

"A White Sport Coat (and a Pink Carnation)"

Marty Robbins, 1957

arranged for UFC of CoMO

C Dm G

C **Dm** **G**
A white sport coat and a pink carnation
F **G** **C**
I'm all dressed up for the dance.

Dm **G**
A white sport coat and a pink carnation
F **G** **C**
I'm all alone in romance.

G **C**
Once you told me long ago, to the prom with me you'd go,
D7 **G** **G7**
Now you've changed your mind it seems, someone else will hold my dreams.

C **Dm** **G**
A white sport coat and a pink carnation
F **G** **C**
And in a blue, blue mood

C **Dm** **G**
A white sport coat and a pink carnation
F **G** **C**
I'm all dressed up for the dance.

Dm **G**
A white sport coat and a pink carnation
F **G** **C**
I'm all alone in romance.

G **C**
Once you told me long ago, to the prom with me you'd go,
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Now you've changed your mind it seems, someone else will hold my dreams.

C **Dm** **G**
A white sport coat and a pink carnation
F **G** **C**
And in a blue, blue mood

When I'm Sixty-Four by The Beatles (1967).

Words and Lyrics: Paul McCartney and John Lennon

Intro: C F G C

[C] When I get older, losing my hair, many years from **[G7]** now,
Will you still be sending me a Valentine?
Birthday greetings, **[C]** bottle of wine?
If I'd been out 'til quarter to three
[C7] Would you lock the **[F]** door?
Will you still **[Fm]** need me, **[C]** will you still **[A]** feed me,
[D] When I'm **[G7]** sixty- **[C]** four?

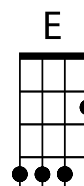
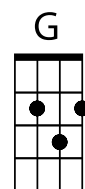
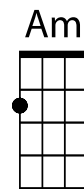
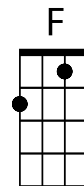
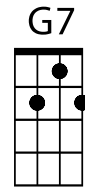
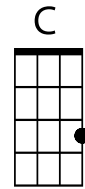
[Am] [G] [Am]

[Am] You'll be older, **[E]** too
[Am] And if you **[Dm]** say the word,
[F] I could **[G]** stay with **[C]** you **[G]**

[C] I could be handy mending a fuse, when your lights have **[G7]** gone.
You can knit a sweater by the fireside,
Sunday mornings **[C]** go for a ride.
Doing the garden, digging the weeds,
[C7] Who could ask for **[F]** more?
Will you still **[Fm]** need me, **[C]** will you still **[A]** feed me,
[D] When I'm **[G7]** sixty- **[C]** four?

[Am] Ev'ry summer we could rent a cottage in the Isle of **[G]** Wight,
If it's not too **[Am]** dear
[Am] We shall scrimp and **[E]** save
[Am] Grandchildren **[Dm]** on your knee
[F] Vera, **[G]** Chuck and **[C]** Dave **[G]**

[C] Send me a post-card, drop me a line,
stating point of **[G7]** view .
Indicate precisely what you mean to say,
Yours sincerely **[C]** wasting away
Give me your answer fill in a form,
[C7] Mine forever **[F]** more
Will you still **[Fm]** need me, **[C]** will you still **[A]** feed me,
[D] When I'm **[G7]** sixty- **[C]** four?



F

Stupid Cupid – Neil Sedaka, Connie Francis (1958)

Intro : D G D G

G / / G7
 - Stupid Cupid you're a real mean guy, - I'd like to clip your wings, so you can't fly
 C / G /
 - I'm in love and it's a crying shame, - and I know that you're the one to blame.
 D C G{pause} D - G -
 - Hey, hey, set me free, - Stupid Cupid, stop picking on me.

G /
 I can't do my homework and I can't think straight,
 / G7
 I meet him every morning 'bout a half past eight.
 C / G /
 - I'm acting like a lovesick fool, he even got me carrying his books to school.
 D C G{pause} D - G -
 - Hey, hey, set me free, - Stupid Cupid, stop picking on me.

Bridge

C / G /
 - You mixed me up but good, right from the very start,
 C / A{pause} - A{pause} - D{pause} - D7{pause} -
 - Hey, go play Robin Hood with somebody else's hea - a - art...

G /
 - You've got me jumping like a crazy clown,
 / G7
 - and I don't feature what you're putting down.
 C / G /
 - Since I kissed his lovin' lips of wine, the thing that bothers me is that I like it fine.
 D C G{pause} D - G -
 - Hey, hey, set me free, - Stupid Cupid, stop picking on me.

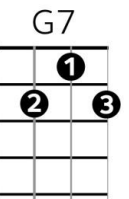
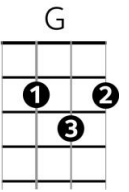
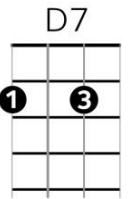
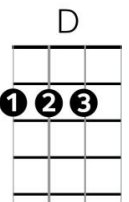
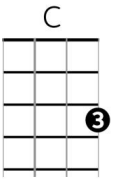
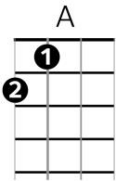
Instrumental : C / G / C / A D

G /
 - You've got me jumping like a crazy clown,
 / G7
 - and I don't feature what you're putting down.
 C / G /
 - Since I kissed his lovin' lips of wine, the thing that bothers me is that I like it fine.
 D C G{pause} D - G -
 - Hey, hey, set me free, - Stupid Cupid, stop picking on me.

D C G{pause} D - G -
 - Hey, hey, set me free, - Stupid Cupid, stop picking on me.

G - - - G - - - G - - - G - - - G - - -
 Stupid Cupid! Stupid Cupid! **{Men only}**
 G - - - G - - - G - - - G{stop}
 Stupid Cupid! Stupid Cupid!

