

# Wymondham Ukulele Group

## Favourite Songs

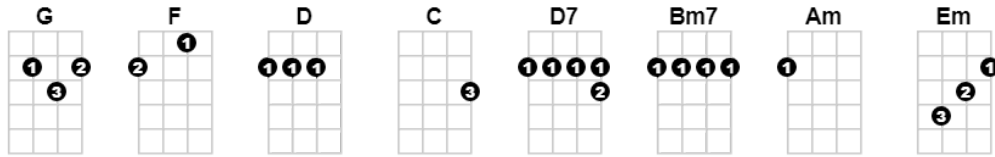
2019

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# A Picture Of You

## Joe Brown and the Bruvvers



**G** **F** **D**  
In the night there are sights to be seen.

**G** **F** **D**  
Stars like jewels on the crown of a Queen.

**C** **D** **D7** **G** **C** **G** **D**  
But the only sight I want to view, is that wonderful picture of you .

**G** **F** **D**  
On a streetcar or in the ca-fé.

**G** **F** **D**  
All of the evening and most of the day

**C** **D** **D7** **G** **C** **G**  
My mind is in a maze, what can I do? I still see that picture of you.

**Bm7** **Am** **Bm7** **Am**  
It was last summer, I fell in love..

**Bm7** **Am** **Em** **D7**  
My heart told me what to do .

**G** **Em** **C** **D** **D7**  
I saw you there on the crest of a hill, and I took a little picture of you.

**G** **F** **D**  
Then you were gone like a dream in the night.

**G** **F** **D**  
With you went my heart, my love and my life.

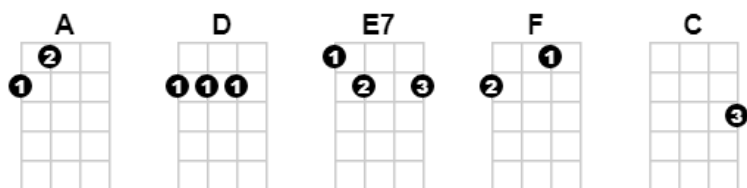
**C** **D** **D7** **G** **C** **G** **D**  
I didn't know your name, what could I do? I've only a picture of you.

**G** **C** **G** **G** **C** **G** **C**  
That wonderful picture of you. I'm left with a picture of you, oh, yeah.

**G** **C** **G** **G** **C** **G**  
That wonderful picture of you

# Amarillo

Tony Christie/Peter Kay}



**Intro: Four taps then strum 'A'**

**A** ///                    **D**                    **A**                    **E7**  
 Sha la la lala lalala' Sha la la lala lalala

**D**                    **A**                    **E7**                    **A**  
 Sha la la la lalala, And Marie who waits for me

**Verse:**

**A**                    **D**                    **A**                    **E7**  
 When the day is dawning, On a Texas Sunday morning

**A**                    **D**                    **A**                    **E7**  
 How I long to be there, With Marie who's waiting for me there

**F**                    **C**                    **F**                    **C**  
 Every lonely city (Ha ha ha ha ha), Where I hang my hat (Ha ha ha ha ha)

**F**                    **C**                    **E7**  
 Ain't as half as pretty , as where my baby's at

**Chorus:**

**A**                    **D**                    **A**                    **E7**  
 Is this the way to Amarillo, Every night I've been huggin' my pillow

**A**                    **D**                    **A**                    **E7**                    **A**  
 Dreaming dreams of Amarillo, And sweet Mar- ie who waits for me

**A**                    **D**                    **A**                    **E7**  
 Show me the way to Amarillo, I've been weeping like a willow

**A**                    **D**                    **A**                    **E7**                    **A**  
 Crying over Amarillo, And sweet Mar- ie who waits for me

**Verse:**

**A**                    **D**                    **A**                    **E7**  
 There's a church bell ringing, Hear the song of joy that it's singing

**A**                    **D**                    **A**                    **E7**  
 For the sweet Ma-ri-a and the guy who's coming to see her

**F**                    **C**            **F**                    **C**  
Just beyond the highway, there's an open plain  
**F**                    **C**        **E7**                                    **E7**  
And it keeps me going through the wind and rain

**Chorus**

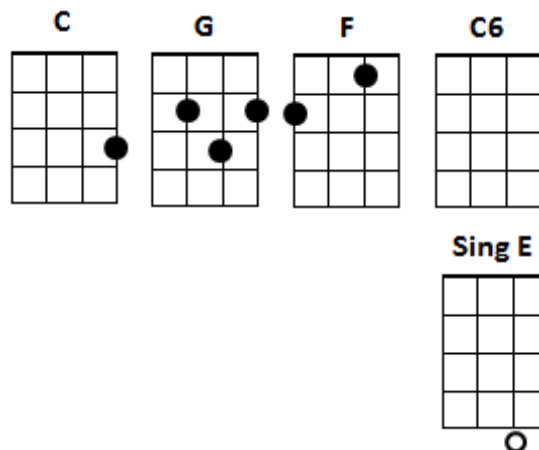
**A**                    **D**            **A**                                    **E7**  
Is this the way to Amarillo, Every night I've been huggin' my pillow  
**A**                    **D**            **A**                                    **E7**    **A**  
Dreaming dreams of Amarillo, And sweet Mar- ie who waits for me  
**A**                    **D**            **A**                                    **E7**  
Show me the way to Amarillo, I've been weeping like a willow  
**A**            **D**            **A**                                    **E7**    **A**  
Crying over Amarillo, And sweet Mar- ie who waits for me  
**A ///**            **D**            **A**                                    **E7**  
    Sha la la lala lalala' Sha la la lala lalala  
**D**            **A**                                    **E7**                                    **A///**            **A E7 A STOP**  
Sha la la la la lalala,    And Marie who waits for me

