

Malling Ukulele Group

Malling Ukulele Group
Songbook Version 5.4
Updated July 2025



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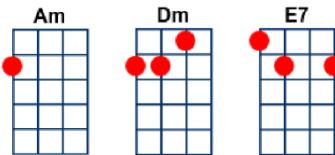
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Abracadabra

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.

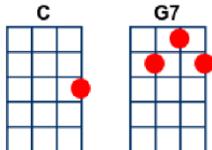
(Am) Abra-abra-ca-**(Dm)**-dabra, **(E7)** I want to reach out and **(Am)** grab ya, Abra-abra-ca-**(Dm)**-dabra, **(E7)** Abraca-**(Am)**-dabra.

(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.

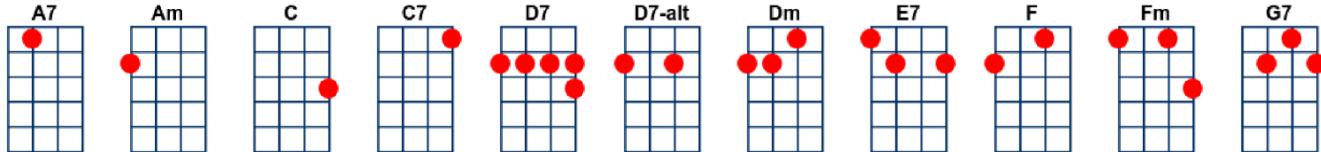
(C) Don't tell my heart my achy breaky heart
 I just don't think he'd under-**(G7)**-stand
 And if you tell my heart my achy breaky heart
 He might blow up and kill this **(C)** man.

(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.

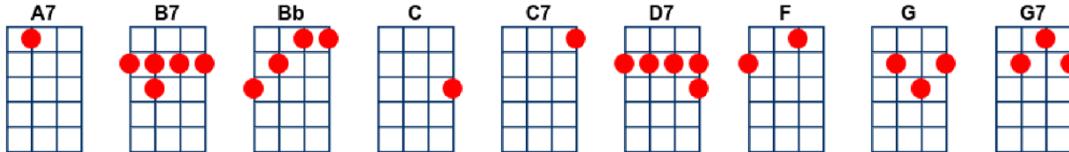
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(C) I don't stay out late, (Dm) don't care to (G7) go
 (C) I'm home about eight, just (F) me and my (Fm) radio.
 (C) Ain't misbe-(A7)-havin', (G7) I'm savin' my love for (C) you
 (C)



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...

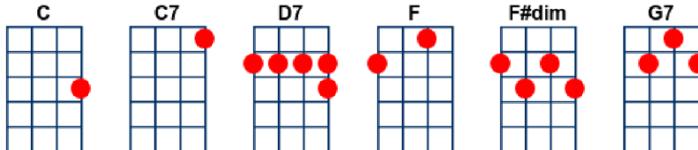
(B7) (C) (A7) (D7) (G7)

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)/// //

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)/// //

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)/// //

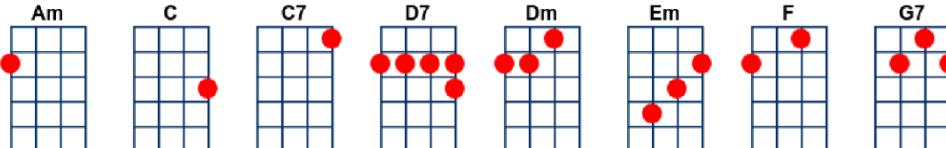
Come on and (C) hear, come on and hear Alex-(G7)-ander's Ragtime (C) Band (C7)
 Come on and (F) hear, come on and hear, it's the best band in the land
 They can (C) play a bugle call like you never heard before
 So natural that you want to go to war
 (D7) That is the bestest band what (G7) am, my honey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

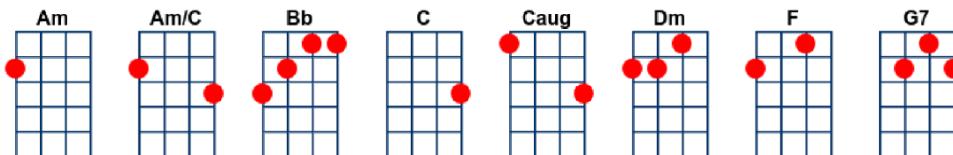
(F) I can make you mine (Em) taste your lips of wine
 (Dm) Anytime (G7) night or (C) day (C7)
 (F) Only trouble is (Em) gee whiz
 I'm (D7) dreaming my life (G7) away

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

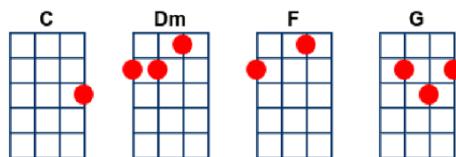
(NC) Close your (Dm) eyes and I'll (G7) kiss you
 To-(C)-morrow I'll (Am) miss you
 Re-(F)-member I'll (Dm) always be (Bb) true (G7)
 And then (Dm) while I'm a-(G7)-way
 I'll write (C) home every (Am) day
 And I'll (F) send all my (G7) loving to (C) you

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)

TOP

(Dm) (Dm) (Dm) (Dm)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Repeat from the TOP

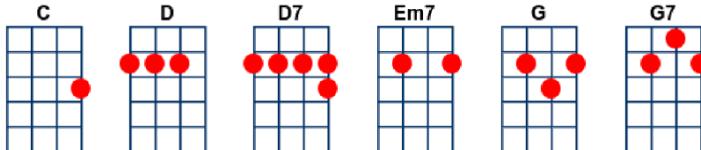
(Dm) (Dm)

Fade Out



Any Dream Will Do

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



Intro: (G) (Am7) (G) (D)/

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 Richard Previous book page no. 20

Chord diagrams for Am/C, C, D7, F, and G7. Each diagram shows a 6-string ukulele fretboard with red dots indicating the frets to be played. Am/C has dots at 1 and 3. C has a dot at 3. D7 has dots at 1, 2, 3, and 4. F has a dot at 4. G7 has dots at 1, 2, and 4.

(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

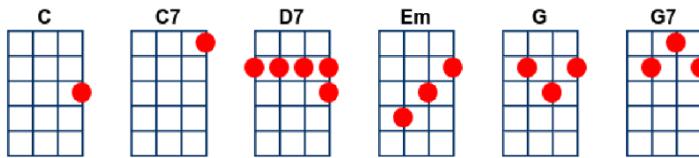
(C) Mmmm (D7) mmmm (F) mmmm (G7)

(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!

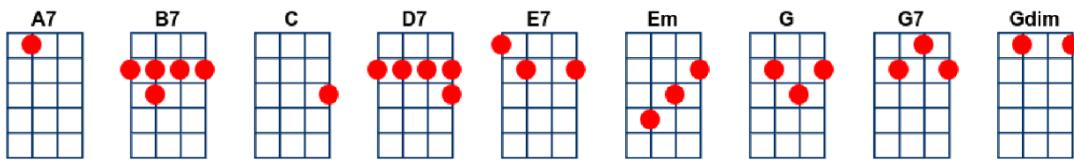
Repeat Middle Section

(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



Intro: (A7) (D7) (G) (G)

(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)

(A7) (D7) (G) (G)

(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)

(A7) (D7) (G) (G)

(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

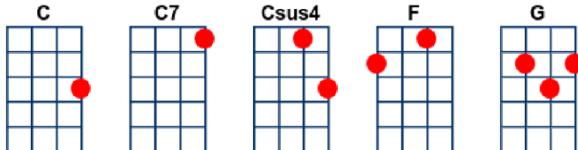
(A7) pretty (D7) Baby

(A7) pretty little (D7) Baby (G) Face



Bad Moon Rising

Artist: Creedence Clearwater Revival. Writer: John Fogerty 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

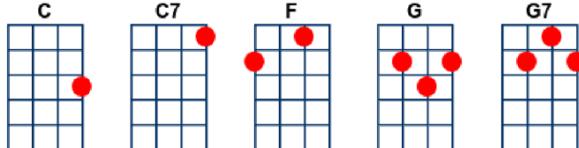
(F) Don't go around tonight,
 Well it's (C) bound to take your life
 (G) There's a (F) bad moon on the (C) rise

(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

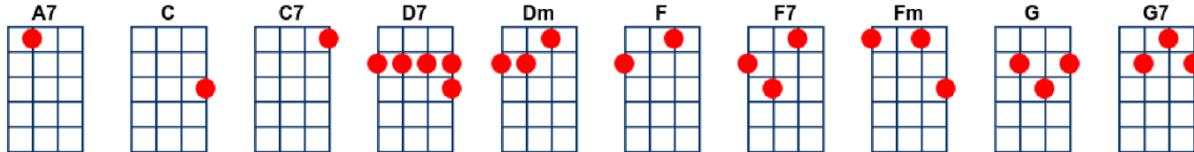
(NC) And only **(C)** say that you'll be **(G)** mine
 In no **(G7)** others' arms en-**(C)**-twine
 Down be-**(C7)**-side where the waters **(F)** flow
 Down by the **(C)** banks **(G7)** of the Ohi-**(C)**-o

(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.

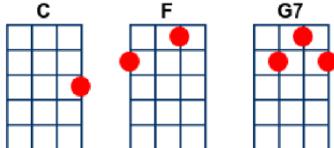
Wherever I (G) wander, wherever I (C) roam,
 I couldn't be (G) fonder of my big (C) home.(C7)
 The bees are (F) buzzin' in the (Fm) tree,
 to make some (C7) honey just for (A7) me.
 When (D7) you look under the rocks and plants,
 and (G) take a glance at the fancy ants,
 then (C) maybe try a (A7) few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

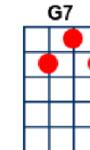
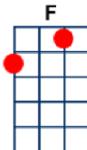
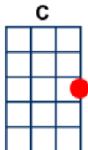
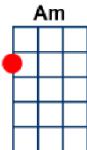
So (C) come all you jolly young fellows, a warning (F) take by (G7) me.
 When (C) you are out on the town, me lads, be-(F)-ware of the (G7) pretty (C) colleens.
 They'll feed you with strong (F) drink, me (C) lads, 'til you are un-(F)-able to (G7) stand,
 And the (C) very next thing that you'll know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

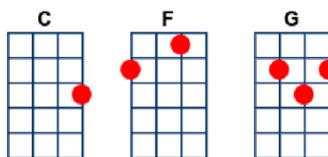
(C) How many (F) years can a (C) mountain exist
 Before it is (F) washed to the (G7) sea?
 (C) How many (F) years can some (C) people ex-(Am)-ist
 Be-(C)-fore they're a-(F)-llowed to be (G7) free?
 (C) How many (F) times can a (C) man turn his head and
 Pretend that he (F) just doesn't (G7) see?
 The (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) looovely (C) feeeling (G) when I'm in your (C) arms
 (F) Don't go away I wanna stay my whole life (C) through
 (G) Boom bang-a-bang-bang close to (C) you

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

My heart goes (F) boom bang-a-bang boom bang-a-bang when you are (C) near
 (G) Boom bang-a-bang boom bang-a-bang loud in my (C) ear
 (F) Pounding away pounding away won't you be (C) mine?
 (G) Boom bang-a-bang-bang all the (C) time

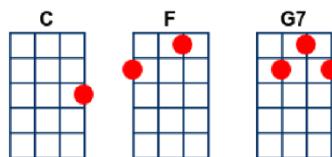
It's such a (F) looovely (C) feeeling (G) when I'm in your (C) arms
 (F) Now you are near I wanna hear your heartbeat (C) too
 (G) Boom bang-a-bang-bang I love (C) you

It's such a (F) looovely (C) feeeling (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

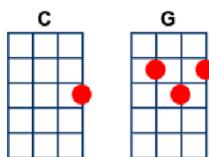
Chorus Cuz (C) I got a...

(Aahh yu'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 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 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 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 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

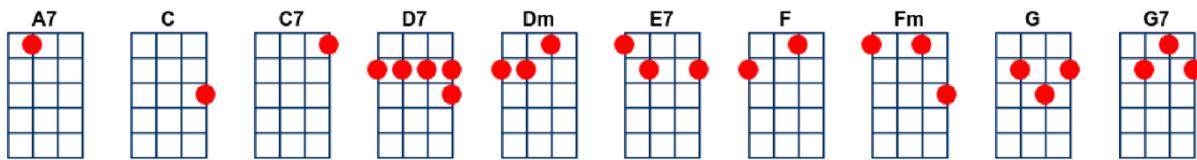
She looks like a **(G)** sugar in a **(C)** plum **(C)** (Plum plum plum)

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

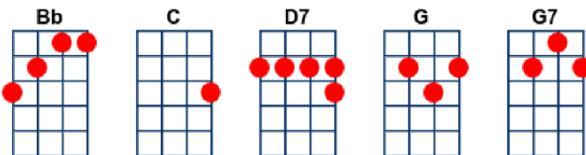
Chorus: (NC) Why do you (C) build me up...

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)

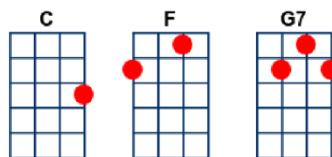
(C) Bye bye (G) love (C) bye bye (G) happiness
 (C) Hello (G) loneliness I think I'm a (D7) gonna (G) cry (G7)
 (C) Bye bye (G) love (C) bye bye (G) sweet caress
 (C) Hello (G) emptiness I feel like (D7) I could (G) die
 (G) Bye bye my (D7) love good-(G)-bye

(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

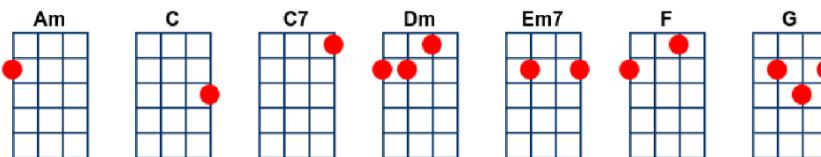
(C) (Stop) Who cares? - C'mon everybody.

