

Ukulele-Joe Song Collection

Volume 6

A Personal collection of 30 songs that I enjoy singing.

Fret diagrams for GCEA tuned Ukuleles are provided for all songs

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Not Fade Away

Charles Hardin & Norman Petty 1957 'B' side of "Oh Boy!" by Buddy Holly & The Crickets 1957

[C] I'm gonna tell you how it's [C7] gonna [F]/ be, [Bb]/ [F]!
 [G] You're gonna give your [C] love to me.
 [C] I wanna love you [C7] night and [F] day, [Bb]/ [F]!
 You [G7] know my love not [C] fade away.
 Well, you [G7] know my love not [C] fade away.

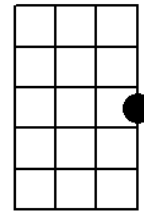
[C] My love is bigger than a [C7] Cadil-[F]-lac, [Bb]/ [F]!
 I [G] try to show it and you [C] drive me back.
 [C] Your love for me has [C7] got to be [F] real, [Bb]/ [F]!
 [G7] For you know just [C] how I feel,
 A [G7] love for real not [C] fade away.

[C] I'm a gonna tell you how it's [C7] going to [F] be, [Bb]/ [F]!
 [G] You're gonna give your [C] love to me
 [C] A love to last and then one [F] day, [Bb]/ [F]!
 A [G] love is love will not [C] fade away.

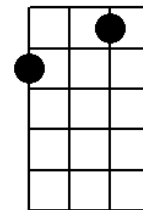
Outro

A [G] love is love will not [C] fade away.
 A [G] love is love will not [C]! fade [C]! a-[C]!-way.

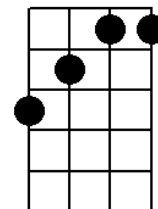
C



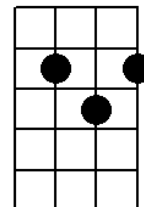
F



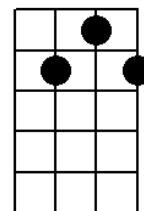
Bb



G



G7



It's So Easy

Buddy Holly & Norman Petty 1956

Released by the Crickets in 1958 - Didn't make the charts

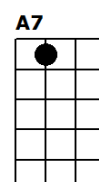
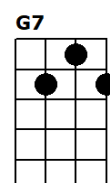
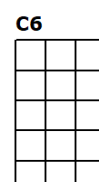
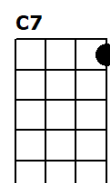
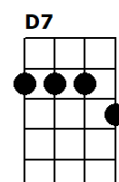
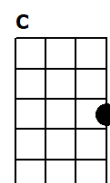
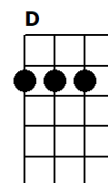
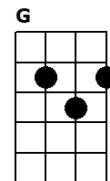
Intro: [G]/ [D]/ [C]/ D7]/ [G]/ [C]/ [D] [C] [G]

[G] It's so [D] easy to [C] fall in [D7] love,
 [G] It's so [C] easy to [D]! fall [C]! in [G] love.

[G] People [D] tell me [C] love's for [D7] fools,
 So [G] here I [C] go breaking [D7] all the [G] rules.
 It seems so [C] easy, [C7]! [C6]! [G]!
 So dog-gone [C] easy, [C7]! [C6]! [G]!
 It seems so [C] easy,

Where [A7] you're concerned my [D7] heart has learned
 [G] It's so [D] easy to [C] fall in [D7] love,
 [G] It's so [C] easy to [D]! fall [C]! in [G] love.

[G] Look in-[D]-to your [C] heart and [D7] see
 [G] What your [C] love book has [D7] set-a-part for [G] me.
 [G7] seems so [C] easy, [C7]! [C6]! [G]!
 So dog-gone [G] easy, [C7]! [C6]! [G]!
 [G7] It seems so [C] easy,
 Where [A7] you're concerned my [D7] heart has learned
 [G] It's so [D] easy to [C] fall in [D7] love,
 [G] It seemed so [D7] easy just to [C]! fall [C]! in [G]! love.



Down in the Coal Mine

J. B. [Joseph Bryan] Geoghegan.1871 Recorded by the Ian Campbell Folk Group.

I [C] am a jovial collier lad as blithe as blithe can [F] be;
 And [C] let the times be good or bad it's [Gm] all the same to me.
 It's [C] little of the world I know, and care less for its [F] ways;
 For [C] where the Dog Star never glows I [G] wear away me [C] days.

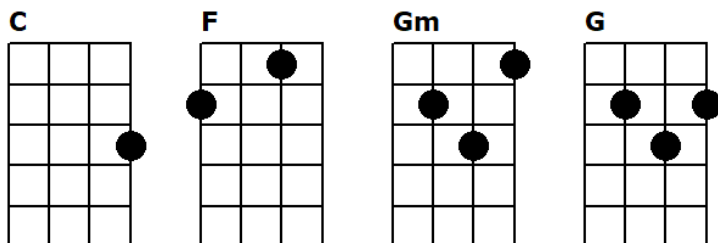
Chorus [Gm] Down in the coalmine, underneath the [F] ground,
 [C] Where a gleam of sunshine [Gm] never can be found;
 [C] Digging up the dusky diamonds all the seasons [F] round,
 [C] Deep down in the coalmine, under-[G]-neath the [C] ground.

Me [C] hands are horny, hard and black through working in the [F] vein;
 And [C] like the clothes upon me back me [Gm] speech is rough and plain.
 [C] if I stumble with me tongue I've one excuse to [F] say;
 It's [C] not the collier's heart that's wrong it's his head that's [G] goes a-[C]-stray.

At [C] ev'ry shift be it soon or late, I haste my bread to [F] earn,
 And [C] anxiously my kindred wait and [Gm] watch for my return;
 For [C] Death that levels all alike whate'er their rank may [F] be,
 A-[C]-mid the fire and damp may strike, and fling his [G] darts at [C] me.

How [C] little do the great ones care who sit at home se-[F]-cure,
 What [C] hidden dangers collier's dare, what [Gm] hardships they endure;
 The [C] very fires their mansion boast to cheer themselves and [F] wives,
 May-[C]-hap was kindled up at cost of jovial [G] colliers [C] lives.

Then [C] cheer up lads and make the most of every joy you [F] can,
 And [C] always make your murphy's such as [Gm] best befits a man;
 For [C] let the times be good or bad we'll still be jovial [F] souls,
 For [C] where would Britain be without the lads who [G] look for [C] coals.

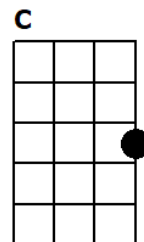


Gilly Gilly Ossenfeffer Katzenellen Bogen by the Sea.

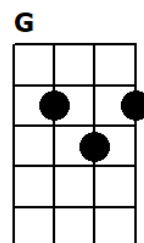
Al Hoffman & Dick Manning 1954

Max Bygraves Uk No.7 1954

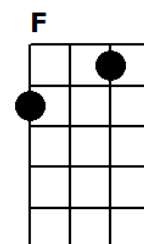
[NC] There's a tiny [C] house, ----- *There's a tiny house*
 [NC] By a tiny [G] stream, ----- *By a tiny stream*
 [NC] Where a lovely[G] lass, ----- *Where a lovely lass*
 [NC] Had a lovely [C] dream. ----- *Had a lovely dream*
 [C7] And her dream came [F] true, [G7] quite [C] un-ex-pect-ed-ly,
 [F]! In [G7] Gilly Gilly Ossenfeffer
 [G] Katzenellen Bogen by the [C]! Se-[F]! [C]! [G7]! [C]!-a.



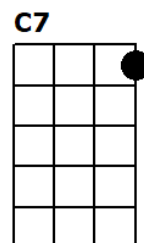
[NC] She was out one [C] day, ----- *She was out one day*
 [NC] Where the tulips [G] grow, ----- *Where the tulips grow*
 [NC] When a handsome [G] lad, ----- *When a handsome lad*
 [NC] Stopped to say [C] hello. ----- *Stopped to say hello*
 [C7] And before she [F] knew, [G7] He'd [C] kissed her tend-er-ly,
 [F]! In [G7] Gilly Gilly Ossenfeffer
 [G] Katzenellen Bogen by the [C]! Se-[F]! [C]! [G7]! [C]!-a.



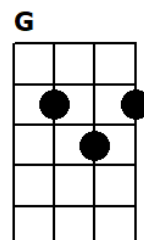
The [F] happy pair were [C] married one [G7] Sunday after-[C]-noon
 They [F] left the church and [C] ran away to [G] spend their honey-[G7]-moon
 -



[NC] In a tiny [C] house, ----- *In a tiny house*
 [NC] By a tiny [G] stream, ----- *By a tiny stream*
 [NC] Where the lovely [G] lass, ----- *Where the lovely lass*
 [NC] Had a lovely [C] dream. ----- *Had a lovely dream*
 [C7] And the last I [F] heard, [G7] they [C] still live happ-i-ly,
 [F]! In [G7] Gilly Gilly Ossenfeffer
 [G] Katzenellen Bogen by the [C]! Se-[F]! [C]! [G7]! [C]!-a.



