



# ROMSEY UKULELE GROUP

Romsey Ukulele Group

Songbook 6

February 2023

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### Meaning of symbols and conventions used in the book

( ..) A full bar or more of the named chord

<( )> A single strum

(...)/ Two beats

(...)// Three beats

(...)//// Four beats (sometimes used for emphasis)

(NC) No chord – singing only

Blue underlined text with chords: Instrumental with text to guide chord changes

***Intro, outro, chorus, etc. in bold, italics***: Information or instructions

# 59th Street Bridge Song (Feelin' Groovy) (D)

Artists: Simon and Garfunkel, Writers: Paul Simon (1966)

(G) (D) (A) (D)

(G) (D) (A) (D)

(G) Slow (D) down, you (A) move too (D) fast,  
(G) You got to (D) make the (A) morning (D) last,  
(G) Just kickin' (D) down the (A) cobble (D) stones,  
(G) Lookin' for (D) fun and (A) feelin' (D) groovy.  
(G) (D) (A) (D)

(G) Ba da da (D) da da, da da, (A) feelin' (D) groovy...  
(G) (D) (A) (D)

(G) Hello (D) lamppost, (A) whatcha (D) knowin'?  
(G) I've come to (D) watch your (A) flowers (D) growing.  
(G) Ain't cha (D) got no (A) rhymes for (D) me?  
(G) Dootin' (D) do-do-do, (A) feeling (D) groovy.  
(G) (D) (A) (D)

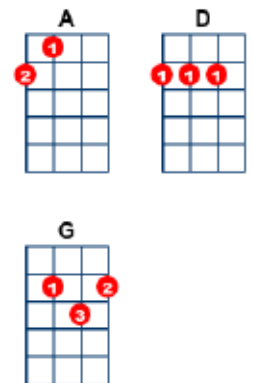
(G) Ba da da (D) da da, da da, (A) feelin' (D) groovy...  
(G) (D) (A) (D)

(G) Got no deeds to (D) do, no (A) promises to (D) keep.  
(G) I'm dappled and (D) drowsy and (A) ready to (D) sleep.  
(G) Let the morning time (D) drop all its (A) petals on (D) me.  
(G) Life, I (D) love you. (A) All is (D) groovy  
(G) (D) (A) (D)

(G) Ba da da (D) da da, da da, (A) feelin' (D) groovy...  
(G) Ba da da (D) da da, da da, (A) feelin' (D) groovy...  
(G) Ba da da (D) da da, da da, (A) feelin' (D) groovy...

(G) (D) (A) (D)

(G) (D) (A) <(D)>



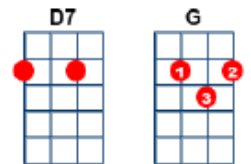
# Achy Breaky Heart (G)

Artist: Billy Ray Cyrus, Writer: Don Von Tress (1992)

**Intro:** (G) (G) (G) (D7)

(G) Well you can tell the world, you never was my girl  
(G) You can burn my clothes when I am (D7) gone  
(D7) Or you can tell your friends, just what a fool I've been  
(D7) And laugh and joke about me on the (G) phone

(G) You can tell my arms, go back to the farm  
(G) Or you can tell my feet to hit the (D7) floor  
(D7) Or you can tell my lips, to tell my fingertips  
(D7) They won't be reaching out for you no (G) more



**Chorus:** (G) Don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart  
(G) I just don't think he'd under (D7) stand  
(D7) And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart  
(D7) He might blow up and kill this (G) man

(G) (G) (G) (D7)  
(D7) (D7) (D7) (G)

(G) You can tell your ma, I moved to Arkansas  
(G) Or you can tell your dog to bite my (D7) leg  
(D7) Or tell your brother Cliff, whose fist can tell my lip  
(D7) He never really liked me any (G) way

(G) Or tell your aunt Louise, tell anything you please  
(G) Myself already knows I'm not (D7) OK  
(D7) Or you can tell my eye, to watch out for my mind  
(D7) It might be walkin' out on me to (G) day

**Chorus x 2**

**No Ukes**

Don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart  
I just don't think he'd understand  
And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart  
He might blow up and kill this man

(G) (G) (G) (D7)  
(D7) (D7) (D7) <(G)>

# Alright (D)

Artist: Supergrass, Writers: Ray Coombes, Danny Goffrey, Mick Quin, (1995)

## Intro: 2 bars of (D)

We are (D) young, we run green,  
Keep our teeth, nice and clean,  
See our (Em) friends, see the sights, feel al(D)right

(D) We wake up, we go out,  
Smoke a fag, put it out,  
See our (Em) friends, see the sights, feel al(D)right

(F#m) Are we like you? I (F) can't be sure  
Of the (Em) scene, as she turns  
We are (A) strange in our worlds, but...

We are (D) young, we get by,  
Can't go mad, ain't got time,  
Sleep a(Em)round, if we like, but we're al(D)right

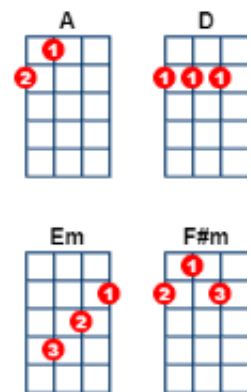
Got some cash, bought some wheels,  
Took it out, 'cross the fields  
Lost con(Em)trol, hit a wall, but we're al(D)right

(F#m) Are we like you? I (F) can't be sure  
Of the (Em) scene, as she turns  
We are (A) strange in our worlds, but...

We are (D) young, we run green,  
Keep our teeth, nice and clean  
See our (Em) friends, see the sights, feel al(D)right

(F#m) Are we like you? I (F) can't be sure  
Of the (Em) scene, as she turns  
We are (A) strange in our worlds, but...

We are (D) young, we run green,  
Keep our teeth, nice and clean  
See our (Em) friends, see the sights, feel al(D)right (D)  
See our (Em) friends, see the sights, feel al(D)right (D)  
See our (Em) friends, see the sights, feel al(D)right <(Em)> <(D)>



# Annie's Song (c)

Artist: John Denver, Writer: John Denver (1974)

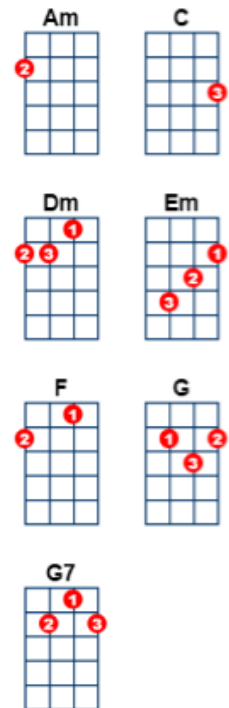
You (C) fill up my (F) sen(G)ses (Am),  
Like a (F) night in the (C) forest (Em) (Am)  
Like a (C) mountain in (F) spring(G)time (Dm)  
Like a (F) walk in the (G) rain (G7)  
Like a (G) storm in the (F) des(G)ert (Am)  
Like a (F) sleepy blue (C) ocean (Em) (Am)  
You (C) fill up my (F) sen(G)ses (Dm)  
Come (G7) fill me a(C)gain (F) (C)

(C) Come let me (F) love (G) you (Am),  
Let me (F) give my life (C) to you (Em) (Am)  
Let me (C) drown in your (F) laugh(G)ter (Dm)  
Let me (F) die in your (G) arms (G7)  
Let me (G) lay down be(F)side (G) you (Am)  
Let me al(F)ways be (C) with you (Em) (Am)  
(C) Come let me (F) love (G) you (Dm)  
Come (G7) love me a(C)gain (F) (C)

You (C) fill up my (F) sen(G)ses (Am)  
Like a (F) night in the (C) forest (Em) (Am)  
Like a (C) mountain in (F) spring(G)time (Dm)  
Like a (F) walk in the (G) rain (G7)  
Like a (G) storm in the (F) des(G)ert (Am)

Let me (F) give my life (C) to you (Em) (Am)  
(C) Come let me (F) love (G) you (Dm)  
Come (G7) love me a(C)gain (F) (C)

You (C) fill up my (F) sen(G)ses (Am)  
Like a (F) night in the (C) forest (Em) (Am)  
Like a (C) mountain in (F) spring(G)time (Dm)  
Like a (F) walk in the (G) rain (G7)  
Like a (G) storm in the (F) des(G)ert (Am)  
Like a (F) sleepy blue (C) ocean (Em) (Am)  
You (C) fill up my (F) sen(G)ses (Dm)  
Come (G7) fill me a(C)gain (F)// <(C)>



# Beautiful Sunday (G)

Artist: Daniel Boone, Writers: Daniel Boone and Rod McQueen (1972)

## Intro (just ukes):

(C) My, my, (D) my it's a beautiful (G) day

(G) Sunday morning, up with the lark

I think I'll take a walk in the park

(C) Hey, hey, (D) hey, it's a beautiful (G) day

(G) I've got someone waiting for me

(G) When I see her, I know that she'll say

(C) Hey, hey, (D) hey, it's a beautiful (G) day

(G) Hi, hi, hi, beautiful (C) Sunday

This is (D) my, my, my, beautiful (G) day

When you (G) say, say, say, say that you (A) love me

Oh-oh, (C) my, my, (D) my it's a beautiful (G) day

(G) Birds are singing, you by my side

(G) Let's take a car and go for a ride

(C) Hey, hey, (D) hey, it's a beautiful (G) day

(G) We'll drive on and follow the sun

(G) Making Sunday, go on and on

(C) Hey, hey, (D) hey, it's a beautiful (G) day

(G) Hi, hi, hi, beautiful (C) Sunday

This is (D) my, my, my, beautiful (G) day

When you (G) say, say, say, say that you (A) love me

Oh-oh, (C) my, my, (D) my it's a beautiful (G) day

(G) Hi, hi, hi, beautiful (C) Sunday

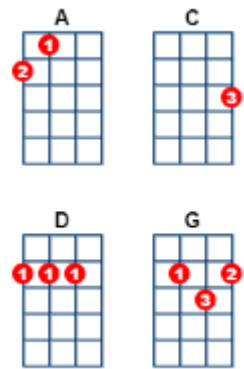
This is (D) my, my, my, beautiful (G) day

When you (G) say, say, say, say that you (A) love me

Oh-oh, (C) my, my, (D) my it's a beautiful (G) day

Oh-oh, (C) my, my, (D) my it's a beautiful (G) day

Oh-oh, (C) my, my, (D) my it's a beautiful <(G)> day



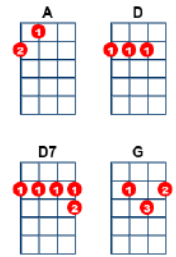


# Big Yellow Taxi (D)

Artist: Joni Mitchell, Writer: Joni Mitchell (1970)

**Intro:** (G) Paved paradise (A) and put up a parking (D) lot

They (G) paved paradise, and put up a parking (D) lot  
With a (G) pink hotel, a (A) boutique and a (D) swinging hot spot



**Chorus:** <(D)> Don't it always <(D7)> seem to go  
That you <(G)> don't know what you've got  
<(G)> Till it's <(D)> gone..  
They (G) paved paradise, and (A) put up a parking (D) lot  
Shoop pah pah pah pah, Shoop pah pah pah pah

They (G) took all the trees, and put them in a tree (D) museum  
And they (G) charged the people, a (A) dollar and a half just to (D) see 'em

**Chorus:** <(D)> Don't it always <(D7)> seem to go  
That you <(G)> don't know what you've got  
<(G)> Till it's <(D)> gone..  
They (G) paved paradise, and (A) put up a parking (D) lot  
Shoop pah pah pah pah, Shoop pah pah pah pah

Hey (G) farmer, farmer, put away that D.D.T. (D) now  
Give me (G) spots on my apples, but (A) leave me the birds and the (D) bees,  
Please..!

**Chorus:** <(D)> Don't it always <(D7)> seem to go  
That you <(G)> don't know what you've got  
<(G)> Till it's <(D)> gone..  
They (G) paved paradise, and (A) put up a parking (D) lot  
Shoop pah pah pah pah, Shoop pah pah pah pah

(G) Late last night, I heard the screen door (D) slam  
And a (G) big yellow taxi (A) took away my old (D) man

**Repeat chorus x 2**

**Outro:** They (G) paved paradise, and (A) put up a parking (D) lot  
Shoop pah pah pah pah, Shoop pah pah pah pah  
I said they (G) paved paradise, (A) put up a parking (D) lot <(A)> <(D)>

# Breakfast at Tiffany's (C)

Artist: Deep Blue Something, Writer: Todd Pipes, (1995)

**Intro:** (C) (F) (G) (C) (F) (G)

You'll (C) say...

That (F) we've got (G) nothing in (C) common

No (F) common (G) ground to (C) start from

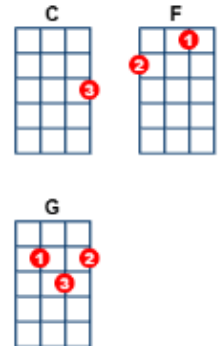
And (F) we're fall(G)ing a(C)part (F) (G)

(C)You'll say

The (F) world has (G) come be(C)tween us

Our (F) lives have (G) come be(C)tween us

But (F) I know (G) you just don't (C) care (F) (G)



**Chorus:** And (C) I said... what about...

(G) Breakfast at (F) Tiffany's... she (C) said I... think I...

Re(G)member the (F) film and as (C) I recall... I think...

We (G) both kind of (F) liked it... and (C) I said... well that's...

(G) One thing we've (F) got

Dada (C) dah dah dah dah...

(F) dah dah (G) dah dah (C) daah. (F) (G)

(C) I see...

You're the (F) only (G) one who (C) knew me

And (F) now your (G) eyes see (C) through me

(F) I guess (G) I was (C) wrong (F) (G)

So (C) what now

It's (F) plain to (G) see we're (C) over

And I (F) hate when (G) things are (C) over

And (F) so much is (G) left un(C)done (F) (G)

**Chorus**

Dada (C) dah dah dah dah...