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!

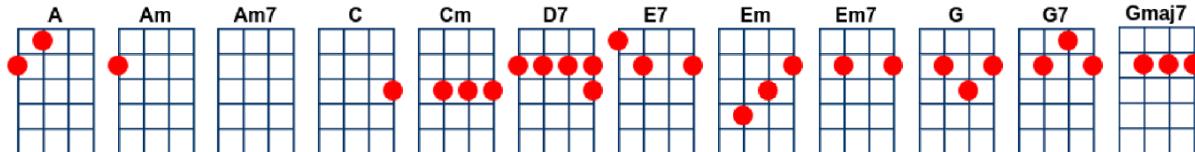
(**C**) Say you don't need no (**C7**) diamond ring and I'll be satisfied
(**F**) Tell me that you want the kind of things
That (**C**) money just can't buy
(**G**) I don't care too (**F**) much for money,
Money can't buy me (**C**) love

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 (G)

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 (G)

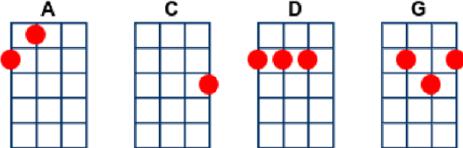
Sing: Da-Da, Da-Da: (Am7) (D7) (G) (Em) (Am7) (D7) (G) (E7) (E7) /

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.

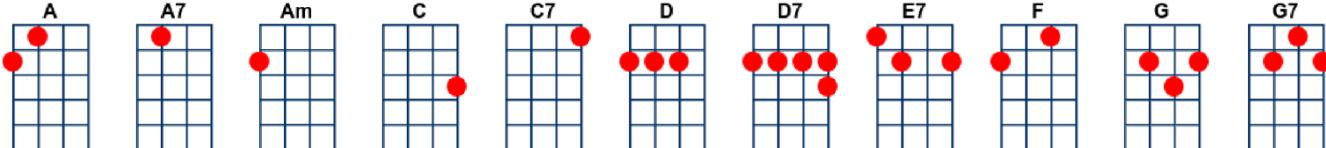
(G) Ooh...(A) wee, (G) chirpy, chirpy, (A) cheep, cheep,

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

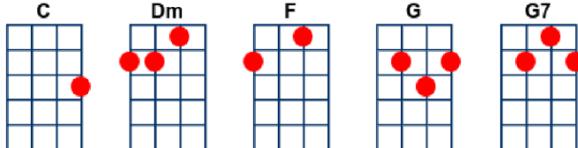
(D) Show me the way to go home, I'm (G) tired and I want to go to (D) bed
 I had a little drink about an hour ago, and it (A7) went right to my head
 Where (D) ever I may roam, on (G) land or sea or (D) foam
 You will (D) always hear me singing this song

(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)** Ooooaaah

(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)**

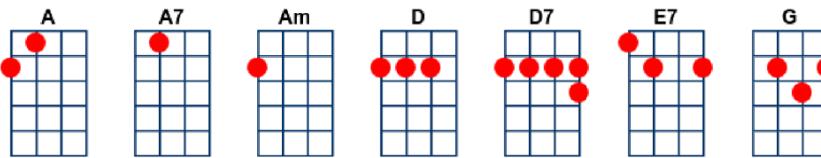
(Dm) I'll do what you **(F)** want... running **(C)** wild **(G) // // / (last strum really ring!)**





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.

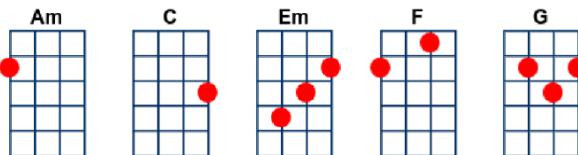
Congratu-(G)-lations and cele-(A)-brations,
when I tell (D) everyone that (D7) you're in love with (G) me.
Congratulations and jubi-(A)-lations,
I want the (D) world to know I'm (D7) happy as can (G) be.

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



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

(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

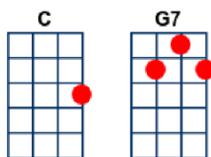
Chorus: So (C) cum on (G) feel...

(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)

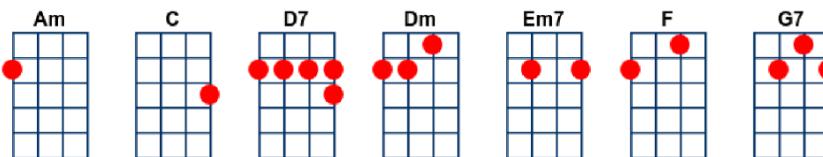
(C) Just wanna (G7) dance the night a-(C)-way (G7)
 (C) With Senhor-(G7)-itas who can (C) sway (G7)
 (C) Right now tom-(G7)-orrow's looking (C) bright (G7)
 (C) Just like the (G7) sunny morning (C) light (G7)

(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)-iever,
 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)-iever,
 And a (C) home-(Am)-coming (D7) queen? (G7)

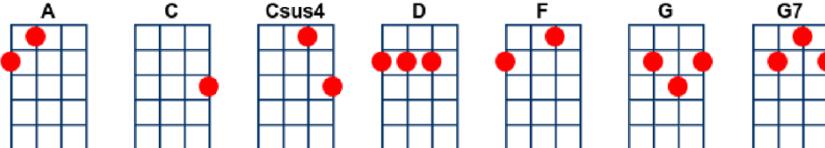
(F) Cheer up (G7) sleepy (Em7) Jean
 (F) Oh, what (G7) can it (Am) mean
 (F) To a (C) daydream be-(F)-iever,
 And a (C) home-(Am)-coming (D7) queen? (G7)

(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)

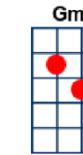
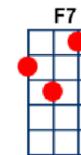
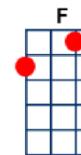
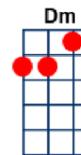
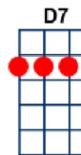
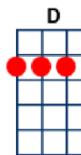
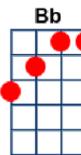
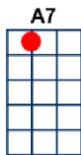
Oh yes he (G) is (*oh yes he is*) ... oh yes he (C) is (*oh yes he is*)
 He (F) flits from shop to shop just like a (C) butterfly (Csus4)–(C)
 In (F) matters of the cloth he is as (C) fickle as can (A) be,
 Cos he's a (D) dedicated (G7) follower of (C) fashion (A)

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

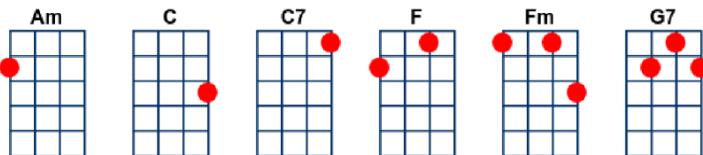
For-(F)-give me Delilah I (C) just couldn't take any (F) more

For-(F)-give me Delilah I (A7) just couldn't take any (Dm) moooo (A7) oooore (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

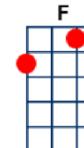
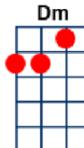
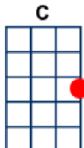
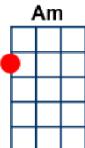
(C) Only you can (Am) take my heart,
(F) Only you can (G7) tear it apart
(C) When you hold me in your (Am) loving arms,
(F) I can feel you giving all your (G7) charms

(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




③ ④ ④ ⑤ ④ ④ ⑤ ④ ③
 ⑤ ⑥ ⑥ ⑥ ⑤ ④ ⑤
 ⑥ ⑥ ⑤ ④ ④ ⑤ ④ ③
 ③ ④ ⑤ ④ ④ ④ ③ ④

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:

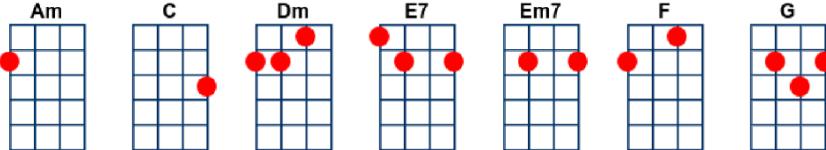
(NC) I found my (C) love, by the (F) gas works (C) croft
 Dreamed a (F) dream, by the old (C) canal
 (F) Kissed my (C) girl, by the (F) factory (C) wall
 All: (C) Dirty old (Dm) town, dirty old (Am) town

(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)/



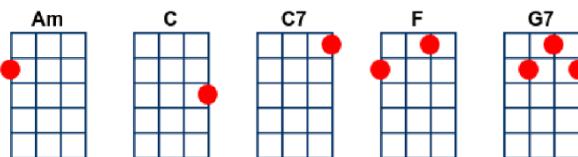
Men & Women





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

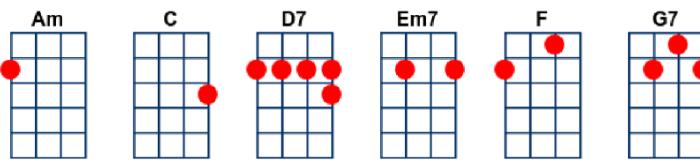
(C)// Whoa (C7) whoa I (Am) knew we was falling in love
 (F)/// (F) yes I did and so I (G7) told her all the things I'd been dreamin' of

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)

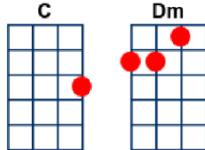
Repeat and fade

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



Drunken Sailor

Traditional Tempo 136



	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	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-

Riff:

(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...

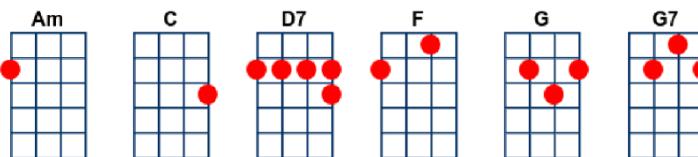
(Dm) That's what we do with a drunken sailor
 (C) That's what we do with a drunken sailor
 (Dm) That's what we do with a drunken sailor
 (C) early in the (Dm) morning

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

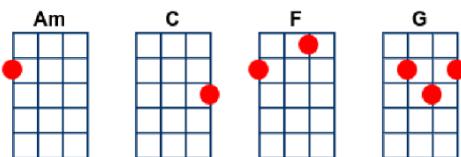
(F) Eight days a (C) week
 (F) Eight days a (C) week

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

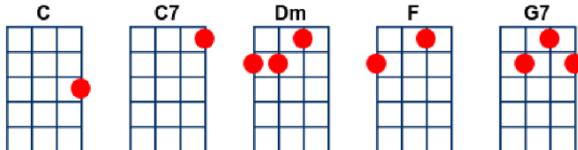
(G) Yes I (C) would, if I (G) only (C) could, I (G) surely would (Am)

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

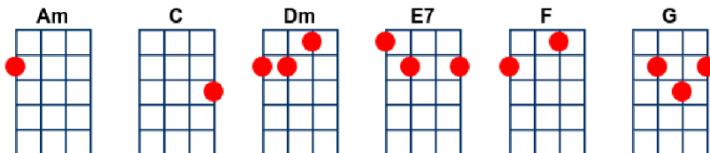
When you reach **(Dm)** nine-**(G7)**-ty **(C)** two.

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.

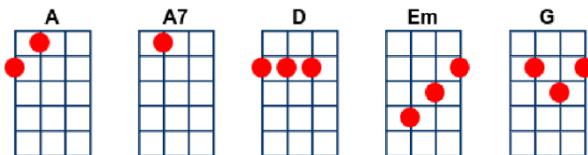
(Am) Risin' up, (F) straight to the top
 (G) Had the guts, got the (Am) glory
 (Am) Went the distance, now I'm (F) not gonna stop
 Just a (G) man and his will to sur-(Am)-vive.
 It's the (Dm) eye of the tiger, it's the (C) thrill of the (G) fight,
 Risin' (Dm) up to the challenge of our (C) ri-(G)-val
 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,

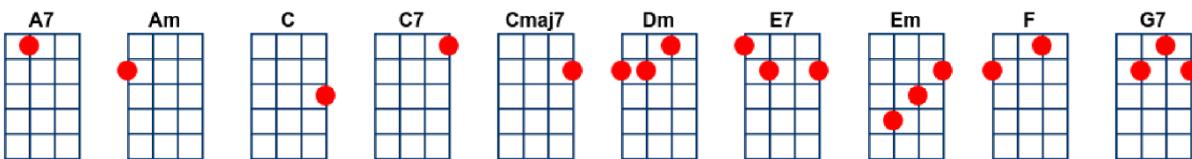
It's so (Em) lonely round the (A7) fields of Athen-(D)-ry.

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)

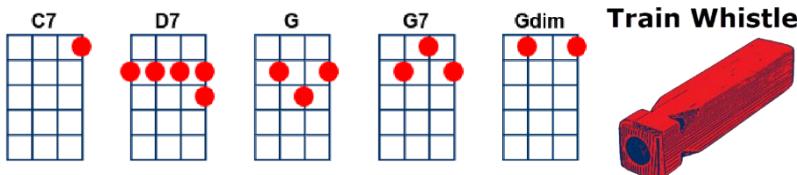
(Am) Fill my heart with (Dm) song
 And let me (G7) sing forever (Cmaj7) more (C7)
 (F) You are all I (Dm) long for
 All I (E7) worship and (Am) adore (A7)

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

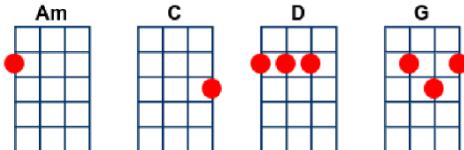
Back To Top

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)**-bertha, 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)** snowflies 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

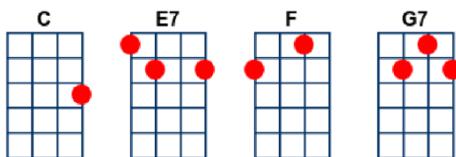
Four strong **(G)** winds that blow **(Am)** lonely, seven **(D)** seas that run **(G)** high
 All those things that don't **(Am)** change come what **(D)** may
 Now our **(G)** good times are all **(Am)** gone, and I'm **(D)** bound for moving **(G)** on
 I'll look **(Am)** for you if I'm **(C)** ever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

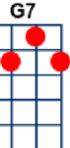
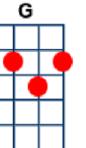
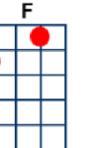
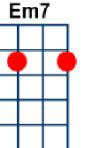
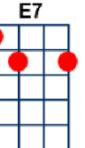
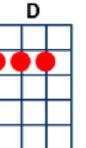
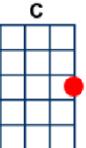
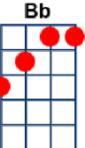
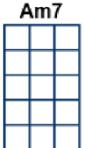
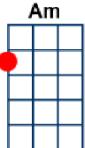
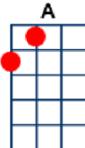
As she (C) comes (G7) rolling (C) by.

