

Me and Bobby McGee

G - C G - C G - C G - C

[intro]

G G G G  
Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waitin' for a train  
G G D7 D7  
When I's feelin' near as faded as my jeans  
D7 D7 D7 D7  
Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained  
D7 D7 G - C G  
And rode us all the way into New Orleans

G G G G  
I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana  
G G7 C C  
I's playin' soft while Bobby sang the blues  
C C G G  
Windshield wipers slappin' time, I was holdin' Bobby's hand in mine  
D7 D7 D7 D7  
We sang every song that driver knew

C C G G  
Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose  
D7 D7 G G  
Nothin', it ain't nothin' honey, if it ain't free  
C C G G  
And feelin' good was easy, lord, oh, when he sang the blues  
D7 D7 D7 D7  
You know feelin' good was good enough for me  
D7 D7 G G A A  
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee

A A A A  
A A E7 E7  
Yeah Bobby shared the secrets of my soul  
E7 E7 E7 E7  
Through all kinds of weather, through everything we done

E7 E7 A A  
Yeah Bobby baby kept me from the cold

A A A A  
One day up near Salinas, lo-ord, I let him slip away

A A7 D D  
He's lookin' for that home and I hope he finds it

D D A A  
Well I'd trade all my tomorrows for one single yesterday

E7 E7 E7 E7  
To be holdin' Bobby's body next to mine

D D A A  
Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose

E7 E7 A A  
Nothin', and that's all that Bobby left me

D D A A  
Well, feelin' good was easy, lo-o-ord, when he sang the blues

E7 E7 E7 E7  
And feelin' good was good enough for me

E7 E7 A A  
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee yeah

A A A A  
La da da, la da daa, la da daa da daa da daa

A A E7 E7  
La da da da daa dadada Bobby McGee-ah

E7 E7 E7 E7  
Laa li daa da daa daa, la da daa da daa

E7 E7 A A  
Laa la laa la daada Bobby McGee-ah yeah

A A A A  
La di da, ladida LA dida LA di daa, ladida LA dida LA di daa

A A E7 E7  
Hey now Bobby now now Bobby McGee yeah

E7 E7 E7 E7  
Lo lo LO lolo LO lo laa, lololo LO lolo LO lolo LO lolo LO la laa

E7                    E7    A    A  
Hey now Bobby now now Bobby McGee yeah

                  A    A  
Lord, I called him my lover, I called him my man

                  A    A  
I said I called him my lover, did the best I can

                  A    A                    E7            E7  
C'mon, hey now Bobby now, hey now Bobby McGee, yeah

                  E7    E7                    E7                    E7  
Lo lo lord, a lord, a lord, a lord, a lord, a lord, a lord oh

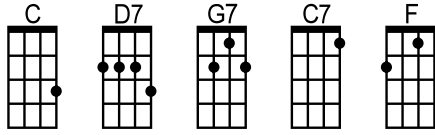
E7                    E7    A                    A  
Hey, hey, hey, Bobby McGee, lord

A A A A    A A E7 E7    E7 E7 E7 E7    E7 E7 A A  
[instrumental; piano solo]

A A A A    A A E7 E7    E7 E7 E7 E7    E7 E7 A A  
[instrumental]

A A A A    A A E7 E7    E7 E7 E7 E7    E7 E7 A A    A.  
[instrumental; guitar solo & a few more "la-di-da"s]                    [end]

## Hey, Good Lookin' (Hank Williams)



Intro: [D7] [G7] [C] [G7]

[C] Hey, hey, good lookin', Whatcha got cookin'?  
[D7] How's about cookin' [G7] somethin' up with [C] me? [G7]

[C] Hey, sweet baby, Don't you think maybe  
[D7] We could find us a [G7] brand new reci[C]pe? [C7]

I got a [F] hot-rod Ford and a [C] two-dollar bill  
And [F] I know a spot right [C] over the hill.  
There's [F] soda pop and the [C] dancin's free,  
So if you [D7] wanna have fun come a[G7]long with me.

[C] Hey, hey, good lookin', Whatcha got cookin'?  
[D7] How's about cookin' [G7] somethin' up with [C] me? [G7]

[C] I'm free and ready, So we can go steady.  
[D7] How's about savin' [G7] all yourtime for [C] me? [G7]

[C] No more lookin', I know I've been taken  
[D7] How's about keepin' [G7] steady compa[C]ny? [C7]

I'm gonna [F] throw my date-book [C] over the fence  
And [F] buy me one for [C] five or ten cents.  
I'll [F] keep it 'til it's [C] yellow with age  
'Cause I'm [D7] writin' your name down on [G7] every page.

