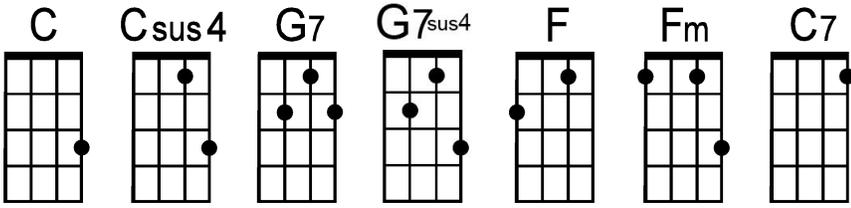






# Sloop John B (Key of C)

by Richard Le Gallienne, (1917)



C . . . Csus4 | C . . . | . . . Csus4 | C . . . |  
 We come on— de Sloop John B. My grand— father and me  
 . . . | C/g . . . | G7 . . . G7sus4 | G7 .  
 Round— Nas-sau town— we did roam—  
 . . . | C . . . | C7 . . . | F . . . | Fm . . .  
 Drinking all night— got in a fight—  
 . . . | C . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . Csus4 | C . . .  
 Well I feel so broke-up— I wanna go home—

**Chorus:** | C . . . Csus4 | C . . . |  
 So hoist up— de John B sails—  
 C . . . Csus4 | C . . . |  
 See how— de main sail sets—  
 . . . | C/g . . . | G7 . . . G7sus4 | G7 .  
 Send for de Cap-tain Shore—! Let me go home—!  
 . . . | C . . . | C7 . . . | F . . . | Fm . . .  
 Let me go home— Let me go home—  
 . . . | C . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . Csus4 | C . . .  
 Well I feel so broke-up— I wanna go home—

| C . . . Csus4 | . . . | . . . Csus4 | C . . .  
 De first-mate— he got— drunk— broke in— de Cap-tain's trunk—  
 | . . . | C/g . . . | G7 . . . G7sus4 | G7 .  
 De consta-ble had to come— and take him a-- way—  
 . . . | C . . . | C7 . . . | F . . . | Fm . . .  
 Sheriff John Stone— why don't you leave me a-- lone—?  
 . . . | C . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . Csus4 | C . . .  
 Well I feel so broke-up— I wanna go home—

**Chorus:** | C . . . Csus4 | C . . . |  
 So hoist up— de John B sails—  
 C . . . Csus4 | C . . . |  
 See how— de main sail sets—  
 . . . | C/g . . . | G7 . . . G7sus4 | G7 .  
 Send for de cap-tain Shore—! Let me go home—!

. . |C . . . |C7 . . . |F . . . |Fm . . .  
Let me go home----- Let me go home-----

. |C . . . |G7 . . . |C . . . Csus4 |C . . .  
I feel so broke-up-- I wanna go home-----

|C . . . Csus4 |C . . . | . . . Csus4 |C . . . |  
De poor cook-- he got-- fits tro' way-- all de grits

. . . |C/g . . . |G7 . . . G7sus4 |G7 . . .  
Den he-- took an' eat-up-- all o'my corn!

. . C . . . |C7 . . . |F . . . |Fm . . .  
Let me go home----- I wanna go home-----!

|C . . . |G7 . . . |C . . . Csus4 |C . . .  
Dis is de worst trip-- since I-I been born-----!

. |C . . . Csus4 |C . . . |  
**Chorus:** So hoist up-- de John B sails--

C . . . Csus4 |C . . . |  
See how-- de main sail sets--

. . . |C/g . . . |G7 . . . G7sus4 |G7 . . .  
Send for de cap-tain Shore--! Let me go home-----!

. . |C . . . |C7 . . . |F . . . |Fm . . .  
Let me go home----- Let me go home-----

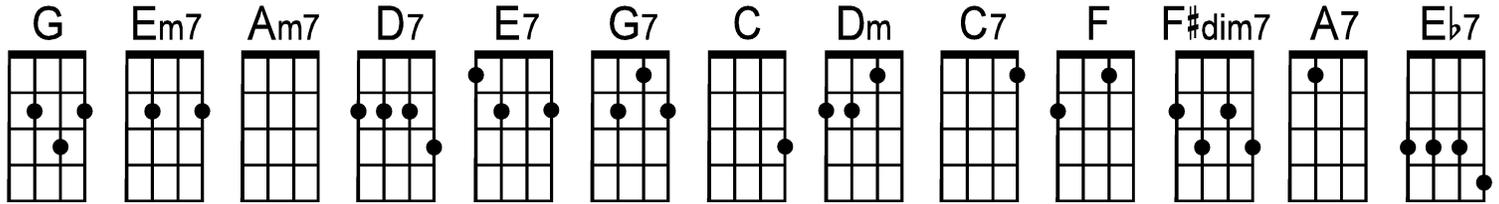
. |C . . . |G7 . . . |C . . . Csus4 |C . . .  
I feel so broke-up-- I wanna go home-----

