

King of the Road [G]

artist: Roger Miller , writer: Roger Miller

Roger Miller - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WrhAC0dFis0> (but in E)

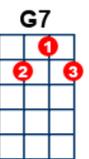
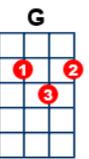
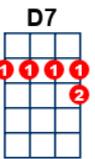
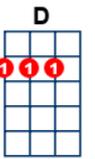
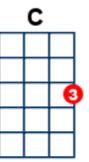
[G] Trailer for [C] sale or rent
[D7] Rooms to let [G] fifty cents
No phone, no [C] pool, no pets
[D] Ain't got no [D7] cigarettes, ah but
[G] Two hours of [C] pushing broom buys a
[D7] Eight by twelve [G] four bit room, I'm a
[G7] Man of [C] means by no means
[D7] King of the [G] road

[G] Third boxcar [C] midnight train
[D7] Destination [G] Bangor, Maine
Old worn out [C] suit and shoes
[D] I don't pay no [D7] union dues, I smoke
[G] Old stogies [C] I have found
[D7] Short, but not too [G] big around, I'm a
[G7] 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 [G] all of their names
And every handout in [C] every town
[D] Every lock that ain't locked when [D7] no one's around,

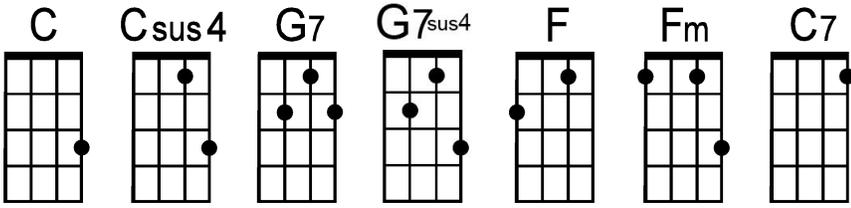
I sing :

[G] Trailer for [C] sale or rent
[D7] Rooms to let [G] fifty cents
No phone, no [C] pool, no pets
[D] Ain't got no [D7] cigarettes, ah but
[G] Two hours of [C] pushing broom buys a
[D7] Eight by twelve [G] four bit room, I'm a
[G7] 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



Sloop John B (Key of C)

by Richard Le Gallienne, (1917)



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brown-Eyed Girl – Van Morrison†

[intro]

(G) (C) (G) (D) x2

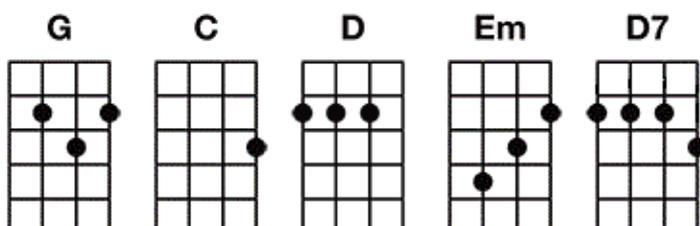
(G) Hey, where did (C)we go? (G) Days when the (D)rains came
(G) Down in the (C)hollow (G) playin' a (D)new game
(G) Laughing and a-(C)running, hey hey
(G) Skipping and a-(D)jumping
(G) In the misty (C)morning fog with
(G) Our (D)hearts a-thumping and (C)you
(D) My brown-eyed (G)girl (Em)
(C) You, my (D) brown-eyed girl (G) (D7)

(G) Whatever (C)happened (G) to Tuesday and (D)so slow
(G) Going down the (C)old mine with a... (G) transistor (D)radio
(G) Standing in the (C)sunlight laughing
(G) Hiding behind a (D)rainbow's wall
(G) Slipping and a-(C)sliding (Hey hey)
(G) All along the (D)waterfall with you (C)
(D) My brown-eyed (G)girl (Em)
(C) You, my (D) brown-eyed girl (G) (D7)

(D) Do you remember when... we used to (G)sing
Sha la-la (C)la la la la (G)la la la la te (D)da
(G) Sha la-la (C)la la la la (G)la la la la te (D)da
La te (G)da (D)

(G) So hard to (C)find my way... (G) now that I'm all (D)on my own
(G) I saw you just the (C)other day... (G) my... how (D)you have grown
(G) Cast my memory (C)back there, Lord
(G) Sometimes I'm (D)overcome thinking 'bout
(G) Making love in the (C)green grass
(G) Behind the (D)stadium with you (C)
(D) My brown-eyed (G)girl (Em)
(C) You, my (D) brown-eyed girl (G) (D7)

