

## Blue Suede Shoes – Elvis Presley

[intro] (A) [stop]

Well it's (A)one for the money... (A)two for the show  
(A)Three to get ready now (A)go (A)cat (A)go

But (D)don't you... step on my blue suede (A)shoes  
Well you can (E7)do anything but lay off of my blue suede (A)shoes

You can (A)knock me down... (A)step on my face  
(A)Slander my name all (A)over the place  
(A)Do anything that you (A)wanna do but  
(A)Uh (A)uh (A)honey (A)lay (A7)off of them shoes

And (D)don't you... step on my blue suede (A)shoes  
You can (E7)do anything but lay off of my blue suede (A)shoes

(let's go cat!) [instrumental] (A) (A) (D) (A) (E7) (A)

Well you can (A)burn my house... (A)steal my car  
(A)Drink my liquor from an (A)old fruit jar  
Do anything that you (A)wanna do but  
(A)Uh (A)uh (A)honey (A)lay (A7)off of them shoes

And (D)don't you... step on my blue suede (A)shoes  
You can (E7)do anything but lay off of my blue suede (A)shoes

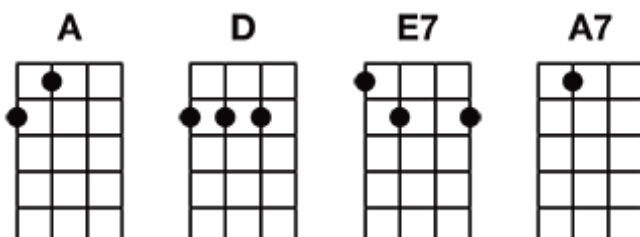
(rock it!) [instrumental] (A) (A) (D) (A) (E7) (A)

Well it's (A)one for the money... (A)two for the show  
(A)Three to get ready now (A)go (A)go (A)go

But (D)don't you... step on my blue suede (A)shoes  
Well you can (E7)do anything but lay off of my blue suede (A)shoes

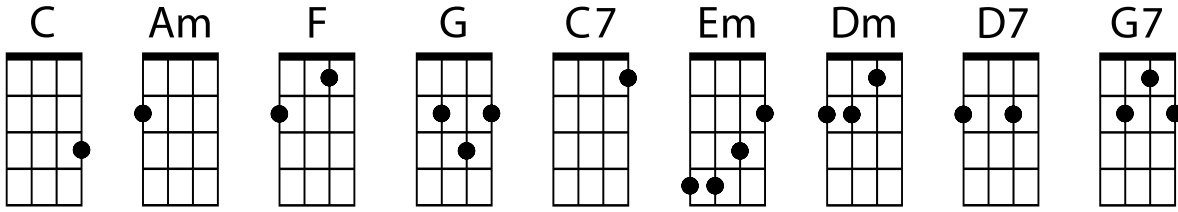
Well it's (A)blue, blue... blue suede shoes,  
(A)Blue, blue... blue suede shoes yeah  
(D) Blue, blue... blue suede shoes baby  
(A) Blue, blue... blue suede shoes

Well you can (E7)do anything but lay off of my blue suede (A)shoes



# All I Have To Do Is Dream (Key of C)

by Felice and Boudleaux Bryant (1958)



(sing E)

C . Am . | F . G . | C . Am . | F . G .  
 Dre-e-e-e-am, dream, dream, dream. Dre-e-e-e-am, dream, dream, dream  
 | C . Am . | F . G . | C . Am . | F . G .  
 When I want you, ----- in my ar-arms, when I want you, ----- and all your char-arms  
 | C . Am . | F . G . | C . Am . | F . G .  
 When-ever I want you, all I have to do, is dre-e-e-e-am, dream, dream, dre-am.

| C . Am . | F . G . | C . Am . | F . G .  
 When I feel blu-ue, in the ni-ight, and I need yo-ou, to hold me ti-ight  
 | C . Am . | F . G . | C . F . | C . C7 . |  
 When-ever I want you all I have to do is dre-e-e-e-e---e-e-am-----

**Chorus:** F . . . | Em . . . | Dm . G . | C . C7 . |  
 I can make you mine, taste your lips of wine, any-time, night or day -----  
 F . . . | Em . . . | D7 . . . | G\ F\ Em\  
 Only trouble is, ----- gee whiz, I'm dream-ing my li-ife a-wa--a-ay.