. |C . . . |G7 . . . |C . . . G7\ |C\  
I feel so broke-up-- I wanna go home-----!

**San Jose Ukulele Club**  
(v3b - 5/7/18)

# Chattanooga Choo Choo

By Mack Gordon & Harry Warren



**Intro:** G . Em7 . | Am7 . D7 . | G . Em7 . | Am7 . D7 . |

G . Em7 . | Am7 . D7 . | G . Em7 . | Am7 .  
 Pardon me, boy is that the Chatta-nooga choo choo—?

E7 . | Am7 . . . | D7 . . . | G . Em7 . | Am7 . D7 . |  
 Track twenty-nine— Won't you gimme a shine—?

G . Em7 . | Am7 . D7 . | G . Em7 . | Am7 .  
 I can a—fford— to board a Chatta-nooga choo choo—

E7 . | Am7 . . . | D7 . . . | G . Am7 . | G7\  
 I've got my fare— and just a trifle to spare—

(--- *-tacet-* ---) | C . Dm . | C . Dm\  
 You leave the Pennsyl-vania Station 'bout a quarter to four

C . Dm . | C . C7 . |  
 Read a maga-zine and then you're in Balti—more

F . F#dim . | C . A7 . |  
 Dinner in the diner— nothing could be finer—

D7 . . . | F . G7 . |  
 Than to have your ham an' eggs in Car—o—lina

C . Dm . | C . Dm\  
 When you hear the whistle blowin' eight to the bar—

C . Dm . | C . C7 . |  
 Then you know that Tenne-ssee is not very— far—

F . F#dim . | C . A7 . |  
 Shovel all the coal in— gotta keep it rollin'—

D7 . . . | G7 . C\  
 Woo, woo, Chatta-nooga there you are—

G . Em7 . | Am7 . D7 . | G . Em7 . | Am7 .  
 There's gonna be— a certain party at the station—

E7 . | Am7 . . . | D7 . . . | G . Em7 . | Am7 . D7 . |  
 Satin and lace— I used to call "Funny— Face"—

G . Dm . | G7 . . . | C . . . | Eb7 . . .  
 She's gonna cry— un-til I tell her that I'll nev-er— roam—

. | G . Em7 . | Am7 . D7 . | G . Em7 . | Am7 .  
 So Chatta-nooga choo choo— won't you choo-choo me home—?

. D7 . | G . Em7 . | Am7 .  
 Won't you choo-choo me home—?

. D7 . | G . Em7 . | Am7 . D7 . | G\  
 Won't you choo-choo me home—?

# Catch A Falling Star

artist:Perry Como , writer:Paul Vance, Lee Pockriss

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=\\_VJIHWESyLI](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_VJIHWESyLI)

*Thanks to Frank de Lathouder*

[A] Catch a falling star [D] and [A] put it in your po-[D]cket,  
[A] never let it fade [D] a-[A]way.  
[A] Catch a falling star [D] and [A] put it in your po-[D]cket,  
[A] save it for a rai-[D]ny [A] day.

For [D] love may come and tap you on the shoulder,  
[A] some starless night,  
And [D] just in case you feel you want to hold her,  
[A] (stop) you'll have a po-[E7]cketful of star light.

[A] Catch a falling star [D] and [A] put it in your po-[D]cket,  
[A] never let it fade [D] a-[A]way.  
[A] Catch a falling star [D] and [A] put it in your po-[D]cket,  
[A] save it for a rai-[D]ny [A] day.

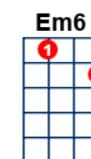
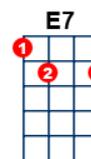
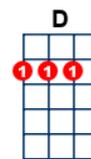
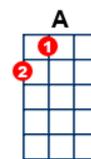
[A] [D] [A] [Em6]

For [D] when your troubles start to multiplyin',  
[A] and they just might,  
It's [D] easy to forget them without tryin',  
with [A] (stop) just a po-[E7]cketful of star light.

