

Malling Ukulele Group

Duke of Wellington Beer
Festival 8 Aug 2026 v 2



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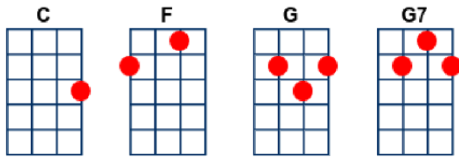
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In the Summertime

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

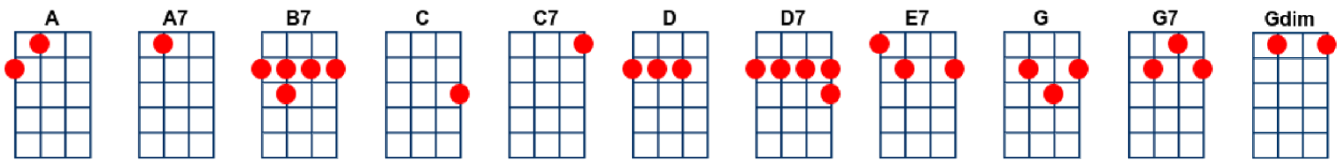
Sing a-(C)-long with us,
 (C) Dee-dee dee, dah-dah dah-dah dah, yeah we're hap-happy
 (F) Dah dah dah dah dah dah dah dah dah dah (C) dah
 (G) Dah dah dah dah (F) dah dah dah dah dah dah dah dah (C) dah

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

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



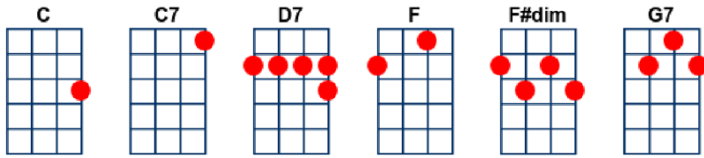
I got the (G) blues from my baby left me (C) by the San Francisco (G) Bay (G7)
 The (C) ocean liners (C7) gone so far a-(G)-way (G7)
 (C) I didn't mean to treat her so (C7) bad,
 she was the (G) best girl I ever (E7) had
 (A) She said goodbye, (A7) I can take a cry,
 (D) I wanna lay down and (D7) die
 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)

(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)/

Alexanders Ragtime Band

Artist: Bessie Smith Writer: Irving Berlin



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

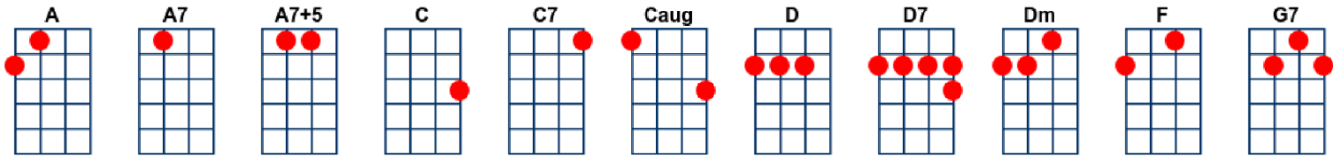
(D7)//// (G7)//// (C)//// ///

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

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

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)

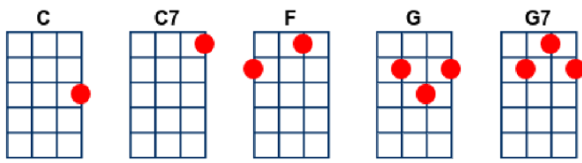
(D7) Help me, help me, help me sail aw-(G7)-ay
 Or give me (C7) two good (C) reasons why I (Caug) oughta (F) stay (A7)
 Cos I (Dm) love to live so (G7) pleasantly, (Dm) live this life of (G7) luxury
 (F) Lazin' on a (A7) sunny aftern-(Dm)-oon
 In the (A) summertime, in the (Dm) summertime

(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)/

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

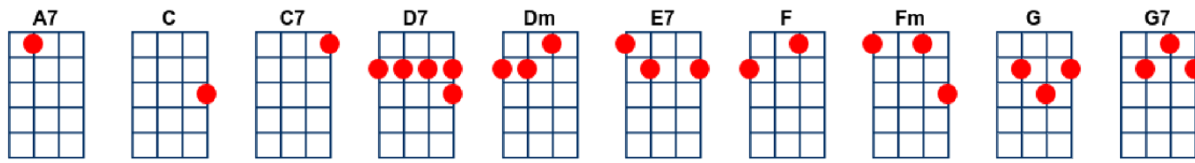
aa-(C)-hh, aa-(C)-hh, aa-(G7)-hh, aa-(C)-hh

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.