Say, [C] Hey, good lookin', Whatcha got cookin'?  
[D7] How's about cookin' [G7] somethin' up with [C] me? [G7] [C]

"Homegrown Tomatoes"

Guy Clark

**Whole song is: C F G C G**

(C) There ain't nothin' in the world that I like better than  
(F) Bacon and lettuce and homegrown tomatoes  
(G7) Up in the mornin', out in the garden  
(C) Pick you a ripe one, (G) don't get a hard 'un

(C) Plant 'em in the springyime, eat 'em in the summer  
(F) All winter without 'em's a culinary bummer  
(G7) I forget all about the sweatin' and diggin'  
(C) Every time I go out and (G) pick me a big'n

**Chorus:**

(C) *Homegrown tomatoes, homegrown tomatoes*  
(F) *What'd life be without homegrown tomatoes?*  
(G7) *Only two things that money can't buy*  
(C) *And that's true love and (G) homegrown tomatoes*

(C) You can go out to eat 'em, that's for sure  
(F) But there's nothin' a homegrown tomato won't cure  
(G7) Put 'em in a salad, put 'em in a stew  
(C) Msake your very own (G) tomato juice

(C) You can eat 'em with eggs, eat 'em with gravy  
(F) Eat 'em with beans, pinto or navy  
(G7) Put 'em on the side, put 'em in the middle  
(C) Put a homegrown tomato on a (G) hot cake griddle

**Chorus**

(C) If I's to change this life I lead  
(F) I'd be Johnny Tomato Seed  
(G7) 'Cause I know what this country needs  
(C) Homegrown tomatoes in every (G) yard you see

(C) When I die, don't bury me  
(F) In a box in a cemetery  
(G7) Out in the garden would be much better  
(C) And I could be pushin' up (G) homegrown tomatoes

**Chorus x 2 (end on C)**

# Greensleeves

**Gm Bb**  
Alas my love,  
**F Dm**  
you do me wrong,  
**Gm Gm D**  
to cast me off so discourteously,  
**Gm Bb F Dm**  
for I have loved you so long,  
**Gm D Gm**  
delighting in your company.

chorus:

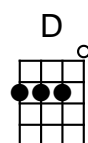
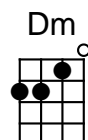
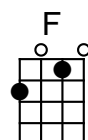
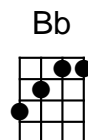
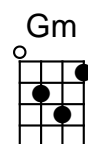
**Bb F Dm**  
Greensleeves was all my joy,  
**Gm D**  
Greensleeves was my delight,  
**Bb F Dm**  
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,  
**Gm D Gm**  
and who but my Lady Greensleeves.

**Gm Bb F Dm**  
Thy gown was of the grassy green,  
**Gm Gm D**  
They sleeves of satin hanging by,  
**Bb F**  
Which made thee be our harvest queen,  
**Gm D Gm**  
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

(chorus)

**Gm Bb F Dm**  
Well, I will pray to God on high,  
**Gm Gm D**  
That thou constancy mayst see,  
**Bb F**  
And that yet once before i die,  
**Gm D Gm**  
Thou will vouchsafe to love me.

(chorus)



# Greensleeves

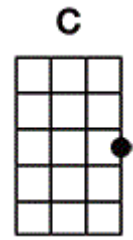
*möglicherweise König Heinrich VIII (1509-1547)*

The image displays a musical score for the piece "Greensleeves". It consists of four systems of music, each beginning with a measure number: 1, 6, 10, and 14. Each system includes a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat major) and a guitar tablature staff below it. The tablature uses numbers 0-7 to indicate fret positions and includes a 'D' chord marker above the final measure of each system. The notation includes various rhythmic values and accidentals, such as naturals and sharps.

