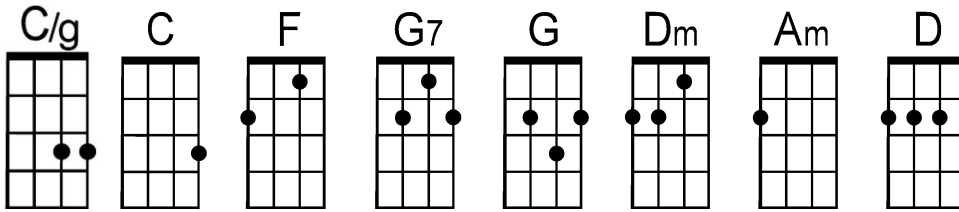


Moonshadow

by Cat Stevens (1971)



Intro: C/g . . . | F . C . | F . G G7\ | C . C\ ---

| C/g | F . C . . | F . G G7\ | C |
Oh, I'm bein' followed by a moon--shadow, moon--sha-dow, moon--sha-dow----

C/g | F . C . . | F . G G7\ | C |
Leapin' and hoppin' on a moon--shadow, moon--sha-dow, moon--sha-dow----

| F . C . | F . C . | F . C . | Dm . G .
And if I-- ev--er lose my hands-- lose my-- plough, lose my land

| F . C . | F . C . | Dm . G7 . | C . Am
Oh, if I-- ev--er lose my hands-- a-way-- ay-ay-- Ay-- ay-- Ay-- ay-- Ay

. | Dm . G . | C . . .
I won't have to work no-o more----

| F . C . | F . C . | F . C . | Dm . G7 .
And if I-- ev--er lose my eyes-- if my-- colors all run dry

| F . C . | F . C . | Dm . G7 . | C . Am
Yes, if I-- ev--er lose my eyes-- a-way-- ay-ay-- Ay-- ay-- Ay-- ay-- Ay

. | Dm . G . | C . . .
I won't have to cry no-o more----

| C/g | F . C . . | F . G G7\ | C |
Yes, I'm bein' followed by a moon--shadow, moon--sha-dow, moon--sha-dow----

C/g | F . C . . | F . G G7\ | C |
Leapin' and hoppin' on a moon--shadow, moon--sha-dow, moon--sha-dow----

| F . C . | F . C . | F . C . | Dm . G .
And if I-- ev--er lose my legs-- I won't moan, and I won't beg

| F . C . | F . C . | Dm . G7 . | C . Am
Oh, if I-- ev--er lose my legs-- a-way-- ay-ay-- Ay-- ay-- Ay-- ay-- Ay

. | Dm . G . | C . . .
I won't have to walk no-o more----

| F . C . | F . C . | F . C . | Dm . G .
And if I-- ev--er lose my mouth all my-- teeth, north and south

| F . C . | F . C . | Dm . G7 . | C . Am
Yes, if I-- ev--er lose my mouth, a-way-- ay-ay-- Ay-- ay-- Ay-- ay-- Ay

. | Dm . G7\ --- | C . . . |
I won't have to talk.....

Instrumental: C/g . . . | F . C . | F . G G7\ | C . . . |

C/g . . . | F . C . | F . G G7\ | C . . . |

Bridge:

D | G | D | G
Did it take long to find me-e-e--? I asked the faith-ful li-i- ight--

D | G | D | G |
Did it take long to find me-e-e--? And are you gonna stay-ay the night--? I-i--i-

C/g | F . C . . | F . G G7\ | C |
I'm bein' followed by a moon-- shadow, moon-- sha-dow, moon-- sha-dow----

C/g | F . C . . | F . G G7\ | C |
Leapin' and hoppin' on a moon-- shadow, moon-- sha-dow, moon-- sha-dow----

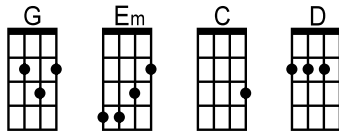
Softly: F/ --- --- --- | C/ --- --- --- |
Moon----- shadow, moon-- sha-- dow-----

Louder: F . G . | C . C\
Moon----- shadow, moon-- sha-dow-----

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v2 - 8/22/17)

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.