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...

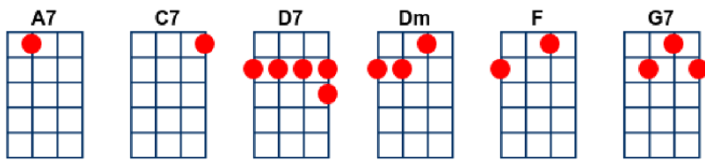
To **(C)** you I'm a **(G)** toy, but I could be the **(F)** boy
 You **(C)** adore... if you'd just **(F)** let me know
 Al-**(C)**-though you're un-**(G)**-true I'm attracted to **(F)** you
 All the **(C)** more... why do you **(F)** treat me so?
(Dm) Baby, baby, try to find **(G)** A little time, 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)**

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)

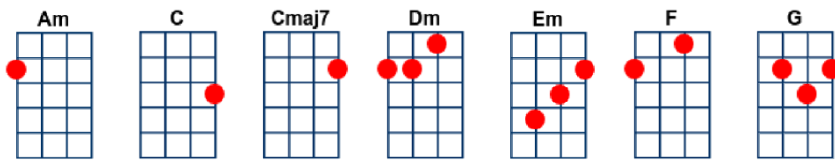
(D7) No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown.
 (G7) Two left feet, but oh, so neat has Sweet Georgia Brown.
 (C7) They all sigh and wanna die for Sweet Georgia Brown,
 I'll tell you just (F) why, you (C7) know I don't (A7) lie

(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

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...

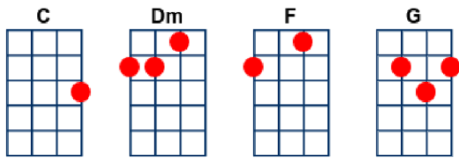
(Dm) Never had (C) schoolin' but he (Dm) taught me (C) well with his
(Dm) smooth (C) Southern (Dm) style (C)
(Dm) Three months (C) later I'm a (Dm) gal in (C) trouble
And I (Dm) haven't seen (C) him (Dm) for a (C) whi--(F)--le
Oh I haven't seen him for a (C) whi--(F)--le

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...

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)

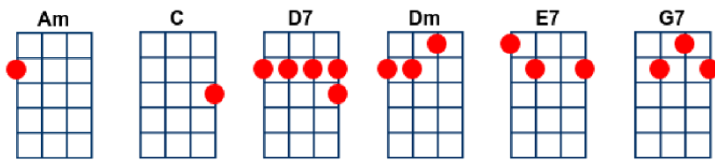
Repeat from the TOP

(Dm) (Dm)

Fade Out

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.

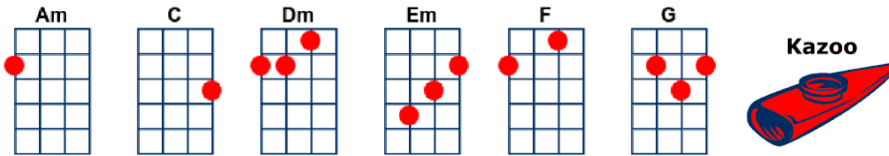
(C) One of these days you're gonna be (E7) sorry,
Cause your (Dm) game I'm gonna (G7) play,
(C) And you'll find out without really (E7) trying,
(D7) Each time that my kisses (G7) stray.

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.

