

Malling Ukulele Group

Playlist for The George concert 21 September 2024



Playlist

1st Half

Bad Moon Rising
Jackson
When I'm Sixty Four
Hello Mary Lou
Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Days Of
Summer
I Guess It Doesn't Matter Anymore
I Wanna Be Like You
Mamma Mia
Sloop John B
This Ole House
Sunny Afternoon
I'd Like To Teach The World To Sing
Tickle My Heart
Nine to Five
Ain't No Pleasing You
Lady Madonna
House of the Rising Sun

Break

2nd Half

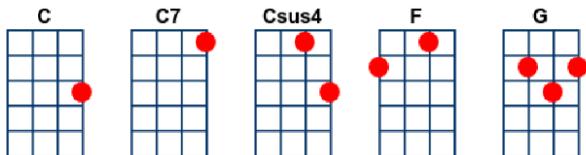
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Bad Moon Rising

Artist: Creedence Clearwater Revival. Writer: John Fogerty



Intro: (C) (G) (F) (Csus4) x 2

(C) I see the (G) bad (F) moon (C) rising,
 (C) I see (G) trouble (F) on the (C) way
 (C) I see (G) earth-(F)-quakes and (C) lightning,
 (C) I see (G) bad (F) times to-(C)-day (C7)

Chorus

(F) Don't go around tonight,
 Well it's (C) bound to take your life
 (G) There's a (F) bad moon on the (C) rise

(C) I hear (G) hurri-(F)-canes (C) blowing,
 (C) I know the (G) end is (F) coming (C) soon
 (C) I fear (G) rivers (F) over-(C)-flowing,
 (C) I hear the (G) voice of (F) rage and (C) ruin (C7)

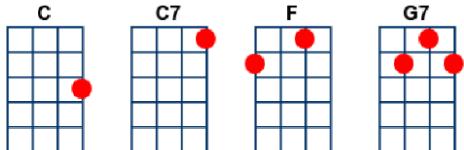
Chorus (F) Don't go around tonight...

(C) Hope you (G) got your (F) things to-(C)-gether,
 (C) hope you are (G) quite pre-(F)-pared to (C) die
 (C) Looks like we're (G) in for (F) nasty (C) weather,
 (C) One eye is (G) taken (F) for an (C) eye (C7)

2 x Chorus (F) Don't go around tonight...

(G) There's a (F) bad moon on the (C) rise
 (G) There's a (F) bad moon on the (C) rise
 (C) (G) (C)

Artist: Johnny Cash & June Carter Cash Writers: Billy Edd Wheeler & Jerry Leiber



(C) We got married in a fever hotter than a pepper sprout
 (C) We've been talking 'bout Jackson (C7) ever since the fire went out



I'm going to (F) Jackson (*Jackson Jackson*) gonna mess (C) around
 yeah, I'm going to (F) Jackson, (G7) look out Jackson (C) town



(C) Go on down to Jackson, go ahead and wreck your health
 (C) Go play your hand, you big talking man, make a (C7) big fool of yourself
 (C) Yeah, go to (F) Jackson (*Jackson Jackson*) comb your (C) hair
 I'm gonna snow-ball (F) Jackson, (G7) see if I (C) care



(C) When I breeze into that city, people goona stoop and bow (hah!)
 (C) All them women gonna make me (C7) teach 'em what they don't know how
 Aw, I'm going to (F) Jackson (*Jackson Jackson*) turn loose'a my (C) coat,
 cause, I'm going to (F) Jackson, (G7) goodbye, that's all she (C) wrote



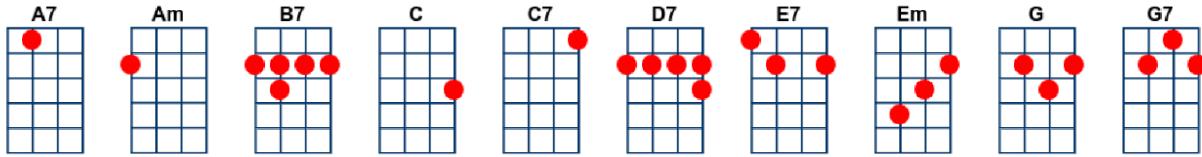
(C) But they'll laugh at you in Jackson, and I'll be dancin' on a pony keg
 (C) they'll lead you 'roun' town like a scolded hound -
 - with your (C7) tail tucked 'tween your legs
 Yeah, go to (F) Jackson (*Jackson Jackson*) you big talking (C) man
 And I'll be waiting in (F) Jackson (G7) behind my Jaypan (C) fan



(C) We got married in a fever hotter than a pepper sprout
 (C) We've been talking 'bout Jackson (C7) ever since the fire went out
 I'm going to (F) Jackson (*Jackson Jackson*) and that's a (C) fact
 Yeah, we're going to (F) Jackson, (G7) ain't never comin' (C) back

(C)/// (F) (C)

Artist: The Beatles Writers: Paul McCartney & John Lennon



(G) When I get older losing my hair, many years from **(D7)** now

(D7) Will you still be sending me a valentine,

Birthday greetings **(G)** bottle of wine?

If I'd been out till quarter to three, **(G7)** would you lock the **(C)** door

(C) Will you still **(C7)** need me, **(G)** will you still **(E7)** feed me,

(A7) When I'm **(D7)** sixty **(G)** four?

(G) I could be handy mending a fuse, when your lights have **(D7)** gone

(D7) You can knit a sweater by the fireside,

Sunday mornings **(G)** go for a ride

Doing the garden, digging the weeds, **(G7)** who could ask for **(C)** more?

(C) Will you still **(C7)** need me, **(G)** will you still **(E7)** feed me,

(A7) When I'm **(D7)** sixty **(G)** four?

(Em) Every summer we can rent a cottage, In the Isle of **(D7)** Wight,

if it's not too **(Em)** dear, We shall scrimp and **(B7)** save,

(Em) Mm mm grandchildren **(Am)** on your knee,

(C) Vera, **(D7)** Chuck, and **(G)** Dave **(D7)**

(G) Send me a postcard, drop me a line, stating point of **(D7)** view

(D7) Indicate precisely what you mean to say

Yours sincerely, **(G)** Wasting Away

Give me your answer, fill in a form, **(G7)** mine for ever-**(C)**-more

(C) Will you still **(C7)** need me, **(G)** will you still **(E7)** feed me,

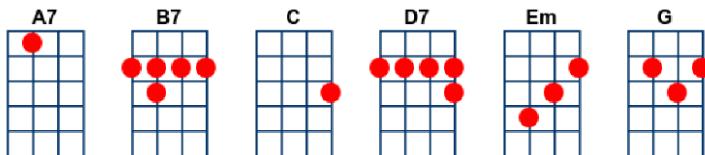
(A7) When I'm **(D7)** sixty **(G)** four?

(C) Will you still **(C7)** need me, **(G)** will you still **(E7)** feed me,

(A7) When I'm **(D7)** sixty **(G)** four?

Hello Mary Lou

Artist: Ricky Nelson Writers: Gene Pitney and Cayet Mangiaracina



Chorus:

He-(G)-llo Mary Lou, (C) goodbye heart
 Sweet (G) Mary Lou I'm so in love with (D7) you
 I (G) knew Mary Lou (B7) we'd never (Em) part
 So he-(A7)-llo Mary (D7) Lou, goodbye (G) heart (C) (G)

(G) You passed me by one sunny day
 (C) Flashed those big brown eyes my way
 And (G) ooh I wanted you forever (D7) more
 Now (G) I'm not one that gets around
 I (C) swear my feet stuck to the ground
 And (G) though I never (D7) did meet you be-(G)-fore (C) (G)

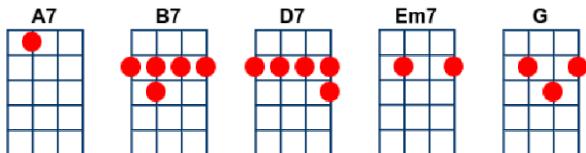
I said... **Chorus:** He-(G)-llo Mary Lou...

I (G) saw your lips I heard your voice
 be-(C)-lieve me I just had no choice
 Wild (G) horses couldn't make me stay a-(D7)-way
 I (G) thought about a moonlit night
 My (C) arms about you good an' tight
 That's (G) all I had to (D7) see for me to (G) say (C) (G)

I said... **Chorus:** He-(G)-llo Mary Lou...

I said he-(A7)-llo Mary (D7) Lou, goodbye (G) heart (C) (G)

Artist: Nat King Cole Writers: Hans Carste & Charles Tobias



(G)

(NC) Roll out those **(G)** lazy, hazy, crazy days of **(A7)** summer,
Those days of **(D7)** soda and pretzels and **(G)** beer,

(G) Roll out those **(G)** lazy, hazy, crazy days of **(A7)** summer,
Dust off the **(D7)** sun and moon and sing a song of **(G)** cheer.

Just fill your **(B7)** basket full of sandwiches and weenies,
Then lock the house up, now you're **(Em7)** set,
And on the **(A7)** beach you'll see the **(Em7)** girls in their bik-**(A7)**-inis,
As cute as ever, but they never get them **(D7)** wet.

