

Ukulele -Joe Song Collection - Vol.5

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A personal collection of 30 songs.

Including Pre-Rock & Roll, Rock and Roll, Folk, Country and amusing music.

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

This is my own interpretation of this song and is to be used for educational purposes only.

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Grandma's Feather Bed

Jim Conner 1968

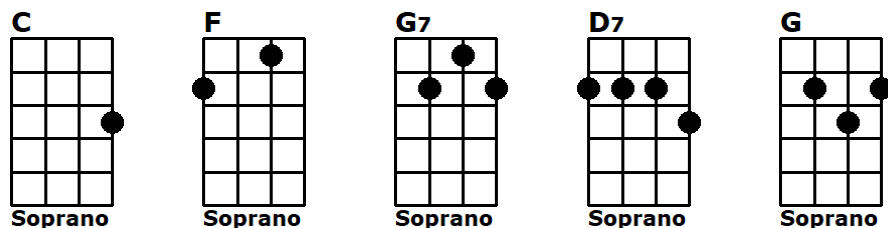
John Denver Hit

[C] When I was a [F] little bitty boy [C] just up off the [G7] floor,
 We [C] used to go down to [F] grandma's house [C] every month [G7] end or [C] so.
 We'd have [C] chicken pie, [F] country ham,
 [C] Homemade butter on the [G7] bread.
 But the [C] best darn thing about [F] grandma's house
 Was the [G7] great big feather [C] bed.

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

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

Well, I [C] love my ma and I [F] love my pa, I love [C] granny and grandpa [G7] too.
 I've been [C] fishin' with my uncles, I [F] wrestled my cousin.
 [C] I even [G7] kissed Aunt [C] Lou, ew!
 But if [C] ever had to [F] make a choice I [C] guess it oughta be [G7] said,
 That [C] I'd trade them all plus the [F] gal down the road,
 For [G7] grandma's feather [C] bed.



Hey Joe!

Boudleaux Bryant

Frankie Laine Hit 1953

[C] Hey Joe! where d'ya find that purdy girly,
And where'd ya get that jolly dolly,
how'd ya rate that dish I wish was [G] mine?



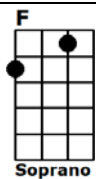
[G] Hey Joe! [G] she's got skin that's [G7] creamy dreamy,
[G] eyes that look s [G7] lovey-dovey,
[G] lips as red as [G7] cherry berry [C] wine.



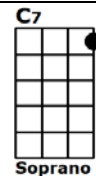
Now listen, [F] Joe, I ain't no heel,
But, old buddy, let me tell [C7] you how I [F] feel.
She's a honey, she's a sugar pie,
I'm warning you I'm gonna try to [G] steal her from [G7] you.



[C] Hey Joe! though we've been the best of [C7] friends,
[F] This is where that friendship ends,
I gotta [G7] have that dolly for my [C] own.



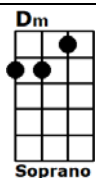
[C] Hey Joe! come on let's be buddy buddies,
Show me you're my palsy-walsy,
Introduce that pretty little chick to [G] me!



[G] Hey Joe! [G] quit that waiting, [G7] hesitating,
[G] Let me at her, [G7] what's the matter,
[G] you're as slow as [G7] any Joe can [C] be.



[F] Now come on Joe, let's make a deal,
let me dance with her to [C7] see if she is [F] real.
She's the cutest girl I've ever seen,
I tell you face to face I mean to [G] steal her from [G7] you.



[C] Hey Joe! we'll be friends until the end,
but [F] this looks like the end my friend,
I [F] gotta have that [G7] dolly for my [E7] own.
I [Dm] gotta have that [G7] dolly for my [C] own. [G]/ [C!]

Paradise

John Prine (1971)

John Denver Rocky Mountain High Album (1972).

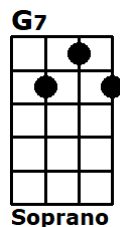
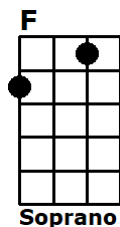
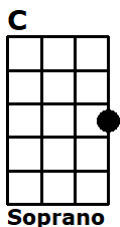
When [C] I was a child, my [F] family would [C] travel,
Down to Western Kentucky where my [G7] parents were [C] born.
And there's a backwards old town that's [F] often re-[C]-membered,
So many times, that my [G7] memories are [C] worn.

Chorus - And [C] Daddy, won't you take me back to [F] Muhlenberg [C] County,
Down by the Green River where [G7] Paradise [C] lay.
Well I'm sorry my son but you're [F] too late in [C] asking,
Mr. Peabody's coal train has [G7] hauled it a-[C]-way.

Well [C] sometimes we'd travel right [F] down the Green [C] River,
To the abandoned old prison down [G7] by Ardrie [C] Hill.
Where the air smelled like snakes and we'd [F] shoot with our [C] pistols,
But empty pop bottles were [G7] all we would [C] kill. -----Chorus

Then the [C] coal company came with the [F] world's largest [C] shovel,
And they tortured timber and [G7] stripped all the [C] land.
Well they dug for their coal 'till the [F] land was for-[C]-saken,
And they wrote it all down as the [G7] progress of [C] man. -----Chorus

When I [C] die, let my ashes float [F] down the Green [C] River,
Let my soul roll on up to the [G7] Rochester[C] Dam.
I'll be half-way to Heaven with [F] Paradise [C] waiting,
Just five miles away from where-[G7]-ever I [C] am. -----Chorus



The Leaving of Liverpool

Traditional

The Spinners

Fare-[C]-well the Princes' [F] landing [C] stage,
 River Mersey fare thee [G7] well.
 I am [C] bound for Cal-i-[F]-forn-i-[C]-a,
 It's a place that you [G7] know right [C] well. ----- Chorus

Chorus So [G7] fare thee well my [F] own true [C] love,
 When I return united we will [G7] be.
 It's not the [C] leaving of Liverpool that [F] grieves [C] me,
 But me darling when I [G7] think of [C] thee.

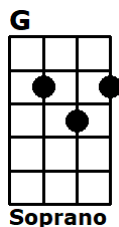
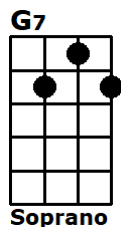
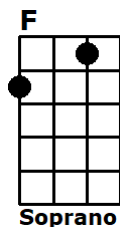
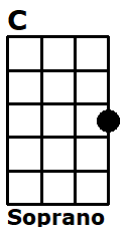
Yes, I am [C] bound for Cal-i-[F]-forn-i-[C]-a,
 By way of the stormy Cape [G7] Horn.
 But I [C] know that I'll write to you a [F] letter me [C] love,
 When I am [G7] homeward [C] bound. ----- Chorus

I have signed on a Yankee [F] clipper [C] ship,
 Davy Crockett is her [G7] name.
 And the [C] captain's name it is [F] Burg-[C]-ess,
 And they say she's a [G7] floating [C] shame. ----- Chorus

It's me second time with Burgess in the [F] Cro-[C]-ckett,
 And I reckon I know him [G7] well.
 If a [C] man is a sailor he'll [F] get a-[C]-long,
 If he's not, well he's [G7] sure in [C] hell. ----- Chorus

Fare thee well to Lower [F] Frederick [C] Street,
 Anson Terrace and auld Parky [G7] Lane.
 For I [C] know that it's going to be a [F] long, long, [C] time
 Before I [G7] see you [C] again. ----- Chorus

But me [G] darling when I [G7] think of [C] thee. [G7]! [C]!



Fiddlers Green

John Connelly

As I [F] roved by the [Bb] dockside one [F] evening so [Dm] rare,
To [F] view the still [Bb] waters and [F] take the salt [C7] air.
I [Bb] heard an old fisherman [F] singing this song,
"O take me [Bb] away boys my [F] time is not [C7] long".

Chorus. "Dress me [F] up in me [C7] oilskins and [F] jumpers,
No [Bb] more on the [F] docks I'll be [C7] seen.
Just [Bb] tell me old shipmates, I'm [F] taking a trip, mates,
and [C7] I'll see you some day in Fiddler's [F] Green."

