

The UkeQuestors

Proposed Playlist for Sunday, July 24, 2022

Dancing in the Street – C	3
In the Summertime (Uke Parody) – G	4
Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka-dot Bikini – G	6
Kokomo – C	7
La Bamba – C	9
Pontoon – A	10
Summer Nights – C	12
The Dock of the Bay – C	13
The Swimming Song – C	14

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Dancing in the Street (C)

[Dancing in the Street](#) by Martha & the Vandellas (D @ 126)
[Dancing in the Street](#) by The Mamas and the Papas (A @ 122)

Intro (4 measures) C7

C7

Callin' out around the world, are you ready for a brand new beat?
Summer's here and the time is right, for dancing in the street.
They're dancing in Chicago, down in New Orleans, in New York City.

Chorus

F

All we need is music, sweet music, there'll be music ev'rywhere.

C7

There'll be swinging and swaying and records playing, dancing in the street.

E7

Am

Oh, ___ it doesn't matter what you wear, just as long as you are there.

Dm

G7sus4

A7

So come on, ev'ry guy grab a girl. Eve'rywhere a-round the world,

C7

There'll be dancing (*Dancing in the street.*),
They're dancing in the street (*Dancing in the street.*).

C7

It's just an invitation across the nation, a chance for folks to meet.
There'll be laughing, singing and music swinging, dancing in the street.
Philadelphia, P A , Baltimore and D.C. now, can't forget the Motor City. **Chorus**

Outro

C7

Way down in L. A., ___ ev'ry day,
They're dancing in the street (*Dancing in the street.*)
Let's form a big strong line, get in time,
We're dancing in the street. (*Dancing in the street.*)
Across the ocean blue, me and you,

C7 ↓

We're dancing in the street. (*Dancing in the street.*)

In the Summertime (Ray Dorset, 1970) (C)

*Ukulele Parody adaptation by Holly Soptick from the *Uke On! Group in Kansas*

[In the Summertime](#) by Mungo Jerry (Original Music Video)

[In the Summertime](#) by Ray Dorset and Mungo Jerry, the Ealing Blues Festival, 23 July 2017

[In the Summertime \(Ukulele Parody\)](#) by Patsy Walker

[In the Summertime \(Ukulele Parody\)](#) by Robin Tricker

Intro 1 (4 Measures)

D d U u d u

[Scratch] | [Scratch] | [Scratch] | [Scratch] / (Island strum pattern)

Intro 2

C **C**
Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh,
F **C**
Chh chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh,
G7 **F** **C** **C**
Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-ch-ch.

C

In the summertime, when the weather is hot

C7

You can stretch right up and touch the sky

F

When the weather's fine, you got ukin', you got ukin' on your mind

G7

F

C

Play a chord, don't be bored, just go out and see what you can find.

C

If your wallet's rich, you can play solid wood

C7

If your wallet's poor, just play one that sounds good

F

Play your uke today, play one song or two or maybe twenty-five

G7

F

C

When the sun goes down, you can pick it, and just kick it, feel a-live

In The Summertime (Ukulele Parody) (C) – Page 2

C

We're four-string people: G, C, E, and A

C **C7**

We like every chord, but there's some we can't play

F

C

When the weather's fine, we go pickin', or go pluckin' 'cause it's free

G7

F

C

We're always happy, life's for ukin', yeah, that's our philoso-phy

C

Strum along with us Dee-dee-dee, dee-dee

C **C7**

Dah-dah-dah, dah-dah Yeah we're hap-happy Dah dah

F **C**

Dee-dah-do, Dah dee-dah Dah-de-do-de-dah

G7

F

C

Yeah, Dah-dah-do, Dah-dah-dah Dah-dah-dah, do-dah-dah.

C

C

Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh,

F

C

Chh chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh,

G7

F

C

C

Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-chh-chh-Uh, Chh-ch-ch.

C

When the summer's here, yeah it's "*Uke On!" time¹

C7

Bring your uke, eat some cukes, we'll be feelin' fine.

F

C

And we'll sing again, we'll be strummin', we'll be comin' to share a song.

G7

F

C

Join the crowd, sing out loud, bring your friends, and we'll all play a-long.