(G) Roll out those **(G)** lazy, hazy, crazy days of **(A7)** summer,
Those days of **(D7)** soda and pretzels and **(G)** beer,
(G) Roll out those **(G)** lazy, hazy, crazy days of **(A7)** summer,
You'll wish that **(D7)** summer could always be **(G)** here.

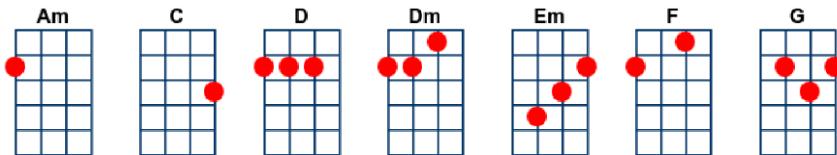
(G) Roll out those **(G)** lazy, hazy, crazy days of **(A7)** summer,
Those days of **(D7)** soda and pretzels and **(G)** beer,
(G) Roll out those **(G)** lazy, hazy, crazy days of **(A7)** summer,
Dust off the **(D7)** sun and moon and sing a song of **(G)** cheer.

Don't have to **(B7)** tell a girl and feller 'bout a drive-in,
Or some romantic, movie **(Em7)** scene,
Why from the **(A7)** moment that those **(Em7)** lovers start arr-**(A7)**-ivin',
You'll see more kissing in the cars than on the **(D7)** screen.

(NC) Roll out those **(G)** lazy, hazy, crazy days of **(A7)** summer,
Those days of **(D7)** soda and pretzels and **(G)** beer,
(G) Roll out those **(G)** lazy, hazy, crazy days of **(A7)** summer,
You'll wish that **(D7)** summer could always be **(G)** here.

You'll wish that **(A7)** summer could **(D7)** always be **(G)** here,
You'll wish that **(A7)** summer could **(D7)** always be **(G)** here.

Artist: Buddy Holly Writer: Paul Anka



(C) There you go and baby, here am I
 Well you **(G)** left me here so I could sit and cry
 Well-a, **(C)** golly gee what have you done to me
 Well I **(G)** guess it doesn't matter any **(C)** more.

(C) Do you remember baby, last September
 How you **(G)** held me tight each and every **(G)** night
 Well, **(C)** whoops-a daisy how you drove me crazy
 But I **(G)** guess it doesn't matter any **(C)** more.

(Am) There's no use in me a-**(Em)** cryin'
 I've **(C)** done everything and now I'm sick of trying
 I've **(D)** thrown away my nights
 And wasted all my days over **(G)** you. **(Dm)** **(Em)** **(G)**

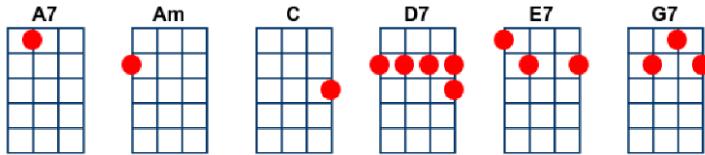
Now **(C)** you go your way and I'll go mine
(G) Now and forever 'till the end of time . . . I'll find
 Somebody **(C)** new and baby we'll say we're through
 And **(G)** you won't matter any **(C)** more.

(Am) There's no use in me a-**(Em)** cryin'
 I've **(C)** done everything and now I'm **(C)** sick of trying
 I've **(D)** thrown away my nights
 And wasted all my days over **(G)** you. **(Dm)** **(Em)** **(G)**

Now you go **(C)** your way and I'll go mine
(G) Now and forever 'till the end of time . . . I'll find
 Somebody **(C)** new and baby we'll say we're through
 And **(G)** you won't matter any **(C)** more.

(G) You won't matter any **(C)** more

Artist: Louis Prima Writers: Robert and Richard Sherman



Now (Am) I'm the king of the swingers, oh, the jungle V - I - (E7) - P
 I've reached the top and had to stop, and that's what botherin' (Am) me.
 I wanna be a man, mancub, and stroll right into (E7) town
 And be just like the other men, I'm tired of monkeyin' a-(Am)-round!

Chorus

(G7) Oh, (C) oo-bee-doo I wanna be like (A7) you
 I wanna (D7) walk like you, (G7) talk like you (C) too.
 You'll (G7) see it's (C) true, an ape like (A7) me
 Can (D7) learn to be (G7) human (C) too.

Now (Am) don't try to kid me, mancub, I made a deal with (E7) you
 What I desire is man's red fire, to make my dream come (Am) true.
 Give me the secret, mancub, clue me what to (E7) do
 Give me the power of man's red flower so I can be like (Am) you.

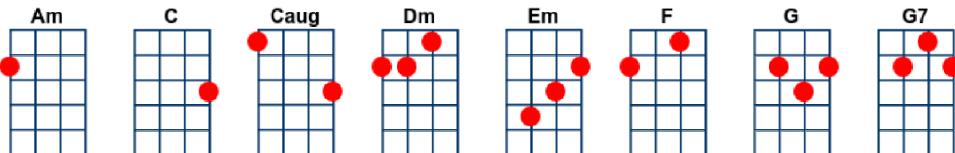
Chorus (G7) Oh, (C) oo-bee-doo...

I wanna (Am) ape your manner-isms, we'll be a set of (E7) twins
 No-one will know where man-cub ends and orang-utan be-(Am)-gins
 And when I eat bananas I won't peel them with my (E7) feet
 I'll be a man, man-cub and learn some eti-(Am)-quette

2 X Chorus (G7) Oh, (C) oo-bee-doo...

(G7)/ (C)/

Artist: ABBA Writers: Benny Andersson, Björn Ulvaeus & Stig Anderson



Intro: (C) (Caug) (C) (Caug)

(C) I've been cheated by you since I don't know (F) when
 (C) So I made up my mind, it must come to an (F) end
 (C) Look at me now, (Caug) will I ever learn?
 (C) I don't know how (Caug) but I suddenly (F) lose control
 There's a fire with-(G)-in my soul

(F) Just (C) one (G) look and I can hear a bell ring
 (F) One (C) more (G) look and I forget everything, oo o oh

(C) Mamma mia, here I go again (F) my my, how can I resist you?
 (C) Mamma mia, does it show again? (F) My my, just how much I've missed you
 (C) Yes, I've been (G) broken-hearted, (Am) blue since the (Em) day we parted
 (F) Why, why (Dm) did I ever (G7) let you go?
 (C) Mamma mia, (Am) now I really know, (F) my my, (Dm) I could never (G7) let you go

(C) (Caug) (C) (Caug)

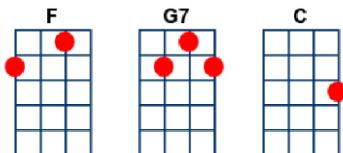
(C) I've been angry and sad about the things that you (F) do
 (C) I can't count all the times that I've told you we're (F) through
 (C) And when you go, (Caug) when you slam the door
 (C) I think you know (Caug) that you won't be aw-(F)-ay too long
 You know that I'm (G) not that strong

(F) Just (C) one (G) look and I can hear a bell ring
 (F) One (C) more (G) look and I forget everything, oo o oh

(C) Mamma mia, here I go again (F) My my, how can I resist you?
 (C) Mamma mia, does it show again? (F) My my, just how much I've missed you
 (C) Yes, I've been (G) broken-hearted, (Am) blue since the (Em) day we parted
 (F) Why, why (Dm) did I ever (G7) let you go?
 (C) Mamma mia, (Am) now I really know, (F) my my, (Dm) I could never (G7) let you go

(C) (Caug) (C) (Caug) (C)

Artist: The Beach Boys



We (C) sail on the sloop (F)/ John (C) B,
 My grandfather (F)/ and (C) me
 Around Nassau town we did (G7) roam
 Drinking all (C) night, got into a (F) fight
 Well, I (C) feel so broke up, (G7) I want to go (C) home

Chorus

*So (C) hoist up the John (F)/ B (C) sail
 See how the main (F)/ sail (C) sets
 Call for the Captain ashore and let me go (G7) home
 I Wanna go (C) home I wanna go (F) home
 Well, I (C) feel so broke up, (G7) I want to go (C) home*

The (C) first mate, he (F)/ got (C) drunk
 And broke in the Capt-(F)/-ain's (C) trunk
 The constable had to come and take him a-(G7)-way
 Sheriff John (C) Stone, why don't you leave me a-(F)-lone
 Well, I (C) feel so broke up (G7) I wanna go (C) home

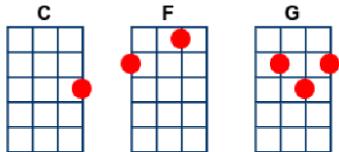
Chorus So (C) hoist up...

The (C) poor cook he caught (F)/ the (C) fits
 And threw away all (F)/ my (C) grits,
 Then he took, and he ate up all of my (G7) corn
 Let me go (C) home, I wanna go (F) home
 This (C) is the worst trip (G7) I've ever been (C) on

Chorus So (C) hoist up...