Chords



Power Of Love - Lewis, The

artist:Huey Lewis , writer:Huey Lewis, Chris Hayes, Johnny Colla

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ctAAx51gJCc>

[C] [Em] [F] [G] [C] [Em] [F] [G]
[Cm7] [F] [Cm7] [F] [Bb] [F]

The [Cm7] power of love is a [F] curious thing
[Cm7] Make a one man weep, make a-[F] nother man sing
[Cm7] Change a heart to a [F] ittle white dove
[Cm7] More than a feeling, [F] that's the power of love

[Cm7] [F] [Bb] [F]

[Cm7] Tougher than [F] diamonds, rich like cream
[Cm7] Stronger and [F] harder than a bad girls dream
[Cm7] Make a bad one [F] good, mmm make a wrong right
[Cm7] Power of love will [F] keep you home at night

[C] Don't need [Em] money, [F] don't take [G] fame
[C] Don't need no [Em] credit [F] card to ride this [G] train
[C] It's strong and it's [Em] sudden and it's [F] cruel some-[G] times
But it [Bb] might just [F] save your [G] life

That's the power of [Cm7] love [F]
That's the [Cm7] power of love [F] [Bb] [F]

[Cm7] First time you feel it [F] might make you sad
[Cm7] Next time you feel it [F] might make you mad
[Cm7] But you'll be glad baby [F] when you've found
[Cm7] That's the power that makes [F] the world go round

[C] Don't need [Em] money, [F] don't take [G] fame
[C] Don't need no [Em] credit [F] card to ride this [G] train
[C] It's strong and it's [Em] sudden and it's [F] cruel some-[G] times
But it [Bb] might just [F] save your [G] life

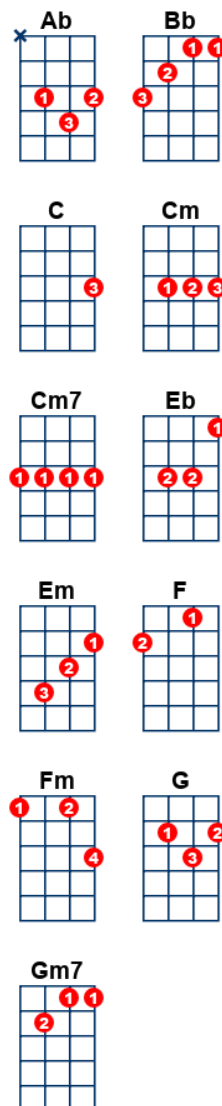
[Eb] They say that [G] all in love is [Cm] fair, yeah but [Fm] you don't care
[Ab] But you know [Gm7] what to do, [Fm] when it gets [Gm7] hold of you
[Ab] And with a little [G] help from above

To feel the [Cm7] power of [F] love, that's the [Cm7] power of [F] love
[Cm7] HEY! [F] , Can you feel [Cm7] it?! [F]

[Cm7] [F] x16

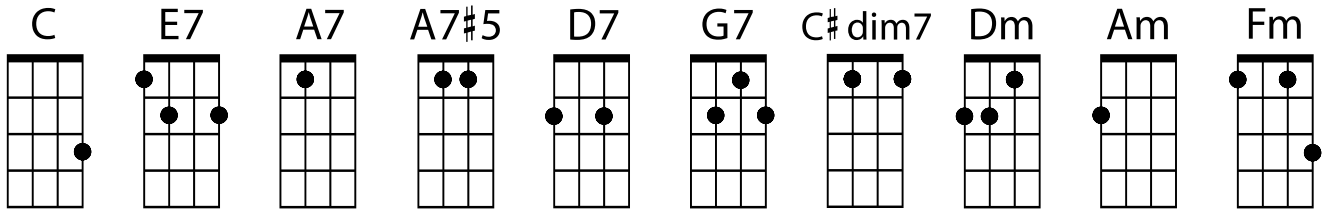
[C] Don't need [Em] money, [F] don't take [G] fame
[C] Don't need no [Em] credit [F] card to ride this [G] train
[C] Tougher than [Em] diamonds and [F] stronger than [G] steel
[C] You won't feel [Em] nothin [F] till you [G] feel
[C] You feel the [Em] power, [F] feel the power of [G] love
[C] That's the [Em] power, [F] that's the power of [G] love

[C] [Em] [F] You feel the power of [G] love x5



Ain't She Sweet?

by Milton Ager and Jack Yellen (1927)



Intro: C . E7 . | A7 . A⁷⁺⁵ | D7 . G7 . | C . G7 . |

C . C#dim . | Dm . G7 . | C . C#dim . | Dm . G7
Ain't she sweet? See her com-in' down the street.

. | C . E7 . | A7 . A⁷⁺⁵ . | D7 . G7 . | C . . G7\ |
Now I ask you ve-ry con-fi-dential-ly, Ain't she sweet?

C . C#dim . | Dm . G7 . | C . C#dim . | Dm . G7
Ain't she nice? Look her ov-er once or twice

. | C . E7 . | A7 . A⁷⁺⁵ . | D7 . G7 . | C
Now I ask you ve-ry con-fi-dential-ly, Ain't she nice?

Bridge: . . . | Fm . . . | . . . | C . . . |
Just cast an eye_____ in her di-rec-tion---

. . . | Fm . . . | . . . | C . . . | Dm . G7 . |
Oh, me, oh, my_____ Ain't that per-fec-tion--?

C . C#dim . | Dm . G7 . | C . C#dim . | Dm . G7
I re-peat, Don't you think that's kind of neat?

. | C . E7 . | A7 . A⁷⁺⁵ . | D7 . G7 . | C . . G7\ |
Now I ask you ve-ry con-fi-dential-ly, Ain't she sweet?

Instrumental verse: C . C#dim . | Dm . G7 . | C . C#dim . | Dm . G7 . |
(with kazoo) C . E7 . | A7 . A⁷⁺⁵ . | D7 . G7 . | C

Bridge: . . . | Fm . . . | . . . | C . . . |
Just cast an eye_____ in her di-rec-tion---

. . . | Fm . . . | . . . | C . . . | Dm . G7 . |
Oh, me, oh, my_____ Ain't that per-fec-tion--?

