

# Malling Ukulele Group

Malling Ukulele Group  
Songbook Version 5.3  
Updated February 2025



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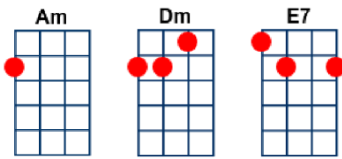
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# Abracadabra

Artist: Steve Miller Band Writer: Steve Miller Tempo 123



(Am) I heat up, I (Dm) can't cool down, (E7) You got me spinning, (Am) round and round,  
Round and round, and (Dm) round it goes, (E7) where it stops (Am) nobody knows.

(Am) Every time you (Dm) call my name, (E7) I heat up like a (Am) burning flame,  
Burning flame (Dm) full of desire, (E7) kiss me baby, let the fire get higher.

(Am) Abra-abra-ca-(Dm)-dabra, (E7) I want to reach out and (Am) grab ya,  
Abra-abra-ca-(Dm)-dabra, (E7) Abraca-(Am)-dabra.

(Am) You make me hot, you (Dm) make me sigh,  
(E7) You make me laugh, (Am) you make me cry,  
Keep me burning (Dm) for your love, (E7) with the touch of a velvet glove.

(Am) Abra-abra-ca-(Dm)-dabra, (E7) I want to reach out and (Am) grab ya,  
Abra-abra-ca-(Dm)-dabra, (E7) Abraca-(Am)-dabra.

(Am) I feel the magic in (Dm) your caress, (E7) I feel magic when I (Am) touch your dress,  
Silk and satin, (Dm) leather and lace, (E7) black panties (Am) with an angels face.

(Am) I see magic (Dm) in your eyes, (E7) I hear the magic (Am) in your sighs,  
Just when I think I'm gonna (Dm) get away, (E7) I hear those words that you always say.

(Am) Abra-abra-ca-(Dm)-dabra, (E7) I want to reach out and (Am) grab ya,  
Abra-abra-ca-(Dm)-dabra, (E7) Abraca-(Am)-dabra.

(Am) I heat up, I (Dm) can't cool down, (E7) You got me spinning, (Am) round and round,  
Round and round, and (Dm) round it goes, (E7) where it stops (Am) nobody knows.

(Am) Every time you (Dm) call my name, (E7) I heat up like a (Am) burning flame,  
Burning flame (Dm) full of desire, (E7) kiss me baby, let the fire get higher.

(Am) Abra-abra-ca-(Dm)-dabra, (E7) I want to reach out and (Am) grab ya,  
Abra-abra-ca-(Dm)-dabra, (E7) Abraca-(Am)-dabra.

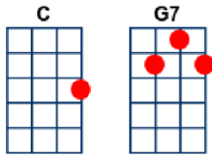
(E7) Abraca-(Am)-dabra, (E7) Abraca-(Am)-dabra.





# Achy Breaky Heart

Artist: Billy Ray Cyrus. Writer: Don Von Tress Previous book page no. 10



**(C)** Well you can tell the world you never was my girl  
You can burn my clothes when I am **(G7)** gone  
Or you can tell your friends just what a fool I've been  
And laugh and joke about me on the **(C)** phone

You can tell my arms go back to the farm  
Or you can tell my feet to hit the **(G7)** floor  
Or you can tell my lips to tell my fingertips  
They won't be reaching out for you no **(C)** more

**(C)** Don't tell my heart my achy breaky heart  
I just don't think he'd under-**(G7)**-stand  
And if you tell my heart my achy breaky heart  
He might blow up and kill this **(C)** man.

You can tell your ma I moved to Arkansas  
Or you can tell your dog to bite my **(G7)** leg  
Or tell your brother Cliff, whose fist can tell my lip  
He never really liked me any-**(C)**-way

Or tell your aunt Louise tell anything you please  
Myself already knows I'm not O-**(G7)**-K  
Or you can tell my eye, to watch out for my mind  
It might be walkin' out on me to-**(C)**-day

**(C)** Don't tell my heart my achy breaky heart  
I just don't think he'd under-**(G7)**-stand  
And if you tell my heart my achy breaky heart  
He might blow up and kill this **(C)** man.

**(C)** Don't tell my heart my achy breaky heart  
I just don't think he'd under-**(G7)**-stand  
And if you tell my heart my achy breaky heart  
He might blow up and kill this **(C)** man.

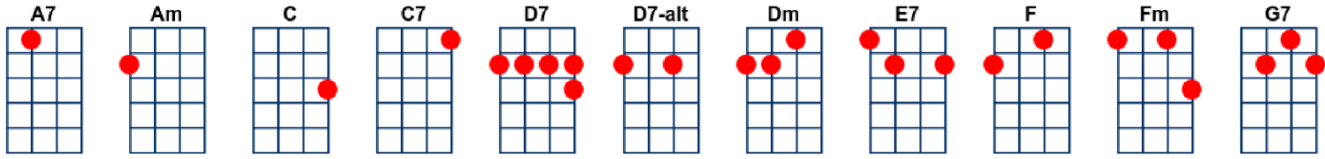
**(G7)** He might blow up and kill this **(C)** man.





# Ain't Misbehaving

Artist: Billy Holiday Previous book page no. 11



**Intro:** (C) (G7) (E7) (A7) (D7) (G7) (C) (G7)

## Top

(C) No one to talk with, (Dm) all by my-(G7)-self;  
(C) No one to (C7) walk with, but (F) I'm happy (Fm) on the shelf  
(C) Ain't misbehavin,  
(G7) I'm saving my love for (C) you. (D7) (G7) (C)

(C) Now it's for certain, (Dm) the one I (G7) love;  
(C) I'm through with flirtin' it's (F) just you I'm (Fm) thinkin' of.  
(C) Ain't misbehavin,  
(G7) I'm saving my love for (C) you. (F) (G7) (C)

(Am) Like Jack Horner, (F) in the corner,  
(D7-alt) Don't go no where, (A7) what do I care?  
(G7) Your kisses (Am) are worth (D7-alt) waiting (G7) for,  
(A7) be-(D7)-lieve (G7) me.

## Back to Top

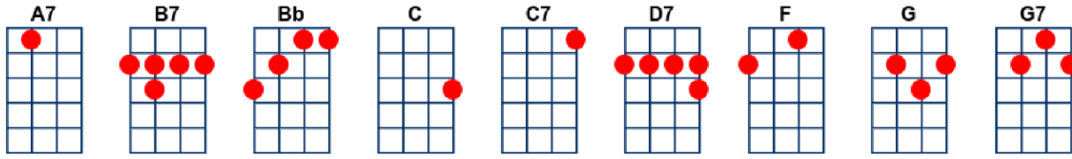
(C) I don't stay out late, (Dm) don't care to (G7) go  
(C) I'm home about eight, just (F) me and my (Fm) radio.  
(C) Ain't misbe-(A7)-havin', (G7) I'm savin' my love for (C) you  
  
(C)





# Ain't No Pleasing You

Artist: Chas & Dave (And Joe Brown) Previous book page no. 12



**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)**

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)**

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)**

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)**

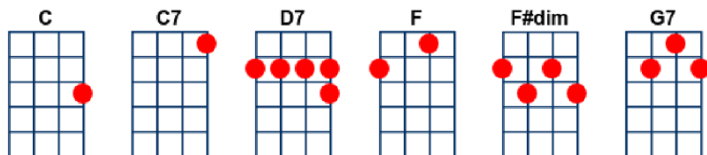
**Outro (C) (F) (C) (G) (C)**





## Alexanders Ragtime Band

Artist: Bessie Smith Writer: Irving Berlin Tempo 171 or 120



**Note:** (D7) can be played instead of (F#dim)

(D7)//// (G7)//// (C)//// III

Come on and (C) hear, come on and hear Alex-(G7)-ander's Ragtime (C) Band (C7)  
 Come on and (F) hear, come on and hear, it's the best band in the land  
 They can (C) play a bugle call like you never heard before  
 So natural that you want to go to war  
 (D7) That is the bestest band what (G7) am, my honey lamb

Come on a-(C)-long, come on along let me (G7) take you by the (C) hand (C7)  
 Up to the (F) man, up to the man who's the leader of the band  
 And if you (C) care to hear the (C7) Swanee River (F) played in (F#dim) ragtime  
 Come on and (C) hear, come on and hear Alex-(G7)-ander's Ragtime (C) Band.

(D7)//// (G7)//// (C)//// III

Come on and (C) hear, come on and hear Alex-(G7)-ander's Ragtime (C) Band (C7)  
 Come on and (F) hear, come on and hear, it's the best band in the land  
 They can (C) play a bugle call like you never heard before  
 So natural that you want to go to war  
 (D7) That is the bestest band what (G7) am, my honey lamb

Come on a-(C)-long, come on along let me (G7) take you by the (C) hand (C7)  
 Up to the (F) man, up to the man who's the leader of the band  
 And if you (C) care to hear the (C7) Swanee River (F) played in (F#dim) ragtime  
 Come on and (C) hear, come on and hear Alex-(G7)-ander's Ragtime (C) Band.

(D7)//// (G7)//// (C)//// III

Come on and (C) hear, come on and hear Alex-(G7)-ander's Ragtime (C) Band (C7)  
 Come on and (F) hear, come on and hear, it's the best band in the land  
 They can (C) play a bugle call like you never heard before  
 So natural that you want to go to war  
 (D7) That is the bestest band what (G7) am, my honey lamb

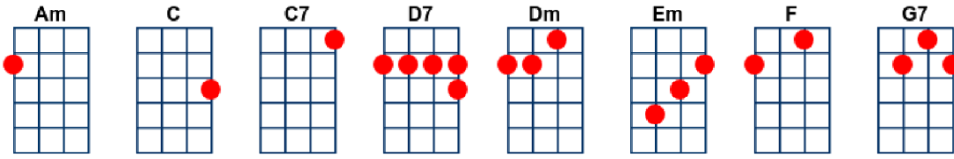
Come on a-(C)-long, come on along let me (G7) take you by the (C) hand (C7)  
 Up to the (F) man, up to the man who's the leader of the band  
 And if you (C) care to hear the (C7) Swanee River (F) played in (F#dim) ragtime  
 Come on and (C) hear, come on and hear Alex-(G7)-ander's Ragtime (C) Band.  
 Come on and (C) hear, come on and hear  
**Slow:** Alex-(G7)-ander's Ragtime (C) Band.





# All I Have to Do is Dream

Artist: Everly Brothers. Writer: Felice and Boudleaux Bryant Previous book page no. 15



**Intro (C) (Am) (F) (G7) x 2**

(C) Drea-ea-ea-ea- (Am) eam (F) dream dream (G7) dream  
(C) Drea-ea-ea-ea- (Am) eam (F) dream dream (G7) dream

When (C) I want (Am) you (Dm) in my (G7) arms  
When (C) I want (Am) you (Dm) and all your (G7) charms  
When (C) ever I (Am) want you (F) all I have to (G7) do is  
(C) Drea-ea-ea-ea- (Am) eam (F) dream dream (G7) dream

When (C) I feel (Am) blue (Dm) in the (G7) night  
And (C) I need (Am) you (Dm) to hold me (G7) tight  
When (C) ever I (Am) want you (F) all I have to (G7) do is  
(C) Drea-ea-(F)ea-(C)eam (C7)

(F) I can make you mine (Em) taste your lips of wine  
(Dm) Anytime (G7) night or (C) day (C7)  
(F) Only trouble is (Em) gee whiz  
I'm (D7) dreaming my life (G7) away

I (C) need you (Am) so (Dm) that I could (G7) die  
I (C) love you (Am) so (Dm) and that is (G7) why  
When (C) ever I (Am) want you (F) all I have to (G7) do is  
(C) Drea-ea- (F) ea- (C) eam (C7)

(F) I can make you mine (Em) taste your lips of wine  
(Dm) Anytime (G7) night or (C) day (C7)  
(F) Only trouble is (Em) gee whiz  
I'm (D7) dreaming my life (G7) away

I (C) need you (Am) so (Dm) that I could (G7) die  
I (C) love you (Am) so (Dm) and that is (G7) why  
When (C) ever I (Am) want you (F) all I have to (G7) do is

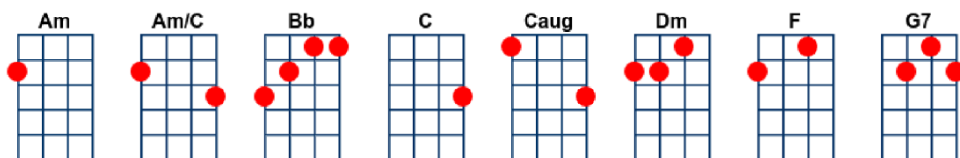
**(C) Drea-ea-ea-ea-(Am)eam (F) dream dream (G7) dream x 3**





# All My Loving

Artist: The Beatles. Writer: Paul McCartney, John Lennon Previous book page no. 16



(NC) Close your (Dm) eyes and I'll (G7) kiss you –  
 To-(C)-morrow I'll (Am) miss you  
 Re-(F)-member I'll (Dm) always be (Bb) true (G7) (ooh ooh ooh) –  
 And then (Dm) while I'm a-(G7)-way, I'll write (C) home every (Am) day  
 And I'll (F) send all my (G7) loving to (C) you. . . .

I'll pre-(Dm)-tend that I'm (G7) kissing  
 The (C) lips I am (Am) missing  
 And (F) hope that my (Dm) dreams will come (Bb) true (G7)  
 And then (Dm) while I'm (G7) away  
 I'll write (C) home ev'ry (Am) day  
 And I'll (F) send all my (G7) loving to (C) you

All my (Am/C) loving (Caug) I will send to (C) you  
 All my (Am/C) loving (Caug) darling I'll be (C) true

Close your (Dm) eyes and I'll (G7) kiss you  
 To-(C)-morrow I'll (Am) miss you  
 Re-(F)-member I'll (Dm) always be (Bb) true (G7)  
 And then (Dm) while I'm a-(G7)-way  
 I'll write (C) home every (Am) day  
 And I'll (F) send all my (G7) loving to (C) you

All my (Am/C) loving (Caug) I will send to (C) you  
 All my (Am/C) loving (Caug) darling I'll be (C) true

(NC) Close your (Dm) eyes and I'll (G7) kiss you  
 To-(C)-morrow I'll (Am) miss you  
 Re-(F)-member I'll (Dm) always be (Bb) true (G7)  
 And then (Dm) while I'm a-(G7)-way  
 I'll write (C) home every (Am) day  
 And I'll (F) send all my (G7) loving to (C) you

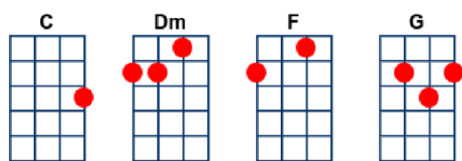
All my (Am/C) loving (Caug) I will send to (C) you  
 All my (Am/C) loving (Caug) darling I'll be (C) true .  
 All my (Am/C) loving - (Caug) aaaallll my (C) loving  
 Oo Oo All my (Am/C) loving (Caug) I will send to (C) you





# Another Brick in the Wall

Artist: Pink Floyd. Writer: Roger Waters Previous book page no. 19



**Strum Pattern** ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↑ (1 2 3 4 and)

**(Dm) x 4**

**(Dm)** We don't need no education

**(Dm)** We don't need no thought control

**(Dm)** No dark sarcasm in the classroom

**(Dm)** Teacher leave them kids alone **(G)**

**(G) x 4**

**(G)** Hey teacher leave them kids a-**(Dm)**-lone

**(F)** All in all it's just a-**(C)**-nother brick in the **(Dm)** wall

**(F)** All in all you're just a-**(C)**-nother brick in the **(Dm)** wall

**(Dm) x 4**

**(Dm)** We don't need no education

**(Dm)** We don't need no thought control

**(Dm)** No dark sarcasm in the classroom

**(Dm)** Teachers leave them kids alone **(G)**

**(G) x 4**

**(G)** Hey teacher leave those kids a-**(Dm)**-lone

**(F)** All in all you're just a-**(C)**-nother brick in the **(Dm)** wall

**(F)** All in all you're just a-**(C)**-nother brick in the **(Dm)** wall

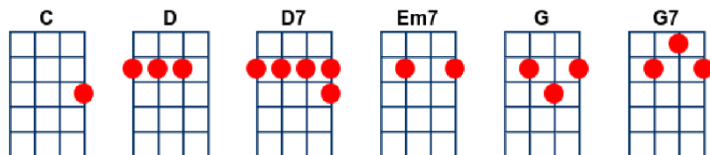
**Fade Out**





# Any Dream Will Do

Artist: Jason Donovan Writers: Andrew Lloyd Webber & Tim Rice Tempo 104



## Intro: (G)

I closed my (G) eyes, (D7) drew back the (G) curtain (C)  
 To see for (G) certain (D7) what I thought I (G) knew (D7)  
 Far far a-(G)-way, (D7) someone was (G) weeping (C)  
 But the world was (G) sleeping (D7)  
 Any dream will (G) do (D)

I wore my (G) coat, (D7) with golden (G) lining (C)  
 Bright colours (G) shining, (D7) wonderful and (G) new (D7)  
 And in the (G) east, (D7) the dawn was (G) breaking (C)  
 And the world was (G) waking (D7)  
 Any dream will (G) do (G7)

A (C) crash of drums, a flash of light, my golden coat flew out of sight  
 The (G) colours faded (Em7) into darkness, (D7) I was left alone

May I re-(G)-turn (D7) to the be-(G)-ginning (C)  
 The light is (G) dimming, (D7) and the dream is (G) too (D7)  
 The world and (G) I, (D7) we are still (G) waiting (C)  
 Still hesi-(G)-tating (D7)  
 Any dream will (G) do (D7)

## Instrumental: (Don't sing Blue Lyrics)

I wore my (G) coat, (D7) with golden (G) lining (C)  
 Bright colours (G) shining, (D7) wonderful and (G) new (D7)  
 And in the (G) east, (D7) the dawn was (G) breaking (C)  
 And the world was (G) waking (D7)  
 Any dream will (G) do (G7)

A (C) crash of drums, a flash of light, my golden coat flew out of sight  
 The (G) colours faded (Em7) into darkness, (D7) I was left alone

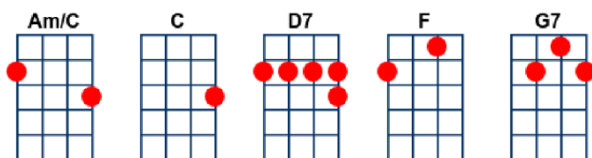
May I re-(G)-turn (D7) to the be-(G)-ginning (C)  
 The light is (G) dimming, (D7) and the dream is (G) too (D7)  
 The world and (G) I, (D7) we are still (G) waiting (C)  
 Still hesi-(G)-tating (D7)  
 Any dream will (G) do (D7)  
 Any dream will (G) do (D7)  
 Any dream will (G) do.





# As Tears go by

Artist: Marianne Faithfull. Writers: Mick Jagger & Keith Richards Previous book page no. 20



(C) Mmmm (D7) mmmm (F) mmmm (G7)  
 (C) Mmmm (D7) mmmm (F) mmmm (G7) (C)

(C) It is the (D7) evening of the (F) day (G7)  
 (C) I sit and (D7) watch the children (F) play (G7)  
 (F) Smiling faces (G7) I can see  
 (C) But not for (Am/C) me  
 (F) I sit and watch as tears go (G7) by

(C) My riches (D7) can't buy every-(F)-thing (G7)  
 (C) I want to (D7) hear the children (F) sing (G7)  
 (F) All I hear (G7) is the sound  
 Of (C) rain falling (Am/C) on the ground  
 (F) I sit and watch as tears go (G7) by

**Instrumental: don't sing blue lyrics**

(C) It is the (D7) evening of the (F) day (G7)  
 (C) I sit and (D7) watch the children (F) play (G7)  
 (F) Smiling faces (G7) I can see  
 (C) But not for (Am/C) me  
 (F) I sit and watch as tears go (G7) by

(C) It is the (D7) evening of the (F) day (G7)  
 (C) I sit and (D7) watch the children (F) play (G7)  
 (F) Doin' things I (G7) used to do  
 (C) They think are (Am/C) new  
 (F) I sit and watch as tears go (G7) by

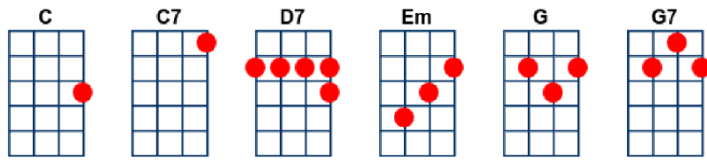
(C) Mmmm (D7) mmmm (F) mmmm (G7)  
 (C) Mmmm (D7) mmmm (F) mmmm (G7) (C)





# At The Hop

Artist: Danny & the Juniors Writers: Artie Singer, John Medora & David White Tempo 152



(G) Bah-bah-bah-bah, (Em) bah-bah-bah-bah,  
(C) Bah-bah-bah-bah, (D7) bah-bah-bah-bah at the (G) hop!

### **Middle Section:**

Well, you (G) can rock it, you can roll it,  
You can stomp and even stroll it at the hop (G7)  
When the (C7) record starts a spinnin',  
You calypso when you chicken at the (G) hop  
Do the (D7) dance sensation that is (C7) sweepin' the nation at the (G) hop

Ah, (G) let's go to the hop, let's go to the (G7) hop, (oh baby),  
(C7) Let's go to the hop, (oh baby), (G) let's go to the hop  
(D7) Come (C7) on, (G) let's go to the hop

Well, you can (G) swing it, you can groove it,  
You can really start to move it at the hop (G7)  
Where the (C7) jumpin' is the smoothest,  
And the music is the coolest at the (G) hop  
All the (D7) cats and chicks can (C7) get their kicks at the (G) hop. Let's go!

Ah, (G) let's go to the hop, let's go to the (G7) hop, (oh baby),  
(C7) Let's go to the hop, (oh baby), (G) let's go to the hop  
(D7) Come (C7) on, (G) let's go to the hop. Let's go!

### **Repeat Middle Section**

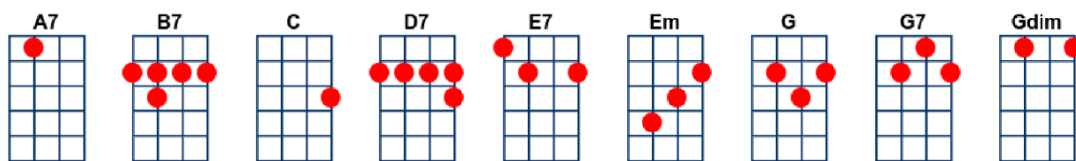
(G) Bah-bah-bah-bah, (Em) bah-bah-bah-bah,  
(C) Bah-bah-bah-bah, (D7) bah-bah-bah-bah at the (G) hop!





# Baby Face

Artist: Al Jolson Writer: Harry Akst & Benny Davis Tempo 144



**(G)** Baby face, you've got the cutest little **(D7)** baby face  
 There's not another one could **(D7)** take your place,  
**(G)** baby face **(A7)** My poor heart is jumpin',  
**(D7)** you sure have started somethin'

**(G)** Baby face, I'm up in heaven when I'm  
**(B7)** in your fond em-**(Em)**-brace **(G7)**  
 I didn't **(C)** need a **(Gdim)** shove cause I just **(G)** fell in **(E7)** love  
 With your **(A7)** pretty **(D7)** Baby **(G)** Face **(E7)**  
 With your **(A7)** pretty **(D7)** Baby **(G)** Face

**(G)** Baby face, you've got the cutest little **(D7)** baby face  
 There's not another one could take your place,  
**(G)** baby face **(A7)** My poor heart is jumpin',  
**(D7)** you sure have started somethin'

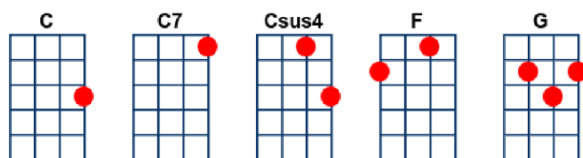
**(G)** Baby face, I'm up in heaven when I'm  
**(B7)** in your fond em-**(Em)**-brace **(G7)**  
 I didn't **(C)** need a **(Gdim)** shove cause I just **(G)** fell in **(E7)** love  
 With your **(A7)** pretty **(D7)** Baby  
**(A7)** pretty **(D7)** Baby  
**(A7)** pretty little **(D7)** Baby **(G)** Face





# Bad Moon Rising

Artist: Creedence Clearwater Revival. Writer: John Fogarty Previous book page no. 21



**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)

(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)

(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) 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)

(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

(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

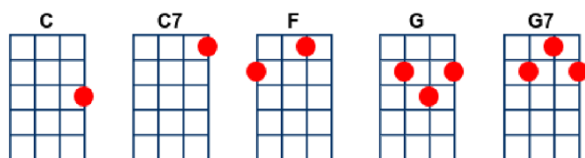
(G) There's a (F) bad moon on the (C) rise  
 (G) There's a (F) bad moon on the (C) rise  
 (C) (G) (C)





# Banks of the Ohio

Artist: Olivia Newton-John. Previous book page no. 22



(NC) I asked my (C) love to take a (G) walk  
 To take a (G7) walk just a little (C) walk  
 Down be-(C7)-side where the waters (F) flow  
 Down by the (C) banks (G7) of the Ohi-(C)-o

(NC) And only (C) say that you'll be (G) mine  
 In no (G7) others' arms en-(C)-twine  
 Down be-(C7)-side where the waters (F) flow  
 Down by the (C) banks (G7) of the Ohi-(C)-o

(NC) I held a (C) knife against his (G) breast  
 As in-(G7)-to my arms he (C) pressed  
 He cried my (C7) love don't you murder (F) me  
 I'm not pre-(C)-pared (G7) for eterni-(C)-ty

(NC) And only (C) say that you'll be (G) mine  
 In no (G7) others' arms en-(C)-twine  
 Down be-(C7)-side where the waters (F) flow  
 Down by the (C) banks (G7) of the Ohi-(C)-o

(NC) I wandered (C) home 'tween twelve and (G) one  
 I cried my (G7) God what have I (C) done  
 I've killed the (C7) only man I (F) love  
 He would not (C) take me (G7) for his (C) bride

(NC) And only (C) say that you'll be (G) mine  
 In no (G7) others' arms en-(C)-twine  
 Down be-(C7)-side where the waters (F) flow  
 Down by the (C) banks (G7) of the Ohi-(C)-o

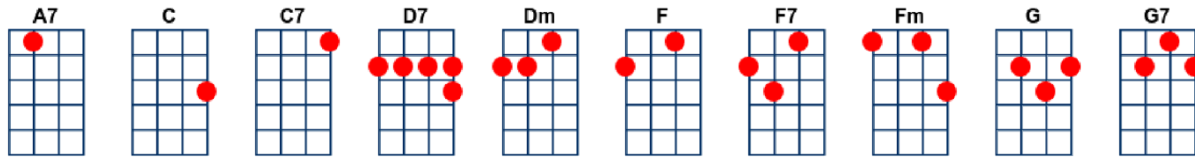
(F) Down by the (C) banks (G7) of the Ohi-(C)-o





# Bare Necessities, The

Artist: Phil Harris, Bruce Reitherman. Writer: Terry Gilkyson in C Previous book page no. 23



Look for the (C) bare ne-(C7)-cessities, the (F) simple bare ne-(F7)-cessities  
(C7) forget about your (A7) worries and your (Dm) strife (G7)  
I mean the (C) bare ne-(C7)-cessities, old (F) Mother Nature's (F7) recipes  
that (C) brings the (A7) bare ne-(Dm)-cessi-(G7)-ties of (C) life.

Wherever I (G) wander, wherever I (C) roam,  
I couldn't be (G) fonder of my big (C) home.(C7)  
The bees are (F) buzzin' in the (Fm) tree,  
to make some (C7) honey just for (A7) me.  
When (D7) you look under the rocks and plants,  
and (G) take a glance at the fancy ants,  
then (C) maybe try a (A7) few (2 3 4 1)  
The bare ne-(Dm)-cessities of (G7) life will come to (C) you  
They'll (G) come to (C) you

Look for the (C) bare ne-(C7)-cessities, the (F) simple bare ne-(F7)-cessities  
(C7) forget about your (A7) worries and your (Dm) strife (G7)  
I mean the (C) bare ne-(C7)-cessities, old (F) Mother Nature's (F7) recipes  
that (C) brings the (A7) bare ne-(Dm)-cessi-(G7)-ties of (C) life.

Wherever I (G) wander, wherever I (C) roam,  
I couldn't be (G) fonder of my big (C) home.(C7)  
The bees are (F) buzzin' in the (Fm) tree,  
to make some (C7) honey just for (A7) me.  
When (D7) you look under the rocks and plants,  
and (G) take a glance at the fancy ants,  
then (C) maybe try a (A7) few (2 3 4 1)  
The bare ne-(Dm)-cessities of (G7) life will come to (C) you

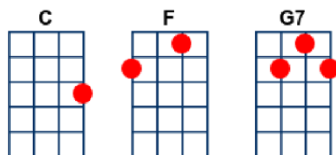
They'll (G) come to (C) me  
They'll (G) come to (C) you





# Black Velvet Band

Artist: The Dubliners Previous book page no. 24



In a (C) neat little town they call Belfast, apprenticed to (F) trade I was (G7) bound,  
(C) Many an hour sweet happiness have I (F) spent in that (G7) neat little (C) town.  
'Till a sad misfortune came o'er me, and caused me to (F) stray from the (G7) land.  
Far a (C) way from my friends and relations, Be-(F)-trayed by the (G7) black velvet (C) band.

Her (C) eyes they shone like diamonds, I thought her the (F) queen of the (G7) land,  
And her (C) hair hung over her shoulder, Tied (F) up with a (G7) black velvet (C) band.

I (C) took a stroll down Broadway, meaning not (F) long for to (G7) stay,  
When (C) who should I meet but this pretty fair maid,  
come a (F) traipsing a-(G7)-long the high-(C)-way.  
She was both fair and handsome, her neck it was (F) just like a (G7) swan's.  
And her (C) hair hung over her shoulder, tied (F) up with a (G7) black velvet (C) band.

Her (C) eyes they shone like diamonds, I thought her the (F) queen of the (G7) land,  
And her (C) hair hung over her shoulder, Tied (F) up with a (G7) black velvet (C) band.

I (C) took a stroll with this pretty fair maid, and a gentleman (F) passing us (G7) by.  
Well, I (C) knew she meant the doing of him, by the (F) look in her (G7) roguish black (C) eye.  
A gold watch she took from his pocket, and placed it right (F) into my (G7) hand,  
And the (C) very first thing that I said was "Bad (F) 'cess to the (G7) black velvet (C) band".

Her (C) eyes they shone like diamonds, I thought her the (F) queen of the (G7) land,  
And her (C) hair hung over her shoulder, Tied (F) up with a (G7) black velvet (C) band.

Be-(C)-fore the judge and the jury next morning I (F) had to ap-(G7)-pear.  
The (C) judge he says to me, "Young man, the (F) case against (G7) you is quite (C) clear.  
We'll give you seven years penal (F) servit-(C)-ude, to be spent far a (F) way from this (G7) land,  
Far a-(C)-way from your friends and relations, be-(F)-trayed by the (G7) black velvet (C) band"

Her (C) eyes they shone like diamonds, I thought her the (F) queen of the (G7) land,  
And her (C) hair hung over her shoulder, Tied (F) up with a (G7) black velvet (C) band.

So (C) come all you jolly young fellows, a warning (F) take by (G7) me.  
When (C) you are out on the town, me lads, be-(F)-ware of the (G7) pretty (C) colleens.  
They'll feed you with strong (F) drink, me (C) lads, 'til you are un-(F)-able to (G7) stand,  
And the (C) very next thing that you'll know is, you've (F) landed in (G7) Van Diemens (C) Land!

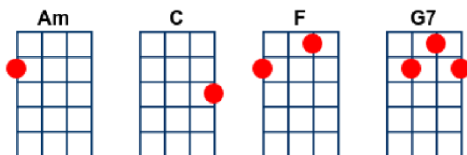
Her (C) eyes they shone like diamonds, I thought her the (F) queen of the (G7) land,  
And her (C) hair hung over her shoulder, Tied (F) up with a (G7) black velvet (C) band.





# Blowing in the Wind

Artist: Bob Dylan Previous book page no. 25



## Intro: Hum Blue Lyrics

The (F) answer, my (G7) friend, is (C) blowin' in the (Am) wind,  
The (F) answer is (G7) blowin' in the (C) wind.

(C) How many (F) roads must a (C) man walk down  
Before you (F) call him a (G7) man?

(C) How many (F) seas must a (C) white dove (Am) sail  
Be-(C)-fore she (F) sleeps in the (G7) sand?

(C) How many (F) times must the (C) cannonballs fly  
Before they're for-(F)-ever (G7) banned?

The (F) answer, my (G7) friend, is (C) blowin' in the (Am) wind,  
The (F) answer is (G7) blowin' in the (C) wind.

(C) How many (F) times must a (C) man look up  
Before he can (F) see the (G7) sky?

(C) How many (F) ears must (C) one man (Am) have  
Be-(C)-fore he can (F) hear people (G7) cry?

(C) How many (F) deaths will it (C) take 'til he knows that  
Too many (F) people have (G7) died?

The (F) answer, my (G7) friend, is (C) blowin' in the (Am) wind,  
The (F) answer is (G7) blowin' in the (C) wind.

(C) How many (F) years can a (C) mountain exist  
Before it is (F) washed to the (G7) sea?

(C) How many (F) years can some (C) people ex-(Am)-ist  
Be-(C)-fore they're a-(F)-llowed to be (G7) free?

(C) How many (F) times can a (C) man turn his head and  
Pretend that he (F) just doesn't (G7) see?

The (F) answer, my (G7) friend, is (C) blowin' in the (Am) wind,  
The (F) answer is (G7) blowin' in the (C) wind.

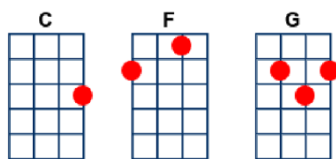
The (F) answer, my (G7) friend, is (C) blowin' in the (Am) wind,  
The (F) answer is (G7) blowin' in the (C) wind.





# Boom Bang-a-Bang

Artist: Lulu. Writers: Ian Moorhouse & Peter Warne Previous book page no. 27



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)** loovely **(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)** loovely **(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

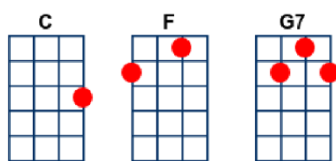
It's such a **(F)** loovely **(C)** feeeeling **(G)** when I'm in your **(C)** arms  
**(F)** Now you are near I wanna hear your heartbeat **(C)** too  
**(G)** Boom bang-a-bang-bang - boom bang-a-bang-bang -  
**(G)** Boom bang-a-bang-bang I love **(C)** you





# Brand New Combine Harvester

Artist: The Wurzels. Writer: The Wurzels based on Melanie Safka's Brand New Key Previous book page no. 28



(C) I drove my tractor through your haystack last night (oo-ar oo-ar)  
 (G7) I threw me pitchfork at your dog to keep quiet (oo-ar oo-ar)  
 (C) Now something's telling me that you'm avoiding me (oo-ar oo-ar)  
 (F) Come on now darling you've got (G7) something I need

### Chorus

Cuz (C) I got a brand-new combine harvester an' I'll give you the key  
 (C) Come on now let's get together in perfect harmony  
 (F) I got twenty acres an' you got forty-three  
 Now (C) I got a brand-new combine harvester  
 An' (G7) I'll give you the (C) key

(C) I'll stick by you, I'll give you all that you need (oo-ar oo-ar)  
 (G7) We'll 'ave twins and triplets, I'm a man built for speed (oo-ar oo-ar)  
 (C) And you know I'll love you darlin' so give me your hand (oo-ar oo-ar)  
 (F) But what I want the most is all they (G7) acres of land

**Chorus Cuz (C) I got a...**

(C) For seven long years I've been alone in this place (oo-ar oo-ar)  
 (G7) Eat, sleep, in the kitchen, it's a proper disgrace (oo-ar oo-ar)  
 (C) Now if I cleaned it up would you change your mind (oo-ar oo-ar)  
 (F) I'll give up drinking scrumpy and that (G7) lager and lime

**Chorus Cuz (C) I got a...**

(C) Weren't we a grand couple at that last wurzel dance  
 (G7) I wore brand new gaters and me cordouroy pants  
 (C) In your new Sunday dress with your perfume smelling grand  
 (F) We had our photos took and (G7) us holding hands

**Chorus Cuz (C) I got a...**

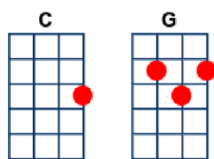
(Aahh you're a fine lookin' woman and I can't wait to get me 'ands on your land)





# Brown Girl in the Ring

Artist: Boney M Previous book page no. 29



(C) Brown girl in the ring (C) tra la la la la  
 There's a (G) brown girl in the ring (G) tra la la la la  
 (C) Brown girl in the ring (C) tra la la la la  
 She looks like a (G) sugar in a (C) plum (C) (Plum plum)

(C) Show me your motion (C) tra la la la la  
 Come on (G) show me your motion (G) tra la la la la la  
 (C) Show me your motion (C) tra la la la la  
 She looks like a (G) sugar in a (C) plum (C) (Plum plum)

(C) All had water (G) run dry  
 (G) Got nowhere to wash my (C) clothes  
 (C) All had water (G) run dry  
 (G) Got nowhere to wash my (C) clothes

I re-(C)-member one Satur-(G)-day night  
 We had (G) fried fish and Johnny (C) cakes  
 I re-(C)-member one Satur-(G)-day night  
 We had (G) fried fish and Johnny (C) cakes

(C) Brown girl in the ring (C) tra la la la la  
 There's a (G) brown girl in the ring (G) tra la la la la la  
 (C) Brown girl in the ring (C) tra la la la la  
 She looks like a (G) sugar in a (C) plum (C) (Plum plum)

(C) Brown girl in the ring (C) tra la la la la  
 There's a (G) brown girl in the ring (G) tra la la la la la  
 (C) Brown girl in the ring (C) tra la la la la  
 She looks like a (G) sugar in a (C) plum (C) (Plum plum)

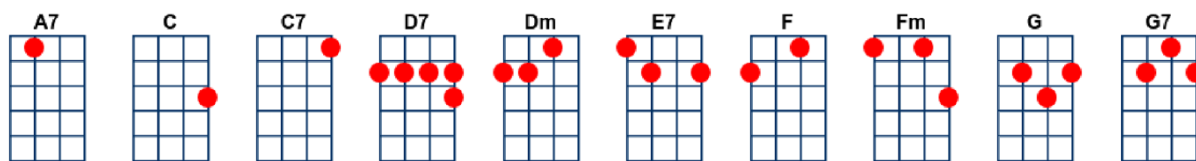
She looks like a (G) sugar in a (C) plum (C)





# Build Me Up Buttercup

Artist: The Foundations Writers: Mike d'Abo & Tony Macaulay Tempo 140



## Chorus:

**(NC)** Why do you **(C)** build me up **(E7)** Buttercup baby  
 Just to **(F)** let me down and **(G7)** mess me around  
 And then **(C)** worst of all you **(E7)** never call, baby  
 When you **(F)** say you will but **(G7)** I love you still  
 I need **(C)** you more than **(C7)** anyone darling  
 You **(F)** know that I have from the **(Fm)** start  
 So **(C)** build me up **(G)** Buttercup don't break my **(F)** heart **(C)**

I'll be **(C)** over at **(G)** ten you told me time and **(F)** again  
 But you're **(C)** late... I'm waiting **(F)** round and then  
 I **(C)** run to the **(G)** door, I can't take any **(F)** more  
 It's not **(C)** you... you let me **(F)** down again  
**(Dm)** Baby, baby, try to find **(G)** A little time, and **(A7)** I'll make you happy  
**(Dm)** I'll be home, I'll be be **(D7)** side the phone waiting for **(G)** you...  
**(G)** You-oo-oo... ooh-oo-oo

**Chorus:** **(NC)** Why do you **(C)** build me up...

To **(C)** you I'm a **(G)** toy, but I could be the **(F)** boy  
 You **(C)** adore... if you'd just **(F)** let me know  
 Al-**(C)**-though you're un-**(G)**-true I'm attracted to **(F)** you  
 All the **(C)** more... why do you **(F)** treat me so?  
**(Dm)** Baby, baby, try to find **(G)** A little time, and **(A7)** I'll make you happy  
**(Dm)** I'll be home, I'll be be-**(D7)**-side the phone waiting for **(G)** you...  
**(G)** You-oo-oo... ooh-oo-oo

**Chorus:** **(NC)** Why do you **(C)** build me up...

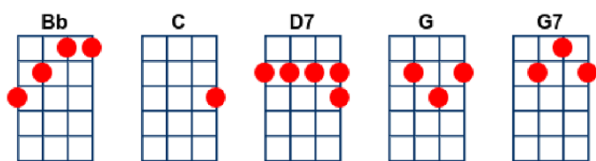
I need **(C)** you more than **(C7)** anyone, darling  
 You **(F)** know that I have from the **(Fm)** start  
 So **(C)** build me up, **(G)** Buttercup, don't break my **(F)** heart **(C)**





# Bye Bye Love

Artist: Everly Brothers. Writers: Felice and Boudleaux Bryant Previous book page no. 31



**Intro: (G) (Bb) (C) (G)**

(C) Bye bye (G) love (C) bye bye (G) happiness  
(C) Hello (G) loneliness I think I'm a (D7) gonna (G) cry (G7)  
(C) Bye bye (G) love (C) bye bye (G) sweet caress  
(C) Hello (G) emptiness I feel like (D7) I could (G) die  
(G) Bye bye my (D7) love good-(G)-bye

There goes my (D7) baby with someone (G) new  
(G) She sure looks (D7) happy I sure am (G) blue  
She was my (C) baby till he stepped (D7) in  
Goodbye to romance that might have (G) been (G7)

(C) Bye bye (G) love (C) bye bye (G) happiness  
(C) Hello (G) loneliness I think I'm a (D7) gonna (G) cry (G7)  
(C) Bye bye (G) love (C) bye bye (G) sweet caress  
(C) Hello (G) emptiness I feel like (D7) I could (G) die  
(G) Bye bye my (D7) love good-(G)-bye

(G) I'm through with (D7) romance, I'm through with (G) love  
(G) I'm through with (D7) counting the stars a-(G)-bove  
And here's the (C) reason that I'm so (D7) free  
My lovin' (D7) baby is through with (G) me (G7)

(C) Bye bye (G) love (C) bye bye (G) happiness  
(C) Hello (G) loneliness I think I'm a (D7) gonna (G) cry (G7)  
(C) Bye bye (G) love (C) bye bye (G) sweet caress  
(C) Hello (G) emptiness I feel like (D7) I could (G) die  
(G) Bye bye my (D7) love good-(G)-bye

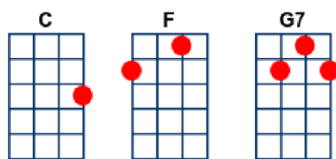
(G) Bye bye my (D7) love good-(G)-bye  
(G) Bye bye my (D7) love good-(G)-bye





# C'mon Everybody

Artist: Eddie Cochran. Writer: Eddie Cochran and Jerry Capehart Previous book page no. 38



**RIFF: (C) (F) (G7) // (F) // (C) x 2**

Well, (C) c'mon everybody and let's get together tonight  
 (C) I got some money in my jeans and I'm really gonna spend it right  
 Well, I been (F) doin' my homework (G7) all week long  
 and (F) now the house is empty and my (G7) folks are gone  
 (C) **(Stop)** Ooh - c'mon everybody!