Well, I (C) feel so broke up, I (G7) wanna go (C)/ home

Artist: Shakin' Stevens Writer: Stuart Hamblen



Intro: (C) //

This ole (C) house once knew my children, this ole (F) house once knew my wife;
 This ole (G) house was home and comfort as we (C) fought the storms of life.
 This old (C) house once rang with laughter, this old (F) house heard many shouts;
 Now she (G) trembles in the darkness when the lightnin' walks a-(C)-bout.

Chorus:

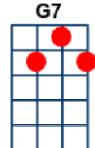
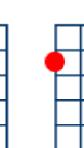
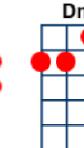
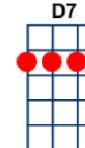
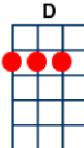
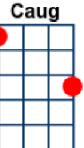
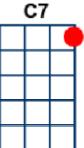
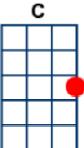
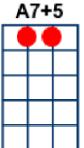
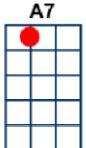
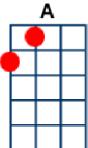
Ain't a-gonna (F) need this house no longer,
 Ain't a-gonna (C) need this house no more;
 Ain't got (G) time to fix the shingles,
 ain't got (C) time to fix the floor,
 Ain't got (F) time to oil the hinges
 nor to (C) mend the window pane;
 Ain't gonna (G) need this house no longer
 I'm a-gettin' ready to meet the (C) saints.

This ole (C) house is a-gettin' shaky, this ole (F) house is a-gettin' old;
 This ole (G) house lets in the rain, this ole (C) house lets in the cold.
 Oh, my (C) knees are a-gettin' shaky, but I (F) feel no fear nor pain,
 'Cause I (G) see an angel peekin' through a broken window (C) pane.

Chorus: Ain't a-gonna (F) need this...

Ain't gonna (G) need this house no longer
 I'm a-gettin' ready to meet the (C) saints.

Artist: The Kinks Writer: Ray Davies



Note: Chords in (Blue) are optional

Intro: (Dm)/ x 8 (A)/ x 8 (Dm)/ x 8 (A)/ x 8

The (Dm) taxman's taken (C) all my dough
 And (F) left me in my (C) stately home
 (A) Lazin' (A7) on a (A7+5) sunny (A7) aftern-(Dm)-oon
 And I can't (C) sail my yacht, he's (F) taken every (C) thing I've got
 (A) All I've (A7) got's this (A7+5) sunny (A7) aftern-(Dm)-oon (D)

(D7) Save me, save me, save me from this (G7) squeeze
 I got a (C7) big fat mama (C) tryin' to (Caug) break (F) me (A7)
 And I (Dm) love to live so (G7) pleasantly, (Dm) live this life of (G7) luxury
 (F) Lazin' on a (A7) sunny aftern-(Dm)-oon
 In the (A) summertime

My (Dm) girlfriend's run off (C) with my car
 And (F) gone back to her (C) ma and pa
 (A) Tellin' (A7) tales of (A7+5) drunken-(A7)-ness and (Dm) cruelty
 Now I'm (C) sittin' here, (F) sippin' at my (C) ice-cold beer
 (A) All I've (A7) got's this (A7+5) sunny (A7) aftern-(Dm)-oon (D)

(D7) Help me, help me, help me sail aw-(G7)-ay
 Or give me (C7) two good (C) reasons why I (Caug) oughta (F) stay (A7)
 Cos I (Dm) love to live so (G7) pleasantly, (Dm) live this life of (G7) luxury
 (F) Lazin' on a (A7) sunny aftern-(Dm)-oon
 In the (A) summertime, in the (Dm) summertime

(D7) Save me, save me, save me from this (G7) squeeze
 I got a (C7) big fat mama (C) tryin' to (Caug) break (F) me (A7)
 And I (Dm) love to live so (G7) pleasantly, (Dm) live this life of (G7) luxury
 (F) Lazin' on a (A7) sunny aftern-(Dm)-oon

In the (A) summertime, in the (Dm) summertime
 In the (A) summertime, in the (Dm) summertime
 In the (A) summer-(A7)-time (A7+5) (A7) (Dm)/

Artist: New Seekers Writers: Roger Cook, Roger Greenaway, Bill Backer & Billy Davis

(G) I'd like to build a world a home
 And (A7) furnish it with love
 Grow (D7) apple trees and honey bees
 And (C) snow white turtle (G) doves

I'd (G) like to teach the world to sing
 in (A7) perfect harmony
 I'd (D7) like to hold it in my arms
 And (C) keep it com-(G)-pany

I'd (G) like to see the world for once
 All (A7) standing hand in hand
 And (D7) hear them echo through the hills
 For (C) peace throughout the (G) land

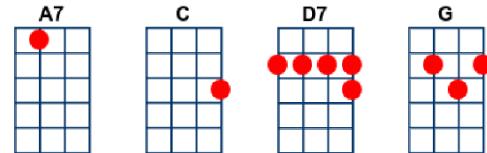
That's the song I hear,
 Let the world sing to-(A7)-day
 A (D7) song of peace that echoes on
 And (C) never goes a-(G)-way

Note: Sing “La-la-la” to the following tune:
 I'd (G) like to teach the world to sing
 In (A7) perfect harmony
 I'd (D7) like to hold it in my arms
 And (C) keep it com-(G)-pany

That's the song I hear,
 Let the world sing to-(A7)-day
 A (D7) song of peace that echoes on
 And (C) never goes a-(G)-way

(G) I'd like to see the world for once,
 all (A7) standing hand in hand
 And (D7) hear them echo through the hills,
 for (C) peace throughout the (G) land

That's the song I hear,
 let the world sing to-(A7)-day
 A (D7) song of peace that echoes on
 And (C) never goes a-(G)-way

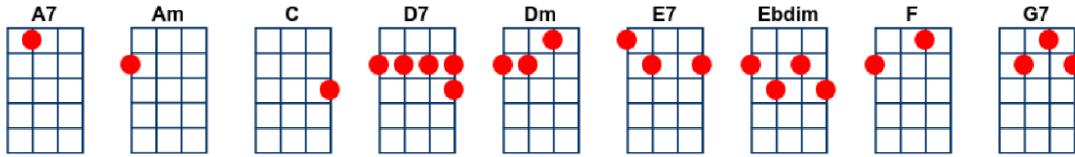


Note: Sing La-la-la to the following tune:
 I'd (G) like to teach the world to sing
 In (A7) perfect harmony
 I'd (D7) like to hold it in my arms
 And (C) keep it com-(G)-pany

I'd (G) like to teach the world to sing
 in (A7) perfect harmony
 I'd (D7) like to hold it in my arms
 And (C) keep it com-(G)-pany

Note: Half speed to the end

Artist: Joe Brown Writer: Joe Brown



Note: **[Am]** can be played for **[Eb7]**

Note: Hum **blue lyrics**

(C) (Am) (C) (Am) (C) (Am) (C)/

Tickle me **(C)** once; tickle me **(Eb7)** twice

Tickle me **(C)** naughty; tickle me **(Am)** nice

But tickle my **(Dm)** heart, **(G7)** tickle my **(C)** heart **(Am) (C)**

(Am) Tickle my **(C)** fancy; tickle my **(Eb7)** toes

Tickle my **(C)** tummy, right up to my **(A7)** nose

But tickle my **(Dm)** heart, **(G7)** tickle my **(C)** heart **(F) (G7) (C)**

(E7) Tickle me in the morning, **(Am)** tickle me **(E7)** through the **(Am)** night

(D7) Tickle me without warning, **(G7)** that'd **(D7)** be al-**(G7)**-right

Tickle me **(C)** tender; tickle me **(Eb7)** rough

I'll let you **(C)** know when I've had en-**(A7)**-ough

Just tickle my **(Dm)** heart, **(G7)** - come on and tickle my **(C)** heart **(Am) (Dm) (G7)**

Instrumental (Hum blue lyrics, sing black lyrics)

Tickle me **(C)** once; tickle me **(Eb7)** twice

Tickle me **(C)** naughty; tickle me **(Am)** nice

Tickle my **(Dm)** heart, **(G7)** tickle my **(C)** heart **(Am) (Dm) (G7)**

Tickle me **(C)** once; tickle me **(Eb7)** twice

Tickle me **(C)** naughty; tickle me **(Am)** nice

Tickle my **(Dm)** heart, **(G7)** tickle my **(C)** heart **(F) (G7) (C)**

(E7)/ Tickle me **(E7)/** in the **(E7)/** morning **(E7)/**,

(Am) tickle me **(E7)** through the **(Am)** night

(D7)/ Tickle me **(D7)/** without **(D7)/** warning **(D7)/** **(D7)/**,

(G7) that'd **(D7)** be al-**(G7)**-right

Tickle me **(C)** tender; tickle me **(Eb7)** rough

I'll let you **(C)** know when I've had en-**(A7)**-ough

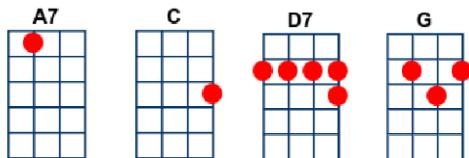
Just tickle my **(Dm)** heart, **(G7)** - come on and tickle my **(C)** heart **(Am)**

(Dm) - come on and **(G7)** tickle my **(C)** heart **(Am) (Dm)**

(G7) tickle my **(C)** heart **(Am) (C) (Am) (C) (Am)**

(C) (G7) (C)

Artist: Dolly Parton Writer: Dolly Parton



Note: Don't sing words in blue unless you're the nominated soloist (Cathryn)

(G) Tumble out of bed and stumble to the kitchen,
 (C) Pour myself a cup of ambition,
 And (G) yawn and stretch and try to come to (D7) life,
 (G) Jump in the shower and the blood starts pumping,
 (C) Out in the street the traffic starts jumping,
 With (G) folks like me on the (D7) job from nine to (G) five.

