

# FLOWERS ON THE WALL

Statler Brothers

[C] I keep hearin' you're concerned a-[Am]bout my happiness  
But [D7] all that thought you're given me is [G7] conscience I guess  
If [C] I were walkin' in your shoes I [Am] wouldn't worry none  
While [D7] you and your friends are worryin' bout me  
I'm [G7] havin' lots of fun

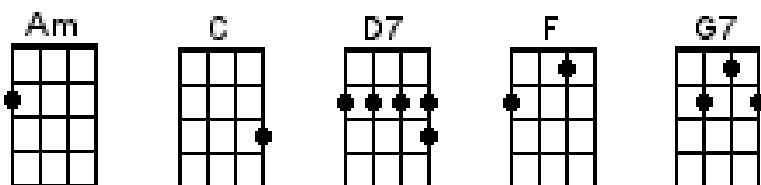
Countin' [Am] flowers on the wall that don't bother me at all /[Am]  
Playin' [Am] solitaire 'til dawn with a deck of fifty-one /[Am]  
Smokin' [F] cigarettes and watchin' Captain Kangaroo  
Now don't tell [G7] me [G7]↓ I've nothin' to do

Last [C] night I dressed in tails pretended [Am] I was on the town  
As [D7] long as I can dream it's hard to [G7] slow this swinger down  
So [C] please don't give a thought to me I'm [Am] really doin' fine  
[D7] You can always find me here and [G7] havin' quite a time

Countin' [Am] flowers on the wall that don't bother me at all /[Am]  
Playin' [Am] solitaire 'til dawn with a deck of fifty-one /[Am]  
Smokin' [F] cigarettes and watchin' Captain Kangaroo  
Now don't tell [G7] me [G7]↓ I've nothin' to do

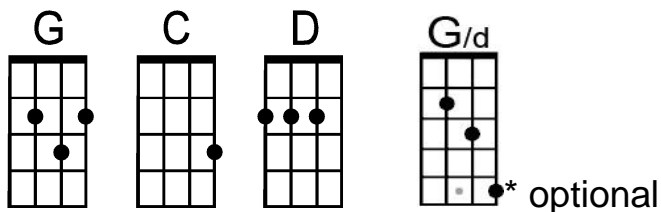
It's [C] good to see you I must go I [Am] know I look a fright  
[D7] Anyway my eyes are not ac-[G7]customed to this light  
[C] And my shoes are not accustomed [Am] to this hard concrete  
So [D7] I must go back to my room and [G7] make my day complete

Countin' [Am] flowers on the wall that don't bother me at all /[Am]  
Playin' [Am] solitaire 'til dawn with a deck of fifty-one /[Am]  
Smokin' [F] cigarettes and watchin' Captain Kangaroo  
Now don't tell [G7] me [G7]↓ I've nothin' to [G7] do [G7]↓  
A-don't tell [G7] me [G7]↓ I've nothin' to [G7] do [G7]/[C]↓



# The Lion Sleeps Tonight (Mbube) in G

Solomon Linda (1939) (as sung by The Tokens)



**Intro:** G\ --- --- --- | C\ --- --- ---  
Wee—ee hee—ee—e Hee—ee hee—ee—e

| G\ --- --- --- | D . . . |  
a-We-ah- mum bu-Weh—

G\ --- --- --- | C\ --- --- ---  
Wee—ee hee—ee—e Hee—ee hee—ee—e,

| G\ --- --- --- | D . . . |  
a-We-ah- mum bu-Weh—

| G . . . | C . . . |  
a-Wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh,

| G . . . | D . . . |  
a-Wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh

| G . . . | C . . . |  
a-Wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh,

| G . . . | D . . . |  
a-Wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh

G\ --- --- --- | C\ --- --- --- | G\ --- --- --- | D . . . |  
In the jun—gle, the migh—ty jungle, the lion sleeps to—night—

G/d . . . | C . . . | G . . . | D . . . |  
In the jun—gle, the qui—et jungle, the lion sleeps to—night—  
Ah—ah—ah Ah— Ah—ah—ah Ah— Ah— Ah!

| G . . . | C . . . |  
Wee— Hee—ee—ee—ee  
a-Wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh

| G . . . | D . . . |  
a-We-ah mum bu-weh—  
a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh

| G . . . | C . . . |  
Wee— Hee—ee—ee—ee  
a-Wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh

| G . . . | D . . . |  
a-We-ah mum bu-weh—  
a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh

**G\** --- --- --- | **C\** --- --- --- | **G\** --- --- --- | **D** . . . |  
Near the vill—age, the peace—ful vill—age, the lion sleeps to—night

**G/d** . . . | **C** . . . | **G** . . . | **D** . . . |  
Near the vill—age, the qui—et vill—age, the lion sleeps to—night  
Ah— ah— ah— Ah— Ah— ah— ah— Ah— Ah!

| **G** . . . | **C** . . . |  
Wee— Hee— ee— ee— ee  
*a-Wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh*

| **G** . . . | **D** . . . |  
a-We-ah mum bu-weh—  
*a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh*

| **G** . . . | **C** . . . |  
Wee— Hee— ee— ee— ee  
*a-Wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh*

| **G** . . . | **D** . . . |  
a-We-ah mum bu-weh—  
*a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh*  
Ah— ah— ah

**G** . . . | **C** . . . | **G/d** . . . | **D** . . . |  
Ah— Ah— ah— ah— Ah— Ah— ah—

**G** . . . | **C** . . . | **G/d** . . . | **D** . . . |  
Ah— Ah— ah— ah— Ah— Ah— ah—

**G\** --- --- --- | **C\** --- --- --- | **G\** --- --- --- | **D** . . . |  
Hush my dar—ling, don't fear my dar—ling, the lion sleeps to—night

**G/d** . . . | **C** . . . | **G** . . . | **D** . . . |  
Hush my dar—ling, don't fear my dar—ling, the lion sleeps to—night  
Ah— ah— ah— Ah— Ah— ah— Ah— Ah!

