


# OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODS(BAR)

**4/4 1…2…1234** **-w. Lydia Maria Child**

**Intro:** | F C | C G7 C |

C F C

**Over the river and through the woods, to Grandmother's house we go**

G7 C D7 G7

**The horse knows the way to carry the sleigh through white and drifted snow**

C F C

**Over the river and through the woods, oh, how the wind does blow**

F C G7 C

**It stings the toes, and bites the nose, as over the ground we go**

**Interlude:** F C G7 C

C F C

**Over the river and through the woods, and straight through the barnyard gate**

G7 C D7 G7

**It seems that we go so dreadfully slow, it's so hard to wait**

C F C

**Over the river and through the woods, now Grandmother's cap I spy**

F C G7 C

**Hoo-ray for the fun, is the pudding done? Hooray for the pumpkin pie**

F C G7 C

**Hoo-ray for the fun, is the pudding done? Hooray for the pumpkin pie**

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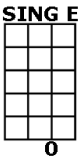
**C F C**
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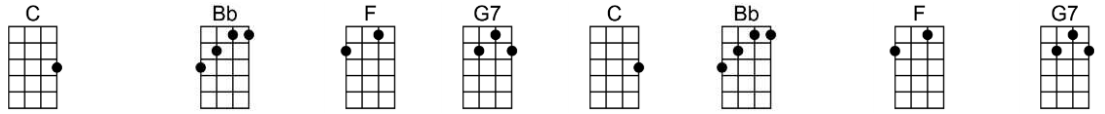
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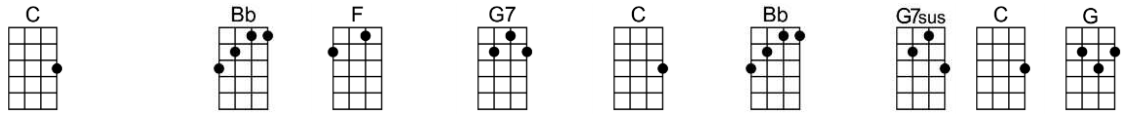

# WINDY-Ruthann Friedman

**1…2…1234**

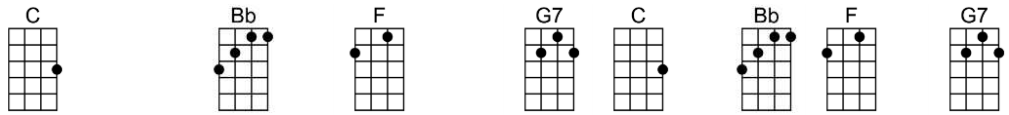
## Intro: 1st 2 lines



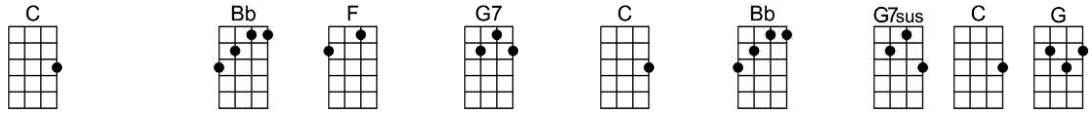

**Who's peekin' out from under a stairway, calling a name that's lighter than air?**




**Who's bendin' down to give me a rainbow? Everyone knows it's Wind - y.**



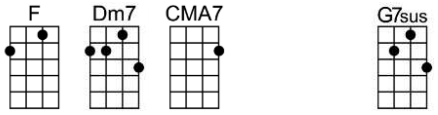

**Who's trippin' down the streets of the city, smiling at every-body she sees?**




**Who's reaching out to capture a moment? Everyone knows it's Wind - y.**




**And Windy has stor - my eyes that flash at the sound of lies**

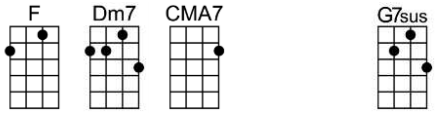



**And Windy has wings to fly above the clouds……above the clouds**

**Instrumental verse**

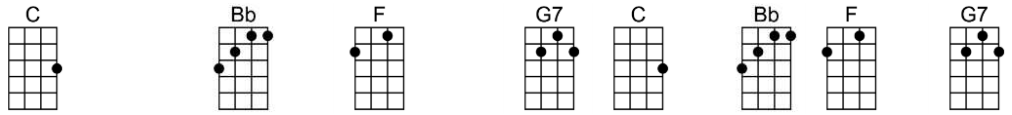



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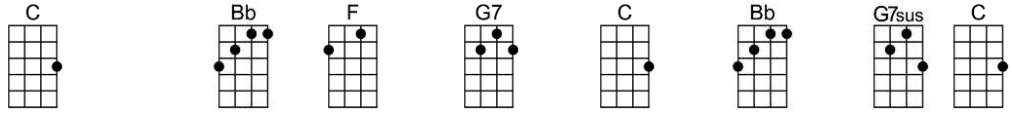



