

Uke3A

Carvery Supper Songbook 2016

Severn Hospice Support Group

Web Copy
11/11/2016

Intro: ~~The [Am7]whole world [D7]smiles with [G]you!~~

When You're Smiling

(sing B)

When you're [G]smiling

When you're [GM7]smiling

The [E7]whole world smiles with [Am]you

When you're [Am]laughing

When you're [Am7]laughing

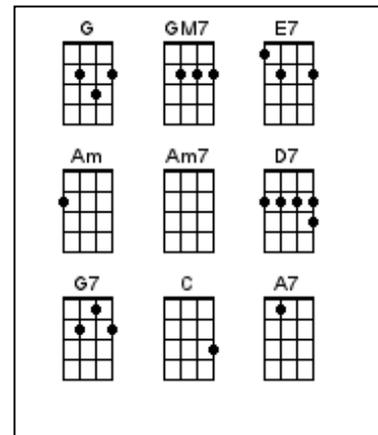
The [D7]sun comes shining [G]through

But when you're [G7]crying

You [C]bring on the rain

So stop your [A7]sighing

Be [D7]happy again



Keep on [G]smiling, 'Cause when you're [E7]smiling

The [Am7]whole world [D7]smiles with [G]you!

Bring me [G] Sunshine, in your [Am] smile

Bring me [D7] laughter, all the [G] while,

In this world where we [G7] live

There should [C] be more happiness,

So much [A7] joy you can give

To each [D7] [STOP] brand new bright tomorrow,

Make me [G] happy, through the [Am] years

Never [D7]bring me any [G] tears,

Let your arms be as [G7] warm as the [C] sun from up above,

Bring me [Am] fun, bring me [D7] sunshine, bring me [G] love.

Repeat as Instrumental (with kazoo)

Bring me [G] Sunshine, in your [Am] eyes

Bring me [D7]rainbows, from the [G] skies,

Life's too short to be [G7] spent having [C] anything but fun,

We can [A7] be so content, if we [D7] [STOP] gather little sunbeams,

Be light [G] hearted, all day [Am] long

Keep me [D7]singing, happy [G] songs,

Let your arms be as [G7] warm as the [C] sun from up above,

Bring me [Am] fun, bring me [D7] sunshine, bring me [G] love

single strums: Bring me [Am] fun, bring me [D7] sunshine, bring me [G] love [Gb][G]

Bring Me Sunshine



Whiskey in the Jar

(Traditional)

As [C]I was going' over the [Am]Cork and Kerry mountains
I [F]saw Captain Farrell and his [C]money he was [Am]counting
I [C]first produced my pistol and [Am]then produced my rapier
I [F]said 'Stand and deliver or the [C]devil he may take [Am]you

Musha [G]rim sham-a-doo sham-a-da
[C]Wack for my daddy-o, [F]Wack for my daddy-o
There's [C]whiskey [G]in the [C]jar

I [C]took all of his money which [Am]was a pretty penny
I [F]took all of his money and I [C]brought it home to [Am]Molly
She [C]swore that she loved me, never [Am]would she leave me
But [F]the devil take that woman for you [C]know she tricked me [Am]easy

Musha [G]rim sham-a-doo sham-a-da
[C]Wack for my daddy-o, [F]Wack for my daddy-o
There's [C]whiskey [G]in the [C]jar

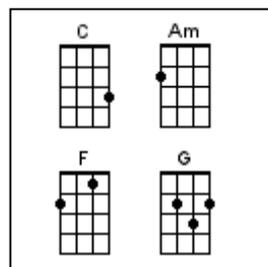
[C]Being drunk and weary I [Am]went to Molly's chamber
[F]takin' Molly with me and I [C]never knew the dang-[Am]er
[C]At six or maybe seven, [Am]in walked Captain Farrell
I [F]jumped up, fired my pistols and I [C]shot him with both [Am]barrels

Musha [G]rim sham-a-doo sham-a-da
[C]Wack for my daddy-o, [F]Wack for my daddy-o
There's [C]whiskey [G]in the [C]jar

Now [C]some men like the fishin' and some [Am]men like the fowlin',
and [F]some men like ta hear, the [C]cannonballs a [Am]roarin'
[C]Me? I like sleepin' [Am]in my Molly's chamber
But [F]here I am in prison, here I [C]am with ball and [Am]chain, oh

Musha [G]rim sham-a-doo sham-a-da
[C]Wack for my daddy-o, [F]Wack for my daddy-o
There's [C]whiskey [G]in the [C]jar

Musha [G]rim sham-a-doo sham-a-da
[C]Wack for my daddy-o, [F]Wack for my daddy-o
There's [C]whiskey [G]in the [C]jar



Da Do Ron Ron

(Barry, Greenwich, Phil Spector, 1963)