**RIFF: (C) (F) (G7) // (F) // (C) x 2**

Well, my (C) baby's number one, but I'm gonna dance with three or four  
 (C) and the house will be a-shakin' from the bare feet a-slappin' on the floor  
 Well, (F) when you hear the music, you just (G7) can't sit still  
 if your (F) brother won't rock, then your (G7) sister will  
 (C) **(Stop)** Ooh, c'mon everybody

**RIFF: (C) (F) (G7) // (F) // (C) x 2**

Well we'll (C) really have a party, but we gotta put a guard outside  
 (C) if my folks come a-home, I'm afraid they gonna have my hide  
 There'll be (F) no more movies for a (G7) week or two  
 (F) no more running 'round with the (G7) usual crew  
 (C) **(Stop)** Who cares? - C'mon everybody.

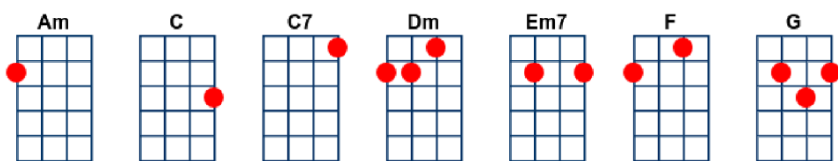
**RIFF: (C) (F) (G7) // (F) // (C) x 2**





# Can't Buy Me Love

Artist: The Beatles. Writers: Paul McCartney, John Lennon. Previous book page no. 33



Can't buy me **(Em7)** lo-**(Am)**-ove, **(Em7)** lo-**(Am)**-ove,  
Can't buy me **(Dm)** lo-**(G)**-ove

I'll **(C)** buy you a **(C7)** diamond ring my friend  
If it makes you feel alright  
I'll **(F)** get you anything my friend,  
If it **(C)** makes you feel alright  
Cause **(G)** I don't care too **(F)** much for money,  
Money can't buy me **(C)** love **(C)**

I'll **(C)** give you all I've **(C7)** got to give,  
If you say you want me too  
I **(F)** may not have a lot to give,  
But what I **(C)** got I'll give to you  
'Cause **(G)** I don't care too **(F)** much for money,  
Money can't buy me **(C)** love

Can't buy me **(Em7)** lo-**(Am)**-ove, **(C)** everybody tells me so  
Can't buy me **(Em7)** lo-**(Am)**-ove, **(Dm)** no, no, no **(G)** NO!

**(C)** Say you don't need no **(C7)** diamond ring and I'll be satisfied  
**(F)** Tell me that you want the kind of things  
That **(C)** money just can't buy  
**(G)** I don't care too **(F)** much for money,  
Money can't buy me **(C)** love

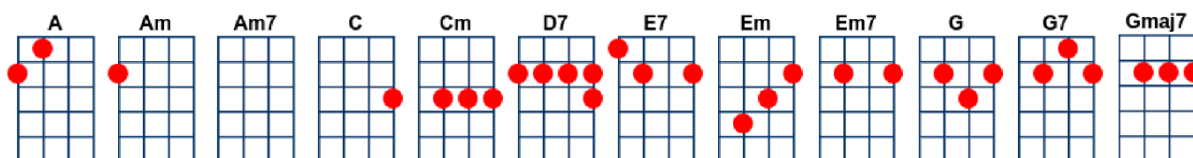
Can't buy me **(Em7)** lo-**(Am)**-ove, **(Em7)** lo-**(Am)**-ove,  
Can't buy me **(Dm)** lo-**(G)**-o-**(C)**/-ove





# Can't Take My Eyes Off You

Artist: Frankie Vallie Writers: Bob Crewe, Bob Gaudio Tempo 115



**Intro:** (G)// (Gmaj7)// (G)/

**(Tacit)** You're just too (G) good to be true, can't take my (Gmaj7) eyes off you  
 You'd be like (G7) heaven to touch, I wanna (C) hold you so much  
 At long last (Cm) love has arrived, and I thank (G) God I'm alive  
 You're just too (A) good to be true, (Am) can't take my (G) eyes off you

Pardon the (G) way that I stare, there's nothing (Gmaj7) else to compare  
 The sight of (G7) you leaves me weak, there are no (C) words left to speak  
 But if you (Cm) feel like I feel, please let me (G) know that it's real  
 You're just too (A) good to be true, (Am) can't take my (G) eyes off you

**Sing:** Da-Da, Da-Da: (Am7) (D7) (G) (Em) (Am7) (D7) (G) (E7) (E7)/ 

I love you (Am7) baby and if it's (D7) quite all right  
 I need you (Gmaj7) baby to warm the (Em7) lonely nights  
 I love you (Am7) baby, (D7) trust in me when I (G) say (E7)  
 Oh pretty (Am7) baby, don't bring me (D7) down I pray  
 Oh pretty (G) baby, now that I've (Em7) found you stay  
 And let me (Am7) love you baby, let me (D7) love you

You're just too (G) good to be true, can't take my (Gmaj7) eyes off you  
 You'd be like (G7) heaven to touch, I wanna (C) hold you so much  
 At long last (Cm) love has arrived, and I thank (G) God I'm alive  
 You're just too (A) good to be true, (Am) can't take my (G) eyes off you

**Sing:** Da-Da, Da-Da: (Am7) (D7) (G) (Em) (Am7) (D7) (G) (E7) (E7)/ 

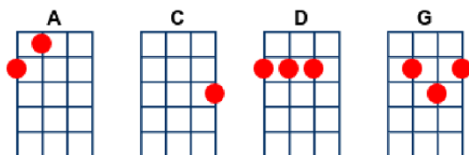
I love you (Am7) baby and if it's (D7) quite all right  
 I need you (Gmaj7) baby to warm the (Em7) lonely nights  
 I love you (Am7) baby, (D7) trust in me when I (G) say (E7)  
 Oh pretty (Am7) baby, don't bring me (D7) down I pray  
 Oh pretty (G) baby, now that I've (Em7) found you stay  
 And let me (Am7) love you baby, let me (D7) love you  
**(Slow)** You're just too (Gmaj7) good to be (G)/ true





# Chirpy Chirpy Cheep Cheep

Artist: Middle Of The Road. Writer: Lally Stott Previous book page no. 35



(D) Where's your (A) Momma (D) gone? (Where's your Momma gone?)  
 (D) Little (A) baby (D) gone? (Little baby gone?)  
 (D) Where's your (A) Momma (D) gone? (Where's your Momma gone?)  
 (G) Far (D) far a-(A)-way!

(D) Where's your (A) Poppa (D) gone? (Where's your Poppa gone?)  
 (D) Little (A) baby (D) gone? (Little baby gone?)  
 (D) Where's your (A) Poppa (D) gone? (Where's your Poppa gone?)  
 (G) Far, (D) far, (A) away, (G) Far, (D) far, a-(C)-way! (A)

(D) Last night I heard my Momma (G) singing this (D) song.  
 (G) Ooh...(A) wee, (G) chirpy, chirpy, (A) cheep, cheep.  
 (D) Woke up this morning and my (G) Momma was (D) gone.  
 (G) Ooh...(A) wee, (G) chirpy, chirpy, (A) cheep, cheep,  
 (G) chirpy, chirpy, (A) cheep, cheep, (D) chirp.

(D) Where's your (A) Momma (D) gone? (Where's your Momma gone?)  
 (D) Little (A) baby (D) gone? (Little baby gone?)  
 (D) Where's your (A) Momma (D) gone? (Where's your Momma gone?)  
 (G) Far (D) far a-(A)-way!

(D) Where's your (A) Poppa (D) gone? (Where's your Poppa gone?)  
 (D) Little (A) baby (D) gone? (Little baby gone?)  
 (D) Where's your (A) Poppa (D) gone? (Where's your Poppa gone?)  
 (G) Far, (D) far, (A) away, (G) Far, (D) far, a-(C)-way! (A)

(D) Last night I heard my Momma (G) singing this (D) song.  
 (G) Ooh...(A) wee, (G) chirpy, chirpy, (A) cheep, cheep.  
 (D) Woke up this morning and my (G) Momma was (D) gone.  
 (G) Ooh...(A) wee, (G) chirpy, chirpy, (A) cheep, cheep,  
 (G) chirpy, chirpy, (A) cheep, cheep, (D) chirp.

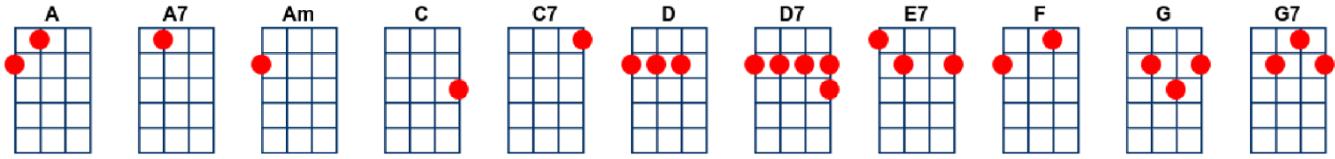
(D) Last night I heard my Momma (G) singing this (D) song.  
 (G) Ooh...(A) wee, (G) chirpy, chirpy, (A) cheep, cheep.  
 (D) Woke up this morning and my (G) Momma was (D) gone.  
 (G) Ooh...(A) wee, (G) chirpy, chirpy, (A) cheep, cheep,  
 (G) chirpy, chirpy, (A) cheep, cheep, (D) chirp.





# Cockney Medley

Artist: Pompey Pluckers Previous book page no. 36



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

(C) Knees Up Mother Brown, (F) knees up Mother Brown

(G7) Under the table you must go, Ee-aye, Ee-aye, Ee-ay-oh

(C) If I catch you bending (F) I'll saw your legs right off

(G7) Knees up, knees up, don't get the breeze up

(G7) Knees up Mother (C) Brown.

(C) Oh my, (F) what a rotten song,

(G7) what a rotten song, (C) what a rotten song,

(C) Oh my, (F) what a rotten song,

(G7) and what a rotten singer, (C) too-oo-oooh.

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

(C) My old man said, (D) "Follow the van

An' (G) don't dilly dally on the (C) way"

Off (E7) went the cart with my (Am) home packed in it

I (D) walked behind with me (G) old cock linnet

But I (C) dillied and (G7) dallied, (C) dallied and (G) dillied

(C) Lost the van and don't (D) know where to (G7) roam,

Oh, you (C) can't trust a (C7) special, like the (F) old time copper

When you (C) can't find (G) your way (C) home. (C) / / / / (C) / / / /

(C) I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts,

There they are a standing in a (G7) row

(G7) Big ones, small ones, some as big as your head

(D7) Give them a twist, a flick of the wrist

That's (G7) what the showman said

(C) I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts

Every ball you throw will make you (G7) rich

(G7) There stands me wife, the idol of me life

Singing roll a bowl a ball a penny a (C) pitch

Singing (C) roll a bowl a ball a penny a pitch

Singing roll a bowl a ball a penny a (G7) pitch

(G7) Rolla bowl a ball, roll a bowl a ball

Singing roll a bowl a ball a penny a (C) pitch (C) / / / / (Slow Down) (D) / / / /

(D) Show me the way to go home, I'm (G) tired and I want to go to (D) bed

I had a little drink about an hour ago, and it (A7) went right to my head

Where (D) ever I may roam, on (G) land or sea or (D) foam

You will (D) always hear me singing this song

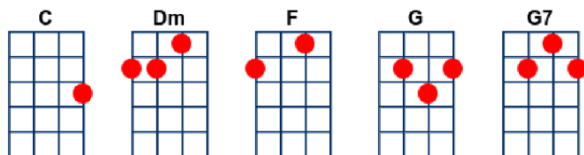
(A) Show me the (A7) way to go (D) home **Repeat x 3**





# Come up and See me (Make me Smile)

Artist: Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel Previous book page no. 37



**Intro: (G7) / x5 (stop)**

(N/C) You've done it (F) all, you've (C) broken every (G) code (F)  
And pulled the (C) rebel, to the (G) floor (234,1234,1)  
You've spoilt the (F) game, no (C) matter what you (G) say (F)  
For only (C) metal... what a (G) bore (234,1234)  
(F) Blue eyes... (C) blue eyes  
(F) How can you (C) tell so many (G) lies? (234,1234)

(Dm) Come up and (F) see me... make me (C) smile (G)  
(Dm) I'll do what you (F) want... running (C) wild (G) / / / / / (stop)

(234,1) There's nothing (F) left... all (C) gone and. run a-(G)-way (F)  
Maybe you'll (C) tarry... for a (G) while? (234,1234,1)  
It's just a (F) test... a (C) game for us to (G) play  
(F) Win or (C) lose it's hard to (G) smile (234,1234)  
(F) Resist... (C) resist  
(F) It's from your-(C)-self... you have to (G) hide (234,1234)

(Dm) Come up and (F) see me... make me (C) smile (G)  
(Dm) I'll do what you (F) want... running (C) wild (G) / / / / / (stop)

(234,1) There ain't no (F) more... you've (C) taken everything (G) (F)  
From my be-(C)-lief in... Mother (G) Earth (234,1234,1)  
Can you ig-(F)-nore... my (C) faith in every (G) thing? (F)  
'Cos I know what (C) faith is and what it's... (G) worth (234,1234)  
(F) Away a-(C)-way  
(F) And don't say (C) maybe you'll... (G) try (234,1234)

(Dm) Come up and (F) see me... make me (C) smile (G)  
(Dm) I'll do what you (F) want... running (C) wild (G) / / / / / (stop)

(234) (F) Ooh (C) ooh la-la-la, (F) Ooh (C) ooh la-la-la, (G) Oooooaah  
(Dm) Come up and (F) see me... make me (C) smile (G)  
(Dm) I'll do what you (F) want... running (C) wild (G) / / / / /

(234) (F) Ooh (C) ooh la-la-la (F) Ooh (C) ooh la-la-la (G) Oooooh (234,1234)

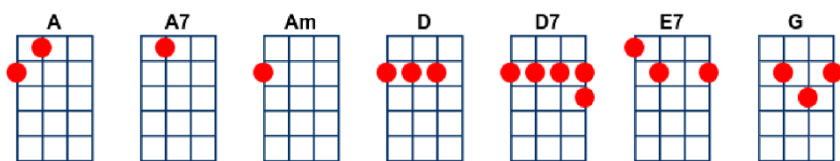
(Dm) Come up and (F) see me... make me (C) smile (G)  
(Dm) I'll do what you (F) want... running (C) wild (G) / / / / / (last strum really ring!)





# Congratulations

Artist: Cliff Richard. Writer: Bill Martin and Phil Coulter Previous book page no. 39



(D)

Congratu-(G)-lations and cele-(A)-brations,  
when I tell (D) everyone that (D7) you're in love with (G) me.  
Congratulations and jubi-(A)-lations,  
I want the (D) world to know I'm (D7) happy as can (G) be.

Who would be-(D)-lieve that I could be (D7) happy and con-(G)-tented,  
I used to (D) think that happiness (D7) hadn't been in-(G)-vented.  
But that was (E7) in the bad old days before I (Am) met you,  
when I (A) let you (A7) walk into my (D) heart.

Congratu-(G)-lations and cele-(A)-brations,  
when I tell (D) everyone that (D7) you're in love with (G) me.  
Congratulations and jubi-(A)-lations,  
I want the (D) world to know I'm (D7) happy as can (G) be.

I was a-(D)-fraid that maybe you (D7) thought you were a-(G)-bove me,  
that I was (D) only fooling my-(D7)-self to think you'd (G) love me.  
But then to-(E7)-night you said you couldn't live with-(Am)-out me,  
that round a-(A)-bout me (A7) you wanted to (D) stay.

Congratu-(G)-lations and cele-(A)-brations,  
when I tell (D) everyone that (D7) you're in love with (G) me.  
Congratulations and jubi-(A)-lations,  
I want the (D) world to know I'm (D7) happy as can (G) be.

Congratu-(G)-lations and cele-(A)-brations,  
when I tell (D) everyone that (D7) you're in love with (G) me.  
Congratulations and jubi-(A)-lations,  
I want the (D) world to know I'm (D7) happy as can (G) be.

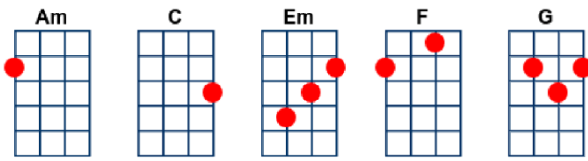
I want the (A) world to know - I'm (D7) happy as can (G) be.





# Cum On Feel The Noize

Artist: Slade Writers: Noddy Holder & Jim Lea Tempo 140



(C) So you think I got an (Em) evil mind, well I'll (Am) tell you honey  
 I (F) don't (C) know (G) why  
 I (F) don't (C) know (G) why  
 (C) So you think my singing's (Em) out of time, well it (Am) makes me money  
 I (F) don't (C) know (G) why  
 I (F) don't (C) know (G) why, any (Am) more (G)

## Chorus

So (C) cum on (G) feel the (Am) noize  
 (C) girls (G) rock your (Am) boys  
 We'll get (F) wild, (C) wild, (G) wild  
 (F) wild, (C) wild, (G) wild  
 (C) Cum on (G) feel the (Am) noize  
 (C) girls (G) rock your (Am) boys  
 We'll get (F) wild, (C) wild, (G) wild  
 (F) wild, (C) wild, (G) wild

(C) So you say I got a (Em) funny face, I ain't (Am) got no worries  
 And I (F) don't (C) know (G) why  
 I (F) don't (C) know (G) why  
 (C) I gotta say with (Em) some disgrace, I'm (Am) in no hurry  
 And I (F) don't (C) know (G) why  
 I (F) don't (C) know (G) why, any (Am) more (G)

**Chorus:** So (C) cum on (G) feel...

(C) Well you think we have a (Em) lazy time, you (Am) should know better  
 I (F) don't (C) know (G) why  
 I (F) don't (C) know (G) why  
 (C) So you say I got a (Em) dirty mind, I'm a (Am) mean go-getter  
 I (F) don't (C) know (G) why  
 I (F) don't (C) know (G) why

**Chorus:** So (C) cum on (G) feel...

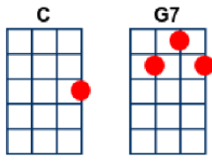
(C)/





# Dance the Night Away

Artist: The Mavericks. Writer: Raul Malo Previous book page no. 41



**Note: Calypso rhythm**

**Intro: (C) (G7) (C) (G7)**

(C) Here comes my (G7) happiness ag-(C)-ain (G7)  
(C) Right back to (G7) where it should have (C) been (G7)  
(C) 'Cause now she's (G7) gone and I am (C) free (G7)  
(C) And she can't (G7) do a thing to (C) me (G7)

(C) Just wanna (G7) dance the night a-(C)-way (G7)  
(C) With Senhor-(G7)-itas who can (C) sway (G7)  
(C) Right now tom-(G7)-orrow's looking (C) bright (G7)  
(C) Just like the (G7) sunny morning (C) light (G7)

And (C) if you should (G7) see her, (C) please let her (G7) know  
that I'm (C) well (G7) as you can (C) tell (G7)  
And (C) if she should (G7) tell you, that (C) she wants me (G7) back,  
tell her (C) "no" (G7) I gotta (C) go (G7)

(C) Just wanna (G7) dance the night a-(C)-way (G7)  
(C) With Senhor-(G7)-itas who can (C) sway (G7)  
(C) Right now tom-(G7)-orrow's looking (C) bright (G7)  
(C) Just like the (G7) sunny morning (C) light (G7)

And (C) if you should (G7) see her, (C) please let her (G7) know  
that I'm (C) well (G7) as you can (C) tell (G7)  
And (C) if she should (G7) tell you, that (C) she wants me (G7) back,  
tell her (C) "no" (G7) I gotta (C) go (G7)

(C) Just wanna (G7) dance the night a-(C)-way (G7)  
(C) With Senhor-(G7)-itas who can (C) sway (G7)  
(C) Right now tom-(G7)-orrow's looking (C) bright (G7)  
(C) Just like the (G7) sunny morning (C) light (G7)

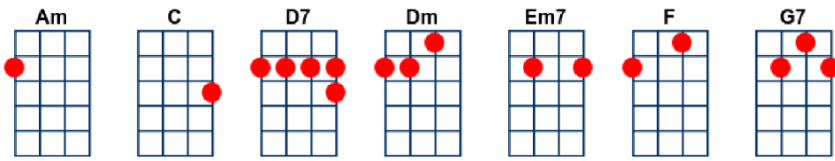
(C) (G7) (C) (G7) (C) / / / / /





# Daydream Believer

Artist: The Monkees. Writer: John Stewart Previous book page no. 42



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.

**(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?

**(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)**

**(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)**

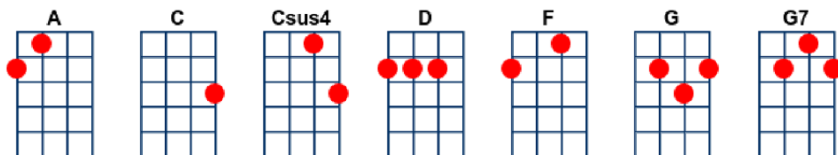
**(C)**/





## Dedicated Follower of Fashion

Artist: The Kinks. Writer: Ray Davies Previous book page no. 43



**Intro:** (C) / / / / (Csus4) / / / / (C) / / / / (Csus4) / / / / (C) /

They seek him (G) here... they seek him (C) there  
 His clothes are (G) loud... but never (C) square  
 (F) It will make or break him so he's (C) got to buy the (A) best  
 Cos he's a (D) dedicated (G7) follower of (C) fashion (Csus4)–(C)

(C) And when he (G) does... his little (C) rounds  
 Round the bou-(G)-tiques... of London (C) town  
 (F) Eagerly pursuing all the (C) latest fancy (A) trends  
 Cos he's a (D) dedicated (G7) follower of (C) fashion (Csus4)–(C)

Oh yes he (G) is *(oh yes he is)* ... oh yes he (C) is *(oh yes he is)*  
 He (F) thinks he is a flower to be (C) looked at (Csus4)–(C)  
 And (F) when he pulls his frilly nylon (C) panties right up (A) tight  
 He feels a (D) dedicated (G7) follower of (C) fashion

Oh yes he (G) is *(oh yes he is)* ... oh yes he (C) is *(oh yes he is)*  
 There's (F) one thing that he loves and that is (C) flattery (Csus4)–(C)  
 (F) One week he's in polka dots the (C) next week he's in (A) stripes  
 Cos he's a (D) dedicated (G7) follower of (C) fashion (Csus4)–(C)

(C) They seek him (G) here... they seek him (C) there  
 In Regent's (G) Street... and Leicester (C) square  
 (F) Everywhere the Carnabetian (C) army marches (A) on  
 Each one a (D) dedicated (G7) follower of (C) fashion

Oh yes he (G) is *(oh yes he is)* ... oh yes he (C) is *(oh yes he is)*  
 His (F) world is built round discotheques and (C) parties (Csus4)–(C)  
 This (F) pleasure seeking individual (C) always looks his (A) best  
 Cos he's a (D) dedicated (G7) follower of (C) fashion (Csus4)–(C)

Oh yes he (G) is *(oh yes he is)* ... oh yes he (C) is *(oh yes he is)*  
 He (F) flits from shop to shop just like a (C) butterfly (Csus4)–(C)  
 In (F) matters of the cloth he is as (C) fickle as can (A) be,  
 Cos he's a (D) dedicated (G7) follower of (C) fashion (A)

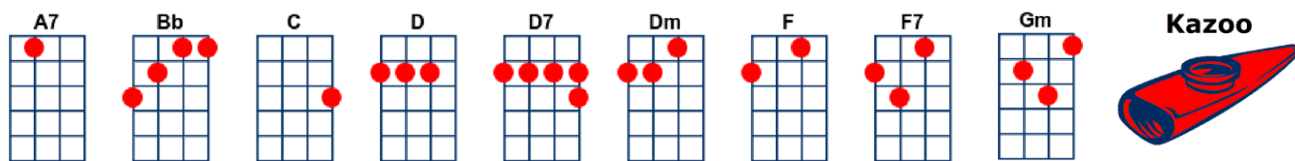
He's a (D) dedicated (G7) follower of (C) fashion (A)  
 He's a (D) dedicated (G) follower of (C) fashion





# Delilah

Artist: Tom Jones. Writers: Barry Mason & Les Reed Previous book page no. 44



**Intro:** (Dm) (A7) (Dm) (A7)

(Dm) I saw the light on the night that I passed by her (A7) window  
 (Dm) I saw the flickering shadows of love on her (A7) blind  
 (D) She (D7) was my (Gm) woman  
 (Dm) As she deceived me I (A7) watched and went out of my (Dm) mind (C)

(F) My, my, my, De-(C)-lilah  
 (C) Why, why, why, De-(F)-lilah  
 (F) I could (F7) see that (Bb) girl was no good for (Gm) me  
 (F) But I was lost like a (C) slave that no man could (F) free (A7)

(Dm) At break of day when that man drove away, I was (A7) waiting  
 (Dm) I crossed the street to her house and she opened the (A7) door  
 (D) She... (D7) stood there (Gm) laughing...  
 (Dm) I felt the knife in my (A7) hand and she laughed no (Dm) more (C)

(F) My, my, my, De-(C)-lilah  
 (C) Why, why, why, De-(F)-lilah  
 (F) So be-(F7)-fore they (Bb) come to break down the (Gm) door  
 For-(F)-give me Delilah I (C) just couldn't take any (F) more... (A7)

**Kazoo:** (Dm) (A7) (Dm) (A7)

(D) She (D7) stood there (Gm) laughing  
 (Dm) I felt the knife in my (A7) hand, and she laughed no (Dm) more (C)

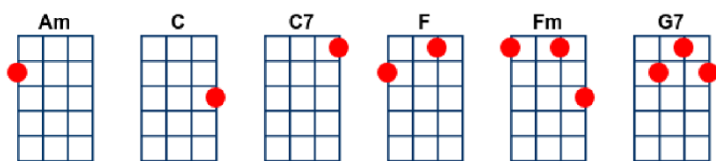
(F) My, my, my, De-(C)-lilah  
 (C) Why, why, why, De-(F)-lilah  
 (F) So be-(F7)-fore they (Bb) come to break down the (Gm) door  
 For-(F)-give me Delilah I (C) just couldn't take any (F) more  
 For-(F)-give me Delilah I (A7) just couldn't take any (Dm) moooo (A7) ooore (Dm)





# Diana

Artist: Paul Anka Writer: Paul Anka Tempo 100



## (C) (Am) (F) (G7)

(C) I'm so young and (Am) you're so old,  
 (F) this, my darling, (G7) I've been told  
 (C) I don't care just (Am) what they say,  
 (F) 'Cause forever (G7) I will pray  
 (C) You and I will (Am) be as free  
 (F) As the birds up (G7) in the trees  
 (C) Oh, (Am) please, (F) stay by (G7) me, Di-(C)-ana (Am) (F) (G7)

(C) Thrills I get when you (Am) hold me close,  
 (F) Oh, my darling, (G7) you're the most  
 (C) I love you but do (Am) you love me,  
 (F) Oh, Diana, (G7) can't you see  
 (C) I love you with (Am) all my heart  
 (F) And I hope we will (G7) never part  
 (C) Oh, (Am) please, (F) stay by (G7) me, Di-(C)-ana (Am) (F) (G7)

(F) Oh, my darlin', (Fm) oh my lover,  
 (C) tell me that there (C7) is no other  
 (F) I love you (Fm) with my heart,  
 (G7) oh, oh-oh, oh oh oh oh oh-oh

(C) Only you can (Am) take my heart,  
 (F) Only you can (G7) tear it apart  
 (C) When you hold me in your (Am) loving arms,  
 (F) I can feel you giving all your (G7) charms

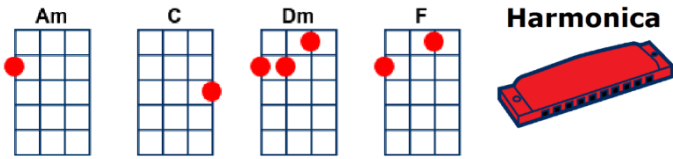
(C) Hold me, darling, (Am) hold me tight,  
 (F) squeeze me, baby, with (G7) all your might  
 (C) Oh, (Am) please, (F) stay by (G7) me, Di-(C)-ana (Am)  
 (F) Oh, (G7) please, Di-(C)-ana (Am)  
 (F) Oh, (G7) please, Di-(C)-ana





# Dirty Old Town

Artist: The Pogues. Writer: Ewan MacColl Previous book page no. 45



## Intro Harmonica: (don't sing **blue** lyrics)

(NC) I found my (C) love, by the (F) gas works (C) croft  
 Dreamed a (F) dream, by the old (C) canal  
 (F) Kissed my (C) girl, by the (F) factory (C) wall  
**All:** (C) Dirty old (Dm) town, dirty old (Am) town

(NC) I found my (C) love, by the (F) gas works (C) croft  
 Dreamed a (F) dream, by the old (C) canal  
 (F) Kissed my (C) girl, by the (F) factory (C) wall  
 Dirty old (Dm) town, dirty old (Am) town

I heard a (C) siren (F) from the (C) docks  
 Saw a (F) train set the night on (C) fire  
 I (F) smelled the (C) spring on the (F) Salford (C) wind  
 Dirty old (Dm) town, dirty old (Am) town

Clouds are (C) drifting a-(F)-cross the (C) moon  
 Cats are (F) prowling on their (C) beats  
 (F) Spring's a (C) girl in the (F) street at (C) night  
 Dirty old (Dm) town, dirty old (Am) town

I'm going to (C) make a (F) good sharp (C) axe  
 Shining (F) steel tempered in the (C) fire  
 I'll (F) chop you (C) down like an (F) old dead (C) tree  
 Dirty old (Dm) town, dirty old (Am) town

## Harmonica:

(NC) I found my (C) love, by the (F) gas works (C) croft  
 Dreamed a (F) dream, by the old (C) canal  
 (F) Kissed my (C) girl, by the (F) factory (C) wall  
**All:** (C) Dirty old (Dm) town, dirty old (Am) town

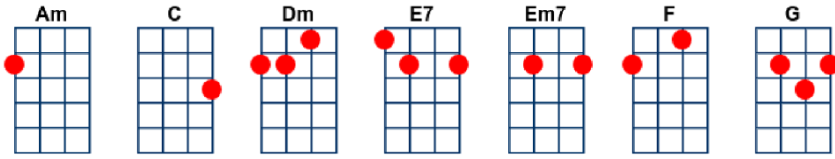
(NC) I found my (C) love, by the (F) gas works (C) croft  
 Dreamed a (F) dream, by the old (C) canal  
 (F) Kissed my (C) girl, by the (F) factory (C) wall  
 Dirty old (Dm) town, dirty old (Am) town  
 (**Slower**) Dirty old (Dm) town, dirty old (Am) town





# Don't You Want Me

Artist: Human League. Writers: Jo Callis, Philip Oakey, Philip Adrian Wright Previous book page no. 46



**Intro: strum on (Am) (to accompany bass riff) OR 2 bars of (Am)**

**(F)** You were working as a waitress in a **(G)** cocktail bar  
**(F)** when I met **(G)** you  
**(F)** I picked you out I shook you up and **(G)** turned you around  
**(F)** Turned you into someone **(G)** new  
 Now **(F)** five years later on you've got the **(G)** world at your feet  
**(F)** Success has been so easy for **(G)** you  
**(F)** But don't forget it's me who put you **(G)** where you are now  
 and **(F)** I can put you back down **(G)** too

### Chorus:

**(Am)** Don't, don't you **(Em7)** want me  
 You **(F)** know I can't believe it when I **(G)** hear that you won't see me  
**(Am)** Don't, don't you **(Em7)** want me  
 You **(F)** know I don't believe you when you **(G)** say that you don't need me  
**(Am)** Trust me and you'll find, if you **(Dm)** think you'll change your mind  
 You **(C)** better change it back or we will **(E7)** both be sorry  
**(F)** Don't you want me **(G)** baby, **(F)** don't you want me **(G)** oh ohohoh  
**(F)** Don't you want me **(G)** baby, **(F)** don't you want me **(G)** oh ohohoh

**(F)** I was working as a waitress in a **(G)** cocktail bar  
**(F)** that much is **(G)** true  
**(F)** But even then I knew I'd find a **(G)** much better place  
**(F)** either with or without **(G)** you  
 The **(F)** five years we have had, we had **(G)** such good times  
**(F)** I still love **(G)** you  
 But **(F)** now I think it's time I live my **(G)** life on my own  
 I **(F)** guess it's just what I must **(G)** do

**Chorus (Am) Don't, don't you (Em7) want me...**

**(F)** Don't you want me **(G)** baby, **(F)** don't you want me **(G)** oh ohohoh  
**(F)** Don't you want me **(G)** baby, **(F)** don't you want me **(G)** oh ohohoh

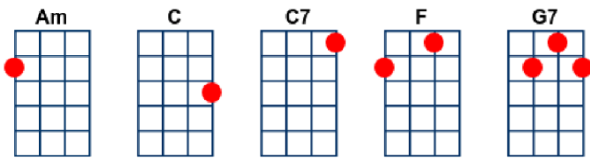
**strum on (Am) (to accompany bass riff) OR 2 bars of (Am) (Am)/**





# Doo Wah Diddy

Artist: Manfred Mann. Writers: Jeff Barry and Ellie Greenwich Previous book page no. 47



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

(C) There she was just a (F) walkin' down the (C) street  
 Singin' (C) doo wah diddy diddy (F) dum diddy (C) doo  
 (C) Snappin' her fingers and (F) shufflin' her (C) feet  
 Singin' (C) doo wah diddy diddy (F) dum diddy (C) doo  
 (C) She looked good (looked good) she looked fine (looked fine)  
 (C) She looked good she looked fine, and I nearly lost my mind

Be-(C)-fore I knew it she was (F) walkin' next to (C) me  
 Singin' (C) doo wah diddy diddy (F) dum diddy (C) doo  
 (C) Holdin' my hand just as (F) natural as can (C) be  
 Singin' (C) doo wah diddy diddy (F) dum diddy (C) doo  
 (C) We walked on (walked on) to my door (my door)  
 (C) We walked on to my door then we kissed a little more

(C)// Whoa (C7) whoa I (Am) knew we was falling in love  
 (F)//// (F) yes I did and so I (G7) told her all the things I'd been dreamin' of

Now (C) we're together nearly (F) every single (C) day  
 Singin' (C) doo wah diddy diddy (F) dum diddy (C) doo  
 Oh (C) we're so happy and that's (F) how we're gonna (C) stay  
 Singin' (C) doo wah diddy diddy (F) dum diddy (C) doo  
 (C) I'm hers (I'm hers) she's mine (she's mine)  
 (C) I'm hers she's mine wedding bells are gonna chime

(C)// Whoa (C7) whoa I (Am) knew we was falling in love  
 (F)//// (F) yes I did and so I (G7) told her all the things I'd been dreamin' of

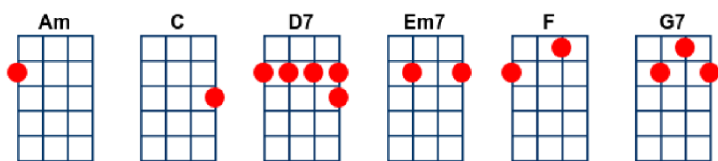
Now (C) we're together nearly (F) every single (C) day  
 Singin' (C) doo wah diddy diddy (F) dum diddy (C) doo  
 Oh (C) we're so happy and that's (F) how we're gonna (C) stay  
 Singin' (C) doo wah diddy diddy (F) dum diddy (C) doo  
 (C) Doo wah diddy diddy (F) dum diddy (C) doo  
 (C) Doo wah diddy diddy (F) dum diddy (C) / doo





# Downtown

Artist: Petula Clark. Writer: Tony Hatch Previous book page no. 49



(C) When you're alone and life is (F) making you (G7) lonely  
 You can (C) always go (F) down-(G7)-town  
 (C) When you've got worries, all the (F) noise and the (G7) hurry  
 Seems to (C) help, I know, (F) down-(G7)-town

Just (C) listen to the music of the (Am) traffic in the city  
 (C) Linger on the sidewalk where the (Am) neon signs are pretty  
 (Em7) How can you lose?  
 (F) The lights are much brighter there  
 You can for-(D7)-get all your troubles, forget all your cares

So go (C) downtown  
 (F) Things will be (G7) great when you're (C) downtown  
 (F) You'll find a (G7) place for sure, (C) downtown  
 (F) Everything's (G7) waiting for (C) you

(C) Don't hang around and let your (F) problems sur-(G7)-round you  
 There are (C) movie shows down-(G7)-town  
 (C) Maybe you know some little (F) places to (G7) go to  
 Where they (C) never close down-(G7)-town

Just (C) listen to the rhythm of a (Am) gentle bossa nova  
 (C) You'll be dancing with 'em too be-(Am)-fore the night is over  
 (Em7) Happy again  
 (F) The lights are much brighter there  
 You can for-(D7)-get all your troubles, forget all your cares

So go (C) downtown,  
 (F) where all the (G7) lights are bright, (C) Downtown,  
 (F) waiting for you to-(G7)-night, (C) downtown  
 (F) You're gonna be alr-(G7)-ight now, (C)

## Repeat and fade

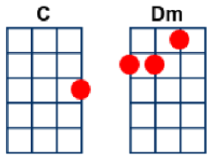
(C) Downtown (F) (G7) (C) Downtown (F) (G7) (C)  
 (C) Downtown (F) (G7) (C) Downtown (F) (G7) (C)





# Drunken Sailor

Traditional Tempo 136



**Riff:**

	Dm	D	F	A	G	C	E	G	Dm	D	F	C	D	C	E	C	D	D
A	0	-	-	0	-	-	-	-	0	-	-	3	5	3	-	-	-	-
E	1	-	1	-	3	-	0	3	1	-	1	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
C	2	2	-	-	0	0	-	-	2	2	-	-	-	-	4	0	2	2
G	2	-	-	-	0	-	-	-	2	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-

**(Dm)** What will we do with a drunken sailor?

**(C)** What will we do with a drunken sailor?

**(Dm)** What will we do with a drunken sailor

**(C)** early in the **(Dm)** morning

**Chorus:**

**(Dm)** Way hay and up she rises **(C)** Way hay and up she rises

**(Dm)** Way hay and up she rises **(C)** early in the **(Dm)** morning

**(Dm)** Shave his belly with a rusty razor

**(C)** Shave his belly with a rusty razor

**(Dm)** Shave his belly with a rusty razor

**(C)** early in the **(Dm)** morning

**Chorus:** **(Dm)** Way hay and up she rises **(C)** Way hay and up she rises...

**(Dm)** Put him in a long boat 'til he's sober

**(C)** Put him in a long boat 'til he's sober

**(Dm)** Put him in a long boat 'til he's sober

**(C)** early in the **(Dm)** morning

**Chorus:** **(Dm)** Way hay and up she rises **(C)** Way hay and up she rises...

**(Dm)** Stick him in a scupper with a hosepipe on him

**(C)** Stick him in a scupper with a hosepipe on him

**(Dm)** Stick him in a scupper with a hosepipe on him

**(C)** early in the **(Dm)** morning

**Chorus:** **(Dm)** Way hay and up she rises **(C)** Way hay and up she rises...

**(Dm)** Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter

**(C)** Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter

**(Dm)** Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter

**(C)** early in the **(Dm)** morning

**Chorus:** **(Dm)** Way hay and up she rises **(C)** Way hay and up she rises...

**(Dm)** That's what we do with a drunken sailor

**(C)** That's what we do with a drunken sailor

**(Dm)** That's what we do with a drunken sailor

**(C)** early in the **(Dm)** morning

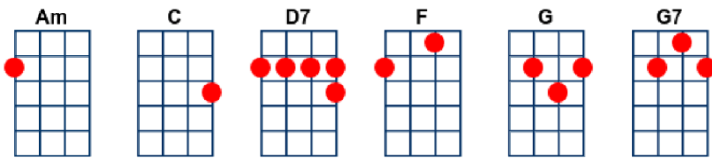
**Chorus X 2:** **(Dm)** Way hay and up she rises **(C)** Way hay and up she rises...





# Eight Days a Week

Artist: The Beatles Writers: Paul McCartney, John Lennon Previous book page no. 51



**Intro:** (C) (D7) (F) (C)

(C) Ooh I need your (D7) love babe (F) guess you know it's (C) true  
 (C) Hope you need my (D7) love babe (F) just like I need (C) you  
 (Am) Hold me (F) love me (Am) hold me (D7) love me  
 (C) Ain't got nothing but (D7) love babe (F) eight days a (C) week

(C) Love you every (D7) day girl (F) always on my (C) mind  
 (C) One thing I can (D7) say girl (F) love you all the (C) time  
 (Am) Hold me (F) love me (Am) hold me (D7) love me  
 (C) Ain't got nothing but (D7) love babe (F) eight days a (C) week

(G) Eight days a week I (Am) love you  
 (D7) Eight days a week is (F) not enough to (G7) show I care

(C) Ooh I need your (D7) love babe (F) guess you know it's (C) true  
 (C) Hope you need my (D7) love babe (F) just like I need (C) you  
 (Am) Hold me (F) love me (Am) hold me (D7) love me  
 (C) Ain't got nothing but (D7) love babe (F) eight days a (C) week

(G) Eight days a week I (Am) love you  
 (D7) Eight days a week is (F) not enough to (G7) show I care

(C) Love you every (D7) day girl (F) always on my (C) mind  
 (C) One thing I can (D7) say girl (F) love you all the (C) time  
 (Am) Hold me (F) love me (Am) hold me (D7) love me  
 (C) Ain't got nothing but (D7) love babe (F) eight days a (C) week

(F) Eight days a (C) week  
 (F) Eight days a (C) week

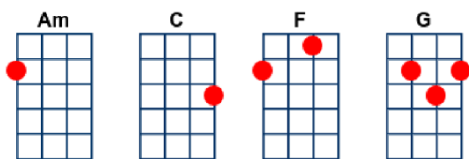
**Outro:** (C) (D7) (F) (C)





# El Condor Pasa

Artist: Simon and Garfunkel Writers: Daniel Alomía Robles & Paul Simon Previous book page no. 52



**Note: Slow 4/4 time**

I'd (Am) rather be a sparrow than a (C) snail  
(G) Yes I (C) would, (G) if I (C) could, I (G) surely (Am) would ...hmmm  
I'd (Am) rather be a hammer than a (C) nail  
(G) Yes I (C) would, if I (G) only (C) could, I (G) surely would (Am)... hmmm

A-(F)-way, I'd rather sail away  
Like a (C) swan that's here and gone  
A (F) man gets tied up to the ground  
He gives the (C) world its saddest sound  
Its (G) saddest (Am) sound.. (G) hm-(Am)-mm

(Am) I'd rather be a forest than a (C) street  
(G) Yes I (C) would, (G) if I (C) could, I (G) surely (Am) would.. hmmm  
(Am) I'd rather feel the earth beneath (C) feet  
(G) Yes I (C) would, (G) if I only (C) could, I surely (Am) would...hmmm

**Instrumental (don't sing blue lyrics)**

A-(F)-way, I'd rather sail away  
Like a (C) swan that's (G) here and (C) gone  
A (F) man gets tied up to the ground  
He gives the (C) world its (G) saddest (C) sound  
Its (G) saddest (Am) sound.. (G) hm-(Am)-mm

I'd (Am) rather be a sparrow than a (C) snail  
(G) Yes I (C) would, (G) if I (C) could, I (G) surely (Am) would ...hmmm  
I'd (Am) rather be a hammer than a (C) nail  
(G) Yes I (C) would, if I (G) only (C) could, I (G) surely would (Am)

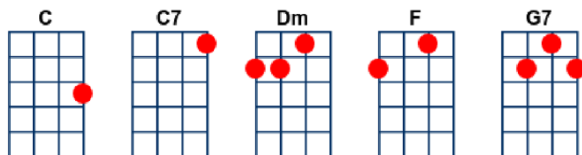
**Outro: (Am) X 3**





# Enjoy Yourself

Artist: Carl Sigman. Writers: Carl Sigman & Herb Magidson Previous book page no. 53



## Chorus:

**En-(C)-joy yourself, it's later than you (G7) think**  
**Enjoy yourself, while you're still in the (C) pink**  
**The (C) years go by, as (C7) quickly as a (F) wink**  
**Enjoy yourself, en-(C)-joy yourself, It's (Dm) later (G7) than you (C) think**

(C) You work and work for years and years, you're always on the (G7) go  
(G7) You never take a minute off, too busy makin' (C) dough  
Some-(C)-day, you say, you'll have your fun, (C7) when you're a million-(F)-aire  
(F) But tell me how much (C) fun you'll have in your (Dm) old (G7) rockin' (C) chair

**Chorus: En-(C)-joy yourself...**

(C) You're gonna take that ocean trip, no matter, come what (G7) may  
(G7) You've got your reservations made, but you just can't get (C) away  
Next (C) year for sure, you'll see the world, (C7) you'll really get (F) around  
(F) But how far can you (C) travel when you're six (Dm) feet (G7) under-(C)-ground?