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 

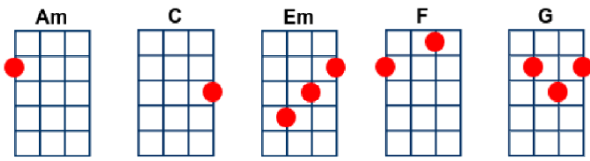
(F) Every day (F) is like (Em) survival (Em)
 (F) You're my lover, (F) not my (Am) rival (Am)
 (F) Every day (F) is like (Em) survival (Em)
 (F) You're my lover, (F) not my (Am) riv-(G)/-al (stop)

(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)/

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...

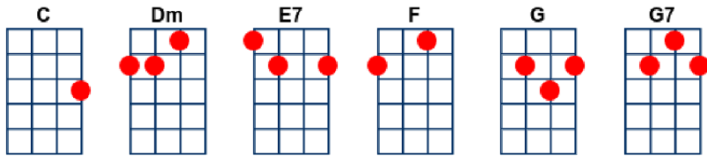
(C) Well you think we have a (Em) lazy time, you (Am) should know better
 I (F) don't (C) know (G) why
 I (F) don't (C) know (G) why
 (C) So you say I got a (Em) dirty mind, I'm a (Am) mean go-getter
 I (F) don't (C) know (G) why
 I (F) don't (C) know (G) why

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

(C)/

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)

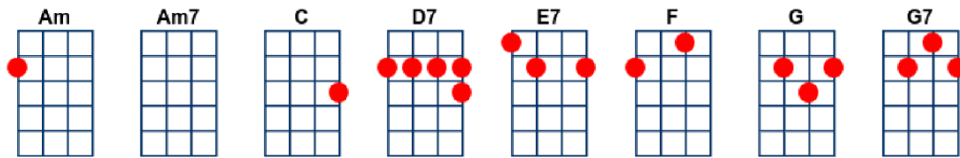
On the (F) road again (F)
Like a (F) band of gypsies (F) we go down the (C) highway (C)
We're the (F) best of friends (F)
In-(F)-sisting that the (F) world keep turning (C) our way (C)
And (G7) our way is...

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)/

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.

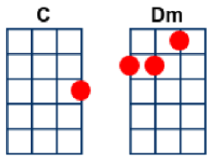
(G7) There's no other girl I would (C) wait (G7) for,
But this (C) one I'd break any (E7) date (Am) for,
I (D7) won't have to ask what she's late for,
She (G7) wouldn't leave me flat, she's not a girl like that.

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

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

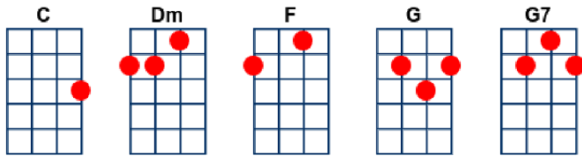
(Dm) That's what we do with a drunken sailor

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

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

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)

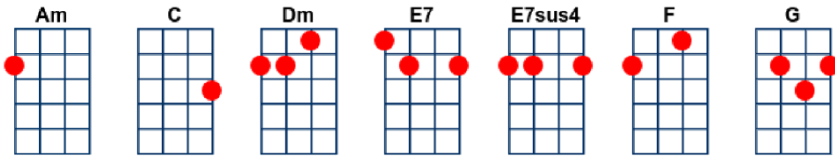
(234) (F) Ooh (C) ooh la-la-la, (F) Ooh (C) ooh la-la-la, (G) Oooooaaah
 (Dm) Come up and (F) see me... make me (C) smile (G)
 (Dm) I'll do what you (F) want... running (C) wild (G) / / / / /

(234) (F) Ooh (C) ooh la-la-la (F) Ooh (C) ooh la-la-la (G) Ooooooh (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!)

