Jambalaya -C
Blue Suede Shoes
Chattanooga Shoe Shine Boy
   At the Hop
Across the Great Divide
City of New Orleans
Take Me Home Country Roads
   Centerfield
   Wagon Wheel
It's Only A Paper Moon
   Hit the Road
   Happy Birthday

-Intermission-

Let's Talk Dirty in Hawaiian
   Knock Three Times
Can't Buy Me Love
   If I Had A Boat
Beautiful Sunday
Teach Your Children
Take Me Out to the Ballgame
   She Ain't Rose
   The Weight
I Am a Pilgrim
   Perhaps Love
This Land Is Your Land -F
Jambalaya

C   C   C   C
    / ///    / ///    / ///    / ///    / ///

C   G7
Goodbye Joe me gotta go, me oh my oh
Me gotta go pole the pirogue down the bayou
My Yvonne the sweetest one, me oh my oh
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou

CHORUS

G7
Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and filet gumbo
Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou

G7
Thibodaux, Fontaineaux, the place is buzzin'
Kinfolk come to see Yvonne by the dozen
Dress in style, go hog wild, me oh my oh
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou
CHORUS

G7
Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and filet gumbo
Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio
G7
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o
C
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou

G7
Settle down far from town, get me a pirogue
C
And I'll catch all the fish in the bayou
G7
Swap my mon to buy Yvonne what she need-oh
C
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou

CHORUS

G7
Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and filet gumbo
Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio
G7
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o
C    G7    C
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou.  / /  /
Blue Suede Shoes

Carl Perkins

D7 C7 G G
/ / / / / / / /

(↓ = single down strum)

G↓ G↓
Well, it's one for the money, Two for the show,
G↓
Three to get ready, now Go, Cat, Go.

C7 G G
But don't you step on my Blue Suede Shoes.

D7 C7 G G
You can do anything but lay off of my Blue Suede Shoes.

G↓ G↓
Well, you can knock me down, Step in my face,
G↓ G↓
Slander my name, All over the place.

G↓
G↓
Do anything that you want to do, but uh-uh Honey, lay off of my shoes

C7 G G
Don't you step on my Blue Suede Shoes.

D7 C7 G G
You can do anything but lay off of my Blue Suede Shoes.

G G G G
/ / / / / / / /

C7 C7 G G
/ / / / / / / /

D7 C7 G G
/ / / / / / / . .
You can burn my house, Steal my car,
Drink my liquor From an old fruit jar.
Do anything that you want to do, but uh-uh Honey, lay off of my shoes
Don't you step on my Blue Suede Shoes.
You can do anything but lay off of my Blue Suede Shoes.

Well, it's one for the money, Two for the show,
Three to get ready, now Go, Cat, Go.
But don't you step on my Blue Suede Shoes.
You can do anything but lay off of my Blue Suede Shoes!

Blue, blue, Blue Suede Shoes, blue, blue, Blue Suede Shoes
Blue, blue, Blue Suede Shoes, blue, blue, Blue Suede Shoes
You can do anything but lay off of my Blue Suede Shoes!
You can do anything but lay off of my Blue Suede Shoes!
Chattanooga Shoeshine Boy

Harry Stone, Jack Stapp

G7 F C G7
/ / / / / / / / / / / . . .

C
Have you ever passed the corner of Fourth and Grand

C7
Where a little ball of rhythm has a shoeshine stand

F
People gather round and they clap their hands

C
He's a great big bundle of joy

G7
He pops a boogie woogie rag,

F C G7
The Chattanooga Shoeshine Boy

C
Well he charges you a nickel just to shine one shoe

C7
He makes the oldest kind of leather look like new

F
You feel as though you wanna dance when he gets through

C
He's a great big bundle of joy

G7
He pops a boogie woogie rag

F C
The Chattanooga Shoeshine Boy
Bridge:

F          C
It's a wonder that the rag don't tear, the way he makes it pop

D7
You ought to see him fan the air

G7 Tacit:
with his hoppity hoppity hoppity hoppity hoppity hoppity hop

C
He opens up for business when the clock strikes nine

C7
He likes to get 'em early when they're feelin' fine

F
Everybody gets a little rise and shine

C
with a great big bundle of joy

G7
He pops a boogie woogie rag

F            C          C          (Repeat Bridge and last verse)
The Chattanooga Shoeshine Boy

End With:

G7          F          C          C
He pops a boogie woogie rag . . . The Chattanooga Shoeshine Boy
At the hop      Danny and the Juniors

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

Chorus:

G    G7
Let's go to the hop, let's go to the hop (oh baby)!