(F) dah dah (G) dah dah (C) daah. (F) (G)

(C) You say that (F) we've got (G) nothing in (C) common

(F)/ (G)/ <(C)>

# Brother Can You Spare a Dime (Am)

Artists: Rex Weber, Bing Crosby, Writers: Yip Harburg, Jay Gorney (1932)

(Am) Once I built a railroad, I (E7) made it (A7) run  
(D) Made it (G7) race against (C) time (E7)  
(Dm) Once I built a (E7) railroad, (Am) now it's (F7) done  
(Dm) Brother, can you (E7) spare a (Am) dime

(Am) Once I built a tower up (E7) to the (A7) sun  
(D) Brick and (G7) rivet and (C) lime (E7)  
(Dm) Once I built a (E7) tower (Am) now it's (F7) done  
(Dm) Brother, can you (E7) spare a (Am) dime

(A7) Once in khaki suits, gee we looked swell  
(A7) Full of that Yankee Doodle dum  
(D7) Half a million boots went sloggin' through hell  
(Am) I was the kid with the (F7) drum (E7)

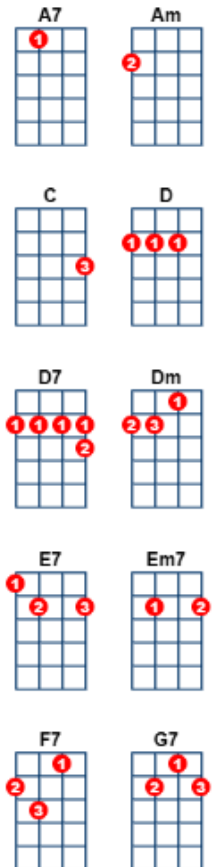
(Am) Say, don't you remember they (E7) called me (A7) Al  
(D) It was (G7) Al all the (C) time (E7)  
(Dm) Say, don't you re(E7)member (Am) I'm your (F7) pal  
(Dm) Brother, can you (E7) spare a (Am) dime

(A7) Once in khaki suits, gee we looked swell  
(A7) Full of that Yankee Doodle dum  
(D7) Half a million boots went sloggin' through hell  
(Am) I was the kid with the (F7) drum (E7)

(Am) Say, don't you remember they (E7) called me (A7) Al  
(D) It was (G7) Al all the (C) time (E7)  
(Dm) Say, don't you re(E7)member (Am) I'm your (F7) pal

**Slowing:**

(Dm) Buddy, can you (E7) spare a (Am) dime



# Chasing Cars (G)

Artists: Snow Patrol, Writers: Gary Lightbody, Jonny Quinn, Nathan Connolly, Tom Simpson, Paul Wilson (2006)

(G) We'll do it (D) all, every(C)thing, on our (G) own.

(G) We don't (D) need any(C)thing, or any (G) one.

If I lay (G) here, if I just (D) lay here

Would you lie (C) with me, and just forget the (G) world.

(G) I don't quite (D) know how to (C) say how I (G) feel

(G) Those three (D) words, are said too (C) much, they're not en(G)ough.

If I lay (G) here, if I just (D) lay here

Would you lie (C) with me, and just forget the (G) world.

Forget what we're (G) told, before we get (D) too old

Show me a (C) garden that's bursting into life. (G)

(G) Let's waste (D) time, chasing (C) cars, around our (G) heads.

If I lay (G) here, if I just (D) lay here

Would you lie (C) with me, and just forget the (G) world.

Forget what we're (G) told, before we get too (D) old

Show me a (C) garden that's bursting into life. (G)

All that I (G) am, all that I (D) ever was

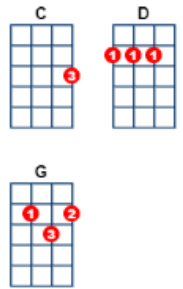
Is here in your (C) perfect eyes, they're all I can (G) see

I don't know (G) where, confused about (D) how as well

Just know that these (C) things will never change for us at all. (G)

(G) If I lay here, if I just (D) lay here

Would you lie (C) with me, and just forget the <(G)>world.



# Country Girl (F)

Artists: Primal Scream, Writers: M Duffy, B Gillespie, A Innes, G Mountfield (2006)

Intro: (F) (F) (F) (F)

(F) Never get too big,...never get too heavy

(F) Never get too cool, you start payin' your dues

(Bb) Yea-h,...what can a poor boy (F) do? (F)

Better go (C) back to your momma, (Bb) she'll take care of (F) you (F)

(F) Lost your wife,...lost your son,

(F) Stay out drinking 'til the mornin' comes

But ye(Bb)ah, ..what can a poor boy (F) do? (F)

Better go (C) back to your momma, (Bb) she'll take care of (F) you (F)

**Chorus:** Country (F) girl take my hand, lead me (Bb) through this diseased land

I am (F) tired, I am weak, I am (C) worn,

I have (F) stole, I have sinned, oh my (Bb) soul is unclean,

Country (F) girl, got to(C) keep on keeping (F) on (F)

(F) Crazy women mess your head,

Wake (F) up drunk in (F) some strange bed

Oh ye(Bb)-ah, ..what can a poor boy (F) do? (F)

Better go (C) back to your momma, (Bb) she'll take care of (F) you (F)

**Chorus**

**Bridge:** Gotta (Bb) keep on keeping (F) on

Gotta (Bb) keep on keeping (F) strong,

Gotta (Bb) keep on keeping (F) on, When (C) you <(C)>

Got the riot city blues

(F) (F) (F) (F) (Bb) (Bb) (F) (F) (C) (Bb) (F) (F)

One (F) thing I have to say,...before I have to go,

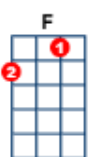
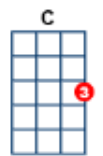
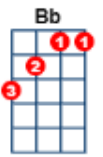
Be (F) careful with your seed,... you'll reap just what you sow

But ye(Bb)-ah,... what can a poor boy (F) do? (What can I do?) (F)

Better go (C) back to your momma, (Bb) she'll take care of (F) you (One last time!)

**Chorus x2**

Country (F) girl, gotta (C) keep on keeping (Bb) on **234** <(F)> <(F)> <(F)> <(F)>



# Crocodile Rock (F)

Artist: Elton John, Writers: Elton John, Bernie Taupin (1972)

**Intro:** (F) La...la la la la (Dm) la... la la la la (Bb) la... la la la la (C) la...

I re(F)member when rock was young  
Me and (Am) Susie had so much fun  
Holding (Bb) hands and skimmin' stones  
Had an (C) old gold Chevy and a place of my own  
But the (F) biggest kick I ever got  
Was doin' a (Am) thing called the Crocodile Rock  
While the (Bb) other kids were rockin' 'round the clock  
We were (C) hoppin' and boppin' to the Crocodile Rock well,

**Chorus:** (Dm) Croc Rockin' is something shockin'  
When your (G7) feet just can't keep still  
(C7) I never knew me a better time and I (F) guess I never will  
(D) Oh lawdy mamma those Friday nights  
When (G7) Susie wore her dresses tight and,  
(C7) Croc Rockin' was out of (Bb) sight  
(F) La...la la la la (Dm) la... la la la la (Bb) la... la la la la (C) la...

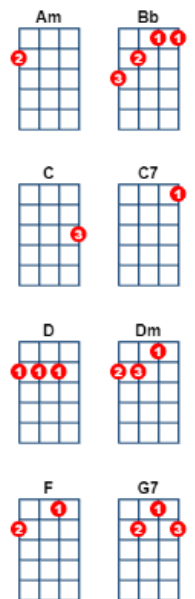
But the (F) years went by and rock just died  
(Am) Susie went and left me for some foreign guy  
(Bb) Long nights cryin' by the record machine  
(C) Dreamin' of my Chevy and my old blue jeans  
But they'll (F) never kill the thrills we've got  
Burnin' (Am) up to the Crocodile Rock  
Learning (Bb) fast as the weeks went past  
We really (C) thought the Crocodile Rock would last, well,

**Chorus**

**Repeat verse 1**

**Chorus**

**Outro :** (F) La...la la la la (Dm) la...la la la la (Bb) la... la la la la (C) la....<(F)>



# Cum on Feel the Noize (G)

Artist: Slade, Writers: Jim Lea and Noddy Holder (1973)

(G) (G) (D7) (D7)

(G) So you think I got an (Bm) evil mind, well I'll (Em) tell you honey (Em)

I (C) don't (G) know (D) why, I (C) don't (G) know (D) why

(G) So you think my singing's (Bm) out of time, well it (Em) makes me money (Em)

I (C) don't (G) know (D) why, I (C) don't (G) know (D) why  
Any (Em) more - oh (D) no.

So (G) cum on (D) feel the (Em) noize, (G) girls (D) rock your (Em) boys

We'll get (C) wild, (G) wild, (D) wild, (C) wild, (G) wild, (D) wild

(G) So cum on (D) feel the (Em) noize, (G) girls (D) rock your (Em) boys  
We'll get (C) wild, (G) wild, (D) wild, as you (D7) go (D7)

(G) So you see I got a (Bm) funny face, I ain't (Em) got no worries (Em)

And I (C) don't (G) know (D) why, I (C) don't (G) know (D) why

(G) Say I'm a scruff-bag well it's (Bm) no disgrace, I ain't (Em) in no hurry (Em)

And I (C) don't (G) know (D) why, I just (C) don't (G) know (D) why,  
Any (Em) more, oh (D) no.

So (G) cum on (D) feel the (Em) noize, (G) girls (D) rock your (Em) boys

We'll get (C) wild, (G) wild, (D) wild, we'll get (C) wild, (G) wild, (D) wild

So (G) cum on (D) feel the (Em) noize, (G) girls (D) rock your (Em) boys

We'll get (C) wild, (G) wild, (D) wild, as you (D7) go (D7)

(G) Well you think we have a (Bm) lazy time, you (Em) should know better (Em)

I (C) don't (G) know (D) why, I (C) don't (G) know (D) why

(G) So you say I got a (Bm) dirty mind, I'm a (Em) mean go-getter (Em)

I (C) don't (G) know (D) why, I (C) don't (G) know (D) why

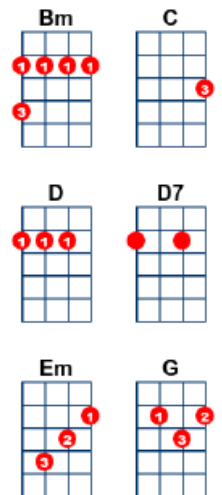
Any (Em) more - oh (D) no.

So (G) cum on (D) feel the (Em) noize, (G) girls (D) rock your (Em) boys

We'll get (C) wild, (G) wild, (D) wild, we'll get (C) wild, (G) wild, (D) wild

So (G) cum on (D) feel the (Em) noize, (G) girls (D) rock your (Em) boys

We'll get (C) wild, (G) wild, (D) wild, as you (D7) go (D7) // / <(G)>



# Dakota (C)

Artists: Stereophonics, Writer: Kelly Jones (2005)

(C) (C) (Am) (Am) (F) (F) (C) (C)

(C) Thinking 'bout thinking of (Am) you,  
(Am) Summertime, think it was (F) June,  
(F) Yeah, think it was (C) June.....

(C) Laying back, head on the (Am) grass,  
(Am) Chewing gum, having some (F) laughs,  
(F) Yeah... having some (C) laughs.....

(F) You made me feel like the one, (F) you made me feel like the (C) one...the one...  
(F) You made me feel like the one, (F) you made me feel like the (C) one...the one...

(C) Drinking back, drinking for (Am) two,  
(Am) Drinking with (F) you, when drinking was (C) new.....  
(C) Sleeping in the back of my (Am) car,  
(Am) We never went (F) far, didn't need to go (C) far.....

(F) You made me feel like the one, (F) you made me feel like the (C) one...the one...  
(F) You made me feel like the one, (F) you made me feel like the (C) one...the one...

(C) I don't know where (G) we are going (F) now.....  
(C) I don't know where (G) we are going (F) now.....

(C) Wake up call, coffee and (Am) juice,  
(Am) Remembering (F) you, what happened to (C) you.....  
(C) I wonder if we'll meet a (Am) gain,  
(Am) Talk about life since (F) then, talk about why did it (C) end.....

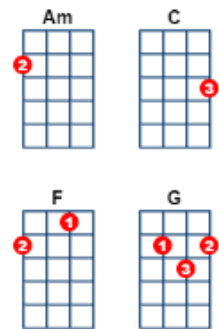
(F) You made me feel like the one, (F) you made me feel like the (C) one...the one...  
(F) You made me feel like the one, (F) you made me feel like the (C) one...the one...

(C) I don't know where (G) we are going (F) now.....  
(C) I don't know where (G) we are going (F) now.....

(F) So take a look at me (C) now, so take a look at me (G) now,  
(G) So take a look at me (F) now (F) ..... X 3

***(Last line slow to finish)***

(G) So take a look at me <(C)> now





# Daydream Believer (G)

Artist: The Monkees, Writer: John Stewart, (1967)

But (G) how much, (Em) baby, (Am) do we (D7) really (G) need

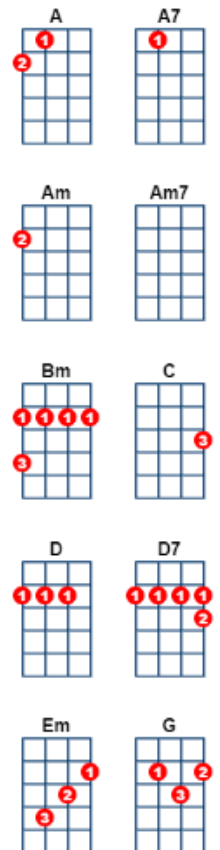
(NC) Oh, I could (G) hide 'neath the (Am7) wings  
Of the (Bm) bluebird as she (C) sings  
The (G) six o'clock a(Em)larm would never (A) ring (D)  
But it (G) rings and I (Am7) rise  
Wipe the (Bm) sleep out of my (C) eyes  
My (G) shaving (Em) razor's (Am) cold (D7) and it (G) stings (G)

(C) Cheer up (D) sleepy (Bm) Jean  
(C) Oh what (D) can it (Em) mean (C) to a  
(G) Daydream be(C)liever and a  
(G) Home (Em) coming (A7) queen (D7)

(G) You once thought of (Am7) me  
As a (Bm) white knight on his (C) steed  
(G) Now you know how (Em) happy I can (A) be (D)  
Oh, and our (G) good times start and (Am7) end  
Without (Bm) dollar one to (C) spend  
But (G) how much, (Em) baby, (Am) do we (D7) really (G) need (G)

(C) Cheer up (D) sleepy (Bm) Jean  
(C) Oh what (D) can it (Em) mean (C) to a  
(G) Daydream be(C)liever and a  
(G) Home (Em) coming (A7) queen (D7)

(C) Cheer up (D) sleepy (Bm) Jean  
(C) Oh what (D) can it (Em) mean (C) to a  
(G) Daydream be(C)liever and a  
(G) Home (Em) coming (A7) quee(D7)eeeeee(G)een <(G)>



# Down on the Corner (C/D)

Artists: Creedence Clearwater Revival, Writer: John Fogerty (1969)

## Intro: Bass solo or strum chords of the first verse

(C) Early in the evenin', (G) just about (C) supper time  
 (C) Over by the courthouse, they're (G) startin' to (C) unwind.  
 (F) Poor kids on the corner (C) tryin' to bring you up.  
 (C) Willy picks a tune out and he (G) blows it on (C) the harp

(C) Early in the evenin', (G) just about (C) supper time  
 (C) Over by the courthouse, they're (G) startin' to (C) unwind  
 (F) Poor kids on the corner (C) tryin' to bring you up  
 (C) Willy picks a tune out and he (G) blows it on (C) the harp.