**Chorus: En-(C)-joy yourself...**

(C) Your heart of hearts, your dream of dreams, your ravishing (G7) brunette  
(G7) She's left you and she's now become somebody else's (C) pet  
Lay (C) down that gun, don't try, my friend, (C7) to reach the great (F) beyond  
(F) You'll have more fun (C) by reaching for a red (Dm) head (G7) or a (C) blond

**Chorus: En-(C)-joy yourself...**

(C) You never go to nightclubs and you just don't care to (G7) dance;  
(G7) You don't have time for silly things like moonlight and ro-(C)-mance.  
You (C) only think of dollar bills tied (C7) neatly in a (F) stack;  
(F) But when you kiss a (C) dollar bill, it doesn't (Dm) kiss (G7) you (C) back.

**Chorus: En-(C)-joy yourself...**

(C) You love somebody very much, you'd like to set the (G7) date  
(G7) But money doesn't grow on trees So you decide to (C) wait  
You're (C) so afraid that you will bite off (C7) more than you can (F) chew  
(F) Don't be afraid, you won't (C) have teeth  
When you reach (Dm) nine-(G7)-ty (C) two.

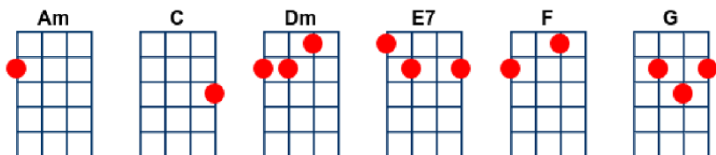
**Chorus: En-(C)-joy yourself...**





# Eye of the Tiger

Artist: Survivor Writers: Frankie Sullivan & Jim Peterik Previous book page no. 54



**Intro: (Am)**

**Riff: Single strums**

(Am)/-(G)/-(Am)/ - (Am)/-(G)/-(Am)/ - (Am)/-(E7)/-(F)/ (F)/ (Am)/  
(Am)/-(G)/-(Am)/ - (Am)/-(G)/-(Am)/ - (Am)/-(E7)/-(F)/ (F)/

(Am) Risin' up, (F) back on the street  
(G) Did my time, took my (Am) chances  
(Am) Went the distance, now I'm (F) back on my feet  
Just a (G) man and his will to sur-(Am)-vive.  
(Am) So many times, it (F) happens too fast  
(G) You trade your passion for (Am) glory.  
(Am) Don't lose your grip on the (F) dreams of the past,  
You must (G) fight just to keep them (Am) alive.  
It's the (Dm) eye of the tiger, it's the (C) thrill of the (G) fight,  
Risin' (Dm) up to the challenge of our (C) ri-(G)-val  
And the (Dm) last known survivor stalks his (C) prey in the (G) night,  
And he's (Dm) watching us (C) all with the (F)/ eye of the (Am)/ tiger.

**Riff:**

(Am) Face to face, (F) out in the heat  
(G) hanging tough, staying (Am) hungry.  
(Am) They stack the odds, still we (F) take to the street  
For the (G) kill with the skill to sur-(Am)-vive  
It's the (Dm) eye of the tiger, it's the (C) thrill of the (G) fight,  
Risin' (Dm) up to the challenge of our (C) ri-(G)-val  
And the (Dm) last known survivor stalks his (C) prey in the (G) night,  
And he's (Dm) watching us (C) all with the (F)/ eye of the (Am)/ tiger.

(Am) Risin' up, (F) straight to the top  
(G) Had the guts, got the (Am) glory  
(Am) Went the distance, now I'm (F) not gonna stop  
Just a (G) man and his will to sur-(Am)-vive.  
It's the (Dm) eye of the tiger, it's the (C) thrill of the (G) fight,  
Risin' (Dm) up to the challenge of our (C) ri-(G)-val  
And the (Dm) last known survivor stalks his (C) prey in the (G) night,  
And he's (Dm) watching us (C) all with the (F)/ eye of the (Am)/ tiger.

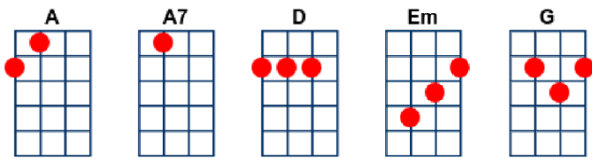
**Riff: finish with (Am)/**





# Fields of Athenry

Artist: The Dubliners. Writer: Pete St. John Previous book page no. 55



**Intro:** (hum blue lyrics)

It's so (Em) lonely round the (A7) fields of Athen-(D)-ry.

(D) By a lonely prison wall, I (G) heard a young girl (D) call-(A)-ing,  
(D) Michael they have (G) taken you a-(A)-way,  
For you (D) stole Trevelyn's (G) corn, so the (D) young might see the (A) morn,  
Now a prison ship lies (A7) waiting in the (D) bay.

(D) Low (G) lie the (D) fields of Athenry,  
Where (D) once we watched the small free birds (A) fly,  
Our (D) love was on the (G) wing, we had (D) dreams and songs to (A) sing,  
It's so (Em) lonely round the (A7) fields of Athen-(D)-ry.

By a (D) lonely prison wall, I (G) heard a young man (D) call-(A)-ing,  
(D) Nothing matters (G) Mary when you're (A) free,  
Against the (D) famine and the (G) Crown, I reb-(D)-elled, they cut me (A) down,  
Now (Em) you must raise our (A7) child with dignit-(D)-y.

(D) Low (G) lie the (D) fields of Athenry,  
Where (D) once we watched the small free birds (A) fly,  
Our (D) love was on the (G) wing, we had (D) dreams and songs to (A) sing,  
It's so (Em) lonely round the (A7) fields of Athen-(D)-ry.

By a (D) lonely harbour wall, she (G) watched the last star (D) fall-(A)-ing,  
As the (D) prison ship sailed (G) out against the (A) sky,  
For she'll (D) live in hope and (G) pray, for her (D) love in Botany (A) Bay,  
It's so (Em) lonely round the (A7) fields of Athen-(D)-ry

(D) Low (G) lie the (D) fields of Athenry,  
Where (D) once we watched the small free birds (A) fly,  
Our (D) love was on the (G) wing, we had (D) dreams and songs to (A) sing,  
It's so (Em) lonely round the (A7) fields of Athen-(D)-ry.

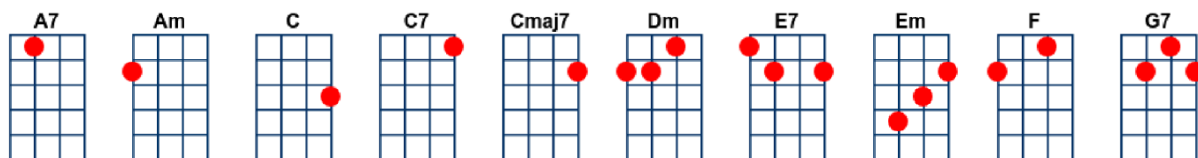
It's so (Em) lonely round the (A7) fields of Athen-(D)-ry.





# Fly Me to the Moon

Artist: Frank Sinatra. Writer: Bart Howard Previous book page no. 56



## Intro: (Am)

(Am) Fly me to the (Dm) moon  
And let me (G7) play among the (Cmaj7) stars (C7)  
(F) Let me see what (Dm) Spring is like  
On (E7) Jupiter and (Am) Mars (A7)

In (Dm) other words (G7) hold my (Em) hand (A7)  
In (Dm) other words (G7) darling (C) kiss me (E7)

(Am) Fill my heart with (Dm) song  
And let me (G7) sing forever (Cmaj7) more (C7)  
(F) You are all I (Dm) long for  
All I (E7) worship and (Am) adore (A7)

In (Dm) other words (G7) please be (Em) true (A7)  
In (Dm) other words (G7) I love (C) you

(Am) Fly me to the (Dm) moon  
And let me (G7) play among the (Cmaj7) stars (C7)  
(F) Let me see what (Dm) Spring is like  
On (E7) Jupiter and (Am) Mars (A7)

In (Dm) other words (G7) hold my (Em) hand (A7)  
In (Dm) other words (G7) darling (C) kiss me (E7)

(Am) Fill my heart with (Dm) song  
And let me (G7) sing forever (Cmaj7) more (C7)  
(F) You are all I (Dm) long for  
All I (E7) worship and (Am) adore (A7)

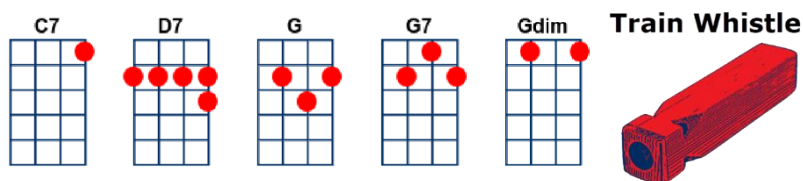
In (Dm) other words (G7) please be (Em) true (A7)  
In (Dm) other words (G7) I love (C) you  
(G7) I love (C) you  
(G7) I love (C) you (F) (C)





# Folsom Prison Blues

Artist: Johnny Cash. Writer: Johnny Cash Previous book page no. 57



## 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

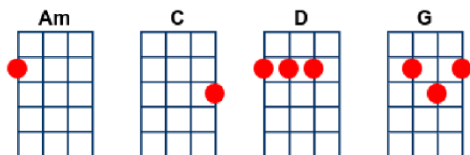
And I'd (D7) let that lonesome whistle  
 Blow my blues a-(G)-way (G) (Gdim) (G)





## Four Strong Winds

Artist: John Denver. Writer: Ian Tyson Previous book page no. 59



**(G)**

Four strong **(G)** winds that blow **(Am)** lonely, seven **(D)** seas that run **(G)** high  
 All those things that don't **(Am)** change come what **(D)** may  
 Now our **(G)** good times are all **(Am)** gone, and I'm **(D)** bound for moving **(G)** on  
 I'll look **(Am)** for you if I'm **(C)** ever back this **(D)** way.

Guess I'll **(G)** go out to Al-**(Am)**-berta, weather's **(D)** good there in the **(G)** fall  
 Got some friends that I can **(Am)** go to working **(D)** for  
 Still I **(G)** wish you'd change your **(Am)** mind, If I **(D)** asked you one more **(G)** time  
 But we've **(Am)** been through that a **(C)** hundred times or **(D)** more

Four strong **(G)** winds that blow **(Am)** lonely, seven **(D)** seas that run **(G)** high  
 All those things that don't **(Am)** change come what **(D)** may  
 Now our **(G)** good times are all **(Am)** gone, and I'm **(D)** bound for moving **(G)** on  
 I'll look **(Am)** for you if I'm **(C)** ever back this **(D)** way.

If I **(G)** get there before the **(Am)** snowflakes and if **(D)** things are going **(G)** good  
 You could meet me if I **(Am)** sent you down the **(D)** fare  
 But by **(G)** then it would be **(Am)** winter, nothing **(D)** much for you to **(G)** do  
 And the **(Am)** wind sure blows **(C)** cold way out **(D)** there

Four strong **(G)** winds that blow **(Am)** lonely, seven **(D)** seas that run **(G)** high  
 All those things that don't **(Am)** change come what **(D)** may  
 Now our **(G)** good times are all **(Am)** gone, and I'm **(D)** bound for moving **(G)** on  
 I'll look **(Am)** for you if I'm **(C)** ever back this **(D)** way.

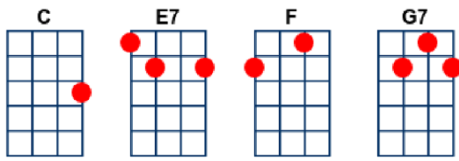
Still I **(G)** wish you'd change your **(Am)** mind,  
 if I **(D)** asked you one more **(G)** time  
 But we've **(Am)** been through that a **(C)** hundred times or **(D)** more  
**(D) / / / / (G) /**





# Freight Train

Artist: Elizabeth Cotton. Writer: Elizabeth Cotton Previous book page no. 58



## Intro:

(E7) (E7) (F) (F) (C) (G7) (C) (C)

(C) Freight train, Freight train, (G7) running so fast  
(G7) Freight train, Freight train, (C) run so fast  
(E7) Please don't tell what (F) train I'm on  
So they (C) won't know what (G7) route I've (C) gone

(C) When I am dead and (G7) in my grave  
(G7) No more good times (C) here I crave  
(E7) Place the stones at my (F) head and feet  
Tell them (C) all that I've (G7) gone to (C) sleep.

(E7) (E7) (F) (F) (C) (G7) (C) (C)

(C) Freight train, Freight train, (G7) running so fast  
(G7) Freight train, Freight train, (C) run so fast  
(E7) Please don't tell what (F) train I'm on  
So they (C) won't know what (G7) route I've (C) gone

(C) When I die, Lord (G7) bury me deep  
(G7) Way down on old (C) Chestnut street  
(E7) Then I can hear old (F) Number 9  
As she (C) comes (G7) rolling (C) by.

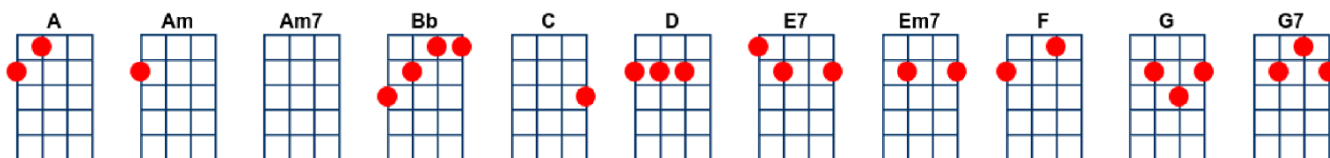
(E7) (E7) (F) (F) (C) (G7) (C) (C)





# Georgie Girl

Artist: The Seekers. Writers: Tom Springfield & Jim Dale Previous book page no. 60



**(C) (Em7) (F) (G) X 2**

**(C)** Hey **(Em7)** there, **(F)** Georgy **(G7)** girl  
**(C)** Swingin' down the **(Em7)** street so **(F)** fancy **(G)** free  
**(C)** Nobody you **(Em7)** meet could **(F)** ever see  
The **(Bb)** loneliness there **(G7)** - Inside you

**(C)** Hey **(Em7)** there, **(F)** Georgy **(G7)** girl  
**(C)** Why do all the **(Em7)** boys just **(F)** pass you **(G7)** by?  
**(C)** Could it be you **(Em7)** just don't **(F)** try  
Or **(Bb)** is it the **(G7)** clothes you wear?

**(Am)** You're always **(Em7)** window shopping but **(F)** never stopping to **(C)** buy  
**(E7)** So shed those **(A)** dowdy **(D)** feathers and **(G)** fly **(G7)** - a little bit

**(C)** Hey **(Em7)** there, **(F)** Georgy **(G7)** girl  
**(C)** There's another **(Em7)** Georgy **(F)** deep **(G7)** inside  
**(C)** Bring out all the **(Em7)** love you **(F)** hide and  
**(G7)** Oh, what a **(Am)** change there'd be **(Am7)** the **(F)** world would see  
a **(G7)** new Georgy **(C)** girl

**(Em7) (F) (G7) (C) (Em7) (F) (G7)**

**(C)** Hey **(Em7)** there, **(F)** Georgy **(G7)** girl  
**(C)** Dreamin' of the **(Em7)** someone **(F)** you could **(G7)** be  
**(C)** Life is a re-**(Em7)**-alit-**(F)**-y, you **(Bb)** can't always **(G7)** run away

**(Am)** Don't be so **(Em7)** scared of changing and **(F)** rearranging your-**(C)**-self  
**(E7)** It's time for **(A)** jumping **(D)** down from the **(G)** shelf **(G7)** - a little bit

**(C)** Hey **(Em7)** there, **(F)** Georgy **(G7)** girl  
**(C)** There's another **(Em7)** Georgy **(F)** deep **(G7)** inside  
**(C)** Bring out all the **(Em7)** love you **(F)** hide and  
**(G7)** Oh, what a **(Am)** change there'd be **(Am7)**  
The **(F)** world would see a **(G7)** new Georgy **(C)** girl **(Em7) (F)**  
..a **(G7)** new Georgy **(C)** girl **(Em7) (F)**  
..a **(G7)** new Georgy **(C)** girl

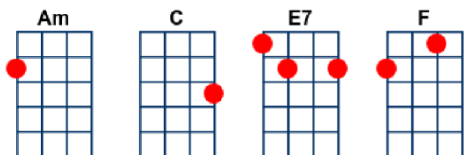
**(Em7) (F) (G7) (C) (Em7) (F) (G7) (C)/**





# Ghost Riders in the Sky

Artist: The Outlaws. Writer: Stan Jones Previous book page no. 61



**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

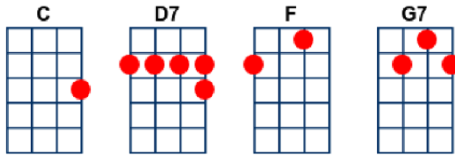
(F) Ghost riders in the (Am) sky  
 (F) Ghost riders in the (Am) sky





# Grandma's Feather Bed

Artist: John Denver. Writer: Jim Connor Previous book page no. 62



**Intro:** (C) /// (F) /// (G7) /// (C) /// x 2

(C) When I was a (F) little bitty boy (C) just up off the (G7) floor  
We (C) used to go out to (F) Grandma's house, (C) every month (G7) end or (C) so  
We'd (C) chicken pie and (F) country ham and (C) homemade butter on the (G7) bread  
But the (C) best darn thing about (F) Grandma's house  
Was her (G7) great big feather (C) bed

### Chorus:

It was (C) nine feet high and six feet wide, (F) soft as a downy (C) chick  
(C) It was made from the feathers of forty 'leven geese,  
Took a (D7) whole bolt of cloth for the (G7) tick  
It'd (C) hold eight kids 'n' four hound dogs  
And a (F) piggy we stole from the (C) shed  
(C) We didn't get much sleep but we (F) had a lot of fun on  
(G7) Grandma's feather (C) bed

(C) /// (F) /// (G7) /// (C) ///

(C) After supper we'd (F) sit around the fire, the (C) old folks would spit and (G7) chew  
(C) Pa would talk about the (F) farm and the war  
And my (C) Granny'd sing a (G7) ballad or (C) two  
I'd (C) sit and listen and (F) watch the fire, till the (C) cobwebs filled my (G7) head  
(C) Next thing I'd know I'd (F) wake up in the mornin'  
In the (G7) middle of the old feather (C) bed

**Chorus** It was (C) nine feet high...

(C) /// (F) /// (G7) /// (C) ///

(C) Well I love my Ma, (F) I love my Pa, Love (C) Granny and Grandpa (G7) too  
Been (C) fishing with my uncle, I've (F) rassed with my cousin  
I even (C) kissed my (G7) Aunty (C) Lou - eww!  
(C) But if I ever had to (F) make a choice, I (C) guess it ought to be (G7) said  
That I'd (C) trade 'em all plus the (F) gal down the road  
For (G7) Grandma's feather (C) bed  
Yes I'd (C) trade 'em all, plus the (F) gal down the road

**Spoken:** Well maybe not the gal down the road...

**Chorus** It was (C) nine feet high...

(C) Didn't get much sleep but we (F) had a lot of fun on  
(G7) Grandma's feather (C) bed

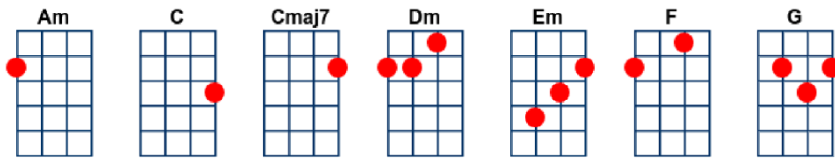
(C) /// (F) /// (G7) /// (C) ///





# Gypsies, Tramps, and Thieves

Artist: Cher Writer: Bob Stone Tempo 128



**(Cmaj7)// (Am)// (Cmaj7)// (Am)// (Cmaj7)// (Am)// (Cmaj7)// (Am)/**

I was **(Am)** born in the wagon of a **(C)** traveling show  
My **(Dm)** Mama used to dance for the **(F)** money they'd throw  
**(C)** Papa'd do what-**(Em)**-ever he **(Am)** could **(234, 1234)**  
**(Dm)** Preach a little gospel **(F)/ (234)**  
**(G)** Sell a couple bottles of Dr. **(C)** Good **(234, 1234)**

### Chorus:

**(F)** Gyp-**(C)**-sies, **(F)** tramps and **(C)** thieves  
**(F)** We'd hear it from the **(C)** people of the **(F)** town, **(C)** they'd call us  
**(F)** Gyp-**(C)**-sies, **(F)** tramps and **(C)** thieves  
**(Am)/** But every night all the **(G)** men would come a**(F)** round **(234)**  
**(F)/** And lay their money **(Am)** down **(Am)**

**(Am)** Picked up a boy this **(C)** side of Mobile  
**(Dm)** Gave him a ride, fed him **(F)** with a hot meal  
**(C)** I was sixteen, he was **(Em)** twenty-**(Am)**-one **(234, 1234)**  
**(Dm)** Rode with us to Memphis **(F)/ (234)**  
And **(G)** Papa would have shot him if he knew what he'd **(C)** done **(234, 1234)**

**Chorus: (F)** Gyp-**(C)**-sies, **(F)** tramps...

**(Dm)** Never had **(C)** schoolin' but he **(Dm)** taught me **(C)** well with his  
**(Dm)** smooth **(C)** Southern **(Dm)** style **(C)**  
**(Dm)** Three months **(C)** later I'm a **(Dm)** gal in **(C)** trouble  
And I **(Dm)** haven't seen **(C)** him **(Dm)** for a **(C)** whi--**(F)**--le  
Oh I haven't seen him for a **(C)** whi--**(F)**--le

She was **(Am)** born in the wagon of a **(C)** traveling show  
Her **(Dm)** Mama used to dance for the **(F)** money they'd throw  
**(C)** Grandpa'd do what-**(Em)**-ever he **(Am)** could **(234, 1234)**  
**(Dm)** Preach a little gospel **(F)/ (234)**  
**(G)** Sell a couple bottles of Dr. **(C)** Good

**Chorus x 2: (F)** Gyp-**(C)**-sies, **(F)** tramps...

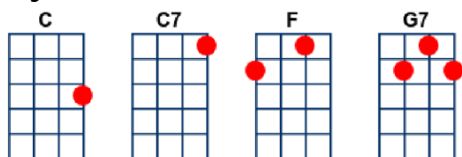




# Happy Birthday

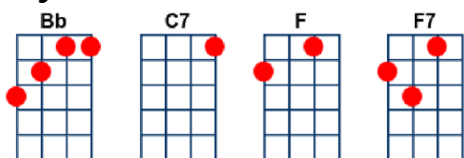
Writers: Patty and Mildred J. Hill Previous book page no. 63

## Key C:



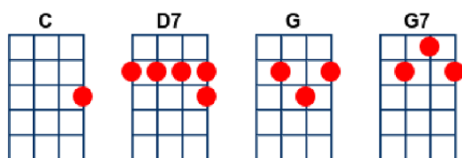
Happy (C) Birthday to (G7) you,  
Happy Birthday to (C) you,  
Happy (C7) Birthday, dear (F) Name, Name,  
Happy (C) Birthday (G7) to (C) you

## Key F:



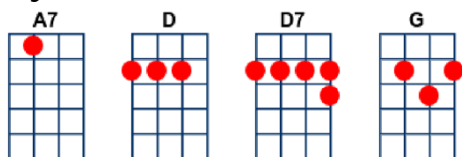
Happy (F) Birthday to (C7) you,  
Happy Birthday to (F) you,  
Happy (F7) Birthday, dear (Bb) Name, Name,  
Happy (F) Birthday (C7) to (F) you

## Key G:



Happy (G) Birthday to (D7) you,  
Happy Birthday to (G) you,  
Happy (G7) Birthday, dear (C) Name, Name,  
Happy (G) Birthday (D7) to (G) you

## Key D:



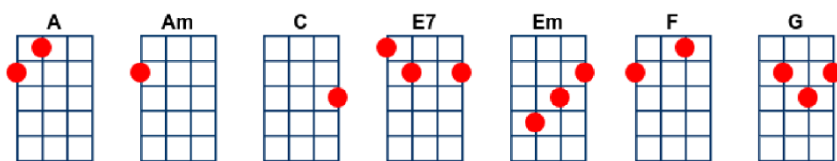
Happy (D) Birthday to (A7) you,  
Happy Birthday to (D) you,  
Happy (D7) Birthday, dear (G) Name, Name,  
Happy (D) Birthday (A7) to (D) you





# Happy Together

Artist: The Turtles Writers: Garry Bonner and Alan Gordon Previous book page no. 64



Imagine **(Am)** me and you I do I think about you **(G)** day and night it's only right  
To think about the **(F)** girl you love and hold her tight, so happy to-**(E7)**-gether

If I should **(Am)** call you up invest a dime  
And you say you be-**(G)**-long to me and ease my mind  
Imagine how the **(F)** world could be so very fine, so happy to-**(E7)**-gether **(E7)**

**(A)** I can't see me **(Em)** lovin' nobody but **(A)** you for all my **(C)** life  
**(A)** When you're with me **(Em)** baby the skies'll be **(A)** blue for all my **(G)** life

**(Am)** Me and you and you and me, no matter how they **(G)** toss the dice it has to be  
The only one for **(F)** me is you and you for me, so happy to-**(E7)**-gether **(E7)**

**(A)** I can't see me **(Em)** lovin' nobody but **(A)** you for all my **(C)** life  
**(A)** When you're with me **(Em)** baby the skies'll be **(A)** blue for all my **(G)** life

**(Am)** Me and you and you and me, no matter how they **(G)** toss the dice it has to be  
The only one for **(F)** me is you and you for me, so happy to-**(E7)**-gether **(E7)**

**(A)** Ba-ba-ba-ba **(Em)** ba-ba-ba-ba ba-ba **(A)** ba ba-ba-ba **(G)** ba  
**(A)** Ba-ba-ba-ba **(Em)** ba-ba-ba-ba ba-ba **(A)** ba ba-ba-ba **(G)** ba

**(Am)** Me and you and you and me, no matter how they **(G)** toss the dice it has to be  
The only one for **(F)** me is you and you for me,  
so happy to-**(E7)**-gether (oo-oo-oo-oo)

**(Am)** So happy to-**(E7)**-gether (oo-oo-oo-oo)

**(Am)** how is the **(E7)** weather?

**(Am)** So happy to-**(E7)**-gether

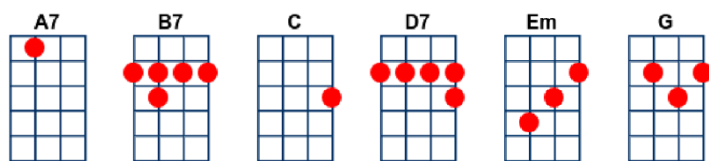
**(Am)** We're happy to-**(E7)**-gether **(A)**/





# Hello Mary Lou

Artist: Ricky Nelson Writers: Gene Pitney and Cayet Mangiaracín Previous book page no. 65



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**)

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**)

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**)

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**)

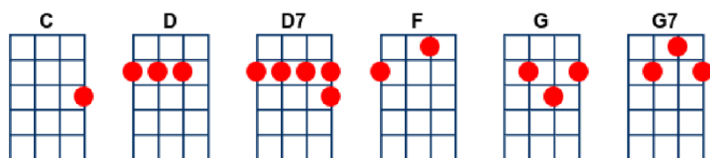
I said he-(**A7**)-llo Mary (**D7**) Lou, goodbye (**G**) heart (**C**) (**G**)





# Help Me Make it Through the Night

Artist: Willie Nelson. Writer: Kris Kristofferson Previous book page no. 66



**Intro: (C) (Single strum)**

(NC) Take the ribbon from your (C) hair  
Shake it loose and let it (F) fall  
Playing soft against your (G) skin  
Like the (G7) shadows on the (C) wall

(NC) Come and lay down by my (C) side  
Till the early morning (F) light  
All I'm taking is your (G) time  
Help me (G7) make it through the (C) night

**Bridge:**

(NC) I don't care who's right or (F) wrong  
I don't try to under-(C)-stand  
Let the Devil take to-(D)-morrow  
'cause (D7) tonight I need a (G7) friend

(NC) Yesterday is dead and (C) gone  
And tomorrow's out of (F) sight  
And it's sad to be a-(G)-lone  
Help me make it through the (C) night

**Instrumental (don't sing blue lyrics)**

Take the ribbon from your (C) hair  
Shake it loose and let it (F) fall  
Playing soft against your (G) skin  
Like the (G7) shadows on the (C) wall

**Bridge: (NC) I don't care who's right...**

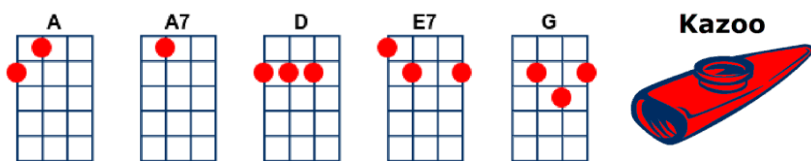
(NC) Yesterday is dead and (C) gone  
And tomorrow's out of (F) sight  
And it's sad to be a-(G)-lone  
Help me make it through the (C) night  
I don't want to be a-(G)-lone  
Help me make it through the (C) night





# Hi Ho Silver Lining

Artist: Jeff Beck Writers: Scott English and Larry Weiss Previous book page no. 67



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...

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

**Instrumental Kazoo (don't sing blue lyrics):** 

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...

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

(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...

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

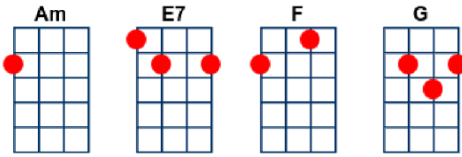
And it's (A) Hi ho (A7) silver lining (D) Anywhere you (E7) go now baby  
 (A) I see your (A7) sun is (A) shining (D) But I won't make a (E7) fuss  
 (D) Though it's (A) obvious





# Hit the Road Jack

Artist: Ray Charles Writer: Percy Mayfield Tempo 168



**Note:** Lyrics in italics to be sung by the women only. Underlined Lyrics for Men only

**Intro:** (Am)// (G)// (F)// (E7)// x 4

Hit the (Am) road (G) Jack and (F) don't you come (E7) back

no (Am) more no (G) more no (F) more no (E7) more

Hit the (Am) road (G) Jack and (F) don't you come (E7) back no

(Am) more (G) (F) What you (E7) say?

Hit the (Am) road (G) Jack and (F) don't you come (E7) back

no (Am) more no (G) more no (F) more no (E7) more

Hit (Am) the road (G) Jack and (F) don't you come (E7) back no

(Am) more (G) (F) (E7)

Woman (Am) oh (G) woman don't (F) treat me so (E7) mean!

You're the (Am) meanest (G) woman that I've (F) ever (E7) seen

I (Am) guess if (G) you say it's (F) so.. (E7)

I'll (Am) have to pack my (G) things and (F) go That's (E7) right!

*Hit the (Am) road (G) Jack and (F) don't you come (E7) back*

*no (Am) more no (G) more no (F) more no (E7) more*

*Hit the (Am) road (G) Jack and (F) don't you come (E7) back*

*no (Am) more (G) (F) What you (E7) say?*

*Hit the (Am) road (G) Jack and (F) don't you come (E7) back*

*no (Am) more no (G) more no (F) more no (E7) more*

*Hit (Am) the road (G) Jack and (F) don't you come (E7) back*

*no (Am) more (G) (F) (E7)*

Now (Am) baby listen (G) baby don't (F) treat me this (E7) way

For (Am) I'll be (G) back on my (F) feet some (E7) day

*Don't (Am) care if you (G) do cause it's (F) under-(E7)-stood,*

*You ain't got (Am) got no (G) money you (F) just ain't no (E7) good*

Well I (Am) guess if (G) you say (F) so (E7)

I'll (Am) have to pack my (G) things and (F) go That's (E7) right!

*Hit the (Am) road (G) Jack and (F) don't you come (E7) back*

*no (Am) more no (G) more no (F) more no (E7) more*

*Hit the (Am) road (G) Jack and (F) don't you come (E7) back*

*no (Am) more (G) (F) What you (E7) say?*

*Hit the (Am) road (G) Jack and (F) don't you come (E7) back*

*no (Am) more no (G) more no (F) more no (E7) more*

*Hit (Am) the road (G) Jack and (F) don't you come (E7) back*

*no (Am) more (G)*

(F) Don't you come (E7) back no (Am) more (G) x 3

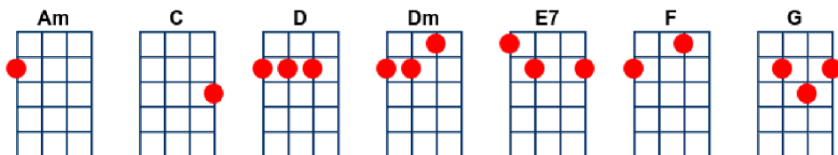
(F) (E7) (Am)





# Hotel California

Artist: Eagles Writers: Don Felder, Don Henley, and Glenn Frey Previous book page no. 68



**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

**(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

**(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)** 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...

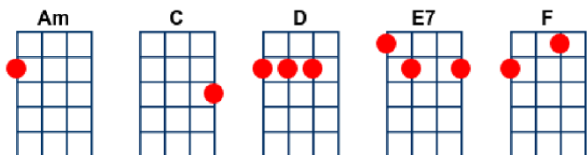
**(Am)**





## House of the Rising Sun

Artist: The Animals Previous book page no. 69



**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

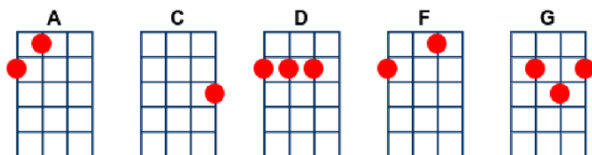
There **(Am)** is a **(C)** house in **(D)** New Or-**(F)**-leans  
 They **(Am)** call the **(C)** Rising **(E7)** Sun  
 And it's **(Am)** been the **(C)** ruin of **(D)** many a poor **(F)** boy  
 And **(Am)** God I **(E7)** know I'm **(Am)** one  
**(Am) (C) (D) (F) (Am) (E7) (Am)**





# I Am A Cider Drinker

Artist: The Wurzels Writer: Adge Cutler Tempo 124



(C)///

(C) When the moon shines (F) on the (C) cow shed  
And we're (C) rollin (F) in the (C) hay  
All the (C) cows are (F) out there (C) grazing  
And the milk is (G) on its (C) way. (234)

(C) I am a cider (F) drinker, I drinks it all of the (C) day  
(C) I am a cider (F) drinker, it soothes all me troubles a-(C)-way  
(C) Oh arr oh arr-(G)-aay, oh arr oh arr-(C)-aay. (234 123)

It's so (C) cosy (F) in the (C) kitchen  
With the (C) smell of (F) rabbit (C) stew  
When the (C) breeze blows (F) cross the (C) farmyard  
You can smell the (G) cow sheds (C) too. (234 123)  
*Oh I've smelt nothing like it in my life!*

When those (C) combine (F) wheels stop (C) turning  
And a (C) hard days (F) work is (C) done  
There's a (C) pub ar-(F)-ound the (C) corner  
It's the place we (G) have our (C) fun. (234)

(C) I am a cider (F) drinker, I drinks it all of the (C) day  
(C) I am a cider (F) drinker, it soothes all me troubles a-(C)-way  
(C) Oh arr oh arr-(G)-aay, oh arr oh arr-(C)-aay. (234 123)

Now dear old (C) Mabel, (F) when she's (C) able  
We takes a (C) stroll down (F) lover's (C) lane  
And we'll (C) sink a (F) pint of (C) scrumpy  
And we'll play old (G) natures (C) game. (234 123)  
*Ha ha ha! Oo aar!*

But we (C) end up (F) in the (C) duck pond  
When the (C) pub is (F) sized to (C) close  
With me (C) breeches (F) full of (C) tadpoles  
And the newts be-(G)tween me (C) toes. (234)

(C) I am a cider (F) drinker, I drinks it all of the (C) day  
(C) I am a cider (F) drinker, it soothes all me troubles a-(C)-way  
(C) Oh arr oh arr-(G)-aay, oh arr oh arr-(C)-aay. (234)

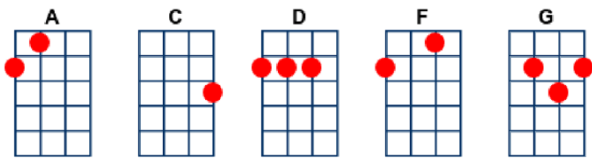
(C) I am a cider (F) drinker, I drinks it all of the (C) day  
(C) I am a cider (F) drinker, it soothes all me troubles a-(C)way  
(C) Oh arr oh arr-(G)-aay, oh arr oh arr-(C)-aay.  
*Let cider be the spice of life! (Tremolo) (C)*





# I Can See Clearly Now

Artist: Johnny Nash Writer: Johnny Nash Previous book page no. 70



Reggae rhythm (emphasis on off-beat)

**Intro: (D) // // // //**

(D) I can see (G) clearly now, the (D) rain is gone.  
(D) I can see (G) all obstacles (A) in my way.  
(D) Gone are the (G) dark clouds that (D) made me blind,

It's gonna be a (C) bright (bright), (G) bright (bright), sun-Shiny (D) day.  
It's gonna be a (C) bright (bright), (G) bright (bright), sun-Shiny (D) day.

(D) Yes, I can (G) make it now, the (D) pain is gone.  
(D) All of the (G) bad feelings have (A) disappeared.  
(D) Here is the (G) rainbow I've been (D) prayin' for.

It's gonna be a (C) bright (bright), (G) bright (bright), sun-Shiny (D) day.

(F) Look all around, there's nothin' but (C) blue skies.  
(F) Look straight ahead, nothin' but (A) blue skies.

(D) I can see (G) clearly now, the (D) rain is gone.  
(D) I can see (G) all obstacles (A) in my way.  
(D) Here is the (G) rainbow I have been (D) prayin' for.

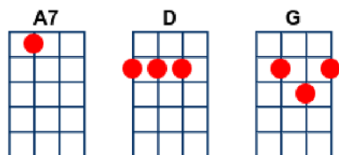
It's gonna be a (C) bright (bright), (G) bright (bright), sun-Shiny (D) day.  
It's gonna be a (C) bright (bright), (G) bright (bright), sun-Shiny (D) day.  
It's gonna be a (C) bright (bright), (G) bright (bright), sun-Shiny (D) day.





# I Don't Look Good Naked Anymore

Artist: Snake Oil Willie Band Writer: Tony Krucinski & Seth David Fleishman Previous book page no. 71



**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

(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!)**  
 (One person) she don't wanna!  
 (D) Cuz I don't look good (A7) naked any-(D)-more

## Chorus x 2

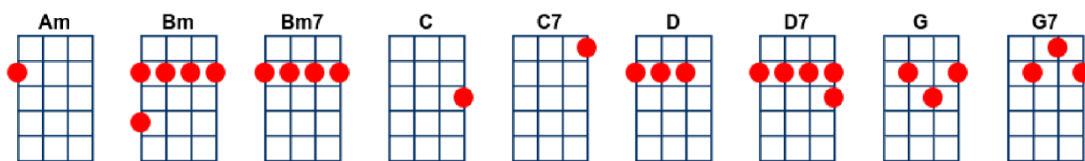
*(slow down)* No I don't look good (A7) naked any-(D)-more





# I Feel Fine

Artist: The Beatles Writers: Paul McCartney & John Lennon Tempo 160



**Note: (Bm7)** can be played instead of **(Bm)**  
First sung note is **(D)**

**(G7)** Baby's good to me you know, she's happy as can be you know  
She **(D7)** said so, I'm in love with **(C7)** her and I feel **(G7)** fine  
**(G7)** Baby says she's mine you know she tells me all the time you know  
She **(D7)** said so, I'm in love with **(C7)** her and I feel **(G7)** fine

**(G)** I'm so **(Bm)** glad that **(C)** she's my little **(D)** girl  
**(G)** She's so **(Bm)** glad she's **(Am)** telling all the **(D)** world, that her  
**(G7)** Baby buys her things you know, he buys her diamond rings you know  
She **(D7)** said so, she's in love with **(C7)** me and I feel **(G7)** fine

**(G7)** Baby says she's mine you know she tells me all the time you know  
She **(D7)** said so, I'm in love with **(C7)** her and I feel **(G7)** fine

**(G)** I'm so **(Bm)** glad that **(C)** she's my little **(D)** girl  
**(G)** She's so **(Bm)** glad she's **(Am)** telling all the **(D)** world, that her  
**(G7)** Baby buys her things you know, he buys her diamond rings you know  
She **(D7)** said so, she's in love with **(C7)** me and I feel **(G7)** fine

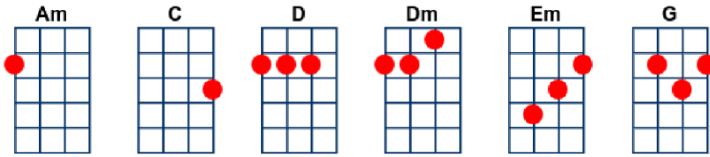
**(D7)** Shes in love with **(C7)** me and I feel **(G7)** fine





# I Guess it Doesn't Matter Anymore

Artist: Buddy Holly Writer: Paul Anka Previous book page no. 72



(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.

