

# FIVE FOOT TWO

w. Sam Lewis, Joe Young m. Ray Henderson  
4/4 1...2...1234

**C**                    **E7**                    **A7**  
Five foot two, eyes of blue, but, oh, what those five feet could do!

**D7**    **G7**    **C (A7 D7 G7)**  
Has anybody seen my gal?

**C**                    **E7**                    **A7**  
Turned up nose, turned down hose, flapper, yes sir, one of those!

**D7**    **G7**    **C**  
Has anybody seen my gal?

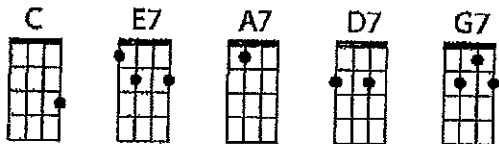
**E7↓↓**    **E7↓↓**            **A7↓↓**            **A7↓↓**  
Now if you run into a five foot two covered with fur,

**D7↓↓**                    **D7↓↓**                    **G7↓ STOP**  
Diamond rings, and all those things, betcha life it isn't her!

**C**                    **E7**                    **A7**  
But could she love, could she woo, could she, could she, could she Cool!

**1**    **D7**    **G7**    **C**  
Has anybody seen my gal? (REPEAT FROM BEGINNING)

**2**    **D7**    **G7**    **D7**    **G7**    **D7**    **G7**    **C (G7 C)**  
Has anybody seen my, anybody seen my, anybody seen my gal?

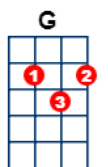
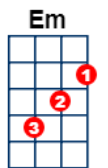
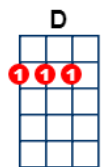
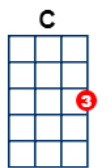
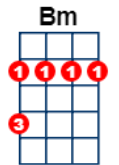
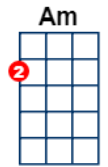


# Karma Chameleon [G]

artist:Culture Club , writer:George O'Dowd, Jon Moss, Mikey Craig, Roy Hay, Phil Pickett

Culture Club: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aDwQmYkCLJU> Capo on 3rd fret

There's a [G] loving in your [D] eyes all the [G] way  
If I listen to your [D] lies would you [G] say  
I'm a [C] man without con-[D]viction  
I'm a [C] man who doesn't [D] know  
How to [C] sell a contra-[D]diction  
You come and [C] go  
You come and [Em] go [D]



Chorus:

[G] Karma karma karma karma [D] karma chamele-[Em]on  
You come and [Am] go  
You come and [G] go [D]  
[G] Loving would be easy if your [D] colours were like my [Em] dream  
Red gold and [Am] green  
Red gold and [G] green [D]

Didn't [G] hear your wicked [D] words every-[G]day  
And you used to be so [D] sweet I heard you [G] say  
That my [C] love was an ad-[D]diction  
When we [C] cling our love is [D] strong  
When you [C] go you're gone for-[D]ever  
You string [C] along  
You string a[Em]long [D]

Chorus

[C] Everyday is like sur-[Bm]vival  
[C] You're my lover not my [Em] rival  
[C] Everyday is like sur-[Bm]vival  
[C] you're my lover not my [Em] ri-[D]val

Chorus

[G] Karma karma karma karma [D] karma chamele[G]on

ARTIST: Graham Nash TITLE: Teach Your Children

C F  
You who are on the road  
C G  
Must have a code that you can live by  
C F  
And so become yourself  
C G  
Because the past is just a good-bye

C F  
Teach your children well  
C G  
Their father's hell did slowly go by  
C F  
And feed them on your dreams  
C G  
The one they pick's the one you'll know by

C F  
Don't you ever ask them why  
C  
If they told you, you would cry  
Am F G  
So just look at them and sigh  
C F C G  
And know they love you

C F	C F
And you of tender years	Can you hear and do you care and
C	C
Can't know the fears	Can you see we
G	G
That your elders grew by	Must be free to
C	C
And so please help	Teach the children
F	F
Them with your youth	To believe and
C	C
They seek the truth	Make a world that
G	G
Before they can die	We can live in

C F  
Teach your parents well  
C G  
Their children's hell will slowly go by  
C F  
And feed them on your dreams  
C G  
The one they pick's the one you'll know by

C F  
Don't you ever ask them why  
C  
If they told you, you would cry  
Am F G  
So just look at them and sigh  
C F C G C  
And know they love you

