

# Malling Ukulele Group

Malling Ukulele Group  
Songbook Version 6.06  
Updated May 2026



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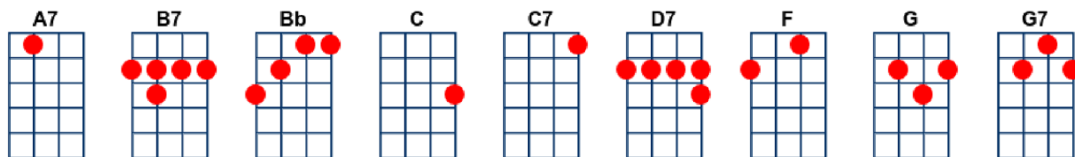
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# Ain't No Pleasing You

Artist: Joe Brown



**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...

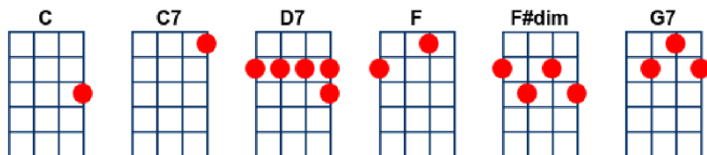
**(B7) (C) (A7) (D7) (G7)**

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



# Alexanders Ragtime Band

Artist: Bessie Smith Writer: Irving Berlin



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

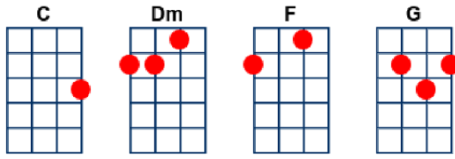
Come on and (C) hear, come on and hear Alex-(G7)-ander's Ragtime (C) Band (C7)  
 Come on and (F) hear, come on and hear, it's the best band in the land  
 They can (C) play a bugle call like you never heard before  
 So natural that you want to go to war  
 (D7) That is the bestest band what (G7) am,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

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



# All for Me Grog

Artist: The Dubliners. Traditional folk song, also known as "Good Brown Ale and Tobacco" or "Across the Western Plains"



## Chorus

Well it's (C) all for me grog, me (F)// jolly jolly (C)// grog  
(C) All for me beer and to-(G)-bacco  
I (C) spent all me tin with the (F)// ladies drinking (C)// gin  
Far a-(C)-cross the western ocean I must (G)// wan-(C)//-der

I'm (C) sick in the head and I (F)// haven't been to (C)// bed  
Since (C) first I came ashore with me (Dm)// plun-(G)//-der  
I seen (C) centipedes and snakes and me (F)// head is full of (C)// aches  
And I (C) think I'll take a path for way out (G)// yon-(C)//-der

**Chorus: Well it's (C) all for me grog...**

(C) Where are me boots, me (F)// noggin' noggin' (C)// boots  
They're (C) all gone for beer and to-(Dm)//-bacco (G)//  
For the (C) leather's worn out, and the (F)// heels are kicked a-(C)//-bout  
And the (C) soles are looking out for better (G)// wea-(C)//-ther

**Chorus: Well it's (C) all for me grog...**

(C) Where is me shirt, me (F)// noggin' noggin' (C)// shirt  
It's (C) all gone for beer and to-(Dm)//-bacco (G)//  
For the (C) sleeves they got worn out, and the (F)// collar turned inside (C)// out  
And the (C) tail is looking out for better (G)// wea-(C)//-ther

**Chorus: Well it's (C) all for me grog...**

(C) Where is me bed, me (F)// noggin' noggin' (C)// bed  
It's (C) all gone for beer and to-(Dm)//-bacco (G)//  
The (C) springs are all worn out, and the (F)// mattress kicked a-(C)//-bout  
And the (C) sheets are looking out for better (G)// wea-(C)//-ther

**Chorus: Well it's (C) all for me grog...**

(C) Where is me wife, me (F)// naggin' naggin' (C)// wife  
She's (C) all gone for beer and to-(Dm)//-bacco (G)//  
For her (C) teeth have fallen out, and her (F)// tail's been kicked a-(C)//-bout  
And I'm (C) sure she's looking out for better (G)// wea-(C)//-ther

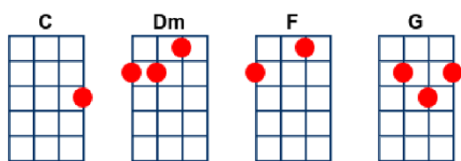
**2 x Chorus: Well it's (C) all for me grog...**

Far a-(C)-cross the western ocean I must (G)// wan-(C)//-der



# Another Brick in the Wall

Artist: Pink Floyd Writer: Roger Waters



**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**

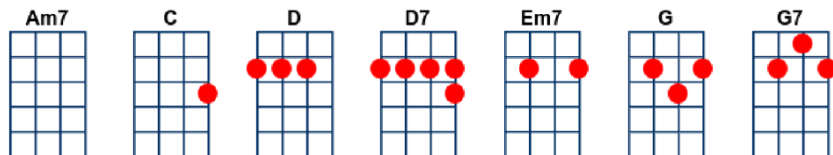
(Dm) (Dm)

**Fade Out**



# Any Dream Will Do

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



**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)

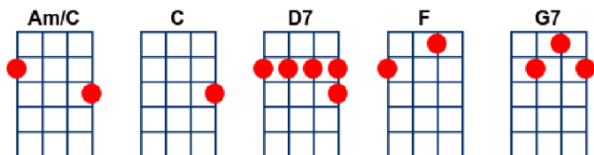
A (C) crash of drums, a flash of light, my golden coat flew out of sight  
The (G) colours faded (Em7) into darkness, (D7) I was left alone

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 Richards



(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*

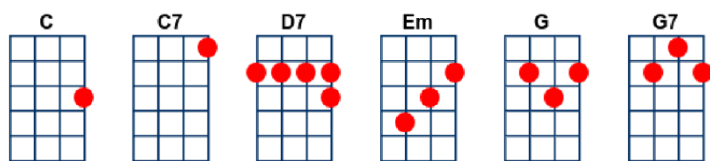
(C) It is the (D7) evening of the (F) day (G7)  
(C) I sit and (D7) watch the children (F) play (G7)  
(F) Doin' things I (G7) used to do  
(C) They think are (Am/C) new  
(F) I sit and watch as tears go (G7) by

(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



(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!

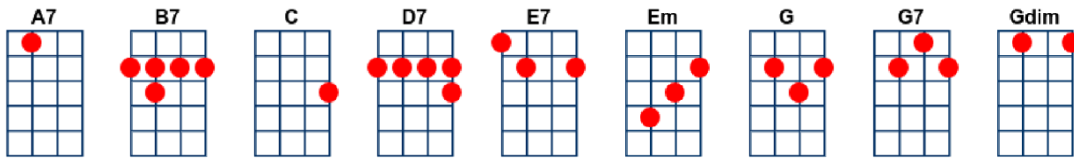
### **Repeat Middle Section**

(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



**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 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

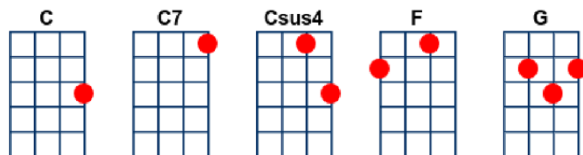
**(A7)** Pretty **(D7)** baby

**(A7)** Pretty little **(D7)** baby **(G)** face



# Bad Moon Rising

Artist: Creedence Clearwater Revival. Writer: John Fogarty



**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

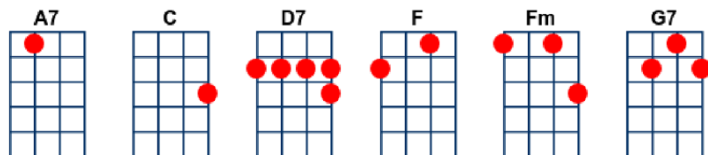
(F) Don't go around tonight,  
Well it's (C) bound to take your life  
(G) There's a (F) bad moon on the (C) rise

(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)



# Ballad of Bonnie and Clyde, The

Artist: Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames writers: Mitch Murray, Peter Callander



**Note: 2 Strums per chord unless otherwise indicated**

**Intro: (C) (F) (C) (A7) (D7) (G7) (C)/ (G7)/ (C)/**

(C) Bonnie and (C) Clyde were (F) pretty lookin' (G7) people  
But (F) I can tell you (G7) people, they were the (F) devil's (C) children  
(C) Bonnie and (C) Clyde be-(F)-gan their evil (G7) doin'  
One (F) lazy after-(G7)-noon down Sa-(F)-vannah (C) way

They (C) robbed a (C) store and (F) high-tailed (F) outa that (C) town (C)  
Got (F) clean (F) away in a (C) stolen (A7) car  
And (D7) waited till the (G7) heat died (C)/ down (G7)/ (C)/

**(C) (F) (C) (A7) (D7) (G7) (C)/ (G7)/ (C)/**

(C) Bonnie and (C) Clyde ad-(F)-vanced their repu-(G7)-tation  
And (F) made the gradu-(G7)-ation into the (F) banking (C) business  
(C) "Reach for the (C) sky" Sweet (F) talking Clyde would (G7) holler  
As (F) Bonnie loaded (G7) dollars into the (F) dewlap (C) bag

Now (C) one brave (C) man he (F) tried to (F) take 'em a-(C)-lone (C)  
They (F) left him (F) lyin' in a (C) pool of (A7) blood  
And (D7) laughed about it (G7) all the way (C)/ home (G7)/ (C)/

**(C) (F) (C) (A7) (D7) (G7) (C)/ (G7)/ (C)/**

**(Sing quick)**

(C)/ Bonnie and Clyde got to (F)/ be public enemy (G7)/ number (C)/ one  
(C)/ Running and hiding from (F)/ ev'ry American (G7)/ lawman's (C) gun

(A7) They used to (A7) laugh about (D7) dy-(D7)-in'  
But (G7) deep inside 'em (G7) they (C) knew (C)  
That (A7) pretty soon (A7) they'd be (D7) ly-(D7)-in'  
(G7) Beneath the ground (G7) together

**(Sing quick)**

(C)/ Pushing up daisies to (F)/ welcome the sun and the (G7)/ morning (C)/ dew  
(C) (F) (C) (A7) (D7) (G7) (C)/ (G7)/ (C)/

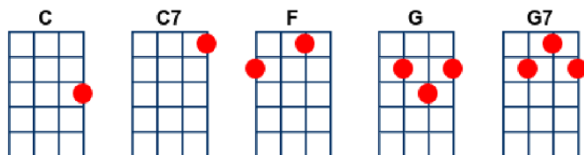
(C) Acting up-(C)-on re-(F)-liable infor-(G7)-mation  
A (F) fed'ral dep-(G7)-tation laid a (F) deadly (C) ambush.  
When (C) Bonnie and (C) Clyde came (F) walking in the (G7) sunshine  
A (F) half a dozen (G7) carbines opened (F) up on (C)/ them (Pause)

**(Slow)** (C)/ Bonnie and (C)/ Clyde, they (Fm)/ lived a lot to-(G7)/-gether  
And (Fm)/ finally to-(G7)/-gether they (C)/ die-(F)/-ie-(C)/-ied



# Banks of the Ohio

Artist: Olivia Newton-John.



(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

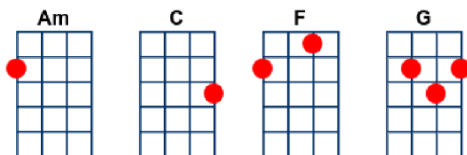
(NC) And only (C) say that you'll be (G) mine  
In no (G7) others' arms en-(C)-twine  
Down be-(C7)-side where the waters (F) flow  
Down by the (C) banks (G7) of the Ohi-(C)-o

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



## Bar Song, A (Topsy)

Artist: Shaboozey. Writers: Collins Chibueze, Nevin Sastry, Sean Cook, Jerrell Jones, Joe Kent & Mark Williams



**(Am) (C) (F) (C)// (G)// x 2**

My **(Am)** baby want a Bir-**(C)**-kin, she's been **(F)** tellin' me all night **(C)//** long **(G)//**

**(Am)** Gasoline and **(C)** groceries, the **(F)** list goes on and **(C)//** on **(G)//**

This **(Am)** nine-to-five ain't wor-**(C)**-kin', why the **(F)** hell do I work so **(C)//** hard? **(G)//**

I can't **(Am)** worry 'bout my pro-**(C)**-blems, I can't **(F)** take 'em when I'm **(C)//** gone **(G)//**

**(Am)** One, here comes the **(C)** two to the three to the

**(F)** four, tell 'em bring **(C)//** another round **(G)//** we need plenty

**(Am)** more two-steppin' on the **(C)** table, she don't need a dance

**(F)** floor, oh my, **(C)** Good Lord!

**Chorus:**

**(Am) Someone pour me up a (C) double shot of whiskey**

**(F) They know me and Jack (C)// Daniel's got a (G)// history**

**(Am) There's a party down-(C)-town near 5th Street**

**(F) Everybody at the (C)// bar gettin' (G)// tipsy**

**(Am) (C) (F) Everybody at the (C)// bar gettin' (G)// tipsy**

**(Am) (C) (F) Everybody at the (C)// bar gettin' (G)// tipsy**

**(Am)** I've been boozy since I **(C)** left I ain't changing for a

**(F)** check tell my ma I ain't for-**(C)//**-get **(G)//** (Oh Lord!)

**(Am)** Woke up drunk at ten a. **(C)** m. gonna do this gig

a-**(F)**-gain tell your girl to bring a **(C)//** friend **(G)//** Oh Lord!

**(Am)** One, here comes the **(C)** two to the three to the

**(F)** four, tell 'em bring **(C)//** another round **(G)//** we need plenty

**(Am)** more two-steppin' on the **(C)** table, she don't need a dance

**(F)** floor, oh my, **(C)** Good Lord!

**Chorus: (Am) Someone pour me up a (C) double shot of...**

**(Am)** One, here comes the **(C)** two to the three to the

**(F)** four when it's last **(C)//** call and they **(G)//** kick us out the

**(Am)** door It's gettin' kind of **(C)** late, but the ladies want some

**(F)** more, Oh my **(C)** good Lord!

**Chorus: (Am) Someone pour me up a (C) double shot of....**

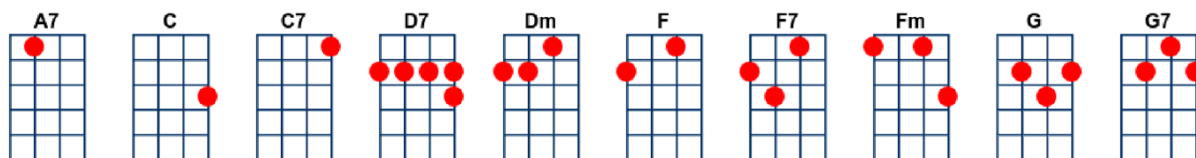
**(Am) (C) (F) Everybody at the (C)// bar gettin' (G)// tipsy**

**(Am) (C) (F) Everybody at the (C)// bar gettin' tipsy**



## Bare Necessities, The

Artist: Phil Harris, Bruce Reitherman. Writer: Terry Gilkyson



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.

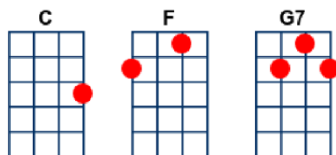
Wherever I (G) wander, wherever I (C) roam,  
 I couldn't be (G) fonder of my big (C) home. (C7)  
 The bees are (F) buzzin' in the (Fm) tree,  
 to make some (C7) honey just for (A7) me.  
 When (D7) you look under the rocks and plants,  
 and (G) take a glance at the fancy ants,  
 then (C) maybe try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



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.

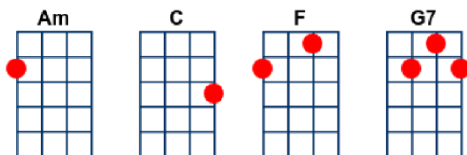
So (C) come all you jolly young fellows, a warning (F) take by (G7) me.  
 When (C) you are out on the town, me lads, be-(F)-ware of the (G7) pretty (C) colleens.  
 They'll feed you with strong (F) drink, me (C) lads, 'til you are un-(F)-able to (G7) stand,  
 And the (C) very next thing that you'll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



5 5 6 4 5 5 4

## 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?

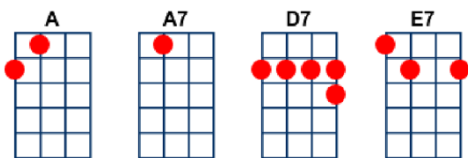
The (F) answer, my (G7) friend, is (C) blowin' in the (Am) wind,  
The (F) answer is (G7) blowin' in the (C) wind.

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



# Blue Moon of Kentucky

Artist / Writer: Bill Monroe. Also sung by Elvis Presley



(A) (A7) (D) (D7) (A) (E7) (A) (A)

Blue (A) moon of Ken-(A7)-tucky, keep on (D) shining (D7)  
Shine (A) on the one that's (A) gone and proved un-(E7)-true (E7)  
Blue (A) moon of Ken-(A7)-tucky, keep on (D) shining (D7)  
Shine (A) on the one that's (E7) gone and left me (A) blue (A7)

It was (D) on a moonlight (D7) night  
The (A) stars were shining (A7) bright  
And they (D) whispered from on (D7) high  
Your (A) love has said good-(E7)-bye  
Blue (A) moon of Ken-(A7)-tucky, keep on (D) shining (D7)  
Shine (A) on the one that's (E7) gone and said good-(A)-bye (A)

## Instrumental

(A) (A7) (D) (D7) (A) (A) (E7) (E7)  
(A) (A7) (D) (D7) (A) (E7) (A) (A)

Blue (A) moon of Ken-(A7)-tucky, keep on (D) shining (D7)  
Shine (A) on the one that's (A) gone and proved un-(E7)-true (E7)  
Blue (A) moon of Ken-(A7)-tucky, keep on (D) shining (D7)  
Shine (A) on the one that's (E7) gone and left me (A) blue (A)

## Instrumental

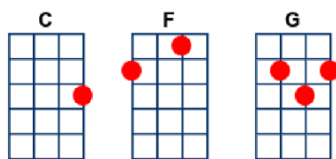
(A) (A7) (D) (D7) (A) (A) (E7) (E7)  
(A) (A7) (D) (D7) (A) (E7) (A) (A7)

It was (D) on a moonlight (D7) night  
The (A) stars were shining (A7) bright  
And they (D) whispered from on (D7) high  
Your (A) love has said good-(E7)-bye  
Blue (A) moon of Ken-(A7)-tucky, keep on (D) shining (D7)  
Shine (A) on the one that's (E7) gone and said good-(A)-bye (A7)  
Shine (A) on the one that's (E7) gone and said good-(A)-bye (A)///



# Boom Bang-a-Bang

Artist: Lulu Writers: Alan Moorhouse & Peter Warne



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

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

It's such a **(F)** loovely **(C)** feeeeeling **(G)** when I'm in your **(C)** arms  
**(F)** Don't go away I wanna stay my whole life **(C)** through  
**(G)** Boom bang-a-bang-bang close to **(C)** you

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

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

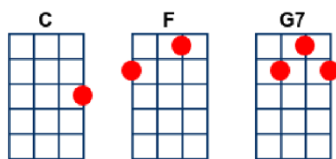
It's such a **(F)** loovely **(C)** feeeeeling **(G)** when I'm in your **(C)** arms  
**(F)** Now you are near I wanna hear your heartbeat **(C)** too  
**(G)** Boom bang-a-bang-bang I love **(C)** you

It's such a **(F)** loovely **(C)** feeeeeling **(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: Brendan O'Shaughnessy. Parody of Melanie Safka's 1971 hit "Brand New Key"



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

## Chorus

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

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

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

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

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

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

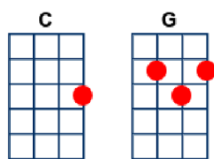
**Chorus Cuz (C) I got a...**

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



# Brown Girl in the Ring

Artist: Boney M. Traditional children's song said to have originated in Jamaica



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

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

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

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

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

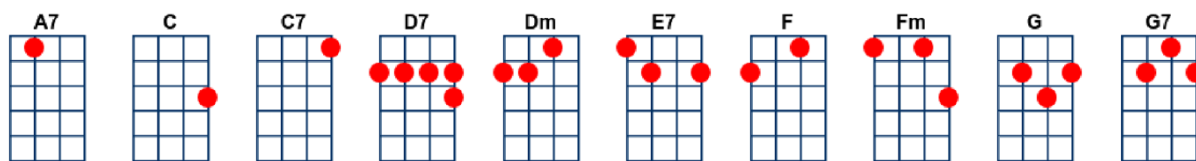
(C) Brown girl in the ring (C) tra la la la la  
There's a (G) brown girl in the ring (G) tra la la la la  
(C) Brown girl in the ring (C) tra la la la la  
She looks like a (G) sugar in a (C) plum (C) (Plum plum)

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



# Build Me Up Buttercup

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



## 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

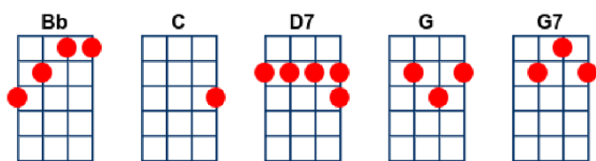
**Chorus: (NC)** Why do you **(C)** build me up...

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 & Boudleaux Bryant



**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)

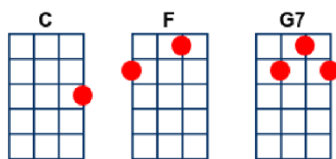
(C) Bye bye (G) love (C) bye bye (G) happiness  
(C) Hello (G) loneliness I think I'm a (D7) gonna (G) cry (G7)  
(C) Bye bye (G) love (C) bye bye (G) sweet caress  
(C) Hello (G) emptiness I feel like (D7) I could (G) die  
(G) Bye bye my (D7) love good-(G)-bye

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



# C'mon Everybody

Artist: Eddie Cochran. Writers: Eddie Cochran and Jerry Capehart



**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**

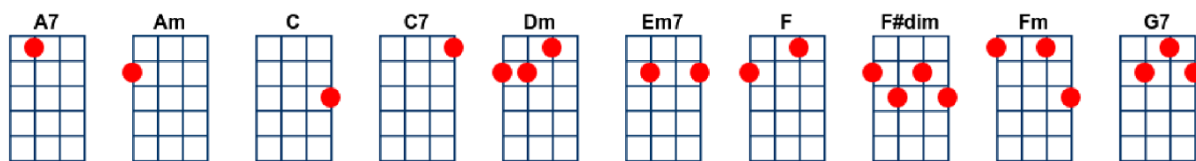
Well we'll (C) really have a party, but we gotta put a guard outside  
(C) if my folks come a-home, I'm afraid they gonna have my hide  
There'll be (F) no more movies for a (G7) week or two  
(F) no more running 'round with the (G7) usual crew  
(C) **(Stop)** Who cares? - C'mon everybody.

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



# Cabaret

Artist: Liza Minnelli as Sally Bowles in the 1966 film musical Cabaret. Writers: John Kander & Fred Ebb



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

(C) What good is (G7) sitting  
A-(C)-lone in your (G7) room  
(C) Come hear the music (C7) play (C7)  
(F) Life is a (F#dim) Caba-(Em7)-ret old (A7) chum  
(Dm) Come to the (G7) Caba-(C)-ret (G7)

(C) Put down the (G7) knitting  
The (C) book and the (G7) broom  
(C) Time for a (C) holi-(C7)-day (C7)  
(F) Life is a (F#dim) Caba-(Em7)-ret old (A7) chum  
(Dm) Come to the (G7) Caba-(C)-ret (C7)

Come taste the (Fm) wine (Fm)  
Come hear the (C) band (C)  
Come blow your (Am) horn start (Am) celebrating  
(G7) Right this way your (G7) table's waiting

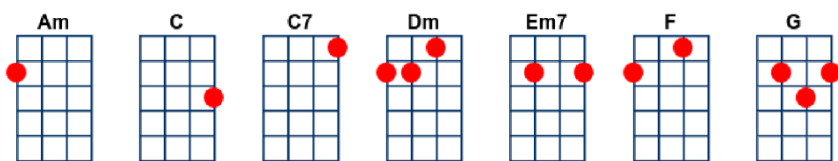
(C) No use per-(G7)-mitting  
Some (C) prophet of (G7) doom  
To (C) wipe every (C) smile a-(C7)-way (C7)  
(F) Life is a (F#dim) Caba-(Em7)-ret old (A7) chum  
So (Dm) come to the (G7) Caba-(C)-ret (G7)

(C) Start by ad-(G7)-mitting  
From (C) cradle to (G7) tomb  
It (C) isn't that (C) long a (C7) stay (C7)  
(F) Life is a (F#dim) Caba-(Em7)-ret old (A7) chum  
(F) Only a (F#dim) Caba-(Em7)-ret old (A7) chum  
So (Dm) come to (Dm) the (G7) Ca-(G7)-ba-(C)-ret (C) (C) (C)///



# Can't Buy Me Love

Artist: The Beatles. Writers: Paul McCartney, John Lennon.



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!

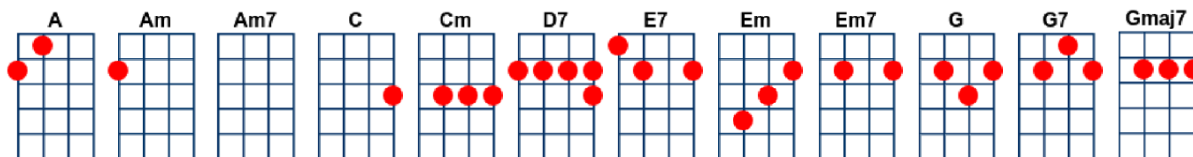
**(C)** Say you don't need no **(C7)** diamond ring and I'll be satisfied  
**(F)** Tell me that you want the kind of things  
That **(C)** money just can't buy  
**(G)** I don't care too **(F)** much for money,  
Money can't buy me **(C)** love

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



**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)

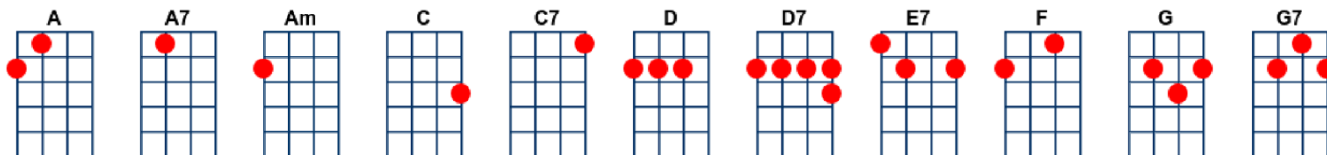
**Sing:** Da-Da, Da-Da: (Am7) (D7) (G) (Em) (Am7) (D7) (G) (E7) (E7)/ 

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



# Cockney Medley

Artist: Pompey Pluckers



(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-oo.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There they are a standing in a (G7) row

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

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

That's (G7) what the showman said

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

Every ball you throw will make you (G7) rich

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

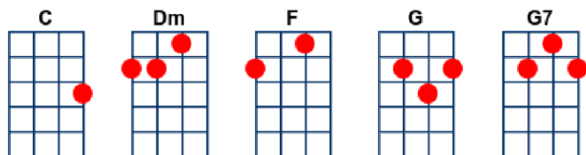
You will (D) always hear me singing this song

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



# Come up and See me (Make me Smile)

Artist: Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

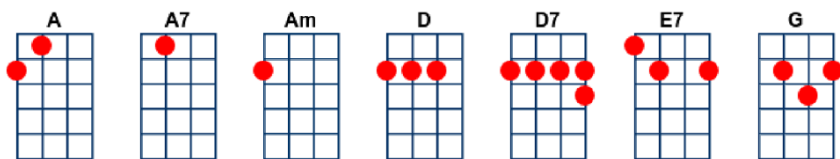
(234) (F) Ooh (C) ooh la-la-la (F) Ooh (C) ooh la-la-la (G) Oooooh (234,1234)

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



# Congratulations

Artist: Cliff Richard. Writer: Bill Martin and Phil Coulter



(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.

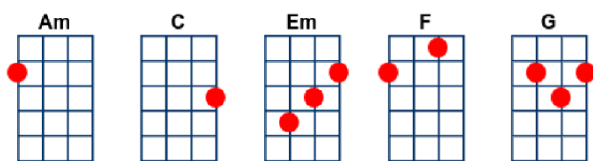
Congratu-(G)-lations and cele-(A)-brations,  
when I tell (D) everyone that (D7) you're in love with (G) me.  
Congratulations and jubi-(A)-lations,  
I want the (D) world to know I'm (D7) happy as can (G) be.

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



**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

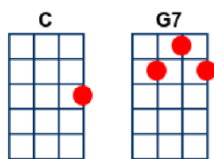
**Chorus:** So (C) cum on (G) feel...