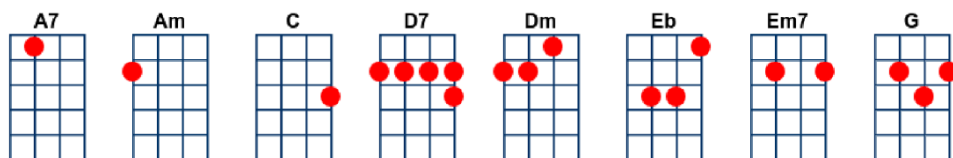
(G) You won't matter any (C) more





# I Only Want to be With You

Artist: Dusty Springfield Writers: Mike Hawker and Ivor Raymonde Previous book page no. 74



**Intro:** (G) (C) (D7) (G)

I (G) don't know what it is that makes me (Em7) love you so  
 I (G) only know I never want to (Em7) let you go  
 Cause (C) you started (D7) something (Am) can't you (D7) see  
 That (G) ever since we met you've had a (Em7) hold on me  
 It (C) happens to be (D7) true I (Am) only wanna (D7) be with (G) you

It (G) doesn't matter where you go or (Em7) what you do  
 I (G) want to spend each moment of the (Em7) day with you  
 (C) Look what has (D7) happened with (Am) just one (D7) kiss  
 I (G) never knew that I could be in (Em7) love like this  
 It's (C) crazy but it's (D7) true I (Am) only wanna (D7) be with (G) you

(Eb) You stopped and smiled at me and (G) asked me if I (C) cared to (G) dance  
 (D7) I fell into your open arms (A7) I didn't stand a (D7) chance now listen honey  
 (G) I just wanna be beside you (Em7) everywhere  
 As (G) long as we're together honey (Em7) I don't care  
 Cause (C) you started (D7) something (Am) can't you (D7) see  
 That (G) ever since we met you've had a (Em7) hold on me  
 It (C) happens to be (D7) true I (Am) only wanna (D7) be with (G) you

**Instrumental (don't sing blue lyrics)** 

*I (G) don't know what it is that makes me (Em7) love you so  
 I (G) only know I never want to (Em7) let you go  
 Cause (C) you started (D7) something (Am) can't you (D7) see  
 That (G) ever since we met you've had a (Em7) hold on me  
 It (C) happens to be (D7) true I (Am) only wanna (D7) be with (G) you*

(Eb) You stopped and smiled at me and (G) asked me if I (C) cared to (G) dance  
 (D7) I fell into your open arms (A7) I didn't stand a (D7) chance now listen honey  
 (G) I just wanna be beside you (Em7) everywhere  
 As (G) long as we're together honey (Em7) I don't care  
 Cause (C) you started (D7) something (Am) can't you (D7) see  
 That (G) ever since we met you've had a (Em7) hold on me  
 It (C) happens to be (D7) true I (Am) only wanna (D7) be with (G) you

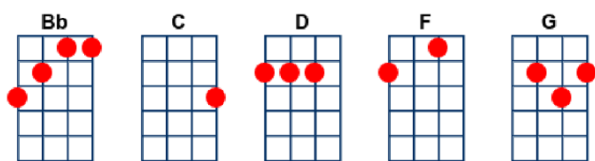
(C) No matter, no matter what you (D7) do I (C) only wanna (D7) be with (G) you  
 (C) No matter, no matter what you (D7) do I (C) only wanna (D7) be with (G) you





# I Useta Lover

Artist: Saw Doctors Writer: Leo Moran Tempo 116



**(G)/**  
 I have **(G)** fallen for another she can make her own way **(C)** home!  
**(C)** And even if she asked me now, I'd let her go **(G)** alone,  
**(G)** I useta see her up the chapel when she went to Sunday **(C)** mass,  
**(C)** And when she'd go to receive, I'd kneel-down there and watch her **(G)** pass,  
 The glory of her **(D)** ass!

**(G)** I useta to love her, I useta love her **(C)** once! A long, long time ago,  
**(G)** I useta to love her, I useta love her **(C)** once! A long, long time ago,  
**(F)** It's gone, **(Bb)** all my lovin' is **(C)** gone! **(C)** (Whoa)  
**(F)** It's gone, **(Bb)** all my lovin' is **(C)** gone! **(C)**

D'you re-**(G)**-member her collecting for concern on Christmas **(C)** eve?  
**(C)** She was on a forty-eight hour fast just water and black **(G)** tea.  
**(G)** I waltzed right up and made an ostentatious **(C)** contribution,  
**(C)** And I winked at her to tell her I'd seduce her in the **(G)** future! When she's  
 feeling **(D)** looser.

**(G)** I useta to love her, I useta love her **(C)** once! A long, long time ago,  
**(G)** I useta to love her, I useta love her **(C)** once! A long, long time ago,  
**(F)** It's gone, **(Bb)** all my lovin' is **(C)** gone! **(C)** (Whoa)  
**(F)** It's gone, **(Bb)** all my lovin' is **(C)** gone! **(C)**

So **(G)** now you know the truth of it she's no longer my **(C)** obsession.  
**(C)** Though the thoughts and dreams I had of her would take six months in **(G)**  
 confession!  
**(G)** See I met this young one Wednesday night and she's inta free **(C)** expression,  
**(C)** For her mission is to rid the world of this sinful **(G)** repression! Then we had a  
**(D)** session.

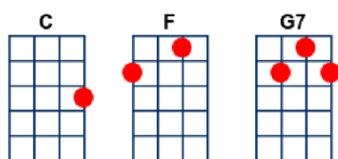
**(G)** I useta to love her, I useta love her **(C)** once! A long, long time ago,  
**(G)** I useta to love her, I useta love her **(C)** once! A long, long time ago,  
**(F)** It's gone, **(Bb)** all my lovin' is **(C)** gone! **(C)** (Whoa)  
**(F)** It's gone, **(Bb)** all my lovin' is **(C)** gone! **(C)** (Whoa)  
**(F)** It's gone, **(Bb)** all my lovin' is **(C)** gone! **(C)** all my lovin' is  
**(F)** Gone, **(Bb)** long, long **(C)** gone! all my lovin' is  
**(F)** Gone, **(Bb)** long, long **(C)** gone!  
 I have **(G)** fallen for another, and she can make her own way **(C)/** home!





# I Walk The Line

Artist & Writer: Johnny Cash Tempo 114



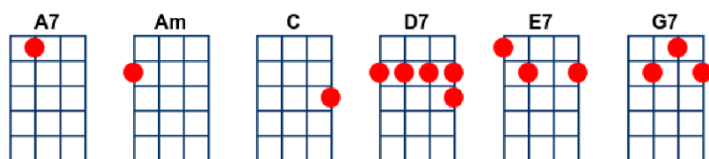
I keep a (G7) close watch on this heart of (C) mine  
 (C) I keep my (G7) eyes wide open all the (C) time  
 (C) I keep the (F) ends out for the tie that (C) binds  
 (C) Because you're (G7) mine, I walk the (C) line  
  
 (C) I find it (G7) very, very easy to be (C) true  
 (C) I find my-(G7)-self alone when each day is (C) through  
 (C) Yes, I'll (F) admit that I'm a fool for (C) you  
 (C) Because you're (G7) mine, I walk the (C) line  
  
 (C) As sure as (G7) night is dark and day is (C) light  
 (C) I keep you (G7) on my mind both day and (C) night  
 (C) And happi-(F)-ness I've known proves that it's (C) right  
 (C) Because you're (G7) mine, I walk the (C) line  
  
 (C) You've got a (G7) way to keep me on your (C) side  
 (C) You give me (G7) cause for love that I can't (C) hide  
 (C) For you I (F) know I'd even try to turn the (C) tide  
 (C) Because you're (G7) mine, I walk the (C) line  
  
 (C) Because you're (G7) mine, I walk the (C) line





# I Wanna be Like You

Artist: Louis Prima Writers: Robert and Richard Sherman Previous book page no. 76



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!

**(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.

**(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.

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

**(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.

**(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.

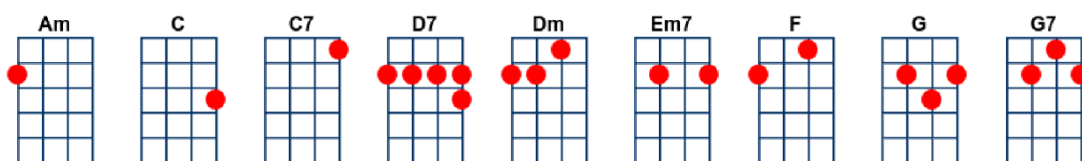
**(G7)/ (C)/**





# I Will

Artist: The Beatles Writers: Paul McCartney & John Lennon Previous book page no. 77



**Intro:** (F)// (G7)// (Am)// (C7)// (F)// (G7)// (C)//

## Top

Who (C) knows how (Am) long I've (Dm) loved (G7) you  
 You (C) know I (Am) love you (Em7) still  
 Will I (F) wait a (G) lonely (Am) lifetime  
 If you (F) want me (G) to I (C) will. (Am) (Dm) (G7)

For (C) if I (Am) ever (Dm) saw you (G7)  
 I (C) didn't (Am) catch your (Em7) name  
 But it (F) never (G) really (Am) matters  
 I will (F) always (G) feel the (C) same (C7)

(F) Love you forever (Am) and forever  
 (F) Love you with all my (C) heart (C7)  
 (F) Love you when-(G)-ever (Am) we're together,  
 (D7) Love you when we're a-(G)-part

## Go to top

And (C) when at (Am) last I (Dm) find you (G7)  
 Your (C) song will (Am) fill the (Em7) air  
 Sing it (F) loud so I (G) can (Am) hear you  
 Make it (F) easy (G) to be (Am) near you  
 (Am) For the (F) things you (G) do end-(Am)-ear you to me  
 (F) *(pause for a beat)*  
 You (G) know I will (C)//

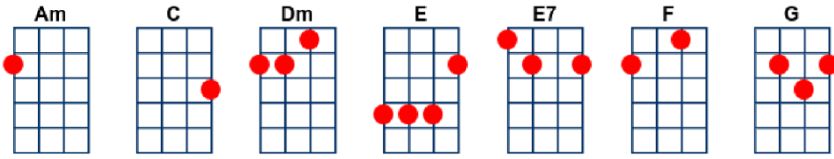
(F)// (G7)// (Am)// (C7)// (F)// (G7)// (C)//





# I Will Survive

Artist: Gloria Gaynor Writers: Freddie Perren & Dino Fekaris Tempo 117



**Note:** (E7) can be played instead of (E). 8 beats for each chord in instrumental

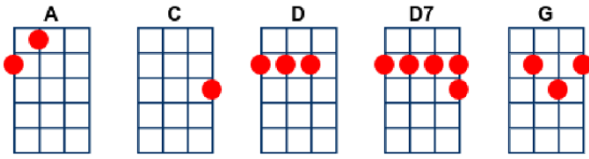
(Tremolo) (Am) First I was afraid I was (Dm) petrified  
 Kept thinking (G) I could never live without you (C) by my side  
 But then I (F) spent so many nights thinking (Dm) how you did me wrong  
 And I grew (E) strong, and I learned (E7) how to get along  
 And so you're back (Am) from outer (Dm) space  
 I just walked (G) in to find you here with that sad (C) look upon your face  
 I should have (F) changed that stupid lock  
 I should have (Dm) made you leave your key  
 If I had (E7) known for just one second you'd be back to bother me  
 Go on now (Am) go, walk out the (Dm) door  
 Just turn (G) around now, cause you're not (C) welcome anymore  
 (F) Weren't you the one who tried to (Dm) hurt me with goodbyes?  
 Did you think I'd (E) crumble? Did you think I'd (E7) lay down and die?  
 Oh no not (Am) I, I will (Dm) survive  
 Oh as (G) long as I know how to love I (C) know I'll stay alive  
 I've got (F) all my life to live, I've got (Dm) all my love to give  
 And I'll (E) survive, I will (E7) survive—hey (Am) hey (Dm) (G) (C) (Am) (Dm) (E7) (E7)  
 It took (Am) all the strength I had not to (Dm) fall apart,  
 Kept trying (G) hard to mend the pieces of my (C) broken heart  
 And I spent (F) oh so many nights just feeling (Dm) sorry for myself  
 I used to (E) cry, but now I (E7) hold my head up high  
 And you see (Am) me, somebody (Dm) new  
 I'm not that (G) chained up little person still in (C) love with you  
 And so you (F) felt like dropping in, and just (Dm) expect me to be free  
 And now I'm (E) savin' all my lovin' for (E7) someone who's lovin' me  
 Go on now (Am) go, walk out the (Dm) door  
 Just turn (G) around now, cause you're not (C) welcome anymore  
 (F) Weren't you the one who tried to (Dm) hurt me with goodbyes?  
 Did you think I'd (E) crumble? Did you think I'd (E7) lay down and die?  
 Oh no not (Am) I, I will (Dm) survive  
 Oh as (G) long as I know how to love I (C) know I'll stay alive  
 I've got (F) all my life to live, I've got (Dm) all my love to give  
 And I'll (E) survive, I will (E7) survive—hey (Am) hey (Dm) (G) (C) (Am) (Dm) (E7) (E7)  
 (Am)/





# I'm a Believer

Artist: The Monkees. Writer: Neil Diamond Previous book page no. 83



(D) I thought love was (A) only true in (D) fairy tales  
 (D) Meant for someone (A) else but not for (D) me. (D7)  
 (G) Love was out to (D) get me  
 (G) That's the way it (D) seemed.  
 (G) Disappointment (D) haunted all my (A) dreams.

(NC) Then I saw her (D) face, (G) (D) now (G) I'm a (D) believer! (G) (D)  
 (G) Not a (D) trace (G) (D) of (G) doubt in my (D) mind. (G) (D)  
 (G) I'm in (D) love, (D) (G)  
 I'm a be-(D)-liever! I couldn't (C) leave her if I (A) tried.

(D) I thought love was (A) more or less a (D) given thing,  
 (D) Seems the more I (A) gave the less I (D) got (D7)  
 (G) What's the use in (D) trying?  
 (G) All you get is (D) pain.  
 (G) When I needed (D) sunshine I got (A) rain.

(NC) Then I saw her (D) face, (G) (D) now (G) I'm a (D) believer! (G) (D)  
 (G) Not a (D) trace (G) (D) of (G) doubt in my (D) mind. (G) (D)  
 (G) I'm in (D) love, (D) (G)  
 I'm a be-(D)-liever! I couldn't (C) leave her if I (A) tried.

(NC) Then I saw her (D) face, (G) (D) now (G) I'm a (D) believer! (G) (D)  
 (G) Not a (D) trace (G) (D) of (G) doubt in my (D) mind. (G) (D)  
 (G) I'm in (D) love, (D) (G)  
 I'm a be-(D)-liever! I couldn't (C) leave her if I (A) tried.

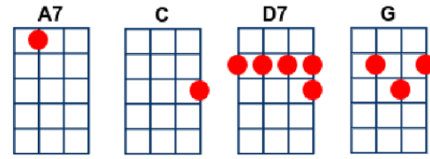
Then I saw her (D) face, (G) (D) now (G) I'm a (D) believer! (G) (D)  
 (G) Not a (D) trace (G) (D) of (G) doubt in my (D) mind. (G) (D)  
 (G) I'm a (D) believer! (G) (D) (G) (D)/





# I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing

Artist: New Seekers Writers: Roger Cook, Roger Greenaway, Bill Backer & Billy Davis Previous book no. 81



(G) I'd like to build the 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

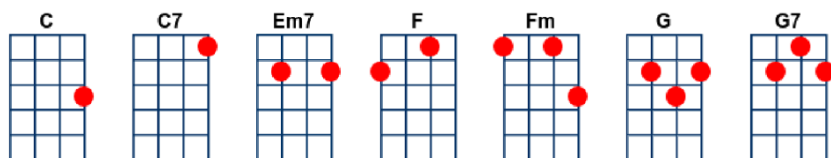
**Note:** Half speed to the end





## If Paradise is Half as Nice

Artist: Amen Corner Writers: Lucio Battisti & Jack Fishman Previous book page no. 79



(C) La la la la (Em7) La la la la (C7) La la la la  
 (F) La la la (Fm) La la la la la (C) La la la la (G) la (G7)  
 If (C) paradise is (Em7) half as nice as (C7) heaven  
 that you (F) take me to  
 (Fm) Who needs para-(C)-dise, I'd rather have (G) you.

They say para-(C)dise is up in the (Em7) stars,  
 but I needn't (C7) sigh because it's so (F) far,  
 cause I know it's (Fm) worth, a heaven on (C) earth,  
 for me, where you (G) are.

A look from your (C) eyes, a touch of your (Em7) hand,  
 and I seem to (C7) fly to some other (F) land.  
 When you are a-(Fm)-round, my heart always (C) pounds,  
 just like a brass (G) band.

If (C) paradise is (Em7) half as nice as (C7) heaven  
 that you (F) take me to  
 (Fm) Who needs para-(C)-dise, I'd rather have (G) you.  
 La (C) la la la (Em7) La la la la (C7) La la la la  
 (F) La la la (Fm) La la la la la (C) La la la la (G) la (G7)

If (C) paradise is (Em7) half as nice as (C7) heaven  
 that you (F) take me to  
 (Fm) Who needs para-(C)-dise, I'd rather have (G) you.  
 La (C) la la la (Em7) La la la la (C7) La la la la  
 (F) La la la (Fm) La la la la la (C) La la la la (G) la (G7)

They say para-(C)-dise is up in the (Em7) stars,  
 but I needn't (C7) sigh because it's so (F) far,  
 cause I know it's (Fm) worth, a heaven on (C) earth,  
 for me, where you (G) are.

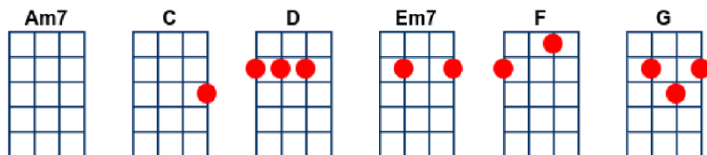
A look from your (C) eyes, a touch of your (Em7) hand,  
 and I seem to (C7) fly to some other (F) land.  
 When you are a-(Fm)-round, my heart always (C) pounds,  
 just like a brass (G) band (G) //// //// (C)





## If You Could Read My Mind

Artist & Writer: Gordon Lightfoot Previous book page no. 80



(G) If you could read my mind love, (F) what a tale my thoughts could tell  
 (G) Just like an old-time movie, (F) about a ghost from a wishing well  
 (G) In a castle dark or a (C) fortress strong  
 With (D) chains upon my (Em7) feet - you (C) know that ghost is (G) me  
 And (C) I will never (G) be set free  
 As (Am7) long as I'm a (D) ghost that you can't (G) see

(G) If I could read your mind love, (F) what a tale your thoughts could tell  
 (G) Just like a paperback novel, the (F) kind that drugstores sell  
 (G) When you reach the part where the (C) heartaches come  
 The (D) hero would be (Em7) me but (C) heroes often (G) fail  
 And (C) you won't read that (G) book again  
 (Am7) because the ending's (D) just too hard to (G) take

### **Instrumental (don't sing blue lyrics)**

*(G) If you could read my mind love, (F) what a tale my thoughts could tell  
 (G) Just like a paperback novel, the (F) kind that drugstores sell*

(G) I'd walk away like a (C) movie star,  
 who gets (D) burned in a three way (Em7) script  
 (C) Enter number (G) two: a (C) movie queen to (G) play the scene  
 Of (Am7) bringing all the (D) good things out in (G) me,  
 (C) but for now love, let's be (G) real  
 I (C) never thought I could (G) act this way,  
 and I've (Am7) got to say that I (D) just don't get it  
 (C) I don't know where (G) we went wrong,  
 But the (Am7) feeling's gone and I (D) just can't get it (G) back

(G) If you could read my mind love, (F) what a tale my thoughts could tell  
 (G) Just like an old-time movie, (F) about a ghost from a wishing well  
 (G) In a castle dark or a (C) fortress strong with (D) chains upon my (Em7) feet  
 But (C) stories always (G) end. And (C) if you read be-(G)-tween the lines  
 You'll (Am7) know that I'm just (D) trying to under-(G)-stand  
 the (C) feelings that you (G) lack

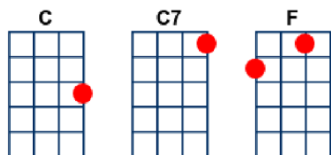
(C) I never thought I could (G) feel this way,  
 and I've (Am7) got to say that I (D) just don't get it  
 (C) I don't know where (G) we went wrong (Am7) but the feeling's gone  
 And I (D) just can't get it (G) back





# Iko Iko

Artist & Original writer: Sugar Boy James Crawford Previous book page no. 85



**Intro: (F) (C) (C7) (F) (As first verse)**

## Top

(F) My grandma and your grandma sittin' by the (C) fire  
(C7) My grandma says to your grandma: "I'm gonna set your flag on (F) fire"  
(F) Talkin' 'bout Hey now (hey now), Hey now (hey now), iko iko un-(C)-day  
(C7) Jockomo feeno-ai-na nay Jockomo feena-(F)-nay

(F) Look at my king all dressed in red, Iko iko an-(C)-nay  
(C7) I betcha five dollars he'll kill you dead, Jockomo feena-(F)-nay  
(F) Talkin' 'bout Hey now (hey now), Hey now (hey now), iko iko un-(C)-day  
(C7) Jockomo feeno-ai-na nay Jockomo feena-(F)-nay

(F) My flag boy and your flag boy, sittin' by the (C) fire  
(C7) My flag boy says to your flag boy, "I'm gonna set your flag on (F) fire!"  
(F) Talkin' 'bout Hey now (hey now), Hey now (hey now), iko iko un-(C)-day  
(C7) Jockomo feeno-ai-na nay Jockomo feena-(F)-nay

(F) See that guy all dressed in green? Iko iko an-(C)-nay  
He's not a man, he's a lovin' machine, Jockomo feena-(F)-nay  
(F) Talkin' 'bout Hey now (hey now), Hey now (hey now), iko iko un-(C)-day  
(C7) Jockomo feeno-ai-na nay Jockomo feena-(F)-nay  
(F) Talkin' 'bout Hey now (hey now), Hey now (hey now), iko iko un-(C)-day  
(C7) Jockomo feeno-ai-na nay Jockomo feena-(F)-nay

## Go to Top

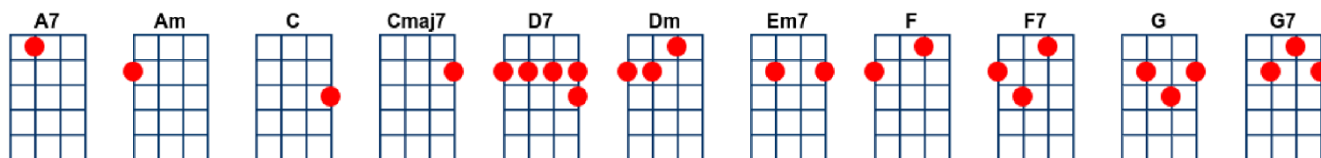
(C) Jockomo feena-(F)-nay  
(C) Jockomo feena-(F)-nay





# I'll Never Fall in Love Again

Artist: Dionne Warwick Writers: Burt Bacharach & Hal David Tempo 104



**Intro:** (Cmaj7)// (F)// (Cmaj7)/ (234)

(C) What do you get when you (Am) fall in love?  
A (F) guy with a pin to burst your bubble  
(Em7) That's what you get for (A7) all your trouble  
(Dm) I'll (G7) never fall in love ag-(F7)ee-(C)n  
(F) I'll (G7) never fall in love ag-(Cmaj7)-ain (Cmaj7)

(C) What do you get when you (Am) kiss a guy  
You (F) get enough germs to catch pneumonia  
(Em7) After you do, he'll (A7) never phone ya  
(Dm) I'll (G7) never fall in love ag-(F7)ee-(C)en  
(F) I'll (G7) never fall in love ag-(Cmaj7)-ain (Cmaj7)

(C) Don't tell me what it's (Dm) all ab-(C)-out  
(Dm) 'cos I've been there an' I'm (C) glad I'm out  
(Em7) Out of those chains, those chains that bind you  
(D7) That's why I'm here - I'm (G) here to remind you

(C) What do you get when you (Am) fall in love?  
You (F) only get lies and pain and sorrow  
So (Em7) for at least (A7) until tomorrow  
(Dm) I'll (G7) never fall in love ag-(F7)ee-(C)en  
(F) I'll (G7) never fall in love ag-(Cmaj7)-ain (Cmaj7)

**Instrumental:** don't sing blue lyrics

(C) Don't tell me what it's (Dm) all ab-(C)-out  
(Dm) 'cos I've been there an' I'm (C) glad I'm out  
(Em7) Out of those chains, those chains that bind you  
(D7) That's why I'm here - I'm (G) here to remind you

(C) What do you get when you (Am) fall in love?  
You (F) only get lies and pain and sorrow  
So (Em7) for at least (A7) until tomorrow  
(Dm) I'll (G7) never fall in love ag-(F7)ee-(C)en  
(F) I'll (G7) never fall in love ag-(Cmaj7)-ain (Cmaj7)

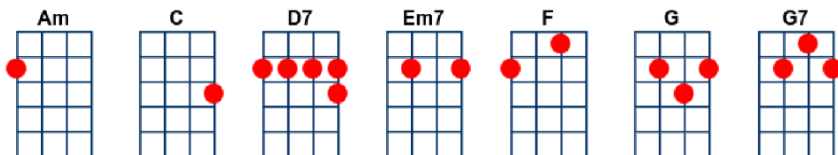
**Slowly:** (F)/ I'll (G7) never fall in love ag-(Cmaj7)-ain (F) (C) (F) (Cmaj7)/





# I'll Never Find Another You

Artist: The Seekers Writer: Tom Springfield Previous book page no. 82



**Intro: (C)// (F)// (G)//// (x 4)**

There's a (C) new world (F) somewhere, they (D7) call the Promised (G7) Land,  
And I'll (C) be there (Em7) someday, if (F) you will hold my (G7) hand,  
I still (Am) need you there be-(F)-side me, no (G7) matter what I (C) do  
(F) For I (C) know I'll (F) never (G7) find, another (C) you (F) (G7)

There is (C) always (F) someone, for (D7) each of us they (G7) say  
And you'll (C) be my (Em7) someone, for (F) ever and a (G7) day  
I could (Am) search the whole world (F) over  
Un-(G7)-til my life is (C) through  
(F) But I (C) know I'll (F) never (G7) find another (C) you (F) (C)

It's a (Am) long, long (F) journey, so (G7) stay by my (C) side,  
When I (Am) walk through the (G) storm, you'll be my (C) guide,  
(F) Be my (G) guide

If they (C) gave me a (F) fortune, my (D7) pleasure would be (G7) small,  
I could (C) lose it all to-(Em7)-morrow, and (F) never mind at (G7) all,  
But if (Am) I should lose your (F) love, dear, I (G7) don't know what I'll (C) do,  
(F) For I (C) know I'll (F) never (G7) find, another (C) you (F) (C)

**Instrumental (don't sing blue lyrics)**

**There's a (C) new world (F) somewhere, they (D7) call the Promised (G7) Land,  
And I'll (C) be there (Em7) someday, if (F) you will hold my (G7) hand**

But if (Am) I should lose your (F) love, dear, I (G7) don't know what I'll (C) do,  
(F) For I (C) know I'll (F) never (G7) find, another (C) you (F) (G7)

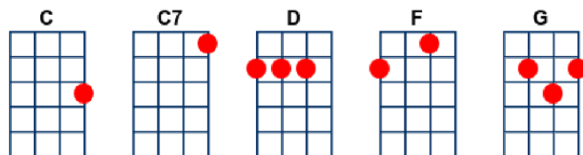
Another (C) you, (F) (G7)  
Another (C) you. (F) (C)





# I'm Into Something Good

Artist: Herman's Hermits Writers: Gerry Goffin & Carole King Previous book page no. 84



**(C)** Woke up this **(F)** mornin' **(C)** feelin' **(F)** fine  
**(C)** There's something **(F)** special **(C)** on my **(C7)** mind  
**(F)** Last night I met a new girl in the neighbour-**(C)**-hood **(F)** **(C)** (Whoa Yeah)  
**(G)** Something tells me **(F)** I'm into something **(C)** good  
**((C) Something (F) tells me (C) I'm into (F) something)**

**(C)** She's the kind of **(F)** girl who's **(C)** not too **(F)** shy  
**(C)** And I can **(F)** tell I'm **(C)** her kind of **(C7)** guy  
**(F)** She danced close to me like I hoped she **(C)** would  
**((C) She danced with me like I hoped she would)**  
**(G)** Something tells me **(F)** I'm into something **(C)** good  
**((C) Something (F) tells me (C) I'm into (F) something)**

**(G)** We only danced for a minute or two (ahhhhhhh)  
 But then she **(C)** stuck close to **(F)** me the **(C)** whole night **(C7)** through (Ohhhh)  
**(G)** Can I be fallin' in love?  
**(D)** She's everything I've been **(F)** dreaming **(G)** of  
**(G)** (She's everything I've been **(D)** dreaming **(G)** of)

**(C)** I walked her **(F)** home and she **(C)** held my **(F)** hand  
**(C)** I knew it **(F)** couldn't be just a **(C)** one-night **(C7)** stand  
**(F)** So I asked to see her next week and she told me I **(C)** could  
**((C) I asked to see her and she told me I could)**  
**(G)** Something tells me **(F)** I'm into something **(C)** good  
**((C) Something (F) tells me (C) I'm into (C7) something)**

**(G)** We only danced for a minute or two (ahhhhhhh)  
 But then she **(C)** stuck close to **(F)** me the **(C)** whole night **(C7)** through (Ohhhh)  
**(G)** Can I be fallin' in love?  
**(D)** She's everything I've been **(F)** dreaming **(G)** of  
**(G)** (She's everything I've been **(D)** dreaming **(G)** of)

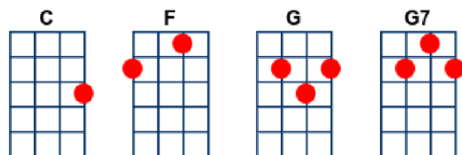
**(C)** I walked her **(F)** home and she **(C)** held my **(F)** hand  
**(C)** I knew it couldn't **(F)** be just a **(C)** one-night **(C7)** stand  
**(F)** So I asked to see her next week and she told me I **(C)** could  
**((C) I asked to see her and she told me I could)**  
**(G)** Something tells me **(F)** I'm into something **(C)** good  
**((C) Something (F) tells me (C) I'm into (F) something)**  
**((C) Something (F) tells me (C) I'm into (F) something)**  
**(C)/ good**





# In the Summertime

Artist: Mungo Jerry Writer: Ray Dorset Previous book page no. 86



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

In the (C) summertime when the weather is high  
you can stretch right up and touch the sky  
When the (F) weather's fine you got women, you got women on your (C) mind  
Have a (G7) drink, have a drive (F) go out and see what you can (C) find

If her (C) daddy's rich take her out for a meal  
If her daddy's poor just do what you feel  
Speed a-(F)-long the lane, do a ton or a ton and twenty-(C) five  
When the (G) sun goes down you can (F) make it, make it good in a lay-(C)-by

We're not (C) grey people, we're not dirty, we're not mean  
We love everybody, but we do as we please  
When the (F) weather's fine, we go fishing or go swimming in the (C) sea  
We're always (G) happy life's for (F) living yeah that's our philoso-(C)-phy

Sing a-(C)-long with us,  
(C) Dee-dee dee, dah-dah dah-dah dah, yeah we're hap-happy  
(F) Dah dah dah dah dah dah dah dah dah (C) dah  
(G) Dah dah dah dah (F) dah dah dah dah dah dah dah (C) dah

When the (C) winter's here, yeah it's party time  
Bring your bottle wear your bright clothes, it'll soon be summertime  
And we'll (F) sing again, we'll go drivin' or maybe we'll settle (C) down  
If she's (G) rich, if she's nice, bring your (F) friends and we'll all go into (C) town

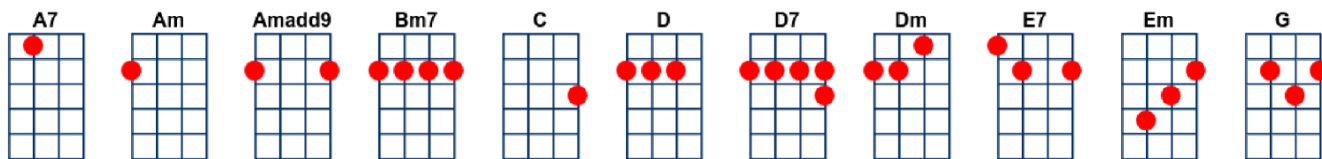
Sing a-(C)-long with us,  
(C) Dee-dee dee, dah-dah dah-dah dah, yeah we're hap-happy  
(F) Dah dah dah dah dah dah dah dah dah (C) dah  
(G) Dah dah dah dah (F) dah dah dah dah dah dah dah (C) dah





# It Must Be Love

Artist & Writer: Labi Siffre Tempo 96



(Am) (Amadd9) (Am) (Amadd9)

(Am) I never (Amadd9) thought I'd miss you

(Am) half as (Amadd9) much as I (G) do (C) (G) (C)

(Am) And I never (Amadd9) thought I'd feel this (Am) way,

The way I (Amadd9) feel about (G) you (C) (G) (C)

(Em) As soon as I (A7) wake up every (Dm) night every (E7) day

(Am) I know that it's (C) you I need to (D) take the blues away (D7)

(G) It must be (Bm7) love, love, (C) love (D)

(G) It must be (Bm7) love, love, (C) love (D)

(Am)/ nothing more, (Bm7)/ nothing less, (C)/ love is the best

(Am) (Amadd9) (Am) (Amadd9) (G) (C) (G) (C)

(Am) How can it (Amadd9) be that we can

(Am) say so (Amadd9) much without (G) words (C) (G) (C)

(Am) Bless you and (Amadd9) bless me

(Am) Bless the (Amadd9) bees And the (G) birds (C) (G) (C)

(Em) I've got to be (A7) near you every (Dm) night every (E7) day

(Am) I couldn't be (C) happy (D) Any other way (D7)

(G) It must be (Bm7) love, love, (C) love (D)

(G) It must be (Bm7) love, love, (C) love (D)

(Am)/ nothing more, (Bm7)/ nothing less, (C)/ love is the best

(Am) (Amadd9) (Am) (Amadd9) (G) (C) (G) (C)

(Em) As soon as I (A7) wake up every (Dm) night every (E7) day

(Am) I know that it's (C) you I need to (D) take the blues away (D7)

(G) It must be (Bm7) love, love, (C) love (D)

(G) It must be (Bm7) love, love, (C) love (D)

(G) It must be (Bm7) love, love, (C) love (D)

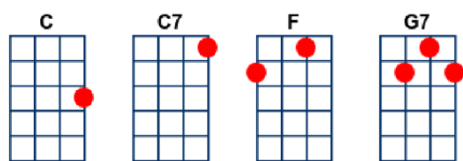
(G)/





# It's Hard To Be Humble

Artist & Writer: Mac Davis



(G7) Oh, (C) Lord it's hard to be humble, when you're perfect in every (G7) way  
 I can't wait to look in the mirror, 'cause I get better lookin' each (C) day  
 To know me is to love me. I (C7) must be a hell of a (F) man  
 Oh, Lord it's hard to be (C) humble, but I'm (G7) doing the best that I (C) can

I (C) used to (F) have a (C) girlfriend, but I guess she just couldn't com-(G7)-pete  
 With all of these love starved women, who keep clamoring at my (C) feet  
 Well I prob'ly could find me another, but I (C7) guess they're all in awe of (F) me  
 Who cares I never get (C) lonesome, 'cause I (G7) treasure my own compa-(C)-ny

(G7) Oh, (C) Lord it's hard to be humble, when you're perfect in every (G7) way  
 I can't wait to look in the mirror, 'cause I get better lookin' each (C) day  
 To know me is to love me. I (C7) must be a hell of a (F) man  
 Oh, Lord it's hard to be (C) humble, but I'm (G7) doing the best that I (C) can

I (C) guess you (F) could say (C) I'm a loner, a cowboy outlaw tough and (G7) proud  
 Oh I could have lots of friends if I wanna, but then I wouldn't stand out in a (C) crowd  
 Some folks say that I'm egotistical, hell I (C7) don't even know what that (F) means  
 I guess it has something (C) to do with the way I (G7) fill out my skin tight blue (C)  
 jeans

(G7) Oh, (C) Lord it's hard to be humble, when you're perfect in every (G7) way  
 I can't wait to look in the mirror, 'cause I get better lookin' each (C) day  
 To know me is to love me. I (C7) must be a hell of a (F) man  
 Oh, Lord it's hard to be (C) humble, but I'm (G7) doing the best that I (C) can

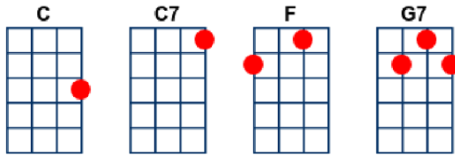
(G7) Oh, (C) Lord it's hard to be humble, when you're perfect in every (G7) way  
 I can't wait to look in the mirror, 'cause I get better lookin' each (C) day  
 To know me is to love me. I (C7) must be a hell of a (F) man  
 Oh, Lord it's hard to be (C) humble, but I'm (G7) doing the best that I (C) can





# Jackson

Artist: Johnny Cash & June Carter Cash Writers: Billy Edd Wheeler & Jerry Leiber Previous book page no. 87



(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

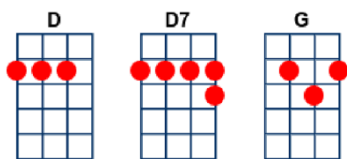
(C)/// (F) (C)





# Jambalaya

Artist & Writer: Hank Williams Tempo 170



Good-bye **(G)** Joe, me gotta go, me oh **(D)** my oh  
Me gotta go pole the **(D7)** pirogue down the **(G)** bayou  
My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh **(D)** my oh  
Son of a gun, we'll have big **(D7)** fun on the **(G)** bayou

Jamba-**(G)**laya and a crawfish pie and filet **(D)** gumbo  
'Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher a-**(G)**-mio  
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be **(D)** gay-o  
Son of a gun, we'll have big **(D7)** fun on the **(G)** bayou

Thibo-**(G)**deaux, Fontainenot, the place is **(D)** buzzin'  
Kinfolk come to see **(D7)** Yvonne by the **(G)** dozen  
Dress in style and go hog wild, me oh **(D)** my oh  
Son of a gun, we'll have big **(D7)** fun on the **(G)** bayou

Jamba-**(G)**laya and a crawfish pie and filet **(D)** gumbo  
'Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher a-**(G)**-mio  
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be **(D)** gay-o  
Son of a gun, we'll have big **(D7)** fun on the **(G)** bayou

Settle **(G)** down, far from town, get me a **(D)** pirogue  
And I'll catch all the **(D7)** fish in the **(G)** bayou  
Swap my mon to buy Yvonne what she **(D)** need-o  
Son of a gun, we'll have big **(D7)** fun on the **(G)** bayou

Jamba-**(G)**laya and a crawfish pie and filet **(D)** gumbo  
'Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher a-**(G)**-mio  
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be **(D)** gay-o  
Son of a gun, we'll have big **(D7)** fun on the **(G)** bayou

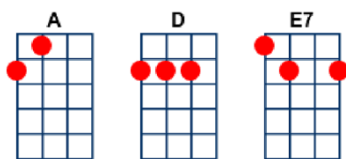
**(D)** Son of a gun, we'll have big **(D7)** fun on the **(G)** bayou





# Johnny B Goode

Artist & Writer: Chuck Berry Tempo 168



Deep **(A)** down in Louisiana close to New Orleans  
 Way **(A)** back up in the woods among the evergreens  
 There **(D)** stood a log cabin made of earth and wood  
 Where **(A)** lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode  
 Who **(E7)** never ever learned to read or write so well, but he  
 could **(A)** play the guitar like a ringin' a bell. Go...o...**(A)** Go!

Go Johnny go go **(A)** go! Go Johnny go go **(D)** go!  
 Go Johnny go go **(A)** go! Go Johnny go go **(E7)** go! Johnny B. **(A)** Goode...

He used to **(A)** put his guitar in a gunny sack  
 and go **(A)** sit beneath a tree by the railroad track.  
 An **(D)** engineers could see him sitting in the shade  
**(A)** strummin' to the rhythm that the drivers made  
**(E7)** People passing by... they would stop and say  
 Oh **(A)** my but that little country boy can play. Go...o...**(A)** Go!

Go Johnny go go **(A)** go! Go Johnny go go **(D)** go!  
 Go Johnny go go **(A)** go! Go Johnny go go **(E7)** go! Johnny B. **(A)** Goode...

His **(A)** mother told him "someday you will be a man"  
 And **(A)** you will be the leader of a big ole' band  
**(D)** Many, many people come from miles around  
 to **(A)** hear your guitar till the sun go down  
**(E7)** Maybe someday your name will be in lights  
 Sayin' **(A)** 'Johnny B. Goode tonight'. Go...o...**(A)** Go!

Go Johnny go go **(A)** go! Go Johnny go go **(D)** go!  
 Go Johnny go go **(A)** go! Go Johnny go go **(E7)** go! Johnny B. **(A)** Goode...

Go...o...**(A)** Go!  
 Go Johnny go go **(A)** go! Go Johnny go go **(D)** go!  
 Go Johnny go go **(A)** go! Go Johnny go go **(E7)** go! Johnny B. **(A)** Goode...

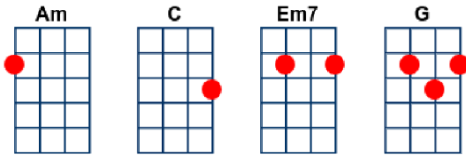
**(E7)/ (A)/**





# Jolene

Artist & Writer: Dolly Parton Previous book page no. 88



Jo-(Am)-lene Jo-(C)-lene Jo-(G)-lene Jo-(Am)-lene  
 I'm (G) begging of you (Em7) please don't take my (Am) man  
 Jo-(Am)-lene Jo-(C)-lene Jo-(G)-lene Jo-(Am)-lene  
 (G) Please don't take him (Em7) just because you (Am) can

(Am) Your beauty is be-(C)-yond compare  
 With (G) flaming locks of (Am) auburn hair  
 With (G) ivory skin and (Em7) eyes of emerald (Am) green  
 (Am) Your smile is like a (C) breath of spring  
 Your (G) voice is soft like (Am) summer rain  
 And (G) I cannot com-(Em7)-pete with you Jo-(Am)-lene

(Am) He talks about you (C) in his sleep  
 And there's (G) nothing I can (Am) do to keep  
 From (G) crying when he (Em7) calls your name Jo-(Am)-lene  
 (Am) And I can easily (C) understand  
 How (G) you could easily (Am) take my man  
 But (G) you don't know what he (Em7) means to me Jo-(Am)-lene

Jo-(Am)-lene Jo-(C)-lene Jo-(G)-lene Jo-(Am)-lene  
 I'm (G) begging of you (Em7) please don't take my (Am) man  
 Jo-(Am)-lene Jo-(C)-lene Jo-(G)-lene Jo-(Am)-lene  
 (G) Please don't take him (Em7) just because you (Am) can

(Am) You can have your (C) choice of men  
 But (G) I could never (Am) love again (G)  
 He's the only (Em7) one for me Jo-(Am)-lene  
 (Am) I had to have this (C) talk with you  
 My (G) happiness de-(Am)-pends on you  
 And (G) whatever you de-(Em7)-cide to do Jo-(Am)-lene

Jo-(Am)-lene Jo-(C)-lene Jo-(G)-lene Jo-(Am)-lene  
 I'm (G) begging of you (Em7) please don't take my (Am) man  
 Jo-(Am)-lene Jo-(C)-lene Jo-(G)-lene Jo-(Am)-lene  
 (G) Please don't take him (Em7) just because you (Am) can

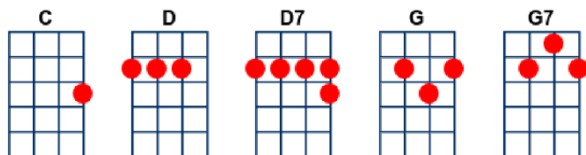
(Am) Jolene Jolene





# King of the Road

Artist & Writer: Roger Miller Previous book page no. 89



**Intro: (D7) (G) (D7) (G)**

(G) Trailer for (C) sale or rent (D7) rooms to let (G) fifty cents  
No phone, no (C) pool, no pets (D) I ain't got no (D7) cigarettes,  
Ah but (G) two hours of (C) pushing broom  
Buys a (D7) eight by twelve (G) four-bit room,  
I'm a (G7) man of (C) means by no means...  
(D7) King of the (G) road

(G) Third boxcar (C) midnight train (D7) destination (G) Bangor, Maine  
Old worn out (C) suit and shoes (D) I don't pay no (D7) union dues,  
I smoke (G) old stogies (C) I have found (D7) short, but not too (G) big around,  
I'm a (G7) man of (C) means by no means...  
(D7) King of the (G) road

I know (G) every engineer on (C) every train  
(D7) All of their children and (G) all of their names  
And every handout in (C) every town  
And (D) Every lock that ain't locked when (D7) no one's around, I sing...