[A] Catch a falling star [D] and [A] put it in your po-[D]cket,  
[A] never let it fade [D] a-[A]way.  
[A] Catch a falling star [D] and [A] put it in your po-[D]cket,  
[A] save it for a rai-[D]ny [A] day.

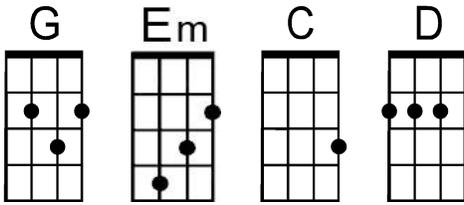
[A] Save it for a rai-[D]ny [A] day,  
[A] (slowly) Save it for a rai-[D]ny [A] day.

[A] [D] [A] [D] [A] [D] [A]



# Monster Mash

by Bobby Pickett



I was working in the lab late one night when my eyes be-held an eer-ie sight  
For my monster from his slab be-gan to rise and sudden-ly to my sur-prise

(He did the mash) He did the mon-ster mash

(The monster mash) It was a grave-yard smash

(He did the mash) It caught on in a flash

(He did the mash) He did the mon-ster mash

From my la-bora-tory in the ca-stle east, to the mas-ter bedroom where the vam-pires feast  
(whaa---oooooooooooooooooooo) (whaa--oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo)

The ghouls all came from their humble a-bodes to get a jolt from my e-lec-trodes  
(wha-wha-oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo) (wha--oo)

(They did the mash) They did the mon-ster mash

(The monster mash) It was a grave-yard smash

(They did the mash) It caught on in a flash

(They did the mash) They did the mon-ster mash

## Bridge:

The zom-bies were having fun The party had just be-gun  
(whaa--oooooooooooooooooooo in-a-shoop whaa-oooooooooooooooooooo in-a-shoop)

The guests in-clud-ed Wolf Man, Dracula and his son  
(whaa--oooooooooooooooooooo in-a-shoop wha-ooo

The scene was rockin', all were digging the sounds Igor on chains, backed by his baying hounds  
(whaa--oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo) (whaa--oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo)

The Coffin Bangers were a-bout to a-rrive with their vocal group, "The Crypt-Kicker Five"  
(wha-wha-oooooooooooooooooooo) (whaa--oo)

**G** (They played the mash) They played the mon-ster mash

**Em** (The monster mash) It was a grave-yard smash

**C** (They played the mash) It caught on in a flash

**D** (They played the mash) They played the mon-ster mash

**G** Out from his coffin, Drac's voice did ring. **Em** Seems he was troubled by just one thing  
(whaa--oooooooooooooooooooo) (whaa--oooooooooooooooooooo)

**C** He opened the lid and shook his fist and said, **D** "Whatever happened to my Transylvania twist?"  
(wha-wha-oooooooooooooooooooo) (wha--oo)

**G** (It's now the mash) It's now the monster mash

**Em** (The monster mash) And it's a grave-yard smash

**C** (It's now the mash) It's caught on in a flash

**D** (It's now the mash) It's now the mon-ster mash

**G** Now every-thing's cool, Drac's a part of the band **Em** and my monster mash is the hit of the land  
(whaaa--oooooooooooo) (whaaa--oooooooooooo)

**C** For you, the living, this mash was meant, too. **D** When you get to my door, tell them Boris sent you  
(wha-wha-oooooooooooo) (whaa----oo)

**G** (Then you can mash) Then you can mon-ster mash

**Em** (The monster mash) And do my grave-yard smash

**C** (Then you can mash) You'll catch on in a flash

**D** (Then you can mash) Then you can mon-ster mash

**G** (whaaa--oooooooooooo) **Em** Monster Mash, (whaaa--oooooooooooo) Monster Mash)

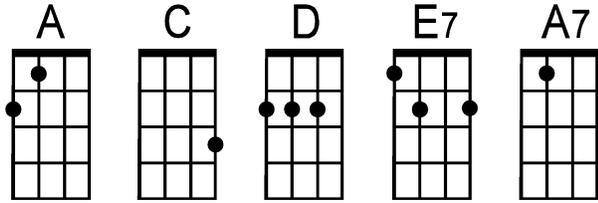
**C** (whaaa--oooooooooooo) **D** Monster Mash, (whaaa--oooooooooooo) Monster Mash)