(C)/



# Dance the Night Away

Artist: The Mavericks. Writer: Raul Malo



**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)

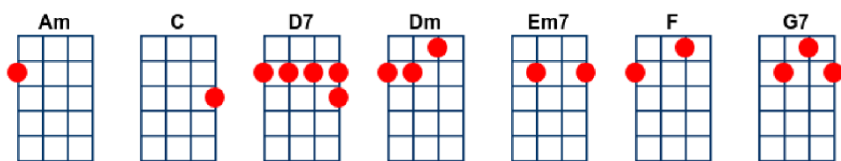
(C) Just wanna (G7) dance the night a-(C)-way (G7)  
(C) With Senhor-(G7)-itas who can (C) sway (G7)  
(C) Right now tom-(G7)-orrow's looking (C) bright (G7)  
(C) Just like the (G7) sunny morning (C) light (G7)

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



# Daydream Believer

Artist: The Monkees. Writer: John Stewart



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

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

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

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

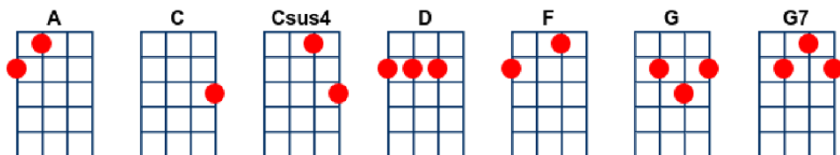
**(F)** Cheer up **(G7)** sleepy **(Em7)** Jean  
**(F)** Oh, what **(G7)** can it **(Am)** mean  
**(F)** To a **(C)** daydream be-**(F)**-liever,  
 And a **(C)** home-**(Am)**-coming **(D7)** queen? **(G7)**

**(C)**/



## Dedicated Follower of Fashion

Artist: The Kinks. Writer: Ray Davies



**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)

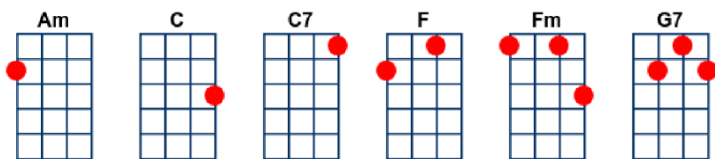
Oh yes he (G) is *(oh yes he is)* ... oh yes he (C) is *(oh yes he is)*  
 He (F) flits from shop to shop just like a (C) butterfly (Csus4)–(C)  
 In (F) matters of the cloth he is as (C) fickle as can (A) be,  
 Cos he's a (D) dedicated (G7) follower of (C) fashion (A)

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



# Diana

Artist: Paul Anka Writer: Paul Anka



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

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

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

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

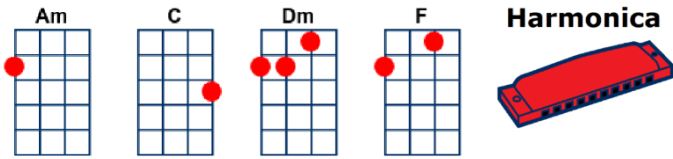
(C) Only you can (Am) take my heart,  
 (F) Only you can (G7) tear it apart  
 (C) When you hold me in your (Am) loving arms,  
 (F) I can feel you giving all your (G7) charms

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



# Dirty Old Town

Artist: The Pogues. Writer: Ewan MacColl



**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

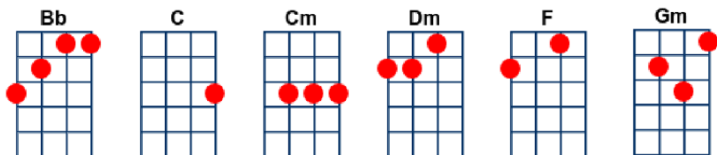


(NC) I found my (C) love, by the (F) gas works (C) croft  
 Dreamed a (F) dream, by the old (C) canal  
 (F) Kissed my (C) girl, by the (F) factory (C) wall  
 Dirty old (Dm) town, dirty old (Am) town  
**(Slower)** Dirty old (Dm) town, dirty old (Am) town



# Disco 2000

Artist: Pulp. Writers: Jarvis Cocker, Nick Banks, Steve Mackey, Russell Senior, Candida Doyle & Mark Webber



**(Bb) (Bb)**

Oh, we were **(F)** born within an hour of each **(F)** other  
Our mothers **(F)** said we could be sister and **(F)** brother  
Your name is **(Bb)** Deborah **(Bb)** (**Deborah**) it never **(Bb)** suited ya **(Bb)**  
And they **(F)** said that when we grew **(F)** up we'd get **(F)** married and never split **(F)** up  
Oh, we never **(Bb)** did it **(Bb)** although I often **(Bb)** thought of it, oh **(Bb)** Deborah

Do you re-**(Cm)**-call your **(Cm)** house was very **(Cm)** small with **(Cm)** woodchip on  
The **(Cm)** wall and when **(Cm)** I came round to **(Cm)** call you didn't **(Cm)** notice me at  
**(F)** All, **(F)** and I said **(Bb)** let's all meet up in the **(Bb)** year two thousand  
**(Dm)** Won't it be strange when **(Dm)** we're all fully **(Gm)** grown?  
Be **(Gm)** there two o'clock by the **(Cm)** fountain down the **(F)** road.

**(Bb)** I never knew that **(Bb)** you'd get married **(Dm)** I would be living **(Dm)** down here  
On my **(Gm)** own on that **(Gm)** damp and lonely **(Cm)** Thursday years **(C)** ago

You were the **(F)** first girl at school to get **(F)** breasts  
And Martyn **(F)** said that you were the **(F)** best  
Oh, the boys all **(Bb)** loved you but I was a **(Bb)** mess  
I had to **(Bb)** watch them try and get you un-**(Bb)**-dressed.  
We were **(F)** friends that was as far as it **(F)** went  
I used to **(F)** walk you home sometimes but it **(F)** meant - oh it meant  
Nothing **(Bb)** to you **(Bb)** 'cause you were so **(Bb)** popular - oh **(Bb)** Deborah

Do you re-**(Cm)**-call your **(Cm)** house was very **(Cm)** small with **(Cm)** woodchip on  
The **(Cm)** wall and when **(Cm)** I came round to **(Cm)** call you didn't **(Cm)** notice me at  
**(F)** All, **(F)** and I said **(Bb)** let's all meet up in the **(Bb)** year two thousand  
**(Dm)** Won't it be strange when **(Dm)** we're all fully **(Gm)** grown?  
Be **(Gm)** there two o'clock by the **(Cm)** fountain down the **(F)** road.

**(Bb)** I never knew that **(Bb)** you'd get married **(Dm)** I would be living **(Dm)** down here  
On my **(Gm)** own on that **(Gm)** damp and lonely **(Cm)** Thursday years **(F)** ago

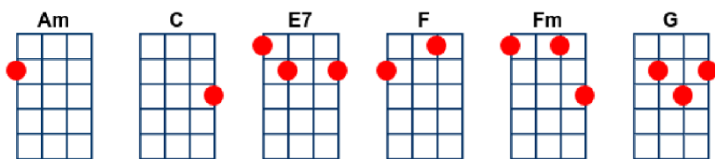
**(Bb)** What are you doing **(Bb)** Sunday baby?  
**(Dm)** Would you like to come and **(Dm)** meet me maybe?  
**(Gm)** You can even **(Gm)** bring your baby **(Cm)** ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh, **(F)** ooh, ooh, ooh

**(Bb)** What are you doing **(Bb)** Sunday baby?  
**(Dm)** Would you like to come and **(Dm)** meet me maybe?  
**(Gm)** You can even **(Gm)** bring your baby **(Cm)** ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh  
**(F)** Ooh, ooh, ooh **(Bb)**/ Ooh



# Don't Look Back in Anger

Artist: Oasis Writer: Noel Gallagher



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

(C) Slip inside the (G) eye of your (Am) mind

Don't you (E7) know you might (F) find (G)

A better place to (C) play (Am)// (G)//

(C) You said that (G) you'd never (Am) been

But all the (E7) things that you've (F) seen (G)

Slowly fade a-(C)-way (Am)// (G)//

**Chorus:**

**(F) So I start a revo-(Fm)-lution from my (C) bed (C)**

**(F) 'Cos you said the brains I (Fm) had went to my (C) head (C)**

**(F) Step outside, the (Fm) summertime's in (C) bloom (C)**

**(G) Stand up beside the (G) fireplace**

**(E7) Take that look from (E7) off your face**

**'Cos (Am) you ain't ever gon-(G)-na burn my (F) heart out (G)**

**(C) So (G) Sally can (Am) wait, she (E7) knows it's too (F) late  
as she's (G) walking on (C) by (Am)// (G)//**

**Her (C) soul (G) slides aw-(Am)-ay, (E7)**

**but don't look (F) back in anger (G) I heard you (C) say**

**(G) (Am) (E7) (F) (G) (C) (Am)// (G)//**

(C) Take me to the (G) place where you (Am) go

Where (E7) nobody (F) knows,

(G) If it's night or (C) day (Am)// (G)//

(C) Please don't put your (G) life in the (Am) hands

Of a (E7) rock and roll (F) band,

(G) who'll throw it all aw-(C)-ay (Am)// (G)//

**Chorus: (F) So I start a revo-(Fm)-lution...**

**(F) (Fm) (C) (C) (F) (Fm) (C) (C)**

**(F) (Fm) (C) (C) (G) (G) (E7) (E7)**

**(Am) (G) (F) (G)**

(C) So (G) Sally can (Am) wait, she (E7) knows it's too (F) late

as she's (G) walking on (C) by (Am)// (G)//

Her (C) soul (G) slides aw-(Am)-ay, (E7)

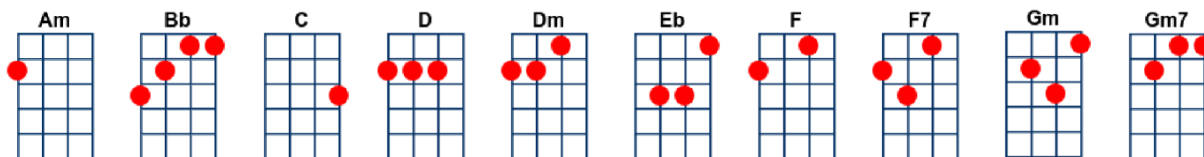
but don't look (F) back in anger (G) I heard you (C) say

**(G) (Am) (E7) (F) Slowing: (Fm)/ least not to-(C)/-day**



# Don't Stop Me Now

Artist: Queen Writer: Freddie Mercury



To-(F)/-night I'm gonna have my-(Am)/-self a real good (Dm)/ time  
 I feel (Gm)/ al-i-i-(C)/-ive and the (F)/ world (F7)/ I'll turn it inside (Bb)/ out, yeah  
 (Gm7) Floating around in (D) ecstasy, so (Gm)/ don't (F)/ stop (C)/ me (Gm) now  
 (Gm)/ Don't (F)/ stop (C)/ me cos I'm (Gm) having a good time, (C) having a good time

I'm a (F) shooting star leaping through the (Am) sky like a (Dm) tiger  
 Defying the (Gm) laws of gravit-(C)-y  
 I'm a (F) racing car passing (Am) by like Lady Go-(Dm)-diva  
 I'm gonna (Gm) go-go-go-(C)-go there's no stopping (F) me  
 I'm (F7) burning through the (Bb) sky yeah  
 Two (Gm7) hundred degrees that's why they (D) call me Mr Fahren-(Gm)-heit  
 I'm (D) travelling at the speed of (Gm) light  
 I wanna make a (Gm) supersonic man out of (C) you

(F)/ Don't (Gm)/ stop (Am)/ me (Dm)/ now I'm having  
 Such a (Gm) good time (C) I'm having a ball  
 (F)/ Don't (Gm)/ stop (Am)/ me (Dm)/ now if you wanna  
 Have a (Gm) good time, just (D) give me a call  
 (Gm)/ Don't (F)/ stop (C)/ me (Gm) now  
 (Gm)/ Don't (F)/ stop (C)/ me (Gm) now  
 (C) I don't want to stop at (Eb) all (Eb)

I'm a (F) rocket ship on my way to (Am) Mars on a (Dm) collision course  
 I'm a (Gm) satellite I'm (C) out of control  
 I'm a (F) sex machine ready to (Am) reload like an (Dm) atom bomb  
 About to (Gm) oh-oh-oh-(C) oh ex-(F)-plode  
 I'm (F7) burning through the (Bb) sky yeah  
 Two (Gm7) hundred degrees that's why they (D) call me Mr Fahren-(Gm)-heit  
 I'm (D) travelling at the speed of (Gm) light  
 I wanna make a (Gm) supersonic woman of (C) you

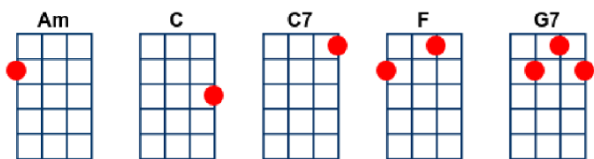
(F)/ Don't (Gm)/ stop (Am)/ me (Dm)/ now I'm having  
 Such a (Gm) good time (C) I'm having a ball  
 (F)/ Don't (Gm)/ stop (Am)/ me (Dm)/ now if you wanna  
 Have a (Gm) good time, just (D) give me a call  
 (Gm)/ Don't (F)/ stop (C)/ me (Gm) now  
 (Gm)/ Don't (F)/ stop (C)/ me (Gm) now  
 (C) I don't want to stop at (Eb) all (Eb)

(F) (Am) (Dm) (Gm) (C) x 3 (F)/



# Doo Wah Diddy

Artist: Manfred Mann. Writers: Jeff Barry and Ellie Greenwich



**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

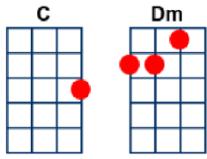
(C)// Whoa (C7) whoa I (Am) knew we was falling in love  
(F)//// (F) yes I did and so I (G7) told her all the things I'd been dreamin' of

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



# Drunken Sailor

Traditional



**Riff:**

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

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

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

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

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

**Chorus:**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

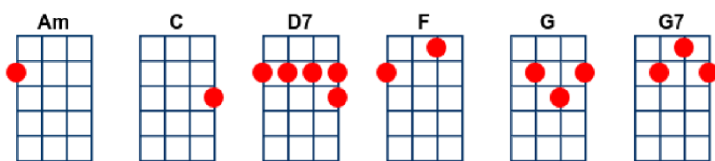
**(C)** early in the **(Dm)** morning

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



# Eight Days a Week

Artist: The Beatles Writers: Paul McCartney, John Lennon



**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

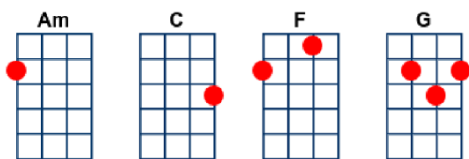
(F) Eight days a (C) week  
(F) Eight days a (C) week

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



# El Condor Pasa

Artist: Simon and Garfunkel Writers: Daniel Alomía Robles & Paul Simon



**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

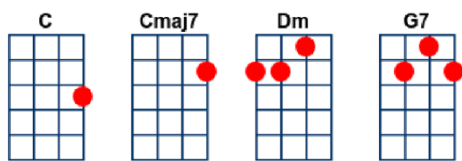
I'd (Am) rather be a sparrow than a (C) snail  
(G) Yes I (C) would, (G) if I (C) could, I (G) surely (Am) would ...hmmm  
I'd (Am) rather be a hammer than a (C) nail  
(G) Yes I (C) would, if I (G) only (C) could, I (G) surely would (Am)

**Outro: (Am) X 3**



# Elusive Butterfly

Artist: Bob Lind



(C) (Cmaj7)

(C) You might wake (Cmaj7) up some (Dm) mornin' (G7)

To the (Dm) sound of something (G7) moving past

Your (C) window in the (Cmaj7) wind

(C) And if you're (Dm) quick enough to (G7) rise, you'll catch the

(Dm) Fleeting glimpse of some-(G7)-one's fading (C) shadow (Cmaj7)

(C) Out on the (Cmaj7) new hor-(Dm)-izon (G7)

You may (Dm) see the floating (G7) motion of

A (C) distant pair of (Cmaj7) wings

(C) And if the (Dm) sleep has left your (G7) ears, you might

Hear (Dm) footsteps running (G7) through an open (C) meadow (Cmaj7)

(C) Don't be con-(Dm)-cerned, (G7) it will not (Cmaj7) harm you

(C) It's only (Dm) me pursuing (G7) something I'm not (Cmaj7) sure of

(C) Across my (Dm) dreams (G7) with nets of (Cmaj7) wonder

(C) I chase the (Dm) bright elusive (G7) butterfly of (C) love (Cmaj7)

(C) (Cmaj7)

(C) You might have (Cmaj7) heard my (Dm) footsteps (G7)

Echo (Dm) softly in the (G7) distance through

The (C) canyons of your (Cmaj7) mind

(C) I might have (Dm) even called your (G7) name as I

Ran (Dm) searching after (G7) something to be-(C)-lieve in (Cmaj7)

(C) You might have (Cmaj7) seen me (Dm) runnin' (G7)

Through the (Dm) long-abandoned (G7) ruins of

The (C) dreams you left be-(Cmaj7)-hind

(C) If you re-(Dm)-member something (G7) there that

Glided (Dm) past you followed (G7) close by heavy (C) breathin' (Cmaj7)

(C) Don't be con-(Dm)-cerned, (G7) it will not (Cmaj7) harm you

(C) It's only (Dm) me pursuing (G7) something I'm not (Cmaj7) sure of

(C) Across my (Dm) dreams (G7) with nets of (Cmaj7) wonder

(C) I chase the (Dm) bright elusive (G7) butterfly of (C) love (Cmaj7)

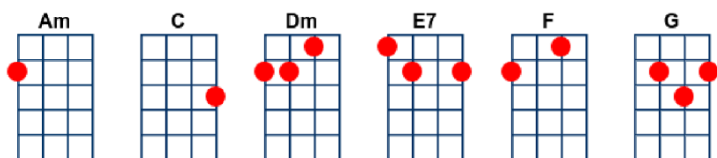
(C) Across my (Dm) dreams (G7) with nets of (Cmaj7) wonder

(C) I chase the (Dm) bright elusive (G7) butterfly of (C) love (Cmaj7) (C)



# Eye of the Tiger

Artist: Survivor Writers: Frankie Sullivan & Jim Peterik



## Riff: Single strums

(Am)/ (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.

## Riff:

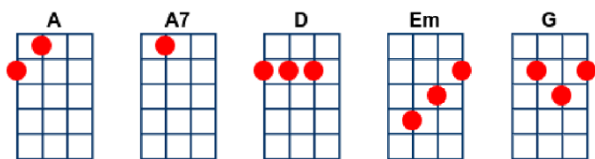
(Am) Risin' up, (F) straight to the top  
(G) Had the guts, got the (Am) glory  
(Am) Went the distance, now I'm (F) not gonna stop  
Just a (G) man and his will to sur-(Am)-vive.  
It's the (Dm) eye of the tiger, it's the (C) thrill of the (G) fight,  
Risin' (Dm) up to the challenge of our (C) ri-(G)-val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



**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

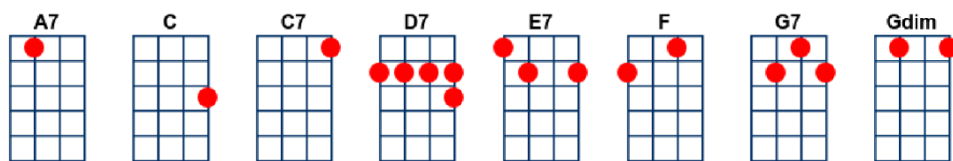
(D) Low (G) lie the (D) fields of Athenry,  
Where (D) once we watched the small free birds (A) fly,  
Our (D) love was on the (G) wing, we had (D) dreams and songs to (A) sing,  
It's so (Em) lonely round the (A7) fields of Athen-(D)-ry.

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



## Five Foot Two Medley

*Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue - Writers: Sam M. Lewis, Joseph Widow Young & Ray Henderson. Yes Sir, That's My Baby - Writers Walter Donaldson & Gus Kahn. Ain't She Sweet - Writers: Milton Ager & Jack Yellen.*



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

(C) Five foot two, (E7) eyes of blue, but (A7) oh, what those five (A7) foot could do!  
Has (D7) anybody (G7) seen my (C) gal? (Gdim)// (G7)//

(C) Turned up nose, (E7) turned down hose, (A7) flapper, yes sir, (A7) one of those  
Has (D7) anybody (G7) seen my (C) gal? (C)

Now if you (E7) run into (E7) a five foot two, (A7) covered in (A7) fur  
(D7) Diamond rings and (D7) all those things, (G7)/ (stop) betcha life it isn't her but  
(C) Could she love, (E7) could she woo, (A7) could she, could she, (A7) could she coo?  
Has (D7) anybody (G7) seen my (C) gal? (C)

(C) Yes sir, (C) that's my baby, (G7) no sir, I (G7) don't mean maybe,  
(G7) Yes sir, (G7) that's my baby (C) now (G7)

(C) Yes, ma'am, (C) we've decided, (G7) no ma'am, (G7) we won't hide it  
(G7) Yes, ma'am, (G7) you're invited (C) now (C)

By the (C7) way (C7) by the (F) way (F) when we (D7) reach the (D7) preacher  
I'll (G7) say (G7)

(C) Yes sir, (C) that's my baby, (G7) no sir, I (G7) don't mean maybe,  
(G7) Yes sir, (G7) that's my baby (C) now (C)

(C)// Ain't (Gdim)// she (G7) sweet see her (C)// walking (Gdim)// down the (G7) street  
Now I (C)// ask you (E7)// very (A7) confidentially (D7)// ain't (G7)// she (C) sweet?

(C)// Ain't (Gdim)// she (G7) nice look her (C)// over (Gdim)// once or (G7) twice  
Now I (C)// ask you (E7)// very (A7) confidentially (D7)// ain't (G7)// she (C) nice?

Just cast an (F7) eye, (F7) in her dir-(C)-ection (C)

Oh me oh (D7) my, (D7) ain't that per-(C)-fection (Dm)// (G7)//

(C)// I (Gdim)// re-(G7)-peat, don't you (C)// think she's (Gdim)// kind of neat (G7)

And I (C)// ask you (E7)// very (A7) confidentially (D7)// ain't (G7)// she (C) sweet

(C) Five foot two, (E7) eyes of blue, but (A7) oh, what those five (A7) foot could do!  
Has (D7) anybody (G7) seen my (C) gal? (G7)

(C) Turned up nose, (E7) turned down hose, (A7) never had no (A7) other beaus  
Has (D7) anybody (G7) seen my (C) gal? (C)

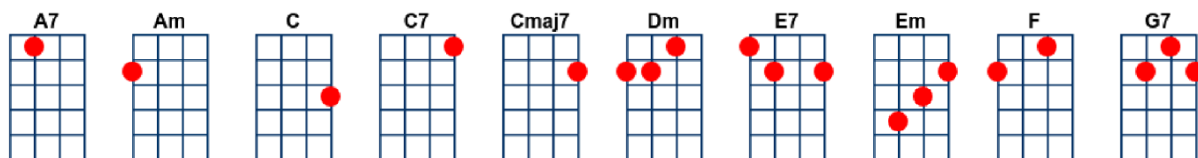
Now if you (E7) run into (E7) a five foot two, (A7) covered in (A7) fur  
(D7) Diamond rings and (D7) all those things, (G7)/ (stop) betcha life it isn't her but  
(C) Could she love, (E7) could she woo, (A7) could she, could she, (A7) could she coo?  
Has (D7) anybody (G7) seen my, (D7) anybody (G7) seen my

(D7) anybody (G7) seen my (C) gal? (C)/ (G7)/ (C)/



# Fly Me to the Moon

Artist: Frank Sinatra. Writer: Bart Howard



## 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)

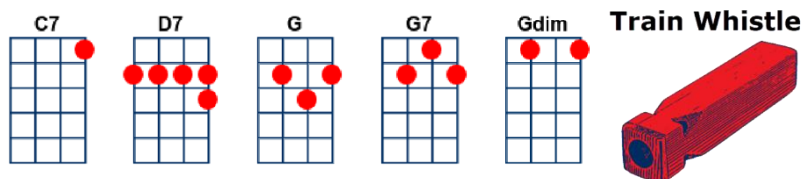
(Am) Fill my heart with (Dm) song  
And let me (G7) sing forever (Cmaj7) more (C7)  
(F) You are all I (Dm) long for  
All I (E7) worship and (Am) adore (A7)

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



## 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

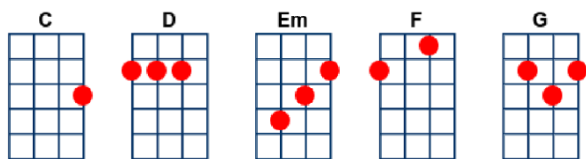
## Back To Top

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



# Friday I'm In Love

Artist: The Cure Writer: Robert Smith



## Intro:

(G) (C) (G) (D) (Em) (C) (G) (D)  
(G) (C) (G) (D) (Em) (C) (G) (D)

(G) I don't care if (C) Monday's blue, (G) Tuesday's grey and (D) Wednesday too  
(Em) Thursday I don't (C) care about you it's (G) Friday I'm in (D) love  
(G) Monday you can (C) fall apart (G) Tuesday Wednesday (D) break my heart  
(Em) Thursday doesn't (C) even start it's (G) Friday I'm in (D) love  
(C) Saturday (D) wait and (Em) Sunday always (C) comes too late  
But (G) Friday never (D) hesitate (G) I don't care if (C) Monday's black  
(G) Tuesday Wednesday (D) heart attack  
(Em) Thursday never (C) looking back it's (G) Friday I'm in (D) love

(G) (C) (G) (D) (Em) (C) (G) (D)

(G) Monday you can (C) hold your head, (G) Tuesday Wednesday (D) stay in bed  
Or (Em) Thursday watch the (C) walls instead it's (G) Friday I'm in (D) love  
(C) Saturday (D) wait (Em) Sunday always (C) comes too late  
But (G) Friday never (D) hesitate

(Em) Dressed up to the (F) eyes it's a wonderful sur-(G)-prise  
To see your (D) shoes and your spirits (Em) rise  
Throwing out your (F) frown and just smiling at the (G) sound  
Sleek as a (D) shriek spinning round and (Em) round  
Always take a big (F) bite it's such a gorgeous (G) sight  
To see you (D) eat in the middle of the (Em) night  
You can never get en-(F)-ough, enough of this (G) stuff  
it's Friday (D) I'm in love (and)

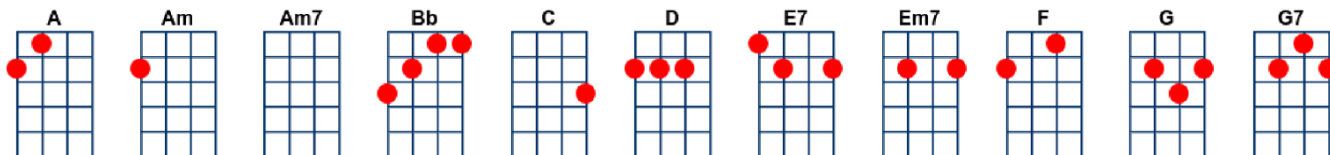
(G) I don't care if (C) Monday's blue (G) Tuesday's grey and (D) Wednesday too  
(Em) Thursday I don't (C) care about you it's (G) Friday I'm in (D) love  
(G) Monday you can (C) hold your head, (G) Tuesday Wednesday (D) stay in bed  
Or (Em) Thursday watch the (C) walls instead it's (G) Friday I'm in (D) love

(G) (C) (G) (D) (Em) (C) (G) (D) (G)/



# Georgie Girl

Artist: The Seekers. Writers: Tom Springfield & Jim Dale



**(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

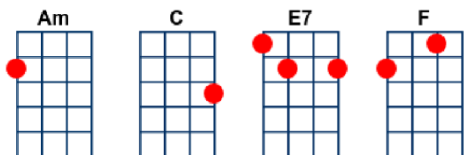
**(C)** Hey **(Em7)** there, **(F)** Georgy **(G7)** girl  
**(C)** There's another **(Em7)** Georgy **(F)** deep **(G7)** inside  
**(C)** Bring out all the **(Em7)** love you **(F)** hide and  
**(G7)** Oh, what a **(Am)** change there'd be **(Am7)**  
The **(F)** world would see a **(G7)** new Georgy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



**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...

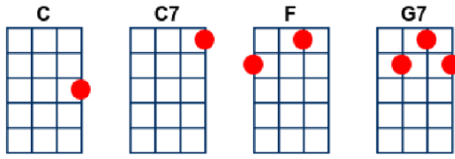
Yipie i-(C)-oh Yipie i-(Am)-ay  
(F) ghost riders in the (Am) sky

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



# Good Night Ladies

Folk song attributed to Edwin Pearce Christy



Men Only

(C) Good night (C) Ladies (C) good night (G7) Ladies  
(C)// Good (C7)// night (F) Ladies  
We're (C)// going to (G7)// leave you (C) now



Men & Women

(C) Merrily we (C) roll along (G7) roll along (C) roll along  
(C) Merrily we (C) roll along (G7) o'er the deep blue (C) sea



Women Only

(C) Good night (C) Fellas (C) good night (G7) Fellas  
(C)// Good (C7)// night (F) Fellas  
We're (C)// going to (G7)// leave you (C) now



Men & Women

(C) Merrily we (C) roll along (G7) roll along (C) roll along  
(C) Merrily we (C) roll along (G7) o'er the deep blue (C) sea



Men Only

(C) Sweet dreams (C) Ladies (C) Sweet dreams (G7) Ladies  
(C)// Sweet (C7)// dreams (F) Ladies  
We're (C)// going to (G7)// leave you (C) now



Men & Women

(C) Merrily we (C) roll along (G7) roll along (C) roll along  
(C) Merrily we (C) roll along (G7) o'er the deep blue (C) sea



Women Only

(C) Sweet dreams (C) Fellas (C) Sweet dreams (G7) Fellas  
(C)// Sweet (C7)// dreams (F) Fellas  
We're (C)// going to (G7)// leave you (C) now



Men & Women

(C) Merrily we (C) roll along (G7) roll along (C) roll along  
(C) Merrily we (C) roll along (G7) o'er the deep blue (C) sea



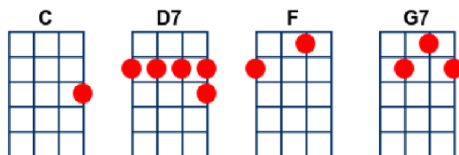
Men & Women

(C) Good night (C) Ladies/Fellas (C) Good night (G7) Ladies/Fellas  
(C) Good night  
(Slowing) (F) Ladies/Fellas... (Pause)  
We're (C)/ going to (G7)/ leave you (C)/ now



# Grandma's Feather Bed

Artist: John Denver. Writer: Jim Connor



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

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

### Chorus:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

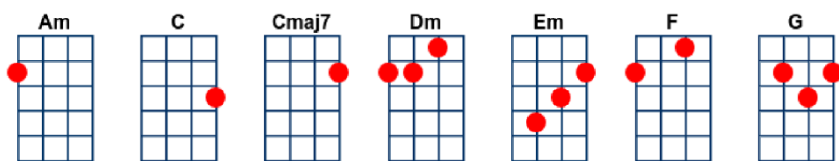
(C) Didn't get much sleep but we (F) had a lot of fun on  
(G7) Grandma's feather (C) bed

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



# Gypsies, Tramps, and Thieves

Artist: Cher Writer: Bob Stone



(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

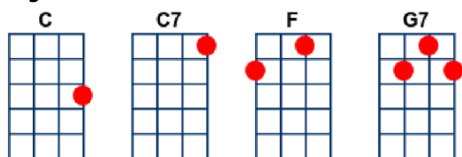
Chorus x 2: (F) Gyp-(C)-sies, (F) tramps...



