



Romsey Ukulele Group

Songbook 5

July 2022

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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 strums

(...)// Three strums

(...)//// Four strums (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

Ain't that a Shame [C]

Artist: Fats Domino, Writers: Fats Domino and Dave Bartholomew (1955)

You made <(C)> <(C)> me cry <(C)> <(C)>

When you said <(C)> <(C)> - goodbye

(C7) Ain't that a (F) shame?

My tears fell like (C) rain

(C7) Ain't that a (F) shame?

You're the one to (G) blame

You broke <(C)> <(C)> - my heart <(C)> <(C)>

When you said <(C)> <(C)> - we'll part

(C7) Ain't that a (F) shame?

My tears fell like (C) rain

(C7) Ain't that a (F) shame?

You're the one to (G) blame

Farewell <(C)> <(C)> - goodbye <(C)> <(C)>

Although <(C)> <(C)> - I'll cry

(C7) Ain't that a (F) shame?

My tears fell like (C) rain

(C7) Ain't that a (F) shame?

You're the one to (G) blame

(C) You made me cry

(C) When you said goodbye

(C7) Ain't that a (F) shame?

My tears fell like (C) rain

(C7) Ain't that a (F) shame?

You're the one to (G) blame

You made <(C)> <(C)> me cry <(C)> <(C)>

When you said <(C)> <(C)> - goodbye

(C7) Ain't that a (F) shame?

My tears fell like (C) rain

(C7) Ain't that a (F) shame?

You're the one to (G) blame

Farewell <(C)> <(C)> - goodbye <(C)> <(C)>

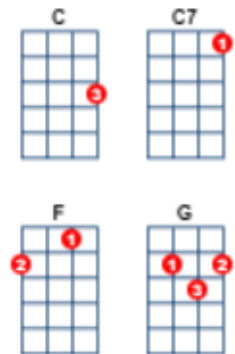
Although <(C)> <(C)> - I'll cry

(C7) Ain't that a (F) shame?

My tears fell like (C) rain

(C7) Ain't that a (F) shame?

You're the one to <(G)> blame

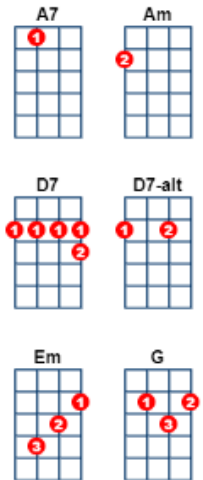


Always Look on the Bright Side of Life [G]

Artist: Eric Idle (Monty Python), Writer: Eric Idle (1979)

Intro = Single-strum each chord in 1st verse while singing.

Some <(Am)> things in life are <(D7)> bad
They can <(G)> really make you <(Em)> mad,
And <(Am)> other things just <(D7)> make you swear and <(G)>
Curse <(Em)>
When you're <(Am)> chewing on life's <(D7)> gristle,
Don't <(G)> grumble - give a <(Em)> whistle
And <(A7)> this'll help things turn out for the <(D7)> best...and...



Chorus

(G) Always (Em) look on the (Am) bright (D7) side of (G) life
whistle (Em) ...(Am) ... (D7) ...
(G) Always (Em) look on the (Am) light (D7) side of (G) life
whistle (Em) ...(Am) ... (D7) ...

If (Am) life seems jolly (D7) rotten
There's (G) something you've for(Em)gotten,
And (Am) that's to laugh and (D7) smile and dance and (G) sing (Em)
When you're (Am) feeling in the (D7) dumps, (G) don't be silly (Em) chumps
Just (A7) purse your lips and whistle that's the (D7) thing .. and...

Chorus

For (Am) life is quite ab(D7)surd and (G) death's the final (Em) word;
You must (Am) always face the (D7) curtain with a (G) bow (Em)
For(Am)get about your (D7) sin; give the (G) audience a (Em) grin
En(A7)joy it; it's your last chance any(D7)how... and...

(G) Always (Em) look on the (Am) bright (D7) side of (G) death
whistle (Em) ...(Am) ... (D7) ...
(G) Just be(Em)fore you (Am) take your (D7) terminal (G) breath
whistle (Em) ...(Am) ... (D7) ...

(Am) Life's a piece of (D7) spit (G), when you look at (Em) it
(Am) Life's a laugh and (D7) death's a joke - it's (G) true (Em)
(Am) you see it's all a (D7) show, keep them (G) laughing as you (Em) go.
Just re(A7)mber that the last laugh is on (D7) you...and...

Repeat chorus twice and end on G

Birth of the Blues [G]

Artist: Various, inc. Frank Sinatra, Writer: Ray Henderson with lyrics by Buddy DeSylva and Lew Brown (1926)

(NC) They heard the (G) breeze in the (D7) trees
Singing (G) weird melo(C)dies
And they (D7) made that, the start of the (G) blues

(G) And from a jail came the (D7) wail
Of a (G) down-hearted (C) frail
And they (D7) played that, as part of the (G) blues

(G) From a Whippoor(B7)will (Am), out on a (B7) hill
(Am) They took a (B7) new note
Pushed it through a (E7) horn, till it was worn
Into a (A7) blue note

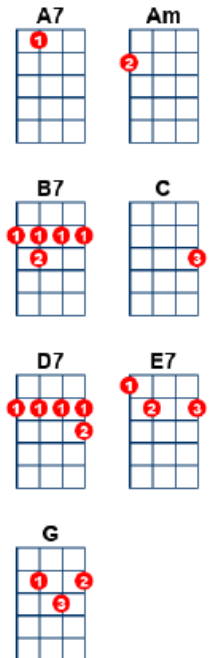
(NC) And then they (G) nursed it, re(D7)hearsed it
And (G) gave out the (C) news
That the (D7) Southland, gave birth to the (G) blues!

(G) They heard the breeze in the (D7) trees
Singing (G) weird melo(C)dies
And they (D7) made that the start of the (G) blues

(G) And then they (G) nursed it, re(D7)hearsed it
And (G) gave out the (C) news
That the (D7) Southland, gave birth to the (G) blues!

Repeat the whole song without the instrumental

Outro: <(D7)> <(G)>



Blame it on the Ukulele [C]

With apologies to 'Blame It on the Bossa Nova' writers Cynthia Weil and Barry Mann and singer Eydie Gormé (1963)

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

(NC) I was on my (C) own, feeling sad and (G7) blue
When I met a friend, who knew what to (C) do
On her little (C7) uke, she began to (F) play
And (C) then I knew I'd (G7) buy a uke that (C) day <(C)>

(NC) Blame it on the uku(G7)lele with its magic (C) spell
Blame it on the uku(G7)lele that she played so (C) well (C7)
Oh, it all began with (F) just one little chord
But soon it was a (C) sound we all adored
Blame it on the uku(G7)lele <(G7)> The sound of (C) love <(C)>

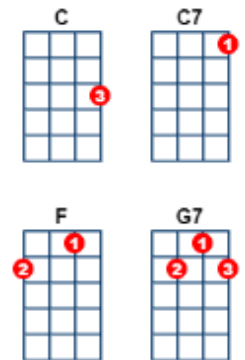
(NC) Is it a guit(G7)ar? (No, no, a ukulele)
Or a mando(C)lin? (No, no, a ukulele)
So was it the (G7) sound? (Yeah, yeah, a ukulele) <(C) >
The <(F)> sound <(F)> of <(C)> love

(NC) Now I'm glad to (C) say, I have a famil(G7)y
Soprano, tenor, bass, ev'ry ukule(C)le
All my friends play (C7) uke, and I'm never (F) blue
So (C) join our band and (G7) you can play one (C) too <(C)>

(NC) Come and play the uku(G7)lele with its magic (C) spell
Come and play the uku(G7)lele, makes you feel so (C) well (C7)
Oh, it all began with (F) just one little chord
But soon it was a (C) sound we all adored
Blame it on the uku(G7)lele <(G7)>

(NC) The sound of (C) love <(C)>

(NC) Is it a guit(G7)ar? (No, no, a ukulele)
Or a mando(C)lin? (No, no, a ukulele)
So was it the (G7) sound? (Yeah, yeah, a ukulele) <(C) >
The <(F)> sound <(F)> of <(C)> love <(C)> cha <(C)> cha <(C)> cha



Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain [D]

Artist: Roy Acuff and others, Willie Nelson (1975), Writer: Fred Rose (1946)

(D) In the twilight glow I see them
(A) Blue eyes cryin' in the (D) rain
(D) When we kissed goodbye and parted
(A) I knew we'd never meet a(D)gain

(G) Love is like a dyin' ember
(D) Only memories re(A7)main
(D) Through the ages I'll remember
(A7) Blue eyes cryin' in the (D) rain

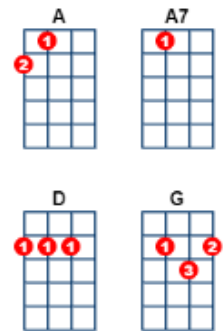
(D) In the twilight glow I see them
(A) Blue eyes cryin' in the (D) rain
(D) When we kissed goodbye and parted
(A) I knew we'd never meet a(D)gain

(G) Some day when we meet up yonder
(D) We'll stroll hand in hand a(A7)gain
(D) In a land that knows no partin'
(A7) Blue eyes cryin' in the (D) rain

(D) In the twilight glow I see them
(A) Blue eyes cryin' in the (D) rain
(D) When we kissed goodbye and parted
(A) I knew we'd never meet a(D) gain

(G) Now my hair has turned to silver
(D) All my life I've loved in (A7) vain
(D) I can see her star in heaven
(A7) Blue eyes crying in the (D) rain

(A7) Blue eyes crying in the <(D)> rain



The Blues is my Business [C]

Artist: Etta James, Writer: Todd Cerney (2003)

(C) (C) (C) (C)//

I got a (C) heart full of trouble, a house full of sin.
And things are bad as they ever been.
If (F) trouble were money,
I've (F) more money than any man (C) should. (C)

I'm (G) open for business in your neighbourhood,
The <(F)> blues is my business...
(NC) And business is (C) good.

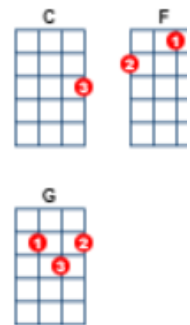
If (C) I had a dollar for every broken heart,
I'd be drinkin' fine wine and eatin' caviar.
If (F) trouble were money,
I've have more money than any man (C) should. (C)
I'm (G) open for business in your neighbourhood,
The <(F)> blues is my business,...
(NC) And business is (C) good. (C)

Well (C) business, business, the business is good.
The blues is my business, and business is good.
The (F) blues is my business, the (C) blues is my business.
I'm (G) open for business in your neighbourhood,
The <(F)> blues is my business,...
(NC) And business is (C) good.

It's a (C) world full of trouble and a world full of pain,
I'll take the problem, but I won't take no blame.
If (F) trouble were money,
I've have more money than any man (C) should.
I'm (G) open for business in your neighbourhood,
The <(F)> blues is my business,...
(NC) And business is (C) good.

Well (C) business, business, the business is good.
The blues is my business, and business is good.
The (F) blues is my business, the (C) blues is my business.
I'm (G) open for business in your neighbourhood,
The <(F)> blues is my business,...
(NC) And business is (C) good.

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



Budapest [F]

Artist: George Ezra, Writer: George Ezra (2014)

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

(F) My house in Budapest, my hidden treasure chest
(F) Golden grand piano, my beautiful Castillo
For (Bb) you ooh, you ooh I'd leave it (F) all

(F) My acres of a land, I have achieved
(F) It may be hard for you to, stop and believe
But for (Bb) you ooh, you ooh, I'd leave it (F) all
Oh, for (Bb) you ooh, you ooh, I'd leave it (F) all

Chorus (C) Give me one good reason
Why (Bb) I should never make a (F) change
(C) And baby if you hold me
Then (Bb) all of this will go (F) away

(F) My many artefacts, the list goes on
(F) If you just say the words, I'll up and run
Oh, for (Bb) you ooh, you ooh, I'd leave it (F) all
Oh, for (Bb) you ooh, you ooh, I'd leave it (F) all

Chorus x 2

(No Ukes – just gentle tapping)

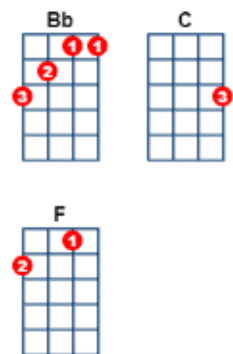
My friends and family they, don't understand
They fear they'd lose so much if, you take my hand
But, for you ooh, you ooh I'd lose it all
Oh for you ooh, you ooh I'd lose it all

Chorus x 2

(F) My house in Budapest, my hidden treasure chest
(F) Golden grand piano, my beautiful Castillo
For (Bb) you ooh, you ooh I'd leave it (F) all

Last line no ukes

Oh, for you ooh, you ooh, I'd leave it all



Can't Buy Me Love [G]

Artists: The Beatles, writers: Lennon–McCartney (1964)

Can't buy me (Bm7) lo-(Em)ove, (Bm7) lo-(Em)ove,
Can't buy me (Am) lo-(D)ove

I'll (G) buy you a diamond ring my friend
If it makes you feel alright
I'll (C) get you anything my friend,
If it (G) makes you feel alright
Cause (D) I don't care too <(C)> much for money,
(C7) Money can't buy me (G) love

I'll (G) give you all I've got to give,
If you say you love me too
I (C) may not have a lot to give,
But what I (G) got I'll give to you
'Cause (D) I don't care too <(C)> much for money,
(C7) Money can't buy me (G) love
Can't buy me (Bm7) lo-(Em)ove, (G) everybody tells me so
Can't buy me (Bm7) lo-(Em)ove, (Am) no, no, no <(D)> NO!

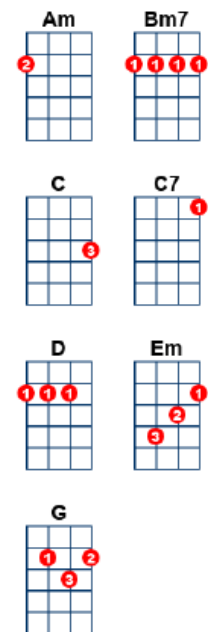
(G) Say you don't need no diamond ring and I'll be satisfied
(C) Tell me that you want the kind of things
That (G) money just can't buy
(D) I don't care too <(C)> much for money,
(C7) Money can't buy me (G) love

Instrumental following the timing of the verse above:

(G) (C) (G) (D) <(C)> (C7) (G)

Can't buy me (Bm7) lo-(Em)ove, (G) everybody tells me so
Can't buy me (Bm7) lo-(Em)ove, (Am) no, no, no <(D)> NO!