# Bad Moon Rising

By John Fogerty

Count: 1, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4

Intro: C /// G / F / C /// C ///  
C /// G / F / C /// C ///



Verse 1: C G F C C G F C  
I see the bad moon rising, I see trouble on the way  
C G F C C G F C  
I see earthquakes and lightning, I see bad times today

Chorus: F C  
Don't go round tonight, well it's bound to take your life  
G F C  
There's a bad moon on the rise

Verse 2: C G F C C G F C  
I hear hurricanes a-blowin', I know the end is coming soon  
C G F C C G F C  
I fear rivers overflowing, I hear the voice of rage and ruin

Chorus: F C  
Don't go round tonight, well it's bound to take your life  
G F C  
There's a bad moon on the rise

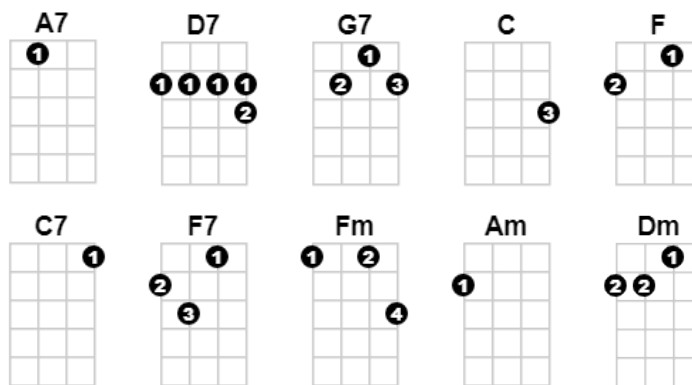
**Instrum:** C /// G / F / C /// C ///  
C /// G / F / C /// C ///  
C /// G / F / C /// C ///  
C /// G / F / C /// C ///  
F /// F /// C /// C ///  
G /// F /// C /// C ///

**Verse 3:** C G F C  
Hope you got your things together,  
C G F C  
Hope you're quite prepared to die  
C G F C  
Looks like we're in for nasty weather  
C G F C  
One eye is taken for an eye

**Chorus:** F C  
Don't go round tonight, well it's bound to take your life  
G F C  
There's a bad moon on the rise  
F C  
Don't go round tonight, well it's bound to take your life  
G F C G C6  
There's a bad moon on the rise

# Bare Necessities

Terry Gilkyson



Count: 1,2,1,2,3,4

Intro: C / A7 / D7 / G7 / C / F / C (STOP)

NC C C7 F F7

Look for the bare ne-cessities, the simple bare ne-cessities

C A7 D7 G7

Forget about your worries and your strife

C C7 F F7

I mean the bare ne-cessities old Mother Nature's recipes

C A7 D7 G7 C F C (STOP)

That bring the bare ne-ce-ssi-ties of life

NC G7 C G7 C C7

Wherever I wander, wherever I roam, I couldn't be fonder of my big home

F Fm C D7

The bees are buzzin' in the tree to make some honey just for me

Am STOP A7 STOP

When you look under the rocks and plants

Dm G7 C A7 STOP

and take a glance at the fancy ants, then maybe try a few?

Dm G7 C Am Dm

The bare nece-ssities of life will come to you,

G7 C F C (STOP)

They'll come to you

NC C **C7** **F** **F7**

Look for the bare ne-cessities, the simple bare ne-cessities

C A7 D7 G7

Forget about your worries and your strife

C C7 F F7

I mean the bare ne-cessities that's why a bear can rest at ease

C A7 D7 G7 C F C STOP

With just the bare ne-ce-ssi-ties of life

NC                    G7                    C  
 When you pick a pawpaw, or a prickly pear  
                                  G7                    C    C7  
 And you prick a raw paw, next time be-ware  
                                  F                    Fm  
 Don't pick the prickly pear by the paw  
                                  C                    D7  
 When you pick a pear, try to use the claw  
      Am STOP                    A7 STOP  
 But you don't need to use the claw

                                 Dm                    **G7**  
 When you pick a pear of the big paw-paw  
                                  C                    A7 STOP  
 Have I given you a clue?

NC                    Dm                    G7                    C Am Dm  
 The bare nece-ssities of life will come to you,  
                                  G7                    C    F    C (STOP)  
 They'll come to you

**Instrumental**

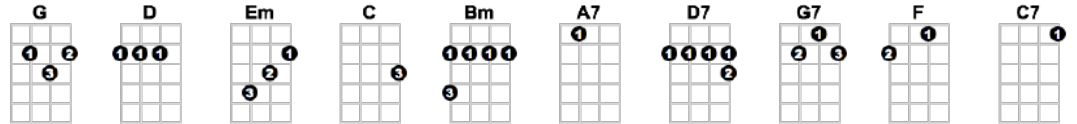
**C / / / C7 / / / F / / / F7 / / / C / / / A7 / / / D7 / / / G7 / / /  
 C / / / C7 / / / F / / / F7 / / / C / A7 / D7 / G7 / C / F / C (STOP)**

NC                    C                    C7                    F                    F7  
 Look for the bare ne-cessities, the simple bare ne-cessities  
      C                    A7                    D7    G7  
 Forget about your worries and your strife  
                                  C                    C7                    F                    F7  
 I mean the bare ne-cessities that's why a bear can rest at ease  
      C                    A7                    D7    G7                    C    F    C  
 With just the bare ne-cessi-ties of life  
      C                    A7                    D7    G7                    C    F    C  
 With just the bare nec-essi-ties of life



# City of New Orleans

Arlo Guthrie



**1-2, 1-2-3-4 Intro: G/// G/// G/// G///**

G D G  
Riding on the City of New Orleans,  
Em C G D  
Illinois Central Monday morning rail  
G D G  
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders,  
Em D G  
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.  
Em Bm  
Out on the southbound odyssey, The train pulls out from Kankakee  
D A7  
And rolls along past houses, farms and fields.  
Em Bm  
Passin' trains that have no names,, And freight yards full of old black men  
D D7 G G7  
And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles.

