

# Ukulele-Joe Song Collection

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A personal collection of 30 songs

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

## Reinstalling Windows

Les Barker (Based on "When I'm Cleaning Windows).

Now [G] I've bought a computer it [A7] cost a thousand pound.  
[D7] Every time I switch it on it keeps on breaking [G] down.

### Verse 1

[G] I used to think it [G7] was my friend, [C] now it drives me [Eb7] round the bend.  
You'd [G] be surprised the [E7]! time I spend, [Eb7] reinstalling [G] Windows.

### Verse 2

[G] I switch it on [G7] What is this? [C] Something wrong with [Eb7] config.sys.  
This [G] isn't my i-[E7]-dea of bliss, [Eb7] reinstalling [G] Windows.

*I [B7] want to share my printers and I [E7] want to share my files.  
I [A7] want to share my anger 'cos it [D7] drives me bloomin' wild*

### Verse 3

My [G] songs, they say can [G7] be sublime, I've [C] conquered cadence [Eb7]  
mastered rhyme.  
[G] But Nowadays I [G7] spend [G6] my [G] time [Eb7] reinstalling [G] Windows.

### Verse 4

[G] Reinstall [G7] Oh what fun, it says [C] it helps [Eb7] you get things done.  
[G] Every day now [E7] every one's, [Eb7] reinstalling [G] Windows

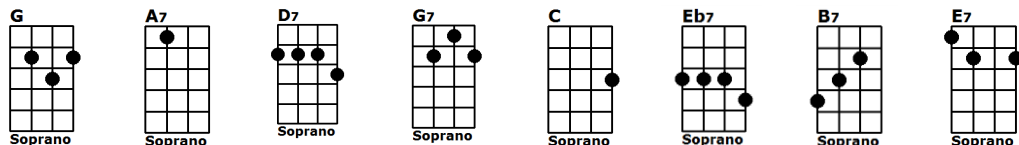
### Verse 5

[G] Watch the screen [G7] watch it say, [C] all you do is [Eb7] plug and play,  
So [G] how come I spend [E7] every day? [Eb7] reinstalling [G] Windows.

*[B7] It can't find my printer and, [E7] it can't find my mouse.  
[A7] The other day it told me they were [D7] in some other house.*

### Verse 6

[G] Still unplugged, [G7] still un-played, [C] emailed God [Eb7] in search of aid.  
He's [G] far too busy [E7] I'm afraid, [Eb7] reinstalling [G] Windows.



## Peggy Sue

G. Allison, N. Petty, B. Holly 1957

[G] If you knew [C] Peggy Sue,  
[G] Then you'd [C] know why [G] I feel blue  
About [C] Peggy 'bout my Pa-Heggy [G] Sue, [C] [G]  
Oh Well I [D7] love you gal, Yes I [C] Love you [C7] Peggy [G] Sue. [C] [G] [D7]

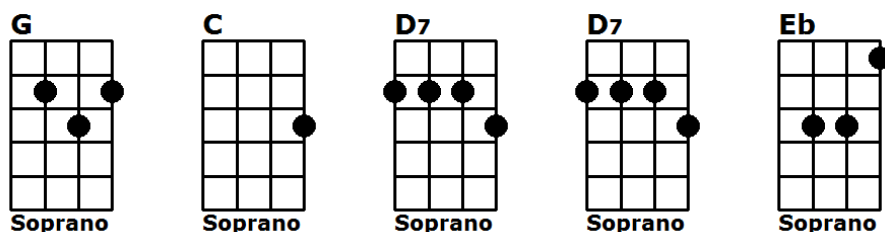
[G] Peggy Sue, [C] Peggy Sue,  
[G] Oh, how [C] my heart [G] yearns for you,  
Oh a-[C]-Heggy, My Pa-Heggy [G] Sue, [C] [G]  
Oh Well I [D7] love you gal, Yes I [C] I Love you [C7] Peggy [G] Sue. [C] [G] [D7]

*[G] Peggy Sue, Peggy Sue,  
[Eb] Pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, [G] Peggy Sue,  
Oh, my [C] Peggy, My Peggy [G] Sue; [C] [G]  
Oh Well I [D7] love you gal, Yes I [C] I Love you [C7] Peggy [G] Sue. [C] [G] [D7]*

[G] I love you, [C] Peggy Sue,  
[G] With a [C] love so [G] rare [D7] and [G7] true,  
Oh [C] Peggy, My Peggy [G] Sue.  
Oh Well I [D7] love you gal, Yes I [C] want you [C7] Peggy [G] Sue. [C] [G] [D7]

*[G] Peggy Sue, Peggy Sue,  
[Eb] Pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, [G] Peggy Sue,  
Oh, my [C] Peggy, My Peggy [G] Sue; [C] [G]  
Oh Well I [D7] love you gal, Yes I [C] I Love you [C7] Peggy [G] Sue. [C] [G] [D7]*

[G] I love you, [C] Peggy Sue,  
[G] With a [C] love so [G] rare [D7] and [G7] true,  
Oh [C] Peggy, My Peggy [G] Sue.  
Oh Well I [D7] love you gal, Yes I [C] want you [C7] Peggy [G] Sue. [C] [G]  
**Outro.**  
Oh Well I [D7] love you gal, Yes I [C] want you [C7] Peggy [G] Sue. [C]! [G]!



## Manchester Rambler

Ewan MacColl 1932

3/4 time Intro: [G] [G7] [C] [C]!

I've [C] been over Snowdon, I've camped upon Crowdon,  
And slept by the Wain Stones as [G] well.  
I've [G7] sunbathed on Kinder, been burned to a cinder,  
And [G] many more things I can [C] tell.  
[C] My rucksack has oft been me [G] pillow, the [G7] heather has oft been me [C] bed.  
Sooner than part from the [G7] mountains, I think I would rather be [C] dead.

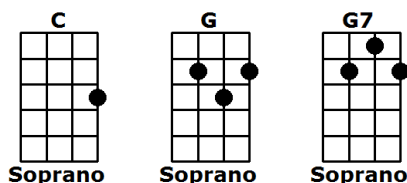
Chorus:            *[C] I'm a rambler, I'm a rambler from [G] Manchester way,  
                      I get all me pleasure the [C] hard moorland way.  
                      I may be a wage-slave on [G7] Monday.  
                      But I am a free man on [C] Sunday.*

The [C] day was just ending as I was descending,  
Down Grindsbrook just by Upper [G] Tor.  
When a [G7] voice cried "Hey you" in the way keepers do,  
He'd the [G] worst face that I ever [C] saw.  
The things that he said were [G] unpleasant, In the [G7] teeth of his fury I [C] said,  
"Sooner than part from the [G7] mountains, I think I would rather be [C] dead"- -----Chorus

He [C] called me a louse and said "Think of the grouse",  
Well I thought, but I still couldn't [G] see,  
Why [G7] all Kinder Scout and the moors roundabout,  
Couldn't [G] take both the poor grouse and [C] me.  
He said "All this land is my [G] master's", At [G7] that I stood shaking my [C] head.  
No man has the right to own [G7] mountains, Any more than the deep ocean [C] bed. -----Chorus

So I'll [C] go where I will over valley and hill,  
And I'll lie where the bracken is [G] deep.  
I be-[G7] -long to the mountains, the clear running fountains,  
Where [G] rocks lie rugged and [C] steep.  
I've seen the white hare in the [G] heather, And the [G7] curlew fly high over-[C]head,  
Sooner than part from the [G7] mountains, I think I would rather be [C] dead. -----Chorus

I [C] once loved a maid, a spot welder by trade,  
She was fair as the Rowan in [G] bloom.  
And the [G7] blue of her eyes matched the blue Moorland skies.  
And I [G] wooed her from April 'till [C] June.  
On the day that we should have been [G] married, I [G7] went for a ramble in-[C] stead,  
For sooner than part from the [G7] mountains, I think I would rather be [C] dead. ----- Chorus



## EveryDay

Charles Hardin & Norman Petty 1957.

'B' side of Buddy Holly hit 1967 'Peggy Sue

Intro [D] [A7] [D]/[G]/[D]/[A7]

[D] Every day, [G] It's a little [A7] closer,  
[D] Going Faster [G] than a roller [A7] coaster,  
[D] Love like yours will [A7] truly come my [D] wa-[G]-[D]-y. [A7]

[D] Every day, [G] It's a getting' [A7] faster,  
[D] Everyone said [G] 'Go Ahead and [A7] ask her'.  
[D] Love like yours will [A7] truly come my [D] wa-[G]-[D]-y. [D7]

[G] Every day seems a little long-[G7]-er,  
[C] Every way love's a little strong-[C7]-er,  
[F] Come what may, do you ever long [F7] for,  
[Bb] True love from [A7] me?