**G**  
(whaaa--oooooooooooo)



# Bye Bye Love

by Felice and Boudleaux Bryant (1957)



**Intro:** A . C\ D\ | A . . . | . . C\ D\ | A . . . |

**Chorus:** D . . . | A . . . | D . . . | A . . . |  
Bye, bye— love                      bye, bye— hap-pi-ness  
D . . . | A . . . | E7 . | A . . . |  
Hel-lo— lone-li—ness, I think I'm-a gon-na cry-y—  
D . . . | A . . . | D . . . | A . . . |  
Bye, bye— love                      Bye, bye— sweet ca-ress  
D . . . | A . . . | E7 . | A . . . |  
Hel-lo emp-ti-ness, I feel like I could die-ie—  
E7 . | A . . . |  
Bye bye my love, Good bye-y—

A\ (----*tacit*-----) | E7 . . . | . . . | A . . . |  
There goes my ba—by— with some-one new—  
E7 . . . | . . . | A . . . |  
She sure looks ha—ppy I sure am blue—  
A7 . . . | D . . . | . . . | E7 . . . |  
She was my ba—by till he stepped in—  
A . . . | . . . | A . . . | . . . |  
Good bye to ro—mance that might have been—

**Chorus:** D . . . | A . . . | D . . . | A . . . |  
Bye, bye— love                      bye, bye— hap-pi-ness  
D . . . | A . . . | E7 . | A . . . |  
Hel-lo— lone-li—ness, I think I'm-a gon-na cry-y—  
D . . . | A . . . | D . . . | A . . . |  
Bye, bye— love                      Bye, bye— sweet ca-ress  
D . . . | A . . . | E7 . | A . . . |  
Hel-lo emp-ti-ness, I feel like I could die-ie—  
E7 . | A . . . |  
Bye bye my love, Good bye-y—

A\ (----*tacit*-----) | E7 . . . | . . . | A . . . |  
I'm through with ro—mance, I'm through with love—  
E7 . . . | . . . | A . . . |  
I'm through with coun—tin' the stars a--bove—  
A7 . . . | D . . . | . . . | E7 . . . |  
And here's the re—son, that I'm so free—  
A . . . | . . . | A . . . | . . . |  
My lov-in' ba—by is through with me—

**Chorus:** D Bye, bye— love | A . . . | D bye, bye— | A hap-pi-ness . |  
D Hel-lo— lone-li-ness, | A I think I'm-a gon-na cry-y— | E7 . | A . . . |  
D Bye, bye— love | A . . . | D Bye, bye— | A sweet ca-ress . |  
D Hel-lo . | A emp-ti-ness, | E7 I feel like I could die-ie— | A . . .  
. | . E7 | A . . . |  
Bye bye my love, Good bye-y—  
. | . E7 | A . . . |  
Bye bye my love, Good bye-y  
. | . E7 | A . . . |  
Bye bye my love, Good bye-y  
. | . E7 | A\ |  
Bye bye my love— Good— bye—

**San Jose Ukulele Club**  
(v4 - 2-5-19)

# Brand New Key (Melanie Safka)



Intro: **C** **G7** **C**  
*(I got a brand new pair of roller skates, you got a brand new key)*

