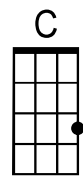


GREAT BALLS OF FIRE - JERRY LEE LEWIS

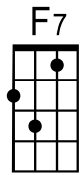
(C) You shake my nerves and you rattle my brain



(F7) Too much love drives a man insane

(G) You broke my will, (F7) but what a thrill

(C) Goodness gracious great balls of fire

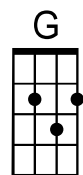


(C) I laughed at love cause I thought it was funny

(F7) You came along and you moved me honey

(G) I changed my mind, (F7) love's just fine

(C) Goodness gracious great balls of fire



(F7) Kiss me baby (C) Wooooooo it feels good

(F7) Hold me baby

(G) Girl let me love you like a lover should

(G) You're fine, so kind. I'm gone tell the world that you're mine mine mine mine.

(C) I chew my nails and I twiddle my thumb

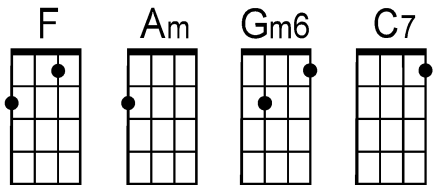
(F7) I'm real nervous but it sure is fun

(G) Come one baby, (F7) you're driving my crazy

(C) Goodness gracious great balls of fire.

Singin' In the Rain

by Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed (1929)



Intro tab:

F . . . | . . . F (hold)

A 0-----0-----

E 1---3---1---1---1---3---1---3---

C 2-----2-----

G-----

Do-doo doo doo do-doo do-doo doo do-doo doo

sing c

| F . Am . | F . Am . | F . Am . | F . Am |
 I'm sing— ing in the rain— just sing— ing in the rain—

. | F . Am . | F . Am . | Gm6 . C7 . | Gm6 . C7 |
 What a glor— i-ous feel— ing, I'm ha— ppy a— gain—

. | Gm6 . C7 . | Gm6 . C7 . | Gm6 . C7 . | Gm6 . C7 |
 I'm laugh— ing at clouds— so dark— up a— bove—

. | Gm6 . C7 . | Gm6 . C7 . | F . Am . | F . Am |
 The sun's— in my heart— and I'm rea— dy for love—

. | F . Am . | F . Am . | F . Am . | F . Am |
 Let the storm— y clouds chase— every-one— from the place—

F . Am . | F . Am . | Gm6 . C7 . | Gm6 . C7 |
 Come on with the rain— there's a smile— on my face—

. | Gm6 . C7 . | Gm6 . C7 . | Gm6 . C7 . | Gm6 . C7 |
 I walk— down the lane— with a ha— ppy re— frain—

. | Gm6 . C7 . | Gm6 . C7 . | F . . . | F \ C7 \ F |
 Just singin' just sing— ing in the rain—

Hey Good Lookin

D7 G7 C G7

Intro:

C

Hey, hey, good lookin', Whatcha got cookin'?

D7 G7 C G7

How's about cookin' somethin' up with me?

C

Hey, sweet baby, Don't you think maybe

D7 G7 C C7

We could find us a brand new recipe?

F

C

I got a hot-rod Ford and a two-dollar bill

F

C

And I know a spot right over the hill.

F

C

There's soda pop and the dancin's free,

D7

G7

So if you wanna have fun come along with me.

C

Hey, hey, good lookin', Whatcha got cookin'?

D7 G7 C G7

How's about cookin' somethin' up with me?

C

I'm free and ready, So we can go steady.

D7 G7 C G7

How's about savin' all yourtime for me?

C

No more lookin', I know I've been tooken

D7 G7 C C7

How's about keepin' steady company?

F

C

I'm gonna throw my date-book over the fence

F

C

And buy me one for five or ten cents.

F

C

I'll keep it 'til it's yellow with age

D7

G7

'Cause I'm writin' your name down on every page.

C

Say, Hey, good lookin', Whatcha got cookin'?

D7 G7 C G7 C

How's about cookin' somethin' up with me?