(F) Down on the (C) corner, (G) out in the (C) street  
 Willy and the (F) Poorboys are (C) playin', bring a (G) nickel, tap your (C) feet  
 (C) Rooster hits the washboard, (G) people just gotta (C) smile  
 (C) Blinkey thumbs a gut-bass, (G) and solos for (C) a while  
 (F) Poorboy twangs the rhythm out on (C) his kalamazoo,  
 (C) And Willy goes into a dance (G) and doubles (C) on kazoo (C)

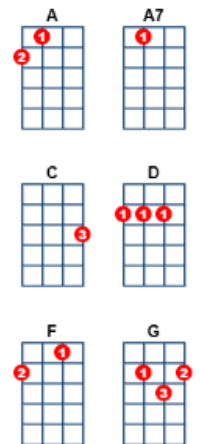
(C) Early in the evenin', (G) just about (C) supper time  
 (C) Over by the courthouse, they're (G) startin' to (C) unwind.  
 (F) Poor kids on the corner (C) tryin' to bring you up.  
 (C) Willy picks a tune out and he (G) blows it on (C) the harp. (A7) (A7)

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

(G) Down on the (D) corner, (A) out in the (D) street  
 Willy and the (G) Poorboys are (D) playin', bring a (A) nickel, tap your (D) feet  
 (D) Rooster hits the washboard, (A) people just gotta (D) smile  
 (D) Blinkey thumbs a gut-bass, (A) and solos for (D) a while  
 (G) Poorboy twangs the rhythm out (D) on his kalamazoo,  
 (D) And Willy goes into a dance (A) and doubles (D) on kazoo

(G) Down on the (D) corner, (A) out in the (D) street,  
 Willy and the (G) Poorboys are (D) playin', bring a (A) nickel, tap your (D) feet.

(G) Down on the (D) corner, (A) out in the (D) street,  
 Willy and the (G) Poorboys are (D) playin', bring a (A) nickel, tap your (D) feet  
 (D) (A) <(D)>



# Everyone's Gone to the Moon (D)

Artist: Jonathan King, Writer: Jonathan King, (1965)

(D) (G) (A) (D) (G) (A)

(D) Streets full of (A) people (Em) all a(A)lone  
(D) Roads full of (A) houses (G) never (A) home  
(G) Church full of (D) singing (G) out of (A) tune  
(Em) Everyone's (A) gone to the (D) moon (G) (A)

(D) Eyes full of (A) sorrow (Em) never (A) wet  
(D) Hands full of (A) money (G) all in (A) debt  
(G) Sun coming (D) out in (G) the middle of (A) June  
(Em) Everyone's (A) gone to the (D) moon (D)

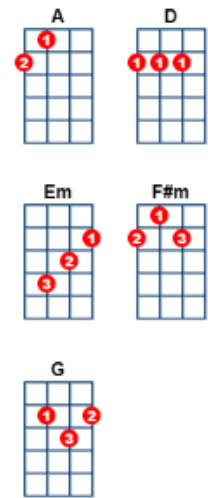
(A) Long time ago  
(A) Life has begun  
(G) Everyone (F#m) went to the (Em) sun (Em)

(D) Parks full of (A) motors (Em) painted (A) green  
(D) Mouths full of (A) chocolate (G) covered (A) cream  
(G) Arms that can (D) only (G) lift a (A) spoon  
(Em) Everyone's (A) gone to the (D) moon (G) (A)

(Em) Everyone's (A) gone to the (D) moon (G) (A)

**Slowing**

(Em) Everyone's (A) gone to the <(D)> moon



# Fields of Athenry (D)

Artists: *The Dubliners*, Writer: *Pete St. John (1979)*

(A) It's so (Em) lonely round the (A7) fields of Athen(D)ry.

By a (D) lonely prison wall, I (G) heard a young girl (D) call..(A)..ing,  
(D) Michael they have (G) taken you a(A)way,  
For you (D) stole Trevelyn's (G) corn,  
So the (D) young might see the (A) morn,  
Now a prison ship lies (A7) waiting in the (D) bay.

(D) L-o-w.. (G) I-i-e.. the (D) fields of Athen(Bm)ry,  
Where (D) once we watched the small free birds (A) fly,  
Our (D) love was on the (G) wing,  
We had (D) dreams and songs to (A) sing,  
It's so (Em) lonely round the (A7) fields of Athen(D)ry.

By a (D) lonely prison wall, I (G) heard a young man (D) call..(A)..ing,  
(D) Nothing matters (G) Mary when you're (A) free,  
Against the (D) famine and the (G) Crown,  
I re(D)belled, they cut me (A) down,  
Now (Em) you must raise our (A7) child with digni(D)ty.

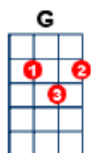
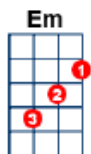
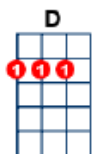
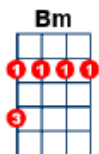
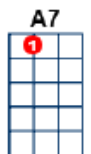
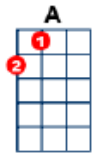
(D) L-o-w.. (G) I-i-e.. the (D) fields of Athen(Bm)ry,  
Where (D) once we watched the small free birds (A) fly,  
Our (D) love was on the (G) wing,  
We had (D) dreams and songs to (A) sing,  
It's so (Em) lonely round the (A7) fields of Athen(D)ry.

By a (D) lonely harbour wall, she (G) watched the last star (D) fall..(A)..ing,  
As the (D) prison ship sailed (G) out against the (A) sky,  
For she'll (D) live in hope and (G) pray, for her (D) love in Botany (A) Bay,  
It's so (Em) lonely round the (A7) fields of Athen(D)ry

(D) L-o-w.. (G) I-i-e.. the (D) fields of Athen(Bm)ry,  
Where (D) once we watched the small free birds (A) fly,  
Our (D) love was on the (G) wing,  
We had (D) dreams and songs to (A) sing,  
It's so (Em) lonely round the (A7) fields of Athen(D)ry.

## ***Slowing***

It's so (Em) lonely round the (A7) fields of Athen(D)ry.



# Fields of Gold (C)

Artists: Sting, Writer: Sting (1993)

You'll for(Am)get the sun in his (F) jealous (C) sky,  
As we (F) walk in (G7) fields of (C) gold

You'll re(Am)ember me when the (F) west wind moves,  
Upon the (G7) fields of bar(C)ley  
You'll for(Am)get the sun in his (F) jealous (C) sky,  
As we (F) walk in (G7) fields of (C) gold

So she (Am) took her love for to (F) gaze a while,  
Upon the (G7) fields of bar(C)ley  
In his (Am) arms she fell as her (F) hair came (C) down,  
A(F)mong the (G7) fields of (C) gold

Will you (Am) stay with me, will you (F) be my love,  
Among the (G7) fields of bar(C)ley  
We'll for(Am)get the sun in his (F) jealous (C) sky,  
As we (F) lie in (G7) fields of (C) gold

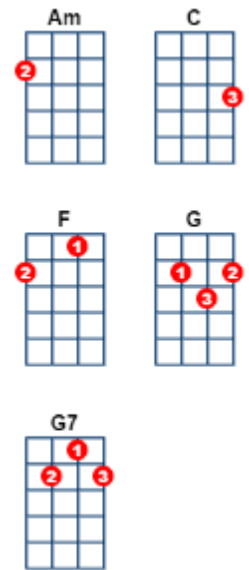
See the (Am) west wind move like a (F) lover so,  
Upon the (G7) fields of bar(C)ley  
Feel her (Am) body rise when you (F) kiss her (C) mouth,  
A(F)mong the (G7) fields of (C) gold

(F) I never made (C) promises lightly, (F) and there have been (C) some I've  
broken  
(F) But I swear in the (C) days still left, we'll (F) walk in (G7) fields of (C) gold

You'll re(Am)ember me when the (F) west wind moves,  
Upon the (G7) fields of bar(C)ley  
You'll for(Am)get the sun in his (F) jealous (C) sky,  
As we (F) walk in (G7) fields of (C) gold

Many (Am) years have passed since those (F) summer days,  
Among the (G7) fields of bar(C)ley  
See the (Am) children run as the (F) sun goes (C) down,  
A(F)mong the (G7) fields of (C) gold

You'll re(Am)ember me when the (F) west wind moves,  
Upon the (G7) fields of bar(C)ley  
You can (Am) tell the sun in his (F) jealous (C) sky,  
When we (F) walked in (G) fields of (C) gold  
When we (F) walked in (G) fields of (C) gold  
When we (F) walked in (G) fields of <(C)> gold



# Fire and Rain (c)

Artists: James Taylor, Writer: James Taylor(1970)

(C) Just yesterday (Gm7) morning they let me (F) know you were (C) gone  
Susanne the (G) plans they made put an (Bbmaj7) end to you  
(C) I walked out this (Gm7) morning and I (F) wrote down this (C) song  
I just can't re(G)member who to (Bbmaj7) send it to

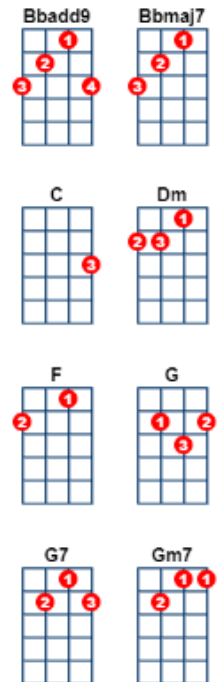
(F) I've seen (Dm) fire and (G7) I've seen (C) rain  
I've seen (F) sunny days that I (Dm) thought would (G7) never (C) end  
I've seen (F) lonely times when I (Dm) could not (G7) find a (C) friend  
But I (Bbadd9) always thought that I'd see you again

(C) Won't you look down upon me (Gm7) Jesus  
You've got to (F) help me make a (C) stand  
(C) You've just got to (G) see me through an(Bbmaj7)other day  
(C) My body's (Gm7) aching and my (F) time is at (C) hand  
And I won't (G) make it any (Bbmaj7) other way

(F) I've seen (Dm) fire and (G7) I've seen (C) rain  
I've seen (F) sunny days that I (Dm) thought would (G7) never (C) end  
I've seen (F) lonely times when I (Dm) could not (G7) find a (C) friend  
But I (Bbadd9) always thought that I'd see you again

Been (C) walking my mind to an (Gm7) easy time  
My (F) back turned towards the (C) sun  
(C) Lord knows when the (G) cold wind blows  
It'll (Bbmaj7) turn your head around  
Well there's (C) hours of time on the (Gm7) telephone line  
To (F) talk about things to (C) come  
(C) Sweet dreams and (G) flying machines in (Bbmaj7) pieces on the ground

(F) I've seen (Dm) fire and (G7) I've seen (C) rain  
I've seen (F) sunny days that I (Dm) thought would (G7) never (C) end  
I've seen (F) lonely times when I (Dm) could not (G7) find a (C) friend  
But I (Bbadd9) always thought that I'd see you (C) one more time again



# Handle with Care (C)

Artists: *The Travelling Wilbury's*, Writers: George Harrison, Jeff Lynne, Bob Dylan, Roy Orbison and Tom Petty. (1988)

Intro: (G)/ (F)/ (C)//// x2

(G) Been beat (F) up and (C) battered 'round,  
(G) Been sent (F) up, and I've (C) been shot down  
(F) You're the best thing that (C) I've ever (Am) found,  
(F) Handle (G7) me with (C) care (G7)

(G) Repu(F)tations (C) changeable,  
(G) Situ(F)ations (C) tolerable  
But (F) baby, you're a(C)dora(Am)ble  
(F) Handle me with (G7) care (G7)

## Chorus:

(C) I'm so (E7) tired of (F) being (G7) lonely,  
(C) I still (E7) have some (F) love to (G7) give,  
(C) Won't you (E7) show me (F) that you (G7) really (C) care (C)  
Every(F)body's, got somebody, to (C) lean... on  
Put your (F) body, next to mine and (G7) dream.... on  
(G)/ (F)/ (C)//// x2

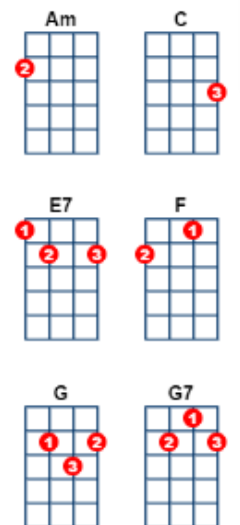
I've (G) been fobbed (F) off, and (C) I've been fooled,  
(G) I've been (F) robbed and (C) ridiculed  
In (F) day care centres (C) and night (Am) schools  
(F) Handle (G7) me with (C) care (G7)

(G) Been stuck in (F) airports (C) terrorised,  
(G) Sent to (F) meetings (C) hypnotised  
(F) Overexposed (C) commercial(Am)ised  
(F) Handle me with (G7) care (G7)

## Chorus

I've (G) been up(F)tight and (C)made a mess,  
But I'll (G) clean it (F) up my(C)self I guess  
(F) Oh, the sweet (C) smell of suc(Am)cess  
(F) Handle (G7) me with (C) care

(G)/ (F)/ (C)//// (G)/ (F)/ (C)////



# How Long Will I Love You (G)

Artists: *The Waterboys (1990), Ellie Goulding (2013), Writer: Mike Scott, (1990)*

(G) How long will I (D) love you?

(C) As long as (G) stars are above you

(Am) (C) And longer if I (D) can

(G) How long will I (D) love you?

(C) As long as (G) stars are above you

(Am) (C) And longer if I (D) can

(G) How long will I (D) need you?

(C) As long as the (G) seasons need to

(Am) (C) Follow their (D) plan

(C) How long will I (Am) be with you?

(D) As long as the (G) sea is bound to

(C) (Am) Wash upon the (D) sand

(G) How long will I want (D) you?

