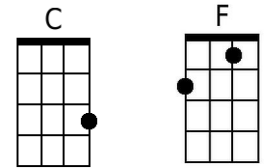
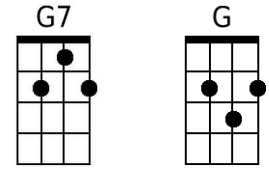
G7 C
Sure looks strange to me (*one eye?* / **2nd time:** *one horn?*)

C
Well he came down to earth and he lit in a tree

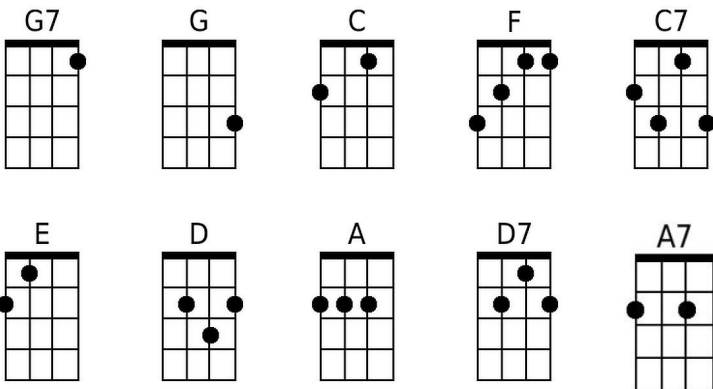
G C
I said Mr. Purple People Eater, don't eat me

C7 F
I heard him say in a voice so gruff

G
"I wouldn't eat you 'cause you're so tough." **Chorus**



Baritone



C

I said Mr. Purple People Eater, what's your line?

G

C

He said "eatin' purple people and it sure is fine

C7

F

But that's not the reason that I came to land

G

I want to get a job in a rock and roll band"

C

Well bless my soul, rock and roll, flyin' purple people eater

G

Pigeon-toed, under-growed, flyin' purple people eater

C

"We wear short shorts" friendly little people eater

G7

C

E

What a sight to see (oh)

D

And then he swung from the tree and he lit on the ground

A

D

And he started to rock, really rockin' around

D7

G

It was a crazy ditty with a swingin' tune

A7

"Singin' bop-bop, a-boopa lopa lum bam boom" well

D

Well, bless my soul, rock and roll, flyin' purple people eater

A

Pigeon-toed, under growed, flyin' purple people eater

D

"I like short shorts!" flyin' purple people eater

A7

D

What a sight to see (*purple people?*)

D

Well, he went on his way, and then what do ya know?

A

D

I saw him last night on a TV show

D7

G

He was blowing it out, really knockin' em dead

A7

D

G7

D

G7

D

D (Hold)

Playin' rock and roll music through the horn in his head.

"Tequila!"

Purple People Eater (Sheb Wooley) (G)

Purple People Eater by Sheb Wooley

Intro: D7 D G

G
Well, I saw the thing comin' out of the sky

D G
It had the one long horn, one big eye

C
I commenced to shakin' and I said "ooh-eee"

D G
It looks like a purple eater to me.

Chorus

G
It was a one-eyed, one-horned, flyin' purple people eater

D
One-eyed, one-horned, flyin' purple people eater

G
A one-eyed, one-horned, flyin' purple people eater

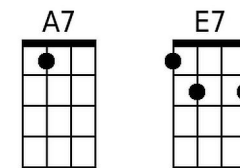
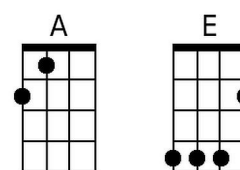
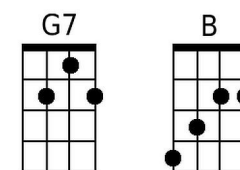
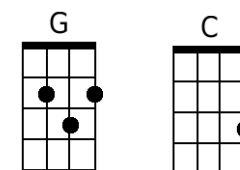
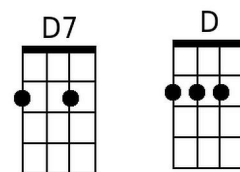
D7 G
Sure looks strange to me (*one eye?* / **2nd time:** *one horn?*)

G
Well he came down to earth and he lit in a tree

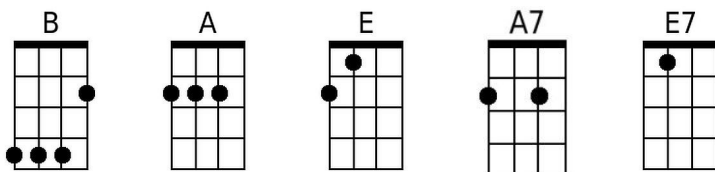
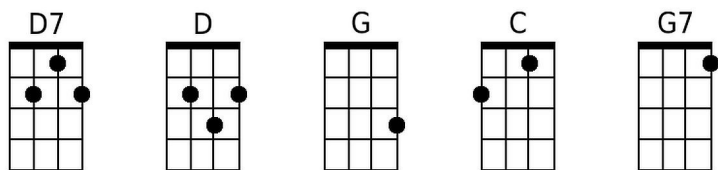
D G
I said Mr. Purple People Eater, don't eat me

G7 C
I heard him say in a voice so gruff

D
"I wouldn't eat you 'cause you're so tough" **Chorus**



Baritone



G
I said Mr. Purple People Eater, what's your line?

D **G**
He said "eatin' purple people and it sure is fine

G7 **C**
But that's not the reason that I came to land

D
I want to get a job in a rock and roll band"

G
Well bless my soul, rock and roll, flyin' purple people eater

D
Pigeon-toed, under-growed, flyin' purple people eater

G
"We wear short shorts" friendly little people eater

D7 **G** **B**
What a sight to see (oh)

A
And then he swung from the tree and he lit on the ground

E **A**
And he started to rock, really rockin' around

A7 **D**
It was a crazy ditty with a swingin' tune

E7
"Singin' bop-bop, a-boopa lopa lum bam boom," well

A
Pigeon-toed, under growed, flyin' purple people eater

E
Pigeon-toed, under growed, flyin' purple people eater

A
"I like short shorts!" flyin' purple people eater

E7 **A**
What a sight to see (*purple people?*)

A
Well, he went on his way, and then what do ya know?

E **A**
I saw him last night on a TV show

A7 **D**
He was blowing it out, really knockin' em dead

E7 **A** **D7** **A** **D7** **A** **A (Hold)**
Playin' rock and roll music through the horn in his head.

"Tequila!"

Raised On Robbery (Joni Mitchell)

C
He was sittin' in the lounge of the Empire Hotel

F C
He was drinkin' for diversion,
F C

He was thinkin' for himself

A little money ridin' on the Maple Leafs

F C C7
Along comes this lady in lacy sleeves -
F

She says, "Let me sit down,

C
You know drinking alone's a shame,

It's a shame, it's a cryin' shame

G C
Look at those jokers

F
Glued to that damn hockey game

F
Hey, honey, you got lots of cash,

Bring us 'round a bottle

And we'll have some laughs

Bb G C
Gin's what I'm drinkin'; I was raised on robbery

C-G-F / C-G-C-C7

F C
I'm a pretty good cook, sittin' on my groceries

G
Come up to my kitchen,

F C
I'll show you my best recipes

F
I try and I try, but I can't save a cent

I'm up after midnight cookin',

Tryin' to make my rent

Bb G Bb C
I'm rough but I'm pleasin'; I was raised on robbery

C-G-F / C-G-C-C7

F
We had a little money once,

C
They were pushin' through a four lane high-way

G
Government gave us three thousand dollars,

F C
You shoulda seen it fly away

F
First he bought a fifty-seven Biscayne,

He put it in a ditch

He drunk up all the rest, that son of a bitch

Bb G C
His blood's bad whiskey; I was raised on robbery

C-G-F / C-G-C-C7

F
You know you ain't bad lookin',

C
I like the way you hold your drinks

G
Come home with me honey,

F C
I ain't askin' for no full-length mink

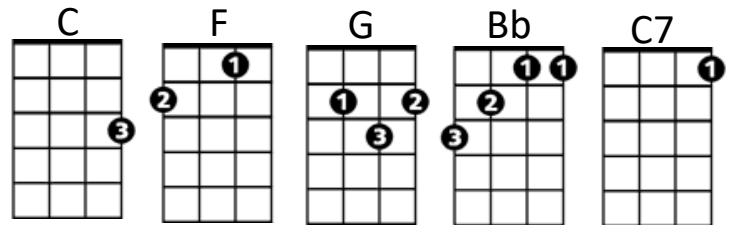
F
Hey, where you goin'? Don't go yet,

Your glass ain't empty and we just met

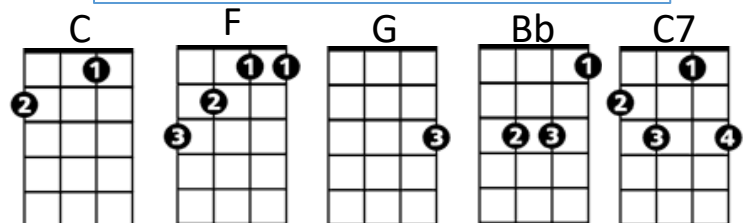
Bb
You're mean when you're loaded;

G C
I was raised on robbery

C-G-F / C-G-C



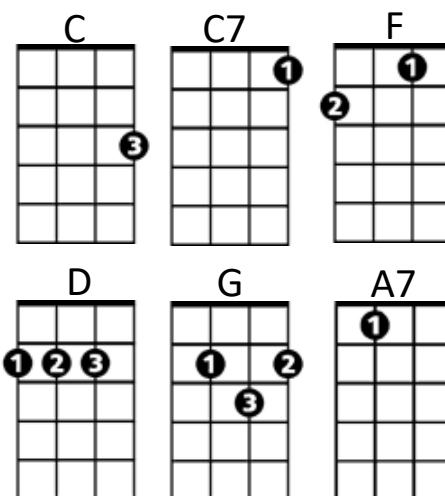
BARITONE



Rapid Roy (Jim Croce) (C)

CHORUS

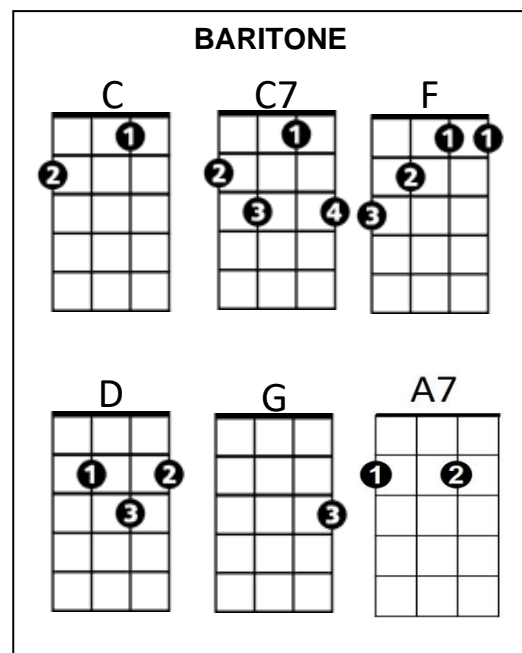
C C7 F C
 Oh Rapid Roy that stock car boy, he too much to believe
F C
 You know he always got an extra pack of cigarettes
D G
 Rolled up in his t-shirt sleeve
C C7
 He got a tattoo on his arm that say "Baby"
F D
 He got another one that just say, "Hey"
C A7
 But every Sunday afternoon he is a dirt track demon
D G C
 In a '57 Chevro-let



C C7 F C
 Oh Rapid Roy that stock car boy, he's the best driver in the land
F C
 He say that he learned to race a stock car
D G
 By runnin' 'shine outta Alabam'
C C7
 Oh the demolition derby and the figure eight
F D
 Is easy money in the bank
C Am
 Compared to runnin' from the man in Oklahoma City
D G C
 With a 500 gallon tank

(Chorus)

C C7 F C
 Yeah, Roy so cool, that racin' fool, he don't know what fear's about
F C
 He do a hundred thirty mile an hour, smilin' at the camera
D G
 With a toothpick in his mouth
C C7
 He got a girl back home name of Dixie Dawn
F D
 But he got honeys all along the way
C Am
 And you oughta hear 'em screamin' for that dirt track demon
D G C
 In a '57 Chevro - let



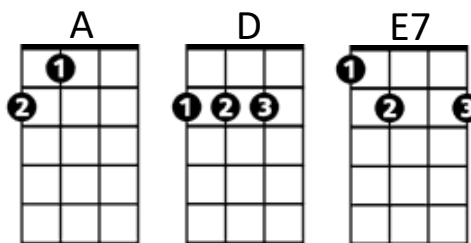
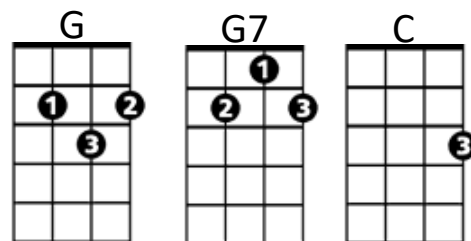
CHORUS (2X)

C Am
 But every Sunday afternoon he is a dirt track demon
D G C
 In a '57 Chevro-let

Rapid Roy (Jim Croce) (G)

CHORUS

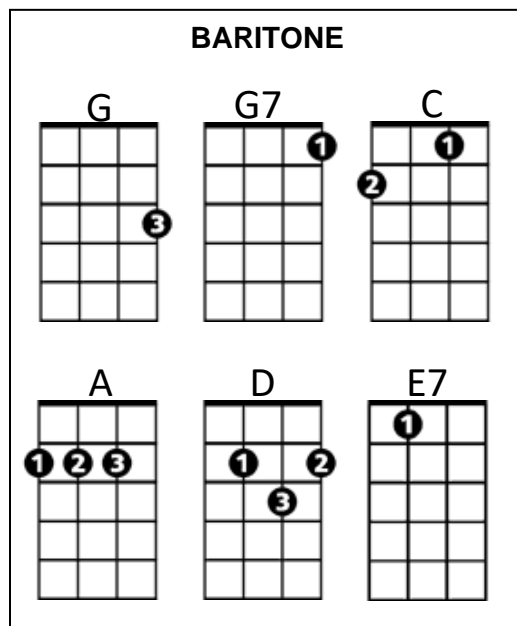
G G7 C G
 Oh Rapid Roy that stock car boy, he too much to believe
C G
 You know he always got an extra pack of cigarettes
A D
 Rolled up in his t-shirt sleeve
G G7
 He got a tattoo on his arm that say "Baby"
C A
 He got another one that just say, "Hey"
G E7
 But every Sunday afternoon he is a dirt track demon
A D G
 In a '57 Chevro-let



G G7 C G
 Oh Rapid Roy that stock car boy, he's the best driver in the land
C G
 He say that he learned to race a stock car
A D
 By runnin' 'shine outta Alabam'
G G7
 Oh the demolition derby and the figure eight
C A
 Is easy money in the bank
G Em
 Compared to runnin' from the man in Oklahoma City
A D G
 With a 500 gallon tank

(Chorus)

G G7 C G
 Yeah, Roy so cool, that racin' fool, he don't know what fear's about
C G
 He do a hundred thirty mile an hour, smilin' at the camera
A D
 With a toothpick in his mouth
G G7
 He got a girl back home name of Dixie Dawn
C A
 But he got honeys all along the way
G Em
 And you oughta hear 'em screamin' for that dirt track demon
A D G
 In a '57 Chevro - let



CHORUS (2X)

G Em
 But every Sunday afternoon he is a dirt track demon
A D G
 In a '57 Chevro-let

Rock the Casbah (The Clash)

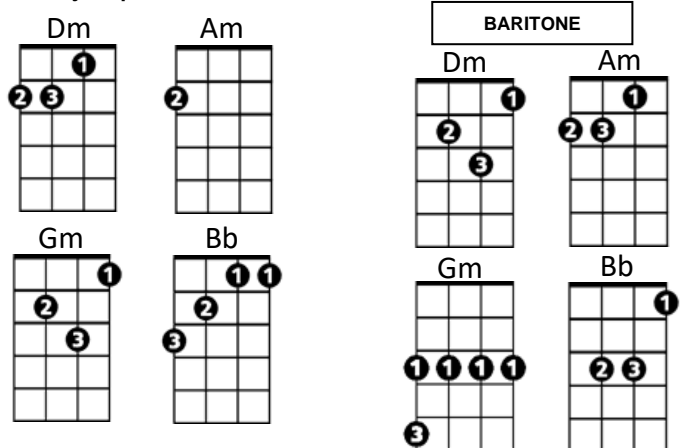
Dm Now, the king told the boogie men,
Am Dm You have to let that raga drop.
Am Dm The oil down the desert way
Am Dm Has been shaking to the top.
Am Dm The sheik he drove his Cadillac
Am Dm He went a cruising' down the 'ville.
Am Dm The Muezzin was a-standing
Am Dm On the radiator grille.

Gm Share-eef don't like it.
Bb Dm Bb Dm Rock the Casbah. Rock the Casbah.
Gm Share-eef don't like it.
Bb Dm Bb Dm Rock the Casbah. Rock the Casbah.

Dm By order of the prophet
Am Dm We ban that boogie sound.
Am Dm Degenerate the faithful
Am Dm With that crazy Casbah sound.
Am Dm But the Bedouin, they brought out
Am Dm The electric camel drum.
Am Dm The local guitar picker
Am Dm Got his guitar picking thumb.
Am Dm As soon as the Shareef
Am Dm Had cleared the square,
Am Dm They began to wa – a -- il. **(Chorus)**

Dm Now over at the temple
Am Dm Oh, they really pack 'em in.
Am Dm The In-Crowd say it's cool
Am Dm To dig this chanting thing.
Am Dm But as the wind changed direction
Am Dm And the temple band took five
Am Dm The crowd got a whiff
(Chorus) Of that crazy Casbah jive.