**C**  
I rode my bicycle past your window last night

**G7**  
I roller skated to your door at daylight

**C**  
It almost seems like you're avoiding me

**F** **G7**  
I'm okay alone, but you've got something I need

**C**  
Well, I got a brand new pair of roller skates, you got a brand new key

I think that we should get together and try them out ya see

**F**  
I've been lookin' around awhile, you got something for me

**C** **G7** **C**  
Oh! I got a brand new pair of roller skates, you got a brand new key

**C**  
I ride my bike, I roller skate, don't drive no car

**G7**  
Don't go too fast, but I go pretty far

**C**  
For somebody who don't drive well, I've been all around the world

**F** **G7**  
Some people say, I've done all right for a girl

**C**  
Well, I got a brand new pair of roller skates, you got a brand new key

I think that we should get together and try them out ya see

**F**  
I've been lookin' around awhile, you got something for me

**C** **G7** **C**  
Oh! I got a brand new pair of roller skates, you got a brand new key

**C**  
I asked your mother if you were at home

**G7**  
She said, yes, but you weren't alone

**C**  
Oh, sometimes I think that you're avoiding me

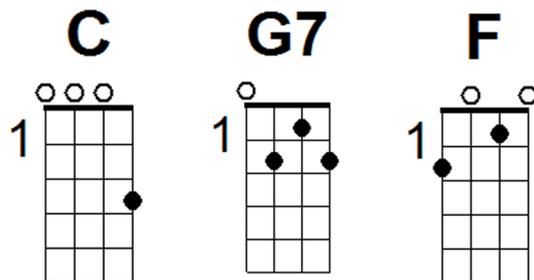
**F** **G7**  
I'm okay alone, but you've got something I need

**C**  
Well, I got a brand new pair of roller skates, you got a brand new key

I think that we should get together and try them out ya see

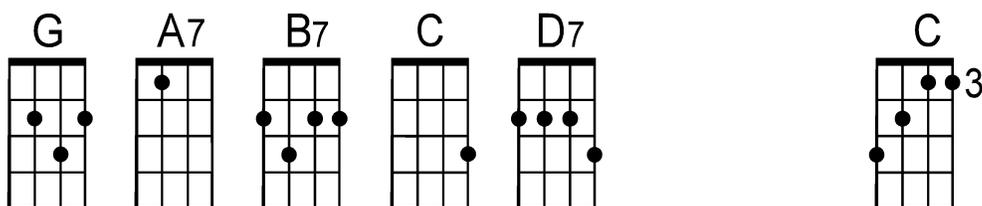
**F**  
La la la la la la la, la la la la la la

**C** **G7** **C**  
Oh! I got a brand new pair of roller skates, you got a brand new key



# 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)

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

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

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

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

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

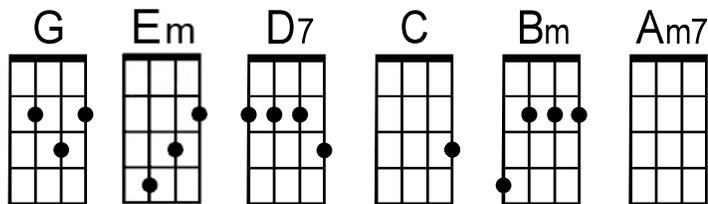
**Dm B7 Dm**  
**E7**  
I held my nose, I close my eyes - I took a drink

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

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

# Rhythm of the Rain

by John Claude Gummoe (The Cascades -1962)



**Intro:** G . . . | Em . . . | G . . . | D7 . . . |

*sing e*

G . . . | C . . . | G . . . | D7 . . .

Listen to the rhythm of the fall-ing rain— telling me just what a fool I've been

| G . . . | C . . . | G . . . D7 . | G . . .  
I wish that it would go and let me cry in— vain— and let me be a-lone a—gain

| G . . . | C . . . | G . . . | D7 . . .  
The only girl I care a-bout has gone a—way— lookin' for a brand new— start

| G . . . | C . . .  
But little does she know that when she left that— day—,

| G . . . D7 . | G . . . |  
a—long with her she took my— heart

## Chorus:

C . . . | Bm . . .  
Rain, please tell me now does that seem— fair—

| C . . . | G . . .  
For her to steal my heart a-way when she don't— care—

| Em . . . | Am7 . . . | D7 . . . | . . .  
I can't love an- other when my heart's some-where far a-way—

| G . . . | C . . . | G . . . | D7 . . .  
The only girl I care a-bout has gone a—way, lookin' for a brand new— start

| G . . . | C . . .  
But little does she know that when she left that— day—

| G . . . D7 . | G . . . |  
a—long with her she took my— heart

**Instrumental:** G . . . | C . . . | G . . . | D7 . . . |  
(same as verse)

G . . . | C . . . | G . D7 . | G . . . |

**Chorus 2:**

C . . . . | Bm . . . . |  
Rain, won't you tell her that I love her— so—

C . . . . | G . . . . |  
Please ask the sun to set her heart a—glow—

Em . . . . | Am7 . . . . | D7 . . . . | . . . . |  
Rain in her heart and let the love we knew start to grow—

G . . . . | C . . . . | G . . . . | D7 . . . . |  
Listen to the rhythm of the fall-ing rain— telling me just what a fool I've been

| G . . . . | C . . . . | G . . . . | D7 . . . . | G . . . . |  
I wish that it would go and let me cry in vain, and let me be a-lone a—gain