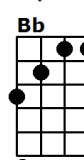
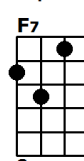
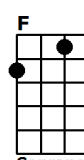
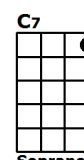
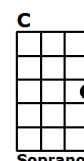
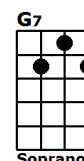
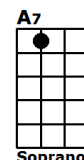
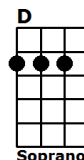
[D] Every day, [G] It's a little [A7] closer,  
[D] Going Faster [G] than a roller [A7] coaster,  
[D] Love like yours will [A7] truly come my [D] wa-[G]-[D]-y. [D7]

[G] Every day seems a little long-[G7]-er,  
[C] Every way love's a little strong-[C7]-er,  
[F] Come what may, do you ever long [F7] for,  
[Bb] True love from [A7] me?

[D] Every day, [G] It's a little [A7] closer,  
[D] Going Faster [G] than a roller [A7] coaster,  
[D] Love like yours will [A7] truly come my [D] wa-[G]-[D]-y. [A7]

Outro: Single down strum on last [D]

[D] Love like yours will [A7] truly come my [D] wa-[A7]-[D]!↓-y.



## ***You're so Square (Baby I don't Care).***

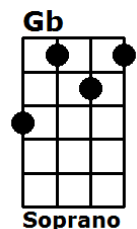
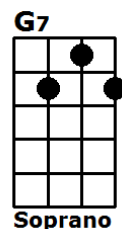
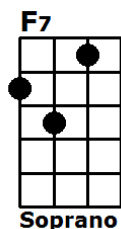
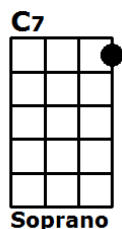
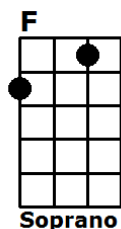
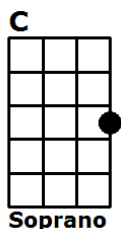
Jerry Leiber & Mike Stoller

You [C] don't like [F] crazy mus-[C]-ic,  
You [C] don't like [F] rocking bands, [C]  
You [C] just want to [F] go to the [C] movie [F] show,  
And [C] sit there [F] holding [C] hands.  
[C7] You're so [F7] square,  
[G7] But Baby I don't [C] care.

You [C] don't like [F] hot-rod rac-[C]-ing,  
Or [C] driving [F] late at night. [C]  
You [C] just want to [F] park,  
Where it's [C] nice and [F] dark,  
You [C] just want to [F] hold me [C] tight.  
[C7] You're so [F7] square,  
[G7] But Baby I don't [C] care. [C7]

You [F] don't know any [Bb] dance steps that are [C] new, [C7]  
But[F] no one else can [Bb] love me like you [G7] /do, [G7]/ do, [G7] do,

I [C] don't know [F] why my heart [C] flips,  
I [C] only [F] know it does, [C]  
I wonder [F] why I [C] love you [F] babe,  
I [C] guess it's just be-[C]-cause,  
[C7] You're so [F] square,  
[G7] And Baby I don't [C] care. [F] [C]



## It Doesn't Matter Any More.

Paul Anka 1958. First Buddy Holly posthumous hit 1959.

[G] There you go and baby - here am I,  
Well you - [D7] left me here so I could - sit and cry.  
We-ll - [G] golly gee what have you - done to me,  
Well I [D7] guess it doesn't matter any [G] more.

[G] Do you remember baby - last September,  
How you - [D7] held me tight each and - every night.  
We-ll - [G] oops-a-daisy how you - drove me crazy,  
But I [D7] guess it doesn't matter any [G] more.

[Em] There's no use in me a-cryin',  
[G] I've done everything and now - I'm sick of trying.  
I've [A7\*] thrown away my nights  
Wasted all my days over [D\*] yoo-[D7]-oo-[D6]-oo-[D]-uh-u.

[G] Well you go your way and - I'll go mine,  
[D7] Now and forever till the - end of time.  
I'll find [G] somebody new and baby - we'll say we're through  
And [D7] you won't matter any [G] more.

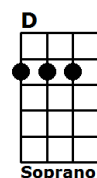
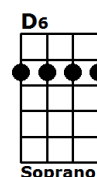
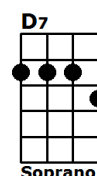
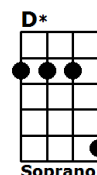
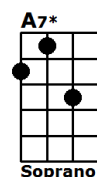
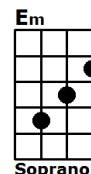
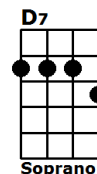
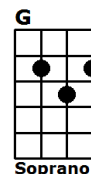
Instrumental: [G] ///[D]///[G] /[C] /[G]///

[Em] There's no use in me a-cryin'  
[G] I've done everything and now I'm - sick of trying.  
I've [A7\*] thrown away my nights,  
And wasted all my days over [D\*] yoo-[D7]-oo-[D6]-oo-[D]-uh-u.

[G] Now you go your way and - I'll go mine,  
[D7] Now and forever till the - end of time,  
I'll find [G] somebody new and baby - we'll say we're through,  
And [D7] you won't matter any [G] more.

[D7] you won't matter any [G] more.

[D7] you won't matter any [G] more. [C]/[G]!



## The Story Of My Life

Burt Bacharach & Hal David 1957 UK No 1 Jan 1958 for Michael Holliday

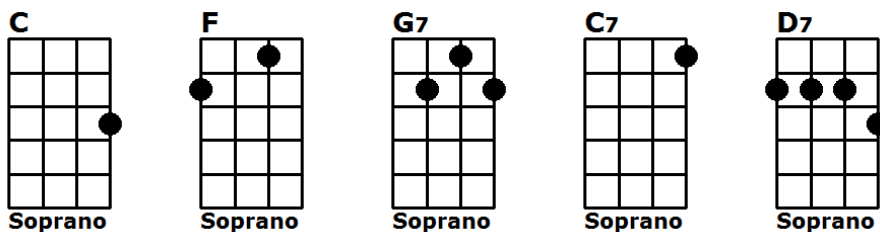
Some [C] day I'm gonna [F] write,  
The [C] story of my [F] life,  
I'll [C] tell about the [G7] night we met,  
[F] And how my heart [G7] can't forget,  
The [C] way you [F]/ smiled[G7/] at [C] me. [F]/ [G7]/

I'd [C] like the world to [F] know,  
The [C] story of my [F] life,  
The [C] moment when your [G7] lips met mine,  
[F] And that first ex-[G7]-citing first time,  
I [C] held you [F]/ close [G7]/ to [C] me. [C7]

The [F] sorrow when our love was [C] breaking [C7] up,  
The [F] memory of a broken [C]/ heart, [C7]/  
Then [F] later on the joy of [C] making up,  
[D7] Never never more to [G7] part.

There's [C] one thing left to [F] do,  
Be-[C]-fore my story's [F] through,  
I've [C] got to take you [G7] for my wife,  
[F] So the story [G7] of my life,  
Can [C] start and [F]/ end [G7]/ with [C] you

Outro: [C] Start and [F]/ end [G7]/ with [C] you. [F]/ [G7/] [C]//





## Buffalo Girls

American Traditional

[C] As I was walking down the street,  
[G7] Down the street, [C] down the street,  
A pretty little gal I chanced to meet,  
Oh, [G7] she was fair to [C] see. ----- **Chorus**

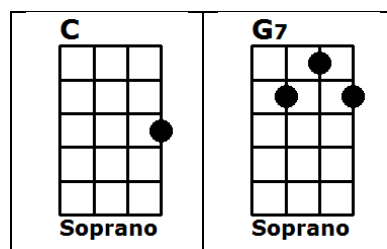
**Chorus:** [C] Buffalo Gals, won't you come out tonight,  
[G7] Come out tonight, [C] come out tonight.  
Buffalo Gals, won't you come out tonight  
And [G7] dance by the light of the [C] moon.

