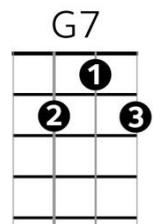
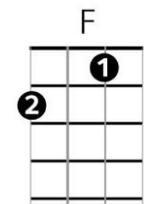
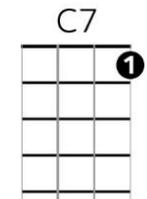
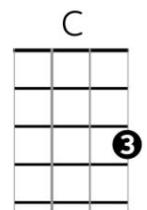


Save the Last Dance For Me – The Drifters (1960)

C /
 You can dance .. every dance with the guy
 / **G7** /
 Who gave you the eye, let him hold you tight.
G7 /
 You can smile .. every smile for the man
 / **C** /
 Who held your hand 'neath the pale moonlight

Chords



Chorus (with 'Ahhhhh' in background after F ?)
G7 - **C7** - **F** /
 But don't for - get who's taking you home
C /
 and in whose arms you're gonna be
G7 / **C** /
 So darlin', save the last dance for me

C /
 Oh I know (*Oh I know*) that the music's fine
 / **G7** /
 like sparkling wine, go and have your fun (*Yes I know, Oh I know*)
G7 / / **C** /
 Laugh and sing, but while we're apart, don't give your heart to anyone

Chorus (using 'Cause don't forget ...)

 {pause} **G7** / **C** /
 Baby, don't you know I love you so? Can't you feel it when we touch?
G7 / **C** /
 I will never, never let you go ... I love you, oh, so much

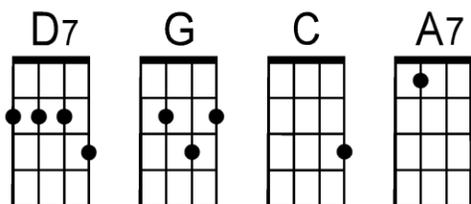
C /
 You can dance (*You can dance*), go and carry on
 / **G7** /
 Till the night is gone and it's time to go (*You can dance, etc*)
G7 /
 If he asks .. if you're all alone,
 / **C** /
 Can he take you home, you must tell him "no"

Chorus (using 'Cause don't forget ...) (x2)

G7 / **C** /
 So Darlin', save the last dance for me
G7 / **C(stop)**
 So Darlin', save the last dance for me

Act Naturally

Johnny Russell and Voni Morrison (1963) (as sung by the Beatles)



song is in cut time (2/2)

. | D7 . | . . | G . | G\ . |

A -----
 E -3--2--0-----3--3-----
 C -----2-----2--2-----2-----2-----
 G -----2~4-----2~4-----4--0-----

G . | . . | C . | . . |

They're—gonna put me in the mo-vies

G . | . . | D7 . | . .

They're gonna make a big star out of me

| G . | . . | C . | . .

We'll make a film about a man that's sad and lonely

| D7 . | . . | G . | G\ ---

and all I gotta do is act natural-ly

| D7 . | . . | G . | . .
Bridge: Well I'll bet you I'm gonna be a big star

| D7 . | . . | G . | . .
 Might win an Oscar, you can never tell

| D7 . | . . | G . | . .
 The movies gonna make— me a big star

| A7 . | . . | D7 . | . .
 Cuz' I can play the part— so well—

. | G . | . . | C . | . . |
 Well I hope you come and see me in the movies

G . | . . | D7 . | . .
 Then I'll know that you will plainly see

| G . | . . | C . | . .
 The biggest fool that ever hit the big time

| D7 . | . . | G . | . .
 And all I gotta do is act natural-ly

. |D7 . | . . |G . | . . |D7 . | . . |G . | . .
 A -----
 E -3-2-0-----3-3-----3-2-0-----3-3-----0--
 C -----2-----2-2-----2-----2-----2-----2-2-----2-2-----2-
 G -----2~4-----2~4-----4-0-----2~4-----2~4-----4-0-----

| G . . . | . . . | C . | . .
 We'll make the scene about a man that's sad and lonely
 | G . . | . . . | D7 . | . .
 and beggin' down u-pon his bended knee
 | G . . | . . . | C . | . . |
 I'll play the part but I won't need re-hearsin'
 D7 . . | . . . | G . | G\ ---
 All I have to do is act natural-ly