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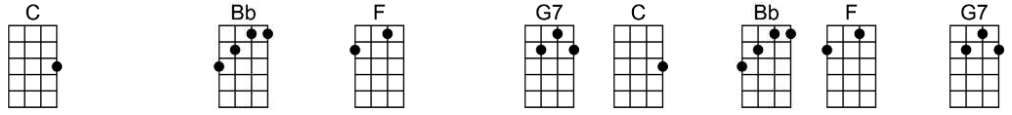
**p.2. Windy**



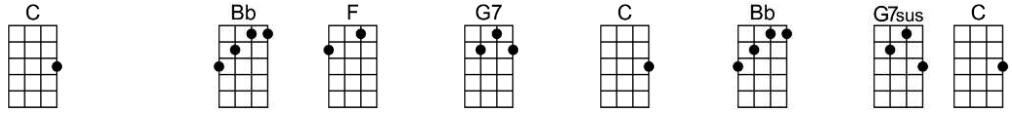

**Who's trippin' down the streets of the city, smiling at every-body she sees?**




**Who's reaching out to capture a moment? Everyone knows it's Wind - y.**




**Who's trippin' down the streets of the city, smiling at every-body she sees?**




**Who's reaching out to capture a moment? Everyone knows it's Wind - y.**

# WINDY-Ruthann Friedman

**1…2…1234**

**Intro: 1st 2 lines, followed by G7**

```
  C              Bb          F         G7         C          Bb            F             G7
Who's peekin' out from under a stairway, calling  a name that's lighter than air?

  C              Bb          F          G7         C          Bb        G7sus  C    G
Who's bendin' down to give me a rainbow? Everyone knows it's Wind - y.

  C              Bb          F          G7     C          Bb     F         G7
Who's trippin' down the streets of the city, smiling at every-body she sees?

  C              Bb          F         G7         C          Bb        G7sus  C    G
Who's reaching out to capture a moment? Everyone knows it's Wind - y.

                          F  Dm7  CMA7                      F  Dm7  G7sus
      And Windy has stor-my      eyes that flash at the sound of       lies

                          F   Dm CMA7            G7sus
      And Windy has wings to      fly above the clouds……above the clouds
```

**Instrumental verse, followed by G**

```
                          F  Dm7  CMA7                      F  Dm7  G7
      And Windy has stor-my      eyes that flash at the sound of     lies

                          F   Dm CMA7            G7sus
      And Windy has wings to      fly above the clouds……above the clouds

  C              Bb          F          G7     C          Bb     F         G7
Who's trippin' down the streets of the city, smiling at every-body she sees?

  C              Bb          F         G7         C          Bb        G7sus  C
Who's reaching out to capture a moment? Everyone knows it's Wind - y.

  C              Bb          F          G7     C          Bb     F         G7
Who's trippin' down the streets of the city, smiling at every-body she sees?

  C              Bb          F         G7         C          Bb        G7sus  C
Who's reaching out to capture a moment? Everyone knows it's Wind – y!
```

**Life is Better with You**  Michael Franti  (Ultimate Guitar)

```
G                     Cadd9
Every day's not Valentine's,
             Em                     D
but you make it feel like most of the time,
G                     Cadd9
when I'm all alone with you.
             Em                     D
Pickin up pieces of my life,
G                     Cadd9
sometimes there's ones I just can't find,
             Em                     D
but they found a home with you.


Em                  Cadd9          G
Woah, I'm not afraid to be alone,
G                     D                 Cadd9
but being alone is better with you.
Cadd9                 G
Life is better with you.


G     Cadd9   Em                      D
Woah, woah, life is better with you.
G     Cadd9   Em                      D
Woah, woah, life is better with you.
D                  Em                   Cadd9
            G
And when I think about the things that we've been through,
G          D                      Cadd9                   N/C
I know just one thing is true, life is better with you.


G                     Cadd9
Some days are better than other days,
Em                    D
but these days, life is better with you.
G                     Cadd9
Some days are better than other days,
Em                    D                    Cadd9
these days, life is better with you......
Cadd9
Life is better.


G                                     Cadd9
Tell me what you want, I'll give you all that you need
G                                          D
with my heart and my hands, sayin please baby please
G                                         Cadd9
 Em                   D
because nobody does that thing you do better than you.
G                                     Cadd9
Thoughts still swimmin round in my head
Em                                     D
```

```
with all the words we've ever said.
G                   Cadd9               G                   D
My favorites remain, "I love you."


Em                  Cadd9          G
Woah, I'm not afraid to be alone,
G                    D                Cadd9
but being alone is better with you.
Cadd9                G
Life is better with you.


G     Cadd9   Em                       D
Woah, woah, life is better with you.
G     Cadd9   Em                       D
Woah, woah, life is better with you.
Cadd9         G                         Cadd9
      Em
And when I think about the things that we've been through,
Em       D                        Cadd9
I know just one thing is true, life is better..


D
Every day's not Valentine's,
D                                                                    Cadd9
but you make me feel it most of the time with you, you.
D
And all my life I've tried to find the one
D                                            Cadd9
who makes me feel the way you do, you.


G                      Cadd9
Some days are better than other days,
Em                     D
but these days, life is better with you.
G                      Cadd9
Some days are better than other days,
Em                     D
these days, life is better with you.
G                  Em                   Cadd9
            G
And when I think about the things that we've been through,
G          D                       Cadd9                    N/C
I know just one thing is true, life is better with you.


G      Cadd9  Em                        D
Woah, woah, life is better with you. [x5]
```