Dm The king called up his jet fighters,
Am Dm He said, you better earn your pay.
Am Dm Drop your bombs down between the minarets
Am Dm Down the Casbah way.
Am Dm As soon as the Shareef
Am Dm Was chauffeured out of there,
Am Dm The jet pilots tuned to the cockpit radio blare.
Am Dm As soon as the Shareef was outta their hair
(Chorus) 2x The jet pilots wa – a - iled.



Shaving Cream (Benny Bell)

C
I have a sad story to tell you
G7
It may hurt your feelings a bit
C
Last night when I walked in my bathroom
F **G7**
I stepped in a big pile of -

Chorus:

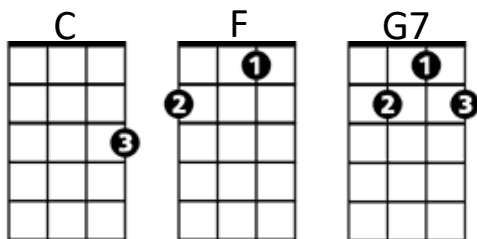
C
Shaving cream be nice and clean
F **C**
Shave every day
G7 **C**
And you'll always look keen

C
I think I'll break off with my girlfriend
G7
Her antics are queer I'll admit
C
Each time I say darling I love you
F **G7**
She tells me that I'm full of -

(Chorus)

C
Our baby fell out of the window
G7
You'd think that her head would be split
C
But good luck was with her that morning
F **G7**
She fell in a barrel ofv-

(Chorus)



C
An old lady died in a bathtub
G7
She died from a terrible fit
C
In order to fulfill her wishes
F **G7**
She was buried in six feet ofv-

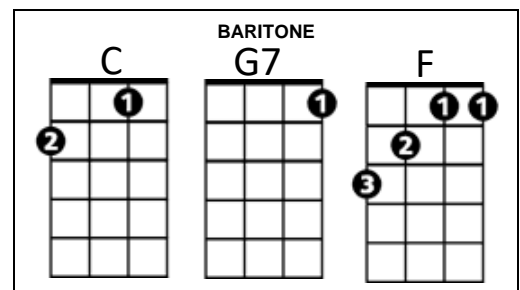
(Chorus)

C
When I was in France with the army
G7
One day I looked into my kit
C
I thought I would find me a sandwich
F **G7**
But the darn thing was loaded with -

(Chorus)

C
And now folks my story is ended
G7
I think it is time I should quit
C
If any of you feel offended
F **G7**
Stick your head in a barrel of -

(Chorus)



Snoopy vs The Red Baron (Phil Gernhard, Dick Holler) (C)

Snoopy vs The Red Baron by The Royal Guardsmen (In F#)

Intro C

C F
After the turn of the century,
C G7
In the clear blue skies over Germany.
C F
Came a roar and a thunder men had never heard,
G7 C
Like the screamin' sound of a big war bird.

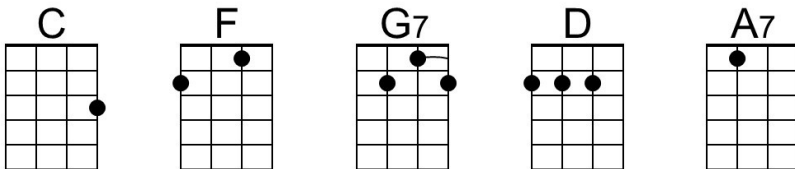
C F
Up in the sky, a man in a plane,
C G7
Baron von Richthoven was his name.
C F
Eighty men tried and eighty men died,
G7 C
Now they're buried together on the country side.

Chorus 1

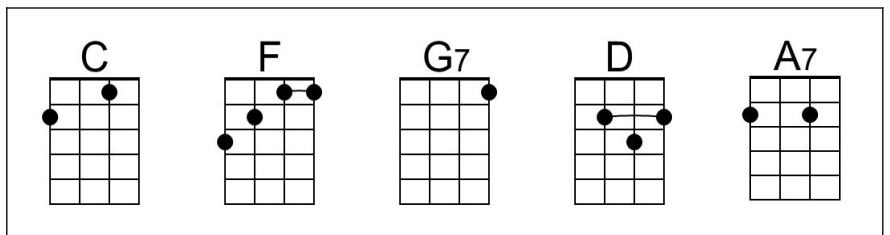
C F
Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty and more,
C G7
The bloody Red Baron was rollin' up the score.
C F
Eighty men died tryin' to end that spree,
G7 C
Of the bloody Red Baron of Germany.

C F
In the nick of time, a hero arose,
C G7
A funny lookin' dog, with a big black nose.
C F
He flew into the sky to seek revenge,
G7
But the Baron shot him down;

C | C
"Curses! Foiled again!" **Chorus 1**



Bari



C F
Now Snoopy'd swore that he'd get that man,
C G7
So he asked the great pumpkin for a new battle
C F plan.
He challenged the German to a real dog fight,
G7 C
While the Baron was laughing, he got him in his
sight.

C F G F (2x) C (Key Change) D

D G
The bloody Red Baron was in a fix;
D A7
He tried everything, but he'd run out of tricks.
D G
Snoopy fired once, then he fired twice,
A7 D
And the bloody Red Baron was spinnin' out of sight.

Chorus 2

D G
Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty and more,
D A7
The bloody Red Baron was rollin' up the score.
D G
Eighty men died tryin' to end that spree,
A7 D
Of the bloody Red Baron of Germany.

Repeat Chorus 2 (Turnaround: Well...)

Outro

A7 D A7 D
Of the bloody Red Baron of Germany.

Snoopy vs The Red Baron (Phil Gernhard, Dick Holler) (G)

Snoopy vs The Red Baron by The Royal Guardsmen (In F#)

Intro G

G C
After the turn of the century,
G D7
In the clear blue skies over Germany.
G C
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Baron von Richthoven was his name.
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Chorus 1

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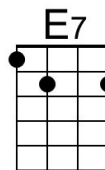
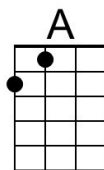
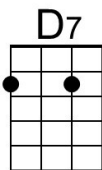
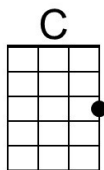
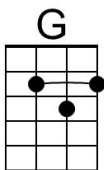
G C
He flew into the sky to seek revenge,
D7

But the Baron shot him down;

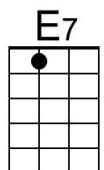
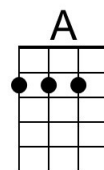
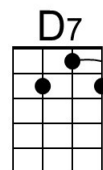
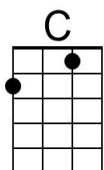
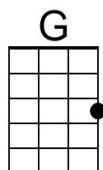
G | G

"Curses! Foiled again!"

Chorus 1



Bari



G C
Now Snoopy'd swore that he'd get that man,
G D7
So he asked the great pumpkin for a new battle
G C plan.
He challenged the German to a real dog fight,
D7 G
While the Baron was laughing, he got him in his
sight.

G C D C (2x) G (Key Change) A

A D
The bloody Red Baron was in a fix;
A E7
He tried everything, but he'd run out of tricks.
A D
Snoopy fired once, then he fired twice,
E7 A
And the bloody Red Baron was spinnin' out of sight.

Chorus 2

A D
Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty and more,
A E7
The bloody Red Baron was rollin' up the score.
A D
Eighty men died tryin' to end that spree,
E7 A
Of the bloody Red Baron of Germany.
(Turnaround: Well...)

Chorus 2

Outro

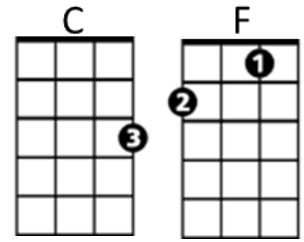
E7 A E7 A
Of the bloody Red Baron of Germany.

Squeeze Box (the Who)

336

Intro: F C (single strum, 4x) strum C 2 measures

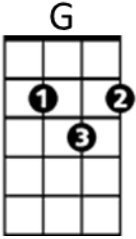
C
Mama's got a squeeze box she wears on her chest and when



Daddy comes home he never gets no rest 'cause she's

G **F**
Playing all night and the Music's al----right

G **F** **C** **F C F C F C (2x)**
Mama's got a squeeze box, Daddy never sleeps at Night



C
Well, the kids don't eat and the dog can't sleep

There's no escape from the music in the whole damn street

G **F**
'Cause she's playing all night and the music's alright

G **F** **C** **F C F C F C (2x)**
Mama's got a squeeze box, Daddy never sleeps at night

C
She goes in and out and in and out and in and out and in and out

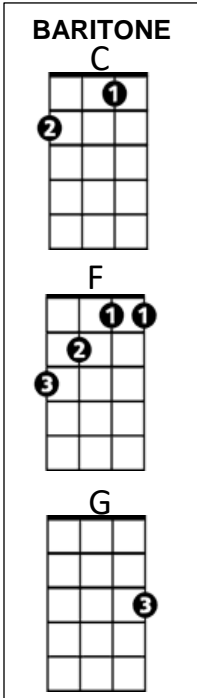
G **F**
'Cause she's playing all night and the music's alright

G **F** **C** **F C F C F C (2x)**
Mama's got a squeeze box, Daddy never sleeps at night

C
She goes squeeze me, come on and squeeze me, come on and

G **F**
Tease me like you do, I'm so in love with you

G **F** **C** **F C F C F C**
Mama's got a squeeze box, Daddy never sleeps at night



Bridge: Chords for "squeeze me" verse

C
She goes in and out and in and out and in and out and in and out

G **F**
'Cause she's playing all night and the music's alright

G **F** **C** **F C F C F C**
Mama's got a squeeze box, Daddy never sleeps at night

C/C/C C/C/C

Strum Along

Shake it Off by Taylor Swift
Lyrics by UkeJenny

Dm F
 My uke is really great. I play it every day.
 C C
 There's nothing left to say, ooh, nothing left to say, ooh
 Dm F
 Tapping to the beat. Can't stay in my seat.
 C C
 Dancing on my feet, ooh, dancing on my feet, ooh
 Dm F
 I can't stop mov-ing, can't stop won't stop grooving
 C
 It's like I got this mu-sic in my mind, and it makes me feel alright

Dm
Cause the strummers gonna strum, strum, strum, strum, strum

F
And its gonna be so fun, fun, fun, fun, fun, baby

C
Jam with every one, one, one, one, one Strum along, strum along

Dm
We're grooving on the run, run, run, run, run

F
And we're soaking up the sun, sun, sun, sun, sun, baby

C
Time to shake your bun, bun, bun, bun, buns Strum along, strum along

Dm F
 I just love to strum. Having so much fun.

C C
 Jam with everyone ooh, jam with everyone ooh

Dm F
 Make music with my friends. The fun that never ends

C C
 I love the joy it sends, ooh, love the joy it sends, ooh

Dm F
 I can't stop mov-ing, can't stop won't stop grooving

C
 It's like I got this mu-sic in my mind, and it makes me feel alright

CHORUS

Dm F
Strum along, strum along, I I I strum along, I strum along, I I

C C
I strum along, I strum along, I I I strum along, strum along ooh

Dm F
Strum along, strum along, I I I strum along, I strum along, I I

C C C/
I strum along, I strum along, I I I strum along, strum along oohooohoooh...

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

Summer Nights (Warren Casey / Jim Jacobs) **GUYS GALS ALL**

C F G F
Summer loving had me a blast

C F G F
Summer loving happened so fast

C F G A
I met a girl crazy for me

D G D G
Met a boy cute as can be

C F G A
Summer days drifting away
Dm G C
To oh oh the summer nights

C F G C F D
Wella wella wella ooh -Tell me more, tell me more
G C

Did you get very far?
F D
Tell me more, tell me more
G C

Like does he have a car?
C F G F G F C
Do-doop do-doop do-doop do doodoodoo doop

C F G F
She swam by me she got a cramp

C F G F
He ran by me got my suit damp

C F G A
I saved her life she nearly drowned

D G D G
He showed off - splashing around

C F G A
Summer sun - something's begun
Dm G C
but oh oh the summer nights

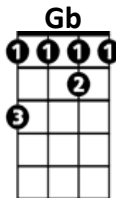
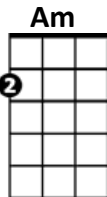
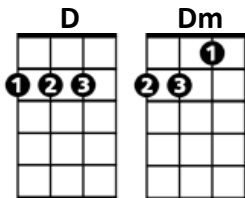
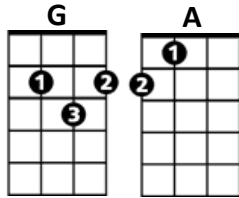
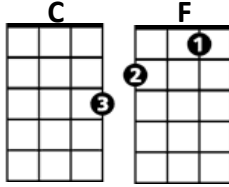
C F G C F D
Wella wella wella ooh -Tell me more, tell me more
G C

Was it love at first sight?
F D
Tell me more, tell me more
G C

Did she put up a fight?
C F G F G F C
Down dooby do dooby do dooby do-dooby do

C F G F
Took her bowling in the arcade

C F G F
We went strolling drank lemonade



C F G A
We made out under the dock

D G D G
We stayed out till 10 o'clock

C F G A
Summer fling don't mean a thing
Dm G C

But oh oh the summer nights.
**(key change to Db) in original)*

C F G C F D
Wella wella wella ooh -Tell me more, tell me more
G C

But you don't gotta brag -
F D
Tell me more, tell me more
G C

Cause he sounds like a drag
C / F / G / F / C / F / Am
("shooby pop pop" per chord)

C F G F
He got friendly holding my hand
C F G F

C F G A
She got friendly down in the sand

C F G A
He was sweet just turned eighteen

D G D G
Well she was good - you know what I mean

C F G A
Summer heat - boy and girl meet
Dm G C

but oh oh the summer nights.

C F G C F D
Wella wella wella ooh -Tell me more, tell me more
G C

How much dough did he spend?
F D
Tell me more, tell me more
G C (pause)

Could she get me a friend?
C F G F

It turned colder that's where it ends
C F G F

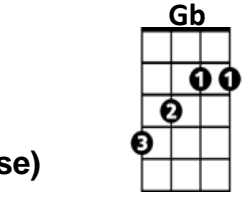
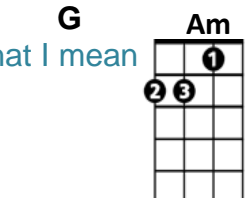
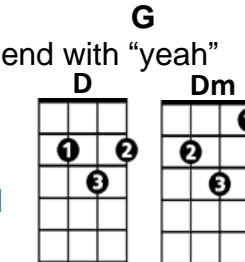
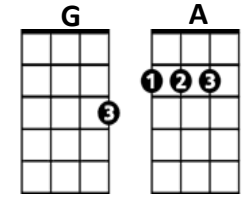
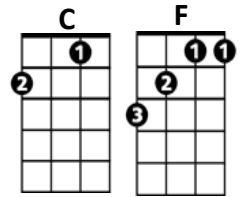
So I told her we'd still be friends
C F G A

Then we made our true love vow
D G D G

Wonder what she's doing now
C F G A

Summer dreams- ripped at the seams
Dm G Gb C
but - oh - those summer ni - ghts

BARITONE



Summertime Blues Key C

C F / G7 C x2

C **F** **C** **C F / G7 C**

I'm a-gonna raise a fuss, I'm a-gonna raise a holler

C **F** **C** **C F / G7 C**

About a-worki' all summer, just to -try to earn a dollar

F

Every time I call my baby, try to get a date

TACET

My boss says : No dice son, you gotta work late

F

Sometimes I wonder what I'm a-gonna do

C **G7** **C** **C F / G7 C x2**

But there ain't no cure for the summertime blues

C **F** **C** **C F / G7 C**

Well my mom and poppa told me: Son, you gotta make some money

C **F** **C** **C F / G7 C**

If you wanta use the car to go a-ridin' next Sunday

F

Well I didn't go to to work, told the boss I was sick

TACET

Now you can't use the car 'cause you didn't work a lick

F

Sometimes I wonder what I'm a-gonna do

C **G7** **C** **C F G7 C x2**

But there ain't no cure for the summertime blues

C **F** **C** **C F / G7 C**

I'm gonna take two weeks, gonna have a fine vacation

C **F** **C** **C F / G7 C**

I'm gonna take my problem to the United Nations

F

Well I called my Congressman and he said, quote:

TACET

I'd like to help you son, but you're too young to vote

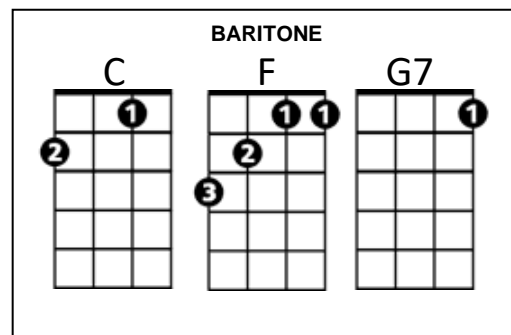
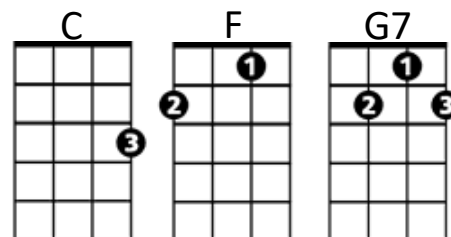
F

Sometimes I wonder what I'm a-gonna do

C **G7** **C**

But there ain't no cure for the summertime blues

C F / G7 C x5



The Court Of King Caractacus (Rolf Harris)

C Now the ladies of the harem of the court of King Caractacus, were just passing by **G** **C**
C Now the ladies of the harem of the court of King Caractacus, were just passing by **G** **C**
F Now the ladies of the harem of the court of King Caractacus, were just passing by **C**
G Now the ladies of the harem of the court of King Caractacus, were just passing by **C**

C Now the noses on the faces of the ladies of the harem of the court of King Caractacus were just passing by **G** **C**
Now the noses on the faces of the ladies of the harem of the court of King Caractacus were just passing by **G** **C**
F Now the noses on the faces of the ladies of the harem of the court of King Caractacus were just passing by **C**
G Now the noses on the faces of the ladies of the harem of the court of King Caractacus were just passing by **C**

Now the boys who put the powder on the noses on the faces of the ladies
of the harem of the court of King Caractacus, were just passing by **G** **C**
Now the boys who put the powder on the noses on the faces of the ladies
of the harem of the court of King Caractacus, were just passing by **G** **C**
F Now the boys who put the powder on the noses on the faces of the ladies
of the harem of the court of King Caractacus, were just passing by **C**
G Now the boys who put the powder on the noses on the faces of the ladies
of the harem of the court of King Caractacus, were just passing by **C**

Now the fascinating witches who put the scintillating stiches in the britches of the boys who put the powder on
the noses on the faces of the ladies of the harem of the court of King Caractacus, were just passing by **G** **C**
C Now the fascinating witches who put the scintillating stiches in the britches of the boys who put the powder on
the noses on the faces of the ladies of the harem of the court of King Caractacus, were just passing by **G** **C**
F Now the fascinating witches who put the scintillating stiches in the britches of the boys who put the powder on
the noses on the faces of the ladies of the harem of the court of King Caractacus, were just passing by **C**
G Now the fascinating witches who put the scintillating stiches in the britches of the boys who put the powder on
the noses on the faces of the ladies of the harem of the court of King Caractacus, were just passing by **C**
C Now if you want to take some pictures of the fascinating witches who put the scintilating stiches in the britches
of the boys who put the powder on the noses on the faces of the ladies of the harem of the court of
TACET **F** **G** **C**
King Caractacus ... You're too late! Because they've just - passed – by!