| **G** . . . | **C** . . . |  
Woo—oh— hoo! Woo—oh— hoo!  
*a-Wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh,*  
Ah— ah— ah

| **G** . . . | **D** . . . |  
Woo—hoo *a-wimo-weh*—  
*a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh*  
Ah— Ah— ah— ah

| **G** . . . | **C** . . . |  
Wee— Hee— ee— ee— ee,  
*a-Wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh,*  
Ah— Ah— ah— ah—

|G . . . |D . . .  
a-We-ah mum bu-weh  
*a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh, a-wimo-weh*  
Ah Ah ah ah

**Outro:** |G\ --- --- --- |C\ --- --- ---  
Wee-ee hee-ee-e Hee-ee hee-ee-e

|G\ --- --- --- |D . . . |  
a-We-ah- mum bu-Weh

|G\ --- --- --- |C\ --- --- ---  
Wee-ee hee-ee-e Hee-ee hee-ee-e

|G\ --- --- --- |D . . . |G\  
a-We-ah- mum bu-Weh

**San Jose Ukulele Club**  
(v4b – 9/23/18)

## What a Wonderful World – Sam Cooke

[no intro]

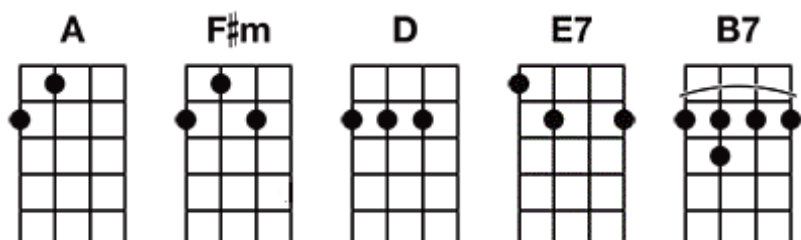
(A) Don't know much about (F#m)history  
(D) Don't know much (E7)biology  
(A) Don't know much about a (F#m)science book  
(D) Don't know much about the (E7)French I took  
(A) But I do know that (D)I love you  
(A) And I know that if you (D)love me too  
What a (E7)wonderful world this could (A)be

(A) Don't know much about ge(F#m)ography  
(D) Don't know much trigo(E7)nometry  
(A) Don't know much about (F#m)algebra  
(D) Don't know what a slide(E7)rule is for  
(A) But I do know one and (D)one is two  
(A) And if this one could (D)be with you  
What a (E7)wonderful world this could (A)be

Now (E7)I don't claim... to (A)be an 'A' student  
(E7)But I'm tryin' to (A)be  
For (B7)maybe by being an 'A' student baby  
I could win your (E7)love for me-e-e

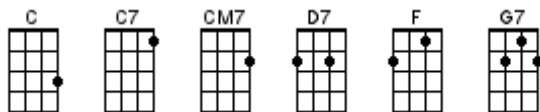
(A) Don't know much about the (F#m)middle ages  
(D) Looked at the pictures and I (E7)turned the pages  
(A) Don't know nothin' 'bout no(F#m)rise and fall  
(D) Don't know nothin' 'bout (E7)nothin' at all  
(A) But I do know that (D)I love you  
(A) And I know that if you (D)loved me too  
What a (E7) wonderful world this could (A)be

(A) Don't know much about (F#m)history  
(D) Don't know much (E7)biology  
(A) Don't know much about a (F#m)science book  
(D) Don't know much about the (E7)French I took  
(A) But I do know that (D)I love you  
(A) And I know that if you (D)love me too  
What a (E7)wonderful world this could (A)be



# Your Cheatin' Heart

Hank Williams



[G7] Your cheatin' [C] heart [Cmaj7]  
[C7] Will make you [F] weep  
You'll cry and [G7] cry  
And try to [C] sleep [G7]  
But sleep won't [C] come [Cmaj7]  
[C7] The whole night [F] through  
Your cheatin' [G7] heart will tell on [C] you [C7]

When tears come [F] down  
Like falling [C] rain  
You'll toss [D7] around  
And call my [G7] name  
You'll walk the [C] floor [Cmaj7]  
[C7] The way I [F] do  
Your cheatin' [G7] heart will tell on [C] you [F] [C]

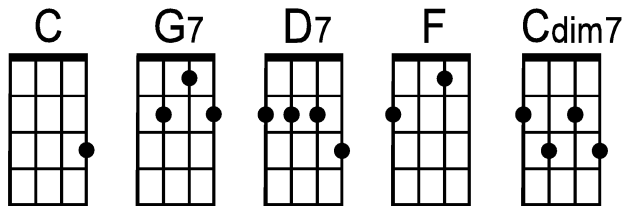
[G7] Your cheatin' [C] heart [Cmaj7]  
[C7] Will pine some [F] day  
And rue the [G7] love  
You threw [C] away [G7]  
The time will [C] come [Cmaj7]  
[C7] When you'll be [F] blue  
Your cheatin' [G7] heart will tell on [C] you [C7]

When tears come [F] down  
Like falling [C] rain  
You'll toss [D7] around  
And call my [G7] name  
You'll walk the [C] floor [Cmaj7]  
[C7] The way I [F] do  
Your cheatin' [G7] heart will tell on [C] you [F] [C] [G7] [C]



# I Like Bananas Because They Have No Bones

by Chris Yacich (~1936)



**Intro:** C . . . . . | G7 . . . . . | C . . . . . |  
 Standing by the fruit store on the corner—

C . . . . . | G7 . . . . . | C . . . . . |  
 Once I heard a custo-mer com-plain—

| D7 . . . . . | G . . . . . | D7 . . . . . | G . . . . . |  
 You never seem to show the fruit we all love so

D7 . . . . . | G . . . . . | G7 . . . . . |  
 That's why business hasn't been the same—

C . . . . . | D7 . . . . . |  
 I don't like your peaches— they are full of stones—

G7 . . . . . | . . . . . | C . . . . . |  
 I like ba-nanas— be-cause they have no bones—

C . . . . . | D7 . . . . . |  
 I don't like to-matoes— can't stand ice cream cones—

G7 . . . . . | . . . . . | C C7  
 I like ba-nanas— be-cause they have no bones—

**Bridge:** | F . . . . . | Cdim . . . . . | C . . . . . |  
 No matter where I go— with Susie, May or Anna

| D7 . . . . . | . . . . . | G7 . . . . . |  
 I want the world to know— I must have my ba-nana—!