# **Get Back** – The Beatles (1969)

**Intro (increasing in volume) :** **A** / / / **A** / / / **A** / / / **A** / *G D*

==========

**A** **A7** **D** **A**
Jo Jo was a man who thought he was a loner, But he knew he couldn't last
**A** **A7** **D** **A**
Jo Jo left his home in Tucson, Arizona, For some California grass

**Chorus**
**A** **A7** **D** **A** / *G D*
Get back, get back, get back to where you once belonged
**A** **A7** **D** **A**
Get back, get back, get back to where you once belonged
(Get Back Jojo!) *(or Lorretta!)*

**Solo:** **A** / / / **A7** / / / **D** / / / **A** / *G D* **A** / / / **A7** / / / **D** / / / **A** / *G D*

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**Chorus** (in low laid-back style?)

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**Solo:** **A** / / / **A7** / / / **D** / / / **A** / *G D* **A** / / / **A7** / / / **D** / / / **A** / *G D*

==========

**A** **A7** **D** **A**
Sweet Lorreta Martin thought she was a woman, but she was another man
**A** **A7** **D** **A**
All the girls around her said she's got it coming but she gets it while she can

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**Chorus** (Lorretta version)

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**Solo:** **A** / / / **A7** / / / **D** / / / **A** / *G D* **A** / / / **A7** / / / **D** / / / **A** / *G D*

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**Chorus** (Lorretta version) *(with long 4 bar pause at the end)*

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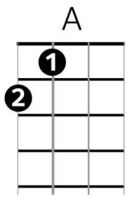
**Outtro** *(Spoken)*
**A** **A** **D** **A** / *G D*
Get back Lorreta, Your mommy is waiting for you
**A** **A**
Wearin' her high heel shoes and her low neck sweater,
**D** **A**
Get back home Lorreta

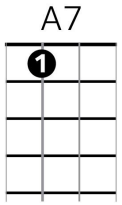
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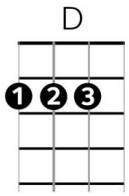
**Chorus** -- and end with **G D A**

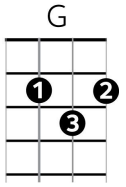
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**Chords**

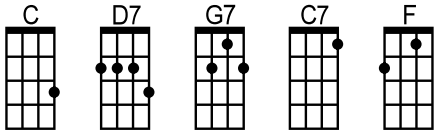


## *Hey, Good Lookin' (Hank Williams)*




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]

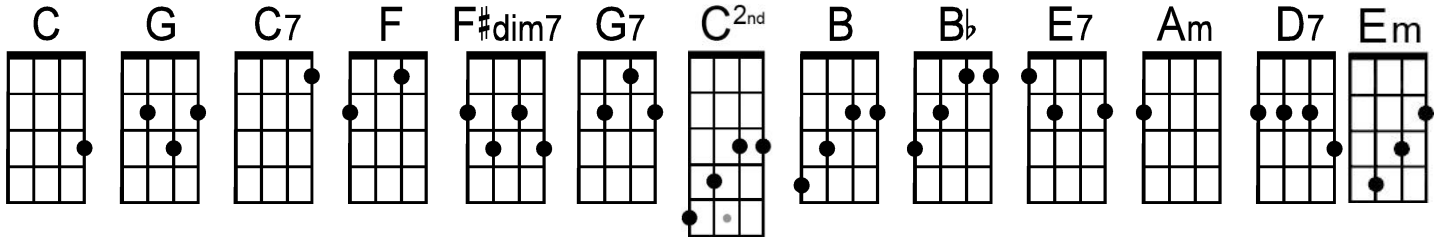
[C] No more lookin', I know I've been tooken
[D7] How's about keepin' [G7] steady compa[C]ny? [C7]