So [F] now you've heard the [C] story of [G7] how it all be-[C]-gun
 I [F] think I'd like to [C] go there - *That's a [D7] good idea, [G] Son![G7]*



Sing Quietly

[NC] Sing it very [C] soft, ----- *Sing it very soft*
 [NC] Pi-ani-ssi-[G]-mo, ----- *Pi-ani-ssi-mo*
 [NC] Like a little [G] bird, ----- *Like a little bird*
 [NC] Walking in the [C] snow. ----- *Walking in the snow*
 [C7] That was very [F] nice, [G7] now [C] sing it merrily,

Sing Normally

[F]! In [G7] Gilly Gilly Ossenfeffer
 [G] Katzenellen Bogen by the [C]! Se-[F]! [C]! [G7]! [C]!-a.

How Much Is That Doggie in The Window?

Bob Merrill 1952

Patti Page hit 1953

3/4 time

Intro: [G] [G7] [C] [C]/

*Chorus How [C] much is that doggie in the [G] window,
The [G7] one with the wag-er-ly [C] tail.
How [C] much is that doggie in the [G] window,
I [G] do hope that [G7] doggie's for [C] sale.*

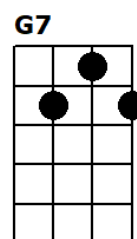
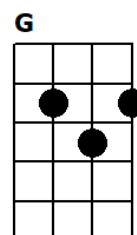
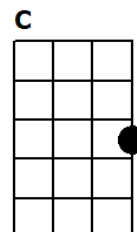
I [C] must take a trip to Cal-i-[G] fornia,
And [G7] leave my poor sweetheart a [C] lone.
If [C] he has a dog he won't be [G] lonesome,
And the [G7] doggie will have a good [C] home. ----- Chorus

I [C] read in the paper there are [G] robbers,
With [G7] flashlights that shine in the [C] dark.
My [C] love needs a doggie to pro-[G]-tect him,
And [G7] scare them away with one [C] bark. -----Chorus

I [C] don't want a bunny or a [G] kitty,
I [G7] don't want a parrot that [C] talks.
I [C] don't want a bowl of little [G] fishies,
He [G7] can't take a goldfish for [C] walks. -----Chorus

Outro -

Yes I - [G] do hope that [G7] Doggie's for [C]! sale. [G7]! [C]!



When Santa Got Stuck Up The Chimney J.Grafton/R.McTell

With Apologies to Jimmy Grafton (1953) & Ralph McTell

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

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

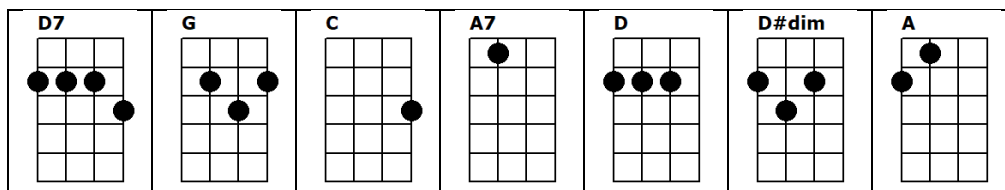
[G] Mike the [C] Milkman was [G] making his rounds,
 When [C] all of a [G] sudden he [A7] heard a strange [D] sound,
 [G] "Help me, [C] help me [G] somebody please,
 [D7] All of this soot is [A7] making me [D7] sneeze.
 [A] What will the children say? When they wake up on Christmas [D7]! Day?"

Now [G] Mike he [C] shouted, [G] "Throw me the sack,
 I'll [C] give then their [G] presents and [A7] then I'll come [D] back.
 [G] Just stay [C] there, don't [G] worry your head,
 [A] I'll be Santa to-[D7]-night in-[D]-stead,
 And [A] What could poor Santa do? He was still stuck up the [D7]! flue.

And [G] when he had [C] emptied [G] Santa's Sack,
 He [C] borrowed a [G] ladder and [A7] then he came [D] back.
 He [G] rubbed some [C] soap around [G] Santa's middle,
 "[A] stop it" said Santa "It's [D7] making me [D] giggle".
 [A] Then with a squelch and a plop, out of the chimney he [D7] popped.

When [G] Santa got [C] stuck up the [G] chimney his [C] deliveries has [G] stopped,
 Then [C] Mick the Milk came [G] down the street with a [A7] clip-etry, clip-erty [D7] cllop.
 He [G] took the toys to the [D#dim] girls and boys,
 Got [C] Santa out of the [G] flue,
 [D7] Put him [G] on his [C] sleigh, sent him on [G] his way with

A-[C]-choo! A-[D7]-choo! A-[G]-choo! [C]!-[G]!

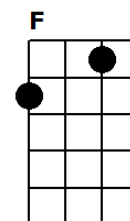


Lord Of The Dance

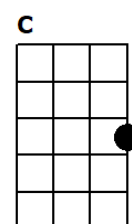
Sydney Carter 1963

The Spinners

I [F] danced in the morning when the world was begun,
 And I [C] danced in the moon and the stars and the sun,
 And I [F] came down from heaven and I danced on the earth:
 At [C] Bethlehem I [F]! had [F]! my [F]! birth.



Chorus [F] Dance, then, wherever you may be,
 I am the Lord of the [C] dance, said he,
 And I'll [F] lead you all, wherever you may be,
 And I'll [C] lead you all in the [F]! dance, [F]! said [F]! he.



I [F] danced for the scribe and the Pharisee,
 But [C] they would not dance and they wouldn't follow me;
 I [F] danced for the fishermen, for James and John;
 They [C] came with me and the [F]! dance [F]! went [F]! on: Chorus

I [F] danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame:
 The [C] holy people said it was a shame.
 They [F] whipped and they stripped and they hung me on high,
 And they [C] left me there on a [F]! cross [F]! to [F]! die: - Chorus

I [F] danced on a Friday when the sky turned black;
 It's [C] hard to dance with the devil on your back.
 They [F] buried my body and they thought I'd gone;
 But [C] I am the dance, and I [F]! still [F]! go [F]! on: ---- ----Chorus

They [F] cut me down and I leapt up high;
 [C] I am the life that'll never, never die.
 I'll [F] live in you if you'll live in me:
 [C] I am the Lord of the [F]! dance, [F]! said [F]! he. -- - ----Chorus

Mocking Bird Hill

Vaughn Horton 1949

Patti Page Hit 1951

3 / 4 Time - Start with Chorus

*Chorus Tra-la[G]-la, twiddle [G7] dee dee, it [C] gives me a [G] thrill
To [D7] wake up in the morning to the[G] mocking [C] bird's [G] trill.
Tra-la-la, tweedlee [G7] dee dee there's [C] peace and good [G] will.
You're [D7] welcome as the flowers on [G]/ Mockin' [C]! bird [G] Hill*

When the [G] sun in the morning peeps [C] over the hill,
And [D7] kisses the roses 'round [G]/ my win-[C]!-dow [G]/ still.
[D7]! Then my [G] heart fills with gladness when [C] I hear the trill,
Of those [D7] birds in the treetops on [G]/ Mocking [C]! Bird [G] Hill. -----Chorus

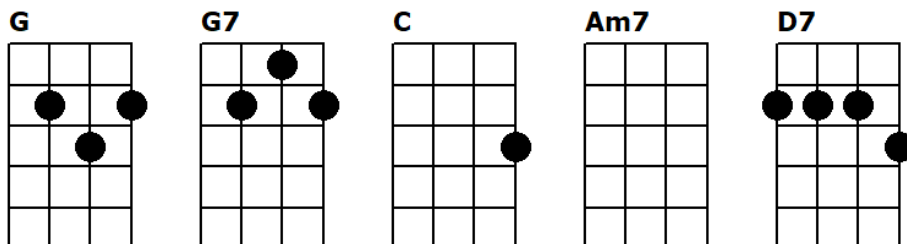
Got a [G] three-cornered plough and an [C] acre to till,
And a [D7] mule that I bought for a [G]/ ten dol-[C]! -lar [G]/ bill
[D7] There's a [G] tumble-down shack and a [C] rusty old mill,
But it's [D7] my home sweet home up on[G]/ Mocking [C]! Bird [G] Hill. ---Chorus

When it's [G] late in the evening I [C] climb up the hill,
And [D7] survey all my kingdom while [G]/ every-[C]!-thing's [G]/ still.
[D7] Only me [G] and the sky and an [C] old whip-poor-will,
Singing [D7] songs in the twilight on [G]/ Mocking [C]! Bird [G] Hill.