(G) Say you don't need no diamond ring and I'll be satisfied
(C) Tell me that you want the kind of things
That (G) money just can't buy
(D) I don't care too <(C)> much for money,
(C7) Money can't buy me (G) love
Can't buy me (Bm7) lo-(Em)ove, (Bm7) lo-(Em)ove,
Can't buy me (Am) lo-(D)ove<(G)>



Can't Get You Out of My Head [Dm]

Artist: Kylie Minogue , writers: Cathy Dennis and Rob Davis (2001)

Legend; "Males voices" "Female voices" "Both voices"

(Dm) La la la, la la la la la, (Am) la la la, la la la la la

(Dm) La la la, la la la la la, (Am) la la la, la la la la la

**Continue through
verse**

I just (Dm) can't get you out of my head,
Boy your (Am) loving is all I think about
I just (Dm) can't get you out of my head
Boy it's (Am) more than I dare to think about



(Bb) Every (Am) night (E7) Every (A) day
(Gm7) Just to be there in your (Asus4) arms (A)

Won't you (Dm) stay (Am)

(Dm) La la la, la la la la la

(Am) la la la, la la la la la

Won't (Dm) you lay (Am)

(Dm) La la la, la la la la la,

(Am) la la la, la la la la la

Stay for (Bb)-ever and ever and (Asus) ever and (A) ever

(Dm) La la la, la la la la la, (Am) la la la, la la la la la

(Dm) La la la, la la la la la, (Am) la la la, la la la la la **Continue through verse**



I just (Dm) can't get you out of my head
Boy your (Am) loving is all I think about
I just (Dm) can't get you out of my head
Boy it's (Am) more than I dare to think about

(Bb) There's a (Am) dark (E7) secret in me
(Gm7) Don't leave me locked in your (Asus4) heart (A)

(Dm) La la la, la la la la la, (Am) la la la, la la la la la

(Dm) La la la, la la la la la, (Am) la la la, la la la la la

Set me (Dm) free (Am)

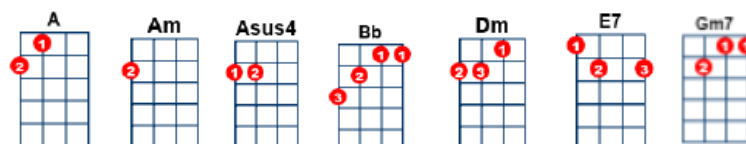
Feel the (Dm) need in

(Am) me

Stay for-(Bb)-ever and ever and (Asus4) ever and (A) ever

(Dm) La la la, la la la la la, (Am) la la la, la la la la la

(Dm) La la la, la la la la la, (Am) la la la, la la la la la <(Dm)>



Champagne Supernova [A]

Artist: Oasis, writer: Noel Gallagher (1996)

Intro - following the words of the verse: (A) (A7sus4) (F#m) (E) x 2

(A) How many special people change (A7sus4)? How many lives are living strange?

(F#m) Where were you while we were getting (E) high?

(A) Slowly walking down the hall (A7sus4), faster than a cannonball

(F#m) Where were you while we were getting (E) high?

Some day you will (A) find me, caught beneath the (A7sus4) landslide

In a (F#m) champagne supernova in the (E) sky

Some day you will (A) find me, caught beneath the (A7sus4) landslide

In a (F#m) champagne supernova

A (E) champagne supernova in the (A) sky (A7sus4) (F#m) (E)

(A) Wake up the dawn and ask her why (A7sus4)?

A dreamer dreams she never dies

(F#m) Wipe that tear away now from your (E) eye

(A) Slowly walking down the hall (A7sus4), faster than a cannonball

(F#m) Where were you while we were getting (E) high?

Some day you will (A) find me, caught beneath the (A7sus4) landslide

In a (F#m) champagne supernova in the (E) sky

Some day you will (A) find me, caught beneath the (A7sus4) landslide

In a (F#m) champagne supernova , a (E) champagne supernova

'Cos (G) people believe that they're

(D) gonna get away for the (A) summer (A)

But (G) you and I, we live and die

The (D) world's still spinning round, we don't know (E) why

(E) Why, why, why, (A) why (A7sus4) (F#m) (E)

<(A)> How many special people change?

<(A7sus4)> How many lives are living strange?

<(F#m)> Where were you while we were getting (E) high?

We were getting (A) high

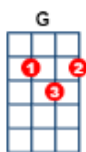
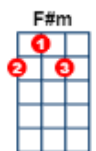
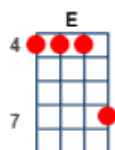
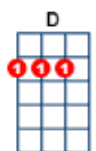
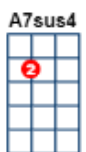
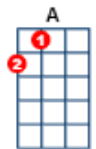
We were getting (A7sus4) high

We were getting (F#m) high

We were getting (E) high

We were getting (A) high (A7sus4) (F#m) (F)/ (G)/ (A)

(slowing) (F)/ (G)/ <(A)>



The City of New Orleans [G]

Artist: Steve Goodman, Arlo Guthrie, writer: Steve Goodman (1971)

Intro: 4 bars of (G)

(G) Riding on The (D) City of New (G) Orleans,
 (Em) Illinois Central (C) Monday morning (G) rail (D)
 (G) Fifteen cars and (D) fifteen restless (G) riders,
 (Em) Three conductors and (D) twenty-five sacks of (G) mail.

(Em) Along the southbound odyssey,
 The (Bm) train pulls out at Kankakee,
 (D) Rolls along past houses, farms and (A7) fields.
 (Em) Passin' trains that have no names,
 (Bm) And freight yards full of old black men
 And the (D) graveyards of the (D7) rusted automo(G)biles (G7)

Chorus:

(C) Good morning (D) America how (G) are you?
 (Em) Say don't you know me (C) I'm your native (G) son (D)
 I'm the (G) train they call The (D) City of New (Em) Orleans, (A7)
 I'll be (F) gone five (C) hundred (D) miles when the day is (G) done. (D)

(G) Dealin' cards with the (D) old men in the (G) club car.
 (Em) Penny a point ain't (C) no one keepin' (G) score. (D)
 (G) Pass the paper (D) bag that holds the (G) bottle
 (Em) Feel the wheels (D) rumblin' 'neath the (G) floor.

(Em) And the sons of Pullman porters and the (Bm) sons of engineers
 Ride their (D) fathers' magic carpets made of (A7) steel.
 (Em) And mothers with their babes asleep, go (Bm) rockin' to the gentle beat
 And the (D) rhythm of the (D7) rails is all they (G) feel. (G7)

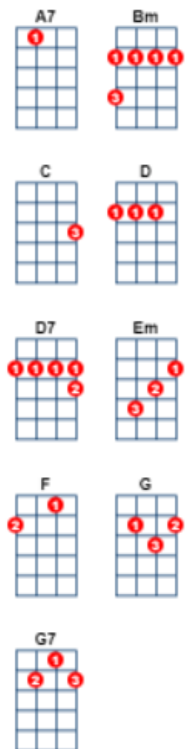
Chorus

(G) Night-time on The (D) City of New (G) Orleans,
 (Em) Changing cars in (C) Memphis, Tennes(G)see (D)
 (G) Half way home, (D) we'll be there by (G) morning
 Through the (Em) Mississippi darkness (D) rolling down to the (G) sea.

(Em) All the towns and people seem, (Bm) to fade into a bad dream
 And the (D) steel rails still ain't heard the (A7) news.
 The con(Em)ductor sings his song again, the (Bm) passengers will please refrain
 (D) This train has got the (D7) disappearing railroad (G) blues (G7)

(C) Good *night* (D) America how (G) are you?
 (Em) Say don't you know me (C) I'm your native (G) son (D)
 I'm the (G) train they call The (D) City of New (Em) Orleans, (A7)
 I'll be (F) gone five (C) hundred (D) miles when the day is (G) done. (D)

(C) (D7) <(G)>



Cotton Fields / Pick a Bale of Cotton [G]

Artist: Creedence Clearwater Revival, Writers: Huddie Leadbetter / Trad (1940 / 1933)

(First line sung solo – starting note G. Others start on the (C) of the second line)

(NC) When I was a little bitty baby my mamma done

(C) Rock me in the (G) cradle

In them old cotton fields back (D7) home

It was (G) down in Louisiana just about a (C) mile from Texar(G)kana

In them old (D7) cotton fields back (G) home

(NC) Oh when them (C) cotton balls get rotten,

You can't (G) pick very much cotton

In them old cotton fields back (D7) home

It was (G) down in Louisiana just about a (C) mile from Texar(G)kana

In them old (D7) cotton fields back (G) home **(Stop)** 234

(G) We're gonna jump down turn around pick a bale of cotton

Gonna jump down turn around (D7) pick a bale a (G) day

(G) Jump down turn around pick a bale of cotton

Gonna jump down turn around (D7) pick a bale a (G) day.

(G) Oh, Lordy, pick a bale of cotton

Oh, Lordy, (D7) pick a bale a (G) day

(G) Oh, Lordy, pick a bale of cotton

Oh, Lordy, (D7) pick a bale a (G) day.

(G) Me and my wife gonna pick a bale of cotton

Me and my wife gonna (D7) pick a bale a (G) day

(G) Me and my wife gonna pick a bale of cotton

Me and my wife gonna (D7) pick a bale a (G) day.

(G) Oh, Lordy pick a bale of cotton, Oh, Lordy (D7) pick a bale a (G) day

Oh, Lordy pick a bale of cotton, Oh, Lordy (D7) pick a bale a (G) day. **(Stop)** 234

(Soloist as at start) (NC) When I was a little bitty baby my mamma done

(C) rock me in the (G) cradle

In them old cotton fields back (D7) home

It was (G) down in Louisiana just about a (C) mile from Texar(G)kana

In them old (D7) cotton fields back (G) home

(NC) Oh when them (C) cotton balls get rotten, you can't (G) pick very much cotton

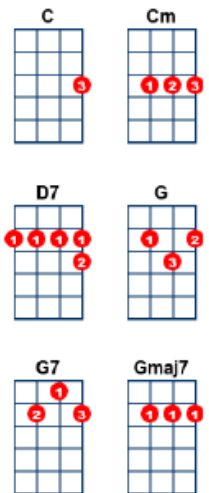
In them old cotton fields back (D7) home

It was (G) down in Louisiana just about a (C) mile from Texar(G)kana

In them old (D7) cotton fields back (G) home

(Slowly)

(G) In them old (D7) cotton fields back (G) home (G7)/ (C)/ (Cm)/ <(Gmaj7)>

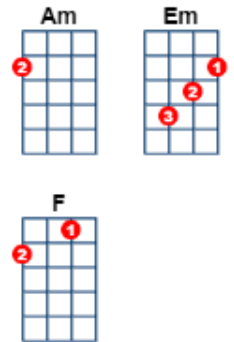


Coz I Luv You [Am]

Artists: Slade, writers: Noddy Holder and Jim Lea (1971)

(Em) (Em)

I wouldn't (Am) laugh at you, when you boo-hoo-hoo,
Coz I (Em) luv you,
I can (Am) turn my back on the things you lack,
Coz I (Em) luv you,
(F) I just like the things you (Em) do
(F) Don't you change the things you (Em) do



You get me (Am) in a spot, and smile the smile you got, coz I (Em) luv you,
You make me (Am) out a clown, then you put me down, I still (Em) luv you,
(F) I just like the things you (Em) do
(F) Don't you change the things you (Em) do

Instrumental as Verse - kazoos or la la la!

(Am) (Am) (Em) (Em) x2
(F) (F) (Em) (Em) x2

When you (Am) bite your lip, you're gonna flip your flip, when I (Em) luv you,
When we're (Am) miles apart you still reach my heart, how I (Em) luv you,
(F) I just like the things you (Em) do
(F) Don't you change the things you (Em) do

Only (Am) time can tell if we get on well, coz I (Em) luv you,
All that's (Am) passed us by, we only sigh -igh -igh, coz I (Em) luv you,
(F) I just like the things you (Em) do
(F) Don't you change the things you (Em) do

Outro as the verse with La la las

(Am) (Am) (Em) (Em) x2
(F) (F) (Em) (Em) x2
<Am>

Creep [G]

Artist: Radiohead, writers: Albert Hammond, Mike Hazlewood (1992)

Intro

(G) (G) (B) (B) (C) (C) (Cm) (Cm)/

When you were here be(G)fore,
Couldn't look you in the (B) eye
You're just like an (C) angel,
Your skin makes me (Cm) cry

You float like a (G) feather,
In a beautiful (B) world
I wish I was (C) special;
You're so very (Cm) special .. <(X)> <(X)> <(X)> <(X)>

But I'm a (G) creep I'm a (B) weirdo
What the hell am I doing (C) here?
I don't be(Cm)long here

I don't care if it (G) hurts,
I wanna have con(B)trol
I want a perfect (C) body;
I want a perfect (Cm) soul

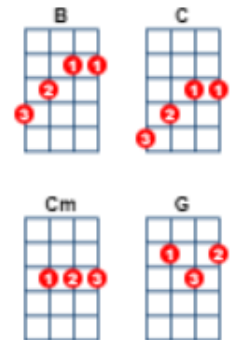
I want you to (G) notice,
When I'm not a(B)round
You're so very (C) special;
I wish I was (Cm) special .. <(X)> <(X)> <(X)> <(X)>

But I'm a (G) creep I'm a (B) weirdo
What the hell am I doing (C) here?
I don't be(Cm)long here ohhhh oh ohhhh oh

(G) She's running out the (B) do-o-o-o-or (C) she's running out
She (Cm) run run run (G) (B) (C) (Cm)

Whatever makes you (G) happy,
Whatever you (B) want
You're so very (C) special;
I wish I was (Cm) special

But I'm a (G) creep,
I'm a (B) weirdo
What the hell am I doing (C) here?
I don't be(Cm)long here
I don't be(G)long here /// <(G)>



Crying in the Rain [C]

Artists: Everly Brothers, writers: Howard Greenfield and Carole King (1962)

Intro: (C) (F) (G7) (C)

<(C)> I'll (F) never (G7) let you (C) see
The way my (F) broken heart is (G7) hurting (C) me
I've got my (F) pride and I (E7) know how to (Am) hide
(Am) All my sorrow and (F) pain <(G7)>
(NC) I'll do my crying in the (Am) rain (Am)

<(C)> If I (F) wait for (G7) cloudy (C) skies
You won't know the (F) rain from the (G7) tears in my (C) eyes
You'll never (F) know that I (E7) still love you (Am) so
Only heartaches (F) remain <(G7)>
(NC) I'll do my crying in the (Am) rain (Am)

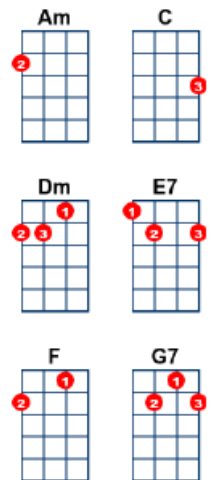
(F) Rain drops falling from (Dm) heaven
Could (G7) never wash away my miser(C)y
But (Dm) since we're not together
I (F) look for stormy weather
To (G7) hide these tears I hope you'll never see

<(C)> Some (F) day when my (G7) crying's (C) done
I'm gonna (F) wear a smile and (G7) walk in the (C) sun
I may be a (F) fool but till (E7) then darling (Am) you'll
Never see me comp(F)lain <(G7)>
(NC) I'll do my crying in the (Am) rain (Am)

(F) Rain drops falling from (Dm) heaven
Could (G7) never wash away my miser(C)y
But (Dm) since we're not together
I (F) look for stormy weather
To (G7) hide these tears I hope you'll never see

<(C)> Some (F) day when my (G7) crying's (C) done
I'm gonna (F) wear a smile and (G7) walk in the (C) sun
I may be a (F) fool but till (E7) then darling (Am) you'll
Never see me comp(F)lain <(G7)>
(NC) I'll do my crying in the (Am) rain (Am)

<(G7)> I'll do my crying in the (Am) rain
<(G7)> I'll do my crying in the (Am) rain
<(G7)> I'll do my crying in the <(Am)> rain



Cupid [G]

Artist: Sam Cooke, writer: Sam Cooke (1961)

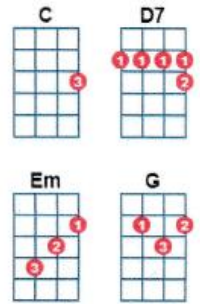
(G) (Em) (G) (Em)

(G) Cupid, (Em) draw back your bow, (G) and let (C) your
Arrow go

(G) Straight to my (D7) lover's heart, for (G) me, for (D7) me.