Chorus:

Working (C) nine to five what a way to make a living,
 Barely (G) getting by, it's all taking and no giving,
 They just (C) use your mind and they never give you credit,
 It's (A7) enough to drive you (D7) crazy if you let it.

(C) Nine to five, for service and devotion,
 You would (G) think that I would deserve a fair promotion,
 Want to (C) move ahead but the boss won't seem to let me,
 I (A7) swear sometimes that man is (D7) out to get me.

(G) They let you dream just to watch them shatter,
 (C) But you're just a step on the boss-man's ladder,
 (G) But you've got dreams he'll never take (D7) away,
 (G) In the same boat with a lot of your friends,
 (C) Waiting that day for your ship to come in,
 And (G) the tides gonna turn and it's (D7) all gonna roll your (G) way.

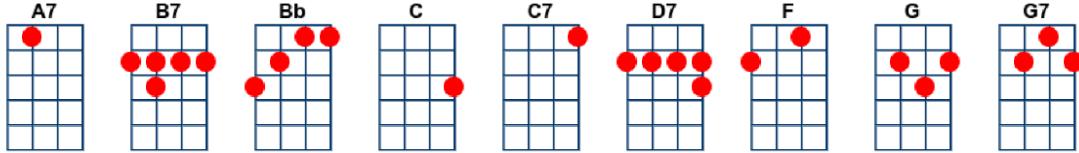
Chorus Working (C) Nine to five...

(C) Nine to five they got you where they want you,
 There's a (G) better life and you dream about it don't you,
 It's a (C) rich man's game, no matter what they call it,
 And you (A7) spend your life puttin' (D7) money in his pocket.

Chorus Working (C) Nine to five...

(C) Nine to five they got you where they want you,
 There's a (G) better life and you dream about it don't you,
 It's a (C) rich man's game, no matter what they call it,
 And you (A7) spend your life puttin' (D7) money in his pocket. (G)/

Artist: Chas & Dave



Note: Play the **Middle Section** twice.

Intro (C) (B7) (C) (A7) (D7) (G7) (C) (G7)

Well I (C) built my life around you, did what I (B7) thought was right,
 But (C) you never cared about me, now (A7) I've seen the light.
 Oh (D7) darling, (G7) there ain't no pleasin' (C) you. (G7)

Middle Section

You (C) seemed to think that everything I ever (B7) did was wrong,
 (C) I should have known it (A7) all along.
 Oh (D7) darling, (G7) there ain't no pleasin' (C) you (F) (C) (G7)

You only (C) had to say the word, (C7) and you knew I'd (F) do it.
 You had me (C) where you wanted me, (C7) but you went and (F) blew it.
 Now every-(Bb)-thing I ever (F) done, was only (Bb) done for you. (D7)
 But now (G) you, can go and (D7) do, just what you (G) wanna do,
 I'm (G7) tellin' you...
 'Cos (C) I ain't gonna be made to look a (B7) fool no more,
 You (C) done it once too often, what do ya (A7) take me for?
 Oh (D7) darling, (G7) there ain't no pleasin' (C) you. (G7)

Repeat Middle Section

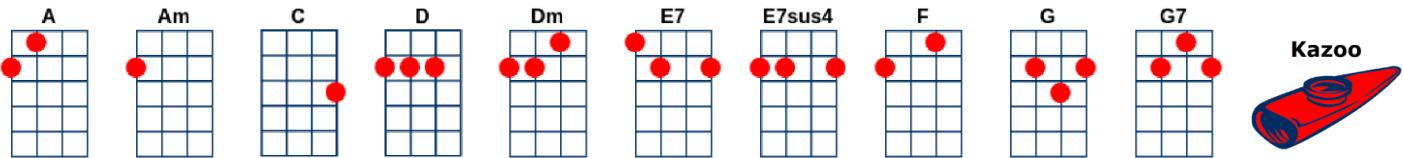
Now (C) if you think I don't mean what I say and I'm (B7) only bluffin'.
 (C) You got another thing comin', I'm tellin' you (A7) that for nothin'...
 'Cos (D7) darlin'; I'm leavin'... (G7) That's what I'm gonna... (C) do...

(B7) (C) (A7) (D7) (G7)

Outro (C) (F) (C) (G) (C)

Lady Madonna

Artist: The Beatles Writers: Paul McCartney & John Lennon



Note: Instrumental sections in blue lyrics, don't sing, kazoo instead if you can.

(A) Lady Ma-(D)-donna, (A) children at your (D) feet,
 (A) Wonder how you (D) manage to (F) make (G) ends (A) meet? 

(A) Lady Ma-(D)-donna, (A) children at your (D) feet,
 (A) Wonder how you (D) manage to (F) make (G) ends (A) meet?
 (A) Who finds the (D) money (A) when you pay the (D) rent
 (A) Did you think that (D) money was (F) hea-(G)-ven (A) sent

(Dm) Friday night arrives without a (G) suitcase
 (C) Sunday morning creeps in like a (Am) nun
 (Dm) Monday's child has learned to tie his (G7) bootlace
 (C) See (Dm) how they (E7sus4) - (E7) run

(A) Lady Ma-(D)-donna, (A) baby at your (D) breast
 (A) Wonder how you (D) manage to (F) feed (G) the (A) rest
 (A) Lady Ma-(D)-donna, (A) children at your (D) feet,
 (A) Wonder how you (D) manage to (F) make (G) ends (A) meet? 

(Dm) Ba-ba-ba bah ba ba-ba (G) bah ba-bah ba-bah
 (C) Ba-ba-ba bah ba ba-ba (Am) baa ba bah ba -bah
 (Dm) Ba-ba-ba bah ba ba-ba (G) bah ba-bah ba-bah
 (C) See (Dm) how they (E7sus4) - (E7) run

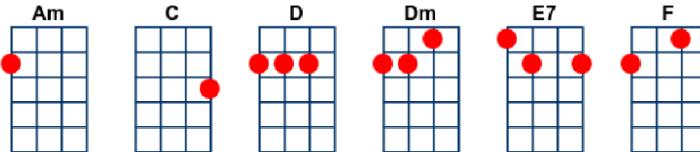
(A) Lady Ma-(D)-donna, (A) lying on the (D) bed
 (A) Listen to the (D) music playing (F) in (G) your (A) head
 (A) Lady Ma-(D)-donna, (A) children at your (D) feet,
 (A) Wonder how you (D) manage to (F) make (G) ends (A) meet? 

(Dm) Tuesday afternoon is never (G) ending
 (C) Wednesday morning papers didn't (Am) come
 (Dm) Thursday night your stockings needed (G7) mending
 (C) See (Dm) how they (E7sus4) - (E7) run

(A) Lady Ma-(D)-donna, (A) children at your (D) feet,
 (A) Wonder how you (D) manage to (F) make (G) ends (A) meet?