Intro: 1st verse

[C]I met him on a Monday and my [F]heart stood still

Da [G7] doo ron ron ron, da [C]do ron ron

Somebody told me that his [F]name was Bill

Da [G7] doo ron ron ron, da [C]do ron ron

Yes, my [F]heart stood still, [C]yes, his [G7]name was Bill

[C]And when he [F]walked me home

Da [G7] doo ron ron ron, da [C]do ron ron

I knew what he was thinkin' when he [F]caught my eye

Da [G7] doo ron ron ron, da [C]do ron ron

He looked so quiet but [F]my oh my

Da [G7] doo ron ron ron, da [C]do ron ron

Yes, he [F]caught my eye, [C]yes, but [G7]my oh my

[C]And when he [F]walked me home

Da [G7] doo ron ron ron, da [C]do ron ron



Repeat as Instrumental (with kazoo)

Well he picked me up at seven and he [F]looked so fine

Da [G7] doo ron ron ron, da [C]do ron ron

Someday soon I'm gonna [F]make him mine

Da [G7] doo ron ron ron, da [C]do ron ron

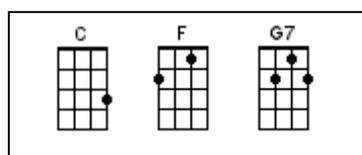
Yes, he [F]looked so fine, [C]yes, gonna [G7]make him mine

[C]And when he [F]walked me home

Da [G7] doo ron ron ron, da [C]do ron ron

Da [G7] doo ron ron ron, da [C]do ron ron

Da [G7] doo ron ron ron, da [C]do ron ron [G7][C]



Ghost Riders in the Sky

(Stan Jones, 1948)

Intro: 2 bars of bass

[Em]An old cowpoke went riding out one [G]dark and windy day
[Em]Upon a ridge he rested as he [G]went along his [B7]way
When[Em] all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw
A'[C]plowin' through the ragged skies [Am/C]... and [Em]up a cloudy draw

[Em] Yi-pi-yi-[G] ay, Yi-pi-yi-[Em] o
[C] Ghost riders [Am/C] in the [Em] sky

[Em]Their brands were still on fire and their [G]hooves were made of steel
[Em]Their horns were black and shiny and their [G]hot breath he could [B7]feel
A [Em]bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky
For he [C]saw the riders comin' hard [Am/C]and he [Em]heard their mournful cry

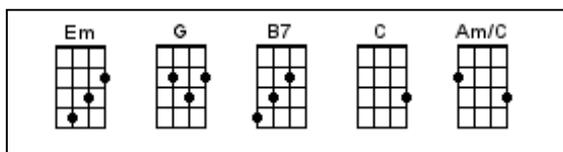
[Em] Yi-pi-yi-[G] ay, Yi-pi-yi-[Em] o
[C] Ghost riders [Am/C] in the [Em] sky

[Em]Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, and [G]shirts all soaked with sweat
[Em]They're ridin' hard to catch that herd but [G]they ain't caught them [B7] yet
They've [Em]got to ride forever in that range up in the sky
On [C]horses snortin' fire, [Am/C]as they [Em]ride on, hear their cry

[Em] Yi-pi-yi-[G] ay, Yi-pi-yi-[Em] o
[C] Ghost riders [Am/C] in the [Em] sky

[Em]As the riders loped on by him, he [G]heard one call his name
[Em]"If you want to save your soul from hell a'[G]ridin' on our [B7]range"
"Then [Em]cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride"
"A-[C]tryin' to catch the Devil's herd [Am/C]a-[Em]cross these endless skies."

[Em] Yi-pi-yi-[G] ay, Yi-pi-yi-[Em] o
[C] Ghost riders [Am/C] in the [Em] sky



Singing The Blues

(Melvin Endsley, 1956, performed by Guy Mitchell)

Intro: (whistling over)

~~Well I [D] never felt more like [G7] singin' the blues~~
~~'Cause [D] I never thought that [G] I'd [Ab] ever [A*] lose~~
~~Your [G] love dear [A] why'd you do me this [D] way [G7] [D]~~

Well I [D] never felt more like [G7] singin' the blues
'Cause [D] I never thought that [G] I'd [Ab] ever [A*] lose
Your [G] love dear [A] why'd you do me this [D] way [G7] [D]

Well I [D] never felt more like [G7] cryin' all night
Cause [D] everythin's wrong
And [G] nothin' [Ab] ain't [A*] right with[G]out you
[A] You got me singin' the [D] blues [G7] [D] [D7]

The [G7] moon and stars no [D] longer [D7]shine
The [G7] dream is gone I [D] thought was [D7]mine
There's [G7] nothin' left for [D] me to do
But [D] cry-y-y-y over [A] you (cry over [A7] you)

