

Ukulele-Joe Tom Lehrer Collection

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These are my versions of some the songs of Tom Lehrer.

Fret diagrams for GCEA tuned Ukuleles are provided for all songs.

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A Christmas Carol

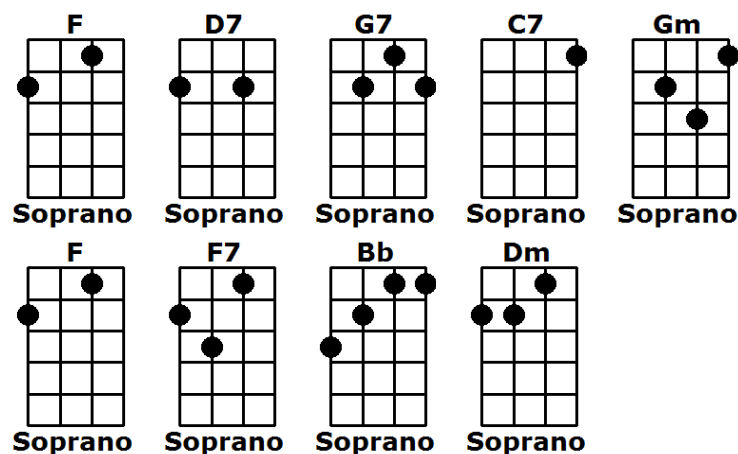
[F] Christmas time is here by [D7] golly,
 [G7] Dis-approval [C7] would be folly,
 [F] Deck the [F7] halls with [Bb] hunks of holly,
 [F] Fill the cups and [G7] don't say [C7] when.
 [F] Kill the Turkeys ducks and [D7] chickens,
 [G7] Mix punch the drag [C7] out the Dickens,
 [F] Even [F7] though the [Bb] prospect sickens,
 [F] Brother [Gm] here we [C7] go a- [F] -gain.

On Christmas [F7] Day you [Bb] can't get sore,
 Your fellow man you [F] must adore,
 There's [Dm] time to rob him [F] all the [G7] more,
 The [C7] other three [G7] hundred and [C7] sixty-four.

Re- [F] -lations sparing no ex- [D7] -pence,
 Will [G7] sent some useless [C7] old utensil,
 [F] Or a [F7] matching [Bb] pen and pencil,
 [F] Just the thing I [G7] need, - How [C7] Nice!)
 It [F] doesn't matter how sin- [D7] -cere it [G7] is,
 Nor how heart- [C7] -felt the spirit,
 [F] Sent- [F7] -ment will [Bb] not endear it,
 [F] what's impor- [Gm] -tant [C7] is the [F] price,

Hark the [C] Herald [F] Tribune [C] sings,
 [F] Advert- [Gm] -ising [F] won- [C] -drous [F] things,
 God [Dm] Rest Ye [A] Merry [Dm] Merchants
 May [F] you [Bb] make the Yuletide [A] pay,
 [F] Angels we have [C7] heard on [F] high,
 [F] Tell [C] us [F] to go out [C] and [F] buy!

[C7] So [F] let the raucous sleigh bells [D7] jingle,
 [G7] Hail our dear old [C] friend Kris Kringle,
 [F] Driving his [C] reindeer a [D7] cross the [Gm] sky.
 [D7] Don't [Gm] stand underneath when [C] they [C7] fly [F] by. [C]/// [F]



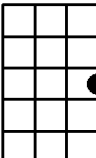
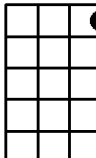
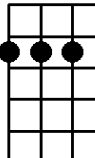
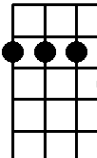
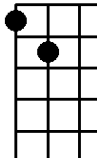
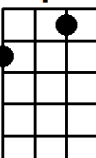
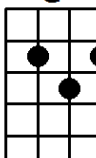
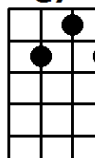
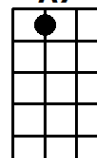
Be Prepared

Be [C] Prepared, that's the boy scout's marching song,
 Be [G7] Prepared, as through life you march along,
 Be Pre-[C]-pared to hold your [E7] liquor pretty [A7] well,
 Don't write [D7] naughty words on walls if you can't [G] spell. [G7]

Be [C] prepared to hide that pack of cigarettes,
 Don't make [G7] book, if you cannot cover bets.
 Keep those [C] reefers hidden [C7] where you're sure that [F] they will not be found
 And be [D] careful not to [D7] smoke them when the [G] scout masters a round.
 For he [C] only will in-[F]-sist that they be [G7] shared,
 Be Pre [C] pared.