# Happy Birthday

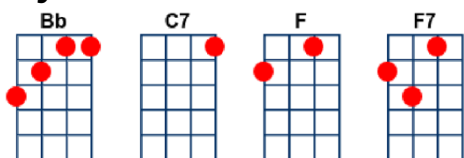
Writers: Patty and Mildred J. Hill

## Key C:



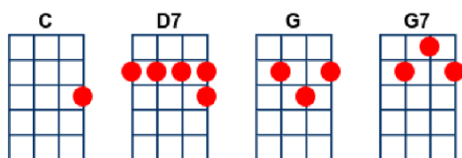
Happy (C) Birthday to (G7) you,  
Happy Birthday to (C) you,  
Happy (C7) Birthday, dear (F) Name, Name,  
Happy (C) Birthday (G7) to (C) you

## Key F:



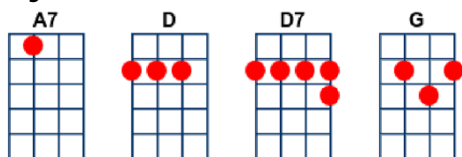
Happy (F) Birthday to (C7) you,  
Happy Birthday to (F) you,  
Happy (F7) Birthday, dear (Bb) Name, Name,  
Happy (F) Birthday (C7) to (F) you

## 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:

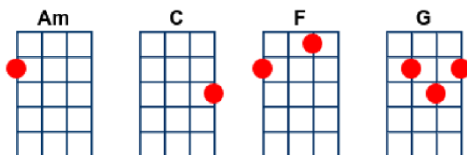


Happy (D) Birthday to (A7) you,  
Happy Birthday to (D) you,  
Happy (D7) Birthday, dear (G) Name, Name,  
Happy (D) Birthday (A7) to (D) you



# Have a Drink on Me

Artist: Lonnie Donnegan



(C) (C)

In (C) Eighteen-Eighty down (C) a dusty road  
A-(F)-long came a miner with a (F) big fat load (G) (G) (C) (C)  
He was (C) caked in dirt from his (C) head to his foot  
His (F) hair so black that it (F) looked like soot (G) (G) (C) (C)

Well (C) he reined in his mule and (C) hitched him to the rail  
And he (F) said old fella it's the (F) end of the trail (G) (G) (C) (C)  
Well he (C) ambled on down to the (C) old saloon  
He said (F) I know it's early and it (F) ain't quite noon  
But (G) hey hey (G) everybody drink on (C) me (C)

**Chorus:**

**Have a (C) drink have a drink have a (C) drink on me**  
**(Am) Everybody have a (Am) drink on me**  
**(G) Hey hey (G) everybody drink on (C) me (C)**  
**Have a (C) drink have a drink have a (C) drink on me**  
**(Am) Everybody have a (Am) drink on me**  
**(G) Hey hey (G) everybody drink on (C) me (C)**

Well I (C) just got a letter from (C) down in Tennessee  
It said (F) my uncle died and left an (F) oil well to me  
(G) Hey hey (G) everybody drink on (C) me (C)  
I been (C) diggin' all my life and I (C) nearly got to hell  
But my (F) uncle dug potatoes and he (F) struck an oil-well  
(G) Hey hey (G) everybody drink on (C) me (C)

**Chorus Have a (C) drink...**

**Instrumental – same as verse (C) (C) (F) (F) (G) (G) (C) (C) x 2**

Well (C) black gold, yellow gold (C) guess it's all the same  
(F) take my tip and give (F) up the mining game  
(G) Hey hey (G) everybody drink on (C) me (C)  
Well (C) sell your shovel and your (C) old Long Johns  
You can (F) make a fortune writin' (F) Adam Faith's songs  
(G) Hey hey (G) everybody drink on (C) me (C)

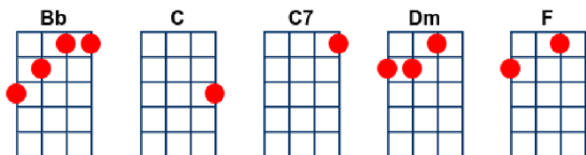
**Chorus Have a (C) drink...**

(G) Hey hey (G) everybody drink on (C) me (C)///



# Have I The Right

Artist: The Honeycombs Writers: Ken Howard, Alan Blaikley & Howard Blaikley



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

(F) Have I the (C) right to hold you? (F) You know I've (Bb) always told you  
(F) That we must (Dm) never ever (C) part, (C7) ooh ooh ooh ooh  
(F) Have I the (C) right to kiss you? (F) You know I'll (Bb) always miss you,  
(F) I've loved you (Dm)// from the (C)// very (F) start. (C)

### Chorus:

(F)/ Come (F)/ right (F)/ back I (C) just can't bear it  
(F) I've got this love and I (Bb)// long to (C)// share it  
(F) Come right back, I'll (C) show my love is (F) strong (C) oh yeah.

(F) Have I the (C) right to touch you? (F) If I could you'd (Bb) see how much you,  
(F) Send those shivers (Dm) running down my (C) spine, (C7) ooh ooh ooh ooh  
(F) Have I the (C) right to thrill you? (F) You know I'll (Bb) wait until you  
(F) Give me the (Dm)// right to (C)// make you (F) mine (C)

Chorus: (F)/ Come (F)/ right (F)/ back I (C) just can't bear it...

### Instrumental:

(F) Have I the (C) right to hold you? (F) You know I've (Bb) always told you  
(F) That we must (Dm) never ever (C) part, (C7) ooh ooh ooh ooh  
(F) Have I the (C) right to kiss you? (F) You know I'll (Bb) always miss you,  
(F) I've loved you (Dm)// from the (C)// very (F) start. (C)

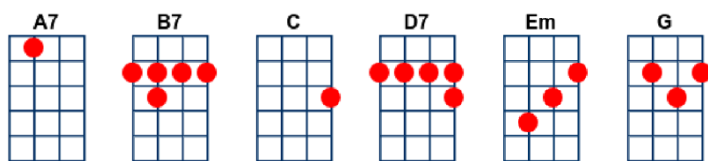
2 x Chorus: (F)/ Come (F)/ right (F)/ back I (C) just can't bear it...

(F) Come right back, I'll (C) show my love is (F) strong (F)//



# Hello Mary Lou

Artist: Ricky Nelson Writers: Gene Pitney and Cayet Mangiaracín



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)

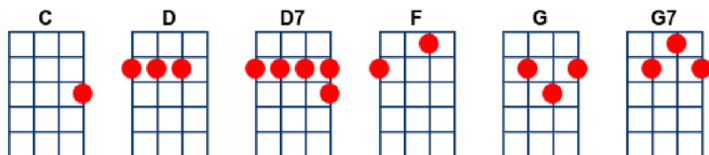
He-(G)-llo Mary Lou, (C) goodbye heart  
Sweet (G) Mary Lou I'm so in love with (D7) you  
I (G) knew Mary Lou (B7) we'd never (Em) part  
So he-(A7)-llo Mary (D7) Lou, goodbye (G) heart (C) (G)

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



**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

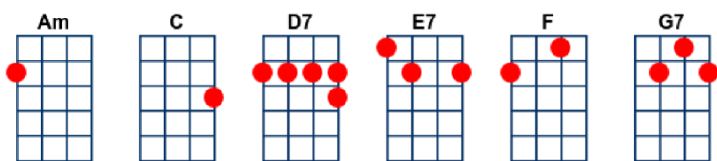
**Bridge: (NC) I don't care who's right...**

(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



# Henry the Eighth (I am)

Artist: Tom Caradine. Words and music Fred Murray and R. P. Weston



(C) You don't know who you're looking at (C)// now have a look at (F)// me  
 (C) I'm a bit of a nob I am I bel-(D7)//-ong to royal-(G7)//-tee  
 (C) I'll tell you how got came about I (C)// married widow (F)// Burch  
 (D7) And I was King of England when I (G7)// toddled out of (C)// church  
 (Am) Outside the people started (E7)// shouting, "Hip (Am)// hooray"  
 Said (D7) I, "Get down upon your knees its (D7)// Coronation (G7)// Day

## Chorus

(C) I'm Henery the (C) eighth I am  
 (F) Henery the eighth I (F)// am, I (C)// am  
 (C) I got married to the (C)// widow next (Am)// door  
 (D7) She's been married seven (D7)// times be-(G7)//-fore  
 (C) Everyone was a (G7) Henery (Henery)  
 She (F) wouldn't have a Willie or a (C)// Sam (G7)// (No Sam)  
 I'm her (C)// eighth old (E7)// man named (Am)// Henery (C)//  
 I'm (D7)// Henery the (G7)// eighth I (C)// am (G7)// (C)//

(C) I left the Duke of Cumberland a (C)// pub up in the (F)// town  
 (C) Soon with one or two moochers I was (D7)// holding up the (G7)// Crown  
 (C) I sat upon the bucket that the (C)// cart men think their (F)// own  
 (D7) Surrounded by my subjects I was (G7)// sitting on me (C)// throne  
 (Am) Out came the potman saying, (E7)// "get on home to the (Am)// bed"  
 Said (D7) I, "Now say another word and (D7)// off'll go your (G7)// head

**Chorus: (C) I'm Henery the (C) eighth I am...**

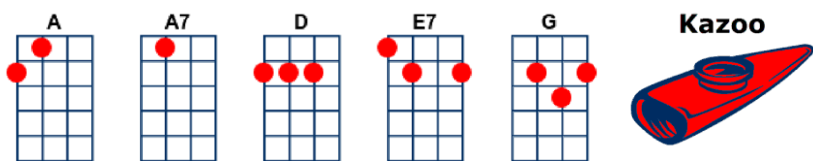
(C) The undertaker called and to my (C)// wife I heard him (F)// say  
 (C) "Have you got any orders mum? We're (D7)// very slack to-(G7)//-day  
 (C) I packed up all your other seven (C)// for those Pearly (F)// Gates  
 (D7) Let's have a pound upon account for (G7)// Henery the (C)// eighth"  
 (Am) But, when he measured me with (E7)// half a yard of (Am)// string  
 I (D7) dropped down on me marrow bones and (D7)// sang "God Save the (G7)// King!"

**Chorus: (C) I'm Henery the (C) eighth I am...**



# Hi Ho Silver Lining

Artist: Jeff Beck Writers: Scott English and Larry Weiss



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

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...

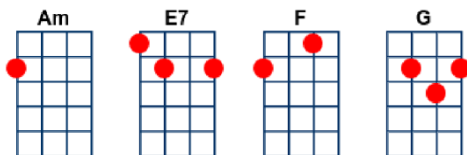
And it's (A) Hi ho (A7) silver lining (D) Anywhere you (E7) go now baby  
 (A) I see your (A7) sun is (A) shining (D) But I won't make a (E7) fuss  
 (D) Though it's (A) obvious

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



**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)

(Am) Woman 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 (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)*

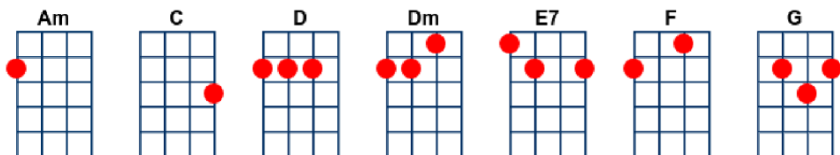
(F) Don't you come (E7) back no (Am) more (G) x 3

(F) (E7) (Am)



# Hotel California

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



**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

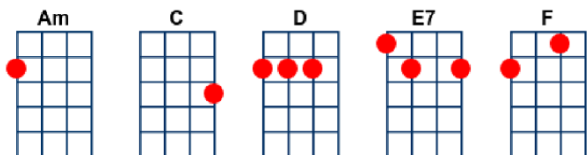
They're (F) liv'in it up in the Hotel Cali-(C)-fornia, what a (Dm) nice surprise, bring your (E7) alibis...

(Am)



# House of the Rising Sun

Artist: The Animals



**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

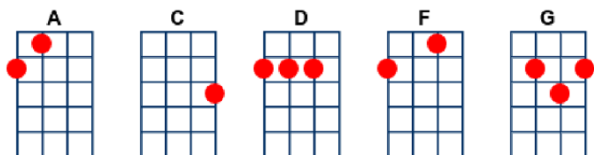
Well, I got (Am) one foot (C) on the (D) platform (F)  
And the (Am) other (C) foot on the (E7) train  
I'm (Am) going (C) back to (D) New Or-(F)-leans  
To (Am) wear that (E7) ball and (Am) chain

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



(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)

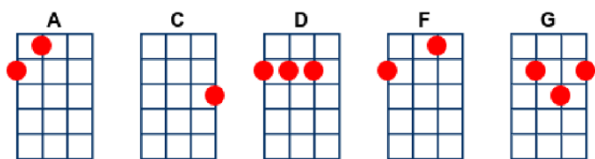
(C) I am a cider (F) drinker, I drinks it all of the (C) day  
(C) I am a cider (F) drinker, it soothes all me troubles a-(C)-way  
(C) Oh arr oh arr-(G)-aay, oh arr oh arr-(C)-aay. (234)

(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



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.

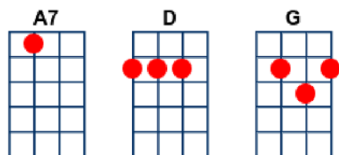
(D) I can see (G) clearly now, the (D) rain is gone.  
(D) I can see (G) all obstacles (A) in my way.  
(D) Here is the (G) rainbow I have been (D) prayin' for.

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



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

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

## Chorus

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

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

## Chorus

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

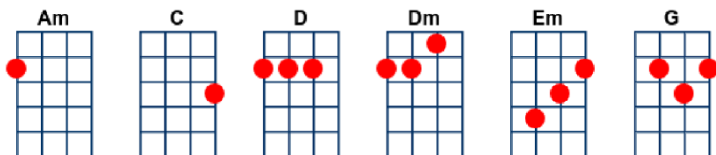
## Chorus x 2

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



# I Guess it Doesn't Matter Anymore

Artist: Buddy Holly Writer: Paul Anka



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

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

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

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

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

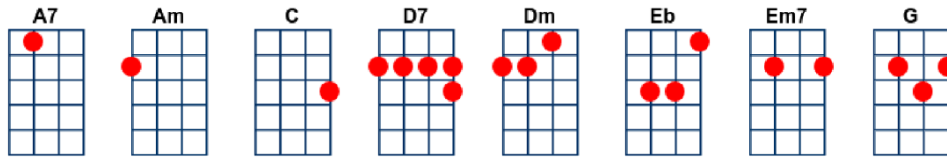
Now you go (C) your way and I'll go mine  
(G) Now and forever 'till the end of time . . . I'll find  
Somebody (C) new and baby we'll say we're through  
And (G) you won't matter any (C) more.

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



# I Only Want to be With You

Artist: Dusty Springfield Writers: Mike Hawker and Ivor Raymonde



**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*

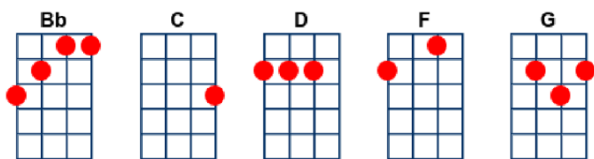
(Eb) You stopped and smiled at me and (G) asked me if I (C) cared to (G) dance  
 (D7) I fell into your open arms (A7) I didn't stand a (D7) chance now listen honey  
 (G) I just wanna be beside you (Em7) everywhere  
 As (G) long as we're together honey (Em7) I don't care  
 Cause (C) you started (D7)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



(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.

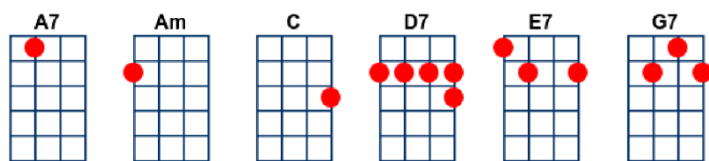
(G) I useta to love her, I useta love her (C) once! A long, long time ago,  
 (G) I useta to love her, I useta love her (C) once! A long, long time ago,  
 (F) It's gone, (Bb) all my lovin' is (C) gone! (C) (Whoa)  
 (F) It's gone, (Bb) all my lovin' is (C) gone! (C) (Whoa)  
 (F) It's gone, (Bb) all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

Artist: Louis Prima Writers: Robert and Richard Sherman



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

**(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.

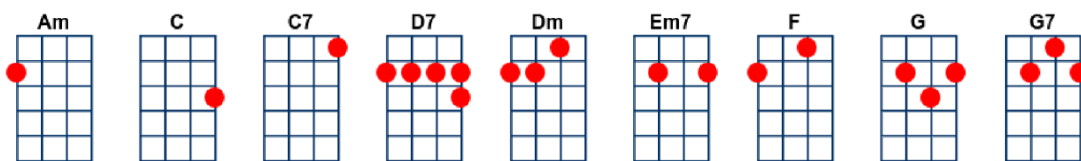
**(G7)** Oh, **(C)** oo-bee-doo I wanna be like **(A7)** you  
I wanna **(D7)** walk like you, **(G7)** talk like you **(C)** too.  
You'll **(G7)** see it's **(C)** true, an ape like **(A7)** me  
Can **(D7)** learn to be **(G7)** human **(C)** too.

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



# I Will

Artist: The Beatles Writers: Paul McCartney & John Lennon



**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

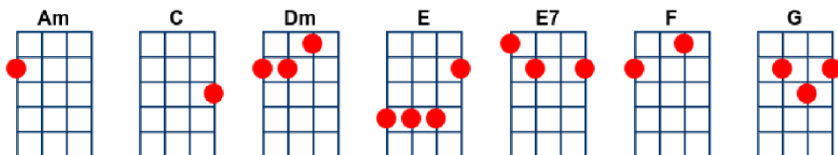
And (C) when at (Am) last I (Dm) find you (G7)  
Your (C) song will (Am) fill the (Em7) air  
Sing it (F) loud so I (G) can (Am) hear you  
Make it (F) easy (G) to be (Am) near you  
(Am) For the (F) things you (G) do end-(Am)-ear you to me  
(F) *(pause for a beat)*  
You (G) know I will (C)///

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



# I Will Survive

Artist: Gloria Gaynor Writers: Freddie Perren & Dino Fekaris



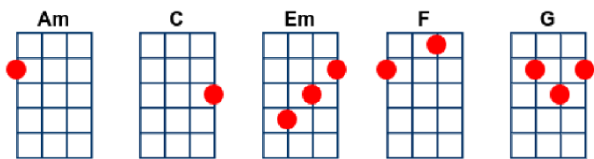
**Note:** (E7) can be played instead of (E). 8 beats for each chord in instrumental

(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 Will Wait

Artist: Mumford & Son Writer: Marcus Mumford



(Am) (G) (C)// (F)// (C)// (G)//  
(Am) (G) (C)// (F)// (C)// (G)//  
(G) (G)

I came (C) home, (C) like a (F) stone (F)  
And I fell (C) heav-(C)-y into your (G) arms (G)  
These days (C) of dust (C) which we've (F) known (F)  
Will blow a-(C)-wa-(C)-y with this new (G) sun (G)

And (Am) I'll (G) kneel (C)// down, (F)// wait (C)// for (G) now (G)  
And (Am) I'll (G) kneel (C)// down, (F)// know (C)// my (G) ground (G)  
(C) I will wait, (C) I will wait for (Em) you (G)  
And (C) I will wait, (C) I will wait for (Em) you (G)  
(C) (C) (C) (C)

So break my (C) step (C) and rel-(F)-ent (F)  
You for-(C)-ga-(C)-ve and I won't for-(G)-get (G)  
Know what we've (C) seen (C) and him with (F) less (F)  
Now in some (C) wa-(C)-y shake the exc-(G)-ess (G)

(C) I will wait I (C) will wait for (Em) you (G)  
And (C) I will wait I (C) will wait for (Em) you (G)  
And (C) I will wait I (C) will wait for (Em) you (G)  
And (C) I will wait I (C) will wait for (Em) you (G)

Now I'll be (C) bold (C) as well as (F) strong (F)  
Use my (C) he-(C)-ad alongside my (G) heart (G)  
So take my (C) flesh (C) and fix my (F) eyes (F)  
That tethered (C) mi-(C)-nd free from (G) the lies (G)

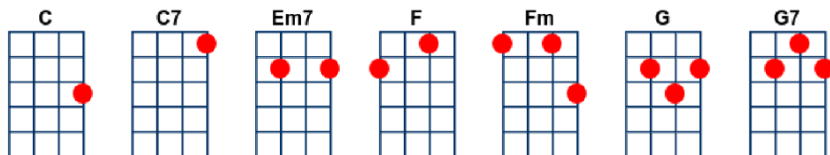
And (Am) I'll (G) kneel (C) //down, (F)// wait (C)// for (G) now (G)  
And (Am) I'll (G) kneel (C)// down, (F)// know (C)// my (G) ground (G)

(C) I will wait I (C) will wait for (Em) you (G)  
And (C) I will wait I (C) will wait for (Em) you (G)  
And (C) I will wait I (C) will wait for (Em) you (G)  
And (C) I will wait I (C) will wait for (Em) you (G) (C)/



# If Paradise is Half as Nice

Artist: Amen Corner Writers: Lucio Battisti & Jack Fishman



(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)

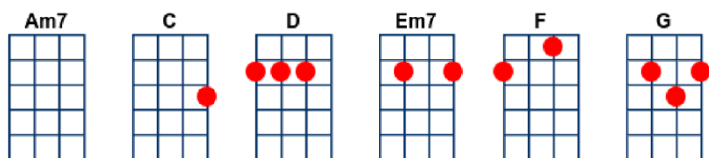
They say para-(C)-dise is up in the (Em7) stars,  
 but I needn't (C7) sigh because it's so (F) far,  
 cause I know it's (Fm) worth, a heaven on (C) earth,  
 for me, where you (G) are.

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



(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

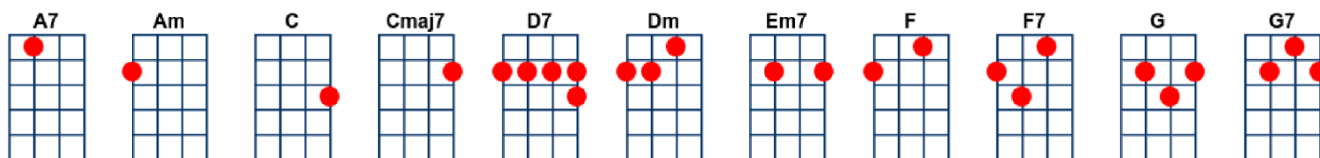
(G) If you could read my mind love, (F) what a tale my thoughts could tell  
 (G) Just like an old-time movie, (F) about a ghost from a wishing well  
 (G) In a castle dark or a (C) fortress strong with (D) chains upon my (Em7) feet  
 But (C) stories always (G) end. And (C) if you read be-(G)-tween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



# I'll Never Fall in Love Again

Artist: Dionne Warwick Writers: Burt Bacharach & Hal David



**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)-en  
(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)

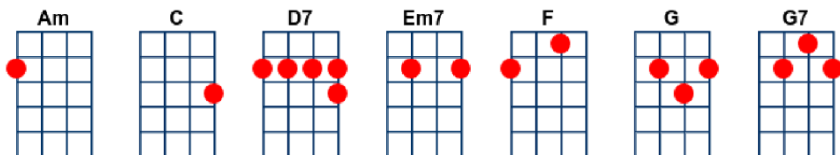
(C) What do you get when you (Am) fall in love?  
You (F) only get lies and pain and sorrow  
So (Em7) for at least (A7) until tomorrow  
(Dm) I'll (G7) never fall in love ag-(F7)-ee-(C)-en  
(F) I'll (G7) never fall in love ag-(Cmaj7)-ain (Cmaj7)

**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



**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**

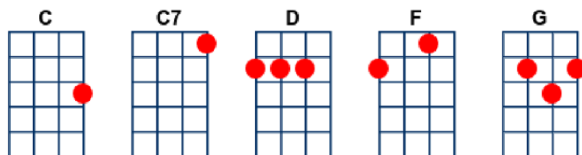
But if (Am) I should lose your (F) love, dear, I (G7) don't know what I'll (C) do,  
(F) For I (C) know I'll (F) never (G7) find, another (C) you (F) (G7)

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



# I'm Into Something Good

Artist: Herman's Hermits Writers: Gerry Goffin & Carole King



**(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 (Ahhhhhhh)  
 But then she **(C)** stuck close to **(F)** me the **(C)** whole night **(C7)** through (Ohhhh)

**(G)** Can I be fallin' in love?  
**(D)** She's everything I've been **(F)** dreaming **(G)** of  
**(G)** (She's everything I've been **(D)** dreaming **(G)** of)

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

**(G)** Something tells me **(F)** I'm into something **(C)** good  
**((C)** Something **(F)** tells me **(C)** I'm into **(C7)** something)

**(G)** We only danced for a minute or two (Ahhhhhhh)  
 But then she **(C)** stuck close to **(F)** me the **(C)** whole night **(C7)** through (Ohhhh)

**(G)** Can I be fallin' in love?  
**(D)** She's everything I've been **(F)** dreaming **(G)** of  
**(G)** (She's everything I've been **(D)** dreaming **(G)** of)

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

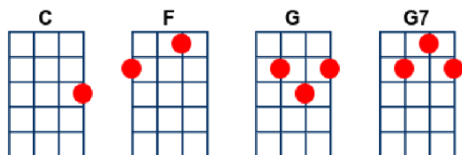
**(G)** Something tells me **(F)** I'm into something **(C)** good  
**((C)** Something **(F)** tells me **(C)** I'm into **(F)** something)  
**((C)** Something **(F)** tells me **(C)** I'm into **(F)** something)

**(C)**/ good



# In the Summertime

Artist: Mungo Jerry Writer: Ray Dorset



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

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

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

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

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

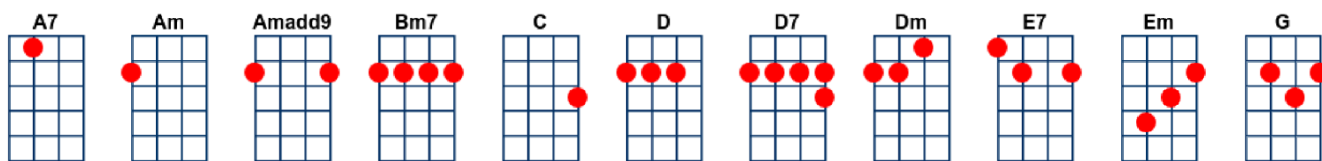
When the (C) winter's here, yeah it's party time  
Bring your bottle wear your bright clothes, it'll soon be summertime  
And we'll (F) sing again, we'll go drivin' or maybe we'll settle (C) down  
If she's (G) rich, if she's nice, bring your (F) friends and we'll all go into (C) town

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



# It Must Be Love

Artist & Writer: Labi Siffre



(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)

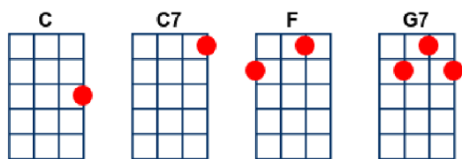
(G) It must be (Bm7) love, love, (C) love (D)

(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

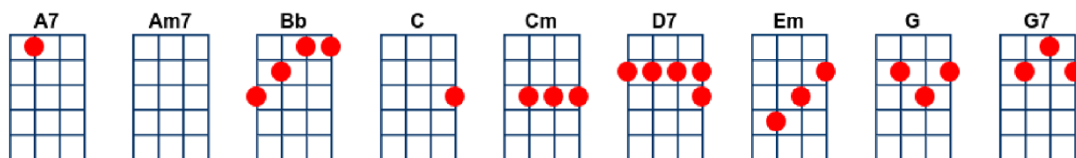
(G7) Oh, (C) Lord it's hard to be humble, when you're perfect in every (G7) way  
 I can't wait to look in the mirror, 'cause I get better lookin' each (C) day  
 To know me is to love me. I (C7) must be a hell of a (F) man  
 Oh, Lord it's hard to be (C) humble, but I'm (G7) doing the best that I (C)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



# It's My Party

Artist: Lesley Gore Writers: Walter Gold, John Gluck Jr, Herb Weiner & Seymour Gottlieb



(G) It's my party and I'll (G7) cry if I want to  
(C) Cry if I want to (Cm), cry if I want to  
(G)// You (Em)// would cry (Am7)// too if it (D7)// happened to  
(G)// you (C)// (G)// (D7)//

(G) Nobody knows where (Bb) Johnny has gone,  
but (G) Judy left at the same (C) time  
(Cm) Why was he (G) holding her hand  
When (A7) he's supposed to hold (D7) mine?