(G) Cupid, (Em) please hear my cry, (G) and let (C) your arrow fly

(G) Straight to my (D7) lover's heart, for (C) me (G)



Now, (G) I don't mean to bother you, but (D7) I'm in distress

There's danger of me losin' all of (G) my happiness.

For I love a girl who doesn't (C) know I exist

(D7) And this you can (G) fix. So...

(G) Cupid, (Em) draw back your bow, (G) and let (C) your arrow go

(G) Straight to my (D7) lover's heart, for (G) me, no(D7)body but me.

(G) Cupid, (Em) please hear my cry, (G) and let (C) your arrow fly

(G) Straight to my (D7) lover's heart, for (C) me (G)

Now, (G) Cupid, if your arrow makes her (D7) love storm for me

I promise I will love her until (G) eternity.

I know, between the two of us, her (C) heart we can steal

(D7) Help me if you (G) will. So...

(G) Cupid, (Em) draw back your bow, (G) and let (C) your arrow go

(G) Straight to my (D7) lover's heart, for (G) me, no(D7)body but me.

(G) Cupid, (Em) please hear my cry, (G) and let (C) your arrow fly

(G) Straight to my (D7) lover's heart, for (C) me ...(G) Now...

(G) Cupid, don't you (Em) hear me, (G) calling .. I (Em) need you

(G) Cupid, (Em) help me, I (G) need you, (Em) Cupid, don't (G) fail me

<(Em)>

Don't Bring Me Down [A]

Artist: Electric Light Orchestra (ELO), writer: Jeff Lynne (1979)

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

(A) You got me runnin', goin' outta my mind, (D) (A)

(A) You got me thinkin' that I'm wastin' my time.

Don't bring me (D) down, no, no, no, no, (A) no..ah-woo, ah-woo!

I'll (C) tell you once more, before I (G) get off the (D) floor,

Don't bring me (A) down.

(A) You wanna stay out with your fancy friends (D), (A)

(A) I'm tellin' you, it's got to be the end.

Don't bring me (D) down, no, no, no, no, (A) no..ah-woo, ah-woo!

I'll (C) tell you once more, before I (G) get off the (D) floor,

Don't bring me (A) down.

Don't bring me (F#m) down..(A) (Brrruce.) don't bring me (F#m) down

(A) (Brrruce.)

Don't bring me (F#m) down, (A) (Brrruce)..don't bring me (E) do..(E7)..wn.

(A) What happened to the girl I used to know, (D) (A)

(A) You let your mind out somewhere down the road.

Don't bring me (D) down, no, no, no, no, (A) no..ah-woo, ah-woo!!

I'll (C) tell you once more, before I (G) get off the (D) floor don't bring me (A) down.

(A) You're always talkin' 'bout your crazy nights, (D) (A)

(A) One of these days you're gonna get it right.

Don't bring me (D) down, no, no, no, no, (A) no..ah-woo, ah-woo!!

I'll (C) tell you once more, before I (G) get off the (D) floor don't bring me (A) down.

Don't bring me (F#m) down..(A) (Brrruce.) don't bring me (F#m) down (A) (Brrruce.)

Don't bring me (F#m) down, (A) (Brrruce)..don't bring me (E) do...(E7)..wn.

(A) You're lookin' good just like a snake in the grass (D) (A)

(A) One of these days you're gonna break your glass

Don't bring me (D) down, no, no, no, no, (A) no..ahh-hoo, ahhh-hoo!

I'll (C) tell you once more before I (G) get off the (D) floor don't bring me (A) down.

(A) You got me shakin', got me runnin' away, (D) (A)

(A) You got me crawlin' up to you every day,

Don't bring me (D) down, no, no, no, no, (A) no..ahh-hoo, ahhh-hoo!

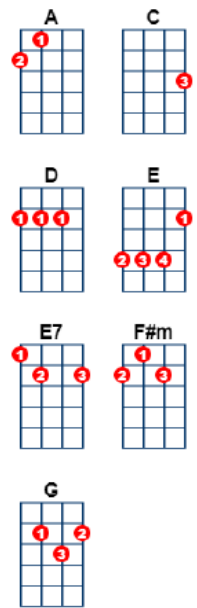
I'll (C) tell you once more before I (G) get off the (D) floor,

Don't bring me (A) down.

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

I'll (C) tell you once more before I (G) get off the (D) floor,

Don't bring me <(A)> down



Ferry Cross the Mersey [D]

Artist: Gerry and The Pacemakers, Writer: Gerry Marsden (1965)

Intro:

(D) (Am) (D) (Am) (D) (Am) (D) (Am) *Same rhythm continues through verses*

(D) Li(Am)fe (D) goes on (Am) day after (D) day (Am) (D) (Am)
(D) Hea(Am)rts (D) torn in (Am) every (D) way (Am) (D) (Am)

So (D) ferry 'cross the (F#m) Mersey
'Cause this (G) land's the place I (A7) love
And here I'll (D) stay (Am) (D) (Am)

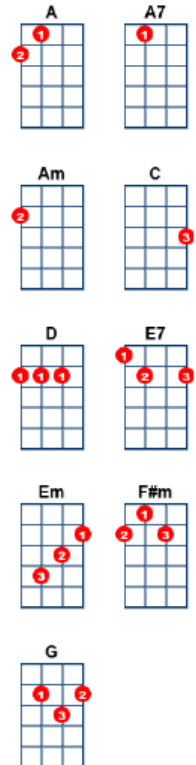
(D) Peo(Am)ple (D) they (Am) rush every(D)where (Am) (D) (Am)
(D) Ea(Am)ch with (D) their (Am) own secret (D) care (Am) (D) (Am)

So (D) ferry 'cross the (F#m) Mersey
And (G) always take me (A7) there
The place I (D) love (Am) (D)

(Em) People a(A)round every (D) corner
(Em) They seem to (A) smile and (D) say
(Em) We don't (A) care what your (F#m) name is boy
(E7) We'll never turn you a(A)way

(D) So(Am)o (D) I'll con(Am)tinue to (D) say(Am) (D) (Am)
(D) He(Am)re (D) I al(Am)ways will (D) stay (Am) (D) (Am)

So (D) ferry 'cross the (F#m) Mersey
'Cause this (G) land's the place I (A7) love
And here I'll (D) stay (Am) (D)
And (Am) here I'll (D) stay (Am) (D)
(Am) Here I'll (D) stay (Am) (D) (Am) <(D)>



Four Strong Winds [G]

Artists: Ian & Sylvia + many others, writer: Ian Tyson (1963)

Intro: (G) (Am) (D7) (G) (G) (Am) (D) (D//)

Chorus: Four strong (G) winds that blow (Am) lonely,
Seven (D7) seas that run (G) high,
All those things that don't (Am) change, come what (D) may (D7)
If the (G) good times are all (Am) gone,
And I'm (D7) bound to moving (G) on.
I'll look (Am) for you if I'm (C) ever back this (D) way. (D//)

Think I'll (G) go out to (Am) Alberta
Weather's (D7) good there in the (G) fall
Got some friends that I can (Am) go to workin' (D) for (D7)
Still I (G) wish you'd change your (Am) mind,
If I (D7) asked you one more (G) time,
But we've (Am) been through that a (C) hundred times, or (D) more (D7)

Chorus: Four strong (G) winds that blow (Am) lonely,
Seven (D7) seas that run (G) high,
All those things that don't (Am) change, come what (D) may (D7)
If the (G) good times are all (Am) gone,
And I'm (D7) bound to moving (G) on.
I'll look (Am) for you if I'm (C) ever back this (D) way. (D//)

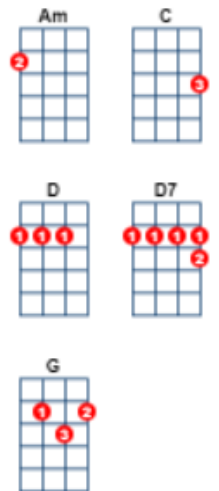
Instrumental to the rhythm of the verse

(G) (Am) (D7) (G) (G) (Am) (D) (D7)
(G) (Am) (D7) (G) (Am) (C) (D) (D7//)

If I (G) get there 'fore the (Am) snow flies,
And if (D7) things are lookin' (G) good,
You could meet me, if I (Am) send you down the (D) fare (D7)
But by (G) then it will be (Am) winter,
Not too (D7) much for you to (G) do,
And those (Am) winds they sure (C) blow cold, way out (D) there (D7)

Chorus: Four strong (G) winds that blow (Am) lonely,
Seven (D7) seas that run (G) high,
All those things that don't (Am) change, come what (D) may (D7)
If the (G) good times are all (Am) gone,
And I'm (D7) bound to moving (G) on.
I'll look (Am) for you if I'm (C) ever back this (D) way. (D//)

Outro: I'll look (Am) for you if I'm (C) ever back this (D) way. <(G)>



Girl [Am]

Artist: The Beatles. writer: John Lennon, Paul McCartney, (1965)

(NC) Is there (Am) anybody (E7) going to listen (Am) to my story
(Dm) All about the girl who came to (C) stay (E7)
She's the (Am) kind of girl you (E7) want so much
It (Am) makes you sorry
(Dm) Still you don't regret a single (Am) day

Ah (C) gi(Em)rl (Dm) (G7) (C) gi(Em)rl (Dm) (G7)

When I (Am) think of all the (E7) times
I've tried so (Am) hard to leave her
(Dm) She will turn to me and start to (C) cry (E7)
And she (Am) promises the (E7) earth to me
And (Am) I believe her
(Dm) After all this time I don't know (Am) why

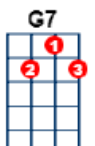
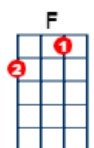
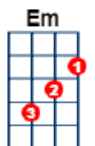
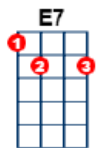
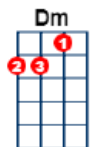
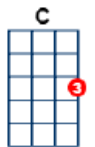
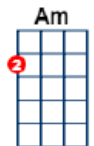
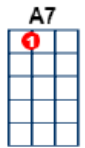
Ah (C) gi(Em)rl (Dm) (G7) (C) gi(Em)rl (Dm) (G7)

(Dm) She's the kind of girl who puts you (A7) down
When friends are there you feel a (Dm) fool (A7)
(Dm) When you say she's looking good
She (A7) acts as if it's understood she's (Dm) cool ooh (F) ooh ooh

Ah (C) gi(Em)rl (Dm) (G7) (C) gi(Em)rl (Dm) (G7)

Was she (Am) told when she was (E7) young
That pain would (Am) lead to pleasure
(Dm) Did she understand it when they (C) said (E7)
That a (Am) man must break his (E7) back
To earn his (Am) day of leisure
(Dm) Will she still believe it when he's (Am) dead

Ah (C) gi(Em)rl (Dm) (G7) (C) gi(Em)rl (Dm) (G7)
Ah (C) gi(Em)rl (Dm) (G7) (C) gi(Em)rl (Dm) (G7) <(C)>



I Fought the Law [G]

Artist: Bobby Fuller, Author: Sonny Curtis (1966)

Intro - (instrumental):

(G) I fought the law and the, <(C)> law <(G)> won

(G) I fought the law and the, <(D)> law <(G)> won

(G) A' breakin' rocks in the, <(C)> hot <(G)> sun

(G) I fought the law and the, <(C)> law <(G)> won

(G) I fought the law and the, <(D)> law <(G)> won

(G) I needed money, 'cause I, <(C)> had <(G)> none

(G) I fought the law and the, <(C)> law <(G)> won

(G) I fought the law and the, <(D)> law <(G)> won

I (C) left my baby and I feel so bad,

I (G) guess my race is run

Well, (C) she's the best girl that (C) I ever had

(G) I fought the law and the, <(C)> law <(G)> won

(G) I fought the law and the, <(D)> law <(G)> won

(G) I fought the law and the, <(C)> law <(G)> won

(G) I fought the law and the, <(D)> law <(G)> won

(G) Robbin' people with a, <(C)> six <(G)> gun

(G) I fought the law and the, <(C)> law <(G)> won

(G) I fought the law and the, <(D)> law <(G)> won

(G) I miss my baby and the, <(C)> good <(G)> fun

(G) I fought the law and the, <(C)> law <(G)> won

(G) I fought the law and the, <(D)> law <(G)> won

I (C) left my baby and I feel so bad,

I (G) guess my race is run

Well, (C) she's the best girl that (C) I ever had

(G) I fought the law and the, <(C)> law <(G)> won

(G) I fought the law and the, <(D)> law <(G)> won

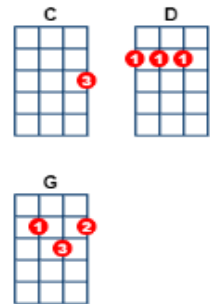
(G) I fought the law and the, <(C)> law <(G)> won

(G) I fought the law and the, <(D)> law <(G)> won

Outro (Instrumental)

(G) I fought the law and the, <(C)> law <(G)> won

(G) I fought the law and the, <(D)> law <(G)> won



I Recall a Gypsy Woman [A]

Artist: Don Williams, Author: Bob McDill and Allen Reynolds (1973)

(NC) Silver (A) coins that (D) jingle (A) Jangle
Fancy shoes that dance in (E7) time
Oh the (A) secrets (D) of her (A) dark eyes
They did (E7) sing a gypsy (A) rhyme <(A)>

(NC) Yellow (A) clover in (D) tangled (A) blossoms
In a meadow silky (E7) green
Where she (A) held me (D) to her (A) bosom
Just a (E7) boy of seven(A)teen <(A)>

I (D) recall a gypsy (A) woman
Silver spangles in her (E7) eyes
Ivory (A) skin a(D)gainst the (A) moonlight
And the taste of (E7) life's sweet (A) wine <(A)>

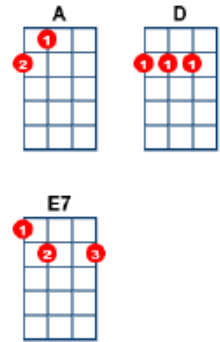
(NC) Soft breezes (A) blow from (D) fragrant (A) meadows
Stir the darkness in my (E7) mind
Oh gentle (A) woman you (D) sleep be(A)side me
And little know who (E7) haunts my (A) mind <(A)>

(NC) Gypsy (A) lady I (D) hear your (A) laughter
And it dances in my (E7) head
While my (A) tender (D) wife and (A) babies,
Slumber (E7) softly in their (A) bed <(A)>

I (D) recall a gypsy (A) woman
Silver spangles in her (E7) eyes
Ivory (A) skin a(D)gainst the (A) moonlight
And the taste of (E7) life's sweet (A) wine <(A)>

Instrumental finish

I (D) recall a gypsy (A) woman
Silver spangles in her (E7) eyes
Ivory (A) skin a(D)gainst the (A) moonlight
And the taste of (E7) life's sweet (A) wine <(E7)> <(A)>



I Should Have Known Better [C]

Artists: The Beatles, writers: Paul McCartney, John Lennon (1964)

Intro: Kazoo or Harmonica over (C/) (G/) (C/) (G/) (C/) (G/) (C/) (G)/

(C) I.... (G).....(C).....