I [C] stopped her and we had a talk,  
[G7] Had a talk, [C] had a talk,  
Her feet took up the whole sidewalk,  
And [G7] left no room for [C] me. ----- **Chorus**

I [C] asked her if she'd have a dance,  
[G7] Have a dance, [C] have a dance,  
I thought that I might have a chance,  
To [G7] shake a foot with [C] her. ----- **Chorus**

I [C] danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin',  
And [G7] her heel kept a-knockin', and [C] her toes kept a-rockin',  
I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin',  
And we [G7] danced by the light of the [C] moon. ----- **Chorus**

I [C] asked her if she'd be my wife,  
[G7] be my wife, [C] be my wife,  
Then I'd be happy all my life,  
[G7] if she'd marry [C] me. ----- **Chorus**



## My Old Man's a Dustman

L. Donegan, P. Buchanan, B Thorn. (a.k.a. Leslie Bricusse), No 1 for Lonnie Donegan 1960

### INTRO - sung with gravitas.

Now [F] here's a [Am] little [Dm] story, [G] to tell it is [G7] a [C] must,  
[F] About an [Am] un-sung hero [Dm] that [G] moves away [G7] your [C] dust.  
Some [Dm] people make a [G7] fortune, [Dm] others earn a [G7] mint,  
But [Dm] My old man don't [G7] earn much, in [G] fact he's [G7] flippin' [C] skint. [C7]

### Chorus - sing as first verse

*Oh [F] my old man's a dustman, he wears a dustman's [C] hat,  
He wears got blimey trousers, and lives [C7] in a council [F] flat.  
He looks a proper nanna, in his [F7] great big hobnailed [Bb] boots,  
He's [C] got such a job to pull them up, he calls them [C7] daisy [F] roots.*

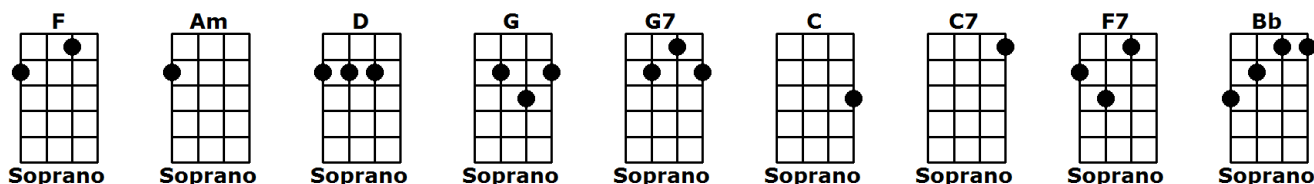
Some [F] folks give tips at Christmas, and some of them [C] forget,  
So when he picks their bins up, he [C7] spills some on the [F] step.  
Now one old man got nasty, and [F7] to the council [Bb] wrote.  
Next [C] time my old man went round there, he [C7] punched him up the [F] throat. -c chorus

[F] My old Man's a dustman, he's got a heart of [C] gold,  
He got married recently, though he's [C7] eighty-six years [F] old.  
We said "'ere hang on Dad, you're [F7] getting past your [Bb] prime"  
He said [C] "When you get to my age, it [C7] helps to pass the [F] time". -----chorus

One [F] day while in a hurry he missed a lady's [C] bin.  
He hadn't gone but a few yards, when [C7] she chased after [F] him.  
"What game do you think you're playing", she [F7] cried right from the [Bb] heart,  
"You've [C] missed me. And I too late?", "Na-a, [C7] jump upon the [F] cart". -----chorus

He [F] found a Tiger's head one day, nailed to a piece of [C] wood,  
The Tiger looked quite miserable, as [C7] I suppose he [F] should.  
Just then from out a window, a [F7] voice began to [Bb] wail,  
[C] "Hey where's me Tiger's head", [C7] "Four foot from his [F] tail".

[F] My old man's a dustman, he wears a dustman's [C] hat,  
He wears got blimey trousers, and [C7] lives in a council [F] flat.  
Next time you see a dustman [F7] looking all pale and [Bb] sad,  
Don't [C] kick him in the dustbin, it [C7] might be my old [F] Dad.



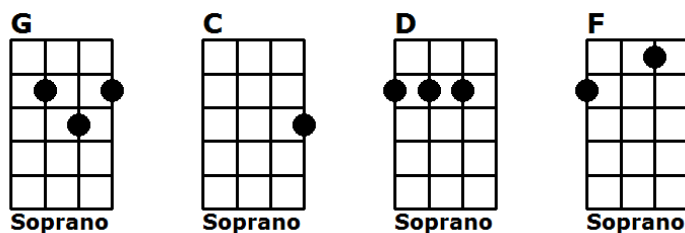
## *I'm a Believer* Neil Diamond

[G] I thought love was [D] only true in [G] fairy tales  
[G] Meant for someone [D] else but not for [G] me.  
[C] Love was out to [G] get me,  
[C] That's the way it [G] seemed.  
[C] Disappointment [G] haunted all my [D] dreams. -----Chorus

**Chorus:**        *Then I saw her [G]/ face [C]/ [G],*  
                  *Now I'm a be-[G]/-liever [C]/ [G]*  
                  *Not a [G]/ trace [C]/ [G]*  
                  *Of doubt in my [G]/ mind [C]/ [G]*  
                  *I'm in [G] love, [C]*  
                  *I'm a be-[G]-liever!*  
                  *I couldn't [F] leave her If I [D] tried. // [F] // [C]*  
*] /*

[G] I thought love was [D] more or less a [G] given thing,  
[G] Seems the more I [D] gave the less I [G] got,  
[C] What's the use in [G] trying?  
[C] All you get is [G] pain.  
[C] When I needed [G] sunshine I got [D] rain. -----Chorus

[G] / / / [F] / [C] / [G] / / / [F] / [C] / [G]



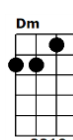
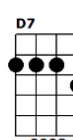
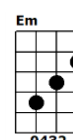
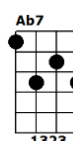
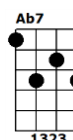
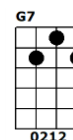
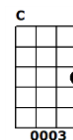
# Ukulele Lady

Gus Kahn and Whiting 1925

recorded by Better Midler ~1997

## Verse 1:

[C] ...I saw the splendour [G7] of the [C] moonlight  
On Hono-[Ab7]-lu-[G7]-lu-[C]-Bay  
There something tender [G7] in the [C] moonlight  
On Hono-[Ab7]-lu-[G7]-lu-[C] Bay  
[Am]... And all the beaches ... are full of peaches  
[Em]... Who bring their 'ukes' along  
[C]... And in the glimmer of the moonlight  
They love to [D7] sing this [G] song. [G7] -----Chorus



## Verse 2:

[C] ... She used to sing [G7] to me by [C] moonlight  
On Hono-[Ab7]-lu-[G7]-lu [C] Bay.  
Fond memorys cling to [G7] me by [C] moonlight  
Although I'm [Ab7] far [G7] a [C] way  
[Am] ... Someday I'm going, ... where eyes are glowing  
[Em] And lips are made to kiss.  
[C]To see somebody in the moonlight  
And hear the [D7] song I [G] miss. [G7] -----Chorus

**Chorus:** If [C] you [Em] like-a [C] Ukulele [G7] Lady,  
[C] Ukulele [Em] Lady like-a you. [Am] [C]  
If [Dm] you [G7] like to linger [Dm] where it's [G7] shady,  
[Dm] Ukulele [G7] Lady linger [C] too.  
If you [Em] kiss a Ukulele [G7] Lady,  
[C] While you promise [Em] ever to be [Am] true, [C]  
And [Dm] she [G7] see a-[Dm]-other Uk-[G7]-ulele  
[Dm] Lady fool a [G7] round with [C] you,  
[F] Maybe she'll sigh, [C] Maybe she'll cry,  
[D7] Maybe she'll find somebody else [G] Bye and [G7] bye,  
To [C] sing [Em] to [C] When it's cool and [G7] shady  
[C] Where the tricky [Em] Wicki Wackies [Am] woo [C]  
If [Dm] you [G7] like a [Dm] Ukulele [G7] Lady,  
[Dm] Ukulele [G7] Lady like a [C] you.

Last Time - Yes -[Dm] Ukulele [G7] Lady like a [C] you. [G]! [C]!

## Rave On

Sonny West, Bill Tilghman, Norman Petty. 1957

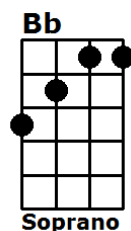
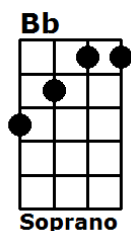
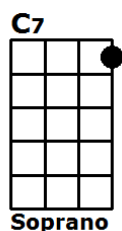
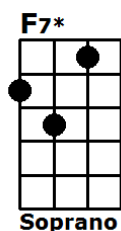
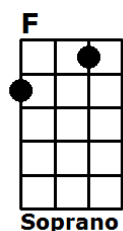
### Verse 1

The [F] little things you say and do,  
They make me want to be with you hoo- [F7] hoo,  
[Bb] Rave On, it's a crazy feeling,  
And [F] I know it's got me reeling  
When [C7] you say "I love you" - [F] Rave [Bb] On. [F]

**Chorus**     *[F7] Well - ell - ell, [Bb7] Rave on, It's a crazy feeling,  
And [F] I know it's got me reeling,  
I'm [C7] so glad that you're revealing,  
[C7] Your [F] love [C7] for [F] me. [F7]  
[Bb7] Rave on, rave on and tell me,  
[F] Tell me not to be lone-[F]-ly,  
[C7] Tell me you love me only,  
[F] Rave on [Bb] to [F] me.*

### Verse 2

The [F] way you dance and hold me tight,  
The way you kiss and say goodni - hi - [F7] hight,  
[Bb] Rave On, it's a crazy feeling,  
And [F] I know it's got me reeling  
When you [C7] say "I love you" - [F] Rave [Bb] On. [F]



## The House of the Rising Sun.

Traditional  $\frac{3}{4}$  time.