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]

# You've Got a Friend in Me

by Randy Newman




***Intro:*** C . C7 . | F . F#dim7 . | C . G7 . | $C^2$ . B . | Bb . B . | $C^2$ . B . | Bb . B . |

C . G . | C . C7 . | F . F#dim7 . | C . C7 . |
You've got a friend in me----- You've got a friend in me-----
F . C . | E7 . Am . |
When the road looks rough a-head, and you're
F . C . | E7 . Am . |
miles and miles from your nice warm bed-----
F . C . | E7 . Am . |
You just re-member what your old pal said, Boy
D7 . G . | C . A7 . |
You've got a friend in me, yeah
D7 . G . | C . C7 . | F . F#dim7 . | C . G7 . | C . . . |
You've got a friend in me

C . G . | C . C7 . | F . F#dim7 . | C . C7 . |
You've got a friend in me----- You've got a friend in me-----
F . C . | E7 . Am . |
You've got your troubles and I got 'em too
F . C . | E7 . Am . |
There isn't any-thing I wouldn't do for you.
F . C . | E7 . Am . |
We stick to-gether, we can see it--- through 'cause
D7 . G . | C . A7 . | D7 . G . | C . . . |
You've got a friend in me----- You've got a friend in me-----

***Bridge:*** F . . . | B . . . |
Some other folks might be a little bit smarter than I am
$C^2$ . B . | $C^2$ . . . |
Bigger and strong-er too maybe
B . $C^2$ . | D . B .
But none of them----- will ever----- love you----
| Em . A . | Dm . G . |
*(Slower)* The way I----- do----- It's me and you, boy

C . G . | C . C7 . | F . F#dim7 . | C . C7 . |
And as the years go by----- our friendship will never------- die

F . F#dim7 . | C\ Em\ Am\ *-hold-* |
You're gonna see it's our des--------- ti---------- ny----------

*(Faster)*

D7 . G . | C . A7 . | D7 . G . | C . A7 . |
You've got a friend in me----- You've got a friend in me-----

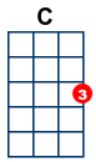
D7 . G . | C . C7 . | F . F#dim7 . | C . G7 . | **C**\
You've got a friend in me---------

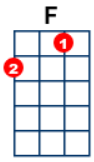
**San Jose Ukulele Club**
(v3c- 6/7/18)

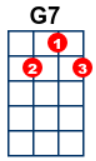
# Brand New Combine Harvester

artist:The Wurzels writer:The Wurzels based on Melanie Safka's Bran

New Key




The Wurzels: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Cyq9NC104Qw Capo on 3
[C] I drove my tractor through your haystack last night (oo-ar oo-ar)
[G7] I threw me pitchfork at your dog to keep quiet (oo-ar oo-ar)
[C] Now something's telling me that you'm avoiding me (oo-ar oo-ar)
[F] Come on now darling you've got [G7] something I need

Chorus:
Cuz [C] I got a brand new combine harvester an' I'll give you the key
[C] Come on now let's get together in perfect harmony
[F] I got twenty acres an' you got forty-three
Now [C] I got a brand new combine harvester
An' [G7] I'll give you the [C] key

[C] I'll stick by you, I'll give you all that you need (oo-ar oo-ar)
[G7] We'll 'ave twins and triplets, I'm a man built for speed (oo-ar oo-ar)
[C] And you know I'll love you darlin' so give me your hand (oo-ar oo-ar)
[F] But what I want the most is all they [G7] acres of land

Chorus

[C] For seven long years I've been alone in this place (oo-ar oo-ar)
[F] Eat, sleep, in the kitchen, it's a proper disgrace (oo-ar oo-ar)
[C] Now if I cleaned it up would you change your mind (oo-ar oo-ar)
[F] I'll give up drinking scrumpy and that [G7] lager and lime

Chorus

[C] Weren't we a grand couple at that last wurzel dance
[G7] I wore brand new gaters and me cordouroy pants
[C] In your new Sunday dress with your perfume smelling grand
[F] We had our photos took and [G7] us holding hands

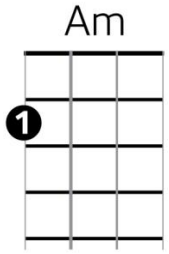
Chorus

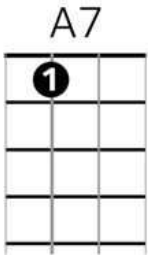
[NC] Aahh yu're a fine lookin' woman and I can't wait to get me 'ands on your lanc