"I Wanna Be Sedated"  
*Road to Ruin*, 1978  
The Ramones

**F** **Bb** **F**  
Twenty-twenty-twenty four hours to go -- I wanna be sedated  
**Bb** **F**  
Nothin' to do and nowhere to go-o-oh -- I wanna be sedated  
**C** **F**  
Just get me to the airport, put me on a plane  
**C** **F**  
Hurry, hurry, hurry before I go insane  
**C** **F**  
I can't control my fingers, I can't control my brain  
**Bb** **C**  
Oh no no no no no

**[repeat whole verse]**

**G** **C** **G**  
Twenty-twenty-twenty four hours to go -- I wanna be sedated  
**C** **G**  
Nothin' to do and nowhere to go-o-o -- I wanna be sedated  
**D** **G**  
Just put me in a wheelchair, get me to the show  
**D** **G**  
Hurry, hurry, hurry before I go loco  
**D** **G**  
I can't control my fingers, I can't control my toes  
**C** **D**  
Oh no no no no no

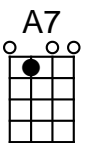
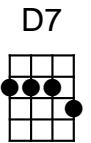
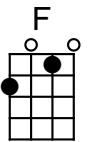
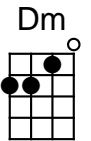
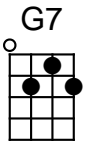
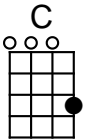
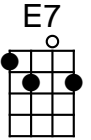
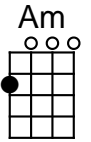
**[and repeat this verse]**

**G** **C** **D** **G** **x4**  
Ba-ba-bamp-ba ba-ba-ba-bamp-ba -- I wanna be sedated

# Teddy Bear's Picnic

John W. Bratton, Jimmy Kennedy, Anne Murray:  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uxFIGWm9M6w>

**Am E7 Am E7**  
If you go down to the woods today  
**Am E7 Am**  
You're sure of a big surprise  
**C G7 C G7**  
If you go down to the woods today  
**C G7 C**  
You'd better go in disguise  
**Dm G7**  
For ev'ry bear that ever there was  
**C Am**  
Will gather there for certain because  
**F C F C G7 C**  
Today's the day the teddy bears have their picnic  
**C**  
Picnic time for teddy bears  
**G7**  
The little teddy bears are having a lovely time today  
Watch them, catch them unawares,  
**C**  
And see them picnic on their holiday  
**C**  
See them gaily gad about,  
**F**  
They love to play and shout, they never have any cares  
**F D7**  
At six o'clock their mummies and daddies  
**C A7**  
Will take them home to bed  
**Dm G7 C**  
Because they're tired little teddy bears  
**Am E7 Am E7**  
Every teddy bear, that's been good  
**Am E7 Am**  
Is sure of a treat today  
**C G7 C G7**  
There's lots of wonderful things to eat  
**C G7 C**  
And wonderful games to play  
**Dm G7**  
Beneath the trees, where nobody sees  
**C Am**  
They'll hide and seek as long as they please  
**F C F C G7 C**  
Today's the day the teddy bears have their picnic



**C**

Picnic time for teddy bears

**G7**

The little teddy bears are having a lovely time today

Watch them, catch them unawares,

**C**

And see them picnic on their holiday

**C**

See them gaily gad about,

**F**

They love to play and shout, they never have any cares

**F**

**D7**

At six o'clock their mummies and daddies

**C**

**A7**

Will take them home to bed

**Dm**

**G7**

**C**

Because they're tired little teddy bears

**Dm**

**G7**

**C**

Because they're tired little teddy bears

# Lady Madonna – The Beatles (1968)

Intro: A D A D A D F - G - A

A D A D

Lady Madonna, children at your feet

A D F - G - A

Wonder how you manage to make ends meet.

A D A D

Who finds the money - when you pay the rent?

A D F - G - A

Did you think that money was hea - ven sent?

Dm / G7 /

Friday night arrives without a suitcase

C / Am /

Sunday morning creeping like a nun

Dm / G / C<sub>pause</sub> D<sub>pause</sub> E7<sub>pause</sub> /

Monday's child has learned to tie his bootlace. See how they run.

A D A D

Lady Madonna, baby at your breast

A D F - G - A

Wonder how you manage to feed the rest.

A D A D A D F - G - A

Dm / G / C / Am / Dm / G /

C<sub>pause</sub> D<sub>pause</sub> E7<sub>pause</sub> /

See how they run

A D A D

Lady Madonna, lying on the bed

A D F - G - A

Listen to the music playing in your head.