There [Dm] is a [F] house in [G] New Or-[Dm]-leans,  
They [Bb] call the [F] Rising [A7] Sun,  
And it's [Dm] been the [F] ruin of [G] many a poor [Dm] boy,  
And [Bb] God I [A7] know I'm [Dm] one.

[F]//[G]//[Bb]//[Dm]//[A7]//[D7]//[A7]/

My [Dm] mother [F] was a [G] tail-[B]-or,  
She [Dm] sewed my [F] new blue [A7] jeans,  
My [Dm] father [F] was a [G] gamblin' [Bb] man,  
[Dm] Down in [A7] New Or-[Dm]-leans.

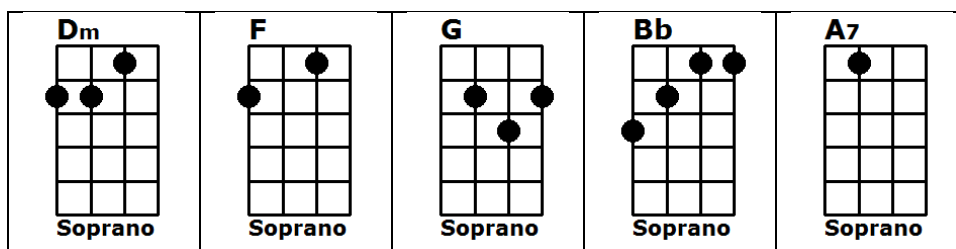
Now the [Dm] only [F] thing a [G] gambler [Bb] needs,  
Is a [Dm] suitcase [F] and a [A7] trunk,  
And the [Dm] only [F] time he'll [G] be satis-[Bb]-fied,  
Is [Dm] when he's [A7] on a [Dm] drunk.

Oh [Dm] mother [F] tell your [G] children,  
Not [Dm] to do what [F] I have [A7] done,  
[Dm] Spend your [F] lives in [G] sin and [Bb] misery,  
In the [Dm] House of the [A7] Rising [Dm] Sun.

[F]//[G]//[Bb]//[Dm]//[A7]//[D7]//[A7]

Well, I got [Dm] one foot [F] on the [G] platform,  
The [Dm] other foot [F] on the [A7] train,  
I'm [Dm] goin' [F] back to [G] New [A7] Orleans,  
To [Dm] wear that [A7] ball and [Dm] chain.

Well, there [Dm] is a [F] house in [G] New [Bb] Orleans,  
They [Dm] call the [F] Rising [A7] Sun,  
And it's [Dm] been the [F] ruin of [G] many a poor [Bb] boy,  
And [Dm] God I [A7] know I'm [Dm] one.



## Do not Forsake Me - Oh My Darlin'

Music Dimitri Tiomkin and Lyrics Ned Washington 1952 Frankie Laine Hit 1952

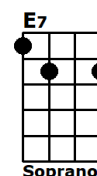
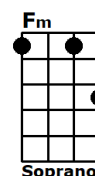
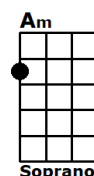
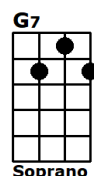
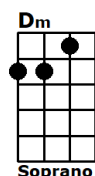
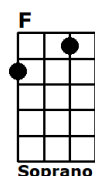
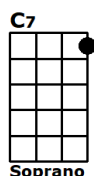
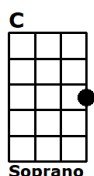
[C] Do not forsake me - Oh my darling,  
On this our wed-[C7]-ding [F] day, [Dm]  
Do not forsake me [G7] oh my [C] dar-[Am]-lin',  
[E7] Wait, [G7] Wait along.

[C] I do not know what fate awaits me,  
I only know [C7] I must be [F] brave, [A7]  
[Dm] And I must face a man who [C] hates me,  
[F] Or lie a [C] coward, [F] A craven [C] coward,  
[F] Or lie a [C] coward [G7] In my [C] grave.

[F] Oh to be torn 'twixt love and duty,  
[C] S'posin' I lose my fair-haired beauty,  
[F] Look at that big hand move along  
[C] Nearin' High Noon.

[F] He made a vow while in State's prison,  
[C] Vowed it would be my life or his 'n  
[Fm] I'm not afraid of death but oh,  
[C] What will I [F] do if you [G7] leave [G] me?

[C] Do not forsake me - Oh my darlin'  
You made that [C7] promise as a [F] bride, [A7]  
[Dm] Do not forsake me oh my [C] darlin'  
[F] Although you're [C] grievin' [F] Don't think of [C] leavin'  
[F] Now that I [C] need you [Dm] by [G7] my [C] side.  
Wait [F] along, wait [C] along, wait a-[F]-long, wait a-[C]-long.



## See You Later Alligator

Robert Guidry - 1956

***Bold+Italic sections Tacit.***

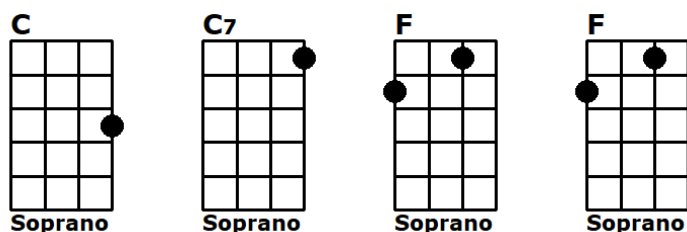
***One night I saw my baby*** [C] walking,  
With another man today,  
[C7] Well I saw my baby [F] walking,  
With another man to-[C]-day.  
When I asked her what's the [G7] matter,  
This is what I heard her [C] say. -----Chorus

Chorus ***See You Later Alli-***[C] gator, ***In a while Crocodile,***  
[C7] ***See You Later Alli-***[F]-gator, ***In a while Croco-***[C]-dile,  
***Can't you see you're in my*** [G7] way now,  
***Don't you know you cramp my*** [C] style.

***When I thought of what she*** [C] told me,  
nearly made me lose my head,  
[C7] When I thought of what she [F] told me,  
nearly made me lose my [C] head,  
But the next time that I saw [G7] her,  
Reminded her of what she [C] said. -----Chorus

***She said "I'm sorry pretty*** [C] daddy,  
you know my love is just for you",  
[C7] She said "I'm sorry pretty [F] daddy,  
you know my love is just for [C] you",  
Would you say that you'll for-[G7]-give me,  
And say my love for you is [C] true. -----Chorus

***I said "Wait a minute*** [C] 'gator,  
I know you meant it just for play"  
[C7] I said "Wait a minute [F] 'gator,  
I know you meant it just for [C] play"  
"Don't you know you've really [G7] hurt me,  
And this is all I have to [C] say". -----Chorus





## Softly, Softly

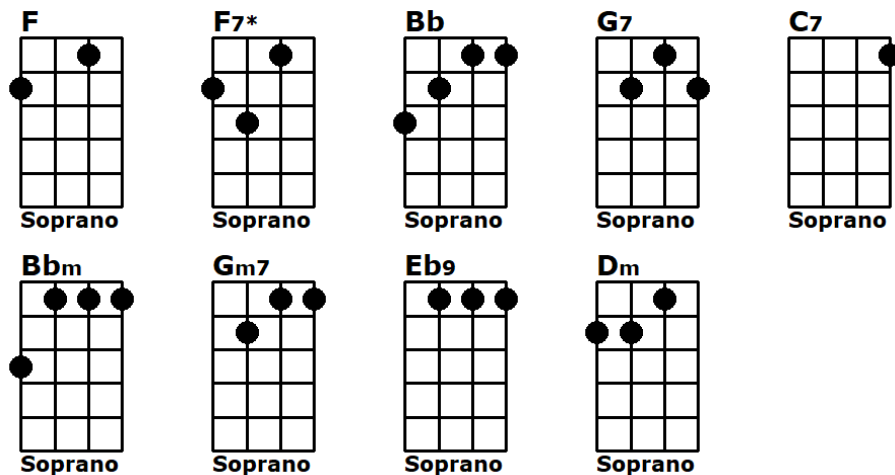
P. Roberts, P. Duddan, Paul (1955) Ruby Murray No. 1 in 1955

[F] Softly, [F7] Softly [Bb] come to [G7] me,  
[C7] Touch my lips so [F] ten-der-[C7]-ly  
[F] Softly, [F7] Softly [Bb] turn the [G7] key,  
And [C7] open up my [F] heart. [F7]

[Bb] Handle [Bbm] me with [F] tenderness,  
And [Gm7] say you'll leave [C7!] me [F] nev-[F7]-er,  
[Bb] In the [Eb9] warmth of [F] your caress,  
My [G7] love will [Dm / ] live [G7!] for [C7] ever and ever

[C7!] So, [F] Softly, [F7] Softly [Bb] come to [G7] me.  
[C7] Touch my lips so [F] ten-der-[C7]-ly,  
[F] Softly, [F7] Softly [Bb] turn the [G7] key,

And [C7] open up my [F] heart. [F7]  
[F] Softly, [F7] Softly [Bb] turn the [G7] key  
And [C7] open up my [F] heart. [Bb] [F!]



