

Ukulele-Joe Song Collection

Volume 2

A Personal collection of 30 songs that I enjoy singing.

Fret diagrams for GCEA tuned Ukuleles are provided for all songs

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The Mechanical Blackbird.

Anonymous

Recorded by The Spinners Folk Group (1960's ?)

4 / 4 Time. Intro: [C] [G7] [C]

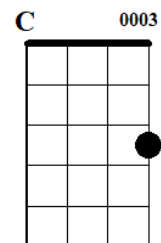
As I [C] walked out across Pica-[G7]-dilly,
 One evening before it was [C] spring.
 As the lay-a-bout slept on [C7] the [F] benches,
 A sweet [C] blackbird [G7] started to [C] sing.

Chorus: *To my [C] tweedle-ay-eedle-ay-eedle ay-[G7]-aye,
 My tweedle-ay-eedle-ay-[C]-ee,
 I heard the sweet voice [C7] of a [F] blackbird.
 From a [C] Microphone [G7] up in a [C] tree.*

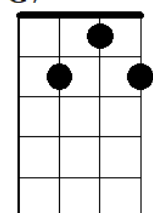
If I [C] were a Mechanical [G7] Blackbird,
 I wouldn't build my nest out at [C] sea.
 With a microphone heart in [C7] my [F] bosom,
 And my [C] feet welded [G7] firmly to a [C] tree. ---Chorus

Now the [C] Starlings fly out every [G7] morning,
 The Pigeons find food where they [C] please.
 Me and my Mecha-[C7]-nical [F] Blackbird,
 We are [C] stuck in our [G7] own little [C] trees. ----Chorus

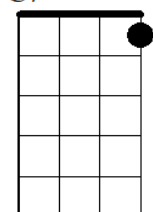
Now [C] both of us work in the [G7] city,
 We can't even rest after [C] five.
 The sounds that we make [C7] may be [F] pretty,
 It [C] isn't like [G7] being [C] alive. -----Chorus



G C E C
G7 0212

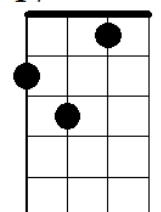


G D F B
C7 0001



G C E A#

F7 2310



A D# F A

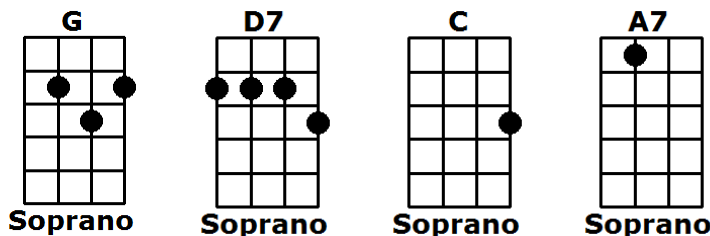
My Baby Left Me

Yes, my [D] baby left me, never said a word,
 Was it something I done, something that she [D7] heard,
 My baby [G7] left me, my baby left me,
 My baby [A7] even left me, [G7] never said a [D] word.

Now I [D] stand at my window, wring my hands and cry,
 I hate to lose that woman, hate to say good [D7] bye,
 You know she [G7] left me, yes, she left me,
 My baby [A7] even left me [G7] never said a [D] word.

One of [D] these mornings, Lord it won't be long,
 You'll look for me and baby Daddy will done [D7] gone.
 You know she [G7] left me, my baby left me,
 My baby [A7] even left me, [G7] never said a [D] word.

Now I [D] stand at my window. Wring my hands and moan,
 All I know is that the one I love is [D7] gone,
 My baby [G7] left me, my baby left me,
 My baby [A7] even left me, [G7] never said a [D] word.
 OH YES -
 My baby [A7] even left me, [G7] never said a [D] word.



My Home Town**Verse 1:**

[C] I really have a [Am] yen, to [Dm7] go back once a-[G7]-gain,
 Back [C] to the place where [Am] no-one wears a [Dm7] 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 [Dm7] little girl next [G7] door,
 She [C] sure looked sweet in [Am] her first evening [Dm7] 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.

Bridge 1

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.

Verse 2:

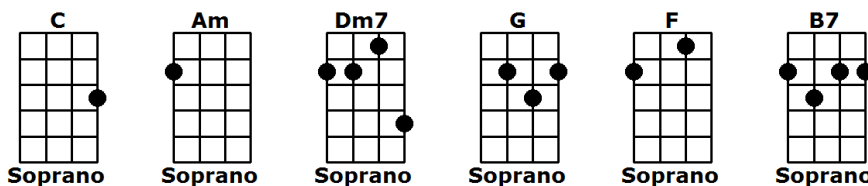
The [C] guy that taught us [Am] math, who [Dm7] never took a [G7] bath,
 Ac-[C]-quired a certain [Am] measure of re-[Dm7]-nown.
 [G7] And after [F] school he sold the [B7] most amazing [C] pictures,
 In [D7] my [G7] home [C] town.

That [C] fellow was no [Am] fool, who [Dm7] taught us Sunday [G7] School.
 And [C] neither was our [Am] kindly Parson [Dm7] Brown.
[G7] This line is [F] missing to avoid [B7] giving [C] offence
 In [D7] my [G7] home [C] town.

Bridge 2

[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.



Oh, A Sewer Man Am I

Oh, a [C] sewer man am I and my [F] trade I deftly [C] ply,
 As [F] underneath the [C] city streets I [G7] go.
 And my [C] hope for paradise, is to [F] wade up [Dm] to my [G7] thighs,
 Oh, I'm [F] glad I'm [G7] working down [C] below. ----- CHORUS

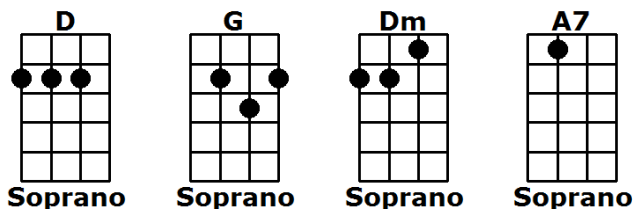
*CHORUS: [F] Down below, down [C] below,
 Oh, it's dark but it's home to me, you [G7] know,
 It's the [C] only place, I find, I can [F] get some [Dm] peace of [G7] mind
 Yes I'm [F] glad I'm [G7] working down be [C] low.*

There are [C] rules to the trade that [F] have to be o-[C]-beyed,
 And [F] every movement [C] must be made just [G7] so.
 You must [C] watch how you stand, and [F] where you [Dm] put your [G7] hand,
 Still I'm [F] glad I'm [G7] working down be-[C]-low. ----- CHORUS

There was [C] cause for alarm at a [F] local sewage [C] farm,
 A [F] man fell down a [C] pit some years [G7] ago.
 Since the [C] accident occurred he's been [F] lying [Dm] there in- [G7] -terred,
 Oh, I'm [F] glad I'm [G7] working down be-[C]-low. -----CHORUS

Oh, in [C] Paris I have found they take [F] tourists under- [C] -ground,
 And [F] even charge a [C] small fee for the [G7] show.
 While in [C] Venice I've heard tell they float [F] boats on [Dm] them as [G7] well,
 Oh, I'm [F] glad I'm [G7] working down be-[C]-low. ----- CHORUS

It's a [C] wonderful life, you can [F] hide here from your [C] wife,
 And [F] leave behind your every [C] care and [G7] woe.
 I may [C] be a sewer rat but I'm [F] not to [Dm] be sniffed [G7] at.
 Oh, I'm [F] glad I'm [G7] working down be-[C]-low. ----- CHORUS



Our Bill & The Concrete Mixer

Our [G] Bill had a concrete [D7] mixer,
 He was coming home last [G] night,
 When he come down't [G7] street and he [C] sees his house
 With [D7] a sports car parked out-[G]-side.