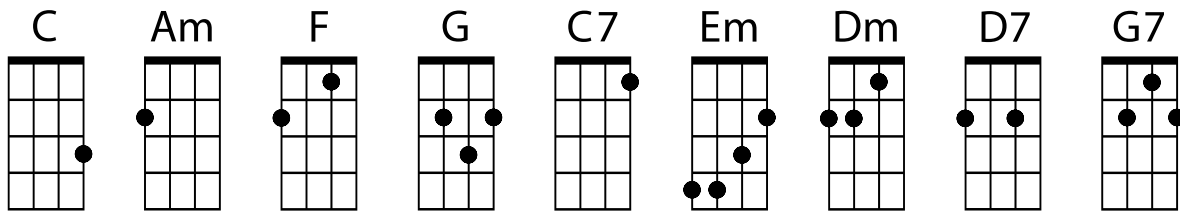
C . C#dim . | Dm . G7 . | C . C#dim . | Dm . G7
I re-peat, Don't you think that's kind of neat?

. | C . E7 . | A7 . A⁷⁺⁵ . | D7 . G7 . | C . . G7\ |
Now I ask you ve-ry con-fi-dential-ly, Ain't she sweet?

. | C . E7 . | A7 . A⁷⁺⁵ . | D7 . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . | C\ G7\ C\
Now I ask you ve-ry con-fi-den-tial-ly, Ain't she sweeeeeeeet?

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.

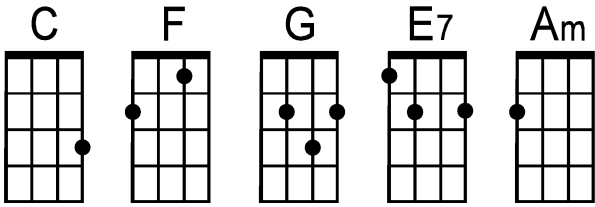
G7\ | C . Am . | F . G . | C . Am . | F . G .
 I need you so, ----- that I could di-ie, I love you so, ----- and that is why-y
 | C . Am . | F . G . | C . F . | C . C7 . |
 When-ever I want you all I have to do is dre-e-e-e-e---e-e-am

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-----)

Hello, Mary Lou

by Gene Pitney (1961)



Well, hel-lo, Mary Lou— goodbye heart Sweet Mary Lou, I'm so in love with you—

I knew Mary Lou— we'd never part. So hel-lo, Mary Lou, goodbye heart—

You passed me by one sunny day. Flashed those big brown eyes my way

And, ooh, I wanted you for-ever more— Now I'm not one that gets a-round

I swear my feet stuck to the ground and though I never did meet you be-fore—

Well, hel-lo, Mary Lou— goodbye heart Sweet Mary Lou, I'm so in love with you—

I knew Mary Lou— we'd never part. So hel-lo, Mary Lou, goodbye heart—

I saw your lips, I heard your voice, be-lieve me, I just had no choice

Wild horses couldn't make me stay a-way— I thought a-bout a moonlit night

My arms a-round you good and tight, that's all I had to see for me to say—

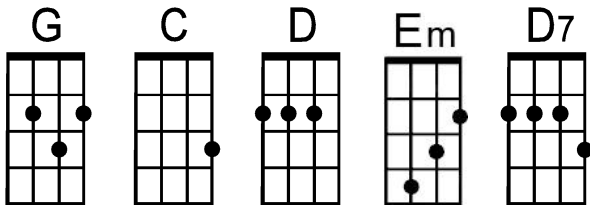
Hey, hey hel-lo, Mary Lou— goodbye heart Sweet Mary Lou, I'm so in love with you—

I knew Mary Lou— we'd never part. So hel-lo, Mary Lou, goodbye heart—

So hel-lo Mary Lou, goodbye heart—

Brown-Eyed Girl

by Van Morrison (1967)



Intro: chords and riff: **play twice**

G . . . | C . . . | G . . . | D . . . |
 A—2—3—5—3—2—7—9—10—9—7—2—3—5—3—2—0—0—
 E—3—5—7—5—3—8—10—12—10—8—3—5—7—5—3—2—2—3—2—

(sing d)

G . . . | C . . . | G . . . | D . . . |
 Hey, where did we go----- days when the rains came---
 G . . . | C . . . | G . . . | D . . . |
 Down in the ho-llow----- playin' a new game-----
 G . . . | C . . . | G . . . | D . . . |
 Laughin' and a run-nin' (hey, hey) skippin' and a jumpin'-----
 G . . . | C . . . | G . . . | D . . . |
 In the mis--- ty morn-ing fog with our hearts a thumpin'-----

. | C . . . | D . . . | G . . . | Em . . . |
 And you----- my brown-eyed- girl-----
 C . . . | D . . . | G . . . | D7 . . . |
 You--- my--- y--- brown-eyed--- girl-----

G . . . | C . . . | G . . . | D . . . |
 Whatever hap-pened--- to Tuesday and So Slow---
 G . . . | C . . . | G . . . | D . . . |
 Goin' down to the old mine--- with a tran-- sis- tor ra--- di--- o
 G . . . | C . . . | G . . . | D . . . |
 Standin' in the sun-light- laugh-in' Hidin' be-hind a rainbow's--- wall---
 G . . . | C . . . | G . . . | D . . . |
 Slippin' and a slid-- in' All a-long--- the water--- fall

. | C . . . | D . . . | G . . . | Em . . . |
 With you----- my brown-eyed- girl-----
 C . . . | D . . . | G . . . | D7 . . . |
 You--- my--- y--- brown-eyed--- girl-----

D7 . . . | . . . | . . . | G
 Do you re-mem-ber when----- we used to sing

. | C . . . | G . . . | D . . . |
 Sha la la LA la la LA la la-tee-da-----

G . . . | C . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G \ . . . | . . . |
 Sha la la LA la la LA la la-tee-da----- la-tee da-----

G . . . | C . . . | G . . . | D . . . |
(-----*bass solo*-----)

G | C | G | D |
So hard to find my way--- now that I'm all on my own
G | C | G | D |
I saw you just the other--- day--- my, how you have--- grown---
G | C | G | D |
Cast my memory back there--- Lord. Some-times I'm over-come thinkin' bout it
G | C | G | D |
Makin' love in the green grass--- be--- hind--- the sta--- di--- um