A D A D A D F - G - A

Dm / G /

Tuesday afternoon is never ending

C / Am /

Wednesday morning papers didn't come

Dm / G / C<sub>pause</sub> D<sub>pause</sub> E7<sub>pause</sub> /

Thursday night your stockings needed mending. See how they run.

A D A D

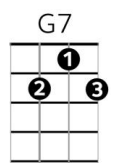
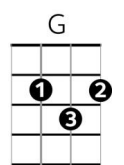
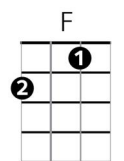
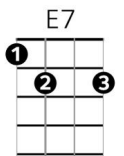
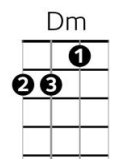
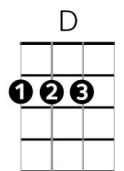
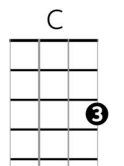
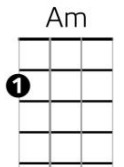
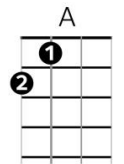
Lady Madonna, children at your feet

A D F - G - A

Wonder how you manage to make ends meet.

Outro: A D A D A D F - G - A

## Chords



# Could I Have This Dance

recorded by Anne Murray  
written by Wayland Holyfield and Bob House

## Verse 1

D D7 G A7  
I'll always remember the song they were playing  
G A7 D  
The first time we danced and I knew  
A7 D D7 G A7  
As we swayed to the music and held to each other  
G A7 D  
I fell in love with you

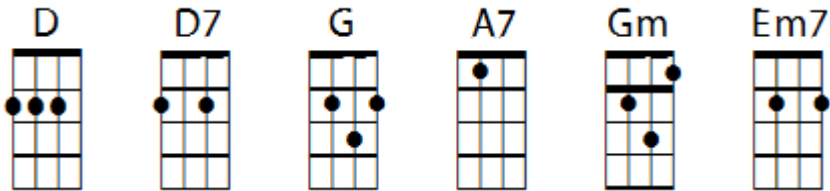
## Chorus

A7 D D7 G  
Could I have this dance for the rest of my life  
A7 G A7  
would you be my partner every night  
D D7 G (Gm)  
When we're together it feels so right  
D A7 D  
could I have this dance for the rest of my life

## Verse 2

D7 G A7  
I'll always remember that magic moment  
G A7 D  
when I held you close to me  
D7 G A7  
As we moved together I knew forever  
G A7 D  
You're all I'll ever need

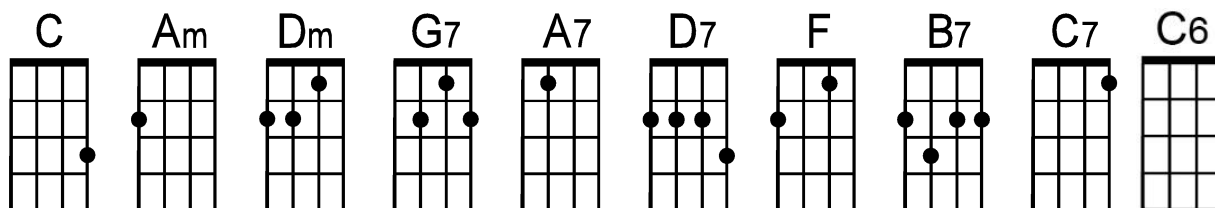
repeat Chorus twice. Second time hold A7 for 2 measures, singing "rest" takes one measure.





# 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  
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  
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)



# "Superstition"

Gm

Very superstitious, writings on the wall,

Very superstitious, ladders bout' to fall,

(double time blues lick)

Thirteen month old baby, broke the lookin' glass

Seven years of bad luck, the good things in your past

(Chorus)

D Eb D

When you believe in things that you don't understand,

C#dim C D

Then you suffer. Superstition ain't the way

Gm

Very superstitious, wash your face and hands,

Rid me of the problem, do all that you can,

(double time blues lick)

Keep me in a daydream, keep me goin' strong,

You don't wanna save me, sad is my song

(Chorus)

Gm

Very superstitious, nothin' more to say,

Very superstitious, the devil's on his way,

(double time blues lick)