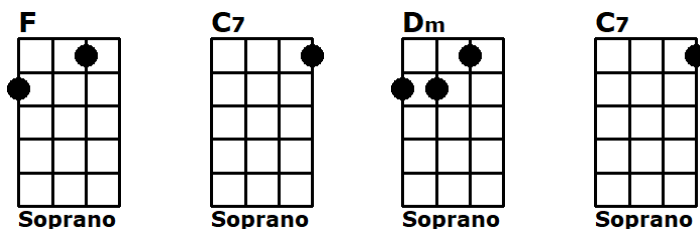
Now [F] Fiddler's [Bb] Green is a [F] place I've heard [Dm] tell,
Where [F] fishermen [Bb] go if they [F] don't go to [C7] hell.
Where [Bb] the skies are all clear and the [F] dolphins do play,
And the cold coast of [Bb] Greenland is [F] far, far a-[C7]-way. -----Chorus

Now the [F] sky's always [Bb] clear and there's [F] never a [Dm] gale,
And the [F] fish jump on [Bb] board with a [F] flip of their [C7] tail.
Where you [Bb] lie at your leisure, there's [F] no work to do,
And the skipper's be-[Bb]-low making tea [F] for the [C7] crew. -----Chorus

When [F] you 're in [Bb] dock and the [F] long trip is [Dm] through,
There's [F] pubs and there's [Bm] clubs and there's [F] lassies there [C7] too.
Where the [Bb] girls are all pretty and the [F] beer it is free,
And there's bottles of [Bb] rum growing [F] on every [C7] tree. -----Chorus

Well I [F] don't want a [Bb] harp nor a [F] halo, not [Dm] me,
Just [F] give me a [Bb] breeze on a [F] good rolling [C7] sea.
I'll [Bb] play me old squeezebox [F] as we sail along,
With the wind in the [Bb] rigging to [F] sing me this [C7] song. -----Chorus

"Just [Bb] tell me old shipmates, I'm [F] taking a trip, mates,
and [C7] I'll see you some day in Fiddler's [F] Gre-[Bb]-en.[C7]!"



Little Deuce Coupe

Brian Wilson and Roger Christian. 1963

Intro

[G] Little deuce coupe, you don't know what I got.
Little deuce coupe, you don't know what I got.

[G] Well I'm not braggin' babe so don't put me down,
But I've got the fastest set of wheels in town,
When [C] something comes up to me he don't even try,
'cause if [G] I had a set of wings man I know she could fly,
She's [D] my little [Am] deuce [D] coupe,
[Am] you don't [G] know what I got.

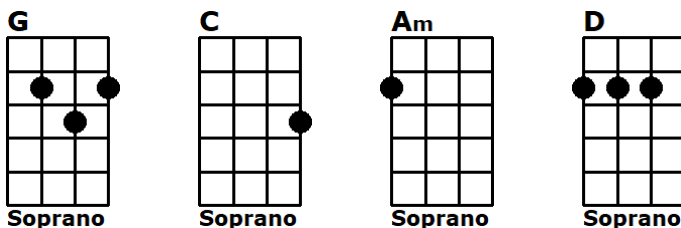
[G] Just a little deuce coupe with a flat head mill,
But she'll walk a Thunderbird like she's standin' still,
She's [C] ported and relieved and she's stroked and bored,
She'll do [G] a hundred and forty with the top end floored.
She's [D] my little [Am] deuce [D] coupe,
[Am] you don't [G] know what I got.

She's got [C] a competition clutch with the four on the floor,
And [G] she purrs like a kitten till the lake pipes roar,
And [C] if that ain't enough to make you flip your lid,
There's [Am] one more thing, I [D] got the pink slip daddy.

And [G] comin' off the line when the light turns green,
Well she blows 'em out o' the water like you never seen,
I get [C] pushed out of shape and it's hard to steer,
When [G] I get rubber in all four gears.

Outro

She's [D] my little [Am] deuce [D] coupe, [Am] you don't [G] know what I got.
She's [D] my little [Am] deuce [D] coupe, [Am] you don't [G] know what I got.



Dirty Old Town

Ewan McColl, 1949

4/4 time; Intro: [Am] [Dm] [C] [Am] [Am]

[N.C] I found my [C] love, by the gas-works [C] croft
 Dreamed a [F] dream, by the old ca-[C]-nal,
 Kissed my [C] girl, by the factory [C] wall,
 Dirty old [Dm] town, dirty old [Am] town

[N.C] I heard a [C] siren, from the [C] docks,
 Saw a [F] train, set the night on [C] fire;
 Smelled the spring, on the smoky [C] wind,
 Dirty old [Dm] town, dirty old [Am] town.

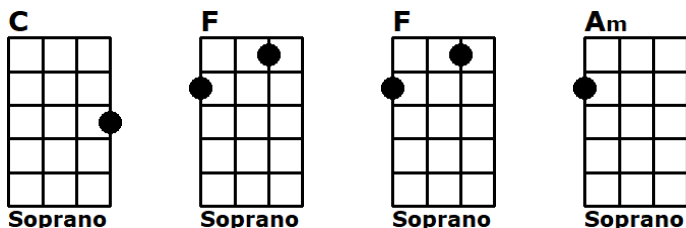
Play tune and whistle/hum/kazoo

[N.C] Clouds are [C] crawling, across the [C] sky,
 Cats are [F] prowling, upon their [C] beat;
 Springs a girl, in the street at [C] night,
 Dirty old [Dm] town, dirty old [Am] town.

[N.C] I'm going to [C] make, a good sharp axe,
 Shining [F] steel, tempered in the [C] fire;
 I'll chop you down, like an old dead [C] tree,
 Dirty old [Dm] town, dirty old [Am] town.

Repeat Verse 1 followed by -

SLOWING DOWN - [C] Dirty old [Dm] town, dirty old [Am] town.



I Recall a Gypsy Woman

Bob McDill & Allen Reynolds 1970

Silver [C] coins, that [F] Jingle [C] Jangle,
Fancy Shoe, that dance in [G] time;
Oh the [C] secrets [F] of her [C] dark eyes,
They did sing, [G] a gypsy [C] rhyme.

Yellow Clover, en-[F]-tangled [C] blossoms,
In a meadow, silky [G] green,
Where she [C] held me, [F] to her [C] bosom,
Just a boy, [G] of seven-[C]-teen.

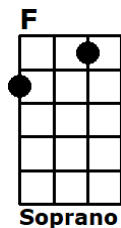
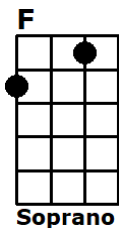
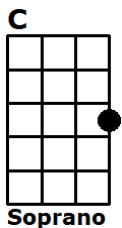
Chorus - I recall [F] a gypsy [C] woman,
Silver spangles in her [G] eyes,
Ivory [C] skin, a-[F]-gainst the [C] moonlight,
And the taste of [G] life's sweet [C] wine.

Soft breezes [C] blow, From [F] fragrant [C] meadows,
Stir the darkness in my [G] mind.
Oh gentle [C] woman, you [F] sleep be-[C]-side me,
And little know who [G] haunts my [C] mind.

Gypsy lady I [F] hear your [C] laughter,
And it dances in my [G] head,
While my [C] tender [F] wife and [C] babies,
Slumber softly [G] in their [C] beds.

Chorus - followed by

SLOWING DOWN - And the taste of [F] life's [G] sweet [C] wine.



The One On The Right Is On The Left

Jack Clement 1966 Johnny Cash.

[G] There once was a musical troupe, A [C] pickin' singin' [G] folk group,
They [C] sang the mountain [G] ballads. and the folk songs of our [D] land.
They were [G] long on musical ability, folks [C] thought they would go [G] far,
But po-[C]-litical incompat-[G]-ibility [D] led to their down-[G]-fall.

Chorus 1 Well, [C] the one on the right was [G] on the left,
And the [D] one in the middle was [G] on the right,
And the [C] one on the left was [G] in the middle
And the [D] guy in the rear ---was a [G] Methodist.

This [G] musical aggregation, [C] toured the entire [G] nation,
[C] Singing traditional [G] ballads, and the folk songs of our [D] land.
They per-[G]-formed with great virtuosity, and [C] soon they were the [G] rage,
But pol-[C]-itical ani-[G]-mosity pre-[D]-vailed upon the [G] stage.

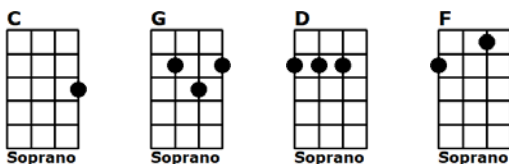
Well, [C] the one on the right was [G] on the left,
And the [D] one in the middle was [G] on the right,
And the [C] one on the left was [G] in the middle
And the [D] guy in the rear ---burned his [G] driving licence.

