

Ain't She Sweet? – Yellen and Ager (1927)

Intro: **C / C#dim / G7 /// (x 2)**
C / E7 / A7 /// D7 / G7 / C ///

=====
C / C#dim / G7 //
 Ain't she sweet?
 / **C / C#dim / G7 //**
 See her coming down the street
 / **C / E7 / A7 /// D7 / G7 / C ///**
 Now I ask you very confidentially ... ain't she sweet?

=====
C / C#dim / G7 //
 Ain't she nice?
 / **C / C#dim / G7 //**
 Look her over once or twice
 / **C / E7 / A7 /// D7 / G7 / C ///**
 Now I ask you very confidentially ... ain't she nice?

=====
 / / / **F /// F /// C /// C**
 Just cast an eye in her di-rection
 / / / **F /// Dm / / / D7 /// G7 ///**
 Oh me, oh my ... ain't that perfec..... tion?

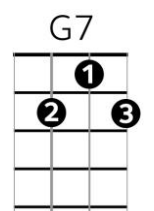
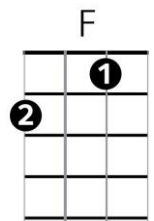
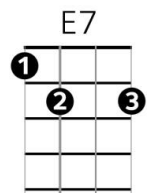
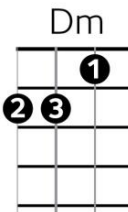
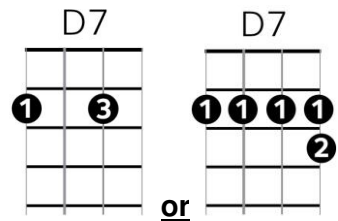
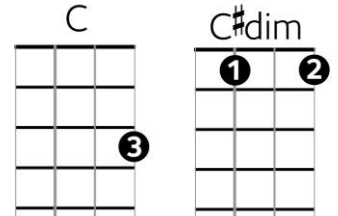
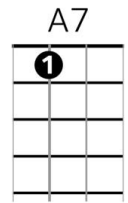
=====
C / C#dim / G7 //
 I re - peat
 / **C / C#dim / G7 //**
 Don't you think that's kind of neat?
 / **C / E7 / A7 /// D7 / G7 / C ///**
 Now I ask you very confidentially ... ain't she sweet?

Repeat song

Outro

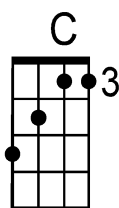
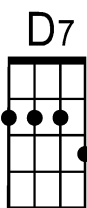
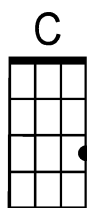
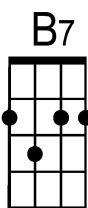
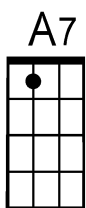
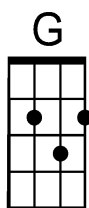
=====
C / E7 / A7 /// D7 / G7 / C G7 C
 Yes I ask you very confidentially ... ain't she sweet?

Chords



Bad, Bad Leroy Brown

by Jim Croce (1972)



*optional chords

Well, the south- side of Chi - ca-go is the bad-dest part of town
And if you go down there, you better just be-ware of a man name of Le-roy Brown
Now Le-roy, more than trou- ble, you see he stand 'bout six foot four
All the down-town ladies call him 'tree-top lover', all the men just call him 'sir'

Chorus: And he's bad bad Le-roy Brown
Bad-dest man in the whole damn town
Badder than ol' King Kong— and meaner than a junk-yard dog

Now Le-roy, he a gambler and he like his fan-cy clothes
And he like to wave his dia-mond rings under ever-y--bo--dy's nose
He got a cus-tom Con-ti--nen--tal, he got an El-dor--a--do, too
He got a thirty-two gun in his pocket for fun, he got a ra--zor in his shoe

Chorus: And he's bad (bad) bad (bad) Le-roy Brown
Bad-dest man in the whole damn town
Badder than ol' King Kong— and meaner than a junk-yard dog

Well, Fri-day night, 'bout a week a--go, Le-roy, shootin' dice

And at the edge of the bar sat a girl name of Doris and ooh, that girl looked nice

Well, he cast his eyes up--on her and the trou-ble soon be--gan

And Le-roy Brown, he learned a lesson 'bout messin' with the wife of a jea-lous man

Chorus: And he's bad (bad) bad (bad) Le-roy Brown

Bad-dest man in the whole damn town

Badder than ol' King Kong--- and meaner than a junk-yard dog

Well, the two men took to fight-in' and when they pulled them from the floor

Le--roy looked like a jig-saw puzzle with a couple of pieces gone

Chorus: And he's bad (bad) bad (bad) Le-roy Brown

Bad-dest man in the whole damn town

Badder than ol' King Kong--- and meaner than a junk-yard dog

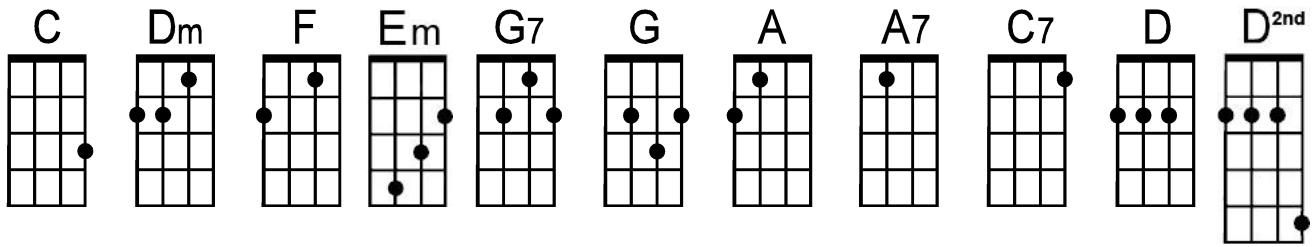
Yes, he was badder than old King Kong--- and meaner than a junk yard dog.