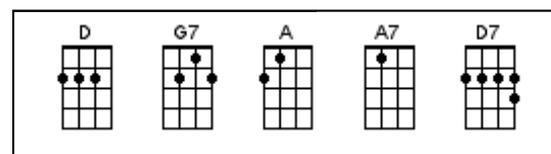
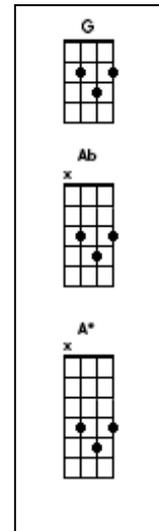
Well I [D] never felt more like [G7] runnin' away
But [D] why should I go 'cause [G] I [Ab] couldn't [A*] stay
With[G]out you [A] you got me singin' the [D] blues [G7] [D]

Repeat whistling intro

The [G7] moon and stars no [D] longer [D7]shine
The [G7] dream is gone I [D] thought was [D7]mine
There's [G7] nothin' left for [D] me to do
But [D] cry-y-y-y over [A] you (cry over [A7] you)

Well I [D] never felt more like [G7] runnin' away
But [D] why should I go 'cause [G] I [Ab] couldn't [A*] stay
With[G]out you
[A] You got me singin' the [D] blues [G7] [D] [D7]

Outro: Repeat whistling intro



Jamaica Farewell

(Words: "Lord Burgess" Music: based on trad, 1955)

[C]Down the way where the [F]nights are gay
And the [C]sun shines [G7]daily on the [C]mountain top
I took a trip on a [F]sailing ship
And when I [C]reach [G7]Jamaica I [C]make a stop

Chorus:

But I'm sad to say I'm [F]on my way
[G7] Won't be back for [C]many a day
My heart is down
My head is [F]turning around
I had to [C]leave a little [G7]girl in [C]Kingston town

[C]Down at the market [F]you can hear
Ladies [C]cry out while [G7]on their [C]heads they bear
Akee rice salt [F]fish are nice
And the [C]rum is [G7]fine any [C]time of year

Chorus

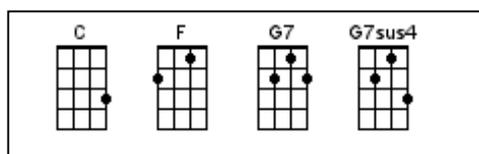
[C]Sounds of laughter [F] everywhere
And the [C] dancing girls [G7]swaying [C]to and fro
I must declare my [F] heart is there
Though I've [C] been from [G7]Maine to [C]Mexico

Chorus

[C]Down the way where the [F]nights are gay
And the [C]sun shines [G7]daily on the [C]mountain top
I took a trip on a [F]sailing ship
And when I [C]reach [G7]Jamaica I [C]make a stop

Chorus

[F]I had to [C]leave a little [G7]girl in [C]Kingston town
[F]I had to [C]leave a little [G7]girl...[G7sus4]...[G7]... in [C]Kingston town



Cider Drinker

(George Baker, 1975 as "Paloma Blanca". This parody by The Wurzels, 1976)

[C]When the moon shines [F]on the [C]cow shed
and we're rolling [F]in the [C]hay
All the cows are [F]up there [C]grazin' and the [G7]milk is on its [C]way.

I am a Cider [F]Drinker, I drinks it all of the [C]day
I am a Cider [F]Drinker, it soothes all me troubles [C]away
Ooh arrh, ooh arrh [G7]ay, Ooh arrh, ooh arrh [C]ay

[C]It's so cosy [F]in the [C]kitchen with the smell of [F]rabbit [C]stew
When the breeze blows [F]'cross the [C]farm yard
you can [G7]smell the [F]cow shed [C]too.

[C]When those combine [F]wheels stops [C]turnin'
and the hard days [F]work is [C]done
There's a pub a-[F]round the [C]corner It's the [G7]place we 'ave our [C]fun.

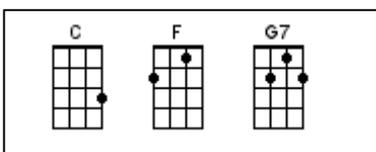
I am a Cider [F]Drinker, I drinks it all of the [C]day
I am a Cider [F]Drinker, it soothes all me troubles [C]away
Ooh arrh, ooh arrh [G7]ay, Ooh arrh, ooh arrh [C]ay

[C]Now dear old Mabel [F]when she's [C]able
we takes a stroll down [F]Lovers [C]Lane
And we sinks a [F]pint o' [C]Scrumpy, then we'll [G7]play old nature's [C]game.

[C]But we end up [F]in the [C]duckpond
when the pub de-[F]cides to [C]close
With me breeches [F]full o' [C]tadpoles, and the [G7]newts between me [C]toes.