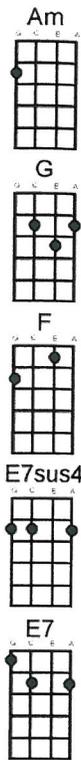
(D) Do you remember when... we used to (G)sing
Sha la-la (C)la la la la (G)la la la-la te (D)da
(G) Sha la-la (C)la la la la (G)la la la-la te (D)da
(G) Sha la-la (C)la la la la (G)la la la-la te (D)da
(G) Sha la-la (C)la la la la (G)la la la-la te (D) da
La te (G)da



California Dreaming Mamas and The Papas (Am)

Hear this song at: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RtVlhDgo_uU (play along with capo at 4th fret)

From: Richard G's Ukulele Songbook www.scorpex.net/Uke



All the leaves are [Am] brown

(all the [G] leaves are [F] brown)

And the [G] sky is [E7sus4] gray (and the sky is [E7] gray)

[F] I've been for a [C] walk

(I've been [E7] for a [Am] walk)

On a [F] winter's [E7sus4] day (on a winter's [E7] day)

I'd be safe and [Am] warm

(I'd be [G] safe and [F] warm)

If I [G] was in L[E7sus4]A (if I was in L[E7]A)

Chorus: California [Am] dreamin'

(Cali [G]fornia [F] dreamin')

On [G] such a winter's [E7sus4] day [E7]

Stopped into a [Am] church [G] [F]

I passed a[G]long the [E7sus4] way [E7]

Well I [F] got down on my [C] knees

(got down [E7] on my [Am] knees)

And I pre[F]tend to [E7sus4] pray (I pretend to [E7] pray)

You know the preacher likes the [Am] cold

(preacher [G] likes the [F] cold)

He knows I'm [G] gonna [E7sus4] stay (knows I'm gonna [E7] stay)

Repeat Chorus

Instrumental break: [Am] [Am] [F] [C] [E7] [Am] [F] [E7sus4] [E7]

[Am] [G] [F] [G] [E7sus4] [E7] [Am] [G] [F] [G] [E7sus4] [E7]

Repeat Verse 1

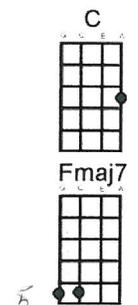
Coda: California [Am] dreamin'

(Cali [G]fornia [F] dreamin')

On [G] such a winter's [Am] day (Cali[G]fornia [F] dreamin')

On [G] such a winter's [Am] day (Cali[G]fornia [F] dreamin')

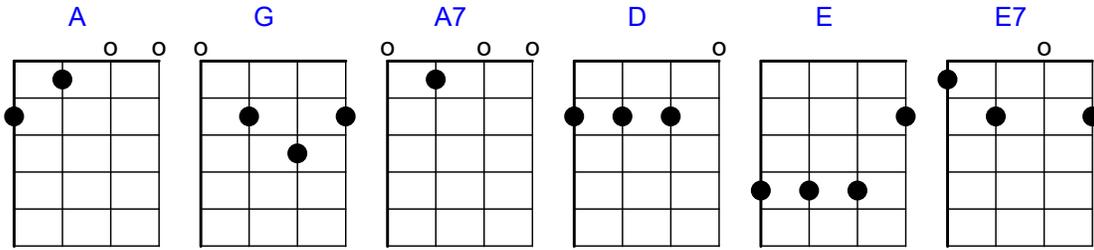
On [G] such a winter's [Fmaj7] day [Am]



5

Five O'Clock World

The Vogues



A G A G

Up every mornin' just to keep a job, I gotta fight my way through the hustling mob.
 Sounds of the city poundin' in my brain, while another day goes down the drain. Yeah, yeah.
 But it's a five o'clock world when the whistle blows,
 No one owns a piece of my time. And theres a five o'clock me inside my clothes,
 Thinkin' that the world looks fine, yeah.

A G A G A G A G
 Ada.lay.ee.hee, ee..yeah

Tradin' my time for the pay I get, Livin' on money that I ain't made yet
 Gotta keep goin' tryin' to make my way, While I live for the end of the day. Yeah, yeah.
 But it's a five o'clock world when the whistle blows, No one owns a piece of my time.
 And there's a long-haired girl who waits, I know, To ease my troubled mind, yeah

A G A G A G A G
 Ada.lay.ee.hee, ee..yeah

c:solos (if desired)