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v3b - 4/25/18)

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 . |

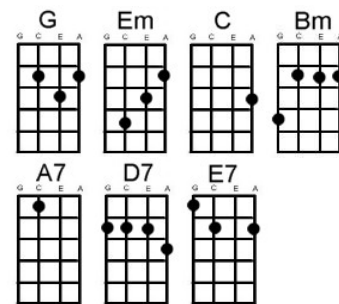
Bridge: F . . . | . . . | C . . . | C^{A-2-3-4} . . . |
Worr-y— why— do I let my— self worr-y—?
D^{2nd} . . . | . . . | D7 . . . | G . F . | G7 . . .
Wond'rin'— what— in the world— did I do—?
| C . . . | A . . . | Dm . . . | . . .
I'm cra-zy— for thinkin'— that my love— could hold you—

(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—

Crocodile Rock Elton John

Hear this song at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=12cLXeS14kM> (play along in this key)

From: Richard G's Ukulele Songbook www.scorpex.net/Uke



Intro: [G] [Em] [C] [D7]

I rem[G]ember when rock was young

Me and [Bm] Susie had so much fun

Holding [C] hands and skimmin' stones

Had an [D7] old gold Chevy and a place of my own

But the [G] biggest kick I ever got

Was doin' a [Bm] thing called the Crocodile Rock

While the [C] other kids were rockin' 'round the clock

We were [D7] hoppin' and boppin' to the Crocodile Rock well

Chorus: [Em] *Crocodile Rockin' is something shockin'*

When your [A7] feet just can't keep still

[D] I never had me a better time and I [G] guess I never will

[E7] Oh lawdy mamma those Friday nights

When [A7] Susie wore her dresses tight and

[D7] Crocodile Rockin' was out of [C] sight

[G] La...la la la la [Em] la...la la la la [C] la...la la la la [D7] la....

But the [G] years went by and rock just died

[Bm] Susie went and left me for some foreign guy

[C] Long nights cryin' by the record machine

[D] Dreamin' of my Chevy and my old blue jeans

But they'll [G] never kill the thrills we've got

Burnin' [Bm] up to the Crocodile Rock

Learning [C] fast as the weeks went past

We really [D7] thought the Crocodile Rock would last well

Chorus

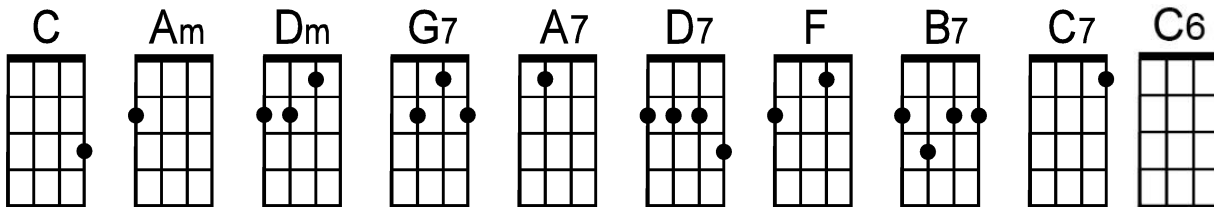
Repeat verse 1

Chorus

[G] La...la la la la [Em] la...la la la la [C] la...la la la la [D7] la....[G]

Darktown Strutters' Ball

by Shelton Brooks (1917)



Moderate tempo

Intro: C . Am . | Dm . G7 . | C . Am . | Dm . G7

. | C . . . | . . . A7 . | D7 . . . | |
 I'll be down to get you in a tax-i, Honey, You better be ready 'bout half past eight
G7 . . . | Dm . G7 . . . | C . Am . | Dm . G7 . . .
 Now Ba-by, don't be late. I want to be there when the band starts playin'

| C . . . | . . . A7 . | D7 . . . | |
 Re-mem-ber when we get there, Honey, Two-steps and we're gonna have a ball
 . | F . . . | B7 | C . . . | A7 . . . |
 Goin' to dance out both our shoes----- When they play those jelly roll blues-----
 . | D7 . . . | G7 | C\ --- Am\ --- | Dm . G7
 To-mor-row night at the Dark-town Strut-ters' Ball--- **Faster Tempo!**