Be [C] Prepared, that's the boy scout's solemn creed.
 Be [G7] Prepared, and be clean in word and deed,
 Don't sol-[C]-icit for your [E7] sister, that's not [A7] nice,
 Unless you [D7] get a good percentage of her [G] price. [G7]

Be [C] prepared, and be careful not to do,
 Your good [G7] deeds, when there's no one watching you.
 If you're [C] looking for ad-[C7]-venture of a [F] new and different kind,
 And you [D] come across a [D7] Girl Scout who is [G] similarly inclined,
 Don't be [C] nervous, don't be [F] flustered, don't be [G7] scared. -
 Be [C] Prepared.

C  Soprano	C7  Soprano	D  Soprano	D7  Soprano	E7  Soprano
F  Soprano	G  Soprano	G7  Soprano	A7  Soprano	

The Hunting Song

Tom Lehrer (Original in the 1952 Tom Lehrer Song Book")

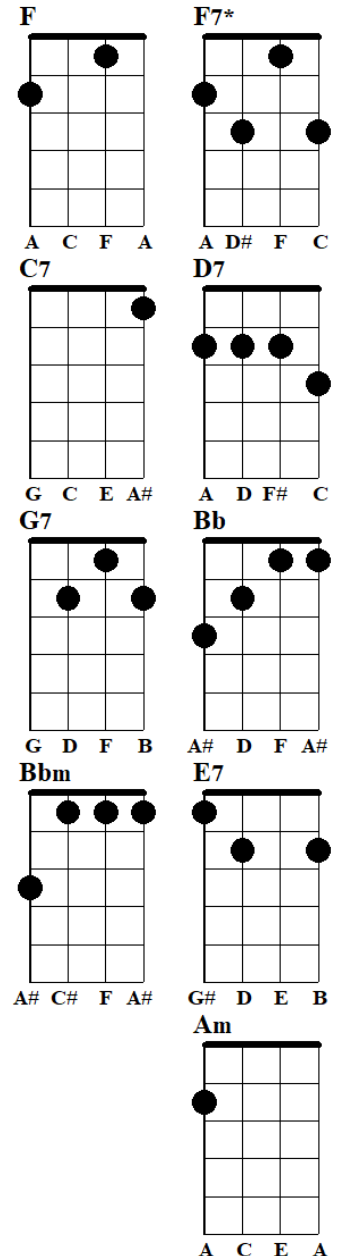
4 / 4 Time. Intro [F] [C7] [F]

I [F] always will remember,
 'twas a [C7] year ago November,
 I went [F] out to hunt some [D7] deer,
 on a [G7] morning bright and [C] clear.
 I [F] went and shot the [F7*] maximum
 the [Bb] game laws would [Bbm] allow,
 Two game [F] wardens, seven [C7] hunters and a [F] cow,

I [F] was in no mood to trifle,
 I took [C7] down my trusty rifle,
 And went [F] out to stalk my [D7] prey,
 what a [G7] haul I made that [C] day,
 I [F] tied them to my [F7] fender
 and I [Bb] drove them home some [Bbm] how,
 Two game [F] wardens, seven [C7] hunters and a [F] cow,

Bridge [E7] The [Am] law was very firm, it,
 [E7] took away my permit,
 The [Am] worst punish-[G]-ment
 I [F] ever en-[E7]-dured,
 It turned [Am] out they had a reason,
 [E7] Cows were out of season
 And [Am] one of the hunters wasn't [C7] insured.

People [F] ask me how I do it,
 and I [C7] say there's nothing to it,
 You just [F] stand there looking [D7] cute
 and when [G7] something moves, you [C7] shoot,
 So there's [F] ten stuffed [F7] heads
 in my [Bb] trophy room right [Bbm] now,
 Two game [F] wardens, seven [C7] hunters and a
 [F] Pure [F7] bred [Bb] Guern-[Bbm]-sey [F] cow[C]! [C]! [F]!.