G7\ | C . Am . | F . G . | C . Am . | F . G .  
 I need you so, ----- that I could di-ie, I love you so, ----- and that is why-y  
 | C . Am . | F . G . | C . F . | C . C7 . |  
 When-ever I want you all I have to do is dre-e-e-e-e---e-e-am

**Chorus:** F . . . | Em . . . | Dm . G . | C . C7 . |  
 I can make you mine, taste your lips of wine, any-time, night or day -----  
 F . . . | Em . . . | D7 . . . | G\ F\ Em\  
 Only trouble is, ----- gee whiz, I'm dream-ing my li-ife a-wa--a-ay.

G7\ | C . Am . | F . G . | C . Am . | F . G .  
 I need you so, ----- that I could di-ie, I love you so, ----- and that is why-y  
 | C . Am . | F . G . | C . Am . | F . G . |  
 When-ever I want you, all I have to do, is dre-e-e-e-am, dream, dream, dre-am.  
 C . F . | C . . .  
 Dre-e-e-e-e---e-e-eeeeeam  
 (---slow-----)



# City of New Orleans

G                    D                    G  
Riding on the City of New Orleans  
Em                    C                    G  
Illinois Central Monday morning rail  
G                    D                    G  
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders  
Em                    D                    G  
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail  
Em                    Bm  
All along the southbound odyssey the train pulls out of Kankakee  
D                    A  
Rolls along past houses farms and fields  
Em                    Bm  
Passing towns that have no name freight yards of old black men  
D                    C                    G  
And graveyards of rusted automobiles

## CHORUS 1

C                    D                    G  
**Good morning America how are you?**  
Em                    C                    G                    D/  
**Say don't you know me I'm your native son**  
                  G                    D                    Em                    C  
**I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans**  
                  F                    Em                    D                    G  
**I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done**

                  G                    D                    G  
Dealing card games with the old men in the club car  
Em                    C                    G  
Penny a point ain't no one keeping score  
G                    D                    G  
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle  
Em                    D                    G  
Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor  
Em                    Bm  
And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers  
                  D                    A

# City of New Orleans

Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel

Em

Bm

Mothers with their babes asleep rocking to the gentle beat

D

C

G

And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

## CHORUS 1

G

D

G

Night time in the City of New Orleans

Em

C

G

Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee

G

D

G

Half way home we'll be there by morning

Em

D

G

Through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea

Em

Bm

But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream

D

A

And the steel rail still ain't heard the news

Em

Bm

The conductor sings his songs again the passengers will please refrain

D

C

G

This train's got the disappearing railroad blues

## CHORUS 2

C

D

G

Good night America how are you?

Em

C

G

D/

Say don't you know me I'm your native son

G

D

Em

C

I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans

F

Em

D

G

I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

**REPEAT CHORUS 2**

F

Em

D

G

I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

# Waltzing Matilda – Banjo Paterson (1895) ( Intro: C F G7 G7 )

C G Am F  
Once a jolly swagman camped beside a billabong  
C Am F G7  
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,  
C E7 Am F  
And he sang as he watched and waited 'till his billy boiled,  
C Am G7 C  
"You'll come a waltzing, Matilda, with me."

---

## Chorus

C / F /  
"Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,  
C Am F G7  
You'll come a waltzing, Matilda, with me."  
C E7 Am F *{this line }  
And he sang as he watched and waited 'till his billy boiled }changes}*  
C Am G7 C /  
"You'll come a waltzing, Matilda, with me."

---

C G Am F  
Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong,  
C Am F G7  
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,  
C E7 Am F  
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker bag,  
C Am G7 C  
"You'll come a waltzing, Matilda, with me."

---

## Chorus

C / F /  
"Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,  
C Am F G7  
You'll come a waltzing, Matilda, with me."  
C E7 Am F  
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker bag  
C Am G7 C /  
"You'll come a waltzing, Matilda, with me."