. | C . . . | . . . A7 . | D7 . . . | |
 I'll be down to get you in a tax-i, Honey, You better be ready 'bout half past eight
G7 . . . | Dm . G7 . . . | C . Am . | Dm . G7 . . .
 Now Ba-by, don't be late. I want to be there when the band starts playing

| C . . . | . . . A7 . | D7 . . . | |
 Re-mem-ber when we get there, Honey, Two-steps and we're gonna have a ball
 . | F . . . | B7 | C . . . | C7 | A7 . . . |
 Goin' to dance out both our shoes----- When they play those jelly roll blues-----
 . | D7 . . . | G7 | C . . . | A7 . . . |
 To-mor-row night at the Dark-town Strut-ters' Ball-----
 . | D7 . . . | G7 | C . F . | C\ G7\ C6\
 To-mor-row night at the Dark-town Strut-ters' Ball-----

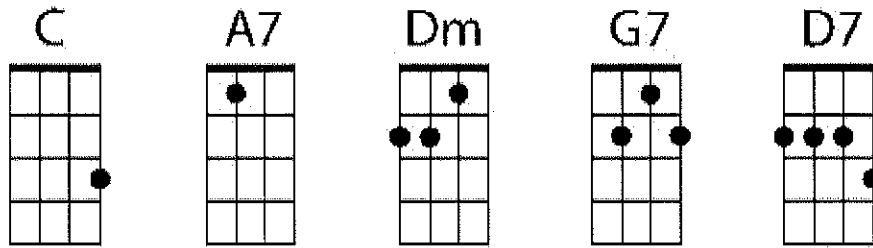
San Jose Ukulele Club

(v3 - 10/17/18)

Daydream



The Lovin' Spoonful



[4/4]

[C] What a day for a [A7] daydream

[Dm] What a day for a [G7] day dreamin' boy

[C] And I'm lost in a [A7] daydream

[Dm] Dreaming 'bout my [G7] bundle of joy

[F] And even if [D7] time ain't really [C] on my [A7] side

[F] It's one of those [D7] days for taking a [C] walk out [A7] side

[F] I'm blowing the [D7] day to take a [C] walk in the [A7] sun

[D7] And fall on my face on somebody's [G7] new-mown lawn

[C] I've been having a [A7] sweet dream

[Dm] I've been dreaming since I [G7] woke up today

[C] It starred me and my [A7] sweet thing

[Dm] Cause she's the one makes me [G7] feel this way

[F] And even if [D7] time is passing me [C] by a [A7] lot

[F] I couldn't care [D7] less about the [C] dues you say I [A7] got

[F] Tomorrow I'll [D7] pay the dues for [C] dropping my [A7] love

[D7] A pie in the face for being a [G7] sleepin' bull doag

Whistle: [C] [A7] [Dm] [G7] [C] [A7] [Dm] [G7]

[F] And you can be [D7] sure that if you're [C] feeling [A7] right

[F] A daydream will [D7] last along [C] into the [A7] night

[F] Tomorrow at [D7] breakfast you may [C] prick up your [A7] ears

[D7] Or you may be daydreaming for a [G7] thousand years

[C] What a day for a [A7] daydream

[Dm] Custom made for a [G7] daydreamin' boy

[C] And I'm lost in a [A7] daydream

[Dm] Dreaming 'bout my [G7] bundle of joy

Whistle outro

[F] [D7] [C] [A7] [F] [D7] [C] [A7] [F] [D7] [C] [A7] [D7] [G7] [C]

Daydream Believer – The Monkees

[intro]

(G)

Oh I could (G)hide 'neath the (Am)wings
Of the (Bm)bluebird as she (C)sings
The (G)six o' clock a(Em7)larm would never (A7)ring (D7)
But it (G)rings and I (Am)rise
Wipe the (Bm)sleep out of my (C)eyes
My (G)shaving (Em7)razor's (Am)cold (D)and it (G)stings

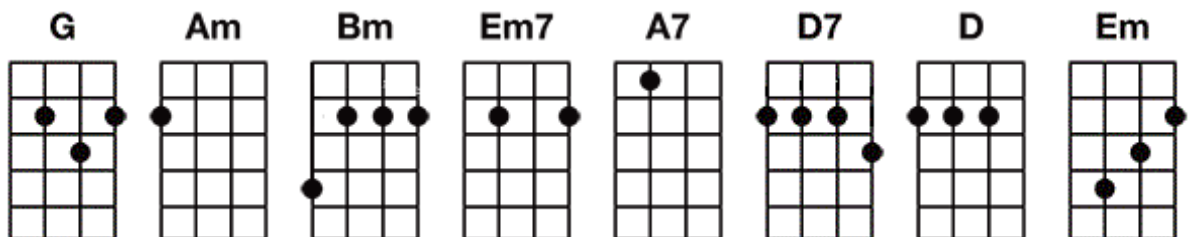
(C)Cheer up (D)sleepy (Bm)Jean
(C)Oh what (D)can it (Em)mean (C)to a
(G)Daydream be(C)liever and a
(G)Home(Em)coming (A7)queen (D7)

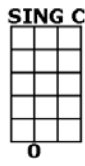
(G)You once thought of (Am)me
As a (Bm)white knight on his (C)steed
(G)Now you know how (Em7)happy I can (A7)be (D7)
Whoa and our (G)good times start and (Am)end
Without (Bm)dollar one to (C)spend
But (G)how much (Em7)baby (Am)do we (D)really (G)need