G . . . . | Em . . . . | G . . . . | Em . . . . |  
Oh, listen to the fall—ing rain— pitter patter pitter patter Oh-oh

G . . . . | Em . . . . | G . . . . | Em . . . . |  
Listen, listen to the fall—ing rain— pitter patter pitter patter Oh-oh

G . . . . | D7 . . . . | G \  
listen, listen to the fall—ing rain—

**San Jose Ukulele Club**

(v6- 1/7/18)

# 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](http://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

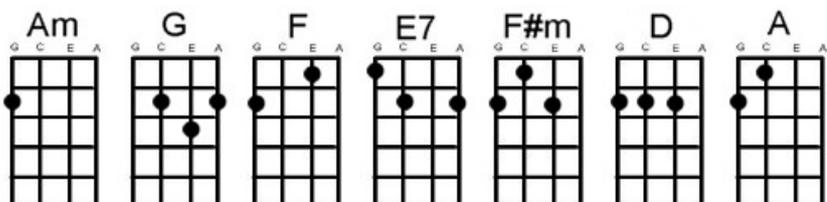
[A] Why why why why [F#m] why she ran away

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

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

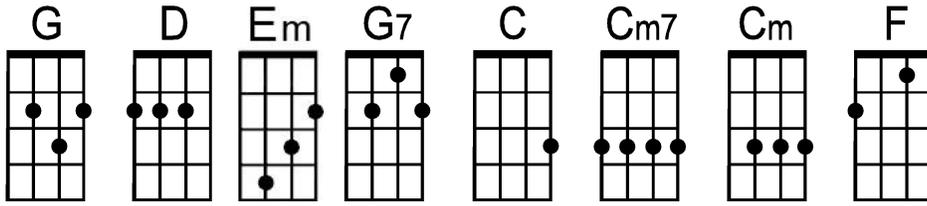
[D] Run run run run [A] runaway

[D] Run run run run [A] runaway



# In My Life (Key of G)

by John Lennon (1965)



(to play in original key (A)  
capo up two frets)

**Intro:** A

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

E -----3-----2-----3-----2-----

C -----0-2-----0-2-----

(low G) --4-----4-----4-----4-----

(sing d)

. | G . D . | Em . G7 . | C . Cm . | G . . .

There are pla-ces I re-mem-ber all my li---i-ife though some have changed

. | G . D . | Em . G7 . | C . Cm . | G . . .

Some for-e---ver not for bet-ter some have go---o-one and some re-main

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

All these pla---ces have their mo-ments with lovers and friends I still can re--call

. | Em . . . | A . . . | Cm . Cm7 . | G . . .

Some are dead and some are liv-ing In my---y-y-y life, I've loved them all

G . . . | D \ --- ---

A -----

E -----3-----2-----

C -----0-2-----

(low G) --4-----4-----

. | G . D . | Em . G7 . | C . Cm . | G . . .

But of all these friends and lov-ers, there is no---o-one com-pares with you

. | G . D . | Em . G7 . | C . Cm . | G . . .

And these memo-ries lose their mean-ing when I think-- of love--- as some-thing new

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

Though I know I'll never lose af-fec-tion for people and things that went be--fore

. | Em . . . | A . . . | Cm . Cm7 . | G . . .

I know I'll often stop and think a-bout them. In my---y-y-y life I love you more

**Instrumental:** G . D . | Em . G7 . | C . Cm . | G . . . |

G . D . | Em . G7 . | C . Cm . | G . . .

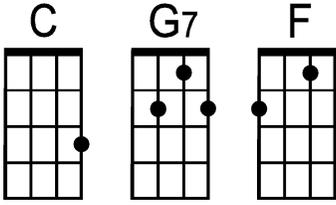
. |Em . . . |C . . . |F . . . |G . . .  
 Though I know I'll never lose af-fec-tion for people and things that went be-- fore  
 |Em . . . |A . . . |Cm . Cm7 . |G . . . |  
 I know I'll often stop and think a-bout them. In my---y-y-y life I love you more

G . . . |D\ --- --- ---  
 A -----  
 E ---3-----2-----  
 C ---0-2-----  
 (low G) ---4-----4-----

|Cm\ --- Cm7\ --- | --- --- |G . . . |D . . . |G\  
 In my---y-y life I love you more-----  
 A -----  
 E ---3-----2-----2-0-2---3---  
 C ---0-2-----  
 (low) G ---4-----4-----