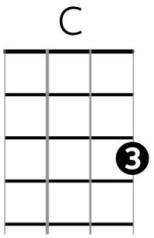
# **I Wanna Be Like You** – Robert & Richard Sherman (1967)

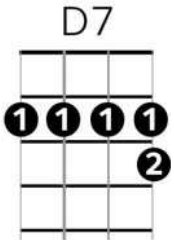
**Intro : Am Am Am Am** (4 bars)

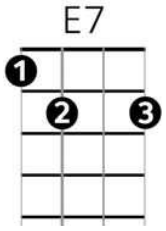
**Chords**

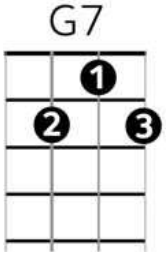



==========

**Am / / E7**
Now I'm the king of the swingers, oh, the jungle V I P,
**E7 / / Am**
I've reached the top and had to stop and that's what botherin' me.
**Am / / E7**
I wanna be a man, mancub and stroll right into town,
**E7 / / |Am| |G7|**
And be just like the other men, I'm tired of monkeyin' a-round .. Oh..

**Chorus**

**C / A7 /**
Oo-bee-doo, I wanna be like you
**D7 G7 C G7**
I wanna walk like you, Talk like you too.
**C / A7 /**
You'll see it's true ..... an ape like me,
**D7 G7 C /**
Can learn to be human too.

**Am / / E7**
Now don't try to kid me, mancub, I made a deal with you,
**E7 / / Am**
What I desire is man's red fire, to make my dream come true.
**Am / / E7**
Give me the secret, mancub, clue me what to do,
**E7 / / |Am| |G7|**
Give me the power of man's red flower, so I can be like you .. Oh ..

==========

**Chorus**

==========

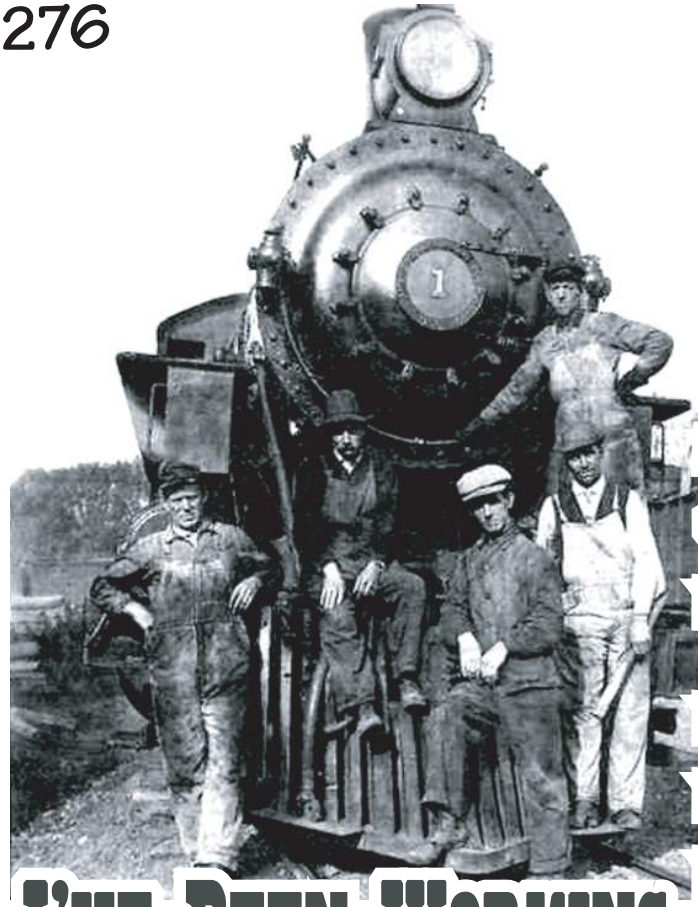
**Am / / E7**
I like your mannerisms, we'll be a set of twins
**E7 / / Am**
No one will know where man-cub ends and orangutan begins
**Am / / E7**
And when I eat bananas, I won't peel them with my feet
**E7 / / |Am| |G7|**
'Cause I'll become a man-cub and learn some etti – keet .. Oh ..