(C)Cheer up (D)sleepy (Bm)Jean
(C)Oh what (D)can it (Em)mean (C)to a
(G)Daydream be(C)liever and a
(G)Home(Em)coming (A7)queen (D7)

(C)Cheer up (D)sleepy (Bm)Jean
(C)Oh what (D)can it (Em)mean (C)to a
(G)Daydream be(C)liever and a
(G)Home(Em)coming (A7)queen (D7)

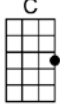
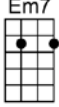
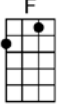
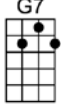
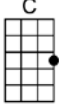
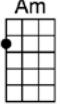
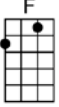
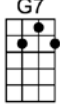
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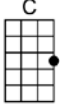
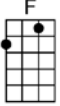
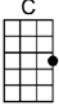



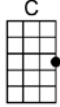
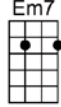
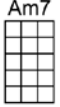
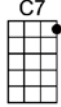
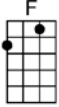
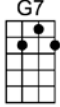
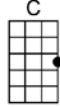
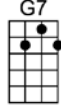


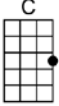
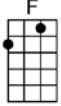
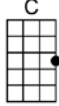

GARDEN PARTY - Ricky Nelson

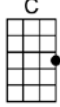
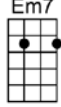
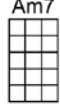
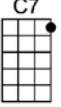
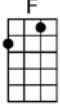
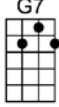
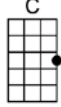
4/4 1...2...1234

Intro:         (2 beats each)

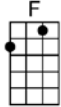

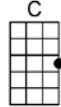

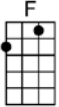
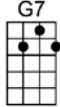
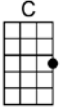
   
I went to a garden party, to remi-nisce with my old friends

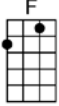
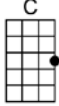
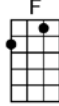
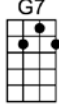

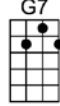
       
A chance to share old memo-ries and play our songs a-gain

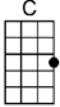
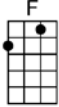
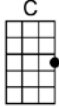

   
When I got to the garden party, they all knew my name

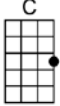
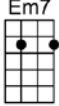

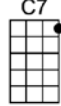

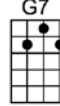
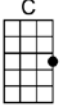
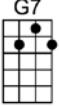
      
But no one recog - nized me, I didn't look the same

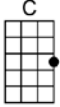
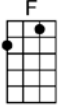
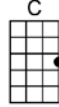
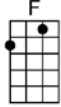
CHORUS:

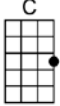
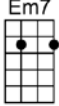
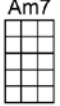
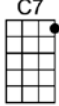

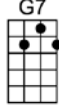
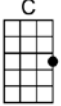
      
But it's all right now, I learned my lesson well

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

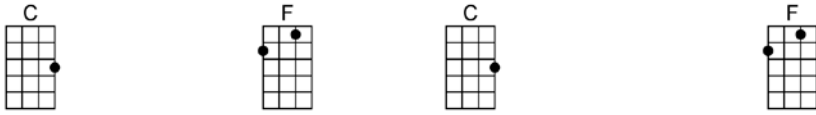
   
People came from miles around, everyone was there

       
Yoko brought her walrus, there was magic in the air

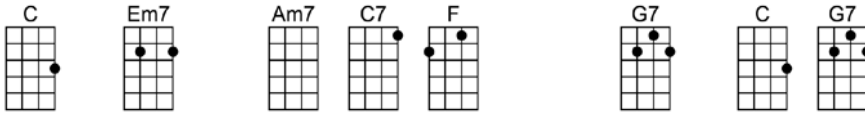
   
And over in the corner, much to my sur-prise

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

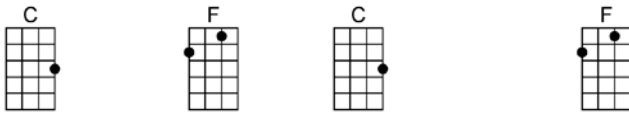
p.2. Garden Party



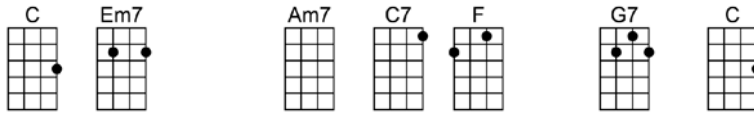
I played them all the old songs, I thought that's why they came



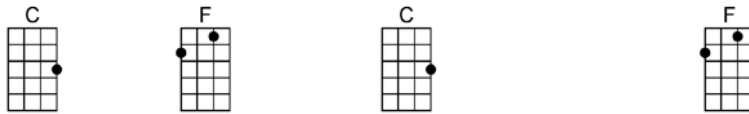
No one heard the music, we didn't look the same