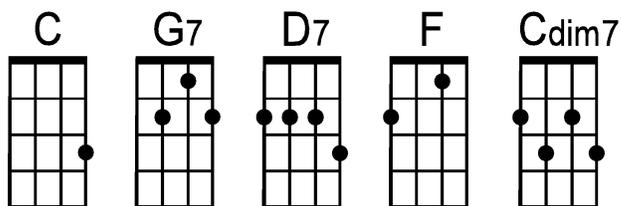
| D7 . . | . . . | G . . | . .
Bridge: Well I'll bet you I'm gonna be a big star
 | D7 . . | . . . | G . | . .
 Might win an Oscar, you can never tell
 | D7 . . | . . . | G . . | . .
 The movies gonna make— me a big star
 | A7 . . | . . . | D7 . | . .
 Cuz' I can play the part— so well—

| G . . | . . . | C . | . . |
 Well I hope you come and see me in the movies
 G . . | . . . | D7 . | . .
 Then I'll know that you will plainly see
 | G . . | . . . | C . | . .
 The biggest fool that ever hit the big time
 | D7 . . | . . . | G . | . .
 And all I gotta do is act natural-ly

. |D7 . | . . |G . |G\
 A -----
 E -3-2-0-----3-3-----
 C -----2-----2-2-----2-----2-----
 G -----2~4-----2~4-----4-0-----

I Like Bananas Because They Have No Bones

by Chris Yacich (~1936)



Intro: C . . . G7 . . . | C |
 Standing by the fruit store on the corner—

C . . . G7 . . . | C |
 Once I heard a custo-mer com-plain—

| D7 . . . G . . . | D7 . . . G . . . |
 You never seem to show the fruit we all love so

D7 | G . . G7 . . . |
 That's why business hasn't been the same—

C | D7 |
 I don't like your peaches— they are full of stones—

G7 | C . . . |
 I like ba-nanas— be-cause they have no bones—

C | D7 |
 I don't like to-matoes— can't stand ice cream cones—

G7 | C C7
 I like ba-nanas— be-cause they have no bones—

Bridge: | F | Cdim . . . C . . .
 No matter where I go— with Susie, May or Anna

| D7 | G7 . . . |
 I want the world to know— I must have my ba-nana—!

C | D7 |
 Cabbag-es and onions— hurt my singing tones—

G7 | C . . . |
 I like ba-nanas— be-cause they have no bones—

Instrumental verse (with kazoo):

C | D7 | G7 | . . . C . .

Bridge: | F | Cdim . . . C . . .
 No matter where I go— with Susie, May or Anna

| D7 | G7 . . . |
 I want the world to know— I must have my ba-nana—!

C | D7 |
 I don't like zu-cchini— don't eat raisin scones—

G7 | C . . . |
 I like ba-nanas— be-cause they have no bones—

G7 | C\ G7\ C\
 I like ba-nanas— be-cause they have no bones—

Song Sung Blue Recorded by Johnny Paycheck Written by Neil Diamond

C G7
Song sung blue everybody knows one

C
Song sung blue every garden grows one

C7 F
Me and you are subject to the blues now then
G7

But when you take the blues and make a song

C D7 G7
You sing 'em out again sing 'em out again

C G7
Song sung blue weeping like a willow

C
Song sung blue sleeping on my pillow

C7 F
Funny thing but you can sing it with a cry in your voice

G7 C
And before you know it get to feeling good you simply got no
choice

C7 F
Me and you are subject to the blues now and then

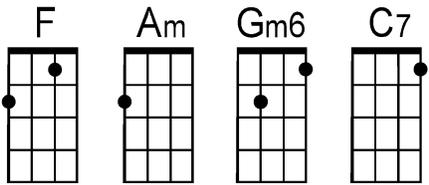
G7 C
But when you take the blues and make a song you sing 'em out
again

Repeat #2

G7 C
Song sung blue song sung blue

Singin' In the Rain

by Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed (1929)



Intro tab:

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

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

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

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

G-----

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

sing c

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

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

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

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

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

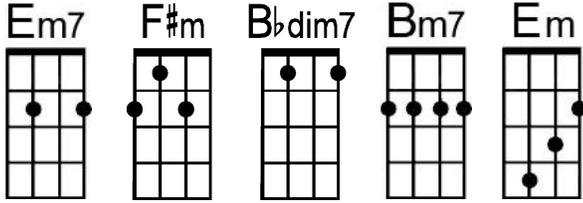
F . Am . | F . Am . | Gm6 . C7 . | Gm6 . C7 |
 Come on with the rain— there's a smile— on my face—