Tra-la[G]-la, twiddle [G7] dee dee, it [C] gives me a [G] thrill
To [D7] wake up in the morning to the[G] mocking [C] bird's [G] trill.
Tra-la-la, tweedlee [G7] dee dee there's [C] peace and good [G] will.
You're [D7] welcome as the flowers on [G]/ Mockin' [C]! bird [G] Hill

Outro *Slow Strum the G C and G chords to end*

YES [D7] welcome as the flowers on [G]/ Mockin' [C]! bird [G]! Hill.



Old Flames Can't Hold a Candle To You.

Sebert & Moffatt 1978

Dolly Parton No.1 in 1980

3 / 4 Time. Intro: [G] [G] [G7] [G7] [C] [C]

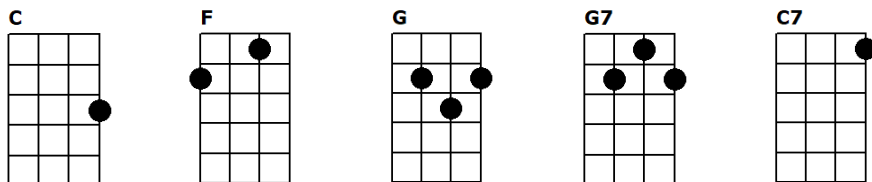
[C] Down town tonight,
 I saw an old flame someone [F] who,
 I [G] used to take comfort from
 [G7] long before I met [C] you, [G7]
 [C] I caught a spark from her eye, of for-[C7]-gotten de-[F]-sire.
 With a [G] word or a touch lord I [G7] could have rekindled that [C] fire.

*But [C] old flames can't hold a candle to [F] you,
 [G] No one can [G7] light up the night like you [C] do, [G],
 [C] Flickering embers of [C7] love I've known one or [F] two,
 But [G] old flames [G7] can't hold a candle to [C] you,*

[C] Sometimes at night,
 I think of the lovers I've [F] known,
 And I re-[G]-member how holding them,
 [G7] Helped me not feel so a-[C]-lone, [G7]
 Then I [C] feel you beside me, and even their [C7] memories are [F] gone,
 Like the [G] stars in the night, [G7] lost in the sweet light of [C] dawn.

*Because [C] old flames can't hold a candle to [F] you,
 [G] No one can [G7] light up the night like you [C] do, [G],
 [C] Flickering embers of [C7] love I've known one or [F] two,
 But [G] old flames [G7] can't hold a candle to [C] you,*

But [G] old flames [G7] can't hold a candle to [C] you. [F] [C]! (slow strum)



The Spinning Wheel

John Francis Waller 1850 (Approx)

[F] Mellow the moonlight to shine is be-[C7]-ginning,
Close by the window young Eileen is [F] spinning.
Bent o'er the [F7] fire her blind [Bb] grandmother's [F] sitting,
[C7] Crooning and moaning and drowsily [F] knitting.

*Chorus: [F] Merrily, cheerily, noiselessly [C7] whirring
Swings the wheel, spins the wheel while the foot's [F] stirring
Spritely and [F7] lightly and [Bb] merrily [F] ringing
[C7] Trills the sweet voice of the young maiden[F] singing.*

[F] "Eileen, a chara, I hear someone [C7] tapping"
"Tis the [C] ivy dear mother [C7] against the glass [F] flapping"
"Eily, I [F7] surely hear [Bb] somebody [F] sighing"
"Tis the [C7] sound mother dear of the autumn winds [F] dying." -Chorus

"What's the [F] noise that I hear at the window I [C7] wonder"
"Tis the [C] little birds chirping, the [C7] holly-bush [F] under"
"What [F] makes you be [F7] shoving and [Bb] moving your [F] stool on
And [C7] singing all wrong the old song of 'The [F] Coolin'?" -----Chorus

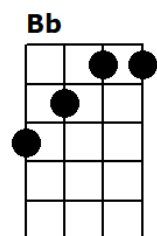
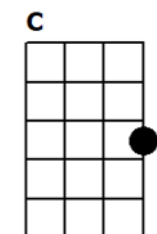
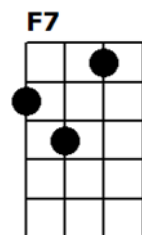
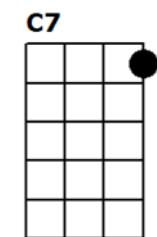
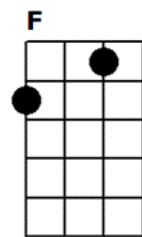
There's a [F] form at the casement, the form of her true [C7] love
And he [C] whispers with face bent, "I'm [C7] waiting for [F] you, love"
Get [F] up on the [F7] stool, through the [Bb] lattice step [F] lightly
And we'll [C7] rove in the grove while the moon's shining [F] brightly." -----Chorus.

The [F] maid shakes her head, on her lips lays her [C7] fingers,
Steps [C] up from the stool, longs to [C7] go and yet [F] lingers.
A [F] frightened glance [F7] turns to her [Bb] drowsy grand-[F]-mother,
Puts [C7] one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the [F] other. -----Chorus.

[F] Lazily, easily, swings now the [C7] wheel round.
[C] Slowly and lowly is [C7] heard now the [F] reel's sound.
[F] Noiseless and [F7] light to the [Bb] lattice a-[F]-bove her,
The [C7] maid steps then leaps to the arms of her [F] lover. -----Chorus

[F] Merrily, cheerily, noiselessly [C7] whirring,
[C] Swings the wheel, spins the wheel [C7] while the foot's [F] stirring.
[F] Spritely and [F7] lightly and [Bb] merrily [F] ringing,
[C7] Trills the sweet voice of the young maiden [F] singing. -----Chorus

[F] Slower and slower and slower the [C7] wheel rings,
[C] Lower and lower and [C7] lower the [F] reel rings.,
E're the [F] reel and the [F7] wheel stopped their [Bb] ringing and [F] moving
Through the [C7] grove the young lovers by moonlight are [F] roving. -----Chorus



I Wan'na Be Like You

Robert Sherman & Richard Sherman 1966

4/4 time Intro: [Am] [E7] [Am]

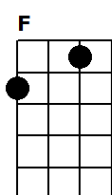
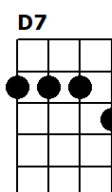
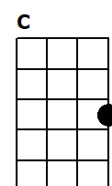
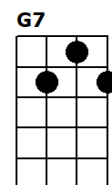
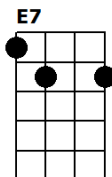
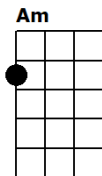
Now [Am] I'm the king of the swingers,
The jungle V.I.[E7] P,
[E7] I've reached the top, and had to stop,
And that's what's botherin' [Am] me.
[Am] I wan'na be a man, man-cub,
and stroll right into [E7] town,
And be just like the other men,
I'm tired of monkeyin' a-[Am]! round! [G7]/ Oh!

Chorus- [C] Oo-bee-doo!, I wan'na be like [A7] you,
I wan'na [D7] walk like you, [G7] talk like you [C] too-oo-oo.
You'll [G7] see it's [C] true-oo oo! An ape like [A7] me-ee-ee,
Can [D7] learn to be [G7] hu-oo-oo-man [C] too.

Now [Am] don't try to kid me, man-cub,
I made a deal with [E7] you;
[E7] What I desire is man's red fire,
To make my dreams come [Am] true.
[Am] Give me the secret, man-cub
Clue me what to [E7] do,
Give me the power of man's red flower,
And make my dreams come [Am]/ true. [G7]/ Oh! ---Chorus

I'll [Am] ape your man-ner-isms,
We'll be a set of [E7] twins,
No one will know where man-cub ends,
and orang-u-tang be-[Am]-gins.
And when I eat bananas,
I won't peel them with my [E7] feet,
'Cause I'll become a man, mancub,
And learn some et-e-[Am]/ keet! [G7] Oh!

[C] Oo-bee-doo!, I wan'na be like [A7] you,
I wan'na [D7] walk like you, [G7] talk like you [C] too-oo-oo!.
You'll [G7] see it's [C] true-oo oo! An ape like [A7] me-ee-ee,
Can [F] learn to be [G7] hu-oo-oo-man [C] too. [G7]! [C]!