King of the Road – Roger Miller (1964)

Intro : **A /// D /// E7 /// ////**

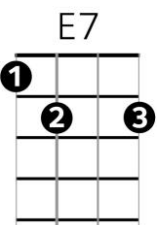
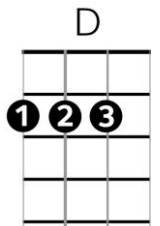
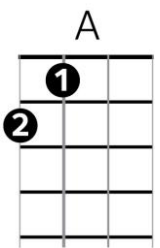
=====

A **D** **E7** **A**
Trailers for sale or rent, Rooms to let fifty cents,
A **D** **E7 {pause}**
No phone, no pool, no pets ... I ain't got no cigarettes, ah but...
A **D** **E7** **A**
Two hours of pushing broom buys an 8 by 12 four-bit room, I'm a ...
A **D** **E7 {pause}** **A**
Man of means by no means ... King of the road

=====

A **D** **E7** **A**
Third box car, midnight train, destination Bangor, Maine,
A **D** **E7 {pause}**
Old worn out suit and shoes ... I don't pay no union dues, I smoke...
A **D** **E7** **A**
Old stogies I have found .. short but not too big around, I'm a ...
A **D** **E7{pause}** **A**
Man of means by no means ... King of the road

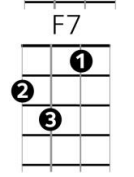
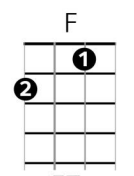
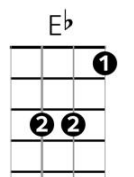
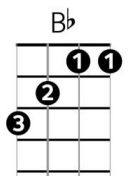
Chords



Bridge

A **D**
I know every engineer on every train,
E7 **A**
All of the children and all of their names, and
A **D**
Every handout in every town and
E7 **E7**
Every lock that ain't locked when no one's a-round. I sing

Alternative Key Change Chords



=====

Repeat Verse 1 and then repeat last line and end on A

=====

Alternative Bridge (with key change)

B \flat **E \flat**
I know every engineer on every train,
F **B \flat**
All of the children and all of their names, and
B \flat **E \flat**
Every handout in every town and
F **F7**
Every lock that ain't locked when no one's a-round. I sing

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

California Dreaming – The Mamas and the Papas

[intro] (Dm)

All the leaves are (Dm)brown (C) (Bb)
And the (C)sky is (A7sus4)grey (A7)
I've been for a (F)walk (A7) (Dm)
On a (Bb)winter's (A7sus4)day (A7)
I'd be safe and (Dm)warm (C) (Bb)
If I (C)was in L(A7sus4)A (A7)

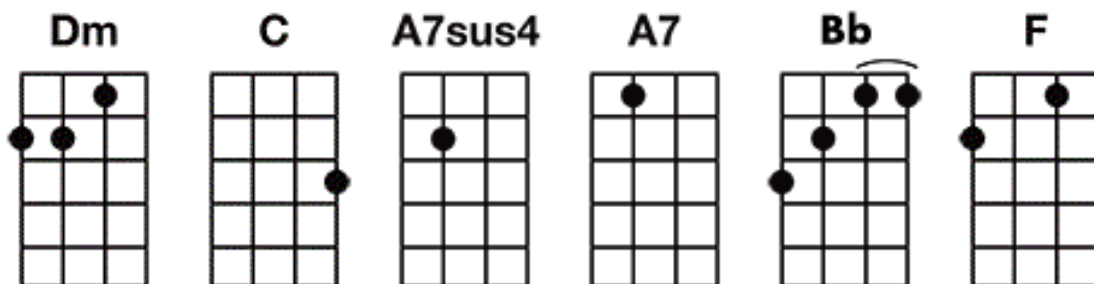
California (Dm)dreamin' (C) (Bb)
On (C)such a winter's (A7sus4)day (A7)

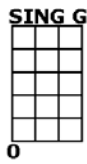
Stopped into a (Dm)church (C) (Bb)
I passed a(C)long the (A7sus4)way (A7)
Well I got down on my (F)knees (A7) (Dm)
And I pre(Bb)tend to (A7sus4)pray (A7)
You know the preacher likes the (Dm)cold (C) (Bb)
He knows I'm (C)gonna (A7sus4)stay (A7)

California (Dm)dreamin' (C) (Bb)
On (C)such a winter's (A7sus4)day (A7)

All the leaves are (Dm)brown (C) (Bb)
And the (C)sky is (A7sus4)grey (A7)
I've been for a (F)walk (A7) (Dm)
On a (Bb)winter's (A7sus4)day (A7)
If I didn't (Dm)tell her (C) (Bb)
I could (C)leave to(A7sus4)day (A7)

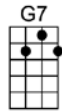
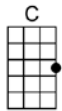
California (Dm)dreamin' (C) (Bb)
On (C)such a winter's (A7sus4) day (A7)
(Dm – single strum)



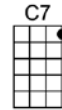
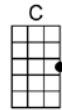


UNDER THE BOARDWALK

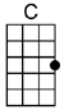
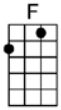
4/4 1...2...123



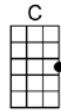
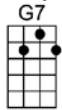
Oh, when the sun beats down and burns the tar upon the roof



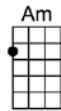
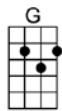
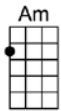
And your shoes get so hot you wish your tired feet were fire-proof