The Irish Ballad - Page 1

Tom Lehrer (1952)

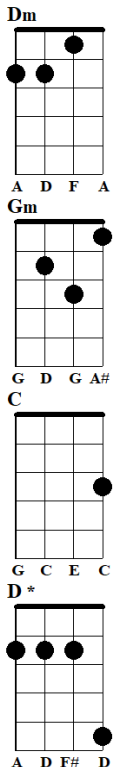
6/8 Time Intro:

[Dm] About a maid I'll sing a song,
 Sing rick-e-ty-[Gm]-tickety-[Dm]-tin,
 A [Gm] bout a maid I'll [Dm] sing a song,
 Who didn't [C] have her [Dm] family long,
 Not only [Gm] did she [Dm] do them [Gm] wrong,
 She [Dm] did every [C] one of them [Dm] in, them[C] in,
 She [Dm] did every [C] one of them [Dm] in.

[Dm] One morning in a fit of pique,
 Sing rick-e-ty-[Gm]-tick-e-ty-[Dm]-tin,
 One [Gm] morning in a [Dm] fit of pique,
 She drowned her [C] father [Dm] in the creek,
 The water [Gm] tasted [Dm] bad for a [Gm] week,
 So we [Dm] had to make[C] do with [Dm] gin, with [C] gin,
 We [Dm] had to make [C] do with [Dm] gin.

[Dm] Her mother she could never stand,
 Sing rick-e-ty-[Gm]-tick-e-ty-[Dm]-tin,
 Her [Gm] mother she could [Dm] never stand,
 And so a [C] cyanide [Dm] soup she planned,
 Her mother [Gm] died with the [Dm] spoon in her [Gm] hand,
 And her [Dm] face in a [C] hideous [Dm] grin,
 A [C] grin, her [Dm] face in a [C] hideous [Dm] grin,

[Dm] She set her sister's hair on fire,
 Sing rick-e-ty-[Gm]-tick-e-ty-[Dm]-tin,
 She [Gm] set her sister's [Dm] hair on fire,
 And as the[C] smoke and [Gm] flame rose higher,
 She [Dm] danced [C] around the [Dm] funeral [Gm] pyre,
 [Dm] Playing a [C] vio-[Dm]-lin, [C]-o-lin,[Dm]
 Playing a [C] vio-[Dm]-lin.`



The Irish Ballad - *Continued*

[Dm] She weighted her brother down with stones,
 Sing rick-e-ty-[Gm]-tick-e-ty-[Dm]-tin,
 She [Gm] weighted her brother [Dm] down with stones,
 And [C] sent him off to [Dm] Davy Jones,
 All they [C] ever [Dm] found were some [Gm] bones,
 And [Dm] occasional [C] pieces of [Dm] skin, Of [C] skin,
 Oc-[Dm]-casional [C] pieces of [Dm] skin.

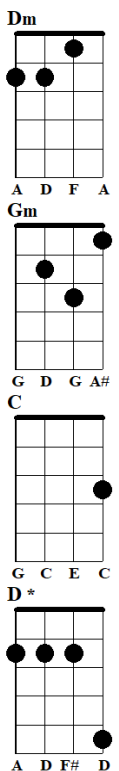
[Dm] One day when she had nothing to do,
 Sing rick-e-ty-[Gm]-tick-e-ty-[Dm]-tin,
 One [Gm] day when she had [Dm] nothing to do,
 She cut her [C] baby [Dm] brother in two,
 Then [Dm] served him [C] up as an [Dm] Irish [Gm] stew.
 And [Dm] invited the [C] neighbours [Dm] in, 'bours [C] in,
 In-[Dm]-vited the [C] neighbours [Dm] in.

[Dm] And when at last the police came by,
 Sing rick-e-ty-[Gm]-tick-e-ty-[Dm]-tin,
 And [Gm] when at last the [Dm] police came by,
 Her little [C] pranks she did [Dm] not deny,
 To [Dm] do so [C] she would have [Dm] had to [Gm] lie,
 And [Dm] lying she [C] knew was a sin [Dm] - a [C] sin,
 And [Dm] lying she [C] knew was a [Dm] sin.