---

C G Am F  
Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred,  
C Am F G7  
Down came the troopers, one, two, three.  
C E7 Am F  
"Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?  
C Am G7 C  
You'll come a waltzing, Matilda, with me."

---

## Chorus

**C** / **F** /  
"Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,  
**C** **Am** **F** **G7**  
You'll come a waltzing, Matilda, with me."  
**C** **E7** **Am** **F**  
"Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?"  
**C** **Am** **G7** **C** /  
"You'll come a waltzing, Matilda, with me."

---

**C** **G** **Am** **F**  
Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong,  
**C** **Am** **F** **G7**  
"You'll never catch me alive," said he.  
**C** **E7** **Am** **F**  
And his ghost may be heard as you're passing by that billabong.  
**C** **Am** **G7** **C**  
"You'll come a waltzing, Matilda, with me."

---

## Chorus

**C** / **F** /  
"Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,  
**C** **Am** **F** **G7**  
You'll come a waltzing, Matilda, with me."  
**C** **E7** **Am** **F**  
And his ghost may be heard as you're passing by that billabong.  
**C** **Am** **G7** **C** /  
"You'll come a waltzing, Matilda, with me."

---

*(Spookily)*

**C** **E7** **Am** **F**  
And his ghost may be heard as you're passing by that billabong.  
**C** **Am** **G7** **C** /  
"You'll come a waltzing, Matilda, with me."

# Margaritaville

By Jimmy Buffet

D  
Nibblin' on sponge cake,  
watchin' the sun bake;  
All of those tourists covered with oil. A7  
Strummin' my six string on my front porch swing.  
Smell those shrimp  
They're beginnin' to boil. D D7

## Chorus:

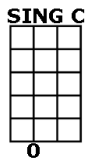
G A D D7  
Wasted away again in Margaritaville,  
G A D D7  
Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.  
G A D A G  
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,  
A7 D  
But I know it's nobody's fault.

D  
Don't know the reason,  
Stayed here all season  
With nothing to show but this brand new tattoo. A7  
But it's a real beauty,  
A Mexican cutie, how it got here  
I haven't a clue. D D7

## Chorus>

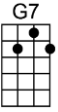

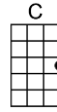
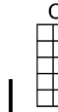
D  
I blew out my flip flop,  
Stepped on a pop top,  
Cut my heel, had to cruise on back home. A7  
But there's booze in the blender,  
And soon it will render  
That frozen concoction that helps me hang on. D D7

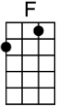
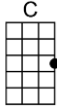
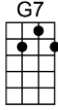
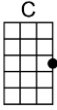
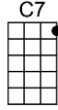
## Chorus>



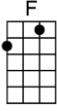
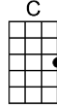
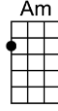
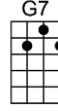
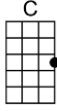
# THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND-Woody Guthrie

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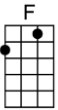
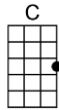
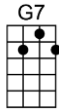
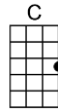
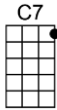
**Intro:** |  |  |  |  |

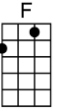

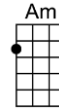
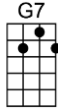
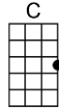
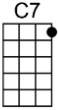
**This land is your land, this land is my land, from Cali-fornia to the New York island,**

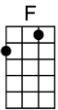
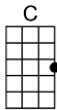
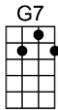
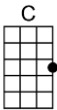
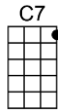
**From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream wa.....ters, this land was made for you and me.**

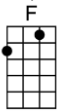
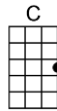
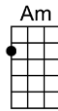
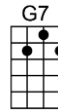
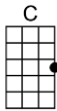
**As I was walking that ribbon of highway, I saw above me that endless skyway,**

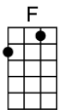
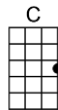
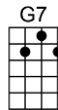
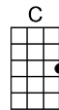
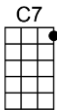
**I saw be-low me that golden val.....ley, this land was made for you and me.**