I Will Survive

Artist: Gloria Gaynor Writers: Freddie Perren & Dino Fekaris

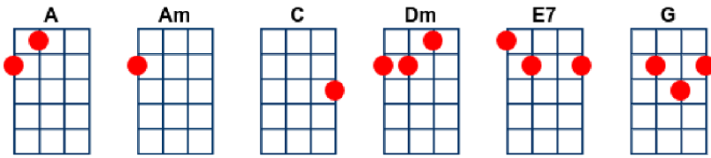


Note: 8 strums for each chord

(**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 (**E7sus4**) 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 (**E7**) 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 (**E7sus4**) 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 (**E7sus4**) survive, I will (**E7**) survive—hey (**Am**) hey (**Dm**) (**G**) (**C**) (**F**) (**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 (**E7sus4**) 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 (**E7sus4**) 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 (**E7sus4**) 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 (**E7sus4**) survive, I will (**E7**) survive—hey (**Am**) hey (**Dm**) (**G**) (**C**) (**F**) (**Dm**) (**E7**) (**E7**)
 (**Am**)/

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.

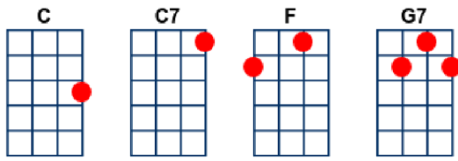
(Am) Mamadan Ramadan (Dm) everything in (Am) style,
Genuine Bedouin (Dm) carpet with a (Am) pile,
(Am) Funny little odds and ends (Dm) floating down the Nile,
From the (E7) old bazaar in (Am) Cairo.

(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.

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.

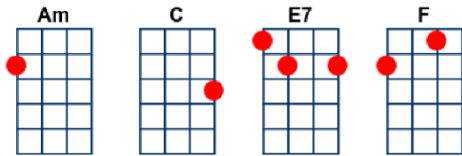
(C) Preacher in the pulpit roars with all his (G7) might
 Sing 'Glory Hallelujah' puts the folks all in a (C) fright
 Now you might think it's Satan that's a (C7) coming down the (F) aisle
 (G7) But it's only our poor preacher, boys, putting on the (C) style, he's...

(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.

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...

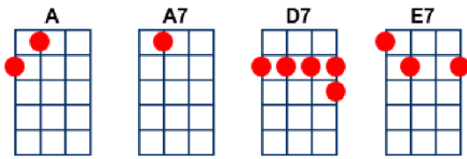
(Am) As the riders loped on by him he (C) heard one call his name
 If you (Am) want to save your soul from hell a (C) riding on our (E7) range
 Then (Am) cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride
 (F) Trying to catch the devil's herd (Am) across these endless skies...

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

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)

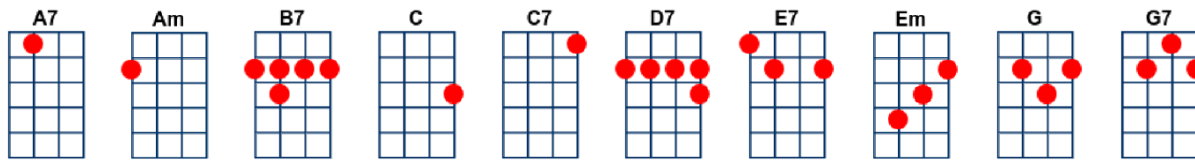
Instrumental

(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)///

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?

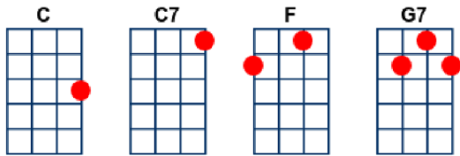
(Em) Every summer we can rent a cottage, In the Isle of (D7) Wight,
 if it's not too (Em) dear, We shall scrimp and (B7) save,
 (Em) Mm mm grandchildren (Am) on your knee,
 (C) Vera, (D7) Chuck, and (G) Dave (D7)

(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?

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

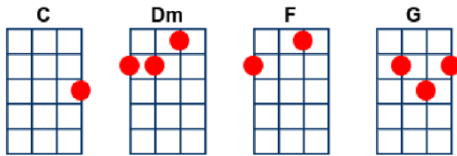


(C) We got married in a fever hotter than a pepper sprout
(C) We've been talking 'bout Jackson (C7) ever since the fire went out
I'm going to (F) Jackson (Jackson Jackson) and that's a (C) fact
Yeah, we're going to (F) Jackson, (G7) ain't never comin' (C) back

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

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...

