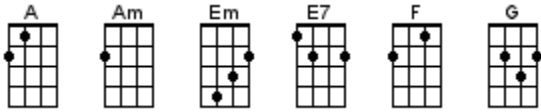


Happy Together

LEAD

Garry Bonner and Alan Gordon 1967 (recorded by The Turtles)



INTRO: / 1 2 3 4 / [Am] / [Am] / [Am] / [Am]

Imagine [Am] me and you, I do
[Am] I think about you [G] day and night, it's only right
To think about the [F] girl you love, and hold her tight
So happy to-[E7]gether / [E7] /

If I should [Am] call you up, invest a dime
And you say you be-[G]long to me, and ease my mind
Imagine how the [F] world could be, so very fine
So happy to-[E7]gether / [E7] /

CHORUS:

[A] I can't see me [Em] lovin' nobody but [A] you, for all my [G] life
[A] When you're with me [Em] baby the skies'll be [A] blue, for all my [G] life

[Am] Me and you, and you and me
No matter how they [G] toss the dice, it had to be
The only one for [F] me is you, and you for me
So happy to-[E7]gether / [E7] /

CHORUS:

[A] I can't see me [Em] lovin' nobody but [A] you, for all my [G] life
[A] When you're with me [Em] baby the skies'll be [A] blue, for all my [G] life

[Am] Me and you, and you and me
No matter how they [G] toss the dice, it had to be
The only one for [F] me is you, and you for me
So happy to-[E7]gether / [E7] /

CHORUS:

[A] Bah bah bah bah [Em] ba-ba-ba-bah ba-ba [A] bah ba-ba-ba [G] baaah
[A] Bah bah bah bah [Em] ba-ba-ba-bah ba-ba [A] bah ba-ba-ba [G] baa-[G]aaah

[Am] Me and you, and you and me
No matter how they [G] toss the dice, it had to be
The only one for [F] me is you, and you for me
So happy to-[E7]gether

[Am] So happy to-[E7]gether [Am] how is the [E7] weather
[Am] So happy to-[E7]gether [Am] we're happy to-[E7]gether
[Am] So happy to-[E7]gether [Am] happy to-[E7]gether
[Am] So happy to-[E7]gether [Am] so happy to-[E7]gether [A]↓

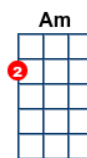
Today

artist:Bobby Goldsboro writer:Randy Sparks

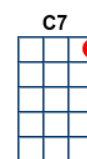
Bobby Goldsboro: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FDIDsBOcQrg>
Capo on 2nd fret

some needed changes from Caren Park

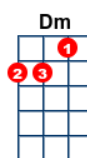
[C] Today, while the [Am] blossoms still [Dm] cling to the [G] vine
I'll [C] taste your straw-[Am]berries, I'll [Dm] drink your sweet [G] wine
A [C] million to-[C7]morrrows shall [F] all pass a-[Fm]way
[C] E'er I for-[Am]get all the [Dm] joy that is [G] mine, to-[C]day



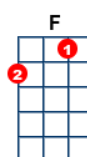
[C] I'll be a [Am] dandy and I'll [Dm] be a [G] rover
[C] You'll know who I [Am] am by the [Dm] songs that I [G] sing
I'll [C] feast at your [Am] table, I'll [Dm] sleep in your [G] clover
Who [F] cares what to-[G]morrow shall [Am] bring [G7]



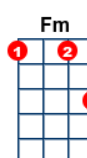
[C] Today, while the [Am] blossoms still [Dm] cling to the [G] vine
I'll [C] taste your straw-[Am]berries, I'll [Dm] drink your sweet [G] wine
A [C] million to-[C7]morrrows shall [F] all pass a-[Fm]way
[C] E'er I for-[Am]get all the [Dm] joy that is [G] mine, to-[C]day



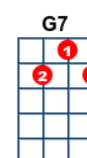
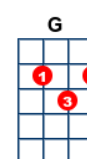
[C] I cant be con-[Am]tented with [Dm] yesterdays [G] glory
[C] I cant live on [Am] promises [Dm] winter to [G] spring
To-[C]day is my [Am] moment, [Dm] now is my [G] story
I'll [F] laugh and I'll [G] cry and I'll [C] sing [G]