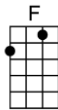
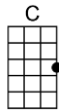
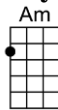
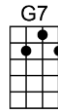
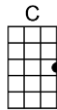
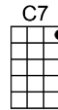
**This land is your land, this land is my land, from Cali-fornia to the New York island,**

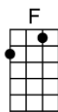
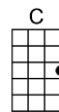
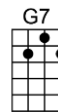
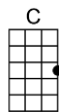
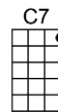
**From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream wa.....ters, this land was made for you and me.**

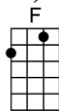
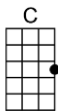
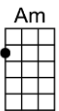
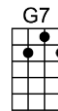
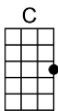
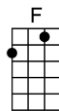
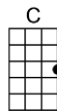
**I've roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps, to the sparkling sand of her diamond deserts,**

**And all a-round me a voice was sound....ing, this land was made for you and me.**

**This land is your land, this land is my land, from Cali-fornia to the New York island,**

**From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream wa...ters, this land was made for you and me.**

# THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND-Woody Guthrie

4/4 1234 1

Intro: | G7 | / | C | C7 |

F C G7 C C7  
This land is your land, this land is my land, from Cali-fornia to the New York island,

F C Am G7 C  
From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream wa.....ters, this land was made for you and me.

F C G7 C C7  
As I was walking that ribbon of highway, I saw above me that endless skyway,

F C Am G7 C C7  
I saw be-low me that golden val.....ley, this land was made for you and me.

F C G7 C C7  
This land is your land, this land is my land, from Cali-fornia to the New York island,

F C Am G7 C  
From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream wa.....ters, this land was made for you and me.

F C G7 C C7  
I've roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps, to the sparkling sand of her diamond deserts,

F C Am G7 C C7  
And all a-round me a voice was sound....ing, this land was made for you and me.

F C G7 C C7  
This land is your land, this land is my land, from Cali-fornia to the New York island,

F C Am G7 C F C  
From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream wa...ters, this land was made for you and me.

## Brown-Eyed Girl – Van Morrison†

[intro]

(G) (C) (G) (D) x2

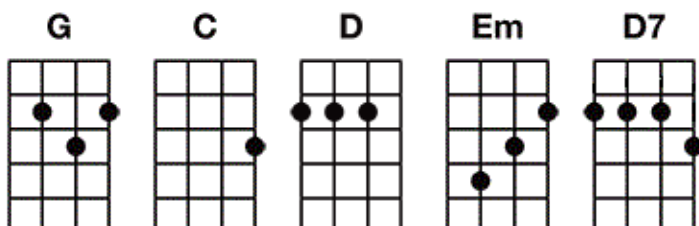
(G) Hey, where did (C)we go? (G) Days when the (D)rains came  
(G) Down in the (C)hollow (G) playin' a (D)new game  
(G) Laughing and a-(C)running, hey hey  
(G) Skipping and a-(D)jumping  
(G) In the misty (C)morning fog with  
(G) Our (D)hearts a-thumping and (C)you  
(D) My brown-eyed (G)girl (Em)  
(C) You, my (D) brown-eyed girl (G) (D7)

(G) Whatever (C)happened (G) to Tuesday and (D)so slow  
(G) Going down the (C)old mine with a... (G) transistor (D)radio  
(G) Standing in the (C)sunlight laughing  
(G) Hiding behind a (D)rainbow's wall  
(G) Slipping and a-(C)sliding (Hey hey)  
(G) All along the (D)waterfall with you (C)  
(D) My brown-eyed (G)girl (Em)  
(C) You, my (D) brown-eyed girl (G) (D7)

(D) Do you remember when... we used to (G)sing  
Sha la-la (C)la la la la (G)la la la la te (D)da  
(G) Sha la-la (C)la la la la (G)la la la la te (D)da  
La te (G)da (D)

(G) So hard to (C)find my way... (G) now that I'm all (D)on my own  
(G) I saw you just the (C)other day... (G) my... how (D)you have grown  
(G) Cast my memory (C)back there, Lord  
(G) Sometimes I'm (D)overcome thinking 'bout  
(G) Making love in the (C)green grass  
(G) Behind the (D)stadium with you (C)  
(D) My brown-eyed (G)girl (Em)  
(C) You, my (D) brown-eyed girl (G) (D7)