He [G] thought "Here's me going [D7] out to work
 And me wife's at home on [G] t' job"
 So he swore he'd [G7] get her [C] lover boy,
 And [D7] smack him up his [G] gob.

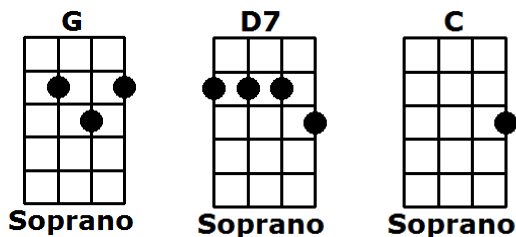
Then he [G] thought, "Now look here [D7] Billy Lad,
 Use what's under your [G] crop"
 So he ups with his [G7] concrete [C] mixer,
 Fills the [D7] car right up to [G] t' top.

Then he gets back in his [D7] cab and sits,
 As quiet as a [G] mouse,
 And he sees the [G7] bloke come [C] to his car,
 But he [D7] comes from next doors [G] house.

Well, Bill starts up his [D7] engine,
 He's never felt such a [G] Prat,
 He went down that road [G7] and a [C] mile away,
 In [D7] twenty seconds [G] flat.

If Bill had stayed a bit [D7] longer
 He's have seen his wife so [G] sweet,
 Giving a kiss [G7] to her [C] lover boy
 As he [D7] pedaled down the [G] street.

And now his wife she [D7] gets her oats,
 And Bill, he feels a [G] berk,
 For thinking his [G7] wife was [C] having it off,
 While [D7] he was out at [G] work.



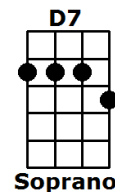
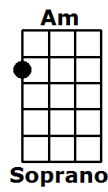
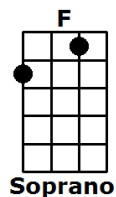
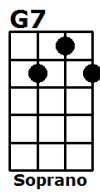
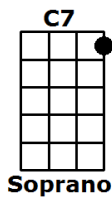
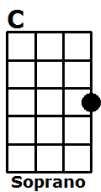
Paralysed

[C] When you looked into my eyes,
 I stood there like I was hypno-[G7]-tized,
 You [C] sent a feeling [C7] to my spine,
 A [F] feeling warm and smooth and fine,
 But [C] All I could do was [G7] stand there [C] paralysed.

When we kissed ooh! What a thrill,
 You took my hand and ooh, baby, what a [G7] chill,
 I [C] felt like grabbing [C7] you real tight,
 [F] Squeeze and squeeze with all my might
 But [C] All I could do was [G7] stand there [C] paralysed. [C7]

Oh, [F] lucky me I'm singing every [C] day,
 [F] Ever since the day you can my [C] way,
 You [F] made my life for me just one big [C] happy [Am] game,
 I'm [D7] gay every morning, at [G7] night I'm still the same.

Do [C] you remember that wonderful time,
 You held my hand and swore that you'll be[G7] mine,
 In [C] front of the preacher you [C7] said "I do",
 I [F] couldn't say a word for thinking of you,
 [C] All I could do was [G7] stand there [C] paralysed.



Bernard Wrigley

From his 1974 "Rough and Wrigley" album

4 / 4 Time. Intro: [C] [Am] [D] [G]

[G] Standing on the station at a quarter past eleven,
Hadh't had a bite to eat since I got up at [D] seven.
Then [Am] I espies, [D] a tray of [G] tatie pies,
So I [Am] went up to the [D] bloke and ordered [G] four.
I [G] shot back to the table 'cause me stomach was quite sore
But as I did I slipped and dropped the first pie on the [D] floor,
It hit [Am] the deck, [D] and caught me [G] on the neck,
Then it [Am] bounced to the [D] plate just like [G] before. -----Chorus

Chorus [G] Plastic Pies are all I see and all I ever get,
Plastic Pies and rubber cakes will polish me off [D] yet,
Well [Am] damn your eyes, [D] and take your [G] Plastic Pies [C]
And you can [Am] shove 'em where the [D] monkey shoves his [G] nuts.

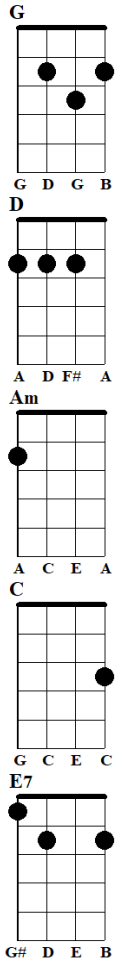
I [G] went back to the bloke and said "This pie's as hard as hell;"
He looked the pie all over and said "This one's not been [D] well"
He took [Am] off the crust [D] and blew a-[G]-way the dust,
And said "I'll [Am] change the oil and the [D] points and plugs as [G] well"
I [G] rushed back to the table where the first pie should have been,
There were only crumbs upon the plate and then I turned quite [D] green,
It had [Am] crossed the floor, [D] and walked out [G] through the door,
And [Am] caught the half past [D] twelve to Morecombe [G] Bay. -----Chorus

An [G] old man selling Tortoises outside the pet shop door,
A drunk came up and bought one then he come back for some [D] more,
He said [Am] "Hey up Jack" [D] and slapped him [G] on the back
And said [Am] "I've never had pies as [D7] good as this [G] before"
Now [G] prices have been rising fast and no one ever learns,
Very soon we'll all see signs like "Pies on Easy [D] Terms".
Ninety [Am] Pence a day [D] would seem a [G] lot to pay,
[C] When it's [Am] only the de-[D7]-posit on the [G] tray.

[G] Plastic Pies are all I see and all I ever get,
Plastic Pies and rubber cakes will polish me off [D] yet,
Well [Am] damn your eyes, [D] and take your [G] Plastic Pies
[C] And you can [Am] shove 'em where the [D] monkey shoves his [G] nuts

Outro: -At half speed-. You know where [E7] that is,-

You can [Am] shove 'em where the [D] monkey shoves his [G] nuts. [D]! [G]!



Raining In My Heart

F and B Bryant (1958) 'B' side of Buddy Holly "It Doesn't Matter Anymore". 1959

4 / 4 time. Intro: [C] [D7] [G]¹² [C]¹² [G] [D7]

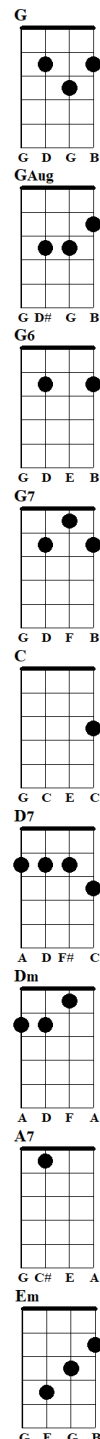
The [G] sun is up, the [Gaug] sky is blue,
There's [G6] not a cloud to [G7] spoil the view,
But it's [C] raining,
[D7] Raining in my [G] Heart. [C] [G] [D7]

The [G] weatherman says [Gaug] 'Clear All Day',
He [G6] doesn't know you've [G7] gone away,
And it's [C] raining,
[D7] Raining in my [G] heart. [C] [G] [G7]

*[Dm] Oh mise-[G7]-ry, mise-[C]-ry,
[Em] what's gonna be-[A7]-come of [D] [D7] me.*

I [G] tell my blues, they [Gaug] mustn't show,
But [G6] soon these tears are [G7] bound to flow,
'cause it's [C] raining,
[D7] Raining in my [G] heart. [C] [G]

REPEAT ALL



Rock Around The Clock

[C]! One, two, three o'clock, four o'clock, rock
 [C]! Five, six, seven o'clock, eight o'clock, rock
 [C]! Nine, ten, eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock, rock
 We're gonna [C]! rock [C]! around the [C]! clock to- [C]! -night.