Well the [G] curtain had ascended a [C] hush fell on the [G] crowd,
As [C] thousands there were [G] gathered to hear the folk songs of our [D] land.
But they [G] took their politics seriously and that [C] night in the concert [G] hall.
As the [C] audience watched [G] del-iriously, [D] they had a free for [G] all.

Well, [C] the one on the right was [G] on the bottom,
And the [D] one in the middle was [G] on the top,
And the [C] one on the left got a [G] broken arm
And the [D] guy on his rear ---said [G] "Oh Dear"

Now [G] this should be a lesson if you [C] plan to start a [G] folk group,
[C] Don't go mixing [G] politics with the folk songs of our [D] land.
Just [G] work on harmony and diction, [C] play your Banjo /Ukulele [G] well,
And if you [C] have political con-[G]-victions - [D] keep them to your-[G]-self.

For the [C] one on the left works [G] in a bank,
And the [D] one in the middle he drives a [G] truck,
And the [C] one on the right's an all [G] night D J
And the [D] guy in the rear ---got [G] drafted.



Blaydon Races

Geordie Ridley 1862

[C] I went to Blaydon races, 'twas [G] on the 9th of [C] June,
 [F] Eighteen hundred and [C] sixty-two, on a [D7] summer's after-[G]-noon.
 [C] We took the bus from Balmbras, [G] She was heavy [C] laden,
 [F] Away we went along [C] Collingwood Street, that's [G] on the road to [C] Blaydon. ----- Chorus

Chorus:

[C] Oh me lads, you [G] should've seen us [C] gannin', [F] Passing the folks a-[C]-long the road,
 [D7] just as they were [G] stannin'. [C] All the lads and lasses there,
 [G] all with smilin' [C] faces. [F] Gannin along the [C] Scotswood Road,
 To [G] see the Blaydon [C] Races.

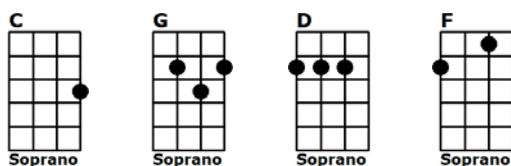
We [C] flew past Armstrong's fact-ory and [G] up by the Robin A-[C]-dair,
 [F] Gannin ower the [C] Railway Bridge the [D7] bus wheel flew off [G] there.
 [C] The lasses lost their crinolines and the [G] veils that hide their [C] faces.
 I got [F] two black eyes and a [C] broken nose, [G] gannin to Blaydon [C] Races. -- Chorus

Now [C] when we got the wheel back on, a-[G]-way we went a-[C]-gain.
 But [F] them that had their [C] noses broke, they [D7] went back ower [G] hyem.
 [C] Some went to the dispensary, and [G] some to Doctor [C] Gibbs-es.
 And [F] some to the in-[C]-firmary, to [G] mend their broken [C] ribs-es. ----- Chorus

[C] Now when we got to Paradise, there were [G] bonny games [C] begun,
 There were [F] four and twenty [C] on the bus, and [D7] how we danced and [G] sung.
 They [C] called on me to sing a song and I [G] sung 'em 'Paddy [C] Fagan,
 I [F] danced a jig and I [C] swung me twig, the [G] day we went to [C] Blaydon. ----- Chorus

[C] We flew across the Chain Bridge and [G] into Blaydon [C] Toon.
 The [F] bellman he was [C] calling then, they [D7] called him Jackie [G] Broon.
 I [C] saw him talking to some chaps and [G] them he was per-[C]-suading
 To [F] gan and see Geordie [C] Ridley's show, at the [G] Mechanics' Hall in [C] Blaydon. -- Chorus

The [C] rain poured down all the day and [G] made the ground quite [C] muddy.
 [F] Coffee Johnny with a [C] white hat on shouted [D7] 'Whi stole the [G] cuddy?'
 There [C] were spice stalls and monkey shows, a [G] old wives selling [C] ciders,
 And a [F] chap on a ha'penny [C] roundabout, saying [G] 'noo me lads for [C] riders?'-----Chorus



This is my own interpretation of this song and is to be used for educational purposes only.

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Side by Side

Harry Woods 1927

Kay Starr Hit 1953

Verse 1

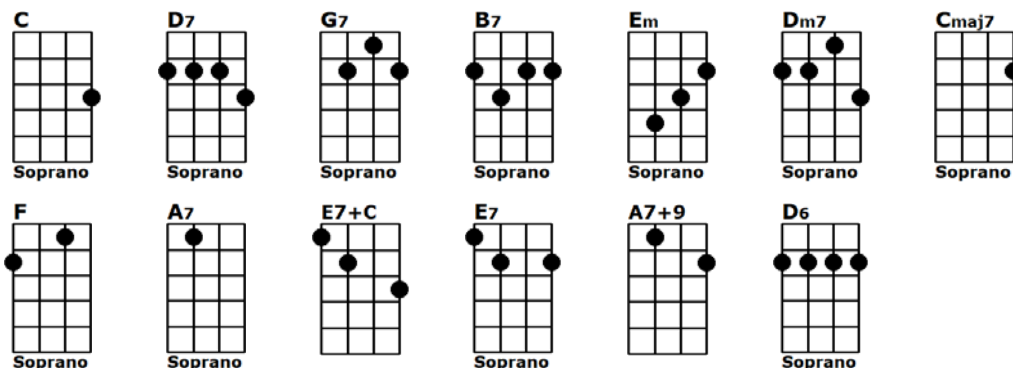
[C] See that sun in the mornin', [D7] peekin' over the hill,
 I'll [G7] bet you sure it al-[C]-ways has, and [B7] sure it always [Em] will.
 Well [C] that's how I feel about someone, and [D7] somebody feels about me,
 We're [Dm7] sure in love with each [Cmaj7] other,
 and [Am7] that's the [D7] way it's gonna [G] be[G7].

Chorus-Oh, we [C] ain't got a barrel of [F] mo-[C]-ney,
 maybe we're ragged and [F] fun-[C]-ny,
 But we'll [F] travel along, [C] singin' a [A7] song,
 [D7] side [G7] by [C] side.

[C] Don't know what's comin' to-[F]-mor-[C]-row,
 maybe it's trouble and [F] sor-[C]-row,
 But we'll [F] travel the road [C] sharin' our [A7] load
 [D7] side [G7] by [C] side.

Bridge-[E7+C] Through all kinds of wea-[E7]-ther,-
 [A7+9] what if the sky should [A7] fall?
 [D6]-Just as long as we're toge-[D7]-ther,
 it [Dm7]-doesn't matter at [G7]-all.

When they've [C]-all had their quarrels and [F] par-[C]-ted,
 we'll be the same as we [F] star-[C]-ted.
 Just [F] trav'lin' along, [C] singin' a [A7] song,
 [D7] side [G7] by [C]side.



This is my own interpretation of this song and is to be used for educational purposes only.

Joe@joeandbar.plus.com

That'll Be The Day

Buddy Holly, Norman Petty & Jerry Allison

Buddy Holly & The Crickets hit 1957

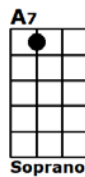
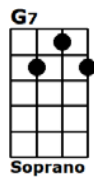
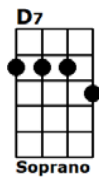
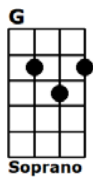
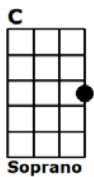
Start with Chorus

Chorus - Well, [C] That'll be the day when you say goodbye,
 Yes [G] that'll be the day when you make me cry,
 You, [C] say you're going to leave, you know it's a lie,
 'cause, [G] that'll be the day-hay-[D7] hay, when I [G] die.

Well you [C] leave me all your lovin' and your [G] turtle-dovin',
 [C] All your hugs and kisses, And your [G] money [G7] too.
 Well [C] You know You love me baby, [G] until you tell me maybe,
 [A7] That someday well [D7] I'll be through. ----- Chorus

Well- [C] When cupid shot his dart, [G] He shot it at your heart,
 [C] So if we ever part Then [G] I leave [G7] you.
 [C] You say you hold me and you [C] tell me boldly,
 [A7] That someday that well [D7] I'll be through. ----- Chorus

Outro - [C] that'll be the day, [C] The day Oo-Ho,
 [G] that'll be the day, [G] The day Oo-Ho,
 [C] that'll be the day, [C] The day Oo-Ho,
 [G] that'll be the day-hay-[D7] hay, when I [G] die.