The Little Old Lady From Pasadena (Gary L Usher / Roger Christian) Key C

Intro: Eb G
It's the little old lady from Pasadena

C
The little old lady from Pasadena
(Go granny, go granny, go granny, go!)
C F C
Has a pretty little flower bed of white gardenias
G D7 G
(Go granny, go granny, go granny, go!)
C Am F
But parked in a rickety old garage
Dm Bb G
Is a brand new, shiny red, super-stock Dodge!

Chorus:

C
And everybody's saying that there's nobody
meaner

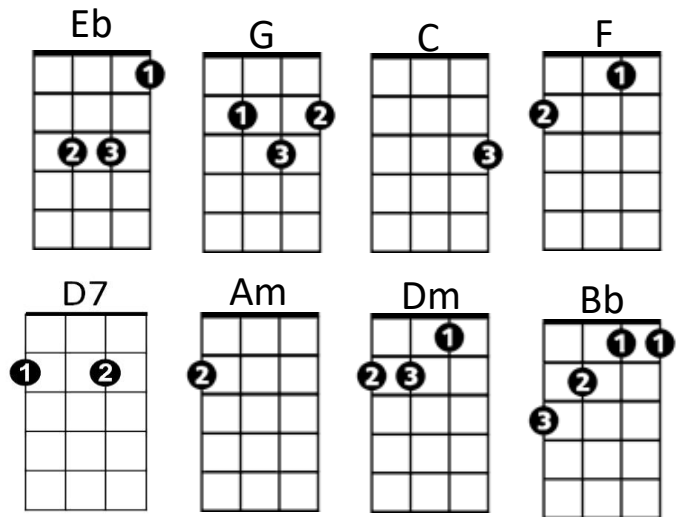
Than the little old lady from Pasadena
F
She drives real fast and she drives real hard
C
She's the terror of Colorado Boulevard
Eb G
It's the little old lady from Pasadena

C
If you see her on the street, don't try to choose
her
F C
(Go granny, go granny, go granny, go!)
C
You might drive a goer but you'll never lose her
G D7 G
(Go granny, go granny, go granny, go!)
C Am F
She's gonna get a ticket now, sooner or later
Dm Bb G
'Cause she can't keep her foot off the accelerator!

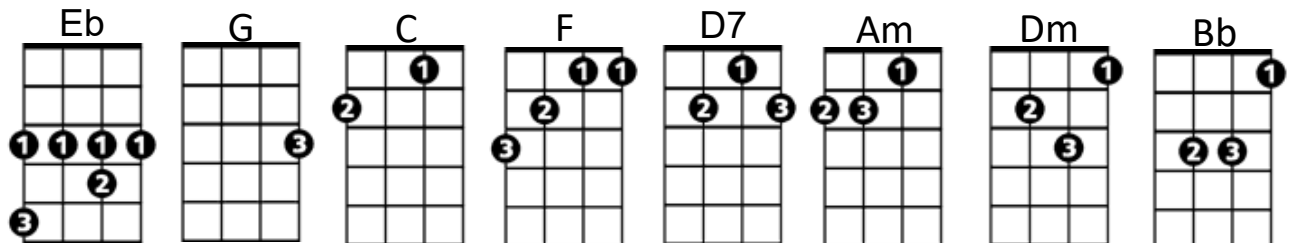
C
The little old lady from Pasadena
F C
(Go granny, go granny, go granny, go!)
C
Has a pretty little flower bed of white gardenias
G D7 G
(Go granny, go granny, go granny, go!)
C Am F
The guys come to race her from miles around
Dm Bb G
But she'll give 'em a length, then she'll shut 'em
down

(Chorus)

2x C F C
Go granny, go granny, go granny, go!
G D7 G
Go granny, go granny, go granny, go!



(Chorus)



. The Little Old Lady From Pasadena (Gary L Usher / Roger Christian)

Bb **D**
It's the little old lady from Pasadena

G
The little old lady from Pasadena

C **G**
(Go granny, go granny, go granny, go!)

G
Has a pretty little flower bed of white gardenias

D **A7** **D**
(Go granny, go granny, go granny, go!)

G **Em** **C**
But parked in a rickety old garage

Am **F** **D**
Is a brand new, shiny red, super-stock Dodge!

Chorus:

G
And everybody's saying that there's nobody
meaner

Than the little old lady from Pasadena

C
She drives real fast and she drives real hard

G
She's the terror of Colorado Boulevard

Bb **D**
It's the little old lady from Pasadena

G
If you see her on the street, don't try to choose
her

C **G**
(Go granny, go granny, go granny, go!)

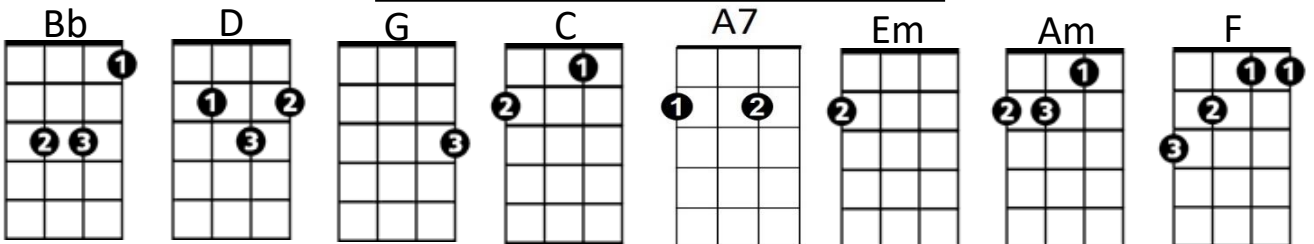
G
You might drive a goer but you'll never lose her

D **A7** **D**
(Go granny, go granny, go granny, go!)

G **Em** **C**
She's gonna get a ticket now, sooner or later

Am **F** **D**
'Cause she can't keep her foot off the accelerator!

(Chorus)



G
The little old lady from Pasadena

C **G**
(Go granny, go granny, go granny, go!)

G
Has a pretty little flower bed of white gardenias

D **A7** **D**
(Go granny, go granny, go granny, go!)

G **Em** **C**
The guys come to race her from miles around

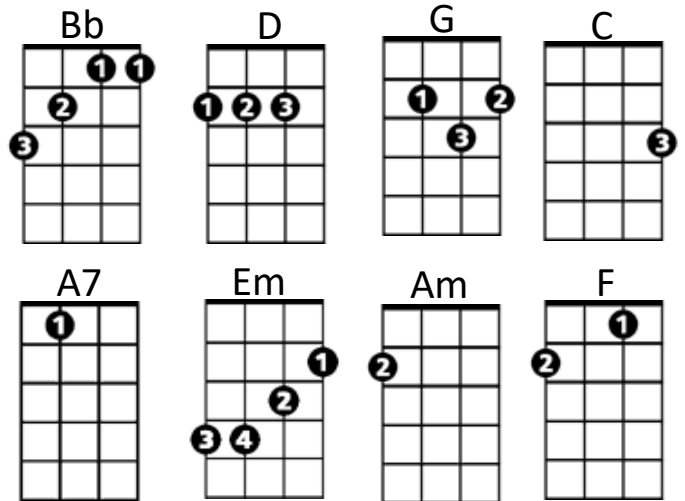
Am **F** **D**
But she'll give 'em a length, then she'll shut 'em
down

(Chorus)

2x **G** **C** **G**
Go granny, go granny, go granny, go!

D **A7** **D**
Go granny, go granny, go granny, go!

...



The Mermaid (Jim Friedman / Shel Silverstein)

Intro: F / C (x4)

C
When I was a lad in a fishing town
F C
Me old man said to me:
Am
"You can spend your life, your jolly life
D G
Just sailing on the sea.
C
You can search the world for pretty girls
F Em
Til your eyes are weak and dim,
F C Am
But don't go searching for a mermaid, son
F G C
If you don't know how to swim"

Chorus:

F C
'Cause her hair was green as seaweed
F C
Her skin was blue and pale
F C
Her face it was a work of art,
F C
I loved that girl with all my heart
F C Am
But I only liked the upper part
F G C C / G (x2)
I did not like the tail

C
I signed onto a sailing ship
F C
My very first day at sea
Am
I seen the Mermaid in the waves,
D G
Reaching out to me
C
"Come live with me in the sea" said she,
F Em
Down on the ocean floor
F C Am
And I'll show you a million wonderous things
F G C
You've never seen before

C
So over I jumped and she pulled me down,
F C
Down to her seaweed bed
Am
A pillow made of a tortoise-shell
D G
She placed beneath my head
C
She fed me shrimp and caviar
F Em
Upon a silver dish
F C Am
From her head to her waist it was just my taste
F G C
But the rest of her was a fish

(Chorus)

C
But then one day, she swam away
F C
So I sang to the clams and the whales
Am
"Oh, how I miss her seaweed hair
D G
And the silver shine of her scales
C
But then her sister, she swam by
F Em
And set my heart awhirl
F C Am
Cause her upper part was an ugly fish
F G C
But her bottom part was a girl
F C
Yes her hair was green as seaweed
F C
Her skin was blue and pale
F C
Her legs they are a work of art,
F C
I love that girl with all my heart
F C
And I don't give a damn about the upper part
F G C
Cause that's how I get my tail.

The Mermaid (Traditional / Andrew Draskoy)

G **C** **G**
It was Friday morn when we set sail
C **D** **G**
And we were not far from the land
G **C** **G**
When the captain, he spied a mermaid so fair
C **D** **G**
With a comb and a glass in her hand

Refrain:

G
And the ocean's waves do roll
G7 **D**
and the stormy winds do blow
G **C** **G**
And we poor sailors are skipping at the top
C **D** **G**
While the landlubbers lie down below, below,
below
C **D** **G**
While the landlubbers lie down below

G **C** **G**
And up spoke the captain of our gallant ship
C **D** **G**
And a fine old man was he
G **C** **G**
This fishy mermaid has warned me of our doom
C **D** **G**
We shall sink to the bottom of the sea

(Refrain)

G **C** **G**
Then up spoke the mate of our gallant ship
C **D** **G**
And a fine spoken man was he
G **C** **G**
Sayin' I have a wife in Brooklyn by the sea
C **D** **G**
And tonight a widow she will be

(Refrain)

G **C** **G**
Then up spoke the bosun of our gallant ship
C **D** **G**
And brave young lad was he
G **C** **G**
Sayin' I have a sweetheart in Salem by the sea
C **D** **G**
And tonight she'll be weepin' for me

(Refrain)

G **C** **G**
And up spoke the cook of our gallant ship
C **D** **G**
And a crazy old butcher was he
G **C** **G**
I care much more for my pots and my pans
C **D** **G**
Than I do for the bottom of the sea

(Refrain)

G **C** **G**
Then up spoke the cabin boy of our gallant ship
C **D** **G**
And a nasty little lad was he
G **C** **G**
And said, "I'm not sure I can spell 'mermaid' "
C **D** **G**
But I'm going to the bottom of the sea

(Refrain)

G **C** **G**
Then three times around spun our gallant ship
C **D** **G**
And three times around spun she
G **C** **G**
And three times around spun our gallant ship
C **D** **G**
And she sank to the bottom of the sea

(Refrain) (2x)

The Sadder but Wiser Girl (Meredith Wilson)

(Spoken)

No wide-eyed, eager, wholesome Innocent Sunday school teacher for me
That kinda girl spins webs no spider ever -

D/ G/
Listen boy, a girl who trades on all that purity

D/ G/
Merely wants to trade my independence for her security

D **D7** **G** **G7**
The only affirmative she will file, refers to marching down the aisle

C **D7**
No golden, glorious, gleaming pristine goddess, no sir

E7 **Am** **C7**
For no Diana do I play faun, I can tell you that right now

F **D7** **C** **A7**
I snarl, I hiss, how can ignorance be compared to bliss?

F **D7** **C** **A7**
I spark, I fizz for the lady who knows what time it is

F **D7** **C** **A7**
I cheer, I rave for the virtue I'm too late to save

D7 **G7** **C** **C Gm** **C Gm**
The sadder but wiser girl for me

C **D7**
No bright-eyed, blushing, breathless baby-doll baby, no sir

Am **G** **C**
That kinda child ties knots no sailor ever knew

E7 **Am** **E7** **Am**
I prefer to take a chance on a more adult romance

D
No dewy young miss who keeps resisting

G
All the time she keeps insisting

C **D7**
No wide-eyed, wholesome, innocent female, no sir

E7 **Am** **C7**
Why, she's the fisherman, I'm the fish, you see? Plop!

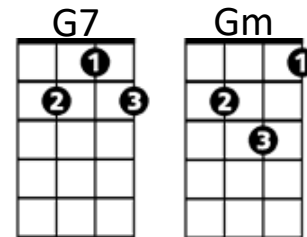
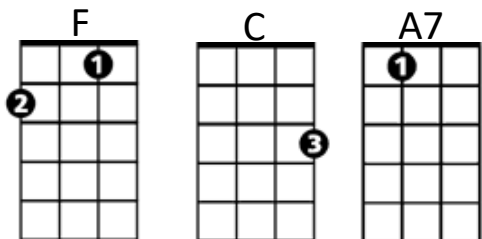
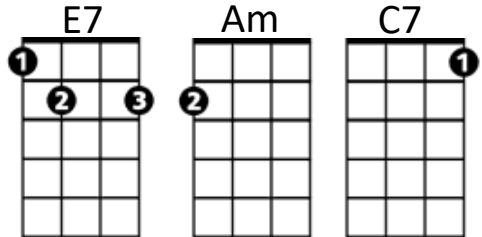
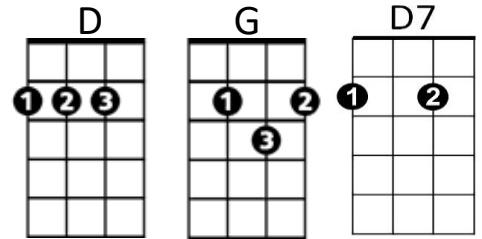
F **D7** **C** **A7**
I flinch, I shy when the lass with the delicate air goes by

F **D7** **C** **A7**
I smile, I grin when the gal with a touch of sin walks in

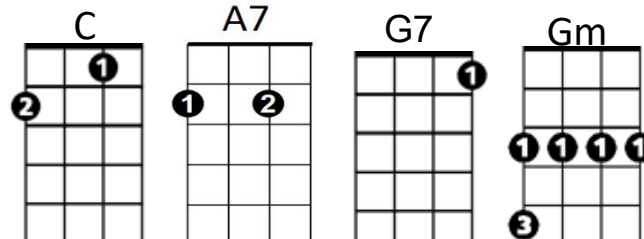
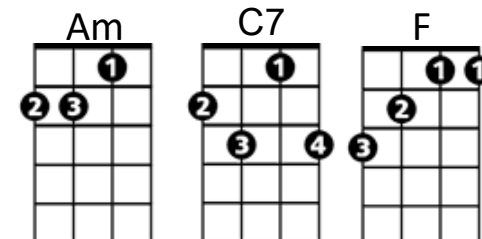
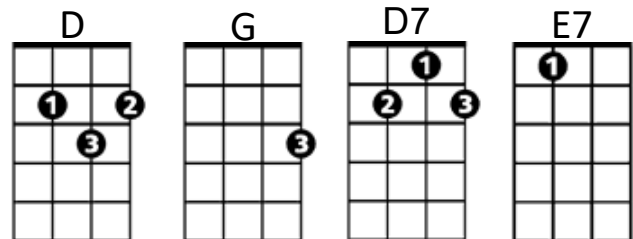
F **D7** **C** **A7**
I hope, I pray for Hester to win just one more "A"

D7 **G7** **C** **A7**
The sadder but wiser girl's the girl for me

D7 **G7** **C**
The sad-der but wiser girl for meeeee



BARITONE





The Song That Never Ends (Norman Martin, 1988) (C)

The Song That Never Ends by Sheri Lewis and Her Puppets

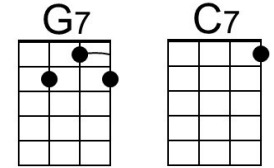
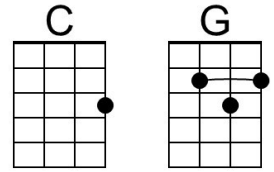
Intro C G7

C **G**
1. This is the song that doesn't end.

G7 **C**
Yes, it goes on and on my friend.