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

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

Spooky

by Harry Middlebrooks, Mike Shapiro, Buddy Buie and J.R. Cobb (1965)



(to play Classics IV version, capo up one fret)

Intro: Em7 1 2 3 & 4 | F#m 1 & 2 3 4 | Em7 1 2 3 & 4 | F#m 1 & 2 3

In the cool of the evening when every-thing is get-ting' kinda groo-vy

I call you up and ask you if you'd like to go with me and see a mov-ie

First you say "no", you've got some plans for the night

And then you stop and say "All right"

Love is kinda cra-zy with a spooky little girl like you—

You al-ways keep me guessin', I never seem to know what you are think-in'

And if a fella looks at you, it's for sure your little eye will be a-wink-in'

I get con-fused 'cause I don't know where I stand

And then you smile and hold my hand

Love is kinda cra-zy with a spooky little girl like you— Spoo-ky, yeah!

Instrumental: Em7 . . . | F#m . . . | Em7 . . . | F#m . . . | Em7 . . . | F#m . . . |
 Em7 . . . | F#m . . . | Em7 . . . | | F#m \ - - - | Bbdim \ \ - - - |
 Em7 . . . | F#m . . . | Em7 . . . | Bm7 . . . |

If you de—cide some day to stop this little game that you are play-in'

I'm gonna tell you all of what my heart's been a dyin' to be say—in'

Just like a ghost, you've been-a hauntin' my dreams

So I'll pro-pose on Hal—lo—ween,

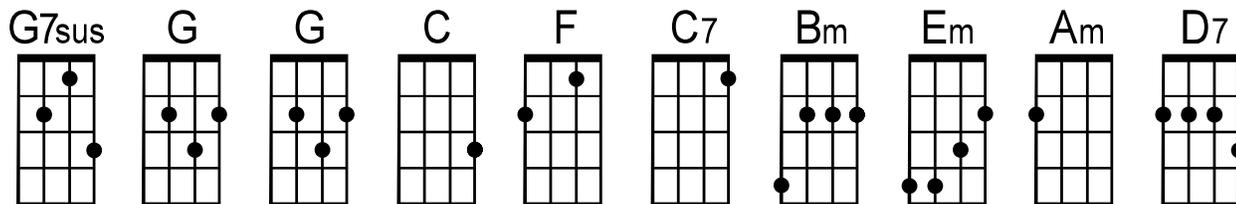
Love is kinda cra-zy with a spooky little girl like you—

Spoo-ky— Spoo-ky—

Spoo-ky— Spoo-ky—

A Hard Day's Night

by McCartney and Lennon (1964)



G7sus \ -- -- -- |

(--*tacet*--) G . C . | G | F | G
 It's been a hard— day's— night—, and I've been working— like a do-o-og

. | G . C . | G | F | G
 It's been a hard— day's— night—, I should be sleeping— like a lo-o-og

. | C | D
 But when I get home to you, I find the things that you do

. | G . C7 . | G
 will make me fe-el a - all right.

. | G . C . | G | F | G
 You know I work— all— day—, to get you money— to buy you thi-i-ings

. | G | G | F | G
 And it's worth it just to hear you say—, you're gonna give me— every-thi-i-ing.

. | C | D
 So why on earth should I moan, cuz when I get you a—lone,

. | G . C7 . | G
 you know I fe-el O-o- kay.

Bridge:

. | Bm | Em | Bm |
 When I'm home—, every-thing seems to be-e right—

. | G | Em | Am | D7
 When I'm home—, feeling you holding me tight—, tight—, yeah

. | G . C . | G | F | G
 It's been a hard— day's— night—, and I've been working— like a do-o-og

. | G . C . | G | F | G
 It's been a hard— day's— night—, I should be sleeping— like a lo-o-og

. | C | D
 But when I get home to you, I find the things that you do

. | G . C7 . | G
 will make me fe-el a - all right.

Instrumental:

G . C . | G . . . | F . . . | G . . . |

A _____

E _____ 1 _____ 1 _____ 1 _____ **x 2**

C _____ 0 2 0 2 _____ 0h2 0h2 0h2 0h2

(low) G 0 0 _____ 0 0 _____

. | C . . . | D . . . |
 So why on earth should I moan, cuz when I get you a—lone,
 . | G . C7 . | G . . . |
 you know I fe—el O-o- kay.