(G) Should have known (C) better with a (G) girl like (C) you (G)

That I would (C) love every(G)thing that you (Am) do

And I (F) do. Hey! Hey! (G) Hey!.... and I (C) do (G) (C)

(G) Woa oh woa oh (C) I...(G)..(C)..

(G) Never rea(C)lised what a (G) kiss could (C) be (G)

This could (C) only (G) happen to (Am) me.

Can't you (F) see? Can't you (E7) see?

(Am) That when I (F) tell you that I (C) love you, (E7) Oh.....

(Am) You're gonna (F) say you love me (C) too..oo..oo..oo..oo..oo (C7) Oh...

(F) And when I (G) ask you to be (C) mi...i..i.. (Am)ine

(F) You're gonna (G) say you love me (C) too... oo (G) (C)

(G) So..o..o..o (C) I..(G)..(C)..

(G) Should have rea(C)lised a lot of (G) things be(C)fore (G)

If this is (C) love you gotta (G) give me (Am) more

Give me (F) more hey hey (G) hey give me (C) more (G) (C) (G)

(C) I.... (G).....(C).....

(G) Should have known (C) better with a (G) girl like (C) you (G)

That I would (C) love every(G)thing that you (Am) do

And I (F) do. Hey! Hey! (G) Hey!.... and I (C) do (G) (C)

(G) Woa oh woa oh (C) I...(G)..(C)..

(G) Never rea(C)lised what a (G) kiss could (C) be (G)

This could (C) only (G) happen to (Am) me.

Can't you (F) see? Can't you (E7) see?

(Am) That when I (F) tell you that I (C) love you, (E7) Oh.....

(Am) You're gonna (F) say you love me (C) too..oo..oo..oo..oo..oo (C7) Oh...

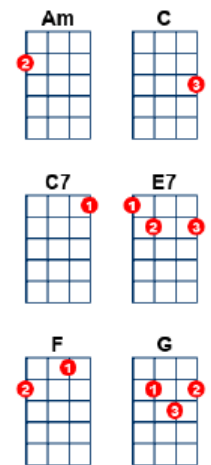
(F) And when I (G) ask you to be (C) mi...i..i.. (Am)ine

(F) You're gonna (G) say you love me (C) too... oo (G) (C)

Outro:

You (G) love me (C) too (G) (C). You (G) love me (C) too (G) (C)

You (G) love me <(C)> too.



I Wanna Hold Your Hand [F]

Artist: The Beatles, writer: Paul McCartney, John Lennon (1964)

Intro - (Instrumental):

(Bb) I can't (C) hide (Bb) I can't (C) hide (Bb) I can't (C) hide (C7)

Oh yeah (F) I'll tell you (C) something (Dm) I think you'll under(A)stand
When (F) I say that (C) something (Dm) I wanna hold your (A7) hand
(Bb) I wanna (C7) hold your (F) hand (Dm)
(Bb) I wanna (C7) hold your (F) hand

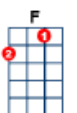
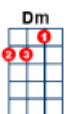
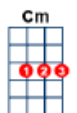
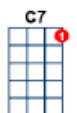
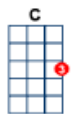
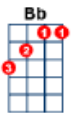
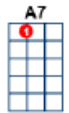
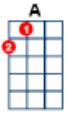
Oh (F) please say to (C) me (Dm) you'll let me be your (A) man
And (F) please say to (C) me (Dm) you'll let me hold your (A7) hand
(Bb) Oh let me (C7) hold your (F) hand (Dm)
(Bb) I wanna (C7) hold your (F) hand

(Cm) And when I (F) touch you I feel (Bb) happy in(Gm)side
(Cm) It's such a (F) feeling that my (Bb) love
I can't (C) hide (Bb) I can't (C) hide (Bb) I can't (C) hide (C7)

Yeah (F) you got that (C) somethin' (Dm) I think you'll under(A)stand
When (F) I say that (C) something (Dm) I wanna hold your (A7) hand

(Bb) I wanna (C7) hold your (F) hand (Dm)
(Bb) I wanna (C7) hold your (F) hand
(Cm) And when I (F) touch you I feel (Bb) happy in(Gm)side
(Cm) It's such a (F) feeling that my (Bb) love
I can't (C) hide (Bb) I can't (C) hide (Bb) I can't (C) hide (C7)
Yeah (F) you got that (C) somethin' (Dm) I think you'll under(A)stand
When (F) I feel that (C) something (Dm) I wanna hold your (A7) hand

(Bb) I wanna (C7) hold your (F) hand (Dm)
(Bb) I wanna (C) hold your (A) hand
(Bb) I wanna (C) hold your (Bb) hand <(F)>



I Want to See the Bright Lights Tonight [C]

Artist: Richard & Linda Thompson, Writer: Richard Thompson (1974)

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

(C) I'm so (Bb) tired of (F) working (G) every (C) day
Now the (G) weekend's come gonna throw my troubles (C) away
If you've (C) got the (Bb) cab fare, (F) mister, you'll (G) do all (C) right
I (C) want to (G) see the (F) bright (G) lights to(C)night (C7)

(F) Meet me at the station, don't be late
I (G) need to spend some (Dm) money and I just can't (G) wait
(Dm) Take me (C) to the (F) dance and (G) hold me (C) tight
I (C) want to (G) see the (F) bright (G) lights to(C)night

There's (C) crazy (Bb) people (F) running all (G) over (C) town
There's a (G) silver band just marching up and (C) down
And the (C) big boys (Bb) are just (F) spoiling (G) for a (C) fight
I (C) want to (G) see the (F) bright (G) lights to(C)night (C7)

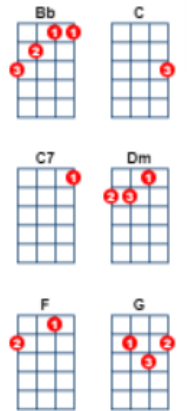
(F) Meet me at the station, don't be late
I (G) need to spend some (Dm) money and I just can't (G) wait
(Dm) Take me (C) to the (F) dance and (G) hold me (C) tight
I (C) want to (G) see the (F) bright (G) lights to(C)night

A (C) couple of (Bb) drunken (F) nights rolling (G) on the (C) floor
It's (G) just the kind of mess I'm looking (C) for
I'm (C) gonna (Bb) dream till (F) Monday (G) comes in (C) sight
I (C) want to (G) see the (F) bright (G) lights to(C)night (C7)

(F) Meet me at the station, don't be late
I (G) need to spend some (Dm) money and I just can't (G) wait
(Dm) Take me (C) to the (F) dance and (G) hold me (C) tight
I (C) want to (G) see the (F) bright (G) lights to(C)night

Outro

(Dm) Take me (C) to the (F) dance and (G) hold me (C) tight
I (C) want to (G) see the (F) bright (G) lights to(C) night
I (C) want to (G) see the (F) bright (G) lights to<(C)>night



If You Gotta Go, Go Now [G]

Artist: Manfred Mann, writer: Bob Dylan (1965)

Intro: (G) (C) (G) (C) (C)

(G) Listen to me, (C) baby

(G) I'm trying to make you (C) see

(G) That I want to be with (C) you, girl

<(D)> If you want to be with me

(NC) But if you got to (G) go (C)/ (G)/

(C) It's (G) alright (C) (G)

(G) But if you got to (C) go, go (G) now

Or (G)/ else you gotta (D)/ stay all (G)/ night (C)/ (G)/ (C)/

(G) I am just a (C) poor boy, baby

(G) Trying to con(C)nect

(G) But I don't want you (C) thinking

That I <(D)> ain't got any respect

(NC) But if you got to (G) go (C) (G)

(C) It's (G) alright (C) (G)

(G) But if you got to (C) go, go (G) now

Or (G)/ else you gotta (D)/ stay all (G)/ night (C)/ (G)/ (C)/

(G) I'm not tryin to (C) question you

To (G) take part in any (C) quiz

It's (G) just that I don't have a (C) watch

And <(D)> you keep asking me what time it is

(NC) But if you got to (G) go (C) (G)

(C) It's (G) alright (C) (G)

(G) But if you got to (C) go, go (G) now

Or (G)/ else you gotta (D)/ stay all (G)/ night (C)/ (G)/ (C)/

(G) Now I don't want to make you (C) give

Any (G) thing you never gave be (C) fore

It's (G) just that I'll be sleeping (C) soon

And <(D)> it'll be too dark for you to find the door

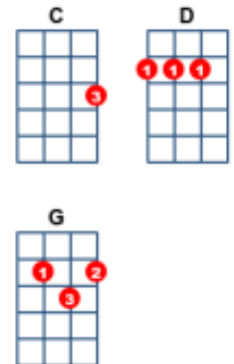
(NC) But if you got to (G) go (C) (G)

(C) It's (G) alright (C) (G)

(G) But if you got to (C) go, go (G) now

Or (G)/ else you gotta (D)/ stay all (G)/ night (C)/ (G)/ (C)/ (G)/

<(C)><(G)>



It's All Over Now [C]

Artists: The Rolling Stones, writers: Bobby and ShirleyWomack (1964)

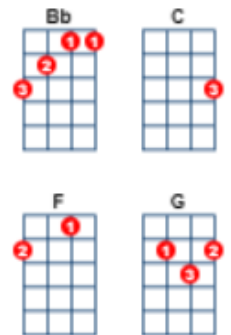
Intro: (C)/// <(Bb)> (F)/// <(G)> x2

(C) Well, my baby used to stay out all night long
(C) She made me cry, you know she done me wrong
(C) She hurt my eyes open, that's no lie
(C) Tables turning now it's her turn to cry
(C) Because I (G) used to love her, <(F)> but it's all over (C) now
(C) You know I (G) used to love her, <(F)> but it's all over (C) now

(C) Well, she used to run around with every man in town
(C) Spent all my money, playing her high class game
(C) She put me out, it was a pity how I cried
(C) Tables turning now it's her turn to cry
(C) Because I (G) used to love her, <(F)> but it's all over (C) now
(C) You know I (G) used to love her, <(F)> but it's all over (C) now

(C) Well, I used to wake each morning, get my breakfast in bed
(C) When I got worried she would ease my aching head
(C) But now she's here and there, with every man in town
(C) Still trying to take me for that same old clown
(C) Because I (G) used to love her, <(F)> but it's all over (C) now

(C) I said I (G) used to love her, <(F)> but it's all over (C) now
(C) I said I (G) used to love her, <(F)> but it's all over <(C)> now



It's Only Make Believe [D]

Artist: Conway Twitty, Authors: Jack Nance, Conway Twitter (1958)

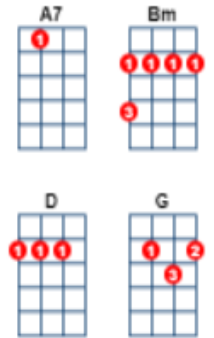
Intro – Slowly:

(D) People see us everywhere; (Bm) they think you really care
(G) But myself I can't deceive; I (A7) know it's only make bel-i-e-v-e

(D) My one and only prayer, is (Bm) that some day you'll care
(G) My hopes and my dreams come true, (A7) my one and only you
(G) No-one will ever know, how (A7) much I love you so
(D) My only prayer will be, some (Bm) day you'll care for me
But it's o-n-(A7)-ly (G) make bel(D)ieve (G)/ (D)/ (A7)/

(D) My hopes, my dreams come true, (Bm) my life, I'd give for you
(G) My heart, a wedding ring, my all (A7) my everything
(G) My heart I can't control, you (A7) rule my very soul
(D) My only prayer will be, some (Bm) day you'll care for me
But it's o-n-(A7)-ly (G) make bel(D)ieve (G)/ (D)/ (A7)/

(D) My one and only prayer, is (Bm) that some day you'll care
(G) My hopes, my dreams come true, (A7) my one and only you
(G) No-one will ever know, how (A7) much I love you so
(D) My prayers, my hopes and my scheme, (Bm) you are my every dream
But it's o-n-(A7)-ly (G) make bel(D)ieve (G)/ (D)/ (A7)/ <(D)>



Land Down Under [Am]

Artists: Men at Work, Author: Ronald Strykert / Colin James Hay (1981)

Intro – Instrumental x2: (Am) (G) (Am) (F)/ (G)/ (riff runs through entire song)

(Am) Travelling in a (G) fried-out Kombi (Am) (F)/ (G)/
(Am) On a hippie (G) trail head full of (Am) zombie (F)/ (G)/
(Am) I met a strange (G) lady she (Am) made me (F)/ nervous (G)/
(Am) She took me (G) in and gave me (Am) breakfast

(F)/ And (G)/ she said: -

(C) "Do you come from a (G) land down under? (Am) (F)/ (G)/
(C) Where women (G) glow and men (Am) plunder?" (F)/ (G)/
(C) Can't you hear can't you (G) hear the thunder? (Am) (F)/ (G)/
You (C) better run you (G) better take (Am) cover (F)/ (G)/

Instrumental x2: (Am) (G) (Am) (F)/ (G)/

(Am) Buying bread from a (G) man in Brussels (Am) (F)/ (G)/
He was (Am) six foot four (G) and full of (Am) muscles (F)/ (G)/
(Am) I said "Do you (G) speak my language?" (Am) (F)/ (G)/
(Am) He just smiled and (G) gave me a vegemite (Am) sandwich

(F)/ And (G)/ he said:

(C) "I come from a (G) land down under (Am) (F)/ (G)/
(C) Where beer (G) flows and men chunder" (Am) (F)/ (G)/
(C) Can't you hear can't you (G) hear the thunder? (Am) (F)/ (G)/
You (C) better run you (G) better take (Am) cover (F)/ (G)/

Instrumental x2: (Am) (G) (Am) (F)/ (G)/

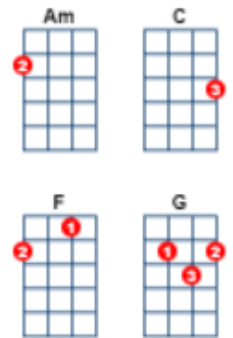
(Am) Lying in a (G) den in Bombay (Am) (F)/ (G)/
(Am) With a slack (G) jaw, and not much (Am) to say (F)/ (G)/
(Am) I said to the (G) man "Are you trying to (Am) tempt me? (F)/ (G)/
(Am) Because I come (G) from the land of (Am) plenty?"