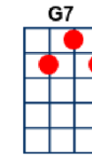
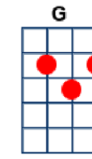
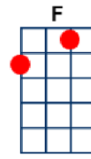
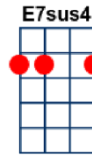
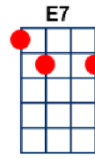
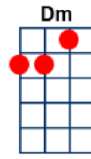
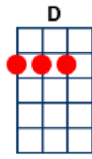
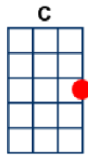
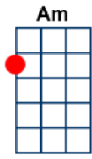
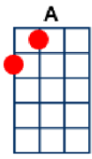
(G) trailer for (C) sale or rent (D7) rooms to let (G) fifty cents  
No phone, no (C) pool, no pets (D) ain't got no (D7) cigarettes,  
Ah but (G) two hours of (C) pushing broom  
Buys a (D7) eight by twelve (G) four bit room,  
I'm a (G7) Man of (C) means by no means...  
(D7) King of the (G) road...  
(D7) King of the (G) road...  
(D7) King of the (G) road





# Lady Madonna

Artist: The Beatles Writers: Paul McCartney & John Lennon Previous book page no. 90



**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?

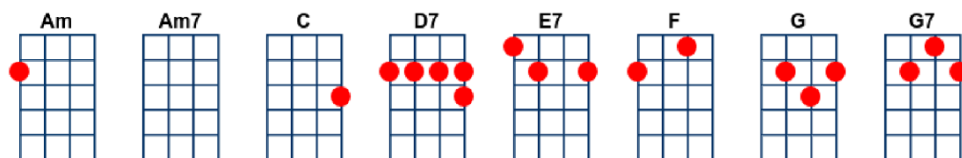
(A) (D) (A) (D) (A) (D) (F)/ (G)/ (A)/





## Leaning on a Lamp Post

Artist: George Formby Writer: Noel Gay Previous book page no. 91



I'm (C) leaning on a (G7) lamp, maybe you (Am7) think I look a (G) tramp,  
 Or you may (C) think I'm hanging round to (G7) steal a (C) car.  
 But no, I'm not a (G7) crook and if you (Am7) think that's what I (G7) look,  
 I'll tell you (C) why I'm here and (D7) what my motives (G7) are.

I'm (C) leaning on a lamppost at the corner of the street,  
 In case a (G7) certain little lady comes (C) by,  
 Oh (G7) me, Oh (C) my,  
 I (G) hope the little (D7) lady comes (G) by. (G7)

I (C) don't know if she'll get away, she doesn't always get away,  
 But (G7) anyhow I know that she'll (C) try,  
 Oh (G7) me, Oh (C) my,  
 I (G) hope the little (D7) lady comes (G) by.

(G7) There's no other girl I would (C) wait (G7) for,  
 But this (C) one I'd break any (E7) date (Am) for,  
 I (D7) won't have to ask what she's late for,  
 She (G7) wouldn't leave me flat, she's not a girl like that.

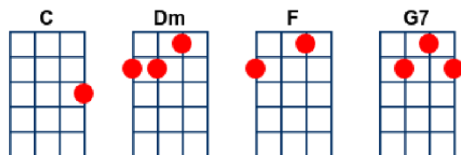
Oh she's (C) absolutely beautiful and marvelous and wonderful,  
 And (G7) anyone can understand (C) why,  
 I'm (F) leaning on a lamppost at the corner of the (D7) street,  
 In case a (C) certain little (G7) lady passes (C) by





# Leaving on a Jet Plane

Artist: Peter Paul & Mary Writer: John Denver Previous book page no. 92



All my **(C)** bags are packed I'm **(F)** ready to go  
 I'm **(C)** standing here out-**(F)**-side your door  
 I **(C)** hate to wake you **(Dm)** up to say good-**(G7)**-bye  
 But the **(C)** dawn is breakin' it's **(F)** early morn  
 The **(C)** taxi's waitin' he's **(F)** blowin' his horn  
 Al-**(C)**-ready I'm so **(Dm)** lonesome I could **(G7)** cry

So **(C)** kiss me and **(F)** smile for me **(C)** Tell me that you'll **(F)** wait for me  
**(C)** Hold me like you'll **(Dm)** never let me **(G7)** go  
 I'm **(C)** leavin' **(F)** on a jet plane **(C)** don't know when **(F)** I'll be back again  
**(C)** Oh **(Dm)** babe I hate to **(G7)** go

There's so **(C)** many times I've **(F)** let you down  
**(C)** So many times I've **(F)** played around  
**(C)** I tell you now **(Dm)** they don't mean a **(G7)** thing  
 Ev'ry **(C)** place I go I'll **(F)** think of you  
 Ev'ry **(C)** song I sing I'll **(F)** sing for you  
 When **(C)** I come back I'll **(Dm)** wear your wedding **(G7)** ring

So **(C)** kiss me and **(F)** smile for me **(C)** Tell me that you'll **(F)** wait for me  
**(C)** Hold me like you'll **(Dm)** never let me **(G7)** go  
 I'm **(C)** leavin' **(F)** on a jet plane **(C)** don't know when **(F)** I'll be back again  
**(C)** Oh **(Dm)** babe I hate to **(G7)** go

**(C)** Now the time has come for **(F)** me to leave you  
**(C)** One more time **(F)** let me kiss you  
 Then **(C)** close your eyes, **(Dm)** I'll be on my **(G7)** way  
**(C)** Dream about the **(F)** days to come  
 When **(C)** I won't have to **(F)** leave alone  
**(C)** About the times **(Dm)** I won't have to **(G7)** say

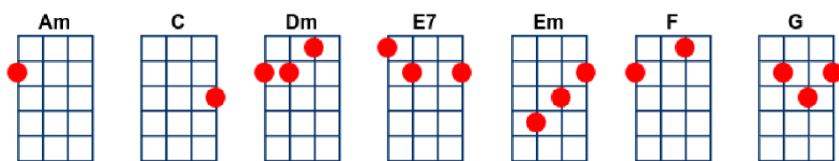
So **(C)** kiss me and **(F)** smile for me **(C)** Tell me that you'll **(F)** wait for me  
**(C)** Hold me like you'll **(Dm)** never let me **(G7)** go  
 I'm **(C)** leavin' **(F)** on a jet plane **(C)** don't know when **(F)** I'll be back again  
**(C)** Oh **(Dm)** babe I hate to **(G7)** go  
 I hate to **(C)** go





# Let It Be Me

Artist: Everly Brothers Writers: Gilbert Bécaud, Mann Curtis, Pierre Delanoë Tempo 86



**(C)** I bless the **(G)** day I found you  
**(Am)** I want to **(G)** stay around you  
**(F)** And so I **(C)** beg you  
**(Dm)** Let it be **(C)** me  
**(C)** Don't take this **(G)** heaven from one  
**(Am)** If you must **(Em)** cling to someone  
**(F)** Now and for **(C)** ever  
**(Dm)** Let it be **(C)** me

**(F)** Each time we **(Em)** meet love  
**(F)** I find com**(C)**plete love  
**(Dm)** Without your **(C)** sweet love  
**(F)** What would life **(E7)** be  
**(C)** So never **(G)** leave me lonely  
**(Am)** Tell me you **(G)** love me only  
**(F)** And that you'll **(C)** always  
**(Dm)** Let it be **(C)** me

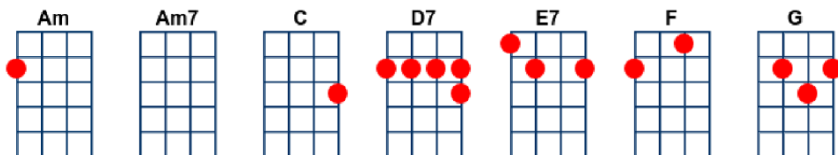
**(F)** Each time we **(Em)** meet love  
**(F)** I find com**(C)**plete love  
**(F)** Without your **(C)** sweet love  
**(F)** What would life **(E7)** be  
**(C)** So never **(G)** leave me lonely  
**(Am)** Tell me you **(G)** love me only  
**(F)** And that you'll **(C)** always  
**(Dm)** Let it be **(C)** me  
**(F)** And that you'll **(C)** always  
**(Slow)** **(F)** Let it be **(C)**/ me





# Letter, The

Artist: The Box Tops Writer: Wayne Carson Thompson Previous book page no. 137



(Am)/ Give me a ticket for an (F)/ aeroplane,  
(Am7)/ Ain't got time to take the (D7)/ fastest train  
(Am) Lonely days are gone, (F) I'm a-goin' home,  
My (E7) baby just wrote me a (Am) letter

(Am) I don't care how much money I (F) gotta spend,  
(Am7) Got to get back to my (D7) baby again  
(Am) Lonely days are gone, (F) I'm a-goin' home,  
My (E7) baby just wrote me a (Am) letter

Well she (C) wrote me a (G) letter  
Said she (F) couldn't (C) live with-(G)-out me no more.  
(C) Listen mister (G) can't you see  
I (F) got to get (C) back to my (G) baby once more.  
(E7) Anyway.

(Am) Give me a ticket for an (F) aeroplane,  
(Am7) Ain't got time to take the (D7) fastest train  
(Am) Lonely days are gone, (F) I'm a-goin' home,  
My (E7) baby just wrote me a (Am) letter

Well she (C) wrote me a (G) letter  
Said she (F) couldn't (C) live with-(G)-out me no more.  
(C) Listen mister (G) can't you see  
I (F) got to get (C) back to my (G) baby once more.  
(E7) Anyway.

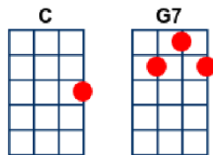
(Am) Give me a ticket for an (F) aeroplane,  
(Am7) Ain't got time to take the (D7) fastest train  
(Am) Lonely days are gone, (F) I'm a-goin' home,  
My (E7) baby just wrote me a (Am) letter  
My (E7) baby just wrote me a (Am) letter  
My (E7) baby just wrote me a (Am)/ letter





## Lily the Pink

Artist: The Scaffold Writers: John Gorman, Mike McGear & Roger McGough Previous book page no. 93



(G7) We'll (C) drink a drink a drink, to Lily the (G7) pink the pink the pink,  
The savior of, our human (C) race, for she invented, medicinal (G7) compound,  
Most efficacious, in every (C) case

Mr. (C) Freers, had sticky out (G7) ears, and it made him awful (C) shy,  
So they gave him, medicinal (G7) compound, and now he's learning how to (C) fly.  
Brother (C) Tony, was notably (G7) bony, he would never eat his (C) meals  
And so they gave him, medicinal (G7) compound, now they move him round on (C) wheels.

(G7) We'll (C) drink a drink a drink, to Lily the (G7) pink the pink the pink,  
The savior of, our human (C) race, for she invented, medicinal (G7) compound,  
Most efficacious, in every (C) case

Old Ebe-(C)-nezer thought he was Julius (G7) Caesar, and so they put him in a (C) home  
Where they gave him, medicinal (G7) compound, and now he's emperor of (C) Rome.  
Johnny (C) Hammer, had a terrible st-st-(G7)-stammer, he could hardly s-s-say a (C) word,  
And so they gave him, medicinal (G7) compound, now he's seen, but never (C) heard.

(G7) We'll (C) drink a drink a drink, to Lily the (G7) pink the pink the pink,  
The savior of, our human (C) race, for she invented, medicinal (G7) compound,  
Most efficacious, in every (C) case

Auntie (C) Milly, ran willy (G7) nilly, when her legs they did (C) recede,  
And so they rubbed on medicinal (G7) compound, now they call her Milly (C) Peed.  
Jennifer (C) Eccles, had terrible (G7) freckles, and the boys all called her (C) names  
But she changed with medicinal (G7) compounds, now he joins in all the (C) games

(G7) We'll (C) drink a drink a drink, to Lily the (G7) pink the pink the pink,  
The savior of, our human (C) race, for she invented, medicinal (G7) compound,  
Most efficacious, in every (C) case

Lily the (C) pink she turned to (G7) drink, she filled up with paraffin (C) inside  
And despite her medicinal (G7) compound, sadly Pickled Lily (C) died

### **Tremolo strumming**

*Up to (C) heaven her soul (G7) ascended, oh the church bells they did (C) ring  
She took with her medicinal (G7) compound, Hark the herald angels (C) sing*

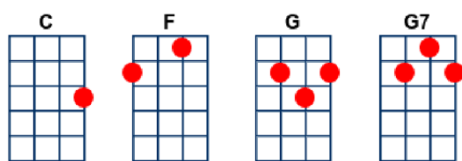
(G7) We'll (C) drink a drink a drink, to Lily the (G7) pink the pink the pink,  
The savior of, our human (C) race, for she invented, medicinal (G7) compound,  
(slow) Most efficacious, in every (C) case





# Little Old Wine Drinker Me

Artist: Dean Martin Writer: Hank Mills & Dick Jennings & Dean Martin Tempo 132



## Intro: (C) (F) (C) (F)

I'm (C) praying for (F) rain in Cali-(C)-fornia  
So the grapes will grow and they can make more (G) wine (G7)  
And I'm (C) sitting in a (F) honky-tonk in Chic-(C)-ago  
With a broken heart and a (G7) woman on my (C) mind

I ask the (G) man behind the bar for the (C) jukebox  
And the music takes me back to Tennes-(G)-see (G7)  
When they (C) ask who's the (F) fool in the (C) corner (F) crying  
I say (C) little old (G) wine (G7) drinker (C) me (G7)

I (C) got here last (F) week from down in (C) Nashville  
'Cos my baby left for Florida on a (G) train (G7)  
I (C) said I'd get a (F) job and just for-(C)-get her  
But in Chicago a broken (G7) heart is just the (C) same

I ask the (G) man behind the bar for the (C) jukebox  
And the music takes me back to Tennes-(G)-see (G7)  
When they (C) ask who's the (F) fool in the (C) corner (F) crying  
I say (C) little old (G) wine (G7) drinker (C) me (G7)

## Instrumental:

*I'm (C) praying for (F) rain in Cali-(C)-fornia  
So the grapes will grow and they can make more (G) wine (G7)  
And I'm (C) sitting in a (F) honky-tonk in Chic-(C)-ago  
With a broken heart and a (G7) woman on my (C) mind*

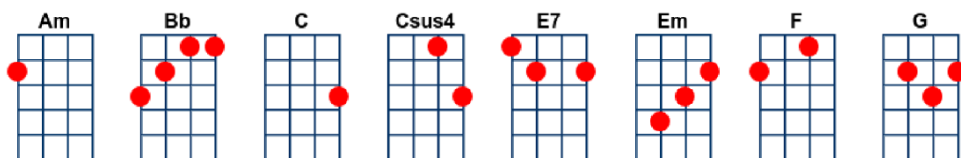
I ask the (G) man behind the bar for the (C) jukebox  
And the music takes me back to Tennes-(G)-see (G7)  
When they (C) ask who's the (F) fool in the (C) corner (F) crying  
I say (C) little old (G) wine (G7) drinker (C) me (G7)  
I say (C) little old (G) wine (G7) drinker (C) me (G7)  
I say (C) little old (G) wine (G7) drinker (C) me (F)/(C)/





# Little Respect, A

Artist: Erasure writer: Vince Clarke and Andy Bell Tempo 115



**(C) (Csus4) (C) (Csus4)**

I try to dis-**(C)**-cover, a little something to **(G)** make me sweeter

Oh baby ref-**(E7)**-rain, from breaking my **(F)** heart

I'm so in **(C)** love with you, I'll be for-**(G)**ever blue

That you give me no **(F)** reason

Why you're making me **(Am)** work so hard

**(G)** That you give me no, **(G)** that you give me no

**(G)** That you give me no, **(G)** that you give me no

**(C)** Soul - I hear you **(Am)** calling

Oh baby **(F)** please - give a little res-**(Em)**-pect **(F)** to-**(G)**oo **(C)** me

And if I should **(C)** falter, would you open your **(G)** arms out to me

We can make love not **(E7)** war

And live at peace with our **(F)** hearts

I'm so in **(C)** love with you, I'll be for-**(G)**ever blue

What religion or **(F)** reason

Could drive a man to for-**(Am)**-sake his lover

**(G)** Don't you tell me no, **(G)** don't you tell me no

**(G)** Don't you tell me no, **(G)** don't you tell me no

**(C)** Soul - I hear you **(Am)** calling

Oh baby **(F)** please - give a little res-**(Em)**-pect **(F)** to-**(G)**oo **(C)** me

**(C) (Bb) (G)**

I'm so in **(C)** love with you, I'll be for-**(G)**ever blue

That you give me no **(F)** reason

Why you're making me **(Am)** work so hard

**(G)** That you give me no, **(G)** that you give me no

**(G)** That you give me no, **(G)** that you give me no

**(C)** Soul - I hear you **(Am)** calling

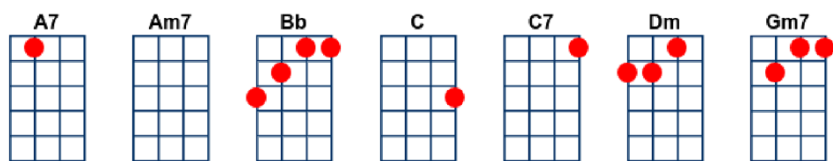
Oh baby **(F)** please - give a little res-**(Em)**-pect **(F)** to-**(G)**oo **(C)** me





# Living La Vida Loca

Artist: Ricky Martin Writers: Draco Rosa & Desmond Child Tempo 160



**Intro: (Dm) (Dm)**

**(Dm)** She's into superstitions black cats and voodoo dolls

**(Dm)** I feel a premonition that girl's gonna make me fall

**(Dm)** She's into new sensations new kicks in the candle-light

**(Dm)** She's gotta new addiction for every day and night

She'll **(Gm7)** make you take your clothes off and go **(Am7)** dancing in the rain

She'll make **(Bb)** you live her crazy life but she'll **(C7)** take away your pain

Like a **(A7)** bullet to your brain (come-on)

**Chorus:**

**(Dm)** Upside inside out she's **(C)** Livin' la Vida **(Dm)** Loca

**(Dm)** She'll push and pull you down **(C)** Livin' la Vida **(Dm)** Loca

**(Dm)** Her lips are devil red and **(C)** her skins the colour **(Dm)** mocha

**(Dm)** She will wear you out **(C)** Livin' la Vida **(Dm)** Loca

**(C)** Livin' la Vida **(Dm)** Loca (come on) **(C)** Livin' la Vida **(Dm)** Loca

**(Dm) (Dm) (Dm) (Dm)**

**(Dm)** Woke up in New York city in a funky cheap hotel

**(Dm)** She took my heart and took my money she must have slipped me a sleeping pill

She **(Gm7)** never drinks the water makes you order **(Am7)** French champagne

Once you've **(Bb)** have a taste of her you'll never be **(C7)** the same

Yeah **(A7)** she'll make you go insane (come on)

**Chorus: (Dm)** Upside inside out...

She'll **(Gm7)** make you take your clothes off and go **(Am7)** dancing in the rain

She'll make **(Bb)** you live her crazy life but she'll **(C7)** take away your pain

Like a **(A7)** bullet to your brain (come-on)

**Chorus: (Dm)** Upside inside out...

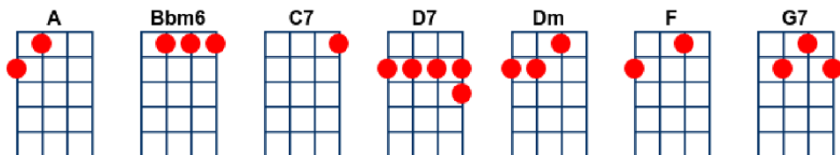
**(C)** Livin' la Vida **(Dm)** Loca **(Dm) (Dm) (Dm) (Dm)/**





# Love Me Tender

Artist: Elvis Presley Writers: Elvis Presley & Vera Matson Tempo 92



(F) Love me tender, (G7) love me sweet  
(C7) Never let me (F) go  
(F) You have made my (G7) life complete  
(C7) And I love you (F) so

(F) Love me (A) tender, (Dm) love me true  
(F) All my (Bbm6) dreams ful-(F)-fil  
For my (D7) darlin' (G7) I love you  
(C7) And I always (F) will

(F) Love me tender, (G7) love me long  
(C7) Take me to your (F) heart  
(F) For it's there that (G7) I belong  
(C7) And I'll never (F) part

(F) Love me (A) tender, (Dm) love me true  
(F) All my (Bbm6) dreams ful-(F)-fil  
For my (D7) darlin' (G7) I love you  
(C7) And I always (F) will

(F) Love me tender, (G7) love me dear  
(C7) Tell me you are (F) mine  
(F) I'll be yours through (G7) all the years  
(C7) Till the end of (F) time

(F) Love me (A) tender, (Dm) love me true  
(F) All my (Bbm6) dreams ful-(F)-fil  
For my (D7) darlin' (G7) I love you  
(C7) And I always (F) will

(F) When at last my (G7) dreams come true  
(C7) Darling this I (F) know  
(F) Happiness will (G7) follow you  
(C7) Everywhere you (F) go

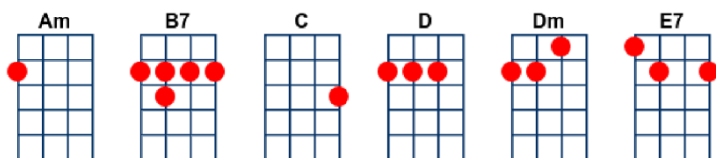
(F) Love me (A) tender, (Dm) love me true  
(F) All my (Bbm6) dreams ful-(F)-fil  
For my (D7) darlin' (G7) I love you  
(C7) And I always (F) will





## Love Potion Number 9

Artist: The Searchers Writer: Jerry Leiber & Mike Stoller Previous book page no. 95



(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"

(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

(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

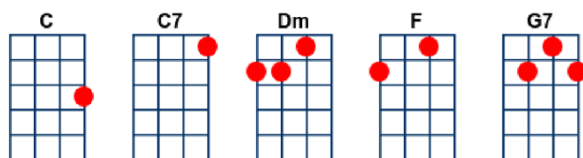
(E7) Love Potion Number (Am) Nine  
 (Dm) Love Potion Number (Am) Nine





# Lucille

Artist: Kenny Rodgers writers: Roger Bowling, Hal Bynum & Kenny Rodgers



(C) In a bar in Toledo across from the depot  
On a barstool she took off her (G7) ring  
I (Dm) thought I'd get closer so (G7) I walked on over  
I (Dm) sat down and (G7) asked her her (C) name

(C) When the drinks finally hit her she said I'm no quitter  
But I finally quit (C7) living on (F) dreams  
I'm (G7) hungry for laughter and here ever after  
I'm after whatever the other life (C) brings

(C) In the mirror I saw him, I closely watched him  
I thought how he looked out of (G7) place  
He (Dm) came to the woman who (G7) sat there beside me  
He (Dm) had a strange (G7) look on his (C) face

(C) The big hands were calloused he looked like a mountain  
For a minute I (C7) thought I was (F) dead  
But (G7) he started shaking his big heart was breaking  
He turned to the woman and (C) said

**You picked a (C) fine time to leave me Lu-(F)-cille  
With four hungry children and a crop in the (C) field  
(F) I've had some bad times, lived through some sad times  
But this time your hurting won't (C) heal  
You picked a (G7) fine time to leave me Lu-(C)-cille**

(C) After he left us I ordered more whiskey  
I thought how she'd made him look (G7) small  
From the (Dm) lights of the bar room to a (G7) rented hotel room  
We walked without talking at (C) all

(C) She was a beauty but when she came to me  
She must have thought (C7) I'd lost my (F) mind  
(G7) I couldn't hold her, the words that he told her  
Kept coming back time after (C) time

**You picked a (C) fine time to leave me Lu-(F)-cille  
With four hungry children and a crop in the (C) field  
(F) I've had some bad times, lived through some sad times  
But this time your hurting won't (C) heal  
You picked a (G7) fine time to leave me Lu-(C)-cille**

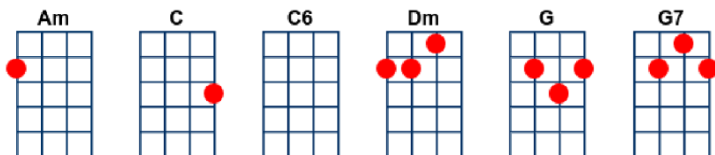
*(Repeat last chorus)*





# Mack The Knife

Artist: Louis Armstrong Writers: Kurt Weill, Bertolt Brecht & Bobby Darin Previous book page no. 98



(NC) Oh the (C6) shark babe, has such (Dm) teeth dear,  
And it (G7) shows them, pearly (C6) white,  
Just a (Am) jack-knife, has old Mac (Dm) Heath babe,  
And he (G7) keeps it, out of (C6) sight.

(NC) When the (C6) shark bites, with his (Dm) teeth babe,  
Scarlet (G7) billows, start to (C6) spread,  
Fancy (Am) gloves oh, wears old Mac (Dm) Heath babe,  
So there's (G7) never, never a trace of (C6) red.

(NC) Sunday (C6) morning on the (Dm) sidewalk,  
Lies a (G7) body, oozin' (C6) life,  
And someone's (Am) creepin', round the (Dm) corner,  
Could that (G7) someone, be Mack the (C6) Knife?

**Instrumental verse: (C6) (Dm) (G7) (C6) (Am) (Dm) (G7) (C6)**

(NC) From a (C6) tug boat, on the (Dm) river,  
a cem-(G7)-ent bag, droppin' (C6) down,  
The cem-(Am)-ent's just for the (Dm) weight dear,  
I bet you (G7) ten, old Macky's back in (C6) town.

(NC) Louis (C6) Miller, disapp-(Dm)-eared dear,  
After (G7) drawin' all his (C6) cash,  
And now Mac (Am) Heath spends, just like a (Dm) sailor,  
Did our (G7) boy do somethin' (C6) rash?

(NC) Jenny (C6) Diver, Sukey (Dm) Tawdry,  
Lotte (G7) Lenya, sweet Lucy (C6) Brown,  
Well the (Am) line forms, on the (Dm) right girls,  
Now that (G7) Macky's, back in (C6) town!

**Instrumental verse: (C6) (Dm) (G7) (C6) (Am) (Dm) (G7) (C6)**

(NC) Jenny (C6) Diver, Sukey (Dm) Tawdry,  
Lotte (G7) Lenya, sweet Lucy (C6) Brown,  
Well the (Am) line forms, on the (Dm) right girls,  
You know that (G) Macky's (G7) **Stop!**

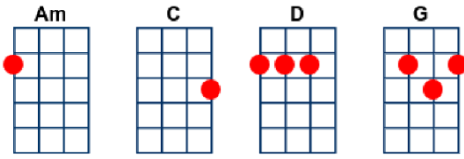
(NC) He's back in (C) town!





# Mad World

Artist: Tears For Fears Writer: Roland Orzabal Previous book page no. 99



**Intro:** (Am) (D) (Am) (D)

(Am) All around me are fam-(C)-iliar faces,  
 (G) worn out places, (D) worn out faces  
 (Am) Bright and early for their (C) daily races,  
 (G) going nowhere, (D) going nowhere

(Am) And the tears are filling (C) up their glasses,  
 (G) no expression, (D) no expression  
 (Am) Hide my head I want to (C) drown my sorrow,  
 (G) no tomorrow, (D) no tomorrow

(Am) And I find it kind of (D) funny, I find it kind of (Am) sad  
 The dreams in which I'm (D) dying are the best I've ever (Am) had  
 I find it hard to (D) tell you 'cos I find it hard to (Am) take  
 When people run in (D) circles, it's a very very  
 (Am) mad (D) world - (Am) mad (D) world

(Am) Children waiting for the (C) day they feel good  
 (G) Happy birthday, (D) Happy birthday  
 (Am) Made to feel the way that (C) every child should  
 (G) sit and listen, (D) sit and listen

(Am) Went to school and I was (C) very nervous  
 (G) no one knew me, (D) no one knew me  
 (Am) Hello teacher tell me (C) what's my lesson  
 (G) look right through me, (D) look right through me

(Am) And I find it kind of (D) funny, I find it kind of (Am) sad  
 The dreams in which I'm (D) dying are the best I've ever (Am) had  
 I find it hard to (D) tell you 'cos I find it hard to (Am) take  
 When people run in (D) circles, it's a very very  
 (Am) mad (D) world - (Am) mad (D) world

(Am) And I find it kind of (D) funny, I find it kind of (Am) sad  
 The dreams in which I'm (D) dying are the best I've ever (Am) had  
 I find it hard to (D) tell you 'cos I find it hard to (Am) take  
 When people run in (D) circles, it's a very very  
 (Am) mad (D) world - (Am) mad (D) world

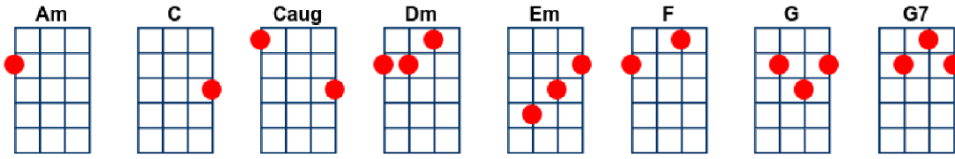
(Am)/





# Mamma Mia

Artist: ABBA Writers: Benny Andersson, Björn Ulvaeus & Stig Anderson Previous book page no. 100



**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

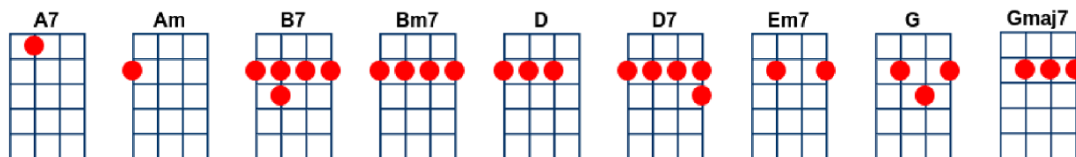
**(C) (Caug) (C) (Caug) (C)**





# My Guy

Artist: Mary Wells Writer: Smokey Robinson Tempo 120



**(G) (Em7) (Gmaj7) (Em7)**

**(G)** Nothing you can **(Em7)** say can **(Gmaj7)** tear me awa-**(Em7)**-y  
From **(G)** my guy **(Em7) (Gmaj7) (Em7)**

**(G)** Nothing you could **(Em7)** do cos I'm **(Gmaj7)** stuck like **(Em7)** glue to **(B7)** my guy  
I'm **(Am)** sticking to my **(D)** guy like a **(Am)** stamp to a **(D)** letter  
Like **(Am)** birds of a **(D)** feather we **(Am)** stick togeth-**(D)**-er  
I can **(G)** tell you from the **(Gmaj7)** start I **(Am)** can't be torn apa-**(D)**-rt  
From **(G)** my guy **(Em7) (Gmaj7) (Em7)**

**(G)** Nothing you could **(Em7)** do could **(Gmaj7)** make me be untru-**(Em7)**-e  
To **(G)** my guy **(Em7) (Gmaj7) (Em7)**

**(G)** Nothing you could **(Em7)** buy could **(Gmaj7)** make me tell a **(Em7)** lie to **(B7)** my guy  
I **(Am)** gave my **(D)** guy my **(Am)** word of **(D)** honour  
**(Am)** To be **(D)** faithful **(Am)** and I'm **(D)** gonna  
You'd **(G)** better be believ-**(Gmaj7)**-ing I **(Am)** won't be deceiv-**(D7)**-ing  
**(G)** my guy **(Em7) (Gmaj7) (Em7)**

As a **(Am)** matter of opin-**(D)**-ion I **(Am)** think he's **(D)** tops  
**(Am)** my opinion **(D)** is he's the **(G)** cream of the **(Gmaj7)** crop  
As a **(Em7)** matter of **(Bm7)** taste to **(Em7)** be ex-**(Bm7)**-act  
**(A7)** he's my ideal as a **(D)** matter of fact

## Middle Section:

No **(G)** muscle bound **(Em7)** man could **(Gmaj7)** take my **(Em7)** hand  
From **(G)** my guy **(Em7) (Gmaj7) (Em7)**  
No **(G)** handsome **(Em7)** face could ever **(Gmaj7)** take the **(Em7)** place  
of **(B7)** my guy  
He **(Am)** may not **(D)** be a **(Am)** movie **(D)** star  
But when it **(Am)** comes to being **(D)** happy **(Am)** we **(D)** are  
There's not a **(G)** man to-**(Gmaj7)**-day who can **(Am)** take me aw-**(D)**-ay  
From **(G)** my guy **(Em7) (Gmaj7) (Em7)**

**Repeat Middle Section** No **(G)** muscle bound...

There's not a **(G)** man to-**(Gmaj7)**-day who can **(Am)** take me aw-**(D)**-ay  
From **(G)** my guy **(Em7) (Gmaj7) (Em7)**

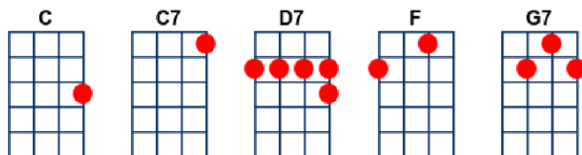
**(G) (Em7) (Gmaj7) (Em7) (G)**





# My Old Man's A Dustman

Artist: Lonnie Donegan Writers: Lonnie Donegan, Peter Buchanan & Beverly Thorn Previous book page no. 102



Now (C)/ here's a little (F)/ story to (D7)/ tell it is a (G7)/ must  
(C)/ About an unsung (F)/ hero that (D7)/ moves away your (G7)/ dust  
Some (G7)/ people make a (C)/ fortune (G7)/ other's earn a (C)/ mint  
(G7)/ My old man don't (C)/ earn much, in (D7)/ fact he's flippin' (G7)/ skint

### Refrain:

**(G7) Oh! my (C) old man's a dustman he wears a dustman's (G7) hat  
He wears cor blimey trousers and he lives in a council (C) flat**

He looks a proper nanner in his great (C7) big hob nailed (F) boots  
He's (G7) got such a job to pull 'em up that he calls them daisy (C) roots  
(C) Some folks give tips at Christmas and some of them (G7) forget  
So when he picks their bins up he spills some on the (C) steps  
Now one old man got nasty and (C7) to the council (F) wrote  
Next (G7) time my old man went 'round there he punched him up the (C) throat

### Refrain

I say I say I say, I found a police dog in my dustbin How do you know he's a police dog? He had a policeman with him!

(C) Though my old man's a dustman he's got a heart of (G7) gold  
He got married recently though he's 86 years (C) old  
We said 'Ere! Hang on Dad you're (C7) getting past your (F) prime'  
(G7) He said ' Well when you get to my age it helps to pass the (C) time'

### Refrain

I say I say I say! My dustbins full of lilies Well throw 'em away then  
I can't Lilly's wearing them!

(C) Now one day while in a hurry he missed a lady's (G7) bin  
He hadn't gone but a few yards when she chased after (C) him  
'What game do you think you're playing' she (C7) cried right from the (F) heart  
(G7) 'You've missed me, am I too late?' 'No - jump up on the cart!'

### Refrain

I say I say I say What you again? My dustbin's absolutely full with toadstools  
How do you know it's full? 'Cos there's not "mush room" inside!

(C) He found a tiger's head one day, nailed to a piece of (G7) wood  
The tiger looked quite miserable but I suppose it (C) should  
Just then from out a window, a (C7) voice began to (F) wail  
(G7) He said Oi! Where's me tiger head? Four foot from it's (C) tail!

### Refrain

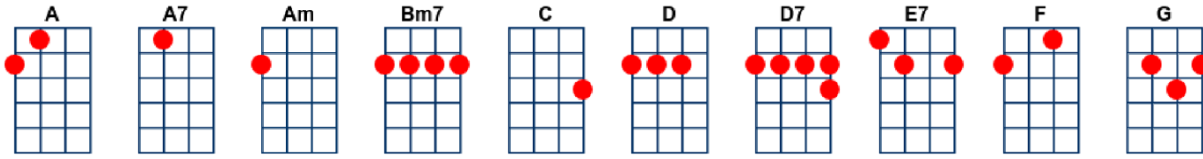
Next time you see a dustman (C7) looking all pale and (F) sad  
Don't (G7) kick him in the dustbin it might be my old (C) dad!





# Night Before, The

Artist: The Beatles Writers: Paul McCartney & John Lennon Tempo 167 4/4 time



**Intro:** (D) (G) (D) (F)// (G)//

(D) We said our good-(C)-bye-(G)-ees - the (A) night before  
(D) Love was in your (C) eye-(G)-ees - the (A) night before  
(Bm7) Now today I (G) find, (Bm7) you have changed your (G) mind  
(D) Treat me like you (G) did the night be-(D)-fore (F)// (G)//

(D) Were you telling (C) liee-(G)-ees? The (A) night before  
(D) Was I so un-(C)-wii-(G)-ise? The (A) night before  
(Bm7) When I held you (G) near, (Bm7) you were so sin-(G)-cere  
(D) Treat me like you (G) did the night be-(D)-fore (D)

(Am) Last night is the (D7) night I will re-(G)-member you (G) by  
(Bm7) When I think, of (E7) things we did, it (A7) makes me wanna (A7) cry

(D) We said our good-(C)-bye-(G)-ees - the (A) night before  
(D) Love was in your (C) eye-(G)-ees - the (A) night before  
(Bm7) Now today I (G) find, (Bm7) you have changed your (G) mind  
(D) Treat me like you (G) did the night be-(D)-fore (F)// (G)//

**Instrumental (don't sing blue lyrics)**

(D) Were you telling (C) liee-(G)-ees? The (A) night before  
(D) Was I so un-(C)-wii-(G)-ise? The (A) night before  
(Bm7) When I held you (G) near, (Bm7) you were so sin-(G)-cere  
(D) Treat me like you (G) did the night be-(D)-fore (D)

(Am) Last night is the (D7) night I will re-(G)-member you (G) by  
(Bm7) When I think, of (E7) things we did, it (A7) makes me wanna (A7) cry

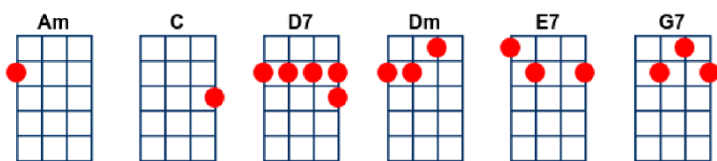
(D) Were you telling (C) lie-(G)-ees? The (A) night before  
(D) Was I so un-(C)-wii-(G)-ise? The (A) night before  
(Bm7) When I held you (G) near, (Bm7) you were so sin-(G)-cere  
(D) Treat me like you (G) did the night be-(D)-fore  
(F) Like the night be-(D)-fore (D)/





# Night has a Thousand Eyes, The

Artist: Bobby Vee Writers: Benjamin Weisman, Dorothy Wayne & Marilyn Garrett Tempo 112



(C) They say that you're a runaround (E7) lover,  
Though you (Dm) say it isn't (G7) so,  
(C) But if you put me down for an-(E7)-other,  
(D7) I'll know believe me I'll (G7) know.

Cause the (Am) night has a thousand eyes,  
And a thousand (Dm) eyes, can't help but (C) see,  
If (Dm) you are (G7) true to (C) me,  
So rem-(Dm)-ember when (G7) you tell, those (C) little white (Am) lies,  
That the (Dm) night, (G7) has a thousand (C) eyes.

(C) You say that you're at home when you (E7) phone me,  
And how (Dm) much you really (G7) care,  
(C) Though you keep telling me that you're (E7) lonely,  
(D7) I'll know if someone is (G7) there.

Cause the (Am) night has a thousand eyes,  
And a thousand (Dm) eyes, can't help but (C) see,  
If (Dm) you are (G7) true to (C) me,  
So rem-(Dm)-ember when (G7) you tell, those (C) little white (Am) lies,  
That the (Dm) night, (G7) has a thousand (C) eyes.

(C) One of these days you're gonna be (E7) sorry,  
Cause your (Dm) game I'm gonna (G7) play,  
(C) And you'll find out without really (E7) trying,  
(D7) Each time that my kisses (G7) stray.

Cause the (Am) night has a thousand eyes,  
And a thousand (Dm) eyes, can't help but (C) see,  
If (Dm) you are (G7) true to (C) me,  
So rem-(Dm)-ember when (G7) you tell, those (C) little white (Am) lies,  
That the (Dm) night, (G7) has a thousand (C) eyes.

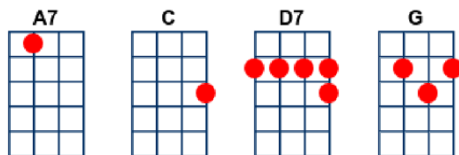
That the (Dm) night, (G7) has a thousand (C) eyes.





# Nine to Five

Artist: Dolly Parton Writer: Dolly Parton Previous book page no. 106



(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.

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.

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 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.

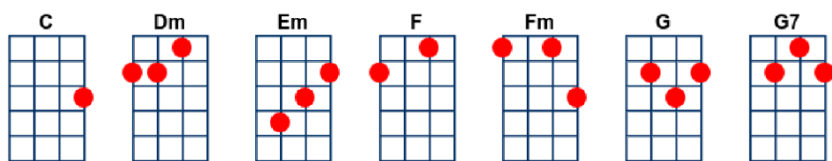
Working (C) nine to five what a way to make a living,  
 Barely (G) getting by, it's all taking and no giving,  
 They just (C) use your mind and they never give you credit,  
 It's (A7) enough to drive you (D7) crazy if you let it.  
 (C) Nine to five they got you where they want you,  
 there's a (G)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





# Nowhere Man

Artist: The Beatles Writers: Paul McCartney & John Lennon Tempo 84



(C) He's a real (G) nowhere man, (F) sitting in his (C) nowhere land,  
(Dm) Making all his (Fm) nowhere plans for (C) nobody. (G)

(C) Doesn't have a (G) point of view,  
(F) knows not where he's (C) going to.  
(Dm) Isn't he a (Fm) bit like you and (C) me?