Pollution

Tom Lehrer 1955

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

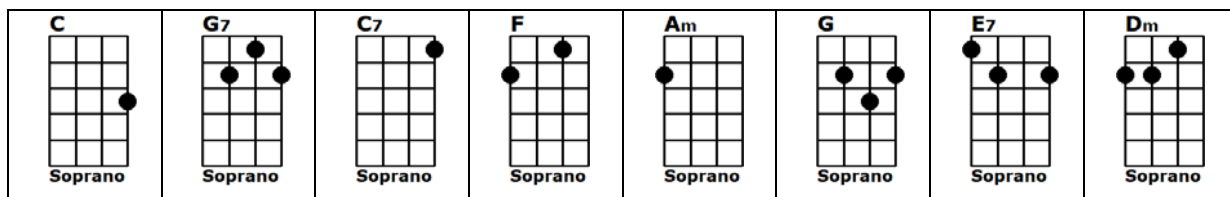
Throw [C7] out your breakfast garbage, and I've [F] got a hunch,

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

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

Like [F] lambs to the [C] slaughter, they're [F] drinking the [C] water,

and [Dm] breath-[G7]-ing (Cough) the [C] air. [G]! [G]! [C]!



You Are My Sunshine.

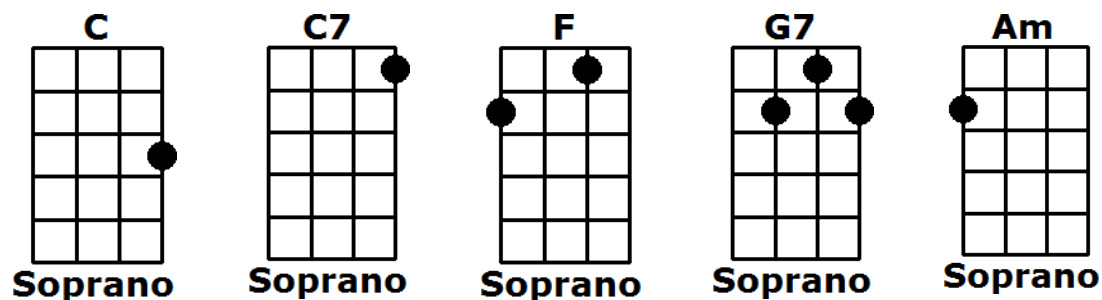
Jimmy Davis and Graham Michel. 1940

[NC] The other [C] night dear, as I lay sleep-[C7]-ing,
I dreamt that [F] you were [G7] by my [C] side,
When I [C7] a-[F]-woke dear, I was mis-[C]-ta-[Am]-ken,
And I [C] hung my [G7] head and I [C] cried.

Chorus. [NC] You are my [C] sunshine, my only suns-[C7]-hine,
You make me [F] happy when skies are [C] grey,
You'll ne-[C7]-ver [F] know dear, how much I [C] love [Am] you,
Please [C] don't take my [G7] sun shine a-[C]-way.

[NC] You told me [C] once dear, there'd be no o-[C7]-ther,
And no one [F] else could [G7] come be-[C]-tween,
But now [C7] you've [F] left me, to love a-[C]-no-[Am]-ther,
You have [C] broken [G7] all my [C] dreams. -----Chorus

[NC] I'll always [C] love you, and make you ha-[C7]-ppy,
If you will [F] only do [G7] the [C] same,
But if [C7] you [F] leave me how it will [C] grieve [Am] me,
Never [C] more I'll [G7] breath your [C] name. -----Chorus



Got A Lot O' Livin' To Do

Ben Weisman & Aaron Schroeder 1957

Elvis UK No 15 in 1957 UK 15. B side of (Let's have a) Party.

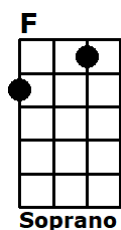
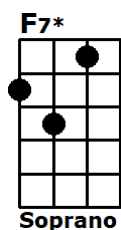
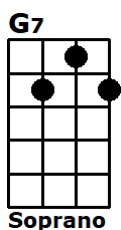
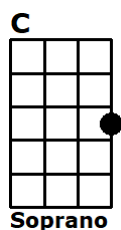
Chorus - [C] Oh Yes, I've [G7] got a lot of living to do, [C] whole lot of loving to do,
Come on [F7] Baby! To make a party takes [C] two,
Oh Yes, I've [G7] got a lot of living to do, [C] whole lot of loving to do,
And there's [F] no one I'd rather [G7] do it with a-than [C] you.

There's a [C] moon that's [F7] big and [C] bright, in the Milky [F7] Way to-[C]-night,
But the [F] way you act, you never would know it's [C] there.
Now Baby, [G7] times awaiting, A lot of kisses I ain't been tasting.
I Don't [F] know about you but [G7] I'm a-going to get my [C] share. -----Chorus

There's a [C] balmy [F7] little [C] breeze, that's a whistling [F7] through the [C] trees,
And it's [F] telling you to pitch a little woo with [C] me.
Why don't you [G7] take a listen, you'll never know what you've been missing,
Cuddle [F] up real close and [G7] be my little honey [C] bee. -----Chorus

You're the [C] prettiest [F7] thing I've [C] seen, but you treat me so [F7] dog-gone [C] mean,
Ain't-cha [F] got no heart? I'm dying to hold you [C] near.
Why do you [G7] keep me waiting, why don't you start co-operating?
Ain't the [F] things I say the [G7] things you want to [C] hear?

[C] Oh Yes, I've [G7] got a lot of living to do, [C] whole lot of loving to do,
Come on [F7] Baby! To make a party takes [C] two,
Oh Yes, I've [G7] got a lot of living to do, [C] whole lot of loving to do,
And there's [F] no one I'd rather [G7] do it with a-than [C] you. [C] [F7] [C]



Have I told you lately that I love you?

Scotty Wiseman 1956 On Elvis 'Loving You' LP in 1957

[C] Have I told you lately that I [G] love you?

Could I tell you once again some-[C]-how?

Have I [F] told with all my heart and [C] soul how I adore you?

Well [G] darling I'm [G7] telling you [C] now.

[C] Have I told you lately when I'm [G] sleeping?

Every dream I dream is you some-[C]-how?

Have I [F] told you why the nights are [C] long when you're not with me?

Well [G] darling [G7] I'm telling you [C] now.

[C7] My heart would [F] break in two if I should [C] lose you,

I'm no [G] good without you any-[C]-how.

[C7] And have I [F] told you lately that I [C] love you?

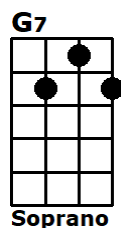
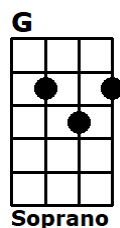
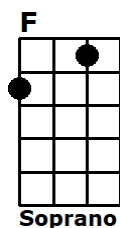
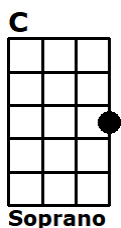
Well [G] darling I'm [G7] telling you [C] now.

[C7] My heart would [F] break in two if I should [C] lose you,

I'm no [G] good without you any-[C]-how.

[C7] And have I [F] told you lately that I [C] love you?

Well [G] darling I'm [G7] telling you [C] now. [G]! [G]! [C]!



Don't Leave Me Now

Aaron Schroeder & Ben Weisman 1956

From Elvis Film "Loving You"

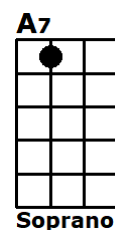
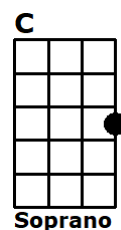
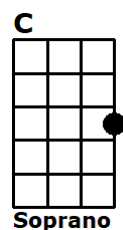
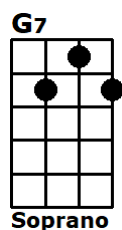
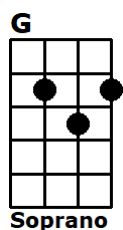
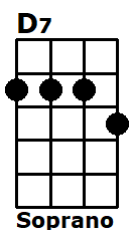
[NC] Don't leave me [G] now,
 [G7] Now that I [C] need you.
 How blue and [D7] lonely I'd be,
 If you should say we're [G] through. [D7]!