**Chorus:** C D G  
Good morning America how are you?  
Em C G D - 1 strum  
Say don't you know me I'm your native son  
G D Em A7  
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans,  
F C D G D  
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

G D G  
Dealin' cards with the old men in the club car.  
Em C G D  
Penny a point there ain't no one keepin' score.  
G D G  
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle  
Em D G  
Feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor.  
Em Bm  
And the sons of pullman porters and the sons of engineers  
D A7  
Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel.  
Em Bm  
And mothers with their babes asleep, Go rockin' to the gentle beat  
D C7 G G7  
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

**Chorus:**

C D G  
 Good morning America how are you?  
 Em C G D - 1 strum  
 Say don't you know me I'm your native son  
 G D Em A7  
 I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans,  
 F C D G D  
 I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

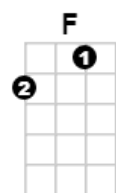
G D G  
 Night-time on The City of New Orleans,  
 Em C G D  
 Changing cars in Memphis, Tennes--see.  
 G D G  
 Half way home, we'll be there by morning  
 Em D G  
 Through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea.  
 Em Bm  
 All the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream  
 D A7  
 And the steel rails still ain't heard the news.  
 Em Bm  
 The con--ductor sings his song again, the passengers will please refrain  
 D D7 G G7  
 This train has got the disappearing railroad blues.

**Chorus:**

C D G  
 Good night America how are you?  
 Em C G/// D - 1 strum  
 Say don't you know me I'm your native son  
 G D Em A7  
 I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans,  
 F C D G D///  
 I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.  
 F C D G/// C/// D/// G  
 I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

# Daydream Believer

## The Monkees



**1-2, 1-2-3-4 Intro C/// F/// C/// F**

### Verse 1

**C Dm Em F**

Oh, I could hide 'neath the wings, of the bluebird as she sings.

**C Am D7 G7**

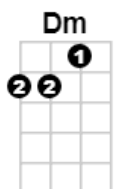
The six o'clock alarm would never ring.

**C/// Dm/// Em/// F///**

But it rings and I rise. Wipe the sleep out of my eyes.

**C/ Am/ Dm/ G7/ C/// C7///**

The shavin' razor's cold and it stings.



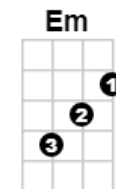
### Chorus

**F/ G7/ Em/// F/ G7/ Am/ F/**

Cheer up sleepy Jean. Oh, what can it mean to a

**C/// F/// C/ Am/ D7/// G7///**

Daydream believer and a home-coming queen.



### Verse 2

**C Dm Em F**

You once thought of me as a white knight on a steed.

**C Am D7 G7**

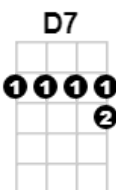
Now you know how happy I can be.

**C/// Dm/// Em/// F///**

Oh, and our good times start and end without dollar one to spend.

**C/ Am/ Dm/ G7/ C/// C7///**

But how much, baby, do we really need?



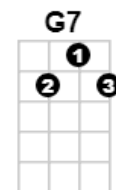
### Chorus

**F/ G7/ Em/// F/ G7/ Am/ F**

Cheer up sleepy Jean. Oh, what can it mean to a

**C/// F/// C/ Am/ D7/// G7///**

Daydream believer and a home-coming queen.



### Repeat from beginning

**F/ G7/ Em/// F/ G7/ Am/ F**

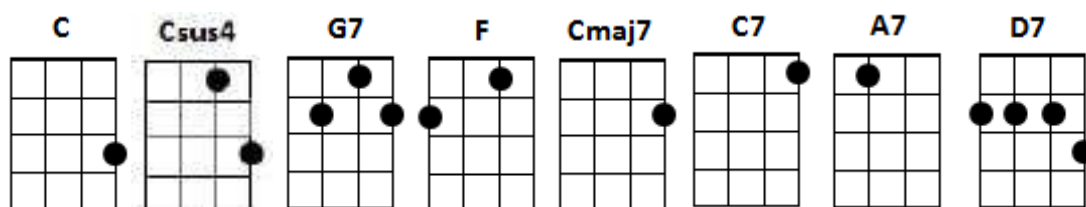
Cheer up sleepy Jean. Oh, what can it mean to a

**C/// F/// C/ Am/ D7/// G7 C**

Daydream believer and a home-coming qu--e--een.

# Dedicated Follower of Fashion

By Ray Davies



Count: 1, 2, 3, 4

NC = No Chord

Intro: C / Csus4 / C / Csus4 / C

Sing C



Verse 1: NC G7 C  
They seek him here, they seek him there

G7 C  
His clothes are loud but never square

F C C Cmaj7 C7 A7  
It will make or break him so he's got to buy the best

D7 G7 C  
'Cause he's a dedicated follower of fashion

Verse 2: G7 C  
And when he does his little rounds

G7 C  
'Round the boutiques of London Town  
F C C Cmaj7 C7 A7

Eagerly pursuing all the latest fads and trends  
D7 G7 C

'Cause he's a dedicated follower of fashion

Verse 3: G7 C  
Oh yes he is (oh yes he is), oh yes he is (oh yes he is)

F C  
He thinks he is a flower to be looked at

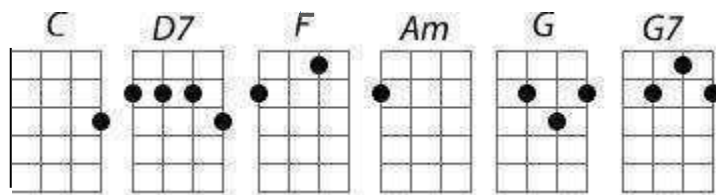
F C C Cmaj7 C7 A7  
And when he pulls his frilly nylon panties right up tight