Nowhere (Em) man, please (F) listen.  
You don't (Em) know what you're (F) missing.  
Nowhere (Em) man, the (Dm) world is at your command. (G7)

**Instrumental: (Don't sing blue lyrics)**

(C) He's a real (G) nowhere man, (F) sitting in his (C) nowhere land,  
(Dm) Making all his (Fm) nowhere plans for (C) nobody. (G)

(C) He's as blind as (G) he can be,  
(F) just sees what he (C) wants to see.  
(Dm) Nowhere man, can (Fm) you see me, at (C) all?

Nowhere (Em) man, don't (F) worry.  
Take your (Em) time, don't (F) hurry.  
Leave it (Em) all, till (Dm) somebody else lends you a hand. (G7)

(C) Doesn't have a (G) point of view,  
(F) knows not where he's (C) going to.  
(Dm) Isn't he a (Fm) bit like you and (C) me?

Nowhere (Em) man, please (F) listen.  
You don't (Em) know what you're (F) missing.  
Nowhere (Em) man, the (Dm) world is at your command. (G7)

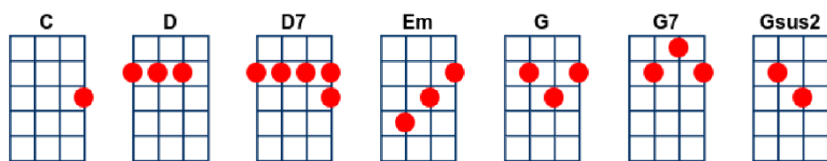
(C) He's a real (G) nowhere man, (F) sitting in his (C) nowhere land,  
(Dm) Making all his (Fm) nowhere plans for (C) nobody.  
(Dm) Making all his (Fm) nowhere plans for (C) nobody.  
(Dm) Making all his (Fm) nowhere plans for (C) nobody.





# Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da

Artist: The Beatles Writers: Paul McCartney & John Lennon Tempo 118



**Intro: (G) (G) (G) (G)**

(G) Desmond has a barrow in the (D) market-place. (D7) Molly is the singer in a (G) band.

Desmond says to (G7) Molly, "Girl, I (C) like your face"

And Molly (G) says this as she (D7) takes him by the (G) hand

Ob-la-(G)-di, ob-la-da, life goes (D) on, (Em) bra, (G) la la how that (D7) life goes (G) on  
Ob-la-(G)-di, ob-la-da, life goes (D) on, (Em) bra, (G) la la how that (D7) life goes (G) on

(G) Desmond takes a trolley to the (D) jeweller's store  
(D7) Buys a twenty-carat golden (G) ring  
Takes it back to (G7) Molly waiting (C) at the door,  
And as he (G) gives it to her (D7) she begins to (G) sing

Ob-la-(G)-di, ob-la-da, life goes (D) on, (Em) bra, (G) la la how that (D7) life goes (G) on  
Ob-la-(G)-di, ob-la-da, life goes (D) on, (Em) bra, (G) la la how that (D7) life goes (G) on

(C) In a couple of years, they have built a home sweet (G) home (Gsus2) (G) (G7)  
(C) With a couple of kids running in the yard of (G) Desmond and Molly (D7) Jones

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

Ob-la-(G)-di, ob-la-da, life goes (D) on, (Em) bra, (G) la la how that (D7) life goes (G) on  
Ob-la-(G)-di, ob-la-da, life goes (D) on, (Em) bra, (G) la la how that (D7) life goes (G) on

(C) In a couple of years, they have built a home sweet (G) home (Gsus2) (G) (G7)  
(C) With a couple of kids running in the yard of (G) Desmond and Molly (D7) Jones

(G) Happy ever after in the (D) market-place (D7) Molly lets the children lend a (G) hand  
Desmond stays at (G7) home and does his (C) pretty face  
And in the (G) evening she's a (D7) singer with the (G) band

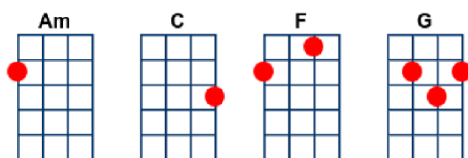
Ob-la-(G)-di, ob-la-da, life goes (D) on, (Em) bra, (G) la la how that (D7) life goes (G) on  
Ob-la-(G)-di, ob-la-da, life goes (D) on, (Em) bra, (G) la la how that (D7) life goes (G) on





# Octopus's Garden

Artist: The Beatles Writer: Richard Starkey (Ringo Starr) Previous book page no. 107



(C) I'd like to be (Am) under the sea  
 In an (F) octopus's garden in the (G) shade  
 (C) He'd let us in (Am) knows where we've been  
 In his (F) octopus's garden in the (G) shade

(Am) I'd ask my friends to come and see  
 (F) An octopus's (G) garden with me  
 (C) I'd like to be (Am) under the sea  
 In an (F) octopus's garden in the (G) shade

(C) We would be warm (Am) below the storm  
 In our (F) little hideaway beneath the (G) waves  
 (C) Resting our head (Am) on the seabed  
 In an (F) octopus's garden near a (G) cave

(Am) We would sing and dance around  
 (F) Because we know we (G) can't be found  
 (C) I'd like to be (Am) under the sea  
 In an (F) octopus's garden in the (G) shade

(C) We would shout (Am) and swim about  
 The (F) coral that lies beneath the (G) waves  
 (C) Oh what joy for (Am) every girl and boy  
 (F) Knowing they're happy and they're (G) safe

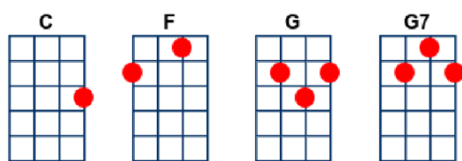
(Am) We would be so happy you and me  
 (F) No one there to tell us what to (G) do  
 (C) I'd like to be (Am) under the sea  
 In an (F) octopus's (G) garden with (Am) you  
 In an (F) octopus's (G) garden with (Am) you  
 In an (F) octopus's (G) garden with (C) you (G) (C)





# Oh Boy

Artist: Buddy Holly Writers: Sonny West, Bill Tilghman and Norman Petty Tempo 170



(C) All of my love all of my kissing  
 (C) You don't know what you've been a missing  
 Oh (F) boy when you're with me oh (C) boy  
 The world will see that (G) you were (G7) meant for (C) me

(C) All of my life I've been a waiting, tonight there'll be no hesitating  
 Oh (F) boy when you're with me oh (C) boy  
 The world will see that (G) you were (G7) meant for (C) me

(G7) Stars appear and shadows falling  
 (C) You can hear my heart calling  
 (F) And a little bit of loving makes everything right  
 (G) I'm gonna see my baby tonight

(C) All of my love all of my kissing  
 (C) You don't know what you've been a missing  
 Oh (F) boy when you're with me oh (C) boy  
 The world will see that (G) you were (G7) meant for (C) me

(G7) Stars appear and shadows falling  
 (C) You can hear my heart calling  
 (F) And a little bit of loving makes everything right  
 (G) I'm gonna see my baby tonight

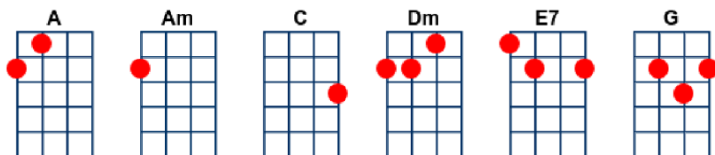
(C) All of my love all of my kissing  
 (C) You don't know what you've been a missing  
 Oh (F) boy when you're with me oh (C) boy  
 The world will see that (G) you were (G7) meant for (C) me





# Old Bazaar in Cairo, The

Artist: Phillip Swan Writers: Charlie Chester, Ken Morris & Clinton Ford Previous book page no. 138



(Am) Sand bags wind bags (Dm) camels with a (Am) hump,  
Fat girls thin girls (Dm) some a little (Am) plump,  
Slave girls sold here (Dm) fifty bob a lump,  
In the (E7) old bazaar in (Am) Cairo.

(Am) Brandy shandy (Dm) beer without a (Am) froth,  
Braces laces a (Dm) candle for the (Am) moth,  
Bet you'd look a dolly in an (Dm) old loin cloth,  
In the (E7) old bazaar in (Am) Cairo.

(G) You can buy most (C) any anything,  
(G) Thin bulls fat cows a (C) little bit of string,  
(A) You can purchase (Dm) anything you wish,  
A (E7) clock, a dish and something for your Auntie Fannie.

(Am) Harem scarem (Dm) what d'ya think of (Am) that,  
Bare knees striptease (Dm) dancing on the (Am) mat,  
Oompa oompa (Dm) that's enough of that,  
In the (E7) old bazaar in (Am) Cairo.

(Am) Rice pud very good (Dm) what's it all ab-(Am)-out,  
Made it in a kettle and they (Dm) couldn't get it (Am) out,  
Everybody took a turn to (Dm) suck it through the spout,  
In the (E7) old bazaar in (Am) Cairo.

(Am) Mamadan Ramadan (Dm) everything in (Am) style,  
Genuine Bedouin (Dm) carpet with a (Am) pile,  
(Am) Funny little odds and ends (Dm) floating down the Nile,  
From the (E7) old bazaar in (Am) Cairo.

(G) You can buy most (C) any anything,  
(G) Sheep's eyes sand pies a (C) watch without a spring,  
(A) You can buy a (Dm) pomegranate too,  
A (E7) waaaterbag a little bit of hokey pokey.

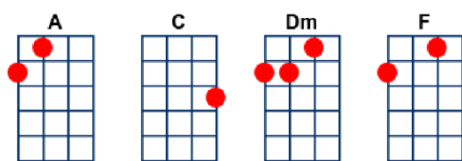
(Am) Yashmaks pontefracts (Dm) what a strange aff-(Am)-air,  
Dark girls fair girls (Dm) some with ginger (Am) hair,  
The rest of it is funny but the (Slower) (Dm) censor cut it there, (*Tremolo strum*)  
In the (E7) old bazaar in (Am) Cairo.





# Paint it Black

Artist: The Rolling Stones Writers: Mick Jagger & Keith Richards Previous book page no. 109



(Dm) I see my red door and I (A) want it painted black,  
 (Dm) No colours anymore, I (A) want them to turn black  
 (Dm) I (C) see the (F) girls walk (C) by dressed (Dm) in their summer clothes,  
 (Dm) I (C) have to (F) turn my (C) head unt-(Dm)-il my darkness (A) goes

(Dm) I see a line of cars and (A) they're all painted black  
 (Dm) With flowers and my love both (A) never to come back  
 (Dm) I (C) see people (F) turn their (C) heads and (Dm) quickly look away  
 (Dm) Like a (C) newborn (F) baby (C) it just (Dm) happens every-(A)-day

(Dm) I look inside myself and (A) see my heart is black  
 (Dm) I see my red door and it's (A) heading into black  
 (Dm) Maybe (C) then I'll (F) fade a-(C)-way and not (Dm) have to face the facts  
 (Dm) It's not (C) easy (F) facing (C) up when (Dm) your whole world is (A) black

(Dm) No more will my green sea go (A) turn a deeper blue,  
 (Dm) I could not foresee this thing (A) happening to you,  
 (Dm) If I (C) look (F) hard en-(C)-ough in-(Dm)-to the setting sun,  
 (Dm) My (C) love will (F) laugh with (C) me be-(Dm)-fore the morning (A) comes

(Dm) I see my red door and I (A) want it painted black,  
 (Dm) No colours anymore, I (A) want them to turn black  
 (Dm) I (C) see the (F) girls walk (C) by dressed (Dm) in their summer clothes,  
 (Dm) I (C) have to (F) turn my (C) head un-(Dm)-til my darkness (A) goes

(Dm) Mm mm mm mm mm mm mm (A) mm mm mm mm mm mm  
 (Dm) Mm mm mm mm mm mm mm (A) mm mm mm mm mm mm  
 (Dm) Mm mm mm mm mm mm mm (A) mm mm mm mm mm mm  
 (Dm) Mm mm mm mm mm mm mm (A) mm mm mm mm mm mm

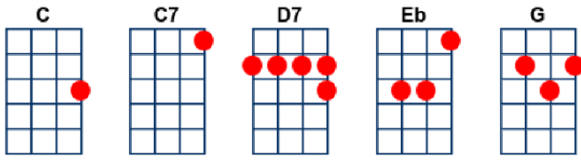
I wanna see it (Dm) painted ,painted, painted... painted (A) black, oh  
 I wanna see it (Dm) painted ,painted, painted... painted (A) black, oh (Dm)





# Peggy Sue

Artist: Buddy Holly Writers: Buddy Holly, Jerry Allison, and Norman Petty Tempo 152



**Intro:** (G)// (C)// (G)// (D7)//

(G) If you knew (C) Peggy Sue, (G) then you'd (C) know why (G) I feel blue  
About (C) Peggy, my Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G)  
Oh, well, I (D7) love you gal yes, I (C) love you Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G) (D7)

(G) Peggy Sue (C) Peggy Sue (G) oh how (C) my heart (G) yearns for you  
Oh (C) Peggy, my Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G)  
Oh, well, I (D7) love you gal yes, I (C) love you Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G) (D7)

(G) Peggy Sue, Peggy Sue, (Eb) Pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, (G) Peggy Sue,  
oh (C) Peggy, my Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G)  
Oh, well, I (D7) love you gal, yes, I (C) need you Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G) (D7)

(G) I love you (C) Peggy Sue, (G) With a (C) love so (G) rare and true  
Oh (C) Peggy, my Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G)  
Well, I (D7) love you gal and I (C) want you Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G) (D7)

**Instrumental:** (don't sing blue lyrics)

(G) If you knew (C) Peggy Sue, (G) then you'd (C) know why (G) I feel blue  
About (C) Peggy, my Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G)  
Oh, well, I (D7) love you gal yes, I (C) love you Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G) (D7)

(G) Peggy Sue, Peggy Sue, (Eb) Pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, (G) Peggy Sue,  
Oh (C) Peggy, my Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G)  
Oh, well, I (D7) love you gal, yes, I (C) need you Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G) (D7)

(G) I love you (C) Peggy Sue, (G) With a (C) love so (G) rare and true  
Oh (C) Peggy, my Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G)  
Well, I (D7) love you gal and I (C) want you Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G) (D7)

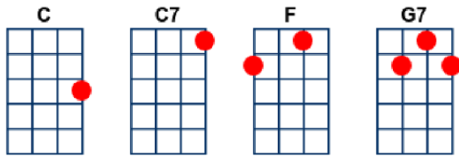
Oh, well, I (D7) love you gal, yes | (C) need you (C7) Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G) (G)





## Putting on the Style

Artist: Lonnie Donegan Previous book page no. 111



(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...

(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...

(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.

(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...

(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.

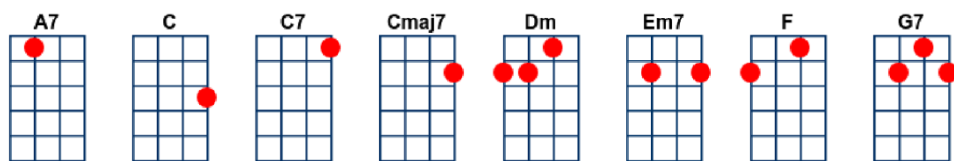
(C) Putting on the agony, putting on the (G7) style  
 That's what all the young folks are doing all the (C) while  
 And as I look around me, I (C7) sometimes have to (F) smile  
 (G7) Seeing all the young folks putting on the (C) style.





# Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head

Artist: BJ Thomas Writers: Hal David & Burt Bacharach Previous book page no. 112



(C) Raindrops keep falling on my (Cmaj7) head  
And (C7) just like the guy whose feet are (F) too big for his (Em7) bed (A7)  
Nothing seems to (Em7) fit, (A7) those,  
(Dm) raindrops are falling on my head they keep falling

(G7) So I just (C) did me some talking to the (Cmaj7) sun  
And (C7) I said I didn't like the (F) way he got things (Em7) done  
(A7) Sleepin' on the (Em7) job, (A7) those  
(Dm) Raindrops are falling on my head they keep falling

(G7) But there's one (C) thing I (Cmaj7) know,  
The (F) blues they send to (G7) meet me, won't def-(Em7)-eat me  
It won't be long till (A7) happiness steps (Dm) up to greet me (G7)

(C) Raindrops keep falling on my (Cmaj7) head  
But (C7) that doesn't mean my eyes will (F) soon be turning (Em7) red (A7)  
Cryin's not for (Em7) me, (A7) cause,  
(Dm) I'm never gonna stop the rain by complaining  
(G7) Because I'm (C) free, nothing's (G7) worrying (C) me

(C) Raindrops keep falling on my (Cmaj7) head  
But (C7) that doesn't mean my eyes will (F) soon be turning (Em7) red (A7)  
Cryin's not for (Em7) me (A7) 'cause,  
(Dm) I'm never gonna stop the rain by complaining  
(G7) Because I'm (C) free, nothing's (G7) worrying (C) me

**Slower**

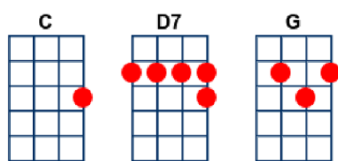
Nothing's (G7) worrying (C) me.





# Rave On

Artist: Buddy Holly Writers: Sonny West, Bill Tilghman and Norman Petty Tempo 160



Well (G) the little things you say and do  
Make me want to be with you  
(C) Rave on it's a crazy feeling  
And (G) I know it's got me reeling  
when (D7) you say I love you (G) rave on (G)

(G) The way you dance and hold me tight,  
The way you kiss and say goodnight  
(C) Rave on it's a crazy feeling  
And (G) I know it's got me reeling  
When (D7) you say I love you (G) rave on (G)

Well (C) rave on it's a crazy feeling  
And (G) I know it's got me reeling  
I'm (D7) so glad that you're revealing your (G) love (C) for (G) me  
(C) Rave on, rave on and tell me  
(G) Tell me not to be lonely  
(D7) Tell me you love me only (G) rave (C) on with (G) me

**Instrumental:** (Don't sing blue lyrics)

Well (C) rave on it's a crazy feeling  
And (G) I know it's got me reeling  
I'm (D7) so glad that you're revealing your (G) love (C) for (G) me

Well (C) rave on it's a crazy feeling  
And (G) I know it's got me reeling  
I'm (D7) so glad that you're revealing your (G) love (C) for (G) me  
(C) Rave on, rave on and tell me  
(G) Tell me not to be lonely  
(D7) Tell me you love me only (G) rave (C) on with (G) me

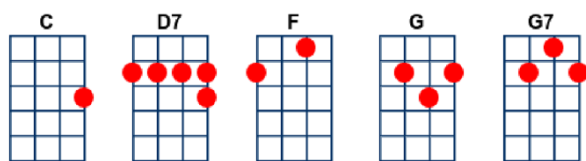
(G) ahh (C) ahh (G) ah  
(G) ahh (C) ahh (G) ah  
(G) ahh (C) ahh (G) ah





# Rhinestone Cowboy

Artist: Glen Campbell Writer: Larry Weiss Previous book page no. 114



I've been **(C)** walking these streets so long, singing the same old song,  
 I know every crack in the dirty sidewalks of **(G)** Broadway,  
 Where **(F)** hustle's the name of the game,  
 And nice guys get washed away like the snow and the **(C)** rain,  
 There's been a **(G)** load of compromising,  
 On the **(F)** road to my **(C)** horizon,  
 But **(F)** I'm gonna be where the **(D7)** lights are shining on **(G7)** me.

**(G7)** Like a rhinestone **(C)** cowboy, **(F)/ (C)/**  
 Riding out on a horse in a star-spangled rod-**(G)**-eo,  
 Like a **(G7)** rhinestone **(C)** cowboy, **(F)/ (C)/**  
 Getting cards and letters from people I don't even **(G)** know,  
 And offers coming over the **(F)** phone.

**(C)** I really don't mind the rain, and smiles can hide all the pain,  
 You're down while taking the train that's taking the **(G)** long way,  
 And I **(F)** dream of things I'll do,  
 With a subway token and a dollar tucked inside my **(C)** shoe,  
 There's been a **(G)** load of compromising,  
 On the **(F)** road to my **(C)** horizon,  
 But **(F)** I'm gonna be where the **(D7)** lights are shining on **(G7)** me.

**(G7)** Like a rhinestone **(C)** cowboy, **(F)/ (C)/**  
 Riding out on a horse in a star-spangled rod-**(G)**-eo,  
 Like a **(G7)** rhinestone **(C)** cowboy, **(F)/ (C)/**  
 Getting cards and letters from people I don't even **(G)** know,  
 And offers coming over the **(F)** phone.

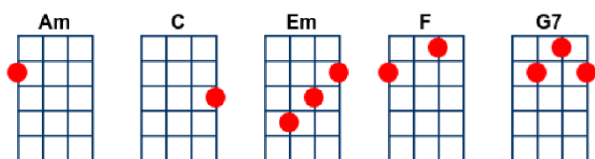
**(G7)** Like a rhinestone **(C)** cowboy, **(F)/ (C)/**  
 Riding out on a horse in a star-spangled rod-**(G)**-eo,  
 Like a **(G7)** rhinestone **(C)** cowboy, **(F)/ (C)/**  
 Getting cards and letters from people I don't even **(G)** know,  
 And offers coming over the **(C)** phone.





# Rhythm of the Rain

Artist: The Cascades Writer: John Gummoe Tempo 90



(C) Listen to the rhythm of the (F) falling rain  
 (C) Telling me just what a fool I've (G7) been  
 I (C) wish that it would go and let me (F) cry in vain  
 And (C) let me be al-(G7)-one ag-(C)-ain (G7)

The (C) only girl I've ever loved has (F) gone away  
 (C) Looking for a brand new (G7) start  
 But (C) little does she know that when she (F) left that day  
 (C) Along with her she (G7) took my (C) heart

(F) Rain please tell me now does (Em) that seem fair  
 For (F) her to steal my heart away when (C) she don't care  
 I (Am) can't love another when my (F) heart's  
 Somewhere far (C) away (G7)

The (C) only girl I've ever loved has (F) gone away  
 (C) Looking for a brand new (G7) start  
 But (C) little does she know that when she (F) left that day  
 (C) Along with her she (G7) took my (C) heart

(F) Rain please tell me now does (Em) that seem fair  
 For (F) her to steal my heart away when (C) she don't care  
 I (Am) can't love another when my (F) heart's  
 Somewhere far (C) away (G7)

(C) Listen to the rhythm of the (F) falling rain  
 (C) Telling me just what a fool I've (G7) been  
 I (C) wish that it would go and let me (F) cry in vain  
 And (C) let me be al-(G7)-one ag-(C)-ain

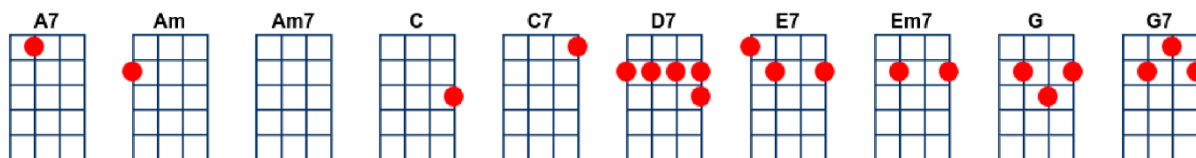
And (C) let me be al-(G7)-one ag-(C)-ain





# Right Said Fred

Artist: Bernard Cribbins Writers: Ted Dicks & Myles Rudge Tempo 120



(G) Right said (C7) Fred (G) both of us tog-(C7)-ether,  
 (G) One each (C7) end and (G) steady as we (D7) go...  
 (G) Tried to (C7) shift it (G) couldn't even (C7) lift it,  
 (G) We was (C7) getting (G) nowhere and (Em7) so (A7) we (D7) had a cuppa tea and  
 (G) Right said (C7) Fred (G) give a shout to (C7) Charlie,  
 (G) Up comes (C7) Charlie (G) from the floor (D7) below...  
 (G) After (C7) straining (G) heaving and (C7) complaining,  
 (G) We was (C7) getting (G) nowhere and (Em7) so (A7) we (D7) had a cuppa tea and  
 (G7) Charlie had a think and he (C) thought we ought to (G7) take off all the (C) handles,  
 And the (A7) things wot held the (D7) candles,  
 But it (A7) did no good well I (D7) never thought it would.

Ohh (G) right said (C7) Fred (G) have to take the (C7) feet off,  
 (G) To get them (C7) feet off (G) wouldn't take a (D7) mo...  
 (G) Took its (C7) feet off (G) even took the (C7) seat off,  
 (G) Should have (C7) got us (G) somewhere but (E7) no...  
 So (Am) Fred said (D7) let's have (G) another cuppa (E7) tea and  
 (Am7) we said (D7) Right (G) Ho!

Ohh (G) right said (C7) Fred, (G) have to take the (C7) door off,  
 (G) Need more (C7) space to (G) shift the so and (D7) so...  
 (G) Had bad (C7) twinges (G) takin' off the (C7) hinges,  
 (G) And it (C7) got us (G) nowhere and (Em7) so (A7) we (D7) had a cuppa tea and

(G) Right said (C7) Fred (G) have to take the (C7) wall down,  
 (G) That there (C7) wall is (G) gonna have to (D7) go...  
 (G) Took the (C7) wall down, (G) even with it (C7) all down,  
 (G) We was (C7) getting (G) nowhere and (Em7) so (A7) we (D7) had a cuppa tea and  
 (G7) Charlie had a think and he (C) said look Fred,  
 I've (G7) got a sort of (C) feeling, if (A7) we remove the (D7) ceiling,  
 With a (A7) rope or two we could (D7) drop the blighter through.

Ohhh (G) Right said (C7) Fred (G) climbing up a (C7) ladder,  
 (G) With 'is (C7) crow-bar (G) gave a mighty (D7) blow...  
 Was (G) he in (C7) trouble, (G) half a ton of (C7) rubble,  
 (G) Landed on the top of his (E7) dome...  
 So (Am) Charlie and (D7) me had (G) another cuppa (E7) tea,  
 And (Am7) then we (D7) went (G) home!

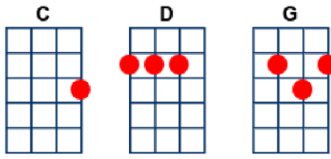
*I said to Charlie, we'll just have to leave it standing on the landing that's all. You see the trouble with Fred is he's too hasty and you never get nowhere if you're too hasty! (D7) (G)*





# Ring of Fire

Artist: Johnny Cash Writers: June Carter Cash & Merle Kilgore Previous book page no. 115



(G) Love is a (C) burning (G) thing  
And it makes a (C) fiery (G) ring  
(G) Bound by (C) wild de-(G)-sire  
(G) I fell into a (C) ring of (G) fire

(D) I fell in to a (C) burning ring of (G) fire  
I went (D) down, down, down  
And the (C) flames went (G) higher  
And it (G)/ burns, (G)/ burns, (G)/ burns  
The (C) ring of (G) fire,  
The (C) ring of (G) fire

(G) The taste of (C) love is (G) sweet  
When (G) hearts like (C) ours (G) meet  
I (G) fell for you (C) like a (G) child  
(G) Oh but the (C) fire went (G) wild

(D) I fell in to a (C) burning ring of (G) fire  
I went (D) down, down, down  
And the (C) flames went (G) higher  
And it (G)/ burns, (G)/ burns, (G)/ burns  
The (C) ring of (G) fire,  
The (C) ring of (G) fire

(G) The taste of (C) love is (G) sweet  
When (G) hearts like (C) ours (G) meet  
I (G) fell for you (C) like a (G) child  
(G) Oh but the (C) fire went (G) wild

(D) I fell in to a (C) burning ring of (G) fire  
I went (D) down, down, down  
And the (C) flames went (G) higher  
And it (G)/ burns, (G)/ burns, (G)/ burns  
The (C) ring of (G) fire,  
The (C) ring of (G) fire

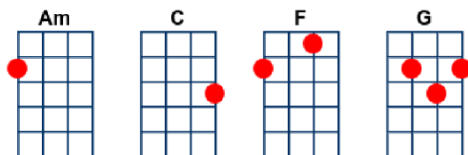
And it (G)/ burns, (G)/ burns, (G)/ burns  
The (C) ring of (G) fire, the (C) ring of (G) fire





# Riptide

Artist: Vance Joy Writer: James Keogh Previous book page no. 116



**Intro (Am) (G) (C) (C) x 2**

(Am) I was scared of (G) dentists and the (C) dark,  
(Am) I was scared of (G) pretty girls and (C) starting conversations,  
(Am) Oh all my (G) friends are turning (C) green,  
(Am) You're the magicians (G) assistant in their (C) dreams.

(Am) Ooh, (G) ooh (C) ooh  
(Am) Ooh, (G) and they (C) come unstuck

### Chorus:

(Am) Lady, (G) running down to the (C) riptide,  
(C) Taken away to the (Am) dark side,  
(G) I wanna be your (C) left hand man.  
(Am) I love you (G) when you're singing that (C) song and,  
(C) I got a lump in my (Am) throat 'cause  
(G) You're gonna sing the words (C) wrong

(Am) There's this movie (G) that I think you'll (C) like,  
(Am) This guy decides to (G) quit his job and (C) heads to New York City,  
(Am) This cowboy's (G) running from (C) himself.  
(Am) And she's been living (G) on the highest (C) shelf

(Am) Ooh, (G) ooh (C) ooh  
(Am) Ooh, (G) and they (C) come unstuck

**Chorus (Am) Lady, (G) running...**

(Am) I just wanna, I just wanna (G) know,  
(C) If you're gonna, if you're gonna (F) stay,  
(Am) I just gotta, I just gotta (G) know,  
(C) I can't have it, I can't have it (F) any other way  
(Am) I swear she's (G) destined for the (C) screen,  
(Am) Closest thing to (G) Michelle Pfeiffer (C) that you've ever seen, oh

**CHORUS x 2 (Am) Lady, (G) running...**

**Go straight on from Chorus...**

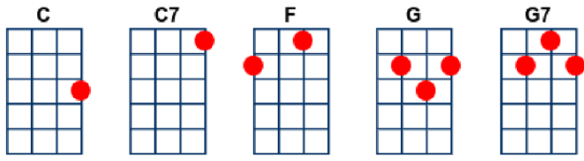
(C) I got a lump in my (Am) throat (G) 'cause you're gonna sing the words (C) wrong.





# Rivers of Babylon

Artist: Boney M. Writer :Brent Dowe, Trevor McNaughton, Frank Farian, Reyam Previous book page no. 117



(NC) By the rivers of (C) Babylon, there we sat down  
Ye-eah we (G) wept, when we remembered (C) Zion  
By the rivers of (C) Babylon, there we sat down  
Ye-eah we (G7) wept, when we remembered (C) Zion

(C) When the wicked (C) carried us away in (C7) captivity  
Re-(F)-quired from us a (C) song  
Now how shall we sing the Lord's song in a (G) strange (C) land  
(C) When the wicked (C) carried us away in (C7) captivity  
Re-(F)-quiring of us a (C) song  
Now how shall we sing the Lord's song in a (G) strange (C) land

mm-(C)-mm, mm-(C)-mm, mm-(G7)-mm, mm-(C)-mm-mm

Let the (C) words of our (G) mouth and the medit-(C)-ation of our (G) heart  
Be acc-(C)-eptable in thy (G) sight here ton-(C)-ight  
Let the (C) words of our (G) mouth and the medit-(C)-ation of our (G) heart  
Be acc-(C)-eptable in thy (G) sight here ton-(C)-ight

By the rivers of (C) Babylon, there we sat down  
Ye-eah we (G) wept, when we remembered (C) Zion  
By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down  
Ye-eah we (G) wept, when we remembered (C) Zion

aa-(C)-hh, aa-(C)-hh, aa-(G7)-hh, aa-(C)-hh

By the rivers of (C) Babylon (daughters of Babylon)  
There we sat (C) down (you got to sing a song)  
Ye-eah we (G) wept, (sing a song of love)  
When we remember (C) Zion. (yeah yeah yeah yeah)

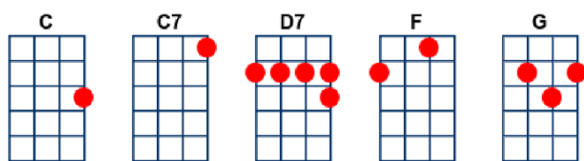
By the rivers of (C) Babylon (Prophets of Babylon)  
There we sat (C) down (you hear the people cry)  
Ye-eah we (G7) wept, (they need their god)  
When we remember (C) Zion.





# Rockin' All Over the World

Artist: Status Quo Writer: John Fogerty Previous book page no. 118



**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**

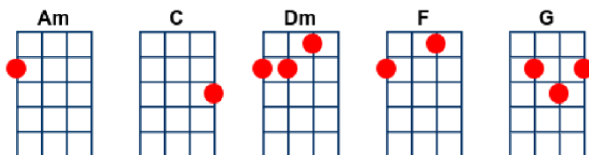
**Outro: (C) // // // // (C7) // // // // (F) // // // // (D7) // // // // (C) // // // // (G) // // // // (C) // // // // (C) // //**





# Ruby, Don't Take Your Love to Town

Artist: Kenny Rogers Writer: Mel Tillis Previous book page no. 119



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

You've painted up your lips and rolled and

**(F)** curled your tinted **(G)** hair. **(2 3 4)**

**(Dm)** **(1 2 3 4)** **(C)** Ruby are you contemplating **(F)** going out some-**(G)**-where **(2 3 4)**

The **(Dm)** shadow on the wall tells me

the **(G)** sun is going down **(2 3 4)** **(Dm)** **(1 2 3 4)**

Oh **(C)** Ru-**(F)**-by-**(Am)**-y-**(Dm)**-y **(Dm)\***

Don't take your love to **(C)** town **(2 3 4, 1 2 3 4)**

It **(Dm)** wasn't me that started that old **(C)** crazy Asian war **(2 3 4)**

But **(Dm)** I was proud to go and do my **(F)** patriotic **(G)** chore **(2 3 4)**

And **(Dm)** yes, it's true that I'm not the **(G)** man I used to be **(2 3 4)** **(Dm)** **(1 2 3 4)**

Oh **(C)** Ru-**(F)**-by-**(Am)**-y-**(Dm)**-y **(Dm)\***

I still need some compan-**(C)**-y **(2 3 4, 1 2 3 4)**

It's **(C)** hard to love a man whose legs are

**(F)** bent and paral-**(G)**-yzed **(2 3 4)** **(Dm)** **(1 2 3 4)**

and the **(C)** wants and the needs of a woman of your age,

**(F)** Ruby, I real-**(G)**-ize **(2 3 4)**

But it **(Dm)** won't be long, I've heard them say,

Unt-**(G)**-il I'm not around **(2 3 4)** **(Dm)** **(1 2 3 4)**

Oh **(C)** Ru-**(F)**-by-**(Am)**-y-**(Dm)**-y **(Dm)\***

Don't take your love to **(C)** town **(2 3 4, 1 2 3 4)**

**(C)** She's leaving now 'cause I just heard the

**(Dm)** slammin' of the **(G)** door **(2 3 4)**

The **(C)** way I know I've heard it slam one **(F)** hundred times bef-**(G)**-ore **(2 3 4)**

And if **(Dm)** I could move I'd get my gun

and **(G)** put her in the ground **(2 3 4)** **(Dm)** **(1 2 3 4)**

Oh **(C)** Ru-**(F)**-by-**(Am)**-y-**(Dm)**-y **(Dm)\***

Don't take your love to **(C)** town **(2 3 4)**

Oh **(C)** Ru-**(F)**-by-**(Am)**-y-**(Dm)**-y **(Dm)\***

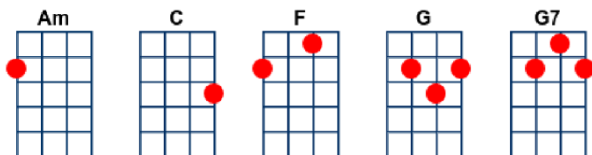
For God's sake turn ar-**(C)**-ound





# Runaround Sue

Artist: Dion and The Belmonts Writer: Ernie Maresca, Dion DiMucci Tempo 154



(C) Here's my story, it's sad but true (Am) It's about a girl that I once knew

(F) She took my love, then ran around (G) With every single guy in town

(C) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di (Am) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di

(F) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di (G7) Hey, hey, oooooooooohhhhh

(C) I guess I should have known it from the very start

(Am) This girl would leave me with a broken heart

(F) Now listen people what I'm telling you (G) I keep away from Runaround Sue

(C) I miss her lips and the smile on her face

(Am) The touch of her hand and this girl's warm embrace

(F) So if you don't want to cry like I do (G) Keep away from Runaround Sue.

(C) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di (Am) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di

(F) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di (G7) Hey, hey, oooooooooohhhhh

(F) She likes to travel around (C) She'll love you, then she'll put you down

(F) Now, people let me put you wise (G) She goes out with other guys

(C) And the moral of the story from the guy who knows

(Am) I've been in love and my love still grows

(F) Ask any fool that she ever knew (G) they'll say "Keep away from Runaround Sue"

(C) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di (Am) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di

(F) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di (G7) Hey, hey, oooooooooohhhhh

(F) She likes to travel around (C) She'll love you, then she'll put you down

(F) Now, people let me put you wise (G) She goes out with other guys

(C) And the moral of the story from the guy who knows

(Am) I've been in love and my love still grows

(F) Ask any fool that she ever knew (G) they'll say "Keep away from Runaround Sue"

(C) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di (Am) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di

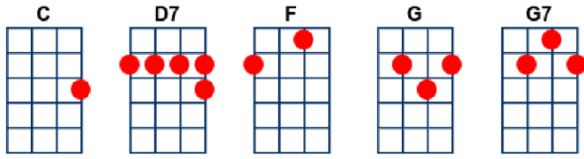
(F) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di (G7) Hey, hey, oooooooooohhhhh (C)/





# Running Bear

Artist: Johnny Preston Writer: J.P Richardson Previous book page no. 120



**Intro: (C) Humba humba, Humba humba, Humba humba, Humba**

(C) On the bank of the river, stood Running (F) Bear young Indian (C) brave  
On the other side of the river stood his (D7) lovely Indian (G) maid  
Little (C) White Dove was-a her name, such a (F) lovely sight to (C) see  
(C) But their tribes fought with each other, so their (G) love could never (C) be

Running (F) Bear loved Little (C) White Dove  
With a (G7) love big as the (C) sky  
Running (F) Bear loved Little (C) White Dove  
With a (G7) love that couldn't (C) die

(C) He couldn't swim the raging river cause the (F) river was too (C) wide  
He couldn't reach Little White Dove waiting (D7) on the other (G) side  
In the (C) moonlight he could see her, throwing (F) kisses 'cross the (C) waves  
Her little heart was beating faster waiting (G) there for her (C) brave

Running (F) Bear loved Little (C) White Dove  
With a (G7) love big as the (C) sky  
Running (F) Bear loved Little (C) White Dove  
With a (G7) love that couldn't (C) die

(C) Running Bear dove in the water little (F) White Dove did the (C) same  
(C) And they swam out to each other -  
Through the (D7) swirling stream they (G) came  
As their (C) hands touched and their lips met  
The raging (F) river pulled them (C) down  
Now they'll always be together in that (G) happy hunting (C) ground

Running (F) Bear loved Little (C) White Dove  
With a (G7) love big as the (C) sky  
Running (F) Bear loved Little (C) White Dove  
With a (G7) love that couldn't (C) die

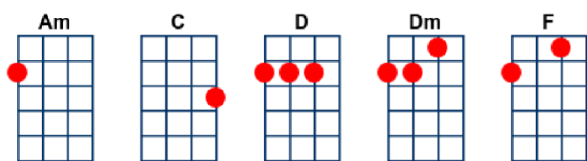
(C) Humba humba, Humba humba, Humba humba, Humba (**Stop**)





# Sailing

Artist: Rod Stewart Writer: Gavin Sutherland Previous book page no. 121



I Am **(C)** sailing, I Am **(Am)** sailing ,  
 home **(F)** again cross the **(C)** sea,  
 I am **(D)** sailing stormy **(Am)** waters,  
 to be **(Dm)** near you, to be **(C)** free.

I Am **(C)** flying, I Am **(Am)** flying,  
 like a **(F)** bird cross the **(C)** sky,  
 I am **(D)** flying, passing **(Am)** high clouds,  
 to be **(Dm)** with you, to be **(C)** free.

Can you **(C)** hear me, can you **(Am)** hear me,  
 through the **(F)** dark night, far **(C)** away,  
 I am **(D)** dying, forever **(Am)** trying,  
 to be **(Dm)** with you, who can **(C)** say.

Can you **(C)** hear me, can you **(Am)** hear me,  
 through the **(F)** dark night, far **(C)** away.  
 I am **(D)** dying, forever **(Am)** trying,  
 to be **(Dm)** with you, who can **(C)** say.

We are **(C)**sailing, we are **(Am)** sailing,  
 home **(F)** again, cross the **(C)** sea,  
 we are **(D)** sailing stormy **(Am)** waters,  
 To be **(Dm)** near you, to be **(C)** free

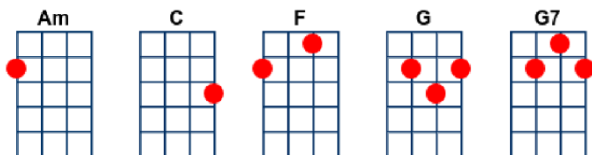
To be **(Dm)** near you, to be **(C)** free





# Sea Of Heartbreak

Artist: Don Gibson Writers: Paul Hampton & Hal David Previous book page no. 122



**Intro:** (C) /// (Am) /// (F) /// (G7) ///

The (C) lights in the (Am) harbour,  
(F) don't shine for (G) me,  
(C) I'm like a lost (Am) ship,  
a-(F)-drift on the (G) sea...

(NC) This sea of (C) heartbreak,  
lost love and (G) loneliness, memories of (C) your caress,  
So divine, (F) I wish that you were mine (C) again my dear,  
I'm on a (G) sea of tears, a sea of (C) heartbreak.

(Am) (C) (Am)

(C) How did I (Am) lose you,  
(F) where did I (G) fail...?  
(C) Why did you (Am) leave me,  
(F) always to (G) sail...

(NC) This sea of (C) heartbreak,  
lost love and (G) loneliness, memories of (C) your caress,  
So divine, (F) I wish that you were mine (C) again my dear,  
I'm on a (G) sea of tears, a sea of (C) heartbreak.

(F) Oh what I'd give just to (C) sail back to shore,  
(F) Back to your arms once (G7) more...  
(C) So come to my (Am) rescue,  
(F) come here to (G) me,  
(C) Take me and (Am) keep me,  
(F) away from this (G) sea...

(NC) This sea of (C) heartbreak,  
lost love and (G) loneliness, memories of (C) your caress,  
So divine, (F) I wish that you were mine (C) again my dear,  
I'm on a (G) sea of tears, a sea of (C) heartbreak.