C    G
Let's go to the hop, (oh baby) let's go to the hop!

D    C    G
Come – on -, let's go to the hop.

G    E7
Bah-bah-bah-bah, bah-bah-bah-bah,

C    D    G
bah-bah-bah-bah, bah-bah-bah-bah, at the hop!

G
1. Well, you can rock it, you can roll it,

    G7
you can stop, you can stroll it at the hop,

    C
when the record starts spinnin',

    G
you *chalypso* when you chicken at the hop,

    D    C    G
Do the dance sensation that is sweepin' the nation, at the hop!

CHORUS:
2. Well, you can swing it, you can groove it,

   \[ G \]
   you can really start to move it at the hop,

   \[ G^7 \]

   \[ C \]
   where the jockey is the smoothest

   \[ G \]
   and the music is the coolest, at the hop.

   \[ D \]

   \[ C \]
   All the cats and chicks can get their kicks at the hop. Let's go!

CHORUS:

3. Well, you can swing it, you can groove it,

   \[ G \]
   you can really start to move it at the hop,

   \[ G^7 \]

   \[ C \]
   where the jockey is the smoothest

   \[ G \]
   and the music is the coolest, at the hop.

   \[ D \]

   \[ C \]
   All the cats and chicks can get their kicks at the hop. Let's go!

CHORUS:

\[ G \]
Bah-bah-bah-bah, bah-bah-bah-bah,

\[ E^m \]

\[ C \]
bah-bah-bah-bah, bah-bah-bah-bah, at the hop!
Across The Great Divide

C   A\textsuperscript{m}   F   G   C   C
/ / / /   / / / /   / / / /   / / / /   / / / . . .

C   F   C
I've been walking in my sleep

A\textsuperscript{m}   F
Counting troubles 'stead of counting sheep

C   A\textsuperscript{m}
Where the years went I can't say

F   G   C
I just turned around and they've gone away

C   F   C
I've been sifting through the layers

A\textsuperscript{m}   F
Of dusty books and faded papers

C   A\textsuperscript{m}
They tell a story I used to know

F   G   C
It was one that happened so long ago

CHORUS:
C   F   C
It's gone away in yesterday

A\textsuperscript{m}   F
Now I find myself on the mountainside

C   G   A\textsuperscript{m}
Where the rivers change direction

F   G   C
Across The Great Divide
Now, I heard the owl a-callin'
Softly as the night was fallin'
With a question and I replied
But he's gone across the borderline

CHORUS:

The finest hour that I have seen
Is the one that comes between
The edge of night and the break of day
It's when the darkness rolls away

CHORUS TWICE:

END WITH:

Where the rivers change direction Across The Great Divide /
City of New Orleans  Arlo Guthrie  (written by Steve Goodman)

Bb    F    G7    C    C
//    //    //    //    //    //

C    G    C

1. Riding on the City of New Orleans,
A\(^m\)    F    C    G
Illinois Central, Monday morning rail.
C    G    C
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders,
A\(^m\)    G    C
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.

A\(^m\)
All on a southbound odyssey,
E\(^m\)
The train pulls out of Kankakee,
G    D\(^7\)
And rolls along past houses, farms and fields.
A\(^m\)
Passing towns that have no name
E\(^m\)
And freight yards full of old black men,
G    G\(^7\)    C
And the graveyards of rusted automobiles. Singing...

Chorus:
F    G    C
Good morning, America, how are you?
A\(^m\)    F    C    G
Say, don`t you know me, I`m your native son.
C    G    A\(^m\)    D\(^7\)
I`m the train they call the City of New Orleans,
B\(^b\)    F    G\(^7\)    C    C
And I`ll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

C    G    C
2. Dealing cards to the old men in the club car,
A\(^m\)    F    C    G
Penny a point, and no one`s keeping score.
C    G    C
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle,
A\(^m\)    G    C
You can feel the wheels grumbling `neath the floor.
The sons of Pullman porters, and the sons of engineers
Ride their father`s magic carpet made of steel.
And mothers with their babes asleep,
Are rocking to the gentle beat,
The rhythm of the rails is all they feel.  + CHORUS

3. Nighttime on the City of New Orleans,
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee.
Halfway home, and we`ll be there by morning,
Through the Mississippi darkness rollin` down to the sea.