## The Five Wells

Andrew Train. 1970 approx

[C] Up you lads and [F] bring your [C] lasses, [F] listen to the [C] beckoning [G7] bells.  
[C] Holy Whitsun [F] is upon [C] us, [F] let us [C] dress the [G7] Tissington [C] Wells.  
[G7] First the- -

**CHORUS**      *Hall Well [C] under the canopy,  
[G7] Cup and Saucer [C] otherwise [G] known,  
[G7] Hands and Town Well,  
[C] Yew Tree and Coffin Wells,  
[G7] Springing from the [C] Derbyshire [G7] stone.*

[C] Up you lads and [F] gather the [C] flowers, [F] Garden [C] leaves and mosses a-[G7]-round,  
[C] See them in the [F] hedges and [C] pastures, [F] Lying [C] on the [G7] Tissington [C] ground.

[C] Up you lads and [F] bring your [C] lasses, [F] let us [C] celebrate a-[G7]-loud,  
[C] For in the plague and [F] terrible [C] drought, the [F] village [C] folk to [G7] live were al-[C]-  
lowed.

[G7] Thanks to -----**CHORUS**

[C] Let us make the [F] flowery [C] pictures, [F] Of the [C] man whom everyone [G7] served.  
[C] And of the folk in [F] all the [C] stories, [F] as in the [C] school that [G7] we once [C] heard.

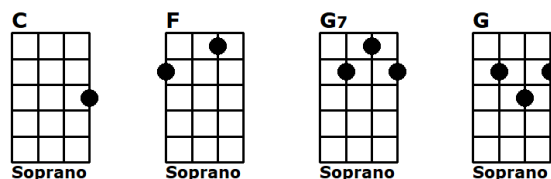
[C] Up you lads and [F] bring your [C] lasses, [F] Let us [C] to the church [G7] repair,  
[C] See the Parson [F] coming to [C] bless them, [F] listen [C] to his [G7] words so [C] rare  
[G7] Bless the - -----**CHORUS**

[C] There he goes and [F] there he [C] pauses, [F] At the [C] wells in Tissing-[G7] -ton,  
[C] Says a prayer, [F] gives a [C] blessing, [F] praises [C] all the [G7] work we've [C] done.

[C] On this day we [F] call as-[C]-cension, [F] People [C] come from far a-[G7]-way,  
[C] Our village [F] for to [C] visit, [F] let us [C] welcome [G7] them and [C] say  
[G7] See the ----- **CHORUS**

[C] Up you lads and [F] bring your [C] lasses [F] with our [C] custom let's be [G7] seen,  
[C] Let us dance and [F] let us [C] sing [F] merrily [C] on the [G7] village [C] green.

[G7] Near the - -Hall Well [C] under the canopy,  
[G7] Cup and Saucer [C] otherwise [G] known,  
[G7] Hands and Town Well,  
[C] Yew Tree and Coffin Wells,  
[G7] Springing from the [G7] Derbyshire [C]! stone.



## ABC Boogie

Bill Haley (1954)

[C] Down around the corner in a little school,  
Children learn their lessons and the golden [C7] rule.

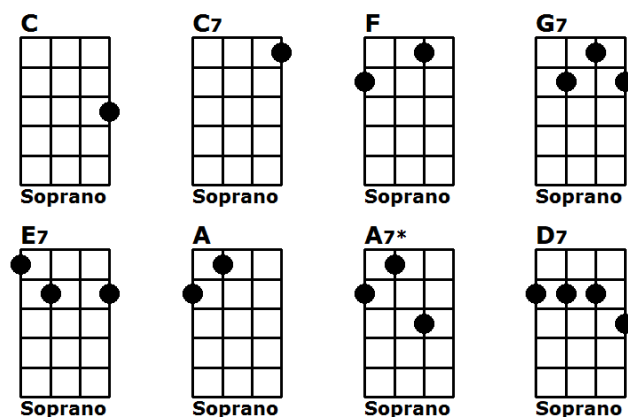
[F] 'cause they got a teacher up from Basin Street,  
[C] And she does her teaching with a boogie beat,  
Teaching the [G7] A-B-Cs with rhythm and [C] ease.

[C] Every single morning, It's the same old thing,  
All the kids are waiting for the bell to [C7] ring.  
[F] When they hear it ringing, they all jump in line,  
[C] Walk into the classroom, feeling mighty fine,  
To learn their [G7] A-B-Cs with rhythm and [C] ease.

[E7] Reading, writing, 'rithmetic,  
[A] Taught to the tune of a licorice [A7] stick.  
[D7] No education is ever complete,  
Without a [G7] boogie-woogie-woogie beat, [NC] Well all-reet!

[C] When the day is over and it's time to go,  
The children get their books and stand right at the [C7] door.  
[F] Teacher is so happy, 'cause she's done her bit,  
To [C] educate the kids and make them really fit,  
To say their [G7] A-B-Cs with rhythm and [C] ease.

When the day is over and it's time to go,  
The children get their books and stand right at the door.  
Teacher is so happy, 'cause she's done her bit,  
To educate the kids and make them really fit,  
To say their [G7] A-B-Cs with rhythm and [C] ease.



## Make Love To Me

Bill Norvas, Allan Copeland. et al. (1954) Jo Stafford UK Hit in 1954

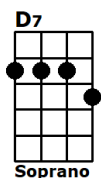
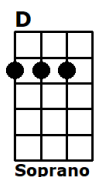
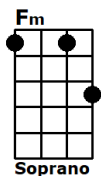
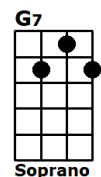
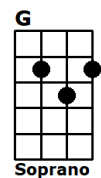
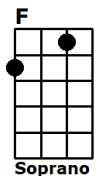
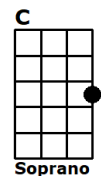
[G]/ [G7]/// [C]///

[C] Take me in your arms and never let me go,  
Whisper to me softly while the moon is [C7] low,  
[F] Hold me close and tell me what I wanna know,  
[C] Say it to me gently, let the sweet talk flow,  
[G] Come a little closer, [G7] make love to [C] me! [G7]

[C] Kiss me once again before we say goodnight,  
Take me in your lovin' arms and squeeze me tight,  
[F] Put me in a mood so I can dream all night,  
[C] Everybody's sleepin', so it's quite all right,  
[G] Come a little closer, [G7] make love to [C] me! [C7]

[F] When you're near, so [Fm] help me, dear,  
[C] chills run up my spine,  
[D] Don't you know, [D7] I love you so,  
[G] I won't be happy un-[G7]-till your mine.

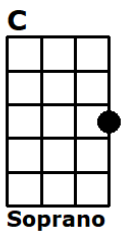
[C] When I'm in your arms you give my heart a treat,  
Everything about you is so doggone sweet,  
[F] Every time we kiss you make my life complete,  
[C] Baby doll, you know you swept me off my feet,  
[G] Now's the time to tell you, [G7] make love to [C] me! [C]! [G]! [C]!



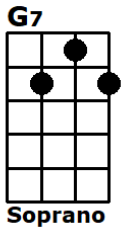
## The Great Pretender

Buck Ram (1955) Double sided No 5 hit in 1956 for the Platters ("Only You" on flip side)

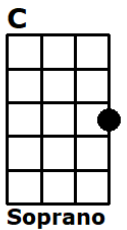
Oh, [C] yes, I'm the [G7] great pre-[C]-tender, [C7]  
Pre-[F] tending that I'm doing [C] well; [C7]  
My [F] need is [G7] such, I pre-[C]-tend to [F] much,  
I'm [C] lonely but no [G7] one can [C] tell. [G7]



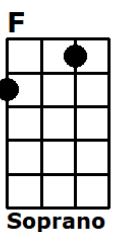
Oh, [C] yes, I'm the [G7] great pre-[C]-tender, [C7]  
A-[F]-drift in a world of my [C] own; [C7]  
I [F] play the [G7] game, but to [C] my real [F] shame,  
You've [C] left me to [G7] dream all a-[C]-lone. [C7]



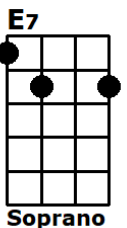
Too [F] real is this feeling of [C] make beli-[C7]-eve,  
Too [F] real when I feel what my [C] heart can't con-[G7]-ceal,



Oh, [C] yes, I'm the [G7] great pre-[C]-tender, [C7]  
Just [F] laughin' and gay like a [C] clown; [C7]  
I [F] seem to [G7] be what I'm [C] not, you [F] see,  
I'm [C] wearing my [F] heart like a [E7] crown;  
Pre-[C]-tending that [G7] you're still [C] around.