(F)/ And (G)/ he said:

(C) "Do you come from a (G) land down under? (Am) (F)/ (G)/
(C) Where women (G) glow and men (Am) plunder?" (F)/ (G)/
(C) Can't you hear can't you (G) hear the thunder? (Am) (F)/ (G)/
You (C) better run you (G) better take (Am) cover (F)/ (G)/

(C) "Do you come from a (G) land down under? (Am) (F)/ (G)/
(C) Where women (G) glow and men (Am) plunder?" (F)/ (G)/
(C) Can't you hear can't you (G) hear the thunder? (Am) (F)/ (G)/
You (C) better run you (G) better take (Am) cover (F)/ (G)/

Outro - Instrumental x2: (Am) (G) (Am) (F)/ (G)/ **Finish on <(Am)>**



Learning the Game [D]

Artist: Buddy Holly, Author: Buddy Holly (1960)

Intro: Instrumental to the rhythm of the first two lines

(D) Hearts that are (A) broken and (G) love that's (A) untrue,
(G) These go with (A) learning the (D) game <(G)><(D)>

(D) Hearts that are (A) broken and (G) love that's (A) untrue,
(G) These go with (A) learning the (D) game <(G)><(D)>
(D) When you love (A) her and she (G) doesn't (A) love you,
(G) You're only (A) learning the (D) game <(G)><(D)>

(G) When she says that you're the (A) only one she'll (A7) ever love
(G) Then you find that you are (A) not the one she's (A7) thinkin' of
(D) Feelin' so (A) sad and you're (G) all alone and (A) blue,
(G) That's when you're (A) learning the (D) game <(G)><(D)>

(G) When she says that you're the (A) only one she'll (A7) ever love
(G) Then you find that you are (A) not the one she's (A7) thinkin' of
(D) Feelin' so (A) sad and you're (G) all alone and (A) blue,
(G) That's when you're (A) learning the (D) game <(G)><(D)>

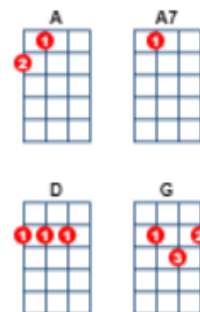
(D) Hearts that are (A) broken and (G) love that's (A) untrue,
(G) These go with (A) learning the (D) game <(G)><(D)>

(D) Hearts that are (A) broken and (G) love that's (A) untrue,
(G) These go with (A) learning the (D) game <(G)><(D)>
(D) When you love (A) her and she (G) doesn't (A) love you,
(G) You're only (A) learning the (D) game <(G)><(D)>

(G) When she says that you're the (A) only one she'll (A7) ever love
(G) Then you find that you are (A) not the one she's (A7) thinkin' of
(D) Feelin' so (A) sad and you're (G) all alone and (A) blue,
(G) That's when you're (A) learning the (D) game <(G)><(D)>

(G) When she says that you're the (A) only one she'll (A7) ever love
(G) Then you find that you are (A) not the one she's (A7) thinkin' of
(D) Feelin' so (A) sad and you're (G) all alone and (A) blue,
(G) That's when you're (A) learning the (D) game <(G)><(D)>

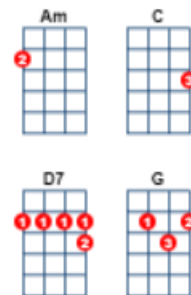
(G) That's when you're (A) learning the (D) game <(G)><(D)>
(G) That's when you're (A) learning the (D) game <(G)><(D)>



Leaving on a Jet Plane [G]

Artist: John Denver, author: John Denver (1967)

All my (G) bags are packed I'm (C) ready to go
I'm (G) standing here out(C)side your door
I (G) hate to wake you (Am) up to say good(D7)bye
But the (G) dawn is breakin' it's (C) early morn
The (G) taxi's waitin' he's (C) blowin' his horn
Al-(G)ready I'm so (Am) lonesome I could (D7) cry



Chorus:

So (G) kiss me and (C) smile for me
(G) Tell me that you'll (C) wait for me
(G) Hold me like you'll (Am) never let me (D7) go
I'm (G) leavin' (C) on a jet plane
(G) Don't know when (C) I'll be back again
(G) Oh (Am) babe I hate to (D7) go

There's so (G) many times I've (C) let you down
So (G) many times I've (C) played around
I (G) tell you now (Am) they don't mean a (D7) thing
Ev'ry (G) place I go I'll (C) think of you
Ev'ry (G) song I sing I'll (C) sing for you
When (G) I come back I'll (Am) wear your wedding (D7) ring

Chorus

Now the (G) time has come for (C) me to leave you
(G) One more time (C) let me kiss you
Then (G) close your eyes, (Am) I'll be on my (D7) way
(G) Dream about the (C) days to come
When (G) I won't have to (C) leave alone
(G) About the times (Am) I won't have to (D7) say

Chorus

I'm (G) leavin' (C) on a jet plane
(G) Don't know when (C) I'll be back again
(G) Oh (Am) babe I hate to (D7) go (D7) <(G)>

Light My Fire [Am]

Artists: The Doors, Writers: R Krieger, R Manzarek, J Densmore, J Morrison (1967)

Intro: (G) (C) (F) (Bb) (Eb) (G#) (A) (A7)

You (Am) know that it would be un(F#m)true

You (Am) know that I would be a (F#m) liar

(Am) If I was to say to (F#m) you

(Am) Girl, we couldn't get much (F#m) higher

(G) Come on baby, (A) light my (D) fire (Bm)

(G) Come on baby, (A) light my (D) fire (B)

(G) Try to set the (D) night on (E) fire (E7)

The (Am) time to hesitate is (F#m) through

No (Am) time to wallow in the (F#m) mire

(Am) Try now we can only (F#m) lose

(Am) And our love become a funeral (F#m) pyre

(G) Come on baby, (A) light my (D) fire (Bm)

(G) Come on baby, (A) light my (D) fire (B)

(G) Try to set the (D) night on (E) fire (E7)

(G) (C) (F) (Bb) (Eb) (G#) (A) (A7)

The (Am) time to hesitate is (F#m) through

No (Am) time to wallow in the (F#m) mire

(Am) Try now we can only (F#m) lose

(Am) And our love become a funeral (F#m) pyre

(G) Come on baby, (A) light my (D) fire (Bm)

(G) Come on baby, (A) light my (D) fire (B)

(G) Try to set the (D) night on (E) fire (E7)

(Am) You know that it would be un(F#m)true

(Am) You know that I would be a (F#m) liar

(Am) If I was to say to (F#m) you

(Am) Girl, we couldn't get much (F#m) higher

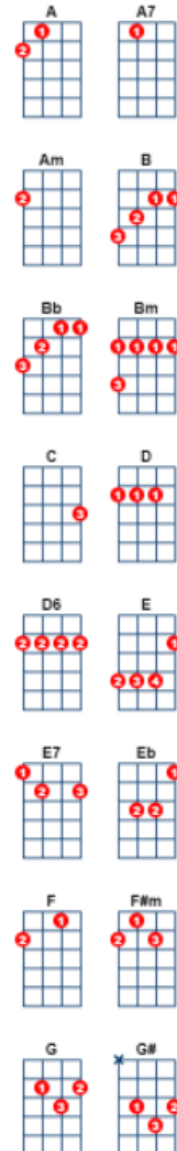
(G) Come on baby, (A) light my (D) fire

(G) Come on baby, (A) light my (D) fire

(F) Try to set the (C) night on (D) fire

(F) Try to set the (C) night on (D) fire

(G) (C) (F) (Bb) (Eb) (G#) (A)



Lyin' Eyes [G]

Artists: The Eagles, writers: Don Henley and Glen Frey (1975)

(G) City girls just (Gmaj7) seem to find out (C) early;
 (Am) how to open doors with just a (D) smile.
 A (G) rich old man and (Gmaj7) she won't have to (C) worry;
 She'll (Am) dress up all in (C) lace and go in (G) style.
 (G) Late at night a (Gmaj7) big old house gets (C) lonely;
 I (Am) guess every form of refuge has its (D) price.
 (G) And it breaks her heart to (Gmaj7) think her love is (C) only
 Given (Am) to a man with (C) hands as cold as (G) ice. (C)/ (D)/

So she (G) tells him she must (Gmaj7) go out for the (C) evening
 To (Am) comfort an old friend who's feeling (D) down.
 But (G) he knows where she's (Gmaj7) goin' as she's (C) leavin'
 She's (Am) headed for that (C)/ cheatin' (D)/ side of (G) town. <(C)> <(G)>

Chorus: (NC) You can't (G) hide (C) your lyin' (G) eyes, <(C)> <(G)>
 And your (Em) smile (Bm) is a thin dis-(Am)guise. (D)
 I thought by (G) now (G7) you'd real(C)ize (A)
 There (Am) ain't no way to (D) hide those lying (G) eyes.

(Gmaj7) (C) (C) (Am) (D) (G)

On the (G) other side of (Gmaj7) town a boy is (C) waiting,
 With (Am) fiery eyes and dreams no one could (D) steal,
 She (G) drives on through the (Gmaj7) night antici(C)pating,
 'Cause he (Am) makes her feel the (C) way she used to (G) feel.
 She (G) rushes to (Gmaj7) his arms they fall to(C)gether,
 She (Am) whispers that it's only for a (D) while,
 She (G) swears that soon she'll be (Gmaj7) coming back for(C)ever,
 She (Am) pulls away and (C) leaves him with a (G) smile <(C)> <(G)>

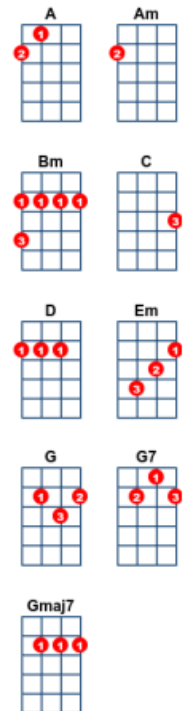
Chorus

She (G) gets up and (Gmaj7) pours herself a (C) strong one
 And (Am) stares out at the stars up in the (D) sky.
 A(G)nother night, it's (Gmaj7) gonna be a (C) long one;
 She (Am) draws the shade and (C) hangs her head to (G) cry.
 She (G) wonders how (Gmaj7) it ever got this (C) crazy,
 She (Am) thinks about a boy she knew in (D) school.
 Did (G) she get tired (Gmaj7) or did she just get (C) lazy,
 She's (Am) so far gone she feels (C) just like a (G) fool (C)/ (D)/

(G) My, oh my, you (Gmaj7) sure know how to a(C)rrange things;
 You (Am) set it up so well, so careful(D)ly.
 Ain't it (G) funny how your (Gmaj7) new life didn't (C) change things;
 You're (Am) still the same old (C) girl you used to (G) be. <(C)> <(G)>

Chorus

Outro: There (Am) ain't no way to (D) hide your lyin' (G) eyes (Gmaj7)
 (Am) Honey, you can't (D) hide your lyin' (G) eyes. (D) <(G)>



Maggie May [G]

Artist: Rod Stewart, Writers: Rod Stewart, Martin Quittenton (1971)

Intro: (G) (Am) (C) (G)

(G) (Am) (C) (G) <(G)> <(G)>

(D) Wake up Maggie I (C) think I've got something to (G) say to you

It's (D) late September and I (C) really should be (G) back at school

I (C) know I keep you a(G)mused, but I (C) feel I'm being (D) used

Oh (Am) Maggie I couldn't have (Bm) tried any (Am) more

You (Am) led me away from (D) home

(D) Just to (Am) save you from being a(D)lone

You (Am) stole my heart and (D) that's what really (G) hurts

The (D) morning sun when it's (C) in your face really (G) shows your age

But (D) that don't worry me (C) none in my eyes you're (G) everything

I (C) laugh at all of your (G) jokes, my (C) love you didn't need to (D) coax

Oh (Am) Maggie I couldn't have (Bm) tried any (Am) more

You (Am) led me away from (D) home just to (Am) save you from being a(D)lone

You (Am) stole my soul and that's a (D) pain I can do (G) without

(D) All I needed was a (C) friend to lend a (G) guiding hand

But you (D) turned into a lover and (C) mother what a lover you (G) wore me out

(C) All you did was wreck my (G) bed and in the (C) morning kick me in the (D) head

Oh (Am) Maggie I couldn't have (Bm) tried any (Am) more

You (Am) led me away from (D) home 'cause you (Am) didn't want to be a(D)lone

You (Am) stole my heart I couldn't (D) leave you if I (G) tried

Instrumental: (Am) (D) (G) (C) (Am) (C)/ (D)/ (G)

I (D) suppose I could coll(C)ect my books and get on (G) back to school

Or (D) steal my daddy's (C) cue and make a living out of (G) playing pool

Or (C) find myself a Rock and Roll (G) band that (C) needs a helping (D) hand

Oh (Am) Maggie I wish I'd (Bm) never seen your (Am) face

You made a (Am) first class fool out of (D) me, but I'm as (Am) blind as a fool can (D) be

You (Am) stole my heart but I (D) love you any (G) way

Instrumental: (Am) (D) (G) (C) (Am) (C)/ (D)/ (G)

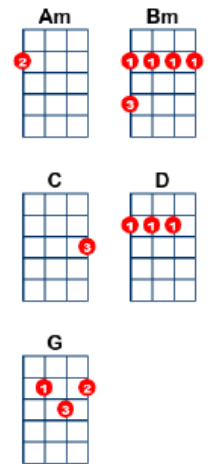
(G) Maggie I (Am) wish I'd, (C) never seen your (G) face

(G) (Am) (C) (G)

(G) I'll get on back (Am) home, (C) one of these (G) days

(G) (Am) (C) (G)

Slower: (G) Maggie I (Am) wish I'd, (C) never seen your (G) face



Make You Feel My Love [C]

Artist: Adele, Writer: Bob Dylan (2008)

Intro: (D7) To make you (G7) feel my (C) love

(C) When the rain is blowing (G) in your face
(Bb) And the whole world is (F) on your case
(Fm) I could offer you a (C) warm embrace
(D7) To make you (G7) feel my (C) love

(C) When evening shadows and the (G) stars appear
(Bb) And there is no one there to (F) dry your tears
(Fm) I could hold you for a (C) million years
(D7) To make you (G7) feel my (C) love

(F) I know you haven't made your (C) mind up yet
(E7) But I would (F) never do you (C) wrong
(F) I've known it from the moment (C) that we met
(D7) No doubt in my mind where you be (G7) long

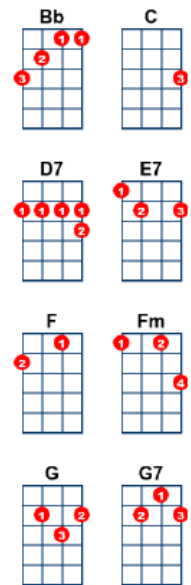
(C) I'd go hungry, I'd go (G) black and blue
(Bb) I'd go crawling down the (F) avenue
(Fm) No, there's nothing that I (C) wouldn't do
(D7) To make you (G7) feel my (C) love

Instrumental:

(C) When the rain is blowing (G) in your face
(Bb) And the whole world is (F) on your case
(Fm) I could offer you a (C) warm embrace
(D7) To make you (G7) feel my (C) love

(F) The storms are raging on the (C) rollin' sea
(E7) And on the (F) highway of re(C)gret
(F) The winds of change are blowing (C) wild and free
(D7) You ain't seen nothing like me (G7) yet

(C) I could make you happy, (G) make your dreams come true
(Bb) There is nothing that I (F) wouldn't do
(Fm) Go to the ends of the (C) earth for you
(D7) To make you (G7) feel my (C) love
(D7) To make you (G7) feel my <(C)> love



Meet Me on the Corner [G]

Artist: Lindisfarne, writer: Rod Clements (1971)

(G) Hey Mister (D) Dreamseller (Em) where have you (D) been,
Tell me (C) have you (D) dreams I can (G) see? ... (D)

(G) Hey Mister (D) Dreamseller (Em) where have you (D) been,
Tell me (C) have you (D) dreams I can (G) see? (D)
I (C) came a(D)long just to (G) bring (Bm) you this (Em) song,
Can you (A7) spare one (D7) dream for (G) me? (D)

(G) You won't have (D) met me and (Em) you'll soon for-(D)get,
So (C) don't mind me (D) tugging at your (G) sleeve, (D)
I'm (C) asking (D) you if I can (G) fix a (Bm) rendez(Em)vous,
For your (A7) dreams are (D7) all I be-(G)lieve.