# Purple People Eater (key of C)

by Sheb Wooley (1958)



**Intro:** G7~~~~~G7\\  
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

sing

Well I saw the thing comin' out of the sky  
It had one long horn and one big eye (ooo!)  
I com-menced to shakin' and I said, "ooo-wee!"  
It looked like a purple people eater to me

**Chorus1:** It was a one-eyed, one-horned flying purple people eater  
(One-eyed, one-horned flying purple people eater)  
A one-eyed, one-horned flying purple people eater  
Sure looked strange to me (one eye?)

When he came down to earth and he lit in a tree  
I said, "Mr. Purple People Eater, don't eat me"  
I hear-rd him say in a voice so gruff  
"I wouldn't eat you 'cause you're so tough"

**Chorus2:** It was a one-eyed, one-horned flying purple people eater  
(One-eyed, one-horned flying purple people eater)  
A one-eyed, one-horned flying purple people eater  
Sure looked strange to me (one horn?)

I said "Mister Purple People Eater, what's your line?"

He said eating purple people and it sure is fine

But that's not the reason that I came to land

"I wanna get a job in a rock and roll band."

**Chorus3:** Well, bless my soul, rock and roll, flying purple people eater

Pigeon-toed, under-growed, flying purple people eater

(We wear short-shorts!) friendly little people eater

What a sight to see! (ooooo!)  
*scream*

Then he swung from a tree and he lit on the ground

And he started to rock, really rockin' a--round

It was a cra-zy ditty with a swing-ing tune

"Sing a lop bop a lula a lop bam boom"

**Chorus4:** Well, bless my soul, rock and roll, flying purple people eater

Pigeon-toed, under-growed, flying purple people eater

(I like short-shorts!) flying purple people eater

What a sight to see! (purple people!)

Well he went on his way and what do you know

I saw him last night on a TV show

He was blowing it out, really knockin' 'em dead

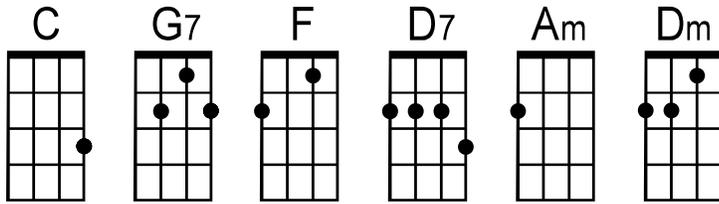
Playing rock and roll music thru the horn in his head

**Instrumental with kazoos:**

C\\ | F . . . | . . . . | C . . . | . . . . | F . . . | . . . . | G7 . . . | . . C\\ **Te-qui-la!**

# Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah

by Allie Wrubel and Ray Gilbert (1945)  
(from Disney's "Song of the South")



C\ G7\ C . | F . C . | F . C . | D7 . G7 . |  
Zipa- dee- doo-dah, zipa-dee-ay My, oh my, what a wonder - ful day  
C\ G7\ C . | F . C . | F . C\ Am\ | Dm\ D7\ C\  
Plenty of sun- shine, headin' my way Zipa-dee-doo-dah, zipa- dee--ay!

. | G7 . . . | C . .  
**Bridge:** Mister blue-bird on my shoul-der,  
. | D7 . . .  
It's the truth, it's "ach'll,"  
G\ (-----*tacet*-----)  
Everything is "satisfach'll"

C\ G7\ C . | F . C . | F . C\ Am\ | D7\ G7\ C . |  
Zipa-dee-doo-dah, zipa-dee-ay, Wonder-ful feel-ling, wonder-ful day!

**Instr:** C\ G7\ C . | F . C . | F . C . | D7 . G7 . |  
C\ G7\ C . | F . C . | F . C\ Am\ | Dm\ D7\ C\

. | G7 . . . | C . .  
**Bridge:** Mister blue-bird on my shoul-der,  
. | D7 . . .  
It's the truth, it's "ach'll,"  
G\ (-----*tacet*-----)  
Everything is "satisfach'll"

C\ G7\ C . | F . C . | F . C\ Am\ | D7\ G7\ C  
Zipa-dee-doo-dah, zipa-dee-ay, Wonder-ful feel-ling, wonder-ful day!