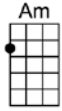
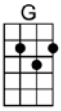
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea...yeah



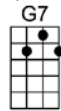
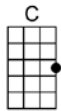
On a blanket with my baby, that's where I'll be



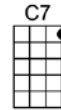
UT-BW, out of the sun, UT-BW, we'll be havin' some fun, UT-BW people walkin' above



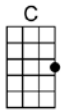
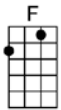
UT-BW, we'll be fallin' in love, under the boardwalk, boardwalk



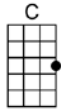
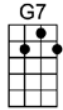
From the park you hear the happy sound of a carou-sel



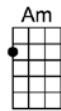
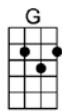
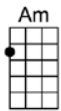
You can almost taste the hot dogs and french fries they sell



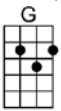
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea...yeah



On a blanket with my baby, that's where I'll be



UT-BW, out of the sun, UT-BW, we'll be havin' some fun, UT-BW people walkin' above



UT-BW, we'll be fallin' in love, under the boardwalk, boardwalk

UNDER THE BOARDWALK

4/4 1...2...123

C **G7**
Oh, when the sun beats down and burns the tar upon the roof

C **C7**
And your shoes get so hot you wish your tired feet were fire-proof

F **C**
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea...yeah

G7 **C**
On a blanket with my baby, that's where I'll be

Am **G** **Am**
UT-BW, out of the sun, UT-BW, we'll be havin' some fun, UT-BW people walkin' above

G **Am**
UT-BW, we'll be fallin' in love, under the boardwalk, boardwalk

C **G7**
From the park you hear the happy sound of a carou-sel

C **C7**
You can almost taste the hot dogs and french fries they sell

F **C**
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea...yeah

G7 **C**
On a blanket with my baby, that's where I'll be

Am **G** **Am**
UT-BW, out of the sun, UT-BW, we'll be havin' some fun, UT-BW people walkin' above

G **Am**
UT-BW, we'll be fallin' in love, under the boardwalk, boardwalk

Louisiana Saturday Night

artist:Mel McDaniel , writer:Bob McDill

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yIjf4Lpj7CI>

Thanks to Frank de Lathouder

a capella – rhythm but no chords

Well you get down the fiddle and you get down the bow,
Kick off your shoes and you throw 'em on the floor.
Dance in the kitchen 'til the mornin' light,
Louisiana Saturday night.

[D] Waitin' in the front yard, [A] sittin' on a log,
A [G] single-shot rifle and a [D] one-eyed dog.
Got me a couple of kinfolk [A] in the moonlight,
[G] Louisiana [A] Saturday [D] night.

Woah, [D] get down the fiddle now, [A] get down the bow,
[G] Kick off your shoes and you [D] throw 'em on the floor.
Dance in the kitchen 'til the [A] mornin' light,
[G] Louisiana [A] Saturday [D] night.

[D] My brother Bill and [A] other brother Jack,
[G] Belly full of beer and a [D] possum in his sack.
Fifteen kids in the [A] front porch light,
[G] Louisiana [A] Saturday [D] night.

When the [D] kinfolk leave and the [A] kids get fed,
[G] Me and my women gonna [D] slip off to bed.
Have a little fun when we [A] turn out the light,
[G] Louisiana [A] Saturday [D] night.

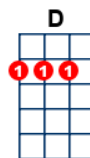
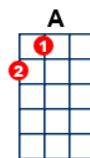
very soft chords but sing out

Woah, [D] get down the fiddle now, [A] get down the bow,
[G] Kick off your shoes and you [D] throw 'em on the floor.
Dance in the kitchen 'til the [A] mornin' light,
[G] Louisiana [A] Saturday [D] night.

Woah, [D] get down the fiddle now, [A] get down the bow,
[G] Kick off your shoes and you [D] throw 'em on the floor.
Dance in the kitchen 'til the [A] mornin' light,
[G] Louisiana [A] Saturday [D] night.

a capella - rhythm but no chords

Yeah, get down the fiddle now, get down the bow,
Kick off your shoes and you throw 'em on the floor.
Dance in the kitchen 'til the mornin' light,
Louisiana Saturday night.