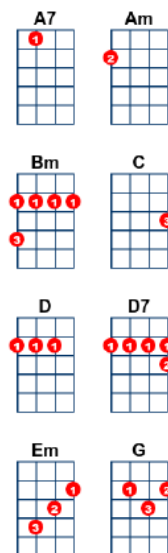
(Am) Meet me on the corner when the (Bm) lights are coming on
And I'll be (G) there, I promise I'll be (Em) there,
(Am) Down the empty streets we'll disa(Bm)ppear into the (Em) dawn,
If you have (Am) dreams e(C)nough to (D) share (D)...

(G) Lay down your (D) bundles of (Em) rags and re(D)mindes
And (C) spread your (D) wares on the (G) ground, (D)
Well (C) I've got (D) time if you're (G) deal(Bm)ing in (Em) rhyme,
(A7) I'm just (D7) hanging a(G)round.

(Am) Meet me on the corner when the (Bm) lights are coming on
And I'll be (G) there, I promise I'll be (Em) there,
(Am) Down the empty streets we'll dis(Bm)appear into the (Em) dawn,
If you have (Am) dreams en(C)ough to (D) share (D)...

(G) Hey Mister (D) Dreamseller (Em) where have you (D) been,
Tell me (C) have you (D) dreams I can (G) see? (D)
I (C) came a-(D)long just to (G) bring (Bm) you this(Em) song,
Can you (A7) spare one (D7) dream for (G) me? (D)

(G) Hey Mister (D) Dreamseller (Em) where have you (D) been,
Tell me (C) have you (D) dreams I can (G) see? ... (D) <(G)>



Mrs Robinson [G]

Artists: Simon & Garfunkel, Writer: Paul Simon (1968)

Intro: (E7) / (E7) / (E7) / (E7) /

(E7) Dee dee-dee-dee (E7) dee dee dee-dee (E7) dee dee dee-dee (E7) dee (E7)
(A) Do do-do-do (A) do do do-do (A7) do (A7)
(D) Dee-dee-dee-dee (G) dee dee dee-dee (C) dee dee (G) dee-dee (Am) dee (Am)
(E7) / (E7) / (D) /

(D) And here's to (G) you, Mrs. (Em) Robinson
(G) Jesus loves you (Em) more than you will (C) know, whoa whoa (D7) whoa
(D7) God bless you (G) please, Mrs. (Em) Robinson
(G) Heaven holds a (Em) place for those who (C) pray
(C) Hey hey (Am) hey, hey hey (E7) hey (E7) / (E7) / (E7)

We'd (E7) like to know a little bit about you for our files (E7)
We'd (A) like to help you learn to help your-(A7)self (A7)
(D) Look around you (G) all you see are (C) sympa(G)thetic (Am) eyes (Am)
(E7) Stroll around the grounds un(D)til you feel at home

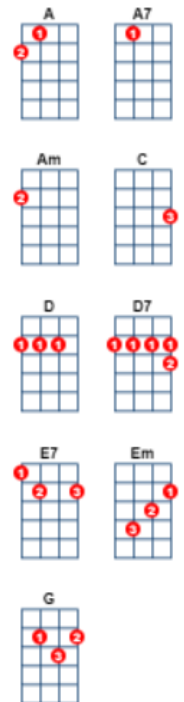
And here's to (G) you, Mrs. (Em) Robinson
(G) Jesus loves you (Em) more than you will (C) know, whoa whoa (D7) whoa
(D7) God bless you (G) please, Mrs. (Em) Robinson
(G) Heaven holds a (Em) place for those who (C) pray
(C) Hey hey (Am) hey, hey hey (E7) hey (E7) / (E7) / (E7) /

(E7) Hide it in a hiding place where no one ever goes (E7)
(A) Put it in your pantry with your (A7) cupcakes (A7)
(D) It's a little (G) secret, just the (C) Robin(G)sons' af(Am)fair (Am)
(E7) Most of all you've got to (D) hide it from the kids

Coo-coo-ca-(G)choo, Mrs. (Em) Robinson
(G) Jesus loves you (Em) more than you will (C) know, whoa whoa (D7) whoa
(D7) God bless you (G) please, Mrs. (Em) Robinson
(G) Heaven holds a (Em) place for those who (C) pray
(C) Hey hey (Am) hey, hey hey (E7) hey (E7) / (E7) / (E7) /

(E7) Sitting on a sofa on a Sunday afternoon (E7)
(A) Going to the candidates' de(A7)bate (A7)
(D) Laugh about it (G) shout about it (C) when you've (G) got to (Am) choose (Am)
(E7) Every way you look at this you (D) lose

(D) Where have you (G) gone, Joe Di(Em)Maggio
Our (G) nation turns its (Em) lonely eyes to (C) you, woo woo-(D7)oo
(D7) What's that you (G) say, Mrs. (Em) Robinson
(G) Joltin' Joe has (Em) left and gone a(C)way
(C) Hey hey (Am) hey, hey hey (E7) hey (E7) / (E7) / (E7) <(E7)>



My Life [G]

Artist: Billy Joel, Writer: Billy Joel (1978)

(G7) (F7) (Bb7) (Eb)

(G7) (F7) (Bb7) (Eb)

(G) Got a call from an old friend, we used to be (C) real close

(D) Said he couldn't go on the American (G) way (C) (C)

(G) Closed the shop, sold the house,

Bought a ticket to the (C) West Coast

(D) Now he gives them a stand-up routine in L(G)A. (G) (F7) (Bb7) (Eb)

(G7) (F7) (Bb7) (Eb)

(G) I don't need you to worry for me cause I'm al(C)right

(D) I don't want you to tell me it's time to come (G) home (C) (G) (C) (Am7)

(G) I don't care what you say anymore, this is (C) my life (C) (G) (Am7) (G)

(D) Go ahead with your own life, and leave me a(Em)lone

I never said you had to offer me a (B7) second chance

(G7) I never said I was a victim of (A7) circumstance

(C) I still be(G)long, (B7) don't get me (Em) wrong

(A7sus4) And you can (A7) speak your mind

But (C) not (D) on (C) my (D) time

(G) They will tell you you can't sleep alone in a (C) strange place (C) (G) (Am7) (G)

(D) Then they'll tell you you can't sleep with somebody (G) else (C) (G) (C) (G)

(G) But sooner or later you sleep in your (C) own space

(D) Either way it's okay you wake up with your(G)self (G) (F7) (Bb7) (Eb)

(G7) (F7) (Bb7) (Eb)

(G) I don't need you to worry for me cause I'm al(C)right

(D) I don't want you to tell me it's time to come (G) home

(G) I don't care what you say anymore, this is (C) my life (C) (G) (Am7) (G)

(D) Go ahead with your own life, and leave me a(Em)lone

I never said you had to offer me a (B7) second chance

(G7) I never said I was a victim of (A7) circumstance

(C) I still be(G)long, (B7) don't get me (Em) wrong

(A7sus4) And you can (A7) speak your mind

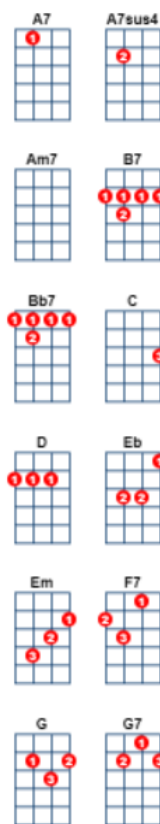
But (C) not (D) on (C) my (D) time

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

(G) I don't care what you say anymore, this is (C) my life (C) (G) (Am7) (G)

(D) Go ahead with your own life, and leave me a(G)lo-(G)ne (F7) (Bb7) (Eb)

(G7) (F7) (Bb7) (Eb)



The Night Has a Thousand Eyes, [C]

Artist: Bobby Vee, Writers: Ben Wisman, Sanji Tanmura (1962)

Intro: (C//) (Eb/) (F/) (C//) (Eb/) (F/)

(C) They say that you're a run-around (Am) lover

Though you (F) say (G) it isn't (C) so,

(C) But if you put me down for an-(Am)-other

(D7) I'll know believe me I'll (G) know <(G)>

(NC) 'Cause the (Am) night has a (Em) thousand (Am) eyes

And a (Em) thousand (Dm) eyes (G) can't help but (C) see (Am)

If (F) you (G) are true to (C) me (A7)

So re(F)member when (G) you tell those (C) little white (Am) lies

That the (F) night <(G)> has a thousand eyes (C) (Eb)/ (F)/

(C) You say that you're at home when you (Am) phone me

And how (F) much (G) you really (C) care (Eb)/ (F)/

(C) Though you keep telling me that you're (Am) lonely

(D7) I'll know if someone is (G) there <(G)>

(NC) 'Cause the (Am) night has a (Em) thousand (Am) eyes

And a (Em) thousand (Dm) eyes (G) can't help but (C) see (Am)

If (F) you (G) are true to (C) me (A7)

So re(F)member when (G) you tell those (C) little white (Am) lies

That the (F) night <(G)> has a thousand eyes (C) (Eb)/ (F)/

(C) One of these days you're gonna be (Am) sorry

Cause your (F) game (G) I'm gonna (C) play (Eb)/ (F)/

(C) And you'll find out without really (Am) tryin'

(D7) Each time that my kisses (G) stray <(G)>

(NC) 'Cause the (Am) night has a (Em) thousand (Am) eyes

And a (Em) thousand (Dm) eyes (G) will see me (C) through (Am)

And (F) no (G) matter what I (C) do (A7)

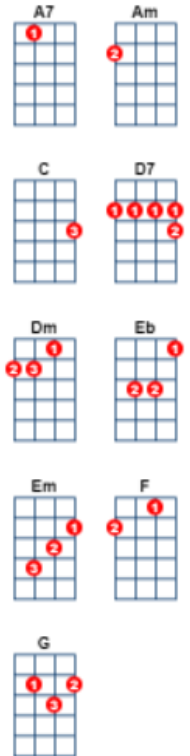
I could (F) never (G) disguise all my (C) little white (Am) lies

Cause the (F) night <(G)> has a thousand (C) eyes

(Am) So re(F)member when (G) you tell those (C) little white (Am) lies

That the (F) night <(G)> has a thousand eyes

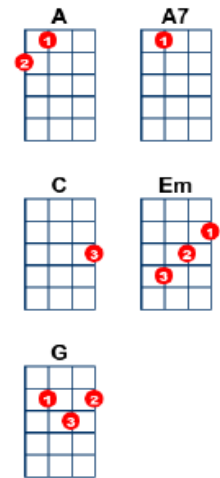
(C) (Eb)/ (F)/ (C) (Eb)/ (F)/ <(C)>



The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down [Em]

Artist: The Band (1969), Joan Baez (1971), writer: Robbie Robertson

(Em)/ Virgil (G) Caine is my name and
I (C) drove on the Danville (Em) Train
(G) 'Til so much (Em) cavalry came and
(C) Tore up the tracks a(Em)gain
(C) In the winter of (G) '65,
We were (Em) hungry, just (C) barely alive
(Em) I took the train to (C) Richmond that fell
It was a (G) time I re(Em)member oh so (A) well (A7)



The (G) night they (C) drove old Dixie (G) down
And all the (Em) bells were ringin'
The (G) night they (C) drove old Dixie (G) down
And all the (Em) people were singin'
They went (G) na...na-na, (Em) na-na-na na...
(A) Na-na na-na na, (C) na na-na-na-na (Em) (Em)

(Em) Back with my wife in (G) Tennessee when (C) one day she said to (Em) me
(G)/ "Virgil, (Em) quick come see (C) there goes the Robert E. (Em) Lee!"
Now (C) I don't mind (G) choppin' wood, and I (Em) don't care if the (C) money's no
good
You (Em) take what you need and you (C) leave the rest
But they should (G) never have (Em) taken the very (A) best (A7)

The (G) night they (C) drove old Dixie (G) down, and all the (Em) bells were ringin'
The (G) night they (C) drove old Dixie (G) down, and all the (Em) people were singin'
They went (G) na...na-na (Em) na-na-na na...,
(A) na-na na-na na (C) na na-na-na-na (Em) (Em)

(Em) Like my father be(G)fore me, (C) I'm a working (Em) man
(G) And like my brother be(Em)fore me (C) I took a rebel (Em) stand
He was (C) just eighteen, (G) proud and brave but a (Em) Yankee laid him (C) in his grave
I (Em) swear by the blood be(C)low my feet,
You can't (G) raise a Caine back (Em) up when he's in de(A)feat (A7)

The (G) night they (C) drove old Dixie (G) down
And all the (Em) bells were ringin'
The (G) night they (C) drove old Dixie (G) down
And all the (Em) people were singin'
They went (G) na...na-na (Em) na-na-na na...
(A) Na-na na-na na (C) na na-na-na-na (Em) (Em)

The (G) night they (C) drove old Dixie (G) down, when all the (Em) bells were ringin'
The (G) night they (C) drove old Dixie (G) down, and all the (Em) people were singin'
They went (G) na na-na (Em) na-na-na na.