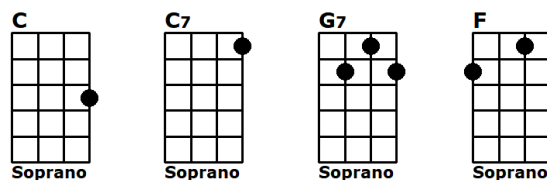
[C] Put your glad rags on and join me, hon,
 we'll have some fun when the clock [C7] strikes one
 We're gonna [F] rock around the clock tonight,
 we're gonna [C] rock, rock, rock, 'til broad daylight.
 We're gonna [G7] rock, gonna rock, a-[G7]-round the clock to- [C]-night.

[C] When the clock strikes two, three and four,
 if the band slows down we'll [C7] yell for more
 We're gonna [F] rock around the clock tonight,
 We're gonna [C] rock, rock, rock, 'til broad daylight.
 We're gonna [G7] rock, gonna rock, a-[G7]-round the clock to-[C]night

[C] When the chimes ring five, six and seven,
 we'll be right in [C7] seventh heaven.
 We're gonna [F] rock around the clock tonight,
 we're gonna [C] rock, rock, rock, 'til broad daylight.
 We're gonna [G7] rock, gonna rock, a-[G7]-round the clock to-[C]-night

[C] When it's eight, nine, ten, eleven too,
 I'll be goin' strong and [C7] so will you.
 We're gonna [F] rock around the clock tonight,
 we're gonna [C] rock, rock, rock, 'til broad daylight.
 We're gonna [G7] rock, gonna rock, a-[G7]round the clock to- [C]-night

[C] When the clock strikes twelve, we'll cool off then,
 start a rockin' round the [C7] clock again.
 We're gonna [F] rock around the clock tonight,
 we're gonna [C] rock, rock, rock, 'til broad daylight.
 We're gonna [G7] rock, gonna rock, a-[G7]-round the clock to-[C]-night



Rockin' Through The Rye.

Bill Haley & Arrett "Rusty" Keefer. 1956 Bill Haley & the Comets No 3 UK hit in 1956.

[F] If a body [C] digs a body,
 [F] Rockin' through [C] the [F] rye?
 [F] If a body [C] digs a body,
 [F] need a [C] body [F] cry?
 [F] Ev'ry lassie [C] digs a laddie,
 [F] None they say ha' [Bb] I.
 [Bb] Yet [F] all the [C] lassies
 [F] rock with [C] me,
 When [F] Rockin' [C] through the [F] rye.

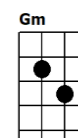
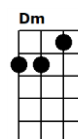
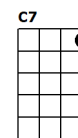
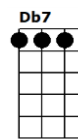
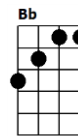
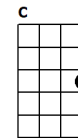
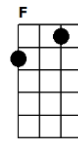
The [F] Campbells are rockin' the blues away,
 The Campbells are rockin' the [C] blues away,
 There [F] ain't no [F7] stopping it,
 [Bb] Man they're [Db7] boppin' it.
 [C7] Gang awa' gang awa' Go man Go.

The [F] bonnie wee lassie on the beat,
 The bonnie wee lassie is [C7] rockin' reet,
 [F] Pipe me [F7] laddie, it's a [Bb] Fin-an-[Db7]-haddie,
 [C7] Gang awa' Let's go Rockin' through [C7] the [F] rye.

Max-[Bb]-welton's braes are [F] bonnie,
 And the [Bb] bluebells lost the [F] blues,
 They're [Dm] jumpin' in the heather like a knocked-out feather,
 Hey! [Gm] Dig that [G7] crazy [C7] news - Hoot;

The [F] Campbells are rockin' the blues away,
 The [F] Campbells are rockin' the [C7] blues away,
 [F] Man let's [F7] live it up, [Bb] live it up, [Db7] live it up,
 [C7] Gang awa' Let's go Rockin' through the [F] rye.

Gang awa' Let's go [C] Rockin' through the [F] rye. [C]! [F]!



Rudolph The Red Nosed Reindeer

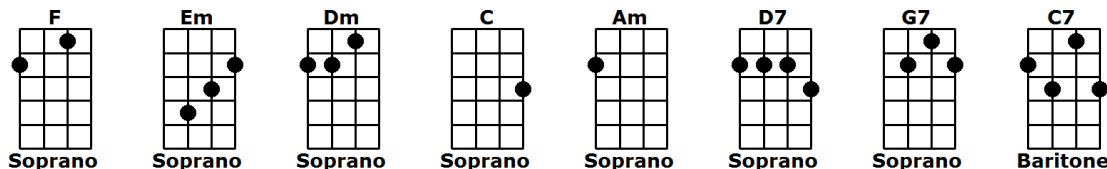
You know [F] Dasher and [Em] Dancer and [Dm] Prancer and [C] Vixen,
 [F] Comet and [Em] Cupid and [Dm] Donner and [C] Blitzen,
 [Am] But do you recall,
 The most [D7] famous Reindeer of [G7] all?

[C] Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer,
 Had a very shiny [G7] nose,
 And if you ever saw it,
 You would even say it [C] glows.

[C] All of the other reindeer,
 Used to laugh and call him [G7] names,
 They never let poor Rudolph,
 Join in any reindeer [C] games. [C7]

[F] Then one foggy [C] Christmas Eve,
 [Dm] Santa [G7] came to [C] say,
 [G] "Rudolph with your nose so bright,
 [D7] Won't you guide my [G] sleigh to my-[G7]-night?"

[C] Then how the reindeer loved him,
 As they shouted out with [G7] glee,
 "Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer,
 You'll go down in history- [C] -y."



Salvation Band

Original by Roger Watson. This version is from my memory of it (40+ years ago)

When [C] I was just a little kid on a Sunday morning [G7] early,
 Sal- [F] -vation band come [C] down our street to [G7] make their hurly-[C]-burly.
 They [F] all stood around in a [C] great big ring and [G7] started blowing [C] cornets,
 And [F] all the kids from [C] miles around come [G7] swarming up like [C] hornets.

There were [C] scores and scores and scores of kids, perhaps there were even [G7] thirty,
 And [F] goodness knows who [C] owned them all but they [G7] all looked filthy [C] dirty.
 The' was [F] Jackson's lad from [C] across the street - he [G7] were a right young [C] villain,
 When t' col-[F]-lection box come [C] round to him he made [G7] off with fifteen [C] shillings.

*Sal-[C]-vation band with a big trombone and the music fair goes [G7] through yah,
 With their [F] Onward Christian [C] Soldiers and their [G7] Glory Halle-[C]-lujah.*

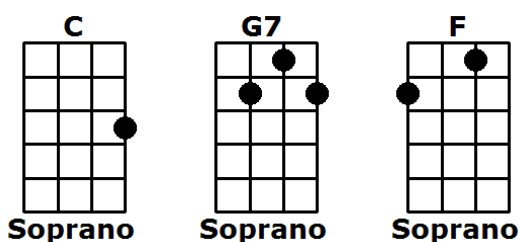
Now t' [C] man, as stood and waved the stick looked tall as half the [G7] houses,
 He'd [F] got a grand new [C] uniform with [G7] gold braid down his [C] trousers.
 Be-[F]-hind him stood little [C] Tommy Jones with his [G7] young grey pup called [C] Dusty,
 And [F] Pup must have thought man [C] was a tree 'cause [G7] t'gold braid's gone all [C] rusty.