Down On The Corner

By Creedence Clearwater Revival

Intro:

A	-3-----0-----	-3---3---0-----	-----2---	-3---3-----	
E	-----3-----	-----	-3-----3-----	-----	x2
C	-----	-----	-----	-----	
G	-----	-----	-----	-----	

A	-8---5-----	-8---8---5-----	-----7---	-10--10-----	
E	-----8-----	-----	-8-----8-----	-----	
C	-----	-----	-----	-----	
G	-----	-----	-----	-----	

A	-3-----0-----	-3---3---0-----	-----2---	-3---3-----	
E	-----3-----	-----	-3-----3-----	-----	
C	-----	-----	-----	-----	
G	-----	-----	-----	-----	

C G7 C
 Early in the evening, just around supper time
 G7 C
 Over by the courthouse, they're starting to unwind
 F C
 Four kids on the corner, trying to bring you up
 G7 C
 Willy picks a tune out and he blows it on the harp

Chorus:

F C G7 C
 Down on the corner, out in the street
 F C
 Willy and the Poor-boys are playing
 G7 C
 Bring a nickel, tap your feet

C G7 C
 Rooster hits the washboard, and people just gotta smile,
 G7 C
 Blinky thumps the gut bass and solos for a while
 F C
 Poor-boy twangs the rhythm out on his Kalamazoo
 G7 C
 And Willy goes into a dance and doubles on Kazoo

Chorus>

Intro>

Chorus>

C G7 C
 You don't need a penny just to hang around
 G7 C
 But if you got a nickel won't you lay your money down
 F C
 Over on the corner there's a happy noise
 G7 C
 People come from all around to watch the magic boy

Chorus>

Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da – The Beatles

[intro] (G) (G) (G) (G)

(G)Desmond has a barrow in the (D)market place.

(D7)Molly is the singer in a (G)band.

Desmond says to (G7)Molly, "Girl, I (C)like your face"

And Molly (G)says this as she (D7)takes him by the (G)hand...

[chorus]

Ob-la-(G)-di, ob-la-da, life goes on, (Em)bra

(G)La la how that (D7)life goes (G)on

Ob-la-(G)-di, ob-la-da, life goes on, (Em)bra

(G)La la how that (D7)life goes (G)on

(G)Desmond takes a trolley to the (D)jeweller's store

(D7)Buys a twenty carat golden (G)ring (*ring*)

Takes it back to (G7)Molly waiting (C)at the door,

And as he (G)gives it to her (D7)she begins to (G)sing (*sing*)

[chorus]

(C) In a couple of years they have built a home sweet (G)home

(Gsus2) (G) (G7)

(C) With a couple of kids running in the yard

Of (G)Desmond and Molly (D7)Jones

(G)Happy ever after in the (D)market place

(D7)Desmond lets the children lend a (G)hand

Molly stays at (G7)home and does her (C)pretty face

And in the (G)evening she still (D7)sings it with the (G)band, yeah!

[chorus]

(C) In a couple of years they have built a home sweet (G)home

(Gsus2) (G) (G7)

(C) With a couple of kids running in the yard

Of (G)Desmond and Molly (D7)Jones

(G)Happy ever after in the (D)market place

(D7)Molly lets the children lend a (G)hand

Desmond stays at (G7)home and does his (C)pretty face

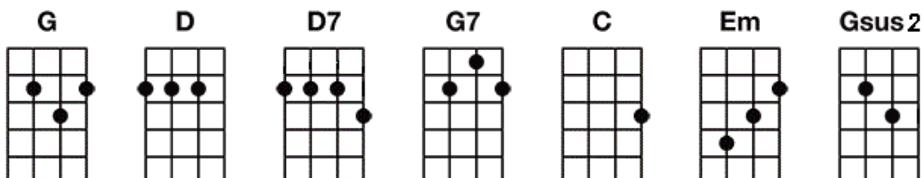
And in the (G)evening she's a (D7)singer with the (G)band, yeah!

Ob-la-(G)-di, ob-la-da, life goes on, (Em)bra

(G)La la how that (D7)life goes (G)on

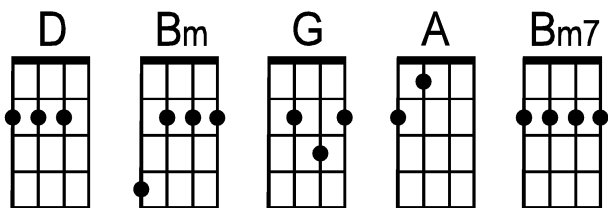
Ob-la-(G)-di, ob-la-da, life goes on, (Em)bra

(G)La la how that (D7)life goes (G)on



Octopus's Garden (Key of D)

by Ringo Starr



to play in original key(E), capo up 2 frets)

Intro: D . . . | Bm . . . | G . . . | A . . . |

D . . . | Bm . . . | G . . . | A . . . |
I'd like to be— un-der the sea— in an octo-pus's garden, in the shade—

D . . . | Bm . . . | G . . . | A . . . |
He'd let us in— knows where we've been— in his octo-pus's garden, in the shade—

Bm . . . | . . . Bm7 | G . . . | A \ \ \ - \ \ \ |
I'd ask my friends— to come and see-ee— an octo-pus-s gar-den with me—