D7 G7 C  
He feels a dedicated follower of fashion



# Eight Days A Week

by Lennon & McCartney



**Count In:** 1,2,1,2,3,4

**Intro:** C / / / D7 / / / F / / / C

**Verse 1:** C / / / D7 / / / F / / / C / / /  
Ooh I need your love, babe, guess you know it's true

C / / / D7 / / / F / / / C / / /  
Hope you need my love, babe, just like I need you

**Chorus:** Am . . . ↓↑ F . . . ↓↑ Am . . . ↓↑ F . . . ↓↑  
Hold me, love me, hold me, love me

C / / / D7 / / / F / / / C / / /  
I ain't got nothin' but love, babe, eight days a week

**Bridge:** G . G . G . G . Am . . . . .  
Eight days a week, I love you

D7 . D7 . D7 . D7 . F / / / G7 / / /  
Eight days a week, is not enough to show I care

**Verse 2:** C / / / D7 / / / F / / / C / / /  
Love you every day, girl, always on my mind

C / / / D7 / / / F / / / C / / /  
One thing I can say, girl, love you all the time

**Chorus:** Am . . . ↓↑ F . . . ↓↑ Am . . . ↓↑ F . . . ↓↑  
Hold me, love me, hold me, love me,

C / / / D7 / / / F / / / C / / /  
I ain't got nothin' but love, girl, eight days a week

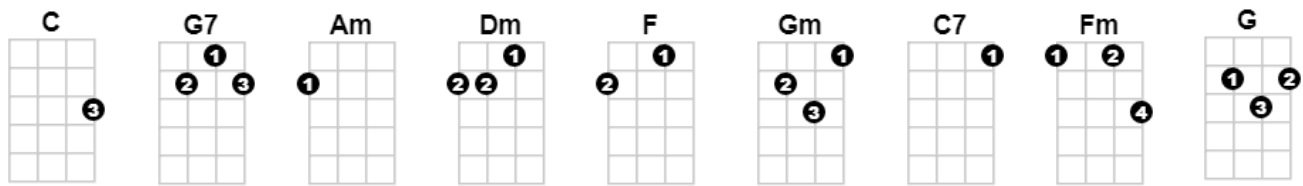
1) **REPEAT FROM VERSE 1**

2) F / / / C / / / F / / / C / / /  
Eight days a week, eight days a week

**Outro:** C / / / D7 / / / F / / / C

# I Can't Smile Without You

Barry Manilow



1-2, 1-2-3-4

**Intro: C/// C/// Am/// Am/// Dm/// Dm/// G7///**

**G7/// C**

**Am**

You know I can't smile without you, I can't smile without you

**Dm**

**G7**

I can't laugh and I can't sing, I'm finding it hard to do anything

**C**

**Am**

You see I feel sad when you're sad, I feel glad when you're glad

**Dm**

**G7**

**C/// G7///**

If you only knew what I'm going through, I just can't smile without you

**C**

**Dm**

You came along just like a song, and brightened my day

**G7**

**C**

Who'd have believed that you were part of a dream

**Dm**

**G7**

Now it all seems light years away

**G7// C**

**Am**

And now I can't smile without you, I can't smile without you

**Dm**

**G7**

I can't laugh and I can't sing, I'm finding it hard to do anything

**C**

**Am**

You see I feel sad when you're sad, I feel glad when you're glad

**Dm**

**G7**

**C/// C///**

If you only knew what I'm going through, I just can't smile without you

**Gm** **C7** **F**  
Now some people say happiness takes so very long to find

**Fm** **Dm** **G** **G7**  
Well, I'm finding it hard leaving your love behind me

**NC** **C** **Am**  
And you see I can't smile without you, I can't smile without you

**Dm** **G7**  
I can't laugh and I can't sing, I'm finding it hard to do anything

**C** **Am**  
You see I feel sad when you're sad, I feel glad when you're glad

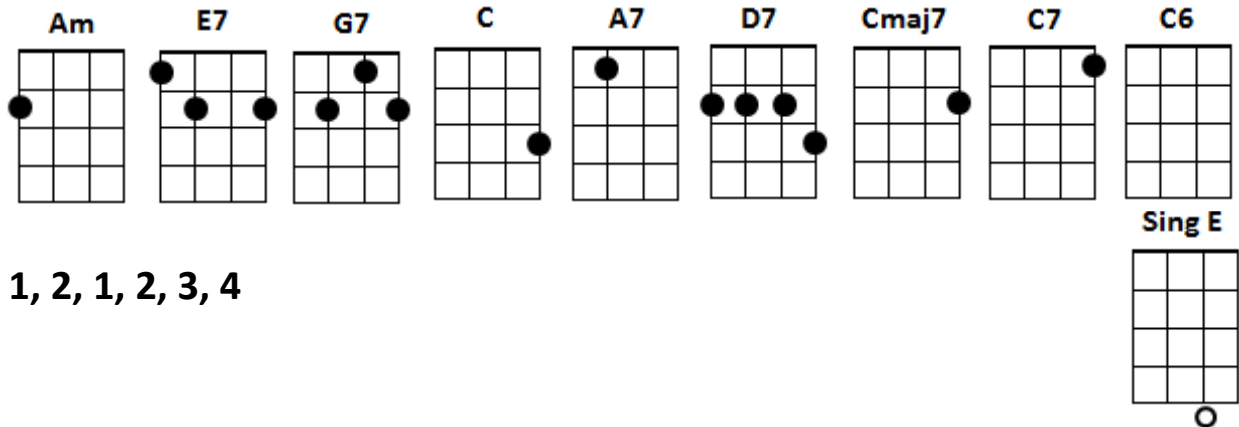
**Dm** **G7** **C/// C.**  
If you only knew what I'm going through, I just can't smile without you



# I Wanna Be Like You (The Monkey Song)

SB3 p12

By Robert and Richard Sherman



Count: 1, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4

Intro: Am

Boom shuhboom, boom shuhboom, boom shuhboom, boom shuhboom

Verse 1: Am

Now I'm the king of the swingers, oh, the jungle V.I.P.