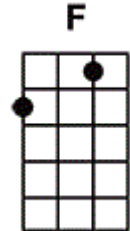
## In the Summertime – Mungo Jerry

### [intro] (C)

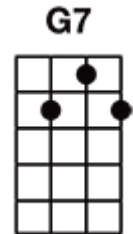
In the **(C)**summertime when the weather is high  
You can stretch right up and touch the sky  
When the **(F)**weather is fine  
You got women, you got women on your **(C)**mind  
Have a **(G7)**drink, have a drive  
**(F)**Go out and see what you can **(C)**find



If her **(C)**daddy's rich take her out for a meal  
If her daddy's poor just do what you feel  
Speed a **(F)**long the lane  
Do a ton or a ton an' twenty-**(C)**five  
When the **(G7)**sun goes down  
You can **(F)**make it, make it good in a lay-**(C)**by



We're no **(C)**threat, people  
We're not dirty, not mean  
We love everybody but we do as we please  
When the **(F)**weather is fine  
We go fishin' or go swimmin' in the **(C)**sea  
We're always **(G7)**happy  
Life's for **(F)**livin' yeah that's our phi-los-o-**(C)**phy



**(C)**Sing along with us  
Dee-dee dee-dee dee dee  
Dah-dah dah-dah dah  
Yeah we're hap-happy  
Dah dah-**(F)**dah  
Dee-dah-do dee-dah-do dah-do-**(C)**dah  
Dah-do-**(G7)**dah-dah-dah  
Dah-dah-**(F)**dah do-dah-**(C)**dah

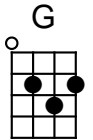
**(C)**When the winter's here, yeah it's party time  
Bring your bottle wear your bright clothes it'll soon be summertime  
And we'll **(F)**sing again  
We'll go drivin' or maybe we'll settle **(C)**down  
If she's **(G7)**rich, if she's nice  
Bring your **(F)**friends and we'll all go into **(C)**town

In the **(C)**summertime when the weather is high  
You can stretch right up and touch the sky  
When the **(F)**weather is fine  
You got women, you got women on your **(C)**mind  
Have a **(G7)**drink, have a drive  
**(F)**Go out and see what you can **(C)**find

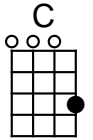


# Spanish Pipe Dream (Blow Up Your TV)

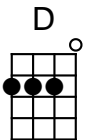
**G** **C**  
She was a level headed dancer on the road to alcohol  
**D** **G**  
And I was just a soldier on my way to Montreal.



**G**  
Well she pressed her chest against me,  
**C**  
About the time the jukebox broke.



**D**  
Yeah, she gave me a peck on the back of the neck,  
**G**  
And these are the words she spoke.



**G**  
Blow up your T.V. Throw away your paper.

**D** **G**  
Go to the country. Build you a home.

**G**  
Plant a little garden. Eat a lot of peaches.

**D**  
Try and find Jesus, on your own.

**G** **C**  
Well I sat there at the table, and I acted real naive.

**D** **G**  
For I knew that topless lady, had something up her sleeve.

**G** **C**  
Well, she danced around the bar room, and she did the hoochy-coo.

**D** **G**  
Yeah she sang her song all night long, telling me what to do.

**G**  
Blow up your T.V. Throw away your paper.

**D** **G**  
Go to the country. Build you a home.

**G**  
Plant a little garden. Eat a lot of peaches.

**D**  
Try and find Jesus, on your own.

**G** **C**  
Well, I was young and hungry and about to leave that place

**D**  
When just as I was leaving, well she looked me in the face.

**G** **C**  
I said you must know the answer. She said no but I'll give it a try

**D** **G**  
And to this very day we've been living our way, and here is the reason why.

**G**

We blew up our T.V. Threw away our paper.

**D**

**G**

Went to the country. Built us a home.

**G**

Had a lot of children, fed them on peaches.

**D**

**G**

**C G**

They all found Jesus on their own.



# King of the Road

Performance tips; special instructions.

1  
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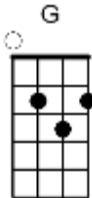
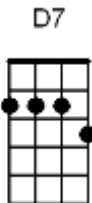
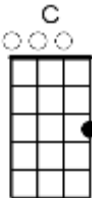
Intro = [G] [D7] [G]

[G] Trailer for [C] sale or rent  
[D7] Rooms to let... [G] fifty cents.  
No phone, no [C] pool, no pets  
I [D7] ain't got no cigarettes  
Ah, but [G] two hour of [C] pushin' broom  
Buys an [D7] eight by twelve [G] four-bit room  
I'm a [C7] man of [C] means by no means  
[D7] King of the [G] road.