Buggerlugs Loves Sugar Butty

Bernard Wrigley & Dave Dutton

[C] I'm your Buggerlugs, [Dm] you're my Sugar [G7] Butty,
 [Am] When I'm in your hands you make me [D] feel like [G] putty.
 [C] Ever since you met me on the tram,
 It's [D] made me feel what a lucky [G] Bugger-[G7]-lugs I [G] am.
 My [C] little Sugar Butty, [Dm] tasty and [G7] neat,
 [Am] You are the best-est [D7] butty in our [G7] street,
 [F] Say you're mine, I'll [C] love you all the [A] time
 [Dm] Buggerlugs [G7] loves Sugar [C] Butty

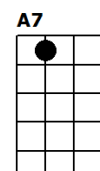
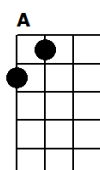
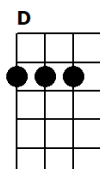
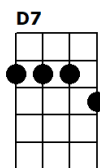
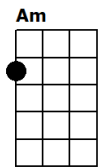
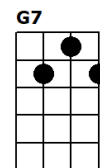
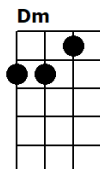
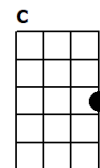
[A] Only you could be so [Dm] tender and sweet
[G] Only you [G7] could have [C] rushed me off me feet
And [A] when we're alone and [Dm] cuddling in the dark
[D] I feel so good that my [G7] clog irons spark

[C] I'm your Buggerlugs, [Dm] you're my Sugar [G7] Butty,
 [Am] We'll stick together like [D] Sweep and [G] Sooty
 [C] You be my sausage, I'll be your mash
 [D] When we've got each other, [G] who [G7] needs [G] cash
 [C] Since we met I don't have [G] sugar in my [G7] tea
 My [Am] little Sugar Butty is [D7] sweet enough for [G7] me
 [F] Our love will last 'cause we're [C] both quite [A] daft
 [Dm] Buggerlugs [G7] loves Sugar [C] Butty

[A] For one of your [A] sweet kisses I'd [Dm] run a mile
[G] For one of your car-[G7]-esses I'd [C] jump through a stile
[A] But for what you gave me on the [Dm] sofa last night
[D] I'd polish a black pudding un-[G]-til it turns [G7] white

[C] I'm your Buggerlugs, [Dm] you're my Sugar [G7] Butty,
 [Am] We'll stick together 'cause we're [D] both quite [G7] nutty
 [C] When we get married and buy ourselves a house
 [D] We'll be closer than [G] Mickey and [G7] Minnie [G] Mouse
 [C] I'll put shelves up and [D] you can make [G] rugs
 And [Am] we'll have lots of [D] little Bugger-[G7]-lugs
 So [F] remember tonight as you [C] turn out the [A] light
 That [Dm] Buggerlugs [G7] loves Sugar [C] Butty,

[NC] I said - [Dm] Buggerlugs [G7] loves Sugar [C] Butty. [G]/ [C]!



The Martians have landed in Wigan

Bernard Wrigley

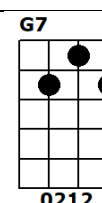
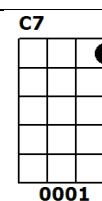
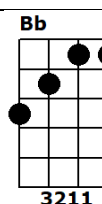
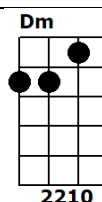
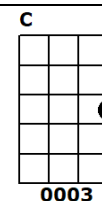
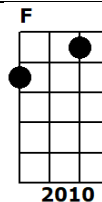
3 / 4 Time Intro [G7] [C] [F] [F]!

There are [F] strange goings [C] on in a [Dm] quaint Northern [Bb] town,
That the [C] folks there are [C7] trying to keep [F] quiet.
It'd [F] cause a sen-[C]-sat-ion but they're [Dm] playing it [Bb] down,
For they're [C] frightened of [C7] starting a [F] riot.
For they've [C] pit men with arms that are [F] thirty feet long,
And their [C] heads are as smooth as boiled [F] eggs,
And the [C] man who sells pies has got [F] three great big eyes
And the [Bb] rugby league [F] hooker is [G7] green with six [C] legs.

*CHORUS: For the [F] Martians have [Bb] landed in [F] Wigan,
And they're [F] wearing flat caps on their [C7] domes,
And they've [F] paid all their [C7] subs to the [Dm] working men's [Bb] clubs,
'Cause [G7] Wigan re-[C]-minds them of [F] home.*

Now the [F] Martians had [C] lost all their [Dm] bearings one [Bb] night,
'Cause the [C] compass had [C7] gone up the [F] spout.
As they [F] landed on t'[C] slag heap the [Dm] captain said, [Bb] "Right,
We're [C] home lads so [C7] let's all pile [F] out".
Well they [C] soon realised [C7] that they'd [F] made a mistake,
So some [C] digs for the [C7] night they all [F] booked,
Where they'd [C] trotters and hotpot and [F] fresh Eccles cakes,
When they [Bb] tasted black [F] puddings, those [G7] Martians were [C] hooked. ---Chorus

Now the [F] Martians play [C] bingo and [Dm] speak local [Bb] lingo,
Like, [C] "Sithee," and [C7] "Ey up owd [F] flower".
From the [F] pier every [C] day you can [Dm] go t' Milky [Bb] Way,
Or a [C] UFO trip [C7] round Blackpool [F] Tower.
So [C] next time you're passing [C7]! through [F] Wigan, look out,
And [C] remember the [C7] things I have [F] said,
Be-[C]-ware of the [C7] ones who have [F] clogs on their feet
And [Bb] aerials [F] stuck out of [G7] tops of their [C] heads. -----Chorus

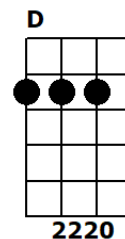


That's All Right Mama

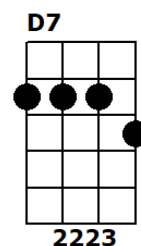
Arthur Crudup 1947

Elvis Presley Hit 1954

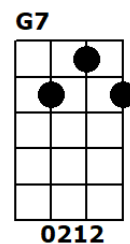
Well, [D] that's all right, Mama
 That's all right for you
 That's all right mama,
 Just [D7] anyway you do
But, that's all [G7] right, that's all [D] right
That's all [A7] right now mama, anyway you [D] do. [G7] [D]/ [G7]/ [D]//



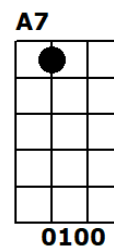
My [D] Mama she done told me,
 Papa done told me too,
 "Son, that gal your foolin' with,
 She [D7] ain't no good for you"
But, that's all [G7] right, that's all [D] right
That's all [A7] right now mama, anyway you [D] do. [G7] [D]/ [G7]/ [D]//



I'm [D] leaving town tomorrow,
 I'm leaving town for sure,
 Well, then you won't be bothered with
 Me [D7] hanging 'round your door
But, that's all [G7] right, that's all [D] right
That's all [A7] right now mama, anyway you [D] do. [G7] [D]/ [G7]/ [D]//



I ought to mind my papa,
 Guess I'm not too smart,
 If I were I'd leave you,
 Go be-[D7]-fore you break my heart,
But, that's all [G7] right, that's all [D] right.
That's all [A7] right now mama, anyway you [D] do. [G]/ [D]



The Computer Has Just Swallowed Grandma

Original Poem by Valerie Waite. Adapted to fit **Goodnight Irene** tune by J. Douglas. 2018

3 / 4 Time Intro [A] [C] [F]

Chorus. [F] Grandma [] don't you [C] cry-eye-[] eye,
 [] Grandma [] don't you [F] cry. []
 You're [] sitting up [F7] there,
 In the [Bb] cloud some-[]-where.
 [C] Grandma [] don't you [F] cry. []

The com-[F] puter has [] just swallowed [C] Grandma, []
 [] Honestly, [] Oh Yes, it's [F] true. []
 [] She pressed 'Con-[F7]-trol' and [Bb] 'Enter'[]
 With a [C] flash she disa [] ppeared from [F] view. -----Chorus

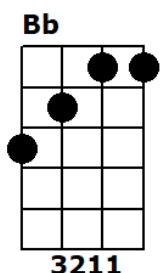
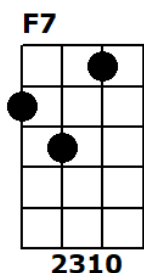
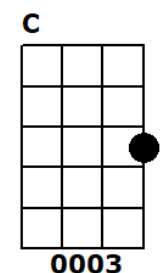
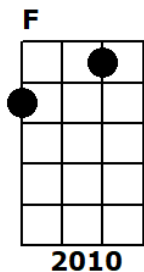
It [F] devoured her [] comp-[C]-letely, []
 The [] thought of it [] just makes me [F] squirm. []
 Per-[]-haps she's in-[F7]-fected by a [Bb] virus, []
 Or [C] been eaten [] up by a [F] worm. -----Chorus

I've [F] crawled all a [] round the com-[C]-puter, []
 Looked in [] files of [] every [F] kind,
 [] I've hunted a-[F7]-round on the [Bb] internet []
 But [C] no trace of [] her could I [F] find. -----Chorus

I was so [F] desperate I [] even asked [C] Google, []
 My [] search to ex-[]-tend and re-[F]-fine.
 the [] results that came [F7] out were all [Bb] negative,
 Not a [C] hint of her [] was found on [F] line. -----Chorus

So [F] please have a [] look in your [C] 'Inbox', []
 And [] if my Grand-[]-ma you do [F] see.
 Carefully [F7] 'Scan', 'Co-py', [Bb] 'Paste' her, []
 To an [C] E-Mail, that's [] addressed to [F] me.