I've reached the top and had to stop and that's what's botherin' me

I wanna be a man, man-cub, and stroll right into town

And be just like the other men, I'm tired of monkeyin' around. Oh!

Chorus: C A7 D7 G7 C  
Oo-bee-doo, I wanna be like you, I wanna walk like you, talk like you, too  
G7 C A7 D7 G7 C  
You'll see it's true, an ape like me can learn to be human too

Intro: Am

Boom shuhboom, boom shuhboom, boom shuhboom, boom shuhboom

Verse 2: Am

Now don't try to kid me, man-cub, I made a deal with you  
What I desire is man's red fire, to make my dream come true

Give me the secret, man-cub, clue me what to do

Give me the power of man's red flower, so I can be like you. Oh!

**Chorus:** C A7 D7 G7 C  
 Oo-bee-doo, I wanna be like you, I wanna walk like you, talk like you, too  
 G7 C A7 D7 G7 C  
 You'll see it's true, an ape like me can learn to be human too

**Intro:** Am  
 Boom shuhboom, boom shuhboom, boom shuhboom, boom shuhboom

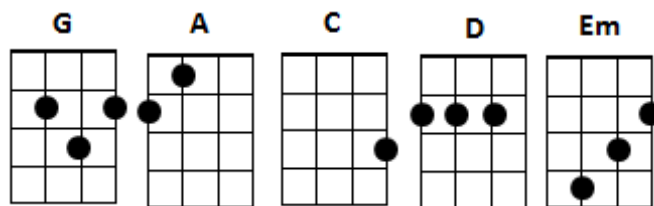
**Verse 3:** Am E7  
 I like your mannerisms; we'll be a set of twins  
 Am  
 No one will know where man-cub ends and orangutan begins  
 E7  
 And when I eat bananas, I won't peel them with my feet  
 Am G7  
 'Cause I'll become a man-cub and learn some ettikeet

**Instrum:** C /// C /// A7 /// A7 /// D7 /// G7 /// C /// G7 ///  
 (+ scat) C /// C /// A7 /// A7 /// D7 /// G7 /// C /// G7 ///

**Chorus:** C A7 D7 G7 C  
 Oo-bee-doo, I wanna be like you, I wanna walk like you, talk like you, too  
 G7 C A7  
 You'll see it's true, an ape like me  
 D7 G7 C C Cmaj7 C7 A7  
 Can learn to be human too  
 D7 G7 C C Cmaj7 C7 A7  
 Can learn to be human too  
 D7 G7 C G7 C6  
 Can learn to be human too

# I'm the Urban Spaceman

by Neil Innes



Count: 1, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4

Intro: G /// G /// A /// A ///  
C /// D /// G /// G ///

Verse 1: G G A A C D G G  
I'm the urban spaceman, baby, I've got speed, I've got everything I need  
G G A A C D G G  
I'm the urban spaceman, baby, I can fly, I'm a supersonic guy  
Em Em C G  
I don't need pleasure, I don't feel pain  
C G A D  
If you were to knock me down I'd just get up again  
G G A A C D G G  
I'm the urban spaceman, baby, I'm makin' out, I'm all about

Refrain: G /// G /// A /// A ///  
C /// D /// G /// G ///

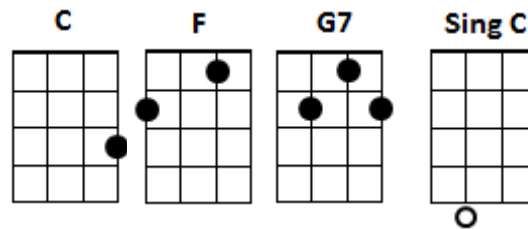
Em Em C G  
I wake up every morning with a smile upon my face  
C G A D  
My natural exuberance spills out all over the place

G /// G /// A /// A ///  
C /// D /// G /// G ///

Verse 2: G G A A C D G G  
I'm the urban spaceman, I'm intelligent and clean, know what I mean?  
G G A A C D G G  
I'm the urban spaceman, as a lover second to none, it's a lot of fun  
Em Em C G  
I never let my friends down, I've never made a boob  
C G A D  
I'm a glossy magazine, an advert in the tube  
G G A A  
I'm the urban spaceman, baby, here comes the twist  
C D G G C G  
I don't exist

# King Of The Road

## By Roger Miller



**Count:** 1, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4

**Chorus:** C F G7 C  
Trailers for sale or rent, rooms to let, fifty cents  
C F G7 (STOP) G7 (STOP)  
No phone, no pool, no pets. I ain't got no cigarettes, ah but  
C F G7 C  
Two hours of pushing broom buys an 8-by-12 four-bit room. I'm a  
C F G7 (STOP) C  
Man of means, by no means King of the Road

**Verse 1:** C F G7 C  
Third boxcar, midnight train, destination Bangor, Maine  
C F G7 (STOP) G7 (STOP)  
Old worn out suit and shoes, I don't pay no union dues, I smoke  
C F G7 C  
Old stogies I have found, short but not too big around. I'm a  
C F G7 (STOP) C  
Man of means, by no means King of the Road

**Bridge:** C F  
I know every engineer on every train  
G7 C  
All of their children, all of their names  
C F  
And every handout in every town  
G7 (STOP) G7 (STOP)  
Every lock that ain't locked when no one's around, I sing