(G) It's my party and I'll (G7) cry if I want to  
(C) Cry if I want to (Cm), cry if I want to  
(G)// You (Em)// would cry (Am7)// too if it (D7)// happened to  
(G)// you (C)// (G)// (D7)//

(G) Play all my records, keep (Bb) dancing all night  
But (G) leave me alone for a (C) while  
(Cm) 'Til Johnny's (G) dancing with me  
I've (A7) got no reason to (D7) smile

(G) It's my party and I'll (G7) cry if I want to  
(C) Cry if I want to (Cm), cry if I want to  
(G)// You (Em)// would cry (Am7)// too if it (D7)// happened to  
(G)// you (C)// (G)// (D7)//

(G) Judy and Johnny just (Bb) walked through the door  
Like (G) a queen with her (C) king  
(Cm) Oh what a (G) perfect surprise  
(A7) Judy's wearing his (D7) ring

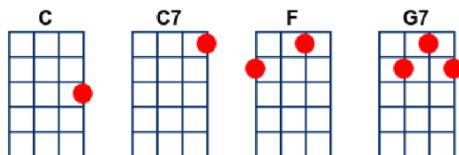
(G) It's my party and I'll (G7) cry if I want to  
(C) Cry if I want to (Cm), cry if I want to  
(G)// You (Em)// would cry (Am7)// too if it (D7)// happened to  
(G)// you (C)// (G)// (D7)//

(G) It's my party and I'll (G7) cry if I want to  
(C) Cry if I want to (Cm), cry if I want to  
(G)// You (Em)// would cry (Am7)// too if it (D7)// happened to  
(G)// you (C)// (G)// (D7)// (G7)/



# Jackson

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



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



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



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



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



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



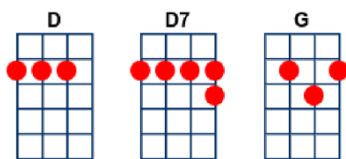
(C) We got married in a fever hotter than a pepper sprout  
 (C) We've been talking 'bout Jackson (C7) ever since the fire went out  
 I'm going to (F) Jackson (Jackson Jackson) and that's a (C) fact  
 Yeah, we're going to (F) Jackson, (G7) ain't never comin' (C) back

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



# Jambalaya

Artist & Writer: Hank Williams



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

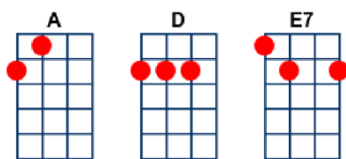
Jamba-**(G)**-laya and a crawfish pie and filet **(D)** gumbo  
 'Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher a-**(G)**-mio  
 Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be **(D)** gay-o  
 Son of a gun, we'll have big **(D7)** fun on the **(G)** bayou

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



# Johnny B Goode

Artist & Writer: Chuck Berry



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...

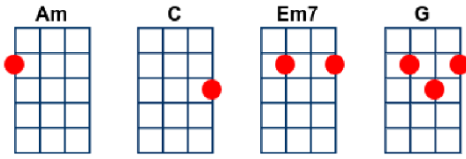
Go...o...**(A)** Go!  
 Go Johnny go go **(A)** go! Go Johnny go go **(D)** go!  
 Go Johnny go go **(A)** go! Go Johnny go go **(E7)** go! Johnny B. **(A)** Goode...

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



# Jolene

Artist & Writer: Dolly Parton



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

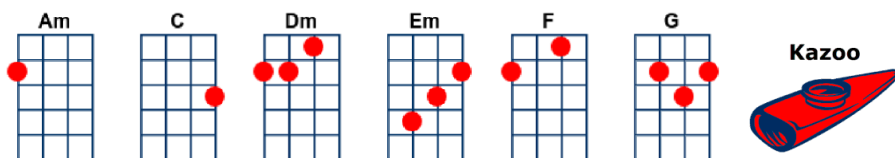
Jo-(Am)-lene Jo-(C)-lene Jo-(G)-lene Jo-(Am)-lene  
 I'm (G) begging of you (Em7) please don't take my (Am) man  
 Jo-(Am)-lene Jo-(C)-lene Jo-(G)-lene Jo-(Am)-lene  
 (G) Please don't take him (Em7) just because you (Am) can

(Am) Jolene Jolene



# Karma Chameleon

Artist: Culture Club Writers: George O'Dowd, Jon Moss, Mikey Craig, Roy Hay, Phil Pickett



**Intro: (C) (G) (Am) (Am) (Dm) (Dm) (C) (G)**

There's a (C) loving in your (G) eyes all the (C) way (C)

If I (C) listen to your (G) lie would you (C) say (C)

I'm a (F) man (F) without con-(G)-viction (G)

I'm a (F) man (F) who doesn't (G) know (G)

How to (F) sell (F) a contra-(G)-diction (G)


You come and (F) go (F), you come and (Am) go (G)/ (stop)

(C) Karma karma karma karma (G) karma chamele-(Am)-on

(Am) You come and (Dm) go, (Dm) you come and (C) go (G) oh

(C) Loving would be easy if your (G) colours were like my (Am) dream

(Am) Red gold and (Dm) green, (Dm) red gold and (C) gree-(G)-een

(C) (G) (Am) (Am) (Dm) (Dm) (C) (G) x 2 

Didn't (C) hear your wicked (G) words every (C) day (C)

And you (C) used to be so (G) sweet I heard you (C) say (C)

That my (F) love (F) was an add-(G)-iction (G)

When we (F) cling (F) our love is (G) strong (G)

When you (F) go (F) you're gone for-(G)-ever (G)


You string al-(F)-ong, (F) you string a-(Am) long (G)/ (stop)

(C) Karma karma karma karma (G) karma chamele-(Am)-on

(Am) You come and (Dm) go, (Dm) you come and (C) go (G) oh

(C) Loving would be easy if your (G) colours were like my (Am) dream

(Am) Red gold and (Dm) green, (Dm) red gold and (C) gree-(G)-een

(C) (G) (Am) (Am) (Dm) (Dm) (C) (G) x 2 

(F) Every day (F) is like (Em) survival (Em)

(F) You're my lover, (F) not my (Am) rival (Am)

(F) Every day (F) is like (Em) survival (Em)

(F) You're my lover, (F) not my (Am) riv-(G)/-al (stop)

(C) Karma karma karma karma (G) karma chamele-(Am)-on

(Am) You come and (Dm) go, (Dm) you come and (C) go (G) oh

(C) Loving would be easy if your (G) colours were like my (Am) dream

(Am) Red gold and (Dm) green, (Dm) red gold and (C) gree-(G)-een

(C) Karma karma karma karma (G) karma chamele-(Am)-on

(Am) You come and (Dm) go, (Dm) you come and (C) go (G) oh

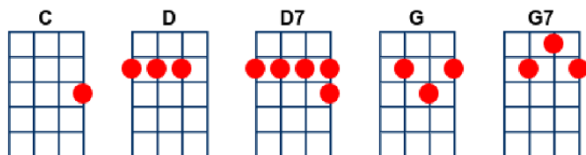
(C) Loving would be easy if your (G) colours were like my (Am) dream

(Am) Red gold and (Dm) green, (Dm) red gold and (C) gree-(G)-een (C)/



# King of the Road

Artist & Writer: Roger Miller



**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

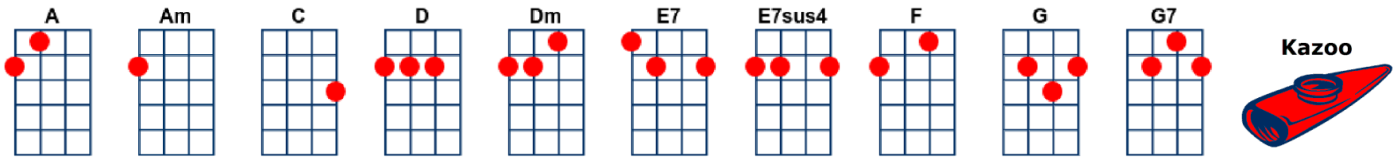
I know (G) every engineer on (C) every train  
(D7) All of their children and (G) all of their names  
And every handout in (C) every town  
And (D) Every lock that ain't locked when (D7) no one's around, I sing...

(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



**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

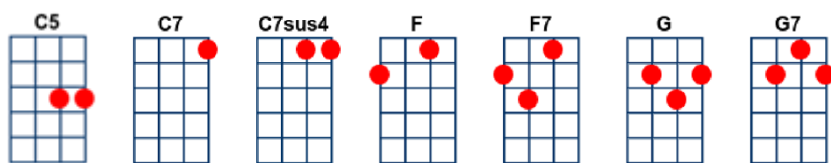
(A) Lady Ma-(D)-donna, (A) children at your (D) feet,  
 (A) Wonder how you (D) manage to (F) make (G) ends (A) meet?

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



# Last Train to Clarksville

Artist: The Monkees Writer: Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart



Take the **(C7)** last train to Clarksville and I'll meet you at the station  
 You can **(C7)** be here by four-thirty cause I've made your reservation  
 Don't be **(F7)** slow . . . oh no, no, no! Oh no, no, **(F)** no!  
 Cause I'm **(C7)** leaving in the morning and I must see you again  
 We'll have **(C7)** one more night together, 'til the morning brings my train  
 And I must **(F7)** go . . . oh no, no, no! Oh no, no, no! **(F)**  
 And I **(G)** don't know if I'm **(G7)** ever coming **(C7)** home

Take the **(C7)** last train to Clarksville, I'll be waiting at the station  
 We'll have **(C7)** time for coffee-flavoured kisses and a bit of conversation,  
**(F7)** Oh! Oh, no no, no! Oh no, no, **(F)** no!

Take the **(C7)** last train to Clarksville and I must hang up the phone  
 I can't **(C7)** hear you in this noisy railroad station all alone  
 I'm feeling **(F7)** low . . . oh no, no, no! Oh no, no, no! **(F)**  
 And I **(G)** don't know if I'm **(G7)** ever coming **(C7)** home

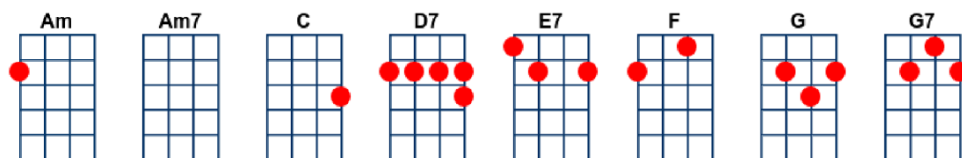
Take the **(C7)** last train to Clarksville and I'll meet you at the station.  
 You can **(C7)** be here by four-thirty cause I've made your reservation  
 Don't be **(F7)** slow . . . oh no, no, no! Oh no, no, no! **(F)**  
 And I **(G)** don't know if I'm **(G7)** ever coming **(C7)** home

Take the **(C5)** last train to **(C7sus4)** Clarksville **(C5) (C7sus4)**  
 It's the **(C5)** last train to **(C7sus4)** Clarksville **(C5) (C7sus4)**  
 Take the **(C5)** last train to **(C7sus4)** Clarksville **(C5) (C7sus4)**  
 It's the **(C5)** last train to **(C7sus4)** Clarksville **(C5) (C)///**



# Leaning on a Lamp Post

Artist: George Formby Writer: Noel Gay



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.

## Top

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.

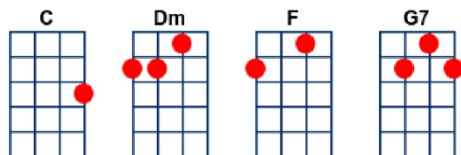
Oh she's (C) absolutely beautiful and marvelous and wonderful,  
And (G7) anyone can understand (C) why,  
I'm (F) leaning on a lamppost at the corner of the (D7) street,  
In case a (C) certain little (G7) lady passes (C) by

## Repeat from Top



## Leaving on a Jet Plane

Artist: Peter Paul & Mary Writer: John Denver



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

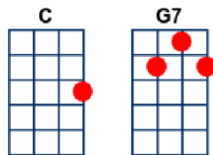
(C) Now the time has come for (F) me to leave you  
 (C) One more time (F) let me kiss you  
 Then (C) close your eyes, (Dm) I'll be on my (G7) way  
 (C) Dream about the (F) days to come  
 When (C) I won't have to (F) leave alone  
 (C) About the times (Dm) I won't have to (G7) say

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



# Lily the Pink

Artist: The Scaffold Writers: John Gorman, Mike McGear & Roger McGough



(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**

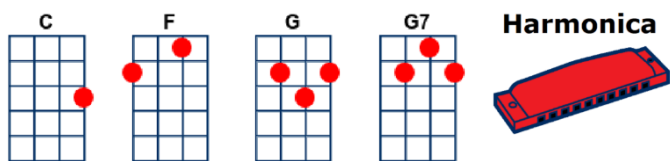
*Up to (C) heaven her soul (G7) ascended, oh the church bells they did (C) ring  
She took with her medicinal (G7) compound, Hark the herald angels (C) sing*

(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



**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*

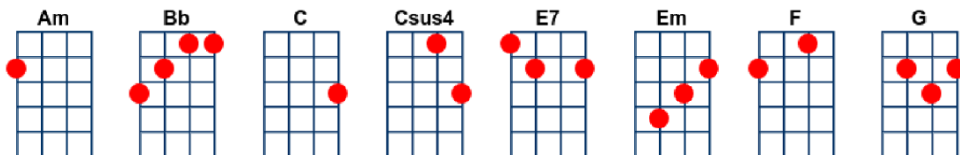


I ask the (G) man behind the bar for the (C) jukebox  
 And the music takes me back to Tennes-(G)-see (G7)  
 When they (C) ask who's the (F) fool in the (C) corner (F) crying  
 I say (C) little old (G) wine (G7) drinker (C) me (G7)  
 I say (C) little old (G) wine (G7) drinker (C) me (G7)  
 I say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



# Little Respect, A

Artist: Erasure writer: Vince Clarke and Andy Bell



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

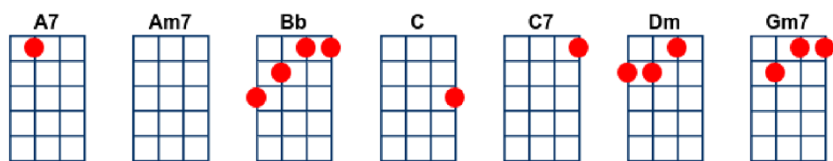
**(C)** Soul - I hear you **(Am)** calling

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



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

**(Dm)** She's into superstitions black cats and voodoo dolls

**(Dm)** I feel a premonition that girl's gonna make me fall

**(Dm)** She's into new sensations new kicks in the candle-light

**(Dm)** She's gotta new addiction for every day and night

She'll **(Gm7)** make you take your clothes off and go **(Am7)** dancing in the rain

She'll make **(Bb)** you live her crazy life but she'll **(C7)** take away your pain

Like a **(A7)** bullet to your brain (come-on)

**Chorus:**

**(Dm)** Upside inside out she's **(C)** Livin' la Vida **(Dm)** Loca

**(Dm)** She'll push and pull you down **(C)** Livin' la Vida **(Dm)** Loca

**(Dm)** Her lips are devil red and **(C)** her skins the colour **(Dm)** mocha

**(Dm)** She will wear you out **(C)** Livin' la Vida **(Dm)** Loca

**(C)** Livin' la Vida **(Dm)** Loca (come on) **(C)** Livin' la Vida **(Dm)** Loca

**(Dm) (Dm) (Dm) (Dm)**

**(Dm)** Woke up in New York city in a funky cheap hotel

**(Dm)** She took my heart and took my money she must have slipped me a sleeping pill

She **(Gm7)** never drinks the water makes you order **(Am7)** French champagne

Once you've **(Bb)** have a taste of her you'll never be **(C7)** the same

Yeah **(A7)** she'll make you go insane (come on)

**Chorus: (Dm)** Upside inside out...

She'll **(Gm7)** make you take your clothes off and go **(Am7)** dancing in the rain

She'll make **(Bb)** you live her crazy life but she'll **(C7)** take away your pain

Like a **(A7)** bullet to your brain (come-on)

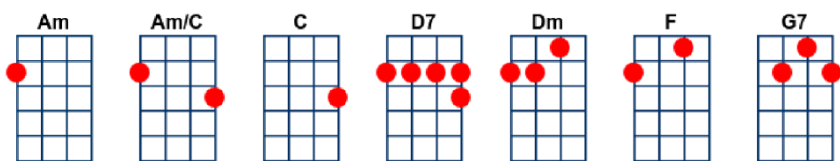
**Chorus: (Dm)** Upside inside out...

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



# Locomotion

Artist: Little Eva Writer: Gerry Goffin and Carole King



(C) Everybody's doin' a (Am/C) brand-new dance, now  
 (C) Come on baby, (Am/C) do the Locomotion  
 (C) I know you'll get to like it if you (Am) give it a chance now  
 (C) Come on baby, (Am/C) do the Locomotion  
 (F) My little baby sister can (Dm) do it with me  
 (F) It's easier than learning your (D7) A-B-C's  
 So (C) come on, come on and (G7) do the Locomotion with (C) me

You gotta (C) swing your hips, now (F) Come on, (F) baby.  
 Jump (C) up Jump (C) back Well, I (G7) think you've got the (G7) knack.

(C) Now that you can do it, (Am/C) let's make a chain, now  
 (C) Come on baby, (Am/C) do the Locomotion  
 (C) A chug-a chug-a motion like a (Am) railroad train, now.  
 (C) Come on baby, (Am/C) do the Locomotion  
 (F) Do it nice and easy, now, (Dm) don't lose control:  
 (F) A little bit of rhythm and a (D7) lot of soul.  
 So (C) come on, come on and (G7) do the Locomotion with (C) me.

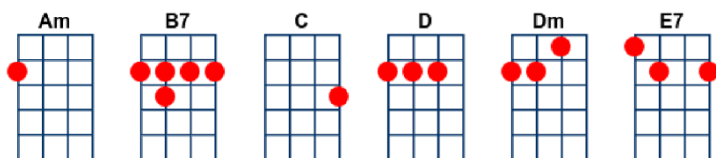
You gotta (C) swing your hips, now (F) Come on, (F) baby.  
 Jump (C) up Jump (C) back Well, I (G7) think you've got the (G7) knack.

(C) Move around the floor in a (Am/C) Locomotion.  
 (C) Come on baby, (Am/C) do the Locomotion  
 (C) Do it holding hands if (Am/C) you get the notion.  
 (C) Come on baby, (Am/C) do the Locomotion  
 There's (F) never been a dance that's so (Dm) easy to do.  
 It (F) even makes you happy when you're (D7) feeling blue,  
 So (C) come on, come on and (G7) do the Locomotion with (C) me (C)//



# Love Potion Number 9

Artist: *The Searchers* Writer: *Jerry Leiber & Mike Stoller*



(Am) I took my troubles down to (Dm) Madame Ruth  
 (Am) You know that gypsy with the (Dm) gold-capped tooth  
 (C) She's got a pad down at 34th and Vine  
 (Dm) Sellin' little bottles of  
 (E7) Love Potion Number (Am) Nine

(Am) I told her that I was a (Dm) flop with chicks  
 (Am) I'd been this way since nineteen (Dm) fifty-six  
 She (C) looked at my palm and she made a magic sign  
 She (Dm) said "What you need is  
 (E7) Love Potion Number (Am) Nine"

(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

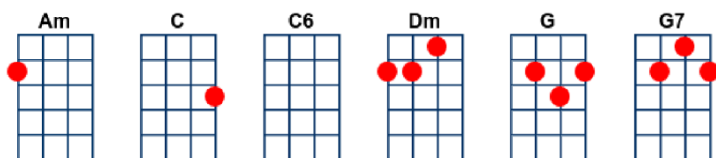
(D) She bent down and turned around and gave me a wink  
 (B7) She said "I'm gonna make it up right here in the sink"  
 (D) It smelled like turpentine and looked like Indian ink  
 (E7) I held my nose, I closed my eyes, I took a drink  
 (Am) I didn't know if it was (Dm) day or night  
 (Am) I started 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



# Mack The Knife

Artist: Louis Armstrong Writers: Kurt Weill, Bertolt Brecht & Bobby Darin



(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)**

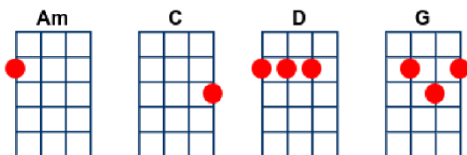
(NC) Jenny (C6) Diver, Sukey (Dm) Tawdry,  
Lotte (G7) Lenya, sweet Lucy (C6) Brown,  
Well the (Am) line forms, on the (Dm) right girls,  
You know that (G) Macky's (G7) **Stop!**

(NC) He's back in (C) town!



# Mad World

Artist: Tears For Fears Writer: Roland Orzabal



**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

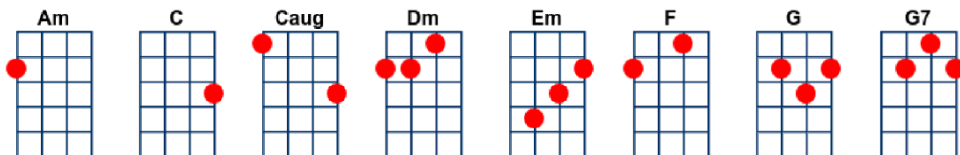
(Am) And I find it kind of (D) funny, I find it kind of (Am) sad  
The dreams in which I'm (D) dying are the best I've ever (Am) had  
I find it hard to (D) tell you 'cos I find it hard to (Am) take  
When people run in (D) circles, it's a very very  
(Am) mad (D) world - (Am) mad (D) world

(Am)/



# Mamma Mia

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



**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

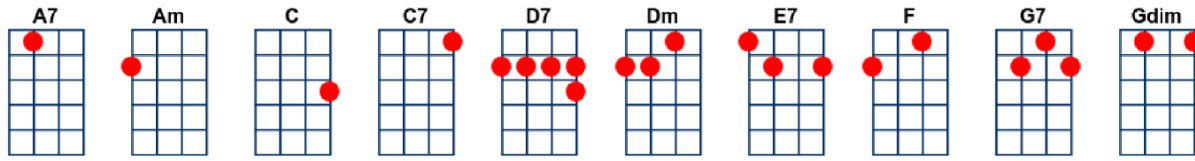
(C) Mamma mia, here I go again (F) My my, how can I resist you?  
(C) Mamma mia, does it show again? (F) My my, just how much I've missed you  
(C) Yes, I've been (G) broken-hearted, (Am) blue since the (Em) day we parted  
(F) Why, why (Dm) did I ever (G7) let you go?  
(C) Mamma mia, (Am) now I really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

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



# Maxwell's Silver Hammer

Artist: The Beatles Writer: Paul McCartney, John Lennon



(C)// (E7)// (Am)// (C7)// (F)// (G7)// (C)/ (G7)/ (C)/

(C) Joan was quizzical (A7) studied pataphysical (Dm) science in the (Dm) home  
(G7) Late nights all a-(G7)-lone with a test tube (C) oh oh oh (G7) oh  
(C) Maxwell Edison (A7) majoring in medicine (Dm) calls her on the (Dm) phone  
(G7) Can I take you (G7) out to the pictures (C) Jo-o-o-o-(G7)-an  
But (D7) as she's getting (D7) ready to go,  
A (G7)// knock (Gdim)// comes on the (G7) door

(C) Bang Bang Maxwell's (C) silver hammer came (D) down upon her (D7) head  
(G7) Bang bang Maxwell's (G7) silver hammer  
Made (Dm)// sure that (G7)// she was (C)/ dead (G7)/ (C)/

(C)// (E7)// (Am)// (C7)// (F)// (G7)// (C)/ (G7)/ (C)/

(C) Back in school again (A7) Maxwell plays the fool again  
(Dm) Teacher gets an-(Dm)-noyed  
(G7) Wishing to a-(G7)-void an unpleasant (C) sce-e-e-(G7)-ene  
(C) She tells Max to stay (A7) when the class has gone away  
(Dm) so he waits be-(Dm)-hind  
(G7) Writing fifty (G7) times I must not be (C) so-o-o-(G7)-o  
But (D7) when she turns her (D7) back on the boy  
He (G7)// creeps up (Gdim)// from be-(G7)-hind

(C) Bang Bang Maxwell's (C) silver hammer came (D7) down upon her (D7) head  
(G7) Bang bang Maxwell's (G7) silver hammer  
Made (Dm)// sure that (G7)// she was (C)/ dead (G7)/ (C)/

(C)// (E7)// (Am)// (C7)// (F)// (G7)// (C)/ (G7)/ (C)/

(C) P.C. Thirtyone (A7) said we caught a dirty one  
(Dm) Maxwell stands a-(Dm)-lone  
(G7) Painting testi-(G7)-monial pictures (C) oh oh oh (G7) oh  
(C) Rose and Valerie (A7) screaming from the gallery  
(Dm) say he must go (Dm) free  
The (G7) judge does not a-(G7)-gree and he tells them (C) so-o-o-(G7)-o  
But (D7) as the words are (D7) leaving his lips  
A (G7)// noise comes (Gdim)// from be-(G7)-hind

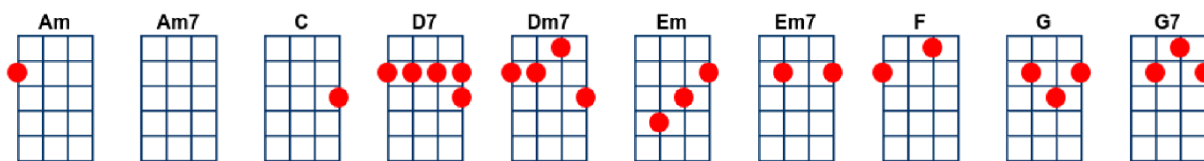
(C) Bang Bang Maxwell's (C) silver hammer came (D7) down upon his (D7) head  
(G7) Bang bang Maxwell's (G7) silver hammer  
Made (Dm)// sure that (G7)// he was (C)/ dead (G7)/ (C)/

(C)// (E7)// (Am)// (C7)// (F)// (G7)// (C)/ (G7)/ (C)/



# Meet Me on The Corner

Artist: Lindisfame Writer: Rod Clements



(C) (G) (Am) (G) (F) (G) (C) (G)

(C) Hey Mister (G) Dreamseller (Am) where have you (G) been,  
Tell me (F) have you (G) dreams I can (C) see? (G)  
I (F) came a-(G)-long just to (C) bring you this (Am) song,  
Can you (D7) spare one (G) dream for (C) me? (G)

(C) You won't have (G) met me and (Am) you'll soon for-(G)-get,  
So don't (F) mind me (G) tugging at your (C) sleeve, (G)  
I'm (F) asking (G) you if I can (C) fix a rendez-(Am)-vous,  
For your (D7) dreams are (G) all I be-(C)-lieve (C)

(Dm) Meet me on the (Dm) corner when the (Em7) lights are coming (Em7) on  
And I'll be (C) there, I promise I'll be (Am) there, (Am7)  
(Dm) Down the empty (Dm) streets we'll disa-(Em7)-ppear into the (Am) dawn,  
If you have (Dm) dreams e-(F)-nough to (G) share (G7) (Em7) (G7)

(C) Lay down your (G) bundles of (Am) rags and re-(G)-minders  
And (F) spread your (G) wares on the (C) ground, (G)  
Well (F) I've got (G) time if you're (C) dealing (Am) rhyme,  
(D7) I'm just (G) hanging a-(C)-round (C)

(Dm) Meet me on the (Dm) corner when the (Em7) lights are coming (Em7) on  
And I'll be (C) there, I promise I'll be (Am) there, (Am7)  
(Dm) Down the empty (Dm) streets we'll disa-(Em7)-ppear into the (Am) dawn,  
If you have (Dm) dreams e-(F)-nough to (G) share (G7) (Em7) (G7)

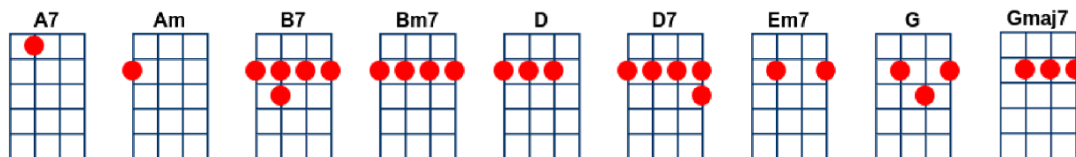
(C) Hey Mister (G) Dreamseller (Am) where have you (G) been,  
Tell me (F) have you (G) dreams I can (C) see? (G)  
I (F) came a-(G)-long just to (C) bring you this (Am) song,  
Can you (D7) spare one (G) dream for (C) me? (C)

(C) (G) (Am) (G) (F) (G) (C) (C)/ (F)/ (C)/



# My Guy

Artist: Mary Wells Writer: Smokey Robinson



(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...