Thirteen month old baby, broke the lookin' glass,

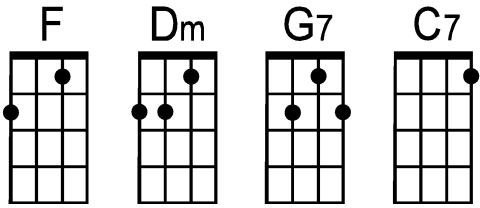
Seven years of bad luck, good things in your past

(Chorus)



# Ragtime Cowboy Joe

by Lewis Muir & Maurice Abrahams (1912)



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

(sing c)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Man of Constant Sorrow – The Soggy Bottom Boys

[intro] (G)

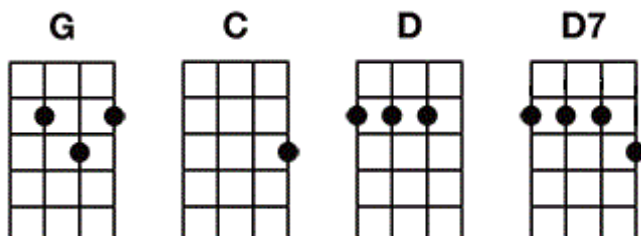
(G) I am a man of constant (C)sorrow  
I've seen (D)trouble (D7) all my (G)days  
(G)I bid farewell to old Ken(C)tucky  
The place where (D)I... was (D7)born and (G)raised  
*(The place where (D)he... was (D7)born and (G)raised)*

(G) For six long years I've been in (C)trouble  
No pleasure (D)here... on (D7)earth I've (G)found  
(G) For in this world I'm bound to (C)ramble  
I have no (D)friends... to (D7)help me (G)now  
*(He has no (D)friends... to (D7)help him (G)now)*

(G) It's fare thee well my own true (C)lover  
I never ex(D)pect (D7) to see you a(G)gain.  
(G) For I'm bound to ride that Northern (C)railroad  
Perhaps I'll (D)die... (D7) upon this (G)train  
*(Perhaps he'll (D)die... (D7) upon that (G)train)*

(G) You can bury me in some deep (C)valley  
For many (D)years (D7) where I may (G)lay  
(G) Then you may learn to love a(C)nother  
While I am (D)sleeping (D7) in my (G)grave  
*(While he is (D)sleeping (D7) in his (G)grave)*

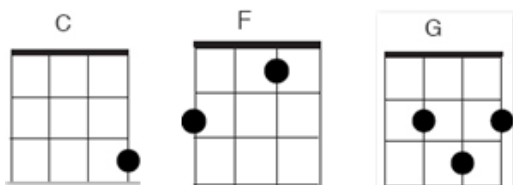
(G) Maybe your friends think I'm just a (C)stranger  
My face you (D)never (D7) will see (G)again.  
(G) But there is one promise that is (C)given  
I'll meet you (D)on (D7) God's golden (G)shore  
*(He'll meet you (D)on (D7) God's golden (G)shore)*





# Everybody Gets a Kitten

by Jeremy Messersmith



Intro: C F C F

## Verse 1

C F C F  
Gotta say the future's awesome, Everything is a-okay,  
C F C F  
All the work is done by robots, Everyday is Saturday,  
Am F Am F  
Future people all have jet-packs, Fly around in flying cars,  
C F G  
There's so much that I could tell you, but the coolest part by  
far,

## Chorus

C F C F  
Everybody gets a kitten, A new one every single day,  
C F G  
Everybody gets a kitten; You can name it if you want,  
C F C  
Or you can give it away.

## Verse 2

C F C F  
There is no disease or hunger, Zero poverty or war,  
C F C F  
Life is just a giant party, No one here is ever bored,  
Am F Am F  
All the factories burn rainbows You can buy a house on Mars,  
C F G  
There's so much that I could tell you, but the coolest part by  
far,

(Chorus)

## Nine to Five – Dolly Parton<sup>†</sup>

[intro] (D)

(D)Tumble out of bed and I stumble to the kitchen,  
(G)Pour myself a cup of ambition  
And (D)yawn and stretch and try to come to (A)life  
(D)Jump in the shower and the blood starts pumping  
(G)Out on the street the traffic starts jumping  
With (D)folks like me on the (A)job from nine to (D)five  
[stop]

Working (G)nine to five, what a way to make a living  
Barely (D) getting by, it's all taking and no giving  
They just (G) use your mind and they never give you credit  
It's e(E)nough to drive you (A)crazy if you let it