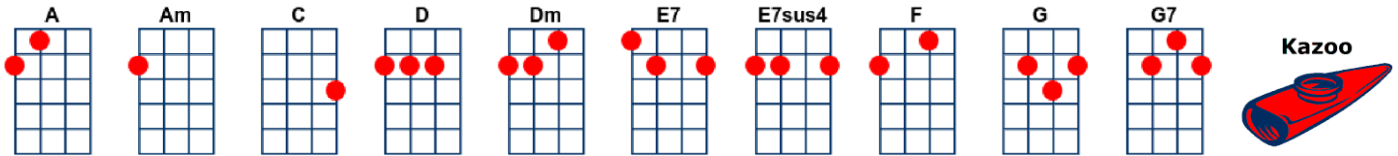
(C) Where is me wife, me (F)// naggin' naggin' (C)// wife
She's (C) all gone for beer and to-(Dm)//-bacco (G)//
For her (C) teeth have fallen out, and her (F)// tail's been kicked a-(C)//-bout
And I'm (C) sure she's looking out for better (G)// wea-(C)//-ther

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

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

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?



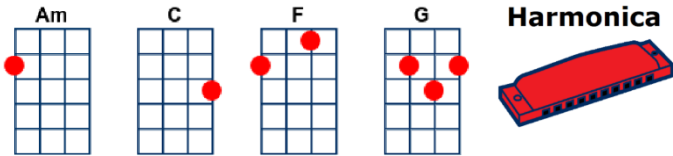
(Dm) Tuesday afternoon is never (G) ending
(C) Wednesday morning papers didn't (Am) come
(Dm) Thursday night your stockings needed (G7) mending
(C)/ See (Dm)/ how they (E7sus4) - (E7) run

(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)/

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 Carolina
(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



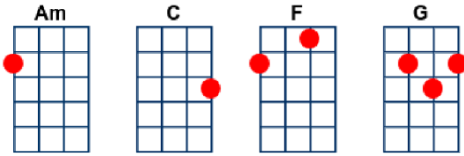
(C) Walkin' to the south (G) out of Roanoke
I caught a (Am) trucker out of Philly had a (F) nice long toke
But (C) he's a headed west from the (G) Cumberland Gap to (F) Johnson City,
Tennessee
And I (C) gotta get a move on (G) fit for the sun
I hear my (Am) baby callin' my name and I (F) know that she's 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)/

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
(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

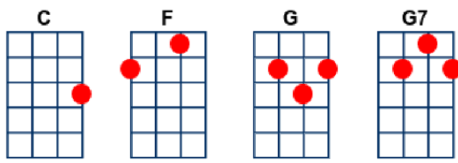
(C) (F) (Am) (G)

(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)**

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

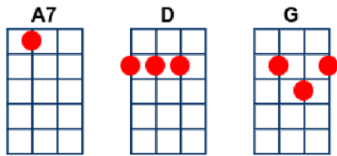
(C) All of my love all of my kissing
 (C) You don't know what you've been a missing
 Oh (F) boy when you're with me oh (C) boy
 The world will see that (G) you were (G7) meant for (C) me

(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

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

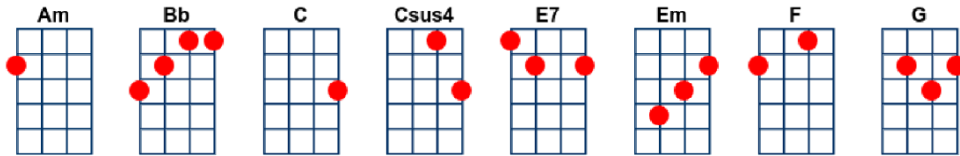
(D) With each and every passing year
 (G) Came a lot of french fries and beer
 And my (D) belly hung a little closer to the (A7) floor
 Now my (D) belly is big as a truck
 And the (G) old lady don't wanna (Stop!)
 (One person) she don't wanna!
 (D) Cuz I don't look good (A7) naked any-(D)-more