[G] Third boxcar, [C] midnight train  
[D7] Destination [G] Bangor, Maine.  
Old worn out [C] suits and shoes,  
I [D7] don't pay no union dues,  
I smoke [G] stogies [C] I have found  
[D7] Short, but not too [G] big around  
I'm a [C7] man of [C] means by no means  
[D7] King of the [G] road.

I know [G] every engineer on [C] every train  
[D7] All of their children, and [G] all of their names  
And [G] every handout in [C] every town  
And [D7] every lock that ain't locked when no one's around.

I sing [G] Trailer for [C] sale or rent  
[D7] Rooms to let... [G] fifty cents.  
No phone, no [C] pool, no pets  
I [D7] ain't got no cigarettes  
Ah, but.. [G] two hour of [C] pushin' broom  
Buys an [D7] eight by twelve [G] four-bit room  
I'm a [C7] man of [C] means by no means  
[D7] King of the [G] road.  
[D7] King of the [G] road.  
[D7] King of the [G] road.



# Margaritaville

By Jimmy Buffet

D  
Nibblin' on sponge cake,  
watchin' the sun bake;  
All of those tourists covered with oil. A7  
Strummin' my six string on my front porch swing.  
Smell those shrimp  
They're beginnin' to boil. D D7

## Chorus:

G A D D7  
Wasted away again in Margaritaville,  
G A D D7  
Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.  
G A D A G  
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,  
A7 D  
But I know it's nobody's fault.

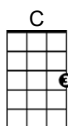
D  
Don't know the reason,  
Stayed here all season  
With nothing to show but this brand new tattoo. A7  
But it's a real beauty,  
A Mexican cutie, how it got here  
I haven't a clue. D D7

## Chorus>

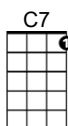
D  
I blew out my flip flop,  
Stepped on a pop top,  
Cut my heel, had to cruise on back home. A7  
But there's booze in the blender,  
And soon it will render  
That frozen concoction that helps me hang on. D D7

## Chorus>

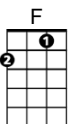
**CHORDS USED IN THIS SONG** "Roly Poly" recorded by Bob Wills and the Texas Playboys, written by Fred Rose



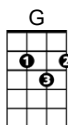
[C]Roly [C7]Poly, [F]eatin' corn n' [C]'taters  
 [C]Hungry ev'ry minute of the [G]day  
 [C]Roly [C7]Poly, [F]gnawin' on a [C]biscuit  
 Long as he can [G]chew it, it's o[C]kay [C7]



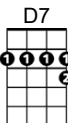
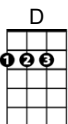
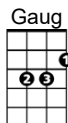
[F]He can eat an apple pie  
 An' [C]never even bat an eye  
 [D]He likes everything from [D7]soup to [G]hay [Gaug]  
 [C]Roly [C7]Poly, [F]daddy's little [C]fatty  
 Bet he's gonna [G]be a man some[C]day



[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.

# Island Style

By: John Cruz

C G7 C

## Chorus:

On the island, we do it island style

From the mountain to the ocean,  
from the windward to the leeward side (C7)  
(Repeat)

Mama's in the kitchen cooking dinner real nice  
Beef stew on the stove, lomi salmon with the ice  
We eat and drink and we sing all day  
Kani ka pila in the old Hawaiian way

## Chorus

We go grandma's house on the weekend clean yard 'cause  
If we no go grandma gotta work hard  
You know my grandma she like the poi real sour  
I love my grandma every minute every hour

## Chorus

## (Instrumental)

## 1st Verse

## Chorus 2X

From the mountain to the ocean,  
from the windward to the leeward side (2x)

C/ G7/ C/

# Island Style

*John Cruz*

## Chorus



Chorus musical notation (first system). Treble clef, 4/4 time signature. Chords: F, C. Lyrics: On the is-land, we do it is-land style. From the

7-5 3-0 3-3-3-3-0 3 3-5

Chorus musical notation (second system). Treble clef, 4/4 time signature. Chords: G7, C, C. Lyrics: mountain to the o-cean, from the wind-ward to the lee-ward side. On the...