D7



G7



C



C7

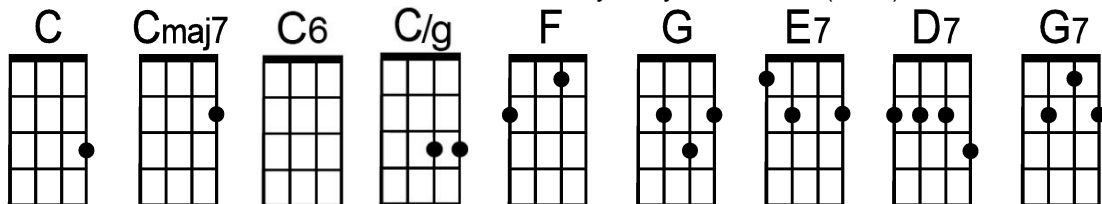


F



Mr. Bojangles

by Jerry Jeff Walker (1968)



Intro: C . . | Cmaj7 . . | C6 . . | C/g . . |

C . . | Cmaj7 . . | C6 . . | C/g . . | F .
I knew a man Bo--jangles and he danced for you--

. . | G . . | . .
in worn out-- shoes-----

. | C . . | Cmaj7 . . | C6 . . | C/g . . | F .
With silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants

. | . . | G . . | . . |
The o--old soft shoe-----

F . . | . . | C . . | E7 . . | Am . . | C6 . . |
He jumped so--o-- high----- jumped so high-----

D7 . . | . . | G . . | . . | . . | . . | . . | . . |
Then he light-ly touched down-----

Chorus:

Am . . | . . | G . . | . . | Am . . | . . | G . . | . . |
Mister Bo--o-- jan-gles--- Mister Bo--o-- jan-gles---

Am . . | . . | G . . | . . | C . . | Cmaj7 . . | C6 . . | G .
Mister Bo--o-- jan-gles--- dance-----

. | C . . | Cmaj7 . . | C6 . . | C/g . . | F . . |
I met him in a cell in New Or--leans, I was---

. . | G . . | . .
Do-own and out-----

. | C . . | Cmaj7 . . | C6 . . | C/g . . | F .
He looked to me to be----- the eyes of age---

. | . . | G . . | . . |
As he spo-oke right out-----

F . . | . . | C . . | E7 . . | Am . . | C6 . . |
He talked o--of life----- talked of life-----

D7 . . | . . | G . . | . . | . . | . . | . . | . . |
laughed, slapped his leg a step-----

. | C . . | Cmaj7 . . | C6 . . | C/g . . | F .
He said his name, Bo-jangles, then he danced a lick---

. | . . | G . . | . .
A--cro-oss the cell-----

. | C . . | Cmaj7 . . | C6 . . | C/g . . | F .
He grabbed his pants, a better stance, oh he jumped up high---

. | . . | G . . | . . |
He clicked his-- heels---

F . . | . . . | C . . . | E7 . . | Am . . | C6 . . |
He let go a laugh— let go a laugh—

D7 . . | . . . | G . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
Shook back his clothes— all a-round—

Chorus:

Am . . | . . . | G . . | . . . | Am . . | . . . | G . . | . . . |
Mister Bo-o— jan-gles— Mister Bo-o— jan-gles—

Am . . | . . . | G . . | . . . | C . . | CMaj7 . . | C6 . . | G . . |
Mister Bo-o— jan-gles— dance—

. | C . . . | CMaj7 . . . | C6 . . . | C/g . . | F . . |
He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs—

. | G . . | . . . |
Through-out— the south—

. | C . . . | CMaj7 . . . | C6 . . . | C/g . . | F . . |
He spoke with tears of fifteen years how his dog and he—

. | G . . | . . . |
Trav-eled a—bout—

F . . | . . . | C . . | E7 . . | Am . . | C6 . . |
His dog up and died— he up and died—

D7 . . | . . . | G . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
After twenty years he still grieves—

. | C . . . | CMaj7 . . . | C6 . . . | C/g . . | F . . |
He said, "I dance now at every chance in honky tonks

. | G . . | . . . |
For drinks— and tips—

. | C . . . | CMaj7 . . . | C6 . . . | C/g . . | F . . |
But most the time I spend be-hind these county bars—

. | G . . | . . . |
'cause I drinks— a bit—

F . . | . . . | C . . | E7 . . | Am . . | C6 . . |
He shook his— head— and as he shook his— head—

D7 . . | . . . | G . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
I heard someone a—ask please— Please—ease—

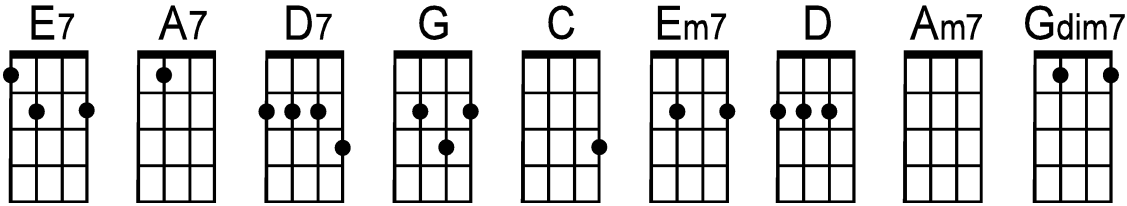
Chorus:

Am . . | . . . | G . . | . . . | Am . . | . . . | G . . | . . . |
Mister Bo-o— jan-gles— Mister Bo-o— jan-gles—

Am . . | . . . | G . . | . . . | C . . | CMaj7 . . | C6 . . | G7 . . | C\ |
Mister Bo-o— jan-gles— dance—

Swinging on a Star

By Jimmy Van Heusen & Johnny Burke, 1944



Intro: Am7 . D7 . | G . . . | Am7 . D7 . | G . . .
(sing b)

. | E7 . . . | A7 . . .
Would you like to swing on a star-----

. | D7 . . . | G . . .
Carry moon-beams home in a jar-----

. | E7 . . . | A7 . . . |
And be bet-ter off than you are-----?

D7\ --- --- --- | G . . .
Or would you rather be a Mule?

| G . C . | G . C .
A mule is an ani-mal with long fun-ny ears

| G . C . | G . Em7 .
He kicks up at any-thing he hears

| A7 . . . | D . . .
His back is brawny but his brain is weak

| Em7 . A7 . | D . D7
He's just plain stupid with a stub-born streak

. | G . C . | G . E7 . |
and by the way, if you hate to go to school

Am7 . D7 . | G . . .
You may grow up to be a mule

. | E7 . . . | A7 . . .
Or would you like to swing on a star-----

. | D7 . . . | G . . .
Carry moon-beams home in a jar-----

. | E7 . . . | A7 . . . |
And be bet-ter off than you are-----?

D7\ --- --- --- | G . . .
Or would you rather be a Pig?

| G . C . | G . C .
A pig is an ani-mal with dirt on his face---

| G . C . | G . Em7 .
His shoes are a terri-ble dis-grace

| A7 . . . | D . . .
He has no manners when he eats his food

|Em7 . A7 . |D . D7
He's fat and lazy and ex-treme-ly rude
. |G . C . |G . E7 . |
But if you don't care a feather or a fig
Am7 . D7 . |G . .
You may grow up to be a pig

. |E7 . . . |A7 . . .
Or would you like to swing on a star-----
. |D7 |G . . .
Carry moon-beams home in a jar-----
. |E7 |A7 |
And be bet-ter off than you are-----?

D7\ --- --- --- |G
Or would you rather be a fish?

|G . C . |G . C .
A fish won't do any-thing but swim in a brook
|G . C . |G . Em7 .
He can't write his name or read a book

|A7 |D
To fool the people is his on-ly thought
|Em7 . A7 . |D . D7
and though he's slippery he still gets caught

. |G . C . |G . E7 . |
But then if that sort of life is what you wish
Am7 . D7 . |G . . .
You may grow up to be a fish

. |E7 |A7
And all the mon-keys aren't in the zoo-----

. |D7 |G
Every day you meet quite a few-----

. |E7 |A7 |
So, you see, it's all up to you-----

D7 |E7 |
You can be better than you are-----

Am7 . D7 . |G\ Gdim7\ G\
You could be swingin' on a star!

"Sweet Georgia Brown"

D

No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown

G7

Two left feet, oh so neat, has Sweet Georgia Brown

C

They all sigh and want to die for Sweet Georgia Brown

F

E7

I'll tell you just why, you know I don't lie not much

D

It's been said she knocks 'em dead when she lands in town

G

Since she came why it's a shame how she cools them down

Dm Am Dm Am

Fellas she can't get must be fellas she ain't met

F

D

G

C

F

Georgia claimed her, Georgia named her Sweet Georgia Brown

D

No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia brown

G

Two left feet, oh so neat, has Sweet Georgia Brown

C

They all sigh and want to die for Sweet Georgia Brown

F

E7

I'll tell you just why, you know I don't lie not much

D

All those tips the porter slips to Sweet Georgia Brown

G

They buy clothes at fashion shows for one dollar down.

Dm Am Dm Am

Fellas, won'tcha tip your hats. Oh boy, ain't she the cats?

F

D

G

C

F

Who's that mister, tain't her sister, It's Sweet Georgia Brown.

F

D

G

C

F (2 meas) C F

Who's that mister, tain't her sister, It's Sweet Georgia Brown.