C7 **E7** **A7**
Some people started singing it not knowing what it was,

D7 **G**
And they'll continue singing it for-ever just because



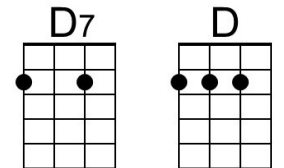
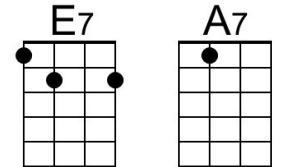
Repeat Verse 1 (Indefinitely, or {2x} and then Verse 2)

D **A**
2. This is the song that doesn't end.

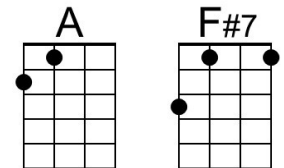
A7 **D**
Yes, it goes on and on my friend.

D7 **F#7** **B7**
Some people started singing it not knowing what it was,

E7 **A**
And they'll continue singing it for-ever just because



Repeat Verse 2 (Indefinitely)



Bari

The Song That Never Ends (Norman Martin, 1988) (F)

The Song That Never Ends by Sheri Lewis and Her Puppets

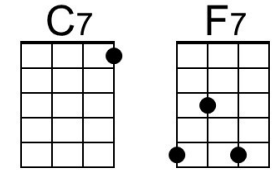
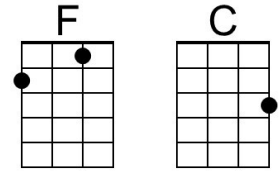
Intro F C7

F **C**
1. This is the song that doesn't end.

C7 **F**
 Yes, it goes on and on my friend.

F7 **A7** **D7**
 Some people started singing it not knowing what it was,

G7 **C**
 And they'll continue singing it for-ever just because



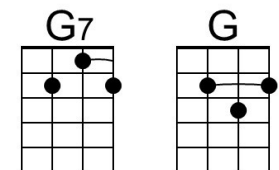
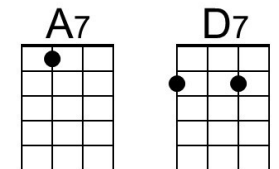
Repeat Verse 1 (Indefinitely, or {2x} and then Verse 2)

G **D**
2. This is the song that doesn't end.

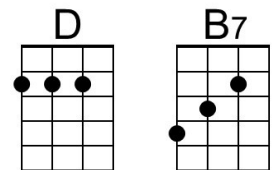
D7 **G**
 Yes, it goes on and on my friend.

G7 **B7** **E7**
 Some people started singing it not knowing what it was,

A7 **D**
 And they'll continue singing it for-ever just because



Repeat Verse 2 (Indefinitely)



Bari

Diagram for F chord: Fret 1, strings 2, 3, 4, 5.
 Diagram for C chord: Fret 0, strings 2, 4, 5.
 Diagram for C7 chord: Fret 0, strings 2, 4, 5, 7.
 Diagram for F7 chord: Fret 1, strings 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7.
 Diagram for A7 chord: Fret 2, strings 1, 2, 3, 4, 7.
 Diagram for D7 chord: Fret 2, strings 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7.
 Diagram for E7 chord: Fret 4, strings 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7.
 Diagram for G7 chord: Fret 3, strings 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7.
 Diagram for G chord: Fret 3, strings 2, 3, 4, 5.
 Diagram for D chord: Fret 2, strings 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.
 Diagram for B7 chord: Fret 4, strings 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7.
 Diagram for E7 chord: Fret 4, strings 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7.

The Thing (Charles Grean)

G
While I was walkin' down the beach

C **G**
One bright and sunny day,
I saw a great big wooden box

Am **D7**
A-floatin' in the bay

G
I pulled it in and opened it up

C **G**
And much to my surprise

(2x) **N.C.**
Oh, I discovered a... {# - # - #}

C **D7** **G**
Right before my eyes

G
I picked it up and ran to town

C **G**
As happy as a king -

I took it to a guy I knew

Am **D7**
Who'd buy most anything

G
But this is what he hollered at me

C **G**
As I walked in his shop

(2x) **N.C.**
"Oh, get out of here with that {#, #, #}

C **D7** **G**
Before I call a cop"

G
I turned around and got right out

C **G**
A-runnin' for my life -

And then I took it home with me

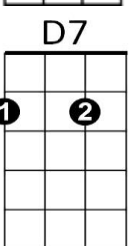
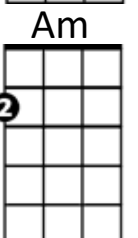
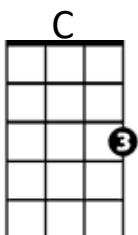
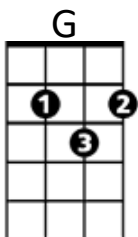
Am **D7**
To give it to my wife

G
But this is what she hollered at me

C **G**
As I walked in the door

(2x) **N.C.**
"Oh, get out of here with that {#, #, #}

C **D7** **G**
And don't come back no more"



G
I wandered all around the town

C **G**
Until I chanced to meet
A hobo who was lookin' for

Am **D7**
A handout on the street

G
He said he'd take most any old thing

C **G**
He was a desperate man

(2x) **N.C.**
But when I showed him the {#, #, #}

C **D7** **G**
He turned around and ran

G
I wandered on for many years

C **G**
A victim of my fate - Until one day I came upon

Am **D7**
St Peter at the gate

G
And when I tried to take it inside

C **G**
He told me where to go

(2x) **N.C.**
Get out of here with that {#, #, #}

C **D7** **G**
And take it down below

G
The moral of this story is

C **G**
If you're out on the beach

And you should see a great big box

Am **D7**
And it's within your reach

G
Don't ever stop and open it up

C **G**
That's my advice to you

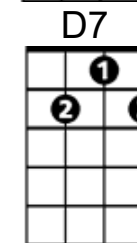
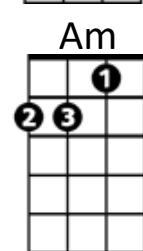
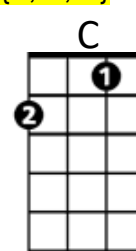
N.C.
'Cause, you'll never get rid of the {#, #, #}

C **D7** **G**
No matter what you do

N.C.
Oh, you'll never get rid of the {#, #, #}

C **D7** **G**
No matter what you do

BARITONE



Third Rate Romance (Russell Smith) Key G

G **D7** **G**
INTRO: Third rate romance low rent rendezvous

G **D7**
 Sittin' at a tiny table in a ritzy restaurant

She was starin' at her coffee cup

He was tryin' to keep his courage up by applyin' booze

But talk was small when they talked at all,

D7
 They both knew what they wanted

There's no need to talk about it

G
 They're old enough to figure it out and still keep it loose

B7 **Em** **C**
 And she said - you don't look like my type but I guess you'll do

G **D7** **G**
 Third rate romance low rent rendezvous

B7 **Em** **C**
 He said - I'll tell you that I love you if you want me to

G **D7** **G**
 Third rate romance low rent rendezvous

D7
 Then they left the bar, they got in his car and they drove away

He drove to the family inn,

She didn't even have to pretend she didn't know what for

Then he went to the desk and he made his request

D7
 While she waited outside

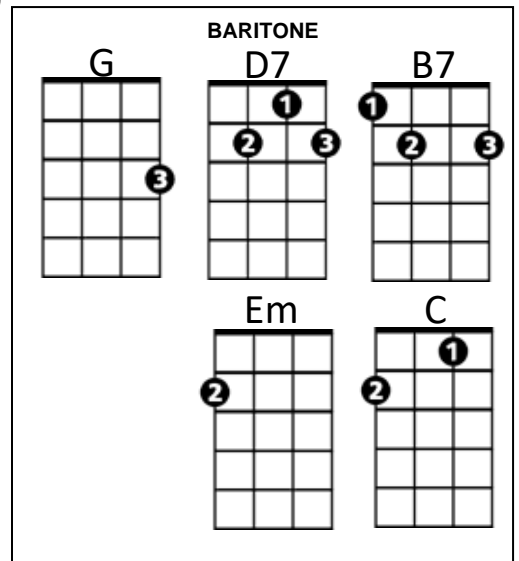
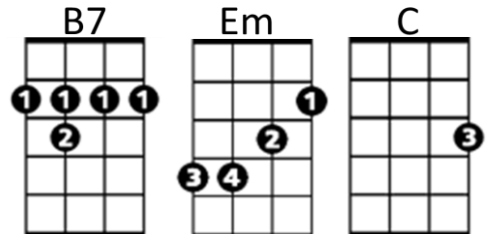
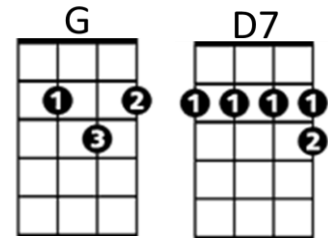
G
 Then he came back with the key - she said give it to me and I'll unlock the door

B7 **Em** **C**
 And she said - I've never done this before - have you

G **D7** **G**
 Third rate romance low rent rendezvous

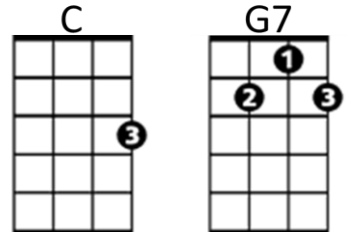
B7 **Em** **C**
 And he said - yes I have but only a time or two

G **D7** **G**
 Third rate romance low rent rendezvous (3X)



Third Rate Romance (Russell Smith) Key C

C **G7** **C**
INTRO: Third rate romance low rent rendezvous



C **G7**
 Sittin' at a tiny table in a ritzy restaurant

She was starin' at her coffee cup

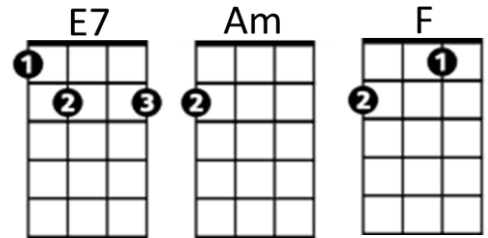
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But talk was small when they talked at all,

G7
 They both knew what they wanted

There's no need to talk about it

C
 They're old enough to figure it out and still keep it loose



E7 **Am** **F**
 And she said - you don't look like my type but I guess you'll do

C **G7** **C**
 Third rate romance low rent rendezvous

E7 **Am** **F**
 He said - I'll tell you that I love you if you want me to

C **G7** **C**
 Third rate romance low rent rendezvous

G7
 Then they left the bar, they got in his car and they drove away

He drove to the family inn,

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 She didn't even have to pretend she didn't know what for

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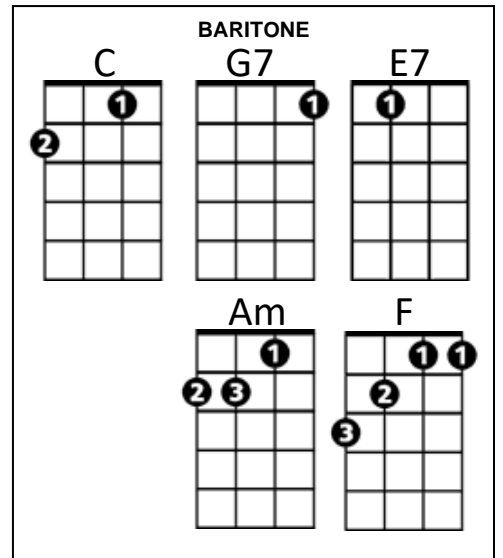
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 Third rate romance low rent rendezvous

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 And he said - yes I have but only a time or two

C **G7** **C**
 Third rate romance low rent rendezvous (3X)



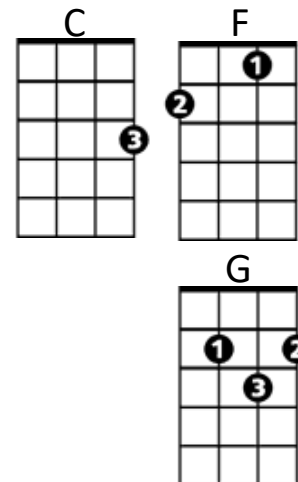
Tie Me Kangaroo Down (Rolf Harris)

* * * *
 . . . There's an old Australian stockman
 * * * *

Lying, dying, and he gets himself up onto one elbow
 * * * *

And he turns to his mates, who are gathered round him . . and he says

C **F** **G** **C**
 Watch me wallaby's feed, mate, watch me wallaby's feed
C **F** **G** **C**
 They're a dangerous breed, mate, so watch me wallaby's feed



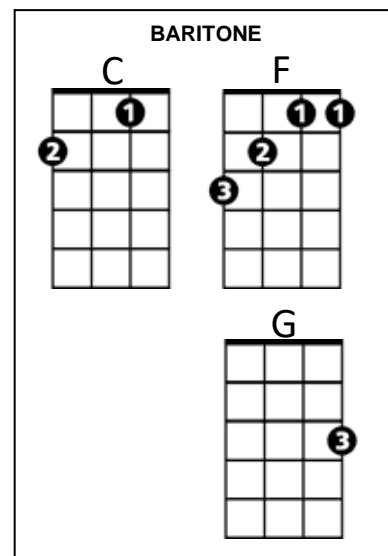
Chorus:

C **F** **G** **C**
 (All together now) Tie me kangaroo down sport, tie me kangaroo down
C **F** **G** **C**
 Tie me kangaroo down sport, tie me kangaroo down

C **F** **G** **C**
 Keep me cockatoo cool, Curl, keep me cockatoo cool
C **F** **G** **C**
 Don't go acting the fool, Curl, just keep me cockatoo cool
C **F** **G** **C**
 Take me koala back, Jack, take me Koala back
C **F** **G** **C**
 He lives somewhere out on the track, Mac, so take me koala back

(CHORUS)

C **F** **G** **C**
 Let me Mongoose go loose, Lew, let me Mongoose go loose
C **F** **G** **C**
 They're of no further use, Lew, so let me Mongoose go loose
C **F** **G** **C**
 Mind me platypus duck, Bill, mind me platypus duck
C **F** **G** **C**
 Don't let him go running amuck, Bill, mind me platypus duck



(CHORUS)

C **F** **G** **C**
 Play your didgeridoo, Blue, play your didgeridoo
C **F** **G** **C**
 Keep playing 'til I shoot through, Blue, play your didgeridoo
C **F** **G** **C**
 Tan me hide when I'm dead, Fred, Tan me hide when I'm dead
C **F** **G** **C**
 So we tanned his hide when he died, Clyde, And that's it hanging on the shed

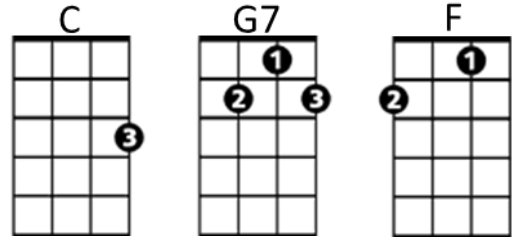
(CHORUS)

Volcano (Jimmy Buffett, Keith Sykes, Harry Dailey)

Intro: Chords for Chorus

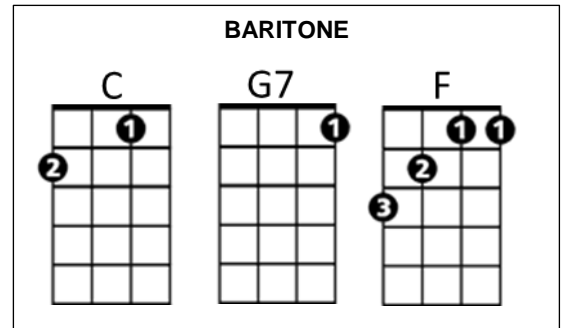
C **G7** **C** **F**
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know where I'm a gonna go -
C **G7** **C**
When the vol-cano blow

C **F** **C** **F** **C**
Ground she's movin' under me
G7 **C** **G7** **C**
Tidal waves out on the sea
F **C** **F** **C**
Sulphur smoke up in the sky
G7 **C** **G7** **C**
Pretty soon we learn to fly



C **G7** **C** **F**
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know where I'm a gonna go -
C **G7** **C**
When the vol-cano blow

C **F** **C** **F** **C**
My girl quickly say to me
G7 **C** **G7** **C**
Mon you better watch your feet
F **C** **F** **C**
Lava come down soft and hot
G7 **C** **G7** **C**
You better lava me now or lava me not



C **G7** **C** **F**
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know where I'm a gonna go -
C **G7** **C**
When the vol-cano blow

C **F** **C** **F** **C**
No time to count what I'm worth
G7 **C** **G7** **C**
'Cause I just left the planet earth
F **C** **F** **C**
Where I go I hope there's rum
G7 **C** **G7** **C**
Not to wor-ry mon-soon come

C **G7** **C** **F**
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know where I'm a gonna go -
C **G7** **C**
When the vol-cano blow

C **F** **C**
But I don't want to land in New York City
G7 **C**
Don't want to land in Mexi-co
F **C**
Don't want to land on no Three Mile Island
G7 **C**
Don't want to see my skin a-glow

C **F** **C**
Don't want to land in Comanche Sky -Park
G7 **C**
Or in Nashville, Tennessee
C **F** **C**
Don't want to land in no San Juan airport
G7 **C**
Or the Yukon Territory

C **F** **C**
Don't want to land no San Diego
G7 **C**
Don't want to land in no Buzzard's Bay
C **F** **C**
Don't want to land on no Eye-Yatullah
G7 **C**
I got nothing more to say

C **G7** **C** **F**
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know where I'm a gonna go -
C **G7** **C**
When the vol-cano blow

C **G7** **C** **F**
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know where I'm a gonna go -
C **G7** **C**
When the vol-cano blow

Kilauea (with apologies to Jimmy Buffett)

VAMP: D7 G7 C

Chorus:

C G7
I no stay know, I no stay know
C F
I no know whea I going go
C G7 C VAMP 2X
When Kila - uea blow

C F C F C
Pele stay moving unda me
G7 C G7 C
Tsunami rolling on the sea
F C F C
Lava bombs fallin' from da sky
G7 C G7 C
Pretty soon we going go fly