(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

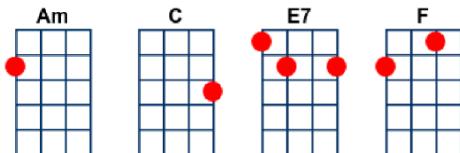
(C) Hey (Em7) there, (F) Georgy (G7) girl
 (C) There's another (Em7) Georgy (F) deep (G7) inside
 (C) Bring out all the (Em7) love you (F) hide and
 (G7) Oh, what a (Am) change there'd be (Am7)
 The (F) world would see a (G7) new Georgy (C) girl (Em7) (F)
 ..a (G7) new Georgy (C) girl (Em7) (F)
 ..a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

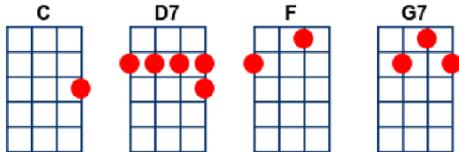
(F) Ghost riders in the (Am) sky

(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) rassled 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...

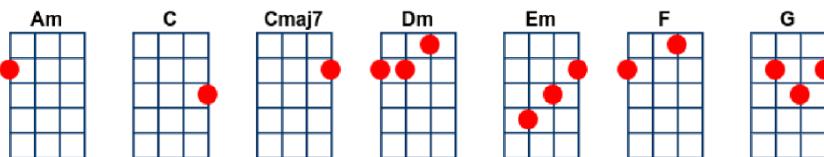
(C) Didn't get much sleep but we (F) had a lot of fun on
 (G7) Grandma's feather (C) bed

(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

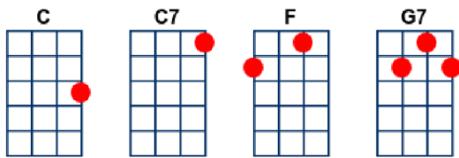
Chorus x 2: **(F)** Gyp-**(C)**-sies, **(F)** tramps...



Happy Birthday

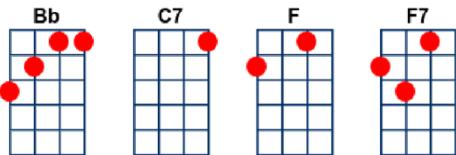
Writers: Patty and Mildred J. Hill Previous book page no. 63

Key C:



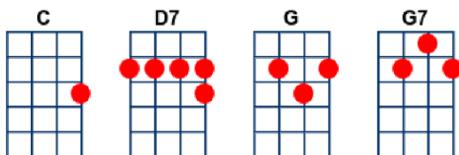
Happy (C) Birthday to (G7) you,
 Happy Birthday to (C) you,
 Happy (C7) Birthday, dear (F) Name, Name,
 Happy (C) Birthday (G7) to (C) you

Key F:



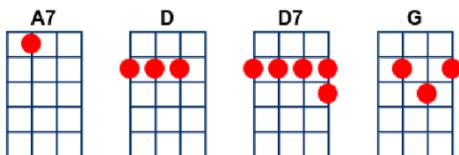
Happy (F) Birthday to (C7) you,
 Happy Birthday to (F) you,
 Happy (F7) Birthday, dear (Bb) Name, Name,
 Happy (F) Birthday (C7) to (F) you

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:

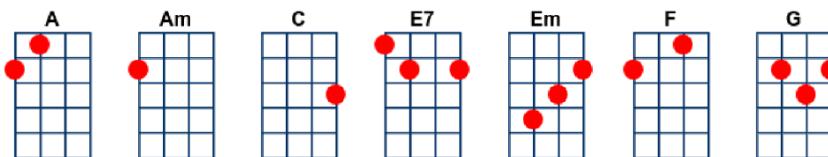


Happy (D) Birthday to (A7) you,
 Happy Birthday to (D) you,
 Happy (D7) Birthday, dear (G) Name, Name,
 Happy (D) Birthday (A7) to (D) you



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

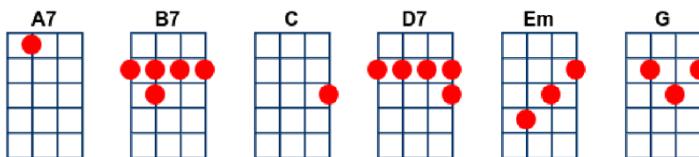
(Am) Me and you and you and me, no matter how they (G) toss the dice it has to be
The only one for (F) me is you and you for me,
so happy to-(E7)-gether (oo-oo-oo-oo)

(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)

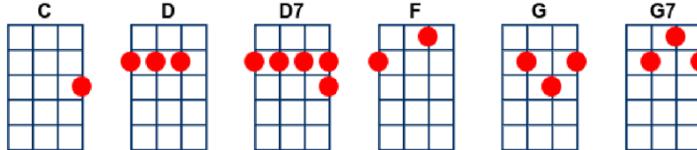
He-(G)-llo Mary Lou, (C) goodbye heart
 Sweet (G) Mary Lou I'm so in love with (D7) you
 I (G) knew Mary Lou (B7) we'd never (Em) part
 So he-(A7)-llo Mary (D7) Lou, goodbye (G) heart (C) (G)

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

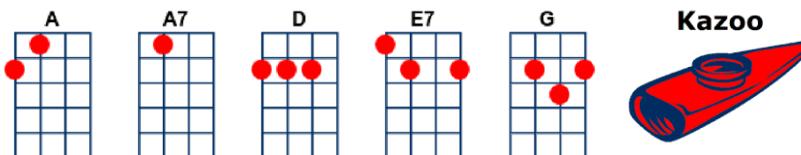
Bridge: (NC) I don't care who's right...

(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...

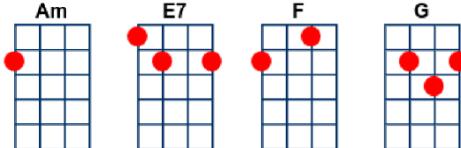
And it's (A) Hi ho (A7) silver lining (D) Anywhere you (E7) go now baby
 (A) I see your (A7) sun is (A) shining (D) But I won't make a (E7) fuss
 (D) Though it's (A) obvious

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) (E7)
 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

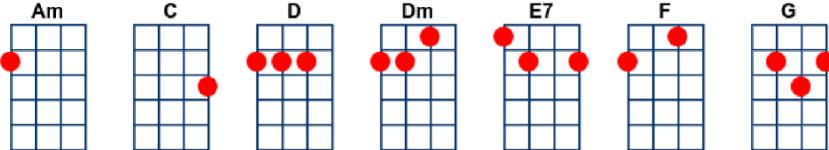
(F) (E7) (Am)





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

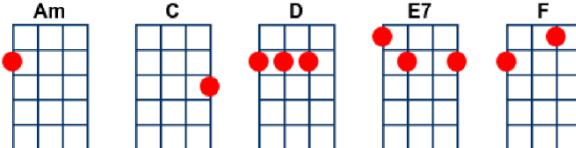
(Am) Mirrors on the ceiling (E7) the pink champagne on ice
 And she said (G) we are all just prisoners here (D) of our own device
 (F) And in the master's chambers (C) they gathered for the feast
 (Dm) They stab it with their steely knives but they (E7) just can't kill the beast
 (Am) Last thing I remember 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

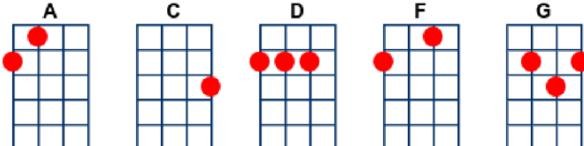
Well, I got (Am) one foot (C) on the (D) platform (F)
 And the (Am) other (C) foot on the (E7) train
 I'm (Am) going (C) back to (D) New Or-(F)-leans
 To (Am) wear that (E7) ball and (Am) chain

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)

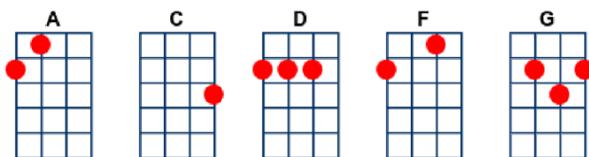
(C) I am a cider (F) drinker, I drinks it all of the (C) day
 (C) I am a cider (F) drinker, it soothes all me troubles a-(C)-way
 (C) Oh arr oh arr-(G)-aay, oh arr oh arr-(C)-aay.

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.

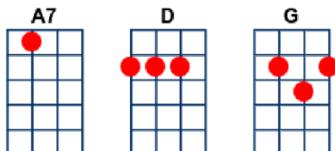
(D) I can see (G) clearly now, the (D) rain is gone.
 (D) I can see (G) all obstacles (A) in my way.
 (D) Here is the (G) rainbow I have been (D) prayin' for.

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

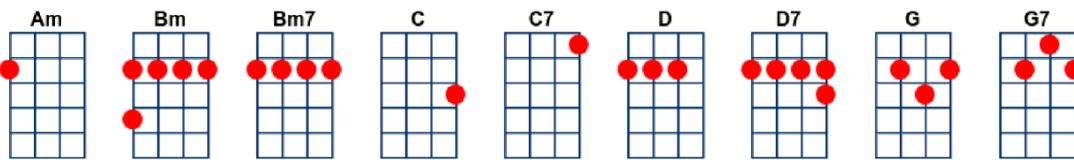
Chorus x 2

(*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)

Intro: (D7) (C7) (G7) (G7)

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

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

(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 (G7) buys her diamond rings you know
 She (D7) said so, she's in love with (C) me and I feel (G) fine (G)

(D7) (C7) (G) (G)

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

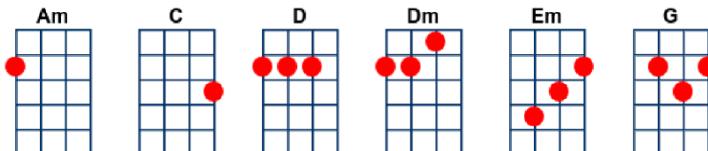
(G) I'm so (Bm) glad that (C) she's my little (D) girl
 (G) She's so (Bm) glad she's (Am) telling all the (D) world, that her
 (G7) Baby buys her things you know,
 he (G7) buys her diamond rings you know
 She (D7) said so, she's in love with (C7) me and I feel (G7) fine (G7)
 (D7) She's in love with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

Outro: (D7) (C7) (G) (G)



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)

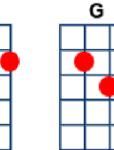
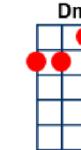
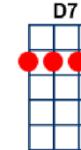
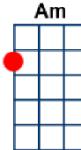
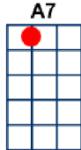
Now you go (C) your way and I'll go mine
 (G) Now and forever 'till the end of time . . . I'll find
 (C) Somebody new and baby we'll say we're through
 And (G) you won't matter any (C) more.

(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

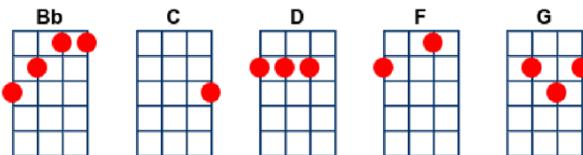
(Eb) You stopped and smiled at me and (G) asked me if I (C) cared to (G) dance
 (D7) I fell into your open arms (A7) I didn't stand a (D7) chance now listen honey
 (G) I just wanna be beside you (Em7) everywhere
 As (G) long as we're together honey (Em7) I don't care
 Cause (C) you started (D7) something (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.

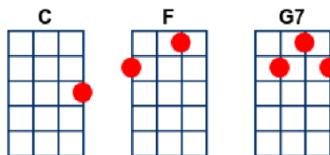
(G) I useta to love her, I useta love her (C) once! A long, long time ago,
 (G) I useta to love her, I useta love her (C) once! A long, long time ago,
 (F) It's gone, (Bb) all my lovin' is (C) gone! (C) (Whoa)
 (F) It's gone, (Bb) all my lovin' is (C) gone! (C) (Whoa)
 (F) It's gone, (Bb) all my lovin'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



Note: (hum blue lyrics)

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) 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) 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) Because you're (G7) mine, I walk the (C) line

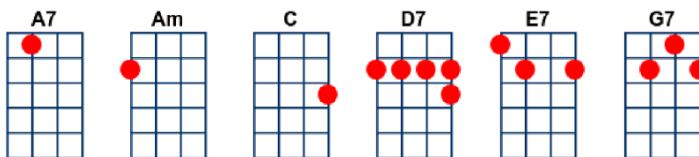
(C) You've got a (G7) way to keep me on your (C) side
 (C) You give me (G7) cause for love that I can't (C) hide
 (C) For you I (F) know I'd even try to turn the (C) tide
 (C) Because you're (G7) mine, I walk the (C) line
 (C) Because you're (G7) mine, I walk the (C) line

I 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) 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.