. | C | D | G | Em |
With you----- my brown-eyed-- girl-----
C | D | G | D7 |
You--- my--- y--- brown-eyed-- girl-----
D7 | | | G
Do you re-mem-ber when----- we used to sing

. . . . | C | G | D |
Sha la la LA la la la LA la la-tee-da-----
G | C | G | D | G\
Sha la la LA la la la LA la la-tee-da----- la-tee da-

Piano Man - Billy Joel

3/4 (Waltz)

C G Am G F C D G

It's nine o'clock on a Saturday
The regular crowd shuffles in
There's an old man sitting next to me
Making love to his tonic and gin

He says, "Son can you play me a memory
I'm not really sure how it goes
But it's sad and it's sweet
And I knew it complete
When I wore a younger man's clothes"

Am / / F / / Am / / D / / G F Em G
La La La Did De Da La La Did De Da Da Dum

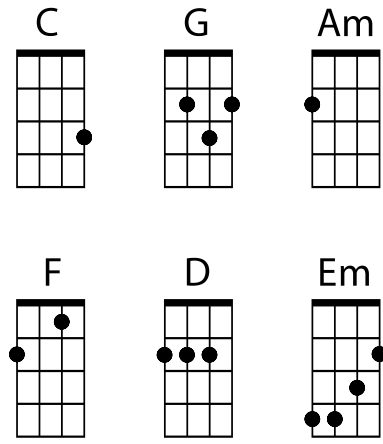
Sing us a song [Ukulele] man
Sing us a song tonight
Well we're all in the mood for a melody
And you've got us feeling alright

C G Am G F G C C

Now John at the bar is a friend of mine
He gets me my drinks for free
And he's quick with a joke or to light up your smoke
But there's someplace that he'd rather be

He says, "Bill, I believe this is killing me"
As a smile ran away from his face
"Well, I'm sure that I could be a movie star
If I could get out of this place"

Am / / F / / Am / / D / / G F Em G
La La La Did De Da La La Did De Da Da Dum



C G Am G
Now Paul is a real estate novelist
F C D G
Who never had time for a wife
C G Am G
And he's talking with Davy, who's still in the Navy
F G C C
And probably will be for life

C G Am G F G C C

C G Am G
And the waitress is practicing politics
F C D G
As the businessmen slowly get stoned
C G Am G
Yes they're sharing a drink they call loneliness
F G C C
But it's better than drinking alone

C G Am G
Sing us a song [Ukulele] man
F C D G
Sing us a song tonight
C G Am G
Well we're all in the mood for a melody
F G C C
And you've got us feeling alright

C G Am G F G C C

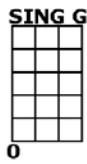
C G Am G
It's a pretty good crowd for a Saturday
F C D G
And the manager gives me a smile
C G Am G
'Cause he knows that it's me they've been coming to see
F G C C C
To forget about life for a while

C G Am G
And the [ukulele] sounds like a carnival
F C D G
And the microphone smells like a beer
C G Am G
And they sit at the bar and put bread in my jar
F G C C
And say "Man what are you doing here?"

Am / / F / / Am / / D / / G F Em G
La La La Did De Da La La Did De Da Da Dum

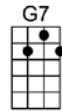
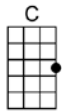
C G Am G
Sing us a song [Ukulele] man
F C D G
Sing us a song tonight
C G Am G
Well we're all in the mood for a melody
F G C C
And you've got us feeling alright

C G Am G F G (C one strum)

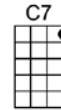
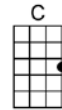


UNDER THE BOARDWALK

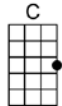
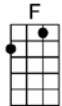
4/4 1...2...123



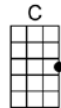
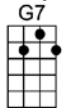
Oh, when the sun beats down and burns the tar upon the roof



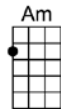
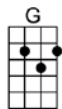
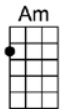
And your shoes get so hot you wish your tired feet were fire-proof



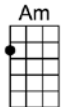
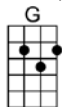
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea...yeah



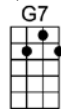
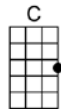
On a blanket with my baby, that's where I'll be



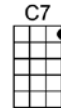
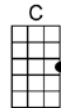
UT-BW, out of the sun, UT-BW, we'll be havin' some fun, UT-BW people walkin' above



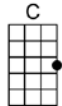
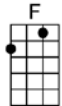
UT-BW, we'll be fallin' in love, under the boardwalk, boardwalk



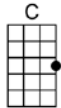
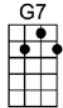
From the park you hear the happy sound of a carou-sel



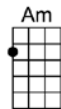
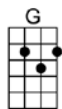
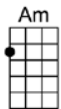
You can almost taste the hot dogs and french fries they sell



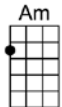
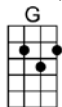
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea...yeah



On a blanket with my baby, that's where I'll be



UT-BW, out of the sun, UT-BW, we'll be havin' some fun, UT-BW people walkin' above



UT-BW, we'll be fallin' in love, under the boardwalk, boardwalk

UNDER THE BOARDWALK

4/4 1...2...123

C **G7**
Oh, when the sun beats down and burns the tar upon the roof

C **C7**
And your shoes get so hot you wish your tired feet were fire-proof

F **C**
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea...yeah

G7 **C**
On a blanket with my baby, that's where I'll be

Am **G** **Am**
UT-BW, out of the sun, UT-BW, we'll be havin' some fun, UT-BW people walkin' above

G **Am**
UT-BW, we'll be fallin' in love, under the boardwalk, boardwalk

C **G7**
From the park you hear the happy sound of a carou-sel

C **C7**
You can almost taste the hot dogs and french fries they sell

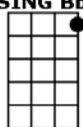
F **C**
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea...yeah

G7 **C**
On a blanket with my baby, that's where I'll be

Am **G** **Am**
UT-BW, out of the sun, UT-BW, we'll be havin' some fun, UT-BW people walkin' above