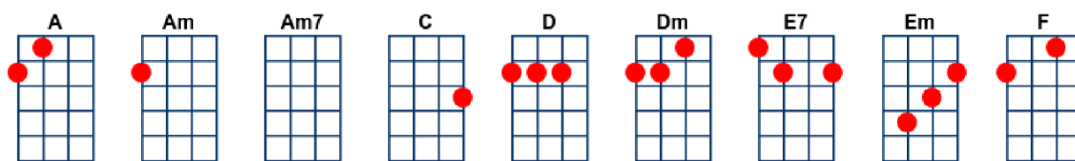
(Am) /// (F) /// (G7) /// (C) /





# She's Not There

Artist: The Zombies Writer: Rod Argent 132



**Intro:** (Am)// (D)// (Am)// (D)// (Am)// (D)// (Am)// (D)//

(Am) Well no one (D) told me a-(Am7)-bout (D) her

(Am) the (F) way she (Am) lied (D)

(Am) Well no one (D) told me a-(Am7)-bout (D) her

(Am) How many (F) people cried (A)

(A) Well it's too (D) late to (Dm) say you're (Am) sorry

How would I (Em) know, why should I (Am) care?

Please don't (D) bother (Dm) trying to (C) find her

She's not (E7) there

(E7) Well let me tell you 'bout the (Am) way she looked (D)

The way she (Am) acted, the (F) colour of her (Am) hair (D)

Her voice was (Am) soft and good, her eyes were (F) clear and bright (D)

But she's not (A) there

(Am) Well no one (D) told me a-(Am7)-bout (D) her

(Am) what (F) could I (Am) do? (D)

(Am) Well no one (D) told me a-(Am7)-bout (D) her

(Am) Though (F) they all knew (A)

(A) Well it's too (D) late to (Dm) say you're (Am) sorry

How would I (Em) know, why should I (Am) care?

Please don't (D) bother (Dm) trying to (C) find her

She's not (E7) there!

(E7) Well let me tell you 'bout the (Am) way she looked (D)

The way she (Am) acted, the (F) colour of her (Am) hair (D)

Her voice was (Am) soft and good, her eyes were (F) clear and bright (D)

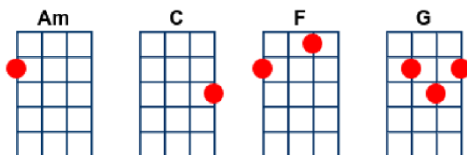
But she's not (A) there





# Shotgun

Artist: George Ezra Writers: George Ezra & Joel Pott Previous book page no. 123



**Intro: (C) (F) (Am) (G)**

(C) Home grown alligator, (F) see you later,  
 Gotta hit the (Am) road, gotta hit the (G) road  
 The (C) something changed in the atmosphere (F) architecture unfamiliar,  
 (Am) I could get used to this (G)

(C) Time flies by in the (F) yellow and green,  
 Stick ar-(Am)-ound and you'll see what I (G) mean  
 There's a (C) mountaintop, that (F) I'm dreaming of,  
 If you (Am) need me you know where I'll (G) be

I'll be riding (C) shotgun, underneath the (F) hot sun, feeling like a (Am) someone (G)  
 I'll be riding (C) shotgun, underneath the (F) hot sun, feeling like a (Am) someone (G)

(C) South, of, the equator (F) navigator, Gotta hit the (Am) road, gotta hit the (G) road  
 (C) Deep sea diving round the clock, biki-(F)-ni bottoms, lager tops,  
 (Am) I could get used to this (G)

(C) Time flies by in the (F) yellow and green,  
 Stick ar-(Am)-ound and you'll see what I (G) mean  
 There's a (C) mountaintop, that (F) I'm dreaming of,  
 If you (Am) need me you know where I'll (G) be

I'll be riding (C) shotgun, underneath the (F) hot sun, feeling like a (Am) someone (G)  
 I'll be riding (C) shotgun, underneath the (F) hot sun, feeling like a (Am) someone (G)

We got (C) two in the front, (F) two in the back,  
 (Am) sailing along and we (G) don't look back

**(C) (F) (Am) (G)**

(C) Time flies by in the (F) yellow and green,  
 Stick ar-(Am)-ound and you'll see what I (G) mean  
**(Don't play, tap out the rhythm)**  
*There's a mountaintop, that I'm dreaming of,  
 If you need me, you know where I'll be*

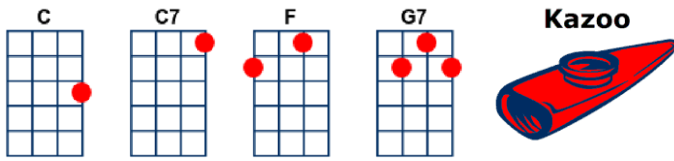
I'll be riding (C) shotgun, underneath the (F) hot sun, feeling like a (Am) someone (G)  
 I'll be riding (C) shotgun, underneath the (F) hot sun, feeling like a (Am) someone (G)  
 I'll be riding (C) shotgun **(Stop)**





# Singing The Blues

Artist: Guy Mitchell Writer: Melvin Endsley Previous book page no. 125



Well, I (C) never felt more like (F) singin' the blues  
 'Cause (C) I never thought that  
 (G7) I'd ever lose, your (F) love dear  
 (G7) Why'd you do me that (C) way (F)-(C)-(G7)

I (C) never felt more like (F) cryin' all night  
 When (C) everything's wrong,  
 And (G7) nothin' ain't right with-(F)-out you  
 (G7) You got me singing the (C) blues (F)-(C)-(C7)

The (F) moon and stars no (C) longer shine  
 The (F) dream is gone I (C) thought was mine  
 There's (F) nothing left for (C) me to do  
 But cry-y-y-y (G7) over you

Well I (C) never felt more like (F) runnin' away  
 But (C) why should I go,  
 'Cause (G7) I couldn't stay, with-(F)-out you  
 (G7) You got me singing the (C) blues (F)-(C)-(G7)

**Instrumental: Don't sing Blue Lyrics Whistle or kazoo instead**



*Well I (C) never felt more like (F) runnin' away  
 But (C) why should I go,  
 'Cause (G7) I couldn't stay, with-(F)-out you  
 (G7) You got me singing the (C) blues (F)-(C)-(G7)*

The (F) moon and stars no (C) longer shine  
 The (F) dream is gone I (C) thought was mine  
 There's (F) nothing left for (C) me to do  
 But cry-y-y-y (G7) over you

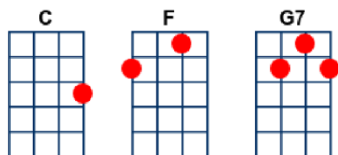
Well I (C) never felt more like (F) runnin' away  
 But (C) why should I go,  
 'Cause (G7) I couldn't stay, with-(F)-out you  
 (G7) You got me singing the (C) blues (F)-(C)





# Sloop John B

Artist: The Beach Boys Previous book page no. 126



**Note:** Chord in (Blue) is optional

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

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

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) 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

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





# Sound of Silence

Artist: Paul Simon Writer: Paul Simon Previous book page no. 127

**Am**

**C**

**F**

**G**

**Riff:**

	D	A	E	A	D	A	E	A	D	A	E	A	D	A	E	A
A	-	0	-	0	-	0	-	0	-	0	-	0	-	0	-	0
E	-	-	0	-	-	-	0	-	-	-	0	-	-	-	0	-
C	2	-	-	-	2	-	-	-	2	-	-	-	2	-	-	-
G	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-

(Am) Hello darkness my old (G) friend,  
 I've come to talk with you (Am) again,  
 Because a vision soft-(F)-y creep-(C)-ing,  
 Left his seeds while I (F) was sleep-(C)-ing,  
 And the (F) vision that was planted in my (C) brain,  
 Still rem-(Am)-ains, within the (G) sound, of (Am) silence.

In restless dreams I walked (G) alone,  
 narrow streets of cobbled (Am) stone,  
 'Neath the halo of a (F) street-(C)-lamp,  
 I turned my collar to the (F) cold and (C) damp,  
 When my (F) eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon (C) light,  
 That split the (Am) night, and touched the (G) sound, of (Am) silence.

And in the naked light I (G) saw, ten thousand people maybe (Am) more,  
 People talking with-(F)-out speak-(C)-ing,  
 People hearing with-(F)-out listen-(C)-ing,  
 People writing (F) songs, that voices never (C) share,  
 And no one (Am) dare, disturb the (G) sound, of (Am) silence.

Fools said I you do not (G) know, silence like a cancer (Am) grows,  
 Hear my words that I might (F) teach (C) you,  
 Take my arm that I might (F) reach (C) you,  
 But my (F) words, like silent raindrops (C) fell, (Am)  
 And echoed, in the (G) wells, of (Am) silence.

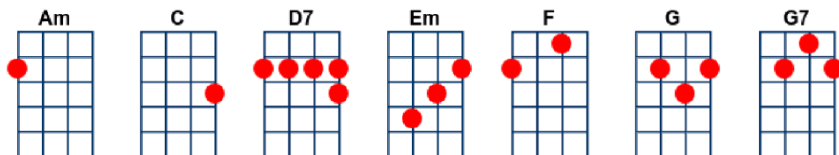
And the people bowed and (G) prayed, to the neon god they (Am) made,  
 And the sign flashed out its (F) warn-(C)-ing,  
 In the words that it was (F) form-(C)-ing,  
 And the sign said the (F) words of the prophets are written on the subway (C) walls,  
 Tenement (Am) halls, whispered, in the (G) sounds, of (Am) silence.





# Streets of London

Artist: Ralph McTell Writer: Ralph McTell Previous book page no. 129



**Note:** Chord in (Blue) is optional

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

(C) Have you seen the (G) old man in the (Am) closed-down (Em) market  
(F) Kicking up the (C) papers with his (D7) worn out (G7) shoes?  
(C) In his eyes you (G) see no pride, (Am) hand held loosely (Em) by his side  
(F) Yesterday's (C) papers telling (G7) yesterday's (C) news

### Chorus:

So (F) how can you (Em) tell me (C) you're (G) lonel-(Am)-y,

(D7) And say for you that the sun don't (G) shine? (G7)

(C) Let me take you (G) by the hand

And (Am) lead you through the (Em) streets of London

(F) I'll show you (C) something to (G7) make you change your (C) mind (C)

(C) Have you seen the (G) old girl who (Am) walks the streets of (Em) London  
(F) Dirt in her (C) hair and her (D7) clothes in (G7) rags?  
(C) She's no time for (G) talking, she (Am) just keeps right on (Em) walking  
(F) Carrying her (C) home in two (G7) carrier (C) bags.

**Chorus** So (F) how can you...

(C) In the all night (G) café, at a (Am) quarter past ele-(Em)-ven,  
(F) Same old (C) man is sitting (D7) there on his (G7) own  
(C) Looking at the (G) world over the (Am) rim of his (Em) tea-cup,  
(F) each tea last an (C) hour, then he (G7) wanders home (C) alone

**Chorus** So (F) how can you...

(C) And have you seen (G) the old man, outs-(Am)-ide the seaman's (Em) mission  
(F) Memory (C) fading with the medal (D7) ribbons that (G7) he wears.  
(C) In our winter (G) city, the rain (Am) cries a little (Em) pity  
For (F) one more forgotten (C) hero and a (G7) world that doesn't (C) care

**Chorus** So (F) how can you...

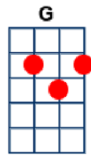
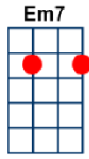
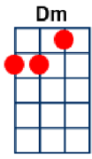
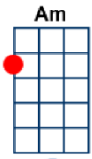
(F) I'll show you (C) something to (G7) make you change your (C) mind





# Summer Wine

Artist: Nancy Sinatra & Lee Hazlewood Writer: Lee Hazelwood Previous book page no. 130



Women Only

**(Am)**/ Strawberries, cherries and an **(G)**/ angel's kiss in spring.  
**(Am)**/ My summer wine is really **(G)**/ made from all these things.



Men Only

**(Am)** I walked in town on silver **(G)** spurs that jingled to.  
**(Am)** A song that I had only **(G)** sang to just a few.  
**(Dm)** She saw my silver spurs and **(Am)** said let's pass some time.  
**(Dm)** And I will give to you **(Am)** summer wine.  
**(G)** Ohh-oh-**(Em7)** oh summer **(Am)** wine.



Women Only

**(Am)** Strawberries, cherries and an **(G)** angel's kiss in spring.  
**(Am)** My summer wine is really **(G)** made from all these things.  
**(Dm)** Take off your silver spurs and **(Am)** help me pass the time.  
**(Dm)** And I will give to you **(Am)** summer wine.  
**(G)** Ohh-oh-**(Em7)** oh summer **(Am)** wine.



Men Only

**(Am)** My eyes grew heavy and my **(G)** lips they could not speak.  
**(Am)** I tried to get up but I **(G)** couldn't find my feet.  
**(Dm)** She reassured me with an **(Am)** unfamiliar line.  
**(Dm)** And then she gave to me **(Am)** more summer wine.  
**(G)** Ohh-oh-**(Em7)** oh summer **(Am)** wine.



Women Only

**(Am)** Strawberries, cherries and an **(G)** angel's kiss in spring.  
**(Am)** My summer wine is really **(G)** made from all these things.  
**(Dm)** Take off your silver spurs and **(Am)** help me pass the time.  
**(Dm)** And I will give to you **(Am)** summer wine.  
**(G)** Ohh-oh-**(Em7)** oh summer **(Am)** wine.



Men Only

**(Am)** When I woke up the sun was **(G)** shining in my eyes.  
**(Am)** My silver spurs were gone, my **(G)** head felt twice its size.  
**(Dm)** She took my silver spurs, a **(Am)** dollar and a dime.  
**(Dm)** And left me cravin' for **(Am)** more summer wine.  
**(G)** Ohh-oh-**(Em7)** oh summer **(Am)** wine.



Men & Women

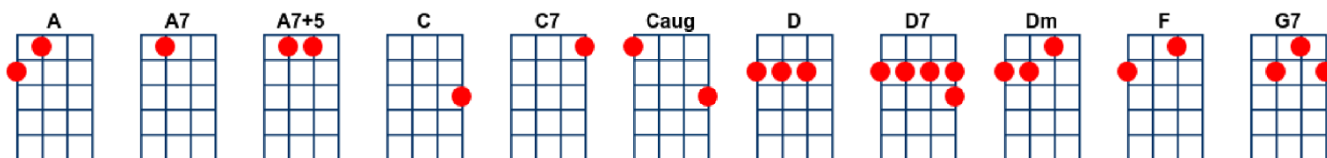
**(Am)** Strawberries, cherries and an **(G)** angel's kiss in spring.  
**(Am)** My summer wine is really **(G)** made from all these things.  
**(Dm)** Take off your silver spurs and **(Am)** help me pass the time.  
**(Dm)** And I will give to you **(Am)** my summer wine.  
**(G)** Ohh-oh-**(Em7)** oh summer **(Am)** wine.  
**(G)** Ohh-oh-**(Em7)** oh summer **(Am)** wine.





# Sunny Afternoon

Artist: The Kinks Writer: Ray Davies Previous book page no. 131



**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

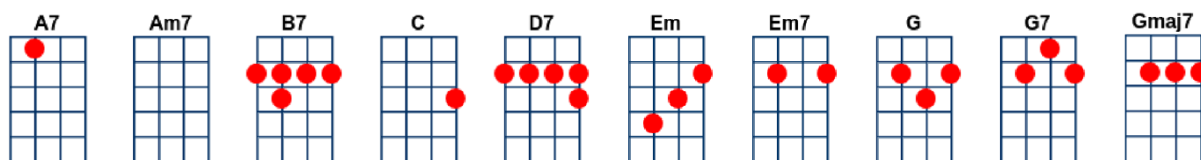
In the (A) summertime, in the (Dm) summertime  
In the (A) summertime, in the (Dm) summertime  
In the (A) summer-(A7)-time (A7+5) (A7) (D)/





# Sunny Side of the Street

Artist: Louis Armstrong Writers: Jimmy McHugh & Dorothy Fields Tempo 112



**Note:** *Blue chords are optional*

Grab your **(G)** coat and get your **(B7)** hat  
 Leave your **(C)** worries on the **(D7)** doorstep  
**(Em)** Just direct your **(A7)** feet  
 To the **(Am7)** sunny **(D7)** side of the **(G)** street

Can't you **(G)** hear that pitter **(B7)** pat  
 and that **(C)** happy tune is **(D7)** your step  
**(Em)** Life can be com-**(A7)**-plete  
 on the **(Am7)** sunny **(D7)** side of the **(G)** street

I used to **(G7)** walk in the shade  
 with those **(C)** blues **(G7)** on pa-**(C)**-rade  
 But **(A7)** I'm **(Em7)** not a-**(A7)**-fraid, this **(D7)** rover, crossed over

If I **(G)** never had a **(B7)** cent  
 I'll be **(C)** rich as Rockefel-**(D7)**-ler  
**(Em)** gold dust at my **(A7)** feet  
 on the **(Am7)** sunny **(D7)** side of the **(G)** street

I used to **(G7)** walk in the shade  
 with those **(C)** blues **(G7)** on pa-**(C)**-rade  
 But **(A7)** I'm **(Em7)** not a-**(A7)**-fraid, this **(D7)** rover, crossed over

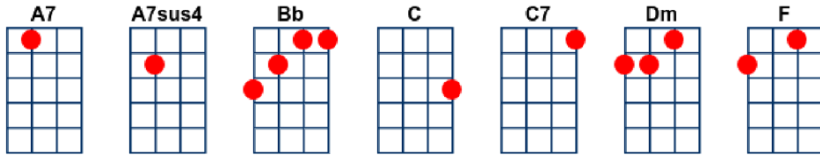
If I **(G)** never had a **(B7)** cent  
 I'll be **(C)** rich as Rockefel-**(D7)**-ler  
**(Em)** gold dust at my **(A7)** feet  
 on the **(Am7)** sunny **(D7)** side of the **(Am7)** sunny **(D7)** side of the  
**(Am7)** sunny **(D7)** side of the **(G)** street. **(Gmaj7)**





# Sway (Quien Sera)

Artist: Dean Martin Writers: Luis Demetrio & Pablo Beltrán Rui & Norman Gimbel Previous book page no. 132



**Note:** Don't sing *Blue lyrics*

**Intro:** (Dm) (A7sus4) (A7) (A7sus4) (A7) (Dm) (A7sus4) (A7) (A7sus4) (A7) (Dm)  
(NC) When marimba rhythms (A7sus4) start to (A7) play,  
(A7sus4) Dance with (A7) me, (Dm) make me sway,  
(Dm) Like a lazy ocean (A7sus4) hugs the (A7) shore,  
(A7sus4) Hold me (A7) close, (Dm) sway me more

(NC) Like a flower bending (A7sus4) in the (A7) breeze,  
(A7sus4) Bend with (A7) me, (Dm) sway with ease,  
(Dm) When we dance you have a (A7sus4) way with (A7) me,  
(A7sus4) Stay with (A7) me (Dm) sway with me

(NC) Other dancers may (C) be on the floor, (C7)  
Dear, but my eyes will (F) see only you,  
Only you have that (A7) magic technique,  
When we sway I go (Bb) weak. (A7)

(NC) I can hear the sounds of (A7sus4) viol-(A7)-ins,  
(A7sus4) Long bef-(A7)-ore, (Dm) It begins,  
(Dm) Make me thrill as only (A7sus4) you know (A7) how,  
(A7sus4) Sway me (A7) smooth, (Dm) sway me now

*(Dm) Make me thrill as only (A7sus4) You know (A7) how,*  
*(A7sus4) sway me (A7) smooth, (Dm) Sway me now*  
*(Dm) Make me thrill as only (A7sus4) You know (A7) how,*  
*(A7sus4) sway me (A7) smooth, (Dm) Sway me now*

(NC) Other dancers may (C) be on the floor, (C7)  
Dear, but my eyes will (F) see only you,  
Only you have that (A7) magic technique,  
When we sway I go (Bb) weak. (A7)

(NC) I can hear the sounds of (A7sus4) viol-(A7)-ins,  
(A7sus4) Long bef-(A7)-ore, (Dm) It begins,  
(Dm) Make me thrill as only (A7sus4) you know (A7) how,  
(A7sus4) Sway me (A7) smooth, (Dm) sway me now

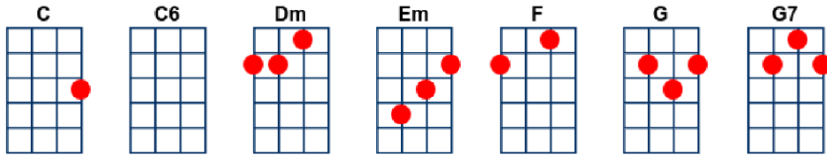
*(Dm) Make me thrill as only (A7sus4) You know (A7) how,*  
*(A7sus4) sway me (A7) smooth, (Dm) Sway me now*  
*(Dm) Make me thrill as only (A7sus4) You know (A7) how,*  
*(A7sus4) sway me (A7) smooth, (Dm) Sway me now...cha cha cha*





# Sweet Caroline

Artist: Neil Diamond Writer: Neil Diamond Previous book page no. 133



**(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

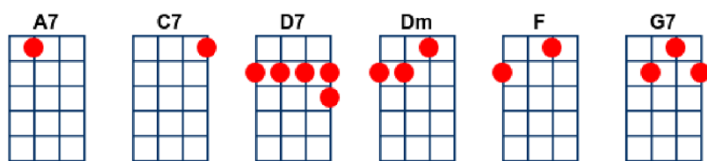
**(C)**/ no.





# Sweet Georgia Brown

Artist: Bing Crosby writers: Ben Bernie, Maceo Pinkard & Kenneth Casey Tempo 120



**Intro:** (Dm) (A7) (Dm) (A7) (F) (D7) (G7)// (C7)// (F)

(D7) No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown.  
(G7) Two left feet, but oh, so neat has Sweet Georgia Brown.  
(C7) They all sigh and wanna die for Sweet Georgia Brown,  
I'll tell you just (F) why, you (C7) know I don't (A7) lie (not much!)

(D7) It's been said she knocks 'em dead when she lands in town.  
(G7) Since she came why it's a shame how she's cools 'em down.  
(Dm) Fellas (A7) she can't get must be (Dm) fellas (A7) she ain't met.  
(F) Georgia claimed her, (D7) Georgia named her,  
(G7) Sweet (C7) Georgia (F) Brown.

**Instrumental (don't sing blue lyrics)**

(D7) No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown.  
(G7) Two left feet, but oh, so neat has Sweet Georgia Brown.  
(C7) They all sigh and wanna die for Sweet Georgia Brown,  
I'll tell you just (F) why, you (C7) know I don't (A7) lie (not much!)

(D7) All those tips the porter slips to Sweet Georgia Brown  
(G7) They buy clothes at fashion shows for one dollar down.  
(Dm) Fellas, (A7) tip your hats (Dm) oh boy!, Ain't (A7) she the cats?  
(F) Who's that mister, (D7) t'ain't her sister,  
It's (G7) Sweet (C7) Georgia (F) Brown.

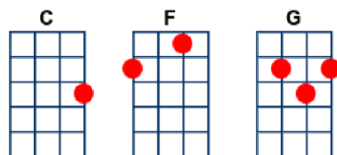
(Dm) Fellas (A7) she can't get must be (Dm) fellas (A7) she ain't met.  
(F) Georgia claimed her, (D7) Georgia named her,  
(G7) Sweet (C7) Georgia (F) Brown  
(G7) Sweet (C7) Georgia (F) Brown





## Sweets For My Sweet

Artist: The Drifters Writers: Doc Pomus & Mort Shuman Previous book page no. 134



(C) Sweets for my (F) sweet (G) sugar for my (F) honey  
 (C) Your first sweet (F) kiss (G) thrilled me (F) so  
 (C) Sweets for my (F) sweet (G) sugar for my (F) honey  
 (C) I'll never (F) ever (G) let you (F) go  
 (C) (F) (G) (F) (C) (F) (G) (F)

If you (C) wanted that (F) star that shines so (G) brightly (F)  
 (C) To match the (F) stardust in your (G) eye (F)  
 (C) I would (F) chase that bright star (G) nightly (F)  
 (C) And try to (F) steal it from the (G) sky, (F) and I would bring

(C) Sweets for my (F) sweet (G) sugar for my (F) honey  
 (C) Your first sweet (F) kiss (G) thrilled me (F) so  
 (C) Sweets for my (F) sweet (G) sugar for my (F) honey  
 (C) I'll never (F) ever (G) let you (F) go  
 (C) (F) (G) (F) (C) (F) (G) (F)

If you (C) wanted a (F) dream to keep (G) you smiling (F)  
 (C) I'd tell the (F) sandman you were (G) blue (F)  
 And I'd (C) ask him (F) to keep that sand (G) a-piling (F)  
 (C) Until your (F) dreams are all come (G) true, (F) and I would bring...

(C) Sweets for my (F) sweet (G) sugar for my (F) honey  
 (C) Your first sweet (F) kiss (G) thrilled me (F) so  
 (C) Sweets for my (F) sweet (G) sugar for my (F) honey  
 (C) I'll never (F) ever (G) let you (F) go  
 (C) (F) (G) (F) (C) (F) (G) (F)

And if you (C) wanted our (F) love to last (G) forever (F)  
 (C) I would (F) send my love your (G) way (F)  
 And my (C) love not (F) only lasts (G) forever (F)  
 (C) But (F) forever and a (G) day, (F) and I would bring

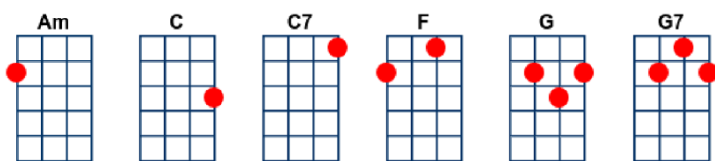
(C) Sweets for my (F) sweet (G) sugar for my (F) honey  
 (C) Your first sweet (F) kiss (G) thrilled me (F) so  
 (C) Sweets for my (F) sweet (G) sugar for my (F) honey  
 (C) I'll never (F) ever (G) let you (F) go  
 (C) (F) (G) (F) (C) (F) (G) (F) (C)/





# Take Me Home, Country Roads

Artist: John Denver Writers: Bill Danoff, Taffy Nivert, & John Denver Previous book page no. 136



**(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.

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.

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

**(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.

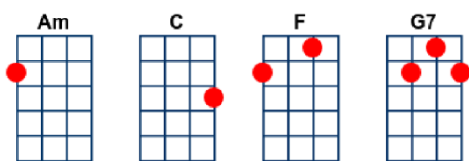
Country **(C)** roads take me **(G)** home, to the **(Am)** place, I bel-**(F)**-ong,  
West Virgi-**(C)**-nia, mountain **(G)** mama,  
Take me **(F)** home, country **(C)** roads  
Take me **(G)** home, country **(C)** roads,  
Take me **(G)** home, country **(C)** roads.





# Teenager in Love, A

Artist: Dion and The Belmonts. Writer: Hank Cochran Previous book page no. 9



**Intro: (C) (Am) (F) (G7) (C) (Am) (F) (G7)**

(C) Each time we (Am) have a quarrel,  
 (F) it almost (G7) breaks my heart  
 (C) Cause I am (Am) so afraid (F) that we will (G7) have to part  
 (C) Each night I (Am) ask... the (F) stars up a-(G7)-bove  
 (C)/ ...Why must I be a teen-(F)-ager in (G7) love?

(C) One day I (Am) feel so happy, (F) next day I (G7) feel so sad  
 (C) I guess I'll (Am) learn to take, (F) the good (G7) with the bad  
 (C) Each night I (Am) ask... the (F) stars up a-(G7)-bove  
 (C)/ ...Why must I be a teen-(F)-ager in (G7) love?

(F) I cried a (G7) tear, (F) for nobody but (G7) you  
 (F) I'll be a (G7) lonely one if (F) you should say were (G7) through  
 (C) Well if you want to (Am) make me cry  
 (F) that won't be (G7) hard to do  
 (C) And if you (Am) say goodbye (F) I'll still go on (G7) loving you  
 (C) Each night I (Am) ask... the (F) stars up a-(G7)-bove  
 (C)/ ...Why must I be a teen-(F)-ager in (G7) love?

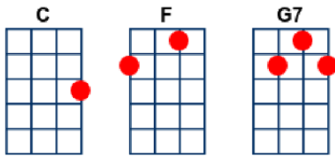
(F) I cried a (G7) tear, (F) for nobody but (G7) you  
 (F) I'll be a (G7) lonely one if (F) you should say were (G7) through  
 (C) Well if you want to (Am) make me cry  
 (F) that won't be (G7) hard to do  
 (C) And if you (Am) say goodbye (F) I'll still go on (G7) loving you  
 (C) Each night I (Am) ask... the (F) stars up a-(G7)-bove  
 (C)/ ...Why must I be a teen-(F)-ager in (G7) love?  
 (C)/ ...Why must I be a teen-(F)-ager in (G7) love?... in (C) l o v e?





# The Wayward Wind

Artist: Frank Ifield Writers: Stanley Lebowsky & Herb Newman Previous book page no. 155



(C) Oh, the wayward wind is a restless (F) wind,  
 a restless (C) wind, that yearns to (G7) wander.  
 And I was (C) born the next of (F) kin..  
 the next of (C) kin... (G7) to the wayward (C) wind.

(C) In a lonely shack by a railroad track,  
 I (C) spent my younger days.  
 And I (C) guess the sound of the 'outward-bound,'  
 made me a (G7) slave, to my wandering (C) ways.

(C) Oh, the wayward wind is a restless (F) wind,  
 a restless (C) wind, that yearns to (G7) wander.  
 And I was (C) born the next of (F) kin..  
 the next of (C) kin... (G7) to the wayward (C) wind.

(C) Oh, I met a girl in a border town..  
 I (C) vowed we'd never part.  
 Though I (C) tried my best to settle down..  
 She's now al-(G7)-one with a broken (C) heart.

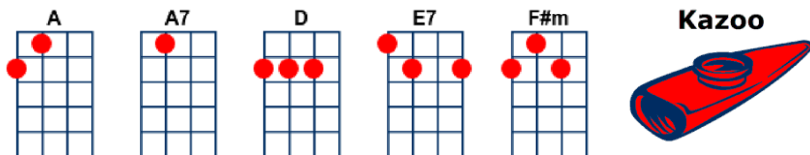
(C) Oh, the wayward wind is a restless (F) wind,  
 a restless (C) wind, that yearns to (G7) wander.  
 And I was (C) born the next of (F) kin..  
 the next of (C) kin... (G7) to the wayward (C) wind.  
 the next of (C) kin... (G7) to the wayward (C) wind.  
 the next of (C) kin... (G7) to the wayward (C) wind





# There's a Guy Works Down the Chip Shop Swears he's Elvis

Artist: Kirsty MacColl Writers: Kirsty MacColl & Phillip Rambow Previous book page no. 141



**Intro:** (A) / / / / (E7) / / / / (A) / / / / / /

(A) Oh darling why you talk so fast?  
 Another evening just flew past (E7) tonight  
 And now the daybreak's coming in... and I can't wait... and it ain't (A) right  
 You told me all you've done and seen  
 and all the places (A7) you have been with-(D)-out me  
 Well I don't really want to know, but (A) I'll stay quiet and then I'll go  
 and (E7) you won't have no cause to think (A) about me

## Chorus

(A) There's a guy works down the (E7) chip shop swears he's (A) Elvis (A7)  
 Just (D) like you swore to me that you'd be (E7) true  
 There's a (A) guy works down the (E7) chip shop  
 swears he's (F#m) Elvis (D)  
 But (A) he's a liar and (E7) I'm not sure about (A) you

(A) Oh darling you're so popular, you were the best thing  
 new in (E7) Hicksville  
 With your mohair suits and foreign shoes,  
 news is you changed your pick-up for a Sev-(A)-ille  
 And now I'm lying here alone,  
 and you're out there on the (A7) phone with some star in (D) New York  
 I can hear you laughing now and (A) I can't help feeling that somehow  
 you (E7) don't mean anything you say at (A) all

**Chorus** (A) There's a guy works...

## Instrumental (with kazoos) – Don't sing Blue Lyrics

(A) Oh darling why you talk so fast?  
 Another evening just flew past (E7) tonight  
 And now the daybreak's coming in... and I can't wait... and it ain't (A) right  
 You told me all you've done and seen  
 and all the places (A7) you have been with-(D)-out me  
 Well I don't really want to know, but (A) I'll stay quiet and then I'll go  
 and (E7) you won't have no cause to think (A) about me



**Chorus** (A) There's a guy works...

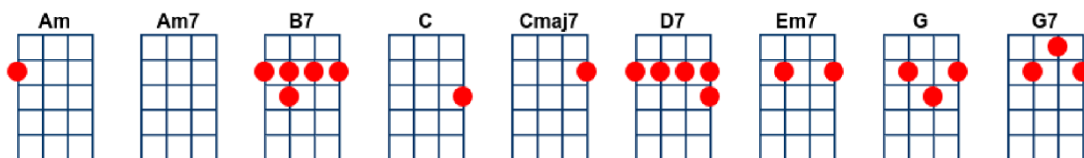
But (A) he's a liar and (E7) I'm not sure about (A) you





## There's A Kind Of Hush

Artist: Herman's Hermits Writers: Geoff Stephens & Les Reed Previous book page no. 139



There's a (G) kind of hush (B7) all over the (Em7) world ton-(G7)-ight  
 All over the (C) world you can hear the (D7) sounds  
 Of lovers in (G) love you (D7) know what I mean  
 Just the (G) two of us (B7) and nobody (Em7) else in (G7) sight  
 There's nobody (C) else and I'm feeling (D7) good  
 Just holding you (G) tight (G7)

So (C) listen very (Am7) carefully  
 (Cmaj7) Closer now and (Am7) you will see what I (G) mean  
 It isn't a dream (G7)  
 The (C) only sound that (Am7) you will hear  
 Is (Cmaj7) when I whisper (Am7) in your ear I love (D7) you  
 For ever and ever

There's a (G) kind of hush (B7) all over the (Em7) world ton-(G7)-ight  
 All over the (C) world you can hear the (D7) sounds  
 Of lovers in (G) love

**Instrumental:** (Sing "La la la" instead of blue lyrics)

There's a (G) kind of hush (B7) all over the (Em7) world ton-(G7)-ight  
 All over the (C) world you can hear the (D7) sounds  
 Of lovers in (G) love (G7)

So (C) listen very (Am7) carefully  
 (Cmaj7) Closer now and (Am7) you will see what I (G) mean  
 It isn't a dream (G7)  
 The (C) only sound that (Am7) you will hear  
 Is (Cmaj7) when I whisper (Am7) in your ear I love (D7) you  
 For ever and ever

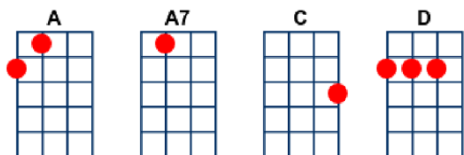
There's a (G) kind of hush (B7) all over the (Em7) world ton-(G7)-ight  
 All over the (C) world you can hear the (D7) sounds  
 Of lovers in (G) love (D7)  
 Of lovers in (G) love (D7)  
 Of lovers in (G) love





# These Boots Were Made for Walking

Artist: Nancy Sinatra Writer: Lee Hazelwood Previous book page no. 140



**Run down:** 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

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 changin'  
 Now what's (A) right is right but you ain't been right yet

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 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, yeah  
 And (A) what he knows you ain't had time to learn

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)**

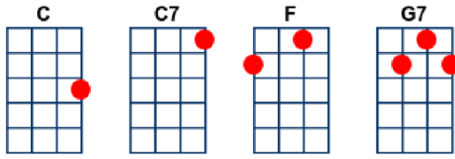
**Strum on (A)/// (spoken) Are ya (A)/ ready (A)/ boots? (A)//**  
**(A)/// (A)// Start \*walking! \*Repeat run down (intro) starting on the word 'walking'**





# Things

Artist: Bobby Darin Writer: Bobby Darin Previous book page no. 142



(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.

(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, (yeah yeah)

(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.

(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, (yeah yeah)

(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) 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.

(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, (yeah yeah)

(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.

And the (G7) heartaches are the friends I'm talking (C) to,

(G7) Thinking 'bout the things we used to (C) do.

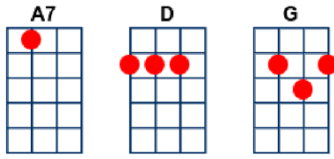
(G7) Thinking 'bout the things we used to (C) do.





# This Land

Artist: Woody Guthrie Writer: Woody Guthrie Previous book page no. 143



(D) This land is (G) your land, this land is (D) my land,  
From Calif-(A7)-ornia to the New York (D) Island,  
From the Redwood (G) Forests to the Gulf Stream wat-(D)-ers  
(A7) This land was made for you and (D) me.

As I was (G) walking that ribbon of (D) highway  
I saw ab-(A7)-ove me that endless (D) skyway  
I saw bel-(G)-ow me that golden (D) valley  
(A7) This land was made for you and (D) me.

I roamed and I (G) rambled and I followed my (D) footsteps  
To the sparkling (A7) sands of her diamond (D) deserts  
While all ar-(G)-ound me a voice was (D) sounding  
(A7) This land was made for you and (D) me.

When the sun came (G) shining, and I was (D) strolling  
And the wheat fields (A7) waving and the dust clouds (D) rolling  
A voice was (G) chanting and the fog was (D) lifting,  
(A7) This land was made for you and (D) me.

As I went (G) walking I saw a (D) sign there  
And on the (A7) sign it said "No Tres-(D)-passing."  
But on the (G) other side it didn't say (D) nothing,  
(A7) That side was made for you and (D) me.

In the shadow of the (G) steeple I saw my (D) people,  
By the relief (A7) office I seen my (D) people;  
As they stood there (G) hungry, I stood there (D) asking  
(A7) Is this land made for you and (D) me?

Nobody (G) living can ever (D) stop me,  
As I go (A7) walking that freedom (D) highway;  
Nobody (G) living can ever make me (D) turn back  
(A7) This land was made for you and (D) me.

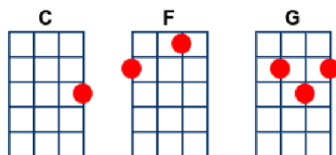
(D) This land is (G) your land, this land is (D) my land,  
From Calif-(A7)-ornia to the New York (D) Island,  
From the Redwood (G) Forests to the Gulf Stream wat-(D)-ers  
(A7) This land was made for you and (D) me.





# This Ole House

Artist: Shakin' Stevens Writer: Stuart Hamblen Previous book page no. 144



## 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.

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.

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.

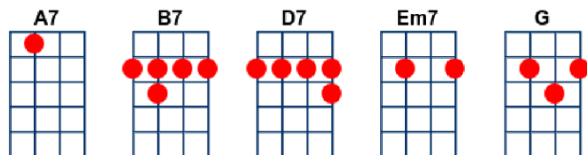
Ain't gonna (G) need this house no longer  
I'm a-gettin' ready to meet the (C) saints.





# Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Days Of Summer

Artist: Nat King Cole Writers: Hans Carste & Charles Tobias Previous book page no. 145



**(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.

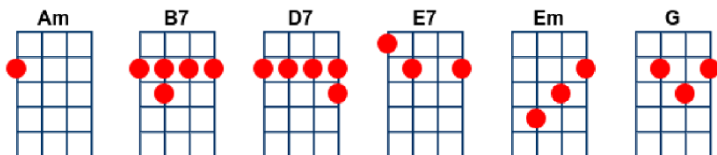
You'll wish that **(A7)** summer could **(D7)** always be **(G)** here,  
You'll wish that **(A7)** summer could **(D7)** always be **(G)** here.





## Those Were the Days my Friend

Artist: Bing Crosby Writer: Gene Raskin Previous book page no. 146



**(Em)** Once upon a time there was a tavern,  
**(E7)** Where we used to raise a glass or **(Am)** two,  
 Remember how we laughed away the **(Em)** hours,  
**(Am)** Think of all the great things we would **(B7)** do.

Those were the **(Em)** days my friend, we thought they'd **(Am)** never end,  
 We'd sing and **(D7)** dance forever and a **(G)** day,  
 We'd live the **(Am)** life we choose, we'd fight and **(Em)** never lose,  
 For we were **(B7)** young and sure to have our **(Em)** way.  
 La la la la... **(Em)** -- **(Am)** -- **(B7)** -- **(Em)**

**(Em)** Then the busy years went rushing by us,  
**(E7)** We lost our starry notions on the **(Am)** way,  
 If by chance I'd see you in the **(Em)** tavern,  
**(Am)** We'd smile at one another and we'd **(B7)** say.

Those were the **(Em)** days my friend, we thought they'd **(Am)** never end,  
 We'd sing and **(D7)** dance forever and a **(G)** day,  
 We'd live the **(Am)** life we choose, we'd fight and **(Em)** never lose,  
 Those were the **(B7)** days, oh yes those were the **(Em)** days.  
 La la la la... **(Em)** -- **(Am)** -- **(B7)** -- **(Em)**

**(Em)** Just tonight I stood before the tavern,  
**(E7)** Nothing seemed the way it used to **(Am)** be,  
 In the glass I saw a strange **(Em)** reflection,  
**(Am)** Was that lonely woman really **(B7)** me.

Those were the **(Em)** days my friend, we thought they'd **(Am)** never end,  
 We'd sing and **(D7)** dance forever and a **(G)** day,  
 We'd live the **(Am)** life we choose, we'd fight and **(Em)** never lose,  
 Those were the **(B7)** days, oh yes those were the **(Em)** days.  
 La la la... **(Em)** -- **(Am)** -- **(D7)** -- **(G)** -- **(Am)** -- **(Em)** -- **(B7)** -- **(Em)**

**(Em)** Through the door there came familiar laughter,  
**(E7)** I saw your face and heard you call my **(Am)** name,  
 Oh my friend we're older but no **(Em)** wiser,  
**(Am)** For in our hearts the dreams are still the **(B7)** same.

Those were the **(Em)** days my friend, we thought they'd **(Am)** never end,  
 We'd sing and **(D7)** dance forever and a **(G)** day,  
 We'd live the **(Am)** life we choose, we'd fight and **(Em)** never lose,  
 Those were the **(B7)** days, oh yes those were the **(Em)** days.