C . . . . . | D7 . . . . . |  
 Cabbag-es and onions— hurt my singing tones—

G7 . . . . . | . . . . . | C . . . . . |  
 I like ba-nanas— be-cause they have no bones—

## Instrumental verse (with kazoo):

C . . . . . | D7 . . . . . | G7 . . . . . | . . . . . | C . . . . .

**Bridge:** | F . . . . . | Cdim . . . . . | C . . . . . |  
 No matter where I go— with Susie, May or Anna

| D7 . . . . . | . . . . . | G7 . . . . . |  
 I want the world to know— I must have my ba-nana—!

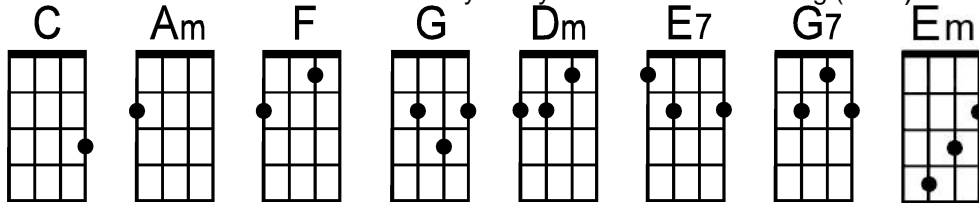
C . . . . . | D7 . . . . . |  
 I don't like zu-cchini— don't eat raisin scones—

G7 . . . . . | . . . . . | C . . . . . |  
 I like ba-nanas— be-cause they have no bones—

G7 . . . . . | . . . . . | C\ G7\ C\ |  
 I like ba-nanas— be-cause they have no bones—

# Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow?

By Gerry Goffin and Carole King (1960)



C . . . | Am . . . | F . . . | G . . . |  
 To— night, you're mine— complete—ly—

C . . . | Am . . . | Dm . . . | G7 . . . |  
 You give your love— so sweet—ly—

. | E7 . . . | . . . | Am . . . | . . . |  
 To— night— the light— of love is in your ey—eyes—

F . . . | G . . . | C . . . | . . . |  
 But will you love me— to—mor—row—?

C . . . | Am . . . | F . . . | G . . . |  
 Is this a last—ing trea—sure—?

C . . . | Am . . . | Dm . . . | G7 . . . |  
 Or just a mo—ment's ple—sure—?

. | E7 . . . | . . . | Am . . . | . . . |  
 Can I— be—lieve— the ma—gic of your sighs—ighs—?

F . . . | G . . . | C . . . | . . . |  
 Will you still love me— to—mor—row—?

**Bridge:** F . . . | . . . | Em . . . | . . . |  
 To— night with words— un—spo—ken—

F . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . . |  
 You say that I'm the on—ly one—

F . . . | . . . | Em . . . | . . . |  
 But will my heart— be bro—ken—

. | F . . . | Dm . . . | F . . . | G . . . |  
 When the night— meets the mor—ning sun—un—?

C . . . | Am . . . | F . . . | G . . . |  
 I'd like to know— that your— love—

C . . . | Am . . . | Dm . . . | G7 . . . |  
 Is love, I can— be sure— of—

. | E7 . . . | . . . | Am . . . | . . . |  
 So tell— me— now— and I won't ask a—ga—in—

F . . . | G . . . | C . . . | . . . |  
 Will you still love me— to—mor—row—?

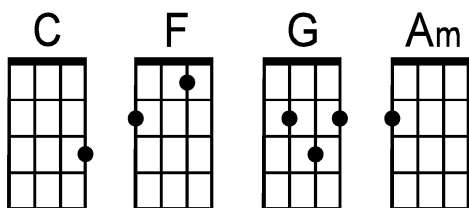
F . . . | G . . . | C . . . | . . . |  
 Will you still love me— to—mor—row—?

F . . . | G . . . | C . . . | C\ |  
 Will you still love me— to—mor—row—?



# The Minstrel Boy

by Thomas Moore (Irish traditional folk(c.1798))



## Intro riff and chords:

. | F\ . C\ . | G\ . C\ .  
 A-2-3-0-----  
 E-----3-0-1-3-0-----  
 C-----2-----0-----  
 G-----

| C . F . | C\ G\ C . | F . C . | G . C .  
 The min-strel boy to the war has gone. In the ranks of death you will find-- him--

| C . F . | C\ G\ C . | F . C . | G . C . |  
 His fa-ther's sword he hath gird-ed on And his wild harp slung be-hind-- him--

Am\ G\ F . | G . C . | F . Am . | F\ G\ C  
 "Land of song" said the warr-ior bard, "Though all-- the world-- be--tray-ay thee,

. | C . F . | C\ G\ C . | F . Am . | G . C  
 One sword-- at least thy-y rights shall guard. One faith-ful heart shall praise-- thee."

. | F\ . C\ . | G\ . C\ .  
 A-3-2-0-----  
 E-----3-0-1-3-0-----  
 C-----2-----0-----  
 G-----

| C . F . | C\ G\ C . | F . C . | G . C .  
 The min-strel fell, but the foe-man's chain could not bring that proud soul un-----der--

| C . F . | C\ G\ C . | F . C . | G . C .  
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke a--gain for he tore its chords a--sun---der

| Am\ G\ F . | G . C . | F . Am . | F\ G\ C  
 And said "No chain shall sul-ly thee. Thou soul of love and bra-ver-y

. | C . F . | C\ G\ C . | F . Am . | G . C  
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free They shall nev-er sound in sla---ve---ry."

. | F\ . C\ . | G\ . C\  
 A-3-2-0-----  
 E-----3-0-1-3-0-----  
 C-----2-----0-----  
 G-----

# What Have They Done To My Song, Ma – Melanie (1969)

**Intro :** G A C D7 (1 bar of each)

G / Em / C / / C7  
 Look what they've done to my song, ma, Look what they've done to my song  
 G A C A7

Well it's the only thing that I could do half right. and it's turning out all wrong, ma  
 G D7 G D7  
 Look what they've done to my song.