But all the towns and people
Seem to fade into a bad dream,
The steel rail hasn`t heard the news.
The conductor sings his song again,
The Passengers will please refrain!
This train`s got the Disappearing Railway Blues. Singing.....

+ CHORUS, (change to Good night, America...  )
Take Me Home, Country Roads

John Denver

F           F           F           F           F
/ / / /      / / / /      / / / /      / / / /      / / / /

F           Dm
Almost heaven, West Virginia,
C           Bb          F           F
Blueridge Mountain, Shenandoah River.
F           Dm
Life is old there, older than the trees,
C           Bb          F
Younger than the mountains, blowing like a breeze.

F           C           Dm           Bb
Country Roads, take me home, to the place, I belong
F           C           Bb           F           F           F
West Virginia, Mountain Mama, take me home, country roads.

F           Dm
All my memories gather round her,
C           Bb          F           F
Miners' lady, stranger to blue waters.
F           Dm
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky,
C           Bb          F
Misty taste of moonshine, tear-drop in my eye.

F           C           Dm           Bb
Country Roads, take me home, to the place, I belong
F           C           Bb           F           F           F
West Virginia, Mountain Mama, take me home, country roads.
I hear her voice in the morning hour she calls me,
Radio reminds me of my home far away,
And driving down the road I get a feeling that I should have
Been home yesterday, yesterday.

Country Roads, take me home, to the place, I belong
West Virginia, Mountain Mama, take me home, country roads.
Take me home, country roads,
Take me home, down country roads. / / /
Centerfield  

John Fogerty

F G C  F G C  F G C
/// /// /// /// /// /// /// ///

F E\textsuperscript{m} D\textsuperscript{m} G C C C C C
/// /// /// /// /// /// /// /// /// /// /// /// /// ///

C F G C
Well beat the drum and hold the phone, the sun came out today

C A\textsuperscript{m} G G
We're born again there's new grass on the field

C F C
A-roundin' third and headed for home, it's a brown-eyed handsome man

F G C C
Anyone can understand the way I feel.

C F C
Oh, put me in Coach I'm ready to play today

C F E\textsuperscript{m}
Put me in Coach I'm ready to play today

D\textsuperscript{m} G C C
Look at me I can be Centerfield

C F G C
Well I spent some time in the Mudville Nine, watchin' it from the bench

C A\textsuperscript{m} G G
You know I took some lumps when the Mighty Case struck out

C F C
So “Say Hey” Willie, tell the Cobb, and Joe DiMaggio

F G C C
Don't say it ain't so, you know the time is now.

C F C
Oh, put me in Coach I'm ready to play today
Put me in Coach I'm ready to play today

Look at me I can be Centerfield

Got a beat-up glove, a homemade bat, and a brand new pair of shoes

You know I think it's time to give this game a ride

Just to hit the ball and touch 'em all . . . a moment in the sun

It's gone and you can tell that one goodbye.

Oh, put me in Coach I'm ready to play today

Look at me I can be . . .

Oh, put me in Coach I'm ready to play today

Look at me gotta be Centerfield
Wagon Wheel

Old Crow Medicine Show

G D E\(^m\) C G D C C

G D
Heads down south to the land of the pines
E\(^m\) C
And I'm thumbin' my way into North Caroline
G D C C
Starin' up the road and (I) pray to God I see headlights
G D
I made it down the coast in seventeen hours
E\(^m\) C
Pickin' me a bouquet of Dogwood flowers
G D C C
And I'm a hopin' for Raleigh I can see my baby to

CHORUS:

G D
So rock me mama like a wagon wheel
E\(^m\) C
Rock me mama any way you feel
G D C C
Hey...ey, mama rock me
G D
Rock me mama like the wind and the rain
E\(^m\) C
Rock me mama like a south-bound train
G D C C
Hey...ey, mama rock me

G D E\(^m\) C G D C C
Runnin' from the cold up in New England

I was born to be a fiddler in an old-time string band

My baby plays the guitar, I pick a banjo now

Oh, North country winters keep a gettin' me now

Lost my money playin' poker so I had to up and leave

But I ain't a turnin' back to livin' that old life no mo.o.re

CHORUS:

Walkin' to the south out of Roanoke

I caught a trucker out of Philly, had a nice long toke

But he's a headed west from the Cumberland Gap

To Johnson City, Tennessee

And I gotta get a move on fit for the sun

I hear my baby callin' my name and I know that she's the only one

And if I die in Raleigh at least I will die free..ee

CHORUS:

End with:
It's Only A Paper Moon
Arlen, Harburg, and Rose (1933)

C  C\(^7\)  F  D\(^7\)  G\(^7\)  C  G\(^7\)
//  //  //  //  //  //  //

C  C\(^\#dim\)  D\(^m\)  G\(^7\)  D\(^m\)  G\(^7\)  C
Say, it's only a paper moon, sailing over a cardboard sea

C\(^7\)  F  D\(^7\)  G\(^7\)  C  G\(^7\)
But it wouldn't be make believe, if you believed in me  //

C  C\(^\#dim\)  D\(^m\)  G\(^7\)  D\(^m\)  G\(^7\)  C
Yes, it's only a canvas sky, hanging over a muslin tree

C\(^7\)  F  D\(^7\)  G\(^7\)  C  C\(^7\)
But it wouldn't be make believe if you believed in me  / . .

F (F\(^\#dim\))  C  D\(^m\)  G\(^7\)  C  C\(^7\)
Without your love, it's a honky-tonk parade  / . .

F (F\(^\#dim\))  C  E\(^m7\)  A\(^7\)  D\(^7\)  G\(^7\)
Without your love, it's a melody played in a penny arcade

C  C\(^\#dim\)  D\(^m\)  G\(^7\)  D\(^m\)  G\(^7\)  C
It's a Barnum and Bailey world, just as phony as it can be

C\(^7\)  F  D\(^7\)  G\(^7\)  C  G\(^7\)
But it wouldn't be make believe if you believed in me.  //

C  C\(^\#dim\)  D\(^m\)  G\(^7\)  D\(^m\)  G\(^7\)  C
Yes, it's only a canvas sky, hanging over a muslin tree

C\(^7\)  F  D\(^7\)  G\(^7\)  C  C\(^7\)
But it wouldn't be make believe if you believed in me  / . .
With-out your love, it's a honky-tonk parade  

With-out your love, it's a melody played in a penny arcade

It's a Barnum and Bailey world, just as phony as it can be

But it wouldn't be make believe if you believed in me.

If you believed in me.  

[Draw Out]
Hit The Road

Percy Mayfield

\[ A^m \ G \ F \ E^7 \]
\[ / / \ / / \ / / \ / / \ / / \ / / \ / / \ / / \ / / \ / / \ / / \ / / \ / / \ / / \]

*italics for gals, regular for guys*

**CHORUS:** (play these three lines twice, see below)

\[ A^m \ G \ F \ E^7 \]
*Hit the road Jack and don't you come back*

\[ A^m \ G \ F \ E^7 \]
*No more, no more, no more, no more*

\[ A^m \ G \ F \ E^7 \]
*Hit the road Jack and don't you come back no more.*

\[ A^m \ G \ F \ E^7 \]
What you say?

**Do it again**, but no *What you say* (but do play all the chords)

\[ A^m \ G \ F \ E^7 \]
*Oh woman, oh woman, don't treat me so mean*

\[ A^m \ G \ F \ E^7 \]
*You're the meanest old woman that I've ever seen*

\[ A^m \ G \ F \ E^7 \]
*I guess if you say so*

\[ A^m \ G \ F \ E^7 \]
*I'll have to pack my things and go. *That's right!*

**CHORUS:**

\[ A^m \ G \ F \ E^7 \]
*Now baby, listen baby, don't treat me this way*

\[ A^m \ G \ F \ E^7 \]
*For I'll be back on my feet some day*
Don't care if you do, cause it's understood
You ain't got no money, you just ain't no good

I guess if you say so
I'll have to pack my things and go. That's right!

Hit the road Jack and don't you come back
No more, no more, no more, no more
Hit the road Jack and don't you come back no more. What you say?
Hit the road Jack and don't you come back
No more, no more, no more, no more
Hit the road Jack and don't you come back no more

Everyone:
Don't you come back no more
Don't you come back no more
Don't you come back no more

Am G F E7 A7
Am G F E7
Happy Birthday

G  D7  G  G
/   /   /   /   /   .