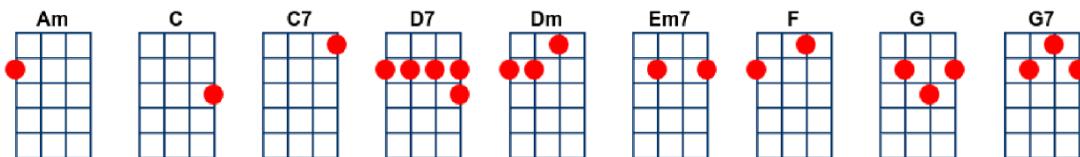
(G7) Oh, (C) oo-bee-doo I wanna be like (A7) you
 I wanna (D7) walk like you, (G7) talk like you (C) too.
 You'll (G7) see it's (C) true, an ape like (A7) me
 Can (D7) learn to be (G7) human (C) too.

(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

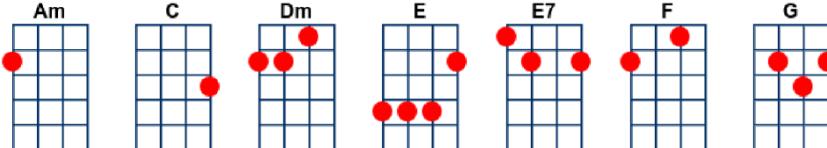
And (C) when at (Am) last I (Dm) find you (G7)
 Your (C) song will (Am) fill the (Em7) air
 Sing it (F) loud so I (G) can (Am) hear you
 Make it (F) easy (G) to be (Am) near you
 (Am) For the (F) things you (G) do end-(Am)-ear you to me
 (F) **(pause for a beat)**
 You (G) know I will (C) // /

(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

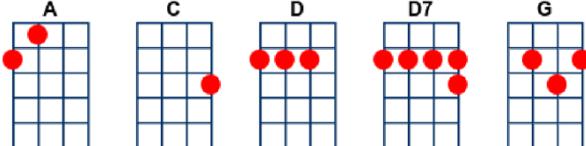
Go on now (Am) go, walk out the (Dm) door
 Just turn (G) around now, cause you're not (C) welcome anymore
(F) Weren't you the one who tried to (Dm) hurt me with goodbyes?
 Did you think I'd (E) crumble? Did you think I'd (E7) lay down and die?

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.

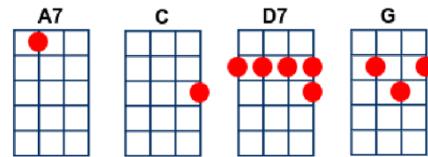
Then I saw her (D) face, (G) (D) now (G) I'm a (D) believer! (G) (D)
 (G) Not a (D) trace (G) (D) of (G) doubt in my (D) mind. (G) (D)
 (G) I'm a (D) believer! (G) (D) (G) (D)/



I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing

Artist: New Seekers Writers: Roger Cook, Roger Greenaway, Bill Backer & Billy Davis Previous book page 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*

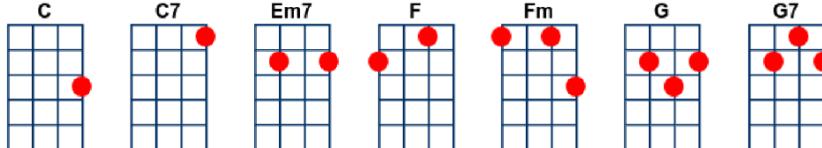
I'd (G) like to teach the world to sing
 in (A7) perfect harmony
 I'd (D7) like to hold it in my arms
 And (C) keep it com-(G)-pany

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)

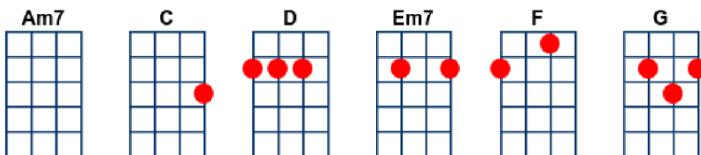
They say para-(C)-dise is up in the (Em7) stars,
 but I needn't (C7) sigh because it's so (F) far,
 cause I know it's (Fm) worth, a heaven on (C) earth,
 for me, where you (G) are.

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

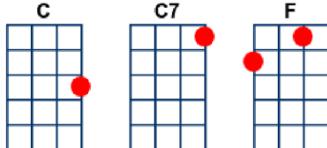
(G) If you could read my mind love, (F) what a tale my thoughts could tell
 (G) Just like an old-time movie, (F) about a ghost from a wishing well
 (G) In a castle dark or a (C) fortress strong with (D) chains upon my (Em7) feet
 But (C) stories always (G) end. And (C) if you read be-(G)-tween the lines
 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

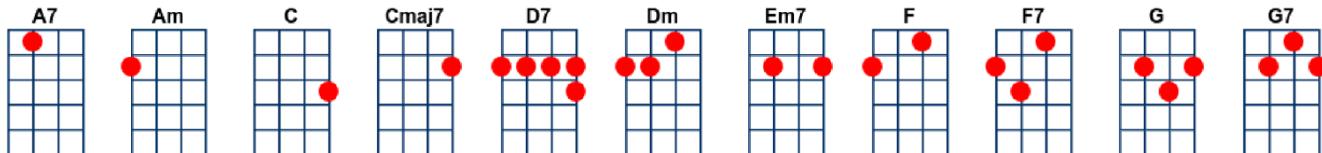
Go to Top

(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

(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 (G)

(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

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 (G)

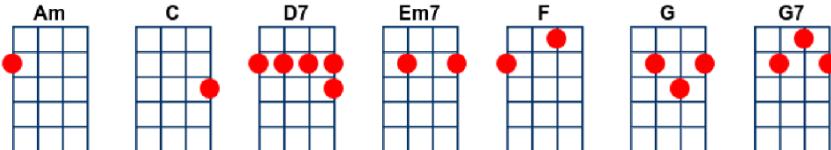
(C) What do you get when you (Am) fall in love?
 You (F) only get lies and pain and sorrow
 So (Em7) for at least (A7) until tomorrow
 (Dm) I'll (G7) never fall in love ag-(F7)ee-(C)en
 (F) I'll (G7) never fall in love ag-(Cmaj7)-ain (Cmaj7)

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**

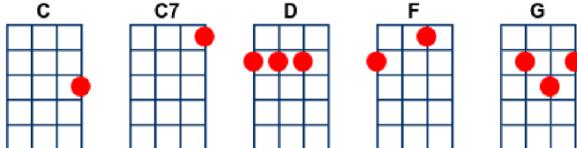
But if (Am) I should lose your (F) love, dear, I (G7) don't know what I'll (C) do,
 (F) For I (C) know I'll (F) never (G7) find, another (C) you (F) (G7)

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 (C7) something)

(G) We only danced for a minute or two (ahhhhhh)
 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)

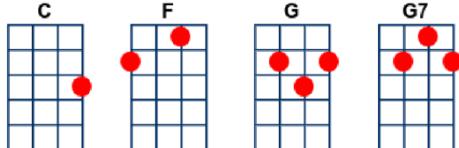
(G) We only danced for a minute or two (ahhhhhh)
 But then she (C) stuck close to (F) me the (C) whole night (C7) through (Ohhhh)
 (G) Can I be fallin' in love?
 (D) She's everything I've been (F) dreaming (G) of
 (G) (She's everything I've been (D) dreaming (G) of)

(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 (C) dah
 (G) Dah dah dah dah (F) dah dah dah dah dah (C) dah

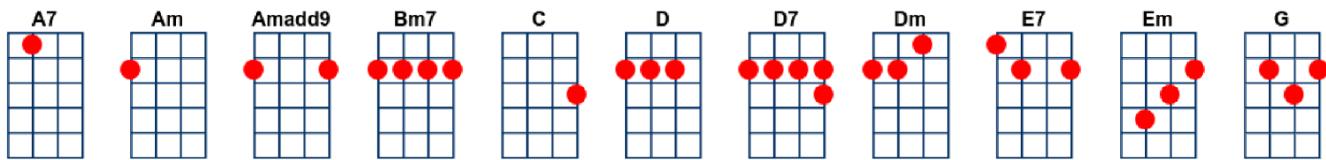
When the (C) winter's here, yeah it's party time
 Bring your bottle wear your bright clothes, it'll soon be summertime
 And we'll (F) sing again, we'll go drivin' or maybe we'll settle (C) down
 If she's (G) rich, if she's nice, bring your (F) friends and we'll all go into (C) town

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 (C) dah
 (G) Dah dah dah dah (F) 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)**

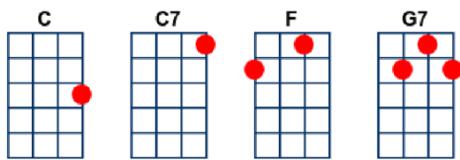
(G) It must be **(Bm7)** love, love, **(C)** love **(D)**

(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

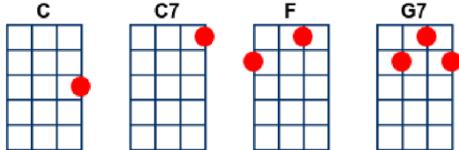
(G7) Oh, **(C)** Lord it's hard to be humble, when you're perfect in every **(G7)** way
 I can't wait to look in the mirror, 'cause I get better lookin' each **(C)** day
 To know me is to love me. I **(C7)** must be a hell of a **(F)** man
 Oh, Lord it's hard to be **(C)** humble, but I'm **(G7)** doing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



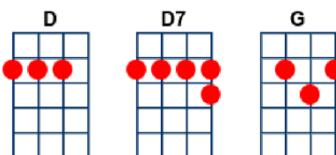
(C) We got married in a fever hotter than a pepper sprout
(C) We've been talking 'bout Jackson **(C7)** ever since the fire went out
 I'm going to **(F)** Jackson (*Jackson Jackson*) and that's a **(C)** fact
 Yeah, we're going to **(F)** Jackson, **(G7)** ain't never comin' **(C)** back

(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

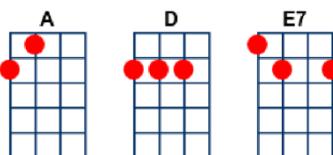
Jamba-**(G)**laya and a crawfish pie and filet (**D**) gumbo
 'Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher a-**(G)**-mio
 Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be (**D**) gay-o
 Son of a gun, we'll have big (**D7**) fun on the (**G**) bayou

(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...

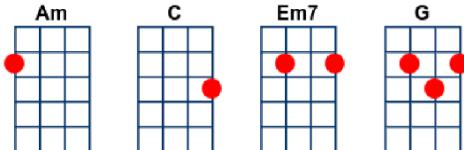
Go...o...**(A)** Go!
 Go Johnny go go **(A)** go! Go Johnny go go **(D)** go!
 Go Johnny go go **(A)** go! Go Johnny go go **(E7)** go! Johnny B. **(A)** Goode...

(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

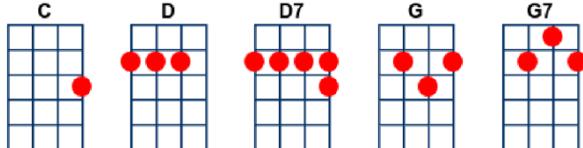
Jo-(Am)-lene Jo-(C)-lene Jo-(G)-lene Jo-(Am)-lene
 I'm (G) begging of you (Em7) please don't take my (Am) man
 Jo-(Am)-lene Jo-(C)-lene Jo-(G)-lene Jo-(Am)-lene
 (G) Please don't take him (Em7) just because you (Am) can

(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

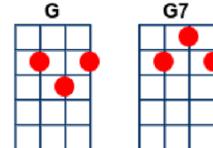
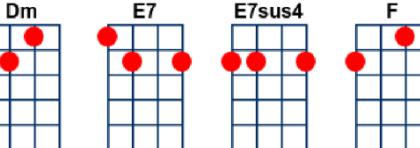
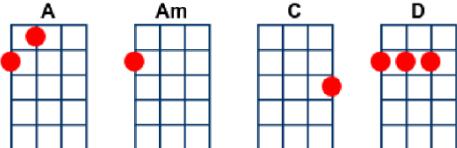
I know (G) every engineer on (C) every train
 (D7) All of their children and (G) all of their names
 And every handout in (C) every town
 And (D) Every lock that ain't locked when (D7) no one's around, I sing...

(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

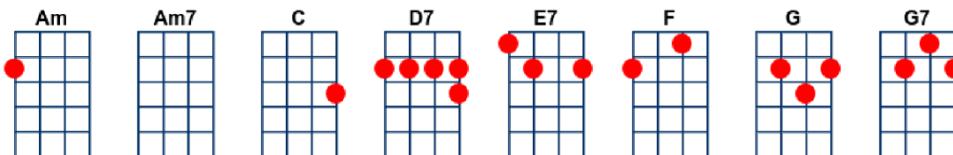
(A) Lady Ma-(D)-donna, (A) children at your (D) feet,
 (A) Wonder how you (D) manage to (F) make (G) ends (A) meet?

(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.

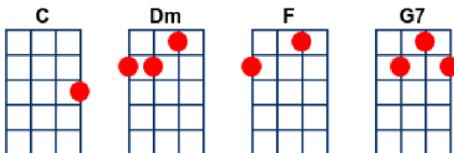
(G7) There's no other girl I would (C) wait (G7) for,
 But this (C) one I'd break any (E7) date (Am) for,
 I (D7) won't have to ask what she's late for,
 She (G7) wouldn't leave me flat, she's not a girl like that.