[NC] Don't break this [G] heart,
 [G7] This heart that [C] loves you.
 There'd just be [D7] nothing for me,
 If you should leave me [G] now. [C7][G]

What good is [C] dreaming,
 If I must dream all a-[G]-lone [C7] by my-[G]-self.
 Without you [C7] darling, [A7] my arms would just gather [D7] dust,
 Like a book on a shelf. [D7]!

[NC] Come fill these [G] arms
 [G7] These arms that [C] need you,
 Don't close your [D7] eyes to my pleas,
 Oh! don't leave me [G] now.

Don't close your eyes to [D7] my pleas, don't leave me [G] now. [C]![C]![G]!



Darcy Farrow

Steve Gillette & Tony Campbell 1964 John Denver "Rocky Mountain High" Album

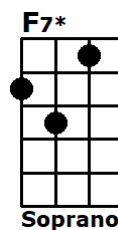
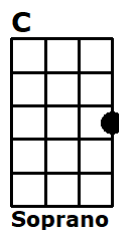
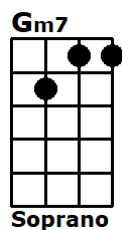
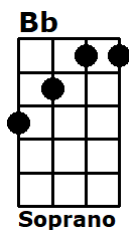
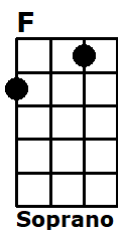
Where the Wal-[F]-ker runs down to the Car-[Bb]-son Valley [F]-Plain,
There lived a maid-[F]-en, Darcy Far-[Gm7]-row was her [C]name.
The [F] daughter of old Dundee [F7] and a [Bb] fair maid was [F] she,
The [Bb] sweet-[C]-est [F] flower [Bb] that [F] bloomed [C] o'er the [F] range.

Her voice [F] was as sweet as the [Bb] sugar can-[F]-dy,
Her touch was as soft [F] as a [Gm7] bed of goose [C] down.
Her [F] eyes shone bright like [F7] the [Bb] pretty [F] lights,
That [Bb] shine [C] in the [F] night [Bb] out of [F] Yer-[C]-rington [F] town.

[F] She was courted by [Bb] young Van Da [F] mere,
A fine lad was [F] he as [Gm7] I am to [C] hear.
He [F] gave her silver rings [F7] and [Bb] lacy [F] things,
She [Bb] prom-[C] -ised to [F] wed be-[Bb]-fore the [F] snows [C] came that [F] year,

But her [F] pony did stumble and [Bb] she did [F] fall,
Her dying touched the hearts of us [Bb] one and [C] all.
Young [F] Vandy in his pain [F7] put a [Bb] bullet through his [F] brain.
We [Bb] buried [C] them to-[F]-gether [Bb] as the [F] snows [C] began to [F] fall.

We sing [F] of Darcy Farrow where the Truck-[Bb]-ee runs [F] through,
They sing of her beauty [F] in Virgin-[Gm7]-ia City [C] too,
At [F] dusky sundown [F7] to her [Bb] name they drink a [F] round,
And [Bb] to [C] young [F] Van-[Bb]-dy whose [F] love [C] was [F] true.



Annie's Song

John Denver 1973 John Denver UK No 1 1974

$\frac{3}{4}$ Time. Intro [G] [Gsus4] [G]

Verse 1

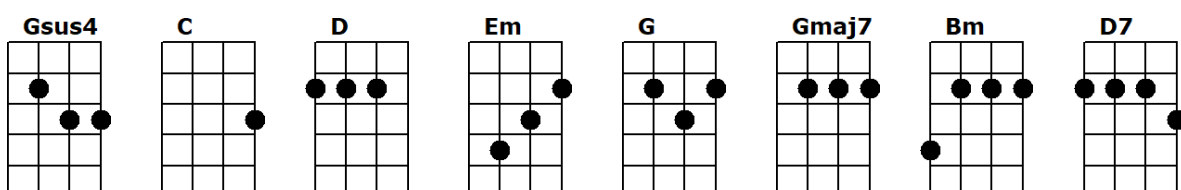
You [Gsus4] fill up my [C] sen-[D]-ses [Em],
 Like a [C] night in the [G] forest, [Gmaj7] [Em]
 Like a [G] mountain in [C] spring [Bm] time [Am],
 Like a [C] walk in the [D7] rain, [D7] [D7]
 Like a [Gsus4] storm in the [C] des-[D]-ert [Em],
 Like a [C] sleepy blue [G] ocean [Gmaj7] [Em]
 You [G] fill up my [C] sen-[Bm]-ses [Am],
 Come [D7] fill me a-[G]-gain. [Gsus4] [G]

Verse 2

[Gsus4] Come let me [C] love [D] you [Em],
 Let me [C] give my life [G] to you [Gmaj7] [Em]
 Let me [G] drown in your [C] laugh-[Bm]-ter [Am]
 Let me [C] die in your [D7] arms [D7] [D7]
 Let me [Gsus4] lay down be-[C]-side [D] you [Em]
 Let me [C] always be [G] with you [Gmaj7] [Em]
 [G] Come let me [C] love [Bm] you [Am]
 Come [D7] love me a-[G]-gain. [Gsus4] [G]

Repeat Verse 1 with last two chords repeated and fading.

Come [D7] love me a-[G]-gain. [Gsus4] [G] [Gsus4] [G] [Gsus4] [G] [Gsus4] [G]



All Around My Hat

Traditional Roots

Steeleye Span Hit 1975

Start with the Chorus

[C] All a-[G]-round my [C] hat, I will wear the green [G] wil-[G7]-low

And [C] all a-[G]-round my [C] hat, aye, for twelve months [D7] and a [G] day

And if [G] anyone should [C] ask me the [F] reason why I'm [Am] wearing it, STOP

It's [C] all [G] for my [C] true love, who's [G] far, [G7] far a-[C]-way

[C] Fare thee [G]well, cold [C] winter and fare thee well, cold [G] fro-[G7]-st

[C] Nothing [G] have I [C] gained, But my own true [D7] love I've [G] lost

I'll sing and I'll be [C] mer-ry when [F] occ-a-sion I [Am] do see, STOP

He's a [C] false, del [G] uding [C] young man, let him [G] go, [G7] farewell [C] he, -----Chorus

Chorus

[C] Now the [G] other [C] night he brought me a fine diamond [G] ring,

But [C] he thought [G] to de-[C]-prive me of a [G] far [D7] finer [G] thing!

But I be-ing [C] careful, like [F] lov-ers ought [Am] to be, STOP

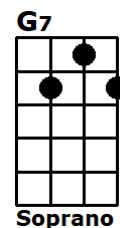
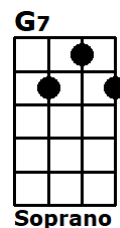
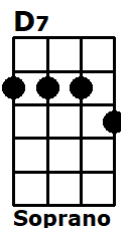
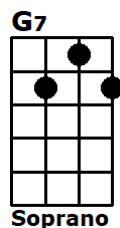
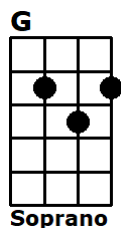
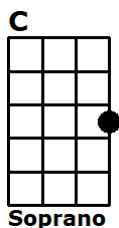
He's a [C] false, del [G] uding [C] young man, let him [G] go, [G7] farewell [C] he, -----Chorus

[C] With a [G] quarter pound of [C] reason, and a half a pound of [G] sen-[G7]-se,

A [C] small [G] sprig of [C] time, and a pinch [D7]of [G] prudence,

Now mix them all to-[C] gether, [F] and you will plainly [Am] see STOP

He's a [C] false, del [G] uding [C] young man, let him [G] go, [G7] farewell [C] he, -----Chorus



In The Mood

Lyrics Andy Razaf. Arranged by Joe Garland from earlier tunes. Huge Glen Miller hit 1940

Intro [D7] [G]

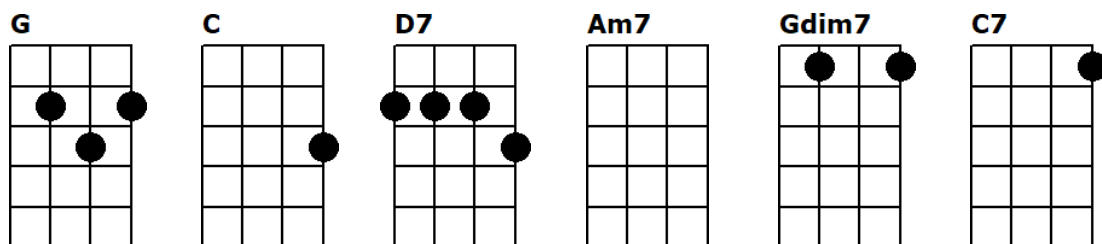
[G] Who's the livin' dolly with the beautiful eyes?
 [G] What a pair of lips, I'd like to try 'em for size.
 [C] I'll just tell her, "Baby, won't you swing it with me?"
 [G] Hope she tells me "maybe," what a wing it will be.
 [D7] So I said politely, "Darlin, may I intrude?"
 She said, [G] "Don't keep me [C] waiting when I'm [C7]! in [Am7]! the [G] mood."