[Dm] My tragic tale I will not prolong,
 Sing rick-e-ty-[Gm]-tick-e-ty-[Dm]-tin,
 My [Gm] tragic tale I [Dm] won't prolong,
 But [C] if you do not [Dm] enjoy my song,
 You've yourselves to [C] blame if [Dm] it's too [Gm] long, You should
 [Dm] never have [C] let me be-[Dm]-gin, be-[C]-gin.

Outro: Slowing.

You should [Dm] never have [C] let me be-[Dm]-gin. [C]! pause [D]!*



The Masochism Tango

Tom Lehrer (1958)

On "An Evening Wasted with Tom Lehrer" Album.

4 / 4 Tango Style.

I [Dm] ache for the touch of your [Gm] lips, dear,
But much [C7] more for the touch of your [F] whips, dear,
[A7] You can raise welts like [Dm] nobody else,
As we [A7] dance to the masochism [Dm] tango.

Let our [Dm] love be a flame, not an [Gm] ember,
Say it's [C7] me that you want to dis-[F]-member,
[A7] Blacken my eye, set [Dm] fire to my [Gm] tie,
As we [A7] dance to the masochism [Dm] tango.

*At your com-[Gm]-mand be- [C7]-fore you here I [F] stand,
My [Dm] heart is in my [Gm] hand, - YUK!! - It's here that I must [D] be. [D7]
My heart [Gm] entreats, just [C7] hear those savage [F] beats,
And [Dm] go put on your [Gm] cleats and [C7] come and trample [F] me. [A7]*

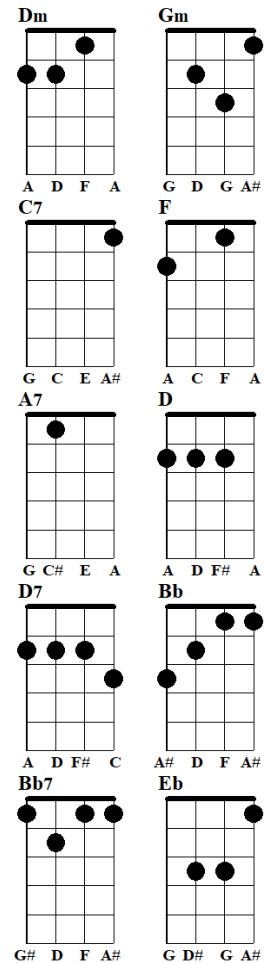
Your [Dm] heart is hard as stone or ma-[Gm]-hogany,
That's why [C7] I'm in such exquisite [F] agony.
My [A7] soul is on fire, it's a-[Dm]-flame with de-[Gm]-sire,
Which is [A7] why I perspire when we [Dm] tango.

*[Dm] You caught my [Bb] nose [Bb7], In your left casta-[Eb]-net, love,
I can feel the pain [A7] yet love, ev'ry time I hear [Dm] drums.
And I envy the [Bb] rose, [Bb7] That you held in your [Eb] teeth, love,
With the thorns under-[A7]-neath love, sticking into your [Dm] gums. [A7]*

Your [Dm] eyes cast a spell that be-[Gm]-witches,
The [C7] last time I needed twenty [F] stitches.
To [A7] sew up the gash you [Dm] made with your [Gm] lash,
As we [A7] danced to the Masochism [Dm] Tango.

*Bash in my [Gm] brain and [A7] make me scream with [F] pain,
Then [Dm] kick me once a-[Gm]-gain and say we'll never [D] part. [D7]
I know too [Gm] well I'm un-[C7]-derneath your [F] spell,
So, [Dm] darling, if you [Gm] smell something [C7] burning,
It's my [F] heart. Hic, Excuse Me!! [A7]*

Take [Dm] your cigarette from its [Gm] holder,
And [C7] burn your initials in my [F] shoulder'
[A7] Fracture my spine, and [Dm] swear that you're [Gm] mine,
As we [A7] danced to the Masochism [Dm] Tango.



When You are Old And Grey

Tom Lehrer (1952)

The Tom Lehrer Songbook (1952)

3 / 4 time. Intro: [G] [A7*] [D7] [G]

Since I [G] still appreciate you,
 let's [E7] find love while we [Am] may,
 Because I know I'll [D7] hate you,
 When you are old and [G] grey.

So say you love me here and now,
 I'll [E7] make the most of [Am] that.
 Say you love and trust me,
 For I [G] know you'll dis-[E7]-gust me,
 When you're [A7*] old and [D7] getting [G] fat.