Hot Tamales, They're Red Hot

artist:Ukulele Orchestra of GB , writer:Robert Johnson

UOGB version - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Dhnxi1BX4uI>

Intro: [C] [E7] [A7] [D7] [G7] [C] (1st line)

[C] Hot Ta-[E7]-males and they're [A7] red hot, [D7] yes she [G7] got `em for [C] sale
Hot Ta-[E7]-males and they're [A7] red hot, [D7] yes she got `em for [G7] sale
[C] I got a girl, say she [C7] long and tall
She [F] sleeps in the kitchen with her [D7] feet in the hall
[C] Hot Ta-[E7]males and they're [A7] red hot,
[D7] yes she [G7] got `em for [C] sale, I [A7] mean
[D7] Yes, she [G7] got `em for [C] sale, yeah

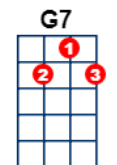
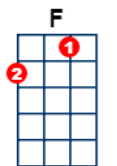
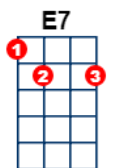
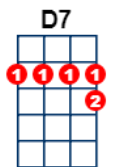
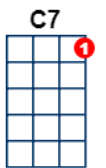
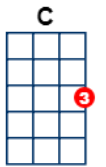
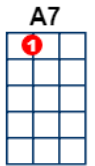
[C] Hot Ta-[E7]-males and they're [A7] red hot, [D7] yes she [G7] got `em for [C] sale
Hot Ta-[E7]-males and they're [A7] red hot, [D7] yes she got `em for [G7] sale
She got [C] two for a nickel, [C7] got four for a dime
Would [F] sell you more, but they [D7] ain't none of mine
[C] Hot Ta-[E7]-males and they're [A7] red hot,
[D7] yes she [G7] got `em for [C] sale, I [A7] mean
[D7] Yes, she [G7] got `em for [C] sale, yeah

[C] Hot Ta-[E7]-males and they're [A7] red hot, [D7] yes she [G7] got `em for [C] sale
Hot Ta-[E7]-males and they're [A7] red hot, [D7] yes she got `em for [G7] sale
(spoken: They're too hot boy!)
[C] The billy got back in a [C7] bumble bee nest
Ever [F] since that he can't [D7] take his rest, yeah
[C] Hot Ta-[E7]-males and they're [A7] red hot,
[D7] yes she [G7] got `em for [C] sale, I [A7] mean
[D7] Yes, she [G7] got `em for [C] sale, yeah

[C] Hot Ta-[E7]-males and they're [A7] red hot, [D7] yes she [G7] got `em for [C] sale
Hot Ta-[E7]-males and they're [A7] red hot, [D7] yes she got `em for [G7] sale
[C] You know grandma loves them and [C7] grandpa too
Well I [F] wonder what in the world we [D7] children gonna do, now
[C] Hot Ta-[E7]-males and they're [A7] red hot,
[D7] yes she [G7] got `em for [C] sale, I [A7] mean
[D7] Yes, she [G7] got `em for [C] sale, yeah

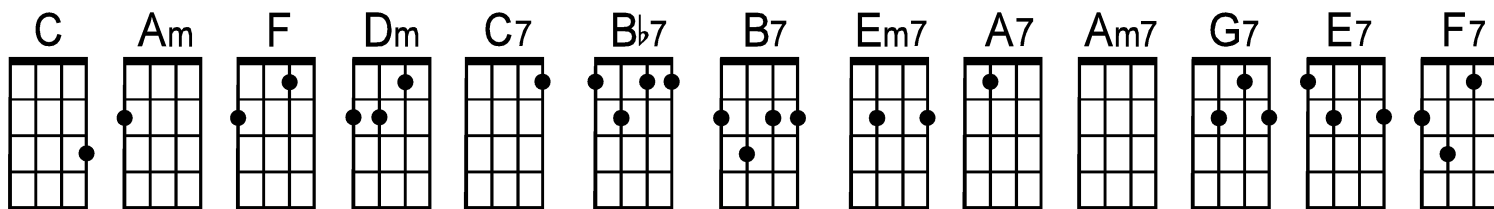
[C] Hot Ta-[E7]-males and they're [A7] red hot, [D7] yes she [G7] got `em for [C] sale
(spoken: They're too hot boy!)
Hot Ta-[E7]-males and they're [A7] red hot, [D7] yes she got `em for [G7] sale
[C] You know the monkey, the baboon [C7] playin' in the grass
Well the [F] monkey stuck his finger in that [D7] old 'Good Gulf Gas', now
[C] Hot Ta-[E7]-males and they're [A7] red hot, [D7] yes she [G7] got `em for [C] sale, I [A7] mean
[D7] Yes, she [G7] got `em for [C] sale, yeah