7-7-7-7-7-3-3-3 5-5-5-5-3-2 3 (7)-(5)

## Verse

Verse musical notation (first system). Treble clef, 4/4 time signature. Chords: C, F, C. Lyrics: Ma-ma's in the kit-chen cook-ing din-ner re-al nice. Beef \_ stew on the stove lo-mi

7-7-7-7-7-3-3-3 3-3-3-3 3 7 (7)-7-7-7-3-3-3

Verse musical notation (second system). Treble clef, 4/4 time signature. Chords: G7, C, F, C. Lyrics: sal-mon with the ice. We eat and dri- nk and we sing all day.

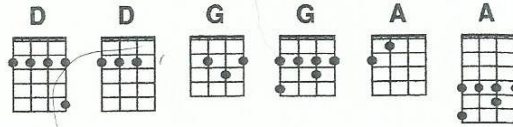
5-3-2-3-3 7-7-7-7-3-3-3 3-3 3

Verse musical notation (third system). Treble clef, 4/4 time signature. Chord: G7. Lyrics: Ka-ni ka pi-la in the old Ha-wai-ian way. On the...

7-7-7-7-3-3-3 5-3-2-3-3-7-5

**I'll Fly Away** by A. E. Brumley

Key of D



As recorded by Alison Krauss and Gillian Welch from the soundtrack "O Brother Where Art Thou"

*Verse 1*

| D | D | G | D |  
 Some bright morning, when this life is o'er, I'll... fly away,  
 | D | D | D// A// | D |  
 To a home on God's celestial shore, I'll... fly away.

*Chorus*

| D | D | G | D |  
 I'll.. fly away oh glory, I'll... fly away. (in the mornin')  
 | D | D | D// A// | D |  
 When I die, Halle - lujah by and by, I'll... fly away.

*Verse 2*

| D | D | G | D |  
 When the shadows, of this life have gone, I'll... fly away,  
 | D | D | D// A// | D |  
 Like a bird, from these prison walls I'll fly I'll... fly away.

*Chorus**Verse 3*

| D | D | G | D |  
 Oh how glad and happy when we meet, I'll... fly away,  
 | D | D | D// A// | D |  
 No more cold i - ron shackles on my feet I'll... fly away.

*Chorus**Verse 4*

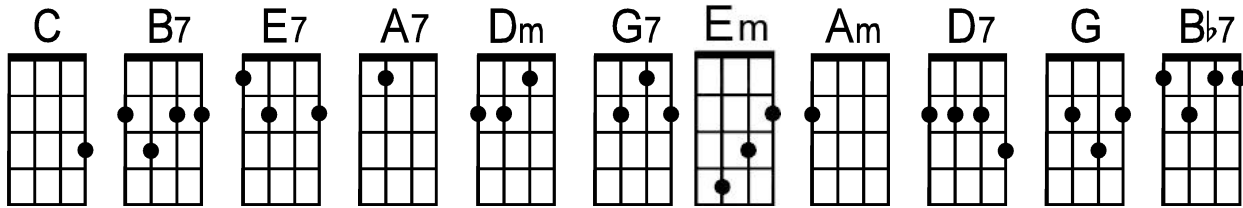
| D | D | G | D |  
 Just a few more weary days and then, I'll... fly away,  
 | D | D | D// A// | D |  
 To a land, where joys will never end I'll... fly away.

*Chorus*



# Red Roses for a Blue Lady

by Sid Tepper and Roy Bennett(Brodsky) (1948)



Sing *g* *f#* *f*

(--- *-tacet-* ---) | C . . . | . . . . | B7 . . . | . . . . |  
 I want some red\_\_\_\_\_ ro—ses, for a blue\_\_\_\_\_ la—dy\_\_\_\_\_

E7 . . . . | . . . . | A7 . . . | . . . .  
 Mis—ter Flor—ist, take my or—der plea\_\_\_\_\_ease\_\_\_\_\_

. | Dm . . . . | G7 . . . . | Em . . . | Am . . .  
 We had a sil—ly quar—rel the o\_\_\_\_\_ther day\_\_\_\_\_

. | D7 . . . . | . . . . | G7 . . . | G7\  
 I hope these pre—tty flow—ers chase her blues\_\_\_\_\_a—way.