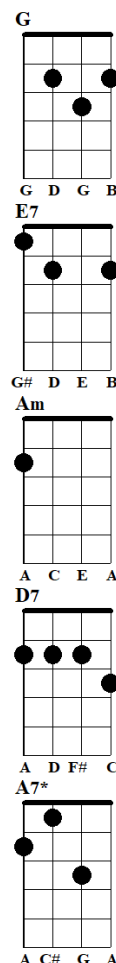
Bridge An [G] awful debility, A [C] lessened utility,
 A [D7] loss of mobility, is a [G] strong possibility.
 In all probability, I'll [D7] lose my virility,
 And [Em] you your fertility, and [A7*] desira-[D7]-bility,
 And [G] this liability of [C] total sterility.
 Will [D7] lead to hostility and a [G] sense of futility.
 So let's act with agility while we [D7] still have facility,
 For we'll [Em] soon reach senility and [A7*] lose the a- [D7] -bility.

Your [G] teeth will start to go dear,
 Your [E7] waist will start to [Am] spread,
 In twenty years or [D7] so dear
 I'll wish that you were [G] dead.

I'll never love you then at all
 The [E7] way I do [Am] today,
 So please remember,
 When I [G] leave in De-[E7]-cember, I [A7*] told you [D7] so in [G] May.

Outro: Slowing

Yes, I [A7*] told you [D7] so in [G] May.



I Wanna Go Back To Dixie.

Tom Lehrer (1953)

Recorded by Tom Lehrer.

I [G] wanna go back to [G7] Dixie, Take me [C] back to dear old Dixie,
That's the [G] only little old [E7] place for little old [A7] me. [D7]
Old times [G] there are not for-[G7]-gotten,
Whupping [C] slaves and selling cotton.
And [G] waiting for the [A7] Robert-E-Lee [D7]. *(It was never there on time)*

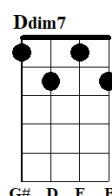
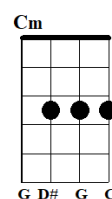
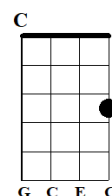
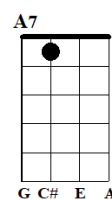
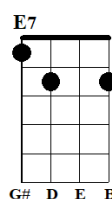
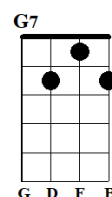
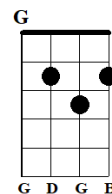
I'll [G] go back to the [G7] Swanee, Where Pel-[G]-agra makes you [G7] scrawny,
And the [C] honeysuckle clutters up the [G] vine. [D7]
I [G] really am a [D7] fixing, to go [G] home and start a-[E7]-mixing,
Down be-[A7]-low that Mason [D7] Dixon [G] line. [D7]

Spoken: I [G] wanna go [G7] back to [C] Allabam-[Cm]-my,
Back [G] to the arms [G7] of my [C] dear old [Cm] mammy,
Her [G] cooking's [G7] lousy and her [C] hands are clam-[Cm]-my,
But [G] what the [D7] hell, It's [G] home.

Yes for [D7] paradise the [Gdim7] southland is my [D7] nominee,
Just give me a ham hock [Gdim7] and a grit of [D7] Hominy.

I [G] wanna go back to [G7] Dixie, I wanna [C] be a Dixie Pixie,
And eat [G] cornpone 'tll it's [E7] coming out of my [A7] ears, [D7]
I wanna [G] talk with southern [G7] gentlemen,
and [C] put my white sheet on again,
I [G] ain't seen one good [A7] lynching in [D7] years.

The [G] land of the Boll [G7] Weevil, Where the [G] laws are medi-[G7]-eval,
Is [C] calling me to [Cm] come and never more [G] roam, [D7]
I wanna [G] go back to the [D7] southland,
that y'-[G]-all and shut yer [D7] mouth land.
Be it [G] ev-[C]-er so [G] deca-[E7]-dent,
There's [A7] no [D7] place like [G] home. [D7] [G]



Pollution

Tom Lehrer 1965

4 / 4 Time Calypso Style. [C] [G7] [C] [G7]

[C] If you visit Amer-[G7]-ican city,
you will find it [C] very pretty.