Bridge:

. | Bm . . . | Em . . . | Bm . . . | . . . |
 When I'm home—, every-thing seems to be-e right—
 . | G . . . | Em . . . | Am . . . | D7 . . . |
 When I'm home—, feeling you holding me tight—, tight—, yeah

. | G . C . | G . . . | F . . . | G . . . |
 It's been a hard— day's— night—, and I've been working— like a do-o-og

. | G . C . | G . . . | F . . . | G . . . |
 It's been a hard— day's— night—, I should be sleeping— like a lo-o-og

. | C . . . | D . . . |
 But when I get home to you, I find the things that you do
 . | G . C7 . | G . . . |
 will make me fe—el a - all right.

. | G . C . | G . . . | G . C . | F \ |
 You know I fe—el al—right you know I feel— al—right

Ending riff :

A _____

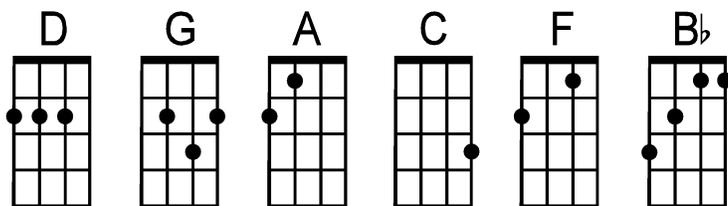
E 3 _____ 1 _____ *x3 and fade*

C 0 0 0 0 _____

(low) G 2 _____ 2 _____

Everyday (Key of D)

by Buddy Holly and Norman Petty (1957)



Capo on 1st fret for original key (Eb)

Intro: D . . . | |

(sing a)

D . . . | G . . . | A . . . | D . . . | G . . . | A . . . |
Ev'—ry day it's a gettin' clo-ser, go-in' fas-ter than a roller coas-ter

D . . . | G . . . | A . . . | D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | A . . . |
Love like yours will surely come my way— (a-hey, a-hey, hey)

D . . . | G . . . | A . . . | D . . . | G . . . | A . . . |
Ev'—ry day, it's a gettin' fas—ter, ev'—ry one says go a-head and ask her

D . . . | G . . . | A . . . | D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | A . . . |
Love like yours will surely come my way— (a-hey, a-hey, hey)

Bridge: G . . . | | C . . . | |
Ev'—ry day— seems a little long-er, Ev'—ry way— love's a little strong-er

F . . . | | Bb . . . | A . . . |
Come what may— do you ever long for True love from me—?

D . . . | G . . . | A . . . | D . . . | G . . . | A . . . |
Ev'—ry day it's a gettin' clo-ser, go-in' fas-ter than a roller coas-ter

D . . . | G . . . | A . . . | D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | A . . . |
Love like yours will surely come my way— (a-hey, a-hey, hey)

Instrumental: D . . . | G . . . | A . . . | D . . . | G . . . | A . . . |

D . . . | G . . . | A . . . | D . . . | G . . . | A . . . |

Bridge: G . . . | | C . . . | |
Ev'—ry day— seems a little long-er, Ev'—ry way— love's a little strong-er

F . . . | | Bb . . . | A . . . |
Come what may— do you ever long for True love from me—?

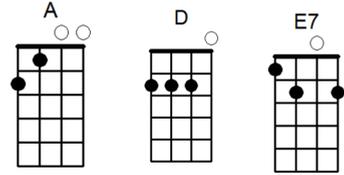
D . . . | G . . . | A . . . | D . . . | G . . . | A . . . |
Ev'—ry day it's a gettin' clo-ser, go-in' fas-ter than a roller coas-ter

D . . . | G . . . | A . . . | D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | A . . . |
Love like yours will surely come my way— (a-hey, a-hey, hey)

D . . . | G . . . | A . . . | D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | D |
Love like yours will surely come my way— (a-hey, hey)

Another Saturday Night (Sam Cooke)

A D
 Another Saturday night and I ain't got nobody,
 A E7
 I got some money, 'cos I just got paid.
 A D
 Now, how I wish I had someone to talk to;
 A E7 A
 I'm in an awful way. Dig this...



A E7 A D
 I got in town a month ago; I've seen a lot of girls since then.
 A D
 If I can meet 'em, I can get 'em, but, as yet, I haven't met 'em,
 A E7 A
 That's why I'm in the shape I'm in. Here...