(D) Do you remember when... we used to (G)sing  
Sha la-la (C)la la la la (G)la la la-la te (D)da  
(G) Sha la-la (C)la la la la (G)la la la-la te (D)da  
(G) Sha la-la (C)la la la la (G)la la la-la te (D)da  
(G) Sha la-la (C)la la la la (G)la la la-la te (D) da  
La te (G)da



# I Wanna Be Like You – R. M. Sherman and R. B. Sherman

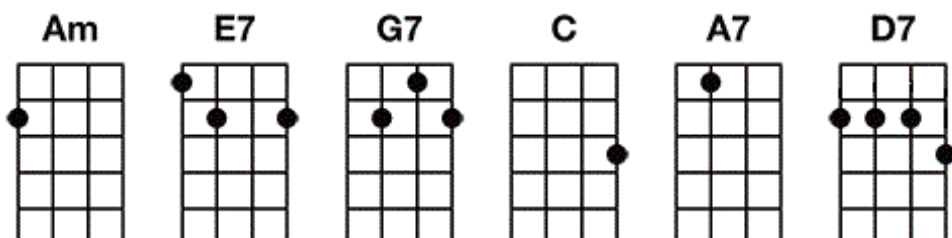
## [intro] (Am)

Now **(Am)**I'm the king of the swingers  
Oh, the jungle VI**(E7)**P  
I've reached the top and had to stop  
And that's what botherin' **(Am)**me  
I wanna be a man, mancub,  
And stroll right into **(E7)**town  
And be just like the other men  
I'm tired of monkeyin' a**(Am)**round!

**(G7)**Oh, **(C)**oo-bee-doo (oop-de-wee)  
I wanna be like **(A7)**you (hup-de-hooby-do-bah)  
I wanna **(D7)** walk like you  
**(G7)**Talk like you **(C)**too (weep-be-deeby-de-boo)  
**(G7)**You'll see it's **(C)**true (shooby-de-do)  
An ape like **(A7)**me (scooby-dooby-do-be)  
Can **(D7)**learn to be **(G7)**human **(C)**too

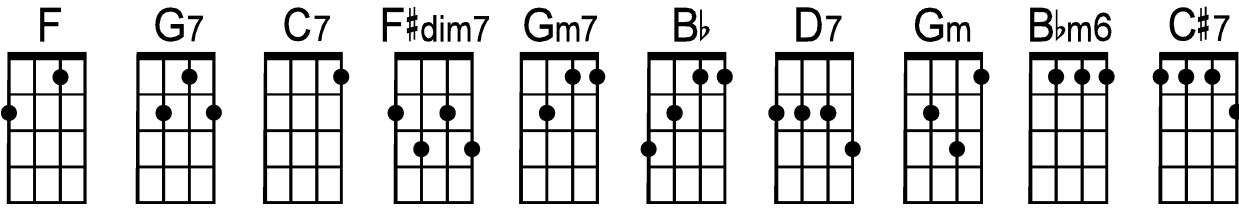
Now **(Am)**don't try to kid me mancub  
I made a deal with **(E7)**you  
What I desire is man's red fire  
To make my dream come **(Am)**true  
Give me the secret, mancub  
Clue me what to **(E7)**do  
Give me the power of man's red flower  
So I can be like **(Am)**you

**(G7)**Oh, **(C)**oo-bee-doo (oop-de-wee)  
I wanna be like **(A7)**you (hup-de-hooby-do-bah)  
I wanna **(D7)** walk like you  
**(G7)**Talk like you **(C)**too (weep-be-deeby-de-boo)  
**(G7)**You'll see it's **(C)**true (shooby-de-do)  
Someone like **(A7)**me (scooby-dooby-do-be)  
Can **(D7)**learn to be **(G7)**like someone like **(C)**me (take me home, daddy)  
Can **(D7)**learn to be **(G7)**like someone like **(C)**you (one more time)  
Can **(D7)**learn to be **(G7)**like someone like **(C)**me-eee