==========

**Chorus ... but with differerent last line:**

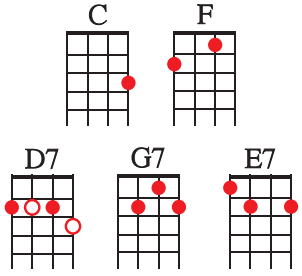
==========

**D7 G7 C A7**
Can learn to be like someone like **me**
Can learn to be like someone like **you**
Can learn to be like someone like **me** **C G7 C**



# I've Been Working on the Railroad

For sheer engineering gee-whiz, the American transcontinental railroad of the 19th century ranks with the Great Wall of China, the Pyramids of Giza and the Panama Canal. Today's traveler cannot drink in a single sweeping view of the sinuous line of steel stretching from Omaha to Sacramento, but in its entirety it is still a marvel for the ages. The project needed many thousands of workers. Nearly everything was done by muscle power. The transcontinental railroad was the last great building project to be done mostly by hand. Handcarts moved the dirt from cuts and to fills. Horses and mules, black powder and nitroglycerine helped, but it was mostly men with sledges and drills, mauls and picks who did the job, working under the burning sun, through choking snows and never-ending rain, and in tunnels blasting their way through unyielding granite at inches a day.




C
I've been working on the railroad
F C
All the livelong day

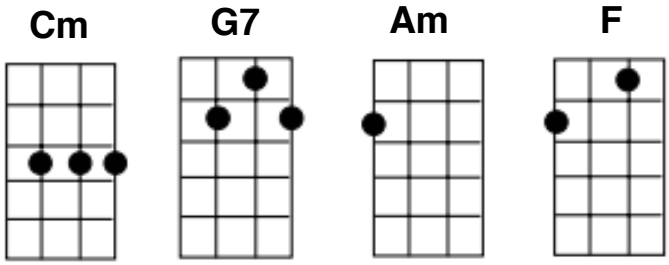
I've been working on the railroad
D7 G7
Just to pass the time away
C
Can't you hear the whistle blowing
F E7
Rise up so early in the morn
F C
Can't you hear the captain shouting
F G7 C
Dinah, blow your horn

C
Dinah, won't you blow
F
Dinah, won't you blow
G7 C
Dinah, won't you blow your horn
C
Dinah, won't you blow
F
Dinah, won't you blow
G7 C
Dinah, won't you blow your horn

C
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
G7
Someone's in the kitchen I know
C F
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
G7 C
Strumming on the old banjo, and singing

Fee, fi, fiddly eye o
G7
Fee, fi, fiddly eye o - o - o - o
C F
Fee, fi, fiddly eye ooooo - K
G7 C
Strumming on my old ~~banjo~~ uke!

“I Heard It Through the Grapevine” by Marvin Gaye




**[Cm]** Bet you're wondering how I knew
'bout your **[G7]** plans to make me **[F]** blue
with some other **[Cm]** guy that you knew before
Between the two of us **[G7]** guys you know I love you **[F]** more

It took me by **[Am]** surprise I must **[F]** say
when I **[Cm]** found out **[F]** yesterday
Ooooh I **[Cm]** heard it through the grapevine,
Not much **[F]** longer would you be mine
Ooooh I **[Cm]** heard it through the grapevine
and I'm **[F]** just about to lose my mind, honey honey **[Cm]**
**[Cm]** Heard it through the grapevine, not much longer would you be my baby

**[Cm]** You know that a man ain't supposed to cry
but these **[G7]** tears I can't hold **[F]** inside
Losin' **[Cm]** you would end my life you see
cause you **[G7]** mean that much to **[F]** me

You could have **[Am]** told me your- **[F]** -self
that you **[Cm]** love someone **[F]** else,
Instead I **[Cm]** heard it through the grapevine
Not much **[F]** longer would you be mine
Ooooh I **[Cm]** heard it through the grapevine
and I'm **[F]** just about to lose my mind, honey honey **[Cm]**
Heard it through the grapevine, not much longer would you be my baby

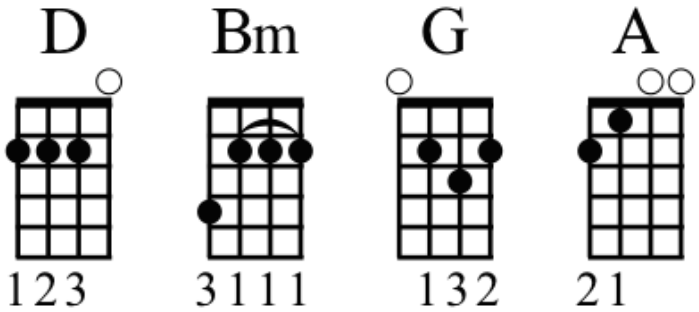
**[Cm]** People say believe half of what you see
son, and **[G7]** none of what you **[F]** hear
I can't **[Cm]** help bein' confused
if it's **[G7]** true please tell me **[F]** dear

**Repeat first chorus**

# Come On Up to the House

## Tom Waits

Capo 1st fret




**INTRO**

D Bm G D
D A D D

**VERSE 1**

D Bm G D
Well the moon is broken and the sky is cracked
D Bm
Come on up to the house
D Bm G D
The only things that you can see is all that you lack
D A D
Come on up to the house