CHORUS

A E7 A D
 Another feller told me; he had a sister who looked just fine.
 A D
 Instead of being my deliverance, she had a strange resemblance,
 A E7 A
 To a cat named Franken- stein. Here...

CHORUS

A E7 A D
 It's hard on a feller, when he don't know his way a- round.
 A D
 If I don't find me a honey, to help me spend my money,
 A E7 A
 I'm gonna have to blow this town. Here, it's...

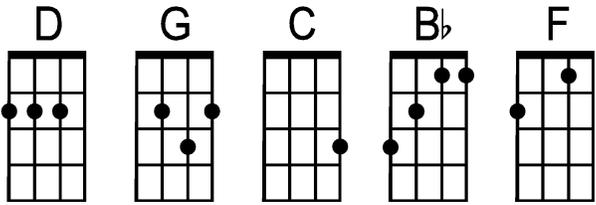
CHORUS

A D
 Another Saturday night and I ain't got nobody,
 A E7
 I got some money, 'cos I just got paid.
 A D
 Now, how I wish I had some chick to talk to;
 A E7 A
 I'm in an awful everybody sing

A D
 Another Saturday night and I ain't got nobody,
 A E7
 I got some money, 'cos I just got paid.
 A D
 Now, how I wish I had someone to talk to;
 A E7 A
 I'm in an awful way...(Fade)

For What It's Worth (key of D)

by Stephen Stills (Buffalo Springfield, 1967)



(to play in original key, E, capo up two frets)

Intro: D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . . |

Pick A-----12-----12----- (throughout verses)
E-10-----10-----

D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . . |
There's somethin' happen-ing here--- What it is, ain't ex-actly--- clear---

D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . . |
There's a man with a gun o-ver there--- a-telling me--- I've got to be-ware---

Chorus: I think it's time we stop, children, what's that sou-ound?

G . . . | Bb . . . | D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . . |
Everybody look what's goin' dow-own-----

D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . . |
There's battle lines being drawn--- Nobody's right-- if every-body's wrong-----

D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . . |
Young people speakin' their minds--- a-gettin' so much re-sistance-- from be--hind.

Chorus: It's time we stop. Hey, what's that sou-ound?

G . . . | Bb . . . | D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . . |
Everybody look what's goin' dow-own-----

D . . . | G . . . F . . . | D . . . | G . . . F . . . |
What a field day for the heat--- A thou-sand people in the street---
(oo----- oo----- oo-----) (oo----- oo-----)

D . . . | G . . . F . . . | D . . . | G . . . F . . . |
Singin' songs and a-carry-in' signs--- mostly sayin' hoo-ray for--- our side---
(oo-----) (oo----- oo----- oo-----) (oo----- oo-----)

Chorus: It's time we stop. Hey, what's that sou-ound?

G . . . | Bb . . . | D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . . |
Everybody look what's goin' dow-own-----

D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . .
Pa—ra—noia strikes deep— Into— your life it will creep—

| D . . . | G . . . | D . . . |
It starts when you're always a—fraid— Step out of line, the men co—ome and
G
take you a—way.

Outro: . . . | D . . . | C . . . | G . . . | Bb . . . |
You better stop. Hey, what's that sou-ound? Everybody look what's goin' dow-own

D . . . | C . . . | G . . . | Bb . . . |
Stop. *Hey*, what's that sou-ound? Everybody look what's goin' dow-own
You better

D . . . | C . . . | G . . . | Bb . . . |
Stop. *Now*, what's that sou-ound? Everybody look what's goin' dow-own
You better

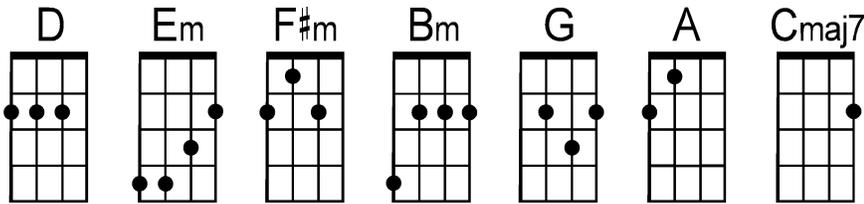
D . . . | C . . . | G . . . | Bb . . . | D\
Stop, children, what's that sou-ound? Everybody look what's goin' dow—own—

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v2 - 7/30/16)

House at Pooh Corner (Key of D)

by Kenny Loggins (1971)