G / Em / C / / C7  
 Look what they've done to my brain, ma, Look what they've done to my brain  
 G A C A7

Well they picked it like a chicken bone, and I think I'm half in-sane, ma  
 G D7 G D7  
 Look what they've done to my song.

G / Em / C / / C7  
 I wish I could find a good book to live in, Wish I could find a good book  
 G A C A7

Well if I could find a real good book, I'd never have to come out and look at  
 G D7 G D7  
 ... what they've done to my song.

**Verse chords :** 'Da da da da da da da, da' + last line as verse

G / Em / C / / C7  
 But maybe it'll all be all right ma, maybe it'll all be O-K  
 G A C A7

Well if the people are buying tears, I'll be rich someday, ma  
 G D7 G D7  
 Look what they've done to my song.

G / Em / C / / C7  
 Ils ont changé ma chanson, ma, Ils ont changé ma chanson  
 G A C A7

C'est la seule chose.. que je peux faire, et ce n'est pas bon ma  
 G D7 G D7  
 Ils ont changé ma chanson.

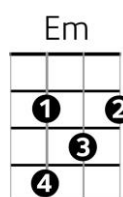
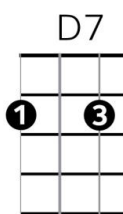
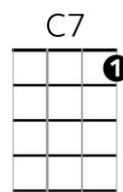
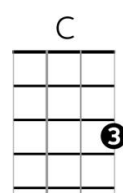
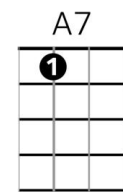
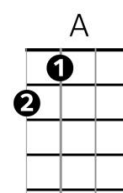
G / Em / C / / C7  
 Look what they've done to my song, ma, Look what they've done to my song  
 G A C A7

Well they tied it up in a plastic bag and they turned it upside down, ma  
 G D7 G D7  
 Look what they've done to my song

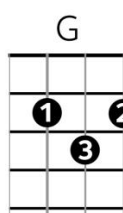
G / Em / C / / C7  
 Look what they've done to my song, ma, Look what they've done to my song  
 G A C A7

Well it's the only thing that I could do alright. and they turned it upside down, ma  
 G D7 G G D7 G  
 Look what they've done to my song.

## Chords

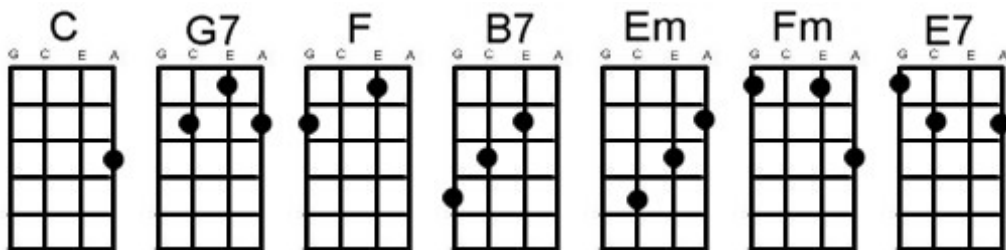


(add 4 to the G chord)



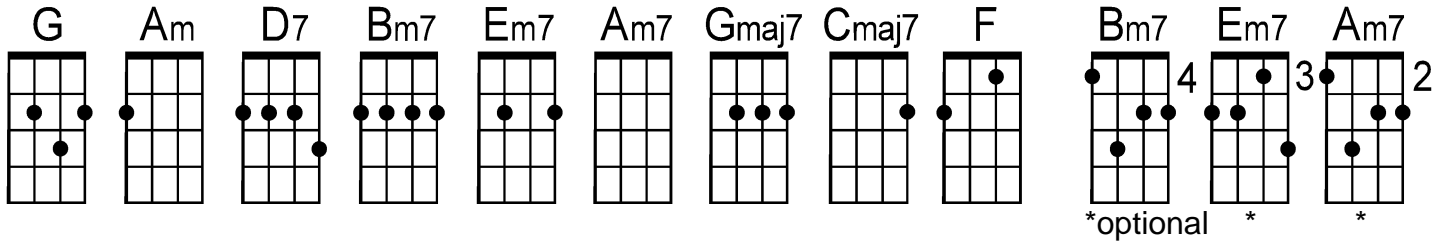
## Blueberry Hill      Fats Domino

I found my [F] thrill on blueberry [C] hill  
On blueberry [G7] hill when I found [C] you [F] [C]  
The moon stood [F] still on blueberry [C] hill  
And lingered un[G7]til my dreams came [C] true [Fm] [C]  
The [Fm] wind in the [C] willow played [G7]  
Love's sweet melo[C]dy  
But [B7] all of those [Em] vows we [B7] made [Em]  
Were [B7] never to [E7] be [G7]  
Though we're a[F]part you're part of me [C] still  
For you were my [G7] thrill on blueberry [C] hill [Fm] [C]  
The [Fm] wind in the [C] willow played [G7]  
Love's sweet melo[C]dy  
But [B7] all of those [Em] vows we [B7] made [Em]  
Were [B7] never to [E7] be [G7]  
Though we're a[F]part you're part of me [C] still  
For you were my [G7] thrill on blueberry [C] hill [Fm] [C]



# Try to Remember

by Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones (1960)



3/4 (waltz) timing

(sing b)

G . . | . . . | Am . . | D7 . .  
 Try— to re-mem-ber the kind— of Sept-em-ber

| G . . | . . . | Am . . | D7 . . |  
 When life— was slow— and oh— so mel-low

G . . | . . . | Am . . | D7 . .  
 Try— to re-mem-ber the kind— of Sept-em-ber

| G . . | . . . | Am . . | D7 . . |  
 when grass— was green— and grain— was yel-low

\*Bm7 . . | \*Em7 . . | \*Am7 . . | D7 . .  
 Try— to re- mem- ber the kind— of Sept- em-ber

| Gmaj7 . . | Cmaj7 . . | F . . | D7 . . |  
 When you— were a tend- er and cal-low— fel-low—

G . . | . . . | Am . . | D7 . .  
 Try— to re-mem-ber and if— you re-mem-ber

| G . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |  
 then fol-low— fol-low—