[C7] Just two things of which you [F] must beware,

[G] Don't drink the water and don't [G7] breathe the [C] air.

Pol-[Am]-lution, Pol-[G]-lution, they got [F] smog and sewage and [E7] mud,

[F] Turn on your [C] tap and get [G7] hot and cold running [C] crud. [G7]

[C] See the halibuts [G7] and the sturgeon,
being wiped out [C] by detergeons.

Fish gotta [Am] swim and [Dm] birds gotta [G7] fly,

But [C] they don't last long [G7] if they [C] try.

Pol-[Am]-lution, Pol-[G]-lution, you can [F] use the latest tooth [E7] paste,

And [F] then rise out your [C] mouth with in-[G7]-dustrial [C] waste. [G7]

[C] Just go out for a [G7] breath of air,
and you'll be ready for [C] Medicare.

The [C7] city streets are really [F] quite a thrill,

If the [C] hoods don't get you the mon-[G7]-oxide [C] will.

Pol-[Am]-lution, Pol-[G]-lution, wear a [F] gas mask and a [E7]-veil.

[F] Then you can [C] breathe, long as [G7] you don't in-[C]-hale. [G7]

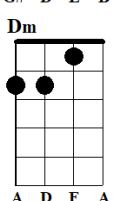
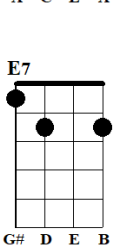
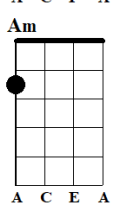
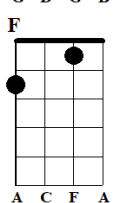
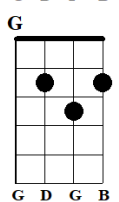
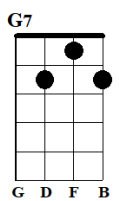
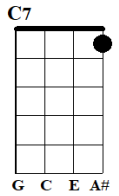
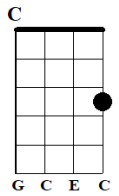
[C] Lots of things there that [G7] you can drink,
but stay away from the [C] kitchen sink.

Throw [C7] out your breakfast garbage, and I've [F] got a hunch,

That the [G] folks down-stream will [G7] drink it for [C] lunch.

So [Am] go to the [G] city see the [F] crazy people [E7] there.

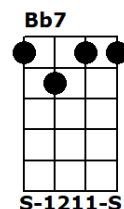
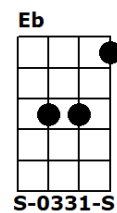
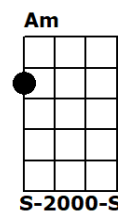
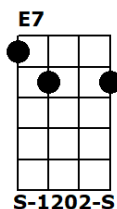
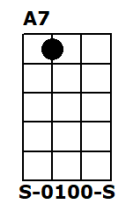
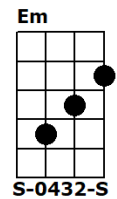
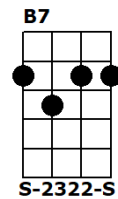
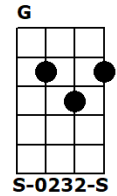
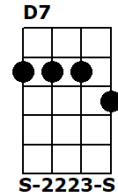
Like [F] lambs to the [C] slaughter, they're [F] drinking the [C] water,
and [Dm] breath-[G7]-ing (Cough) the [C] air. [G]! [G]! [C]!



I Hold Your Hand In Mine.

Tom Lehrer (1953)

Recorded by Tom Lehrer.

Intro: **[E7] [A7] [D7] [G]**I **[D7]** hold your hand in **[G]** mine, **[G]** dear,I **[D7]** press it to my **[G]** lips. **[G]**I **[B7]** take a healthy **[Em]** bite,**[Em]** From your **[A7]** dainty finger **[D7]** tips. **[D7]**My **[D7]** joy would be com-**[G]**-plete **[G]** dear,If **[D7]** you were only **[G]** he-**[E7]**-re.But **[Am]** still I keep your **[G]** hand,**[E7]** As a **[Am]** precious **[D7]** souve-**[G]**-nir. **[G]**The **[Eb]** night you died I **[Bb7]** cut it off,I **[F7]** really don't know **[Bb]** why. **[Bb7]**For **[Eb]** now each time I **[Bb]** kiss it, **[Bb]**I get **[A7]** blood-stains on my **[D7]** tie. **[D7]**I'm **[D7]** sorry now I killed **[G]** you,For our **[D7]** love was something **[G]** fine, **[G7]**And **[C]** 'till they come to **[G]** get me, **[E7]**I shall **[A7]** hold your **[D7]** hand in **[G]** mine. **[C] [G]↓**