D . . . | Bm . . . | G . . . | A . . . | D . . . |
I'd like to be— un-der the sea— in an octo-pus's garden, in the shade—

D . . . | Bm . . . | G . . . | A . . . |
We would be warm be-low the storm in our little hide-a-way be-neath the waves
(oo—oo) (oo—oo) (ah—ah—ah-ah—ah-ah-

D . . . | Bm . . . | G . . . | A . . . |
Rest-ing our head on the sea bed in an octo-pus's garden, near a cave
Ah—) (oo—oo) (oo—oo) (ah—ah—ah-ah—ah-ah-

Bm . . . | . . . Bm7 | G . . . | A \ \ \ - \ \ \ |
We would sing-ing and da-ance a-rou-ound be-cause we know—we can't be found

D . . . | Bm . . . | G . . . | A . . . | D . . . |
I'd like to be— un-der the sea— in an octo-pus's garden, in the shade—

Instrumental: G . . . | Em . . . | C . . . | D . . . |
Ah— ah Ah— Ah— ah Ah—

G . . . | Em . . . | C . . . | D . . . | G . . . | A . . . |
Ah— ah Ah— A—ah A—ah A—ah Ah-ah—ah

D . . . | Bm . . . | G . . . | A . . . |
We would shout and swim a-bout the coral that lies be-neath the waves—
(ah—ah) (oo—oo) (lies be—neath the ocean

D . . . | Bm . . . | G . . . | A . . . |
Oh, what joy— for every girl and boy— knowing— they're happy and they're safe—
waves—) (ah—ah—) (oo—oo—) (hap—py and they're

Bm . . . | . . . Bm7 | G . . . | A \ \ \ - \ \ \ |
We would be— so happy you and me— no-one there to tell us what to do—
safe—)

D . . . | Bm . . . | G . . . | A . . . | D . . . |
I'd like to be un-der the sea in an octo-pus's garden, with you—
(ah—ah) (ah—ah—ah—ah—) (oo—) (ah—

| G . . . | A . . . | Bm . . . | G . . . | A . . . | D . . . | A \ D \ |
In an octo-pus's garden, with you— In an octo-pus's garden, with you—
—ah—ah—) (oo—) (ah—ah—ah—ah—)

"Your Flag Decal Won't Get You into Heaven Anymore"

John Prine

John Prine, 1971

Arranged for UFC of CoMO

G **C**
While digesting Reader's Digest in the back of a dirty bookstore,
D7 **G**
A flag decal with gum on the back fell out on the floor.

C
So I picked it up and I ran outside and I slapped it on my window shield,
D7 **G**
And if I could see old Betsy Ross I'd tell her how good I feel.

C **G**
Oh but your flag decal won't get you into heaven anymore.
D7 **G** **G7**
They're already overcrowded from your dirty little wars.

C **G**
Now Jesus don't like killin' no matter what the reasons for,
D7 **G**
And your flag decal won't get you into heaven anymore.

C
I went into the bank this morning and the cashier said to me,
D7 **G**
"If you join our Christmas Club we'll give you ten of those flags for free."
C
Well I didn't mess around a bit and I took him up on what he said.
D7 **G**
And I stuck those stickers all over my car and one on my wife's forehead.

[chorus] gc11050311 ext3080

G **C**
I got my window shield so filled with flags that I couldn't see.
D7 **G**
Then I ran it right upside a curb and then right into a tree.
C
By the time they called a doctor down I was already dead.
D7 **G**
And I'll never understand why the man standing at the Pearly Gates said

C **G**
Your flag decal won't get you into heaven anymore.
D7 **G** **G7**
We're already overcrowded from your dirty little wars.
C **G**
Now Jesus don't like killin' no matter what the reasons for,
D7 **G**
And your flag decal won't get you into heaveeeeeeen anymore.

Cecilia – Simon and Garfunkel*

[intro] (E7) and nifty tapping

(A)Celia... you're (D)breaking my (A)heart
You're (D)shaking my (A)confidence (E7)daily
Whoa Ce(D)cil(A)ia... I'm (D)down on my (A)knees
I'm (D)begging you (A)please to come (E7)home

(A)Celia... you're (D)breaking my (A)heart
You're (D)shaking my (A)confidence (E7)daily
Whoa Ce(D)cil(A)ia... I'm (D)down on my (A)knees
I'm (D)begging you (A)please to come (E7)home
Ho-ho-(A)-home

(A) Making love in the (D)after(A)noon
With Ce(A)cilia... (D)up in (E7)my bed(A)room
(Makin' (A)love) I got up to (D)wash my (A)face
When I (A)come back to bed someone's (E7)taken my (A)place

(A)Celia... you're (D)breaking my (A)heart
You're (D)shaking my (A)confidence (E7)daily
Whoa Ce(D)cil(A)ia... I'm (D)down on my (A)knees
I'm (D)begging you (A)please to come (E7)home
Come on (A)home