G . . | . . . | Am . . | D7 . .  
 Try— to re-mem-ber when life— was so tend-er

| G . . | . . . | Am . . | D7 . . |  
 that no— one wept ex- cept the wil-low

G . . | . . . | Am . . | D7 . .  
 Try— to re-mem-ber, when life— was so tend-er

| G . . | . . . | Am . . | D7 . . |  
 And dreams— were kept be- side— your pil-low

\*Bm7 . . | \*Em7 . . | \*Am7 . . | D7 . .  
 Try— to re- mem-ber, when life— was so tend-er,

| Gmaj7 . . | Cmaj7 . . | F . . | D7 . . |  
 and love— was an em—ber a- bout— to bil-low—

G . . | . . . | Am . . | D7 . .  
 Try— to re-mem-ber and if— you re-mem-ber

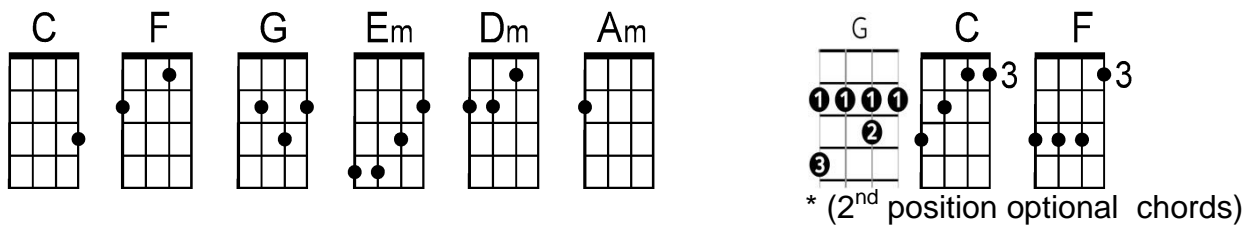
| G . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |  
 then fol-low— fol-low—

G . . . | . . . | Am . . . | D7 . . .  
 Deep— in De— cem-ber it's nice— to re— mem-ber  
 |G . . . | . . . | Am . . . | D7 . . . |  
 Al-though— you know— the snow— will fol-low  
 G . . . | . . . | Am . . . | D7 . . .  
 Deep— in De— cem-ber it's nice— to re— mem-ber .  
 |G . . . | . . . | Am . . . | D7 . . . |  
 With-out— a hurt the heart— is hol-low

\*Bm7 . . . | \*Em7 . . . | \*Am7 . . . | D7 . . .  
 Deep— in De— cem-ber it's nice— to re— mem-ber,  
 |Gmaj7 . . . | Cmaj7 . . . | F . . . | D7 . . . |  
 The fire— of Sep— tem— ber, that made— us mel-low—  
 G . . . | . . . | Am . . . | D7 . . .  
 Deep— in De— cem-ber our hearts— should re-mem-ber  
 . |G . . . | . . . | . . . | G\  
 and follow— follow— follow—

# Top of the World (Key of C)

by Richard Carpenter and John Bettis (1973)



Intro: C . . . . F . . . . C . . G . . C . . . . | . . . .

C G C Em Dm C  
Such a feelin's comin' over me, There is wonder in most everything I see  
F G Em Am Dm G  
Not a cloud in the sky, got the sun in my eyes, and I won't be surprised if it's a dream

C G C Em Dm C  
Everything I want the world to be, Is now coming true e-specially for me.  
F G Em Am Dm G  
And the reason is clear, it's be-cause you are here. You're the nearest thing to heaven that I've seen.

(←tacet→) C F  
**Chorus 1:** I'm on the top of the world, looking down on creation  
C Dm C  
And the only expla-nation I can find  
F \*G \*C \*F  
Is the love that I've found ever since you've been a-round  
\*C Dm C . . . . | . . . .  
Your love's put me on the top of the world.

C G C Em Dm C  
Something in the wind had learned my name, and it's telling me that things are not the same.  
F G Em Am Dm G  
In the leaves on the trees and the touch of the breeze, there's a pleasing sense of happiness for me.

C G C Em Dm C  
There is only one wish on my mind When this day is through I hope that I will find  
F G Em Am Dm G  
That to-morrow will be just the same for you and me All I need will be mine if you are here.

(←tacet→) C F  
**Chorus 1:** I'm on the top of the world, looking down on creation  
C Dm C  
And the only expla-nation I can find  
F \*G \*C \*F  
Is the love that I've found ever since you've been a-round  
\*C Dm C . . . . | . . . .  
Your love's put me on the top of the world.

(←tacet→) C/ F/  
**Chorus 2:** I'm on the top of the world, looking (*down*) down on creation  
C Dm C  
And the only expla-nation I can find  
F \*G(2) \*C(2) F

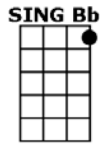
Is the love that I've found ever since you've been a-round

C Dm C . . . | . . . .

Your love's put me on the top of the world.

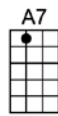
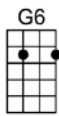
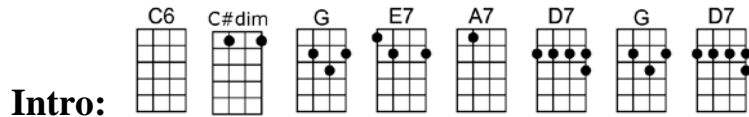
**Ending instrumental:** C . . . . | . . . . Dm . . C . . G . . C/

**San Jose Ukulele Club**

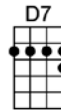
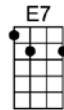
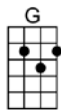
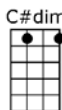


# FRIM FRAM SAUCE

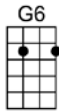
4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)



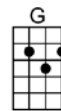
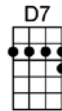
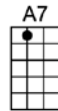
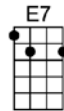
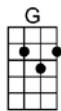
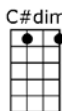
I don't want french fried potatoes, red ripe tomatoes, I'm never satisfied



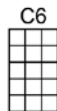
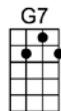
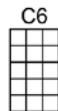
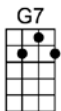
I want the frim fram sauce with oss-en-fay with sha fafa on the side