[C] Today, while the [Am] blossoms still [Dm] cling to the [G] vine
I'll [C] taste your straw-[Am]berries, I'll [Dm] drink your sweet [G] wine
A [C] million to-[C7]morrrows shall [F] all pass a-[Fm]way
[C] E'er I for-[Am]get all the [Dm] joy that is [G] mine, to-[C]day

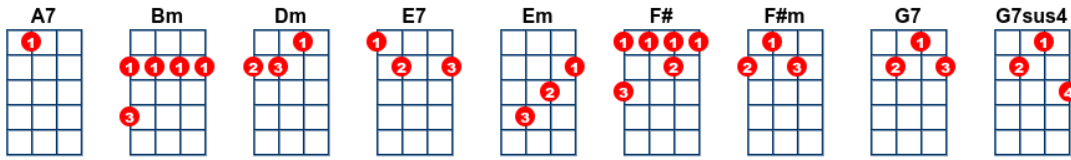


[C] Today, while the [Am] blossoms still [Dm] cling to the [G] vine
I'll [C] taste your straw-[Am]berries, I'll [Dm] drink your sweet [G] wine
A [C] million to-[C7]morrrows shall [F] all pass a-[Fm]way
[C] E'er I for-[Am]get all the [Dm] joy that is [G] mine, to-[C]day



Morning Has Broken

artist: Cat Stevens writer: Traditional



Also uses: A, Am, C, D, F, G

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=e0TInLOJuUM>

[D] [G] [A] [F#] [Bm] [G7] [C] [F] [C]

[NC] Morning has [C] bro-[Dm]ken
[G] Like the first [F] mor-[C]ning
Blackbird has [Em] spo-[Am]ken [D] like the first [G] bird [G7]
Praise for the [C] sing-[F]ing [C] praise for the [Am] mor-[D]ning
[G] Praise for them [C] sprin-[F]ging [G7] fresh from the [C] world

[F] [G] [E7] [Am] [G] [C] [G7sus4]

[NC] Sweet the rain's [C] new [Dm] fall
[G] Sunlit from [F] hea-[C]ven
Like the first [Em] dew [Am] fall [D] on the first [G] grass [G7]
Praise for the [C] sweet-[F]ness [C] of the wet [Am] gar-[D]den
[G] Sprung in comp-[C]lete-[F]ness [G7] where his feet [C] pass

[F] [G] [E7] [Am] [F#] [Bm] [G] [D] [A7] [D]

[NC] Mine is the [D] sun-[Em]light [A] mine is the [G] mor-[D]ning
Born of the [F#m] one [Bm] light [E7] Eden saw [A] play [A7]
Praise with e-[D]la-[G]tion [D] praise every [Bm] mor-[E7]ning
[A] God's recre-[D]a-[G]tion [A7] of the new [D] day

[G] [A] [F#] [Bm] [G7] [C] [F] [C]

[NC] Morning has [C] bro-[Dm]ken
[G] Like the first [F] mor-[C]ning
Blackbird has [Em] spo-[Am]ken [D] like the first [G] bird [G7]
Praise for the [C] sin-[F]ging [C] praise for the [Am] mor-[D]ning
[G] Praise for them [C] spring-[F]ing [G7] fresh from the [C] world

[F] [G] [E7] [Am] [F#] [Bm] [G] [D] [A7] [D]

The Letter – The Boxtops

[no intro]

(Am) Gimme a ticket for an (F) aeroplane
(C) Ain't got time to take a (D7) fast train (Am) Lonely days
are gone... (F) I'm a-goin' home
My (E7) baby just-a wrote me a (Am) letter