(Chorus)

C F C F C
My tita she when say to me
G7 C G7 C
Mo' bettah you go watch your feet
F C F C
Pa ho'e ho'e lava going make you dance
G7 C G7 C
Better lava me now or you no get chance

(Chorus)

C F C F C
No get time to grab my stuff
G7 C G7 C
'Cause I jus' blas' off in one beeg puff
F C F C
Where I land I hope stay nice
G7 C G7 C
Wit plenny poi and beef stew rice

(Chorus)

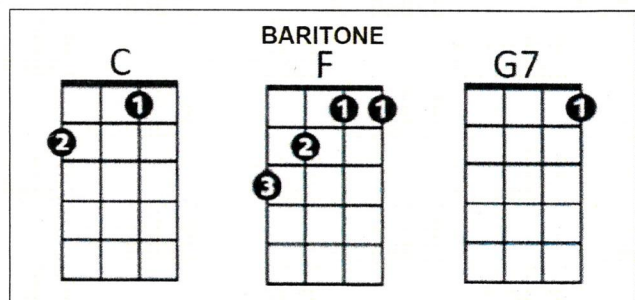
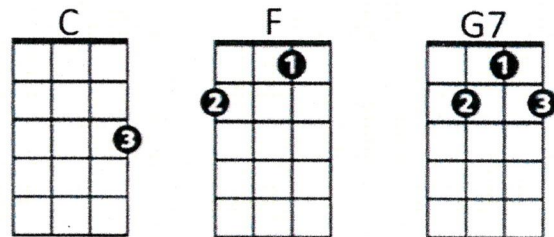
C F C
But I no like land in Nica-ragua
G7 C
I no like land in Ida - ho
F C
I no like land in Nome, Alaska
G7 C
I no like get one frostbite toe

C F C
I no like land on da L.A. Freeway
G7 C
Or way out in Afghan-istan
F C
I no like land in da Aussie outback
G7 C
Or in downtown Te-heran

C F C
I no like land in Beijing, China
G7 C
I no like land in no Botany Bay
C F C
I no like land in North Korea
G7 C
I no get nahtin' more to say

(Chorus) 2x

End with VAMP (2x)



(What Did) Delaware (Irving Gordon)

C **F** **C**
Oh what did Del-a-ware boy, what did Delaware

G7

What did Del-a-ware boy, what did Delaware

C **C7**

She wore a brand New Jersey,

F **C**

She wore a brand New Jersey,

F

She wore a brand New Jersey,

C **G7** **C**

That's what she did wear

(One, two, three, four)

C **F** **C**
Oh, why did Cali-fon-ya, Why did Cali-fon'

G7

Why did Cali-fonyia? Was she all alone

C **C7**

She called to say Ha-wa-ya

F **C**

She called to say Ha-wa-ya

F

She called to say Ha-wa-ya

C **G7** **C**

That's why she did call

(Uno, dos, tres, quattro)

C **F** **C**
Oh what did Missi sip boy, What did Missi sip

G7

What did Missi sip boy, through her pretty lips

C **C7**

She sipped a Minne sota

F **C**

She sipped a Minne sota

F

She sipped a Minne sota

C **G7** **C**

That's what she did sip

(Un deux trois quatre)

C **F** **C**
Where has Ore-gon, boy, Where has Ore-gon

G7

If you want Al-ask-a, Al-ask-a where she's gone

C **C7**

She went to pay her Texas

F **C**
She went to pay her Texas

F

She went to pay her Texas

C **G7** **C**

That's where she has gone

Eins, zwei, drei, vier

C

Oh how did Wis-con-sin boy,

F

C

She stole a New-brass-key

C

C7

Too bad that Arkan saw, boy,

G7

And so did Tenne-see

C

C7

It made poor Flori-di, boy,

F

C

It made poor Flori-di, you see

F

She died in Miss-our-i, boy

C

G7

C

She died in Miss-our-i

C

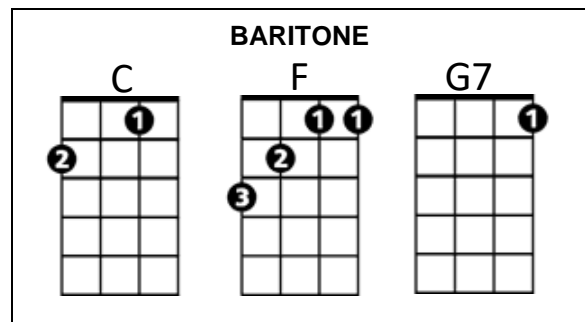
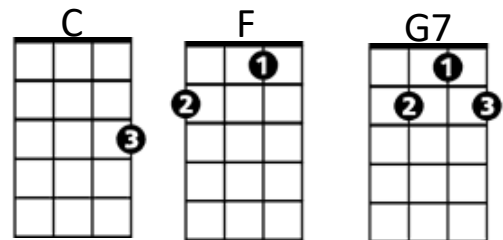
F

C

Oh what did Del-a-ware boy, what did Delaware

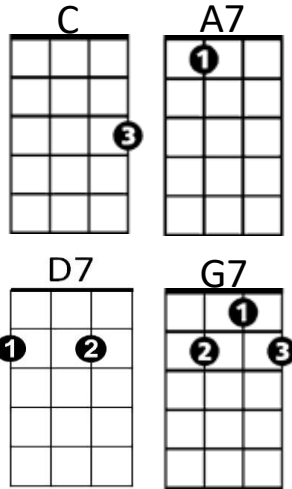
G7

What did Del-a-ware boy, what did Delaware



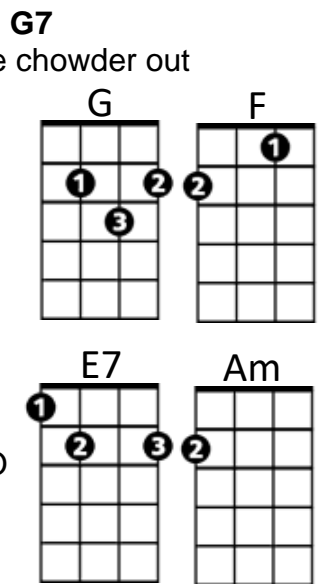
Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder? (George L. Giefer / Mat Ray) Key C

C
 The Murphy's gave a party
 Just about a week ago
Am
 Everything was plentiful,
D7 **G7**
 The Murphy's they're not slow
C
 They treated us like gentlemen
 We tried to act the same
D7
 But only for what happened,
G **D7** **G**
 Well, it was an awful shame



C
 We dragged the pants from out the soup
 And laid them on the floor
Am
 Each man swore upon his life
D7 **G7**
 He'd ne'er seen them before
C
 They were plastered up with mortar
 And were worn out at the knee
D7
 They'd had their many ups and downs
G **D7** **G**
 As we could plainly see

F **G7**
 When Mrs. Murphy dished the chowder out
C
 She fainted on the spot
F **G7**
 She found a pair of overalls
C
 In the bottom of the pot
 Tim Nolan he got rippin' mad
 His eyes were bulgin' out
D7
 He jumped up on the PI-A-NO
G **D7** **G**
 And loudly he did shout -

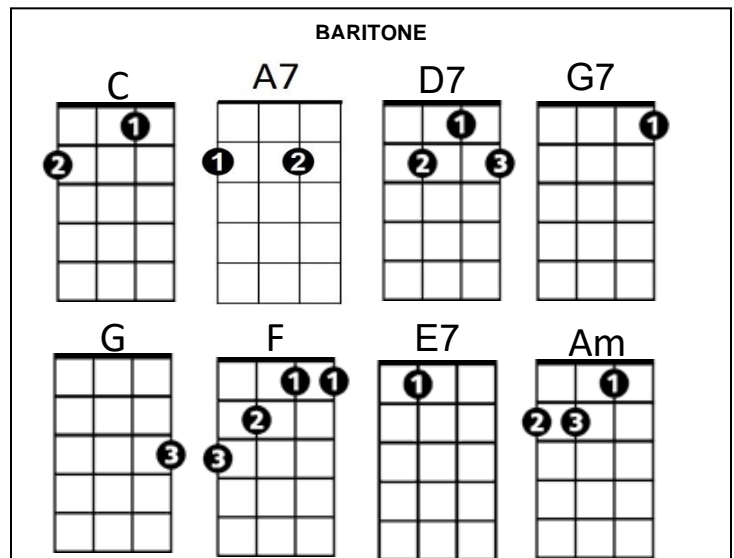


F **G7**
 When Mrs. Murphy she came to
C
 She began to cry and pout
F **G7**
 She'd had them in the wash that day
C
 And forgot to take them out
 Tim Nolan he excused himself
 For what he'd said that night
D7
 So we put music to the words
G **D7** **G**
 And sang with all our might

Chorus:

C
 Oh, who threw the overalls
 In Mrs. Murphy's chowder?
D7 **G7**
 Nobody spoke, so he shouted all the louder
C **E7** **Am**
 It's an Irish trick that's true
F **C**
 I can lick the cur that threw
D7 **G7** **C**
 The overalls in Mrs Murphy's chow - der

(Chorus)



Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder? (George L. Giefer / Mat Ray) Key G

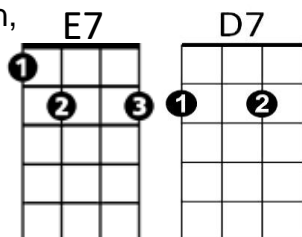
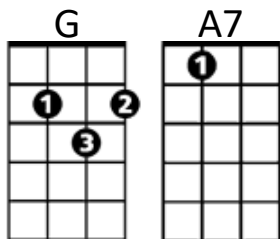
G

The Murphy's gave a party
Just about a week ago

Everything was plentiful,
A7 The Murphy's they're not slow **D7**

G
They treated us like gentlemen,
We tried to act the same

A7
But only for what happened,
D Well, it was an awful shame **A7** **D**



G

We dragged the pants from out the soup
And laid them on the floor

Each man swore upon his life
A7 He'd ne'er seen them before **D7**

G
They were plastered up with mortar
And were worn out at the knee

A7
They'd had their many ups and downs
D As we could plainly see **A7** **D**

C

When Mrs. Murphy dished the chowder out

G
She fainted on the spot

C She found a pair of overalls **D7**

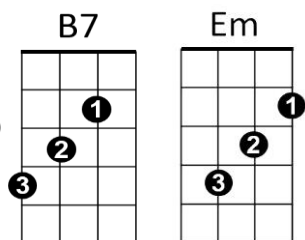
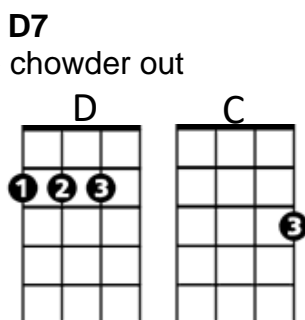
G
In the bottom of the pot

Tim Nolan he got rippin' mad

His eyes were bulgin' out

A7
He jumped up on the PI-A-NO

D And loudly he did shout - **A7** **D**



C

When Mrs Murphy she came to

G
She began to cry and pout

C She'd had them in the wash that day **D7**

G
And forgot to take them out

Tim Nolan he excused himself

For what he'd said that night

A7
So we put music to the words

D And sang with all our might **A7** **D**

Chorus:

G

Oh, who threw the overalls

In Mrs Murphy's chowder?

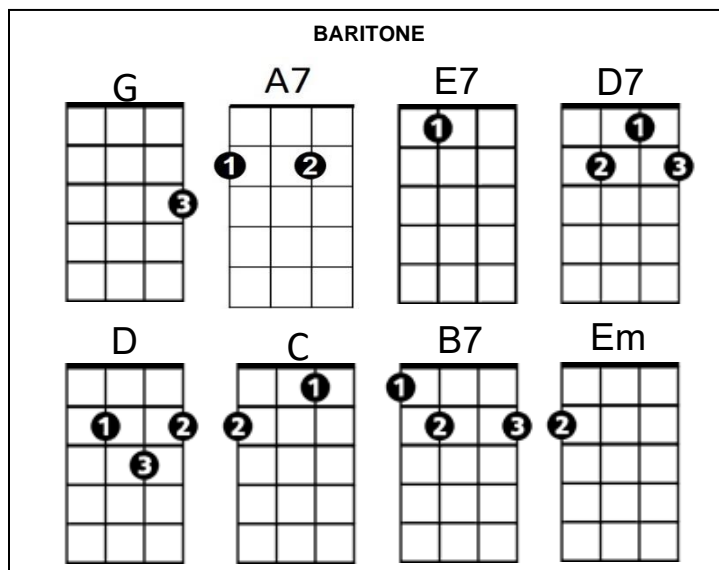
A7 Nobody spoke, so he shouted all the louder **D7**

G It's an Irish trick that's true **B7** **Em**

C I can lick the cur that threw **G**

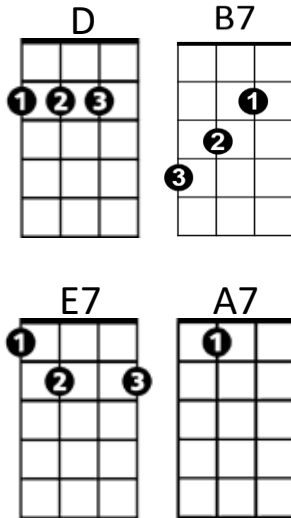
A7 The overalls in Mrs Murphy's chow - der **D7** **G**

(Chorus)



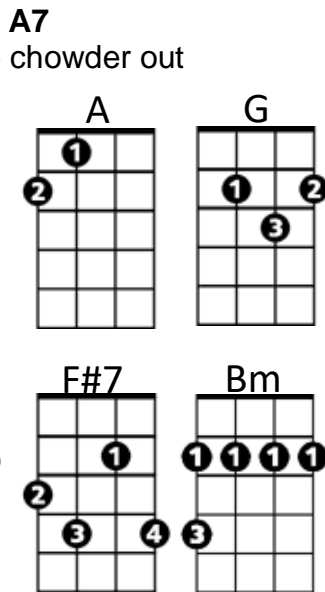
Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder? (George L. Giefer / Mat Ray) Key D

D
 The Murphy's gave a party j
 Just about a week ago
 Everything was plentiful,
E7 **A7**
 The Murphy's they're not slow
D
 They treated us like gentlemen,
 We tried to act the same
E7
 But only for what happened,
A E7 A
 Well, it was an awful shame



D
 We dragged the pants from out the soup
 And laid them on the floor
 Each man swore upon his life
E7 **A7**
 He'd ne'er seen them before
D
 They were plastered up with mortar
 And were worn out at the knee
E7
 They'd had their many ups and downs
A E7 A
 As we could plainly see

G **A7**
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 She fainted on the spot
G **A7**
 She found a pair of overalls
D
 In the bottom of the pot
 Tim Nolan he got rippin' mad
 His eyes were bulgin' out
E7
 He jumped up on the PI-A-NO
A E7 A
 And loudly he did shout -

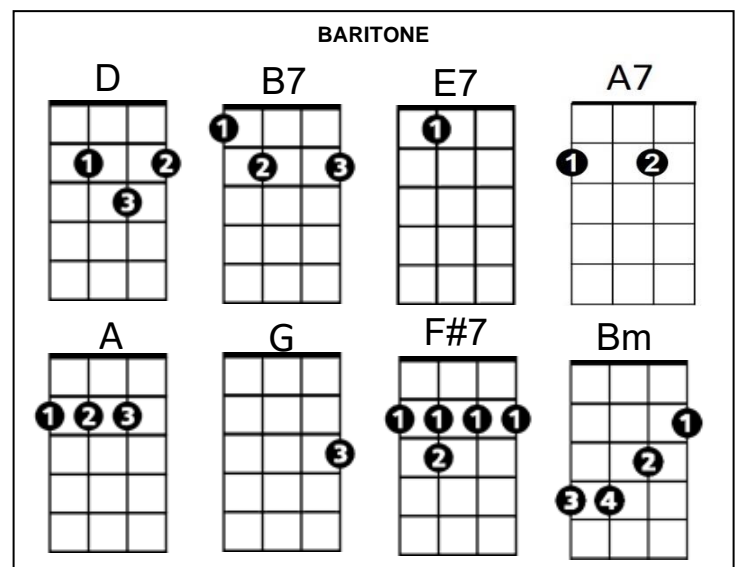


G **A7**
 When Mrs Murphy she came to
D
 She began to cry and pout
G **A7**
 She'd had them in the wash that day
D
 And forgot to take them out
 Tim Nolan he excused himself
 For what he'd said that night
E7
 So we put music to the words
A E7 A
 And sang with all our might

Chorus:

D
 Oh, who threw the overalls
 In Mrs Murphy's chowder?
E7 **A7**
 Nobody spoke, so he shouted all the louder
D F#7 Bm
 It's an Irish trick that's true
G **D**
 I can lick the mick that threw
E7 A7 D
 The overalls in Mrs Murphy's chow - der

(Chorus)



Witch Doctor (David Seville, 1958) (C)

Gv Cv

I told the witchdoctor, I was in love with you

Gv Cv

I told the witchdoctor, I was in love with you

Gv Cv

Cv

And then the witchdoctor, he told me what to do, he said that

Chorus

C F C G

Ooh eeh ooh ahah ting tang walla walla bing bang

C F G C

Ooh eeh ooh ahah, ting tang walla walla bing bang

C F C G

Ooh eeh ooh ahah ting tang walla walla bing bang

C F G Cv

Ooh eeh ooh ahah, ting tang walla walla bing bang

Gv Cv

I told the witchdoctor, you didn't love me true

Gv Cv

I told the witchdoctor, you didn't love me nice

Gv Cv

Cv

And then the witchdoctor, he gave me this advice, he said that, **Chorus.**

Bridge

F C

You've been keeping love from me, just like you were a miser

F C C

And I'll admit I wasn't very smart

F C

So I went out to find myself a guy that's so much wiser

D7 G

And he taught me the way to win your heart

Gv Cv

My friend the witchdoctor, he taught me what to say

Gv Cv

My friend the witchdoctor, he taught me what to do

Gv Cv

Cv

I know that you'll be mine when I say this to you, **Chorus.**

Repeat From Bridge. Last time: Chorus (2x)

Witch Doctor (David Seville, 1958) (G)

Gv Cv

I told the witchdoctor, I was in love with you

Gv Cv

I told the witchdoctor, I was in love with you

Gv Cv

Cv

And then the witchdoctor, he told me what to do, he said that

Chorus

G

C

G

D

Ooh eeh ooh ahah ting tang walla walla bing bang

G

C

D

G

Ooh eeh ooh ahah, ting tang walla walla bing bang

G

C

G

D

Ooh eeh ooh ahah ting tang walla walla bing bang

G

C

D

Gv

Ooh eeh ooh ahah, ting tang walla walla bing bang

Gv Cv

I told the witchdoctor, you didn't love me true

Gv Cv

I told the witchdoctor, you didn't love me nice

Gv Cv

Cv

And then the witchdoctor, he gave me this advice, he said that, **Chorus.**

Bridge

C

G

You've been keeping love from me, just like you were a miser

C

G

G

And I'll admit I wasn't very smart

C

G

So I went out to find myself a guy that's so much wiser

A7

D

And he taught me the way to win your heart

Gv Cv

My friend the witchdoctor, he taught me what to say

Gv Cv

My friend the witchdoctor, he taught me what to do

Gv Cv

Cv

I know that you'll be mine when I say this to you, **Chorus.**

Repeat From Bridge. Last time: Chorus (2x)

YMCA (Jacques Morali, Victor Willis) (C)

YMCA by Village People (In F#)

Intro (1st 4 lines) C Am Dm G

C
Young man, there's no need to feel down, I said
Am
Young man, pick yourself off the ground, I said
Dm
Young man, cause you're in a new town

G
There's no need to be unhappy.