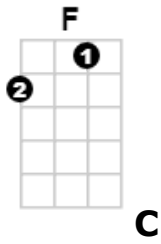
**Chorus:** C F G7 C  
Trailers for sale or rent, rooms to let, fifty cents  
C F G7 (STOP) G7 (STOP)  
No phone, no pool, no pets. I ain't got no cigarettes, ah but  
C F G7 C  
Two hours of pushing broom buys an 8-by-12 four-bit room. I'm a  
C F G7 (STOP) C  
Man of means, by no means King of the Road  
G7 (STOP) C G7 C  
King of the Road

# Memories Are Made Of This

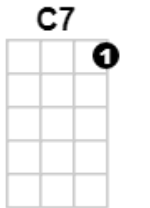
Terry Gilkyson, Richard Dehr, Frank Miller

**Women only to sing parts in bold brackets.**

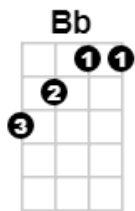
1-2, 1-2-3-4



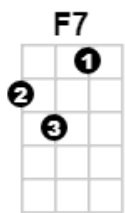
**Intro:** F/// C7///  
Sweet, sweet the memories you gave-a me  
F/// C7///  
You can't beat the memories you gave-a me



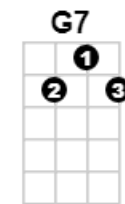
F C7 F  
Take one fresh and tender kiss,  
F C7  
**(Sweet, sweet the memories you gave-a me)**



F C7 F  
Add one stolen night of bliss,  
F C7  
**(You can't beat the memories you gave-a me)**



Bb F C7 F  
One girl, one boy, some grief, some joy.



F C7 F  
Memo-ries are made of this.  
F C7  
**(Sweet, sweet the memories you gave me)**

F C7 F  
Don't for- get a small moon- beam.

F C7  
**(Sweet, sweet the memories you gave-a me)**

F C7 F  
Fold it lightly with a dream.  
F C7  
**(You can't beat the memories you gave-a me)**

Bb F C7 F  
Your lips and mine, two sips of wine.

F C7 F  
Memo- ries are made of this.

F C7  
**(Sweet, sweet the memories you gave me)**

Bb F  
Then add the wedding bells, one house where lovers dwell,

C7 F F7  
three little kids for the flavour

**Bb** **F**  
 Stir carefully through the days, see how the flavour stays.

**G7** **C7**  
 These are the dreams you will savour **(STOP)**

**F** **C7** **F**  
 With His blessings from a-bove,

**F** **C7**  
**(Sweet, sweet the memories you gave-a me)**

**F** **C7**  
 Serve it generously with love

**F** **C7**  
**(You can't beat the memories you gave-a me)**

**Bb** **F** **C7** **F**  
 One man, one wife, one love, through life.

**F** **C7** **F**  
 Memor-ies are made of this

**F** **C7** **C7**  
**(Sweet, sweet the memories you gave-a me)**

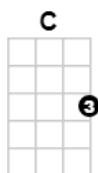
**F** **C7** **F ///**  
**(You can't beat the memories you gave-a me)**

**F** **C7** **F ↓**  
 Memor-ies are made of this

# San Francisco Bay Blues

Jesse Fuller

**Intro: D7/// G7/// C/// G7**



**C** **F** **C C7**  
I got the blues when my baby left me by the San Francisco Bay

**F** **C C7** **F** **F#dim**  
The ocean liners gone so far away. I didn't mean to treat her so bad,

**C** **Cmaj7 C7 A7**  
She was the best girl I ever have had

**D7** **G7 STOP NC**  
She said goodbye, I can take a cry, I wanna lay down and die

**C** **F** **C C7**  
I ain't got a nickel and I ain't got a lousy dime

**F** **E7**  
She don't come back, think I'm going to lose my mind

**F** **F#dim** **C** **Cmaj7 C7 A7**  
If she ever gets back to stay, it's going to be another brand new day

**D7** **G7** **C G7**  
Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay

**C** **F** **C** **C** **F** **C**  
Sitting down looking from my back door, wondering which way to go

**F** **E7** **C**  
Woman I'm so crazy about, she don't love me no more

**F** **F#dim** **C** **Cmaj7 C7 A7**  
Think I'll catch me a freight train, cause I'm feeling blue

**D7** **G7 STOP NC**  
Ride all the way to the end of the line, thinking only of you

**C** **F** **C** **F C**  
Meanwhile livin' in the city, just about to go insane

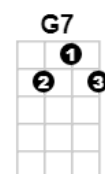
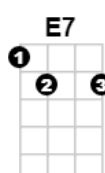
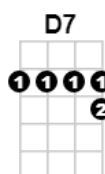
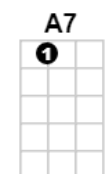
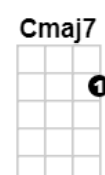
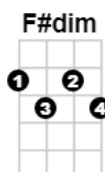
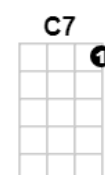
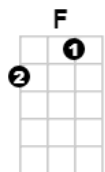
**F** **E7**  
Thought I heard my baby, lord, the way she used to call my name

**F** **F#dim** **C** **A7**  
If I ever get her back to stay, it's going to be another brand new day

**D7** **G7** **C** **Cmaj7 C7 A7**  
Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay, hey, hey

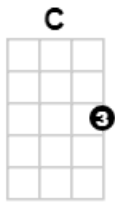
**D7** **G7** **C** **Cmaj7 C7 A7**  
Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay, hey, hey

**D7** **G7** **C** **F C G7 C**  
Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay,



# Save The Last Dance For Me

Written by Doc Pomus and Mort Shuman



**1-2, 1-2-3-4 Intro C/// C///**

**C**

You can dance .. every dance with the guy

**G7**

Who gave you the eye, let him hold you tight.