Slowing: (A) Na-na na-na na (C) na na-na-na-na <(Em)>

On the Road Again [C]

Artist: Willie Nelson, Writer: Willie Nelson (1979)

Intro: (F) I can't wait to get (G7) on the road a(C)gain<(C)> x2

(NC) On the (C) road again

Just can't wait to get on the (E7) road again

The life I love is making (Dm) music with my friends

And (F) I can't wait to get (G7) on the road a(C)gain <(C)>

On the (C) road again

Goin' places that I've (E7) never been

Seein' things that I may (Dm) never see again

And (F) I can't wait to get (G7) on the road a(C)gain <(C)>

(NC) On the (F) road again

Like a band of gypsies we go down the (C) highway

We're the (F) best of friends

Insisting that the world keep turning (C) our way, and (G7) our way <(G7)>

Is on the (C) road again

Just can't wait to get on the (E7) road again

The life I love is making (Dm) music with my friends

And (F) I can't wait to get (G7) on the road a(C)gain <(C)>

Instrumental: (C) On the road again

Just can't wait to get on the (E7) road again

The life I love is making (Dm) music with my friends

And (F) I can't wait to get (G7) on the road a(C)gain <(C)>

On the (F) road again

Like a band of gypsies we go down the (C) highway

We're the (F) best of friends

Insisting that the world keep turning (C) our way and (G7) our way <(G7)>

Is on the (C) road again

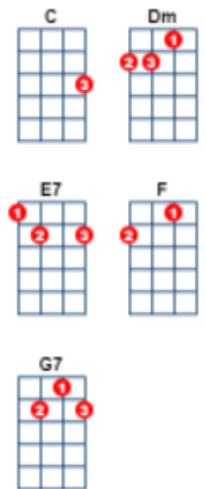
Just can't wait to get on the (E7) road again

The life I love is making (Dm) music with my friends

And (F) I can't wait to get (G7) on the road a(C)gain <(C)>

And (F) I can't wait to get (G7) on the road a(C)gain <(C)>

Outro: (F) (G7) (C) <(G7)> <(C)>



Peaceful Easy Feeling [F]

Artists: The Eagles, authors: Jack Tempchin (1972)

(F) I like the (Bb) way your sparkling (F) earrings (Bb) lay
 (F) Against your (Bb) skin so (C) brown
 (F) And I want to (Bb) sleep with you in (F) the desert to (Bb) night
 (F) With a billion (Bb) stars all a (C) round (C7)

'Cause I got a (Bb) peaceful easy (F) feeling
 (Bb) And I know you won't let me (Gm) down (C)
 'Cause I'm (F) al(Gm)ready (Bb) standing (C) on the (F) ground

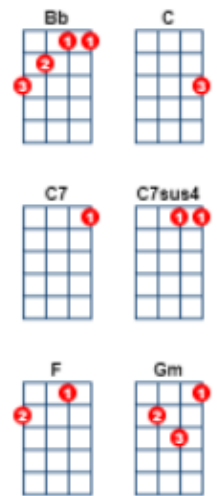
(F) And I found (Bb) out a long (F) time a (Bb) go
 (F) What a woman can (Bb) do to your (C) soul
 (F) Ah, but (Bb) she can't take you (F) any (Bb) way
 (F) You don't already (Bb) know how to (C) go (C7)

'Cause I got a (Bb) peaceful easy (F) feeling
 (Bb) And I know you won't let me (C7sus4) down (C7)
 'Cause I'm (F) al(Gm)ready (Bb) standing (C) on the (F) ground

<(F)> I get the <(Bb)> feeling that I (F) know (Bb) you
 (F) As a (Bb) lover and a (C) friend
 (F) But this voice keeps (Bb) whispering (F) in my other (Bb) ear
 Tells me (F) I may never (Bb) see you (C) again

(C) 'Cause I get a (Bb) peaceful easy (F) feeling
 (Bb) And I know you won't let me (C7sus4) down (C7)
 'Cause I'm (F) al(Gm)ready (Bb) standing (C)
 I'm (F) al(Gm)ready (Bb) standing (C)
 Yes I'm (F) al(Gm)ready (Bb) standing (C)
 On the (F) ground (Gm) (Bb) (C) (F) (Gm) (Bb) (C)

(F) (Gm) (Bb) (C) <(F)>



Pinball Wizard [D]

Artist: The Who, Writer Pete Townsend (1969)

(Asus4) (A) x4

Ever (Asus4) since I was a young boy, I've (A) played the silver ball
From (Gsus4) Soho down to Brighton, I (G) must have played them all
I (F) ain't seen nothing like him, in (F) any amusement hall.

That (E7) deaf, dumb and blind kid
Sure plays a mean pin (A)-(A) ball!
(G) (C) (D)-(D) (A)-(A) (G) (C) (D)-(D)

He (Asus4) stands like a statue, becomes (A) part of the machine
(Gsus4) Feeling all the bumpers, (G) always playing clean
He (F) plays by intuition, the di(F)git counters fall.
That (E7) deaf, dumb and blind kid
(NC) Sure plays a mean pin (A)-(A) ball!
(G) (C) (D)-(D) (A)-(A) (G) (C) (D)-(D)

He's a (D) pin-ball (A) wizard, there (D) has to be a (A) twist
A (D) pin-ball (A) wizards' got (F) such a supple (C) wrist (Csus4) (C)
(C) How do you think he does it? (I don't know!)

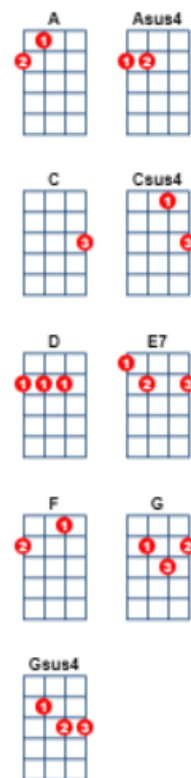
What makes him so good?

He (Asus4) ain't got no distractions, can't (A) hear those buzzers 'n' bells
(Gsus4) Don't see no lights a flashin', (G) plays by sense of smell
(F) Always gets a replay, (F) never seen him fall
That (E7) deaf, dumb and blind kid
(NC) Sure plays a mean pin (A)-(A) ball!
(G) (C) (D)-(D) (A)-(A) (G) (C) (D)-(D)

I (D) thought I (A) was the (D) Bal-ly table (A) king
But (D) I just (A) handed my (F) Pin-ball crown to (C) him (Csus4) (C)

Even (Asus4) on my favourite table, (A) he can beat my best
His disc(Gsus4)iples lead him in, and (G) he just does the rest
He's got (F) crazy flipper fingers, (F) never seen him fall.
That (E7) deaf, dumb and blind kid
(NC) Sure plays a mean pin (A)-(A) ball!

(G) (C) (D)-(D) (A)-(A) (G) (C) (D)-(D)



Return to Sender [C]

Artist: Elvis Presley, Writers: Winfield Scott and Otis Blackwell (1962)

Intro: Instrumental

(C) I gave a letter to the (Am) postman,
(Dm) he put in his (G7) sack.
(C) Bright and early next (Am) morning,
He (Dm) brought my (G7) letter (C) back.

(C) I gave a letter to the (Am) postman,
(Dm) He put in his (G7) sack.
(C) Bright and early next (Am) morning,
He (Dm) brought my (G7) letter <(C)> back.

(NC) She wrote upon it:
(F) Return to (G7) sender, (F) address un(G7)known,
(F) No such (G7) number, (C) no such zone. (C7)
(F) We had a (G7) quarrel, (F) a lovers (G7) spat.
(D7) I write I'm sorry but my letter keeps coming (G7) back.

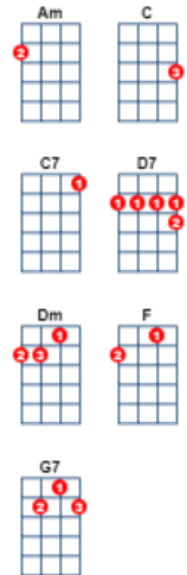
(C) So then I dropped it in the (Am) mailbox,
(Dm) And sent it Special (G7) D.
(C) Bright and early next (Am) morning,
It (Dm) came right (G7) back to <(C)> me

(NC) She wrote upon it:
(F) Return to (G7) sender, (F) address un(G7)known,
(F) No such (G7) person, (C) no such zone. (C7)
(F) This time I'm gonna take it myself and put it right in her (C) hand.
And (D7) if it comes back the very next day,
(G7) Then I'll understand....

Repeat from the top, without the intro

.....(NC) The writing on it.

(F) Return to (G7) sender, (F) address un(G7)known,
(F) No such (G7) number, (C) no such zone.



Rosie [G]

Artist: Don Partridge, Writer: Don Partridge (1968)

(G) Rosie, oh Ro(A)sie
I'd (C) like to paint your face up in the (G) sky
(G) Sometimes when I'm (A) busy,
Rel(C)axing I look up and catch your (G) eye

Your (Am) eyes when they're (B7) widening
Bring (Am) thunder and (B7) lightning
And (Am) sunset strokes the (E) colour of your (Am) skin
Your (Am) eyes are so (B7) blue I just
(Am) think of a (B7) blue sky
And (Am) bumble bees (E) buzzing on the (Am) wing (D7)

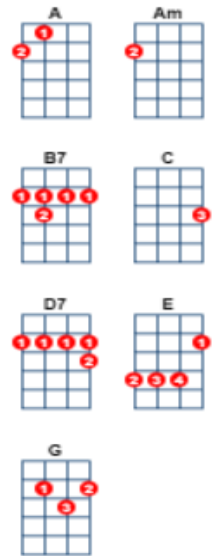
(G) Rosie, oh Ro(A)sie
It's (C) raining when you look the other (G) way
(G) Rosie, oh Ro(A)sie
Your (C) laughter brings the sunshine out to (G) play

Instrumental

(G) Your (Am) eyes when they're (B7) widening
Bring (Am) thunder and (B7) lightning
And (Am) sunset strokes the (E) colour of your (Am) skin
Your (Am) eyes are so (B7) blue I just..
(Am) think of a (B7) blue sky
And (Am) bumble bees (E) buzzing on the (Am) wing (D7)

And (Am) though I just (B7) met you,
Well (Am) I silhou(B7)ette you
Or (Am) highlight golden (E) shadows in your (Am) hair
I'm (Am) painting your (B7) mind's eye up...
(Am) There in (B7) the blue sky
(Am) Summer birds (E) winging through the (Am) air (D7)

(G) Rosie, oh Ro(A)sie
I'd (C) paint your face for all the world to (G) see
(G) Rosie, oh Ro(A)sie
I'd (C) like to paint your face eternal(G)ly <(D)> <(G)>



Runaround Sue [C]

Artist: Dion and the Belmonts, Writer: Dion DiMucci (1961)

Intro - slowly

<(C)> Here's my story, it's sad but true
<(Am)> It's about a girl that I once knew
<(F)> She took my love, then ran around
<(G)> With every single guy in town

(C) Hey, oooooooooohhhh (Am) Hey, hey, oooooooooohhhh
(F) Hey, hey, oooooooooohhhh (G7) Hey, hey, oooooooooohhhh

(C) I guess I should have known it from the very start
(Am) This girl would leave me with a broken heart
(F) Now listen people what I'm telling you
<(G)> "I keep away from Runaround Sue"

(C) Her amazing lips and the smile from her face
(Am) The touch of her hand and this girl's warm embrace
(F) So if you don't want to cry like I do
<(G)> Keep away from Runaround Sue.

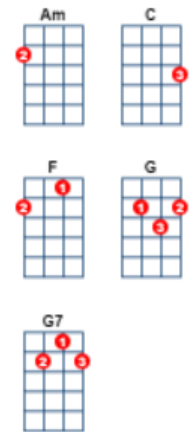
(C) Hey, oooooooooohhhh (Am) Hey, hey, oooooooooohhhh
(F) Hey, hey, oooooooooohhhh (G7) Hey, hey, oooooooooohhhh

(F) She likes to travel around
(C) She'll love you, then she'll put you down
(F) Now, people let me put you wise
<(G)> She goes out with other guys
(C) And the moral of the story from the guy who knows
(Am) I've been in love and my love still grows
(F) Ask any fool that she ever knew
<(G)> They'll say: "Keep away from Runaround Sue"

(C) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di (Am) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di
(F) Hey, hey, um-da-da-da-di-di (G7) Hey, hey, oooooooooohhhh

(F) She likes to travel around
(C) She'll love you, then she'll put you down
(F) Now, people let me put you wise
<(G)> She goes out with other guys
(C) And the moral of the story from the guy who knows
(Am) I've been in love and my love still grows
(F) Ask any fool that she ever knew
<(G)> They'll say: "Keep away from Runaround Sue"

(C) Hey, oooooooooohhhh (Am) Hey, hey, oooooooooohhhh
(F) Hey, hey, oooooooooohhhh (G7) Hey, hey, oooooooooohhhh <(C)>



San Francisco Bay Blues [C]

Artist: Eric Clapton, Writer: Jesse Fuller (1958)

Intro: (D7) Walking with my baby down
(G7) by the San Francisco (C) Bay (G7)

I got the (C) blues when my baby left me
(F) by the San Francisco (C) Bay (C7)
The (F) ocean liners gone so far (C) away (C7)
(F) I didn't mean to treat her so bad,
She was the (C) best girl I ever (A7) had
(D7) She said goodbye, I can take a cry,
(G7) I wanna lay down and die

I (C) ain't got a nickel and I (F) ain't got a lousy (C) dime (C7)
She (F) don't come back, think I'm going to lose my (E7) mind
(F) If she ever gets back to stay, it's going to
(C) Be another brand new (A7) day
(D7) Walking with my baby down
(G7) By the San Francisco (C) Bay (G7)

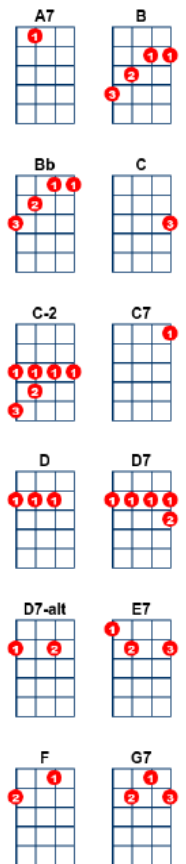
Instrumental with kazoos

I (C) ain't got a nickel and I (F) ain't got a lousy (C) dime (C7)
She (F) don't come back, think I'm going to lose my (E7) mind
(F) If she ever gets back to stay, it's going to
(C) Be another brand new (A7) day
(D7) Walking with my baby down
(G7) By the San Francisco (C) Bay (G7)

(C) Sitting down (F) looking from my (C) back door,
Wondering which (F) way to (C7) go
(F) Woman I'm so crazy about, she don't love me no (C) more
(F) Think I'll catch me a freight train, (C) cause I'm feeling (A7) blue
(D7) Ride all the way to the end of the line, <(G7)> thinking only of you

(C) Meanwhile (F) livin' in the (C) city, just about to (F) go (C) insane
(F) Thought I heard my baby, lord, (E7) the way she used to call my name
(F) If I ever get her back to stay, it's going to
(C-2) be another (B) brand (Bb) new (A7) day
(D) Walking with my baby down (G7) by the San Francisco (C) Bay,
Hey (A7) hey

(D7) Walking with my baby down (G7) by the San Francisco (C) Bay (A7) Yeah
(D7) Walking with my baby down (G7) by the San Francisco (C) Bay
(F)/ (C)/ (G7)/ <(C)>



Satellite of Love [G]

Artist: Lou Reed, Writer: Lou Reed (1972)

(G) Satellite's (A7) gone up to the (Am) skies (D7)
 (G) Things like that (A7) drive me out of my (Am) mind (D7)
 (Em) I watched it (D7) for a (C) little while
 (Am) I like to watch things on (C) TV oh oh oh oh oh

Chorus: (G) (Bom-bom-bom) Satel(D)lite of love
 (F) (Bom-bom-bom) Satel(C)lite of love
 (G) (Bom-bom-bom) Satel(D)lite of love
 <(Em)> Sat <(D)> ell <(C)> lite (D) of ...

(G) Satellite's (A7) gone way up to (Am) Mars (D7)
 (G) Soon it'll be (A7) filled with parking (Am) cars (D7)
 (Em) I watched it (D7) for a (C) little while
 (Am) I love to watch things on (C) TV

Chorus: (G) (Bom-bom-bom) Satel(D)lite of love
 (F) (Bom-bom-bom) Satel(C)lite of love
 (G) (Bom-bom-bom) Satel(D)lite of love
 <(Em)> Sat <(D)> ell <(C)> lite (D) of ...

(G) I've been (D7) told that (Em) you've been (D7) bold
 With (C) Harry (D) Mark and (G) John
 (G) Monday and (D) Tuesday (Em) Wednesday to (D7) Thursday
 With (C) Harry (D) Mark and (G) John

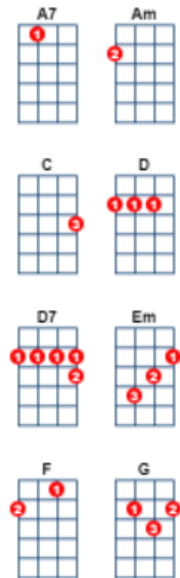
(G) Satellite's (A7) gone up to the (Am) skies (D7)
 (G) Things like that (A7) drive me out of my (Am) mind (D7)
 (Em) I watched it (D7) for a (C) little while
 (Am) I like to watch things on (C) TV oh oh oh oh oh

Chorus: (G) (Bom-bom-bom) Satel (D) lite of love
 (F) (Bom-bom-bom) Satel (C) lite of love
 (G) (Bom-bom-bom) Satel (D) lite of love
 <(Em)> Sat <(D)> ell <(C)> lite (D) of ...