The Weiner Schnitzel Waltz

Tom Lehrer (1953)

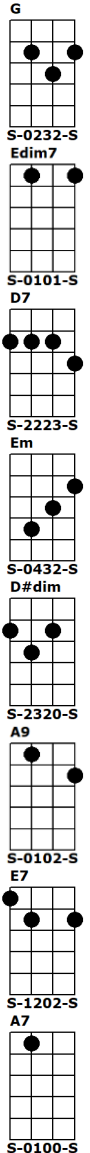
Recorded by Tom Lehrer 1953

3 / 4 Time. Intro: [G] [G] [G] [G]/

Do you re-[G] member the night I held you so tight,
 As we danced to the [Edim7] Weiner Schnitzel [D7] Waltz.
 The [G] music was gay, and the [D7] setting was Viennese,
 Your [Em] hair wore some roses (or per-[D#dim]-haps they were Peonies).
 I was [Em] blind to your obvious [A9] faults,
 As we [G] danced 'cross the scene,
 To the [D7] strains of the Weiner Schnitzel [G] Waltz. [G] [D7]/

*Oh, I [G] drank some champagne from your [D7] shoe, (Tra-la-la),
 I was drunk by the time I got [G] through. (Tra-la-la),
 For [D7] I didn't know as I [G] raised up that [E7] cup,
 It had [A7] taken two bottles to [D7] fill the thing up.
 It was [G] I who trod on your [D7] dress, (Tra-la-la),
 The skirts all came off I con-[G]-fess. (Tra-la-la),
 Re-[D7]-vealing for all of the [G] others to [E7] see,
 [A7] Just what it was that en-[D7]-deared you to me,*

Oh, I re-[G]-member the night I held you so tight,
 As we danced to the [Edim7] Weiner Schnitzel [D7] Waltz.
 Your [G] lips were like wine (if you'll [D7] pardon the simile),
 The [Em] music was lovely and [D#dim] quite Rudolph Frimly.
 I drank [Em] wine, you drank chocolate [A7] malts,
 And we [G] both turned quite green,
 To the [D7] strains of the Weiner Schnitzel [G] Waltz. [C] [G]↓



My Home Town

Tom Lehrer 1853

Recorded by Tom Lehrer 1954

Intro: [C]/ [D7] [G7] [C]

[C] I really have a [Am] yen, to [Dm] go back once a-[G7]-gain,
Back [C] to the place where [Am] no-one wears a [Dm] frown
[G7] To see once [F] more those super [B7] special just plain [C] folks,
In [D7] my [G7] home [C] town.

No [C] fellow could ig-[Am]-nore, that [Dm] little girl next [G7] door,
She [C] sure looked sweet in [Am] her first evening [Dm] gown.
[G7] Now there's a [F] charge for what she [B7] used to give for [C] free,
In [D7] my [G7] home [C] town.

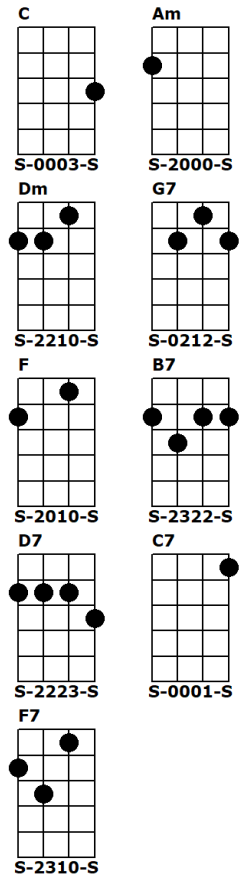
*I re-[C7]-member [F7] Dan, the druggist on the corner,
He was [C7] never mean or ornery, he was [C] swell.
He killed his [F7] mother-in-law and ground her up real [Am] well,
And [C] sprinkled just a [A7] bit, over [D7] each banana [G7] split.*

The [C] guy that taught us [Am] math, who [Dm] never took a [G7] bath,
Ac-[C]-quired a certain [Am] measure of re-[Dm]-nown.
[G7] And after [F] school he sold the [B7] most amazing [C] pictures,
In [D7] my [G7] home [C] town.