**VERSE 2**

D Bm G D
All your crying don't do no good
D Bm
Come on up to the house
D Bm G D
Come down off the cross we can use the wood
D A D
You gotta come on up to the house

**CHORUS**

D D Bm
Come on up to the house, come on up to the house
D Bm G D
The world is not my home, I'm just a passing through
D A D
You gotta come on up to the house

**VERSE 3**

```
              D            Bm          G              D
There's no light in the tunnel, no irons in the fire
D                      Bm
Come on up to the house
            D                   Bm          G           D
And your singing lead soprano in a junkman's choir
            D          A          D
You gotta come on up to the house
```

**VERSE 4**

```
       D           Bm     G             D
Does life seem nasty, brutish and short
D                      Bm
Come on up to the house
                 D         Bm                  G       D
The seas are stormy     and you can't find no port
         D          A          D
Got to come on up to the house
```

**HARMONICA SOLO**

```
D       Bm     G       D
D       D      Bm      Bm
D       Bm     G       D
D       A      D       D
```

**VERSE 5**

```
          D                Bm          G        D
There's nothing in the world that you can do
            D                      Bm
You gotta come on up to the house
           D                           Bm                G       D
And you been whipped by the forces that are inside you
         D          A          D
Gotta come on up to the house
```

**VERSE 6**

D Bm G D
Well you're high on top of your mountain of woe
D Bm
Gotta come on up to the house
D Bm G D
Well you know you should surrender but you can't let it go
D A D
Gotta come on up to the house

**CHORUS**

**OUTRO**

D A D
You gotta come on up to the house
D A G D
You gotta come on up to the house (yeeeeee-eeah)

# Jambalaya - Hank Williams

```
C                          G7
Goodbye, Joe, me gotta go, me oh my oh
                                          C
Me gotta go, pole the pirogue down the bayou
                                        G7
My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh my oh.
                                           C
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

Chorus:
     C                                     G7
Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and fillet gumbo
                                            C
'Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio
                                        G7
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o
                                           C
Son of a gun, gonna have big fun on the bayou

Solo: C G7 C G7 C

      C                                  G7
Thibodaux, Fontaineaux, the place is buzzin'
                                       C
Kinfolk come to see Yvonne by the dozen
                                          G7
Dress in style and go hog wild, me oh my oh
                                           C
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou

Chorus>

Solo>

Chorus>
```

# You Ain’t Going Nowhere (Byrds version of a Bob Dylan song)

G Am
Clouds so swift, rain won't lift
C G
Gate won't close, railing's froze
G Am
Get your mind off wintertime
C G
You ain't goin' nowhere

G Am
Ooh-wee, ride me high
C G
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come
G Am
Oh-ho, are we gonna fly
C G
Down in the easy chair?

G Am
I don't care how many letters they sent
C G
The morning came, the morning went
G Am
Pack up your money, pick up your tent
C G
You ain't goin' nowhere

G Am
Ooh-wee, ride me high
C G
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come
G Am
Oh-ho, are we gonna fly
C G
Down in the easy chair?

G Am
Buy me a flute and a gun that shoots
C G
Tailgates and substitutes
G Am
Strap yourself to a tree with roots
C G
You ain't goin' nowhere

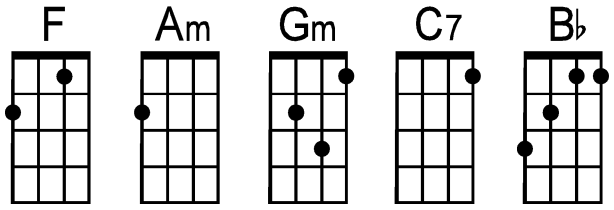
G Am
Ooh-wee, ride me high
C G
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come
G Am
Oh-ho, are we gonna fly
C G
Down in the easy chair?

G Am
Now Genghis Khan, he could not keep
C G
All his kings supplied with sleep
G Am
We'll climb that hill, no matter how steep
C G
When we get up to it.

G Am
Ooh-wee, ride me high
C G
Tomorrow's the day my bride's gonna come
G Am
Oh-ho, are we gonna fly
C G
Down in the easy chair?