[F] Grandma [] don't you [C7] cry-eye-[] eye,
 [] Grandma [] don't you [F] cry. []
 You're [] sitting up [F7] there,
 In the [Bb] cloud some-[]-where,
 [C] Grandma don't you [F] cr-[Bb] [F]!-y. (Slow Strum last F)



Me and Julio Down by The Schoolyard

Paul Simon 1971

Intro: [D] [G] [A7] [D]

The [D] mama pajama rolled out of bed,
And she ran to the police [G] station,
When the [A7] papa found out he began to shout,
And he started the investi-[D] gation.

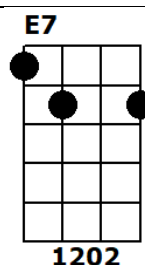
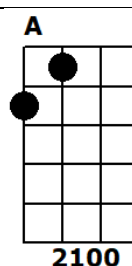
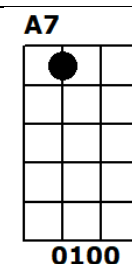
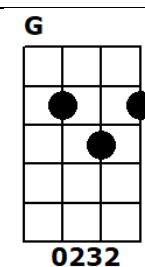
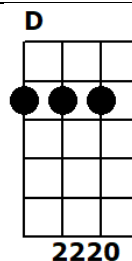
[NC] It's against the [A] law,
It was against the [D] law,
What mama [A7] saw,
It was against the [D] law.

The [D] mama looked down and spit on the ground,
Every time my name gets [G] mentioned,
The [A7] papa said "Oy if I get that boy,
I'm gonna stick him in the house of deten-[D]-tion".

[NC] Well I'm on my [G] way,
I don't know [D] where I'm going,
I'm on my [G] way,
I'm taking my time [D] but I [E7] don't know [A7] where.
Goodbye [G] Rosie the queen of Coro-[D]-na,
See you, me and Julio [G] down by the [A7] school-[D]-yard.
See you, me and Julio [G] down by the [A7] school-[D]-yard.

In a [D] couple of days they come and take me away,
But the press let the story [G] leak,
And when the [A7] radical priest come to get me released,
We're all on the cover of News-[D]-week.

[NC] Well I'm on my [G] way,
I don't know [D] where I'm going,
I'm on my [G] way,
I'm taking my time [D] but I [E7] don't know [A7] where.
Goodbye [G] Rosie the queen of Coro-[D]-na,
See you, me and Julio [G] down by the [A7] school-[D]-yard.
See you, me and Julio [G] down by the [A7] school-[D]-yard.
See you, me and Julio [G] Down by the [A]! school-[D]!-yard. [A]! [A]! [D]!



What A Crazy World We're Living In.

Alan Klein 1962

Recorded Joe Brown & The Bruvvers. 1962

[F] The old man never talks to me and when he does he [D] moans,
 [G] Wash your face, it looks a disgrace. oh, what an 'appy [C] 'ome.
 He [F] says I'm ir-re-spon-sible, not like when he was [D] young,
 Then [G] he puts on his cap and coat to [G7] watch the greyhounds [C] run.
 OH!

*[F] Dad's gone down the dog track, mother's playing [D] bingo,
 [G] Granddad's swearing at the telly, trying to make the [C] thing go.
 [F] No-one seems to notice me, isn't it a [D] sin?
 What a [G7] crazy world we're [C7] living [F] in.*

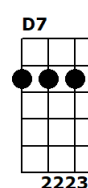
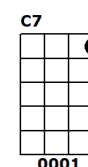
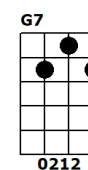
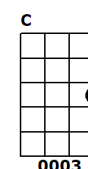
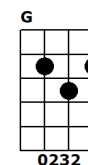
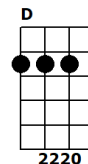
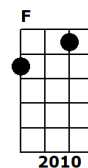
[F] Mother says I look a job, me trousers are too [D] tight.
 She [G] says I ought to get a job and not stay out all [C] night.
 She [F] doesn't like my haircut, she say's me friends are [D] lousy,
 [G] Then she says it's getting late, can't [G7] miss me housey [C] housey.
 OH!

*[F] Dad's gone down the dog track, mother's playing [D] bingo,
 [G] Grannies boozing in the parlour, oughta see the [C] gin go.
 [F] No-one seems to notice me, isn't it a [D] sin?
 What a [G7] crazy world we're [C7] living [F] in.*

[F] The law caught me out thieving and took me down the [D] nick.
 The [G] sergeant made out his report. and laid it on real [C] thick.
 He [F] said "I'll get your parents", I answered with a [D] grin,
 [G] "Save yourself the trouble mate, you'll [G7] never find 'em [C] in"
 COS!

*[F] Dad's gone down the dog track, mother's playing [D] bingo,
 [G] Sister's smooching on the sofa, you oughta hear the [C] lingo go.
 [F] No-one seems to notice me, isn't it a [D] sin?
 What a [G7] crazy world we're [C7] living [F] in.
 OH YEAH!*

*What a [G7] crazy world we're [C7] living [F] in.
 What a [G7] crazy world we're [C7] living [F] in. [C]! [F]!*



Blue Blue Day

Don Gibson 1957

[A7]! It's been a [D] blue+, blue, day, [D] I feel like [D] ... runnin' a-[D7]-way,
I feel like [G]... runnin' a-[A7]-way from it [D] all.

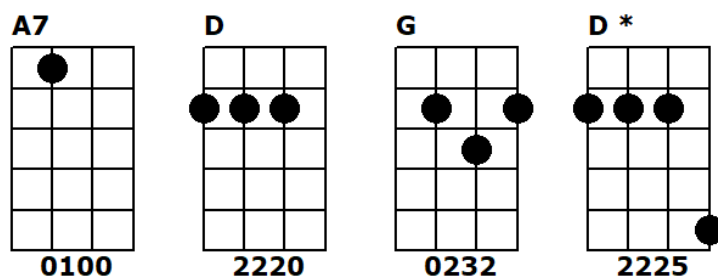
[A7] ... My love has [D] been untrue, she's found [D] ... some-bod-y [D] new,
It's been a [G] blue, blue, [A7] day for [D] me.

[D7] ... I feel like [G] cry+ing+, [G] dy+ing+, [D]... what can I [D7] do?
I feel like [G] pray+ing+, [G] say+ing+, [D]... I'm glad we're [A7] through.
It's been a [D] blue+, blue, day, [D] I feel like [D]... runnin' a-[D7]-way,
I feel like [G]... runnin' a-[A7]-way from the [D] blues.

[A7]! How can I [D] make-believe, [D] that I don't [D] ... sit and [D7] grieve,
It's been a [G] blue, blue. [A7] day for [D] me.

[A7] I can't pre-[D]-tend and say [D] ... That I don't [D] love her anyway,
It's been a [G] blue, blue, [A7] day for [D] me.

I feel like [G] cry+ing, [G] dy+ing [D]... what can I [D7] do?
I feel like [G] pray+ing+, [G] say+ing+, [D]... I'm glad we're [A7] through.
It's been a [D] blue+, blue, day [D] I feel like [D]... runnin' a-[D7]-way,
I feel like [G]... runnin' a-[A7]-way from the [D*] blues. [D*]! [D*]!



Note 1 The '+' following a word indicates the word is sung for 2 beats - 'Blue+' for example.

Note 2 the three dots following a chord indicates that the first beat is silent - [D] ...runnin' for example.

Messing About on the River.

Tony Hatch 1960.

Recorded by Josh McCrea 1961

When the **[F]** weather is fine, you **[C]** know it's a sign,
 For **[Bb]** messing a-**[C7]**-bout on the **[F]** river.
 If you take my advice, there's **[C]** nothing so nice,
 As **[Bb]** messing a-**[C7]**-bout on the **[F]** river. **[F7]**

There's **[Bb]** long boats and **[F]** short boats and **[C]** all kinds of **[F]** craft,
[Bb] Cruisers and **[F]** keel boats and **[G7]** some with no **[C7]** draft.
 So **[F]** take off your coat, **[C]** hop in a boat,
 And go **[Bb]** messing a-**[C7]**-bout on the **[F]** river.

There are **[F]** boats made from kits, that'll **[C]** reach you in bits,
 For **[Bb]** messing a-**[C7]**-bout on the **[F]** river.
 Or you might want to scull in a **[C]** fibre glass hull,
 Just **[Bb]** messing a-**[C7]**-bout on the **[F]** river. **[F7]**

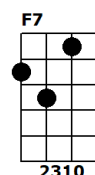
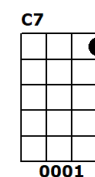
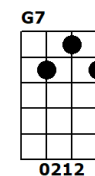
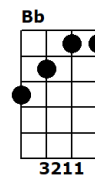
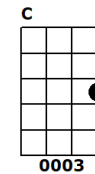
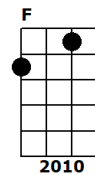
There are **[Bb]** tillers and **[F]** rudders and **[C]** anchors and **[F]** cleats,
[Bb] ropes that are **[F]** sometimes re-**[G7]**-ferred to as **[C7]** sheets.
 With the **[F]** wind in your face, there's **[C]** no finer place,
 Than **[Bb]** messing a-**[C7]**-bout on the **[F]** river.