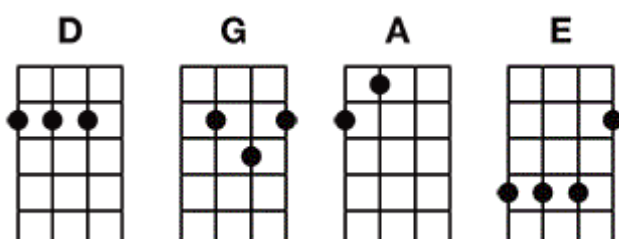
(G)Nine to five, for service and devotion  
You would (D) think that I would deserve a fair promotion  
Want to (G) move ahead but the boss won't seem to let me  
I (E)swear sometimes, that man is (A) out to get me

They (D)let you dream just to watch `em shatter,  
You're (G)just a step on the boss man's ladder,  
But (D)you've got dreams he'll never take a(A)way  
You're (D)in the same boat with a lot of your friends  
(G)Waiting for the day your ship'll come in  
The (D)tides gonna turn and it's (A)all gonna roll your (D)way  
[stop]

Working (G)nine to five, what a way to make a living  
Barely (D) getting by, it's all taking and no giving  
They just (G) use your mind and you never get the credit  
It's (E)enough to drive you (A)crazy if you let it

(G)Nine to five, yeah they've got you where they want you  
There's a (D) better life, and you think about it don't you?  
It's a (G) rich man's game, no matter what they call it  
And you (E)spend your life putting (A)money in his pocket

(D) [stop!]



# I Can See Clearly Now – Johnny Nash

[intro] (D)

(D) I can see (G)clearly now the (D)rain has gone

I can see (G)all obstacles (A)in my way

(D) Gone are the (G)dark clouds that (D)had me blind

It's going to be a (C)bright, (G)bright shiney (D)day

It's going to be a (C)bright, (G)bright shiney (D)day

(D) I think I can (G)make it now the (D)pain has gone

All of the (G)bad feelings have (A)disappeared

(D) Here is the (G)rainbow I've been (D)praying for

It's gonna be a (C)bright (G)bright shiney (D)day

(F) Look all around there's nothing but (C)blue skies

(F) Look straight ahead, nothing but (A)blue ski-i-i-

(C#m)-i-i-(G)-i-i-(C#m)-i-i-(G)-i-i-(C)-i-i-(Bm)-i-i-ies (A)

(D) I can see (G)clearly now the (D)rain has gone

I can see (G)all obstacles (A)in my way

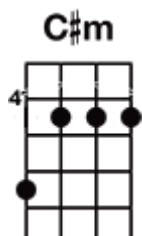
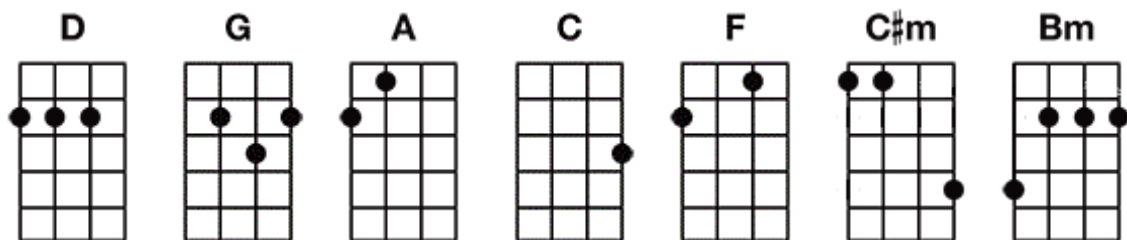
(D)Gone are the (G)dark clouds that (D)had me blind

It's going to be a (C)bright, (G)bright shiney (D)day

It's going to be a (C)bright, (G)bright shiney (D)day

It's going to be a (C)bright, (G)bright shiney

(D-rapid strumming)day



[alternative C#m, on 4th fret, in case you want to slide about]

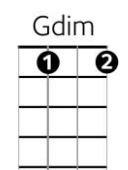
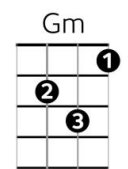
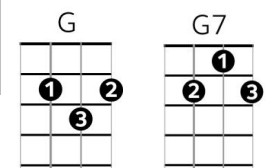
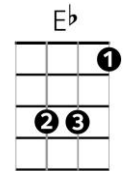
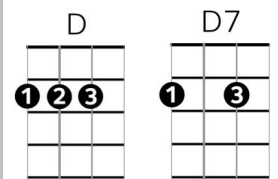
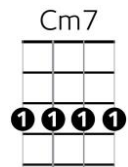
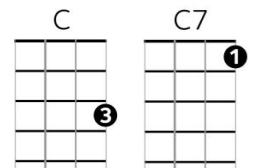
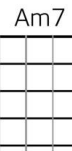
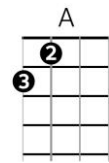
# St. Louis Blues – W.C. Handy (1914)