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

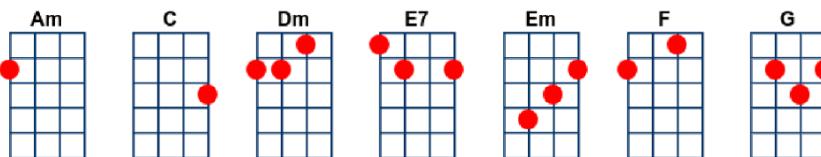
(C) Now the time has come for (F) me to leave you
 (C) One more time (F) let me kiss you
 Then (C) close your eyes, (Dm) I'll be on my (G7) way
 (C) Dream about the (F) days to come
 When (C) I won't have to (F) leave alone
 (C) About the times (Dm) I won't have to (G7) say

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

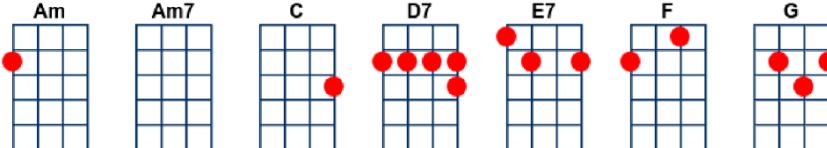
(F) Each time we (Em) meet love
 (F) I find com-(C)-plete love
 (Dm) Without your (C) sweet love
 (F) What would life (E7) be
 (C) So never (G) leave me lonely
 (Am) Tell me you (G) love me only
 (F) And that you'll (C) always
 (Dm) Let it be (C) me

(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

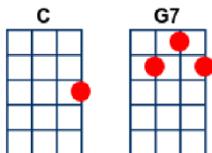
Well she (C) wrote me a (G) letter
 Said she (F) couldn't (C) live with-(G)-out me no more.
 (C) Listen mister (G) can't you see
 I (F) got to get (C) back to my (G) baby once more.
 (E7) Anyway.

(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

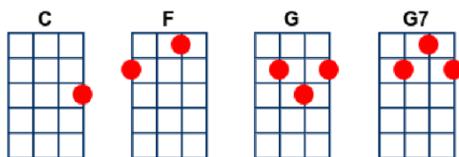
Up to **(C)** heaven her soul **(G7)** ascended, oh the church bells they did **(C)** ring
 She took with her medicinal **(G7)** compound, Hark the herald angels **(C)** sing

(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



④	③	④	⑤	⑥	⑥	⑥	⑥
⑤	⑤	⑥	⑥	⑥	⑥	⑦	⑥
⑤	⑤	⑥	④	④	④	⑤	⑤
⑤	⑤	⑥	⑥	⑥	⑥	⑥	⑤

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:

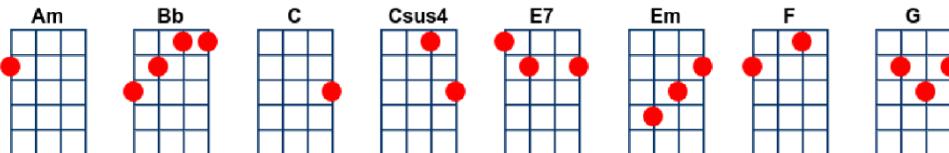
I'm (C) praying for (F) rain in Cali-(C)-fornia
 So the grapes will grow and they can make more (G) wine (G7)
 And I'm (C) sitting in a (F) honky-tonk in Chic-(C)-ago
 With a broken heart and a (G7) woman on my (C) mind

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)// (C)/ (pause)

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 **(234,1 pause)**

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 **(234,1 pause)**

Instrumental: (hum blue lyrics)

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

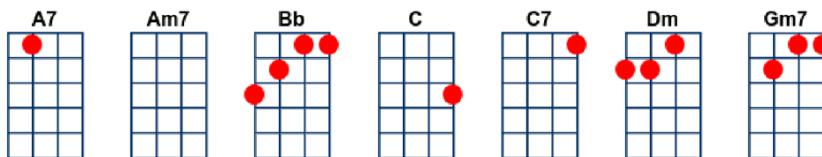
(C) Soul - I hear you (Am) calling

Oh baby (F) please - give a little res-(Em)-pect (F) to-(G)-oo (C) me **(Csus4) (C)**



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)

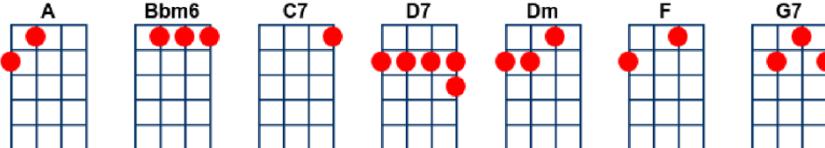
Chorus: (Dm) Upside inside out...

(C) Livin' la Vida (Dm) Loca (Dm) (Dm) (Dm)/



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

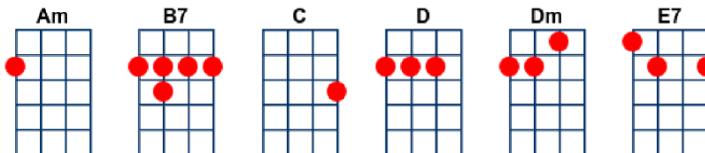
For my (D7) darlin' (G7) I love you

(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

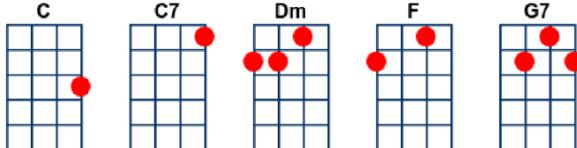
(E7) Love Potion Number **(Am)** Nine

(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

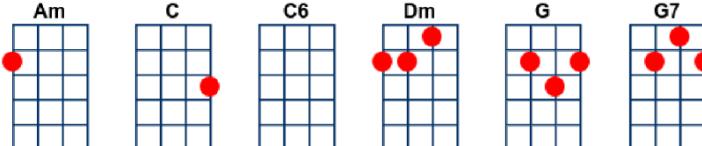
You picked a (C) fine time to leave me Lu-(F)-cille
With four hungry children and a crop in the (C) field
(F) I've had some bad times, lived through some sad times
But this time your hurting won't (C) heal
You picked a (G7) fine time to leave me Lu-(C)-cille

(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)

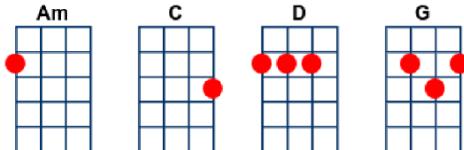
(NC) Jenny **(C6)** Diver, Sukey **(Dm)** Tawdry,
 Lotte **(G7)** Lenya, sweet Lucy **(C6)** Brown,
 Well the **(Am)** line forms, on the **(Dm)** right girls,
 You know that **(G)** Macky's **(G7)** **Stop!**

(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

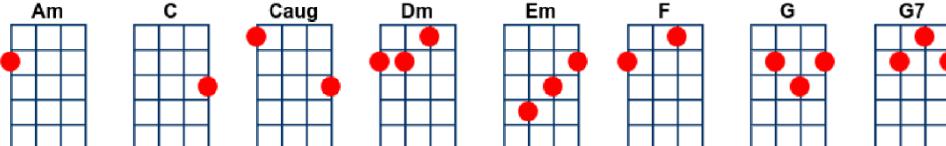
(Am) mad (D) world - (Am) mad (D) world

(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

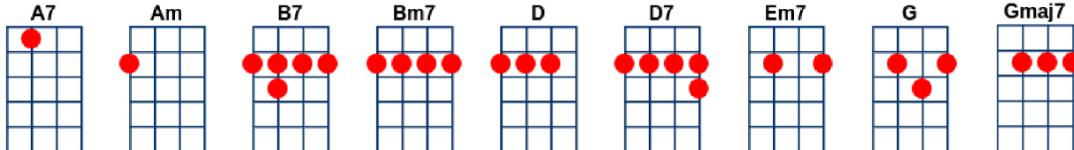
(C) Mamma mia, here I go again (F) My my, how can I resist you?
 (C) Mamma mia, does it show again? (F) My my, just how much I've missed you
 (C) Yes, I've been (G) broken-hearted, (Am) blue since the (Em) day we parted
 (F) Why, why (Dm) did I ever (G7) let you go?
 (C) Mamma mia, (Am) now I really 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

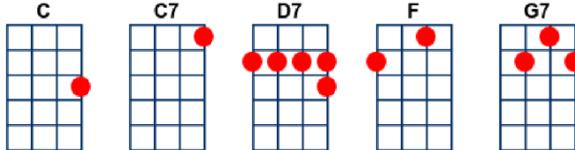
From (G) my guy (Em7) (Gmaj7) (Em7)

(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 narner 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

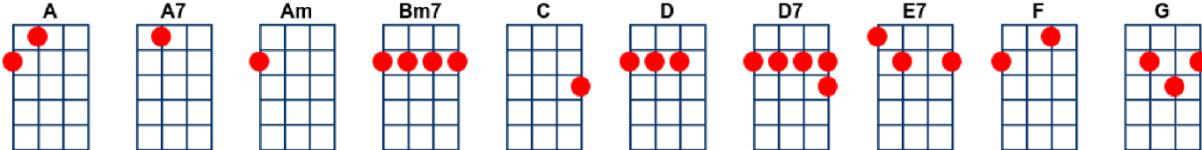
Next time you see a dustman (C7) looking all pale and (F) sad
 Don't (G7) kick him in the dustbin it might be my old (C) dad!





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)

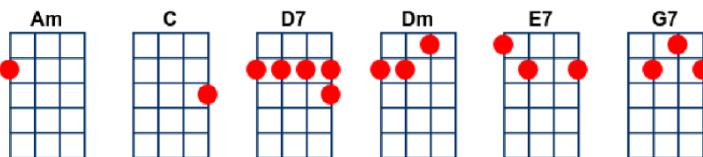
(Am) Last night is the (D7) night I will re-(G)-member you (G) by
 (Bm7) When I think, of (E7) things we did, it (A7) makes me wanna (A7) cry

(D) Were you telling (C) 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
 (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



Intro: (Dm) (G7) (C) (C)

(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.

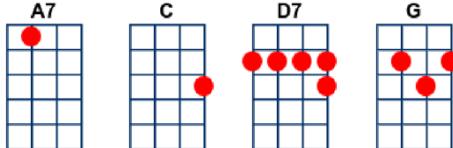
Cause the (Am) night has a thousand eyes,
 And a thousand (Dm) eyes, can't help but (C) see,
 If (Dm) you are (G7) true to (C) me,
 So rem-(Dm)-ember when (G7) you tell, those (C) little white (Am) lies,
 That the (Dm) night, (G7) has a thousand (C) eyes.

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.

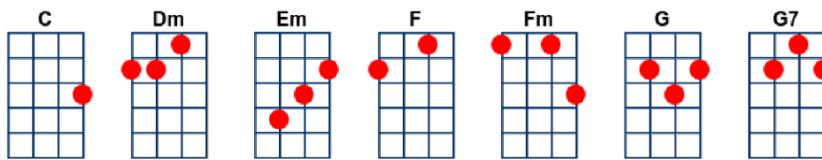
(C) Nine to five they got you where they want you,
 there's a (G) better life and you dream about it don't you,
 It's a (C) rich man's game, no matter what they call it,
 and you (A7) spend your life puttin' (D7) money in his pocket.

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?

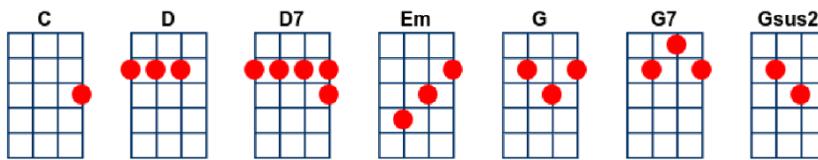
Nowhere (Em) man, please (F) listen.
 You don't (Em) know what you're (F) missing.
 Nowhere (Em) man, the (Dm) world is at your command. (G7)

(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

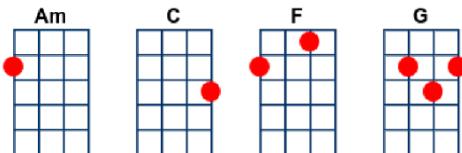
And in the (G) evening she's a (D7) singer with the (G) band

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

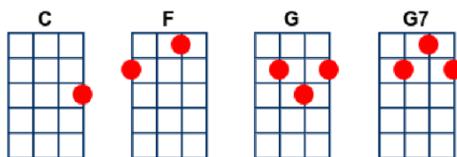
(C) We would shout (Am) and swim about
 The (F) coral that lies beneath the (G) waves
 (C) Oh what joy for (Am) every girl and boy
 (F) Knowing they're happy and they're (G) safe

(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

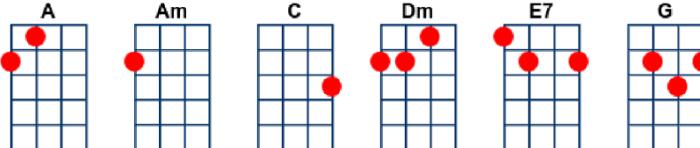
(G7) Stars appear and shadows falling
 (C) You can hear my heart calling
 (F) And a little bit of loving makes everything right
 (G) I'm gonna see my baby tonight

(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 Aunty 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.

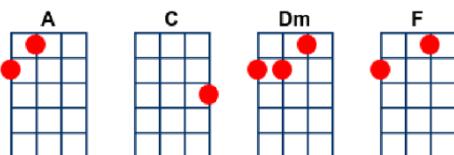
(G) You can buy most **(C)** any anything,
(G) Sheep's eyes sand pies a **(C)** watch without a spring,
(A) You can buy a **(Dm)** pomegranate too,
 A **(E7)** waaaterbag a little bit of hokey pokey.