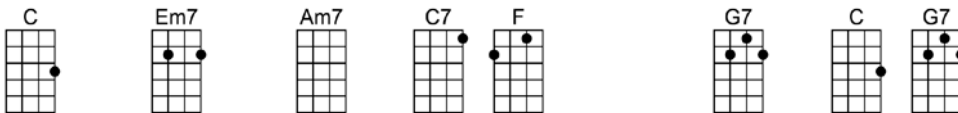
I said hello to Mary Lou, she belongs to me



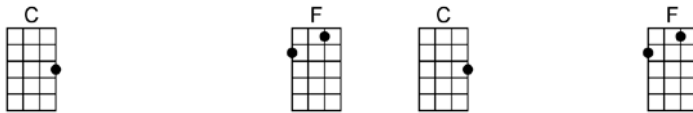
When I sang a song about a honky-tonk, it was time to leave CHORUS, la da da da



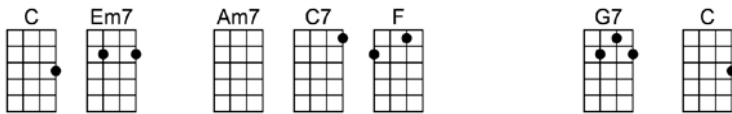
Someone opened up a closet door and out stepped Johnny B. Goode



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,

Me and Julio Down by the Schoolyard – Paul Simon

[intro] (G-C-G-D) x 2

The (G)mama Pyjama rolled out of bed and she ran to the police
sta(C)tion

When the (D)papa found out he began to shout and he started the
investi(G)gation

It's against the (D)law... it was against the (G)law

What the mama (D)saw... it was against the (G)law

(G) Mama looked down and spit on the ground every time my name gets
men(C)tioned

And the (D)papa said, Oi, when I get that boy I'm gonna stick him in the
house of det(G)ention [pause]

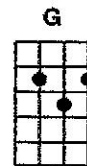
Well I'm on my (C)way... I don't know (G)where I'm goin'

I'm on my (C)way... takin' my (G)time but I (A)don't know (D)where

Goodbye to (C)Rosie... the queen of Cor(G)ona

Seein' (G)me and (F)Julio (C)down by the (D)schoolyard
(G-C-G-D)

Seein' (G)me and (F)Julio (C)down by the (D)schoolyard
(G-C-G-D)



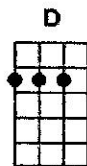
[whistling solo – same as chorus, or as below]

(C) (G) (C) (G) (A) (D) (C) (G)

(G-F-C-D) (G-C-G-D)

(G-F-C-D) (G-C-G-D)

(D multiple strum then stop)



(N/C)Whoa-oh

In a (G)couple of days they're gonna take me away

But the press let the story (C)leak

And when the (D)radical priest comes to get me released

We is all on the cover of (G)Newsweek [pause]



Well I'm on my (C)way... I don't know (G)where I'm goin'

I'm on my (C)way... takin' my (G)time but I (A)don't know (D)where

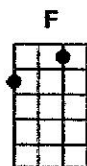
Goodbye to (C)Rosie... the queen of Cor(G)ona

Seein' (G)me and (F)Julio (C)down by the (D)schoolyard
(G-C-G-D)

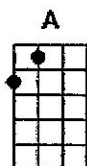
Seein' (G)me and (F)Julio (C)down by the (D)schoolyard
(G-C-G-D)

Seein' (G)me and (F)Julio (C)down by the (D)schoolyard
(G-C-G-D)

Seein' (G)me and (F)Julio (C)down by the (D)schoolyard
(G-C-G-D)



(G – single strum)



Pencil Thin Mustache - Jimmy Buffett

<http://www.kanikapila.us/lyrics.html>

[C]Now they make new [E7]movies in [A7]old black and white
[D7]With happy endings, where [G7]nobody fights
So [C]if you find your[E7]self in that nos[A7]talgic rage
Honey, [D7]jump right up and [G7]show your age

Chorus:

I [C]wish I had a [E7]pencil thin mus[A7]tache
[D7] The "Boston [G7]Blackie" [C]kind
A [C]two toned [E7]Ricky Ricar[A7]do jacket
And an [D7]autographed picture of [G7]Andy Devine

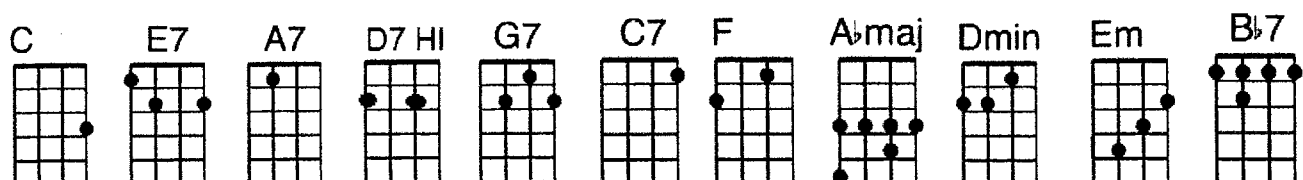
Oh I [C]remember bein' buck[C7]-toothed and skinny
[F] Writin' fan letters to [Ab]Sky King and Penny
Oh I [C]wish I had a [E7]pencil thin [A7]mustache
Then [D7]I could solve some [G7]mysteries [C]too

Bridge:

Oh it's [Dm]Bandstand, [A7]Disneyland, [Dm]growin' up [A7]fast
[Dm]Drinkin' on a [A7]fake I.D.[Dm]
And [Em]Rama of the [Bb7]jungle was [Em]everyone's [Bb7]Bawana
But [D7]only jazz musicians were [G7]smokin' marijuana
Yeah, I [C]wish I had a [E7]pencil thin [A7]mustache
then [D7]I could solve some [G7]mysteries [C]too

But then it's [Dm]flat top, [A7]dirty bob, [Dm]coppin' a [A7]feel
[Dm]Grubbin' on the [A7]livin' room floor [Dm](so sore)
Yeah, they [Em]send you off to [Bb7]college, try to [Em]gain a little [Bb7]knowledge,
But [D7]all you want to do is [G7]learn how to score

Yeah, but [C]now I'm gettin' [E7]old, don't [A7]wear underwear
I [D7]don't go to church and I [G7]don't cut my hair
But [C]I can go to [E7]movies and [A7]see it all there
Just the [D7]way that it [G7]used to [C]be



Pencil Thin Mustache – Page 2

Chorus:

*That's why I [C]wish I had a [E7]pencil thin mus[A7]tache
[D7] The "Boston [G7]Blackie" [C]kind
A [C]two toned [E7]Ricky Ricar[A7]do jacket
And an [D7]autographed picture of [G7]Andy Devine*

Oh, I [C]could be anyone I [C7]wanted to be
[F]Maybe suave Errol Flynn or a [Ab]Sheik of Arabie
If I [C]only had a [E7]pencil thin [A7]mustache
Then [D7]I could do some [G7]cruisin' [C]too

Yeah, [C]Bryl-cream, a little dab'll do yah
Oh, [D7]I could do some [G7]cruisin' [C]too

Ripple - Grateful Dead

Intro: Instrumental Verse

If my words did glow with the gold of sunshine,
and my tunes were played on the harp unstrung,
would you hear my voice come through the music,
would you hold it near as it were your own?

It's a hand-me-down, the thoughts are broken,
perhaps they're better left unsung.

I don't know, don't really care,
let there be songs to fill the air.

Chorus:

Ripple in still water,
when there is no pebble tossed,
nor wind to blow.

Reach out your hand if your cup be empty,
if your cup is full may it be again.

Let it be known there is a fountain,
that was not made by the hands of men.

There is a road, no simple highway,
Between the dawn and the dark of night,
and if you go no one may follow,
that path is for your steps alone.

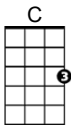
Chorus

You who choose to lead must follow,
but if you fall you fall alone.
If you should stand then who's to guide
you?
If I knew the way I would take you home.

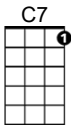
Instrumental Verse w/ la-da-da's

Hold final G

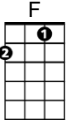
CHORDS USED IN THIS SONG "Roly Poly" recorded by Bob Wills and the Texas Playboys, written by Fred Rose



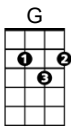
[C]Roly [C7]Poly, [F]eatin' corn n' [C]'taters
 [C]Hungry ev'ry minute of the [G]day
 [C]Roly [C7]Poly, [F]gnawin' on a [C]biscuit
 Long as he can [G]chew it, it's o[C]kay [C7]



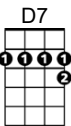
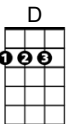
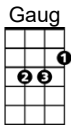
[F]He can eat an apple pie
 An' [C]never even bat an eye
 [D]He likes everything from [D7]soup to [G]hay [Gaug]
 [C]Roly [C7]Poly, [F]daddy's little [C]fatty
 Bet he's gonna [G]be a man some[C]day



[C]Roly [C7]Poly, [F]scrambled eggs for [C]breakfast
 [C]Bread n' jelly twenty times a [G]day
 [C]Roly [C7]Poly, [F]eats a hardy [C]dinner
 It takes lots of [G]strength to run and [C]play [C7]



[F]Pulls up weeds and does the chores
 And [C]runs both ways to all the stores
 [D]He works up an appe[D7]tite that [G]way [Gaug]
 [C]Roly [C7]Poly, [F]daddy's little [C]fatty
 Bet he's gonna [G]be a man [C]someday



Go [back](#) to Ukulele Boogaloo Songbook.

Rum and Coca-Cola

Original Music – Lionel Belasco, Original Lyrics – Lord Invader
(this is a different version as recorded by the Andrews Sisters 1945)

INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 / [Bb] / [Bb] / [Bb] / [Bb]

If you [Bb] ever go down [Bb] Trinidad
They [Bb] make you feel so [F7] very glad
Ca-[F7]lypso sing and [F7] make up rhyme
Guaran-[F7]↓tee you one real good fine time

CHORUS:

Drinkin' [Bb] rum and Coca-[Bb]Cola
[Bb] Go down Point Cu-[F7]mana
[F7] Both mother and [F7] daughter
[F7] Workin' for the [Bb] Yankee dollar [Bb]

<SPOKEN>

[Bb] Oh... [Bb] beat it man [Bb] beat it

If a [Bb] Yankee comes to [Bb] Trinidad
They [Bb] got the young girls all [F7] goin' mad
[F7] Young girls say they [F7] treat 'em nice
[F7]↓ Make Trinidad like paradise