[G] First I held her lightly and we started to dance.
 [G] Then I held her tightly what a dreamy romance.
 [C] And I said, "Hey, baby, it's a quarter to three.
 [G] There's a mess of moonlight, won't you share it with me?
 D7] "Well," she answered, "Mister, don't-cha know that it's rude.
 To [G] keep my lipsa-[C]-waitin' when they're [C7]! in [Am7]! the [G] mood."

[G] In the mood, [Gdim7]! [Am7]! [NC] that's what she [D7] told me.
 [G] In the mood, [Gdim7]! [Am7]! [NC] and when she [D7] told me,
 [G] In the mood, [Gdim7]! [Am7]! [NC] my heart was [D7] skippin',
 It didn't take me long to say, "I'm in the [Am7]! mood [G] now."

[G] In the mood, [Gdim7]! [Am7]! [NC] for all her [D7] kissin',
 [G] In the mood, [Gdim7]! [Am7]! [NC] her crazy [D7] lovin'
 [G] In the mood, [Gdim7]! [Am7]! [NC] what I was [D7] missin'
 It didn't take me long to say, "I'm in the [Am7]! mood [G] now."

[G] First I held her lightly and we started to dance.
 [G] Then I held her tightly what a dreamy romance.
 [C] And I said, "Hey, baby, it's a quarter to three.
 [G] There's a mess of moonlight, won't you share it with me?
 D7] "Well," she answered, "Mister, don't-cha know that it's rude.
 To [D7] keep my lips awaitin' when they're [C7] in. [Am7]! the [G] mood." [0121]! [G]!



My Blue Heaven

George Whiting & Walter Donaldson 1927

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

Verse 1

[C] Day [F7] is [Dm] end-[G7]-ing,
 [C] Birds [F7] are [Dm] wen-[G7]-ding,
 [C] Back to the shelter [G7] of, [C] each little [Dm] nest they [G7] love.
 [C] Night [F7] shades [Dm] fall-[G7]-ing,
 [C] love [F7] birds [Dm] call-[G7]-ing,
 [C] What makes the world go round, [Dm] nothing but [G7] love. --Chorus

Verse 2

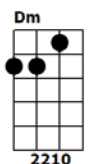
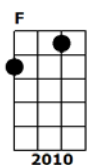
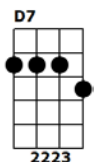
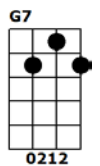
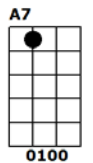
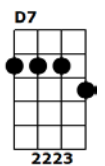
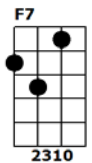
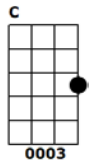
[C] Moon [F7] beams [Dm] creep-[G7]-ing,
 [C] Flowers [F7] are [Dm] sleep-[G7]-ing,
 [C] Under a starlit [G7] way, [C] Waiting an-[Dm]-other-[G7]-day.
 [C] Time [F7] for [Dm] rest[G7] ing,
 [C] birds [F7] are [Dm] nest[G7] ing,
 [C] Resting their weary wings, [Dm] tired from [G7] play. -----Chorus

*Chorus [C] When whippoorwills [F7] call,
 And evening is[C] nigh. [A7]
 I'll hurry to [D7] my [G7] blue [C] heaven.
 You turn to the [F7] right,
 a little bright [C] light [A7]
 That leads you to [D7] My [G7] blue [C] heaven.*

*You'll see a [F] smilin' face,
 A [A7] fireplace, a [Dm] cosy [F] room,
 A [G7] little nest,
 that nestles where the [C] roses bloom.
 [C] Just Molly and [F7] me,
 and baby makes [C] three, [A7]
 We're happy in [D7] my, [G7] blue [C] heaven.*

LAST TIME

Oh Yes! We're [F] happy in [G7] my, blue [C] heaven. [G]! [C]!



Shake Rattle and Roll

Original by Charles E. Calhoun.(1954)

This is based on the on 1954 Bill Haley version.

[C] Get out in that kitchen and rattle those pots and pans, [C7]

[F] Get out in that kitchen and [F7] rattle those pots and [C] pans,

Well [G7] Roll my breakfast 'Cos [G] I'm a hungry [C] man.

Chorus

I said [C] "Shake Rattle and Roll", I said [C] "Shake Rattle and [C7] Roll

"I said [F] "Shake Rattle and [F7] Roll", I said [C] "Shake Rattle and Roll"

Well you [G7] never do nothing to [G] save your dog-gone [C] soul.

[C] Wearing those dresses your hair done up so nice, [C7]

I said [F] "Wearing those dresses your [F7] hair done up so [C] nice,

Well you [G7] look so warm but your [G] heart is cold as [C] ice". -----Chorus

I'm like a [C] one-eyed cat peeping in a seafood store. [C7]

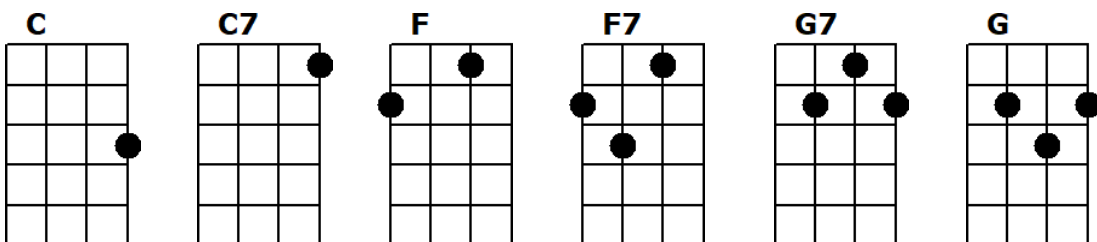
I'm like a [F] one-eyed cat [F7] peeping in a seafood [C] store

I can [G7] look at you tell you [G] don't love me no [C] more. -----Chorus

I be-[C]-lieve you're doing me wrong and now I know, [C7]

I be-[F]-lieve you're doing me [F7] wrong and now I [C] know,

The [G7] more I work, the [G] faster my money [C] goes. -----Chorus



Things (Every night I sit here by my window)

Bobby Daren 1962

Bonny Daren UK No 2 1962

[C] Every night I sit here by my window, (window)

Staring at the lonely ave-[G7]-nue. (avenue)

[C] Watching lovers [C7] holding hands and [F] laughing, (laughing)

And [C] thinking 'bout the [G7] things we [G] used to [C] do. -----Chorus

Chorus

(Thinking of [G7] things), Like a walk in the park.

[C] (Things), Like a kiss in the dark.

[G7] (Things), Like a sailboat ride. (yeah yeah)

[C] What about the night we [C7] cried.

[F] (Things), like a lover's vow.

[C] (Things), that we don't do now.

[G] Thinking 'bout the [G7] things we [G] used to [C] do. -----Chorus

[C] Memories are all I have to cling to, (cling to)

And heartaches are the friends I'm talking [G7] to. (talking to)

When [C] I'm not thinking of [C7] just how much I [F] loved you

Well I'm [C] thinking about the [G7] things we [G] used to [C] do.