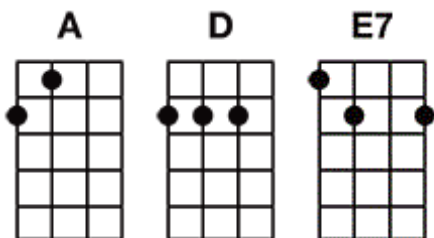
[whistling solo – same chords as verse]

(A) (A) (D) (A)
(D) (A) (E7) (E7)
(D) (A) (D) (A)
(D) (A) (E7) (E7)

Jubi(D)la(A)tation... she (D)loves me a(A)gain
I (D)fall on the (A)floor and I'm (E7)laughing
Jubi(D)la(A)tation... she (D)loves me a(A)gain
I (D)fall on the (A)floor and I'm (E7)laughing

[outro]

Whoa oh (D)ohh (A)oh... oh (D)oh oh oh (A)oh
Oh (D)oh oh oh (A)oh oh oh (E7)oh-oh
Whoa oh (D)ohh (A)oh... oh (D)oh oh oh (A)oh
Oh (D)oh oh oh (A)oh oh oh (E7)oh-oh
(A – single strum)



Twist and Shout -- The Beatles (1963)

Intro: C / F / G7 / / / C / F / G7 /

Chorus

/ / C / F / G7 /

Well shake it up baby now, (*shake it up baby*)

/ / C / F / G7

Twist and shout. (*twist and shout*)

/ / / C / F / G7 /

Come on, come on, come on, come on, baby now, (*come on baby*)

/ / C / F / G7 /

Come on and work it all out. (*work it all out, ooh!*)

/ / C / F / G7

Well work it all out, (*work it all out*)

/ / C / F / G7

You know you look so good. (*look so good*)

/ / C / F / G7

You know you got me goin' now, (*got me goin'*)

/ / C / F / G7 /

Just like I knew you would. (*like I knew you would, ooh!*)

Chorus:

/ / C / F / G7

You know you twist it little girl, (*twist it little girl*)

/ / C / F / G7

You know you twist so fine. (*twist so fine*)

/ / C / F / G7

Come on and twist a little closer now, (*twist a little closer*)

/ / C / F / G7 / / /

And let me know that you're mine. (*let me know you're mine, ooh!*)

Solo : play chords or tab

C F G G7

(x4)

G / / / G / / / G7 / / / G7 / / / G7 / / / G7 / / / / /

aaaaaa aaaaaa Aaaaaa Aaaaaa AAAAAA AAAAAA (*crescendo!*)

Chorus: + last verse ... but last G7 leads straight into :

/ / / C / F / G7 (x3) / / /

Well, shake it, shake it, shake it, baby, now. (*shake it up baby*)

G / / / G / / / G7 / / / G7 / / / G7 / / / G7 / / / C {stop}

aaaaaa aaaaaa Aaaaaa Aaaaaa AAAAAA AAAAAA

Chords

C

F

G

G7

You wear it well

D. G

I had nothing to do on this hot afternoon

A. D

But to settle down and write you a line

G

I've been meaning to phone you but from Minnesota

A D

Hell it's been a very long time

A

You wear it well

Em D G A

A little old fashioned but that's all right

D G

Well I suppose you're thinking I bet he's sinking

A. D

Or he wouldn't get in touch with me

G

Oh I ain't begging or losing my head

A D

I sure do want you to know

A

that you wear it well

Em. D G A

There ain't a lady in the land so fine

D G

Remember them basement parties your brother's karate

A D

The all day rock and roll shows

G

Them homesick blues and radical views

A D

Haven't left a mark on you

A

you wear it well

Em D. G. A

A little out of time but I don't mind

G.

D

But I ain't forgetting that you were once mine

G. D
But I blew it without even tryin'

G
Now I'm eatin' my heart out

A D
Tryin' to get a letter through

Em D G. A
Since you've been gone it's hard to carry on

D G
I'm gonna write about the birthday gown that I bought in town

A D
When you sat down and cried on the stairs

G
You knew it did not cost the earth but for what it's worth

A D
You made me feel a millionaire

A
and you wear it well

Em. D G. A
Madame Onassis got nothing on you

D. G
Anyway my coffee's cold and I'm getting told

A. D
That I gotta get back to work

G
So when the sun goes low and you're home all alone

A D
Think of me and try not to laugh

A
and I wear it well

Em. D G A
I don't object if you call collect

D G. D
Cause I ain't forgetting that you were once mine

G D
But I blew it without even tryin'

G. A. D
Now I'm eatin' my heart out tryin' to get back to you

Em. D G A
After all the years I hope it's the same address

Em D G A
Since you've been gone it's hard to carry on

Source: www.ukulele-tabs.com

YMCA – The Village People

[no intro]