(A) (D) (A) (D) (A) (D) (F) (G) (A)

Artist: The Animals



Intro: (Am) (C) (D) (F) (Am) (E7) (Am) (E7)

There (Am) is a (C) house in (D) New Or-(F)-leans
 They (Am) call the (C) Rising (E7) Sun
 And it's (Am) been the (C) ruin of (D) many a poor (F) boy
 And (Am) God I (E7) know I'm (Am) one (E7)
 (Am) (C) (D) (F) (Am) (E7) (Am) (E7)

My (Am) mother (C) was a (D) tailor (F)
 She (Am) sewed my (C) new blue (E7) jeans (E7)
 My (Am) father (C) was a (D) gambling (F) man
 (Am) Down in (E7) New Or-(Am)-leans

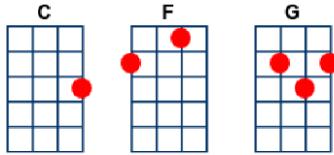
Now the (Am) only (C) thing a (D) gambler (F) needs
 Is a (Am) suitcase (C) and a (E7) trunk
 And the (Am) only (C) time he's (D) satis-(F)-fied
 Is (Am) when he's (E7) all a-(Am) drunk (E7)
 (Am) (C) (D) (F) (Am) (E7) (Am) (E7)

Oh (Am) mother (C) tell your chil-(D)-dren (F)
 Not to (Am) do what (C) I have (E7) done
 (Am) Spend your (C) lives in (D) sin and mise-(F)-ry
 In the (Am) house of the (E7) Rising (Am) Sun

Well I got (Am) one foot (C) on the (D) platform (F)
 And the (Am) other (C) foot on the (E7) train
 I'm (Am) going (C) back to (D) New Or-(F)-leans
 To (Am) wear that (E7) ball and (Am) chain

There (Am) is a (C) house in (D) New Or-(F)-leans
 They (Am) call the (C) Rising (E7) Sun
 And it's (Am) been the (C) ruin of (D) many a poor (F) boy
 And (Am) God I (E7) know I'm (Am) one
 (Am) (C) (D) (F) (Am) (E7) (Am)

Artist: Lulu. Writers: Ian Moorhouse & Peter Warne



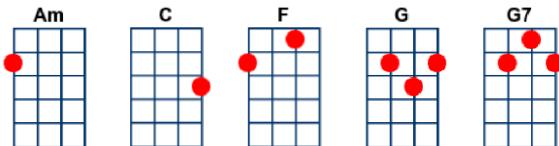
Come (C) closer come closer and (G) listen
 The beat of my heart keeps on (C) missin'
 I notice it most when we're (F) kissin'
 Come (G) closer and love me to-(C)-night - that's right -
 Come closer and cuddle me tight

My heart goes (F) boom bang-a-bang boom bang-a-bang when you are (C) near
 (G) Boom bang-a-bang boom bang-a-bang loud in my (C) ear
 (F) Pounding away pounding away won't you be (C) mine?
 (G) Boom bang-a-bang-bang all the (C) time
 It's such a (F) looovely (C) feeeeling (G) when I'm in your (C) arms
 (F) Don't go away I wanna stay my whole life (C) through
 (G) Boom bang-a-bang-bang close to (C) you

Your smile is so warm and in-(G)-viting
 The thought of your kiss is ex-(C)-citing
 So hold me and don't keep me (F) waiting
 Come (G) closer and love me to-(C)-night - that's right -
 Come closer and cuddle me tight

My heart goes (F) boom bang-a-bang boom bang-a-bang when you are (C) near
 (G) Boom bang-a-bang boom bang-a-bang loud in my (C) ear
 (F) Pounding away pounding away won't you be (C) mine?
 (G) Boom bang-a-bang-bang all the (C) time
 It's such a (F) looovely (C) feeeeling (G) when I'm in your (C) arms
 (F) Now you are near I wanna hear your heartbeat (C) too
 (G) Boom bang-a-bang-bang I love (C) you
 It's such a (F) looovely (C) feeeeling (G) when I'm in your (C) arms
 (F) Now you are near I wanna hear your heartbeat (C) too
 (G) Boom bang-a-bang-bang - boom bang-a-bang-bang -
 (G) Boom bang-a-bang-bang I love (C) you

Artist: Thin Lizzy



(C) As I was a goin' over the (Am) far famed Kerry mountains
 I (F) met with Captain Farrell and his (C) money he was counting
 I (C) first produced my pistol and I (Am) then produced my rapier
 Said (F) "Stand and deliver" for you (C) are my bold deceiver

Chorus:

With me (G) ring dum-a doo dum-a da
 (C) Whack for the daddy-o. (F) whack for the daddy-o
 There's (C) whiskey (G7) in the (C) jar.

I (C) counted out his money and it (Am) made a pretty penny
 I (F) put it in me pocket and I (C) brought it home to Jenny
 She (C) said and she swore that she (Am) never would deceive me
 But the (F) devil take the women for they (C) never can be easy

Chorus: With me (G) ring...

I (C) went into my chamber, all (Am) for to take a slumber
 I (F) dreamt of gold and jewels and for (C) sure it was no wonder
 But (C) Jenny drew me charges and she (Am) filled them up with water
 Then (F) sent for captain Farrell to be (C) ready for the slaughter.

Chorus: With me (G) ring...

It was (C) early in the morning, just be-(Am)-fore I rose to travel
 The (F) guards were all around me and (C) likewise Captain Farrell
 I (C) first produced me pistol for she (Am) stole away me rapier
 But I (F) couldn't shoot the water, so a (C) prisoner I was taken.

Chorus: With me (G) ring...

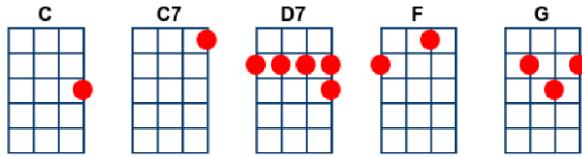
If (C) anyone can aid me, it's my (Am) brother in the army,
 If (F) I can find his station in (C) Cork or in Killarney.
 And (C) if he'll come and save me, we'll go (Am) roving near Kilkenny,
 and I (F) swear he'll treat me better than me (C) darling sportling Jenny.

Chorus: With me (G) ring...

Now (C) some men take delight in the (Am) drinking and the roving,
 But (F) others take delight in the (C) gambling and the smoking.
 But (C) I take delight in the (Am) juice of the barley,
 and (F) courting pretty Jenny in the (C) morning bright and early.

Chorus x 2 (Slowing on the last line): With me (G) ring...

Artist: Status Quo Writer: John Fogerty

**Intro: (C) //// ////**

(C) Ah here we are and here we are and here we go

(F) All aboard and we're hittin' the road

Here we (C) go, (G) Rockin' all over the (C) world

(C) Well giddy up and giddy up and get away

(F) We're goin' crazy and we're goin' today

Here we (C) go, (G) Rockin' all over the (C) world

(C) And I like it, I like it, I like it, I like it

(F) I li-li-li-like it, li-li-li-like

Here we (C) go, (G) Rockin' all over the (C) world

(C) We're gonna tell your mama what you're gonna do

(F) So come on out with your dancing shoes

Here we (C) go, (G) Rockin' all over the (C) world

(C) And I like it, I like it, I like it, I like it

(F) I li-li-li-like it, li-li-li-like

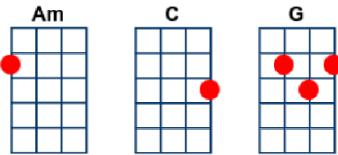
Here we (C) go, (G) Rockin' all over the (C) world

Play 8 strums on (C)

Back To Top

Outro: (C)//// (C7)//// (F)//// (D7)//// (C)//// (G)//// (C)//// (C)///

Artist: Four Non Blondes Writer: Linda Perry



Intro: (G) (Am) (C) (G)

(G) 25 years of my life and still
 (Am) Trying to get up that great big hill of (C) hope
 For a desti-(G)-nation

I (G) realized quickly when I knew I should
 That the (Am) world was made for this brotherhood
 Of (C) man
 For whatever that (G) means

Chorus:

And so I (G) cry sometimes when I'm lying in bed
 Just to (Am) get it all out, what's in my head
 And I, (C) I'm feeling a little pe-(G)-culiar
 And so I (G) wake in the morning and I step outside
 And I (Am) take deep breath and I get real high
 And I (C) scream to the top of my lungs
 What's goin' (G) on?
 And I say (G) hey-yeah-yeah-yeah, (Am) Hey yea yea
 I say (C) hey
 What's goin' (G) on?
 And I say (G) hey-yeah-yea-eah, (Am) Hey yea yea
 I say (C) hey
 What's goin' (G) on?

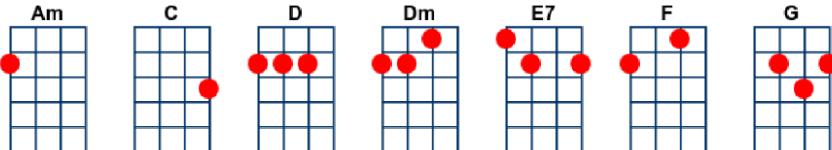
And I (G) try, oh my God do I (Am) try
 I try all the (C) time, In this insti-(G)-tution
 And I (G) pray, Oh my God do I (Am) pray
 I pray every single (C) day, for revo-(G)-lution

Chorus And so I (G) cry sometimes

Single Strums

(G)/ 25 years of my life and still
 (Am)/ Trying to get up that great big hill of (C)/ hope....
 for a desti-(G)-nation

Artist: Eagles Writers: Don Felder, Don Henley, and Glenn Frey



Intro: (Am) (E7) (G) (D) (F) (C) (Dm) (E7)

(Am) On a dark desert highway (E7) cool wind in my hair
 (G) Warm smell of colitas (D) rising up through the air
 (F) Up ahead in the distance (C) I saw a shimmering light
 (Dm) My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim (E7) I had to stop for the night
 (Am) There she stood in the doorway (E7) I heard the mission bell
 (G) And I was thinking to myself this could be (D) heaven or this could be hell
 (F) Then she lit up a candle (C) and she showed me the way
 (Dm) There were voices down the corridor (E7) I thought I heard them say

Chorus

(F) Welcome to the Hotel Cali-(C)-fornia
 Such a (Dm) lovely place such a (Am) lovely face
 (F) Plenty of room at the Hotel Cali-(C)-fornia
 Any (Dm) time of year you can (E7) find it here

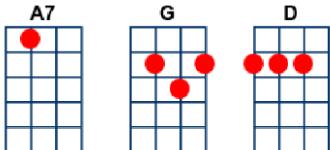
(Am) Her mind is Tiffany twisted (E7) she got the Mercedes bends
 (G) She got a lot of pretty pretty boys (D) that she calls friends
 (F) How they dance in the courtyard (C) sweet summer sweat
 (Dm) Some dance to remember (E7) some dance to forget
 (Am) So I called up the captain (E7) please bring me my wine
 He said (G) we haven't had that spirit here since (D) 1969
 (F) And still those voices are calling from (C) far away
 (Dm) Wake you up in the middle of the night (E7) just to hear them say

Chorus: (F) Welcome to the...