# Groovin' (key of F)

by Felix Cavaliere and Eddie Brigati ~The Young Rascals (1967)




(original key is Eb)

**Intro: F . . . |Gm . . . |F . . . |Gm . . . |**

**F . . . |Gm . . . |F . . . |Gm . . . |**
Groo-vin'——— on a Sunday after- no-on——

**F . . . |Gm . . . |F . . . |Gm . . . |**
Really——— couldn't get a-way too soo-oon———

**Am** --- --- --- **|Gm** --- --- --- |
I can't im-agine any– thing that's bet—ter

**Am** --- --- --- **|Gm** --- --- --- |
The world is ours when-ever we're to— ge----ther---

**Am** --- --- --- **|Gm . C7 . |**
There ain't a place I'd like to be in---- stead of

**F . . . |Gm . . . |F . . . |Gm . . . |**
Groo-vin'——— down a crowded ave-- nue-ue———

**F . . . |Gm . . . |F . . . |Gm . . . |**
Doin'——— any-- thing we like to do-o———

**Am** --- --- --- **|Gm** --- --- --- |
There's always lots of things that we can see-------

**Am** --- --- --- **|Gm** --- --- --- |
We can be any-one we like to be-----e----

**Am** --- --- --- **|Gm . C7 . |**
And all those happy people we could--- meet just

**F . . . |Gm . . . |F . . . |Gm . . . |**
Groo-vin'——— on a Sunday after- no-on——

**F . . . |Gm . . . |F . . . |Gm . . . |**
Really——— couldn't get a-way too soo-oon———

**F . . . |Gm . . . |F . . . |Gm . . . |F . . . |Gm . . . |**
Ah-ha- haaa---------- ah-ha- haaa---------- ah-ha- haaaaaaaaa

**Am** --- --- --- |**Gm** --- --- --- |
We'll keep on spending sunny days this way--------

**Am** --- --- --- |**Gm** --- --- --- |
We're gonna talk and laugh our time a--- way-ay------

**Am** --- --- --- |**Gm** --- --- --- |
I feel it comin' closer day by day--------

**Bb** \ **** \ **Am** \ |**Gm** \ **** **C7** \ **** |
Life would be ecsta-sy------ you and me end-less-ly

**F** . . . |**Gm** . . . |**F** . . . |**Gm** . . . |
Groo-vin'———— on a Sunday after- no-on——

**F** . . . |**Gm** . . . |**F** . . . |**Gm** . . . |
Really---------- couldn't get a-way too soo-oon---------

**F** . . . |**Gm** . . . |**F** . . . |**Gm** . . . |**F** . . . |**Bb** . . . |**F**
Ah-ha- haaa---------- ah-ha- haaa---------- ah-ha- haaaaaaaaaaa--- Aaaaah

**San Jose Ukulele Club**
(v2b - 8/8/16)

# You're a mean one, Mr. Grinch

Intro: Gm C Gm C A7 D

Gm C F Bb
You're a mean one, Mr. Grinch,
Gm A7 D
You really are a heel!
Gm C
You're as cuddly as a cactus,
F Bb Eb
You're as charming as an eel, Mr. Grinch.
(No Chord) D// Gm C G m C A7 D
You're a bad banana with a greasy black peel!

Gm C F Bb
You're a monster, Mr. Grinch.
Gm A7 D
Your heart's an empty hole!
Gm C
Your brain is full of spiders,
F Bb Eb
You've got garlic in your soul, Mr. Grinch.
(No Chord) D// Gm C Gm C A7 D
I wouldn't touch you with a thirty-nine-and-a half foot pole!

Gm C F Bb
You're a vile one, Mr. Grinch.
Gm A7 D
You have termites in your smile!
Gm C
You have all the tender sweetness
F Bb Eb
Of a seasick crocodile, Mr. Grinch.
(No Chord)
Given the choice between the two of you
D// Gm C Gm C A7 D
I'd take the seasick crocodile!

Gm C F Bb
You're a foul one, Mr. Grinch.

Gm A7 D
You're a nasty wasty skunk!

Gm C
Your heart is full of unwashed socks,

F Bb Eb
Your soul is full of gunk, Mr. Grinch.

(No Chord)
The three words that best describe you are as follows, and I quote:

D D Gm C Gm C A7 D
"Stink! Stank! Stunk!"

Gm C F Bb
You're a rotter, Mr. Grinch.

Gm A7 D
You're the king of sinful sots!

Gm C
Your heart's a dead tomato splotched

F Bb Eb
With moldy purple spots, Mr. Grinch.

(No Chord)
Your soul is an appalling dump heap overflowing with the most disgraceful assortment

of deplorable rubbish imaginable mangled up in D// tangled up knots! Gm C Gm C A7 D

Gm C F Bb
You nauseate me, Mr. Grinch,

Gm A7 D
With a nauseous super "naus!"

Gm C
You're a crooked dirty jockey,

F Bb Eb
And you drive a crooked horse, Mr. Grinch.

(No Chord)
You're a three-decker sauerkraut and toadstool sandwich

D// Gm C Gm C D/////// Gm
with arsenic sauce!