Outro

[Scratch] Chh-chh-chh [Scratch] Chh-chh-chh [Scratch] Chh-chh-chh [Scratch]

¹ Or your group name

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

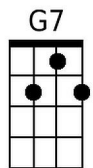
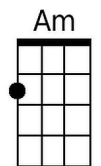
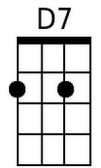
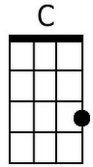
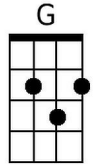
Am **D7** **G**
And so a blanket around her she wore.

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

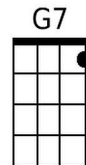
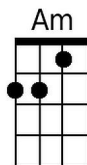
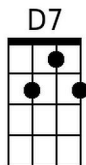
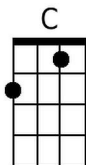
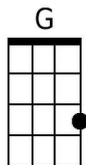
G
Guess there isn't any more. - cha cha cha!

Tacet

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

Intro

Bari



Kokomo (John Phillips, Scott McKenzie, Mike Love, Terry Melcher, 1988) (C)

GCEA – Soprano, Concert & Tenor

Intro

C↓ F↓
Aruba, Jamaica, ooh, I want to take ya. Ber-muda, Bahama, come on, pretty mama.
C↓ F↓ C Cmaj
Key Largo, Montego, baby, why don't we go, Ja-maica. Off the Florida Keys,

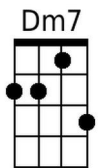
Gm7 F Fm C D7 G
There's a place called Kokomo, that's where you want to go to get a-way from it all.
C Cmaj7 Gm7 F Fm C
Bodies in the sand, tropical drink melting in your hand. We'll be falling in love
D7 G C
To the rhythm of a steel drum band, down in Koko-mo.

Refrain

C F
A-ruba, Jamaica, ooh, I want to take you to Ber-muda, Bahama. Come on, pretty mama.
C Bb F
Key Largo, Montego, oo, I wan-na take you down to Kokomo?
ba-by, why don't we go?
Fm C
We'll get there fast and then we'll take it slow.
Am Dm7 G7 C
That's where we wanna go, way down in Koko-mo.

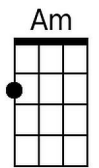
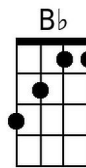
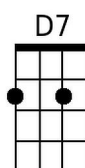
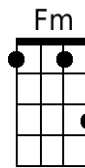
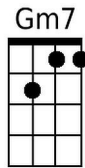
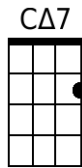
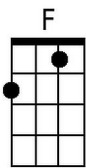
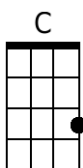
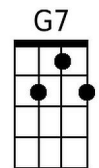
1. *Martinique, that Montserrat mystique.*
2. *Port au Prince, I wanna catch a glimpse.* **To Bridge**
3. **(Repeat and fade)**

C Cmaj7 Gm7 F
We'll put out to sea and we'll perfect our chemistry.
Fm C D7 - G C Cmaj7
By and by we'll de-fy a little bit of gravity. | Afternoon de-light,
Gm7 F Fm C
cocktails and moonlit nights. That dreamy look in your eye,
D7 G C
Give me a tropical contact high way down in Koko-mo. **Refrain**



Bridge

C Cmaj7 Gm7 F Fm C
Everybody knows a little place like Kokomo. Now if you wanna go
D7 G7 C
and get a-way from it all, Go down to Koko-mo. **Refrain**



Kokomo (John Phillips, Scott McKenzie, Mike Love, Terry Melcher, 1988) (C)

DGBE – Baritone

Intro

C↓ F↓
Aruba, Jamaica, ooh, I want to take ya. Ber-muda, Bahama, come on, pretty mama.
C↓ F↓ C Cmaj
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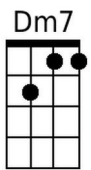
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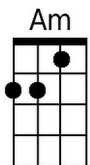
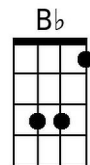
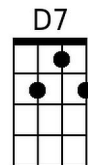
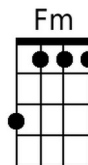
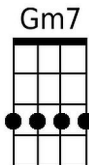
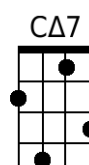
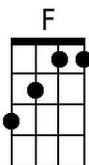
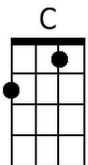
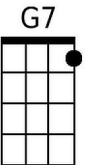
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Fm C D7 - G C Cmaj7
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Gm7 F Fm C
cocktails and moonlit nights. That dreamy look in your eye,
D7 G C
Give me a tropical contact high way down in Koko-mo. **Refrain**