Chorus x 2

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

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

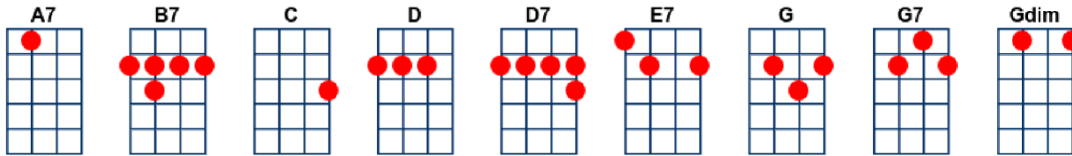
(G) That you give me no, (G) that you give me no

(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)

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,

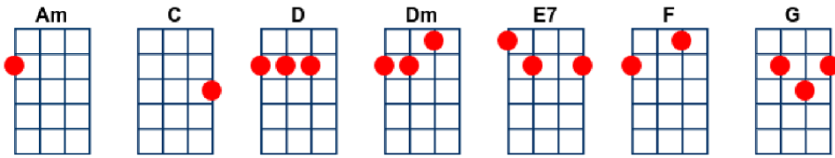
she's (C) so fed up one (A7) day I'm sure

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

Hotel California

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



Note: 8 strums per chord unless otherwise indicated

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

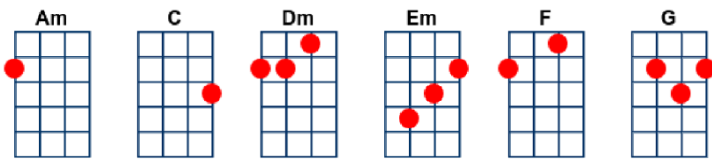
(F) Welcome to the Hotel Cali-(C)-fornia, such a (Dm) lovely place such a (Am) lovely face
 (F) Plenty of room at the Hotel Cali-(C)-fornia, any (Dm) time of year you can (E7) find it here

(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)/

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)

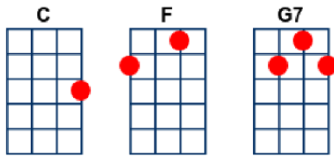
(C) Video (C) killed the (F) radio (F) star, (C) video (C) killed the (F) radio (F) star

(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)///

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.

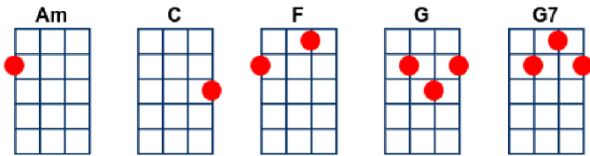
Chorus And it's (G7) no, nay...

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...

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.

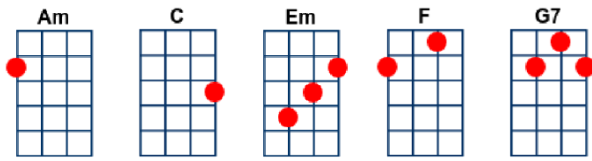
(F) Oh what I'd give just to (C) sail back to shore,
(F) Back to your arms once (G7) more...
(C) So come to my (Am) rescue,
(F) come here to (G) me,
(C) Take me and (Am) keep me,
(F) away from this (G) sea...

(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) /

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

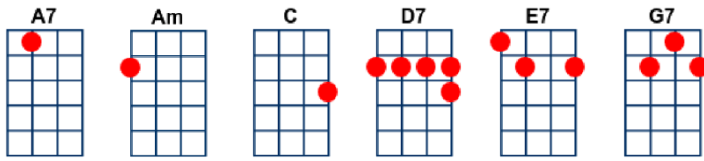
(F) Rain please tell me now does (Em) that seem fair
 For (F) her to steal my heart away when (C) she don't care
 I (Am) can't love another when my (F) heart's
 Somewhere far (C) away (G7)

(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

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

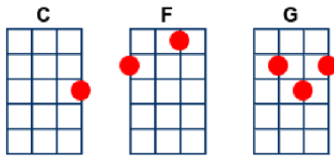
(G7) Oh, (C) oo-bee-doo I wanna be like (A7) you
I wanna (D7) walk like you, (G7) talk like you (C) too.
You'll (G7) see it's (C) true, an ape like (A7) me
Can (D7) learn to be (G7) human (C) too.