*Sal-[C]-vation band with a big trombone and the music fair goes [G7] through yah,
 With their [F] Onward Christian [C] Soldiers and their [G7] Glory Halle-[C]-lujah.*

Now[C] t'rest thought t'band weren't up to much, but me, I didn't [G7] mind 'em,
 So [F] when they upped and [C] marched away, I [G7] marched away be-[C]-hind 'em.
 They [F] marched t' t'other [C] side of town, t [G7] streets I'd never [C] been in,
 And [F] finished in t' yard of a [C] public house, that me [G7] Dad said I shouldn't be [C] seen in.

When [C] t'policemen came and fetched me home they'd had their dinner with-[G7]-out me,
 When me [F] father found out where [C] I had been I [G7] knew for a fact he'd [C] clout me.
 Well I [F] copped t' buckle end o' my [C] dad's pit-strap and [G7] that were plenty [C] for me,
 I'll [F] never follow that [C] band again, and [G] that's the end of me [C] story

*Sal-[C]-vation band with a big trombone and the music fair goes [G7] through yah,
 With their [F] Onward Christian [C] Soldiers and their [G] Glory [G7] Halle-[C]-lujah. [G]! [C]!*



Seth Davy

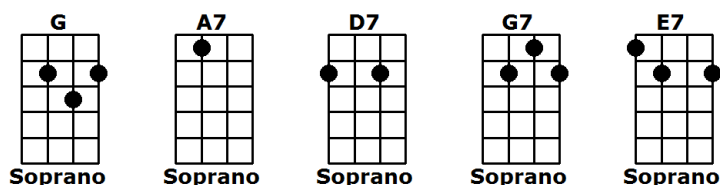
He [G] sat on the corner of [A7] Bevington Bush,
 [D7] 'stride an old packing [G] case.
 And the dolls on the end of the [A7] plank went dancing,
 As he [D7] crooned with a smile on his [G] face. (Hum) M-m-[G7] m- -CHORUS

*Chorus [E7] Come day [A7] go day,
 [D7] Wish in me heart for [G] Sunday. (Hum) M-m-[G7] m-
 [E7] Drinking buttermilk [A7] all the week,
 [D7] Whiskey on a [G] Sunday.*

His tired old hands beat the [A7] wooden plank,
 And the dolls [D7] they danced the [G] gear,
 A far better show than [A7] ever you'll see,
 At the [D7] Pivvy or New Brighton [G] Pier. (Hum) M-m-[G7] m -----CHORUS

IN 1902 old Seth [A7] Davy died,
 And his [D7] song it was heard no [G] more.
 The three dancing dolls in a [A7] jowler bin ended,
 And the [D7] plank went to mend a back [G] door. (Hum) M-m-[G7] m-CHORUS

On some stormy nights, Down [A7] Scotty road way,
 As the wind [D7] blows up from the [G] sea,
 You can still hear the voice of [A7] old Seth Davy
 As he [D7] croons to his dancing dolls [G] three. (Hum) Mum-[G7] m ----CHORUS



Shortness of Sight

Composer - anon.

Recorded by The Spinners folk group.

Chorus Oh [F] pity, Oh pity, Oh [G7] pity my plight,
 And [C] all those who suffer from [C7] shortness of [F] sight.

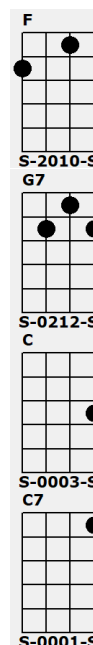
On a [F] stage in a hall I [G7] never feel frightened,
 No [C] matter how much the [C7] audience is [F] lightened,
 I stand there so brave going [G7] to the attack,
 I can [C] never see more than [C7] seven rows [F] back. -----CHORUS

Well the [F] ring road round town with its [G7] sodium lights,
 When [C] approached from a distance is a [C7] wonderful [F] sight,
 Lots of tall lamp posts in [G7] neat little rows,
 They [C] look like chrysanthemums [C7] growing on [F] poles. -----CHORUS

Well [F] last week I'd noticed it [G7] more than most,
 I'd [C] Written a letter and I [C7] wanted the [F] post,
 When I got to the box and I [G7] looked at it close,
 It was a [C] little fat woman in a [C7] straight cut red [F] coat,. -----CHORUS

At [F] sport I'm no good and I [G7] never will be,
 I [C] couldn't play football so they [D7] made me refer-[F]-ee,
 I saw all the fouls and the [G7] sly offside passes.
 'til a [C] big centre forward come and [C7] smashed in me [F] glasses. --CHORUS

Oh [F] whistling at the girls I [G7] did at my leisure,
 But [C] now I must seek alter-[C7]-native [F] pleasure,
 I whistled a girl she had [G7] hair long and yeller,
 It [C] cost me a thumping for [C7] she was a [F] feller. -----CHORUS



Tennessee Ernie Ford 1950

25 Weeks in the Country & Western Charts, No. 1 for 16 weeks

4 / 4 Time. Intro: [D7] [C7] [G]

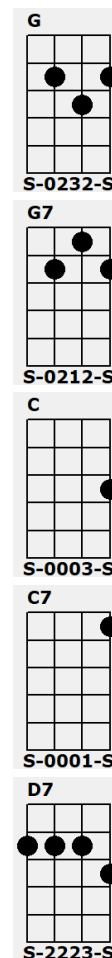
[G] There it stands in the corner with the barrel so straight,
I looked out the window and over the [G7] gate,
The [C] big fat rabbits are a-jumpin' in the [C7] grass,
[G] Waitin' till they hear my old shotgun [G7] blast ,
[C] Shotgun Boogie, I [C7] done [G] saw your tracks,
Look [D7] out Mr. Rabbit when I [C7] cock my hammer [G] back.

[G] Well over on the ridge is a scaly bark,
Hickory nuts so big you can see 'em in the [G7] dark,
the [C] big fat squirrels they scratch and they [C7] bite,
[G] I'll be on that ridge before day-[G7]-light,
With a [C] Shotgun Boogie [C7] all I [G] need is one shot,
Look [D7] out bushy tail to-[C7]-night you'll be in the [G] pot.

[G] Well I met a pretty gal she was tall and thin,
I asked her what she had she said a fox [G7] four-ten,
I [C] looked her up and down and said boy this is [C7] love,
So we [G] headed for the brush to shoot a big fat [G7] Dove,
[C] Shotgun Boogie [C7] boy the [G] feathers flew,
Look [D7] out Mr. Dove when [C7] she draws a bead on [G] you.

[G] I sat down on a log took her on my lap,
She said wait a minute bud you got to see my [G7] pappy,
He's [C] got a 16-gauge choked down like a [C7] rifle,
He [G] don't like a man that's a-gonna [G7] trifle,
[C] Shotgun Boogie [C7] draws a [G] bead so fine,
Look [D7] out big boy he's [C7] loaded all the [G] time.

[G] Well I called on her pappy like a gentleman oughter,
He said no brush hunter's gonna get my [G7] daughter
He [C] cocked back the hammer right on the [C7] spot
When the [G] gun went off I outran the [G7] shot.
[C] Shotgun Boogie [C7] I wanted [G] wedding bells.
I'll be [D7] back little gal when your [C7] pappy runs out of [G] shells.
Yes - I'll be [D7] back little gal when your [C7] pappy runs out of [G] shells. [G]!