(C) As long as (G) you want me to

(Am) (C) And longer by (D) far

(G) How long will I (D) hold you?

(C) As long as your (G) father told you

(Am) (C) As long as you (D) are

(C) How long will I (Am) give to you?

(D) As long as I (G) live to you

(C) (Am) However long you (D) say

(G) How long will I (D) love you?

(C) As long as (G) stars are above you

(Am) (C) And longer, if I (G) may

(G) How long will I (D) love you?

(C) As long as (G) stars are above you

(Am) (C) And longer if I (D) can

(C) How long will I (Am) be with you?

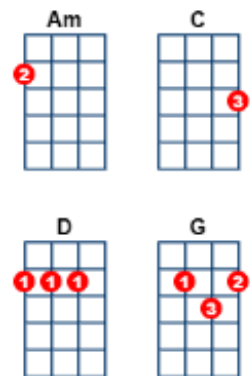
(D) As long as the (G) sea is bound to

(C) (Am) wash upon the (D) sand (D)

(G) How long will I (D) love you?

(C) How long will I love (G) you?

(Am)/// (D)/// <(G)>





# Human (G)

Artists: The Killers, Writers: B Flowers, D Keuning, M Stoermer, R Vannucci, Jr (2008)

(G) (G) (G) (G)

(G) I did my best to (Bm) notice, when the (C) call came down the (G) line  
Up to the (D) platform of surr(Em)ender, I was (C) brought, but I was (D) kind  
And (G) sometimes I get (Bm) nervous, when I (C) see an open (Em) door  
Close your (C) eyes, clear your (C) heart / / / (D) / / / <(D)> {12}

Cut the (G) cord, are we (Bm) human, (C) or are we (G) dancer?  
(D) My sign is (Em) vital, (C) my hands are (D) cold.  
And I'm (G) on my (Bm) knees, looking for the (Em) answer (Em) / /  
Are we (Am) human, (C) or are we (G) dancer? <(G)> {234}

(G) (Bm) (C) (G) (D) (Em) (C) (D) / /

Pay my re(G)spects to grace and (Bm) virtue, send my con(C)dolences to (G) good  
Give my re(D)gards to soul and ro(Em)mance,  
They always (C) did the best they (D) could  
And (G) so long to de(Bm)votion, you taught me (C) everything I (Em) know  
Wave good(C)bye, wish me (C) well / / / (D) / / / <(D)>

You got to let me (G) go, are we (Bm) human, (C) or are we (G) dancer?  
(D) My sign is (Em) vital, (C) my hands are (D) cold  
And I'm (G) on my (Bm) knees, looking for the (Em) answer (Em) / /  
Are we (Am) human, (C) or are we (G) dancer? (G) /

Will your (C) system be al(D)right, When you (B) dream of home to(Em)night?  
There (C) is no message (C) we're receiving  
(D) Let me know, is your (D) heart still beating?

*Quieter*

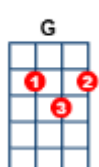
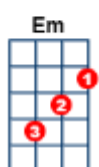
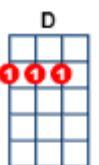
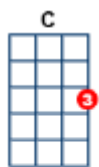
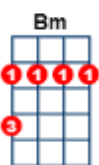
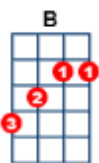
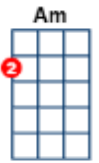
<(G)> Are we <(Bm)> human, <(C)> or are we <(G)> dancer?  
<(D)> My sign is <(Em)> vital, <(C)> my hands are <(D)> cold  
And I'm <(G)> on my <(Bm)> knees, looking for the <(Em)> answer  
(Em) (Em) (Em)

*Louder*

<(Em)> You got to let me (G) know, are we (Bm) human, (C) or are we (G) dancer?  
(D) My sign is (Em) vital, (C) my hands are (D) cold  
And I'm (G) on my (Bm) knees looking for the (Em) answer (Em) / /  
Are we (Am) human, (C) (C) // or are we (G) dancer? <(G)> {234}

(G) (Bm) (C) (G) (D) (Em) (C) (D) (G) (Bm) (Em) (Em) /

Are we (Am) human, (C) or are we (G) dancer? (G) x2  
Are we (Am) human, (C) or are we <(G)> dancer?



# I Love to Boogie (A)

Artist: T. Rex, Writer: Marc Bolan (1976)

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

(A) We love to boogie - we love to boogie

(D) The jitterbug boogie - (A) Bolan pretty boogie

(E7) We love to boogie - on a Saturday (A) night

(A) Belinda Mae Fender's got a Cadillac Bone

(A) Jenny lost her cherry walking all the way home

The (D) passions of the Earth - blasted it's mind

Now it's (A) neat sweet ready for the moon based grind

(E7) We love to boogie - (A) we love to boogie on a Saturday night

(A) I said we love to boogie - we love to boogie

(D) High school boogie - (A) jitterbug boogie

(E7) We love to boogie - on a Saturday (A) night

(A) I love to boogie, I love to boogie

(D) Jitterbug boogie, (A) teenage boogie

Yes, (E7) I love to boogie - on a Saturday (A) night

(A) We love to boogie - we love to boogie

(D) Jitterbug boogie - (A) Bolan pretty boogie

(E7) We love to boogie - on a Saturday (A) night

You (A) rattlesnake out with your tail feathers high

(A) Jitterbug left and smile to the sky

With your (D) black velvet cape and your stovepipe hat

(A) Be-bop baby, the dance is where it's at

(E7) I love to boogie

Yes, (A) I love to boogie on a Saturday night

(A) I love to boogie, I love to boogie

(D) Jitterbug boogie, (A) Bolan pretty boogie

Yes, (E7) I love to boogie - on a Saturday (A) night

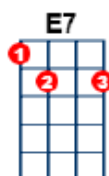
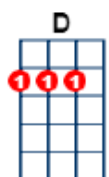
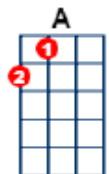
(A) I love to boogie, I love to boogie

(D) Jitterbug boogie, (A) teenage boogie

Yes, (E7) I love to boogie - on a Saturday (A) night

Yes, (E7) I love to boogie - on a Saturday (A) night

Yes, (E7) I love to boogie - on a Saturday (A) night (A) (D) (A)



# Island of Dreams (G)

Artists: The Springfields:, Writer:, Tom Springfield, (1962)

## **Intro: Instrumental as the last line of the verse**

(B7) Over the (Em) sea (C) on the (G) is(D7)land of (G) dreams

(G) I wander the (G7) streets  
And the (C) gay crowded (G) places  
(A) Trying to for(D)get you  
But (A) somehow it (D) seems (D7)  
My (G) thoughts ever (G7) stray  
To our (C) last sweet em(G)braces  
(B7) Over the (Em) sea (C) on the (G) is(D7)land of (G) dreams

(F) High in the (D) sky is a (G) bird on a (Bm) wing  
(C) Please (G) carry me (F) with (D) you  
(F) Far far a(D)way from the (G) mad rushing (Bm) crowd  
(C) Please (G) carry me (F) with (D) you

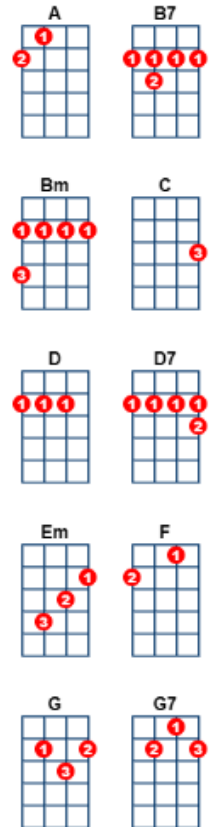
A(G)gain I would (G7) wander  
Where (C) memories en(G)fold me  
(B7) There on the (Em) beau(C)tiful (G) is(D7)land of (G) dreams

(F) High in the (D) sky is a (G) bird on a (Bm) wing  
(C) Please (G) carry me (F) with (D) you  
(F) Far far a(D)way from the (G) mad rushing (Bm) crowd  
(C) Please (G) carry me (F) with (D) you

A(G)gain I would (G7) wander  
Where (C) memories en(G)fold me  
(B7) There on the (Em) beau(C)tiful (G) is(D7)land of (G) dreams

## **Outro: Last line played slowly**

(B7) Far far a(Em)way (C) on the (G) is(D7)land of <(G)> dreams



# It's So Easy (G)

Artist: Buddy Holly, Writers: Buddy Holly and Norman Petty, (1958)

(G) It's so (D) easy to (C) fall in (D) love

(G) It's so (C) easy to (D) fall in (G) love

(G) It's so (D) easy to (C) fall in (D) love

(G) It's so (C) easy to (D) fall in (G) love

(G) People (D) tell me (C) love's for (D) fools

(G) So here I (C) go breakin' (D) all of the (G) rules

It seems so (C) easy (*seems so easy, seems so easy*)

Oooh, so doggone (G) easy (*doggone easy, doggone easy*)

Mmmm, it seems so (C) easy (*seems so easy, seems so easy, seems so easy*)

(D) Where you're concerned my heart has learned

(G) It's so (D) easy to (C) fall in (D) love

(G) It's so (C) easy to (D) fall in (G) love

(G) It's so (D) easy to (C) fall in (D) love

(G) It's so (C) easy to (D) fall in (G) love

Look in (D) to your (C) heart and (D) see

(G) What your (C) love book has (D) set apart for (G) me

It seems so (C) easy (*seems so easy, seems so easy*)

Oooh, so doggone (G) easy (*doggone easy, doggone easy*)

Mmmm, it seems so (C) easy (*seems so easy, seems so easy, seems so easy*)

(D) Where you're concerned my heart has learned

(G) It's so (D) easy to (C) fall in (D) love

(G) It's so (C) easy to (D) fall in (G) love

(G) It's so (D) easy to (C) fall in (D) love

(G) It's so (C) easy to (D) fall in (G) love

It seems so (C) easy (*seems so easy, seems so easy*)

Oooh, so doggone (G) easy (*doggone easy, doggone easy*)

Mmmm, it seems so (C) easy (*seems so easy, seems so easy, seems so easy*)

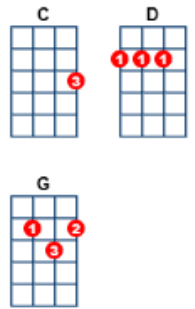
(D) Where you're concerned my heart has learned

(G) It's so (D) easy to (C) fall in (D) love

(G) It's so (C) easy to (D) fall in (G) love

(G) It's so (D) easy to (C) fall in (D) love

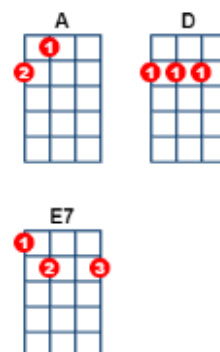
(G) It's so (C) easy to (D) fall in <(G)> love



# Johnny B Goode (A)

Artists: Chuck Berry, Writer: Chuck Berry (1958)

Deep (A) down in Louisiana close to New Orleans  
Way (A) back up in the woods among the evergreens  
There (D) stood a log cabin made of earth and wood  
Where (A) lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode  
Who (E7) never ever learned to read or write so well, but he  
Could (A) play the UKULELE like a ringin' a bell. Go go...



(A) Go Johnny go go  
(A) Go,.. go,Johnny go go  
(D) Go,.. go,Johnny go go  
(A) Go,.. go,Johnny go go (E7) go,  
Johnny B. (A) Goode...

He used to (A) put his UKULELE in a gunny sack  
And go (A) sit beneath a tree by the railroad track.  
And (D) engineers could see him sitting in the shade  
(A) Strummin' to the rhythm that the drivers made  
(E7) People passing by, they would stop and say  
Oh (A) my but that little country boy can play. Go go...

(A) Go Johnny go go  
(A) Go,.. go,Johnny go go  
(D) Go,.. go,Johnny go go  
(A) Go,.. go,Johnny go go (E7) go,  
Johnny B. (A) Goode...

His (A) mother told him "someday you will be a man"  
And (A) you will be the leader of a big ole' band  
(D) Many, many people come from miles around  
To (A) hear your UKULELE till the sun go down  
(E7) Maybe someday your name will be in lights  
Sayin' (A) 'Johnny B. Goode tonight'. Go go...

(A) Go Johnny go go  
(A) Go,.. go,Johnny go go  
(D) Go,.. go,Johnny go go  
(A) Go,.. go,Johnny go go (E7) go,  
Johnny B. (A) Goode.....<(E7)> <(A)>

# Kind of Hush, A (C)

Artists: Herman's Hermits, Writer: Geoff Stephens, Les Reed (1967)

**Intro:** (C) (G7) (C) (G7)

There's a (C) kind of hush, (E7) all over the (Am) world to (C7) night  
All over the (F) world you can hear the (G7) sounds  
Of lovers in (C) love, you (G) know what I mean

Just the (C) two of us, (E7) and nobody (Am) else in (C7) sight  
There's nobody (F) else and I'm feeling (G7) good  
Just holding you (C) tight (C7)

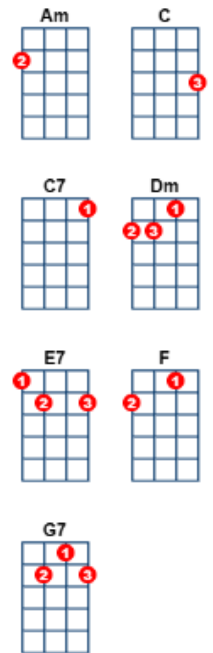
So (F) listen very (Dm) carefully  
(Am) Closer now and (Dm) you will see what I (C) mean,  
It isn't a (C7) dream  
The (F) only sound that (Dm) you will hear  
Is (Am) when I whisper (Dm) in your ear "I love (G) you,  
For ever and ever" (G7)

There's a (C) kind of hush, (E7) all over the (Am) world to (C7) night  
All over the (F) world you can hear the (G7) sounds, of lovers in (C) love

(C) La la la la la (E7) laaaa la la (Am) la la la la la la (C7) laaaaa  
La la la la (F) laaa la la la la (G7) laaaa la la la (C) laaaa (C7)

So (F) listen very (Dm) carefully  
(Am) Closer now and (Dm) you will see what I (C) mean,  
It isn't a (C7) dream  
The (F) only sound that (Dm) you will hear  
Is (Am) when I whisper (Dm) in your ear "I love (G) you,  
For ever and ever" (G7)

There's a (C) kind of hush, (E7) all over the (Am) world to (C7) night  
All over the (F) world people just like (G7) us  
Are falling in (C) love, (G7) are falling in (C) love, (G7) (hush)  
They're falling in (C) love, (G7) (hush)  
They're falling in (C) love <(C)>

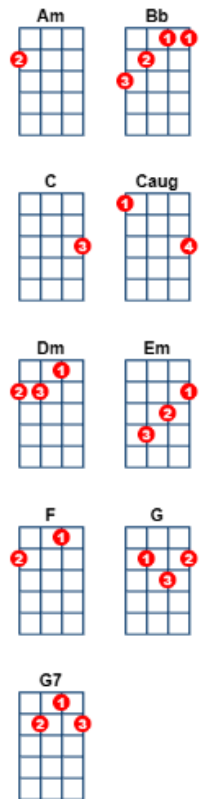


# Mamma Mia (c)

Artists ABBA; Writers; Benny Andersson, Björn Ulvaeus and Stig Anderson (1975)

**Intro:** (C) (Caug) (C) (Caug)

(C) I've been (G) cheated by (C) you since (G) don't know (F) when (F)  
(C) So I (G) made up my (C) mind, it must (G) come to an (F) end (F)  
(C) Look at me now,..(Caug) will I ever learn?  
(C) I don't know how,..(Caug) but I suddenly (F) lose control  
(F) There's a fire with(G7)in my soul  
(F) Just (C) one (G) look and I can hear a bell ring  
(F) One (C) more (G) look and I forget everything, wo-oo-oo



**Chorus:** (C) Mamma mia, here I go again  
(Bb) My (F) my, how can I resist you?  
(C) Mamma mia, does it show again?  
(Bb) My (F) my, just how much I've missed you  
(C) Yes, I've been (G) broken-hearted,  
(Am) blue since the (Em) day we parted  
(Bb) Why (F) why (Dm) did I ever (G7) let you go?