G  D7  G
Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you

G7  C  G  D7  G
Happy Birthday, dear .....xxxxx........, Happy Birthday to you.

====================================================
C  G7  C  C
/   /   /   /   .

C  G7  C
Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you

D7  F  C  G7  C
Happy Birthday, dear .....xxxxx........, Happy Birthday to you.

=================================================================
F  C7  F  F
/   /   /   /   .

F  C7  F
Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you

F7  Bb  F  C7  F
Happy Birthday, dear .....xxxxx........, Happy Birthday to you.

=================================================================

![Guitar Chord Diagram]
Let’s Talk Dirty In Hawaiian

John Prine

C
I packed my bags and bought myself a ticket,
G
For the land of the tall palm tree
C
Aloha old Modesto, Hello Waikiki

I just stepped down from the airplane
F
When I thought I heard her say
C
Waka waka nuka nuka, waka waka nuka nuka
G C G
Would you like a lei? Eh?

CHORUS :
C G
Let's talk dirty in Hawaiian, Whisper in my ear
C
Kicka pooka maka, wah wahini, Are the words I long to hear
F
Lay your coconut on my tiki, What the hecka mooka mooka dear
C G C (C)
Let's talk dirty in Hawaiian, Say the words I long to hear

End With:
F C G C C
Oh, let's talk dirty in Hawaiian, and say the words I long to hear
It's a ukelele Honolulu sunset, Listen to the grass skirts sway

Drinking rum from a pineapple, Out on Honolulu Bay

The steel guitars all playing, While she's talking with her hands

Gimme gimme oka doka make a wish and wanta polka

Words I understand. Oh,

CHORUS:

I boughta lota junka with my moola

And sent it to the folks back home

I never had the chance to dance the hula

I guess I should have known

When you start talking to the sweet wahini

Walking in the pale moonlight

Oka doka what a setta knocka rocka sis boom bocas

Hope I said it right. Oh,

CHORUS:
Knock Three Times

Irwin Levine, Larry Russel Brown

G          C    D7  G          C    D7
/ / / /     / /    / /              / /    / /

G
Hey girl what ya doin down there?

G          D7    D7
Dancin’ alone every night while I live right above you

D7
I can hear your music playin'

D7
I can feel your body swayin'

D7   G  G
One floor below me, you don’t even know me, I love you /

CHORUS:

C          G  G
Oh my darlin’, knock three times on the ceiling if you want me

D7          G   G7
Twice on the pipe if the answer is no

C          G  G
Oh my sweetness, (3 knocks) means you’ll meet in the hallway

D7          G   C   D7
Twice on the pipe means you aint gonna show / /    / /

G
If you look out your window tonight

G          D7    D7
Pull in the string with the note that’s attached to my heart
D\(^7\)
Read how many times I saw you

D\(^7\)
How in my silence I adored you

D\(^7\)          G   G
And only in my dreams did that wall between us come apart

CHORUS:
TACIT:         C   G   G
Oh my darlin’, knock three times on the ceiling if you want me

D\(^7\)          G   G\(^7\)
Twice on the pipe if the answer is no

C                  G   G
Oh my sweetness, (3 knocks) means you’ll meet in the hallway

D\(^7\)          G   G
Twice on the pipe means you aint gonna show

TACIT:         C   G   G
Oh my darlin’, knock three times on the ceiling if you want me

D\(^7\)          G   G\(^7\)
Twice on the pipe if the answer is no

C                  G   G
Oh my sweetness, (3 knocks) means you’ll meet in the hallway

D\(^7\)          G   C   G
Twice on the pipe means you aint gonna show
Can’t Buy Me Love

John Lennon and Paul McCartney

C  Bb  Bb  F
/ / / / / / / / / . . .

A\m  Dm  A\m  Dm
Can’t buy me love, oh. Love, oh.

Gm  C
Can’t buy me love, oh.