There are **[F]** skippers and mates, and **[C]** rowing club eights,
 Just **[Bb]** messing a-**[C7]**-bout on the **[F]** river.
 There are pontoons and trots, and **[C]** all sorts of knots.
 For **[Bb]** messing a-**[C7]**-bout on the **[F]** river. **[F7]**

With **[Bb]** inboards and **[F]** outboards, and **[C]** dinghies you **[F]** sail,
 The **[Bb]** first thing you **[F]** learn, is the **[G7]** right way to **[C7]** bail.
 In a **[F]** one-seat canoe, you're the **[C]** skipper and crew,
 Just **[Bb]** messing a-**[C7]**-bout on the **[F]** river.

There are **[F]** bridges and locks, and **[C]** moorings and docks,
 When **[Bb]** messing a-**[C7]**-bout on the **[F]** river.
 There's whirlpools and weirs, that you **[C]** mustn't go near,
 When **[Bb]** messing a-**[C7]**-bout on the **[F]** river. **[F7]**

There are **[Bb]** backwater **[F]** places, all **[C]** hidden from **[F]** view,
[Bb] quaint little **[F]** islands just **[G7]** waiting for **[C7]** you.
 So I'll **[F]** leave you right now, to **[C]** cast off your bow,
 To **[Bb]** messing a-**[C7]**-bout on the **[F]** river.



A Pub With No Beer

Original Poem by Dan Sheahan Slim Dusty Hit - 1957

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

It's [C] lonesome away from your [F] kindred and [Dm] all,
 By the [G7] campfire at night, where the wild dingoes [C] call.
 There's [C] nothing so lonesome, [F] morbid or [Dm] drear,
 Than to [G7] stand in the bar of a pub with no [C] beer.

Now the [C] publican's anxious for the [F] quota to [Dm] come,
 there's a [G7] faraway look on the face of the [C] bum.
 The [C] maid's gone all cranky, and the [F] cook's acting [Dm] queer,
 Oh, what [G7] a terrible place is a pub with [C] no beer.

The [C] stockman rides up with his [F] dry dusty [Dm] throat,
 He breasts [G7] up to the bar and pulls a wad from his [C] coat.
 But the [C] smile on his face quickly [F] turns to a [Dm] sneer,
 As the [G7] barman says sadly, "The pub's got no [C] beer."

The [C] swaggie comes in, smothered [F] in dust and [Dm] flies,
 He [G7] throws down his roll and rubs the sweat from his [C] eyes.
 But when he is told, he says, [F] "What's this I [Dm] hear?
 I've trudged [G7] fifty flamin' miles to a pub with no [C] beer."

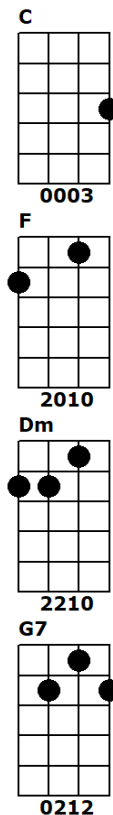
There's a [C] dog on the veranda, for his [F] master, he [Dm] waits,
 But the [G7] boss is inside, drinking wine with his [C] mates.
 He hurries for cover and [F] cringes in [Dm] fear,
 It's no [G7] place for a dog 'round a pub with no [C] beer.

Old [C] Billy the blacksmith, the first [F] time in his [Dm] life,
 Has [G7] gone home cold sober to his darling [C] wife.
 He walks in the kitchen, she says, [F] "You're early, Bill [Dm] dear."
 Then he [G7] breaks down and tells her the pub's got no [C] beer.

it's [C] hard to believe that there's [F] customers [Dm] still,
 But the [G7] money's still tinkling in the old ancient [C] till,
 The wine buffs are happy and I [F] know they're sin-[Dm]-cere.
 When they [G7] say they don't care if the pub's got no [C] beer

It's [C] lonesome away from your [F] kindred and [Dm] all,
 By the [G7] campfire at night, where the wild dingoes [C] call.
 There's [C] nothing so lonesome, [F] morbid or [Dm] drear,
 Than to [G7] stand in the bar of a pub with no [C] beer.

Than to [G7] stand in the bar of a pub with no [C] beer. [C]! [C]!



I Walk The Line

Johnny Cash 1956

Johnny Cash Hit 1956

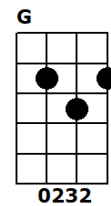
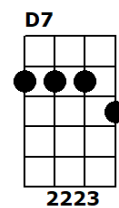
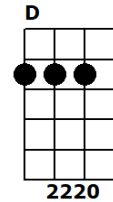
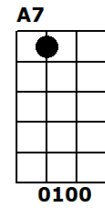
I keep a [A7] close watch on this heart of [D] mine,
 I keep my [A7] eyes wide open all the [D] time,
 [D7] I keep the [G] ends out for the tie that [D] binds,
 Because you're [A7] mine, I walk the [D] line.

I find it [A7] very, very easy to be [D] true,
 I find my [A7] self alone when each day's [D] through.
 [D7] Yes I'll ad-[G]-mit that I'm a fool for [D] you,
 Because you're [A7] mine, I walk the [D] line.

As sure as [A7] night is dark and day is [D] light,
 I keep you [A7] on my mind both day and [D] night,
 [D7] And happi-[G]-ness I've known proves that it's [D] right,
 Because you're [A7] mine, I walk the [D] line.

You've got a [A7] way to keep me on your [D] side,
 You give me [A7] cause for love that I can't [D] hide,
 [D7] For you I'd [G] ev-en try to turn the [D] tide,
 Because you're [A7] mine, I walk the [D] line.

I keep a [A7] close watch on this heart of [D] mine,
 I keep my [A7] eyes wide open all the [D] time,
 [D7] I keep the [G] ends out for the tie that [D] binds,
 Because you're [A7] mine, I walk the [D] line.



Rod Morris 1948

Recorded by Jim Reeves 1953

Intro –[C] [C] [F]

[F] Bimbo, Bimbo, where ya gonna go-e-o,
[C] Bimbo, Bimbo, whatcha gonna **[F]** do-e-o,
[F] Bimbo, Bimbo, **[Bb]** does your mommy know,
That you're **[C]** goin' down the road to see a little **[F]** girl-e-o.

[F] Bimbo is a **[Bb]** little **[G7]** boy who's **[C7]** got a million **[F]** friends,
And every time he **[Bb]** passes by, they **[C7]** all invite him **[F]** in.
He'll **[C]** clap his hands and sing and dance, and talk his baby talk,
With a hole in his pants and his knees a-stickin' out,
he's just **[G7]** big enough to **[C]** /walk. **[C7]/ Oh!** ----- CHORUS

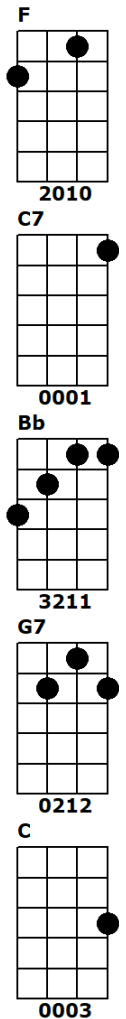
[F] Bimbo's got two **[Bb]** big blue **[G7]** eyes that **[C7]** light up like a **[F]** star,
And the way to **[Bb]** light them up is to **[C7]** buy him candy **[F]** bars.
[C] Crackerjacks and bubblegum will start his day off right,
All the girlies follow him just **[G7]** beggin' for a **[C]/** bite. **[C7]/ Oh!**

[F] Bimbo, Bimbo, candy on your face-e-o,
[C] Bimbo, Bimbo, chewin' on your **[F]** gum-e-o.
[F] Bimbo, Bimbo, **[Bb]** when you gonna grow
[C] Everybody loves you, little baby **[F]** Bimb-e-o.

[F] You never catch him **[Bb]** sittin' **[G7]** still, he's **[C7]** just the rovin' **[F]** kind,
Although he's just a **[Bb]** little boy, he's **[C7]** got a grown-up **[F]** mind.
He's **[C]** always got a shaggy dog a-pullin' at his clothes,
And everybody calls to him as **[G7]** down the street he **[C]** goes.

[F] Bimbo, Bimbo, where ya gonna go-e-o
[C7] Bimbo, Bimbo, whatcha gonna **[F]** do-e-o
[F] Bimbo, Bimbo, **[Bb]** does your mommy know
That you're **[C7]** goin' down the road to see a little **[F]** girl-e-o.

Yes You're [C7] goin' down the road to see a little [F] girl-e-o.[C]! F!