(Am) Mirrors on the ceiling (E7) the pink champagne on ice
 And she said (G) we are all just prisoners here (D) of our own device
 (F) And in the master's chambers (C) they gathered for the feast
 (Dm) They stab it with their steely knives but they (E7) just can't kill the beast
 (Am) Last thing I remember I was (E7) running for the door
 (G) I had to find the passage back to the (D) place I was before
 (F) Relax said the nightman we are (C) programmed to receive
 (Dm) You can check out anytime you like (E7) but you can never leave

(F) Welcome to the Hotel Cali-(C)-fornia
 Such a (Dm) lovely place such a (Am) lovely face
 They're (F) liv'in it up in the Hotel Cali-(C)-fornia
 What a (Dm) nice surprise, bring your (E7) alibis... (Am)

Artist: Snake Oil Willie Band Writer: Tony Krucinski & Seth David Fleishman



Note: Don't sing words in blue unless you're the nominated soloist (Peter)

Intro: (D) (G) (D) (G)

(D) Well, my body could use a little slimmin'
 (G) I keep my shirt on when I go swimmin'
 And I (D) ain't seen my feet since nineteen eighty (A7) four
 The old (D) lady wants to roll in the hay
 We turn (G) the lights down all the way
 (D) Cuz I don't look good (A7) naked any-(D)-more

Chorus

(G) No I don't look good naked any-(D)-more
 I'm a deep-fried, double-wide version
 of the man I was be-(A7)-fore
 If (D) I keep on like I'm doing
 I won't fit through the (G) door
 And (D) I don't look good (A7) naked any-(D)-more

(D) Well, I used to be a helluva man
 (G) I chopped wood with just one hand
 But I (D) can't do the things I've done be-(A7)-fore
 Well, it (D) all happened kinda slow
 But I (G) guess I kinda let myself go
 (D) Now I don't look good (A7) naked any-(D)-more

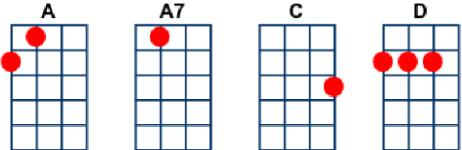
Chorus: (G) No I don't look good...

(D) With each and every passing year
 (G) Came a lot of french fries and beer
 And my (D) belly hung a little closer to the (A7) floor
 Now my (D) belly is big as a truck
 And the (G) old lady don't wanna (**Stop!**)
she don't wanna!
 (D) Cuz I don't look good (A7) naked any-(D)-more

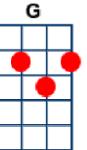
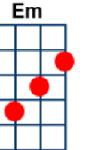
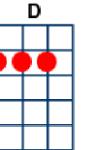
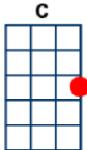
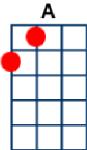
Chorus x 2: (G) No I don't look good...

(slow down) No I don't look good (A7) naked any-(D)-more

Artist: Nancy Sinatra Writer: Lee Hazelwood

**Run down: (others strum A throughout)****C string: 9 9 8 8 7 7 6 6 5 5 4 4 3 3 2 0****(A)//// //****(A)** You keep saying you've got something for me**(A)** Something you call love but confess **(A7)****(D)** You've been messin' where you shouldn't have been a mess in'And now **(A)** someone else is gettin' all your best**Chorus:****These (C) boots are made for (A) walking****And (C) that's just what they'll (A) do****(C) One of these days these (A) boots are gonna****(N/C) Walk all over you...****Repeat run down (intro)****(A)** You keep lying when you oughta be truthin'And you keep losin' when you oughta not bet **(A7)****(D)** You keep samin' when you oughta be changing'Now what's **(A)** right is right but you ain't been right yet**Chorus: These (C) boots are...****(A)** You keep playin' where you shouldn't be playin'And you keep thinkin' that you'll never get burnt. **(A7)** Ha!**(D)** I just found me a brand new box of matches, yeahAnd **(A)** what he knows you ain't had time to learn**Chorus: These (C) boots are...****Strum on (A)/// (spoken) Are ya (A)/ ready (A)/ boots? (A)///****(A)/// (A)// Start *walking! *Repeat run down (intro) starting on the word 'walking'**

Artist: Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band Writer: Neil Innes



(G) (G) (A) (A) (C) (D) (G)

(G) I'm the urban spaceman, baby, **(A)** I've got speed,

(C) I've got **(D)** everything I **(G)** need.

(G) I'm the urban spaceman, baby, **(A)** I can fly, I'm a

(C) super-**(D)**-sonic **(G)** guy

I **(Em)** don't need pleasure, I **(C)** don't feel **(G)** pain,

(C) if you were to **(G)** knock me down, I'd **(A)** just get up **(D)** again

(G) I'm the urban spaceman, baby, **(A)** I'm making out,

(C) I'm **(D)** all **(G)** about

(G) (G) (A) (A) (C) (D) (G)

I **(Em)** wake up every morning with a **(C)** smile upon my **(G)** face

(C) My natural **(G)** exuberance spills **(A)** out all over the **(D)** place

(G) I'm the urban spaceman, I'm **(A)** intelligent and clean,

(C) know **(D)** what I **(G)** mean

(G) (G) (A) (A) (C) (D) (G)

(G) I'm the urban spaceman, as a **(A)** lover second to none,

(C) it's a **(D)** lot of **(G)** fun

(G) (G) (A) (A) (C) (D) (G) x 2



I (Em) never let my friends down, **(C)** I've never made a **(G)** boob

(C) I'm a glossy **(G)** magazine, an **(A)** advert on the **(D)** tube

(G) I'm the urban spaceman, baby, **(A)** here comes the twist

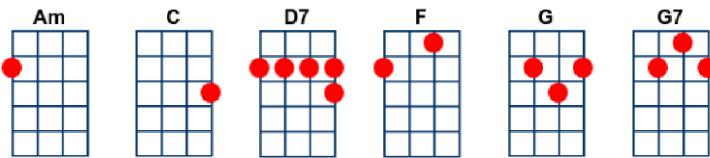
(C) I **(D)** don't **(G)** exist. **(Stop)**

(Pause x3 then)

(G) (G) (A) (A) (C) (D) (G)

(G) (G) (A) (A) (C) (D) (G)/

Artist: ABBA Writers :Benny Andersson, Björn Ulvaeus & Stig Anderson



Note: Chords in (Blue Brackets) are optional

Intro: (C) x7

(C) My, my, at (D7) Waterloo Na-(G)-poleon (F) did surr-(G)-ender
 Oh (C) yeah, and (D7) I have met my (G) destin-(F)-y
 in (C) quite a (G) similar (Am) way
 The (Am) history book on the shelf Is (D7) always repeating its-(G)-elf (F) (C) (G7)

Chorus

(C) Waterloo - I was defeated, you (F) won the war
 (G) Waterloo - Promise to love you for (C) ever more (G7)
 (C) Waterloo - Couldn't escape if I (F) wanted to
 (G) Waterloo - Knowing my fate is to (C) be with you, (C) wo, wo, wo, wo
 (G) Waterloo - Finally facing my (C) Waterloo

(C) My, my, I (D7) tried to hold you (G) back but (F) you were (G) stronger
 Oh (C) yeah, and (D7) now it seems my (G) only (F) chance is
 (C) giving (G) up the (Am) fight
 And (Am) how could I ever refuse I (D7) feel like I win when I (G) lose (F) (C) (G7)

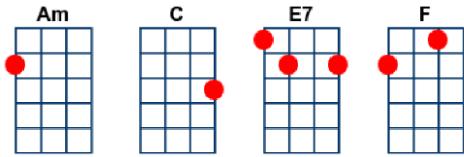
Chorus (C) Waterloo - I was defeated

And (Am) how could I ever refuse? I (D7) feel like I win when I (G) lose (F) (C) (G7)

Chorus (C) Waterloo - I was defeated

(G) Waterloo - Finally facing my (C) Waterloo

Artist: The Outlaws. Writer: Stan Jones

**Intro: (Am) Repeat until count of 4**

(Am) An old cowboy went riding out one (C) dark and windy day

(Am) Upon a ridge he rested as he (C) went along his (E7) way

(Am) When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw

(F) Plowing through the ragged skies ...and (Am) up a cloudy draw (2 3 4, 1 2)

Yipie i-(C)-oh ... Yipie i-(Am)-ay

(F) ghost riders in the (Am) sky

(Am) Their brands were still on fire and their (C) hooves were made of steel

Their (Am) horns were black and shiny and their (C) hot breath he could (E7) feel

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

(F) For he saw the riders coming hard and he (Am) heard their mournful cry...