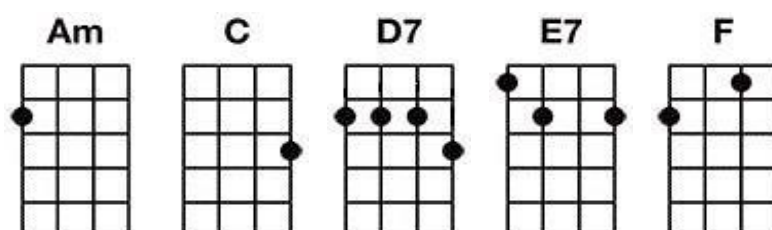
I (Am) don't care how much money I (F) gotta spend
(C) Got to get back to (D7) baby again
(Am) Lonely days are gone... (F) I'm a-goin' home
My (E7) baby just-a wrote me a (Am) letter

Well, she (C) wrote me a (G) letter
Said she (F) couldn't (C) live with (G) out me no more
(C) Listen mister, (G) can't you see I (F) got to get (C) back To
my (G) baby once-a more (E7) Any way, yeah!

(Am) Gimme a ticket for an (F) aeroplane
(C) Ain't got time to take a (D7) fast train (Am) Lonely days
are gone... (F) I'm a-goin' home
My (E7) baby just-a wrote me a (Am) letter

Well, she (C) wrote me a (G) letter
Said she (F) couldn't (C) live with (G) out me no more
(C) Listen mister, (G) can't you see I (F) got to get (C) back To
my (G) baby once-a more (E7) Any way, yeah!

(Am) Gimme a ticket for an (F) aeroplane
(C) Ain't got time to take a (D7) fast train (Am) Lonely days
are gone... (F) I'm a-goin' home
My (E7) baby just-a wrote me a (Am) letter
My (E7) baby just-a wrote me a (Am) letter My (E7) baby
just-a wrote me a (Am) letter





King of the Road

Performance tips; special instructions.

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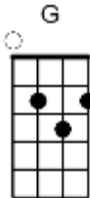
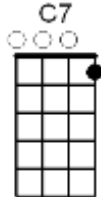
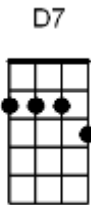
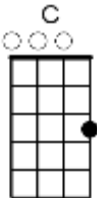
Intro = [G] [D7] [G]

[G] Trailer for [C] sale or rent
[D7] Rooms to let... [G] fifty cents.
No phone, no [C] pool, no pets
I [D7] ain't got no cigarettes
Ah, but [G] two hour of [C] pushin' broom
Buys an [D7] eight by twelve [G] four-bit room
I'm a [C7] man of [C] means by no means
[D7] King of the [G] road.

[G] Third boxcar, [C] midnight train
[D7] Destination [G] Bangor, Maine.
Old worn out [C] suits and shoes,
I [D7] don't pay no union dues,
I smoke [G] stogies [C] I have found
[D7] Short, but not too [G] big around
I'm a [C7] man of [C] means by no means
[D7] King of the [G] road.

I know [G] every engineer on [C] every train
[D7] All of their children, and [G] all of their names
And [G] every handout in [C] every town
And [D7] every lock that ain't locked when no one's around.

I sing [G] Trailer for [C] sale or rent
[D7] Rooms to let... [G] fifty cents.
No phone, no [C] pool, no pets
I [D7] ain't got no cigarettes
Ah, but.. [G] two hour of [C] pushin' broom
Buys an [D7] eight by twelve [G] four-bit room
I'm a [C7] man of [C] means by no means
[D7] King of the [G] road.
[D7] King of the [G] road.
[D7] King of the [G] road.



(Sittin' on the) Dock of the Bay – Otis Redding

[intro] (G)

(G)Sittin' in the morning (B7)sun
I'll be (C)sittin' when the evenin' (A)comes
(G)Watching the ships roll (B7)in
And I (C)watch 'em roll away a(A)gain

(G)Sitting on the dock of the (E7)bay
Watching the (G)tide roll a(E7)way
I'm just (G)sittin' on the dock of the (A)bay
Wastin' (G)time (E7)

I (G)left my home in (B7)Georgia
(C)Headed for the 'Frisco (A)bay
'Cause (G)I had nothin to (B7)live for
And look like (C)nothing's gonna come my (A)way

So I'm just gonna...