C
Young man, there's a place you can go, I said
Am
Young man, when you're short on your dough, you can
Dm
Stay there, and I'm sure you will find

G
Many ways to have a good time. **(STOP for 5 beats)**

Chorus

C **Am**
It's fun to stay at the YMCA. It's fun to stay at the YMCA,
Dm
They have everything for you men to enjoy
G
You can hang out with all the boys.

C **Am**
It's fun to stay at the YMCA. It's fun to stay at the YMCA,
Dm
You can get yourself cleaned, you can have a good meal
G
You can do whatever you feel.

C
Young man, are you listening to me, I said
Am
Young man, what do you want to be, I said
Dm
Young man, you can make real your dreams,

G
But you've got to know this one thing
C
No man does it all by himself, I said
Am
Young man, put your pride on the shelf and just
Dm
Go there, to the YMCA

G
I'm sure they can help you today. **(STOP for 5 beats)**
(Chorus)

C
Young man, I was once in your shoes, I said
Am
I was down and out with the blues, I felt
Dm
No man cared if I were alive

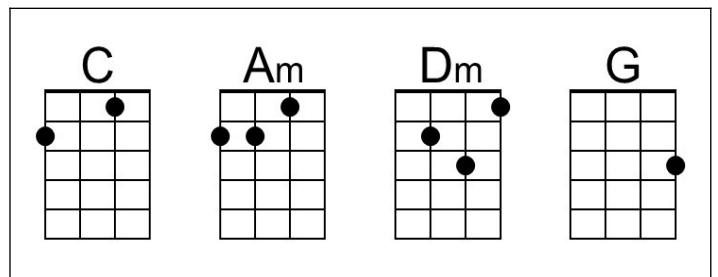
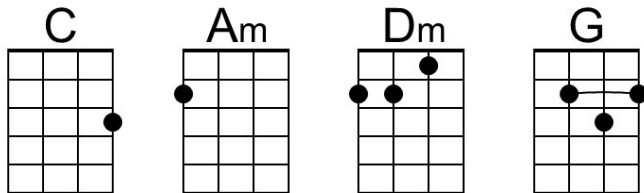
G
I felt the whole world was so tight.

C
That's when someone came up to me and said,
Am
"Young man, take a walk up the street, there's a
Dm
Place there called the YMCA

G
They can start you back on your way. **(STOP for 5 beats)**
(Chorus)

Outro

C **Am**
It's fun to stay at the YMCA. It's fun to stay at the YMCA,
Dm
They have everything for you men to enjoy
G **- C**
(Slowing Down) You can hang out with all the boys.



YMCA (Jacques Morali, Victor Willis) (G)

YMCA by Village People (In F#)

Intro (1st 4 lines) G Em Am D

G
Young man, there's no need to feel down, I said
Em
Young man, pick yourself off the ground, I said
Am
Young man, cause you're in a new town

D
There's no need to be unhappy.

G
Young man, there's a place you can go, I said
Em
Young man, when you're short on your dough, you can
Am
Stay there, and I'm sure you will find

D
Many ways to have a good time. **(STOP for 5 beats)**

Chorus

G **Em**
It's fun to stay at the YMCA. It's fun to stay at the YMCA,
Am
They have everything for you men to enjoy
D
You can hang out with all the boys.

G **Em**
It's fun to stay at the YMCA. It's fun to stay at the YMCA,
Am
You can get yourself cleaned, you can have a good meal
D
You can do whatever you feel.

G
Young man, are you listening to me, I said
Em
Young man, what do you want to be, I said
Am
Young man, you can make real your dreams,

D
But you've got to know this one thing
G
No man does it all by himself, I said
Em
Young man, put your pride on the shelf and just
Am
Go there, to the YMCA

D
I'm sure they can help you today.
(STOP for 5 beats) (Chorus)

G
Young man, I was once in your shoes, I said
Em
I was down and out with the blues, I felt
Am
No man cared if I were alive

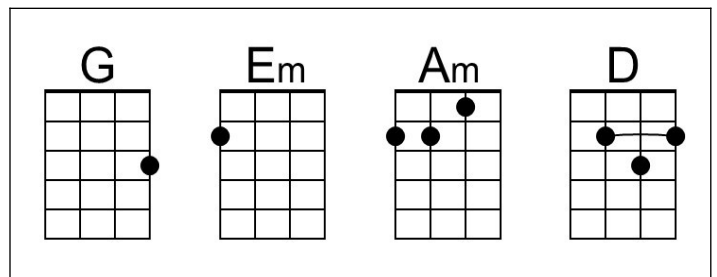
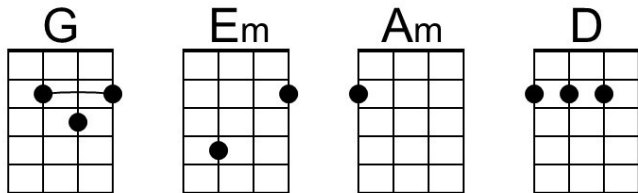
D
I felt the whole world was so tight.

G
That's when someone came up to me and said,
Em
"Young man, take a walk up the street, there's a
Am
Place there called the YMCA

D
They can start you back on your way.
(STOP for 5 beats) (Chorus)

Outro

G **Em**
It's fun to stay at the YMCA. It's fun to stay at the YMCA,
Am
They have everything for you men to enjoy
D **- G**
(Slowing Down) You can hang out with all the boys.



You Can't Rollerskate In A Buffalo Herd (Roger Miller) (C)

You Can't Rollerskate In A Buffalo Herd by Roger Miller (In Ab)

Intro (4 Measures) C

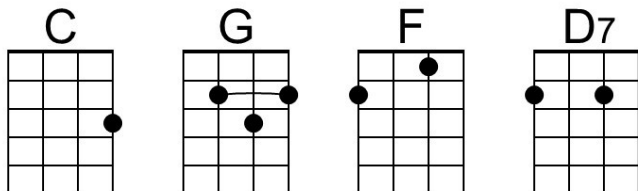
C
You can't rollerskate in a buffalo herd
G
You can't rollerskate in a buffalo herd
C
You can't rollerskate in a buffalo herd
G **C**
But you can be happy if you've a mind to.

C
You can't take a shower in a parakeet cage.
G
You can't take a shower in a parakeet cage
C
You can't take a shower in a parakeet cage
G **C**
But you can be happy if you've a mind to.

Chorus

F **C**
All you have to do is put your mind to it
D7 **G**
Knuckle down, buckle down, do it, do it, do it !

C
You can't go swimming in a baseball pool
G
You can't go swimming in a baseball pool
C
You can't go swimming in a baseball pool
G **C**
But you can be happy if you've a mind to.



Instrumental Verse

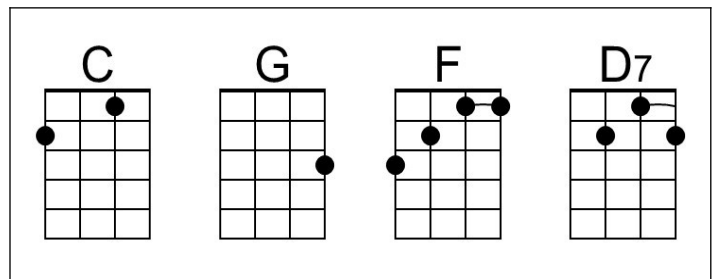
C
You can't change film with a kid on your back
G
You can't change film with a kid on your back
C
You can't change film with a kid on your back
G **C**
But you can be happy if you've a mind to.

C
You can't drive around with a tiger in your car
G
You can't drive around with a tiger in your car
C
You can't drive around with a tiger in your car
G **C**
But you can be happy if you've a mind to.
Chorus

Repeat First Verse

C
You can't go fishin' in a watermelon patch
G
You can't go fishin' in a watermelon patch
C
You can't go fishin' in a watermelon patch
G **C**
But you can be happy if you've a mind to.

Repeat First Verse (2x)



You Can't Rollerskate In A Buffalo Herd (Roger Miller) (G)

You Can't Rollerskate In A Buffalo Herd by Roger Miller (In Ab)

Intro (4 Measures) G

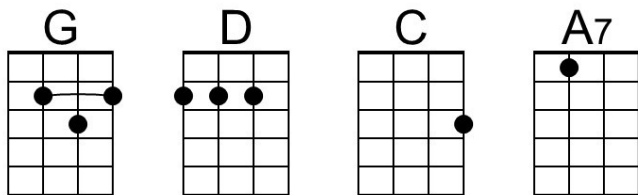
G
You can't rollerskate in a buffalo herd
D
You can't rollerskate in a buffalo herd
G
You can't rollerskate in a buffalo herd
D **G**
But you can be happy if you've a mind to.

G
You can't take a shower in a parakeet cage.
D
You can't take a shower in a parakeet cage
G
You can't take a shower in a parakeet cage
D **G**
But you can be happy if you've a mind to.

Chorus

C **G**
All you have to do is put your mind to it
A7 **D**
Knuckle down, buckle down, do it, do it, do it !

G
You can't go swimming in a baseball pool
D
You can't go swimming in a baseball pool
G
You can't go swimming in a baseball pool
D **G**
But you can be happy if you've a mind to.



Instrumental Verse

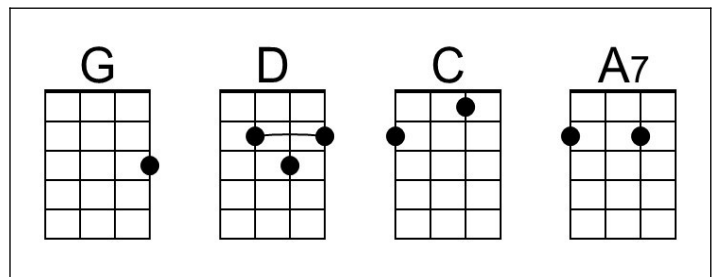
G
You can't change film with a kid on your back
D
You can't change film with a kid on your back
G
You can't change film with a kid on your back
D **G**
But you can be happy if you've a mind to.

G
You can't drive around with a tiger in your car
D
You can't drive around with a tiger in your car
G
You can't drive around with a tiger in your car
D **G**
But you can be happy if you've a mind to.
Chorus

Repeat First Verse

G
You can't go fishin' in a watermelon patch
D
You can't go fishin' in a watermelon patch
G
You can't go fishin' in a watermelon patch
D **G**
But you can be happy if you've a mind to.

Repeat First Verse (2x)



You Never Even Called Me by My Name (Steve Goodman / David Allan Coe)

C Well it was all that I could do to keep from cryin'
G Sometimes it seems so useless to remain
C **C7** But you don't have to call me darlin', darlin'
F **C** **Am** You never even called me by my name

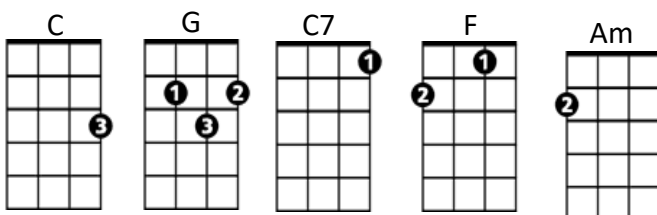
G **C** You don't have to call me Waylon Jennings
G **C** **C7** And you don't have to call me Charlie Pride
F **C** And you don't have to call me Merle Haggard,
Am anymore
D **G** Even though you're on my fightin' side ~ And -

Chorus:

F **C** I'll hang around as long as you will let me
G **C** **C7** And I'd never mind it standing in the rain
F **C** **Am** But you don't have to call me darlin', darlin'
C **G** **C** You never even called me by my name

G Well I've heard my name a few times in your
C phonebook
G **C** **C7** And I've seen it on signs where I've played
F **C** **Am** But the only time I know I'll hear David Allan Coe
D **G** Is when Jesus has His final Judgment Day ~ So -

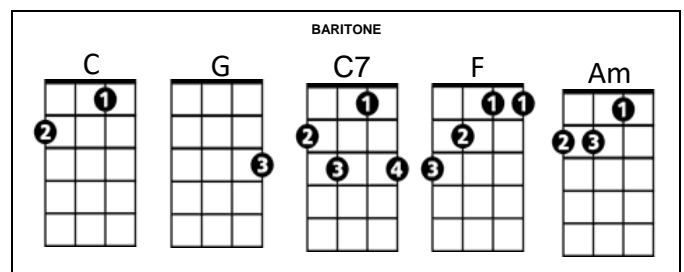
(Chorus)



Narration:

"Well a friend of mine named Steve Goodman wrote that song, and he told me it was the perfect Country and Western song. I wrote him back a letter and I told him it was not the perfect Country and Western song because he hadn't said anything at all about mamma, or trains, or trucks, or prison, or getting drunk. Well, he sat down and wrote another verse to the song and he sent it to me and after reading it I realized that my friend had written the perfect Country and Western song and I felt obliged to include it on this album. The last verse goes like this here:"

C **G** Well I was drunk the day my mamma got out of
C prison
G **C** **C7** And I went - to pick her up in the rain
F **C** But before I could get to the station in my pickup
Am truck
D **G** She got runned over by a damned old train
F **C** And I'll hang around as long as you will let me
G **C** **C7** And I'd never mind it standing in the rain
F **C** **Am** But you don't have to call me darlin', darlin'
C **G** You never even called me,
C **F** But, I wonder why you don't call me,
C **G** **F** **C** Why don't you ever call me by my name?



On A Lighter Note

A Few Funny, Off-beat or Weird Songs

Annex – Print Edition

April 6, 2021

12 Songs, 29 Pages

April 3, 2021	
Pencil Thin Mustache (C, F & G) (Correcting keys of C and G)	141
The Battle of New Orleans (C, G & NN) New	144
Yakety Yak (G) New	147
April 5, 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)

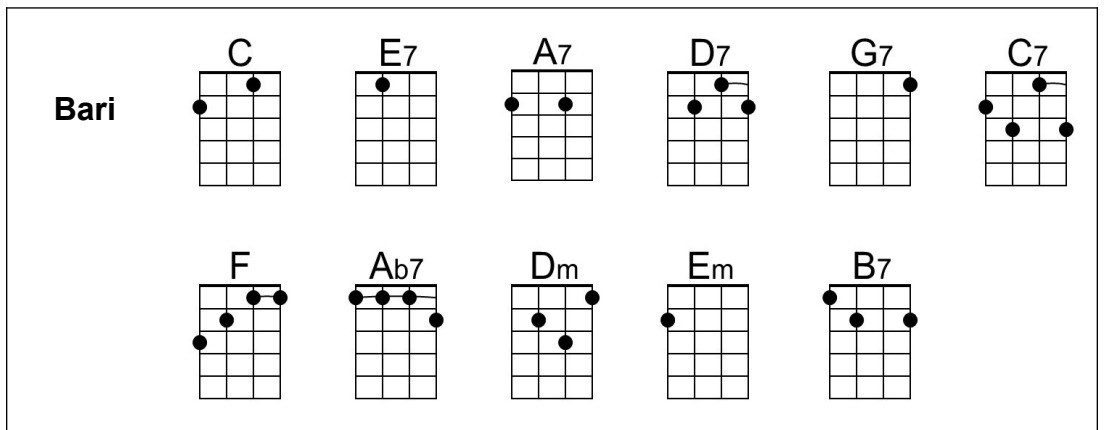
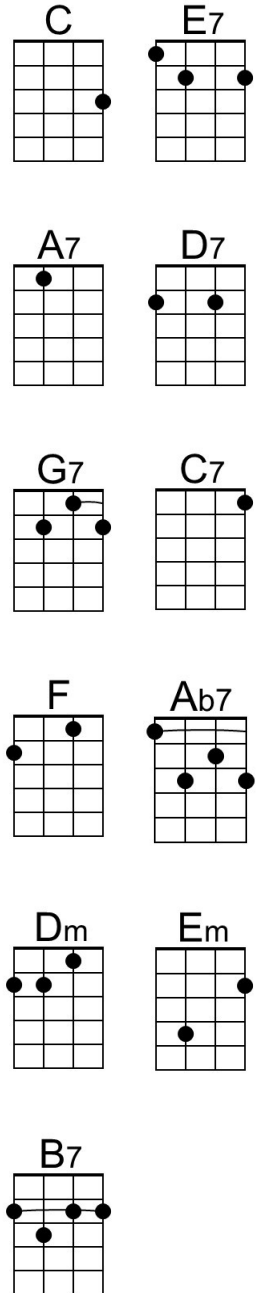
Dm A7 Dm A7
Then it's flat top, dirty bop, coppin' a feel
Dm A7 Dm A7
Grubbin' on the livin' room floor (so sore)
Em B7
They send you off to college,
Em B7
Try to gain a little knowledge
D7 G7
But all you want to do is learn how to score

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.