(--- *-tacet-* ---) | C . . . | . . . . | B7 . . . | . . . . |  
 Wrap up some red\_\_\_\_\_ ro—ses for a blue\_\_\_\_\_ la—dy\_\_\_\_\_

E7 . . . . | . . . . | A7 . . . | . . . .  
 Send them to the sweet—est gal in town\_\_\_\_\_

. | Dm . . . . | G7 . . . . | C . . . | A7 . . .  
 and if they do the trick\_\_\_\_\_ I'll hur—ry back to pick\_\_\_\_\_

. | D7 . . . . | G7 . . . . | C . . . | G7\  
 Your best white or—chid for her wed—ding gown\_\_\_\_\_

**Instrumental:** . . . | C . . . | . . . . | B7 . . . | . . . . |

E7 . . . . | . . . . | A7 . . . | . . . . |

Dm . . . | G7 . . . | Em . . . | Am . . . |

D7 . . . | . . . . | G7 . . . | G7\  
 \_\_\_\_\_

(--- *-tacet-* ---) | C . . . | . . . . | B7 . . . | . . . . |  
 Wrap up some red\_\_\_\_\_ ro—ses for a blue\_\_\_\_\_ lady\_\_\_\_\_

. | E7 . . . . | . . . . | A7 . . . | . . . .  
 And send them to the sweet—est gal in to\_\_\_\_\_own\_\_\_\_\_

. | Dm . . . . | G7 . . . . | C . . . | A7 . . .  
 and if they do the trick\_\_\_\_\_ I'll hur—ry back to pick\_\_\_\_\_

. | D7 . . . . | G7 . . . . | C . . . | B7\  
 Your best white or—chid for her wed—ding go\_\_\_\_\_own\_\_\_\_\_

. | D7 . . . . | G7 . . . . | C . . . | . . . G7\  
 Your best white or—chid for her wed—ding gown\_\_\_\_\_ C\  
 \_\_\_\_\_

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

# City of New Orleans

G                    D                    G  
Riding on the City of New Orleans  
Em                    C                    G  
Illinois Central Monday morning rail  
G                    D                    G  
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders  
Em                    D                    G  
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail  
Em                    Bm  
All along the southbound odyssey the train pulls out of Kankakee  
D                    A  
Rolls along past houses farms and fields  
Em                    Bm  
Passing towns that have no name freight yards of old black men  
D                    C                    G  
And graveyards of rusted automobiles

## CHORUS 1

C                    D                    G  
**Good morning America how are you?**  
Em                    C                    G                    D/  
**Say don't you know me I'm your native son**  
                  G                    D                    Em                    C  
**I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans**  
                  F                    Em                    D                    G  
**I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done**

                  G                    D                    G  
Dealing card games with the old men in the club car  
Em                    C                    G  
Penny a point ain't no one keeping score  
G                    D                    G  
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle  
Em                    D                    G  
Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor  
Em                    Bm  
And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers  
                  D                    A

# City of New Orleans

Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel

Em

Bm

Mothers with their babes asleep rocking to the gentle beat

D

C

G

And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

## CHORUS 1

G

D

G

Night time in the City of New Orleans

Em

C

G

Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee

G

D

G

Half way home we'll be there by morning

Em

D

G

Through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea

Em

Bm

But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream

D

A

And the steel rail still ain't heard the news

Em

Bm

The conductor sings his songs again the passengers will please refrain

D

C

G

This train's got the disappearing railroad blues

## CHORUS 2

C

D

G

Good night America how are you?

Em

C

G

D/

Say don't you know me I'm your native son

G

D

Em

C

I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans

F

Em

D

G

I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

**REPEAT CHORUS 2**

F

Em

D

G

I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

# Deep Purple

**F**                    **Cdim**    **Gm**                    **C7**  
 When the deep purple falls over sleepy garden walls,

**F**                    **Cm**                    **D**  
 And the stars begin to flicker in the sky.

**Gm**            **Bbm**    **F**                    **Abdim**  
 Thru the mist of a memory you wander on back to me

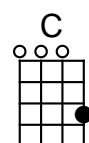
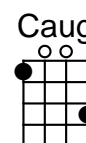
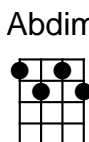
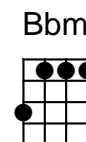
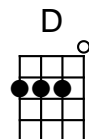
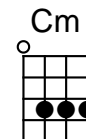
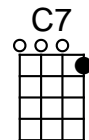
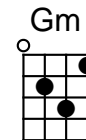
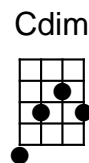
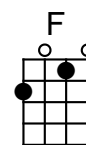
**Gm**                    **C7**    **Caug** **F**    **D** **C7**  
 Breathing my name with a sigh.