A G (X7) A A7
 D G (X7) E E7

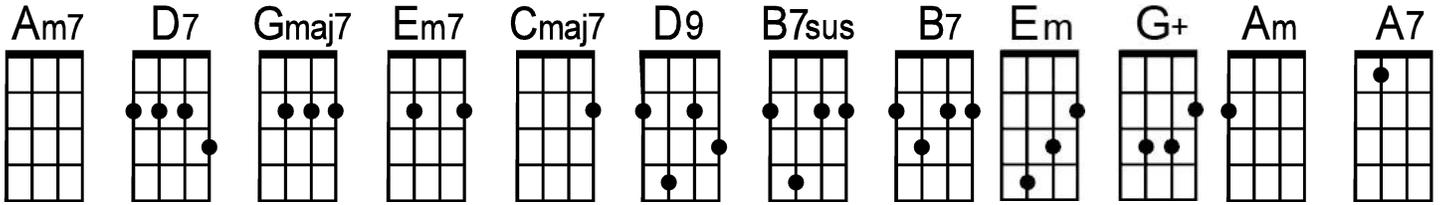
A G A G

In the shelter of her arms everything's okay. She talks and the the world goes slippin' away.
 And I know that's the reason I can still go on, When every other reason is gone, yeah, yeah.
 In my five o'clock world she waits for me. Nothing else matters at all
 Cause every time my baby smiles at me, I know that's it's all worthwhile.

A G A G A G A G (X3)
 Ada.lay.ee.hee, ee..yeah

Autumn Leaves

by Joseph Kosma and Jacques Prevert (1947)



(---*tacet*---) Am7 . . . | D7 . . . | Gmaj7 . Em7 . | Cmaj7
 The falling leaves----- drift by my win---dow-----
 . . . | D9 . B7sus . | B7 . . . | Em . G+ . | Em7
 The au--tumn leaves----- of red and gold-----
 . . . | Cmaj7 . Am7 . | D7 . . . | Gmaj7 . Em7 . | Cmaj7
 I see your lips----- the sum-mer kiss--es-----
 . . . | D9 . B7sus . | B7 . . . | Em . . . | . . .
 The sun-burned hands----- I used to hold-----

Bridge: . . . | D9 . . . | B7 . . . | Em . G+ . | Em7
 Since you went----- a- way, the days grow long-----
 . . . | Am7 . . . | D7 . . . | Em7 . . . | Cmaj7 .
 And soon I'll hear----- old win-ter's song-----
 . . | D9 . B7sus . | B7 . . . | Em . . . | . . .
 But I miss you most of all, my dar-----ling,
 . | D9 . . . | B7sus . B7 . | Em . . . | **Em**
 When aut-----umn leaves start to fall-----

Instr: r r r | Am7 . . . | D7 . . . | Gmaj7 . Em7 . | Cmaj7
 . . . | D9 . B7sus . | B7 . . . | Em . G+ . | Em7
 . . . | Cmaj7 . Am7 . | D7 . . . | Gmaj7 . Em7 . | Cmaj7
 . . . | D9 . B7sus . | B7 . . . | Em . . . | . . .

Bridge: . . . | D9 . . . | B7 . . . | Em . G+ . | Em7
 Since you went----- a- way, the days grow long-----
 . . . | Am7 . . . | D7 . . . | Em7 . . . | Cmaj7 .
 And soon I'll hear----- old win-ter's song-----
 . . | D9 . B7sus . | B7 . . . | Em . . . | . . .
 But I miss you most of all, my dar-----ling,
 . | D9 . . . | B7sus . B7 . | Em . . . | Am7 . . . | **Em**
 When aut-----umn leaves start to fall-----

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
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
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?

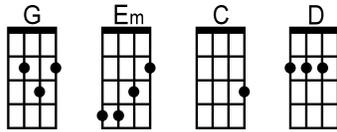
G Am
I don't care how many letters they sent
C G
The morning came, the morning went
G Am
Pack up your money, pick up your tent
C G
You ain't goin' nowhere

G Am
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?

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?

Lookin' Out My Back Door (Creedence Clearwater Revival)



[G] Just got home from Illinois. [Em] Lock the front door oh boy.

[C] Got to set [G] down take a [D] rest on the porch.

[G] Imagination sets in, [Em] pretty soon I'm singin

[C] Doot doot [G] doot lookin [D] out my back [G] door.

[G] Giant doin cart wheels. A [Em] statue wearing high heels.

[C] Look at all [G] the happy creatures [D] dancing on the lawn.

[G] Dinosaur victrola [Em] listenin to Buck Owens,

[C] doot doot [G] doot lookin [D] out my back [G] door

[D] Tambourines and elephants are [C] playin in the [G] band.

Won't you take a ride [Em] on the flyin [D] spoon doot doo doo.

[G] Wonderous apparition [Em] provided by magician,

[C] doot doot [G] doot lookin [D] out my back [G] door

[G] Smile with me tomorrow, [Em] today I'll find no sorrow,

[C] doot doot [G] doot lookin [D] out my back [G] door.

[G] Forward troubles Illinois. [Em] Lock the front door oh boy.

[C] Look at all the [G] happy creatures [D] dancin on the lawn.

[G] Bother me tomorrow, [Em] today I'll find no sorrow.

[C] doot doot [G] doot lookin [D] out my back [G] door.