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.

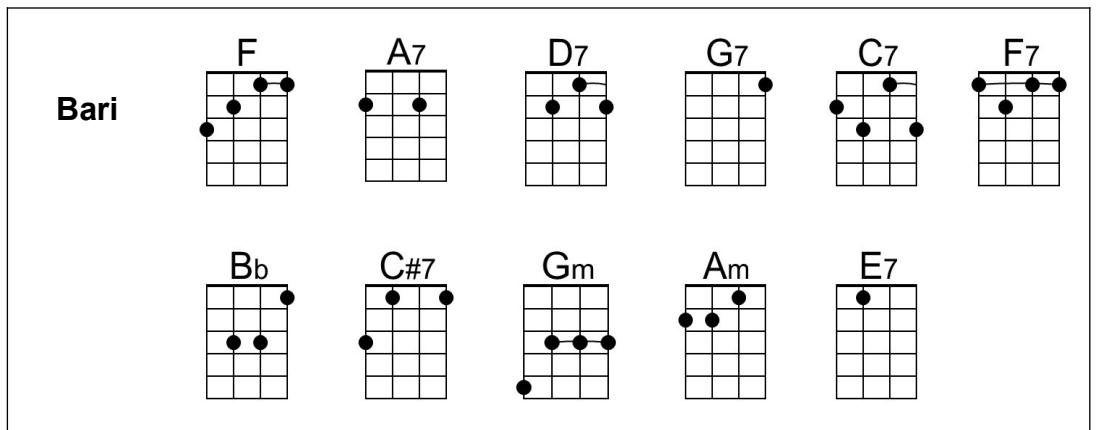
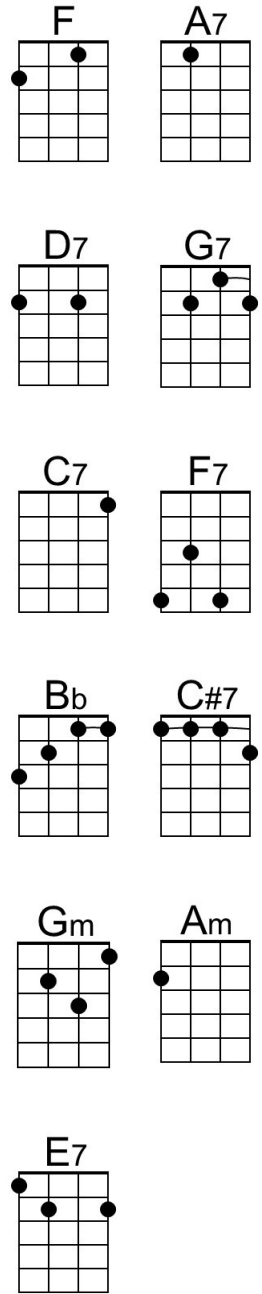
F A7 | D7 D7 | G7 C7 | F C7 |
F A7 | D7 G7 | C7 F
(Thin, thin, pencil thin mustache)

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

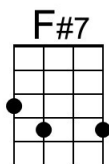
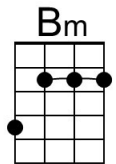
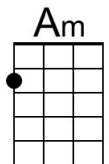
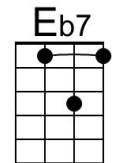
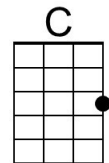
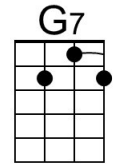
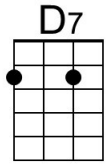
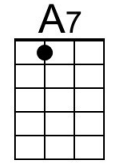
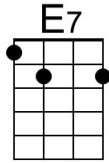
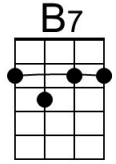
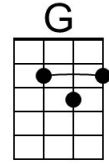
G **B7** **E7** Araby
If I only had a pencil-thin mustache

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)

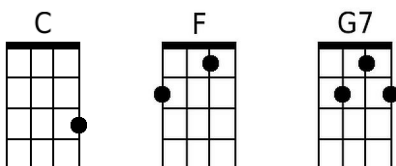
Intro (4 Measures): Strum in on C

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

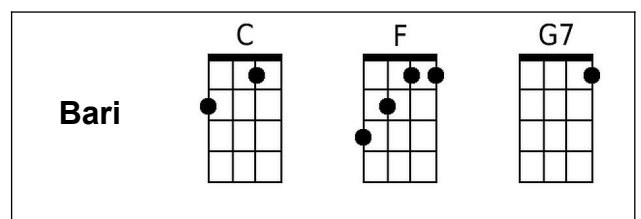


C **F**
 Old Hick'ry said we could take 'em by su'prise
G7
 If we didn't fire our musket
C
 till we looked 'em in the eyes
F
 We held our fire till we see'd their faces well
G7
 Then we opened up with squirrel guns
C
 and really gave 'em Well - **Chorus**

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)

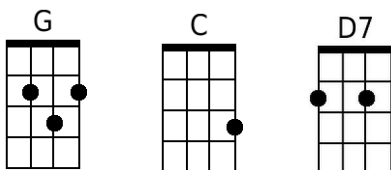
Intro (4 Measures): Strum in on G

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.

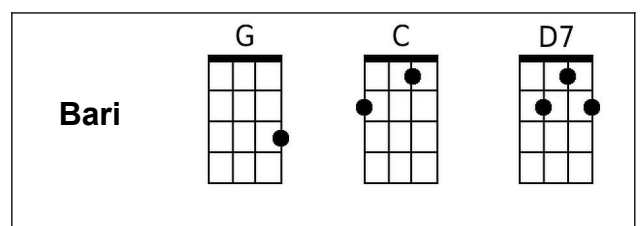
G
 We looked down the river
C
 and we see'd the British come
D7
 And there musta been a hund'erd of 'em
G
 beatin' on the drum
 They stepped so high
C
 and they made their bugles ring
D7
 We stood beside our cotton bales
G
 and didn't say a thing. **Chorus**



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**



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..

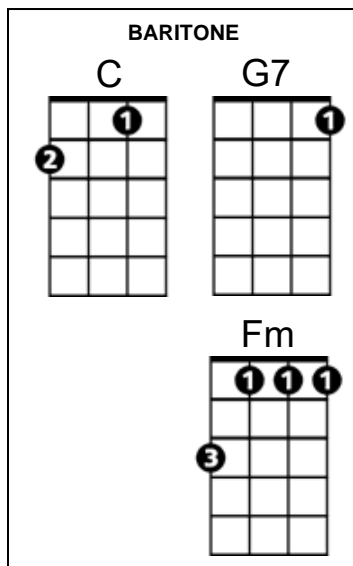
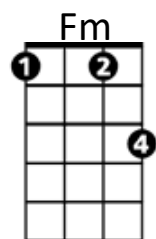
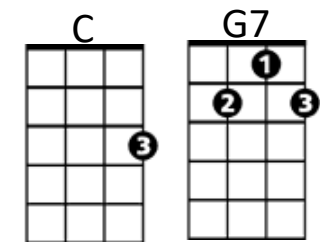
C G7 C
He still had on his brake.

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.

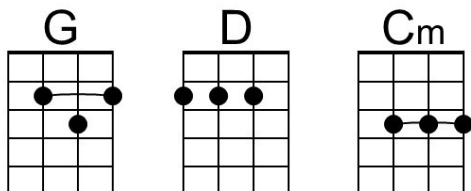
G D7 G D7
 But the little Nash Rambler stayed right be-hind.
 G D7 G
 He still I had on his brake.

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**

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

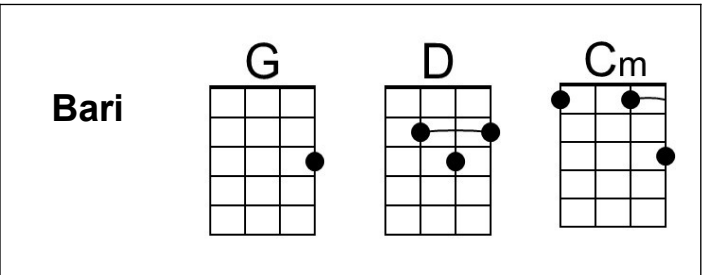
Cm G
 The guy must have wanted to pass me up,
 Cm G
 As he kept on tooting his horn.
 G D7 G D7 G D7 G
 I'll show him that a Cadillac is not a car to scorn.

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

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

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

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



Cheeseburger in Paradise (Jimmy Buffett)

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

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

Chorus:

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

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

(Chorus)

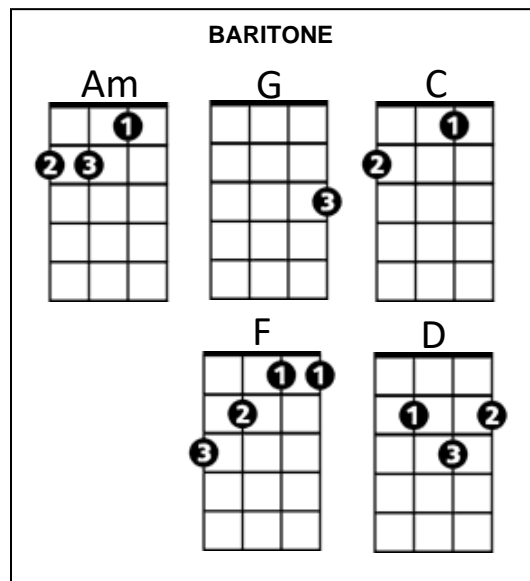
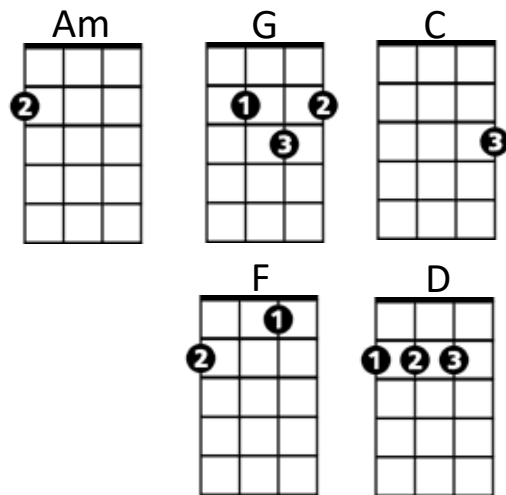
Am - - G (3x) / C (hold)

(A Capella)

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

(Chorus)

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



Cheeseburger in Paradise (Jimmy Buffett) (C)

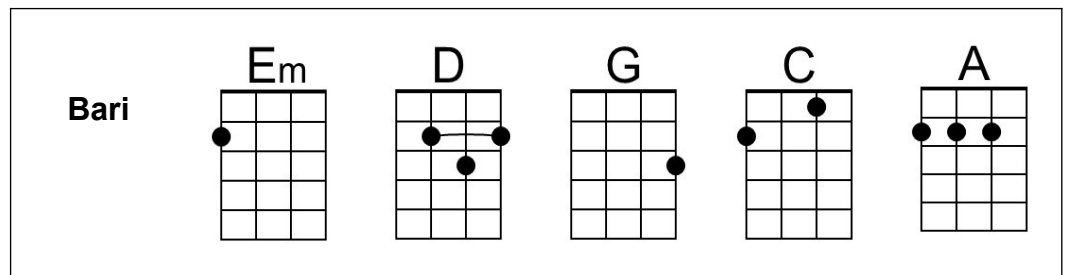
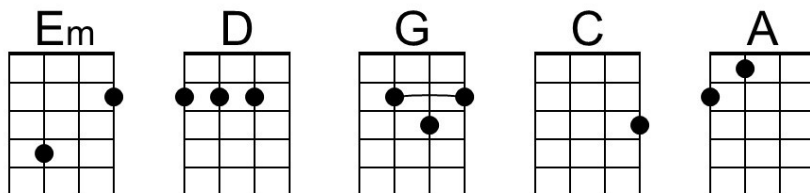
Intro: | Em - - D (3x) | G (Hold)

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

Chorus

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

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



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

Chorus

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

(A Capella)

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

Outro

C D G
 Cheeseburger in paradise (2x)

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

Cheeseburger in Paradise (Jimmy Buffett) (G)

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

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

Chorus

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

| Bm - - A | D (Hold)

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

Chorus

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

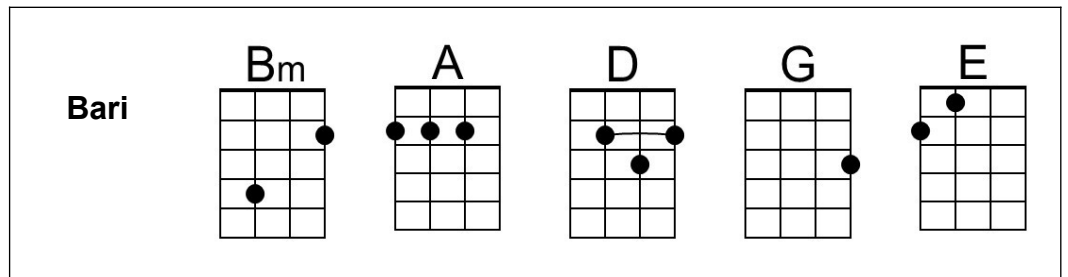
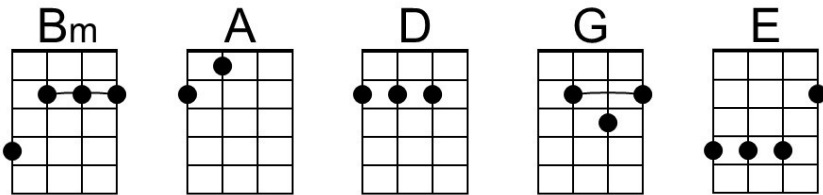
(A Capella)

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

Outro

G A D
Cheeseburger in paradise (2x)

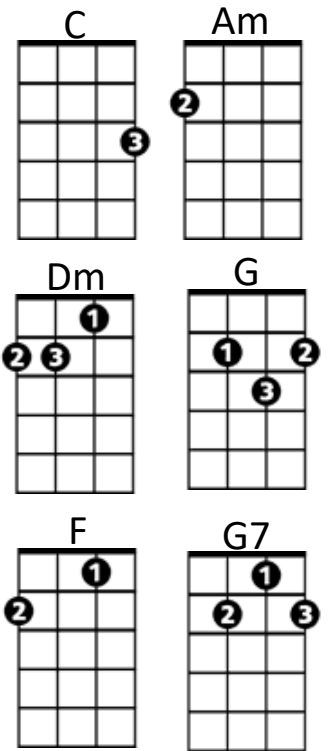
| Bm - - A (3x) | D (Hold)



Flowers on The Wall (De Witt Lewis, 1965)

Intro Am

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



Chorus:

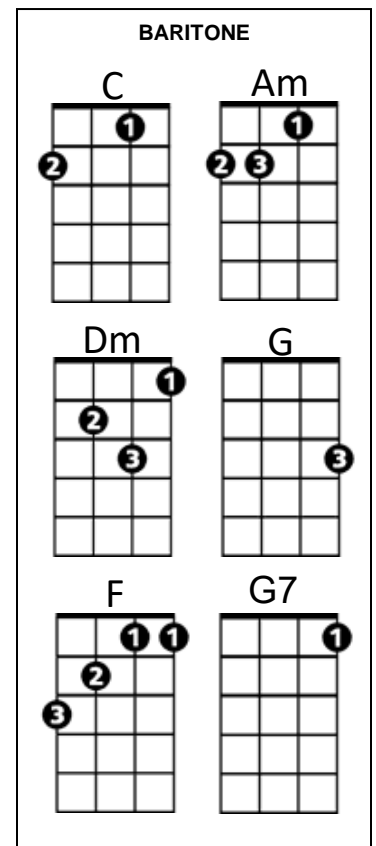
Am
 Counting flowers on the wall. That don't bother me at all
 Playing solitaire till dawn with a deck of fifty one
F
 Smoking cigarettes and watching Captain Kangaroo.
G **G7** **G**
 Now don't tell me I have nothing to do.

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

(Chorus)

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

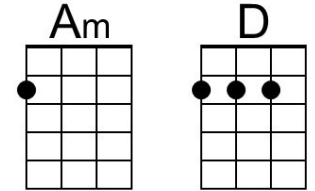
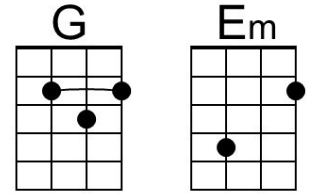
(Chorus)



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

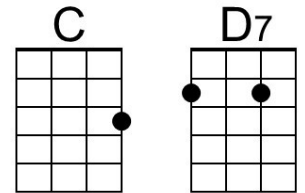
Intro Em

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



Chorus

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



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

Bari

Diagram for G: 3rd fret on D string, 2nd fret on G string, 3rd fret on B string.

Diagram for Em: 2nd fret on E string, 2nd fret on A string, 2nd fret on D string.

Diagram for Am: 2nd fret on A string, 2nd fret on D string.

Diagram for D: 2nd fret on G string, 2nd fret on B string, 3rd fret on high E string.

Diagram for C: 3rd fret on C string, 2nd fret on F string, 3rd fret on B string.

Diagram for D: 2nd fret on G string, 2nd fret on B string, 3rd fret on high E string, 2nd fret on low E string.

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

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

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

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

F Dm G
A scene in the town.
G7 C
Her long blonde hair,
C7 D7
hangin' down around her knees,
G7 Am7

All the cats who dig strip-tease,
C7 Dm
prayin' for a little breeze.
G C7
Her long blonde hair,
D7

falling down across her arms.
G7 C
Hiding all the lady's charms..
A D7 G7 C
Hey, hey, hey..Lady God..i. .va.