(C) Mamma mia, (Am), now I really know,  
(Bb) My (F) my, (Dm) I could never (G7) let you go

(C) (Caug) (C) (Caug)

(C) I've been (G) angry and (C) sad about the (G) things that you (F) do (F)  
(C) I can't (G) count all the (C) times that I've (G) told you we're (F) through (F)  
(C) And when you go, (Caug) when you slam the door  
(C) I think you know, (Caug) that you won't be a(F)way too long  
(F) You know that I'm (G7) not that strong  
(F) Just (C) one (G) look and I can hear a bell ring  
(F) One (C) more (G) look and I forget everything, wo-oo-oo

**Chorus:**

(C) Mamma mia, (Am), even if I say,  
(Bb) Bye (F) bye, (Dm) leave me now or (G7) never  
(C) Mamma mia, (Am) it's a game we play  
(Bb) Bye (F) bye (Dm) doesn't mean for(G)ever

**Chorus:**

(C) Mamma mia, (Am), now I really know,  
(Bb) My (F) my, (Dm) I could never (G7) let you go

(C) (Caug) (C) (Caug) <(C)>



# Marry You (C)

Artist: Bruno Mars, Writer: Bruno Mars, (2010)

It's a (C) beautiful night, we're looking for something (Dm) dumb to do  
Hey (F) baby, I think I wanna marry you (C)

(C) Is it the look in your eyes, or is it this (Dm) dancing juice?  
Who (F) cares baby, I think I wanna marry you (C)

(C) Well I know this little chapel, on the boulevard we can (Dm) go-o-o  
No one will (F) know o-o-o, come (C) on-n girl

(C) Who cares if we're trashed got a pocket full of cash  
We can (Dm) blow-ow-ow, shots of pat(F)rón, and it's (C) on-n girl

(C) Don't say no no no no no, just say (Dm) Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
And we'll (F) go go go go go, if you're (C) ready like I'm ready

It's a (C) beautiful night, we're looking for something (Dm) dumb to do  
Hey (F) baby, I think I wanna marry you (C)

(C) Is it the look in your eyes, or is it this (Dm) dancing juice?  
Who (F) cares baby, I think I wanna marry you (C)

(C) I'll go get a ring, let the choir bells sing like (Dm) oo-oo-oo  
So wotcha wanna (F) do-oo-oo, let's just (C) run-n girl  
If we wake up, and you wanna break up that's (Dm) co-oo-ool  
No I won't blame (F) yo-oo-ou, it was (C) fun girl

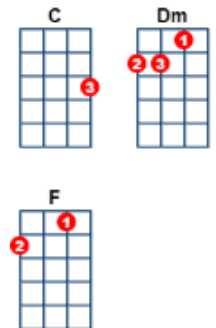
(C) Don't say no no no no no, just say (Dm) Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
And we'll (F) go go go go go, if you're (C) ready, like I'm ready

It's a (C) beautiful night, we're looking for something (Dm) dumb to do  
Hey (F) baby, I think I wanna marry you (C)

(C) Is it the look in your eyes, or is it this (Dm) dancing juice?  
Who (F) cares baby, I think I wanna marry you (C)

It's a (C) beautiful night, we're looking for something (Dm) dumb to do  
Hey (F) baby, I think I wanna marry you (C)

(C) Is it the look in your eyes, or is it this (Dm) dancing juice?  
Who (F) cares baby, I think I wanna marry you <(C)>





# Oh Carol (G)

Artist: Neil Sedaka, Writers: Neil Sedaka and Howard Greenfield, (1958)

(G) Ohh, ooh-ooh-ooo-ooo-oo-(Em)oo.

Ooo-ooo-ooo-(Am)ooo-ooo.

Ooo-ooo ooo-ooo-(D) ooo.

Oh, (G) Carol, I am but a (Em) fool,

Darling I (Am) love you, though you treat me (D) cruel

You (G) hurt me and you make me (Em) cry,

But if you (Am) leave me, (D) I will surely (G) die

(G) Darling, there will never be another,

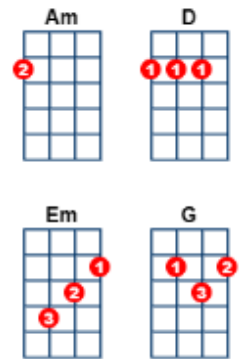
'Cause I love you (Em) so.

Don't ever (Am) leave me, say you'll never (D) go

I will always want you for my (G) sweetheart,

No matter what you (Em) do.

O-oh, (Am) Carol, I'm (D) so in love with (G) you.



***(Sing Ohh, ooh-ooh-ooo-ooo-oo-oo over the next verse which is talked)***

Oh, (G) Carol, I am but a (Em) fool,

Darling I (Am) love you, though you treat me (D) cruel

You (G) hurt me and you make me (Em) cry,

But if you (Am) leave me, (D) I will surely (G) die.

(G) Darling, there will never be another,

'Cause I love you (Em) so.

Don't ever (Am) leave me, say you'll never (D) go.

I will always want you for my (G) sweetheart,

No matter what you (Em) do

O-oh, (Am) Carol, I'm (D) so in love with (G) you. <(D)> <(G)>

# OomPah Pah (C)

Artist: Cast of the musical Oliver, Writer: Lionel Bart, (1960)

**Intro: (C) (C)**

(C) There's a little ditty they're (D7) singin' in the city  
(G7) Especially when they've been on the (D7) gin or the (G7) beer  
(C) If you've got the patience your (D7) own imaginations'll  
(G7) Tell you just exactly what (C) you want to hear

(C) Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah, (D7) that's how it goes  
(G7) Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah, (C) ev'ryone (G7) knows  
(C) They all suppose what they (D7) want to suppose  
(G7) When they hear oom-pah (C) pah

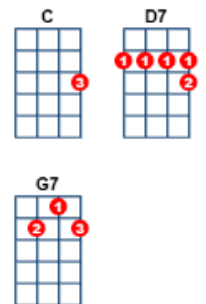
(C) Mister Percy Snodgrass would (D7) often have the odd glass  
But (G7) never when he thought any(D7)body could (G7) see  
(C) Secretly he'd buy it and (D7) drink it on the quiet  
And (G7) dream he was an Earl with a (C) girl on each knee

(C) Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah, (D7) that's how it goes  
(G7) Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah, (C) ev'ryone (G7) knows  
(C) What is the cause of his (D7) red shiny nose  
(G7) Could it be oom-pah (C) pah

(C) Pretty little Sally goes (D7) walkin' down the alley  
Dis(G7)plays a pretty ankle to (D7) all of the (G7) men  
(C) They could see her garters, but (D7) not for free and gratis  
An (G7) inch or two and then she knows (C) when to say when

(C) Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah, (D7) that's how it goes  
(G7) Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah, (C) ev'ryone (G7) knows  
(C) Whether it's hidden, or whether (D7) it shows  
(G7) It's the same, oom-pah (C) pah

(C) Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah, (D7) that's how it goes  
(G7) Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah, (C) ev'ryone (G7) knows  
(C) Whether it's hidden, or whether (D7) it shows  
(G7) It's the same, oom-pah (C) pah <(C)> <(C)>



# Pencil Full of Lead (D)

Artist: Paolo Nutini, Writer: Paolo Nutini, (2009)

**Intro:** (D) La la la la la-la la (D) La la la la la-la la

(D) I got a sheet for my bed, and a pillow for my head

(D) I got a pencil full of lead, and some water for my throat

I've got (G) buttons for my coat; and sails on my boat

(D) So much more than I needed before

(A7) I got money in the meter and a (G) two bar heater

(D) Now it's getting hotter; Oh it's only getting sweeter

(D) La la la la la-la la (D) La la la la la-la la

(D) I got legs on my chairs and a head full of hair

Pot and a pan, and some shoes on my feet;

(G) I got a shelf full of books and most of my teeth

(D) A few pairs of socks and a door with a lock

(A7) I got food in my belly and a (G) license for my telly

And (D) nothing's going to bring me down

**With Kazoos:** (D) La la la la la-la la (D) La la la la la-la la

(G) La la la la la-la la (D) La la la la la-la la

(A7) La la (G) La la (D) La la la la la-la la

(D) But best of all (best of all), I've got my baby

(G) But best of all (best of all), I've got my baby

She's (A7) mighty fine and says (G) she's all mine

And (D) nothing's going to bring me down

(D) I got a nice guitar and tyres on my car

I got most of the means; and scripts for the scenes

(G) I'm out and about, so I'm in with a shout

I got a (D) fair bit of chat but better than that

(A7) Food in my belly and a (G) license for my telly

And (D) nothing's going to bring me down

(D) Nothing's going to bring me down

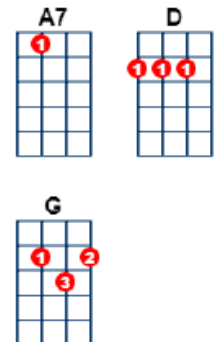
(D) But best of all (best of all), I've got my baby

(G) But best of all (best of all), I've got my baby

She's (A7) mighty fine and says (G) she's all mine

And (D) nothing's going to bring me down x 2

(D) Not today 3 4, no, no 3 4 <(D)>



# Sit Down (D)

Artist: James Writer: Jim Glennie, Larry Gott, Tim Booth, Gavan Whelan (1989)

**Intro:** (D) (D) (G) (A) (D) (D) (G) (A)

I (D) sing myself to (D) sleep... a (G) song from the (A) darkest hour  
(D) Secrets I can't (D) keep... in (G) side of the (A) day

(D) Swing from high to (D) deep... ex (G) tremes... of (A) sweet and sour  
(D) Hope that God ex (D) ists... I (G) hope, I (A) pray

(D) Drawn by the (D) undertow... my (G) life is outta' con (A) trol  
(D) I believe this (D) wave will bear my (G) weight so let it (A) flow

Oh sit (D) down, oh sit down, oh sit down (G) sit down next to (A) me-e  
Sit (D) down, down, down, down, down (G) in sympa (A) thy

(D) (D) (G) (A) (D) (D) (G) (A)

Now (D) I'm relieved to (D) hear...

That you've (G) been to some (A) far out places

It's (D) hard to carry (D) on... when you (G) feel... all a (A) lone

(D) Now I've swung back down again, and it's (G) worse than it was be (A) fore  
If I (D) hadn't seen such riches, I could (G) live with being (A) poor

Oh sit (D) down, oh sit down, oh sit down (G) sit down next to (A) me-e  
Sit (D) down, down, down, down, down (G) in sympa- (A) thy

(D) (D) (D) (D)

**Softly:** (D) Those who feel a breath of sadness... (G) sit down next to (A) me  
(D) Those who find they're touched by madness... (G) sit down next to (A) me  
(D) Those who find themselves ridiculous... (G) sit down next to (A) me

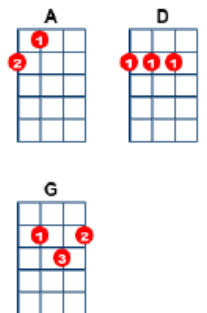
**Loud:** In (D) love, in fear, in hate, in tears... in (G) love, in fear, in (A) hate in tears

In (D) love, in fear, in hate, in tears... in (G) love, in fear, in (A) hate in tears

(D) Down (D) (G) (A) (D) Down (D) (G) (A)

Oh sit (D) down, oh sit down, oh sit down, (G) Sit down next to (A) me-e  
Sit (D) down, down, down, down, down (G) in sympa (A) thy

Oh sit (D) down, oh sit down, oh sit down, (G) Sit down next to (A) me-e  
Sit (D) down, down, down, down, down (G) in sympa (A) thy <(D)>



# Something Stupid (D)

Artists: Nancy and Frank Sinatra, Writer: C Carson Parks (1966)

Intro: (Em)/ (A7)/ (Em)/ (A7)/ (D)

I (D) know I stand in line until you think you have the time  
To spend an (Em) evening with (A7) me (Em)/ (A7)/  
And (Em) if we go some (A7) place to dance  
I (Em) know that there's a (A7) chance you won't be (D) leaving with me (D)  
And (D7) afterwards we drop into a quiet little place and have a  
(G) drink or two (Bb)  
And (Em) then I go and (A7) spoil it all by (Em) saying something (A7) stupid  
Like I (D) love you (D)

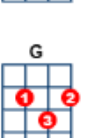
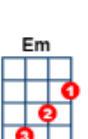
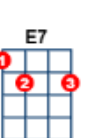
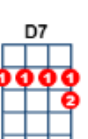
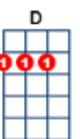
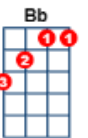
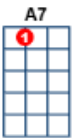
I can (D) see it in your eyes that you des(D7)pise  
The same old lines you heard the (G) night before (G)  
And (E7) though it's just a line to you for me it's true  
And never seemed so (A7) right before <(A7)> 234

I (D) practise every day to find some clever lines to say  
To make the (Em) meaning come (A7) through (Em)/ (A7)/  
But (Em) then I think I'll (A7) wait until the (Em) evening gets (A7) late  
and I'm (D) alone with you (D)  
The (D7) time is right your perfume fills my head the stars get red and oh the  
(G) night's so blue (Bb)  
And (Em) then I go and (A7) spoil it all by (Em) saying something (A7) stupid  
Like I (D) love you (D)

I (D) know I stand in line until you think you have the time  
To spend an (Em) evening with (A7) me (Em)/ (A7)/  
And (Em) if we go some (A7) place to dance  
I (Em) know that there's a (A7) chance you won't be (D) leaving with me (D)

I (D) practise every day to find some clever lines to say  
To make the (Em) meaning come (A7) through (Em)/ (A7)/  
But (Em) then I think I'll (A7) wait until the (Em) evening gets (A7) late  
and I'm (D) alone with you (D)

The (D7) time is right your perfume fills my head the stars get red and oh the  
(G) night's so blue (Bb)  
And (Em) then I go and (A7) spoil it all by (Em) saying something (A7) stupid  
Like I (D) lo-ve yo-u <(Bb)>... I (D) lo-ve yo-u.. <(Bb)>...  
I lo-ve (D) yo-u (D) <(D6)>

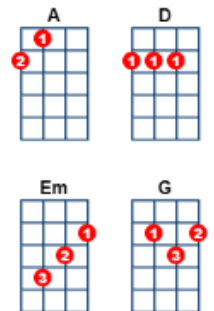


# Something Tells Me (D)

Artist: Cilla Black, Writers: Roger Greenaway and Roger Cook, (1971)

## Intro: (D) (D)

(D) Something tells me, something's gonna happen to (Em) night  
I (A) read in the papers that Gemini people will (D) make it tonight  
(D) The stars will be shining, my sign is aligning with (Em) love  
So (A) come on and make it  
Let's take everything that we've been (D) dreaming of.