CHORUS:

Drinkin' [Bb] rum and Coca-[Bb]Cola
[Bb] Go down Point Cu-[F7]mana
[F7] Both mother and [F7] daughter
[F7] Workin' for the [Bb] Yankee dollar [Bb]

<SPOKEN>

[Bb] Oh...you [Bb] vex me, you [Bb] vex me

[Bb] Chacachacare to [Bb] Monos Isle
[Bb] Native girls all [F7] dance and smile
[F7] Help soldier cele-[F7]brate his leave
[F7]↓ Makes every day like New Year's Eve

CHORUS:

Drinkin' [Bb] rum and Coca-[Bb]Cola
[Bb] Go down Point Cu-[F7]mana
[F7] Both mother and [F7] daughter
[F7] Workin' for the [Bb] Yankee dollar [Bb]

<SPOKEN>

Bb] old Trinidad I **[Bb]** also fear
The **[Bb]** situation is **[F7]** mighty queer
Like the **[F7]** Yankee girls the **[F7]** natives swoon
[F7]↓ When she hear der Bingle croon

CHORUS:

Drinkin' **[Bb]** rum and Coca-**[Bb]**Cola
[Bb] Go down Point Cu-**[F7]**mana
[F7] Both mother and **[F7]** daughter
[F7] Workin' for the **[Bb]** Yankee dollar **[Bb]**

[Bb]/**[Bb]**/**[Bb]**/

[Bb] Out on Manza-**[Bb]**nilla Beach
[Bb] G.I. romance with **[F7]** native peach
[F7] All night long make **[F7]** tropic love
The next **[F7]**↓ day sit in hot sun and cool off

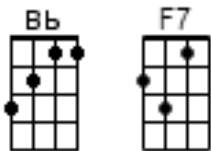
CHORUS:

Drinkin' **[Bb]** rum and Coca-**[Bb]**Cola
[Bb] Go down Point Cu-**[F7]**mana
[F7] Both mother and **[F7]** daughter
[F7] Workin' for the **[Bb]** Yankee dollar **[Bb]**

<SPOKEN>

[Bb] Oh... it's a **[Bb]** fact man, it's a **[Bb]** fact

[Bb] Rum and Coca-**[Bb]**Cola
[Bb]/**[Bb]**/
[Bb] Rum and Coca-**[Bb]**Cola
[Bb]/**[Bb]**/
[F7] Workin' for the **[F7]** Yankee **[Bb]** dollar **[Bb]**↓



Runaway Del Shannon

Hear this song at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5OwkQPSs1xc&feature=related> (play along in this key with this live version. Capo at first fret required to play along with original recording)

From: Richard G's Ukulele Songbook www.scorpex.net/Uke

[Am] As I walk along I [G] wonder what went wrong

With [F] our love a love that felt so [E7] strong

[Am] And as I still walk on I [G] think of

The things we've done to [F]gether

While our hearts were [E7] young

[A] I'm a walkin' in the rain

[F#m] Tears are fallin' and I feel the pain

[A] Wishin' you were here by me [F#m] to end this misery

And I [A] wonder I wa wa wa wa [F#m] wonder

[A] Why why why why [F#m] why she ran away

And I [D] wonder where she will [E7] stay

My little [A] runaway [D] run run run run [A] runaway [E7]

Instrumental: [Am] [G] [F] [E7] [Am] [G] [F] [E7]

[A] I'm a walkin' in the rain

[F#m] Tears are fallin' and I feel the pain

[A] Wishin' you were here by me [F#m] to end this misery

And I [A] wonder I wa wa wa wa [F#m] wonder

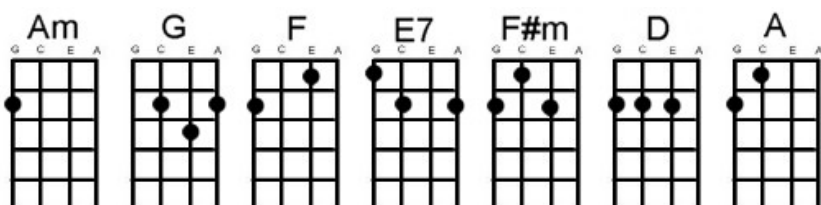
[A] Why why why why [F#m] why she ran away

And I [D] wonder where she will [E7] stay

My little [A] runaway [D] run run run run [A] runaway

[D] Run run run run [A] runaway

[D] Run run run run [A] runaway



Rolling start on [C] and then 1, 2, 3 in

I go out [C] walking after [C7] midnight
Out in the [F] moonlight just like we used to do
I'm always [C] walking after [F] midnight
[G7] Searching for [C] you [G7]

I walk for [C] miles along the [C7] highway
Well that's just [F] my way of saying I love you
I'm always [C] walking after [F] midnight
[G7] Searching for [C] you [C7]

I stopped to [F] see a weeping willow
Crying on his pillow [C] maybe he's crying for me [C7]
And [F] as the skies turn gloomy
Night winds whisper to me
[C] I'm as lonesome as [G7] I can be