C F C F
She found fame and made her name..
C F C
A Holly-wood di-rector
F Dm G C7
Came into town ...and said to her..

D7
How'd you like to be a star?
G7 Am7
You're a girl that could go far,

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

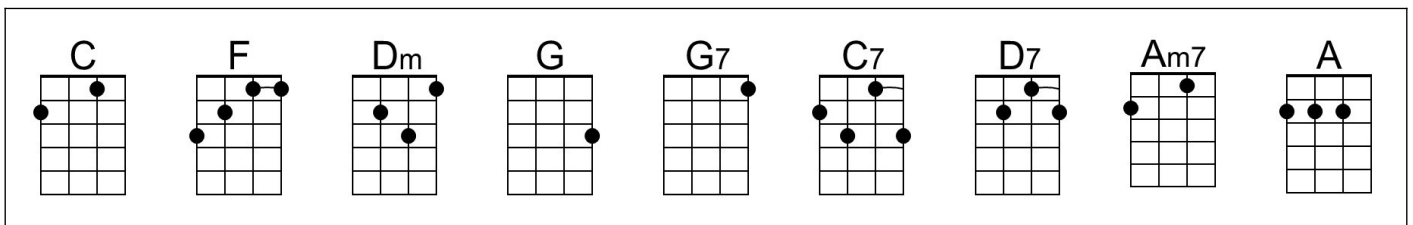
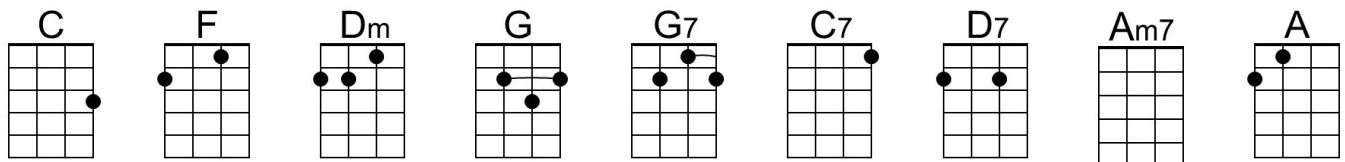
D7
Gave her pretty head a shake.
G7 C
That was Lady G's mis-take..
A A7 D7 G7 C
hey-hey-hey.__. Lady God..i. .va.

C F C F
He di-rects Cer-tificate X.
C F C F
And people now are craning their necks..
Dm G C7
to see her, cause she's a star...

D7
one that everybody knows.
G7 Am7
Finished with the striptease shows,
C7 Dm
Now she can afford her clothes.

G C7
Her long blonde hair,
D7
lyin' on the barber's floor.
G7 C
Doesn't need it long

A A7 D7 G7 C F C
any-more.__ Lady God...i ..va.



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

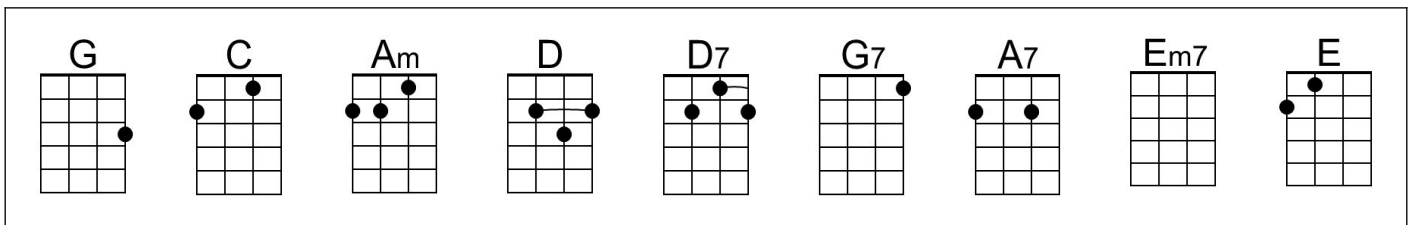
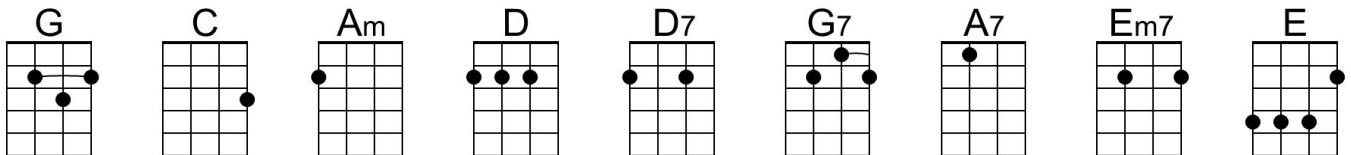
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C Am D
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D7 G
 Her long blonde hair,
G7 A7
 hangin' down around her knees,
D7 Em7
 All the cats who dig strip-tease,
G7 Am
 prayin' for a little breeze.
D G7
 Her long blonde hair,
A7
 falling down across her arms.
D7 G
 Hiding all the lady's charms..
E A7 D7 G
 Hey, hey, hey..Lady God..i. .va.

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G C G
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D7 Em7
 You're a girl that could go far,

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

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



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

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

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

Dm
You sure are lookin' good

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

E7
Oh, Listen to me!

Am **C**
Little Red Riding Hood

Dm
I don't think little big girls should

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

E7
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

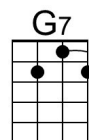
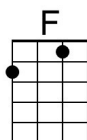
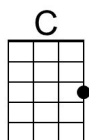
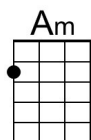
G7
Before we get to Grandma's place

Am **C**
Little Red Riding Hood

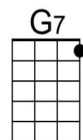
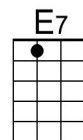
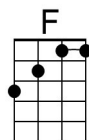
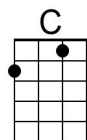
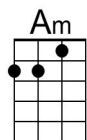
Dm
You sure are lookin' good

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

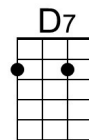
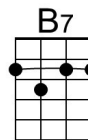
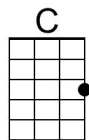
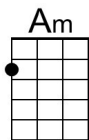
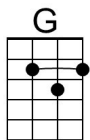
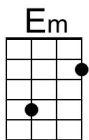
D7
Before we get to Grandma's place

Em **G**
Little Red Riding Hood

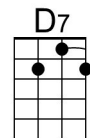
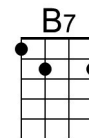
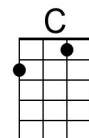
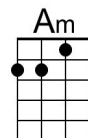
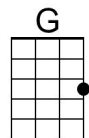
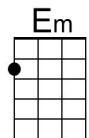
Am
You sure are lookin' good

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.**

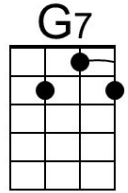
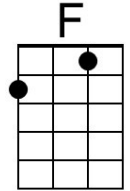
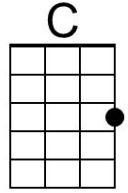
C
Charlie's wife goes down
F
To the Scully Square Station,
C **G7**
Every day at a quarter past two.
C
And through the open window
F
She hands Charlie his sandwich
C **G7** **C**
As the train goes rumbling through.

Chorus.

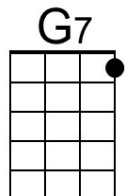
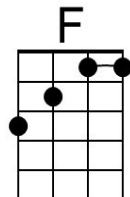
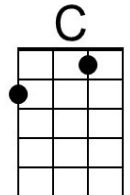
C
Now you citizens of Boston,
F
Don't you think it's a scandal,
C **G7**
How the people have to pay and pay?
C **F**
Fight the fare increase, vote for George
O'Brien,
C **G7** **C**
Get poor Charlie off the M - T - A!

Chorus.

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



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.**

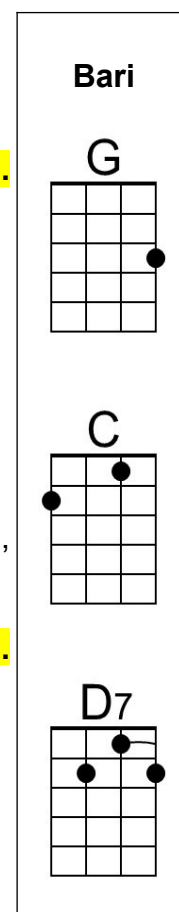
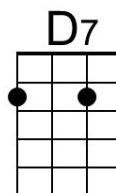
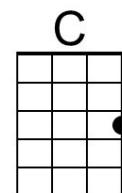
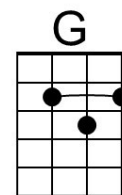
G
Charlie's wife goes down
C
To the Scully Square Station,
G **D7**
Every day at a quarter past two.
G
And through the open window
C
She hands Charlie his sandwich
G **D7** **G**
As the train goes rumbling through.

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.



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

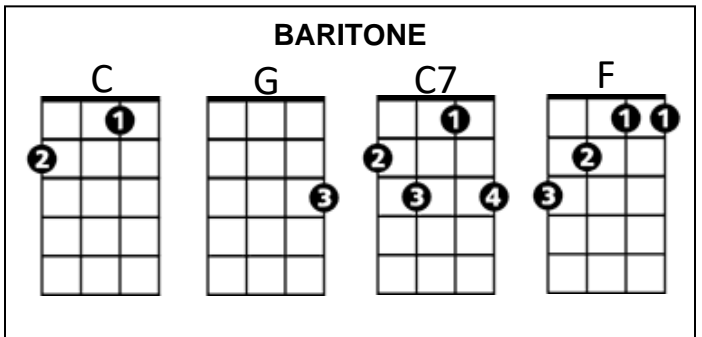
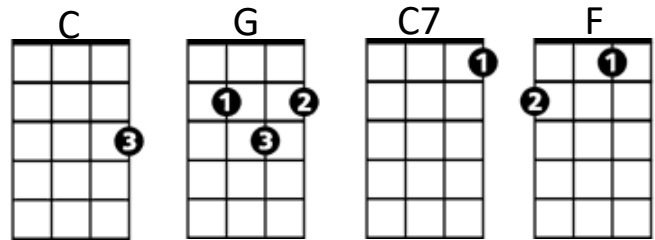
F
 To be a guitar picker in Nashville

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



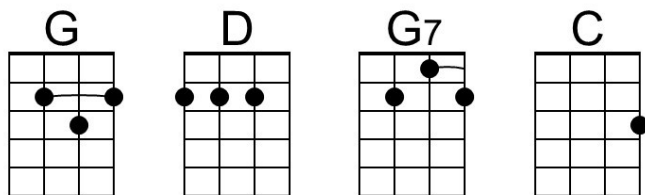
Nashville Cats (John Sebastian) (G)

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 . . .

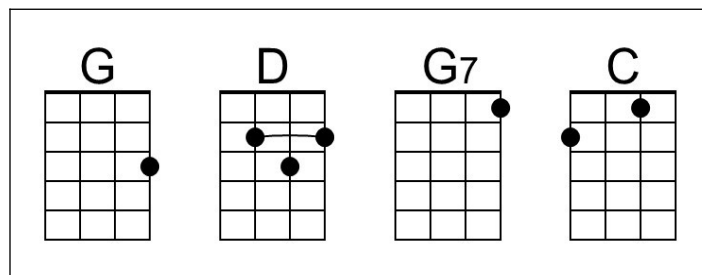
Chorus

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

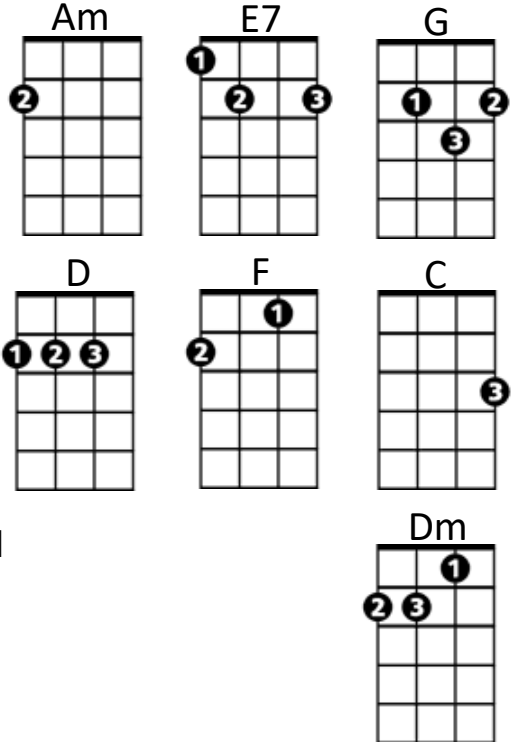


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Hotel California

Intro: Melody for verse 2x

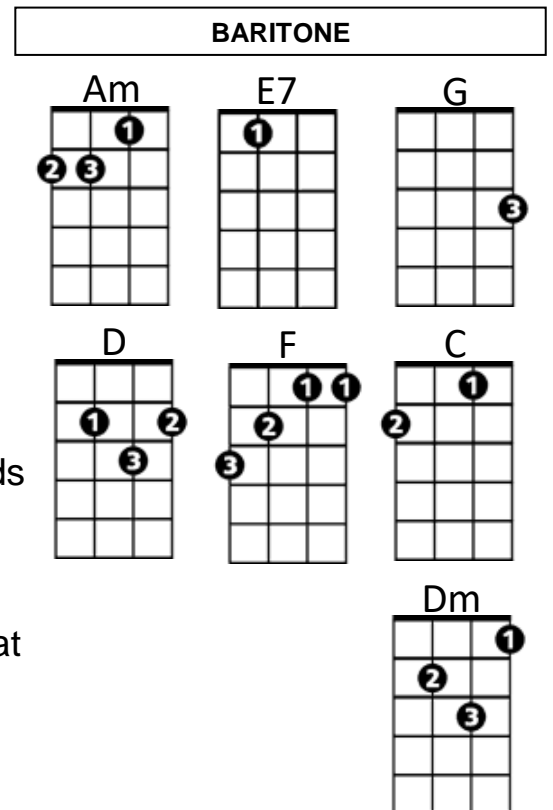
Am **E7**
 On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair
G **D**
 Warm smell of colitas rising up through the air
F **C**
 Up ahead in the distance, I saw a shimmering light
Dm
 My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim,
E7
 I had to stop for the night



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

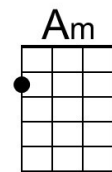
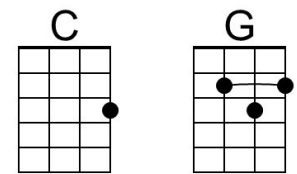
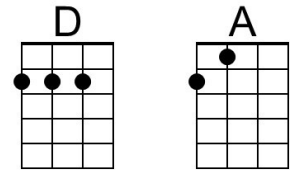
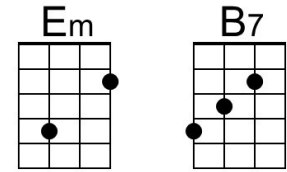
Am **E7**
Last thing I remember, I was running for the door
G **D**
I had to find the passage back to the place I was before
F **C**
"Relax" said the night man; we are programmed to receive
Dm **E7**
You can check out any time you like - but you can never leave...

Instrumental verse 2x

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

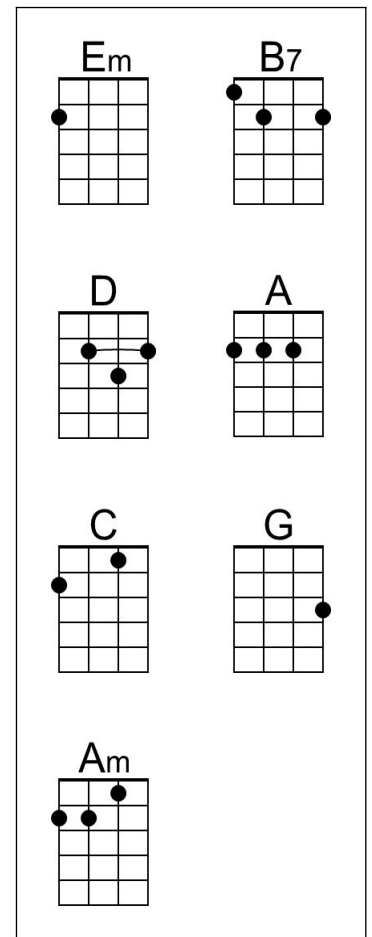
Intro: Melody for verse 2x

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**

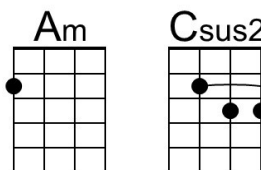
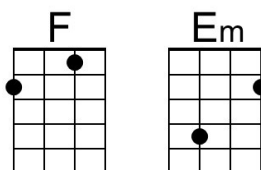
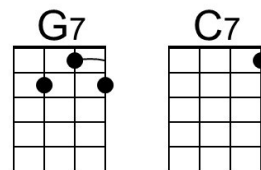
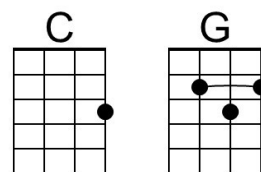
C G G7 C
Happy ever after in the market place, *Molly* lets the children lend a hand

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
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**

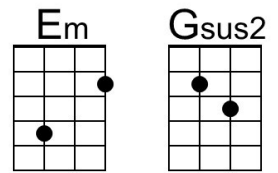
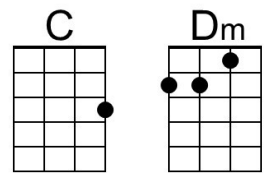
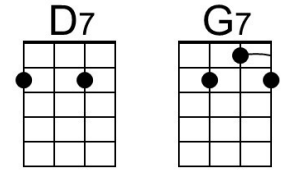
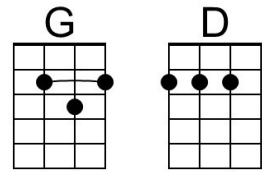
G D D7 G
Happy ever after in the market place, *Molly* lets the children lend a hand

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