Outro:

(G)/// (A7)/// (C)/// (G)//
 Sate - (G) -lli-/// (A7) - ite// of (C) lo-o-o (G) -ve// x4

Last time end on <(G)>



She Loves You [F]

Artists, *The Beatles*, Writers: *John Lennon and Paul McCartney (1963)*

She (Dm) loves you... yeah, yeah, yeah,
She (G7) loves you... yeah, yeah, yeah,
She (Bb) loves you... yeah, yeah, yeah, (F) yeah

You (F) think you lost your (Dm) love,
Well I (Am) saw her yester(C7)day-yi-yay.
It's (F) you she's thinking (Dm) of,
And she (Am) told me what to (C7) say-yi-yay

She says she (F) loves you
And you know that can't be (Dm) bad (Dm)
Yes, she (Bbm) loves you
And you know you know you should be (C7) glad. (C7)

She (F) said you hurt her (Dm) so, she al(Am)most lost her (C7) mind
And (F) now she says she (Dm) knows, you're (Am) not the hurting (C7) kind

She says she (F) loves you. And you know that can't be (Dm) bad. (Dm)
Yes, she (Bbm) loves you.
And you know you know you should be (C7) glad. (C7) Oooooh

She (Dm) loves you... yeah, yeah, yeah, She (G7) loves you... yeah, yeah, yeah,
And with a (Bbm) love like that, you (C7) know you should be (F) glad

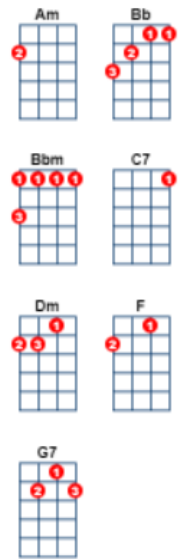
(F) You know it's up to (Dm) you, I (Am) think it's only (C7) fair
(F) Pride can hurt you (Dm) too, a(Am)pologize to (C7) her

Because she (F) loves you, and you know that can't be (Dm) bad. (Dm)
Yes, she (Bbm) loves you, And you know you know you should be (C7) glad,
Oooooh

She (Dm) loves you... yeah, yeah, yeah, she (G7) loves you... yeah, yeah, yeah,
And with a (Bbm) love like that, you (C7) know you should (F) be glad (F)

And with a (Bbm) love like that, you (C7) know you should (F) be glad (F)
And with a (Bbm) love like that, you (C7) know you should be (F) glad

(F) Yeah, yeah, yeah, (Dm) yeah, yeah, yeah,
(G7) Yeah, yeah, yeah,....<(F)> yeah



Shotgun [C]

Artist: George Ezra, Writers: George Ezra and Joel Pott (2018)

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

(C) Home grown alligator, (F) see you later
Gotta hit the (Am) road, gotta hit the (G) road
The (C) sun and change in the atmosphere
(F) Architecture unfamiliar (Am) I could get used to this (G)

Chorus: (C) Time flies by in the (F) yellow and green,
Stick a-(Am)round and you'll see what I (G) mean
There's a (C) mountain top, that (F) I'm dreaming of,
If you (Am) need me you know where I'll (G) be

(NC) I'll be riding (C) shotgun underneath the (F) hot sun
Feeling like a (Am) someone...

(G) I'll be riding (C) shotgun underneath the (F) hot sun
Feeling like a (Am) someone... (G)

(C) South, of, the equator (F) navigator
Gotta hit the (Am) road, gotta hit the (G) road
(C) Deep sea diving round the clock,
Bi-(F)kini bottoms, lager tops, (Am) I could get used to this (G)

Chorus

We got (C) two in the front, (F) two in the back
(Am) sailing along and we (G) don't look back

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

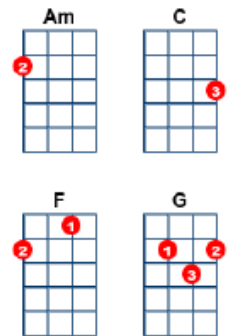
No ukes: Time flies by in the yellow and green
Stick around and you'll see what I mean
There's a mountain top, that I'm dreaming of,
If you need me, you know where I'll be

(NC) I'll be riding (C) shotgun underneath the (F) hot sun
Feeling like a (Am) someone...
(G) I'll be riding (C) shotgun underneath the (F) hot sun
Feeling like a (Am) someone... (G)

Outro:

(G) I'll be riding (C) shotgun underneath the (F) hot sun
Feeling like a (Am) someone... (G)

(G) I'll be riding (C) shotgun underneath the (F) hot sun
Feeling like a (Am) someone, a someone, a (G) someone, a someone <(C)>



Stray Cat Strut [Am]

Artists: Stray Cats, Writers: [Brian Setzer](#), [James McDonnell](#), [Leon Drucker](#) (1981)

Intro: (Am) (G) (F) (E7) 4x

(Am) Oo (G) oo (F) oo (E7) ooh
(Am) Oo (G) oo (F) oo (E7) ooh
(Am) Oo (G) oo (F) oo (E7) ooh
(Am) Oo (G) oo (F) oo (E7) ooh

(Am) Black and orange (G) stray cat (F) sittin' on a (E7) fence
(Am) Oo (G) oo (F) oo (E7) ooh
(Am) Ain't got en(G)ough dough to (F) pay the (E7) rent
(Am) Oo (G) oo (F) oo (E7) ooh
(Am) I'm flat (G) broke but (F) I don't (E7) care
<(Am)> I strut right by with my tail in the air

(Dm) Stray cat (C) strut I'm a (Bb) ladies' (A7) cat
I'm a (Dm) feline Casa(C)nova hey (Bb) man that's (A7) that
Get a (Dm) shoe thrown (C) at me from a (Bb) mean old (A7) man
<(Dm)> Get my dinner from a garbage can

(Am) (G) (F) (E7) Meow (Am) (G) (F) (E7) Don't cross my path

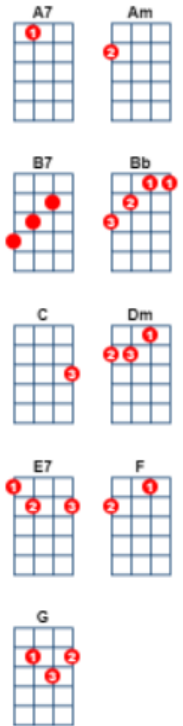
(Dm) I don't bother chasin' mice a(Am)round (Am)
(Dm) I slink down the alley lookin' for a fight
(B7) Howlin' to the moonlight on a (E7) hot summer night

(Am) Singin' the (G) blues while the (F) lady cats (E7) cry
(Am) Wow stray (G) cat you're a (F) real gone (E7) guy
I (Am) wish I could (G) be as (F) carefree and (E7) wild
But I <(Am)> got cat class and I got cat style

(Am) (G) (F) (E7) (x 4)
<(Am)>

Optional – one voice

Coz I got cat class and I got cat style!

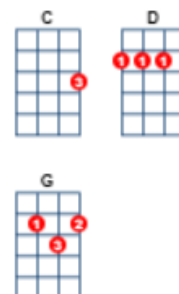


Sweets for my Sweet [G]

Artists: *The Drifters (1961), The Searchers (1963)*, Writers: *Doc Pomus, Mort Shuman*

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

(G) Sweets for my (C) sweet, (D) sugar for my (C) honey
(G) Your first sweet (C) kiss, (D) thrilled me (C) so
(G) Sweets for my (C) sweet, (D) sugar for my (C) honey
(G) I'll never (C) ever, let (D) you (C) go



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

If you (G) wanted that (C) star that shines so (D) brightly (C)
(G) To match the (C) stardust in your (D) eye (C)
Darling, (G) I would (C) chase that bright star (D) nightly (C)
(G) And try to (C) steal it from the (D) sky, (C) and I would bring..

(G) Sweets for my (C) sweet, (D) sugar for my (C) honey
(G) Your first sweet (C) kiss, (D) thrilled me (C) so
(G) Sweets for my (C) sweet, (D) sugar for my (C) honey
(G) I'll never (C) ever, let (D) you (C) go

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

If you (G) wanted a (C) dream to keep (D) you smiling (C)
(G) I'd tell the (C) sandman you were (D) blue (C)
And I'd (G) ask him (C) to keep that sand (D) a-piling (C)
(G) Until your (C) dreams are all come (D) true, (C) and I would bring..

(G) Sweets for my (C) sweet, (D) sugar for my (C) honey
(G) Your first sweet (C) kiss, (D) thrilled me (C) so
(G) Sweets for my (C) sweet, (D) sugar for my (C) honey
(G) I'll never (C) ever, let (D) you (C) go

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

And if you (G) wanted our (C) love to last (D) forever (C)
Darling, (G) I would (C) send my love your (D) way (C)
And my (G) love not (C) only lasts (D) forever (C)
(G) But (C) forever and a (D) day, (C) and I would bring..

(G) Sweets for my (C) sweet, (D) sugar for my (C) honey
(G) Your first sweet (C) kiss, (D) thrilled me (C) so
(G) Sweets for my (C) sweet, (D) sugar for my (C) honey
(G) I'll never (C) ever, let (D) you (C) go

(G)/ (C)/ (D)/ (C)/ x2 **Finish on <(G)>**

There she goes [G]

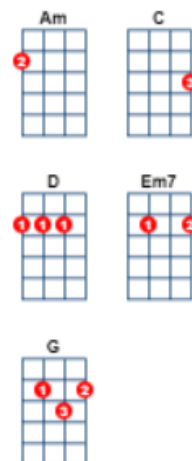
Artists: The La's, Writer: Lee Mavericks (1990)

Instrumental intro:

(G) There (D) she (C) goes, (G) there she (D) goes (C) again
(G) Racing (D) through (C) my brain
And (Am) I just (G) can't con(C)tain.
This (Am) feelin' (G) that rem(C)ains. (-D-D-D-D-D-D-D)

(G) There (D) she (C) goes, (G) there she (D) goes (C) again
(G) Racing (D) through (C) my brain
And (Am) I just (G) can't con(C)tain.
This (Am) feelin' (G) that rem(C)ains. (-D-D-D-D-D-D-D)

(G) There (D) she (C) goes, (G) there she (D) goes (C) again
(G) Pulsing (D) through (C) my veins
And (Am) I just (G) can't con(C)tain.
This (Am) feelin' (G) that rem(C)ains. (-D-D-D-D-D-D-D)



Instrumental:

(G) There (D) she (C) goes, (G) there she (D) goes (C) again
(G) Racing (D) through (C) my brain
And (Am) I just (G) can't con(C)tain.
This (Am) feelin' (G) that rem(C)ains. (-D-D-D-D-D-D-D)

(Em7) There she (C) goes, (Em7) there she (C) goes again
She (D) calls my (G) name, (D) pulls my (G) train
No one else could (D) heal my (C) pain
And (Am) I just (G) can't con(C)tain.
This (Am) feelin' (G) that rem(C)ains (-D-D-D-D-D-D-D)

(G) There (D) she (C) goes, (G) there she (D) goes (C) again
(G) Chasing (D) down my (C) lane
And (Am) I just (G) can't con(C)tain.
This (Am) feelin' (G) that rem(C)ains (-D-D-D-D-D-D-D)

(G) There (D) she (C) goes
(G) There (D) she (C) goes
(G) There (D) she (C) goes <(G)>

Three Steps to Heaven [G]

Artist: Edie Cochran, Writers: Eddie Cochran, Bob Cochran (1960)

<(D)> <(C)> <(G)> ... <(D)> <(C)> <(G)>

(G) Now there are (C) three steps to (G) heaven <(D)> <(C)> <(G)>

Just listen and (C) you will plainly (D7) see

And (G) as life travels (G7) on and (C) things do go wrong

Just (D7) follow steps 1, 2 and (G) 3

<(D)> <(C)> <(G)> ... <(D)> <(C)> <(G)>

(C) Step 1 you (D7) find a girl you (G) love

(C) Step 2 she (D7) falls in love with (G) you

(C) Step 3 you (D7) kiss and hold her (G) tightly

Yeah that (D7) sure seems like heaven to (G) me

<(D)> <(C)> <(G)>... <(D)> <(C)> <(G)>

(G) The formula for (C) heaven's very (G) simple <(D)> <(C)> <(G)>

Just follow the (C) rules and you will (D7) see

And (G) as life travels (G7) on and (C) things do wrong

Just (D7) follow steps 1, 2 and (G) 3

<(D)> <(C)> <(G)>... <(D)> <(C)> <(G)>

(C) Step 1 you (D7) find a girl you (G) love

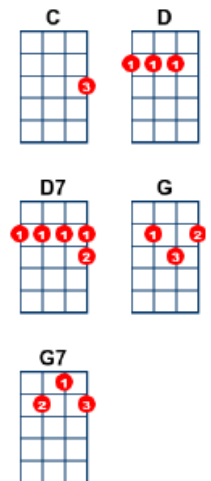
(C) Step 2 she (D7) falls in love with (G) you

(C) Step 3 you (D7) kiss and hold her (G) tightly

Yeah that (D7) sure seems like heaven to (G) me

(D7) Just follow steps one Two and (G) three.

<(D)> <(C)> <(G)> ... <(D)> <(C)> <(G)>



Walk of Life [D]

Artists: Dire Straits, Writer: Mark Knopfler (1985)

Intro: Riff to the rhythm of the guitar riff

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

(D) Here comes Johnny singing oldies goldies

(D) Be-Bop-A-Lula Baby What I Say

(D) Here comes Johnny singing I Gotta Woman

(D) Down in the tunnels trying to make it pay

(G) He got the action he got the motion (D) oh yeah the boy can play

(G) Dedication devotion <(D)> turning all the night time into the day

He do the (D) song about the sweet lovin' (A) woman

He do the (D) song about the (G) knife

He do the (D) walk.... (A) He do the walk of (G) life

(A) He do the walk of (D) life

Riff: (D) (G) (A) (G) (A)

(D) Here comes Johnny and he'll tell you the story

(D) Hand me down my walkin' shoes

(D) Here come Johnny with the power and the glory

(D) Backbeat the talkin' blues

(G) He got the action he got the motion (D) oh yeah the boy can play

(G) Dedication devotion <(D)> turning all the night time into the day

He do the (D) song about the sweet lovin' (A) woman

He do the (D) song about the (G) knife

He do the (D) walk.... (A) He do the walk of (G) life

(A) He do the walk of (D) life

Riff: (D) (G) (A) (G) (A)

(D) Here comes Johnny singing oldies goldies

(D) Be-Bop-A-Lula baby what I say

(D) Here comes Johnny singing I gotta woman

(D) Down in the tunnels trying to make it pay

(G) He got the action he got the motion (D) oh yeah the boy can play

(G) Dedication devotion <(D)> turning all the night time into the day

And (D) after all the violence and (A) double talk

There's just a (D) song in all the trouble and the (G) strife

You do the (D) walk... (A) You do the walk of (G) life

(A) You do the walk of (D) life

Outro: Riff

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

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

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 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 present several cheques to our charities donating 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

WWW.ROMSEYUKULELE.CO.UK

Email: romseyukulelegroup@yahoo.com

(Updated 30/11/2023)