D Em F#m Bm G A D A
 Christopher Robin and I walked a-long, under branches lit up by the moon
 D Em F#m Bm G A D
 Posing our questions to Owl and Ee-yore, as our days disappeared all too soon.
 Bm F#m G Em A
 But I've wandered much further to-day than I should, and I can't seem to find my way back to the Wood

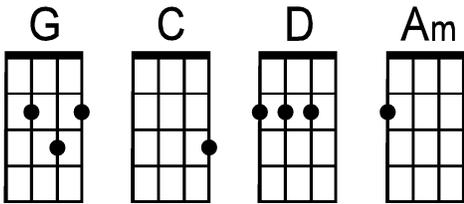
Chorus: D F#m Em A D F#m Em A
 So help me if you can, I've got to get back to the house at Pooh Corner by one.
 D F#m Em A
 You'd be sur-prise'd, there's so much to be done
 F#m Bm F#m Bm F#m/ Em/
 Count all the bees in the hive Chase all the clouds from the sky
 G F#m Bm Cmaj7 A
 Back to the days of Christopher Robin and Pooh

D Em F#m Bm G A D A
 Winnie the Pooh doesn't know what to do, got a honey jar stuck on his nose
 D Em F#m Bm G A D
 He came to me asking help and ad-vice, and from here no one knows where he goes.
 Bm F#m G Em A
 So I sent him to ask of the Owl, if he's there, how to loosen a jar from the nose of a bear

D F#m Em A D F#m Em A
 So help me if you can, I've got to get back to the house at Pooh Corner by one.
 D F#m Em A
 You'd be sur-prise'd, there's so much to be done
 F#m Bm F#m Bm F#m/ Em/
 Count all the bees in the hive Chase all the clouds from the sky
 G F#m Bm
 Back to the days of Christopher Robin
 G F#m Bm
 Back to the ways of Christopher Robin
 G F#m Bm G A D
 Back to the days of Poooooooooooooh.

Friend of the Devil

by Jerry Garcia, John Dawson & Robert Hunter (1970)



Intro: G . . . | C . . . | G . . . | C . . . |

(Sing b)

G . . . | C . . . |
I lit out from Reno, I was trailed by twenty hounds---

G . . . | C . . . |
Didn't get to sleep that night till the morning came a-round---

Chorus:

D . . . | Am . . . |
Set out runnin' but I take my time. A friend of the devil is a friend of mine

| D . . . | Am . . . | D . . . | . . . |
If I get home be-fore day-light I just might get some sleep--- to-ni---- ight---

G . . . | C . . . |
Ran in-to the devil, babe, he loaned me twenty bills---

| G . . . | C . . . |
I spent the night in Utah in a cave up in the hills-----

D . . . | Am . . . |
Set out runnin' but I take my time. A friend of the devil is a friend of mine

| D . . . | Am . . . | D . . . | . . . |
If I get home be-fore day-light I just might get some sleep--- to-ni---- ight---

| G . . . | C . . . |
I ran down--- to the levee but the devil caught me there-----

G . . . | C . . . |
Took my twenty dollar bill and he vanished in the air-----

D . . . | Am . . . |
Set out runnin' but I take my time. A friend of the devil is a friend of mine

| D . . . | Am . . . | D . . . | . . . |
If I get home be-fore day-light I just might get some sleep--- to-ni---- ight---

Bridge: D . . . | . . . |
Got two reasons why I cry a-way each lonely night---

| C . . . | . . . |
The first one's named Sweet Anne Ma-rie and she's my heart's de-light---

D . . . | . . . |
Second one is prison, babe, the sheriff's on my trail-----

| Am . . . | C . . . | D . . . | . . . |
And if he catches up with me I'll spend my life in jail-----

G . . . | **C** . . . |
Got a wife in Chino, babe, and one in Chero-kee-----

G . . . | **C** . . . |
First one says she's got my child, but it don't look like me-----

D . . . | **Am** . . . |
Set out runnin' but I take my time. A friend of the devil is a friend of mine

| **D** . . . | **Am** . . . | **D** . . . | . . . |
If I get home be-fore day-light I just might get some sleep--- to-ni----- ight-----

Instrumental: **G** . . . | **C** . . . | **G** . . . | **C** . . .