Bridge

C Cmaj7 Gm7 F Fm C
Everybody knows a little place like Kokomo. Now if you wanna go
D7 G7 C
and get a-way from it all, Go down to Koko-mo. **Refrain**



La Bamba (C)

Mexican folk song adapted by Ritchie Valens, 1958

[La Bamba](#) by Ritchie Valens (1958) (C @ 150)

[La Bamba](#) by Los Lobos from the 1987 film "La Bamba"

Intro (4x) C F G7

Tacet C F G7

Para bailar la bamba,

C F G7

Para bailar la bamba, Se necessita

C F G7

una poca de gracia

C F G7

Una poca de gracia, para mi para ti

C F G7

Ya Arriba arriba

C F G7

Ya arriba arriba, por ti se re',

C F G7

Por ti se re', por ti se re' (pause)

C F G7

Yo no soy marinero

C F G7

Yo no soy marinero, soy ca-pi-tan

C F G7

Soy Ca-pi-tan, soy ca-pi-tan

Chorus

C F G7 C F G7

Bamba, bamba, bamba, bamba

C F G7 C F G7

Bamba, bamba

C F G7

Para bailar la bamba,

C F G7

Para bailar la bamba, Se necessita

C F G7

una poca de gracia

C F G7

Una poca de gracia, para mi para ti

C F G7

Ya Arriba arriba

Instrumental Chorus

Repeat first verse

Outro

C F G7

Bamba, bamba (repeat to fade)

Pontoon

by Little Big Town

Intro tabs

E string- 4-3, 3 4-3 4-3 3
A string 0 3 0 3 0 3 0 3 0

(chuck strum) A //// (Am7) A //// (Am7)

A Am7

Back this hitch up into the water

Untie all the cables and rope

D A Am7

Step onto the astro turf Get yourself a coozie, let's go

A

Who said anything about skiin'? Floatin' is all I wanna do

D

You can climb the ladder just

A A7

don't rock the boat while I barbecue

Chorus:

D

On the pontoon

A

Makin' waves and catchin' rays up on the roof

E7

Jumpin' off the back, don't act like you don't want to

A

Party in slow motion Out here in the open

Am7 /A

A7 A Am7

Mmmmmmm...motorboatin' (Who who whoo-oo)2x

A

Reach your hand down into the cooler

Don't drink it if the mountains aren't blue

D

A A7

Try to keep it steady as you recline on your black innertube

Chorus

instrumental of chorus: D D A A E7 E7 A A

:

Bridge:

A

5 mile an hour with aluminum sides

A

Wood panelin' with a water slide

A

Can't beat the heat, so let's take a ride

A7

Chorus:

D

On the pontoon

A

Makin' waves and catchin' rays up on the roof

E7

Jumpin' off the back, don't act like you don't want to

A

Party in slow motion I'm out here in the open

Am7 /A

Mmmmmmm...motorboatin'

A7 A

On the pontoon (Who who whoo-oo) On the pontoon

A7 A Am7

(Who who whoo-oo)

A

Back this hitch out into the water

On the pontoon

A7 A

A

(Who who whoo-oo) (Who who who)



Summer Nights (Warren Casey & Jim Jacobs, 1971) (C)

Summer Nights by John Travolta & Olivia Newton-john from *Grease* (1978) (D @ 125)

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.¹

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

Instrumental

C / F / G / F / C / F / Am G

C F G F
He got friendly holding my hand²

C F G F
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
Could she get me a friend? (pause)

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.