[C] Hot Ta-[E7]-males and they're [A7] red hot, [D7] yes she [G7] got `em for [C] sale
Hot Ta-[E7]-males and they're [A7] red hot, [D7] yes she got `em for [G7] sale
[C] I got a girl, say she [C7] long and tall
She [F] sleeps in the kitchen with her [D7] feet in the hall
[C] Hot Ta-[E7]-males and they're [A7] red hot, [D7] yes she [G7] got `em for [C] sale, I [A7] mean
[D7] Yes, she [G7] got `em for [C] sale, yeah



Moon River (Key of C)

by Henry Mancini (1960)



$\frac{3}{4}$ (waltz) time

(sing g)

C . . | **Am** . . | **F** . . | **C** . .
 Moon— Riv—er— wi— ider than a mile—

. | **F** . . | **C** . . | **Dm** . . | **E7** .
 I'm cross—ing you in style— some-day—

. | **Am** . . | **C7** . . | **F** . . | **Bb7** . .
 Old dream— mak—er— you heart— break—er—

| **Am** . . | **B7** . . | **Em7** \ **A7** \ . | **Dm** . . | **G7** . . |
 Wher-ever— you're go—in', I'm go—in' your way—

C . . | **Am** . . | **F** . . | **C** . .
 Two— drif—ters— off— to see the world—

. | **F** . . | **C** . . | **Dm** . . | **E7** .
 There's such— a lot of world— to see—

. | **Am** . . | **Am7** . . | **Am** . . | **F7** . . | **C** . . |
 We're af—ter— the same— rain-bow's end—

F . . | **C** . . | **F** . . | **C** . . |
 Waitin' 'round the bend— My huckle-berry friend—

Am . . | **Dm** . . | **G7** . . | **C** . . | . . . |
 Moon— Ri—ver— and me—

Instrumental: **C** . . | **Am** . . | **F** . . | **C** . . |

F . . | **C** . . | **Dm** . . | **E7** .

. | **Am** . . | **Am7** . . | **Am** . . | **F7** . . | **C** . . |
 We're af—ter— the same— rain-bow's end—

F . . | **C** . . | **F** . . | **C** . . |
 Waitin' 'round the bend— My huckle-berry friend—

Am . . | **Dm** . . | **G7** . . | **C** . . | **F** . . | **C** \
 Moon— Ri—ver— and me—

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?

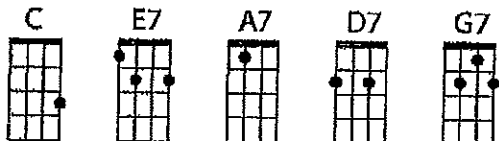
E7↓↓ **E7↓↓** **A7↓↓** **A7↓↓**
Now if you run into a five foot two covered with fur,

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?



FLOWERS ON THE WALL

Statler Brothers

[C] I keep hearin' you're concerned a-[Am]bout my happiness
But [D7] all that thought you're given me is [G7] conscience I guess
If [C] I were walkin' in your shoes I [Am] wouldn't worry none
While [D7] you and your friends are worryin' bout me
I'm [G7] havin' lots of fun

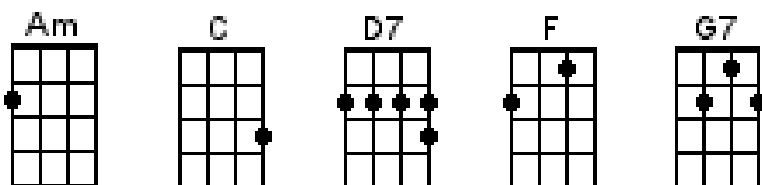
Countin' [Am] flowers on the wall that don't bother me at all /[Am]
Playin' [Am] solitaire 'til dawn with a deck of fifty-one /[Am]
Smokin' [F] cigarettes and watchin' Captain Kangaroo
Now don't tell [G7] me [G7]↓ I've nothin' to do

Last [C] night I dressed in tails pretended [Am] I was on the town
As [D7] long as I can dream it's hard to [G7] slow this swinger down
So [C] please don't give a thought to me I'm [Am] really doin' fine
[D7] You can always find me here and [G7] havin' quite a time

