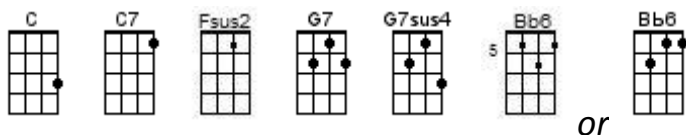


Ukulele Anthem (continued)



or

[C] Imagine there's no music, im-[C7]-agine there are no songs
Imagine [Fsus2] that John Lennon wasn't shot in [G7sus4] front of his [G7] apartment
Now [C] imagine if John Lennon had com-[C7]-posed "Imagine" for the
Uku-[Fsus2]-lele. Maybe people would have [G7sus4] truly got the [G7] message

You [C] may think my approach is simple-[C7]-minded and naïve
Like if you [Fsus2] want to change the world then why not [G7sus4] quit and feed the [G7] hungry
But [C] people for millennia have [C7] needed music to survive
And [Fsus2] that is why I promised John that [G7sus4] I will not feel [G7] guilty

So [C] play your favourite Beatles song and [C7] make the subway fall in love
They're [Fsus2] only \$19.95, that [G7sus4] isn't lots of [G7] money
[C] Play until the sun comes up and [C7] play until your fingers suffer
[Fsus2] Play LCD Soundsystem songs [G7sus4] on your uku-[G7]-lele

[C] Quit the bitching on your blog and [C7] stop pretending art is hard
Just [Fsus2] limit yourself to three chords and [G7sus4] do not practice [G7] daily
You'll [C] minimize some stranger's sadness [C7] with a piece of wood and plastic
[Fsus2] Holy fuck, it's so fantastic, [G7sus4] playing uku-[G7]-lele

[C] Eat your homework with a fork and [C7] do your fruit loops in the dark
[Fsus2] Bring your etch-a-sketch to work your flask of Jack, your vibrator
Your fear of heights, your Nikon lens

Your [C] mom and dad, your disco stick, your [C7] soundtrack to "Karate Kid"
Your [Fsus2] ginsu knives, your rosary, your [G7sus4] new Rebecca [G7] Black CD
Your [C] favorite room, your bowie knife, your [C7] stuffed giraffe, your new glass eye
Your [Fsus2] sousaphone, your breakfast tea, your [G7sus4] Nick Drake tapes, your [G7] giving tree
Your [C] ice cream truck, your missing wife, your [C7] will to live, your urge to cry
[Fsus2] Remember we're all gonna die
So [G7sus4] play, your uku-[C]-lele