F
I’ll buy you a diamond ring my friend, if it makes you feel all right

Bb  F
I’ll give you anything my friend, if it makes you feel all right

C  Bb  tacit  Bb  F
‘Cause, I don’t care too much for money, money can’t buy me love

F
I’ll give you all I’ve got to give, if you say you love me too

Bb  F
I may not have a lot to give, but what I’ve got, I’ll give to you

C  Bb  tacit  Bb  F
‘Cause I don’t care too much for money, money can’t buy me love

F
Can’t buy me love, oh. Ev’rybody tells me so

A\m  Dm  F
Can’t buy me love, oh. No, no, no. No!
F
Say you don't need no diamond rings, and I'll be satisfied

B♭ F
Tell me that you want the kind of things that money just can't buy

C B♭ tacit B♭ F
I don't care too much for money, money can't buy me love

/ A m D m F
Can't buy me love, oh. Ev'rybody tells me so

A m D m G m C
Can't buy me love, oh. No, no, no. No!

F
Say you don't need no diamond rings, and I'll be satisfied

B♭ F
Tell me that you want the kind of things that money just can't buy

C B♭ tacit B♭ F
I don't care too much for money, money can't buy me love

/ A m D m A m D m
Can't buy me love, oh. Love, oh.

G m C F F
Can't buy me love, oh, oh /
If I Had A Boat

C   C   G7   C   C
/ / / /    / / / /    / / / /    / / / /    / / / /

C                            F                    C
If I had a boat, I'd go out on the ocean

A m                            G7
And if I had a pony, I'd ride him on my boat

C                                F                      C
And we could all together, go out on the ocean

G7                                C
Just me upon my pony on my boat

C                            F                    C
And if I were Roy Rogers, I'd sure enough be single

A m                            G7
I couldn't bring myself to marryin' old Dale

C                                F                      C
It'd just be me & Trigger; we'd go ridin' through them movies

G7                                C
And we'd buy a boat and on the sea we'd sail

C                            F                    C
If I had a boat, I'd go out on the ocean

A m                            G7
And if I had a pony, I'd ride him on my boat

C                                F                      C
And we could all together, go out on the ocean

G7                                C
Just me upon my pony on my boat

C                            F                    C
Well, the mystery masked man was smart, he got himself a Tonto

A m                            G7
Cuz Tonto did the dirty work for free

C                                F                      C
But Tonto, he was smarter, and one day said “Kemo-sabe

G7                                C
You can kiss my ass, I bought a boat, and I'm goin' out to sea"
If I had a boat, I’d go out on the ocean

And if I had a pony, I’d ride him on my boat

And we could all together, go out on the ocean

Just me upon my pony on my boat

And if I were like light’ning, I wouldn’t need no sneakers

Well, I’d come and go whenever I would please

And I’d scare ‘em by the shady tree, ‘n scare ‘em by the light pole

But I would not scare my pony on my boat out on the sea

If I had a boat, I’d go out on the ocean

And if I had a pony, I’d ride him on my boat

And we could all together, go out on the ocean

Just me upon my pony on my boat

Just me upon my pony on my boat
Beautiful Sunday

Sunday morning, up with the lark, I think I'll take a walk in the park

Hey, hey, hey, it's a beautiful day

I've got someone waiting for me. When I see her I know that she'll say

Hey, hey, hey, it's a beautiful day

CHORUS:

Ha, ha, ha, beautiful Sunday

This is my, my, my, beautiful day

When you say, say, say, say that you love me

Oh-oh, my, my, my it's a beautiful day

Birds are singing, you by my side, let's take a car and go for a ride

Hey, hey, hey, it's a beautiful day

We'll drive on and follow the sun, makin' Sunday go on and on

Hey, hey, hey, it's a beautiful day

Chorus X2  (original modulates up a tone before repeat)
Teach Your Children

Graham Nash

C C F F C C G G

C      F
You who are on the road

C      G
Must have a code that you can live by

C      F
And so become yourself

C      G  G
Because the past is just a good-bye.

C      F
Teach your children well,

C      G
Their father's hell did slowly go by,

C      F
And feed them on your dreams

C      G  G
The one they picks, the one you'll know by.

C      F C
Don't you ever ask them why, if they told you, you would cry,

A m F G
So just look at them and sigh. . . .igh. . . .igh

Tacet: C C F F C C G G
And know they love you.
And you, of tender years,
Can't know the fears that your elders grew by,
And so please help them with your youth,
They seek the truth before they can die.

Teach your parents well,
Their children's hell will slowly go by,
And feed them on your dreams
The one they picks, the one you'll know by.