Singing the Blues

Well I [C] never felt [C7] more like [F] singing the blues,
 'cause [C] I never thought that
 [F] I'd ever [G7] lose your [F] love dear,
 [G7] Why do you do me this [C] way.

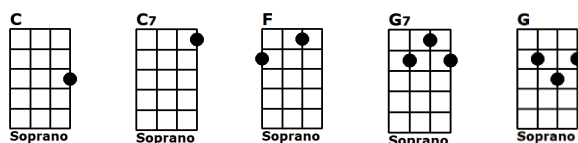
Well I [C] never felt [C7] more like [F] crying all night,
 'cause [C] everything's wrong,
 and [F] nothing is [G7] right with-[F]-out you,
 [G7] You got me singing the [C] blues. I [D7]

*The [F] moon and stars no [C] longer shine,
 The [F] dream is gone I [C] thought was mine,
 There's [F] nothing left for [C] me to do
 But cry over [F] you. [G7]. (See below for last line fingering details)*

Well [C] never felt [C7] more like [F] running away,
 But [C] why should I go,
 'cause I [F] I couldn't [G7] stay with-[F]-out you,
 [G7] You got me singing the [D] blues.

*The [F] moon and stars no [C] longer shine,
 The [F] dream is gone I [C] thought was mine,
 There's [F] nothing left for [C] me to do
 But cry over [F] you. [G7]. (See below for last line fingering details)*

Well [C] never felt [C7] more like [F] running away,
 But [C] why should I go,
 'cause I [F] I couldn't [G7] stay with-[F]-out you,
 [G7] You got me singing the [C] blues.



Streets of London

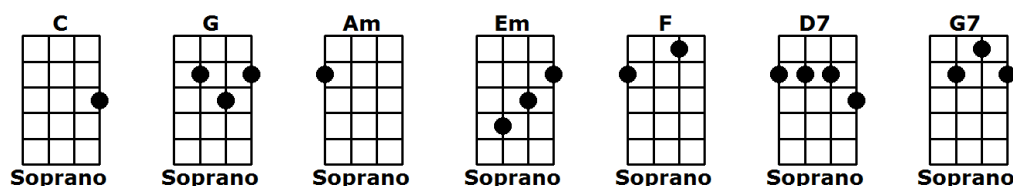
[C] Have you seen the [F] old man, in the [Am] closed-down [Em] market?
 [F] picking up [C] the papers, with his [D7] worn-out [G7] shoes?
 [C] In his eyes you [F] see no pride, [Am] hand held loosely [Em] by his side,
 [F] yesterday's [C] papers, telling [G7] yesterday's [C] news. ----- CHORUS

*[C] So [F] how can you [Em] tell me, you're [C] lone- [Am] -ly
 [D7] and say for you that the sun don't [F] shine? [G7]
 [C] Let me take you [F] by the hand,
 and [Am] lead you through the [Em] streets of London,
 [F] I'll show you [C] something, to [G7] make you change your [C] mind*

[C] Have you seen the [F] old gal, who [Am] walks the streets of [Em] London,
 [F] Dirt in her [C] hair, and her [D7] clothes in [G7] rags?
 [C] She's no time for [F] talking, she just [Am] keeps right on [Em] walking
 [F] Carrying her [C] home, in [G7] two car-ri-er [C] bags. ----- CHORUS

[C] In the all-night [F] cafe, at a [Am] quarter past [Em] eleven
 [F] some old[C] man sitting there [D7] all on his [G7] own.
 [C] Looking at the [F] world, over the [Am] rim of his [Em] teacup.
 [F] Each one lasts an [C] hour, and he [G7] wanders home [C] alone. ----- CHORUS

[C] And have you seen the [F] old man [Am] outside the seaman's [Em] mission?
 [F] His memory [C] fading with the medal [D7] ribbons that he [G7] wears?
 [C] And in our winter [F] city the [Am] rain cries a little [Em] pity
 [F] For one more forgotten [C] hero, and a [G7] world that doesn't [C] care. CHORUS



Teddy Bear (Let Me Be Your)

Karl Man & Bernie Lowe 1957

Elvis Presley UK No 3 1957

[C] Baby let me be,
 Your [F] loving Teddy [C] Bear.
 [F] Put a chain around my neck,
 And lead me any-[C]-where,
 Oh let me [G7] be,
 Your Teddy [C] Bear.[C7]

[F] I don't want to be your [G7] Tiger,
 [F] Tigers play to [G7] rough,
 [F] I don't want to be your [G7] Lion,
 [F] Lions ain't the [G7] kind you love [C] enough.

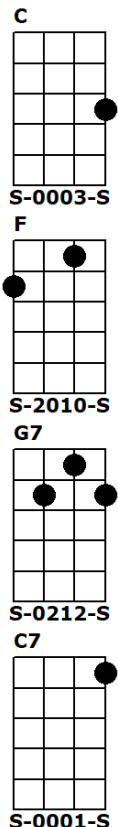
I just wanna [C] be, Your Teddy Bear,
 [F] Put a chain around my neck,
 And lead me any-[C]-where,
 Oh let me [G7] be,
 Your Teddy [C] Bear.

[C] Baby let me be,
 A-[F]-round you every [C] night,
 [F] Run your fingers through my hair
 And cuddle me real [C] tight,
 Oh let me [G7] be,
 Your teddy [C] bear.[C7]

[F] I don't want to be your [G7] Tiger,
 [F] Tigers play to [G7] rough,
 [F] I don't want to be your [G7] Lion,
 'cos [F] Lions ain't the [G7] kind you love [C] enough.

I just wanna [C] be, Your Teddy Bear,
 [F] Put a chain around my neck,
 And lead me any-[C]-where,
 Oh let me [G7] be,
 Your Teddy [C] Bear.

[C] I JUST WANNA BE YOUR [G7] TEDDY [C] BEAR[C]!



The Three-Foot Rule

Based on a poem by William John Macquorn Rankine Tune - Lish Young Buy-A-Broom

When [D] I was bound apprentice, and I [A7] learned to use my hands
Folk never talked of measures that [D] came from other lands:
Now I'm a British [D7] Workman, and too [F] old to go to school;
So [D] whether the chisel or file I hold, I'll [A7] stick to my three-foot rule. ----- Chorus

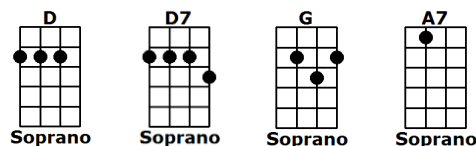
*Chorus For it was [D] right for me Dad,
 And it's [A7] good enough for me,
 So [D] why the hell should we change our ways,
 To please the [A7] E-E-[D] C.*

[D] Some talk of millimetres, and [A7] some of kilograms
And some of decilitres, to [D] measure beer and drams;
But I'm a British [D7] Workman, too [F] old to go to school,
By [D] pounds I'll eat, by quarts I'll drink, and I'll [A7] stick to my three-foot rule. --Chorus

[D] A party of astronomers went [A7] measuring the earth,
And forty million metres they [D] took to be its girth;
Five hundred million [D7] inches, though, go [F] through from pole to pole;
So let's [D] stick to inches, feet and yards, and the [A7] good old three-foot rule. -- Chorus

[D] The Great Egyptian Pyramid's a [A7] thousand yards about,
And when the masons finished it they [D] raised a mighty shout,
The man who built that [D7] building well I'm [F] bound he was no fool,
For [D] now it is proved beyond a doubt he [A7] used a three-foot rule. ----- Chorus

[D] Here's health to every learned man who [A7] goes by common sense,
And would not plague the workman on [D] any vain pretense,
But as for those phil [D7] anthropists who'd [F] send us back to school,
Well [D] damn their eyes if they ever tries to put [A7] down the three-foot rule. --- Chorus



Jerry Leiber & Mike Stoller 1957

Elvis Presley "Jailhouse Rock" b side.