Yipie i-(C)-oh ... Yipie i-(Am)-ay

(F) ghost riders in the (Am) sky

(Am) Their faces gaunt their eyes were blurred and their (C) shirts all soaked with sweat

He's (Am) riding hard to catch that herd but (C) he ain't caught 'em (E7) yet

Cause (Am) they've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky

On (F) horses snorting fire as they (Am) ride on hear their cry...

(Am) As the riders loped on by him he (C) heard one call his name

If you (Am) want to save your soul from hell a (C) riding on our (E7) range

Then (Am) cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride

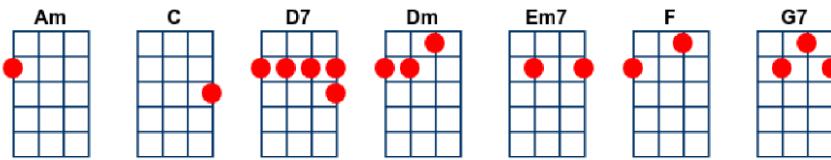
(F) Trying to catch the devil's herd (Am) across these endless skies...

Yipie i-(C)-oh Yipie i-(Am)-ay (F) ghost riders in the (Am) sky

(F) Ghost riders in the (Am) sky

(F) Ghost riders in the (Am) sky

Artist: The Monkees. Writer: John Stewart



Oh I could (**C**) hide 'neath the (**Dm**) wings
 Of the (**Em7**) bluebird as she (**F**) sings.
 The (**C**) six o'clock al-**(Am)**-arm would never (**D7**) ring (**G7**)
 (**G7**) But it (**C**) rings and I (**Dm**) rise,
 Wipe the (**Em7**) sleep out of my (**F**) eyes.
 My (**C**) shaving (**Am**) razor's (**Dm**) cold (**G7**) and it (**C**) stings.

Chorus:

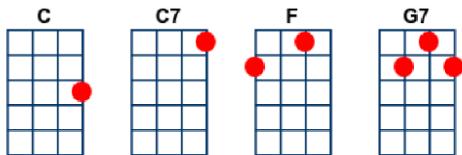
(**F**) Cheer up (**G7**) sleepy (**Em7**) Jean
 (**F**) Oh, what (**G7**) can it (**Am**) mean
 (**F**) To a (**C**) daydream be-**(F)**-liever,
 And a (**C**) home-**(Am)**-coming (**D7**) queen? (**G7**)

(**C**) You once thought of (**Dm**) me
 As a (**Em7**) white knight on a (**F**) steed.
 (**C**) Now you know how (**Am**) happy I can (**D7**) be (**G7**)
 (**G7**) Oh, and our (**C**) good time start and (**Dm**) end
 Without a (**Em7**) dollar one to (**F**) spend.
 But (**C**) how much (**Am**) baby (**Dm**) do we (**G7**) really (**C**) need?

2 x Chorus (**F**) Cheer up (**G7**) sleepy (**Em7**) Jean...

(**C**)/

Artist: Bobby Darin Writer: Bobby Darin



(C) Every night I sit here by my window, (window)
 Staring at the lonely aven-(G7)-ue, (avenue)
 (C) Watching lovers holding hands and (F) laughing, (laughing)
 (C) Thinking 'bout the (G7) things we used to (C) do.

Chorus

(N/C) Thinking 'bout (G7) things, like a walk in the park,
 (C) Things, like a kiss in the dark,
 (G7) Things, like a sailboat ride,
 (C) What 'bout the (C7) night we cried.
 (F) Things like a lover's vow,
 (C) Things that we don't do now,
 (G7) Thinking 'bout the things we used to (C) do.

(C) Memories are all I have to cling to, (cling to)
 And heartaches are the friends I'm talking (G7) to, (talking to)
 When (C) I'm not thinking of just how much I (F) love you, (love you)
 I'm (C) thinking 'bout the (G7) things we used to (C) do.

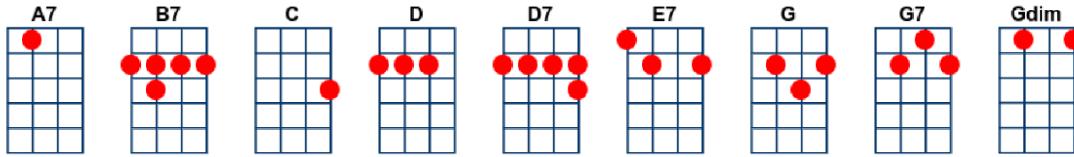
Chorus (N/C) Thinking 'bout (G7) things

(C) I can hear the jukebox softly playing, (playing)
 And the face I see each day belongs to (G7) you, (belongs to you)
 There's (C) not a single sound and there's nobo-(F)-dy else around,
 Well, it's (C) just me thinking of the (G7) things we used to (C) do.

Chorus (N/C) Thinking 'bout (G7) things

And the (G7) heartaches are the friends I'm talking (C) to,
 (G7) Thinking 'bout the things we used to (C) do.
 (G7) Thinking 'bout the things we used to (C) do.

Artist: George Formby Writers: Fred Cliff, Harry Gifford & George Formby



Intro: (G) (G7) (C) (A7) (G) (E7) (Gdim) (G)

Now (G) I go cleaning windows to (A7) earn an honest bob

(D) For a nosey parker it's an interesting (G) job

(G) Now it's a job that (G7) just suits me a (C) window cleaner (A7) you will be
If (G) you could see what (E7) I can see (Gdim) when I'm cleaning (G) windows

(G) The honeymooning (G7) couples too (C) you should see them (A7) bill and coo
You'd (G) be surprised at (E7) things they do, (Gdim) when I'm cleaning (G) windows

In (B7) my profession I work hard (E7) but I'll never stop

I'll (A7) climb this blinking ladder 'til I (G) get right to the (D7) top

The (G) blushing bride she (G7) looks divine, the (C) bridegroom he is (A7) doing fine
I'd (G) rather have his (E7) job than mine (Gdim) when I'm cleaning (G) windows

(G) The chambermaid sweet (G7) names I call (C) it's a wonder (A7) I don't fall
My (G) mind's not on my (E7) work at all (Gdim) when I'm cleaning (G) windows

(G) I know a fellow (G7) such a swell he (C) has a thirst it's (A7) plain to tell

I've (G) seen him drink his (E7) bath as well (Gdim) when I'm cleaning (G) windows

In (B7) my profession I work hard (E7) but I'll never stop

I'll (A7) climb this blinking ladder 'til I (G) get right to the (D7) top

Pyj-(G)-amas lying (G7) side by side (C) ladies nighties (A7) I have spied

I've (G) often seen what (E7) goes inside (Gdim) when I'm cleaning (G) windows

Now (G) there's a famous (G7) talkie queen (C) looks a flapper (A7) on the screen

She's (G) more like eighty (E7) than eighteen, (Gdim) when I'm cleaning (G) windows

She (G) pulls her hair all (G7) down behind (C) then pulls down her (A7) never mind

And (G) after that pulls (E7) down the blind (Gdim) when I'm cleaning (G) windows

In (B7) my profession I work hard (E7) but I'll never stop

I'll (A7) climb this blinking ladder 'til I (D) get right to the (D7) top

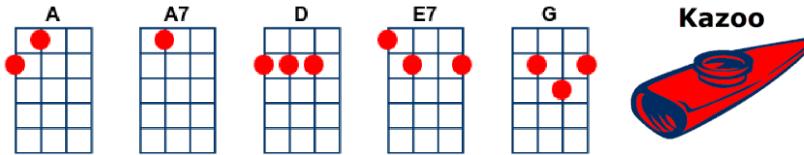
An (G) old maid walks ar-(G7)-ound the floor,

she's (C) so fed up one (A7) day I'm sure

She'll (G) drag me in and (E7) lock the door (Gdim) when I'm cleaning (G) windows

(G) (G7) (C) (A7) (G) (E7) (Gdim) (G) (Gdim) when I'm cleaning (G) windows

Artist: Jeff Beck Writers: Scott English and Larry Weiss



You're (A) everywhere and nowhere baby (D) That's where you're at
 (G) Going down the bumpy (D) hillside (A) In your hippy (E7) hat
 (A) Flying across the country (D) And getting fat
 (G) Saying everything is (D) groovy (A) When your tyre's all (E7) flat...