I am a Cider [F]Drinker, I drinks it all of the [C]day
I am a Cider [F]Drinker, it soothes all me troubles [C]away
Ooh arrh, ooh arrh [G7]ay, Ooh arrh, ooh arrh [C]ay

I am a Cider [F]Drinker, I drinks it all of the [C]day
I am a Cider [F]Drinker, it soothes all me troubles [C]away
Ooh arrh, ooh arrh [G7]ay, Ooh arrh, ooh arrh [C]ay
Ooh arrh, ooh arrh [G7]ay, Ooh arrh, ooh arrh [C]ay [G7][C]





SET TWO

Drill, Ye Tarriers, Drill

(Words: Thomas Casey. Music: Charles Connolly, 1888)

[Am]Early in the morning at seven o' clock
There are [E7]twenty tarriers, drilling at the rock.
And the [Am]boss comes around and he says,
"Keep still, and [E7]come down heavy on your cast iron drill!"

Chorus:

And [Am]drill, ye [E7]tarriers, [Am]drill;
Drill, ye [G]tarriers, [Am]drill,
Well, you work all day for the sugar in your tay,
[E7]Down behind the railway,
And [Am]drill, ye [E7]tarriers, [Am]drill.
And blast, and fire.

[Am]Now the boss was a fine man down to the ground
And he [E7]married a lady six feet round
She [Am]baked good bread and she baked it well
But she [E7]baked it as hard as the hobs in hell

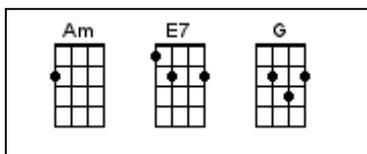
Chorus

[Am]Now our new foreman was Jim McGann,
By [E7]golly, he was a damn mean man.
Last [Am]week a premature blast went off,
And a [E7]mile in the sky went Big Jim Goff.

Chorus

[Am]Now when next payday came around,
Jim[E7] Goff a dollar short was found,
When [Am]asked what for, came this reply,
"You were [E7]docked for the time you were up in the sky".

Chorus



Teddy Bears' Picnic

(Words: Jimmy Kennedy, 1932. Music: John Bratton, 1907)

Intro: First two lines

(sing E)

If [Am]you go [E7]out in the [Am]woods to-[E7]day,
You're[Am] sure of a [E7]big sur-[Am]prise
If [C]you go [G7]out in the [C]woods to-[G7]day,
You'd [C]better go [G7]in dis-[C]guise

For [G7]every bear that ever there was will [G6]gather there for [C6]certain because
To-[F]day's the [C]day the [F]teddy bears [C]have their [G7]pic-[C]nic [E7]

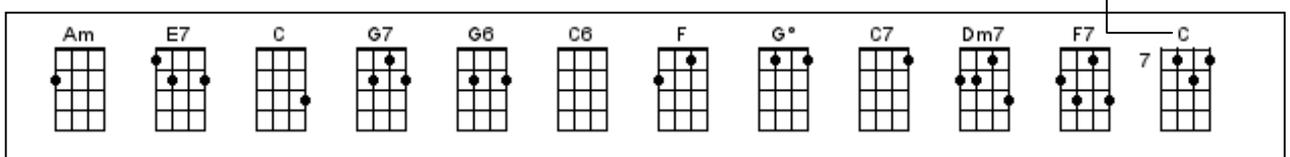
[Am]Every [E7]teddy bear [Am]who's been [E7]good
Is [Am]sure of a [E7]treat to-[Am]day
There's [C]lots of [G7]marvellous [C]things to [G7]eat
And [C]wonderful [G7]games to [C]play

Be-[G7]neath the trees, where nobody sees,
They'll [G6]hide and seek as [C6]long as they please
[F]That's the [C]way the [F]teddy bears [C]have their [G7]pic-[C]nic

[C]Picnic time for teddy bears,
The little teddy bears are having a [G°]lovely [G7]time today
[G7]Watch them, [G°]catch [G7]them unawares,
And see them picnic on their [C]holi-[G°]day [Dm7][G7]
[C]See them gaily gad about, they love to play and shout and [C7]never have any [F]cares
At six o'clock their mummies and [F7]daddies will [C]take them home to [Am]bed
Because they're [Dm7]tired little [G7]teddy [C]bears [E7]

If [Am]you go [E7]out in the [Am]woods to-[E7]day,
You'd [Am]better not [E7]be a-[Am]lone
It's [C]lovely [G7]out in the [C]woods to-[G7]day,
But [C]safer to [G7]stay at [C]home

For [G7]every bear that ever there was will [G6]gather there for [C6]certain because
To-[F]day's the [C]day the [F]teddy bears [C]have their [G7]pic-[C]nic [C]



Mingulay

(Music: Traditional Gaelic. Words: Hugh Robertson, 1938)

Intro: [F]

(sing C)

(Tacet) Heel y'[F]ho boys, let her go, boys
Bring her [C]head round into the [Bb]wea-[F]ther
[F]Heel y'ho boys, let her go boys
Sailing [C]homeward to Mingu-[F]lay!