Intro: **G / Gdim / Am7 / D7 / (x2)**

=====  
**G**                    **C7**                    **G**                    **G7**  
 I hate to see,    that evening sun go down  
**C**                    **C7**                    **G**                    **G**  
 I hate to see,    that evening sun go down  
**D7**                    **C7**                    **G / Gdim / D7 / / /**  
 'Cause, my baby,    he done left this town  
 =====

=====  
**G**                    **C7**                    **G**                    **G7**  
 Feelin' tomorrow,    like I feel today  
                         **C**                    **C7**                    **G**                    **G**  
 If I'm feelin' tomorrow,    like I feel today  
**D7**                    **C7**                    **G / Gdim / D7 / {pause}**  
 I'll pack my trunk,    and make my getaway  
 =====

## Chords



### Bridge

**{pause} Gm / / / Cm7 / Gdim / D7 / Eb / D7 / / /**  
 St. Louis woman,    with her diamond rings  
                         **D**                    **D7**                    **Gm**                    **Gm**  
 Pulls that man around,    by her apron strings  
                         **Gm / / / Cm7 / Gdim / D7 / Eb / D7 / / /**  
 If it weren't for powder,    and for store bought hair  
**D**                    **D7**                    **Gm / A / D7 / / /**  
 That man I love, wouldn't have gone nowhere,    no - where

### Chorus

**G**                    **C7**                    **G / Gdim / G7 / / /**  
 I got the St. Louis Blues , Just as blue as I can be  
**C**                    **C7**                    **G**                    **G**  
 That man's got a heart like a rock cast in the sea  
**D7**                    **C7**                    **G / Gdim / { D7 / / / }**  
 Or else, he wouldn't have gone so far from me

### Solo (using verse chords)

=====  
**G**                    **C7**                    **G**                    **G7**  
 I love my baby, like a school boy loves his pie  
**C**                    **C7**                    **G**                    **G**  
 Like a Kentucky colonel,    loves his mint 'n rye  
**D7**                    **C7**                    **G / Gdim / D7 / {pause}**  
 I love my man,    'til the day I die  
 =====

**Bridge then Chorus** ending on single **G7** chord instead of **D7**

# I Wanna Be Like You – R. M. Sherman and R. B. Sherman

## [intro] (Am)

Now **(Am)**I'm the king of the swingers  
Oh, the jungle VI**(E7)**P  
I've reached the top and had to stop  
And that's what botherin' **(Am)**me  
I wanna be a man, mancub,  
And stroll right into **(E7)**town  
And be just like the other men  
I'm tired of monkeyin' a**(Am)**round!

**(G7)**Oh, **(C)**oo-bee-doo (oop-de-wee)  
I wanna be like **(A7)**you (hup-de-hooby-do-bah)  
I wanna **(D7)** walk like you  
**(G7)**Talk like you **(C)**too (weep-be-deeby-de-boo)  
**(G7)**You'll see it's **(C)**true (shooby-de-do)  
An ape like **(A7)**me (scooby-dooby-do-be)  
Can **(D7)**learn to be **(G7)**human **(C)**too

Now **(Am)**don't try to kid me mancub  
I made a deal with **(E7)**you  
What I desire is man's red fire  
To make my dream come **(Am)**true  
Give me the secret, mancub  
Clue me what to **(E7)**do  
Give me the power of man's red flower  
So I can be like **(Am)**you

**(G7)**Oh, **(C)**oo-bee-doo (oop-de-wee)  
I wanna be like **(A7)**you (hup-de-hooby-do-bah)  
I wanna **(D7)** walk like you  
**(G7)**Talk like you **(C)**too (weep-be-deeby-de-boo)  
**(G7)**You'll see it's **(C)**true (shooby-de-do)  
Someone like **(A7)**me (scooby-dooby-do-be)  
Can **(D7)**learn to be **(G7)**like someone like **(C)**me (take me home, daddy)  
Can **(D7)**learn to be **(G7)**like someone like **(C)**you (one more time)  
Can **(D7)**learn to be **(G7)**like someone like **(C)**me-eee