Adios Amigo

Jerry Livingston & Ralph Freed

Jim Reeves Hit 1962

3 / 4 Time**Intro: [A7] [D] [A7] [D]**

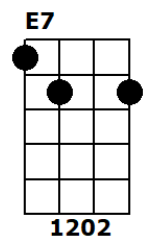
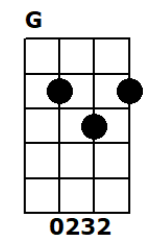
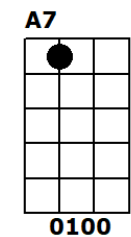
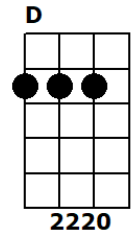
Adi-[D]-os, amigo, adios, my [A7] friend
 The [A7] road we have travelled, has come to an [D] end.
 When [D] two love the same love, one [G] love has to [D] lose,
 But it's [A7] you who she [D] longs for,
 It's [E7] you, she will [A7] choose.

Adi-[D]-os compadre, what's to be, will [A7] be.
 Re-[A7] member to name, one muchacho for [D] me.
 A-[D]-way from these memories, my [G] life I must [D] spend.,
 Adi-[A7]-os a-[D]-migo, adi-[A7]-os, my [D] friend.

[A7] [D] [A7] [D]

Adi-[D] os amigo, let us shed no [A7] tears,
 May [A7] all your mananas, bring joy through the [D] years.
 I [D] ride to the Rio, where my [G] life I must [D] spend,
 Adi-[A7]-os a-[D]-migo, adi-[A7]-os, my [D] friend.

Adi-[A7]-os a-[D]-migo, adi-[A7]-os, my [D] friend. [G] [D]!



Georgia on my Mind

Lyrics - Stuart Gorrell, Music - Hoagy Carmicheal. 1830.

Intro: [Gm]/ [Am]/ [F]/ [C7]/

[F] Melodies bring [A7] memories, that [F#dim] linger in my [G9] heart [C7],
 [F] Makes me think [A7] of [Dm] Georgia, why [G7] did we [C7] ever [F] part? [C7]
 [F] Some sweet day, when [A7] blossoms fall, and [F#dim] all the world's a [G9] song [C7],
 [F] I'll go [A7] back to [Dm] Georgia 'cause [G7] that's where [C] I be-[F]-long. [C7]

CHORUS

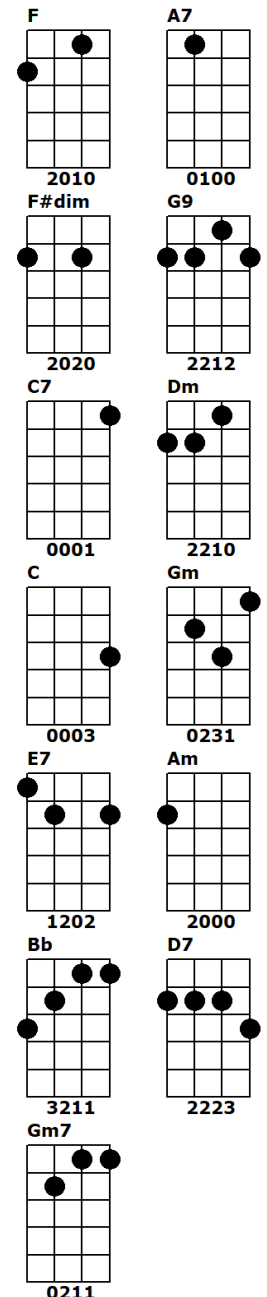
[F] By-gone days of [A7] happiness still [F#dim] haunt me all the [G9] while, [C7]
 [F] Nothing could com-[Dm]-pare with my [G7] Georgia's sun-[C7]-ny [F] smile. [C7]
 [F] That is Why I [A7] often sigh as [D7] down the trail I [G9] roam, [C7]
 [F] Longing for [A7] sweet [Dm] Georgia, be-[G7]-cause it [C] is my [F] home. [C7] –

CHORUS

Chorus:

[F] Georgia, [A7] Georgia, [Dm] ... The whole day [Gm] through,
 Just an [F] old sweet [E7] song keeps [Gm] Georgia on [C7] my [F] mind,
 [Gm] (Georgia on my [C7] mind)
 [F] Georgia, [A7] Georgia, [Dm]... A song of [Gm] you,
 Comes as [F] sweet and [E7] clear,
 As [Gm] moonlight [C7] on the [F] pines. [A7]
 [Dm] Other [Gm] arms reach [Dm] out for me,
 Other [Gm] eyes smile [Dm] tender-[G7]-ly,
 [Dm] Still in peace-[Gm]-ful [D7] dreams I [E7] see,
 The [Am] road leads back to [Gm] you, [C7]
 [F] Georgia, [A7] Georgia, [Dm]... no peace I [Gm] find,
 Just an [F] old sweet [E7] song
 Keeps [Gm] Georgia [Am] in my [F] mind. [C7]

Last Time- [F] Just an old sweet [E7] song,
 Keeps [Gm] Georgia [Am] in my [F] mind. [Gm7][F] (Slow Strum). _



Clementine

Traditional

3 / 4 Time. Intro [C] [F] [C7] [F] Start Note Fret - E1

In a [F] cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a [C] mine,
Lived a miner, forty-[F]-niner, and his [C7] daughter Clemen-[F]-tine.

Light she [F] was and like a fairy, and her shoes were number [C] nine
Herring boxes without [F] toppers, sandals [C7] were for Clemen-[F]-tine.

*CHORUS - Oh my [F] Darling, Oh my Darling, Oh my Darling Clemen-[C]-tine.
You are lost and gone for-[F]-ever, dreadful [C7] sorry, Clemen-[F]-tine.*

Drove she [F] ducklings to the water every morning just at [C] nine,
Hit her foot against a [F] splinter fell in-[C7]-to the foaming [F] brine.

Ruby [F] lips above the water, blowing bubbles mighty [C]-fine,
But alas, I was no [F] swimmer,
So I [C7] lost my Clement-[F]-tine. -----**Chorus**

In the [F] church yard in the canyon, where the myrtle doth en-[C]-twine.
There grows roses and other [F] posies, ferti-[C7]-lized by Clemen-[F]-tine.

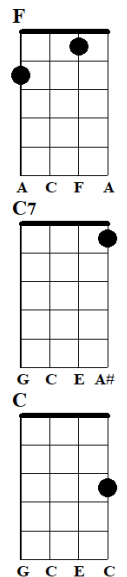
Then the [F] miner, forty-niner, soon began to peak and [C] pine,
Thought he oughter join his [F] daughter,
Now he's [C7] with his Clemen-[F]-tine. -----**Chorus**

In my [F] dreams she still doth haunt me, robed in garments soaked in [C] brine.
Though in life I used to hug [F] her, now she's [C7] dead I draw the [F] line.

How I [F] missed her, how I missed her, how I missed my Clemen-[C]-tine,
Then I kissed her little [F] sister,
And for-[C7]-got my Clemen-[F]-tine. -----**Chorus**

Outro: Slowing to final strum

Now You [F] boy scouts heed the warning, In this tragic tale of [C] mine.
Artificial respi-[F]-ration, would have [C7] saved my Clemen-[F]↓-tine.



Pretty Little Black Eyed Suzie.

Kathleen Twomey, Fred Wise, Benjamin Weisman Guy Mitchell UK No. 2 in 1952

I [D] love the sea, I [G] love the navy.
 [D] Love my biscuits [A7] soaked in gravy.
 Insert -[D]... But pretty little [A] black eyed [A7] Susie,
 [D]...My pretty little [A] black eyed [A7] Susie
 [D] Cross my heart I [A] love ya [A7] best of [D] all.

I [D] love the hills, I [G] love the prairie,
 I [D] I love Jane, and I [A7] I love Mary.
 Insert -[D]... But pretty little ----
 [D] Cross my heart I [A] love ya [A7] best of [D] all. [D7]

I'm as [G] happy I as a king, Got the [D] world upon a string
 Can't [E7] ask for more, I'm right at heaven's [A7] door.

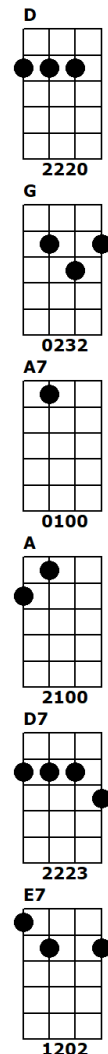
Ooooh! I [D] I used to do a [G] lot of teasin',
 I [D] Changed my gals with I [A7] ev'ry season.
 Insert -[D]... But pretty little ----
 [G] Pretty little black eyed [A7] Susie I love [D] you.

I [D] love my pipe, [G] I love tom-ay-toes,
 I [D] I love candied I [A7] sweet pot-ay-toes,
 Insert -[D]... But pretty little ----
 [D] Cross my heart I [A] love ya [A7] best of [D] all.