4 / 4 Time. Intro: [G7] [C] [D7] [G7] [C]

When [C] I walk through that door, Baby, be pol-[C7]-ite,
You're [F] gonna make me sore, if you don't greet me right,
Don't you [G7] ever kiss me [C] once, Kiss me [D7] twi-[G7]-ce,
Treat me [C] nice.

I [C] know that you've been told, It's not fair to [C7] tease,
So [F] if you come on cold, I'm really gonna freeze,
If you [G7] don't want me to [C] be, Cold as [D7] Ic-[G7]-e,
Treat me [C] nice.

*[F] Make me feel at [C] home, [F] if you really [C] care,
[F] Scratch my back, and [C] run your pretty [F] fingers
[Gb] through my [G7] hair.*

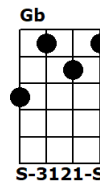
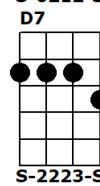
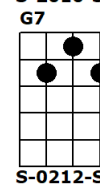
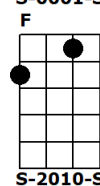
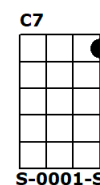
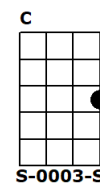
You [C] know I'll be your slave, if you ask me [C7] to.
But [F] if you don't behave, I'll walk right out on you.
If you [G7] want my love, then [C] take my [D7] advi-[G7]-ce,
Treat me [C] nice.

*[F] Make me feel at [C] home, [F] if you really [C] care,
[F] Scratch my back, and [C] run your pretty [F] fingers
[Gb] through my [G7] hair.*

You [C] know I'll be your slave, if you ask me [C7] to.
But [F] if you don't behave, I'll walk right out on you,
If you [G7] want my love, then take my [D7] advi-[G7]-ce,
Treat me [C] nice.

Outro:

Treat me [C] nice, Treat me [C] nice,
If you [F] really want my [G7] love, then treat me [C] nice. [G]! [C]!



Truly Truly Fair

Bob Merrill -1951

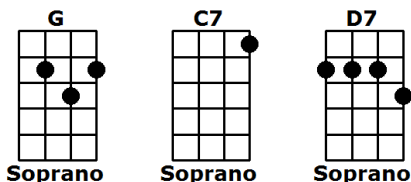
Chorus **[F]** Truly, truly fair,
 [C] Truly, truly fair,
 [F] How I love my truly **[D7]** fair,
 There's **[F]** songs to sing her, **[C]** trinkets to **[F]** bring her,
 [D7] Flowers for her golden **[F]** hair.

[F] Some men plough the open plains,
[C] Some men sail the **[F]** brine,
 But I'm in love with a **[C]** pretty little maid,
 For **[D7]** work I have no **[F]** time. My -----Chorus

[F] Once I sailed from Boston Bay,
[C] Bound for Singa-**[F]**-pore,
 But one day out and I **[C]** missed her so,
 I **[D7]** swam right back to **[F]** shore. Back to my ---Chorus

[F] I love she and she loves me,
[C] Pardon if I **[F]** boast,
 At times we fight all the **[C]** live-long night,
 'bout **[D7]** who loves who the **[F]** most. Me and my ----Chorus

[F] Soon I'm gonna marry her,
[C] Love her till I **[F]** die,
 There ain't no livin' on **[C]** love alone,
 But **[D7]** still I'm gonna **[F]** try----- With my -----Chorus



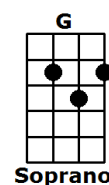
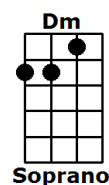
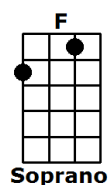
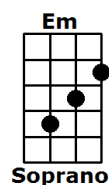
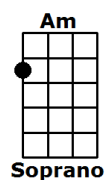
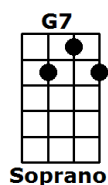
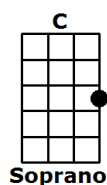
When Granny Sang Me Songs

There's a [C] shoebox in the [G7] attic full of [Am] fading photo- [Em] -graphs
 Which we [F] take out when the [C] rain clouds fill the [Dm] sky. [G7]
 Then we [C] spread the pictures [G7] on the rug, an [Am] hour or two we [Em] pass,
 And we [F] see the way things [C] were in [G7] years gone [C] by.
 For [F] fashions change and people change but [C] mem'ries stay the same
 And they [Dm] stay with you what [G7] ever comes a- [C] -long.
 And the [D7] photographs remind me of the [F] good old-fashioned days,
 When [D7] I was young and granny sang me [F] songs. [G7] -----Chorus

Now [C] granny used to [G7] tell me of the [Am] days when she was [Em] small
 When [F] times were hard but [C] people always [Dm] smiled. [G7]
 And how, [C] when times got [G7] better, [Am] no-one smiled at [Em] all
 And I [F] listened with the [G7] wonder of a [C] child.
 And [F] when I think about her I re [C] member happy times,
 When [Dm] granny smiled and [G7] stroked my sleepy [C] head,
 And [D7] how she'd sing me special songs and [F] funny little rhymes,
 And, [D7] contented, I would toddle off to [F] bed. [G7] -----Chorus

Well, [C] kids today tread [G7] different ways and [Am] sing a different [Em] song
 They've [F] other things to [C] keep them occu- [Dm] -pied, [G7]
 And [C] no-one seems to [G7] listen, the [Am] world goes crashing [Em] on
 And [F] no-one looks for [G7] pictures in the [C] fire
 So [F] talk to one another, and re [C] member granny's ways,
 For [Dm] she can show you [G7] where your heart be- [C] -longs.
 And [D7] though she's gone, the pictures keep a- [F] -live those distant days,
 When [D7] I was young and granny sang me [F] songs. [G7] -----Chorus.

*CHORUS: Now the [C] kids have tele- [G7] -vision,
 And they've [Am] pockets ull of [Em] brass
 They [F] don't go short of [C] anything but [Dm] love. [G7]
 And [C] though I'm just old-[G7] fashioned
 ,I don't [Am] know the rights or [Em] wrongs,
 But I'd [F] rather be back [C] in the days when [Dm] granny [G7] sang me [C] songs.*



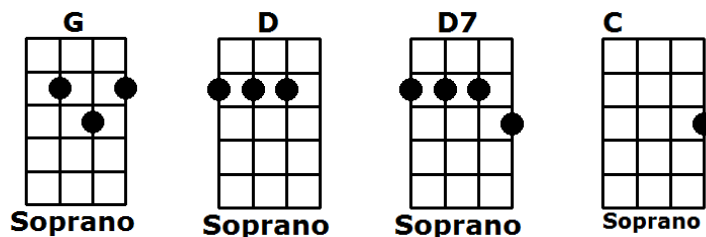
When My Blue Moon Turns To Gold Again

Mem-or-[F]-ies that linger in my [D] heart,
 Mem-or-[D7]-ies that make my heart grow [F] cold,
 But some day they'll live again sweet- [D] -heart,
 And my [C] blue moon a-[D7]-gain will turn to [F] gold. -----CHORUS

Chorus When my [F] Blue Moon turns to gold a-[D]-gain,
 When the [D7] rainbow turns the clouds a [F]-way,
 When my [F] Blue Moon turns to gold a-[D]-gain,
 I'll be [C] back within your [D7] arms to [F] stay.