**G7**

You can smile - every smile for the man

**C**

Who held your hand 'neath the pale moonlight

**C G7 C7 F**

But don't for-get who's taking you home

**C**

and in whose arms you're gonna be

**G7**

**C**

So darlin', save the last dance for me

Oh I know, (Oh I know) that the music's fine,

**G7**

like sparkling wine, go and have your fun

**G7**

Laugh and sing, but while we're apart,

**C**

don't give your heart to anyone

**C G7 C7 F**

'Cause don't for- get who's taking you home

**C**

and in whose arms you're gonna be

**G7**

**C**

So darlin', save the last dance for me

**NC**

**G7**

Baby don't you know I love you so?

**C**

Can't you feel it when we touch?

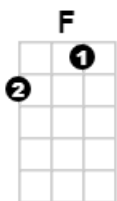
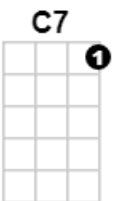
**G7**

**C**

I will never, never let you go, I love you, oh, so much

**C**

You can dance ('You can dance'), go and carry on





**G7**

Till the night is gone an it's time to go ('You can dance',)

**G7**

If he asks - if you're all alone,

**C**

Can he take you home, you must tell him 'no'

**C G7 C7 F**

'Cause don't for- get who's taking you home

**C**

and in whose arms you're gonna be

**G7**

**C**

So darlin', save the last dance for me

**G7**

**C**

So darlin', save the last dance for me

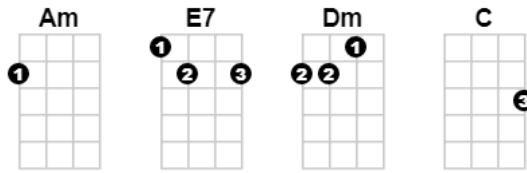
**G7**

**C STOP**

So darlin', save the last dance for me

# Summertime

George & Ira Gershwin



**1-2-3-4 Intro: C/ Am/ E7/ Am/ C/ Am/ E7/ Am/**

**Am E7 Am**

Summer time... and the livin' is easy.

**Dm E7**

Fish are jumpin'... and the cotton is high.

**Am E7 Am**

Your daddy's rich... and your mamma's good lookin',

**C Am E7 Am**

So hush little baby, don't you cry.

**Am E7 Am**

One of these mornings , You're going to rise up singing.

**Dm E7**

Then you'll spread your wings, And you'll take to the sky.

**Am E7 Am**

But till that morning, , There's a' nothing can harm you,

**C Am E7 Am**

With daddy and mamma, Standing by.

**Am E7 Am**

Summer time... and the livin' is easy.

**Dm E7**

Fish are jumpin'... and the cotton is high.

**Am E7 Am**

Your daddy's rich... and your mamma's good lookin',

**C Am E7 Am**

So hush little baby, don't you cry.

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**Am E7 Am**

But till that morning, , There's a' nothing can harm you,

**C Am E7 Am**

With daddy and mamma, Standing by.

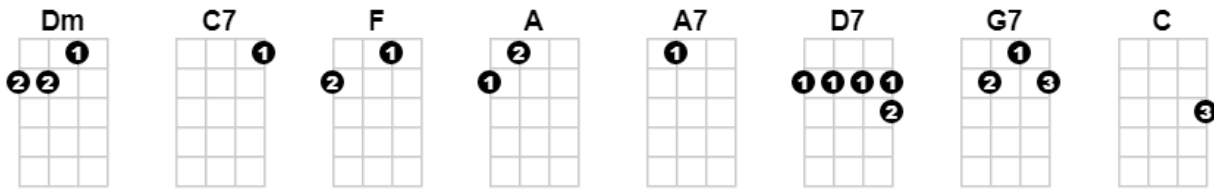
**C Am E7 Am**

With daddy and mamma, Standing by.

Summertime WUG 09.04.19

# Sunny Afternoon

Ray Davies



Intro:

Dm/// Dm/// A/// A///

Dm/// Dm/// A/// A///

## Verse 1:

Dm C7 F C7  
The taxman's taken all my dough, and left me in my stately home

A A7 Dm

Lazing on a sunny afternoon

C7 F C7  
And I can't sail my yacht, he's taken everything I've got

A A7 Dm

All I've got's this sunny afternoon

## Chorus 1:

D7 ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ G7 G7  
Save me, save me, save me from this squee-eeze

C7 F A7

I've got a big fat mama trying to break me

Dm G7 Dm G7/ C7/  
And I love to live so pleasantly, live this life of luxury

F A Dm Dm

Lazing on a sunny afternoon

A A Dm Dm A A  
In the summertime... In the summertime... In the summertime...

## Verse 2:

Dm C7 F C7  
My girlfriend's run off with my car, and gone back to her ma and pa

A A7 Dm

Telling tales of drunkenness and cruelty

C F C7  
 Now I'm sitting here, Sippin' at my ice-cold beer,  
 A A7 Dm  
 Lazing on a sunny afternoon

**Chorus 2:**

D7 ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ G7  
 Help me, help me, help me sail away

C7 F A7  
 Well give me two good reasons why I ought to stay

Dm G7 Dm G7/C7/  
 'Cause I love to live so pleasantly, live this life of luxury.

F A Dm Dm  
 Lazing on a sunny afternoon...

A A Dm Dm A A  
 In the summertime... In the summertime... In the summertime

**Chorus 1**

D7 ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ G7 G7  
 Save me, save me, save me from this squee-eeze

C7 C7 F A7  
 I got a big fat mama trying to break me

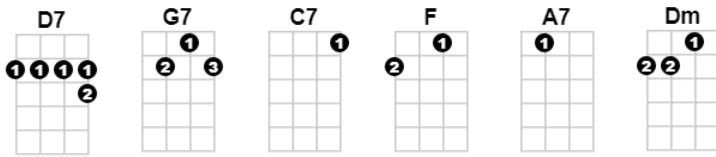
Dm G7 Dm G7/C7/  
 And I love to live so pleasantly, live this life of luxury

F A Dm Dm  
 Lazing on a sunny afternoon...