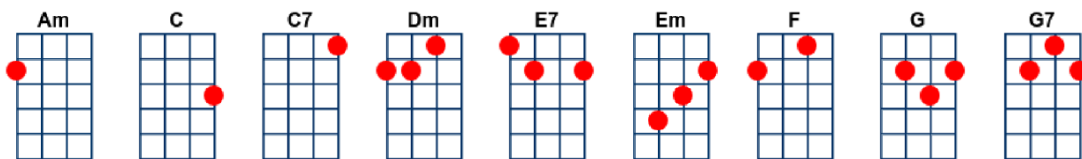
There's not a (G) man to-(Gmaj7)-day who can (Am) take me aw-(D)-ay  
From (G) my guy (Em7) (Gmaj7) (Em7)

(G) (Em7) (Gmaj7) (Em7) (G)/



# My Love

Artist: Petula Clark Writer: Tony Hatch



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

## Chorus:

My love is (F) warmer than the (Dm)// warmest (G7)// sunshine,  
 (Em) softer than a (Am) sigh  
 My love is (Dm) deeper than the (G7) deepest ocean  
 (C) wider than the (C7) sky....  
 (C) My love is (F) brighter than the (Dm)// brightest (G7)// star  
 That (Em) shines every night a-(Am)-bove.  
 And there is (Dm) nothing in this (G7) world that can ever  
 (F)// change (G7)// my (C) love

(F) (G) (G)

(C) Something happened (F) to my heart the (G7) day that I met (C) you  
 (C) Something that I (F) never felt be-(G)-fore (G7)  
 (C) You are always (F) on my mind no (G) matter what I (E7)// do (Am)//  
 and (Dm) everyday it (G) seems that I want you (C) more

Chorus: (C) My love is (F) warmer than the (Dm)// warmest...

(F) (G) (G)

(C) Once I thought that (F) love was meant for (G7) anyone else but (C) me  
 (C) Once I thought you'd (F) never come my (G) way (G7)  
 (C) Now it only (F) goes to show how (G) wrong we all can (E7)// be (Am)//  
 for (Dm) now I have to (G) tell you every-(C)-day

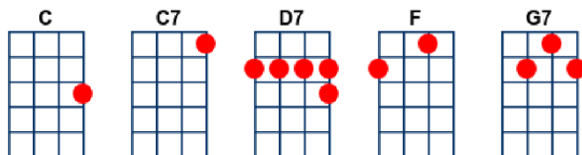
Chorus: (C) My love is (F) warmer than the (Dm)// warmest...

(C) And there is (Dm) nothing in this (G7) world that can ever  
 (F) change (G7) my (C) love (C)///



# My Old Man's A Dustman

Artist: Lonnie Donegan Writers: Lonnie Donegan, Peter Buchanan & Beverly Thorn



Now (C)/ here's a little (F)/ story to (D7)/ tell it is a (G7)/ must  
(C)/ About an unsung (F)/ hero that (D7)/ moves away your (G7)/ dust  
Some (G7)/ people make a (C)/ fortune (G7)/ other's earn a (C)/ mint  
(G7)/ My old man don't (C)/ earn much, in (D7)/ fact he's flippin' (G7)/ skint

### Refrain:

**(G7) Oh! my (C) old man's a dustman he wears a dustman's (G7) hat  
He wears cor blimey trousers and he lives in a council (C) flat**

He looks a proper nanner in his great (C7) big hob nailed (F) boots  
He's (G7) got such a job to pull 'em up that he calls them daisy (C) roots  
(C) Some folks give tips at Christmas and some of them (G7) forget  
So when he picks their bins up he spills some on the (C) steps  
Now one old man got nasty and (C7) to the council (F) wrote  
Next (G7) time my old man went 'round there he punched him up the (C) throat

### Refrain

I say I say I say, I found a police dog in my dustbin How do you know he's a police  
dog? He had a policeman with him!

(C) Though my old man's a dustman he's got a heart of (G7) gold  
He got married recently though he's 86 years (C) old  
We said 'Ere! Hang on Dad you're (C7) getting past your (F) prime'  
(G7) He said ' Well when you get to my age it helps to pass the (C) time'

### Refrain

I say I say I say! My dustbins full of lilies Well throw 'em away then  
I can't Lilly's wearing them!

(C) Now one day while in a hurry he missed a lady's (G7) bin  
He hadn't gone but a few yards when she chased after (C) him  
'What game do you think you're playing' she (C7) cried right from the (F) heart  
(G7) 'You've missed me, am I too late?' 'No - jump up on the cart!'

### Refrain

I say I say I say What you again? My dustbin's absolutely full with toadstools  
How do you know it's full? 'Cos there's not "mush room" inside!

(C) He found a tiger's head one day, nailed to a piece of (G7) wood  
The tiger looked quite miserable but I suppose it (C) should  
Just then from out a window, a (C7) voice began to (F) wail  
(G7) He said Oi! Where's me tiger head? Four foot from it's (C) tail!

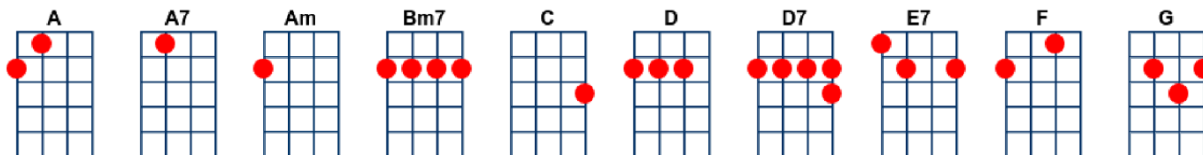
### Refrain

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



# Night Before, The

Artist: The Beatles Writers: Paul McCartney & John Lennon



**Intro:** (D) (G) (D) (F)// (G)//

(D) We said our good-(C)-bye-(G)-ees - the (A) night before  
 (D) Love was in your (C) eye-(G)-ees - the (A) night before  
 (Bm7) Now today I (G) find, (Bm7) you have changed your (G) mind  
 (D) Treat me like you (G) did the night be-(D)-fore (F)// (G)//

(D) Were you telling (C) liee-(G)-ees? The (A) night before  
 (D) Was I so un-(C)-wii-(G)-ise? The (A) night before  
 (Bm7) When I held you (G) near, (Bm7) you were so sin-(G)-cere  
 (D) Treat me like you (G) did the night be-(D)-fore (D)

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

(D) We said our good-(C)-bye-(G)-ees - the (A) night before  
 (D) Love was in your (C) eye-(G)-ees - the (A) night before  
 (Bm7) Now today I (G) find, (Bm7) you have changed your (G) mind  
 (D) Treat me like you (G) did the night be-(D)-fore (F)// (G)//

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

(D) Were you telling (C) liee-(G)-ees? The (A) night before  
 (D) Was I so un-(C)-wii-(G)-ise? The (A) night before  
 (Bm7) When I held you (G) near, (Bm7) you were so sin-(G)-cere  
 (D) Treat me like you (G) did the night be-(D)-fore (D)

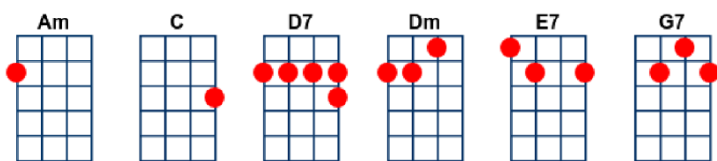
(Am) Last night is the (D7) night I will re-(G)-member you (G) by  
 (Bm7) When I think, of (E7) things we did, it (A7) makes me wanna (A7) cry

(D) Were you telling (C) lie-(G)-ees? The (A) night before  
 (D) Was I so un-(C)-wii-(G)-ise? The (A) night before  
 (Bm7) When I held you (G) near, (Bm7) you were so sin-(G)-cere  
 (D) Treat me like you (G) did the night be-(D)-fore  
 (F) Like the night be-(D)-fore (D)/



# Night has a Thousand Eyes, The

Artist: Bobby Vee Writers: Benjamin Weisman, Dorothy Wayne & Marilyn Garrett



**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.

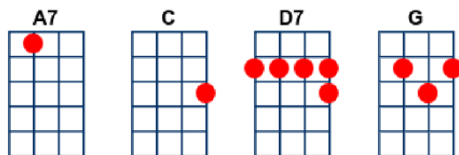
Cause the (Am) night has a thousand eyes,  
And a thousand (Dm) eyes, can't help but (C) see,  
If (Dm) you are (G7) true to (C) me,  
So rem-(Dm)-ember when (G7) you tell, those (C) little white (Am) lies,  
That the (Dm) night, (G7) has a thousand (C) eyes.

That the (Dm) night, (G7) has a thousand (C) eyes.



# Nine to Five

Artist: Dolly Parton Writer: Dolly Parton



(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.

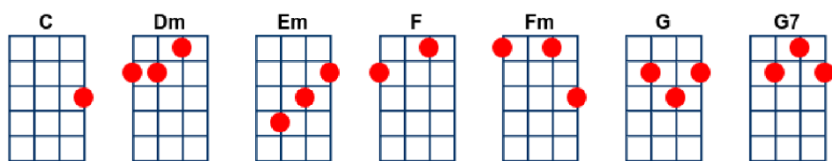
Working (C) nine to five what a way to make a living,  
 Barely (G) getting by, it's all taking and no giving,  
 They just (C) use your mind and they never give you credit,  
 It's (A7) enough to drive you (D7) crazy if you let it.  
 (C) Nine to five they got you where they want you,  
 there's a (G)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



(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?

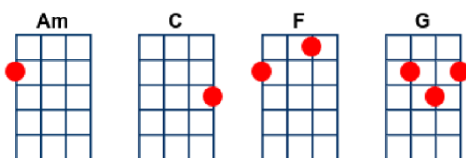
Nowhere (Em) man, please (F) listen.  
You don't (Em) know what you're (F) missing.  
Nowhere (Em) man, the (Dm) world is at your command. (G7)

(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.



# Octopus's Garden

Artist: The Beatles Writer: Richard Starkey (Ringo Starr)



(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

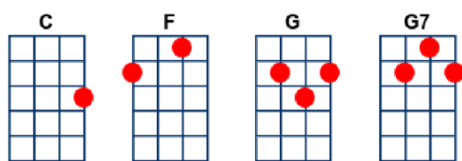
(C) We would shout (Am) and swim about  
The (F) coral that lies beneath the (G) waves  
(C) Oh what joy for (Am) every girl and boy  
(F) Knowing they're happy and they're (G) safe

(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



(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

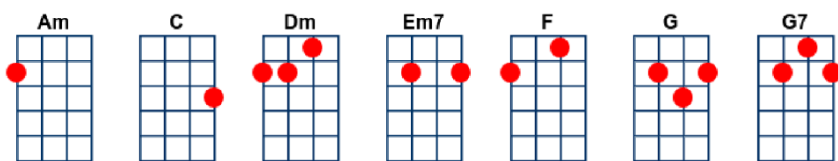
(G7) Stars appear and shadows falling  
(C) You can hear my heart calling  
(F) And a little bit of loving makes everything right  
(G) I'm gonna see my baby tonight

(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



# Oh What A Night

Artist: The Four Seasons Writers: Bob Gaudio & Judy Parker



(C) (Am) (F) (G) (C) (Am) (F) (G)

Oh, what a (C) night (Am).....

(F) late De-(G)-cember back in (C) 'sixty-(Am)-three.

(F) What a (G) very special (C) time for (Am) me..

As (F) I rem-(G)-ember what a (C) night. (Am) (F) (G7)

Oh, what a (C) night (Am).....

you (F) know, I (G) didn't even (C) know her (Am) name,

But (F) I was (G) never gonna (C) be the (Am) same...

(F) what a (G) lady, what a (C) night. (Am) (F) (G7)

Oh, (Dm) I, (Dm)

I (F) got a funny (F) feeling when she (Am) walked (Am) in the (G) room, (G)

And (Dm) I, (Dm) as (F) I recall, it (F) ended much too (G) soon. (G) (G7)

(G7) Oh, what a (C) night (Am).....

(F) hypno-(G)-tizing, Mesmer-(C)-izing (Am) me.

(F) She was (G) everything I (C) dreamed she'd (Am) be.

(F) Sweet surr-(G)-ender, what a (C) night. (Am) (F) (G7)

(Am) (Am) (Dm) (Dm) (Am) (Am) (Dm) (Dm)

(F) I felt a (F) rush like a (Em7) rolling bolt of (Em7) thunder..

(F) Spinnin' my (F) head around and (G) taking my body (G7) under..

Oh what a (C) night. (Am) (F) (G) (C) (Am) (F) (G7)

Oh, (Dm) I, (Dm)

I (F) got a funny (F) feeling when she (Am) walked (Am) in the (G) room, (G)

And (Dm) I, (Dm) as (F) I recall, it (F) ended much too (G) soon. (G) (G7)

(G7) Oh, what a (C) night (Am).....

(F) why'd it take so (G) long, to (C) see the (Am) light?

(F) Seemed so (G) wrong, but now it (C) seems so (Am) right.

(F) What a (G) lady, what a (C) night! (Am) (F) (G7)

(Am) (Am) (Dm) (Dm) (Am) (Am) (Dm) (Dm)

(F) I felt a (F) rush like a (Em7) rolling bolt of (Em7) thunder..

(F) Spinnin' my (F) head around and (G) taking my body (G7) under..

Oh what a (C) night. (Am) (F) (G7)

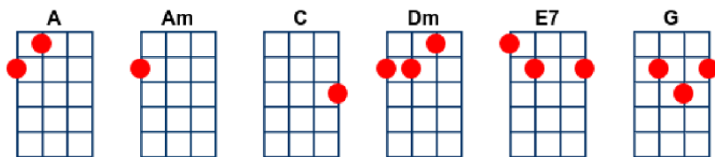
Oh, what a (C) night (Am) (F) (G7)

Oh, what a (C) night (Am) (F) (G7) (C)/



# Old Bazaar in Cairo, The

Artist: Phillip Swan Writers: Charlie Chester, Ken Morris & Clinton Ford



(Am) Sand bags wind bags (Dm) camels with a (Am) hump,  
Fat girls thin girls (Dm) some a little (Am) plump,  
Slave girls sold here (Dm) fifty bob a lump,  
In the (E7) old bazaar in (Am) Cairo.

(Am) Brandy shandy (Dm) beer without a (Am) froth,  
Braces laces a (Dm) candle for the (Am) moth,  
Bet you'd look a dolly in an (Dm) old loin cloth,  
In the (E7) old bazaar in (Am) Cairo.

(G) You can buy most (C) any anything,  
(G) Thin bulls fat cows a (C) little bit of string,  
(A) You can purchase (Dm) anything you wish,  
A (E7) clock, a dish and something for your Auntie Fannie.

(Am) Harem scarem (Dm) what d'ya think of (Am) that,  
Bare knees striptease (Dm) dancing on the (Am) mat,  
Oompa oompa (Dm) that's enough of that,  
In the (E7) old bazaar in (Am) Cairo.

(Am) Rice pud very good (Dm) what's it all ab-(Am)-out,  
Made it in a kettle and they (Dm) couldn't get it (Am) out,  
Everybody took a turn to (Dm) suck it through the spout,  
In the (E7) old bazaar in (Am) Cairo.

(Am) Mamadan Ramadan (Dm) everything in (Am) style,  
Genuine Bedouin (Dm) carpet with a (Am) pile,  
(Am) Funny little odds and ends (Dm) floating down the Nile,  
From the (E7) old bazaar in (Am) Cairo.

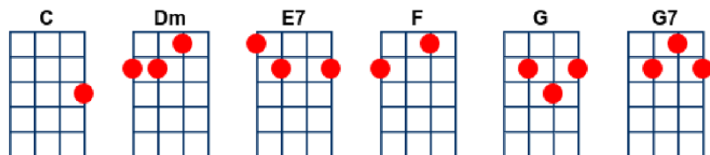
(G) You can buy most (C) any anything,  
(G) Sheep's eyes sand pies a (C) watch without a spring,  
(A) You can buy a (Dm) pomegranate too,  
A (E7) waaaterbag a little bit of hokey pokey.

(Am) Yashmaks pontefracts (Dm) what a strange aff-(Am)-air,  
Dark girls fair girls (Dm) some with ginger (Am) hair,  
The rest of it is funny but the (Slower) (Dm) censor cut it there, (Tremolo strum)  
In the (E7) old bazaar in (Am) Cairo.



# On The Road Again

Artist: The Highwaymen Writer: Willie Nelson



**(C) (C)/ (stop)**

On the **(C)** road again **(C) (C)**  
I **(C)** just can't wait to get on the **(E7)** road again **(E7) (E7)**  
The life I **(E7)** love is making **(Dm)** music with my **(Dm)** friends  
And **(F)** I can't wait to get **(G)** on the road a-**(C)**-gain **(C)**

On the **(C)** road again **(C) (C)**  
Goin' **(C)** places that I've **(E7)** never been **(E7) (E7)**  
Seein' **(E7)** things that I may **(Dm)** never see a-**(Dm)**-gain  
And **(F)** I can't wait to get **(G)** on the road a-**(C)**-gain **(C)**

On the **(F)** road again **(F)**  
Like a **(F)** band of gypsies **(F)** we go down the **(C)** highway **(C)**  
We're the **(F)** best of friends **(F)**  
In-**(F)**-sisting that the **(F)** world keep turning **(C)** our way **(C)**  
And **(G7)** our way is...

On the **(C)** road again **(C) (C)**  
I **(C)** just can't wait to get on the **(E7)** road again **(E7) (E7)**  
The life I **(E7)** love is making **(Dm)** music with my **(Dm)** friends  
And **(F)** I can't wait to get **(G)** on the road a-**(C)**-gain **(C)**

## **Instrumental:**

*On the **(C)** road again **(C) (C)**  
I **(C)** just can't wait to get on the **(E7)** road again **(E7) (E7)**  
The life I **(E7)** love is making **(Dm)** music with my **(Dm)** friends  
And **(F)** I can't wait to get **(G)** on the road a-**(C)**-gain **(C)***

On the **(F)** road again **(F)**  
Like a **(F)** band of gypsies **(F)** we go down the **(C)** highway **(C)**  
We're the **(F)** best of friends **(F)**  
In-**(F)**-sisting that the **(F)** world keep turning **(C)** our way **(C)**  
And **(G7)** our way is...

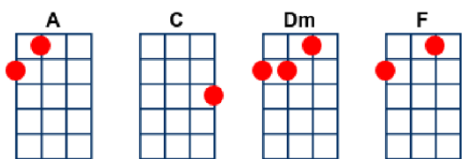
On the **(C)** road again **(C) (C)**  
I **(C)** just can't wait to get on the **(E7)** road again **(E7) (E7)**  
The life I **(E7)** love is making **(Dm)** music with my **(Dm)** friends  
And **(F)** I can't wait to get **(G)** on the road a-**(C)**-gain **(C)**  
And **(F)** I can't wait to get **(G)** on the road a-**(C)**-gain **(C)**

**(F) (G) (C) (C)/ (F)/ (C)/**



# Paint it Black

Artist: The Rolling Stones Writers: Mick Jagger & Keith Richards



(Dm) I see my red door and I (A) want it painted black,  
 (Dm) No colours anymore, I (A) want them to turn black  
 (Dm) I (C) see the (F) girls walk (C) by dressed (Dm) in their summer clothes,  
 (Dm) I (C) have to (F) turn my (C) head unt-(Dm)-il my darkness (A) goes

(Dm) I see a line of cars and (A) they're all painted black  
 (Dm) With flowers and my love both (A) never to come back  
 (Dm) I (C) see people (F) turn their (C) heads and (Dm) quickly look away  
 (Dm) Like a (C) newborn (F) baby (C) it just (Dm) happens every-(A)-day

(Dm) I look inside myself and (A) see my heart is black  
 (Dm) I see my red door and it's (A) heading into black  
 (Dm) Maybe (C) then I'll (F) fade a-(C)-way and not (Dm) have to face the facts  
 (Dm) It's not (C) easy (F) facing (C) up when (Dm) your whole world is (A) black

(Dm) No more will my green sea go (A) turn a deeper blue,  
 (Dm) I could not foresee this thing (A) happening to you,  
 (Dm) If I (C) look (F) hard en-(C)-ough in-(Dm)-to the setting sun,  
 (Dm) My (C) love will (F) laugh with (C) me be-(Dm)-fore the morning (A) comes

(Dm) I see my red door and I (A) want it painted black,  
 (Dm) No colours anymore, I (A) want them to turn black  
 (Dm) I (C) see the (F) girls walk (C) by dressed (Dm) in their summer clothes,  
 (Dm) I (C) have to (F) turn my (C) head un-(Dm)-til my darkness (A) goes

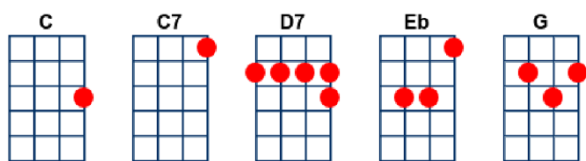
(Dm) Mm mm mm mm mm mm mm (A) mm mm mm mm mm mm  
 (Dm) Mm mm mm mm mm mm mm (A) mm mm mm mm mm mm  
 (Dm) Mm mm mm mm mm mm mm (A) mm mm mm mm mm mm  
 (Dm) Mm mm mm mm mm mm mm (A) mm mm mm mm mm mm

I wanna see it (Dm) painted ,painted, painted... painted (A) black, oh  
 I wanna see it (Dm) painted ,painted, painted... painted (A) black, oh (Dm)



# Peggy Sue

Artist: Buddy Holly Writers: Buddy Holly, Jerry Allison, and Norman Petty



**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)

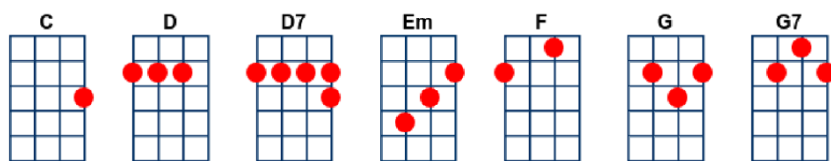
(G) I love you (C) Peggy Sue, (G) With a (C) love so (G) rare and true  
Oh (C) Peggy, my Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G)  
Well, I (D7) love you gal and I (C) want you Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G) (D7)

Oh, well, I (D7) love you gal, yes | (C) need you (C7) Peggy (G) Sue (C) (G) (G)



# Penny Arcade

Artist: Roy Orbison Writer: Sammy King



## Intro: (C) (C)

A (C) light shone in the (C) night somewhere a-(F)-head (F)  
(D) Blue turned into (D7) green, then it was (G) red (G7)  
(C) And stirring the (C) night, love music (F) played (F)  
The (D) light I saw in the (D7) night was a  
Penny Ar-(G)//-ca-(F)//-de (Em)// (G)//

(C) Step up and play, each ma-(C)-chine seemed to say  
As I (C) walked round and round the penny ar-(G)-cade  
(G7) Just ring the bell on the (G7) big bagatelle  
And you'll (G7) make all the coloured lights cas-(C)-cade  
And music (F) played (F) in the penny ar-(C)-cade (C)  
Yes it (F) played and it played (G) played all the time  
(C)// Roll up and (F)// spend your last (C) dime!

(C) At first I thought it a (C) dream that I was (F) in (F)  
(D) Lost, lost in a (D7) sea of glass and (G) tin (G7)  
But (C) no, so dipping my (C) hand in the back of my (F) jeans (F)  
I (D) grabbed a handful of (D7) coins  
To feed the (G)// mach-(F)//-ines (Em)// (G)//

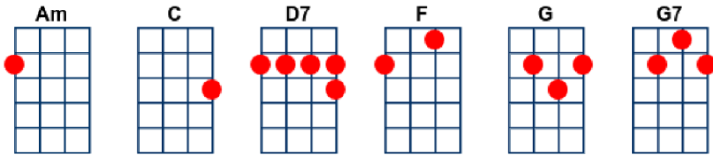
(C) Step up and play, each ma-(C)-chine seemed to say  
As I (C) walked round and round the penny ar-(G)-cade  
(G7) Just ring the bell on the (G7) big bagatelle  
And you'll (G7) make all the coloured lights cas-(C)-cade  
And music (F) played (F) in the penny ar-(C)-cade (C)  
Yes it (F) played and it played (G) played all the time  
(C)// Roll up and (F)// spend your last (C) dime!