G **Am**
UT-BW, we'll be fallin' in love, under the boardwalk, boardwalk

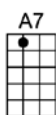
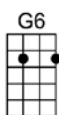
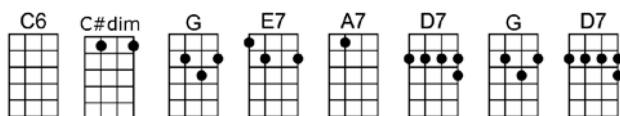
SING Bb



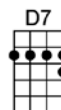
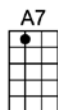
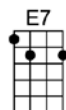
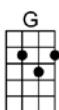
FRIM FRAM SAUCE

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

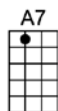
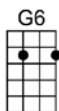
Intro:



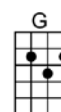
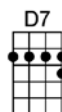
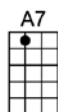
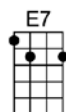
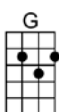
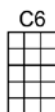
I don't want french fried potatoes, red ripe tomatoes, I'm never satisfied



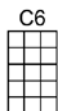
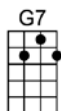
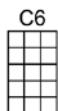
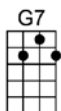
I want the frim fram sauce with oss-en-fay with sha fafa on the side



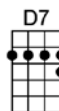
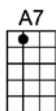
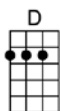
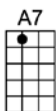
I don't want pork chops and bacon, that won't awaken my appetite inside



I want the frim fram sauce with oss-en-fay with sha fafa on the side

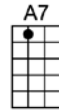
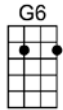


Well a fella's really got to eat, and a fella should eat right

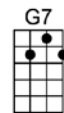
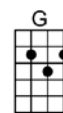
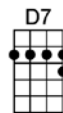
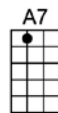
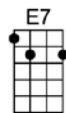
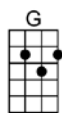
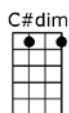


Five will get you ten I'm going to feed myself right to-night

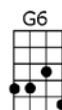
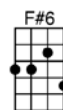
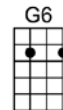
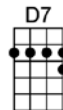
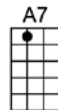
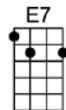
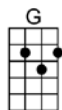
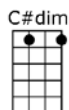
p.2. Frim Fram Sauce



I don't want fish cakes and rye bread, you heard what I said, waiter please, I want mine fried



I want the frim fram sauce with oss-en-fay with sha fafa on the side



I want the frim fram sauce with oss-en-fay with sha fafa....on.....the.....side

FRIM FRAM SAUCE

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

Intro: C6 C#dim G E7 A7 D7 G D7

G6 A7
I don't want french fried potatoes, red ripe tomatoes, I'm never satisfied

C6 C#dim G E7 A7 D7 D7+5
I want the frim fram sauce with oss-en-fay with sha fafa on the side

G6 A7
I don't want pork chops and bacon, that won't awaken my appetite inside

C6 C#dim G E7 A7 D7 G
I want the frim fram sauce with oss-en-fay with sha fafa on the side

G7 C6 G7 C6
Well a fella's really got to eat, and a fella should eat right

A7 D A7 D7 D7+5
Five will get you ten I'm going to feed myself right to-night

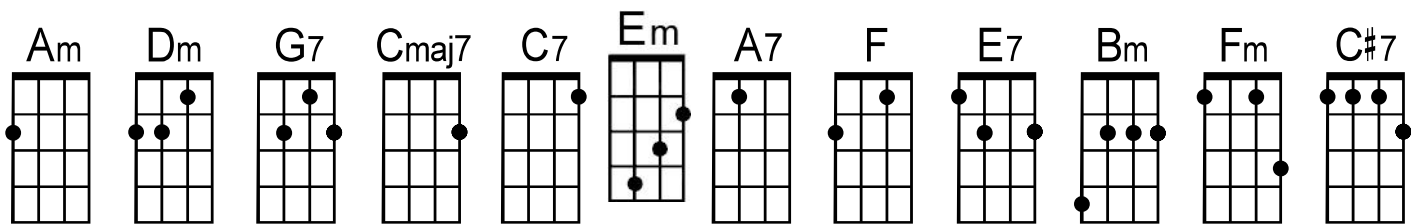
G6 A7
I don't want fish cakes and rye bread, you heard what I said, waiter please, I want mine fried

C6 C#dim G E7 A7 D7 G G7
I want the frim fram sauce with oss-en-fay with sha fafa on the side

C6 C#dim G E7 A7 D7 G6 F#6 G6
I want the frim fram sauce with oss-en-fay with sha fafa....on.....the.....side

Fly Me to The Moon

by Bert Howard (1954)



(sing c)

Am . . . | Dm . . . | G7 . . . | Cmaj7 . C7 . |
 Fly me to the— moon— and let me— play— a-mong the— stars—

F . . . | Dm . . . | E7 . . . | Am . A7
 Let me see what— spring is like on Ju—pi—ter and— Mars—

. | Dm . . . | G7 . . . | Em . . . | A7 . .
 In oth—er words— hold my hand—

. | Dm . . . | G7 . . . | Bm . . . | E7 . . . |
 In oth—er words— dar-ling kiss— me—

Am . . . | Dm . . . | G7 . . . | Cmaj7 . C7 . |
 Fill my heart with song— and let me— sing— forev—er more—

F . . . | Dm . . . | E7 . . . | Am . A7
 You are all I long for, all I wor-ship and a—dore—

. | Dm . . . | G7 . . . | Em . . . | A7 . .
 In oth—er words— please be true—

. | Dm . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . | E7 . . . |
 In oth—er words— I love you—

Instrumental:

Am . . . | Dm . . . | G7 . . . | Cmaj7 . C7 . |

F . . . | Dm . . . | E7 . . . | Am . A7 . |

Dm . . . | G7 . . . | Em . . . | A7 . . . |

Dm . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . | E7 . . . |

Am . . . | Dm . . . | G7 . . . | Cmaj7 . C7 . |
 Fill my heart with song— and let me— sing— forev—er more—

F . . . | Dm . . . | E7 . . . | Am . A7
 You are all I long for, all I wor-ship and a—dore—

. | Dm . . . | G7 . . . | Em . . . | A7 . .
 In oth—er words— please be true—

. | Dm . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . | C\ C#7\ C\
 In oth—er words— I love you—

C G C F G7

C G C F G7

Oh, oh, oh, oh, For the longest time, Oh, oh, oh, For the longest

C F C D7 G

If you said goodbye to me tonight, There would still be music left to write.