**F**                    **Cdim**    **Gm**                    **C7**  
 In the still of the night once again I hold you tight.

**F**                    **Cm**                    **D**  
 Tho' you're gone you love lives on when moonlight beams.

**Gm**                    **Bbm**                    **F**                    **Abdim**  
 And as long as my heart will beat, lover we'll always meet,

**Gm**                    **C7**    **Caug** **F**                    **C** **F**  
 Here in my deep purple dreams.



# Deep Purple

*DeRose and Parish*

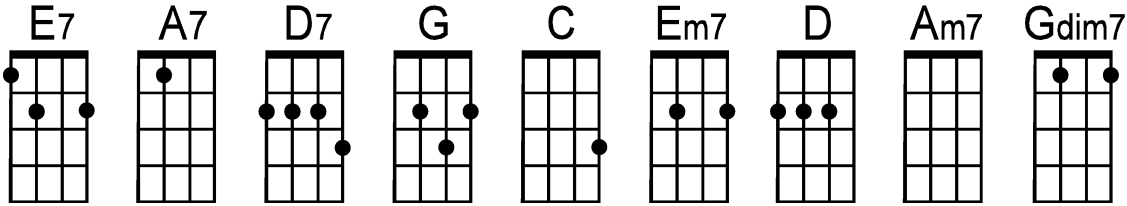
The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of seven staves. The key signature has one flat (Bb). The chords and their positions are as follows:

- Staff 1: F, Cdim, Gm, C7
- Staff 2: F, Cm, D7, Gm
- Staff 3: B, F, G, Gm, C7, C+, F
- Staff 4: D7, C7, F, Cdim, Gm
- Staff 5: C7, F, Cm, D7
- Staff 6: Gm, B, F, G, Gm
- Staff 7: C7, C+, F, 1 D7, 2 F

The score includes a repeat sign at the beginning of the first staff and another at the end of the seventh staff, with first and second endings indicated.

# Swinging on a Star

By Jimmy Van Heusen & Johnny Burke, 1944



**Intro:** Am7 . D7 . | G . . . | Am7 . D7 . | G . . .  
(sing b)

. | E7 . . . . | A7 . . . .  
Would you like to swing on a star-----

. | D7 . . . . | G . . . .  
Carry moon-beams home in a jar-----

. | E7 . . . . | A7 . . . . |  
And be bet-ter off than you are-----?

D7\ --- --- --- | G . . . .  
Or would you rather be a Mule?

| G . . C . . | G . . C . .  
A mule is an ani-mal with long fun-ny ears

| G . . C . . | G . . Em7 . .  
He kicks up at any-thing he hears

| A7 . . . . | D . . . .  
His back is brawny but his brain is weak

| Em7 . . A7 . . | D . . D7 . .  
He's just plain stupid with a stub-born streak

. | G . . C . . | G . . E7 . . |  
and by the way, if you hate to go to school

Am7 . . . . D7 . . | G . . . .  
You may grow up to be a mule

. | E7 . . . . | A7 . . . .  
Or would you like to swing on a star-----

. | D7 . . . . | G . . . .  
Carry moon-beams home in a jar-----

. | E7 . . . . | A7 . . . . |  
And be bet-ter off than you are-----?

D7\ --- --- --- | G . . . .  
Or would you rather be a Pig?

| G . . C . . | G . . C . .  
A pig is an ani-mal with dirt on his face---

| G . . C . . | G . . Em7 . .  
His shoes are a terri-ble dis-grace

| A7 . . . . | D . . . .  
He has no manners when he eats his food

|Em7 . A7 . |D . D7  
He's fat and lazy and ex-treme-ly rude  
. |G . C . |G . E7 . |  
But if you don't care a feather or a fig  
Am7 . D7 . |G . .  
You may grow up to be a pig

. |E7 . . . |A7 . . .  
Or would you like to swing on a star-----  
. |D7 . . . |G . . .  
Carry moon-beams home in a jar-----  
. |E7 . . . |A7 . . . |  
And be bet-ter off than you are-----?