1 Key change to Db in original

2 "Shooty pop pop" per chord, end with "yeah"

The Dock of the Bay (Otis Redding & Steve Cropper, 1967) (C)

(Sittin' On) The Dock of the Bay by Otis Redding (1967)

Lyrics Source: (Sittin' On) The Dock of the Bay (The Estate of Otis Redding)

Tempo = 104 bpm

Intro (4 measures) C

C E7
Sittin' in the morning sun
F E Eb D
I'll be sittin' when the even-ing comes
C E7
Watching the ships roll in
F E Eb D
Then I watch them roll a-way a - gain, yeah
C A7
I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay
C A7
Watchin' the tide roll a-way, ooh
C D
I'm just sittin' on the dock of the bay
C A7
Wastin' time

C E7
I left my home in Georgia
F E Eb D
Headed for the Fris-co Bay
C E7
Cuz I've had nothing to live for
F E Eb D
And look like nothing's gonna come my way
C A7
So, I'm just gon' sit on the dock of the bay
C A7
Watchin' the tide roll a-way, ooh
C D
I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay
C A7
Wastin' time

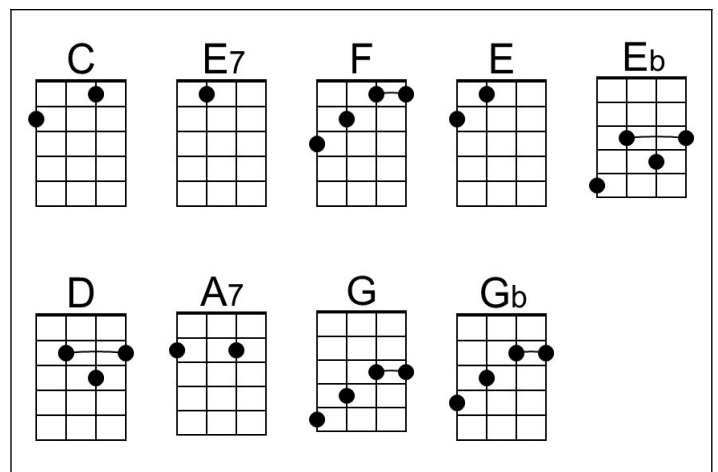
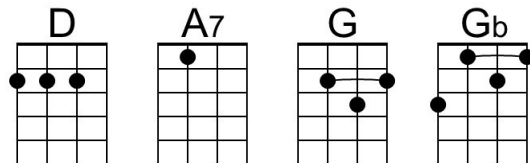
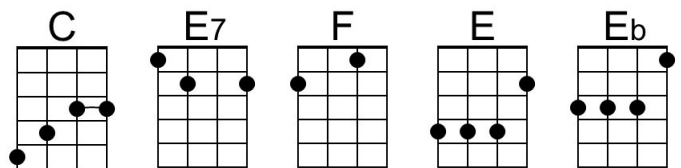
Bridge

C G F
Looks like nothing's gonna change
C G F
Every-thing still remains the same
C G F
I can't do what ten people tell me to do
Gb G
So I guess I'll re-main the same, *listen*

C E7
Sittin' here resting my bones
F E Eb D
And this loneliness won't leave me a - lone, *listen*
C E7
Two thousand miles I roam
F E Eb D
Just to make this dock my home, now
C A7
I'm just gon' sit at the dock of a bay
C A7
Watchin' the tide roll a-way, ooh
C D
Sittin' on the dock of the bay
C A7
Wastin' time

Outro [Whistle and soften]

C | A7 | C | A7 | (2x) End on F



The Swimming Song (Loudon Wainwright III)

Chorus:

C
 This summer I went swimming,
G7 **Am**
 This summer I might have drowned
F **C**
 But I held my breath and I kicked my feet
G7 **Am**
 And I moved my arms around,
G7 **C**
 I moved my arms around.

C
 This summer I swam in the ocean,
G7 **Am**
 And I swam in a swimming pool,
F **C**
 Salt my wounds, chlorine my eyes,
G7 **Am**
 I'm a self-destructive fool,
G7 **C**
 A self-destructive fool.

(Chorus)

C
 This summer I did the backstroke
G7 **Am**
 And you know that's not all
F **C**
 I did the breast stroke and the butterfly
G7 **Am**
 And the old Australian crawl,
G7 **C**
 The old Australian crawl.

C
 This summer I swam in a public place
G7 **Am**
 And a reservoir, to boot,
F **C**
 At the latter I was informal,
G7 **Am**
 At the former I wore my suit,
G7 **C**
 I wore my swimming suit.

C
 This summer I did swan dives
G7 **Am**
 And jackknives for you all
F **C**
 And once when you weren't looking
G7 **Am** **G7** **C**
 I did a cannonball, I did a cannonball.

(Chorus)

Instrumental verse