(Tacet)What care [F]we tho' ,white the Minch is
What care [C]we for wind and [Bb]wea-[F]ther?
[F]Let her go boys, every inch is
Sailing [C]homeward to Mingu-[F]lay!

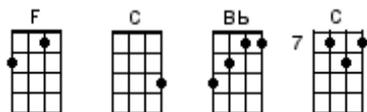
(Tacet) Heel y'[F]ho boys, let her go, boys
Bring her [C]head round into the [Bb]wea-[F]ther
[F]Heel y'ho boys, let her go boys
Sailing [C]homeward to Mingu-[F]lay!

(Tacet)Wives are [F]waiting on the bank, boys, .
Looking [C]seaward from the [Bb]hea-[F]ther.
[F]Pull her 'round boys, and we'll anchor
'Ere the [C]sun sets at Mingu-[F]lay!

(Tacet) Heel y'[F]ho boys, let her go, boys
Bring her [C]head round into the [Bb]wea-[F]ther
[F]Heel y'ho boys, let her go boys
Sailing [C]homeward to Mingu-[F]lay!

A Capella Chorus

Repeat Chorus



This version of C can be quite effective if used sparingly. The C chord in the last line of the chorus is a good place to try it. (*It's the same shape as a G, but at the 7th fret*)

Sloop John B

(Traditional, arranged by Brian Wilson 1965)

[D]We come on the sloop John B
My grandfather and me
Around Nassau town we did [A7]roam
Drinking all [D]night [D7]got into a [G]fight [Em]
Well I [D]feel so broke up [A7]I want to go [D] home

Chorus:

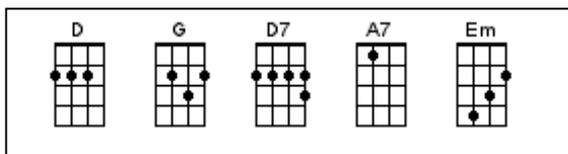
[D]So hoist up the John B's sail
See how the mainsail sets
Call for the captain ashore let me go [A7]home
Let me go [D]home [D7]
I wanna go [G]home yeah [Em]yeah
Well I [D]feel so broke up [A7]I wanna go [D]home

[D]The first mate he got drunk
And broke in the captain's trunk
The constable had to come and take him a-[A7]way
Sheriff John [D]Stone [D7]
Why don't you leave me a-[G]lone yeah [Em]yeah
Well I [D]feel so broke up [A7]I wanna go [D]home

Chorus

[D]The poor cook he caught the fits
And threw away all my grits
And then he took and he ate up all of my [A7]corn
Let me go [D]home [D7]
Why don't they let me go [G]home [Em]
This [D]is the worst trip [A7]I've ever been [D]on

Chorus x 2 and finish with repeat of last line



San Francisco Bay Blues

(Jesse Fuller, 1954)

Intro: [~~A~~]Walkin' with my baby down [~~D7~~]by the San Francisco [~~G~~]Bay [~~D7~~]

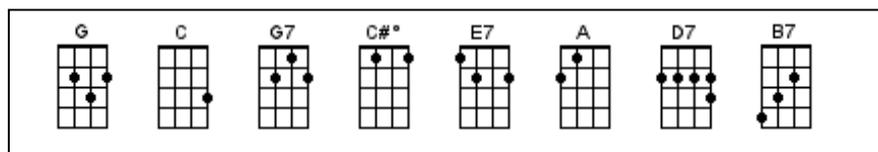
I got the [G]blues from my baby
Left me [C]by the San Francisco [G]Bay [G7]
The [C]ocean liner took her so far a-[G]way [G7]
[C]Didn't mean to treat her so [C#dim]bad,
she was the [G]best girl I ever have [E7]had
She [A]said goodbye, made me cry - [D7][STOP]I wanna lay down and die

I [G]ain't got a nickel and I [C]don't have a lousy [G]dime [G7]
And if she [C]don't come back, think I'm gonna lose my [B7]mind
If she [C]ever comes back to stay
it's gonna [G]be another brand new [E7]day
[A]Walkin' with my baby down [D7]by the San Francisco [G]Bay [D7]

Repeat 1st two verses as Instrumental (with kazoo)

[G]Sittin' down [C]looking from my [G]back door
[G]wonderin' which [C]way to [G]go [G7]
[C]Woman I'm so crazy 'bout
[C#dim]she don't love me no [G]more
[C]Think I'll catch me a freight train [G]cos I'm feeling [E7]blue
[A]Ride all the way to the end of the line-[D7][STOP]thinkin' only of you