I go out [C] walking after [C7] midnight
Out in the [F] starlight just hoping you may be
Somewhere a [C] walking after [F] midnight
[G7] Searching for [C] me [C7]

I stopped to [F] see a weeping willow
Crying on his pillow [C] maybe he's crying for me [C7]
And [F] as the skies turn gloomy
Night winds whisper to me
[C] I'm as lonesome as [G7] I can be

I go out [C] walking after [C7] midnight
Out in the [F] starlight just hoping you may be
Somewhere a [C] walking after [F] midnight
[G7] Searching for [C] me [C7]

[C] Somewhere a walking after [F] midnight
[G7] Searching for [C] me [C]

With a Little Help from My Friends – The Beatles

(G)What would you **(D)**think if I **(Am)**sang out of tune
Would you stand up and **(D)**walk out on **(G)**me
Lend me your **(D)**ears and I'll **(Am)**sing you a song
And I'll try not to **(D)**sing out of **(G)**key

Oh I get **(F)**by with a little **(C)**help from my **(G)**friends
Mmm I get **(F)**high with a little **(C)**help from my **(G)**friends
Mmm gonna **(F)**try with a little **(C)**help from my **(G)**friends **(D7)**

(G)What do I **(D)**do when my **(Am)**love is away
Does it worry you to **(D)**be a**(G)**lone
How do I **(D)**feel by the **(Am)**end of the day
Are you sad because you're **(D)**on your **(G)**own

Oh I get **(F)**by with a little **(C)**help from my **(G)**friends
Mmm I get **(F)**high with a little **(C)**help from my **(G)**friends
Mmm gonna **(F)**try with a little **(C)**help from my **(G)**friends

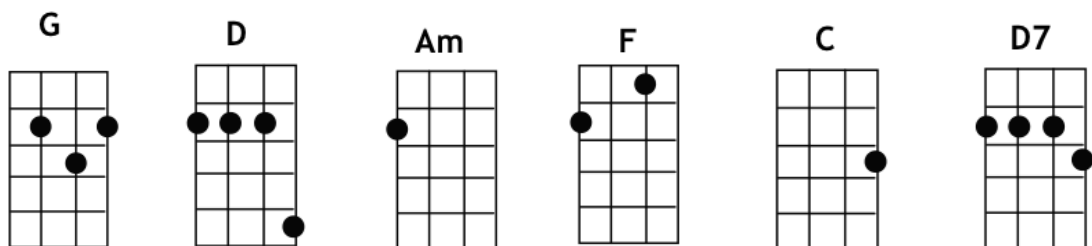
Do you **(Em)**neeeeed any**(A)**body... I **(G)**need some**(F)**body to **(C)**love
Could it **(Em)**beeeeeee any**(A)**body... I **(G)**want some**(F)**body to **(C)**love

(G)Would you bel**(D)**ieve in **(Am)**love at first sight
Yes I'm certain that it **(D)**happens all the **(G)**time
What do you **(D)**see when you **(Am)**turn out the light
I can't tell you but I **(D)**know it's **(G)**mine

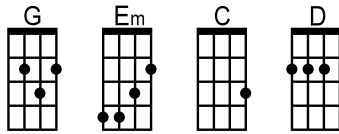
Oh I get **(F)**by with a little **(C)**help from my **(G)**friends
Mmm I get **(F)**high with a little **(C)**help from my **(G)**friends
Mmm gonna **(F)**try with a little **(C)**help from my **(G)**friends

Do you **(Em)**neeeeed any**(A)**body... I **(G)**need some**(F)**body to **(C)**love
Could it **(Em)**beeeeeee any**(A)**body... I **(G)**want some**(F)**body to **(C)**love

Oh I get **(F)**by with a little **(C)**help from my **(G)**friends
Mmm I get **(F)**high with a little **(C)**help from my **(G)**friends
Mmm gonna **(F)**try with a little **(C)**help from my **(G)**friends



Lookin' Out My Back Door (Creedence Clearwater Revival)



[G] Just got home from Illinois. [Em] Lock the front door oh boy.

[C] Got to set [G] down take a [D] rest on the porch.

[G] Imagination sets in, [Em] pretty soon I'm singin

[C] Doot doot [G] doot lookin [D] out my back [G] door.

[G] Giant doin cart wheels. A [Em] statue wearing high heels.

[C] Look at all [G] the happy creatures [D] dancing on the lawn.

[G] Dinosaur victrola [Em] listenin to Buck Owens,

[C] doot doot [G] doot lookin [D] out my back [G] door

[D] Tambourines and elephants are [C] playin in the [G] band.

Won't you take a ride [Em] on the flyin [D] spoon doot doo doo.

[G] Wonderous apparition [Em] provided by magician,

[C] doot doot [G] doot lookin [D] out my back [G] door

[G] Smile with me tomorrow, [Em] today I'll find no sorrow,

[C] doot doot [G] doot lookin [D] out my back [G] door.

[G] Forward troubles Illinois. [Em] Lock the front door oh boy.

[C] Look at all the [G] happy creatures [D] dancin on the lawn.

[G] Bother me tomorrow, [Em] today I'll find no sorrow.

[C] doot doot [G] doot lookin [D] out my back [G] door.