(G)Sit on the dock of the (E7)bay
Watching the (G)tide roll a(E7)way
I'm (G)sittin' on the dock of the (A)bay
Wastin' (G)time (E7)

(G)Look (D)like (C)nothing's gonna change
(G)E-e-(D)-verything (C)still remains the same
(G) (D)I can't (D)do what (C)ten people tell me (G)to do
(F) So I guess I'll re(D)main the same

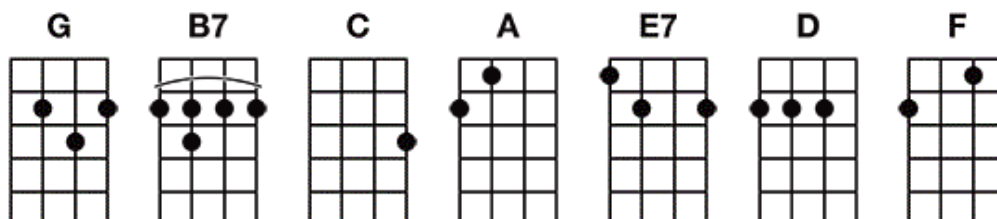
(G)Sittin' here resting my (B7)bones
And this (C)loneliness won't leave me (A)alone
It's (G)two thousand miles I (B7)roamed
Just to (C)make this dock my (A)home

Now, I'm just...

(G)Sittin' on the dock of the (E7)bay
Watching the (G)tide roll a(E7)way
(G)Sittin' on the dock of the (A)bay
Wasting (G)time (E7)

[whistling to fade]

(G) (G) (G) (E7)



"Love Potion No. 9"
as performed by The Searchers
Meet the Searchers, 1963
arranged for UFC of CoMO

Am **Dm**
I took my troubles down to Madame Ruth
Am **Dm**
You know that gypsy with the gold-capped tooth
C **G** **C** **Am**
She's got a pad down at 34th and Vine
Dm **E7** **Am**
Sellin' little bottles of Love Potion No. 9

Am **Dm**
I told her that I was a flop with chicks
Am **Dm**
I'd been this way since 1956
C **G** **C** **Am**
She looked at my palm and she made a magic sign
Dm **E7** **Am**
She said, "What you need is Love Potion No. 9"

Dm
She bent down and turned around and gave me a wink
B7
She said "I'm gonna make it up right here in the sink"
Dm
It smelled like turpentine and looked like India ink
E7
I held my nose, I closed my eyes - I took a drink

Am **Dm**
I didn't know if it was day or night
Am **Dm**
I started kissin' everything in sight
C **G** **C** **Am**
But when I kissed the cop down at 34th and Vine
Dm **E7** **Am**
He broke my little bottle of Love Potion No. 9

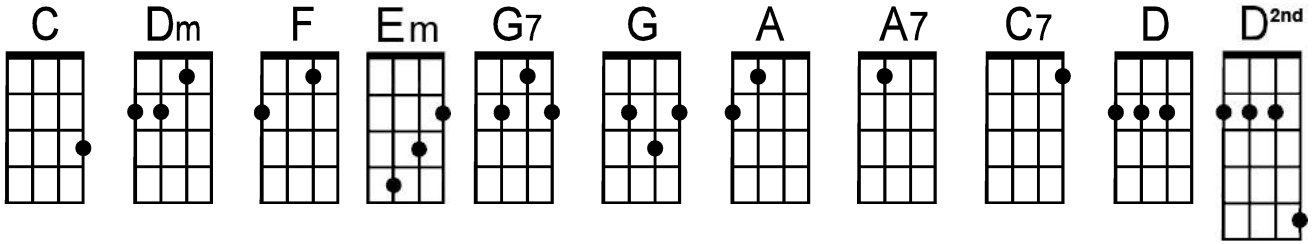
Dm B7 Dm
E7
I held my nose, I close my eyes - I took a drink

Am **Dm**
I didn't know if it was day or night
Am **Dm**
I started kissin' everything in sight
 C **G** **C** **Am**
But when I kissed the cop down at 34th and Vine
 Dm **E7** **Am**
He broke my little bottle of Love Potion No. 9

Dm **Am**
Love Potion No. 9
Dm **Am**
Love Potion No. 9
Dm (once) **Am**
Love Potion No. Ni-i-i-i-ine