[G]Meanwhile [C]in another [G]city
[G]just about to [C]go in-[G]sane [G7]
[C]Thought I heard my baby, Lord
the [B7]way she used to call my name
And if I [C]ever get back to stay
it's gonna [G]be another brand new [E7]day
[A]Walkin' with my baby down [D7]by the San Francisco [G]Bay hey [E7]
[A]Walkin' with my baby down [D7]by the San Francisco [G]Bay [Gb][G]



Over The hills and far away

(Traditional)

(sing D)

[G]Here's forty shillings [C]on the drum
[G]For those who volun-[D]teer to come,
[G]To 'list and fight the [C]foe today
[G]Over the Hills and [Gsus2]far away

Chorus:

[G]O'er the hills and [C]o'er the main
[G]Through Flanders, Portu-[D]gal and Spain
[G]King George commands and [C]we obey
[G]Over the hills and [D]far away

[G]When duty calls me [C]I must go
[G]To stand and face a-[D]nother foe
[G]But part of me will [C]always stray
[G]Over the Hills and [Gsus2]far away

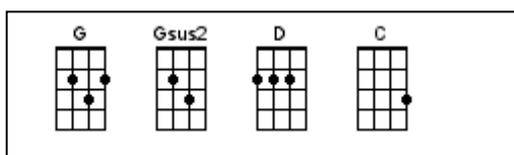
Chorus

[G]If I should fall to [C]rise no more
[G]As many comrades [D]did before
[G]Then ask the fifes and [C]drums to play
[G]Over the Hills and [Gsus2]far away

Chorus

[G]Then fall in lads be-[C]hind the drum
[G]With colours blazing [D]like the sun
[G]Along the road to [C]come what may
[G]Over the Hills and [Gsus2]far away

Chorus x 2



Blame it on the Bossa Nova

(Words: Cynthia Weil, Music: Barry Mann, 1963. Performed by Eydie Gormé)

[C] I was at a dance when he caught my [G7] eye
Standin' all alone lookin' sad and [C] shy
We began to dance [C7] swaying' to and [F] fro
And [C] soon I knew [G7]I'd never let him [C] go

Blame it on the bossa [G7] nova with its magic [C] spell
Blame it on the bossa [G7] nova that he did so [C] well [C7]
Oh, it all began with [F] just one little dance
But soon it ended [C] up a big romance
Blame it on the bossa [G7] nova
The dance of [C] love

Now was it the [G7] moon? No, no, the bossa nova
Or the stars a-[C]bove? No, no, the bossa nova
Now was it the [G7] tune? Yeah, yeah, the bossa nova
[C]The [F] dance of [C] love

[C] Now I'm glad to say I'm his bride to [G7] be
And we're gonna raise a fami[C]ly
And when our kids ask [C7] how it came a[F]bout
I'm [C] gonna say to [G7] them without a [C] doubt

Blame it on the bossa [G7] nova with its magic [C] spell
Blame it on the bossa [G7] nova that he did so [C] well [C7]
Oh, it all began with [F] just one little dance
But soon it ended [C] up a big romance
Blame it on the bossa [G7] nova
The dance of [C] love

Now was it the [G7] moon? No, no, the bossa nova
Or the stars a-[C]bove? No, no, the bossa nova
Now was it the [G7] tune? Yeah, yeah, the bossa nova
[C]The [F] dance of [C] love...

Now was it the [G7] moon? No, no, the bossa nova
Or the stars a-[C]bove? No, no, the bossa nova
Now was it the [G7] tune? Yeah, yeah, the bossa nova
[C]The [F] dance of [C] love

Streets of London

(Ralph McTell, 1969)

Intro: Last two lines of verse

[C]Have you seen the [G]old man in the [Am]closed down [Em]market
[F]Kicking up the [C]paper with his [D7]worn out [G7]shoes
[C]In his eyes you [G]see no pride and [Am]held loosely [Em]at his side,
[F]Yesterday's [C]paper telling [G7]yesterday's [C]news

Chorus:

So [F]how can you [Em]tell me you're [C]lo-ne-[Am]ly
[D7]And say for you that the sun don't [G]shine [G7]
[C]Let me take you [G]by the hand
And [Am]lead you through the [Em]streets of London
[F]I'll show you [C]something to [G7]make you change your [C]mind

[C]Have you seen the [G]old girl who [Am]walks the streets of [Em]London
[F]Dirt in her [C]hair and her [D7]clothes in [G7]rags
[C]She's no time for [G]talking, she [Am]just keeps right on [Em]walking
[F]Carrying her [C]home in two [G7]carrier [C]bags