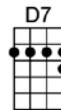
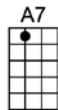
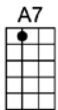
I don't want pork chops and bacon, that won't awaken my appetite inside



I want the frim fram sauce with oss-en-fay with sha fafa on the side



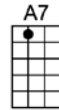
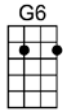
Well a fella's really got to eat, and a fella should eat right



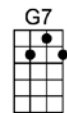
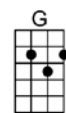
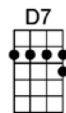
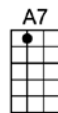
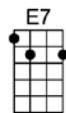
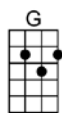
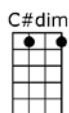
Five will get you ten I'm going to feed myself right to-night



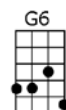
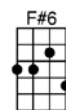
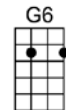
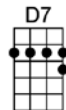
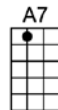
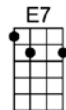
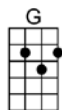
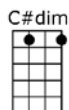
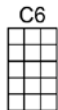
**p.2. Frim Fram Sauce**



**I don't want fish cakes and rye bread, you heard what I said, waiter please, I want mine fried**



**I want the frim fram sauce with oss-en-fay with sha fafa on the side**



**I want the frim fram sauce with oss-en-fay with sha fafa....on.....the.....side**

# FRIM FRAM SAUCE

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

Intro: C6 C#dim G E7 A7 D7 G D7

G6 A7  
I don't want french fried potatoes, red ripe tomatoes, I'm never satisfied

C6 C#dim G E7 A7 D7 D7+5  
I want the frim fram sauce with oss-en-fay with sha fafa on the side

G6 A7  
I don't want pork chops and bacon, that won't awaken my appetite inside

C6 C#dim G E7 A7 D7 G  
I want the frim fram sauce with oss-en-fay with sha fafa on the side

G7 C6 G7 C6  
Well a fella's really got to eat, and a fella should eat right

A7 D A7 D7 D7+5  
Five will get you ten I'm going to feed myself right to-night

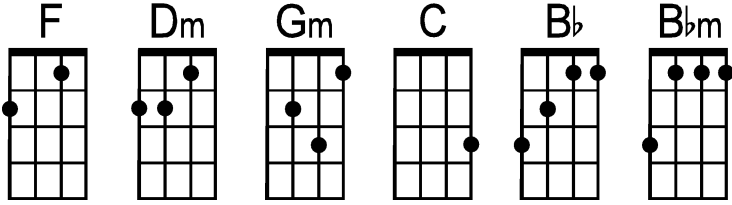
G6 A7  
I don't want fish cakes and rye bread, you heard what I said, waiter please, I want mine fried

C6 C#dim G E7 A7 D7 G G7  
I want the frim fram sauce with oss-en-fay with sha fafa on the side

C6 C#dim G E7 A7 D7 G6 F#6 G6  
I want the frim fram sauce with oss-en-fay with sha fafa....on.....the.....side

# Today (Key of F with no key change)

by Randy Sparks (The New Christie Minstrels) 1964



**Intro:** F . . | Dm . . | Gm . . | C . .

**Chorus:** | F . . | Dm . . | Gm . . | C . .  
To-day— while the blos-soms still cling— to the vine—  
| F . . | Dm . . | Gm . . | C . .  
I'll taste your straw-ber-ries, I'll drink your sweet wine—  
| F . . | F7 . . | Bb . . | Bbm . . |  
A mill-ion to-mor-rows shall all— pass a-way—  
| F . . | Dm . . | Gm . . | C . . | . . .  
Ere I for-get— all the joy— that is mine—  
| F . . | Dm . . | Gm . . | C . . |  
To-day—

F . . | Dm . . | Gm . . | C . .  
I'll— be a dan-dy and I'll— be a ro-ver—  
| F . . | Dm . . | Gm . . | C . .  
You'll know— who I am— by the song— that I sing—  
| F . . | Dm . . | Gm . . | C . .  
I'll feast— at your ta-ble— I'll sleep— in your clo-ver  
| Bb . . | C . . | F . . | C . .  
Who cares— what the mor-row shall bring—

**Chorus:** | F . . | Dm . . | Gm . . | C . .  
To-day— while the blos-soms still cling— to the vine—  
| F . . | Dm . . | Gm . . | C . .  
I'll taste your straw-ber-ries, I'll drink your sweet wine—  
| F . . | F7 . . | Bb . . | Bbm . . |  
A mill-ion to-mor-rows shall all— pass a-way—  
| F . . | Dm . . | Gm . . | C . . | . . .  
Ere I for-get— all the joy— that is mi— i— ine—  
| F . . | Dm . . | Gm . . | C . . |  
To-day—

. | F . . . | Dm . . . | Gm . . . | C . .  
 I can't— be con-ten— ted with yes—ter— day's glor— y  
 . | F . . . | Dm . . . | Gm . . . | C . . .  
 I can't— live on prom-is— es win— ter— to spring—  
 | F . . . | Dm . . . | Gm . . . | C . . .  
 To-day— is my mo— ment and now— is my stor— y  
 | Bb . . . | C . . . | F . . . | C . . .  
 I'll laugh— and I'll cry— and I'll sing—

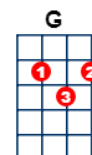
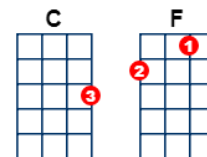
**Chorus:** | F . . . | Dm . . . | Gm . . . | C . .  
 To-day— while the blos-soms still cling— to the vine—  
 . | F . . . | Dm . . . | Gm . . . | C . . .  
 I'll taste your straw-ber-ries, I'll drink your sweet wine—  
 | F . . . | F7 . . . | Bb . . . | Bbm . . . | (hold)  
 A mill-ion to-mor-rows shall all— pass a-way—  
 F . . . | Dm . . . | Gm . . . | C . . . | . . . .  
 Ere I for— get— all the joy— that is mi— i— ine—  
 | F . . . | Dm . . . | Gm . . . | C . . . | F \  
 To-day—