(C) Step up and play, each ma-(C)-chine seemed to say  
As I (C) walked round and round the penny ar-(G)-cade  
(G7) Just ring the bell on the (G7) big bagatelle  
And you'll (G7) make all the coloured lights cas-(C)-cade  
And music (F) played (F) in the penny ar-(C)-cade (C)  
Yes it (F) played and it played (G) played all the time  
(C)// Roll up and (F)// spend your last  
(C)// Roll up and (F)// spend your last  
(C)// roll up and (F)// spend your last (C) dime (C)//



## Piano Man

Artist and writer: Billy Joel

**Note:** 3:4 time**(C) (G) (F) (C) (F) (G) (C) (C)**

It's **(C)** nine o'-**(G)**-clock on a **(F)** Saturday **(C)** the re-**(F)**-gular **(C)** crowd shuff-**(D7)**-les in **(G)**  
 There's an **(C)** old man sitt-**(G)**-ing **(F)** next to **(C)** me making **(F)** love to his **(G)** tonic and **(C)** gin **(C)**  
**(C) (G) (F) (C) (F) (G) (C) (C)**

He says **(C)** son can you **(G)** play me a **(F)** memory **(C)** I'm **(F)** not really **(C)** sure how it **(D7)** goes **(G)** but  
 It's **(C)** sad and it's **(G)** sweet and I **(F)** knew it com-**(C)**-plete, when **(F)** I wore a **(G)** younger man's **(C)** clothes **(C)**  
**(Am) La la-la, (Am) di-di (D7) daaaa (D7) (Am) la-la (Am) di-di (D7) daaaa (D7), da (G) dum (F) (C) (G7)**

**(C)** Sing us a **(G)** song you're the **(F)** piano man **(C)** **(F)** sing us a **(C)** song to-**(D7)**-night **(G)**  
 Well we're **(C)** all in the **(G)** mood for a **(F)** melody **(C)** and **(F)** you've got us **(G)** feeling al-**(C)**-right **(C)**  
**(C) (G) (F) (C) (F) (G) (C) (C)**

Now **(C)** John at the **(G)** bar is a **(F)** friend of mine **(C)** he **(F)** gets me my **(C)** drinks for **(D7)** free **(G)** and he's  
**(C)** quick with a **(G)** joke and he'll **(F)** light up your **(C)** smoke but there's **(F)** some place that **(G)** he'd rather **(C)** be **(C)**  
 He says **(C)** Bill I be-**(G)**-lieve this is **(F)** killing me **(C)** as the **(F)** smile ran a-**(C)**-way from his **(D7)** face **(G)**  
 Well I'm **(C)** sure that I **(G)** could be a **(F)** movie star **(C)** If **(F)** I could get **(G)** out of this **(C)** place **(C)**  
**(Am) La la-la, (Am) di-di (D7) daaaa (D7) (Am) la-la, (Am) di-di (D7) daaaa (D7), da (G) dum (F) (C) (G7)**

**(C)** Now Paul is a **(G)** real estate **(F)** novelist **(C)** who **(F)** never had **(C)** time for a **(D7)** wife **(G)**  
 And he's **(C)** talking with **(G)** Davy who's **(F)** still in the **(C)** Navy and **(F)** probably **(G)** will be for **(C)** life **(C)**  
**(C) (G) (F) (C) (F) (G) (C) (C)**

And the **(C)** waitress is **(G)** practicing **(F)** politics **(C)** as the **(F)** businessman **(C)** slowly gets **(D7)** stoned **(G)**  
 Yes they're **(C)** sharing a **(G)** drink they call **(F)** loneliness **(C)** but it's **(F)** better than **(G)** drinking a-**(C)**-lone **(C)**  
**(C) (G) (F) (C) (F) (G) (C) (C)**

**(C)** Sing us a **(G)** song you're the **(F)** piano man **(C)** **(F)** sing us a **(C)** song to-**(D7)**-night **(G)**  
 Well we're **(C)** all in the **(G)** mood for a **(F)** melody **(C)** and **(F)** you've got us all **(G)** feeling al-**(C)**-right **(C)**  
**(C) (G) (F) (C) (F) (G) (C) (C)**

It's a **(C)** pretty good **(G)** crowd for a **(F)** Saturday **(C)** and the **(F)** manager **(C)** gives me a **(D7)** smile **(G)** cause he **(C)**  
 knows that it's **(G)** me they've been **(F)** coming to **(C)** see to for-**(F)**-get about **(G)** life for a **(C)** while **(C)**

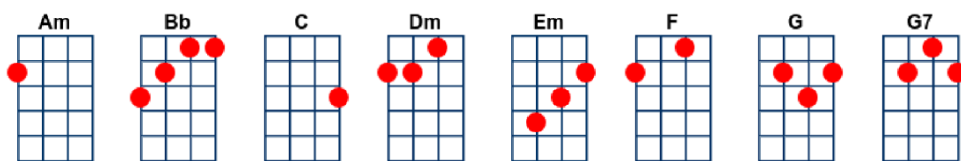
And the **(C)** piano it **(G)** sounds like a **(F)** carnival **(C)** and the **(F)** microphone **(C)** smells like a **(D7)** beer **(G)**  
 And they **(C)** sit at the **(G)** bar and put **(F)** bread in my **(C)** jar and say **(F)** man what are **(G)** you doing **(C)** here **(C)**  
**(Am) La la-la, (Am) di-di (D7) daaaa (D7) (Am) la-la, (Am) di-di (D7) daaaa (D7), da (G) dum (F) (C) (G7)**

**(C)** Sing us a **(G)** song you're the **(F)** piano man **(C)** **(F)** sing us a **(C)** song to-**(D7)**-night **(G)**  
 Well we're **(C)** all in the **(G)** mood for a **(F)** melody **(C)** and **(F)** you've got us all **(G)** feeling al-**(C)**-right **(C)**  
**(C) (G) (F) (C) (Slowly) (F) (G) (C) /**



# Picture of You, A

Artist: Joe Brown & The Bruvvers. Writers: John Beveridge & Peter Oakman



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

(C) In the (C) night there are (Bb) sights to be (G7) seen  
(C) Stars like (C) jewels on the (Bb) crown of a (G7) Queen  
(F) But the only (F) sight I want to (G) view (G)  
Is that (C) wonderful (F) picture of (C) you (G)

(C) On a street-(C)-car or (Bb) in the ca-(G7)-fé  
(C) All of the (C) evening and (Bb) most of the (G7) day  
(F) My mind is (F) in a maze what can I (G) do? (G)  
I (C) still see that (F) picture of (C) you (C)

(Em) It was last (Dm) summer, (Em) I fell in (Dm) love  
(Em) my heart told (Dm) me what to (Em) do (G)  
(C) I saw you (C) there on the (Am) crest of a (Am) hill,  
And (F) I took a little (F) picture of (G) you (G)

(C) Then you were (C) gone like a (Bb) dream in the (G7) night  
(C) With you (C) went my heart, my (Bb) love and my (G7) light  
(F) I didn't know your (F) name, what could I (G) do? (G)  
I've (C) only a (F) picture (C) of (G) you

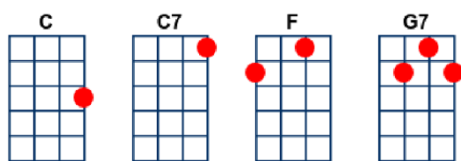
(C) (C) (Bb) (G7) (C) (C) (Bb) (G7)

(F) I didn't know your (F) name, what could I (G) do? (G)  
I've (C) only a (F) picture (C) of you, oh (F) yeah  
That (C) wonderful (F) picture of (C) you (F)  
I'm (C) left with a (F) picture of (C) you, oh, (F) yeah  
That (C) wonderful (F) picture of (C) you (C)/ (F)/ (C)/



## Putting on the Style

Artist: Lonnie Donegan



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

(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...

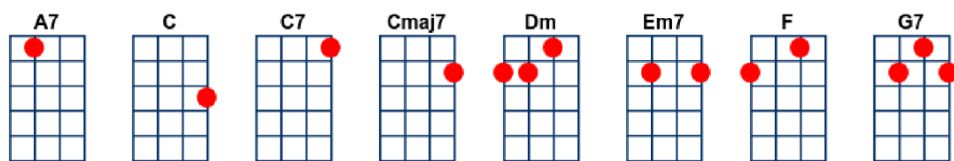
(C) Putting on the agony, putting on the (G7) style  
 That's what all the young folks are doing all the (C) while  
 And as I look around me, I (C7) sometimes have to (F) smile  
 (G7) Seeing all the young folks putting on the (C) style.

(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



(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

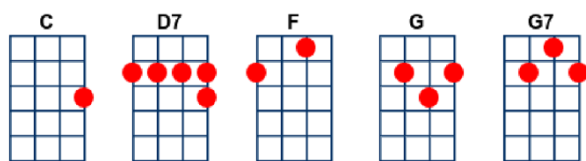
**Slower**

Nothing's (G7) worrying (C) me.



# Rhinestone Cowboy

Artist: Glen Campbell Writer: Larry Weiss



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.

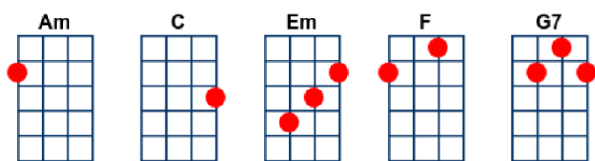
**(G7)** Like a rhinestone **(C)** cowboy, **(F)/ (C)/**  
 Riding out on a horse in a star-spangled rod-**(G)**-eo,  
 Like a **(G7)** rhinestone **(C)** cowboy, **(F)/ (C)/**  
 Getting cards and letters from people I don't even **(G)** know,  
 And offers coming over the **(F)** phone.

**(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



(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)

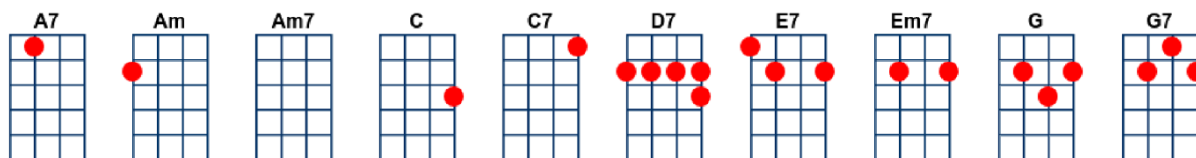
(C) Listen to the rhythm of the (F) falling rain  
(C) Telling me just what a fool I've (G7) been  
I (C) wish that it would go and let me (F) cry in vain  
And (C) let me be al-(G7)-one ag-(C)-ain

And (C) let me be al-(G7)-one ag-(C)-ain



# Right Said Fred

Artist: Bernard Cribbins Writers: Ted Dicks & Myles Rudge



(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.

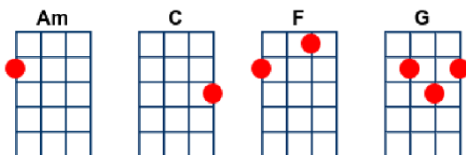
Ohhh (G) Right said (C7) Fred (G) climbing up a (C7) ladder,  
 (G) With 'is (C7) crow-bar (G) gave a mighty (D7) blow...  
 Was (G) he in (C7) trouble, (G) half a ton of (C7) rubble,  
 (G) Landed on the top of his (E7) dome...  
 So (Am) Charlie and (D7) me had (G) another cuppa (E7) tea,  
 And (Am7)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



# Riptide

Artist: Vance Joy Writer: James Keogh



**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...**

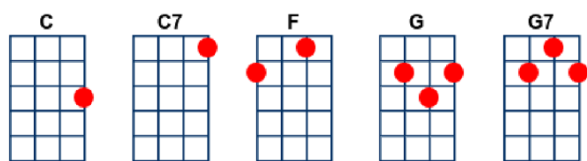
**Go straight on from Chorus...**

(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



(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.



# Rocky Top

Artist: Buck Owens Writers: Felice and Boudleaux Bryant

**(C) (F)// (C)// (Am)// (G)// (C)**

**(C)** Wish that I was **(F)//** on ol' **(C)//** Rocky Top  
**(Am)//** Down in the **(G)//** Tennessee **(C)** hills  
**(C)** Ain't no smoggy **(F)//** smoke on **(C)//** Rocky Top  
**(Am)//** Ain't no **(G)//** telephone **(C)** bills  
**(C)** Once I had a **(F)//** girl on **(C)//** Rocky Top  
**(Am)//** Half bear, **(G)//** other half **(C)** cat  
**(C)** Wild as a mink and **(F)//** sweet as **(C)//** soda pop  
**(Am)//** I still **(G)//** dream about **(C)** that

**Chorus:**

**(Am) Rocky Top, you'll (G) always be**  
**(Bb) Home sweet home to (F) me**  
**(F) Good ol' (C) Rocky Top**  
**(C)// Rocky Top, (Bb)// Tenne-(C)-ssee**  
**(C)// Rocky Top, (Bb)// Tenne-(C)-ssee**

**(C) (F)// (C)// (Am)// (G)// (C) x 2**

**(C)** Once two strangers **(F)//** climbed ol' **(C)//** Rocky Top  
**(Am)//** Lookin' for a **(G)//** moonshine **(C)** still  
**(C)** Strangers ain't come **(F)//** down from **(C)//** Rocky Top  
**(Am)//** Reckon they **(G)//** never **(C)** will  
**(C)** Corn won't grow at **(F)//** all on **(C)//** Rocky Top  
**(Am)//** Dirt's too **(G)//** rocky by **(C)** far  
**(C)** That why all the **(F)//** folks on **(C)//** Rocky Top  
**(Am)//** Get their **(G)//** corn from a **(C)** jar

**Chorus: (Am) Rocky Top, you'll (G) always be...**

**(C) (F)// (C)// (Am)// (G)// (C) x 2**

**(C)** I've had years of **(F)//** cramped-up **(C)//** city life  
**(Am)//** Trapped like a **(G)//** duck in a **(C)** pen  
**(C)** All I know is **(F)//** it's a **(C)//** pity life  
**(Am)//** Can't be **(G)//** simple a-**(C)**-gain

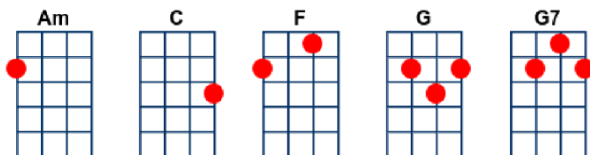
**Chorus: (Am) Rocky Top, you'll (G) always be...**

**(C)// Rocky Top, (Bb)// Tennessee-(C)//-ee-(Bb)//-ee-(C)//-ee**



# Runaround Sue

Artist: Dion and The Belmonts Writer: Ernie Maresca, Dion DiMucci



(C) Here's my story, it's sad but true (Am) It's about a girl that I once knew

(F) She took my love, then ran around (G) With every single guy in town

(C) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di (Am) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di

(F) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di (G7) Hey, hey, oooooooooohhhhh

(C) I guess I should have known it from the very start

(Am) This girl would leave me with a broken heart

(F) Now listen people what I'm telling you (G) I keep away from Runaround Sue

(C) I miss her lips and the smile on her face

(Am) The touch of her hand and this girl's warm embrace

(F) So if you don't want to cry like I do (G) Keep away from Runaround Sue.

(C) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di (Am) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di

(F) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di (G7) Hey, hey, oooooooooohhhhh

(F) She likes to travel around (C) She'll love you, then she'll put you down

(F) Now, people let me put you wise (G) She goes out with other guys

(C) And the moral of the story from the guy who knows

(Am) I've been in love and my love still grows

(F) Ask any fool that she ever knew (G) they'll say "Keep away from Runaround Sue"

(C) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di (Am) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di

(F) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di (G7) Hey, hey, oooooooooohhhhh

(F) She likes to travel around (C) She'll love you, then she'll put you down

(F) Now, people let me put you wise (G) She goes out with other guys

(C) And the moral of the story from the guy who knows

(Am) I've been in love and my love still grows

(F) Ask any fool that she ever knew (G) they'll say "Keep away from Runaround Sue"

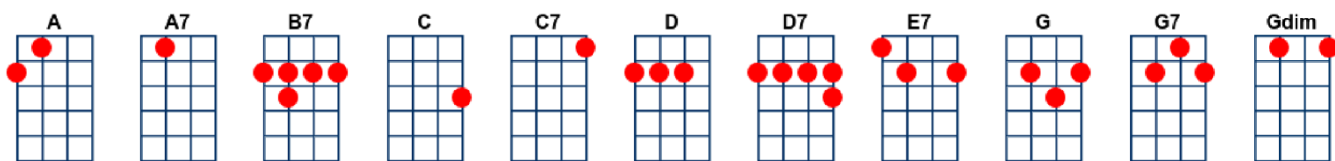
(C) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di (Am) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di

(F) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di (G7) Hey, hey, oooooooooohhhhh (C)/



# San Francisco Bay Blues

Artist: Eric Clapton Writer: Jesse Fuller



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

I got the (G) blues from my baby left me (C) by the San Francisco (G) Bay (G7)  
 The (C) ocean liners (C7) gone so far a-(G)-way (G7)  
 (C) I didn't mean to treat her so (C7) bad, she was the (G) best girl I ever (E7) had  
 (A) She said goodbye, (A7) I can take a cry, (D) I wanna lay down and (D7) die  
 I (G) ain't got a nickel and I (C) ain't got a lousy (G) dime (G7)  
 She (C) don't come back, (C7) think I'm going to lose my (B7) mind (B7)  
 (C) Ever get her back to (C7) stay, it's going to (G) be another brand new (E7) day  
 (A7) Walking with my baby down (D7) by the San Francisco (G) Bay (D7)

## Instrumental



⑥ I got the (G) blues from my baby left me (C) ⑥ by the San Francisco (G) ⑥ Bay (G7) ⑦  
 The (C) ⑥ ocean liners (C7) ⑦ gone so far ⑥ a-(G)-way (G7) ⑦  
 (C) ⑥ I didn't mean to treat her so (C7) ⑦ bad,  
 she was the (G) ⑧ best girl I ever (E7) ⑤ had  
 (A) ⑥ She said goodbye, (A7) ⑥ I can take a cry,  
 (D) ⑦ I wanna lay ⑥ down and (D7) ⑥ die  
 ⑥ I (G) ain't got a nickel and I (C) ⑥ ain't got a lousy (G) ⑥ dime (G7) ⑦  
 She (C) ⑥ don't come back, (C7) think I'm going to lose my (B7) ⑥ mind (B7) ⑦  
 (C) ⑥ Ever get her back to (C7) ⑥ stay,  
 it's going to (G) ⑧ be another brand new (E7) ⑤ day  
 (A7) ⑧ Walking with my baby down (D7) ⑦ by the San Francisco (G) ⑦ Bay (D7)

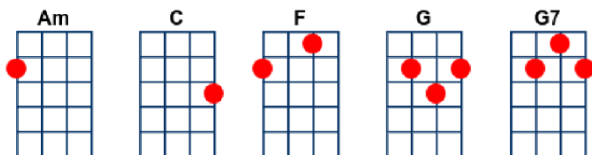
(G)// Sitting down (C)// looking from my (G) back door,  
 (G)// wondering which (C)// way to (G) go  
 (C) Woman I'm so (C) crazy about, (C7) she don't love me no (G) more  
 (C) Think I'll catch me (C7) the freight train, (G) cause I'm feeling (E7) blue  
 (A7) Ride all the way to the (A7) end of the line, (D) thinking only of (D7) you

(G)// Meanwhile (C)// livin' in the (G) city,  
 (G)// Just about to (C)// go in-(G)-sane  
 (C) Thought I heard my baby lord, (B7) the way she used to call (B7) my name  
 (C) If I ever get her back to (C7) stay, it's going to (G) be another brand new (E7) day  
 (A7) Walking with my baby down (D7) by the San Francisco (G) Bay, hey (E7) hey  
 (A7) Walking with my baby down (D7) by the San Francisco (G) Bay (E7) Yeah  
 (A7) Walking with my baby down (D7) by the San Francisco (G) Bay  
 (G)/ (Gdim)/ (G)/



# Sea Of Heartbreak

Artist: Don Gibson Writers: Paul Hampton & Hal David



**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...

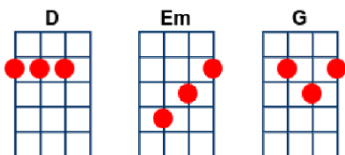
(NC) This sea of (C) heartbreak,  
lost love and (G) loneliness, memories of (C) your caress,  
So divine, (F) I wish that you were mine (C) again my dear,  
I'm on a (G) sea of tears, a sea of (C) heartbreak.

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



# Shake it Off

Artist: Taylor Swift Writers: Taylor Swift, Max Martin & Shellback



(D) (D) (D) (D)

I stay out too (Em) late, (Em) got nothing in my (G) brain  
(G) That's what people (D) say (D) that's what people (D) say  
(D) I go on too many (Em) dates (Em) but I can't make 'em (G) stay  
(G) At least that's what people (D) say (D) that's what people (D) say  
(D) But I keep (Em) cruisin' (Em) can't stop won't stop (G) moving  
It's (G) like I got this (D) music (D) in my mind  
Saying (D) it's gonna be al-(D)-right

**Chorus:**

**'Cause the (Em) players gonna play-play (Em) play-play-play**  
**And the (G) haters gonna hate-hate (G) hate-hate-hate baby**  
**(D) I'm just gonna shake-shake (D) shake-shake-shake**  
**(D) Shake it off I shake it (D) off,**  
**Heart (Em) breakers gonna break-break (Em) break-break-break**  
**And the (G) fakers gonna fake-fake (G) fake-fake-fake baby**  
**(D) I'm just gonna shake-shake (D) shake-shake-shake**  
**(D) Shake it off I shake it (D) off...**

I never miss a (Em) beat, (Em) I'm lightning on my (G) feet  
(G) And that's what they don't (D) see (D) that's what they don't (D) see  
(D) I'm dancing on my (Em) own (Em) I'll make the moves up as I (G) go  
(G) And that's what they don't (D) know (D) that's what they don't (D) know  
(D) But I keep (Em) cruisin' (Em) can't stop won't stop (G) groovin'  
It's (G) like I got this (D) music (D) in my mind  
Saying (D) it's gonna be al-(D)-right

**Chorus: 'Cause the (Em) Players gonna play-play (Em) play-play-play...**

I (Em) Shake it off, I shake it off (Em) | |  
(G) Shake it off, I shake it off (G) | |  
(D) Shake it off, I shake it off (D) | |  
(D) Shake it off, I shake it off (D)

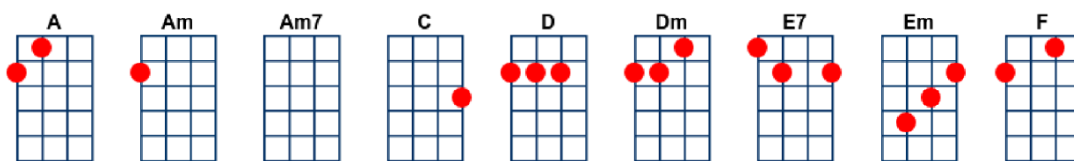
**Chorus: 'Cause the (Em) Players gonna play-play (Em) play-play-play...**

I (Em) Shake it off, I shake it off (Em) | |  
(G) Shake it off, I shake it off (G) | |  
(D) Shake it off, I shake it off (D) | |  
(D) Shake it off, I shake it off (D) | |  
(Em) Shake it off, I shake it off (Em) | |  
(G) Shake it off, I shake it off (G) | |  
(D) Shake it off, I shake it off (D)  
(D) (D)///



# She's Not There

Artist: The Zombies Writer: Rod Argent



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

(Am) Well no one (D) told me a-(Am7)-bout (D) her

(Am) the (F) way she (Am) lied (D)

(Am) Well no one (D) told me a-(Am7)-bout (D) her

(Am) How many (F) people cried (A)

(A) Well it's too (D) late to (Dm) say you're (Am) sorry

How would I (Em) know, why should I (Am) care?

Please don't (D) bother (Dm) trying to (C) find her

She's not (E7) there

(E7) Well let me tell you 'bout the (Am) way she looked (D)

The way she (Am) acted, the (F) colour of her (Am) hair (D)

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

But she's not (A) there

(Am) Well no one (D) told me a-(Am7)-bout (D) her

(Am) what (F) could I (Am) do? (D)

(Am) Well no one (D) told me a-(Am7)-bout (D) her

(Am) Though (F) they all knew (A)

(A) Well it's too (D) late to (Dm) say you're (Am) sorry

How would I (Em) know, why should I (Am) care?

Please don't (D) bother (Dm) trying to (C) find her

She's not (E7) there!

(E7) Well let me tell you 'bout the (Am) way she looked (D)

The way she (Am) acted, the (F) colour of her (Am) hair (D)

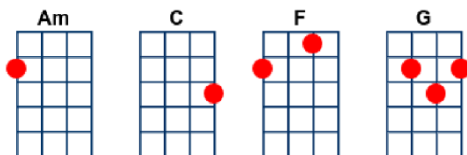
Her voice was (Am) soft and good, her eyes were (F) clear and bright (D)

But she's not (A) there



# Shotgun

Artist: George Ezra Writers: George Ezra & Joel Pott



**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)**

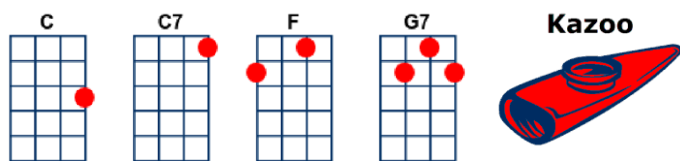
(C) Time flies by in the (F) yellow and green,  
Stick ar-(Am)-ound and you'll see what I (G) mean  
**(Don't play, tap out the rhythm)**  
*There's a mountaintop, that I'm dreaming of,  
If you need me, you know where I'll be*

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



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)*

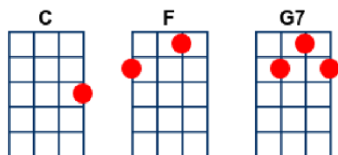
The (F) moon and stars no (C) longer shine  
 The (F) dream is gone I (C) thought was mine  
 There's (F) nothing left for (C) me to do  
 But cry-y-y-y (G7) over you

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



**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

**Riff:**

	D	A	E	A	D	A	E	A	D	A	E	A	D	A	E	A
A	-	0	-	0	-	0	-	0	-	0	-	0	-	0	-	0
E	-	-	0	-	-	-	0	-	-	-	0	-	-	-	0	-
C	2	-	-	-	2	-	-	-	2	-	-	-	2	-	-	-
G	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-

(Am) Hello darkness my old (G) friend,  
 I've come to talk with you (Am) again,  
 Because a vision 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.

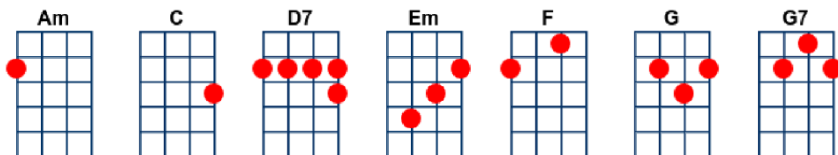
Fools said I you do not (G) know, silence like a cancer (Am) grows,  
 Hear my words that I might (F) teach (C) you,  
 Take my arm that I might (F) reach (C) you,  
 But my (F) words, like silent raindrops (C) fell, (Am)  
 And echoed, in the (G) wells, of (Am) silence.

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



**Note:** Chord in (Blue) is optional

**Intro:** (C) IIII IIII

(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.

**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, out-(Am)-side 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)

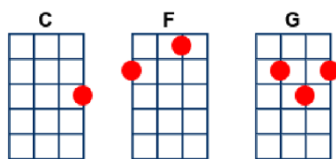
**Chorus** So (F) how can you...

(F) I'll show you (C) something to (G7) make you change your (C) mind



# Summertime Blues

Artist: Eddie Cochran Writers: Eddie Cochran & Jerry Capehart



Intro: (C)// (F)/.. (G)// (C)/.. (C)// (F)/.. (G)// (C)/..

I'm (C) gonna raise a fuss,  
I'm gonna raise a holler (C)// (F)/.. (G)// (C)/..  
'Bout a (C) workin' all summer  
Just to try to earn dollar (C)// (F)/.. (G)// (C)/..

(F) Every time I call my baby, try to get a date  
My (C) boss says "no dice son you gotta work late"  
(F) Sometimes I wonder what I'm a'gonna do  
But there (C) ain't no cure for the summertime blues

(C)// (F)/.. (G)// (C)/.. (C)// (F)/.. (G)// (C)/..

(C) Well my Mom and Poppa told me  
Son you gotta make some money (C)// (F)/.. (G)// (C)/..  
(C) If you wanna use the car  
To go 'ridin next Sunday (C)// (F)/.. (G)// (C)/..

Well I (F) didn't go to work, told the boss I was sick.  
Now you (C) can't have the car 'cause you didn't work a lick"  
(F) Sometimes I wonder what I'm a'gonna do  
But there (C) ain't no cure for the summertime blues

(C)// (F)/.. (G)// (C)/.. (C)// (F)/.. (G)// (C)/..

I'm (C) gonna take two weeks  
Gonna have fine vacation (C)// (F)/.. (G)// (C)/..  
I'm (C) gonna take my problem  
To the United Nations (C)// (F)/.. (G)// (C)/..

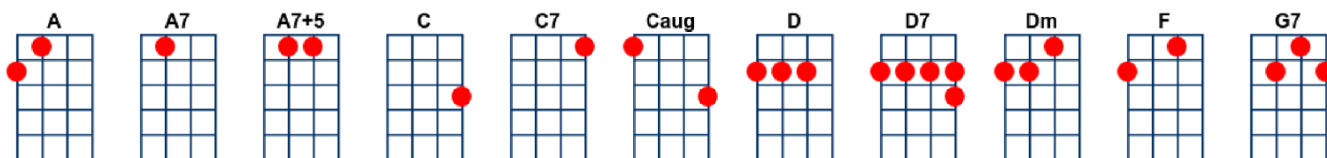
(F) Well I called my congressman and he said, quote  
(C) "I'd like to help you son but you're too young to vote"  
(F) Sometimes I wonder what I'm a'gonna do  
But there (C) ain't no cure for the summertime blues

(C)// (F)/.. (G)// (C)/.. (C)// (F)/.. (G)// (C)/..



# Sunny Afternoon

Artist: The Kinks Writer: Ray Davies



**Note: Chords in (Blue) are optional**

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

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

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

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

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

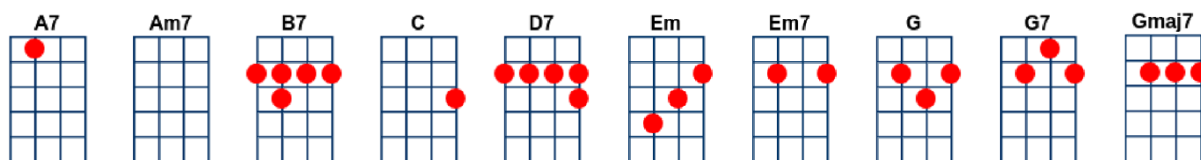
(D7) Save me, save me, save me from this (G7) squeeze  
I got a (C7) big fat mama (C) tryin' to (Caug) break (F) me (A7)  
And I (Dm) love to live so (G7) pleasantly, (Dm) live this life of (G7) luxury  
(F) Lazin' on a (A7) sunny aftern-(Dm)-oon

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



# Sunny Side of the Street

Artist: Louis Armstrong Writers: Jimmy McHugh & Dorothy Fields



**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

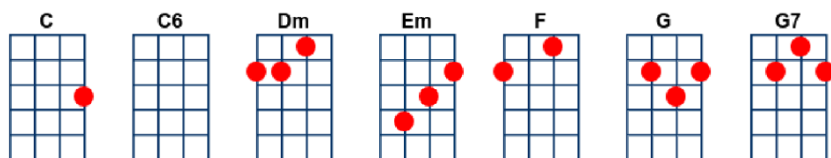
I used to **(G7)** walk in the shade  
with those **(C)** blues **(G7)** on pa-**(C)**-rade  
But **(A7)** I'm **(Em7)** not a-**(A7)**-fraid, this **(D7)** rover, crossed over

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)**



# Sweet Caroline

Artist: Neil Diamond Writer: Neil Diamond



(C) (C)

(C) Where it began, (F) I can't begin to knowin'

(C) But then I know it's growing (G) strong

(C) Was in the Spring (F) and Spring became the Summer

(C) Who'd have believed you'd come a-(G)-long?