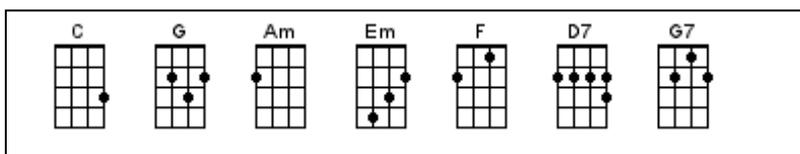
Chorus

[C]In the all night [G]café at a [Am]quarter past [Em]eleven
[F]Same old man [C]sitting [D7]there on his [G7]own
[C]Looking at the [G]world over the [Am]rim of his [Em]tea cup
[F]Each tea lasts an [C]hour and he [G7]wanders home [C]alone

Chorus

[C]And have you seen the [G]old man out-[Am]side the seaman's [Em]mission
[F]Memory fading [C]with the medal [D7]ribbons that he [G7]wears
And [C]in our winter [G]city, the rain [Am]cries a little [Em]pity
For one [F]more forgotten [C]hero and a [G7]world that doesn't [C]care

Chorus



Blue Moon/Sh Boom

(Rogers & Hart, 1934 / The Chords, 1954)

Intro: [C][Am][Dm][G7][C][Am][Dm][G7]

Blue [C] moon [Am][Dm]
You saw me [G7] standing a-[C]lone [Am][Dm]
Without a [G7] dream in my [C] heart [Am][Dm]
Without a [G7] love of my [C] own [Am][Dm][G7]

Blue [C] moon [Am][Dm]
You knew just what [G7] I was [C] there for [Am][Dm]
You heard me [G7] saying a [C] prayer for [Am][Dm]
Someone I [G7] really could [C] care for [Am][Dm][G7]

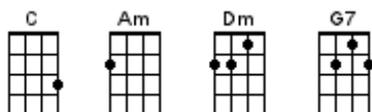
Blue [C] moon [Am][Dm]
Now I'm no [G7] longer a [C]lone [Am][Dm]
Without a [G7] dream in my [C] heart [Am][Dm]
Without a [G7] love of my [C] own [Am][Dm][G7]

[C] Life could be a [Am] dream [Dm]
If I could [G7] take you up to [C] paradise up a- [Am] bove [Dm]
If you would [G7] tell me I'm the [C] only one that you [Am] love
[Dm] Life could be a [G7] dream, sweet- [C] heart

[C] Hello, hel-[Am] lo again
Sh [Dm] boom, I'm hoping we'll [G7] meet again

[C] Life could be a [Am] dream [Dm]
If only [G7] all my precious [C] plans would come [Am] true [Dm]
If you would [G7] let me spend my whole [C] life loving [Am] you
[Dm] Life could be a [G7] dream, sweet- [C] heart

[C] Hello, hel- [Am] lo again
Sh [Dm] boom, I'm hoping we'll [G7] meet again [C]



Leaning on a Lamp Post

(Noel Gay, 1937. Performed by George Formby)

(slowly)

[C]I'm leaning on a [G7]lamp, maybe you [Am7]think, I look a [G7]tramp,
Or you may [C]think I'm hanging [D7]round to steal a [G7]car.
But [C]no I'm not a [G7]crook, And if you [Am7]think, that's what I [G7]look,
I'll tell you [Am]why I'm here, And [D7]what my motives [G7]are. {stop}

(faster)

I'm [C]leaning on a lamp-post at the corner of the street,
In case a [G7]certain little lady comes [C]by.
Oh [G7]me, oh [C]my, I [D7]hope the little lady comes [G7]by.
I [C]don't know if she'll get away, She doesn't always get away,
But [G7]anyway I know that she'll [C]try.
Oh [G7]me, oh [C]my, I [D7]hope the little lady comes [G7]by

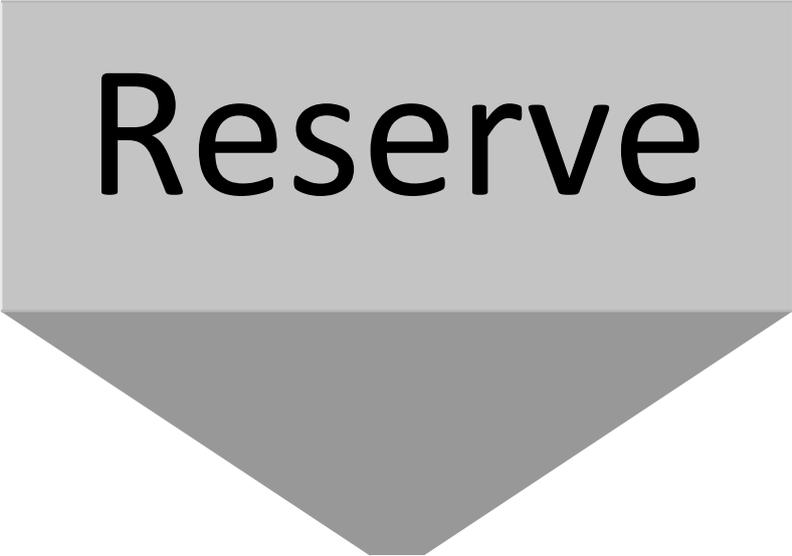
[G7]There's no other girl I would wait for, but [C]this one I'd break any date for, I
[D7]won't have to ask what she's late for, she'd [G7]wouldn't leave me [G7]flat,
She's not a [G7]girl [G7]like [G7]that.