Too [F] real is this feeling of [C] make beli-[C7]-eve,  
Too [F] real when I feel what my [C] heart can't con-[G7]-ceal,



Oh, [C] yes, I'm the [G7] great pre-[C]-tender, [C7]  
Just [F] laughin' and gay like a [C] clown; [C7]  
I [F] seem to [G7] be what I'm [C] not, you [F] see,  
I'm [C] wearing my [F] heart like a [E7] crown;  
Pre-[C]-tending that [G7] you're still a-[C]// [F]//- rou-[C]//-nd.

## Only You -The Platters

Buck Ram, Andy Rand (1954) The Platters Double Hit 1956 with "The Great Pretender"

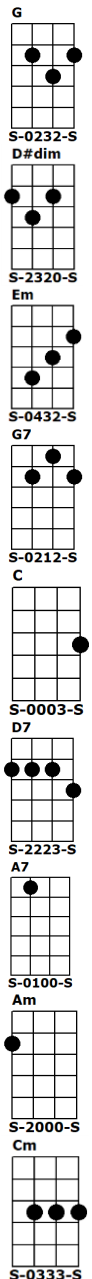
4 / 4 Time Intro: [A7] [D7] [G] [D7]↓

[Tacet] On-ly [G] you can make this [D#dim] world seem right.  
On-ly [Em] you can make the [G7] darkness bright.  
Only [C] you and you a-[D7]-lone  
Can [G] thrill me [D#dim] like you [Em] do,  
And [A7] fill my heart with love for only [Am] you.[D]

On-ly [G] you can make this [D#dim] change in me,  
For it's [Em] true, you are my [G7] destiny.  
When you [C] hold my hand I [Cm] understand  
The [G] magic that you [E7] do,  
You're my [A7] dream come true,  
My [D7] one and only [G] you. [D7]//

On-ly [G] you can make this [D#dim] world seem right.  
On-ly [Em] you can make the [G7] darkness bright.  
Only [C] you and you a-[D7]-lone  
Can [G] thrill me [D#dim] like you [Em] do,  
And [A7] fill my heart with love for only [Am] you. [D]//

On-ly [G] you can make this [D#dim] change in me,  
For it's [Em] true, you are my [G7] destiny.  
When you [C] hold my hand I [Cm] understand  
The [G] magic that you [E7] do,  
You're my [A7] dream come true,  
My [D7] one and only [G]//yo-[Cm]//-u [G]↓



## Mobile ("Mobeel")

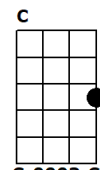
R. Wells / D. Holt (1954) Julius La Rosa

[C] They saw a swallow [E7] building his nest,  
[A7] I guess they figured he knew best,  
So they [D7] built a town around him  
[Dm] And they [G7] called it Mobile.[C]  
(OPTIONAL [NC] Where's that?)  
[D7] Alabama.

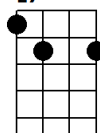
[C] They took a swamp-land [E7] heavy with steam,  
[A7] They added people with a dream,  
And [D7] that dream became a heaven  
[Dm] By the [G7] name of [C] Mobile

[E7] Pretty soon the town had grown,  
[A7] 'till they had a slide trombone,  
[D7] And a man who played pia-[D7]-no,  
[G7] And a swallow who sang soprano.

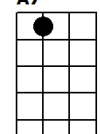
[C] No use you're wondering [E7] where you should go,  
[A7] It's on the Gulf of Mexico  
Where the [D7] southern bells are ringing  
[Dm] And the [G7] climate's ideal, [E7]  
[A7] It's a [D7] honeysuckle heaven  
[Dm] By the [G7] name of [C] Mobile. [Dm]! [Dm]! [C]



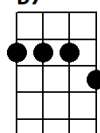
S-0003-S  
E7



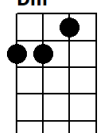
S-1202-S  
A7



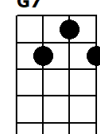
S-0100-S  
D7



S-2223-S  
Dm



S-2210-S  
G7



S-0212-S

## The Bricklayers Song.

Dear [C] Sir I write this [G] note to you to [C] tell you [G7] of my [C] plight,  
For [F] at the time of [C] writing it I'm [D7] not a pretty [G7] sight.  
My [F] body is all [C] black and blue, my [Dm] face a deathly [G7] grey,  
And I [C] write this note to [G] say why I am [C] not at [G7] work to-[C]-day.

While [C] working on the [G] fourteenth floor some [C] bricks I [G7] had to [C] clear,  
But [F] tossing them down from [C] such a height was [D7] not a good [G7] idea.  
The [F] foreman wasn't [C] very pleased he is an [Dm] awkward [G7] sod,  
And he [C] said I had to [G] cart them down the [C] ladders [G7] in me [C] hod.

Well [C] clearing all these [G] bricks by hand it [C] was so [G7] very [C] slow,  
So I [F] hoisted up a [C] barrel and se-[D7]-cured a rope be-[G7]-low.  
But [F] in me haste to [C] do the job, I [Dm] was to blind to [G7] see,  
That a [C] barrel full of [G] building bricks was [C] heavi-[G7]-er than [C] me.

And [C] so when I un-[G]-tied the rope the [C] barrel [G7] fell like [C] lead,  
And [F] clinging tightly [C] to the rope I [D7] started up in-[G7]-stead.  
I [F] shot up like a [C] rocket, and to [Dm] my dismay I [G7] found,  
That [C] halfway up I [G] met the bloody [C] barrel [G7] coming [C] down.

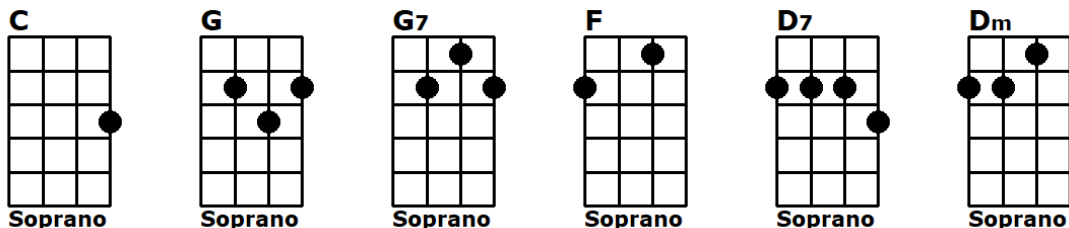
Well the [C] barrel broke me [G] shoulder as [C] to the [G7] ground it [C] sped.  
And [F] when I reached the [C] top I banged the [D7] pulley with me [G7] head.  
But I [F] clung on tightly [C] numb with shock from [Dm] this almighty [G7] blow,  
While the [C] barrel spilled out [G] half its bricks some [C] fourteen [G7] floors [C] below.

Now [C] when the bricks had [G] fallen from the [C] barrel [G7] to the [C] floor,  
I [F] then outweighed the [C] barrel and so [D7] started down once [G7] more.  
But I [F] clung on tightly [C] to the rope me [Dm] body racked with [G7] pain,  
And [C] halfway down I [G] met the bloody [C] barrel [G7] once a-[C]-gain.

Now the [C] force of this [G] collision halfway [C] down the [G7] office [C] block,  
Caused [F] multiple [C] abrasions and a [D7] nasty case of [G7] shock.  
But I [F] clung on tightly [C] to the rope as I [Dm] fell towards the [G7] ground,  
And I [C] landed on the [G] broken bricks the [C] barrel had [G7] scattered [C] round.

Now as [C] I lay there [G] on the ground I [C] thought I'd [G7] passed the [C] worst,  
But the [F] barrel hit the [C] pulley wheel and then the [D7] bottom [G7] burst.  
A [F] shower of bricks rained [C] down on me I [Dm] didn't have a [G7] hope,  
As I [C] lay there bleeding [G] on the ground I let [C] go of the [G7] bloody [C] rope.

The [C] barrel now being [G] heavier it [C] started [G7] down once [C] more,  
It [F] landed right [C] across me as I [D7] lay there on the [G7] floor.  
It [F] broke three ribs and [C] my left arm and [Dm] I can only [G7] say,  
I [C] hope you'll under-[G]-stand why I am [C] not at [G7] work to-[C]-day.