D7\ --- --- --- |G . . .  
Or would you rather be a fish?

|G . C . |G . C .  
A fish won't do any-thing but swim in a brook  
|G . C . |G . Em7 .  
He can't write his name or read a book

|A7 . . . |D . . .  
To fool the people is his on-ly thought  
|Em7 . A7 . |D . D7  
and though he's slippery he still gets caught

. |G . C . |G . E7 . |  
But then if that sort of life is what you wish  
Am7 . D7 . |G . .  
You may grow up to be a fish

. |E7 . . . |A7 . . .  
And all the mon-keys aren't in the zoo-----

. |D7 . . . |G . . .  
Every day you meet quite a few-----

. |E7 . . . |A7 . . . |  
So, you see, it's all up to you-----

D7 . . . |E7 . . . |  
You can be better than you are-----

Am7 . D7 . |G\ Gdim7\ G\  
You could be swingin' on a star!





# 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

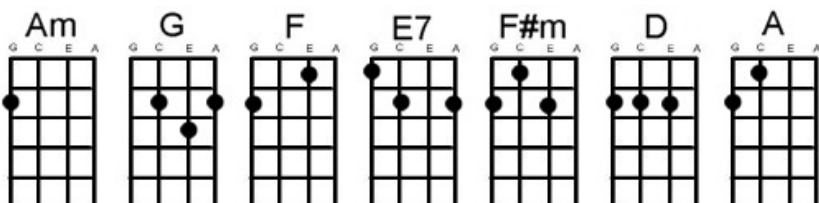
[A] Why why why why [F#m] why she ran away

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



## Iko Iko – “Jockamo” James Crawford

### [intro] (G)

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

### [chorus]

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

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

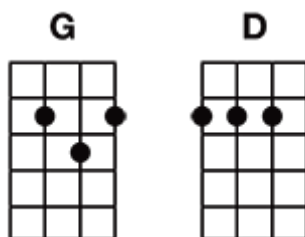
### [chorus]

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

### [chorus]

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

### [chorus]



## Stuck in the Middle with You – Stealers Wheel

### [intro] (D)

Well I **(D)**don't know why I came here tonight  
I got the **(D)**feeling that something ain't right  
I'm so **(G7)**scared in case I fall off my chair  
And I'm **(D)**wondering how I'll get down the stairs  
**(A)**Clowns to the left of me  
**(C)**Jokers to the **(G)**right  
Here I **(D)**am stuck in the middle with you

Yes I'm **(D)**stuck in the middle with you  
And I'm **(D)**wondering what it is I should do  
It's so **(G7)**hard to keep this smile from my face  
Losing control **(D)**yeah, I'm all over the place  
**(A)**Clowns to the left of me  
**(C)**Jokers to the **(G)**right  
Here I **(D)**am stuck in the middle with you

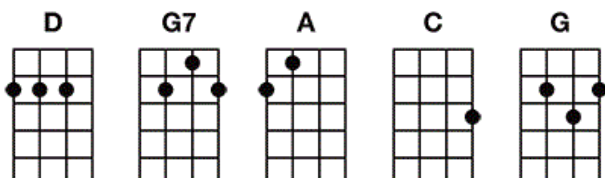
### [chorus]

Well you **(G7)**started off with nothing and you're proud that you're a self-made man **(D)**  
And your **(G7)**friends they all come crawling, slap you on the back and say  
**(D)**plea-ee-ease  
**(G7)**plea-ee-ease  
**(D) (D) (D) (D)**

**(D)**Trying to make some sense of it all  
But I can **(D)**see that it makes no sense at all  
Is it **(G7)**cool to go to sleep on the floor?  
Cos I don't **(D)**think I can take any more  
**(A)**Clowns to the left of me  
**(C)**Jokers to the **(G)**right  
Here I **(D)**am stuck in the middle with you

### [chorus]

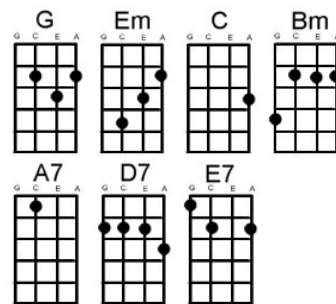
Well I **(D)**don't know why I came here tonight  
I got the **(D)**feeling that something ain't right  
I'm so **(G7)**scared in case I fall off my chair  
And I'm **(D)**wondering how I'll get down the stairs  
**(A)**Clowns to the left of me  
**(C)**Jokers to the **(G)**right  
Here I **(D)**am stuck in the middle with you  
Yes I'm... **(D)**stuck in the middle with you  
**(D)**Stuck in the middle with you  
Here I am **(D)**stuck in the middle with you **(double D strum)**



# 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](http://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]