Crazy

by Willie Nelson



Intro: C . . . | Dm . . . | F . Em . | Dm . G7 .
 (oo oo oo oo)

(sing d e g)

| C . . . | A . . . | Dm . . . | . . .
 I'm cra-zy— cra-zy for feel-in' so lone-ly—
 . | G . . . | G7 . . . | C . A7 . | Dm . G7 . |
 I'm cra-zy— cra-zy for feel-in' so blue—
 C . . . | A . . . | Dm . . . | . . .
 I knew— you'd love me— as long— as you want-ed—
 . | G . . . | G7 . . . | C . F . | C . C7 . |
 and then some-day— you'd leave me— for some— body new—

Bridge: F . . . | . . . | C . . . | C^{A-2-3-4} . . . |
 Worr-y— why— do I let my— self worr-y—?
 D^{2nd} . . . | . . . | D7 . . . | G . F . | G7 . . .
 Wond'rin'— what— in the world— did I do—?
 | C . . . | A . . . | Dm . . . | . . .
 I'm cra-zy— for thinkin'— that my love— could hold you—
 | F . Em . | Dm . A7 . | F . G . | C . . . |
 I'm cra-zy— for try-in'— and cra-zy— for cry-in'— and I'm cra-zy— for lov—in' you—

Instrumental: C . . . | A . . . | Dm . . . | . . . |
 G . . . | G7 . . . | C . A7 . | Dm . G7 . |
 C . . . | A . . . | Dm . . . | . . . |
 G . . . | G7 . . . | C . F . | C . C7 . |

Bridge: F . . . | . . . | C . . . | C^{A-2-3-4} . . . |
 Worr-y— why— do I let my— self worr-y—?
 D^{2nd} . . . | . . . | D7 . . . | G . F . | G7 . . .
 Wond'rin'— what— in the world— did I do—?
 | C . . . | A . . . | Dm . . . | . . .
 I'm cra-zy— for thinkin'— that my love— could hold you—

(Slower) . | F\ --- Em\ --- | Dm\ --- A7\ ---
 I'm cra-zy— for tryin'— and crazy— for cryin'—
 | F\ --- G\ --- | C\
 and I'm cra— zy— for lov— in'— you—

“There’s a Kind of Hush”

Herman’s Hermits

There’s a Kind of Hush All Over the World, 1967

Arranged for UFC of CoMO

C E7 Am C7
There's a kind of hush all over the world tonight.

F G7 C
All over the world you can hear the sounds of lovers in love,
G7

You know what I mean.

C E7 Am C7
Just the two of us and nobody else in sight.

F G7 C
There's nobody else and I'm feeling good just holding you tight.

F Dm Am Dm G C G
So listen very carefully. Closer now and you will see what I mean. It isn't a dream.

F Dm Am Dm G
The only sound that you will hear is when I whisper in your ear I love you
G7

Forever and ever.

C E7 Am C7
There's a kind of hush all over the world tonight.

F G7 C G7
All over the world you can hear the sounds of lovers in love

C E7 Am C7
La-la-la-la-la-la-la, La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la

F G7 C
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, La-la-la-la-la

F Dm Am Dm G C G
So listen very carefully. Closer now and you will see what I mean. It isn't a dream.

F Dm Am Dm G
The only sound that you will hear is when I whisper in your ear I love you
G7

Forever and ever.

C E7 Am C7
There's a kind of hush all over the world tonight.

F G7 C G7
All over the world you can hear the sounds of lovers in love.

C G7 C
Yeah, they're fallin' in love. Yeah, they're fallin' in love.

Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For

By U2

C

I have climbed highest mountain

I have run through the fields

Only to be with you, only to be with you

C

I have run, I have crawled

I have scaled these city walls

These city walls, only to be with you

Chorus:

But I still haven't found what I'm looking for

But I still haven't found what I'm looking for

C

I have kissed honey lips

Felt the healing in her fingertips

It burned like fire, this burning desire

C

I have spoke with the tongue of angels

I have held the hand of a devil

It was warm in the night, I was cold as a stone

Chorus>

C

I believe in the kingdom come

Then all the colors will bleed into one

Bleed into one, well yes I'm still running

C

You broke the bonds and you loosed the chains

Carried the cross of my shame

Of my shame, you know I believed it

Chorus> x2

Margaritaville - Jimmy Buffet

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

Chorus

G A D D7
Wastin 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,
A D
But I know it's nobody's fault.
(Now I think, Hell it could be my fault.)
(But I know, it's my own damn fault.)