## **I Wanna Go Back To Dixie.**

Tom Lehrer First Published 1953

I [C] wanna go back to Dixie, [C7] Take me [F] back to dear old Dixie,  
That's the [C] only little old [A7] place for little old [D7] me. [G7]  
Old times [C] there are not for-[C7]-gotten, Whupping [F] slaves and selling cotton.  
And [C] waiting for the [D7] Robert-E-Lee [G7]. (*It was never there on time*)

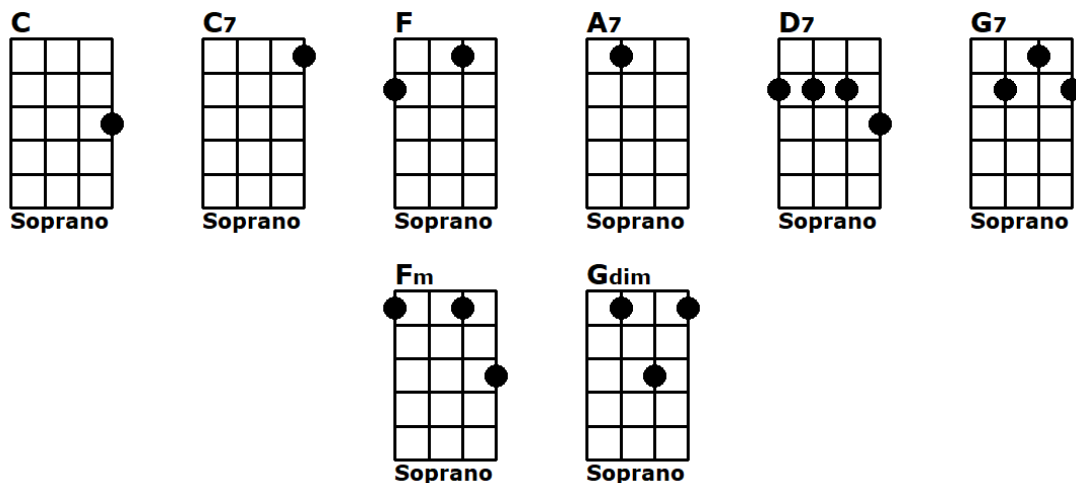
I'll [C] go back to the Swanee, Where Pel-[C7]-agra makes you scrawny,  
And the [F] honeysuckle clutters up the [C] vine. [G7]  
I [C] really am a [G7] fixing, to go [C] home and start a-[A7]-mixing,  
Down be-[D7]-low that Mason [G7] Dixon [C] line. [G7]

Spoken: I [C] wanna go [C7] back to [F] Allabam-[Fm]-my,  
Back [C] to the arms [C7] of my [F] dear old [Fm] mammy,  
Her [C] cooking's [C7] lousy and her [F] hands are clam-[Fm]-my,  
But [C] what the [G7] hell, It's [C] home.

Yes for [G7] paradise the [Gdim] southland is my [G7] nominee,  
Just give me a ham hock [Gdim] and a grit of [G7] Hominy.

I [C] wanna go back to Dixie, [C7] I wanna [F] be a Dixie Pixie,  
And eat [C] cornpone 'tll it's [A7] coming out of my [D7] ears, [G7]  
I wanna [C] talk with southern [C7] gentlemen, and [F] put my white sheet on again,  
I [C] ain't seen one good [D7] lynching in [G7] years.

The [C] land of the Boll Weevil, Where the [C7] laws are medieval,  
Is [F] calling me to [Fm] come and never more [C] roam, [G7]  
I wanna [C] go back to the [G7] southland, that y'-[C]-all and shut yer [G7] mouth land.  
Be it [C] ev-[F]-er so [C] deca-[A7]-dent, There's [D7] no [G7] place like [C] home. [G7] [C]



## Grandpa's Grave

de Paul, Cavanaugh & Gibson. Peter Sellers Version 1960

Intro [Dm]///[G7]///[C]///

[C] They're removing Grandpa's grave to build a sewer.  
They're removing it regardless of Ex-[G]-pense.  
They're shifting his re-[G7]-mains, to lay [C] down sewage [Am] drains,  
To [Dm] satisfy the [G7] local resi-[C]-dents.

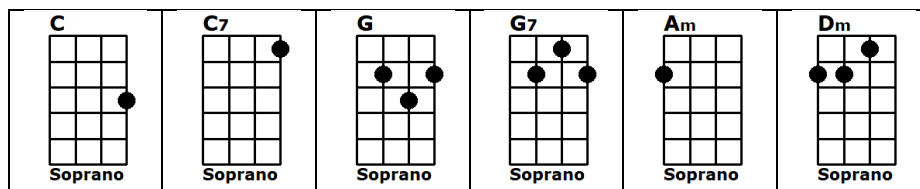
[C] Now what's the use of having a religion,  
If when you die your troubles never [G] cease.  
'cos some society [G7] gink, wants a [C] pipeline for her [Am] sink  
They [Dm] won't let dear old [G7] Grandpa rest in [C] peace. Oh, [C7]/Oh, [C7]Oh,

[F] Oh mate, [C] don't excavate,  
[Dm] Don't desecrate poor [C] Grandpa's [C7] dug out,  
[F] Oh Fred, [C] although he's dead,  
[D7] He needs a place to [G7] rest his head.

Now [C] Grandpa in his life was not a quitter,  
And even in his grave he'll never [G] quit,  
He'll dress up in his [G7] sheets, and [C] haunt they're country [Am] seats,  
And [Dm] only let them [G7] out when he thinks [C] fit.

Now [C] won't there be some blinking consternation,  
Huh, and won't them rotten stinkers curse and [G] rave,  
Yes they'll get what they de-[G7]-serve 'cos they [C] had the blinking [Am] nerve,  
To [Dm] muck about with [G7] poor old Grandpa's [C] grave. Oh, [C7]/Oh, [C7]Oh,

[F] Oh mate, [C] don't excavate,  
[Dm] Don't desecrate poor [C] Grandpa's [C7] dug out  
[F] Oh Fred, [C] although he's dead,  
[D7] Let him rumi-[G7] -nate in [C]/ Pe-[F]/-a-[C]/-ce.



## In the Old Bazaar in Cairo

Charlie Chester, Clinton Ford, Ken Morris (1967)

[Am] Sand bags, wind bags, [Dm] camels with a [Am] hump,  
[Am] fat girls, thin girls, [Dm] some a little [Am] plump,  
[Am] 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,  
[Am] braces, laces, a [Dm] candle for the [Am] moth,  
[Am] bet you'd look a smasher in an [Dm] old loin cloth,  
In the [E7] Old Bazaar in [Am] Cairo.

*[G] You can buy most [C] any any-thing,  
[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 Fanny.*

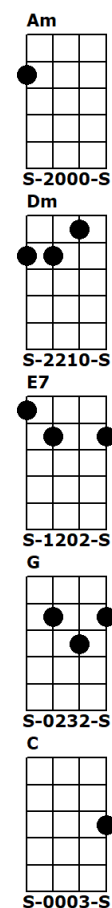
[Am] Harem, scarem, [Dm] what d'ya think of [Am] that,  
[Am] bare knees, striptease, [Dm] dancing on the [Am] mat.  
[Am] Umpa! Umpa! [Dm] That's enough of that,  
In the [E7] Old Bazaar in [Am] Cairo.

[Am] Rice pud, very good, [Dm] what's it all [Am] about,  
[Am] made it in a kettle and they [Dm] couldn't get [Am] it out,  
[Am] 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,  
[Am] genuine, beduine [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 any-thing,  
[G] Sheeps eyes, sand pies, a [C] watch without a spring,  
[A] you can buy a [Dm] pomegranate too,  
A [E7] water-bag, a little bit of hokey pokey.*

[Am] Yashmaks, pontefracts, [Dm] what a strange [Am] affair,  
[Am] dark girls, fair girls, [Dm] some with ginger [Am] hair,  
The [Am] rest of it is funny but the [Dm] censor cut is [Am] there,  
In [E7] the Old Baz-aar in [Am] Cairo.



## Then We Kissed There - Duet

Developed by Joe Douglas from 'And Then I Kissed Her' by Phil Spector, Ellie Greenwich and Jeff Barry. (1963)

### MAN

Well I [G] walked up to her and [D7] asked her if she wanted to [G] dance. [G] / /  
She [G] looked awful nice, and I [D7] hoped that she might take a [G] chance. [G] / /  
[C] when we danced, I [G] held her tight,  
and [C] then I walked her [G] home that night,  
[G] And all the stars were [D7] shining bright  
and then I [G] kissed her.

### WOMAN

Well he [G] walked up to me and [D7] asked me if I wanted to [G] dance. [G] / /  
He [G] looked awful nice, and I [D7] hoped that he might take a [G] chance. [G] / /  
[C] when we danced, he [G] held me tight,  
and [C] then he walked me [G] home that night,  
[G] And all the stars were [D7] shining bright  
and then he [G] kissed me.