(C) Hands (C) (C6) touchin' hands (C6)

(G7) Reachin' out (G7) (F) touchin' me (F) touchin' (G) you (G) (G) (F) (G7)

(C) Sweet Caro-(F)-line. Good times never seemed so (G) good (G) (G) (F) (G7)

(C) I've been in-(F)-clined to believe they never (G) would (F) but (Em) now (Dm) I

(C) Look at the night (F) and it don't seem so lonely (C) We fill it up with only (G) two

(C) And when I hurt (F) hurtin' runs off my shoulders

(C) How can I hurt when holding (G) you?

(C) Warm (C) (C6) touchin' warm (C6)

(G7) Reachin' out (G7) (F) touchin' me (F) touchin' (G) you (G) (G) (F) (G7)

(C) Sweet Caro-(F)-line. Good times never seemed so (G) good (G) (G) (F) (G7)

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

(C) Sweet Caro-(F)-line. Good times never seemed so (G) good (G) (G) (F) (G7)

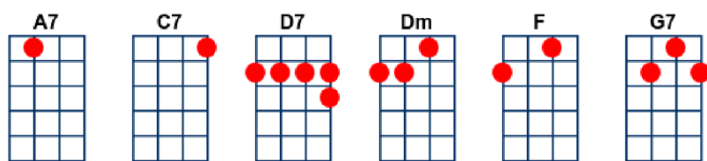
(C) I've been in-(F)-clined to believe they never (G) would (F) oh (Em) no (Dm) no

(C) no.



# Sweet Georgia Brown

Artist: Bing Crosby writers: Ben Bernie, Maceo Pinkard & Kenneth Casey



**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

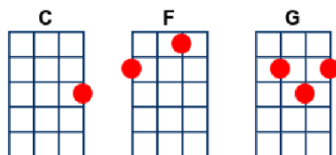
(D7) All those tips the porter slips to Sweet Georgia Brown  
(G7) They buy clothes at fashion shows for one dollar down.  
(Dm) Fellas, (A7) tip your hats (Dm) oh boy!, Ain't (A7) she the cats?  
(F) Who's that mister, (D7) t'ain't her sister,  
It's (G7) Sweet (C7) Georgia (F) Brown.

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



(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)

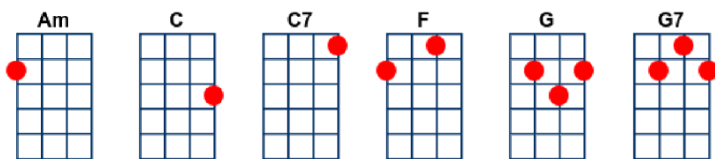
And if you (C) wanted our (F) love to last (G) forever (F)  
 (C) I would (F) send my love your (G) way (F)  
 And my (C) love not (F) only lasts (G) forever (F)  
 (C) But (F) forever and a (G) day, (F) and I would bring

(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



(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

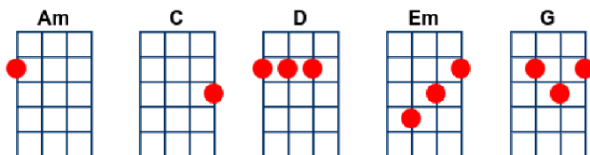
(Am) I hear her (G) voice in the (C) mornin' hour she (C7) calls me,  
The (F) radio rem-(C)-inds me of my (G) home far away,  
And (Am) drivin' down the (G) road I get a (F) feelin' that I  
(C) should have been home (G) yesterday, yester-(G7)-day.

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.



# Take On Me

Artist: A-ha Writers: Magne Furuholmen, Morten Harket, Pål Waaktaar



(Am) (D) (G) (C) (Am) (D) (G) (C) (Am) (D) (Am) (D)

We're (Am) talking away (D)

Well, (G) I don't know what (C)// I'm to (G)// say

I'll (Am) say it any-(D)-way

(G) Today's another (C)// day to (G)// find you

(Am) Shying a-(D)-way

(Em) I'll be coming for your (C) love, OK?

(G) Take (D) on (Em) me, (C) take on me

(G) Take (D) me (Em) on, (C) take on me

(G) I'll (D) be (Em) gone, (C)

In a day or (G) two (D) (Em) (C)

So (Am) needless to (D) say

I'm (G) odds and ends, (C)// but I'll (G)// be

(Am) Stumbling a-(D)-way

(G) Slowly learning that (C)// life is (G)// ok

(Am) Say after (D) me

(Em) It's no better to be (C) safe than sorry

(G) Take (D) on (Em) me, (C) take on me

(G) Take (D) me (Em) on, (C) take on me

(G) I'll (D) be (Em) gone, (C)

In a day or (G) two (D) (Em) (C)

(Am) (D) (Am) (D) (G) (C) (Am) (D) (G) (C)

Oh, (Am) the things that you (D) say yeah!

(G) Is it life or (C)// just a (G)// play

(Am) My worries a-(D)-way

You're (G) all the things I've got (C)// to rem-(G)//-ember

(Am) You're shying a-(D)-way

(Em) I'll be coming for you (C) anyway

(G) Take (D) on (Em) me, (C) take on me

(G) Take (D) me (Em) on, (C) take on me

(G) I'll (D) be (Em) gone, (C)

In a day or (G) two (D) (Em) (C)

(G) Take (D) on (Em) me, (C) take on me

(G) Take (D) me (Em) on, (C) take on me

(G) I'll (D) be (Em) gone, (C) in a

(G) day (D) (Em) (C)

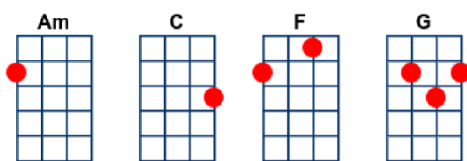
(G) I'll (D) be (Em) gone, (C) in a

(G) day (D) (Em) (C) (G)/



## Teenage Kicks

Artist: The Undertones. Writer J.J. O'Neill



**(C) (C) (Am) (Am) (C) (C) (Am) (Am)**

**(C)** A teenage dream's so **(C)** hard to beat  
**(Am)** Every time she **(Am)** walks down the street  
**(C)** Another girl in the **(C)** neighborhood  
**(Am)** Wish she was mine, **(Am)** she looks so good  
**(F)** I wanna hold her wanna **(F)** hold her tight  
 Get **(G)** teenage kicks all **(G)** through the night

**(C)** I'm gonna call her on the **(C)** telephone  
**(Am)** Have her over 'cos I'm **(Am)** all alone  
**(C)** I need excitement, though **(C)** I need it bad  
**(Am)** And it's the best **(Am)** I've ever had  
**(F)** I wanna hold her wanna **(F)** hold her tight  
 Get **(G)** teenage kicks all **(G)** through the night

**(C) (C) (Am) (Am) (C) (C) (Am) (Am)**

**(C)** A teenage dream's so **(C)** hard to beat  
**(Am)** Every time she **(Am)** walks down the street  
**(C)** Another girl in the **(C)** neighborhood  
**(Am)** Wish she was mine, **(Am)** she looks so good  
**(F)** I wanna hold her wanna **(F)** hold her tight  
 Get **(G)** teenage kicks all **(G)** through the night

**(C)** I'm gonna call her on the **(C)** telephone  
**(Am)** Have her over 'cos I'm **(Am)** all alone  
**(C)** I need excitement, though **(C)** I need it bad  
**(Am)** And it's the best **(Am)** I've ever had  
**(F)** I wanna hold her wanna **(F)** hold her tight  
 Get **(G)** teenage kicks all **(G)** through the night

**(C) (C) (Am) (Am) (C) (C) (Am) (Am)**

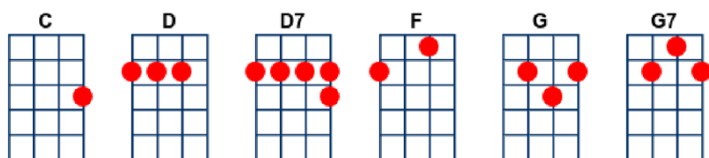
**(F)** I wanna hold her wanna **(F)** hold her tight  
 Get **(G)** teenage kicks all **(G)** through the night

**(C)//// (F)// (G)// (C)/**



# Then I Kissed Her

Artist: *The Beach Boys* Writers: *Phil Spector, Ellie Greenwich & Jeff Barry*



(C) (C) (C) (C)

Well I (C) walked up to her and I (G7) asked her if she wanted to (C) dance (C)  
 She (C) looked awful nice and (G7) so I hoped she might take a (C) chance (C)  
 (F) When we danced I (C) held her tight and  
 (F) Then I walked her (C) home that night  
 And (C) all the stars were (G7) shining bright and then I (C) kissed her (C)

(C) Each time I saw her I (G7) couldn't wait to see her a-(C)-gain (C)  
 I (C) wanted to let her (G7) know that I was more than a (C) friend (C)  
 (F) I didn't know just (C) what to do  
 (F) So I whispered (C) I love you  
 And (C) she said that she (G7) loved me too and then I (C) kissed her (C)

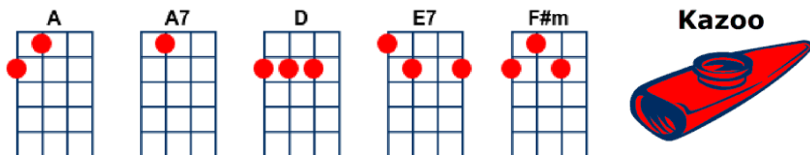
I (F) kissed her in a way that I'd (F) never kissed a girl be-(F)-fore (F)  
 I (D) kissed her in a way that I (D7) hoped she'd like forever (G) more (G7)

I (C) knew that she was mine so I (G7) gave her all the love that I (C) had (C)  
 Then (C) one day she'll take me (G7) home to meet her mum and her (C) dad (C)  
 And (F) then I asked her to (C) be my bride  
 And (F) always be right (C) by my side  
 I (C) felt so happy that I (G7) almost cried and then I (C) kissed her (C)  
 And then I (C) kissed her (C)  
 And then I (C) kissed her (C) (C) (C)///



# There's a Guy Works Down the Chip Shop Swears he's Elvis

Artist: Kirsty MacColl Writers: Kirsty MacColl & Phillip Rambow



**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



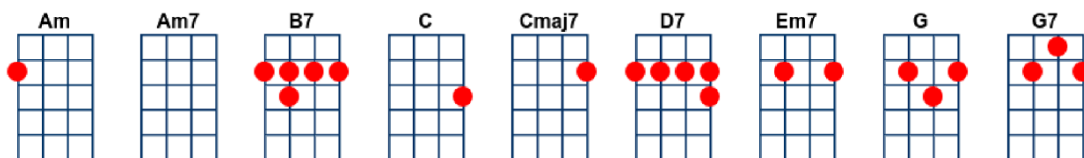
**Chorus** (A) There's a guy works...

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



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)

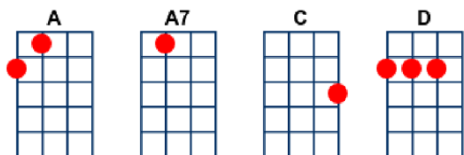
So (C) listen very (Am7) carefully  
 (Cmaj7) Closer now and (Am7) you will see what I (G) mean  
 It isn't a dream (G7)  
 The (C) only sound that (Am7) you will hear  
 Is (Cmaj7) when I whisper (Am7) in your ear I love (D7) you  
 For ever and ever

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



**Run down:** C string: 9 9 8 8 7 7 6 6 5 5 4 4 3 3 2 0 (A)//// ////

(A) You keep saying you've got something for me  
(A) Something you call love but confess (A7)  
(D) You've been messin' where you shouldn't have been a mess in'  
And now (A) someone else is gettin' all your best

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

(A) You keep lying when you oughta be truthin'  
And you keep losin' when you oughta not bet (A7)  
(D) You keep samin' when you oughta be changin'  
Now what's (A) right is right but you ain't been right yet

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

(A) You keep playin' where you shouldn't be playin'  
And you keep thinkin' that you'll never get burnt. (A7) Ha!  
(D) I just found me a brand new box of matches, yeah  
And (A) what he knows you ain't had time to learn

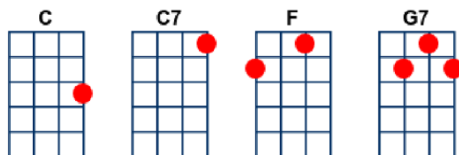
These (C) boots are made for (A) walking  
And (C) that's just what they'll (A) do  
(C) One of these days these (A) boots are gonna  
(N/C) Walk all over you... **Repeat run down (intro)**

**Strum on (A)/// (spoken) Are ya (A)/ ready (A)/ boots? (A)//**  
**(A)//// (A)// Start \*walking! \*Repeat run down (intro) starting on the word 'walking'**



# Things

Artist: Bobby Darin Writer: Bobby Darin



(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,

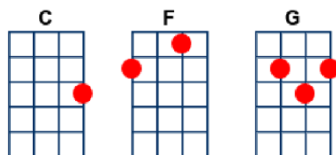
(G7) Thinking 'bout the things we used to (C) do.

(G7) Thinking 'bout the things we used to (C) do.



# This Ole House

Artist: Shakin' Stevens Writer: Stuart Hamblen



**Intro: (C)//**

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

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

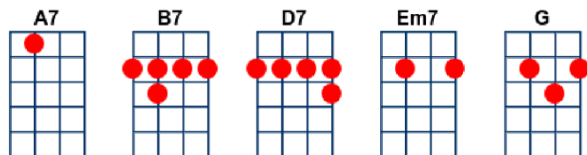
This ole (C) house is afraid of thunder, this ole (F) house is afraid of storms  
This ole (G) house just groans and trembles, when the (C) night wind flings it arms  
This ole (C) house is getting feeble, this ole (F) house is a needing paint  
Just like (G) him it's tuckered out, he's a getting ready to meet his (C) fate

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



**(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.

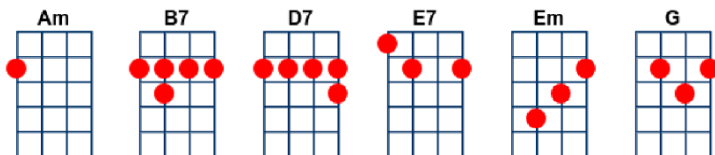
**(NC)** Roll out those **(G)** lazy, hazy, crazy days of **(A7)** summer,  
Those days of **(D7)** soda and pretzels and **(G)** beer,  
**(G)** Roll out those **(G)** lazy, hazy, crazy days of **(A7)** summer,  
You'll wish that **(D7)** summer could always be **(G)** here.

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



(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.

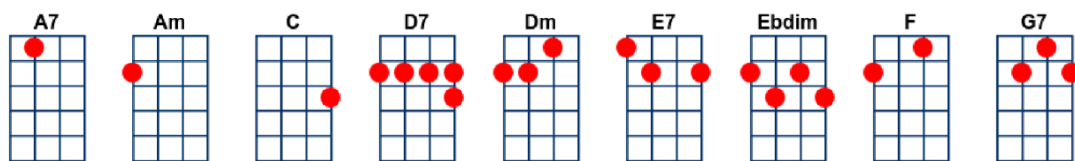
Those were the (Em) days my friend, we thought they'd (Am) never end,  
We'd sing and (D7) dance forever and a (G) day,  
We'd live the (Am) life we choose, we'd fight and (Em) never lose,  
Those were the (B7) days, oh yes those were the (Em) days.

La la la... (Em) -- (Am) -- (D7) -- (G) -- (Am) -- (Em) -- (B7) -- (Em)



# Tickle My Heart

Artist: Joe Brown Writer: Joe Brown



**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

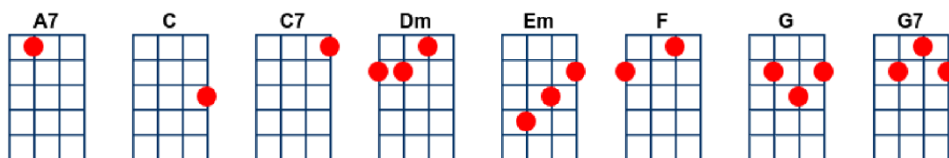
Tickle me **(C)** tender; tickle me **(Ebdim)** rough  
I'll let you **(C)** know when I've had en-**(A7)**-ough  
Just tickle my **(Dm)** heart, **(G7)** - come on and tickle my **(C)** heart **(Am)**

**(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



(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

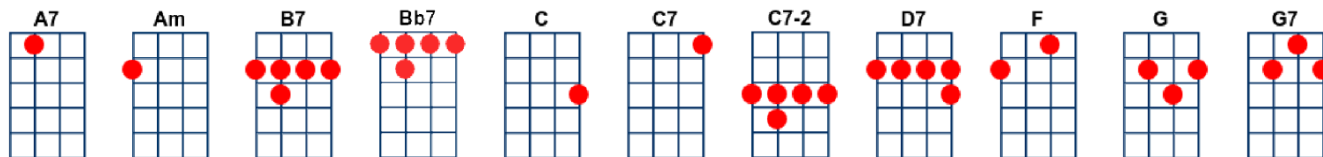
(N/C) I'm on the (C) top of the world lookin' (F) down on creation  
 And the (C) only explan-(Dm)-ation I can (C) find (C7)  
 Is the (F) love that I've (G7) found ever (C) since you've been ar-(F)-ound  
 Your love's (C) put me at the (Dm) top (G7) of the (C) world

(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



# Under the Moon of Love

Artist: Showaddywaddy Writers: Tommy Boyce & Curtis Lee



**Note: (C7) can be played instead of (C7-2)**

**(C) (C) (Am) (Am) (C) (C) (Am) (Am)**

**(C)** Let's go for a **(C)** little walk, **(Am)** under the **(Am)** moon of love,  
**(C)** Let's sit right **(C)** down and talk, **(Am)** under the **(Am)** moon of love.

I wanna **(F)** tell ya, that I **(D7)** love ya

and I **(C7-2)**// want you to **(B7)**/ be **(Bb7)**/ my **(A7)** girl, Little darling  
let's **(D7)** walk, let's talk, **(G7)** under the moon of **(C)**// love.

**Under the (F)// moon of (G) love**

**(C)** You were looking so **(C)** lovely, **(Am)** under the **(Am)** moon of love,  
**(C)** Your eyes shining so **(C)** brightly, **(Am)** under the **(Am)** moon of love.

I wanna **(F)** go, all the **(D7)** time,

and **(C7-2)**// be my **(B7)**/ love **(Bb7)**/ to-**(A7)**-night, Little darling  
let's **(D7)** walk, let's talk, **(G7)** under the moon of **(C)**// love.

**Under the (F)// moon of (C)// love (C7)// Well...**

I'm gonna **(F)** talk sweet talk, and **(F)** whisper things in your **(C)** ears.. **(C7)**.

I'm gonna **(D7)** tell you lots of things I **(D7)** know you've been longing to **(G7)** hear  
**(G7)**/ **(NC)** Come on little darling, take my ha-**(C)**-nd

Let's go for a **(C)** little walk **(Am)** under the **(Am)** moon of love

**(C)** Let's sit right **(C)** down and talk, **(Am)** under the **(Am)** moon of love.

I wanna **(F)** tell ya, that I **(D7)** love ya

and I **(C7-2)**// want you to **(B7)**/ be **(Bb7)**/ my **(A7)** girl, Little darling  
let's **(D7)** walk, let's talk, **(G7)** under the moon of **(C)**// love.

**Under the (F)// moon of (G) love**

**(C)** Let's go for a **(C)** little walk, **(Am)** under the **(Am)** moon of love,

**(C)** Let's sit right **(C)** down and talk, **(Am)** under the **(Am)** moon of love.

I wanna **(F)** tell ya, that I **(D7)** love ya

and I **(C7-2)**// want you to **(B7)**/ be **(Bb7)**/ my **(A7)** girl, Little darling  
let's **(D7)** walk, let's talk, **(G7)** under the moon of **(C)**// love.

**Under the (F)// moon of (C)// love (C7)// Well...**

I'm gonna **(F)** talk sweet talk, and **(F)** whisper things in your **(C)** ears.. **(C7)**.

I'm gonna **(D7)** tell you lots of things I **(D7)** know you've been longing to **(G7)** hear  
**(G7)**/ **(NC)** Come on little darling, take my ha-**(C)**-nd

Let's go for a **(C)** little walk **(Am)** under the **(Am)** moon of love

**(C)** Let's sit right **(C)** down and talk, **(Am)** under the **(Am)** moon of love.

**(C)** Let's go for a **(C)** little walk, **(Am)** under the **(Am)** moon of love,

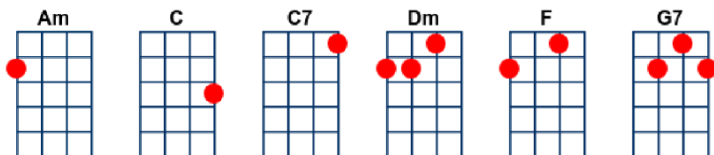
**(C)** Let's sit right **(C)** down and talk, **(Am)** under the **(Am)** moon of love

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



# Up On the Roof

Artist: Carole King Writers: Gerry Goffin & Carole King



**(C) (Am) (F) (Dm) (C) (F)// (G7)//**

When **(C)** this old world starts **(Am)** getting me down and  
**(F)** People are much too **(Dm)** much for me to **(C)** face **(F)// (G7)//**  
I **(C)** climb right up to the **(Am)** top of the stairs  
And **(F)** all my cares just **(Dm)** drift right into **(C)** space **(C7)**

**(F)** On the roof it's **(Dm)** peaceful as can **(F)** be **(Dm)**  
And **(C)** there the world be-**(Am)**-low don't bother **(Dm)** me **(G7)**

So when **(C)** I come home feeling **(Am)** tired and beat  
I **(F)** go up where the **(Dm)** air is fresh and **(C)** sweet **(F)// (G7)//**  
I **(C)** get far away from the **(Am)** hustling crowds  
And **(F)** all the rat race **(Dm)** noise down in the **(C)** street **(C7)**

**(F)** On the roof's the **(Dm)** only place I **(F)** know **(Dm)**  
Where **(C)** you just have to **(Am)** wish to make it **(Dm)** so, **(G7)**

So when **(C)** I come home feeling **(Am)** tired and beat  
I **(F)** go up where the **(Dm)** air is fresh and **(C)** sweet **(F)// (G7)//**  
I **(C)** get far away from the **(Am)** hustling crowds  
And **(F)** all the rat race **(Dm)** noise down in the **(C)** street **(C7)**

At **(F)** night the stars put **(Dm)** on a show for **(F)** free **(Dm)**  
And **(C)** darling, you can **(Am)** share it all with **(Dm)** me  
**(G7)** I keep tellin' you that

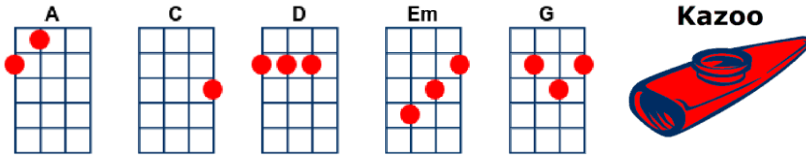
**(C)** Right smack dab in the **(Am)** middle of town  
I **(F)** found a para-**(Dm)**-dise that's trouble-**(C)**-proof **(C)**  
And if **(C)** this old world starts **(Am)** getting you down,  
There's **(F)** room enough for **(Dm)** two up on the **(C)** roof **(C)**

**(C) (Am) (F) (Dm) (C) (F)// (G7)// (C)/**



# Urban Spaceman

Artist: Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band Writer: Neil Innes



(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)

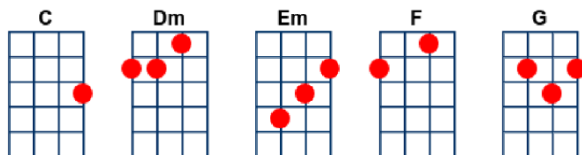
(Pause x3 then)

(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



**Intro:** (C) (C) (Dm) (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)**

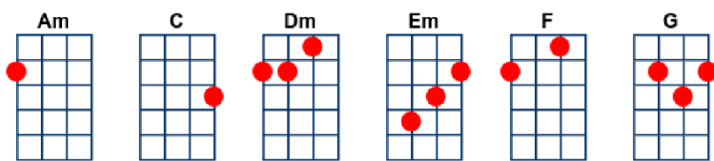
*Well sometimes I go out by myself, and I look across the water  
And I think of all the things, what you're doing and in my head I make a (Dm) picture*

(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



# Video Killed the Radio Star

Artist: Buggles Writers: Trevor Horn, Geoff Downes and Bruce Woolley



**All chords 2 strums (unless otherwise indicated)**

(C) I heard you (Dm) on my wireless (F) back in fifty (G) two

(C) Lyin' (Dm) awake intent on (F) tuning in on (G) you

(Em) If I was (F) young it didn't (G) stop you coming (G) through

(Em) Oh-A (F) oh (G) (G)

(C) They took the (Dm) credit for your (F) second sym-(G)-phony

(C) Rewritten (Dm) by machine on (F) new technol-(G)-ogy

(Em) And now I (F) understand the (G) problems that you (G) see

(Em) Oh-A-(F) oh, (G) I met your (G) children

(Em) Oh-A-(F) oh (G) what did you (G) tell them?

(C) Video (C) killed the (F) radio (F) star, (C) video (C) killed the (F) radio (F) star

(C) Pictures (G) came and (Am) broke your (Am) heart

(G) Oh - a (G) oh - oh - (Am) oh (Am)

(C) And now we (Dm) meet in an ab-(F)-andoned stu-(G)-dio,

(C) You hear the (Dm) playback and it (F) seems so long a-(G)-go

(Em) And you rem-(F)-ember the (G) jingles used to (G) go

(Em) Oh-A-(F) oh (G) you were the (G) first one

(Em) Oh-A-(F) oh (G) you were the (G) last one

(C) Video (C) killed the (F) radio (F) star, (C) video (C) killed the (F) radio (F) star

(C) In my (G) mind and (Am) in my (Am) car

We (C) can't re-(G)-wind we've (Am) gone too (Am) far

(G) Oh - a (G) oh - oh - (Am) oh (Am) (G) oh - a (G) oh - oh - (Am) oh (Am)

(C) Video (C) killed the (F) radio (F) star, (C) video (C) killed the (F) radio (F) star

(C) In my (G) mind and (Am) in my (Am) car,

We (C) can't re-(G)-wind we've (Am) gone too (Am) far

(C) Pictures (G) came, and (Am) broke your (Am) heart

So (C) put all the (G) blame on (F) VCR (F) (F)///

You (C) are-r-(C)-r-r-(F)-r the (F) radio (C) star-r-r-(C)-r-r-(G)-r (G)

You (C) are-r-(C)-r-r-(F)-r the (F) radio (C) star-r-r-(C)-r-r-(G)-r (G)

(C) Video (C) killed the (F) radio (F) star, (C) video (C) killed the (F) radio (F) star

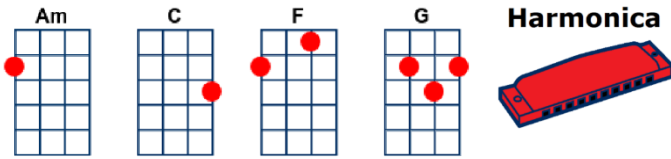
(C) Video (C) killed the (F) radio (F) star, (C) video (C) killed the (F) radio (F) star

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



# Wagon Wheel

Artist: Darius Rucker Writers: Bob Dylan & Ketch Secor



**Intro:** (C) (G) (Am) (F) (C) (G) (F) (F)



(C) Headed down south to the (G) land of the pines  
 and I'm (Am) thumbin' my way into (F) North Caroline  
 (C) Starin' up the road and (G) pray to God I see (F) headlights  
 I (C) made it down the coast in (G) seventeen hours  
 (Am) pickin' me a bouquet of (F) dogwood flowers  
 And I'm a (C) hopin' for Raleigh I can (G) see my baby to-(F)-night

### Chorus:

So (C) rock me mama like a (G) wagon wheel  
 (Am) rock me mama any (F) way you feel  
 (C) Hey, (G) mama (F) rock me  
 (C) Rock me mama like the (G) wind and the rain  
 (Am) rock me mama like a (F) south-bound train  
 (C) Hey, (G) mama (F) rock me

(C) (G) (Am) (F) (C) (G) (F) (F)



(C) Runnin' from the cold (G) up in New England  
 I was (Am) born to be a fiddler in an (F) old-time stringband  
 My (C) baby plays the guitar, (G) I pick a banjo (F) now  
 Oh, the (C) North country winters keep a (G) gettin' me down  
 lost my (Am) money playin' poker so I (F) had to leave town  
 But I (C) ain't a turnin' back to (G) livin' that old life (F) no more

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

(C) (G) (Am) (F) (C) (G) (F) (F) x 2



(C) Walkin' to the south (G) out of Roanoke  
 I caught a (Am) trucker out of Philly had a (F) nice long toke  
 But (C) he's a headed west from the (G) Cumberland Gap to (F) Johnson City,  
 Tennessee  
 And I (C) gotta get a move on (G) fit for the sun  
 I hear my (Am) baby callin' my name and I (F) know that she's the only one  
 and (C) if I die in Raleigh at (G) least I will die (F) free

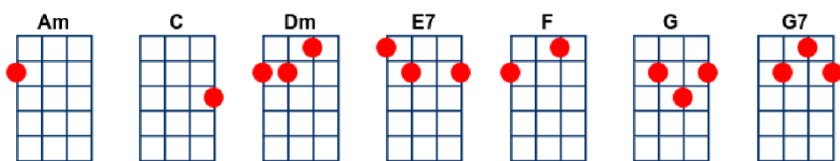
**Chorus:** So (C) rock me mama like a (G) wagon wheel...