(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)/

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

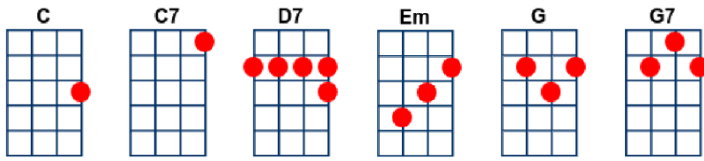
Ain't a-gonna (F) need this house no longer
 Ain't a-gonna (C) need this house no more
 Ain't got (G) time to fix the shingles, ain't got (C) time to fix the floor
 Ain't got (F) time to oil the hinges, nor to (C) mend the window pane
 Ain't gonna (G) need this house no longer, I'm a-gettin' ready to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

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!

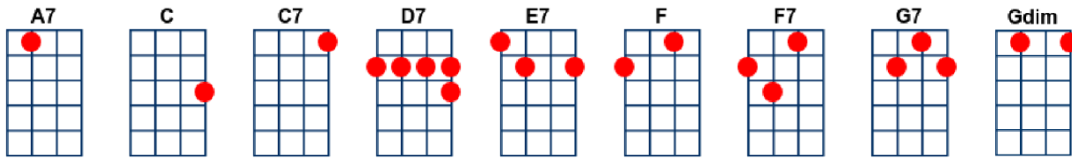
Ah, (G) let's go to the hop, let's go to the (G7) hop, (oh baby),
(C7) Let's go to the hop, (oh baby), (G) let's go to the hop
(D7) Come (C7) on, (G) let's go to the hop. Let's go!

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!

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)

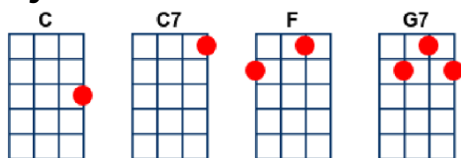
(C)// Ain't (Gdim)// she (G7) sweet see her (C)// walking (Gdim)// down the (G7) street
Now I (C)// ask you (E7)// very (A7) confidentially (D7)// ain't (G7)// she (C) sweet?
(C)// Ain't (Gdim)// she (G7) nice look her (C)// over (Gdim)// once or (G7) twice
Now I (C)// ask you (E7)// very (A7) confidentially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

Happy Birthday

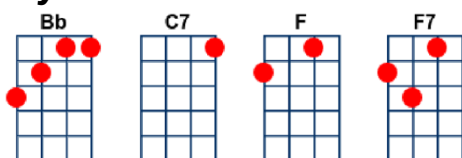
Writers: Patty and Mildred J. Hill Previous book page no. 63

Key C:



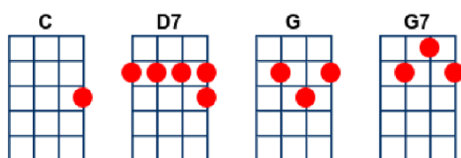
Happy (C) Birthday to (G7) you,
Happy Birthday to (C) you,
Happy (C7) Birthday, dear (F) Name, Name,
Happy (C) Birthday (G7) to (C) you

Key F:



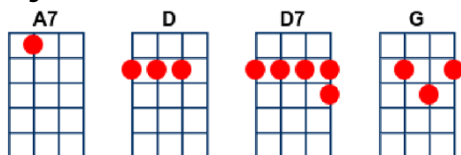
Happy (F) Birthday to (C7) you,
Happy Birthday to (F) you,
Happy (F7) Birthday, dear (Bb) Name, Name,
Happy (F) Birthday (C7) to (F) you

Key G:



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

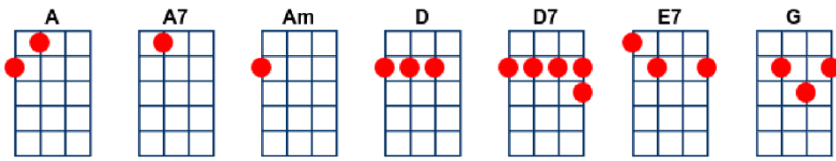
Key D:



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

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.