# By the Light of the Silvery Moon

by Gus Edwards and Edward Madden (1909)



(sing a)

By the li—ght of the silver-y moo—oon I want to spoo—oon

To my honey, I'll croon— love's— tune—

Honey-moo—oon keep a shinin' in Ju—une

Your silv'—ry beams will bring love's dreams

We'll be cuddl-ing soo—oon by the silver-y moo—oon

By the li—ght of the silver-y moo—oon  
*(not the dark, but the light) (not the sun but the moon)*

I want to spoo—oon To my honey, I'll croon— love's— tune—  
*(not croon, but spoon)*

Honey-moo—oon Keep a shinin' in Ju—une  
*(not the sun, but the moon) (not May, but June)*

Your silv'--ry beams will bring love's dreams. We'll be cuddl-ing soo—oon  
*(not later but soon)*

By the silv'—ry moo—oon  
*(not the gol—den moon)*

**San Jose Ukulele Club**

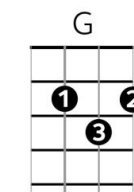
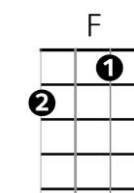
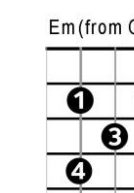
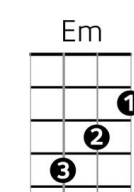
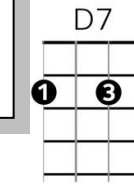
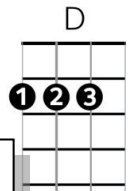
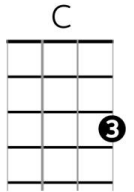
(v2 - 8/12/18)

# Country Roads – John Denver (1971)

Intro : G / / /

G / Em /  
 - - Almost heaven, - - West Virginia,  
 D / C G /  
 - - Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River.  
 G / Em /  
 - - Life is old there, older than the trees,  
 D / C G  
 Younger than the mountains, growin' like a breeze.

## Chords



## Chorus

G / D / Em / C /  
 Country roads, - - take me home, - - to the place - - I belong: - -  
 G / D / C / G /  
 West Virginia, - - mountain momma, - - take me home, - - country roads.

G / Em /  
 - - All my mem'ries, - - gather 'round her,  
 D / C G /  
 - - Miner's lady, stranger to blue water.  
 G / Em /  
 - - Dark and dusty, painted on the sky,  
 D / C G  
 Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye.

## Chorus

Em D G /  
 - I hear her voice, in the mornin' hours she calls me,  
 C G D /  
 The radio reminds me of my home far away.  
 Em F C G  
 And drivin' down the road, I get a feelin' that I should have been home  
 D / D7 /  
 Yesterday, - - Yesterday.

## Chorus

## Chorus

D / G /  
 Take me home, - - country roads.  
 D / G G-D-G{stop}  
 Take me home, - - country roads.

# FIVE FOOT TWO w. Sam Lewis, Joe Young m. Ray Henderson

4/4 1...2...1234

**C**                    **E7**                    **A7**  
Five foot two, eyes of blue, but, oh, what those five feet could do!

**D7**    **G7**    **C (A7 D7 G7)**  
Has anybody seen my gal?

**C**                    **E7**                    **A7**  
Turned up nose, turned down hose, flapper, yes sir, one of those!

**D7**    **G7**    **C**  
Has anybody seen my gal?

**E7↓↓**    **E7↓↓**            **A7↓↓**            **A7↓↓**  
Now if you run into a five foot two covered with fur,

**D7↓↓**                    **D7↓↓**                    **G7↓ STOP**  
Diamond rings, and all those things, betcha life it isn't her!

**C**                    **E7**                    **A7**  
But could she love, could she woo, could she, could she, could she Cool!

**1**    **D7**    **G7**    **C**  
Has anybody seen my gal? (REPEAT FROM BEGINNING)

**2**    **D7**    **G7**    **D7**    **G7**    **D7**    **G7**    **C (G7 C)**  
Has anybody seen my, anybody seen my, anybody seen my gal?