Oh the [F] lips that used to thrill me [D] so,
 Your [D7] kisses were meant for only [F] me,
 In my dreams they'll live again sweet-[D]-heart,
 But my [C] golden moon is [D7] just a mem-or-[F]-y. -----CHORUS

The [F] castles we build of dreams to-[D]-gether,
 Were the [D7] sweetest stories ever [F] told,
 Maybe we will live them all a-[D]-gain,
 When my [C] blue moon a-[D7]-gain turns into [F] gold. -----CHORUS



When Santa Got Stuck Up The Chimney

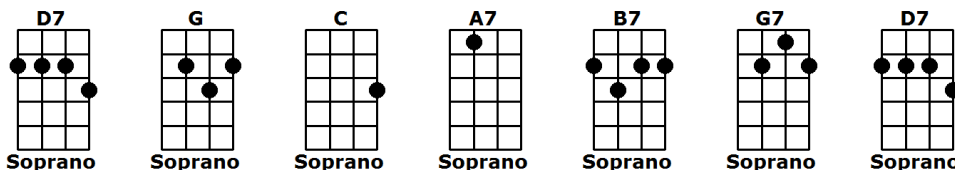
[D7] 'Twas [F] on the [D7] eve be-[F]-fore Christmas day,
 When [C] Santa [F] Claus ar-[A7]-rived on his [D7] sleigh,
 [F] into a [D7] chimney he [F] climbed with his sack.
 But [D] he was so fat he [A7] couldn't get [D] back,
 Oh, what a terrible [A7] plight, He stayed up there all [D] night.

[D7] When [F] Santa got [D7] stuck up the [F] chimney [C] he began to [F] shout,
 You [C] girls and boys won't [F] get any toys if [A7] you don't pull me [D] out,
 My [F] beard is black, there's [B7] soot in my sack.
 My [C] nose is tickling [F] too!
 [D7] When [F] Santa got [D7] stuck up the [F] chimney, A-[A7]-choo! A-[D7]-choo! A-[F]-Choo!

[D7] When [F] Santa got [D7] stuck up the [F] chimney [C] he began to [F] yell,
 Oh [C] Hurry Please it's [F] oh such a squeeze, the [A7] reindeer's stuck as [D] well,
 His [F] head's up there in the [B7] cold night air.
 Now [C] Rudolph's nose is [F] blue,
 [D7] When [F] Santa got [D7] stuck up the [F] chimney,
 A [A7]-choo! A [D7] -choo! A [F] -Choo!

[F] Rudolph [D7] tugged with [F] all of his might,
 But [C] Santa [F] Claus was [A7] stuck very [D7] tight,
 He [F] wriggled and [D7] jiggled and [F] cried with a frown,
 I'll [D] never get up; I'll [A7] never get [D] down.
 Oh what a terrible state, I [A7] should have given up eating [D] cake.

[D7] When [F] Santa got [D7] stuck up the [F] chimney [C] he began to [F] shout,
 You [C] girls and boys won't [F] get any toys if [A7] you don't pull me [F] out,
 My [F] beard is black, there's [B7] soot in my sack.
 My [C] nose is tickling [F] too!
 [D7] When [F] Santa got [D7] stuck up the [F] chimney,
 A-[A7]-choo! A-[D7]-choo! A-[F]-Choo!
 A-[A7] choo! A-[D7] choo! A-[F] choo!

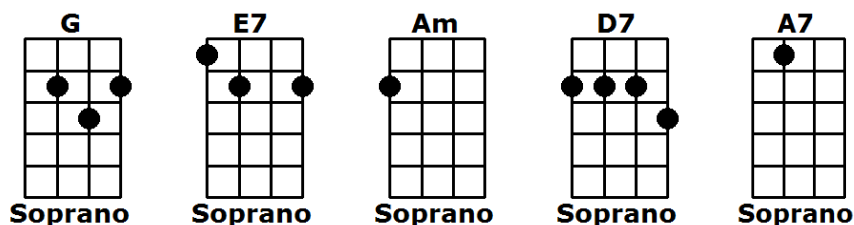


When You are Old And Grey

Since I **[F]** 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 **[F]** 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 **[F]** know you'll dis- **[E7]** -gust me,
 When you're **[A7]** old and **[D7]** getting **[F]** fat.

Bridge *An **[F]** awful debility, A **[C]** lessened utility,
 A **[D7]** loss of mobility, is a **[F]** strong possibility.
 In all probability, I'll **[D7]** lose my virility,
 And **[Em]** you your fertility, and **[A7]** desira **[D7]**-bility,
 And **[F]** this liability of **[C]** total sterility.
 Will **[D7]** lead to hostility and a **[F]** 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 **[F]** teeth will start to go dear, your **[Em]** waist will start to **[Am]** spread,
 In twenty years or **[D7]** so dear I'll wish that you were **[F]** dead,
 I'll never love you then at all the **[E7]** way I do **[A7]** today,
 So please remember, when I **[F]** leave in De-**[E7]**-cember,
 I **[A7]** told you **[D7]** so in **[F]** May.



Whiskey in the Jar.

As [C] he was going over [Am] Kilgarry Mountain,
 He [F] met with Captain Farrell and his [C] money he was [Am] countin',
 [C] First he drew his pistol, and [Am] then he drew his rapier,
 Saying [F] 'Stand and deliver for I [C] am the bold dec-[Am]-eiver'.

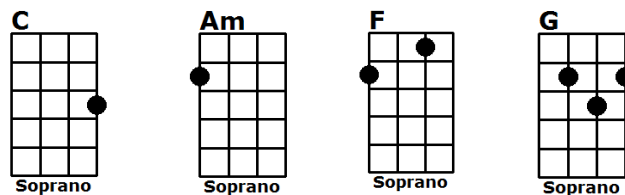
Chorus Mush-a-[F] ring-um do run-da,
 [C] Whack fol de dad-di-oh,
 [F] Whack fol de dad-di-oh,
 There's [C] whiskey [F] in the [C] jar.

He [C] counted out his money, and it [Am] made a pretty penny,
 He [F] took it his home for to [C] give his handsome [Am] Jenny,
 [C] She sobbed and she sighed that she [Am] never would deceive him,
 But the [F] Devil take the women for they [C] never can be [Am] easy. -----Chorus

He [C] went up to his chamber, [Am] for to take a slumber,
 [F] Dreamed of gold and jewels, and [C] sure it was no [Am] wonder,
 But [C] Jenny took his pistols and [Am] filled them up with water,
 [F] Sent for Captain Farrell, to be [C] handy for the [Am] slaughter. -----Chorus

'Twas [C] early the next morning, when he [Am] rose to make his travels,
 He [F] saw a band of soldiers that was [C] led by Captain [Am] Farrell,
 He [C] tried to fire his pistols for she'd [Am] taken away the rapier,
 But he [F] couldn't shoot the water, so a [C] prisoner he was [Am] taken. -Chorus

If [C] anyone can aid me, it's my [Am] brother in the army,
 If [F] I could learn his station, be it [C] Cork or in Kil-[Am]-arney,
 [C] He would come and join me, we'd go roving in [Am] Kilkenny,
 I [F] know he'd treat me fairer than my own [C] mistreating [Am] Jenny. -Chorus

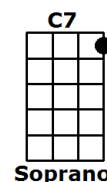
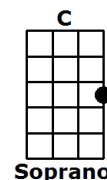


Your Cheatin' Heart

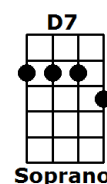
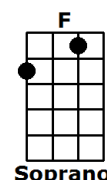
Hank Williams (1952)

4 / 4 Time: Intro [F] [G7] [C]

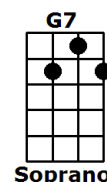
[**Tacet**] Your Cheatin' [C] Heart, [C7] will make you [F] weep,
 You'll cry and [G7] cry, and try to [C] sleep,
 But sleep won't [C] come[C7], The whole night [F] through,
 Your cheatin' [G7] heart, will tell on [C] you.