[C] I still can hear the jukebox softly playing, (playing)

And the face I see each day belongs to [G7] you. (belong to you)

Though there's [C] not a single sound there's no-[F]-body else around,

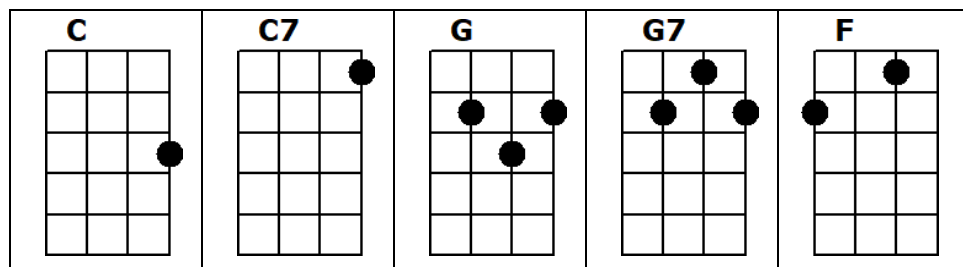
Well it's [C] just me thinking of the [G7] things we [G] used to [C] do. -----Chorus

Outro - SLOWING DOWN.

And the [G] heartaches are the [G7] friends I'm talking [C] to.

You got [G] me thinking 'bout the [G7] things we used to [C] do.

And [G] staring at the lonely -[G7]-ave [C] nue. [G]// [C]!



The Thing

Charles Randolph Grean 1950

Phil Harris Hit 1950

While I was [C] walking down the beach one [F] bright and sunny [C] day,
 I [C] saw a great big wooden box a-[D7]-floating in the [G] bay.
 I [C] pulled it in and opened it up and [F] much to my sur-[G7]-prise,
 Oh [C] I discovered a (Stomp, stomp, stomp), [F] Right [G7] before my [C] eyes.
 Oh [F] I discovered a [C] (Stomp, stomp, stomp) [F] Right [G7] before my [C] eyes.

I [C] picked it up and ran to town as [F] happy as a [C] king,
 I [C] took it to a guy I knew who'd [D7] buy most an-[G]-thing.
 But [C] this is what he hollered at me as I [F] walked in his [G7] shop, Oh-
 Get [C] out of here with that (Stomp, stomp, stomp), be-[F] fore I [G7] call a cop. Oh-
 Get [F] out of here with that [C] (Stomp, stomp, stomp), be-[F]-fore I [G7] call a [C] cop.

I [C] turned around and got right out a-[F]-running for my [C] life,
 And [C] then I took it home with me to [D7] give it to my [G] wife.
 But [C] this is what she hollered at me As I [F] walked in the [G7] door, Oh-
 Get [C] out of here with that (Stomp, stomp, stomp), and ` [F] don't come [G7] back no [C] more. Oh-
 Get [F] out of here with that [C] (Stomp, stomp, stomp), and [F] don't come [G7] back no [C] more.

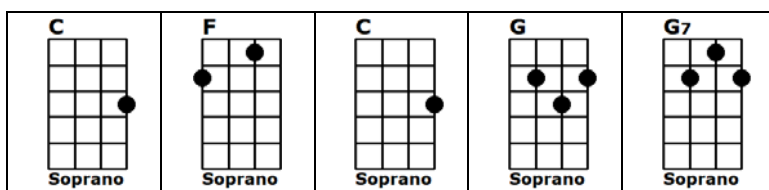
I [C] wandered all around the town [F] until I chanced to [C] meet,
 [C] Fred, the town po-lice-man [D7] walking on his [G] beat.
 He [C] wasn't scared of any-thing, he [F] was a big brave [G7] man, Oh-
 But [C] when I showed him the (Stomp, stomp, stomp), he [F] turned a-[G7]-round and [C] ran Oh-
 [F] When I showed him the [C] (Stomp, stomp, stomp), he [F] turned a-[G7]-round and [C] ran.

I [C] wandered on for many years, With [F] my box in my [C] hand,
 I [C] tried so hard to give it away to [D7] anyone in the [G] land.
 They'd [C] open it up and take a look and [F] this is what they'd [G7] say Oh-
 Get [C] out of here with that (Stomp, stomp, stomp), and [F] take it [G7] far a-[C]-way Oh-
 Get [F] out of here with that [C] (Stomp, stomp, stomp), and [F] take it [G7] far a-[C]-way.

The [C] moral of the story is, If [F] you're out on the [C] beach,
 And you should see a wooden box and [D7] it's within your [G] reach.
 Don't [C] ever stop and open it up that's [F] my advice to [G7] you, Oh-
 'cause [C] You'll never get rid of the (Stomp, stomp, stomp), no [F] matter [G7] what you [C] do. Oh-
 You'll [F] never get rid of the [C] (Stomp, stomp, stomp), No [F] matter [G7] what you [C] do.

Outro

You'll [F] never get rid of the [C] (Stomp, stomp, stomp) No [F] matter [G7] what you [C] do. [C]! [C]!



(Stomp, stomp, stomp) ` Options- Tap on Ukulele body -or- Stomp on floor -or- sing 'Thing ummi-jig'

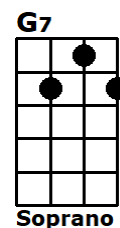
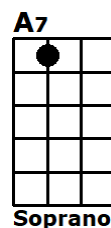
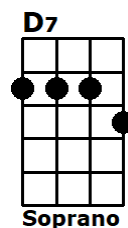
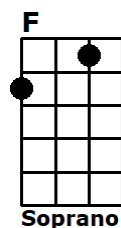
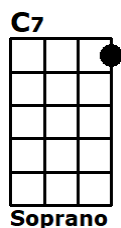
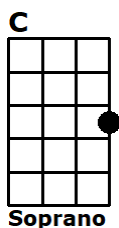
I Gotta Get Drunk (And I sure Do Dread it)

Willie Nelson

Well I **[C]** gotta get drunk and I **[C7]** sure do dread it,
 'Cause I **[F]** know just what I'm gonna **[C]** do.
 I'll spend my money calling everybody honey
 And **[D7]** wind up singing the **[G7]** blues
 I'll spend my **[F]** whole paycheck on **[C]** some old wreck
 And brother I can name you a **[G7]** few,
 Well I **[C]** gotta get drunk and I **[A7]** sure do dread it
 'Cause I **[D7]** know just **[G7]** what I'm gonna **[C]** do.

Well I **[C]** gotta get drunk I just **[C7]** can't stay sober,
 There's a **[F]** lot of good people in **[C]** town.
 Who like to see me holler see me spend my dollar,
 And I **[D7]** wouldn't think of letting 'em **[G7]** down.
 There's a **[F]** lot of old doctors that tell **[C]** me,
 That I'd better start slowing it **[G7]** down.
 But there's **[C]** more old drunks than there **[A7]** are old doctors
 So I **[D7]** guess we'd better **[G7]** have another **[C]** round.

Well I **[C]** gotta get drunk and I **[C7]** sure do dread it,
 'Cause I **[F]** know just what I'm gonna **[C]** do.
 I'll spend my money calling everybody honey
 And **[D7]** wind up singing the **[G7]** blues
 I'll spend my **[F]** whole paycheck on **[C]** some old wreck
 And brother I can name you a **[G7]** few,
 Well I **[C]** gotta get drunk and I **[A7]** sure do dread it
 'Cause I **[D7]** know just **[G7]** what I'm gonna **[C]** do. **[G]!** **[C]!**



The Purple People Eater.

Sheb Woolley 1958.

Well I [F] saw the thing coming out of the sky
It had [C] one long horn, [F] one big eye,
I [F] started to shake [F7] and I [Bb] said "ooh-eee!",
It [C7] looks like a purple people eater to [F] me.