(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 un-(Dm)-til 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

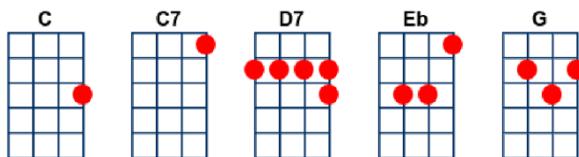
(Dm) Mm mm mm mm mm mm (A) mm mm mm mm mm mm
 (Dm) Mm mm mm mm mm mm (A) mm mm mm mm mm mm
 (Dm) Mm mm mm mm mm mm (A) mm mm mm mm mm mm
 (Dm) Mm mm mm mm mm mm (A) mm mm mm mm mm mm

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)

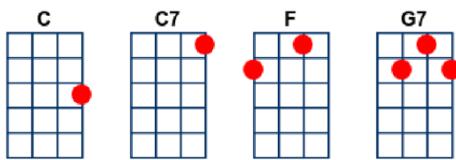
(G) I love you (C) Peggy Sue, (G) With a (C) love so (G) rare and true
 Oh (C) Peggy, my Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G)
 Well, I (D7) love you gal and I (C) want you Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G) (D7)

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...

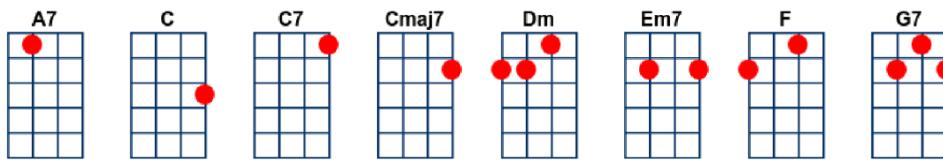
(C) Putting on the agony, putting on the **(G7)** style
 That's what all the young folks are doing all the **(C)** while
 And as I look around me, I **(C7)** sometimes have to **(F)** smile
(G7) Seeing all the young folks putting on the **(C)** style.

(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

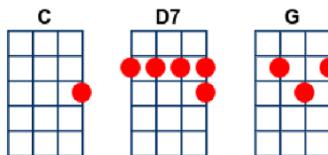
Slower

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

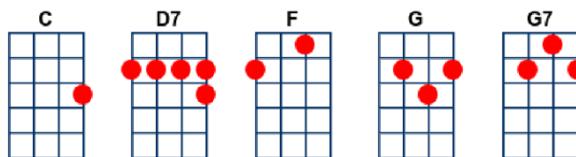
Well (C) rave on it's a crazy feeling
 And (G) I know it's got me reeling
 I'm (D7) so glad that you're revealing your (G) love (C) for (G) me
 (C) Rave on, rave on and tell me
 (G) Tell me not to be lonely
 (D7) Tell me you love me only (G) rave (C) on with (G) me

(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.

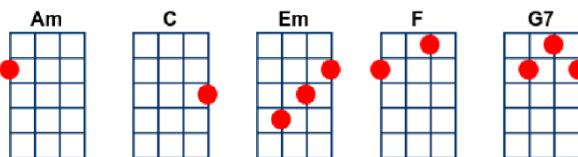
(G7) Like a rhinestone (C) cowboy, (F)/ (C)/
 Riding out on a horse in a star-spangled rod-(G)-eo,
 Like a (G7) rhinestone (C) cowboy, (F)/ (C)/
 Getting cards and letters from people I don't even (G) know,
 And offers coming over the (F) phone.

(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)

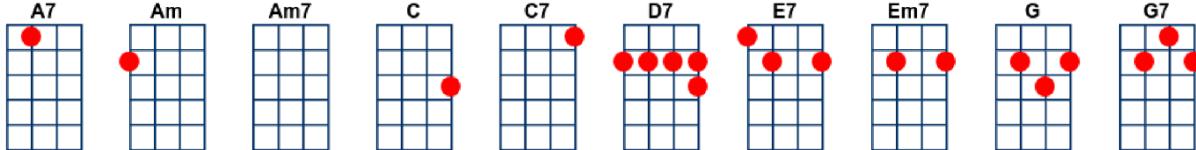
(C) Listen to the rhythm of the (F) falling rain
 (C) Telling me just what a fool I've (G7) been
 I (C) wish that it would go and let me (F) cry in vain
 And (C) let me be al-(G7)-one ag-(C)-ain

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.

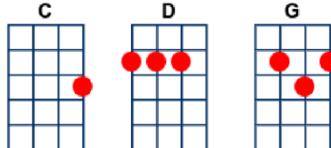
Ohhh (G) Right said (C7) Fred (G) climbing up a (C7) ladder,
 (G) With 'is (C7) crow-bar (G) gave a mighty (D7) blow...
 Was (G) he in (C7) trouble, (G) half a ton of (C7) rubble,
 (G) Landed on the top of his (E7) dome...
 So (Am) Charlie and (D7) me had (G) another cuppa (E7) tea,
 And (Am7) then we (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

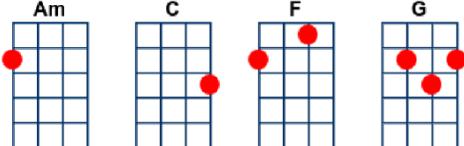
(D) I fell in to a **(C)** burning ring of **(G)** fire
 I went **(D)** down, down, down
 And the **(C)** flames went **(G)** higher
 And it **(G)**/ burns, **(G)**/ burns, **(G)**/ burns
 The **(C)** ring of **(G)** fire,
 The **(C)** ring of **(G)** fire

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...

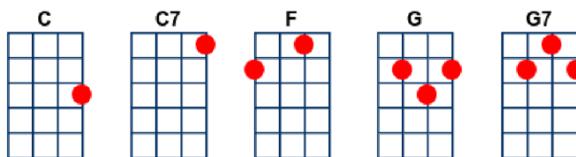
Go straight on from Chorus...

(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

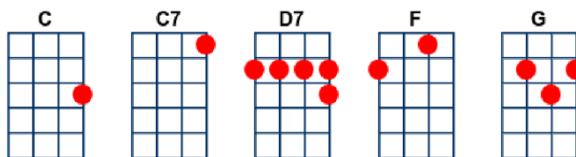
By the rivers of **(C)** Babylon (daughters of Babylon)
 There we sat **(C)** down (you got to sing a song)
 Ye-eah we **(G)** wept, (sing a song of love)
 When we remember **(C)** Zion. (yeah yeah yeah yeah)

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)

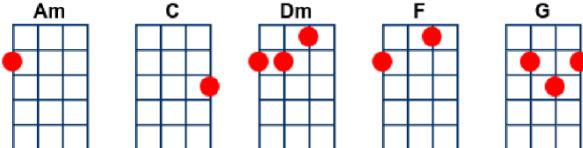
Back To Top

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)**

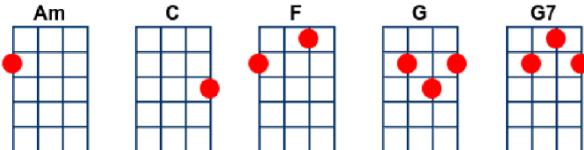
Oh **(C)** Ru-**(F)**-by-**(Am)**-y-**(Dm)**-y **(Dm)***

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, oooooooooooooohhhhhh

(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, oooooooooooooohhhhhh

(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, oooooooooooooohhhhhh

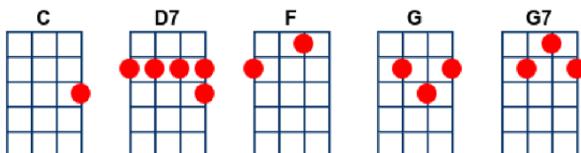
(F) She likes to travel around (C) She'll love you, then she'll put you down
 (F) Now, people let me put you wise (G) She goes out with other guys
 (C) And the moral of the story from the guy who knows
 (Am) I've been in love and my love still grows
 (F) Ask any fool that she ever knew (G) they'll say "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, oooooooooooooohhhhhh (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

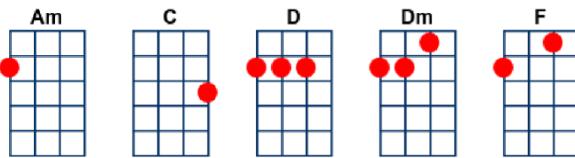
Running (F) Bear loved Little (C) White Dove
 With a (G7) love big as the (C) sky
 Running (F) Bear loved Little (C) White Dove
 With a (G7) love that couldn't (C) die

(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.

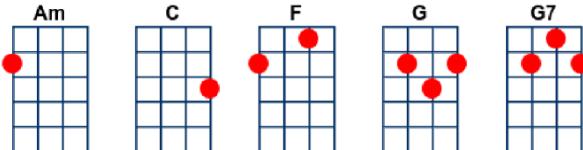
We are (**C**)sailing, we are (**Am**) sailing,
 home (**F**) again, cross the (**C**) sea,
 we are (**D**) sailing stormy (**Am**) waters,
 To be (**Dm**) near you, to be (**C**) free

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...

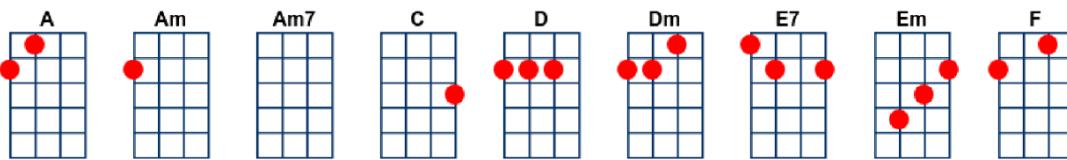
(NC) This sea of **(C)** heartbreak,
lost love and **(G)** loneliness, memories of **(C)** your caress,
So divine, **(F)** I wish that you were mine **(C)** again my dear,
I'm on a **(G)** sea of tears, a sea of **(C)** heartbreak.

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



She's Not There

Artist: The Zombies Writer: Rod Argent 132



Intro: (Am) // (D) // (Am) // (D) // (Am) // (D) // (Am) //

(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)

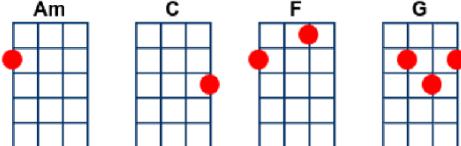
Her voice was (Am) soft and good, her eyes were (F) clear and bright (D)

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)

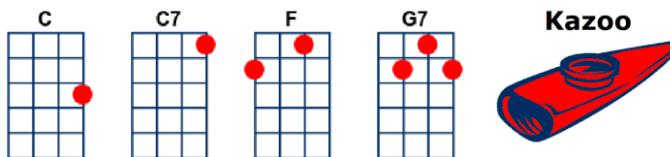
(C) Time flies by in the (F) yellow and green,
 Stick ar-(Am)-ound and you'll see what I (G) mean
 (*Don't play, tap out the rhythm*)
 There's a mountaintop, that I'm dreaming of,
 If you need me, you know where I'll be

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

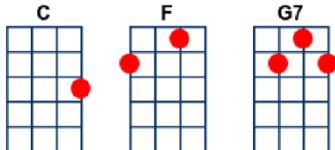
Well I (C) never felt more like (F) runnin' away
 But (C) why should I go,
 'Cause (G7) I couldn't stay, with-(F)-out you
 (G7) You got me singing the (C) blues (F)-(C)





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

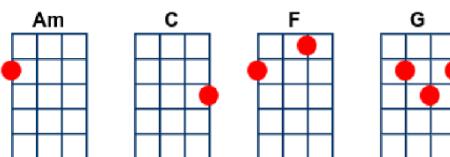
The (C) poor cook he caught (F)/ the (C) fits
 And threw away all (F)/ my (C) grits,
 Then he took, and he ate up all of my (G7) corn
 Let me go (C) home, I wanna go (F) home
 This (C) is the worst trip (G7) I've ever been (C) on

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



Riff:

	D	A	E	A	D	A	E	A	D	A	E	A
A	-	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 softl-(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.

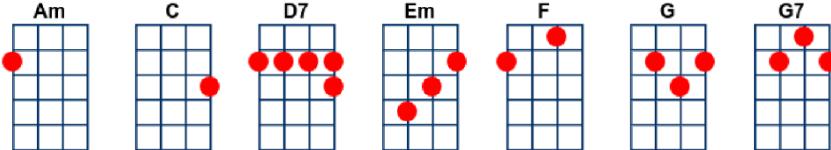
Fools said I you do not (G) know, silence like a cancer (Am) grows,
 Hear my words that I might (F) teach (C) you,
 Take my arm that I might (F) reach (C) you,
 But my (F) words, like silent raindrops (C) fell, (Am)
 And echoed, in the (G) wells, of (Am) silence.

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 (C)

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. (C)

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 (C)

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 (C)

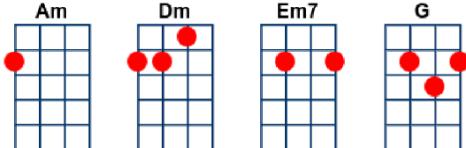
Chorus So (F) how can you...

(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



(Am) Strawberries, cherries and an (G) angel's kiss in spring.
 (Am) My summer wine is really (G) made from all these things.

(Am) x 4



(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.



(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.



(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.



(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.



(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.