# Illegal Smile

artist:John Prine writer:John Prine

**Chords:**

John Prine: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MmjnQjRvPUQ>  
(a bit simplified)



[C] When I woke up this [G] morning, [F] things were lookin' [C] bad  
 [F] Seem like total [C] silence was the [G] only friend I [C] had  
 [G] Bowl of oatmeal [F] tried to stare me [C] down [F] and [C] won  
 And it was [G] twelve o'clock before I [F] realized  
 That I was [C] havin' [F] no [C] fun

But [G] fortunately I [C] have the key to es[F]cape re[G]ali[C]ty  
 And you may [F] see me tonight with an [C] illegal smile  
 It don't [G] cost very much, but it [C] lasts a long while  
 Won't you [F] please tell the man I didn't [C] kill anyone  
 No I'm [G] just tryin' to [F] have me some [C] fun

Last [C] time I checked my [G] bankroll,  
 [F] It was gettin' [C] thin  
 Some[F]times it seems like the [C] bottom  
 Is the [G] only place I've [C] been  
 I [G] chased a rainbow [F] down a one-way [C] street - [F] dead [C] end  
 And [G] all my friends turned [F] out to be in[C]surance [F] sales[C]men

But [G] fortunately I [C] have the key to es[F]cape re[G]ali[C]ty  
 And you may [F] see me tonight with an [C] illegal smile  
 It don't [G] cost very much, but it [C] lasts a long while  
 Won't you [F] please tell the man I didn't [C] kill anyone  
 No I'm [G] just tryin' to [F] have me some [C] fun

Well, I [C] sat down in my [G] closet with [F] all my over[C]alls  
 [F] Tryin' to get a[C]way  
 From all the [G] ears inside my [C] walls  
 I [G] dreamed the police [F] heard  
 Everything I [C] thought [F] what [C] then?  
 Well I [G] went to court  
 And the [F] judge's name [C] was [F] Hoff[C] man

But [G] fortunately I [C] have the key to es[F]cape re[G]ali[C]ty  
 And you may [F] see me tonight with an [C] illegal smile  
 It don't [G] cost very much, but it [C] lasts a long while  
 Won't you [F] please tell the man I didn't [C] kill anyone  
 No I'm [G] just tryin' to [F] have me some [C] fun  
 Well done, son of a gun, hot dog bun, Attila the Hun, my sister's a nun [F] [C]

Note: Standard GCEA Usual Ukulele Tuning. | Powered with the help of UkeGeeks' Scriptasaurus

C G C F G7

C G C F G7

Oh, oh, oh, oh, For the longest time, Oh, oh, oh, For the longest

C F C D7 G

If you said goodbye to me tonight, There would still be music left to write.

E7 Am G7 C C7

What else could I do? I'm so inspired by you.

F Dm G C

That hasn't happened for the longest time.

C F C D7 G

Once I thought my innocence was gone. Now I know that happiness goes on

E7 Am G7 C C7

That's where you found me, and put your arms around me.

F Dm G C

That hasn't happened for the longest time.

C G C F G7 C G C F G7

Oh, oh, oh, oh, For the longest time, Oh, oh, oh, For the longest

C F C D7 G

I'm that voice you're hearing in the hall. And the greatest miracle of all

E7 Am G7 C C7

Is how I need you, and how you needed me too.

F Dm G C

That hasn't happened for the longest time.

G Am B7 C

Maybe this won't last very long, but you feel so right and I could be wrong

Em Am

Maybe I've been hoping too hard

D D7 G G7

But I've gone this far and it's more than I've hoped for.

C F C D7 G

Who knows how much further we'll go on? Maybe I'll be sorry when you're gone

E7 Am G7 C C7

I'll take my chances. I forgot how nice romance is.

F Dm G C

I haven't been there for the longest time.

G Am B7 C

I had second thoughts at the start. I said to myself, "Hold on to your heart."

Em Am

Now I know the woman that you are

D D7 G G7

You're wonderful so far and it's more than I've hoped for.

C F C D7 G

I don't care what consequence it brings. I have been a fool for lesser things

E7 Am G7 C C7

I want you so bad! I think you ought to know that

F Dm G C

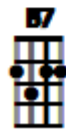
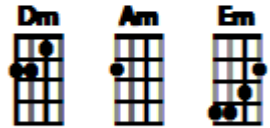
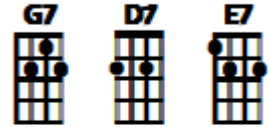
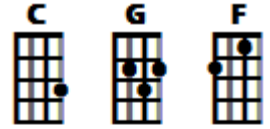
I intend to hold you for the longest time.

C G C F G7 C G C F G7 C

Oh, oh, oh, oh, For the longest time, Oh, oh, oh, For the longest time.

# The Longest

Time – Billy Joel



## (Sittin' on the) Dock of the Bay – Otis Redding

[intro] (G)

(G)Sittin' in the morning (B7)sun  
I'll be (C)sittin' when the evenin' (A)comes  
(G)Watching the ships roll (B7)in  
And I (C)watch 'em roll away a(A)gain

(G)Sitting on the dock of the (E7)bay  
Watching the (G)tide roll a(E7)way  
I'm just (G)sittin' on the dock of the (A)bay  
Wastin' (G)time (E7)

I (G)left my home in (B7)Georgia  
(C)Headed for the 'Frisco (A)bay  
'Cause (G)I had nothin to (B7)live for  
And look like (C)nothing's gonna come my (A)way

So I'm just gonna...