E7 Am G7 C C7

What else could I do? I'm so inspired by you.

F Dm G C

That hasn't happened for the longest time.

C F C D7 G

Once I thought my innocence was gone. Now I know that happiness goes on

E7 Am G7 C C7

That's where you found me, and put your arms around me.

F Dm G C

That hasn't happened for the longest time.

C G C F G7 C G C F G7

Oh, oh, oh, oh, For the longest time, Oh, oh, oh, For the longest

C F C D7 G

I'm that voice you're hearing in the hall. And the greatest miracle of all

E7 Am G7 C C7

Is how I need you, and how you needed me too.

F Dm G C

That hasn't happened for the longest time.

G Am B7 C

Maybe this won't last very long, but you feel so right and I could be wrong

Em Am

Maybe I've been hoping too hard

D D7 G G7

But I've gone this far and it's more than I've hoped for.

C F C D7 G

Who knows how much further we'll go on? Maybe I'll be sorry when you're gone

E7 Am G7 C C7

I'll take my chances. I forgot how nice romance is.

F Dm G C

I haven't been there for the longest time.

G Am B7 C

I had second thoughts at the start. I said to myself, "Hold on to your heart."

Em Am

Now I know the woman that you are

D D7 G G7

You're wonderful so far and it's more than I've hoped for.

C F C D7 G

I don't care what consequence it brings. I have been a fool for lesser things

E7 Am G7 C C7

I want you so bad! I think you ought to know that

F Dm G C

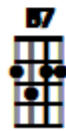
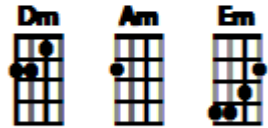
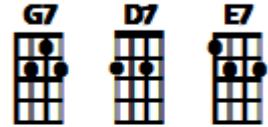
I intend to hold you for the longest time.

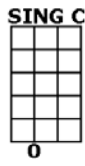
C G C F G7 C G C F G7 C

Oh, oh, oh, oh, For the longest time, Oh, oh, oh, For the longest time.

The Longest

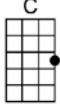
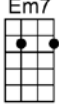
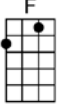
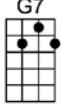
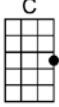
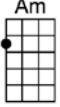
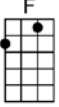
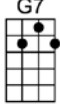
Time – Billy Joel

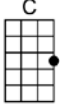
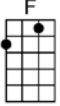
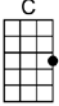



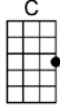
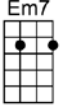
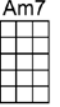
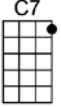

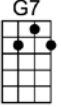
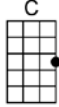
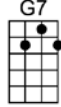


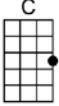
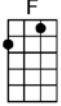
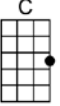
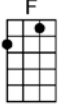
GARDEN PARTY - Ricky Nelson

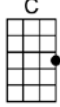
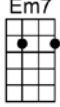
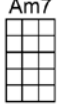
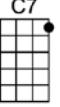
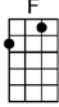
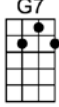
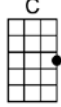
4/4 1...2...1234

Intro:         (2 beats each)

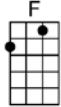

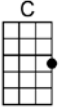
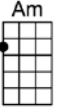
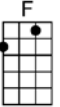
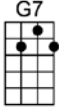
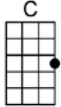
   
I went to a garden party, to remi-nisce with my old friends

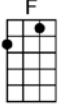
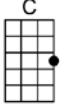
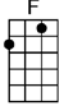
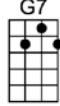
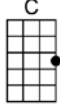
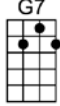
       
A chance to share old memo-ries and play our songs a-gain

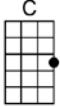
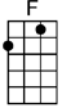
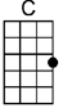
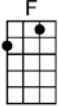
   
When I got to the garden party, they all knew my name

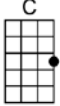
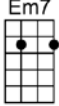
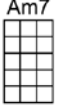
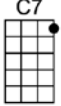
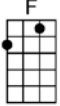
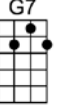
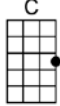
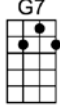
      
But no one recog - nized me, I didn't look the same

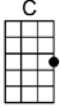
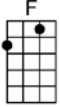
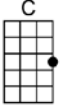
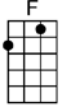
CHORUS:

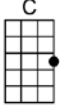
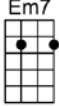
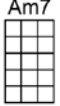
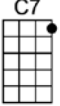
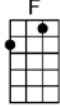
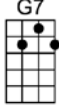
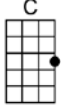
      
But it's all right now, I learned my lesson well

     
You see you can't please everyone, so you got to please your-self

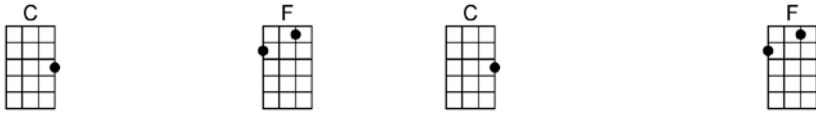
   
People came from miles around, everyone was there

       
Yoko brought her walrus, there was magic in the air

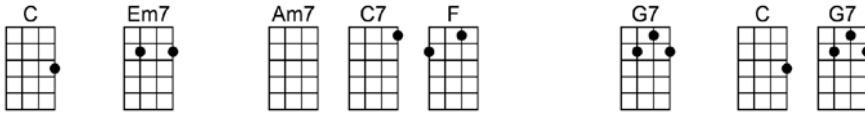
   
And over in the corner, much to my sur-prise

      
Mr. Hughes hid in Dylan's shoes, wearing his dis-guise CHORUS, la da da da.....