### COUPLE

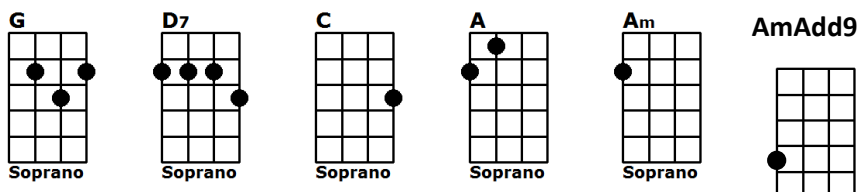
[G] Each time we met, we [D7] couldn't wait to meet up a-[G]-gain. [G] / /  
We [G] wanted the world [D7] know that we were more than just [G] friends, [G] / /  
[C] As we strolled [G] hand in hand,  
[C] Through our own little [G] wonderland,  
[G] Everything just [D7] looked so grand,  
As we [G] kissed there.

### Bridge

[C] We kissed in a [Am] way that we'd [AmAdd9] never never [Am] kissed be-[C]-fore.[C] / /  
[A] We kissed in a way that we knew we'd like forever-[D7]-more. [D7] / /

We [G] knew we were forever as we shared [D7] all the love that we [G] had. [G] / /  
We [G] met with all our folks and we [D7] told them we wanted to [G] wed [G] / /  
[C] Then the Preacher made us [G] Groom and Bride,  
[C] As a couple always [G] side by side,  
And we [G] felt so happy we [D7] almost cried,  
and then we [G] kissed there.

[D7] And then we [G] kissed there.  
[D7] And then we [G] kissed there. [C] / [G]!



## Casey's Last Ride

Kris Kristofferson 1978

[Dm] Casey joins the hollow sound of [C] silent people walking down  
The [Bb] stairway to the subway in the [A] shadows down be-[A7]-low,  
[Dm] Following their footsteps through the [C] neon darkened corridors  
Of [Bb] silent desperation, never [A] speaking to a soul.

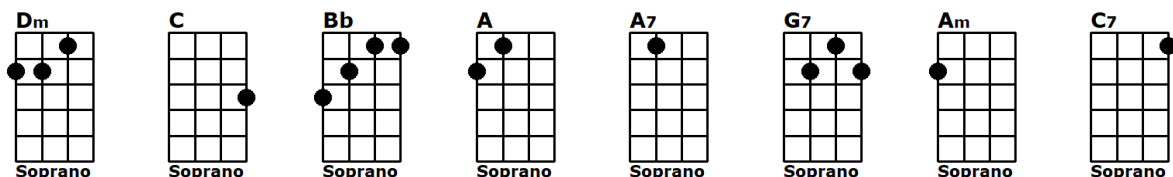
The [Bb] poison air he's breathing has the [F] dirty smell of dying,  
'Cause it's [G7] never seem the sunshine and it's [A7] never felt the rain.  
But [Dm] Casey minds the arrows and ig-[C]-nores the fatal echoes,  
Of the [Bb] clicking of the turnstile and the [Am] rattle of his [Dm] chains. [C7]

*[F] "Oh" she said, "Casey, it's been so long since I've [C7] seen you,"*  
*[C] "Here", she said, [C7] "Just a kiss to make a body [F] smile."*  
*[F] "See", she said, "I've put on new stockings just to [C7] please you,"*  
*[C] "Lord", she said, [C7] "Casey can you only stay a [F] while?"*

[Dm] Casey leaves the underground and [C] stops inside the Golden Crown,  
For [Bb] something wet to wipe away the [A] chill that's on his [A7] bones,  
[Dm] Seeing his reflection in the [C] lives of all the lonely men,  
Who [Bb] reach for anything they can to [A] keep from going home.

[Bb] Standing in the corner Casey [F] drinks his pint of bitter,  
Never [G7] glancing in the mirror at the [A7] people passing by.  
Then he [Dm] stumbles as he's leaving and he [C] wonders if the reason  
Is the [Bb] beer that's in his belly or the [Am] tear that's in his [Dm] eye. [C7]

*[F] "Oh", she said, "I suppose you seldom think a-[C7]-bout me"*  
*[C] "Now", she said, [C7] "Now that you've a family of your [F] own."*  
*[F] "Still", she said, "It's so blessed good to feel your[C7] body,"*  
*[C] "Lord," She said, [C7] "Casey it's a shame to be a-[F]-lo-[Bb]-ne. [F]"*



## Blame it on the Stones.

Kris Kristofferson (1970)

Intro - [F] [C7] [F]/[A]/

[Dm] Mister Marvin [Am] Middle Class is [Dm] really [Am] in a [Dm] stew,  
Wondering what the [Am] younger gener-[Dm]-ation's [Am] coming [Dm] to,  
And the [F] taste of his mar-[C]-tini doesn't [F]-please his bitter [A] tongue; [Dm]  
Blame it [Am] on the Rolling [Dm] Stones.[C7]

Chorus [F] Blame it on the Stones, [Bb] Blame it on the Stones,

[F] You'll feel so much better, knowing [G] you don't stand a-[C]-lone

[F] Join the accusation, [Bb] Save the bleeding nation,

[F] Get it off your shoulders; [C7] Blame it on the [F] Stones.[A]

[Dm] Mother tells the [Am] ladies at the [Dm] bridge club [Am] every [Dm] day,  
Of the rising [Am] price of tranquil-[Dm]-isers, [Am] she must [Dm] pay.  
And she [F] wonders why the [C] children never [F] seem stay at [A] home; [Dm]  
Blame it [Am] on the Rolling [Dm] Stones. [C7] ----- Chorus

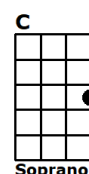
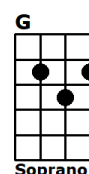
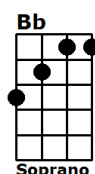
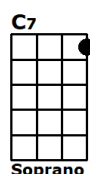
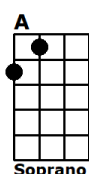
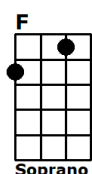
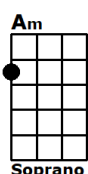
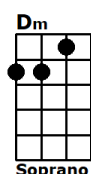
[Dm] Father's at the [Am] office, nightly [Dm] working [Am] all the [Dm] time,  
Trying to make the [Am] secretary [Dm] change her [Am] little [Dm] mind.  
And it [F] bothers him to [C] read about so [F] many broken [A] homes; [Dm]  
Blame it [Am] on the Rolling [Dm] Stones. [C7] ----- Chorus

[F] Blame it on the Stones, [Bb] Blame it on the Stones

[F] You'll feel so much better, knowing [G] you don't stand a-[C]-lone

[F] Join the accusation, [Bb] Save the bleeding nation,

[F] Get it off your shoulders; [C7] Blame it on the [F] / Sto-[Bb] /-nes.[F]!

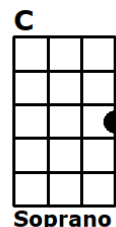


## Me and Bobby McGee

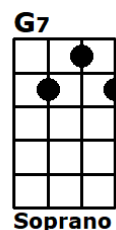
Kris Kristofferson & Fred Foster 1970

Recorded by Kris Kristofferson

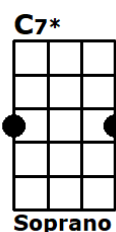
[C] Busted flat in Baton Rouge, heading for the train,  
Feeling nearly faded as my [G7] jeans,  
Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained;  
Took us all the way to New [C] Orleans.



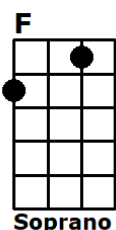
I took my harpoon out of my dirty red bandanna,  
And was playing sad while [C7] Bobby sang the [F] blues;  
With them windshield wipers slapping time and [C] Bobby clapping hands  
We finally [G7] sang up every song that driver [C] knew; [C7]



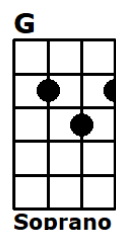
*Chorus* -[F] Freedom's just another word for [C] nothing left to lose,  
[G7] ... nothing ain't worth nothing but it's [C] free [C7];  
[F] Feeling good was easy, Lord,  
When [C] Bobby sang the blues;  
[G] And buddy, that was good enough for me;  
[G] Good enough for [G7] me and Bobby Mc-[C]-Gee,



[C] From the coalmines of Kentucky to the California sun,  
Bobby shared the secrets of my [G7] soul;  
Standing right beside me, Lord, through everything I done,  
Every night she kept me from the [C] cold.



Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away,  
Looking for the [C7] home I hope she'll [F] find;  
I'd trade all of my tomorrows for a [C] single yesterday,  
[G7] Holding Bobby's body next to [C] mine; [C7]



*Chorus* -[F] Freedom's just another word for [C] nothing left to lose,  
[G7] ... nothing ain't worth nothing but it's [C] free [C7];  
[F] Feeling good was easy, Lord,  
When [C] Bobby sang the blues;  
[G] And buddy, that was good enough for me;  
[G] Good enough for [G7] me and Bobby Mc-[C]-Gee,  
Yes - [G] Good enough for [G7] me and Bobby Mc-[C]-Gee, [G7]! [C]!