CHORUS 1

*It was a [F] one-eyed, one-horned, flying purple people eater,
[C] One-eyed, one-horned, flying purple people eater
[F] One-eyed, one-horned, flying purple people eater.
[C7] Sure looks strange to [F] me.*

Well he [F] came down to earth and he lit in a tree,
I said, [C] "Mr. Purple People Eater, [F] don't eat me."
I heard him say [F7] in a [Bb] voice so gruff:
"I [C7] wouldn't eat you 'cause you're so [F] tough!" -----Chorus 1

I said. [F] "Mr. Purple People Eater, what's your line?"
He said, [C] "Eatin' purple people and it [F] sure is fine.
But that's not the [F7] reason that I [Bb] came to land.
I [C7] wanna get a job in a [C] rock and roll [F] band." [D7]--Chorus 1

CHORUS 2

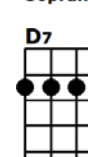
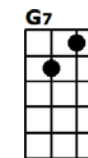
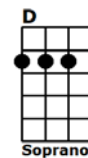
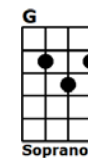
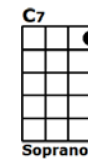
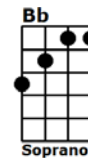
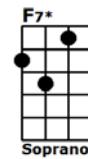
*Well, [G] bless my soul, rock and roll, flyin' purple people eater,
[D7] pigeon-toed, under-growed, flyin' purple people eater,
[G] (We wear short shorts), friendly purple people eater.
[D7] What a sight to [G] see!*

Then he [G] swung from the tree and he lit on the ground,
He [D7] started to Rock, really rockin' [G] around
It was a crazy ditty [G7] with a [C] swingin' tune''
Sing [D7] bop bop-a-boop a loop a bam bam [G] boom. -----Chorus 2

Then he [G] went on his way, and what do you know?
I [D7] saw him last night on a [G] TV show.
He was blowing it [G7] out, a'really [C] knockin' 'em dead.
Playin' [D7] rock and roll music through the horn in his [G] head.
-----Chorus 2

*Outro: [D7] (We wear short shorts), friendly purple people eater.
[D7] What a [D7] sight to [G] see! [D7] [G]*

Note: "We wear short shorts" --- spoken in comic voice.



Memories Are Made Of This

Terry Gilkyson, Richard Dehr, Frank Miller 1955 Dean Martin Hit 1955

Original Dean Martin Intro (See Echo Strumming suggestion below)

[G] - Sweet, sweet, [D7*] memories you [D7] gave-a me,

[G] - You can't beat the [D7*] memories you [D7] gave-a me

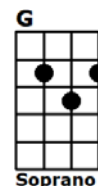
[G] Take one [D7*] fresh and tender [G] kiss. ----- (echo)

[G] Add one [D7*] stolen night of [G] bliss. ----- (echo)

[C] - One girl, [G] - one boy,

[D7*] - Some grief, [G] some joy.

[G] Memo-[D7*]-ries are made of [G] this. [D7]



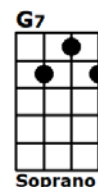
[G] Don't for-[D7*]-get a small moon-[G]-beam. --- (echo)

[G] Fold in [D7*] lightly with a [G] dream. ----- (echo)

[C] - Your lips, [G] - and mine,

[D7*] - Two sips, [G] - of wine.

[G] Memo-[D7*]-ries are made of [G] this. [G7]



[C] - Then add the wedding bells,

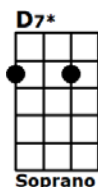
[G] - One house where lovers dwell,

[D7] - Three little kids for the [G] flavour. [G7]

[C] - Stir carefully through the days,

[G] - See how the flavour stays.

[A7] - These are the dreams you will [D7*] sav-[D7]-our.



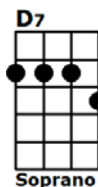
[G] With His [D7*] blessings from [G] above. ----- (echo)

[G] Serve it [D7*] generously with [G] love. ----- (echo)

[C] - One man, [G] - one wife,

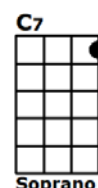
[D7*] - One love [G] - through life.

[G] Memo-[D7*]-ries are made of [G] this.



OUTRO - SLOWING DOWN

[G] Memo-[D7*]-ries are made of [G] this. [D7]! [G]!



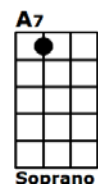
Suggested Echo Strumming

↘↗ 1 beat duration ↘↗ ½ beat duration

End of lines 1&2 in each verse

- [G] ↘kiss, ↘sweet ↘, sweet, ↗↘

↗ the [D7*] ↘memo-↗-ries↘you [D7] ↗gave↗-a-↘me,



Somebody Stole My Gal

Leo Wood 1918

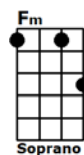
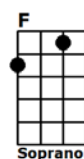
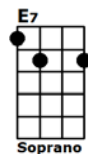
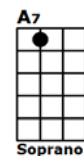
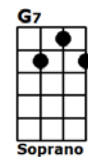
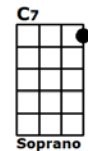
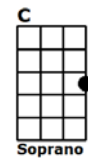
Johnny Ray Hit 1953

[C] Somebody stole My [G7] gal, somebody stole my [C] pal
 [A7] Somebody came and [D7] took her away,
 She didn't even, [G7] say she was leaving.
 [C] The kisses I loved [G7] so,
 He's getting now I [E7] know,
 And [C] Gee, I know that [C7] she, would come to [F] me,
 If she could [Fm] see,
 her [C] broken [G7] hearted [D7] lone-some pal,
 [F] Somebody [G7] stole My [C] gal.

(Next verses arranged with Apologies to Johnny Ray)

[C] Somebody stole my [G7] gal, yes somebody stole my [C] pal,
 [A7] Some alley tom cat came
 And [D7] took her away from me.
 [D7] They didn't even,
 [G7] tell me that they were leaving.
 [C] The kisses we have [G7] shared,
 And the times she said how much she [E7] cared,
 Well [C] now I know, yes [C7] now, how I know
 [F] just how much I [Fm] need her so,
 I'm [C] pretty broken up I'm plenty broken [D7] hearted now,
 [F] Somebody [G7] stole my [C] gal.

[C] Somebody stole my [G7] gal, somebody stole my [C] pal,
 [A7] Some sweet-talking lover boy,
 [D7] took her away, I think to play,
 [D7] They didn't even
 [G7] bother to come over tell me Buddy we're leaving.
 [C] The kisses we have [G7] shared,
 The times she said how much she [E7] cared,
 Well [C] now I know, yes [C7] now how. I know,
 [F] just how much I [Fm] need her so.
 I'm [C] plenty broken up, I'm plenty broken [D7] hearted now,
 [F] Somebody [G7] stole my [C] gal. [G7]! [C]!



Multiplication

Bobby Darin 1961

Bobby Darin No 5 in UK Chart

[F] When you see, a gentleman bee,
'round a lady bee [C] buzzin'..
Just [F] count to ten, then, [Bb] count again.
There's [C] sure to be an [C7] even [F] dozen.

Chorus - [NC] Multipli-[C7]-cation..that's the name of the [F] game.
And each gener-[C7]-ation..they play the [F] same.

Now There were [F] two butterflies, castin' their eyes,
both in the same di-[C]-rection...
[F] You'd never guess, that [Bb] one little 'yes,'
could [C] start a butter-[C7]-fly col-[F]-lection. ----- Chorus

Bridge 1

[F] Let me tell you now.. [A7] I say one and one is five,
you can [Dm] call me a silly goat.
But, [G7] you take two minks, add two winks,
[C] pretty soon you got [C7] one mink coat.

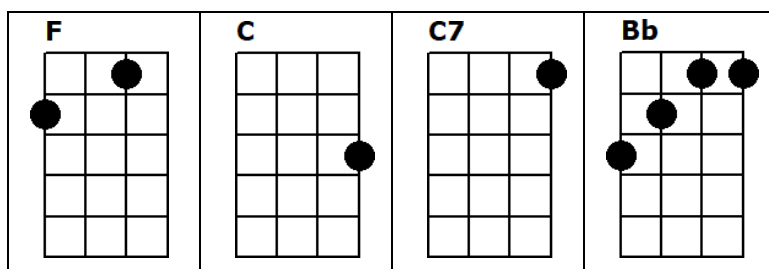
When a [F] girl gets coy, in front of a boy,
after three or four [C] dances...
[F] you can just bet, she'll [Bb] play hard to get,
To [C] multi-[C7]-ply her [F] chances. ----- Chorus

Bridge 2

[F] Hear me talkin' to you.. [A7] Mother Nature is a clever girl,
She re-[Dm]-lies on habit...
[G] take two hares, with no cares..
And [C] pretty soon you got a [C7] room full of rabbits.

[F] Two parakeets, in betweentweets,
sometimes get too [C] quiet..
But [F] have no fear, cause [Bb] soon you'll hear,
A [C] parakeet's riot.... just [F] try it! ----- Chorus

OUTRO: Multipli-[C7]-cation..that's the name of the [F] game.
And each gener-[C7]-ation..they play the [F] same.



This is my own interpretation of this song and is to be used for educational purposes only.

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