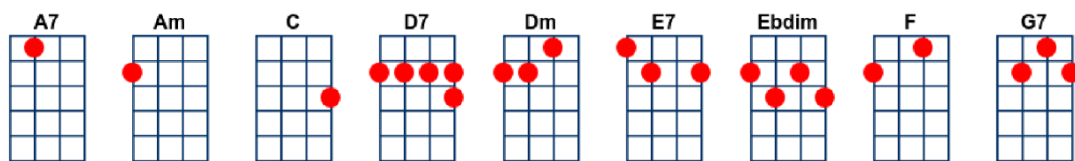
La la la... **(Em)** -- **(Am)** -- **(D7)** -- **(G)** -- **(Am)** -- **(Em)** -- **(B7)** -- **(Em)**





# Tickle My Heart

Artist: Joe Brown Writer: Joe Brown Previous book page no. 147



**Note: (Am) can be played for (Ebdim)**

**Note: Hum blue lyrics**

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

Tickle me **(C)** once; tickle me **(Ebdim)** 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 **(Ebdim)** 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 **(Ebdim)** 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 **(Ebdim)** 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 **(Ebdim)** 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 **(Ebdim)** 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)**

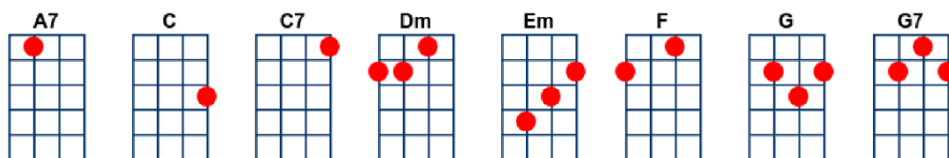
**(Dm)** - come on and **(G7)** tickle my **(C)** heart **(Am) (Dm)**  
**(G7)** tickle my **(C)** heart **(Am) (C) (Am) (C) (Am)**  
**(C) (G7) (C)**





# Top of The World

Artist: The Carpenters Writers: Richard Carpenter & John Bettis Tempo 94



(C) Such a feelin's (G) comin' (F) over (C) me  
There is (Em) wonder in most (Dm) everything I (C) see

Not a (F) cloud in the (G7) sky, got the (Em) sun in my (A7) eyes  
And I (Dm) won't be sur-(F)-prised if it's a (G7) dream

(C) Everything I (G) want the (F) world to (C) be  
Is now (Em) comin' true es-(Dm)-pecially for (C) me  
And the (F) reason is (G7) clear, it's be-(Em)-cause you are (A7) near  
You're the (Dm) nearest thing to (F) Heaven that I've (G7) seen

(N/C) I'm on the (C) top of the world lookin' (F) down on creation  
And the (C) only explan-(Dm)-ation I can (C) find (C7)  
Is the (F) love that I've (G7) found ever (C) since you've been ar-(F)-ound  
Your love's (C) put me at the (Dm) top (G7) of the (C) world

(C) Something in the (G) wind has (F) learned my (C) name  
And it's (Em) tellin' me that (Dm) things are not the (C) same  
In the (F) leaves on the (G7) trees and the (Em) touch of the (A7) breeze  
There's a (Dm) pleasin' sense of (F) happiness for (G7) me

(C) There is only (G) one wish (F) on my (C) mind  
When this (Em) day is through I (Dm) hope that I will (C) find  
That tom-(F)-orrow will (G7) be just the (Em) same for you and (A7) me  
All I (Dm) need will be (F) mine if you are (G7) here

(N/C) I'm on the (C) top of the world lookin' (F) down on creation  
And the (C) only explan-(Dm)-ation I can (C) find (C7)  
Is the (F) love that I've (G7) found ever (C) since you've been ar-(F)-ound  
Your love's (C) put me at the (Dm) top (G7) of the (C) world

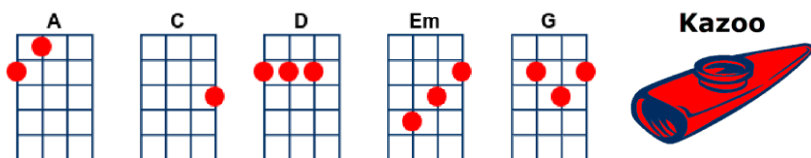
(N/C) I'm on the (C) top of the world lookin' (F) down on creation  
And the (C) only explan-(Dm)-ation I can (C) find (C7)  
Is the (F) love that I've (G7) found ever (C) since you've been ar-(F)-ound  
Your love's (C) put me at the (Dm) top (G7) of the (C) world





# Urban Spaceman

Artist: Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band Writer: Neil Innes Previous book page no. 150



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

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

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)

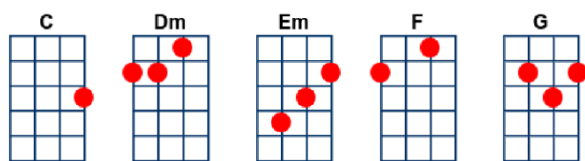
(G) (G) (A) (A) (C) (D) (G) (G) (G) (G) (A) (A) (C) (D) (G) (G)/





# Valerie

Artist: Amy Winehouse Writers: Dave McCabe, Russell Pritchard, Sean Payne, Abi Harding, Paul Molloy, Boyan Chowdhury  
Previous book page no. 151



**Intro:** (C) (C) (Dm) (C) (C) (Dm) (Dm)

Well some-(C)-times I go out by myself and I look across the (Dm) water  
And I (C) think of all the things, what you're doing  
And in my head I make a (Dm) picture

(F) 'Cos since I've come on home, well my (Em) body's been a mess  
And I've (F) missed your ginger hair and the (Em) way you like to dress  
(F) Won't you come on over, (C) stop making a fool out of (G) me  
Why won't you come on over Vale-(C)-rie?  
Vale-(Dm)-rie, Vale-(C)-rie, Vale-(Dm)-rie

Did you (C) have to go to jail, put your house on up for sale  
Did you get a good (Dm) lawyer?  
I hope you (C) didn't catch a tan, I hope you find the right man  
Who'll fix it (Dm) for you  
Are you (C) shopping anywhere, changed the colour of your hair,  
Are you still (Dm) busy  
And did you (C) have to pay the fine you were dodging all the time  
Are you still (Dm) dizzy?

(F) 'Cos since I've come on home, well my (Em) body's been a mess  
And I've (F) missed your ginger hair and the (Em) way you like to dress  
(F) Won't you come on over, (C) stop making a fool out of (G) me  
Why won't you come on over Vale-(C)-rie?  
Vale-(Dm)-rie, Vale-(C)-rie, Vale-(Dm)-rie

**(No chords – tap on Instrument)**

*Well sometimes I go out by myself, and I look across the water  
And I think of all the things, what you're doing and in my head I make a (Dm) picture*

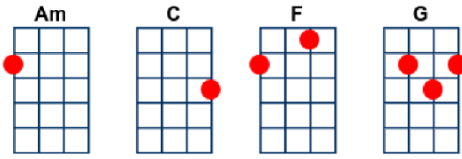
(F) 'Cos since I've come on home, well my (Em) body's been a mess  
And I've (F) missed your ginger hair and the (Em) way you like to dress  
(F) Won't you come on over, (C) stop making a fool out of (G) me  
Why won't you come on over Vale-(C)-rie?  
Vale-(Dm)-rie, Vale-(C)-rie, Vale-(Dm)-rie  
Vale-(C)-rie





# Wagon Wheel

Artist: Darius Rucker Writers: Bob Dylan & Ketch Secor Tempo 146



**Intro:** (C) (G) (Am) (F) (C) (G) (F) (F)

(C) Headed down south to the (G) land of the pines  
 and I'm (Am) thumbin' my way into (F) North Caroline  
 (C) Starin' up the road and (G) pray to God I see (F) headlights  
 I (C) made it down the coast in (G) seventeen hours  
 (Am) pickin' me a bouquet of (F) dogwood flowers  
 And I'm a (C) hopin' for Raleigh I can (G) see my baby to-(F)-night

**Chorus:**

So (C) rock me mama like a (G) wagon wheel  
 (Am) rock me mama any (F) way you feel  
 (C) Hey, (G) mama (F) rock me  
 (C) Rock me mama like the (G) wind and the rain  
 (Am) rock me mama like a (F) south-bound train  
 (C) Hey, (G) mama (F) rock me

(C) (G) (Am) (F) (C) (G) (F) (F)

(C) Runnin' from the cold (G) up in New England  
 I was (Am) born to be a fiddler in an (F) old-time stringband  
 My (C) baby plays the guitar, (G) I pick a banjo (F) now  
 Oh, the (C) North country winters keep a (G) gettin' me down  
 lost my (Am) money playin' poker so I (F) had to leave town  
 But I (C) ain't a turnin' back to (G) livin' that old life (F) no more

**Chorus:** So (C) rock me mama like a (G) wagon wheel...

(C) (G) (Am) (F) (C) (G) (F) (F) x 2

(C) Walkin' to the south (G) out of Roanoke  
 I caught a (Am) trucker out of Philly had a (F) nice long toke  
 But (C) he's a headed west from the (G) Cumberland Gap to (F) Johnson City,  
 Tennessee  
 And I (C) gotta get a move on (G) fit for the sun  
 I hear my (Am) baby callin' my name and I (F) know that she's the only one  
 and (C) if I die in Raleigh at (G) least I will die (F) free

**Chorus:** So (C) rock me mama like a (G) wagon wheel...

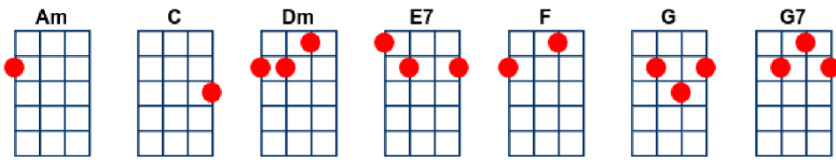
**Outro:** (C) (G) (F) (F) (C)/





# Waltzing Matilda

Artist: Slim Dusty Writer: Banjo Paterson Previous book page no. 153



(C) Once a jolly (E7) swagman (Am) camped by a (F) billabong,  
(C) Under the shade of a (G7) coolibah tree,  
And he (C) sang as he (E7) watched and (Am) waited till his (F) billy boiled  
(C) You'll come a (Am) waltzing Mat-(G7)-ilda with (C) me

### Chorus:

(C) Waltzing Matilda, (F) Waltzing Matilda

(C) You'll come a (Am) waltzing Mat-(Dm)-ilda with (G) me

And he (C) sang as he (E7) watched and (Am) waited till his (F) billy boiled

(C) You'll come a waltzing Mat-(G7)-ilda with (C) me.

(C) Down came a (E7) jumbuck to (Am) drink at the (F) billabong  
(C) Up jumped the swagman and (G7) grabbed him with glee  
And he (C) sang as he (E7) stowed that (Am) jumbuck in his (F) tuckerbag  
(C) You'll come a (Am) waltzing Mat-(G7)-ilda with (C) me

**Chorus:** (C) *Waltzing Matilda...*

(C) Up rode the (E7) squatter (Am) mounted on his (F) thoroughbred,  
(C) Up rode the troopers, (G7) one, two, three.  
(C) "Where's the jolly (E7) jumbuck (Am) you've got in your (F) tuckerbag?  
(C) You'll come a (Am) waltzing Mat-(G7)-ilda with (C) me "

**Chorus:** (C) *Waltzing Matilda...*

(C) Up jumped the (E7) swagman and (Am) sprang into the (F) billabong,  
(C) "You'll never take me al-(G7)-ive," cried he

**(Slower)**

And his (C) ghost may be (E7) heard as you (Am) ride beside the (F) billabong,

(C) " You'll come a (Am) waltzing Mat-(G7)-ilda with (C) me "

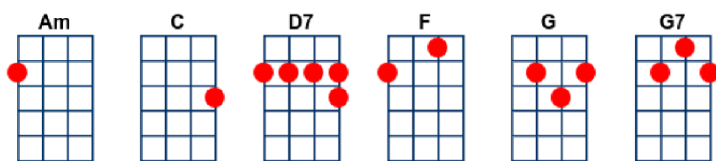
**Chorus x 2:** (C) *Waltzing Matilda...*





# Waterloo

Artist: ABBA Writers: Benny Andersson, Björn Ulvaeus & Stig Anderson Previous book page no. 154



**Note: Chords in (Blue) 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)

(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)

(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

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

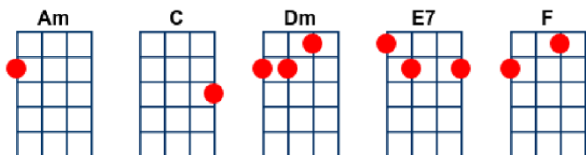
(C) Waterloo - I was defeated, you (F) won the war  
(G) Waterloo - Promise to love you for (C) ever more (G7)  
(C) Waterloo - Couldn't escape if I (F) wanted to  
(G) Waterloo - Knowing my fate is to (C) be with you, (C) wo, wo, wo, wo  
(G) Waterloo - Finally facing my (C) Waterloo  
(G) Waterloo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





# Wellerman

Traditional, arranged by Nathan Evans Tempo 102



(Am) There once was a ship that (Am) put to sea the (Dm) name of the ship was th' (Am) Billy O'Tea  
(Am) The winds blew up, her (Am) bow dipped down oh (E7) blow, my bully boys, (Am) blow - huh!

(F) Soon may (C) the Wellerman come to (Dm) bring us sugar and (Am) tea and rum  
(F) One day, when the (C) tonguing is done, we'll (E7) take our leave and (Am) go

(Am) She'd not been (Am) two weeks from shore when (Dm) down on her a (Am) right whale bore  
(Am) The captain called (Am) all hands and swore he'd (E7) take that whale in (Am) tow - ho!

(F) da da (C) da-da da da (Dm) da da da da da (Am) da da da  
(F) da da (C) da-da da da (E7) da da da da (Am) da da

(Am) Before the boat had (Am) hit the water the (Dm) whale's tail came (Am) up and caught her  
(Am) All hands to the side (Am) ha'pooned and fought her (E7) when she dived down (Am) low-huh!

(F) Soon may (C) the Wellerman come (Dm) to bring us sugar and (Am) tea and rum  
(F) One day, when the (C) tonguing is done, we'll (E7) take our leave and (Am) go

(Am) No line was cut, (Am) no whale was freed the (Dm) captain's mind was not (Am) of greed  
(Am) And he belonged (Am) to the whaler's creed she (E7) took that ship in (Am) tow - huh!

(F) da da (C) da-da da da (Dm) da da da da da (Am) da da da  
(F) da da (C) da-da da da (E7) da da da da (Am) da da

(Am) For forty days (Am) or even more (Dm) the line went slack (Am) then tight once more  
(Am) All boats were lost (Am) there were only four but (E7) still that whale did (Am) go - huh!

(F) Soon may (C) the Wellerman come (Dm) to bring us sugar and (Am) tea and rum  
(F) One day, when the (C) tonguing is done, we'll (E7) take our leave and (Am) go

(Am) As far as I've heard the (Am) fight's still on the (Dm) line's not cut and th' (Am) whale's not gone  
(Am) The Wellerman makes (Am) his regular call to en-(E7)-courage the captain, (Am) crew and all

(F) da da (C) da-da da da (Dm) da da da da da (Am) da da da  
(F) da da (C) da-da da da (E7) da da da da (Am) da da

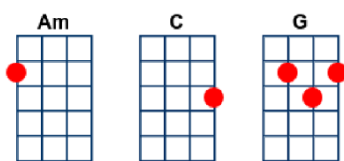
(F) Soon may (C) the Wellerman come (Dm) to bring us sugar and (Am) tea and rum  
(F) One day, when the (C) tonguing is done, we'll (E7) take our leave and (Am) go





# What's Up

Artist: Four Non Blondes Writer: Linda Perry Previous book page no. 156



**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

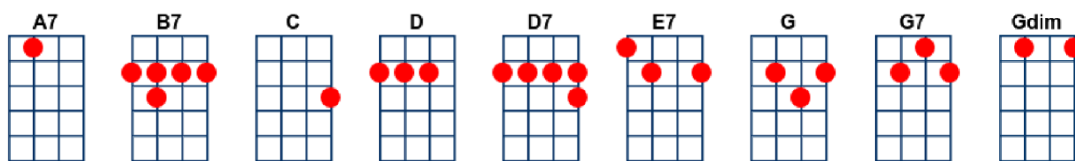
(G)/ 25 years of my life and still  
(Am)/ Trying to get up that great big hill of (C)/ hope....  
for a desti-(G)-nation





# When I'm Cleaning Windows

Artist: George Formby Writers: Fred Cliff, Harry Gifford & George Formby Previous book page no. 158



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

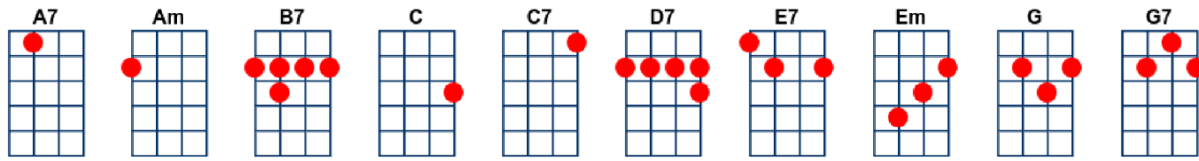
(G) (G7) (C) (A7) (G) (E7) (Gdim) (G) (Gdim) when I'm cleaning (G) windows





# When I'm Sixty-Four

Artist: The Beatles Writers: Paul McCartney & John Lennon Previous book page no. 157



(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?

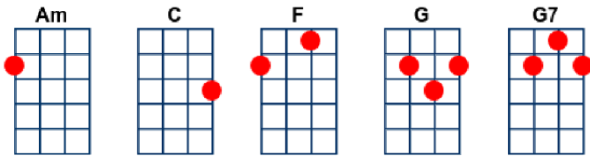
(C) Will you still (C7) need me, (G) will you still (E7) feed me,  
 (A7) When I'm (D7) sixty (G) four?





# Whiskey In the Jar

Artist: Thin Lizzy Previous book page no. 159



(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

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

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

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

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)**





# Whiskey On a Sunday

Artist: Glyn Hughes Writer: Glyn Hughes Previous book page no. 160

	C	B	A#	A
A	3	2	1	0
E	-	-	-	-
C	-	-	-	-
G	-	-	-	-

**Riff:**

**Intro: (4 bars of) (C)**

He (C) sat on the corner of (D7) Bevington Bush  
(G7) 'stride an old packing (C) case  
And the (C) dolls at the end of the (D7) plank went dancing  
And he (G7) crooned with a smile on his (C) face (Riff)

(A7) Come day, (D7) go day  
(G7) Wishin' me heart for (C) Sunday (Riff)  
(A7) Drinking buttermilk (D7) all the week  
(G7) Whiskey on a (C) Sunday. (3 bars of) (C)

His (C) tired old hands drummed the (D7) wooden beam  
And the (G7) puppets they danced up and (C) down  
A far better (C) show than you (D7) ever will see  
At the (G7) fanciest theatres in (C) town (Riff)

(A7) Come day, (D7) go day  
(G7) Wishin' me heart for (C) Sunday (Riff)  
(A7) Drinking buttermilk (D7) all the week  
(G7) Whiskey on a (C) Sunday. (3 bars of) (C)

But in (C) nineteen-o-two old Seth (D7) Davy died  
And his (G7) song it was heard no (C) more  
The three (C) dancing dolls in a (D7) dust bin were thrown  
And the (G7) plank went to mend a back (C) door (Riff)

(A7) Come day, (D7) go day  
(G7) Wishin' me heart for (C) Sunday (Riff)  
(A7) Drinking buttermilk (D7) all the week  
(G7) Whiskey on a (C) Sunday. (3 bars of) (C)

But on (C) some stormy nights down (D7) Scotty Road way  
With the (G7) wind blowing up from the (C) sea  
You can (C) still hear the song of (D7) old Seth Davy  
As he (G7) croons to his dancing dolls (C) three (Riff)

(A7) Come day, (D7) go day  
(G7) Wishin' me heart for (C) Sunday (Riff)  
(A7) Drinking buttermilk (D7) all the week  
(G7) Whiskey on a (C) Sunday (Riff)

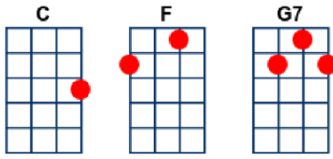
(A7) Come day, (D7) go day  
(G7) Wishin' me heart for (C) Sunday (Riff)  
(A7) Drinking buttermilk (D7) all the week  
(slow down) (G7) Whiskey on a (C) Sunday (C)





# Why Don't You Love Me

Artist & Writer: Hank Williams Tempo 140



(C) (G7) (C)

Well (C) why don't you love me like you used to do  
 How come you treat me like a (G7) worn out shoe  
 My (C) hair's still curly and my (F) eyes are still blue  
 (C) Why don't you love me like you (G7) used to (C) do  
 Ain't had no (F) loving like a huggin' and a kissin' in a long, long (C) while  
 We don't get no nearer or further or closer than a country (G7) mile

(C) Why don't you spark me like you used to do  
 And say sweet nothings like you (G7) used to coo  
 I'm the (C) same old trouble that you've (F) always been through  
 So (C) why don't you love me like you (G7) used to (C) do

### Instrumental: (Don't sing Blue Lyrics)

Well (C) why don't you love me like you used to do  
 How come you treat me like a (G7) worn out shoe  
 My (C) hair's still curly and my (F) eyes are still blue  
 (C) Why don't you love me like you (G7) used to (C) do

Well (C) why don't you be just like you used to be  
 How come you find so many (G7) faults with me  
 (C) Somebody's changed so let me (F) give me a clue  
 (C) Why don't you love me like you (G7) used to (C) do,  
 Ain't had no (F) loving like a huggin' and a kissin' in a long, long (C) while  
 We don't get no nearer or further or closer than a country (G7) mile

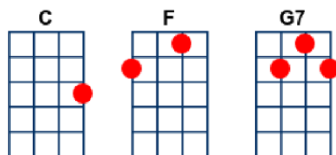
(C) Why don't you say the things you used to say  
 What makes you treat me like a (G7) piece of clay  
 My (C) hair's still curly and my (F) eyes are still blue  
 (C) Why don't you love me like you (G7) used to (C) do  
 (C) Why don't you love me like you (G7) used to (C) do





# Wild Rover

Artist: The Dubliners Previous book page no. 161



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

I've (C) been a wild rover for many a (F) year  
And I (C) spent all me (G7) money on whiskey and (C) beer  
But (C) now I'm returning with gold in great (F) store,  
And I (C) never will (G7) play the wild rover no (C) more

**Chorus:**

And it's (G7) no, nay, never (*pause, tap, tap, tap*)  
(C) No, nay, never, no (F) more,  
Will I (C) play the wild (F) rover,  
No (G7) never, no (C) more

I (C) went to an ale house I used to fre-(F)-quent,  
And I (C) told the land-(G7)-lady me money's all (C) spent,  
I (C) asked her for credit, she answered me (F) "Nay...  
Such (C) custom as (G7) yours I could have any (C) day."

**Chorus** And it's (G7) no, nay...

(C) I took from my pocket ten sovereigns (F) bright,  
And the (C) landlady's (G7) eyes opened wide with de-(C)-light,  
She (C) said, "I have whiskeys and wines of the (F) best,  
And the (C) words that you (G7) told me were only in (C) jest.

**Chorus** And it's (G7) no, nay...

I'll go (C) home to me parents, confess what I've (F) done,  
And I'll (C) ask them to (G7) pardon their prodigal (C) son,  
And (C) when they caressed me as oft times be-(F)-fore,  
Sure I (C) never will (G7) play the wild rover no (C) more!

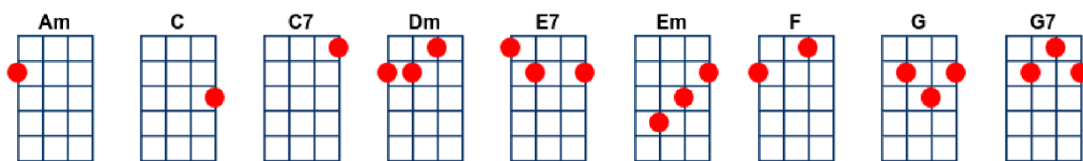
**Chorus x 2** And it's (G7) no, nay...





# Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow

Artist: Carole King Writers: Gerry Goffin & Carole King Previous book page no. 162



**Intro:** (F) But will you (G) love me tom-(C)-orrow (G7)

## Top

(C) Tonight you're (Am) mine comp-(F)-letely (G)  
(C) You give your (Am) love so (Dm) sweetly (G7)  
Ton-(E7)-ight the light of (Am) love is in your eyes  
(F) But will you (G) love me tom-(C)-orrow-(G7)

(C) Is this a (Am) lasting (F) treasure? (G)  
(C) Or just a (Am) moment's (Dm) pleasure? -(G)  
Can (E7) I believe the (Am) magic of your sighs?  
(F) Will you still (G) love me tom-(C)-orrow

(F) Tonight with words unsp-(Em)-oken  
(F) You said that I'm the only (C) one  
(F) But will my heart be (Em) broken  
When the (F) night meets the (Dm) morning (F) sun (G7)

## Back to top

(C) I'd like to (Am) know that (F) your love (G)  
(C) Is a love I (Am) can be (Dm) sure of (G)  
So (E7) tell me now and (Am) I won't ask again  
(F) Will you still (G) love me tom-(C)-orrow (C7)

(F) ...Will you still (G) love me tom-(C)-orrow (C7)

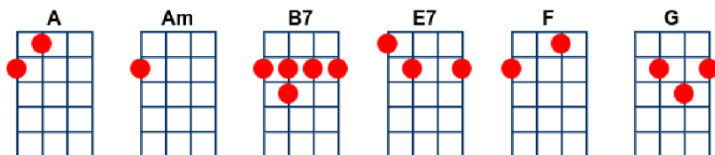
(F) ...Will you still (G) love me tom-(C)-orrow





# Y Viva España

Artist: Sylvia Vrethammar Writers: Leo Caerts & Leo Rozenstraten Tempo 126



(Am)/// All the (Am) ladies fell for Rudolph Valentino  
 (Am) He had a (G) beano back (F) in those balmy (E7) days  
 He knew (Am) every time you meet an icy creature  
 You've got to (G) teach her hot (F) blooded Latin (E7) ways  
 But (F) even Rudy would have felt the (E7) strain  
 Of (B7) making smooth advances in the (E7) rain

Oh this (A) year I'm off to Sunny Spain Y Viva Es-(E7)-paña  
 I'm taking the Costa Brava 'plane Y Viva Es-(A)-paña  
 If you'd like to chat a matador, in some cool (E7) cabaña  
 And meet señoritas by the score - España por (Am) favor

(Am) Quite by chance to hot romance I found the answer  
 Flamenco (G) dancers are by (F) far the finest (E7) bet  
 There was (Am) one who whispered oh hasta la vista  
 Each time I (G) kissed him (F) behind the casta-(E7)-nets  
 He (F) rattled his maracas close to (E7) me  
 In (B7) no time I was trembling at the (E7) knee

Oh this (A) year I'm off to Sunny Spain Y Viva Es-(E7)-paña  
 I'm taking the Costa Brava 'plane - Y Viva Es-(A)-paña  
 If you'd like to chat a matador, in some cool (E7) cabaña  
 And meet señoritas by the score - España por (Am) favor

(Am) When they first arrive the girls are pink and pasty  
 But oh so (G) tasty as (F) soon as they go (E7) brown  
 (Am) I guess they know every fellow will be queuing  
 To do the (G) wooing his (F) girlfriend won't al(E7)low  
 But (F) every dog must have his lucky (E7) day  
 That's (B7) why I've learnt the way to shout: (E7) Olé!

Oh this (A) year I'm off to Sunny Spain Y Viva Es-(E7)-paña  
 I'm taking the Costa Brava 'plane - Y Viva Es-(A)-paña  
 If you'd like to chat a matador, in some cool (E7) cabaña  
 And meet señoritas by the score - España por (Am) favor

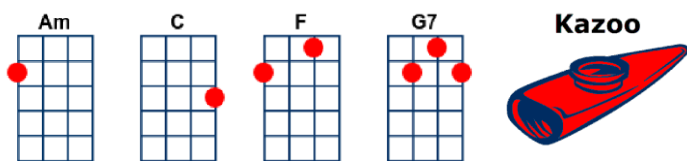
(E7) España por (A) favor





# Yellow Submarine

Artist: The Beatles Writers: Paul McCartney, John Lennon Previous book page no. 166



In the (G7) town where I was (C) born  
 lived a (F) man who sailed the (G7) sea  
 And he (G7) told us of his (C) life  
 in the (F) land of submar-(G7)-ines

So we (G7) sailed up to the (C) sun  
 till we (F) found a sea of (G7) green  
 And we (G7) lived beneath the (C) waves  
 in our (F) yellow submar-(G7)-ine

### Chorus:

(C) We all live in a (G7) yellow submarine  
 a (G7) yellow submarine, a (C) yellow submarine  
 (C) We all live in a (G7) yellow submarine  
 a (G7) yellow submarine a (C) yellow submarine

And our (G7) friends are all on (C) board  
 Many (Am) more of them (G7) live next door  
 And the (G7) band begins to (C) play

**Note:** (Kazoos as trumpets – strum on C) 

**Chorus:** (C) We all live in a (G7) yellow...

As we (G7) live a life of (C) ease,  
 every-(F)-one has all we (G7) need  
 Sky of (G7) blue and sea of (C) green  
 in our (F) yellow submar-(G7)-ine

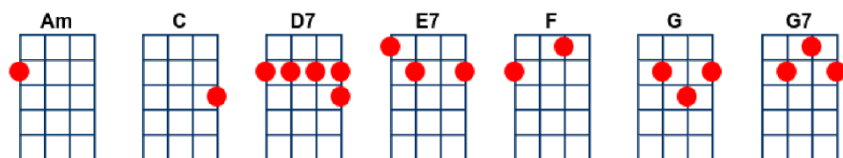
**Chorus x 2:** (C) We all live in a (G7) yellow...





# Yesterday

Artist: The Beatles Writers: Paul McCartney & John Lennon Tempo 85



(C) Yesterday

(E7) All my troubles seemed so (Am) far away

(F) Now it (G7) looks as though they're (C) here to stay

Oh (Am) I be-(D7)-lieve in (F) yester-(C)-day

(C) Suddenly

(E7) I'm not half the man I (Am) used to be

(F) There's a (G7) shadow hanging (C) over me

Oh (Am) yester-(D7)-day came (F) sudden-(C)-ly

(E7) Why she (Am) had (G) to (F) go

I don't (G7) know she wouldn't (C) say

(E7) I said (Am) some-(G)-thing (F) wrong

Now I (G7) long for yester-(C)-day

(C) Yesterday

(E7) Love was such an easy (Am) game to play

(F) Now I (G7) need a place to (C) hide away

Oh (Am) I be-(D7)-lieve in (F) yester-(C)-day

(E7) Why she (Am) had (G) to (F) go

I don't (G7) know she wouldn't (C) say

(E7) I said (Am) some-(G)-thing (F) wrong

Now I (G7) long for yester-(C)-day

(C) Yesterday

(E7) Love was such an easy (Am) game to play

(F) Now I (G7) need a place to (C) hide away

Oh (Am) I be-(D7)-lieve in (F) yester-(C)-day

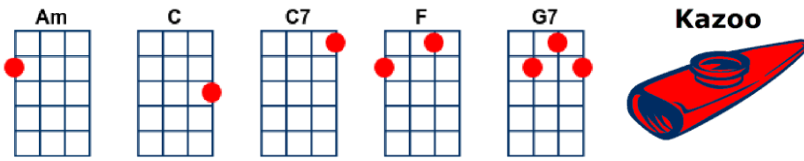
(Am) Mm mm (D7) mm mm (F) mm mm (C) mm





# You Are My Sunshine

Artist: Jimmy Wakely & the Sunshine Girls Writers: Disputed Previous book page no. 167



## Intro: (C) (G7) (C)

You are my (C) sunshine my only (C7) sunshine  
 You make me (F) happy when skies are (C) grey (C7)  
 You'll never (F) know dear how much I (C) love you (Am)  
 Please don't (C) take my (G7) sunshine aw-(C)-ay

The other (C) night dear as I lay (C7) sleeping  
 I dreamed I (F) held you in my (C) arms (C7)  
 But when I (F) woke dear I was mist-(C)-aken (Am)  
 And I (C) hung my (G7) head and I (C) cried

You are my (C) sunshine my only (C7) sunshine  
 You make me (F) happy when skies are (C) grey (C7)  
 You'll never (F) know dear how much I (C) love you (Am)  
 Please don't (C) take my (G7) sunshine aw-(C)-ay

## Instrumental: (as verse with kazoos)



(C) (C7) (F) (C) (C7) (F) (C) (Am) (C) (G7) (C)

You are my (C) sunshine my only (C7) sunshine  
 You make me (F) happy when skies are (C) grey (C7)  
 You'll never (F) know dear how much I (C) love you (Am)  
 Please don't (C) take my (G7) sunshine aw-(C)-ay

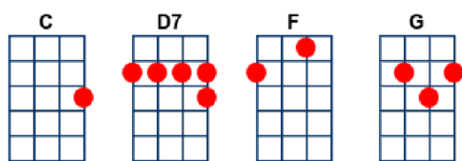
Oh please don't (C) take my (G7) sunshine aw-(C)-ay  
 Oh please don't (C) take my (G7) sunshine aw-(C)-ay (G7) (C)





# Your Cheating Heart

Artist: Hank Williams Writer: Hank Williams Previous book page no. 168



## Intro: Cheatin' Cheatin' Cheatin'

Your (C) cheatin' heart will make you (F) weep,  
You'll cry and (G) cry and try to (C) sleep,  
But sleep won't (C) come the whole night (F) through,  
Your cheatin' (G) heart will tell on (C) you

When tears come (F) down,  
Like falling (C) rain,  
You'll toss (D7) around,  
And call my (G) name,  
You'll walk the (C) floor,  
The way I (F) do,  
Your cheatin' (G) heart, will tell on (C) you

Your cheatin' (C) heart will pine some (F) day,  
And crave the (G) love you threw aw-(C)-ay,  
The time will (C) come when you'll be (F) blue,  
Your cheatin' (G) heart will tell on (C) you

When tears come (F) down,  
Like falling (C) rain,  
You'll toss (D7) around,  
And call my (G) name,  
You'll walk the (C) floor,  
The way I (F) do,  
Your cheatin' (G) heart, will tell on (C) you.

Your cheatin' (C) heart will pine some (F) day,  
And crave the (G) love you threw aw-(C)-ay,  
The time will (C) come when you'll be (F) blue,  
Your cheatin' (G) heart will tell on (C) you

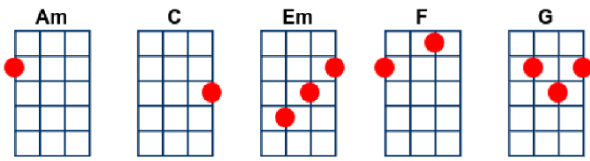
## Outro: Cheatin' Cheatin' Cheatin'





# You're So Vain

Artist & Carly Simon Tempo 108



(Am) You walked into the party like you were (F) walking onto a (Am) yacht  
 (Am) Your hat strategically dipped below one eye your (F) scarf it was apri-(Am)-cot  
 You had (F) one eye (G) in the (Em) mirror (Am) as you (F) watched yourself ga-(C)-votte  
 And all the (G) girls dreamed that (F) they'd be your partner (F) they'd be your partner and

(C) You're so vain you (F) probably think this song is ab-(C)-out you  
 You're so (Am) vain I (F) bet you think this song is ab-(G)-out you (G) don't you, don't you

You (Am) had me several years ago when (F) I was still quite na-(Am)-ive  
 (Am) Well you said that we made such a pretty pair and (F) that you would never (Am) leave  
 But you (F) gave a-(G)-way the (Em) things you (Am) loved and (F) one of them was (C) me  
 I had some (G) dreams they were (F) clouds in my coffee (F) clouds in my coffee and

(C) You're so vain you (F) probably think this song is ab-(C)-out you  
 You're so (Am) vain I (F) bet you think this song is ab-(G)-out you (G) don't you, don't you

Well I (Am) hear you went up to Saratoga and (F) your horse naturally (Am) won  
 (Am) Then you flew your Lear jet up to Nova Scotia to see the (F) total eclipse of the (Am) sun  
 Well you're (F) where you (G) should be (Em) all the (Am) time  
 and (F) when you're not you're (C) with some underworld (G) spy or the (F) wife of a close friend  
 (F) wife of a close friend and

(C) You're so vain you (F) probably think this song is ab-(C)-out you  
 You're so (Am) vain I (F) bet you think this song is ab-(G)-out you (G) don't you, don't you

(C) You're so vain you (F) probably think this song is ab-(C)-out you  
 You're so (Am) vain I (F) bet you think this song is ab-(G)-out you

(G) Don't you, don't you (Am)/





## Change Log

### New Songs Added Jan 2025

- Abracadabra
- Alexanders Ragtime Band
- Any Dream Will Do
- At The Hop
- Baby Face
- Build Me Up Buttercup
- Can't Take My Eyes Off You
- Cum On Feel The Noize
- Diana
- Drunken Sailor
- Gypsies, Tramps, and Thieves
- Hit the Road Jack
- I Am A Cider Drinker
- I Feel Fine
- I Useta Lover
- I Walk The Line
- I Will Survive
- I'll Never Fall in Love Again
- It Must Be Love
- It's Hard To Be Humble
- Jambalaya
- Johnny B Goode
- Let It Be Me
- Little Old Wine Drinker Me
- Little Respect, A
- Living La Vida Loca
- Love Me Tender
- Lucille
- My Guy
- Night Before, The
- Night has a Thousand Eyes, The
- Nowhere Man
- Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da
- Oh Boy
- Peggy Sue
- Rave On
- Rhythm of the Rain
- Right Said Fred
- Runaround Sue
- She's Not There
- Sunny Side of the Street
- Sweet Georgia Brown
- Top of The World
- Wagon Wheel
- Wellerman
- Why Don't You Love Me
- Y Viva España
- Yesterday
- You're So Vain

### Song updates

The Bare Necessities - Changed key from G to C  
 Doo Wah Diddy - Inserted missing chords and updated intro  
 Drunken Sailor - Added optional riff diagram  
 El Condo Pasa - updated outro  
 Freight Train - Updated chord positions  
 Georgie Girl - Added chords changes to final verse  
 I only want to be with you – Removed some chord changes  
 I will - Updated chord positions  
 I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing - Corrected lyric error  
 If Paradise is Half as Nice - Updated lyrics  
 If You Could Read My Mind - Updated chord positions  
 Iko Iko - Updated lyrics  
 I'll Never Find Another You - Updated intro  
 I'm Into Something Good - Updated chord positions  
 In the Summertime - Updated lyrics  
 Shotgun - Updated lyrics and formatting  
 Sloop John B - Made some chords optional  
 Sound of Silence - Updated name and riff diagram  
 Sunny Afternoon - Changed last chord  
 Take me Home - Inserted missing chord  
 There's A Kind Of Hush - Changed some chords





These Boots Were Made for Walking - Updated intro  
Urban Spaceman - Added chords to instrumentals  
Valerie - Updated intro  
Whiskey On a Sunday - Updated riff diagram  
Build Me Up Buttercup – Changed some chords





## YouTube Links

- [Abracadabra](#)  
[Achy Breaky Heart](#)  
[Ain't Misbehaving](#)  
[Ain't No Pleasing You](#)  
[Alexanders Ragtime Band](#)  
[All I Have to Do is Dream](#)  
[All My Loving](#)  
[Another Brick in the Wall](#)  
[Any Dream Will Do](#)  
[As Tears Go By](#)  
[At The Hop](#)  
[Baby Face](#)  
[Bad Moon Rising](#)  
[Banks of the Ohio](#)  
[Bare Necessities, The](#)  
[Black Velvet Band](#)  
[Blowing in the Wind](#)  
[Boom Bang-a-Bang](#)  
[Brand New Combine Harvester](#)  
[Brown Girl in the Ring](#)  
[Build Me Up Buttercup](#)  
[Bye Bye Love](#)  
[C'mon Everybody](#)  
[Can't Buy Me Love](#)  
[Can't Take My Eyes Off You](#)  
[Chirpy Chirpy Cheep Cheep](#)  
[Cockney Medley I've Got a](#)  
[Lovely Bunch of Coconuts](#)  
[Cockney Medley Knees up](#)  
[Mother Brown](#)  
[Cockney Medley My Ole Man](#)  
[Said Follow The Van](#)  
[Cockney Medley Show Me the](#)  
[Way to go Home](#)  
[Come up and See me \(Make me](#)  
[Smile\)](#)  
[Congratulations](#)  
[Cum On Feel The Noize](#)  
[Dance the Night Away](#)  
[Daydream Believer](#)  
[Dedicated Follower of Fashion](#)  
[Delila](#)  
[Diana](#)  
[Dirty Old Town](#)  
[Don't You Want Me](#)  
[Doo Wah Diddy](#)  
[Downtown](#)  
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[Eight Days a Week](#)  
[El Condor Pasa](#)  
[Enjoy Yourself](#)  
[Eye of the Tiger](#)  
[Fields of Athenry](#)  
[Fly Me to the Moon](#)  
[Folsom Prison Blues](#)  
[Four Strong Winds](#)  
[Freight Train](#)  
[Georgie Girl](#)  
[Ghost Riders in the Sky](#)  
[Grandma's Feather Bed](#)  
[Gypsies, Tramps, and Thieves](#)  
[Happy Birthday](#)  
[Happy Together](#)  
[Hello Mary Lou](#)  
[Help Me Make It Through the](#)  
[Night](#)  
[Hi Ho Silver Lining](#)  
[Hit the Road Jack](#)  
[Hotel California](#)  
[House of the Rising Sun](#)  
[I Am A Cider Drinker](#)  
[I Can See Clearly Now](#)  
[I Don't Look Good Naked](#)  
[Anymore](#)  
[I Feel Fine](#)  
[I Guess it Doesn't Matter](#)  
[Anymore](#)  
[I Only Want to be with you](#)  
[I Useta Lover](#)  
[I Walk The Line](#)  
[I Wanna Be Like You](#)  
[I Will](#)  
[I Will Survive](#)  
[I'd Like to Teach the World to](#)  
[Sing](#)  
[I'll Never Find Another You](#)  
[I'm a Believer](#)  
[I'm Into Something Good](#)  
[If Paradise is Half as Nice](#)  
[If you Could Read My Mind](#)  
[Iko Iko](#)  
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[Jackson](#)  
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[Let It Be Me](#)  
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[Octopus's Garden](#)  
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[Paint it Black](#)  
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[Head](#)  
[Rave On](#)  
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[Ruby Don't Take your Love to](#)  
[Town](#)  
[Runaround Sue](#)  
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[Sea of Heartbreak](#)  
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## Song List



Malling Ukulele Group Songbook Version 5.3 Updated February 2025



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<a href="#"><u>Summer Wine</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>Things</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>Whiskey in the Jar</u></a>
<a href="#"><u>Sunny Afternoon</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>This Land</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>Whiskey On A Sunday</u></a>
<a href="#"><u>Sunny Side of the Street</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>This Ole House</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>Why Don't You Love Me</u></a>
<a href="#"><u>Sway</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Days Of</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>Wild Rover</u></a>
<a href="#"><u>Sweet Caroline</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>Summer</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow</u></a>
<a href="#"><u>Sweet Georgia Brown</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>Those Were the Days</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>Y Viva Espania</u></a>
<a href="#"><u>Sweets For My Sweet</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>Tickle My Heart</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>Yellow Submarine</u></a>
<a href="#"><u>Take me Home Country Roads</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>Top of The World</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>Yesterday</u></a>
<a href="#"><u>Teenager in Love, A</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>Urban Spaceman</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>You are my Sunshine</u></a>
<a href="#"><u>The Letter</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>Valerie</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>Your Cheatin' Heart</u></a>
<a href="#"><u>The Old Bazaar in Cairo</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>Wagon Wheel</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>You're So Vain</u></a>
<a href="#"><u>The Wayward Wind</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>Waltzing Matilda</u></a>	
<a href="#"><u>There's a Guy Works Down Chip</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>Waterloo</u></a>	
<a href="#"><u>Shop Swears He's Elvis</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>Wellerman</u></a>	
<a href="#"><u>There's a Kind Of Hush</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>What's Up</u></a>	
<a href="#"><u>These Boots Were Made for</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>When I'm 64</u></a>	





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