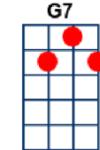
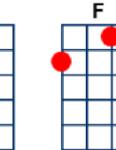
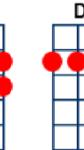
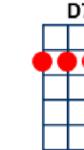
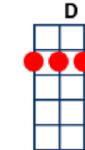
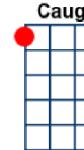
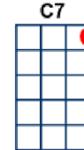
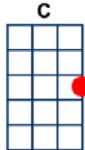
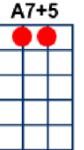
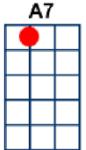
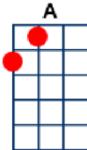


(Am) Strawberries, cherries and an (G) angel's kiss in spring.
 (Am) My summer wine is really (G) made from all these things.
 (Dm) Take off your silver spurs and (Am) help me pass the time.
 (Dm) And I will give to you (Am) my summer wine.
 (G) Ohh-oh-(Em7) oh summer (Am) wine.
 (G) Ohh-oh-(Em7) oh 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

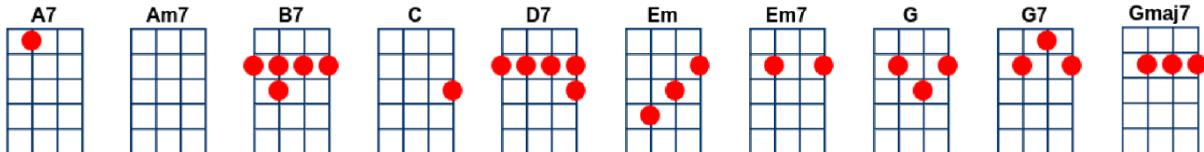
(D7) Save me, save me, save me from this (G7) squeeze
 I got a (C7) big fat mama (C) tryin' to (Caug) break (F) me (A7)
 And I (Dm) love to live so (G7) pleasantly, (Dm) live this life of (G7) luxury
 (F) Lazin' on a (A7) sunny aftern-(Dm)-oon

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

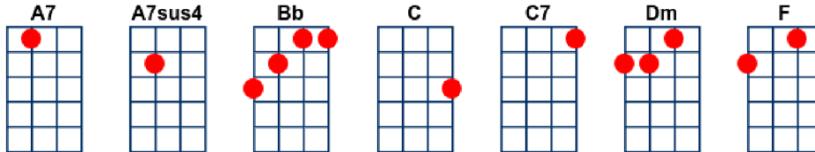
I used to (G7) walk in the shade
 with those (C) blues (G7) on pa-(C)-rade
 But (A7) I'm (Em7) not a-(A7)-fraid, this (D7) rover, crossed over

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)

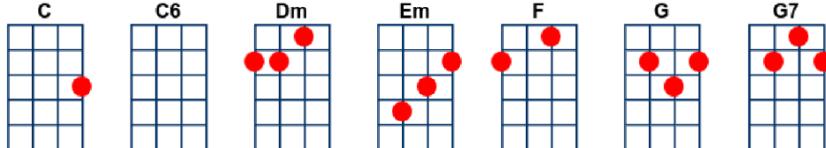
(NC) I can hear the sounds of (A7sus4) viol-(A7)-ins,
 (A7sus4) Long bef-(A7)-ore, (Dm) It begins,
 (Dm) Make me thrill as only (A7sus4) you know (A7) how,
 (A7sus4) Sway me (A7) smooth, (Dm) sway me now

(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)**

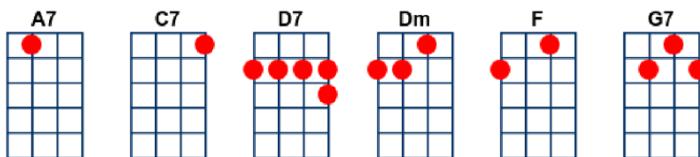
(C) I've been in-**(F)**-clined to believe they never **(G)** would **(F)** oh **(Em)** no **(Dm)** no

(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 (Dm) must be 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!)

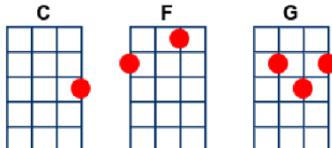
(D7) All those tips the porter slips to Sweet Georgia Brown
 (G7) They buy clothes at fashion shows for one dollar down.
 (Dm) Fellas, (A7) tip your hats (Dm) oh boy!, Ain't (A7) she the cats?
 (F) Who's that mister, (D7) tain't her sister,
 It's (G7) Sweet (C7) Georgia (F) Brown.

(Dm) Fellas (A7) she can't get (Dm) must be 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)

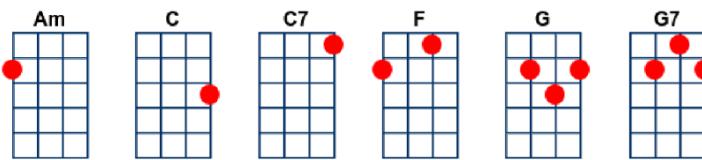
(C) I would (F) send my love your (G) way (F)
 And my (C) love not (F) only lasts (G) forever (F)
 (C) But (F) forever and a (G) day, (F) and I would bring

(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

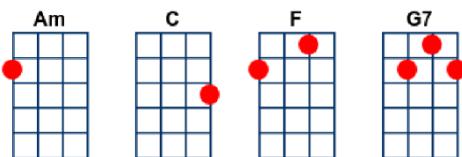
(Am) I hear her (G) voice in the (C) mornin' hour she (C7) calls me,
 The (F) radio rem-(C)-inds me of my (G) home far away,
 And (Am) drivin' down the (G) road I get a (F) feelin' that I
 (C) should have been home (G) yesterday, yester-(G7)-day.

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?

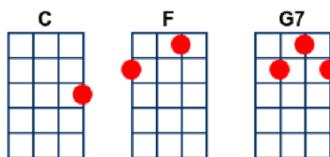
(F) I cried a (G7) tear, (F) for nobody but (G7) you
 (F) I'll be a (G7) lonely one if (F) you should say were (G7) through
 (C) Well if you want to (Am) make me cry
 (F) that won't be (G7) hard to do
 (C) And if you (Am) say goodbye (F) I'll still go on (G7) loving you
 (C) Each night I (Am) ask... 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) I 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.

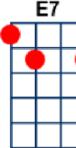
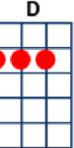
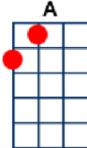
(C) Oh, I met a girl in a border town..
 I **(C)** vowed we'd never part.
 Though I **(C)** tried my best to settle down..
 She's now al-**(G7)**-one with a broken **(C)** heart.

(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

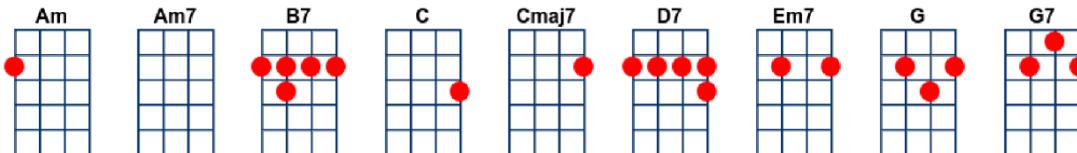
Chorus (A) There's a guy works...

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)

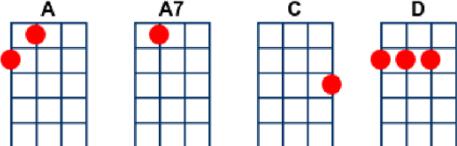
So (C) listen very (Am7) carefully
 (Cmaj7) Closer now and (Am7) you will see what I (G) mean
 It isn't a dream (G7)
 The (C) only sound that (Am7) you will hear
 Is (Cmaj7) when I whisper (Am7) in your ear I love (D7) you
 For ever and ever

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 changing'
 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

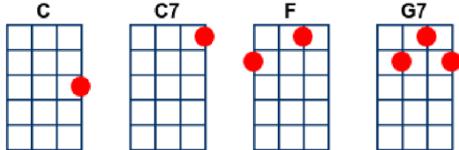
These **(C)** boots are made for **(A)** walking
 And **(C)** that's just what they'll **(A)** do
(C) One of these days these **(A)** boots are gonna
(N/C) Walk all over you... **Repeat run down (intro)**

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.

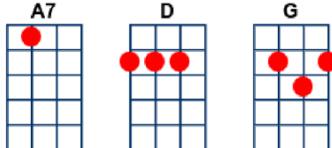
(N/C) Thinking 'bout (G7) things, like a walk in the park,
 (C) Things, like a kiss in the dark,
 (G7) Things, like a sailboat ride, (yeah yeah)
 (C) What 'bout the (C7) night we cried.
 (F) Things like a lover's vow,
 (C) Things that we don't do now,
 (G7) Thinking 'bout the things we used to (C) do.

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?

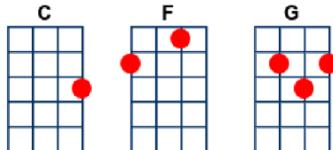
Nobody (G) living can ever (D) stop me,
 As I go (A7) walking that freedom (D) highway;
 Nobody (G) living can ever make me (D) turn back
 (A7) This land was made for you and (D) me.

(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.

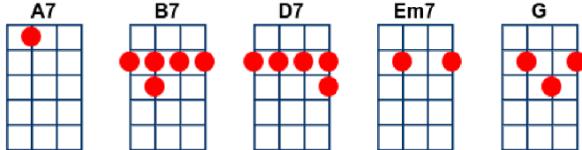
Ain't a-gonna (F) need this house no longer,
 Ain't a-gonna (C) need this house no more;
 Ain't got (G) time to fix the shingles,
 ain't got (C) time to fix the floor,
 Ain't got (F) time to oil the hinges
 nor to (C) mend the window pane;
 Ain't gonna (G) need this house no longer
 I'm a-gettin' ready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

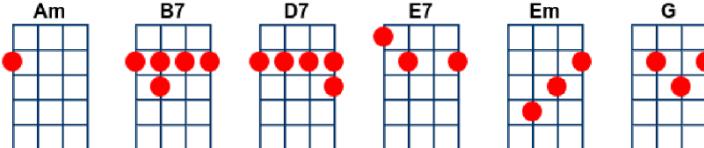
(NC) Roll out those **(G)** lazy, hazy, crazy days of **(A7)** summer,
Those days of **(D7)** soda and pretzels and **(G)** beer,
(G) Roll out those **(G)** lazy, hazy, crazy days of **(A7)** summer,
You'll wish that **(D7)** summer could always be **(G)** here.

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.

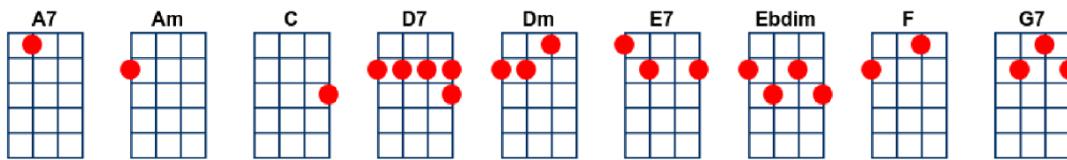
Those were the (Em) days my friend, we thought they'd (Am) never end,
 We'd sing and (D7) dance forever and a (G) day,
 We'd live the (Am) life we choose, we'd fight and (Em) never lose,
 Those were the (B7) days, oh yes those were the (Em) days.

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)

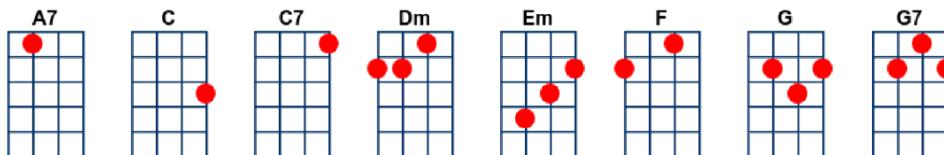
(G7) tickle my (C) heart (Am) (C) (Am) (C) (Am)

(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

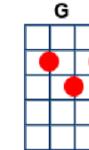
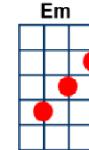
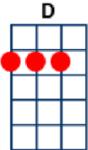
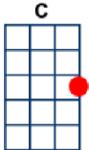
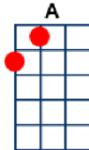
(N/C) I'm on the (C) top of the world lookin' (F) down on creation
And the (C) only explan-(Dm)-ation I can (C) find (C7)
Is the (F) love that I've (G7) found ever (C) since you've been ar-(F)-ound
Your love's (C) put me at the (Dm) top (G7) of the (C) world

(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)**

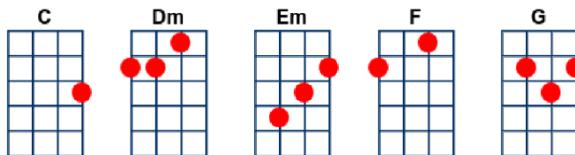
(Pause x3 then)

(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)

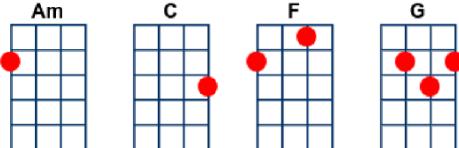
Well sometimes I go out by myself, and I look across the water
And I think of all the things, what you're doing and in my head I make a (Dm) picture

(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) thumin' 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

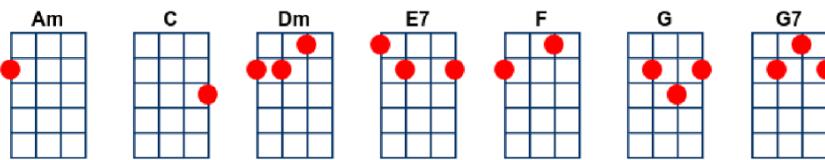
Chorus: So (C) rock me mama like a (G) wagon wheel...

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...