Oh! I [D] love the trees I [G] love the flowers,
 I [D] Love to walk through I [A7] April showers
 Insert -[D]... But pretty little ----
 [D] Cross my heart I [A] love ya [A7] best of [D] all. [D7]

I Used to [G] say I'd never wed, those were [D] foolish words I said,
 `cos [E7] now I see, That you were meant for [A7] me.

Ooooh! I [D] used to be a [G] guy who gambled,
 [D] I had wand'rin' [A7] shoes that rambled
 [D]... But pretty little [A] black eyed [A7] Susie,
 [D]...My pretty little [A] black eyed [A7] Susie,
 [D] Cross my heart my [A] rambl'in' days are [D] through, [D7]
 My [G] pretty little black eyed [A7] Susie I love [D] you. [A]/ [D]!



Don't Let the Stars Get In Your Eyes.

Winston L. Moore a.k.a. Slim Willet 1952

Perry Como UK No 1 1953

*[F] Don't let the stars get in your eyes
 Don't let the moon break your [C7] heart,
 Love blooms at night, in daylight it dies,
 Don't let the stars get in your [F] eyes
 Oh, keep your heart for me, for someday I'll return,
 And you know you're the only [C7] one I'll ever [F] love.*

*[F] Too many nights, [F] too many stars,
 [F] Too many moons to change your [C] mind,
 If I'm gone too long, don't forget where you belong,
 When the stars come out re-[C7]-member you are [F] mine.*

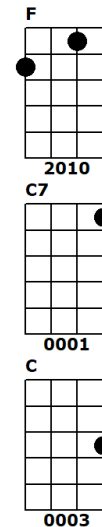
*[F] Don't let the stars get in your eyes
 Don't let the moon break your [C7] heart,
 Love blooms at night, in daylight it dies,
 Don't let the stars get in your [F] eyes
 Oh, keep your heart for me, for someday I'll return,
 And you know you're the only [C7] one I'll ever [F] love.*

*[F] Too many miles, [F] too many days,
 [F] Too many nights to be a-[C]-lone.
 Oh, please keep your heart while we are apart
 Don't linger in the moonlight [C7] while I'm [F] gone.*

*[F] Don't let the stars get in your eyes
 Don't let the moon break your [C7] heart,
 Love blooms at night, in daylight it dies,
 Don't let the stars get in your [F] eyes
 Oh, keep your heart for me, for someday I'll return,
 And you know you're the only [C7] one I'll ever [F] love.*

I'll ever love

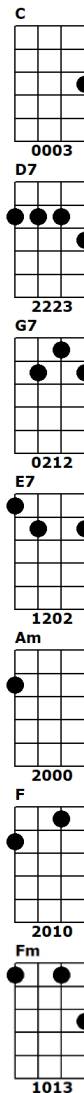
[C7] You're the only one I'll ever [F] love. [C7]! [F]!



Love me Tender

Elvis Presley & Vera Matson

Elvis Presley UK No. 1956.

Capo on 2nd fret**[C]** Love me tender, **[D7]** love me sweet,**[G7]** never let me **[C]** go.**[C]** You have made my **[D7]** life complete,**[G7]** And I love you **[C]** so.**[C]** Love me **[E7]** tender, **[Am]** love me **[C7]** true,**[F]** All my **[Fmin]** dreams ful-**[C]**-fill.**[A7]** For my darlin' **[D7]** I love you,**[G7]** And I always **[C]** will.**[C]** Love me tender, **[D7]** love me long,**[G7]** take me to your **[C]** heart.**[C]** For it's there that **[D7]** I belong,**[G7]** and we'll never **[C]** part**[C]** Love me **[E7]** tender, **[Am]** love me **[C7]** true,**[F]** All my **[Fmin]** dreams ful-**[C]**-fill.**[A7]** For my darlin' **[D7]** I love you,**[G7]** And I always **[C]** will.**[C]** Love me tender, **[D7]** love me dear,**[G7]** Tell me you are **[C]** mine.**[C]** I'll be yours through **[D7]** all the years,**[G7]** 'till the end of **[C]** time.**[C]** Love me **[E7]** tender, **[Am]** love me **[C7]** true,**[F]** All my **[Fmin]** dreams ful-**[C]**-fill.**[A7]** For my darlin' **[D7]** I love you,**[G7]** And I always **[C]** will.**[C]** When at last my **[D7]** dreams come true,**[G7]** Darling this I **[C]** know,**[C]** Happiness will fol-**[D7]**-low you**[G7]** Ev'ry where you **[C]** go**[C]** Love me **[E7]** tender, **[Am]** love me **[C7]** true,**[F]** All my **[Fmin]** dreams ful-**[C]**-fill.**[A7]** For my darlin' **[D7]** I love you,**[G7]** And I always **[C]** will

Just the Other Side of Nowhere

Kris Kristofferson 1970

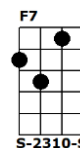
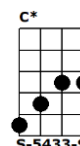
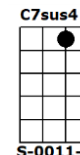
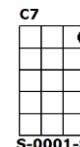
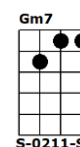
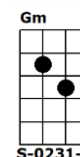
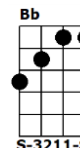
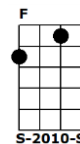
4 / 4 time [F] [C*] [F]—

[F] I come from just the other side of nowhere
 To this [Bb] big time lonesome [Gm] town. [Gm7]
 [C7] They got a lot of snow and [C7sus] ice [C7] here,
 Half as [Bb] cold as all the people I've [F] found.
 Every way I try to go here
 Seems to [Bb] bring me [Gm] down. [Gm7]
 [C7] I've seen about enough to [C7sus] know [C7] where I be[F] long.

I've [F7] got a [Bb] mind to see the headlights [C] shinin'*
On that old white line [F] between my heart and home.
[Bb] Sick of spendin' Sundays wish-[Gm]-in' they were [C7sus] Mond-[C7]-ays,
[F] sittin' in a park alone. [F7]
So give my best [F] to anyone who's [C] left*
Who ever done me [F] any lovin' way but wrong.
[Bb] Tell 'em that the pride of just [Gm] the
Other side of no-[C7]-where's go-[C7sus]-in' [C7] home.

[F] Takin' nothin' back to show there
 For these [Bb] dues I've [Gm] paid. [Gm7]
 [C7] But the soul I almost [C7Ssus] sold [C7] here
 And the [Bb] body I've been givin' a-[F]-way.
 Fadin' from the neon night-time glow here,
 [Bb] Headin' for the light of [Gm] day, [Gm7]
 [C7] Just the other side of [C7sus] no [C7] where, goin' [F] home. -----Chorus

[F] Takin' nothin' back to show there
 For these [Bb] dues I've [Gm] paid. [Gm7]
 [C7] But the soul I almost [C7Ssus] sold [C7] here
 And the [Bb] body I've been givin' a-[F]-way.
 Fadin' from the neon night-time glow here,
 [Bb] Headin' for the light of [Gm] day, [Gm7]
 [C7] Just the other side of [C7sus] no [C7] where, goin' [F] home. [Bb] [F]



The Law is for Protection of the People

By Kris Kristofferson 1969

4 / 4 Time [D] [C] [D] [D] [C] [D]

[D] Billy Dalton [C] staggered on the [D] sidewalk;
 Someone said he [C] stumbled and he [D] fell;
 Six squad cars came [C] screaming to the [D] rescue,
 Hauled old Billy [C] Dalton off to [D] jail; ----Chorus with line (1)

Chorus [D7] 'Cause the [G] law is for pro-[D7]-tec-tion of the [G] people;
 Rules are rules and [D] any fool can [G] see;

(1) We don't need no [F] drunks like Billy [G] Dalton;

(2) We don't need no [F] bums like Charlie [G] Watson;

(3) We don't need no [F] hairy headed [G] hippies

[Em] Scarin' decent folks like you and [A] me. No, sir-ee.

[D] Charlie Watson [C] wandered like a [D] stranger,
 Showing he had [C] no means of sup-[D] -port
 Policeman took [C] one look at his pants [D] cuffs;
 Hustled Charlie [C] Watson off to [D] court; -----Chorus with line (2)

Homer-Lee [D] Hunnicut was [C] nothing but a [D] hippie;
 Walking through this [C] world without a [D] care;
 Then, one day, six [C] strapping brave po-lice-[D]-men;
 Held down Homer [C] Lee and cut his [D] hair; -----Chorus with line (3)

So [D] thank your [C] lucky stars you've got pro-[D]-tec-tion;
 Walk the line, and [C] never mind the [D] cost;
 And don't [D] wonder who them [C] law men was pro-[D]-tec-ting;
 When they nailed the [C] Saviour to the [D] cross.

[D7] 'Cause the[G] law is for pro-[D7]-tec-tion of the [G] people
 Rules are rules and [D7] any fool can [G] see;
 We don't need no [F] riddle speaking [G] prophets;
 [Em] Scaring decent folks like you and [A] me; [A]↓ no, [A7]↓ sir-[A]↓ ee.

“↓” Slow Single Strums Down.