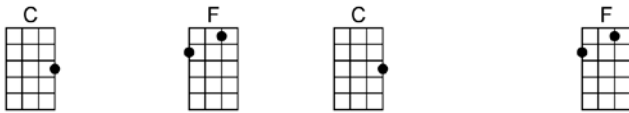
p.2. Garden Party



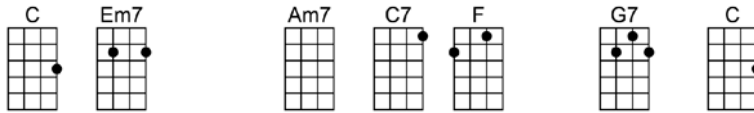
I played them all the old songs, I thought that's why they came



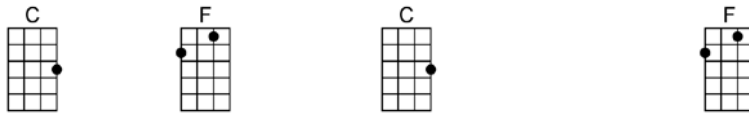
No one heard the music, we didn't look the same



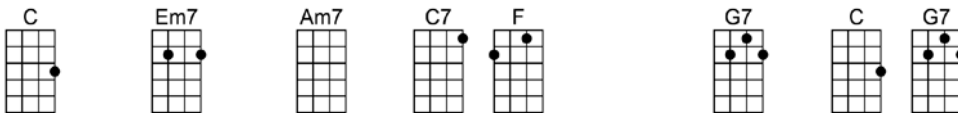
I said hello to Mary Lou, she belongs to me



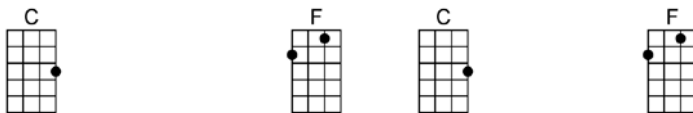
When I sang a song about a honky-tonk, it was time to leave CHORUS, la da da da



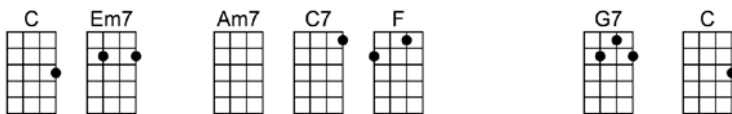
Someone opened up a closet door and out stepped Johnny B. Goode



Playing gui-tar like a 'ringin' a bell, and lookin' like he should



If you gotta play at garden parties, I wish you a lot a' luck



But if memo-ries were all I sang, I'd rather drive a truck CHORUS, la da da da,

GARDEN PARTY

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

Intro: C Em7/B F G7 C Am F G7 (2 beats each)

C F C F
I went to a garden party, to remi-nisce with my old friends
C Em7/B Am7 C7/G F G7 C G7

A chance to share old memo-ries and play our songs a-gain
C F C F

When I got to the garden party, they all knew my name
C Em7/B Am7 C7/G F G7 C

But no one recog - nized me, I didn't look the same

CHORUS:

F G7 C Am F G7 C
But it's all right now, I learned my lesson well
F C F G7 C G7
You see you can't please everyone, so you got to please your-self

C F C F
People came from miles around, everyone was there
C Em7/B Am7 C7/G F G7 C G7

Yoko brought her walrus, there was magic in the air
C F C F

And over in the corner, much to my sur-prise
C Em7/B Am7 C7/G F G7 C

Mr. Hughes hid in Dylan's shoes, wearing his dis-guise

CHORUS, la da da da.....

C F C F
I played them all the old songs, I thought that's why they came
C Em7/B Am7 C7/G F G7 C G7

No one heard the music, we didn't look the same
C F C F

I said hello to Mary Lou, she belongs to me
C Em7/B Am7 C7/G F G7 C

When I sang a song about a honky-tonk, it was time to leave

CHORUS, la da da da

C F C F
Someone opened up a closet door and out stepped Johnny B. Goode
C Em7/B Am7 C7/G F G7 C G7

Playing gui-tar like a'ringin' a bell, and lookin' like he should
C F C F

If you gotta play at garden parties, I wish you a lot a' luck
C Em7/B Am7 C7/G F G7 C

But if memo-ries were all I sang, I'd rather drive a truck

CHORUS, la da da da,

Sad Songs and Waltzes: Willie Nelson (in G)

Intro: [G]

VERSE 1

I'm [G] writing a [D] song all a[G]bout you [G7]
A [C] true song as real as my [G] tears [G7]
But you've [C] no need to fear it, 'cause [G] no one will [C] hear it
'Cause [G] sad songs and waltzes aren't [D] selling this [G] year

VERSE 2

I'll [G] tell all a[D]bout how you [G] cheated [G7]
I'd [C] like for the whole world to [G] hear [G7]
I'd [C] like to get even ~~with you~~ [G] 'cause you're [C] leavin'
But [G] sad songs and waltzes aren't [D] selling this [G] year

CHORUS

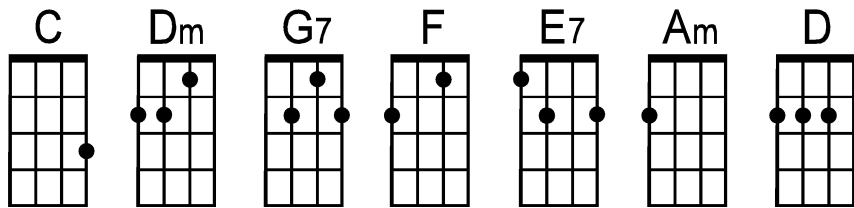
It's a [D] good thing that I'm not a [G] star
You [A7] don't know how lucky you [D] are
Though my [G] record may say it, [C] no one will play it
'Cause [G] sad songs and waltzes aren't [D] selling this [G] year

VERSE 1 Chords (no singing)

CHORUS x2

If I Only Had a Brain - in C

by Harold Arlen & E.Y. Harburg (1937)



Sing e

· | C · · · · | Dm · · · ·
I could while a-way the hours con-ferrin' with the flowers,