(D) Something tells me, something's gonna happen to (Em) you  
The (A) smile on my face is the smile you will wear in a (D) moment or two  
(D) So get it together, you see it's gonna be al(Em)right  
Some(A)thing tells me, something's gonna happen to(D)night.

## Bridge:

Oh, I (G) woke up this morning, with sun(A)shine through my (D)  
window  
Everything that's (G) happened, so (A) far has turned out (D) right  
And I've got every (G) reason, to (A) feel it's getting (D) better  
It's getting (G) better every minute, waiting until we meet to(A)night.

Oh Baby, (D) something tells me, something's gonna happen to (Em) you  
The (A) smile on my face is the smile you will wear in a (D) moment or two  
(D) So get it together, you see it's gonna be al(Em)right  
Some(A)thing tells me, something's gonna happen to(D)night.

## Bridge:

Oh I (G) woke up this morning, with sun(A)shine through my (D)  
window  
Ev'rything that's (G) happened, so (A) far has turned out (D) right  
And I've got every (G) reason, to (A) feel it's getting (D) better  
It's getting (G) better every minute, waiting until we meet to(A)night

Oh Baby, (D) something tells me, something's gonna happen to (Em) you  
The (A) smile on my face is the smile you will wear in a (D) moment or two  
(D) So get it together, you see it's gonna be al(Em)right

## Slowing on last line

Some(A)thing tells me, something's gonna happen to<(D)>night.

# Stay Stay Stay (C)

Artist: Taylor Swift, Writer: Taylor Swift, (2012)

**Intro:** (C) (F) (Am) (G) x 2

(C) I'm pretty (F) sure we almost (Am) broke up (G) last night  
 (C) I threw my (F) phone across the (Am) room, at (G) you  
 (C) I was ex(F)pecting some dr(Am)amatic (G) turn away  
 But (C) yoo-oo-oo-oo(F)oo-oo-oo-oo(Am) oou <(G)> stayed

(C) This morning (F) I said we should (Am) talk (G) about it  
 (C) Cause I read you should (F) never leave a (Am) fight un(G)resolved  
 (C) That's when you came (F) in wearing a (Am) football (G) helmet  
 And said (C) okay let's talk (F)... (Am)...and (G) I said...

**Chorus:** (C) Stay, stay, (F) stay

(Am) I've been loving (G) you for quite some, (C) time, time, (F) time  
 (Am) You think that it's (G) funny when I'm, (C) mad, mad, (F) mad  
 But (Am) I think that it's (G) best if we both (C) stay (F) (Am) (G)

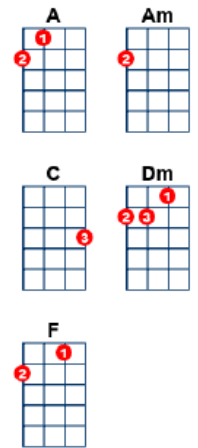
(C) Before you I (F) only dated (Am) self-indulgent (G) takers  
 Who (C) took all of their (F) problems out on (Am) me (G)  
 (C) But you carry my (F) groceries and now I'm (Am) always (G) laughing  
 I (C) love you because (F) you have given (Am) me no (G) choice but to ...

**Chorus**

You <(Am)> took the time to memorise  
 My <(F)> fears, my hopes and dreams  
 I just like hanging (C) out with you, all the (G) ti-iii-ime  
 <(Am)> All those times that you didn't leave  
 It's <(F)> been occurring to me  
 I'd like to hang (C) out with you, for my whole <(G)> li-ii-fe

(C) Stay (F), and (Am) I'll be loving (G) you for quite some (C) time ..(F)  
 (Am) No one else is gonna (G) love me when I get  
 (C) Mad, mad, (F) mad  
 So (Am) I think that it's (G) best if we both  
 (C) Stay (F) stay, (Am) stay, (G) stay, stay, stay (C)

**Chorus: End on - <(C)>**





# Stuff That Works (C)

Artist: Guy Clark, Writer: Rodney Crowell (1995)

**Intro:** (C) Stuff that's (F) real, stuff you (C) feel  
The (G) kind of stuff you reach for when you (C) fall

(NC) I got an (C) old blue shirt and it (F) suits me just (C) fine,  
I like the way it feels so I (F) wear it all the (C) time  
I got an (F) ol' ukulele, won't ever stay in (C) tune  
I like the (G) way it sounds in a dark and empty (C) room

(NC) I got an (C) ol' pair of boots and (F) they fit me just (C) right  
Well I can work all day and (F) I can dance all (C) night  
I got an (F) ol' used car and it runs just like a (C) top  
I get the (G) feelin' it ain't ever gonna (C) stop

(C) Stuff that (F) works, stuff that (C) holds up  
The (G) kind of stuff you don't hang on the (C) wall  
Stuff that's (F) real, stuff you (C) feel  
The (G) kind of stuff you reach for when you (C) fall

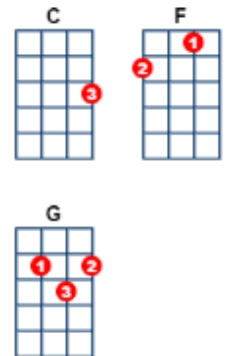
(NC) I got a (C) pretty good friend who's (F) seen me at my (C) worst  
He can't tell if I'm a (F) blessing or a (C) curse  
But he (F) always shows up when the chips are (C) down  
That's the (G) kind of stuff I like to be (C) around

(C) Stuff that (F) works, stuff that (C) holds up  
The (G) kind of stuff you don't hang on the (C) wall  
Stuff that's (F) real, stuff you (C) feel  
The (G) kind of stuff you reach for when you (C) fall

(NC) I got a (C) woman I love she's (F) crazy, paints like (C) God  
She's got a playground sense of (F) justice, she won't take (C) odds  
I got a (F) tattoo with her name right through my (C) soul  
I think (G) everything she touches turns to (C) gold

(C) Stuff that (F) works, stuff that (C) holds up  
The (G) kind of stuff you don't hang on the (C) wall  
Stuff that's (F) real, stuff you (C) feel  
The (G) kind of stuff you reach for when you (C) fall

(C) Stuff that's (F) real, stuff you (C) feel  
The (G) kind of stuff you reach for when you (C) fall <(G)> <(C)>





# Substitute (D)

Artist: The Who, Writer: Pete Townsend, (1966)

(D)/ <(G)> (G)// <(D)> (D)/ <(G)> (G)// <(D)> (D) (D)

(D) You think we (G) look pretty good to(D)gether  
 (D) You think my (G) shoes are made of (D) leather  
 But I'm a (Em) substitute for another guy  
 I (Em) look pretty tall but my heels are high  
 The (Em) simple things you see are all complicated  
 I (Em) look pretty young, but I'm just backdated, (A) yeah (A7)

(D) Substitute your (G) lies for (D) fact  
 I (D) see right through your (G) plastic (D) mac  
 I (D) look all white, but my (G) dad was (D) black  
 My (D) fine-looking suit is really (G) made out of (D) sack <(D)> 234

(D) You think we (G) look pretty good to(D)gether  
(D) You think my (G) shoes are made of (D) leather

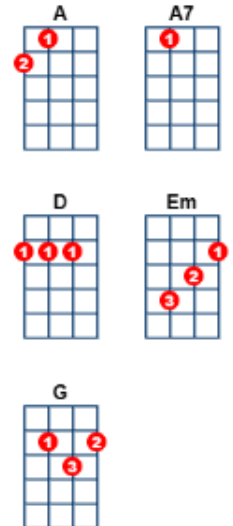
I'm a (Em) substitute for another guy  
 I (Em) look pretty tall but my heels are high  
 The (Em) simple things you see are all complicated  
 I (Em) look pretty young, but I'm just backdated, (A) yeah (A7)

(D)/ <(G)> (G)// <(D)> (D)/ <(G)> (G)// <(D)>  
 (D)/ <(G)> (G)// <(D)> (D)/ <(G)> (G)// <(D)>

(D) I was born with a (G) plastic spoon in (D) my mouth  
 The (D) north side of my town faced (G) east, and the east was (D) facing south  
 And now you (Em) dare to look me in the eye  
 Those (Em) crocodile tears are what you cry  
 It's a (Em) genuine problem, you won't try  
 To (Em) work it out at all, you just pass it by, pass it (A) by (A7)

(D) Substitute (G) me for (D) him  
 (D) Substitute my (G) coke for (D) gin  
 (D) Substitute you (G) for my (D) mum  
 At (D) least I'll get my (G) washing (D) done

(D) Substitute your (G) lies for (D) fact  
 I (D) see right through your (G) plastic (D) mac  
 I (D) look all white, but my (G) dad was (D) black  
 My (D) fine-looking suit is really (G) made out of (D) sa-a-a-<(D)>ack



# Summer in the City (Dm)

Artist: The Lovin' Spoonful, Writers: John and Mark Sebastian, Steve Boone, (1966)

(Dm) Hot town, (F) summer in the city  
(G) Back of my neck getting (Bb) dirty and (A) gritty

} X2

(Dm) Hot town, (F) summer in the city  
 (G) Back of my neck getting (Bb) dirty and (A) gritty  
 (Dm) Been down, (F) isn't it a pity  
 (G) Doesn't seem to be a (Bb) shadow in the city  
 (A) All around, (A7) people looking half dead  
 (Dm) Walking on the sidewalk, (D) hotter than a match head

**Chorus** (G) But at night it's a (C) different world  
 (G) Go out and (C) find a girl  
 (G) Come-on come-on and (C) dance all night  
 (G) Despite the heat it'll (C) be alright  
 And (Em) babe, don't you (A) know it's a pity  
 The (Em) days can't (A) be like the nights  
 In the (Em) summer, in the (A) city  
 In the (Em) summer, in the (A) city

(Dm) Cool town, (F) evening in the city  
 (G) Dressing so fine and (Bb) looking so (A) pretty  
 (Dm) Cool cat, (F) looking for a kitty  
 (G) Gonna look in every (Bb) corner of the city  
 (A) Till I'm (A7) wheezing like a bus stop  
 (Dm) Running up the stairs, (D) gonna meet you on the rooftop

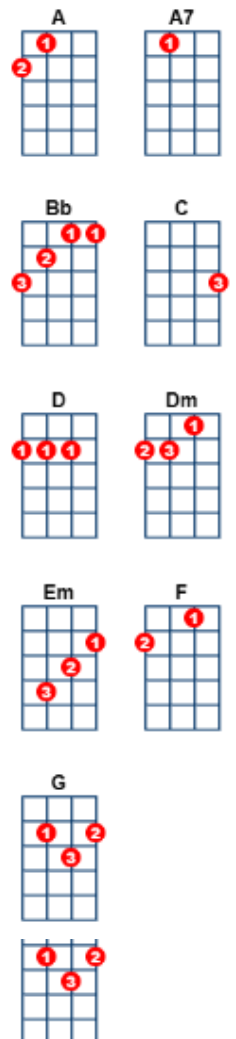
## Chorus

(Dm) Hot town, (F) summer in the city  
 (G) Back of my neck getting (Bb) dirty and (A) gritty  
 (Dm) Been down, (F) isn't it a pity  
 (G) Doesn't seem to be a (Bb) shadow in the city  
 (A) All around, (A7) people looking half dead  
 (Dm) Walking on the sidewalk, (D) hotter than a match head

## Chorus

(Dm) Hot town, (F) summer in the city  
(G) Back of my neck getting (Bb) dirty and (A) gritty

} X2, end on <(Dm)>



# Sundown (G)

Artist: Gordon Lightfoot, Writer: Gordon Lightfoot, (1974)

## Intro: (G) (G)

I can (G) see her lying back in her (G) satin dress  
In a (D7) room where you do what you (G) don't confess

(G) Sundown, you'd (C) better take care  
If I (F) find you've been creeping 'round (G) my back stairs  
(G) Sundown, you'd (C) better take care  
If I (F) find you've been creeping 'round (G) my back stairs (G)

She's been (G) looking like a queen in a (G) sailor's dream  
And she (D7) don't always say what she (G) really means

(G) Sometimes I (C) think it's a shame  
When I (F) get feeling better when I'm (G) feeling no pain  
(G) Sometimes I (C) think it's a shame  
When I (F) get feeling better when I'm (G) feeling no pain (G)

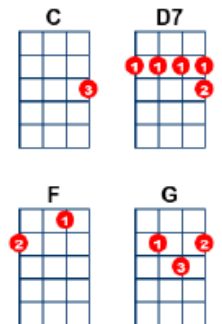
I can (G) picture every move that a (G) man could make  
Getting (D7) lost in your lover is the (G) first mistake