Countin' [Am] flowers on the wall that don't bother me at all /[Am]
Playin' [Am] solitaire 'til dawn with a deck of fifty-one /[Am]
Smokin' [F] cigarettes and watchin' Captain Kangaroo
Now don't tell [G7] me [G7]↓ I've nothin' to do

It's [C] good to see you I must go I [Am] know I look a fright
[D7] Anyway my eyes are not ac-[G7]customed to this light
[C] And my shoes are not accustomed [Am] to this hard concrete
So [D7] I must go back to my room and [G7] make my day complete

Countin' [Am] flowers on the wall that don't bother me at all /[Am]
Playin' [Am] solitaire 'til dawn with a deck of fifty-one /[Am]
Smokin' [F] cigarettes and watchin' Captain Kangaroo
Now don't tell [G7] me [G7]↓ I've nothin' to [G7] do [G7]↓
A-don't tell [G7] me [G7]↓ I've nothin' to [G7] do [G7]/[C]↓

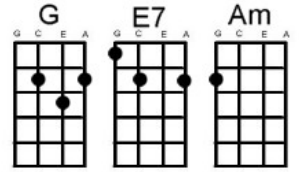


What a Day for a Daydream

Lovin' Spoonful

Hear this song at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0uagUITM43E&feature=related> (original key C)

From: Richard G's Ukulele Songbook www.scorpexuke.com



[G] What a day for a [E7] daydream

[Am] What a day for a [D7] daydreamin' boy

[G] And I'm lost in a [E7] daydream

[Am] Dreaming 'bout my [D7] bundle of joy

[C] And even if [A7] time ain't really [G] on my [E7] side

[C] it's one of those [A7] days for taking a [G] walk out [E7] side

[C] I'm blowing the [A7] day to take a [G] walk in the [E7] sun

[A7] And fall on my face on somebody's [D7] new-mown lawn

[G] I've been having a [E7] sweet dream

[Am] I've been dreaming since I [D7] woke up today

[G] It starred me and my [E7] sweet thing

[Am] Cause she's the one makes me [D7] feel this way

[C] And even if [A7] time is passing me [G] by a [E7] lot

[C] I couldn't care [A7] less about the [G] dues you say I [E7] got

[C] Tomorrow I'll [A7] pay the dues for [G] dropping my [E7] love

[A7] A pie in the face for being a [D7] sleepin' bull doag

Whistle: [G] [E7] [Am] [D7] [G] [E7] [Am] [D7]

[C] And you can be [A7] sure that if you're [G] feeling [E7] right

[C] A daydream will [A7] last along [G] into the [E7] night

[C] Tomorrow at [A7] breakfast you may [G] prick up your [E7] ears

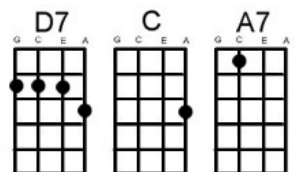
[A7] Or you may be daydreaming for a [D7] thousand years

[G] What a day for a [E7] daydream

[Am] Custom made for a [D7] daydreamin' boy

[G] And I'm lost in a [E7] daydream

[Am] Dreaming 'bout my [D7] bundle of joy



Whistle outro:

[C] [A7] [G] [E7] [C] [A7] [G] [E7] [C] [A7] [G] [E7] [A7] [D7] [G]

You Ain't Going Nowhere (Byrds version of a Bob Dylan song)

G Am
Clouds so swift, rain won't lift
C G
Gate won't close, railing's froze
G Am
Get your mind off wintertime
C G
You ain't goin' nowhere

G Am
Ooh-wee, ride me high
C G
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna
come
G Am
Oh-ho, are we gonna fly
C G
Down in the easy chair?

G Am
I don't care how many letters they sent
C G
The morning came, the morning went
G Am
Pack up your money, pick up your tent
C G
You ain't goin' nowhere

G Am
Ooh-wee, ride me high
C G
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna
come
G Am
Oh-ho, are we gonna fly
C G
Down in the easy chair?

G Am
Buy me a flute and a gun that shoots
C G
Tailgates and substitutes
G Am
Strap yourself to a tree with roots
C G
You ain't goin' nowhere

G Am
Ooh-wee, ride me high
C G
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna
come
G Am
Oh-ho, are we gonna fly
C G
Down in the easy chair?

G Am
Now Genghis Khan, he could not keep
C G
All his kings supplied with sleep
G Am
We'll climb that hill, no matter how steep
C G
When we get up to it.

G Am
Ooh-wee, ride me high
C G
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna
come
G Am
Oh-ho, are we gonna fly
C G
Down in the easy chair?