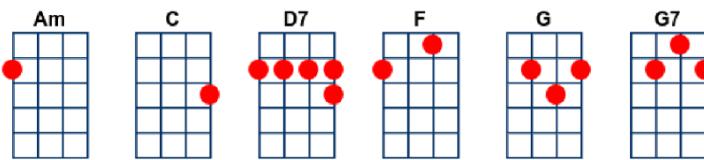
(C) Up jumped the (E7) swagman and (Am) sprang into the (F) billabong,
 (C) "You'll never take me al-(G7)-ive," cried he
 (Slower)
 And his (C) ghost may be (E7) heard as you (Am) ride beside the (F) billabong,
 (C) " You'll come a (Am) waltzing Mat-(G7)-ilda with (C) me "

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

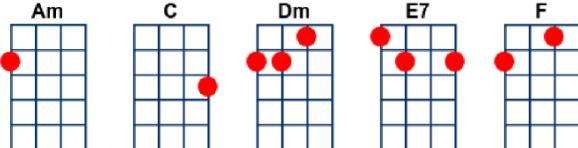
And (Am) how could I ever refuse? I (D7) feel like I win when I (G) lose (F) (C) (G7)

(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

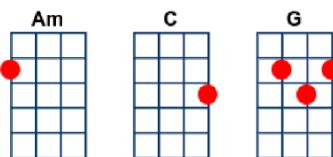
(F) da da (C) da-da da da (Dm) da da da da da (Am) da da da
 (F) da da (C) da-da da da (E7) da da da da (Am) da da

(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) (G) (Am) (Am) (C) (C) (G) (G) X 2

(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

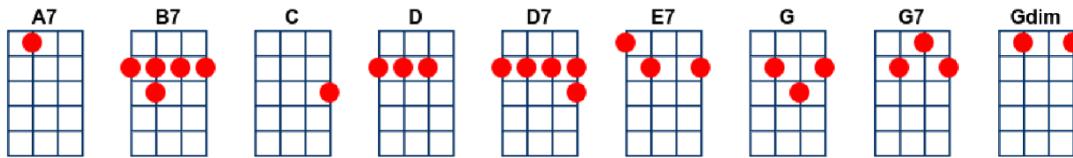
Single Strums

(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

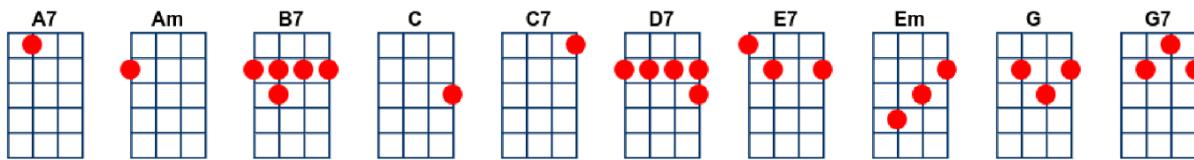
She'll (G) drag me in and (E7) lock the door (Gdim) when I'm cleaning (G) windows

(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?

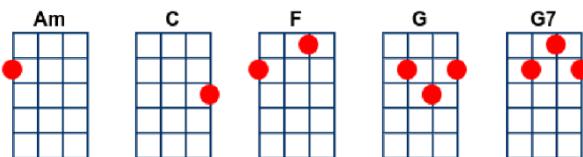
(C) Will you still **(C7)** need me, **(G)** will you still **(E7)** feed me,

(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 With me (G) ring dum-a doo

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

Chorus With me (G) ring dum-a doo

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

Chorus With me (G) ring dum-a doo

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

Chorus With me (G) ring dum-a doo

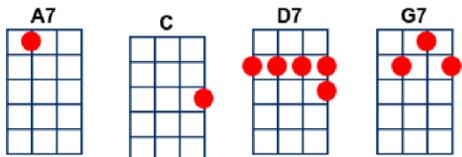
Now (C) some men take delight in the (Am) drinking and the roving,
 But (F) others take delight in the (C) gambling and the smoking.
 But (C) I take delight in the (Am) juice of the barley,
 and (F) courting pretty Jenny in the (C) morning bright and early.

Chorus x 2 (Slowing on the last line) With me (G) ring dum-a doo



Whiskey On a Sunday

Artist: Glyn Huges Writer: Glyn Hughes Previous book page no. 160



Riff:

	C	B	A#	A
A	3	2	1	0
E	-	-	-	-
C	-	-	-	-
G	-	-	-	-

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*)

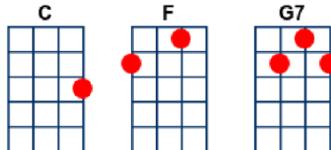
(A7) Drinking buttermilk (D7) all the week

(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*

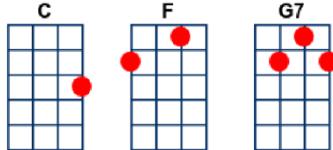
Well **(C)** why don't you be just like you used to be
 How come you find so many **(G7)** faults with me
(C) Somebody's changed so let me **(F)** give me a clue
(C) Why don't you love me like you **(G7)** used to **(C)** do,
 Ain't had no **(F)** loving like a huggin' and a kissin' in a long, long **(C)** 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...

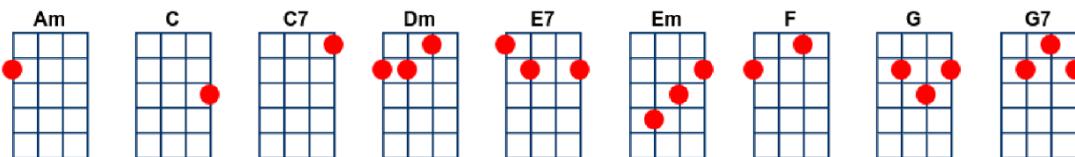
I'll go (C) home to me parents, confess what I've (F) done,
 And I'll (C) ask them to (G7) pardon their prodigal (C) son,
 And (C) when they caressed me as oft times be-(F)-fore,
 Sure I (C) never will (G7) play the wild rover no (C) more!

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)

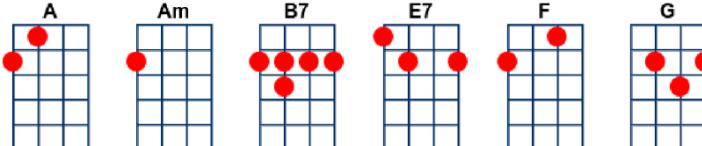
(F) ...Will you still (G) love me tom-(C)-orrow (C7)

(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!

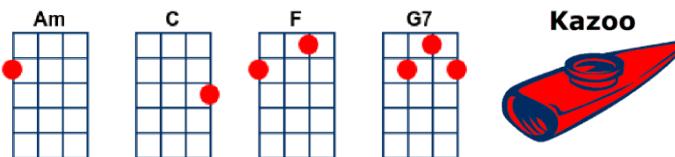
Oh this (A) year I'm off to Sunny Spain Y Viva Es-(E7)-paña
 I'm taking the Costa Brava 'plane - Y Viva Es-(A)-paña
 If you'd like to chat a matador, in some cool (E7) cabaña
 And meet señoritas by the score - España por (Am) favor

(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...

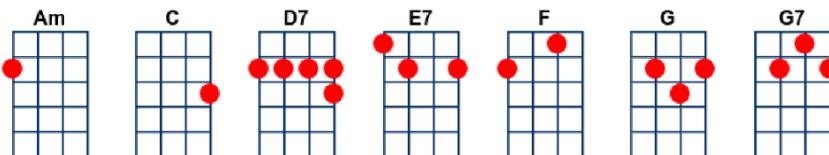
As we (G7) live a life of (C) ease,
 every-(F)-one has all we (G7) need
 Sky of (G7) blue and sea of (C) green
 in our (F) yellow submar-(G7)-ine

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

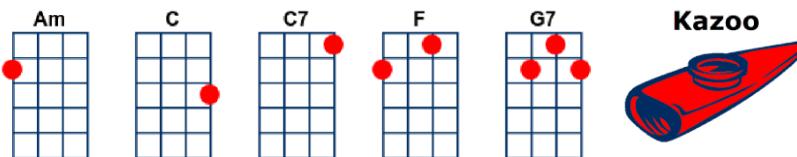
Oh **(Am)** I be-**(D7)**-lieve in **(F)** yester-**(C)**-day

(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)



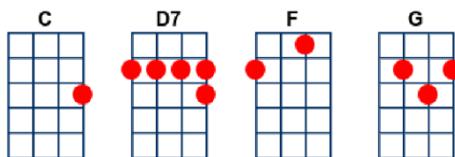
You are my (C) sunshine my only (C7) sunshine
 You make me (F) happy when skies are (C) grey (C7)
 You'll never (F) know dear how much I (C) love you (Am)
 Please don't (C) take my (G7) sunshine aw-(C)-ay

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.

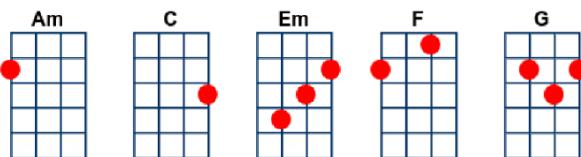
Your cheatin' **(C)** heart will pine some **(F)** day,
 And crave the **(G)** love you threw aw-**(C)**-ay,
 The time will **(C)** come when you'll be **(F)** blue,
 Your cheatin' **(G)** heart will tell on **(C)** you

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 for 5.4

A Little Respect - Reworked to improve playability

Another Brick in the Wall - Layout changes to improve playability

Any Dream will do - Added an intro

Baby Face - Added an intro, instrumental and repeat

Can't Take my Eyes off You - Layout changes to improve playability

Cum On Feel The Noize - Added an Intro

Georgie Girl - Added “//” to each chord in intro

Gypsies, Tramps and Thieves - Layout changes to improve playability

Hit the Road Jack - Small improvements & reformatted.

I Feel Fine - Added intro, instrumental and outro

I Walk the Line - Reworked to sound better

I'll Never Fall In Love Again - Small improvements

I'm Into Something Good - Small improvements

Streets of London - Layout changes to improve playability

Summer Wine - Layout changes to improve playability

Sweet Georgia Brown - Layout changes to improve playability

The Night Has a Thousand Eyes - Added an Intro

What's Up - Updated layout of Intro to improve playability

Whiskey In The Jar - Updated layout of Intro to improve playability



YouTube Links

Abracadabra	Enjoy Yourself	Lady Madonna
Achy Breaky Heart	Eye of the Tiger	Leaning on a Lamp Post
Ain't Misbehaving	Fields of Athenry	Leaving on a Jet Plane
Ain't No Pleasing You	Fly Me to the Moon	Let It Be Me
Alexanders Ragtime Band	Folsom Prison Blues	Lily the Pink
All I Have to Do is Dream	Four Strong Winds	Little Old Wine Drinker Me
All My Loving	Freight Train	Little Respect, A
Another Brick in the Wall	Georgie Girl	Living La Vida Loca
Any Dream Will Do	Ghost Riders in the Sky	Love Me Tender
As Tears Go By	Grandma's Feather Bed	Love Potion Number Nine
At The Hop	Gypsies, Tramps, and Thieves	Lucille
Baby Face	Happy Birthday	Mack the Knife
Bad Moon Rising	Happy Together	Mad World
Banks of the Ohio	Hello Mary Lou	Mamma Mia
Bare Necessities, The	Help Me Make It Through the	My Guy
Black Velvet Band	Night	My Old Man's A Dustman
Blowing in the Wind	Hi Ho Silver Lining	Night Before, The
Boom Bang-a-Bang	Hit the Road Jack	Night has a Thousand Eyes, The
Brand New Combine Harvester	Hotel California	Nine to Five
Brown Girl in the Ring	House of the Rising Sun	Nowhere Man
Build Me Up Buttercup	I Am A Cider Drinker	Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da
Bye Bye Love	I Can See Clearly Now	Octopus's Garden
C'mon Everybody	I Don't Look Good Naked	Oh Boy
Can't Buy Me Love	Anymore	Paint it Black
Can't Take My Eyes Off You	I Feel Fine	Peggy Sue
Chirpy Chirpy Cheep Cheep	I Guess it Doesn't Matter	Putting on the Style
Cockney Medley I've Got a	Anymore	Raindrops Keep Falling on my
Lovely Bunch of Coconuts	I Only Want to be with you	Head
Cockney Medley Knees up	I Useta Lover	Rave On
Mother Brown	I Walk The Line	Rhinestone Cowboy
Cockney Medley My Ole Man	I Wanna Be Like You	Rhythm of the Rain
Said Follow The Van	I Will	Right Said Fred
Cockney Medley Show Me the	I Will Survive	Ring of Fire
Way to go Home	I'd Like to Teach the World to	Riptide
Come up and See me (Make me	Sing	Rivers of Babylon
Smile)	I'll Never Find Another You	Rockin' All Over the World
Congratulations	I'm a Believer	Ruby Don't Take your Love to
Cum On Feel The Noize	I'm Into Something Good	Town
Dance the Night Away	If Paradise is Half as Nice	Runaround Sue
Daydream Believer	If you Could Read My Mind	Running Bear
Dedicated Follower of Fashion	Iko Iko	Sailing
Delila	I'll Never Fall in Love Again	Sea of Heartbreak
Diana	In the Summertime	She's Not There
Dirty Old Town	It Must Be Love	Shotgun
Don't You Want Me	It's Hard To Be Humble	Singing the Blues
Doo Wah Diddy	Jackson	Sloop John B
Downtown	Jambalaya	Sound of Silence
Drunken Sailor	Johnny B Goode	Streets of London
Eight Days a Week	Jolene	Summer Wine
El Condor Pasa	King of the Road	Sunny Afternoon

Song List**Malling Ukulele Group Songbook Version 5.4 Updated July 2025**[Sunny Side of the Street](#)[Sway](#)[Sweet Caroline](#)[Sweet Georgia Brown](#)[Sweets For My Sweet](#)[Take me Home Country Roads](#)[Teenager in Love, A](#)[The Letter](#)[The Old Bazaar in Cairo](#)[The Wayward Wind](#)[There's a Guy Works Down Chip](#)[Shop Swears He's Elvis](#)[There's a Kind Of Hush](#)[These Boots Were Made for](#)[Walking](#)[Things](#)[This Land](#)[This Ole House](#)[Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Days Of](#)[Summer](#)[Those Were the Days](#)[Tickle My Heart](#)[Top of The World](#)[Urban Spaceman](#)[Valerie](#)[Wagon Wheel](#)[Waltzing Matilda](#)[Waterloo](#)[Wellerman](#)[What's Up](#)[When I'm 64](#)[When I'm Cleaning Windows](#)[Whiskey in the Jar](#)[Whiskey On A Sunday](#)[Why Don't You Love Me](#)[Wild Rover](#)[Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow](#)[Y Viva Espania](#)[Yellow Submarine](#)[Yesterday](#)[You are my Sunshine](#)[Your Cheatin' Heart](#)[You're So Vain](#)



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