(C)Young man... there's no need to feel down, I said
(Am)Young man... pick yourself off the ground, I said
(Dm)Young man... cos you're in a new town
There's no (G)need... (F)to... (G)be... (F)un(C)hap(F)py
(C)Young man... there's a place you can go, I said
(Am)Young man... when you're short on your dough, you can
(Dm)Stay there... and I'm sure you will find
Many (G)ways... (F)to... (G)have... (F)a... (C)good... (F)time

[chorus]

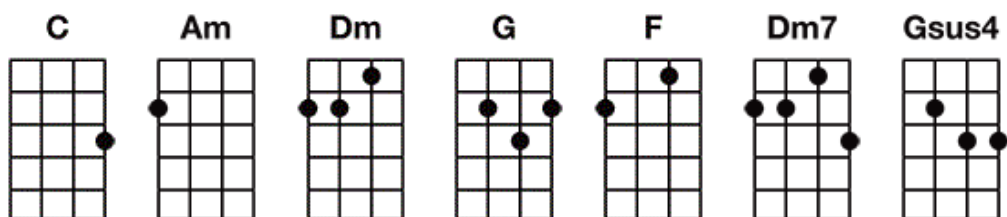
It's fun to stay at the (C)YMCA
It's fun to stay at the (Am)YMCA
They have (Dm)everything for you men to enjoy
You can (G)hang out with all the boys
It's fun to stay at the (C)YMCA
It's fun to stay at the (Am)YMCA
You can (Dm)get yourself cleaned, you can have a good meal
You can (G)do whatever you feel

(C)Young man... are you listening to me, I said
(Am)Young man... what do you want to be, I said
(Dm)Young man... you can make real your dreams
But you've (G)got... (F)to... (G)know... (F)this... (C)one... (F)thing
(C)No man... does it all by himself, I said
(Am)Young man... put your pride on the shelf and just
(Dm)Go there... to the YMCA
I'm sure (G)they... (F)can... (G)help... (F)you... (C)to(F)day

[chorus]

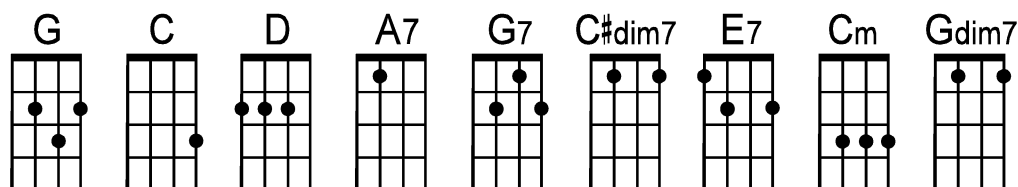
(C)Young man... I was once in your shoes, I said
(Am)I was... down and out with the blues, I felt
(Dm)No man... cared if I were alive
I felt (G)the... (F)whole... (G)world... (F)was... (C)so... (F)tight
(C)That's when... someone came up to me and said,
(Am)Young man... take a walk up the street, there's a
(Dm)Place there... called the YMCA
They can (G)start... (F)you... (G)back... (F)on... (C)your... (F)way

[chorus] – then (C – single strum)



I Want to Marry a Lighthouse Keeper

by Erika Eigen (~1969)



Slow Intro:

G\ --- G\ --- | C\ D\ G\ ---
 I dream of livin' in a lighthouse, every single day—
 | G\ --- G\ --- | A7 --- D\ ---
 I dream of livin' in a lighthouse, the white one by the bay—
 | G\ --- G7\ --- | C\ --- C#dim\ --- |
 So if you wanna make my dreams come true, you'll be a lighthouse keeper too
 G\ --- E7\ --- | A7\ D\ G\ E7\ | A7 D\ G\ ---
 We could live in a lighthouse, the white one by the ba—ay Won't that be o-kay?

Double-time:

| G . . . | C D G . |
 Oh, I want to marry a lighthouse keeper and keep him compa-ny—
 G . . . | A7 . D . |
 I want to marry a lighthouse keeper and live by the side of the sea—
 | G\ G\ G7\ G7\ | C . C#dim . |
 I'll polish his lamps by the light of day so ships at night can find their way
 G . E7 . | A7 D G . |
 I want to marry a lighthouse keeper. Won't that be o-kay—?

 C . Cm . | G . G7 . |
 We'll have parties on a coral reef and clam-bakes on the shore—
 C . Cm . | A7 . D . |
 We'll in-vite the neighbours in and seagulls by the score—

 | G . . . | C D G . |
 I dream of living in a lighthouse, baby, every single day—
 | G . . . | A7 . D . |
 I dream of living in a lighthouse, the white one by the bay—
 | G\ G\ G7\ G7\ | C . C#dim . |
 So if you wanna make my dreams come true, you'll be a lighthouse keeper too
 G . E7 . | A7 D G E7 | A7 D G . |
 We could live in a lighthouse, the white one by the ba—ay Won't that be o-kay—?