· | C · · · · | · · · ·
con-sultin' with the rain-----

· | Dm · · · · | G7 · · · ·
And my head I'd be scratchin' while my thoughts were busy hatchin'

· | C · · · · | · · · ·
If I only had a brain-----

· | C · · · · | Dm · · · · | C · · · ·
I'd un-ravel any riddle for any indi-vid'le in trouble or in pain-----

· | Dm · · · · | G7 · · · ·
With the thoughts I'd be thinkin' I could be an-other Lincoln

· | C · · · · | · · · ·
If I only had a brain-----

Bridge:

· | F · · · · | C · · · ·
Oh, I----- would tell you why-----

· | Dm · · G7 · · | C · · · ·
the o---cean's near the shore-----

· | Dm · · E7 · · | Am · · · ·
I could think of things I never thunk be-fore-----

· | D\ --- --- --- | G7 · · · ·
And then I'd sit and think some more-----

· | C · · · · | Dm · · · ·
I would not be just a nuffin', my head all full of stuffin',

· | C · · · · | · · · ·
my heart all full of pain-----

· | Dm · · · · | G7 · · · ·
I would dance and be merry, life would be a ding-a-derry

· | C · · · · | · · · ·
If I only had a brain-----

Instrumental:

. | C . . . | Dm . . . | C . . . | . . .
. | Dm . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . | . . .

Bridge:

. | F . . . | C . . .
Oh, I----- would tell you why-----

. | Dm . . . | G7 . . . | C . . .
the o---cean's near the shore-----

. | Dm . . . | E7 . . . | Am . . .
I could think of things I never think be-fore-----

. | D\ --- --- --- | G7 . . .
And then I'd sit and think some more-----

. | C . . . | Dm . . .
Gosh it would be awful pleasin' to reason out the reason

. | C . . . | . . .
of things I can't ex-plain---

. | Dm . . . | G7 . . .
Then per-haps I'll de-serve ya and be even worthy erv ya

. | C . . . | G7 | C\
If I only had a brain-----

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v1b - 10/8/17)

Maggie May – Rod Stewart

[intro] (C) (Dm) (F) (C) x2

(G)Wake up Maggie I (F)think I've got something to (C)say to you
 It's (G)late September and I (F)really should be (C)back at school
 I (F)know I keep you a(C)mused... but I (F)feel I'm being (G)used
 Oh M(Dm)aggie I couldn't have t(Em)ried... any m(Dm)ore
 You (Dm)led me away from (G)home... cos you (Dm)didn't want to be a(G)lone
 You (Dm)stole my soul and that's a (G)pain I can do with(C)out

The (G)morning sun when it's (F)in your face really (C)shows your age
 But (G)that don't worry me (F)none in my eyes you're (C)everything
 I (F)laugh at all of your (C)jokes... my (F)love you didn't need to (G)coax
 Oh (Dm)Maggie I couldn't have (Em)tried... any (Dm)more
 You made a (Dm)first class fool out of (G)me... but I'm as (Dm)blind as a fool
 can (G)be
 You (Dm)stole my soul... but I (G)love you any(C)way

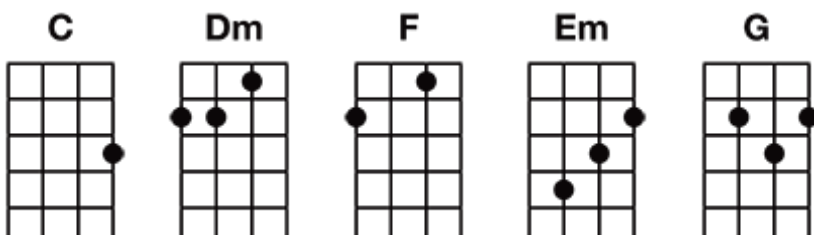
(G)All I needed was a (F)friend to lend a (C)guiding hand
 But you (G)turned into a lover and (F)mother what a lover you (C>wore me out
 (F)All you did was wreck my (C)bed... and in the (F)morning kick me in the
 (G)head
 Oh (Dm)Maggie I couldn't have (Em)tried... any (Dm)more
 You (Dm)led me away from (G)home... 'cause you (Dm)didn't want to be
 a(G)lone
 You (Dm)stole my heart... I couldn't (G)leave you if I (C)tried

[instrumental] (Dm) (G) (C) (F) (Dm) (F-G) (C) (C)

(G)I suppose I could col(F)lect my books and get on (C)back to school
 Or (G)steal my daddy's (F)cue and make a living out of (C)playing pool
 Or (F)find myself a rock n roll (C)band... that (F)needs a helping (G)hand
 Oh (Dm)Maggie I wish I'd (Em)never... seen your (Dm)face
 You made a (Dm)first class fool out of (G)me... but I'm as (Dm)blind as a fool
 can (G)be
 You (Dm)stole my heart... but I (G)love you any(C)way

[instrumental] (Dm) (G) (C) (F) (Dm) (F-G) (C) (C)

(C)Maggie I (Dm>wish I'd (F)never seen your (C)face
 (C) (Dm) (F) (C)
 (C)I'll get on back (Dm)home... (F)one of these... (C)days
 (C) (Dm) (F) (C – cha-cha-cha)



Iko Iko – “Jockamo” James Crawford

[intro] (G)

(G)My grandma and your grandma
Were sittin' by the (D)fire
My grandma told your grandma
I'm gonna set your flag on (G)fire

[chorus]

Talkin' 'bout
(G)Hey now (*hey now*) hey now (*hey now*)
Iko iko un(D)day (*whoa-oh-oh*)
Jockamo feeno ai nané
Jockamo fee na(G)né

(G)Look at my king all dressed in red
Iko iko un(D)day
I betcha five dollars he'll kill you dead
Jockamo fee na(G)né

[chorus]

(G)My flag boy to your flag boy,
Were sittin' by the (D)fire
My flag boy told your flag boy
I'm gonna set your tail on (G)fire

[chorus]

(G)See that guy all dressed in green?
Iko iko un(D)day
He's not a man, he's a lovin' machine
Jockamo fee na(G)né

[chorus]