[C7] When tears come [F] down, like falling [C] rain,
 You'll toss a-[D7]-round and call my [G7] name,
 You'll walk the [C] floor [C7], the way I [F] do.
 Your cheatin' [G7] heart, will tell on [C] you.



[**Tacet**] Your cheatin' [C] heart [C7], will pine some [F] day,
 And crave the [G7] love you threw [C] away.
 The time will [C] come[C7] when you'll be [F] blue
 Your cheatin' [G7] heart, will tell on [C] you.



[C7] When tears come [F] down, like falling [C] rain,
 You'll toss a-[D7]-round and call my [G7] name,
 You'll walk the [C] floor [C7], the way I [F] do.
 Your cheatin' [G7] heart, will tell on [C] you.

You're Right, I'm Left, She's Gone

Kessler & Taylor 1955 Elvis Presley 1955

You're [C] Right, I'm [G7] left, she's [C] gone,
 You're right I'm [G7] left all [C] alone, [C7]
 You [F] tried to tell me so,
 but [C] how was I to know,
 That [Dm] she was [G7] not the one for [C] me.

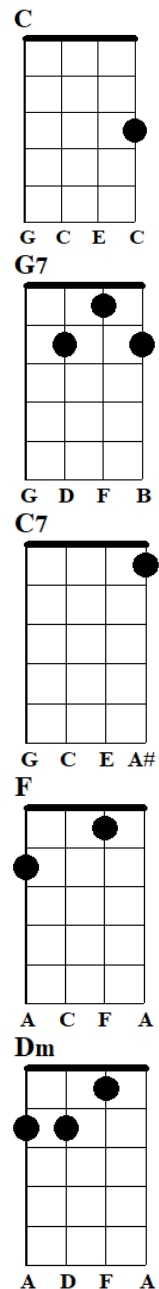
You [C] told me [G7] all a-[C]-long,
 You're right our [G7] love was so [C] wrong, [C7]
 But [F] now I've changed my mind,
 'cause she [C] broke the ties that bind,
 And I [Dm] know that she [G7] never cared for [C] me. [C7]

*Chorus- Well I [F] thought I knew just what she'd do,
 I [C] guess I'm not so smart.
 You [F] tried to tell me all along
 She'd [C] only break my [G7] heart.*

I'm [C] left, you're [G7] right, she's [C] gone.
 You're [C] right and I'm [G7] left all a-[C]-lone. [C7]
 Well she's [F] gone I know what where,
 But [C] now I just don't care,
 For [Dm] now I have [G7] fallen for [C] you.

If you'll for-[G7]-give me [C] now,
 I'll make it [G7] up some-[C]-how, [C7]
 So [F] happy we will be In a [C] home for two or three,
 And [Dm] I'll soon for-[G7]-get her now I [C] know. [C7] -----Chorus

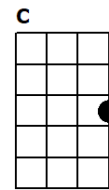
You're [C] Right, I'm [G7] left, she's [C] gone,
 you're right I'm [G7] left all a-[C]-lone,
 She's [F] gone I know not where,
 but [C] now I just don't care,
 For [F] now I have [G7] fallen for [C] you.
 For [Dm] now I have [G7] fallen for [C] you. [F]! [C]!



You Know That Christmas Is Here

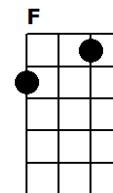
Recorded by Gary & Vera Aspey

[C] When the street lamps glow in a [F] frosty [G7] haze,
And you [C] dream about Santa and [F] Snow and [G7] Sleighs,
And you [C] eat the same [C7] turkey for [F] days and [D#dim] days,
You [C] know that [G7] Christmas is [C] Here. -----Chorus.

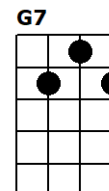


Chorus - [C] Merry [F] Christ-[C]-mas,
You [C] know that [G7] Christmas is [C] here.

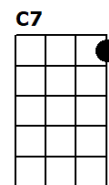
[C] Christmas morning, [F] about first [G7] light,
You've [C] just got into bed and look a [F] terrible [G7] sight.
[C] All you need is [C7] Sally Armies [F] Silent Blooming [D#dim] Night,
You [C] know that [G7] Christmas is [C] Here. -----Chorus.



[C] When the streets are full of wise men [F] following [G7] stars,
And the [C] round-a-bouts are covered with [F] overturned [G7] cars,
And the [C] pubs are full of [C7] wallies you [F] can't get near the [D#dim] bars,
You [C] know that [G7] Christmas is [C] Here. -----Chorus.

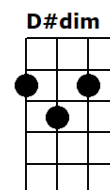


[C] Your face muscles ache from the [F] permanent [G7] grin,
There's [C] tickets for raffles you [F] know you won't [G7] win,
When the [C] kids come carol [C7] singing you [F] pretend that you're not
[D#dim] in,
You [C] know that [G7] Christmas is [C] Here. -----Chorus.



[C] When the cousin you fancy [F] arrives from [G7] Brum,
And you [C] kiss under the mistletoe [F] until your lips go [G7] numb,
And you [C] dance to James [C7] Last with your [F] hand upon her [D#dim] bum,
You [C] know that [G7] Christmas is [C] Here. -----Chorus.

[C] Coloured decorations [F] hang upon the [G7] trees,
[C] Christmas time just as [F] it's meant to [G7] be,
And the [C] wife puts [C7] stacks of foreign [F] brochures on your [D#dim] knee,
You [C] know that [G7] Christmas is [C] Here. -----Chorus.



[C] When the snowflakes glisten on the [F] chimney [G7] tops,
And the [C] cards start dropping through the [F] letter [G7] box,
When the [C] Easter eggs [C7] start ap-[F]-pearing in the [D#dim] shops.
You [C] know that [G7] Christmas is [C] Here. -----Chorus.

Last Time

[C] Merry [F] Christ- [C] -mas, You know that [G7] Christmas is [C] here. [C]! [C]!

At The Hop

A Singer, J Mendora, D White. 1957. Danny and the Juniors Hit 1958

Intro: [D7] / / / [C7] / / / [G] / / /

Oh You can [F] rock it you can roll it
 Do the slop and even stroll it at the hop, [G7]
 Where the [C7] records start to Spinnin'
 and you calypso and you chicken at the [F] hop,
 Do the [D7] dance sensations
 that are {C7} sweepin' the nation at the [F] hop.

Chorus. [F] *Let's go to the hop, (Oh Baby),*
Let's go to the [G7] hop (Oh Baby)
 [C7] *Let's go to the hop, (Oh Baby)*
 [F] *Let's go to the hop (Oh Baby)*
 [D7] *Come [C7] On, [F] Lets go to the hop.*

Oh you can [F] swing it you can groove it
 You can really start to move it at the hop, [G7]
 Where the [C7] jockey is the smoothest
 And the music is the coolest at the [F] hop.
 All the [D7] cats and chicks
 Can [C7] get their kicks at the [G] hop. -----Chorus