That [C] fellow was no [Am] fool, who [Dm] taught us Sunday [G7] School.
And [C] neither was our [Am] kindly Parson [Dm] Brown.
[G7] This line has [F] been omitted to avoid [B7] giving [C] offence
In [D7] my [G7] home [C] town.

*[C] I re-[C7]-member [F7] Sam, he was the village idiot,
And [C7] though it seems a pity it was [C] so.
He loved to [F7] burn down houses just to watch the [Am] glow.
And [C] nothing could be [A7] done, because he [D7] was the Mayor's [G7] son.*

The [C] guy that took a [Am] knife, and [Dm7] monogrammed his [G7] wife
Then [C] dropped her in the [Am] pond and watched her [Dm7] drown
[G7] Oh, yes, in-[F]-deed, the people [B7] there are just plain [C] folks
In [D7] my [G7] home [C] town.[G]! [C]!



The Wild West is Where I Wanna' Be.

Tom Lehrer 1953

Recorded by Tom Lehrer 1954

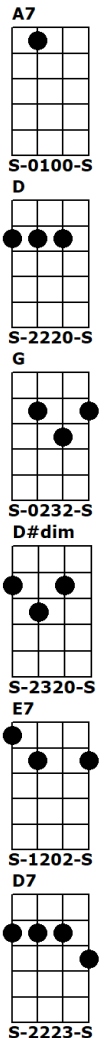
Intro: [A7] [A7] [D] Start Note A0

[Tacet] A-long the [D] trail you'll find me lopin',
 Where the [G] spaces are wide [D] open,
 In the land of the [D#dim] old A. E, [E7] C, [A7]
 Where the [D] scenery 's attractive,
 [D7] And the [G] air is radio-[E7] active,
 Oh The [A7] wild west is where I wanna' [D] be. [A7]

[A7] 'Mid the [D] sagebrush and the cactus,
 I'll [G] watch the fellows [D] practice,
 Droppin' bombs through the [D#dim] clean desert [E7] breeze, [A7]
 I'll have [D] on my sombrero,
 [D7] And of [G] course I'll wear a [E7] pair o' Levi's
 [A7] Over my lead B. V. [D]// D'-[G]//-s. [D]

*[D7] I will [G] leave the city's rush. Leave the [D] fancy and the plush,
 Leave the [Em] snow and leave the [A7] slush, And the [D] crow-[D7]-ds.
 I will [G] seek the deserts hush. Where the [D] scene-r -y is lush.
 How I [E7] long to see the mushroom [A7] clouds.*

Mid the [D] yuccas and the thistles,
 I'll [G] watch the guided [D] missiles,
 While the old F. B. [D#dim] I, watches [E7] me. [A7]
 Yes I'll [D] soon make my appearance
 [D7] (soon as [G] I can get my [E7] clearance)
 'Cause the [A7] wild west is where I want to [D] be. [G] [D]!



The Old Dope Pedlar.

Tom Lehrer 1953

When the [C] shades of [C7] night are [A] falling,
Comes a [Dm] fellow [G7] everyone [C] knows,
It's the [C] old [C7] dope [Dm] pedlar,
Spreading [C] joy where-[G7]-ever he [C] goes.

Every [C] evening [C7] you will [A] find him,
A-[Dm]-round our [G7] neighbour-[C]-hood,
It's the [C] old [C7] dope [Dm] pedlar
doing [C] well by [G7] doing [C] good.

He [F] gives the kids free [Em] samples,
be-[Dm]-cause he knows full [C] well,
That to [Dm]-day's young [G7] innocent [C] faces
will be to-[D7] morrows clien-[G7]-tele.

Here's an [C] end to [C7] all your [A] troubles,
Here's an [Dm] end to [G7] all dis-[C]-tress,
It's the [C] old [C7] dope [Dm] pedlar,
With his [C] powdered [G7] happi-[C]-ness.

Outro: Slowing

YES It's the [C] old [C7] dope [Dm] pedlar,
With his [C] powdered [G7] happi-[C]ness. [G7]! [G7]! [C]!