(G)Sit on the dock of the (E7)bay  
Watching the (G)tide roll a(E7)way  
I'm (G)sittin' on the dock of the (A)bay  
Wastin' (G)time (E7)

(G)Look (D)like (C)nothing's gonna change  
(G)E-e-(D)-verything (C)still remains the same  
(G) (D)I can't (D)do what (C)ten people tell me (G)to do  
(F) So I guess I'll re(D)main the same

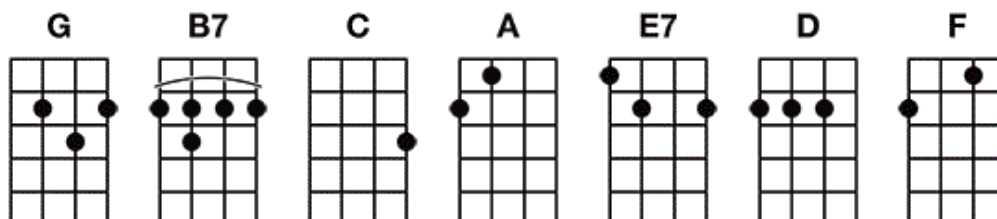
(G)Sittin' here resting my (B7)bones  
And this (C)loneliness won't leave me (A)alone  
It's (G)two thousand miles I (B7)roamed  
Just to (C)make this dock my (A)home

Now, I'm just...

(G)Sittin' on the dock of the (E7)bay  
Watching the (G)tide roll a(E7)way  
(G)Sittin' on the dock of the (A)bay  
Wasting (G)time (E7)

[whistling to fade]

(G) (G) (G) (E7)





# I Can See Clearly Now – Johnny Nash

[intro] (D)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

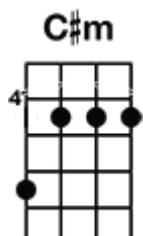
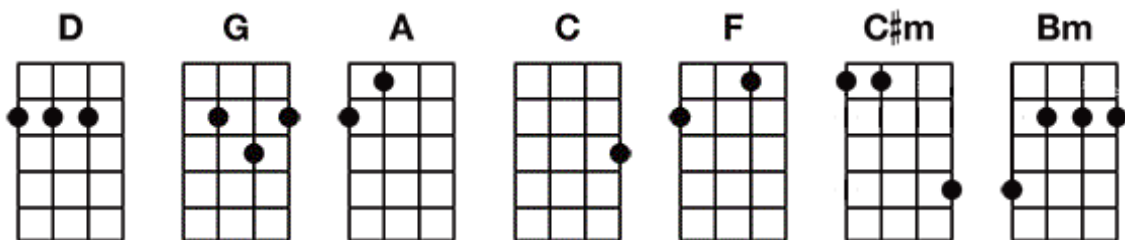
(D)Gone are the (G)dark clouds that (D)had me blind

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

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

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

(D-rapid strumming)day



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

"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

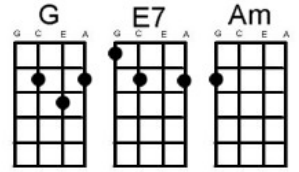
**Chorus x 2 (end on C)**

## What a Day for a Daydream

## Lovin' Spoonful

Hear this song at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0uagUITM43E&feature=related> (original key C)

From: Richard G's Ukulele Songbook [www.scorpexuke.com](http://www.scorpexuke.com)



[G] What a day for a [E7] daydream

[Am] What a day for a [D7] daydreamin' boy

[G] And I'm lost in a [E7] daydream

[Am] Dreaming 'bout my [D7] bundle of joy

[C] And even if [A7] time ain't really [G] on my [E7] side

[C] it's one of those [A7] days for taking a [G] walk out [E7] side

[C] I'm blowing the [A7] day to take a [G] walk in the [E7] sun

[A7] And fall on my face on somebody's [D7] new-mown lawn

[G] I've been having a [E7] sweet dream

[Am] I've been dreaming since I [D7] woke up today

[G] It starred me and my [E7] sweet thing

[Am] Cause she's the one makes me [D7] feel this way

[C] And even if [A7] time is passing me [G] by a [E7] lot

[C] I couldn't care [A7] less about the [G] dues you say I [E7] got

[C] Tomorrow I'll [A7] pay the dues for [G] dropping my [E7] love

[A7] A pie in the face for being a [D7] sleepin' bull doag

Whistle: [G] [E7] [Am] [D7] [G] [E7] [Am] [D7]

[C] And you can be [A7] sure that if you're [G] feeling [E7] right

[C] A daydream will [A7] last along [G] into the [E7] night

[C] Tomorrow at [A7] breakfast you may [G] prick up your [E7] ears

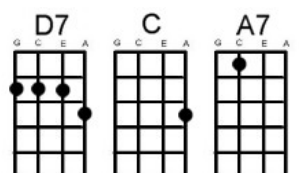
[A7] Or you may be daydreaming for a [D7] thousand years

[G] What a day for a [E7] daydream

[Am] Custom made for a [D7] daydreamin' boy

[G] And I'm lost in a [E7] daydream

[Am] Dreaming 'bout my [D7] bundle of joy



Whistle outro:

[C] [A7] [G] [E7] [C] [A7] [G] [E7] [C] [A7] [G] [E7] [A7] [D7] [G]

# Rock Around the Clock – Bill Haley and his Comets

Intro: A /

A /  
One, two, three o'clock, four o'clock rock  
Five, six, seven o'clock, eight o'clock rock  
Nine, ten, eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock rock

E7 /

We're gonna rock around the clock tonight.

A /

Put your glad rags on and join me, hon',  
we'll have some fun when the clock strikes one,

## Bridge

D7 /

We're gonna rock around the clock tonight

A /

We're gonna rock, rock, rock 'til broad daylight

E7 D7 A E7

We're gonna rock, gonna rock around the clock tonight

A /

When the clock strikes two and three and four,  
if the band slows down we'll yell for more

## Bridge

**Instrumental** : strumming verse and bridge chords

A /

When the chimes ring five and six and seven  
we'll be rockin' up in 7th heaven

## Bridge

A /

When it's eight, nine, ten, eleven too,  
I'll be goin' strong and so will you

## Bridge

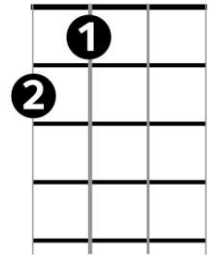
A /

When the clock strikes 12 we'll cool off then,  
start a rockin' 'round the clock again

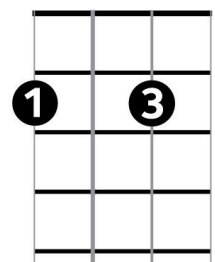
**Bridge, repeating the last line 3 times**

## Chords

A



D7



E7