D . . . | **Am** . . . | **D** . . . | **Am** . . . | **D** . . . | . . . |

Bridge: **D** . . . | . . . |
Got two reasons why I cry a-way each lonely night-----

| **C** . . . | . . . |
The first one's named Sweet Anne Ma-rie and she's my heart's de-light-----

D . . . | . . . |
Second one is prison, babe, the sheriff's on my trail-----

| **Am** . . . | **C** . . . | **D** . . . | . . . |
And if he catches up with me I'll spend my life in jail-----

G . . . | **C** . . . |
Got a wife in Chino, babe, and one in Chero-kee-----

G . . . | **C** . . . |
First one says she's got my child, but it don't look like me-----

D . . . | **Am** . . . |
Set out runnin' but I take my time. A friend of the devil is a friend of mine

| **D** . . . | **Am** . . . | **D** (hold) **D** \
If I get home be-fore day-light I just might get some sleep--- to-ni----- ight-----

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v3b - 7/22/18)

Always Look On The Bright Side Of Life – Monty Python

Some **(Am)**things in life are **(D)**bad
They can **(G)**really make you **(Em)**mad
(Am)Other things just **(D)**make you swear and **(G)**curse
When you've **(Am)**chewing on life's **(D)**gristle
Don't **(G)**grumble give a **(Em)**whistle
And **(Am)**this'll help things turn out for the **(D7)**best

[chorus]

And **(G)**always **(Em)**look on the
(Am)Bright **(D7)**side of **(G)**life **(Em) (Am) (D7)**
(G)Always **(Em)**look on the
(Am)Light **(D7)**side of **(G)**life **(Em) (Am) (D7)**

If **(Am)**life seems jolly **(D)**rotten
There's **(G)**something you've **(Em)**forgotten
And **(Am)**that's to laugh and **(D)**smile and dance and **(G)**sing
When you're **(Am)**feeling in the **(D)**dumps
(G)Don't be silly **(Em)**chumps
Just **(Am)**purse your lips and whistle - that's the **(D7)**thing

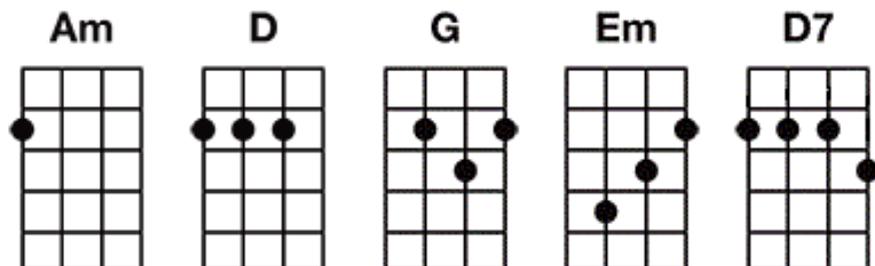
[chorus]

For **(Am)**life is quite ab**(D)**surd... and **(G)**death's the final **(Em)**word
You must **(Am)**always face the **(D)**curtain... with a **(G)**bow
For **(Am)**get about your **(D)**sin... give the **(G)**audience a **(Em)**grin
En**(Am)**joy it... it's your last chance any**(D7)**how

So **(G)**always **(Em)**look on the
(Am)Bright **(D7)**side of **(G)**death **(Em) (Am) (D7)**
(G)Just be**(Em)**fore you **(Am)**draw your
(D7)Terminal **(G)**breath **(Em) (Am) (D7)**

(Am)Life's a piece of **(D)**shit... **(G)** when you look at **(Em)** it
(Am)Life's a laugh and **(D)**death's a joke it's **(G)**true
You'll **(Am)**see it's all a **(D)**show
Keep 'em **(G)**laughing as you **(Em)**go
Just re**(Am)**member that the last laugh is on **(D7)**you

[chorus] x2 then (G)



Chorus: F . C . | G . C
Down on the corner, out in the street
. | F . C . | G . C . |
Willy and the Poorboys are playin'. Bring a nickel, tap your feet.

C . . . | G . C .
You don't need a penny just to hang a-round
|. . . | G . C . |
But if you've got a nickel won't you lay your money down?
F . . . | C . . . |
Over on the corner there's a happy noise
. . . | G . C . |
People come from all a-round to watch the magic boys

Chorus: F . C . | G . C
Down on the corner, out in the street
. | F . C . | G . C . |
Willy and the Poorboys are playin'. Bring a nickel, tap your feet.

F . C . | G . C
Down on the corner, out in the street
. | F . C . | G . C \ G \ C \ |
Willy and the Poorboys are playin'. Bring a nickel, tap your feet.