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

G A D A G
Yes, and some people claim that there's a woman to blame
A D
And I know it's my own damn fault.

Marvellous Toy

Intro 4 Bars of "C"

C G7 C F
When I was just a wee little lad full of health and joy
F C D G7
My father homeward came one night and gave to me a toy
C G7 C F
A wonder to behold it was with many colours bright
F C D7 G7
And the moment I laid eyes on it, it became my hearts delight

Chorus:

C // G7 // C F
It went zip when it moved, bop when it stopped and whir when it stood still
F C G7 C
I never knew just what it was and I guess I never will

C G7 C F
The first time that I picked it up I got a big surprise
F C D G7
For right on the bottom were two big buttons that looked like big green eyes
C G7 C F
I first pushed one, then the other, then I twisted its lid
F C D7 G7
And when I put it down again, here is what it did.

Chorus

C G7 C F
It first marched left, then marched right, then marched under a chair.
F C D G7
And when I looked where it had gone, it wasn't even there
C G7 C F
I started to cry, but my daddy laughed for he knew that I would find
F C D7 G7
When I looked around, my marvellous toy, just a'chugging from behind.

Chorus

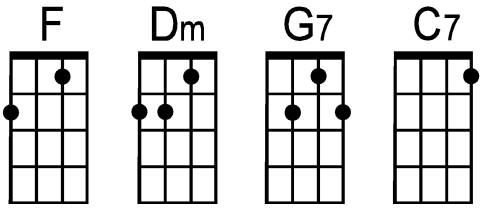
C G7 C F
Well, the years have gone by too swiftly it seems, I have my own little boy
F C D G7
And yesterday, I gave to him my marvellous little toy.
C G7 C F
His eyes nearly popped right out of his head, he gave a squeal of glee
F C D7 G7
Neither one of us knows just what it is, but he loves it just like me

Chorus

Repeat last line to end song

Ragtime Cowboy Joe

by Lewis Muir & Maurice Abrahams (1912)



Intro: F . Dm . | F . Dm . | F . Dm . | F\

(sing c)

He al-ways sings— raggy music to his cattle as he swings—
back and forward in his saddle on his horse— that is synco-pated gaited.

And there's such a funny meter to the roar of his re-peater

How they run— when they hear that feller's gun, be-cause the

West-ern folks all know— He's a hi-fa-lootin', rootin'-tootin'

Son-of-a-gun from Ari--zona, Rag-time Cow-boy Joe—

F . Dm . | F . Dm .
Out in Ari-zona where the bad men are—

| F . Dm . | G7 . C7 .
the only friend to guide you is an Eve-ning star—

| F . Dm . | F . Dm . |
The rough-est, tough-est man by far is

G7 . C7 . | F . . . |
Rag-time Cow-boy Joe—

F . Dm . | F . Dm . |
Got his name from sing-ing to the cows and sheep

F . Dm . | G7 . C7 . |
Ev'ry night they say he sings the herd to sleep

F . Dm . | F . Dm . | G7 . . . | C . . . | C7\
In a bass so rich and deep, croon-in' soft and low—

-----(Tacit)----- |F | |G7
 He al-- ways sings, raggy music to his cattle as he swings
 | |C7 |
 back and forward in his saddle on his horse that is synco-pated gaited.
 |F |G7 C7
 And there's such a funny meter to the roar of his re-peater.
 |F | | |
 How they run, when they hear that feller's gun, be-cause the
 G7 | |Dm |
 West-ern folks all know----- He's a hi-fa-lootin', rootin'-tootin'
 |F C7 |
 Son-of-a-gun from Ari-- zona, He's some cowboy --
 F C7 |F C7 |F\ C7\ F\
 Talk a-bout your cowboy -- Rag-time Cow-boy Joe.