

Ghost Ukers in the Sky –Arr. Charles Umiker and Pete McCarty

[Am][Am][Am][Am] [Am][Am][Am][Am]

Am C [C][C][C]

An old man playing uke was out one dark and windy day

Am C E7 [E7][E7]E7

Upon a ridge he rested as he began to play

Am

When all at once a ghostly group of old ukers he saw

F [F][F][F] Am [Am][Am][Am]

Playing through the ragged skies and up a cloudy draw

C Am F Am [Am][Am][Am]

Kum-by yahhhh, Kum-by yahhh-ahhh ghost ukers in the sky

Am C [C][C][C]

Their ukers were all on fire and their strings were made of steel

Am C E7 [E7][E7]E7

Their kazoos were black and shiny and their hot breath he could feel

Am

A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky

F [F][F][F] Am [Am][Am][Am]

For he saw the ukers coming hard and he heard their mournful cry

C Am F Am [Am][Am][Am]

Kum-by yahhhh, Kum-by yahhh-ahhh ghost ukers in the sky

Am C [C][C][C]

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred and Hawaiian shirts soaked with sweat

Am C E7 [E7][E7]E7

They're playin hard across that sky and they'll keep on playing yet

Am

'Cause they've got to play forever on that range up in the sky

F [F][F][F] Am [Am][Am][Am]

On ukers of blazing fire you can hear their mournful cry

Am C [C][C][C]

As the ukers played on by him he heard one call his name

Am C E7 [E7][E7]E7

If you want to save your soul from hell a - playin on our range

Am

Then uker change your ways today or with us you will fly

F [F][F][F] Am [Am][Am][Am]

Playing with our ghostly crew a-cross these endless skies

C Am F Am [Am][Am][Am]

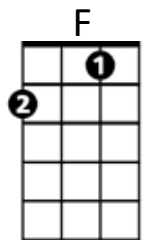
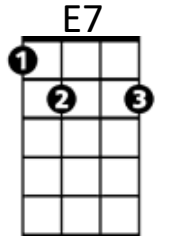
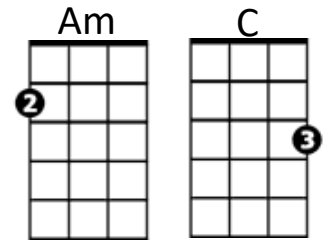
Kum-by yahhhh, Kum-by yahhh-ahhh ghost ukers in the sky

F Am [Am][Am][Am]

Ghost ukers in the sky

F Am [Am][Am][AmHOLD]

Ghost ukers in the sky



BARITONE