(G) Sundown you (C) better take care  
If I (F) find you've been creeping 'round (G) my back stairs  
(G) Sometimes I (C) think it's a sin  
When I (F) feel like I'm winning when I'm (G) losing again (G)

I can (G) see her lying back in her (G) satin dress  
In a (D7) room where you do what you (G) don't confess  
(G) Sundown, you'd (C) better take care  
If I (F) find you've been creeping 'round (G) my back stairs (G)

I can (G) see her looking fast in her (G) faded jeans  
She's a (D7) hard loving woman got me (G) feeling mean

(G) Sometimes I (C) think it's a shame  
When I (F) get feeling better when I'm (G) feeling no pain  
(G) Sundown you (C) better take care  
If I (F) find you've been creeping 'round (G) my back stairs  
(G) Sundown you (C) better take care  
If I (F) find you've been creeping 'round (G) my back stairs  
(G) Sometimes I (C) think it's a sin  
When I (F) feel like I'm winning when I'm (G) losing a<(G)>gain



# Tainted Love (Am)

Artist: Soft Cell, (1981), Writer: Ed Cobb, (1965)

**Intro: (2 strums each): (Am)/ (C)/ (F)/ (Dm)/ x2**

Some(Am)times (C) I (F) feel... I've (Dm) got to  
(Am) (C) Run a(F)way... I've (Dm) got to  
(Am) (C) Get a(F)way... from the (Dm) pain you  
(Am) Drive into the (C) heart of me

The (Am) love (C) we (F) share (Dm) seems to  
(Am) Go (C) no(F)where (Dm) and I've  
(Am) Lost (C) my (F) light (Dm) for I  
(Am) Toss and turn, I can't (C) sleep at night

(A) Once I ran to you... (C) now I run from you  
(F) This tainted love you're given... I (Dm) give you all a boy could give you  
(Am) Take my tears and that's not nearly  
(Am) All... (C) tainted (F) love, oh (Dm) oh-oh  
(Am) (C) Tainted (F) love (Dm)

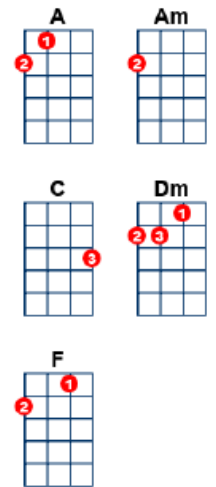
(Am) Now (C) I (F) know... I've (Dm) got to  
(Am) (C) Run a(F)way... I've (Dm) got to  
(Am) (C) Get a(F)way... (Dm) you don't  
(Am) Really want any (C) more from me  
To (Am) make (C) things (F) right you (Dm) need  
Some(Am)one... to (C) hold you (F) tight (Dm) and you  
(Am) Think love (C) is to (F) pray (Dm) but I'm (Am) Sorry, I don't (C) pray that  
way

(A) Once I ran to you... (C) now I run from you  
(F) This tainted love you're given,... I (Dm) give you all a boy could give you  
(Am) Take my tears and that's not nearly  
(Am) All... (C) tainted (F) love, oh (Dm) oh-oh  
(Am) (C) Tainted (F) love (Dm)

Don't (Am) touch (C) me... (F) please I (Dm) cannot  
(Am) Stand the (C) way you (F) tease (Dm)  
I (Am) love you though you (C) hurt me (F) so (Dm) now I'm  
(Am) Going to pack my (C) things and go

(Am) (C) Tainted (F) love...oh (Dm) oh-oh (Am) (C) Tainted (F) love... oh (Dm) oh-  
oh  
(Am) (C) Tainted (F) love...oh (Dm) oh-oh (Am) (C) Tainted (F) love... oh (Dm) oh-  
oh

**Outro: (Am)/ (C)/ (F)/ (Dm)/ x2, finish on <(Am)>**



# Ticket to Ride (F)

Artist: The Beatles, Writer:, John Lennon and Paul McCartney(1965)

(F) (F) (F) (F)

I (F) think I'm gonna be sad I think it's today, yeah  
The girl that's driving me mad is going a(Gm)way (C)  
(Dm) She's got a ticket to (Bb) ride,  
(Dm) She's got a ticket to <(Eb)> ride  
(Dm) She's got a ticket to (C) ride and she don't (F) care. (F)

She (F) said that living with me is bringing her down, yeah  
She would never be free when I was a(Gm)round (C)  
(Dm) She's got a ticket to (Bb) ride,  
(Dm), She's got a ticket to <(Eb)> ride  
(Dm) She's got a ticket to (C) ride and she don't (F) care. (F)

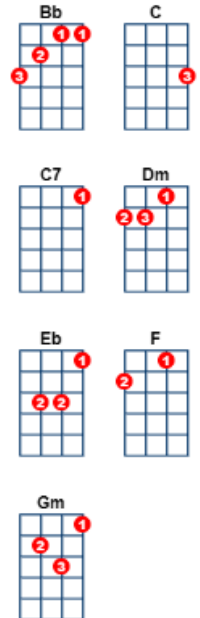
I (Bb) don't know why she's riding so high  
She ought to think twice she ought to do right by (C) me  
Be(Bb)fore she gets to saying goodbye  
She ought to think twice she ought to do right by (C) me (C7)

I (F) think I'm gonna be sad I think it's today, yeah  
The girl that's driving me mad is going a(Gm)way, (C)  
(Dm) She's got a ticket to (Bb) ride (Dm), she's got a ticket to <(Eb)> ride  
(Dm) She's got a ticket to (C) ride and she don't (F) care. (F)

I (Bb) don't know why she's riding so high  
She ought to think twice she ought to do right by (C) me  
Be(Bb)fore she gets to saying goodbye  
She ought to think twice she ought to do right by (C) me (C7)

She (F) said that living with me is bringing her down, yeah  
She would never be free when I was a-(Gm)-round (C)  
(Dm) She's got a ticket to (Bb) ride (Dm) she's got a ticket to <(Eb)> ride  
(Dm) She's got a ticket to (C) ride and she don't (F) care. <(F)>

My baby don't (F) care... x4  
<(F)>



# Under the Boardwalk (C)

Artist: *The Drifters*, Writers: **Kenny Young and Arthur Resnick**, (1964)

**Intro:** On a (C) blanket with my baby (G7) is where I'll (C) be

(C) Oh when the sun beats down  
And burns the tar up on the (G7) roof  
And your shoes get so hot  
You wish your tired feet were fire (C) proof (C7)  
Under the (F) boardwalk down by the (C) sea (Am/C) yeah  
On a (C) blanket with my baby (G7) is where I'll (C) be <(C)> 23

**Chorus:** Under the (Am) boardwalk - (*out of the sun*)  
Under the (G) boardwalk - (*we'll be having some fun*)  
Under the (Am) boardwalk - (*people walking above*)  
Under the (G) boardwalk - (*we'll be falling in love*)  
Under the <(Am)> board<(Am)> walk.. <(Am/C)> board<(Am/C)> walk

(NC) From the (C) park you hear the happy sound of a carou(G7)sel  
You can almost taste the hot dogs and French fries they (C) sell (C7)  
Under the (F) boardwalk down by the (C) sea (Am/C) yeah  
On a (C) blanket with my baby (G7) is where I'll (C) be <(C)> 23

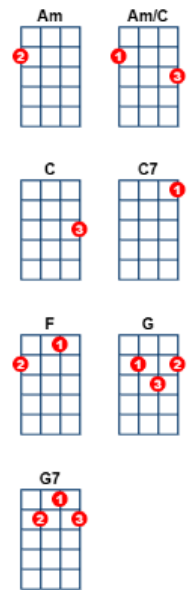
**Chorus**

(NC) From the (C) park you hear the happy sound of a carou(G7) sel  
You can almost taste the hot dogs and French fries they (C) sell (C7)  
Under the (F) boardwalk down by the (C) sea (Am/C) yeah  
On a (C) blanket with my baby (G7) is where I'll (C) be <(C)> 23

**Chorus**

(NC) From the (C) park you hear the happy sound of a carou (G7) sel  
You can almost taste the hot dogs and French fries they (C) sell (C7)  
Under the (F) boardwalk down by the (C) sea (Am/C) yeah  
On a (C) blanket with my baby (G7) is where I'll (C) be <(C)> 23

Under the (Am) boardwalk - (*out of the sun*)  
Under the (G) boardwalk - (*we'll be having some fun*)  
Under the (Am) boardwalk - (*people walking above*)  
Under the (G) boardwalk - (*we'll be falling in love*)  
Under the <(Am)> board<(Am)>walk.. <(Am/C)> board<(Am/C)>walk



# Video Killed the Radio Star (C)

Artists: The Buggles, Writers: Trevor Horn, Geoff Downes, Bruce Woolley (1979)

**Intro: - arpeggio (each string): (F) (C) (Dm) Slow strum <(G)> 234**

(C) I heard you (Dm) on my wireless (F) back in fifty (G) two  
 (C) Lying a (Dm) wake intent at (F) tuning in on (G) you  
 (C) If I was (Dm) young it didn't (F) stop you coming (G) through  
 (C) Ooh-a (Dm) ow (F)/ (G)/

(C) They took the (Dm) credit for your (F) second sympho (G) ny  
 (C) Rewritten (Dm) by machine and (F) new technolo (G) gy  
 (C) And now (Dm) I understand the (F) problems you can (G) see  
 (C) Ooh-a (Dm) ow (F) I met your (G) children  
 (C) Ooh-a (Dm) ow (F) What did you (G) tell them?

(C) Video killed the (F) radio star (C) Video killed the (F) radio star  
 (C) Pictures (G) came and (F) broke your heart (G) Oh-a-a-a-a (Am) oh  
 (C) And now we (Dm) meet in an (F) abandoned studi (G) o  
 (C) We hear the (Dm) playback and it (F) seems so long a (G) go  
 (C) And you re (Dm) member the (F) jingles used to (G) go  
 (C) Ooh-a (Dm) ow (F) You were the (G) first one  
 (C) Ooh-a (Dm) ow (F) You are the (G) last one

(C) Video killed the (F) radio star (C) Video killed the (F) radio star  
 (C) In my (G) mind and (F) in my car, we (C) can't re (G) wind, we've (F) gone too far  
 (G) Oh-a-a-a-a (Am) oh  
 (G) Oh-a-a-a-a (Am) oh

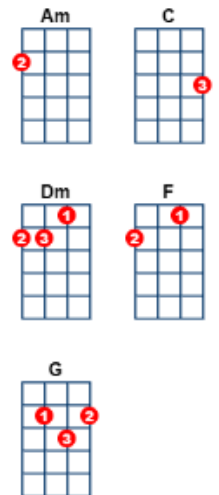
(C) Video killed the (F) radio star (C) Video killed the (F) radio star  
 (C) In my (G) mind and (F) in my car we (C) can't re (G) wind, we've (F) gone too far  
 (C) Pictures (G) came and (F) broke your heart  
 (C) Put the (G) blame on (F) VCR (F)///

You (C)/ a-r-e (Dm)/ (F)/ a (G)/ radio (C)/ star (Dm)/ (F)/ (G)/  
 You (C)/ a-r-e (Dm)/ (F)/ a (G)/ radio (C)/ star (Dm)/ (F)/ (G)/

(C) Video killed the (F) radio star X 2

(C) Video killed the (F) radio star X 4 *Oversung with "You are,.....a radio star"*

You (C)/ a-r-e (Dm)/ (F)/ a (G)/ radio (C)/ star (Dm)/ (F)/ (G)/  
 You (C)/ a-r-e (Dm)/ (F)/ a (G)/ radio (C)/ star (Dm)/ (F)/ (G)/ <(C)>





# Waterloo (C)

Artists: Abba, Writer: Benny Andersson, Bjorn Ulvaeus, Stig Andersson (1974)

**Intro: (C) (C) (C) (C)**

My (C) my, at (D7) Waterloo Na(G)poleon (F) did su(G)rrender  
Oh (C) yeah, and (D7) I have met my (G) desti(F)ny  
In (C) quite a (G) similar (Am) way  
The (Am) history book on the shelf  
Is (D7) always repeating it (G)self (G7)

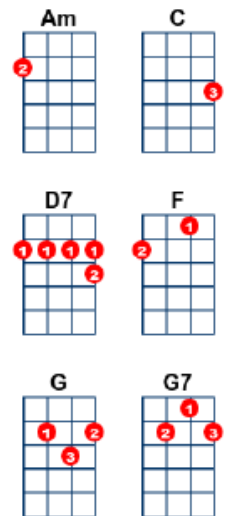
(C) Waterloo - I was defeated, you (F) won the war  
(G) Waterloo - Promise to love you for (C) ever more (G)  
(C) Waterloo - Couldn't escape if I (F) wanted to  
(G) Waterloo - Knowing my fate is to (C) be with you,  
(C) Wo, wo, wo, wo, (G) Waterloo - Finally facing my (C) Waterloo

My (C) my, I (D7) tried to hold you (G) back but  
(F) You were (G) stronger  
Oh (C) yeah, and (D7) now it seems my (G) only (F) chance is  
(C) Giving (G) up the (Am) fight  
And (Am) how could I ever refuse  
I (D7) feel like I win when I (G) lose (G7)

(C) Waterloo - I was defeated, you (F) won the war  
(G) Waterloo - Promise to love you for (C) ever more (G)  
(C) Waterloo - Couldn't escape if I (F) wanted to  
(G) Waterloo - Knowing my fate is to (C) be with you,  
(C) Wo, wo, wo, wo, (G) Waterloo - Finally facing my (C) Waterloo

My (C) my, at (D7) Waterloo Na(G)poleon (F) did su(G)rrender  
Oh (C) yeah, and (D7) I have met my (G) desti(F)ny  
In (C) quite a (G) similar (Am) way  
The (Am) history book on the shelf  
Is (D7) always repeating it (G)self (G7)

(C) Waterloo - I was defeated, you (F) won the war  
(G) Waterloo - Promise to love you for (C) ever more (G)  
(C) Waterloo - Couldn't escape if I (F) wanted to  
(G) Waterloo - Knowing my fate is to (C) be with you,  
(C) Wo, wo, wo, wo, (G) Waterloo - Finally facing my (C) Waterloo  
(C) Wo, wo, wo, wo, (G) Waterloo - Finally facing my (C) Waterloo <(G)> <(C)>





# Wellerman (Am)

Artists: *The Longest Johns*, (2018), Writer: *Traditional*

(Am) There once was a ship that put to sea  
And the (Dm) name of the ship was the (Am) Billy of Tea  
The (Am) winds blew hard, her bow dipped down  
Oh (E7) blow, my bully boys, (Am) blow