Chorus:

And it's (A) Hi ho (A7) silver lining
 (D) Anywhere you (E7) go now baby
 (A) I see your (A7) sun is (A) shining
 (D) But I won't make a (E7) fuss
 (D) Though it's (A) obvious

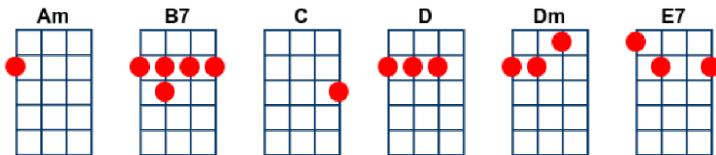
Kazoo: (same as verse) You're (A) everywhere... 

Chorus: And it's (A) Hi ho...

(A) Flies are in your pea soup baby, (D) They're waving at me
 (G) Anything you want is (D) yours now (A) Only nothing's for (E7) free
 (A) Lies are gonna get you some day (D) Just wait and see
 So (G) open up your beach um-(D)-brella (A) While you're watching (E7) TV...

Chorus: x 2 And it's (A) Hi ho...

Artist: The Searchers Writer :Jerry Leiber & Mike Stoller



(Am) I took my troubles down to **(Dm)** Madame Ruth

(Am) You know that gypsy with the **(Dm)** gold-capped tooth

(C) She's got a pad down at 34th and Vine

(Dm) Sellin' little bottles of

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

(Am) I told her that I was a **(Dm)** flop with chicks

(Am) I'd been this way since nineteen **(Dm)** fifty-six

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

She **(Dm)** said "What you need is

(E7) Love Potion Number **(Am)** Nine"

Chorus:

(D) She bent down and turned around and gave me a wink

(B7) She said "I'm gonna make it up right here in the sink"

(D) It smelled like turpentine and looked like Indian ink

(E7) I held my nose, I closed my eyes, I took a drink

(Am) I didn't know if it was **(Dm)** day or night

(Am) I started kissin' every-(Dm)-thing in sight

But **(C)** when I kissed the cop down at 34th and Vine

He **(Dm)** broke my little bottle of

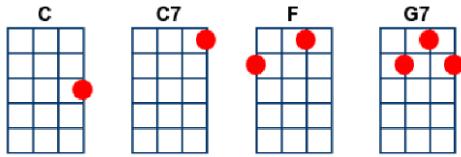
(E7) Love Potion Number **(Am)** Nine

Repeat Chorus (D) She bent down and turned...

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

(Dm) Love Potion Number **(Am)** Nine

Artist: Lonnie Donegan



(C) Sweet sixteen goes to church just to see the (G7) boys
 Laughs and screams and giggles at every little (C) noise
 Turns her face a little and (C7) turns her head (F) awhile
 But (G7) everybody knows she's only putting on the (C) style, she's...

Chorus

(C) Putting on the agony, putting on the (G7) style
 That's what all the young folks are doing all the (C) while
 And as I look around me, I (C7) sometimes have to (F) smile
 (G7) Seeing all the young folks putting on the (C) style.

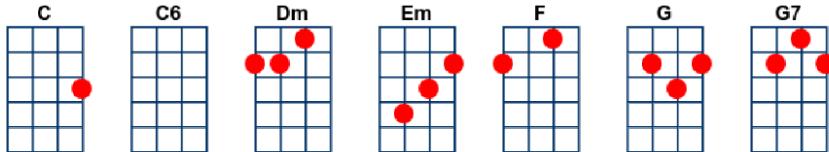
Well (C) the young man in the hot-rod car, driving like he's (G7) mad
 With a pair of yellow gloves he's borrowed from his (C) dad
 He makes it roar so lively just to (C7) see his girlfriend (F) smile
 (G7) But she knows he's (G7) only putting on the (C) style, he's...

Chorus: (C) Putting on the agony...

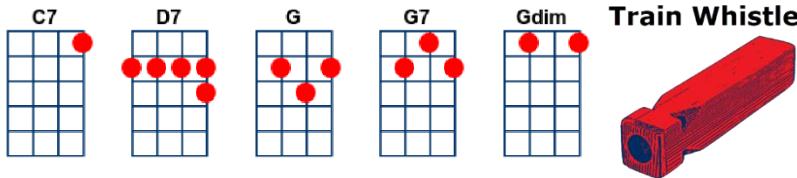
(C) Preacher in the pulpit roars with all his (G7) might
 Sing 'Glory Hallelujah' puts the folks all in a (C) fright
 Now you might think it's Satan that's a (C7) coming down the (F) aisle
 (G7) But it's only our poor preacher, boys, putting on the (C) style, he's...

Chorus x 2: (C) Putting on the agony...

Artist: Neil Diamond Writer: Neil Diamond

**(C) (C)****(C)** Where it began, **(F)** I can't begin to knowin'**(C)** But then I know it's growing **(G)** strong**(C)** Was in the Spring **(F)** and Spring became the Summer**(C)** Who'd have believed you'd come a-**(G)**-long?**(C)** Hands **(C)** **(C6)** touchin' hands **(C6)****(G7)** Reachin' out **(G7)** **(F)** touchin' me **(F)** touchin' **(G)** you **(G)** **(G)** **(F)** **(G7)****(C)** Sweet Caro-**(F)**-line. Good times never seemed so **(G)** good **(G)** **(G)** **(F)** **(G7)****(C)** I've been in-**(F)**-clined to believe they never **(G)** would **(F)** but **(Em)** now **(Dm)** I**(C)** Look at the night **(F)** and it don't seem so lonely **(C)** We fill it up with only **(G)** two**(C)** And when I hurt **(F)** hurtin' runs off my shoulders**(C)** How can I hurt when holding **(G)** you?**(C)** Warm **(C)** **(C6)** touchin' warm **(C6)****(G7)** Reachin' out **(G7)** **(F)** touchin' me **(F)** touchin' **(G)** you **(G)** **(G)** **(F)** **(G7)****(C)** Sweet Caro-**(F)**-line. Good times never seemed so **(G)** good **(G)** **(G)** **(F)** **(G7)****(C)** I've been in-**(F)**-clined to believe they never **(G)** would **(F)** oh **(Em)** no **(Dm)** no**(C)** Sweet Caro-**(F)**-line. Good times never seemed so **(G)** good **(G)** **(G)** **(F)** **(G7)****(C)** I've been in-**(F)**-clined to believe they never **(G)** would **(F)** oh **(Em)** no **(Dm)** no**(C)** no.

Artist: Johnny Cash. Writer: Johnny Cash



Top

I (G) hear the train a comin', it's rolling round the bend
 And I ain't seen the sunshine (G7) since I don't know when
 I'm (C7) stuck in Folsom prison and time keeps draggin' (G) on
 But that (D7) train keeps a rollin' on down to San An-(G)-ton

When (G) I was just a baby my mama told me son
 Always be a good boy don't (G7) ever play with guns
 But I (C7) shot a man in Reno just to watch him (G) die
 When I (D7) hear that whistle blowing, I hang my head and (G) cry

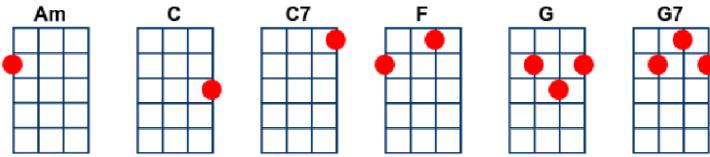
I (G) bet there's rich folks eating in a fancy dining car
 They're probably drinkin' coffee and (G7) smoking big cigars
 Well I (C7) know I had it coming I know I can't be (G) free
 But those (D7) people keep a movin', And that's what tortures (G) me

Well (G) if they'd free me from this prison, If that railroad train was mine
 I bet I'd move it all a little (G7) further down the line
 Far (C7) from Folsom prison that's where I want to (G) stay
 And I'd (D7) let that lonesome whistle blow my blues a-(G)-way

BACK TO TOP

And I'd (D7) let that lonesome whistle
 Blow my blues a-(G)-way (G) (Gdim) (G)

Artist: John Denver Writers: Bill Danoff, Taffy Nivert, & John Denver



(C) // Almost heaven, (Am) West Virginia,
 (G) Blue ridge mountains, (F) Shenandoah (C) river,
 Life is old there, (Am) older than the trees,
 (G) Younger than the mountains, (F) blowing like a (C) breeze.

Chorus:

Country roads take me (G) home, to the (Am) place, I bel-(F)-ong,
 West Virgi-(C)-nia, mountain (G) mama,
 Take me (F) home, country (C) roads

All my memories, (Am) gathered round her,
 (G) Miner's lady, (F) stranger to blue (C) water,
 Dark and dusty, (Am) painted on the sky,
 (G) Misty taste of moonshine, (F) teardrops in my (C) eye.

Chorus Country roads, take me (G) home...

(Am) I hear her (G) voice in the (C) mornin' hour she (C7) calls me,
 The (F) radio rem-(C)-inds me of my (G) home far away,
 And (Am) drivin' down the (G) road I get a (F) feelin' that I
 (C) should have been home (G) yesterday, yester-(G7)-day.

Chorus Country roads, take me (G) home...

Take me (G) home, country (C) roads,
 Take me (G) home, country (C) roads.