A A Dm Dm A A /// Dm **(STOP)**  
 In the summertime... In the summertime... In the summertime

# Sweet Georgia Brown

Writers: Ben Bernie and Maceo Pinkard, Kenneth Casey



1-2, 1-2-3-4

**Intro: G7/// C7/// F/// F///**

**D7**

No gal made has got a shade on... Sweet Georgia Brown

**G7**

Two left feet, but oh, so neat has... Sweet Georgia Brown

**C7**

They all sigh and wanna die for... Sweet Georgia Brown

**F C7 F A7**

I'll tell you just why.....You know I don't lie..... (not much!)

**D7**

It's been said she knocks 'em dead when... she lands in town

**G7**

Since she came why it's a shame how... she's cooled 'em down

**Dm A7 Dm A7**

Fellas... she can't get, Must be fellas she ain't met

**F D7 G7 C7 F**

Georgia claimed her, Georgia named her, Sweet Georgia Brown

**D7**

No gal made has got a shade on... Sweet Georgia Brown

**G7**

Two left feet, but oh, so neat has... Sweet Georgia Brown

**C7**

They all sigh and wanna die for... Sweet Georgia Brown

**F C7 F A7**

I'll tell you just why.....You know I don't lie..... (not much!)

**D7**

All those tips the porter slips to... Sweet Georgia Brown

**G7**

They buy clothes at fashion shows for... one dollar down

**Dm A7 Dm A7**

Fellas... tip your hats, Oh boy ain't she the cats?

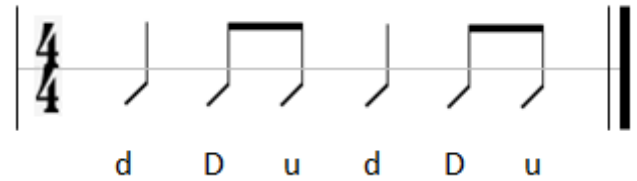
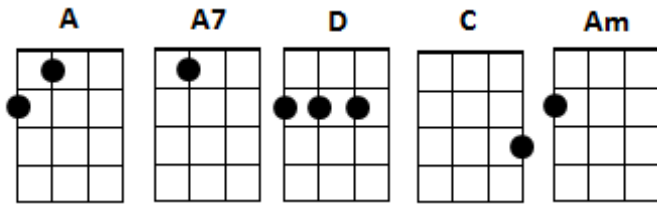
**F D7 G7↓ C7↓ F↓**

Who's that mister, 'Tain't her sister, it's Sweet Georgia Brown

**Repeat from beginning**

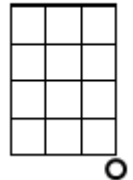
# These Boots Are Made For Walkin'

By Lee Hazlewood



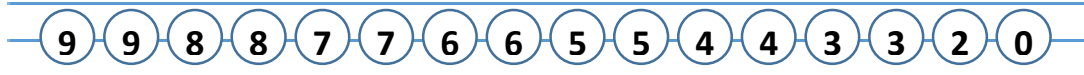
NC = No Chord

Sing A



Count: 1, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4

Intro:



A /// A /// A /// A ///

Verse 1:

**A**  
You keep saying you've got something for me  
**A7**  
Something you call love but confess  
**D**  
You've been messin' where you shouldn't have been a messin'  
**A**  
And now someone else is getting' all your best

Chorus:

**C** **Am**  
These boots are made for walkin'  
**C** **Am**  
And that's just what they'll do  
**C** **Am (STOP)**  
One of these days these boots are gonna  
**NC**  
Walk all over you



A /// A /// A /// A ///

**Verse 2:**

**A**

You keep lying when you oughta be truthin'

**A7**

And you keep losin' when you oughta not bet

**D**

You keep samin' when you oughta be changin'

**A**

Now what's right is right, but you ain't been right yet

**Chorus:**

**C**

**Am**

These boots are made for walkin'

**C**

**Am**

And that's just what they'll do

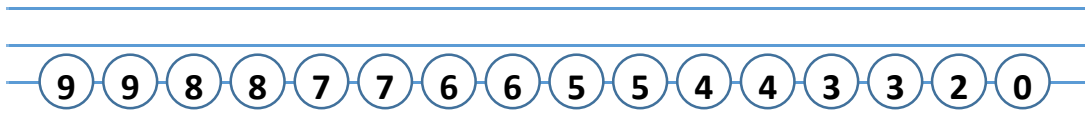
**C**

**Am (STOP)**

One of these days these boots are gonna

**NC**

Walk all over you



**A /// A /// A /// A ///**

**Verse 3:**

**A**

You keep playin' where you shouldn't be playin'

**A7**

And you keep thinking' that you'll never get burnt. HA!

**D**

I just found me a brand new box of matches YEAH

**A**

And what he knows you ain't had time to learn

**Chorus:**

**C**

**Am**

These boots are made for walkin'

**C**

**Am**

And that's just what they'll do

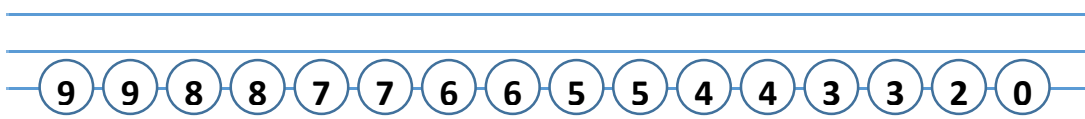
**C**

**Am (STOP)**

One of these days these boots are gonna

**NC**

Walk all over you



**A (STOP)**