**Chorus:** (F) Soon may the (C) Wellerman come  
To (Dm) bring us sugar and (Am) tea and rum  
(F) One day, when the (C) tonguin' is done,  
We'll (E7) take our leave and (Am) go (Am)

She (Am) had not been two weeks from shore  
When (Dm) down on her a (Am) right whale bore  
The (Am) captain called all hands and swore  
He'd (E7) take that whale in (Am) tow

## Chorus

(Am) Before the boat had hit the water  
The (Dm) whale's tail came (Am) up and caught her  
All (Am) hands to the side, harpooned and fought her  
When (E7) she dived down (Am) below

## Chorus

No (Am) line was cut, no whale was freed;  
The (Dm) Captain's mind was (Am) not of greed  
But (Am) he belonged to the whaleman's creed;  
She (E7) took the ship in (Am) tow

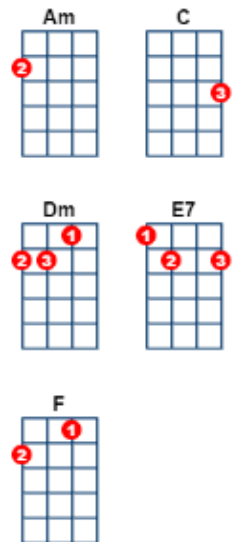
## Chorus

For (Am) forty days, or even more  
The (Dm) line went slack, then (Am) tight once more  
All (Am) boats were lost (there were only four)  
But (E7) still that whale did (Am) go

## Chorus

As (Am) far as I've heard, the fight's still on;  
The (Dm) line's not cut and the (Am) whale's not gone  
The (Am) Wellerman makes his regular call  
To (E7) encourage the Captain, (Am) crew, and all

## Chorus x2



# When You Say Nothing at All (C)

Artist: Alison Krauss, Writers: Don Schlitz and Paul Overstreet (1988)

(C)/ (G)/ (F)/ (G)/  
(C)/ (G)/ (F)/ (G)/

(C) It's ama(G)zing how you (F) can speak  
(G) Right to my (C) heart (G)/ (F)/ (G)/  
(C) Without (G) saying a (F) word  
You can (G) light up the (C) dark (G)/ (F)/ (G)/  
(F) Try as I may I could (G) never explain  
(C) What I (G) hear when you (F) don't say a (G) thing (G)/ (F)/ (G)/

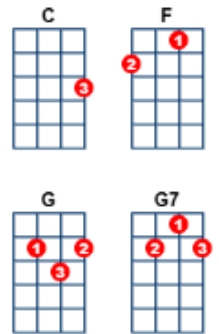
(C) The smile on your (G) face lets me (F) know that you (G7) need me  
(C) There's a truth in your (G) eyes sayin' (F) you'll never (G7) leave me  
A (C) touch of your (G) hand says you'll (F) catch me if ever I (G) fall (G)/ (F)/ (G)/  
(F) You say it best - <(G)> when you say nothing at (C) all (G)/ (F)/ (G)/  
(C)/ (G)/ (F)/ (G)/

(C) All day (G) long I can (F) hear people (G) talking out (C) loud (G)/ (F)/ (G)/  
(C) But when (G) you hold me (F) near, you  
(G) Drown out the (C) crowd (G)/ (F)/ (G)/  
(F) Old Mr. Webster could (G7) never define  
(C) What's being (G) said between (F) your heart and (G) mine (G7)

(C) The smile on your (G) face lets me (F) know that you (G7) need me  
(C) There's a truth in your (G) eyes sayin' (F) you'll never (G7) leave me  
A (C) touch of your (G) hand says you'll (F) catch me if ever I (G) fall (G)/ (F)/ (G)/  
(F) You say it best - <(G)> when you say nothing at (C) all (G)/ (F)/ (G)/

(C) The smile on your (G) face lets me (F) know that you (G7) need me  
(C) There's a truth in your (G) eyes sayin' (F) you'll never (G7) leave me  
A (C) touch of your (G) hand says you'll (F) catch me if ever I (G) fall (G)/ (F)/ (G)/  
(F) You say it best - <(G)> when you say nothing at all (G)/ (F)/ (G)/

(C) The smile on your (G) face lets me (F) know that you (G7) need me  
(C) There's a truth in your (G) eyes sayin' (F) you'll never (G7) leave me  
A (C) touch of your (G) hand says you'll (F) catch me if ever I (G) fall (G)/ (F)/ (G)/  
(F) You say it best - <(G)> when you say nothing at (C) all (G)/ (F)/ (G)/ <(C)>



# Whistling Gypsy (G)

Artist: *The Seekers (1964)*, Writer: *Leo Maguire, (1950s)*

(G) The gypsy (D7) rover came (G) over the (D7) hill  
(G) Down through the (D7) valley so (G) sha(D7)dy,  
He (G) whistled and he (D7) sang 'til the (G) greenwoods (Em) rang,  
And (G) he won the (Am) heart of a (G) la(C)ad(G)y.

**Chorus:** (G) Ah-de-(D7) do, ah-de-(G) do-da-(D7) day, { Whistling  
(G) Ah-de-(D7) do, ah-de-(G) da-(D7) ay  
He (G) whistled and he (D7) sang 'til the (G) greenwoods (Em) rang,  
And (G) he won the (Am) heart of a (G) la(C)ad(G)y.

(G) She left her (D7) father's (G) castle (D7) gates  
(G) She left her (D7) own fine (G) lo(D7)ver  
She (G) left her (D7) servants (G) and her (Em) state  
To (G) follow the (Am) gypsy (G) ro(C)o(G)ver.

## Chorus

(G) Her father (D7) saddled up (G) his fastest (D7) steed  
(G) And roamed the (D7) valleys all (G) o(D7) ver  
(G) Sought his (D7) daughter (G) at great (Em) speed  
And (G) the whistling (Am) gypsy (G) ro(C)o(G)ver.

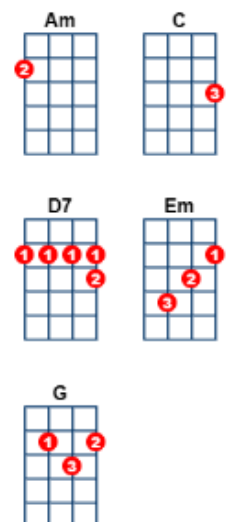
## Chorus

(G) He came at (D7) last to a (G) mansion (D7) fine,  
(G) Down by the (D7) river (G) Clay(D7)dee  
(G) And there was (D7) music and (G) there was (Em) wine,  
For (G) the gypsy (Am) and his (G) la(C)ad(G)y.

## Chorus

(G) "He is no (D7) gypsy, my (G) father" she (D7) said  
(G) "But lord of these (D7) lands (G) all (D7) over,  
(G) And I shall (D7) stay 'til my (G) dying (Em) day  
With my (G) whistling (Am) gypsy (G) ro(C)o(G)ver."

**Chorus - Slow down on the last line**



# You Ain't Going Nowhere (G)

Artist: The Byrds (1968), Writer: Bob Dylan, (1966)

**(G) (Am) (C) (G) x2**

**(G)** Clouds so swift. **(Am)**, rain won't lift  
**(C)** Gates won't close. **(G)**, railings froze  
**(G)** Get your mind off **(Am)** wintertime  
**(C)** You ain't goin' no**(G)**where

**Chorus:** **(G)** Oo-ee **(Am)** ride me high  
**(C)** Tomorrow's the day, my **(G)** bride's gonna come  
**(G)** Ooh, ooh, are **(Am)** we gonna fly  
**(C)** Down in the easy **(G)** chair?

**(G)** I don't care how many **(Am)** letters they send  
**(C)** The morning came, and the **(G)** morning went  
**(G)** Pick up your money. **(Am)** pack up your tent  
**(C)** You ain't goin' no**(G)**where

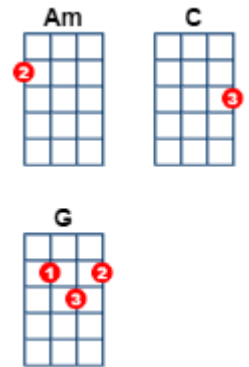
## Chorus

**(G)** Buy me a flute and a **(Am)** gun that shoots  
**(C)** Tailgates and **(G)** substitutes  
**(G)** Strap yourself to a **(Am)** tree with roots  
**(C)** You ain't goin' no**(G)**where

## Chorus

**(G)** Genghis Khan, he **(Am)** could not keep  
**(C)** All his kings sup**(G)**lied with sheep  
**(G)** We'll climb that hill no **(Am)** matter how steep  
**(C)** When we get up to **(G)** it

**Chorus x2 End with <(C)> <(G)>**



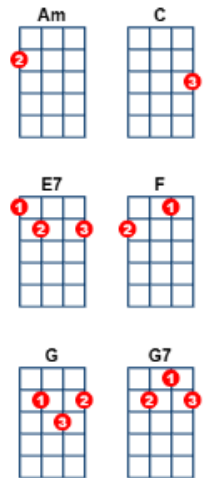
# You're the One That I Want (c)

Artists: John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John, Writer: John Farrar, (1978)

(Am) (Am)

I got (Am) chills... they're multiplying, and I'm (F) losing con-(C)trol  
Cos the (E7) power... you're supp(Am)lying,... it's electrifying!

You better shape (C) up... cause I (G) need a man  
(Am) And my heart is set on (F) you  
You better shape (C) up... you better (G) understand  
(Am) To my heart I must be (F) true  
(F) Nothing left, nothing left for me to do



You're the (C) one that I want, (*you are the one I want*), oo-oo-(F)oo honey  
The (C) one that I want, (*you are the one that I want*), oo-oo-(F)oo honey  
The (C) one that I want, (*you are the one that I want*), oo-oo-(F)oo  
The one I (G) need... oh yes in-(G7)deed (G7)

If you're (Am) filled... with affection  
You're too (F) shy,... to con(C)vey  
Better (E7) take... my di(Am)rection,... (Am) Feel your way (Am)

I better shape (C) up... cos you (G) need a man  
(Am) Who can keep you satis(F)fied  
I better shape (C) up... if I'm (G) gonna prove  
(Am) That my faith is justi(F)fied  
(F) *Are you sure?* Yes I'm sure down deep inside

You're the (C) one that I want, (*you are the one I want*), oo-oo-(F)oo honey  
The (C) one that I want, (*you are the one that I want*), oo-oo-(F)oo honey  
The (C) one that I want, (*you are the one that I want*), oo-oo-(F)oo  
The one I (G) need... oh yes in-(G7)deed (G7)

You're the (C) one that I want, (*you are the one I want*), oo-oo-(F)oo honey  
The (C) one that I want, (*you are the one that I want*), oo-oo-(F)oo honey  
The (C) one that I want, (*you are the one that I want*), oo-oo-(F)oo  
The one I (G) need... oh yes in(G7)deed (G7)

You're the (C) one that I <(C)> want.

# You've Got To Hide Your Love Away (c)

Artists: The Beatles, Writers: John Lennon, Paul McCartney (1965)

(C) Here I (G) stand (F) head in (C) hand  
(F) Turn my face to the (Bb) wa(F)ll  
(C) If she's (G) gone I (F) can't go (C) on  
(F) Feelin' two foot (Bb) smaa(F)aaa(G)aall (G)

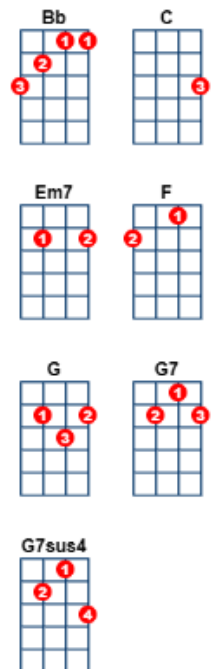
(C) Every(G)where (F) people (C) stare  
(F) Each and every (Bb) da(F)y  
(C) I can (G) see them (F) laugh at (C) me  
(F) And I hear them (Bb) saa(F)ay(G)ay (G7) (Em7) (G7)

(C) Hey you've got to (F) hide your love aw(G7)ay  
(G7sus4) (G7) (G7)  
(C) Hey you've got to (F) hide your love aw(G7)ay  
(G7sus4) (G7) (G7)

(C) How can (G) I, (F) even (C) try  
(F) I can never (Bb) wi(F)n  
(C) Hearing (G) them (F) seeing (C) them  
(F) In the state I'm (Bb) iii(F)iii(G)iin

(C) How could (G) she (F) say to (C) me  
(F) Love will find a w(Bb)ay (F)  
(C) Gather (G) round (F) all you(C) clowns  
(F) Let me hear you (Bb) saa(F)ay(G)ay (G7) (Em7) (G7)

(C) Hey you've got to (F) hide your love aw(G7)ay  
(G7sus4) (G7) (G7)  
(C) Hey you've got to (F) hide your love aw(G7)ay  
(G7sus4) (G7) (G7) <(C)>



# ABOUT US

The Romsey Ukulele Group (RUG) was formed in March 2015 by New Zealander Helen. Helen had recently moved to England when she put an advert in the local paper asking if anybody would like to join her new ukulele group. Twenty-five people did and the Romsey Ukulele Group was born.

Today RUG has an email circulation list of over 150 people. Each Wednesday the Group meets at the Romsey Comrades Club for 2 hours fun on Club Nights, with 50-plus regularly attending. There are tuition sessions available followed by the main session where all groups come together and enjoy a good ol' strum and sing-song!

The group is a non-profit organisation. Any money raised by the group is donated throughout the year to various local charities which are re-assessed at regular intervals. Currently our charities are:

*Romsey Young Carers*  
*Romsey Opportunities Group*  
*Romsey Foodbank*  
*Romsey Family Support Group*  
*George's Trust*  
*The Romsey Blind Club*

*Jane Scarth House*  
*Romsey Opengate Stroke Club*  
*Wessex Children's Hospice Trust*  
*Braishfield Ukrainian Support Group*  
*Alfie's Wish*  
*The Hedgehog Lady*

Since 2015 the Romsey Ukulele Group has been able to make many donations to our charities, giving thousands of pounds to worthwhile causes and really making a difference.

Come along and join us.

**We are very proud to consider ourselves the friendliest group in the South.**

**ROMSEY UKULELE GROUP**

Web Site: [Romseyukulelegroup.co.uk](http://Romseyukulelegroup.co.uk)

Contact email: [romseyukulelegroup@yahoo.com](mailto:romseyukulelegroup@yahoo.com)