Oh, she's [C]absolutely wonderful, and marvellous and beautiful.
And [G7]anyone can understand [C]why,
I'm [F]leaning on a lamp-post at the [D7]corner of the street
In case a [C]certain little [G7]lady passes [C]by.

~~Oh, she's [C]absolutely wonderful, and marvellous and beautiful.
And [G7]anyone can understand [C]why,
I'm [F]leaning on a lamp-post at the [D7]corner of the street
In case a [C]certain little [G7]lady passes [C]by.~~

[G7]There's no other girl I would wait for, but [C]this one I'd break any date for, I
[D7]won't have to ask what she's late for, she'd [G7]never leave me [G7]flat, She's not a
[G7]girl [G7]like [G7]that.

Oh, she's [C]absolutely wonderful, and marvellous and beautiful.
And [G7]anyone can understand [C]why,
I'm [F]leaning on a lamp-post at the [D7]corner of the street
In case a [C]certain little [G7]lady passes [C]by.
I'm [F]leaning on a lamp-post at the [D7]corner of the street
In case a [C]certain little [G7]lady,
[C]certain little [G7]lady,
[C]certain little [G7]lady passes [C]by [G7][C]



Reserve

I Guess it Doesn't Matter any More

(Paul Anka, 1958. Performed by Buddy Holly)

(G) There you go and baby, here am I
Well you (D) left me here so I could sit and cry
Well-a, (G) golly gee what have you done to me
But I (Am) guess it doesn't (D7) matter any (G) more.

(G) Do you remember baby, last September
How you (D) held me tight each and every night
Well, (G) oops-a daisy how you drove me crazy
But I (Am) guess it doesn't (D7) matter any (G) more.

(Em) There's no use in me a-(G) cryin'
I've (Em) done everything and now I'm (G) sick of trying
I've (A7) thrown away my nights
And wasted all my days over (D7) yoo (D) oo (D7) oo (D) oo

(G) Now you go your way and I'll go mine
(D) Now and forever 'till the end of time . . . I'll find
(G) Somebody new and baby we'll say we're through
And (Am) you won't (D) matter any (G) more.

(Em) There's no use in me a-(G) cryin'
I've (Em) done everything and now I'm (G) sick of trying
I've (A7) thrown away my nights
And wasted all my days over (D7) yoo (D) oo (D7) oo (D) oo

(G) Now you go your way and I'll go mine
(D) Now and forever 'till the end of time . . . I'll find
(G) Somebody new and baby we'll say we're through
And (Am) you won't (D7) matter any (G) more.

(Am) You won't (D7) matter any (G) more
(Am) You won't (D7) matter any (G) more. (D7) (G)

(slow down...)

Y.M.C.A.

(Morali, Willis, 1978. Performed by the Village People)

[C] Young man there's no need to feel down
I said [Am] young man pick yourself off the ground
I said [F] young man cause you're in a new town
There's no [G7] need to be unhappy

[C] Young man there's a place you can go
I said [Am] young man when you're short on your dough
You can [F] stay there and I'm sure you will find
Many [G7] ways to have a good time (1,2,3,4,5..)

Chorus: It's fun to stay at the [C] YMCA it's fun to stay at the [Am] YMCA
They have [F] everything for young men to enjoy
You can [G7] hang out with all the boys
It's fun to stay at the [C] YMCA it's fun to stay at the [Am] YMCA
You can [F] get yourself cleaned you can have a good meal
You can [G7] do whatever you feel

[C] Young man are you listening to me
I said [Am] young man what do you want to be
I said [F] young man you can make real your dreams
But you [G7] got to know this one thing

[C] No man does it all by himself
I said [Am] young man put your pride on the shelf
And just [F] go there to the YMCA
I'm [G7] sure they can help you today (1,2,3,4,5..)

Chorus

[C] Young man I was once in your shoes
I said [Am] I was down and out with the blues
I felt [F] no man cared if I were alive
I felt [G7] the whole world was so tight

That's when [C] someone came up to me
And said [Am] young man take a walk up the street
There's a [F] place there called the YMCA
They can [G7] start you back on your way (1,2,3,4,5..)

Chorus x 2