**Outro:** (C) (G) (F) (F) (C)/



# Waltzing Matilda

Artist: Slim Dusty Writer: Banjo Paterson



(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,

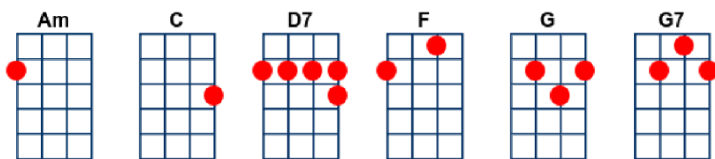
(C) " You'll come a (Am) waltzing Mat-(G7)-ilda with (C) me "

**Chorus x 2:** (C) *Waltzing Matilda...*



# Waterloo

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



**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

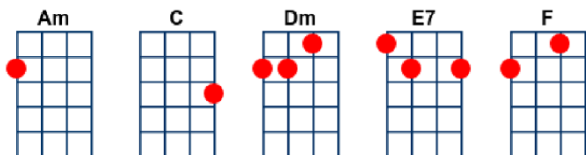
And (Am) how could I ever refuse? I (D7) feel like I win when I (G) lose (F) (C) (G7)

(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



(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

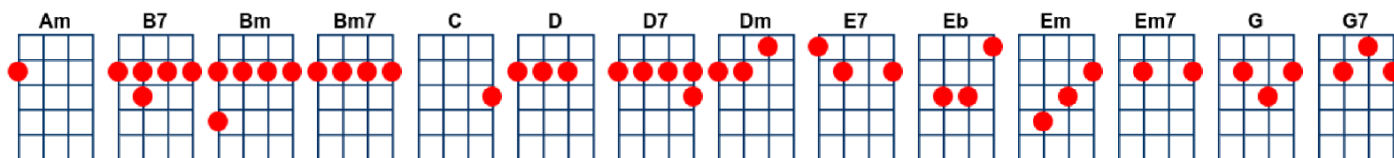
(F) da da (C) da-da da da (Dm) da da da da da (Am) da da da  
(F) da da (C) da-da da da (E7) da da da da (Am) da da

(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 A Wonderful World

Artist: Louis Armstrong Writers: Bob Thiele (as George Douglas) & George David Weiss



**Notes:** Slow! 2 beats per chord. (**Bm7**) can be played instead of (**Bm**)

**Intro:** (**G**) (**Am**) (**G**) (**Am**)

I see (**G**) trees of (**Bm**) green, (**C**) red roses (**Bm**) too  
(**Am**) I see them (**G**) bloom (**B7**) for me and (**Em**) you  
And I (**Eb**) think to (**Eb**) myself  
(**Am**) What a (**D7**) wonderful (**G**) world (**G7**) (**C**) (**D7**)

I see (**G**) skies of (**Bm**) blue (**C**) and clouds of (**Bm**) white  
(**Am**) The bright blessed (**G**) day, (**B7**) the dark sacred (**Em**) night  
And I (**Eb**) think to (**Eb**) myself  
(**Am**) What a (**D7**) wonderful (**G**) world (**G7**) (**C**) (**D7**)

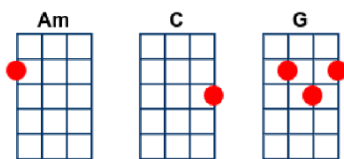
The (**D**) colors of (**D7**) the rainbow  
So (**G**) pretty in (**G7**) the sky  
Are (**D**) also on (**D7**) the faces  
Of (**G**) people going (**G7**) by  
I see (**Em**) friends shaking (**D**) hands, saying, "(**Em**) How do you (**D**) do?"  
(**Em**) They're really (**G7**) saying, "(**Am**)/ I (**Em7**)/ love (**D**) you"

I hear (**G**) babies (**Bm**) cry, (**C**) I watch them (**Bm**) grow  
(**Am**) They'll learn much (**G**) more (**B7**) Than I'll ever (**Em**) know  
And I (**Eb**) think to (**Eb**) myself  
(**Am**) What a (**D7**) wonderful (**G**) world (**Dm**) (**E7**) (**E7**)  
Yes I (**Am**) think to myself (**Am**) (**D**)/ what a wonderful  
(**Slow**) (**G**) world (**Am**) (**Am**) (**G**) (**G**) (**G**)/ oh yeah...



# What's Up

Artist: Four Non Blondes Writer: Linda Perry



**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

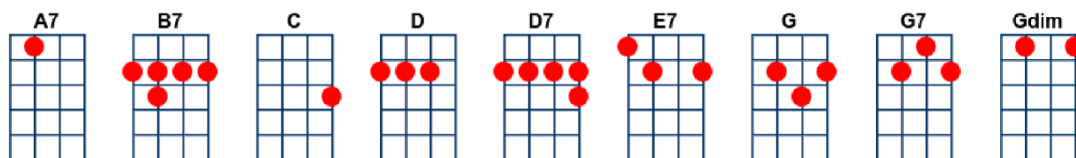
### Single Strums

(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



**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

**(B7) (B7) (E7) (E7) (A7) (A7) (G) (D7) (G) (G7) (C) (A7) (G) (E7) (Gdim) (G)**

**(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

**(G) (G7) (C) (A7) (G) (E7) (Gdim) (G)**

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

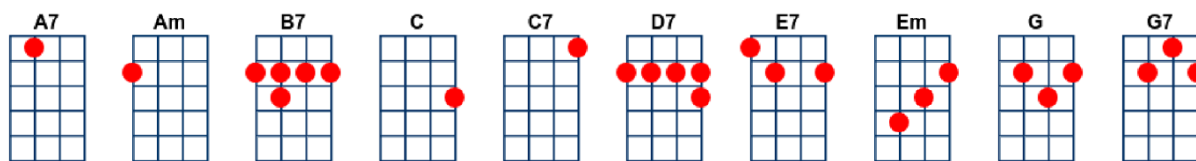
In **(B7)** my profession I work hard **(E7)** but I'll never stop  
I'll **(A7)** climb this blinking ladder 'til I **(D)** get right to the **(D7)** top  
An **(G)** old maid walks ar-**(G7)**-ound the floor,  
she's **(C)** so fed up one **(A7)** day I'm sure  
She'll **(G)** drag me in and **(E7)** 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



(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)

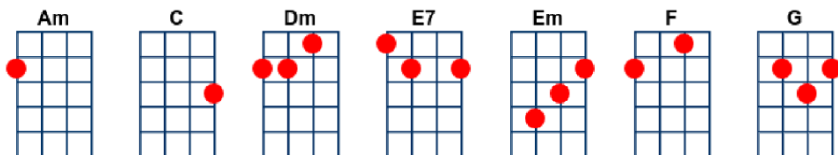
(G) Send me a postcard, drop me a line, stating point of (D7) view  
 (D7) Indicate precisely what you mean to say  
 Yours sincerely, (G) Wasting Away  
 Give me your answer, fill in a form, (G7) mine for ever-(C)-more  
 (C) Will you still (C7) need me, (G) will you still (E7) feed me,  
 (A7) When 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?



# Whenever Wherever

Artist: Shakira. Writers: Shakira, Tim Mitchell & Gloria Estefan



**(Am) (Am) (Dm) (G) (Am) (Am) (F) (G)/**

**(Am)** Lucky you were born **(Am)** that far away so

**(E7)** We could both make **(E7)** fun of distance

**(F)** Lucky that I love a **(F)** foreign land for the **(C)** lucky fact of **(G)** your existence

**(Am)** Baby, I would climb the **(Am)** Andes solely

**(E7)** To count the freckles **(E7)** on your body

**(F)** Never could imagine **(F)** there were only **(C)** ten million ways to **(G)** love somebody

**(Dm)** Lelo le lo **(Dm)** le lo, **(Am)** lelo le lo **(Am)** le lo

**(F)** Can't you **(F)** see? **(G)** I'm at your **(G)/** feet

**Chorus:**

**(Am) Whenever (F) wherever (C) we're meant to (G) be together**

**(Am) I'll be there and (F) you'll be near and (Dm) that's the (G) deal my dear**

**(Am) Thereover (F) hereunder (C) you'll never (G) have to wonder**

**(Am) We can always (F) play by ear but (Dm) that's the (G) deal my dear**

**(G) (Am) (Am) (Dm) (G) (Am) (Am) (F) (G)/**

**(Am)** Lucky that my lips not **(Am)** only mumble

**(E7)** They spill kisses **(E7)** like a fountain

**(F)** Lucky that my breasts are **(F)** small and humble

**(C)** So you don't confuse them **(G)** with mountains

**(Am)** Lucky I have strong legs **(Am)** like my mother

**(E7)** To run for cover **(E7)** when I need it

**(F)** And these two eyes that **(F)** for no other **(C)** the day you leave will **(G)** cry a river

**(Dm)** Lelo le lo **(Dm)** le lo, **(Am)** lelo le lo **(Am)** le lo

**(F)** At your **(F)** feet **(G)** I'm at your **(G)/** feet

**Chorus: (Am) Whenever (F) wherever (C)...**

**(Dm)** Lelo le lo **(Dm)** le lo, **(Am)** lelo le lo **(Am)** le lo

**(F)** Think out **(F)** loud **(G)** say it **(G)** again

**(Dm)** Lelo le lo **(Dm)** le lo, **(Am)** tell me **(Am)** one more time

**(F)** That you'll **(F)** live **(G)** lost in my **(G)** eyes **(Em) (Em)/**

**Chorus: (Am) Whenever (F) wherever (C)...**

**(Am)** Whenever **(F)** wherever **(C)** we're meant to **(G)** be together

**(Am)** I'll be there and **(F)** you'll be near and **(Dm)** that's the **(G)** deal my dear

**(Am)** Thereover **(F)** hereunder **(C)** you've got me **(G)** head over (heels)

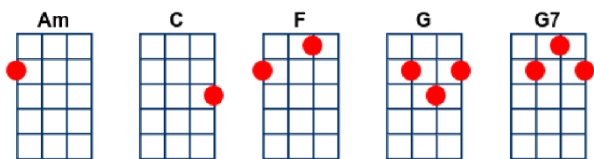
**(Am)** There's nothing **(F)** left to fear **(Dm)** if you really feel the **(G)** way I

**(Am)** Feel **(Am) (Dm) (G) (Am) (Am) (F) (G) (G)// (Am)/**



# Whiskey In the Jar

Artist: Thin Lizzy



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

### Chorus:

With me (G) ring dum-a doo dum-a da

(C) Whack for the daddy-o. (F) whack for the daddy-o

There's (C) whiskey (G7) in the (C) jar.

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

**Chorus** With me (G) ring 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 sporting 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 Hughes Writer: Glyn Hughes

**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)

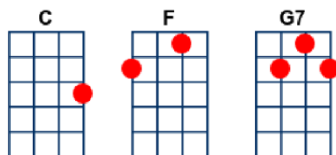
(A7) Come day, (D7) go day  
 (G7) Wishin' me heart for (C) Sunday (Riff)  
 (A7) Drinking buttermilk (D7) all the week  
 (G7) Whiskey on a (C) Sunday (Riff)

(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)



# Wild Rover

Artist: The Dubliners



**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...

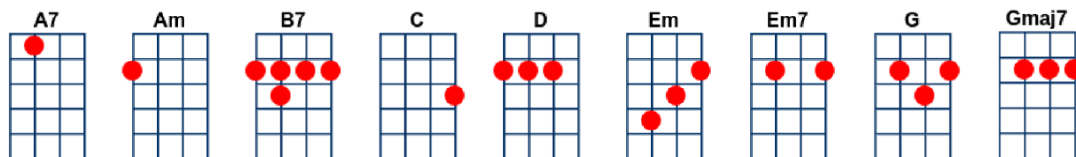
I'll go (C) home to me parents, confess what I've (F) done,  
And I'll (C) ask them to (G7) pardon their prodigal (C) son,  
And (C) when they caressed me as oft times be-(F)-fore,  
Sure I (C) never will (G7) play the wild rover no (C) more!

**Chorus x 2** And it's (G7) no, nay...



# Wild World

Artist and writer: Cat Stevens



**Intro:** (first four lines) (Em7) (A7) (D) (Gmaj7) (C) (Am) (B7) (B7)

(Em7) Now that I've lost (A7) everything to (D) you  
 You say you (Gmaj7) wanna start something (C) new  
 And it's (Am) breaking my heart you're (B7) leaving, (B7) baby I'm grievin'  
 (Em7) But if you want to (A7) leave take good (D) care  
 Hope you have a (Gmaj7) lot of nice things to (C) wear  
 But then a (Am) lot of nice things turn (B7) bad out (B7) there

(G) Ooh (D) baby baby it's a (Em) wild world (C)  
 (D) It's hard to get (C) by just upon a (G) smile (G)  
 (G) Ooh (D) baby baby it's a (Em) wild world (C)  
 (D) I'll always re-(C)-member you like a (G) child, girl (Am)// (B7)//

(Em7) You know I've seen a (A7) lot of what the world can (D) do  
 And it's (Gmaj7) breaking my heart in (C) two  
 Because I (Am) never want to see you (B7) sad girl, (B7) don't be a bad girl  
 (Em7) But if you want to (A7) leave take good (D) care  
 Hope you make a (Gmaj7) lot of nice friends out (C) there  
 But just re-(Am)-member there's a lot of bad (B7) things out (B7) there

(G) Ooh (D) baby baby it's a (Em) wild world (C)  
 (D) It's hard to get (C) by just upon a (G) smile (G)  
 (G) Ooh (D) baby baby it's a (Em) wild world (C)  
 (D) I'll always re-(C)-member you like a (G) child, girl (Am)// (B7)//

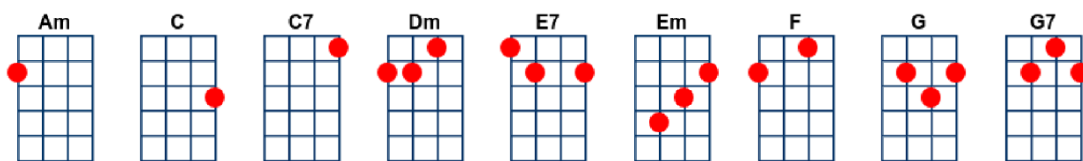
(Em7) la la la (A7) la la la la la (D) la  
 La la (Gmaj7) la la la la la la (C) la  
 La la la (Am) la la la la (B7) la la (B7) baby I love you  
 (Em7) But if you want to (A7) leave take good (D) care  
 Hope you make a (Gmaj7) lot of nice friends out (C) there  
 But just re-(Am)-member there's a lot of bad (B7) things out (B7) there

(G) Ooh (D) baby baby it's a (Em) wild world (C)  
 (D) It's hard to get (C) by just upon a (G) smile (G)  
 (G) Ooh (D) baby baby it's a (Em) wild world (C)  
 (D) I'll always re-(C)-member you like a (G) child, girl (G)  
 (G) Ooh (D) baby baby it's a (Em) wild world (C)  
 (D) I'll always re-(C)-member you like a (G)/ child, girl



# Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow

Artist: Carole King Writers: Gerry Goffin & Carole King



**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)

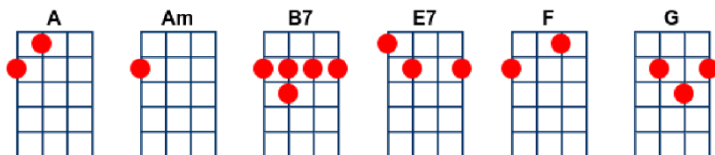
(F) ...Will you still (G) love me tom-(C)-orrow (C7)

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



# Y Viva España

Artist: Sylvia Vrethammar Writers: Leo Caerts & Leo Rozenstraten



(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 all-(E7)-ow  
 But (F) every dog must have his lucky (E7) day  
 That's (B7) why I've learnt the way to shout: (E7) Olé!

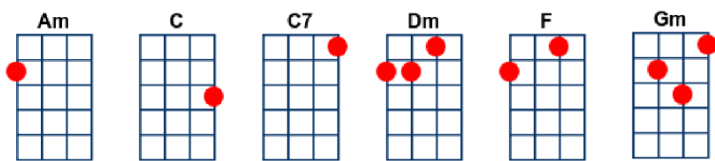
Oh this (A) year I'm off to Sunny Spain Y Viva Es-(E7)-paña  
 I'm taking the Costa Brava 'plane - Y Viva Es-(A)-paña  
 If you'd like to chat a matador, in some cool (E7) cabaña  
 And meet señoritas by the score - España por (Am) favor

(E7) España por (A) favor



# Yellow River

Artist: Jeff Christie Writer: Jeff Christie



**Intro:** (F) (Am) (Dm) (Am) (Dm) (Gm) (C) (C7)

(F) So long boy you can (Am) take my place (Dm) got my papers I (Am) got my pay  
So (Dm) pack my bags and I'll (Gm) be on my way to (C) Yellow River (C7)

(F) Put my gun down the (Am) war is won (Dm) fill my glass high  
The (Am) time has come

I'm (Dm) going back to the (Gm) place that I love (C) Yellow River (C7)

(F) Yellow River (F) Yellow River is (Am) in my mind and (C) in my eyes  
(F) Yellow River (F) Yellow River is (Am) in my blood it's the (C7) place I love  
(Dm) Got no time for explanations (C) got no time to lose  
(Gm) Tomorrow night you'll find me sleeping (C) underneath the moon at  
(Dm) Yellow River (Dm)// (C)//

(F) Yellow River (F) Yellow River is (Am) in my mind and (C) in my eyes  
(F) Yellow River (F) Yellow River is (Am) in my blood it's the (C7) place I love  
(Dm) Got no time for explanations (C) got no time to lose  
(Gm) Tomorrow night you'll find me sleeping (C) underneath the moon at  
(Dm) Yellow River (Dm)// (C)//

(F) Cannon fire lingers (Am) in my mind (Dm) I'm so glad I'm (Am) still alive  
And (Dm) nothin's gone for (Gm) such a long time from (C) Yellow River (C7)  
(F) I remember the (Am) nights were cool (Dm) I can still see the (Am) water pool  
And (Dm) I remember the (Gm) girl that I knew from (C) Yellow River (C7)

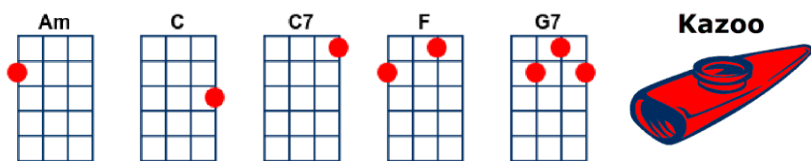
(F) Yellow River (F) Yellow River is (Am) in my mind and (C) in my eyes  
(F) Yellow River (F) Yellow River is (Am) in my blood it's the (C7) place I love  
(Dm) Got no time for explanations (C) got no time to lose  
(Gm) Tomorrow night you'll find me sleeping (C) underneath the moon at  
(Dm) Yellow River (Dm)// (C)//

(F) Yellow River (F) Yellow River is (Am) in my mind and (C) in my eyes  
(F) Yellow River (F) Yellow River is (Am) in my blood it's the (C7) place I love  
(Dm) Got no time for explanations (C) got no time to lose  
(Gm) Tomorrow night you'll find me sleeping (C) underneath the moon at  
(Dm) Yellow River (Dm)// (C)// (F)/



# You Are My Sunshine

Artist: Jimmy Wakely & the Sunshine Girls Writers: Disputed



## 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)

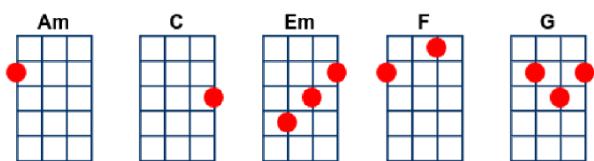
You are my (C) sunshine my only (C7) sunshine  
 You make me (F) happy when skies are (C) grey (C7)  
 You'll never (F) know dear how much I (C) love you (Am)  
 Please don't (C) take my (G7) sunshine aw-(C)-ay

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)



# You're So Vain

Artist & Carly Simon



(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

- All for Me Grog
- Ballad of Bonnie and Clyde, The
- Bar Song, A (Topsy)
- Blue Moon of Kentucky
- Cabaret
- Disco 2000
- Don't Stop Me Now
- Don't Look Back in Anger
- Elusive Butterfly
- Five Foot Two Medley
- Friday I'm In Love
- Good Night Ladies
- Have a Drink on Me
- Have I The Right
- Henry the Eighth (I am)
- I Will Wait
- It's My Party
- Karma Chameleon
- Last Train to Clarksville
- Locomotion
- Maxwell's Silver Hammer
- Meet Me on The Corner
- My Love
- Oh What A Night
- On The Road Again
- Penny Arcade
- Piano Man
- Picture of You, A
- Rocky Top
- San Francisco Bay Blues
- Shake it Off
- Summertime Blues
- Take On Me
- Teenage Kicks
- Then I Kissed Her
- Under the Moon of Love
- Up On the Roof
- Video Killed the Radio Star
- What A Wonderful World
- Whenever Wherever
- Wild World
- Yellow River

### Archived Songs

- Abracadabra
- Achy Breaky Heart
- Ain't Misbehaving
- All I Have to Do is Dream
- All My Loving
- Chirpy Chirpy Cheep Cheep
- Delilah
- Don't You Want Me
- Downtown
- Enjoy Yourself
- Four Strong Winds
- Freight Train
- Happy Together
- I Feel Fine
- I Walk The Line
- I'm a Believer
- I'd Like To Teach The World To Sing
- Iko Iko
- Let It Be Me
- Letter, The
- Love Me Tender
- Lucille
- Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da
- Rave On
- Ring of Fire
- Rockin' All Over The World
- Ruby, Don't Take Your Love to Town
- Running Bear
- Sailing
- Summer Wine
- Sway (Quien Sera)
- Teenager in Love, A
- This Land
- Wayward Wind, The
- Why Don't You Love Me
- Yellow Submarine
- Yesterday
- Your Cheating Heart



## Song updates

Baby face – Minor adjustments capitalisations  
Blowing in the Wind – Added harmonica notes  
Dirty Old Town – Updated harmonica notes  
Eye of the Tiger – Updated Riff and added another instance of the riff  
Hit the Road – Small adjustments to lyrics and chord placement  
I'll Never Fall in Love Again – Updated outro  
Leaning on a Lamp – Added repeat instructions  
Little ole wine drinker me – Updated harmonica notes  
This Ole House – Added third verse, adjusted layout  
Valerie – Inserted missing chord in intro  
Wagon Wheel – Added harmonica notes  
When I'm Cleaning Windows – Added two instrumental sections



## YouTube Links

<i>A Picture of you</i>	<i>Elusive butterfly</i>	King of the Road
Ain't No Pleasing You	Eye of the Tiger	Lady Madonna
Alexanders Ragtime Band	Fields of Athenry	<i>Last train to Clarkesville</i>
<i>All for me grog</i>	<i>Five foot two medley</i>	Leaning on a Lamp Post
Another Brick in the Wall	Fly Me to the Moon	Leaving on a Jet Plane
Any Dream Will Do	Folsom Prison Blues	Lily the Pink
As Tears Go By	<i>Friday I'm in love</i>	Little Old Wine Drinker Me
At The Hop	Georgie Girl	Little Respect, A
Baby Face	Ghost Riders in the Sky	Living La Vida Loca
Bad Moon Rising	<i>Good night ladies</i>	Love Potion Number Nine
Banks of the Ohio	Grandma's Feather Bed	Mack the Knife
<i>Bar song (Topsy)</i>	Gypsies, Tramps, and Thieves	Mad World
Bare Necessities, The	Happy Birthday	Mamma Mia
Black Velvet Band	<i>Have a drink on me</i>	<i>Maxwells silver hammer</i>
Blowing in the Wind	<i>Have I the right to hold you</i>	<i>Meet me at the corner</i>
<i>Blue moon of Kentucky</i>	Hello Mary Lou	My Guy
Boom Bang-a-Bang	Help Me Make It Through the	<i>My Love</i>
Brand New Combine Harvester	Night	My Old Man's A Dustman
Brown Girl in the Ring	<i>Henry the Eighth (I Am)</i>	Night Before, The
Build Me Up Buttercup	Hi Ho Silver Lining	Night has a Thousand Eyes, The
Bye Bye Love	Hit the Road Jack	Nine to Five
C'mon Everybody	Hotel California	Nowhere Man
<i>Cabaret</i>	House of the Rising Sun	Octopus's Garden
Can't Buy Me Love	I Am A Cider Drinker	Oh Boy
Can't Take My Eyes Off You	I Can See Clearly Now	<i>Oh what a night</i>
Cockney Medley I've Got a	I Don't Look Good Naked	<i>On the road again</i>
Lovely Bunch of Coconuts	Anymore	Paint it Black
Cockney Medley Knees up	I Guess it Doesn't Matter	Peggy Sue
Mother Brown	Anymore	<i>Penny arcade</i>
Cockney Medley My Ole Man	I Only Want to be with you	<i>Piano man</i>
Said Follow The Van	I Useta Lover	Putting on the Style
Cockney Medley Show Me the	I Wanna Be Like You	Raindrops Keep Falling on my
Way to go Home	I Will	Head
Come up and See me (Make me	I Will Survive	Rhinestone Cowboy
Smile)	<i>I will wait</i>	Rhythm of the Rain
Congratulations	I'll Never Find Another You	Right Said Fred
Cum On Feel The Noize	I'm Into Something Good	Riptide
Dance the Night Away	If Paradise is Half as Nice	Rivers of Babylon
Daydream Believer	If you Could Read My Mind	<i>Rocky top</i>
Dedicated Follower of Fashion	I'll Never Fall in Love Again	Runaround Sue
Diana	In the Summertime	<i>San Francisco Bay blues</i>
Dirty Old Town	It Must Be Love	Sea of Heartbreak
<i>Disco 2000</i>	<i>It's my party</i>	<i>Shake it off</i>
<i>Don't look back in anger</i>	It's Hard To Be Humble	She's Not There
<i>Don't stop me now</i>	Jackson	Shotgun
Doo Wah Diddy	Jambalaya	Singing the Blues
Drunken Sailor	Johnny B Goode	Sloop John B
Eight Days a Week	Jolene	Sound of Silence
El Condor Pasa	<i>Karma Chameleon</i>	Streets of London

[Song List](#)[A to D](#)[E to M](#)[N to V](#)[W to Z](#)[New Songs](#)[Random](#)

## Song List



Malling Ukulele Group Songbook Version 6.06 Updated May 2026



<i>Summertime blues</i>	These Boots Were Made for	Wellerman
Sunny Afternoon	Walking	<i>What a wonderful world</i>
Sunny Side of the Street	Things	What's Up
Sweet Caroline	This Ole House	When I'm 64
Sweet Georgia Brown	Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Days Of	When I'm Cleaning Windows
Sweets For My Sweet	Summer	<i>Whenever wherever</i>
Take me Home Country Roads	Those Were the Days	Whiskey in the Jar
<i>Take on me</i>	Tickle My Heart	Whiskey On A Sunday
<i>Teenage kicks</i>	Top of The World	Wild Rover
<i>The Ballad of Bonnie and Clyde</i>	<i>Under the moon of love</i>	<i>Wild world</i>
<i>The Loco-motion</i>	<i>Up on the roof</i>	Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow
The Old Bazaar in Cairo	Urban Spaceman	Y Viva Espania
<i>Then I kissed her</i>	Valerie	<i>Yellow river</i>
There's a Guy Works Down Chip	<i>Video killed the radio star</i>	You are my Sunshine
Shop Swears He's Elvis	Wagon Wheel	You're So Vain
There's a Kind Of Hush	Waltzing Matilda	
	Waterloo	



# Random page selector