Kazoos: (first two lines of verse)

G . . . | C D G . |
 G . . . | A7 . D . |

|G\ G\ G7\ G7\ |C . C#dim . |
 I'll polish his lamps by the light of day so ships at night can find their way
 G . E7 . |A7 D G . |
 I want to marry a lighthouse keeper. Won't that be o-kay—?

C . Cm . |G . G7 . |
 We'll take walks along the moonlit bay, maybe find a treasure too——
 C . Cm . |A7\ (--hold----) D\ --- (--hold--)
 I'd love living in a lighthouse, ----- how 'bout you——?

|G |C D G .
 I dream of living in a lighthouse, baby, every single day—

|G |A7 . D .
 I dream of living in a lighthouse, the white one by the bay—

|G . G7 . |C . C#dim .
 So if you wanna make my dreams come true, you'll be a lighthouse keeper too

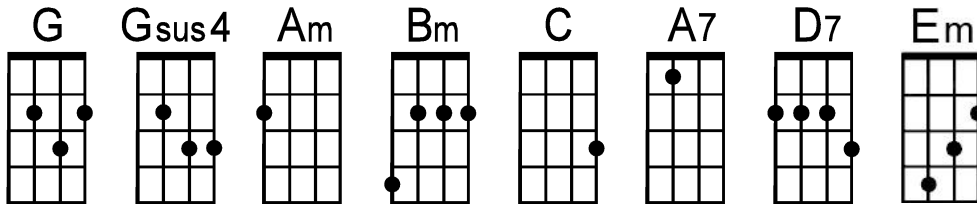
G . E7 . |A7 D G\ E7\ |
 We could live in a lighthouse, the white one by the ba—ay

A7 D G\ E7\ |A7 D G\ Gdim7\ |G\
 Won't that be o-k—ay? Yada tada ta-ta Ta—Aaaaa—aaaaaaaaaa!

San Jose Ukulele Club

Daydream Believer

by John Stewart (1967)



Intro: G . . . | Gsus4 . . . | G . . . | Gsus4
(sing b)

. . . | G . . . | Am . . . | Bm . . . | C . . .
Oh, I could hide— 'neath the wings— of the blue-bird as she sings—

| G . . . | Em . . . | A7 . . . | D7 . . .
The six o'clock a-larm— would nev-er ring—

. . . | G . . . | Am . . . | Bm . . . | C . . .
But it rings— and I rise— wipe the sleep out of my eyes—

| G . . . Em . . . | C . . . D7 . . . | G . . . | . . . |
My shav-ing raz-or's cold— and it stings—

C . . . D . . . | Bm . . . | C . . . D . . . | Em . . . C . . . |
Chorus: Cheer up, slee—py Jean— Oh what can it mean— to a
G . . . | C . . . | G . . . Em . . . | A7 . . . | D7 . . . |
day-dream— be-lieve-er and a home— coming queen—?

G . . . | Am . . . | Bm . . . | C . . . |
You once— thought of me— as a white knight on his steed—

G . . . | Em . . . | A7 . . . | D7 . . .
Now you— know how happy— I can be—

. . . | G . . . | Am . . . | Bm . . . | C . . .
Oh and our good time— starts and ends— with a dol—lar one to spend—

| G . . . Em . . . | C . . . D7 . . . | G . . . | . . . |
But how much— ba—by, do we real-ly need—?

C . . . D . . . | Bm . . . | C . . . D . . . | Em . . . C . . . |
Chorus: Cheer up, slee—py Jean— Oh what can it mean— to a
G . . . | C . . . | G . . . Em . . . | A7 . . . | D7 . . . |
day-dream— be-lieve-er and a home— coming queen—?

C . . . D . . . | Bm . . . | C . . . D . . . | Em . . . C . . . |
Cheer up, slee—py Jean— Oh what can it mean— to a

G . . . | C . . . | G . . . Em . . . | A7 . . . | D7 . . . |
day-dream— be-lieve-er and a home— coming quee— ee-eeen—?

Instr: G . . . |Gsus4 . . . |G . . . |Gsus4 . . . |

Chorus: C . . D . . |Bm . . . |C . . D . . |Em . C . . |
Cheer up, slee—py Jean— Oh what can it mean— to a
G . . . |C . . . |G . . Em . . |A7 . . . |D7 . . . |
day-dream— be-lieve-er and a home— coming quee— ee-eeen—?

G . . . |Gsus4 . . . |G . . . |Gsus4 . . . |G\

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v1c - 7/24/18)

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