Don't you ever ask them why, if they told you, you would cry,
So just look at them and sigh . . . igh . . . igh

Tacit: And know they love you.
Take Me Out To The Ball Game

C G G7
Take me out to the ball game

C G7 G7
Take me out with the crowd

A7 Dm
Buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack

D7 G7
I don’t care if I never get back. Let me

C G G7
Root, root, root, for the home team

C C7 F F
If they don’t win, it’s a shame. . .

F D7 C A7
For it’s one, two, three strikes you’re out,

D7 G7 C C7
At the old ball Game

C G G7
Take me out to the ball game

C G7 G7
Take me out with the crowd

A7 Dm
Buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack

D7 G7
I don’t care if I never get back. Let me
C G G7
Root, root, root, for the home team

C C7 F F
If they don’t win, it’s a shame.

F D7 C A7
For it’s one, two, three strikes you’re out,

D7 G7 C C
At the old ball Game /

F D7 C A7
For it’s one, two, three strikes you’re out,

D7 G7 C C
At the old ball Game /
She Ain't Rose

Gary Vincent and Ken Gray
Performed by Leon Redbone

She Ain't Rose, but she ain't bad
She ain't easy but she can be had
So can I when she whispers in my ear
She Ain't Rose, she ain't bad and Rose ain't here

She Ain't Rose but she's alright
She's helped me through so many lonely nights
It always feels so good to have her near
She Ain't Rose, she ain't bad, and Rose ain't here

BRIDGE:
Lord only knows what happened to my Rose
She packed up all her bags, and just rambled on down that road

She Ain't Rose, but she ain't bad
She Ain't Rose, she ain't bad and Rose ain't here
Lord only knows what happened to my Rose
She packed up all her bags, and just rambled on down that road

She ain't Rose, but she's getting close
And we'll keep on getting closer, I suppose
She makes those bad old memories disappear
She Ain't Rose, she ain't bad, she's the best gal I ever had
She Ain't Rose, she ain't bad, and Rose ain't here
The Weight

Robbie Robertson, The Band

F  A\textsuperscript{m}  D\textsuperscript{m}  C  B\textsuperscript{b}  B\textsuperscript{b}
/ /  / /  / /  / /  / /  / /  / /  / /

F  A\textsuperscript{m}  B\textsuperscript{b}  F
I pulled into Nazareth, I was feeling 'bout half past dead
F  A\textsuperscript{m}  B\textsuperscript{b}  F
I just need some place where I can lay my head
F  A\textsuperscript{m}  B\textsuperscript{b}  F
"Hey, mister, can you tell me where a man might find a bed?"
F  A\textsuperscript{m}  B\textsuperscript{b}  F
He just grinned, shook my hand, and "No!" was all he said

Chorus:
F  A\textsuperscript{m}  B\textsuperscript{b}
Take a load off, Fanny
F  A\textsuperscript{m}  B\textsuperscript{b}
Take a load for free
F  A\textsuperscript{m}  B\textsuperscript{b}  B\textsuperscript{b}  tacet
Take a load off, Fanny  / /  and...(and)...(and)

You put the load right on me  F  A\textsuperscript{m}  D\textsuperscript{m}  C  B\textsuperscript{b}  B\textsuperscript{b}
(You put the load right on me)  / /  / /  / /

F  A\textsuperscript{m}  B\textsuperscript{b}  F
I picked up my bag, I went looking for a place to hide
F  A\textsuperscript{m}  B\textsuperscript{b}  F
When I saw Carmen and the Devil, walking side by side
F  A\textsuperscript{m}  B\textsuperscript{b}  F
I said, "Hey, Carmen... come on, let's go downtown"
F  A\textsuperscript{m}  B\textsuperscript{b}  F
She said, "I gotta go, but my friend can stick around"

CHORUS:
Go down, Miss Moses, there's nothing you can say
"Well, Luke, my friend, what about young Anna Lee?"
He said, "Do me a favor, son, won't you stay and keep Anna Lee company?"

CHORUS:

Crazy Chester followed me, and he caught me in the fog
He said, "I will fix your rack, if you'll take Jack, my dog"
I said, "Wait a minute, Chester... you know I'm a peaceful man"
He said, "That's okay, boy... won't you feed him when you can"

CHORUS:

Catch a Cannonball now to take me on down the line
My bag is sinking low and I do believe it's time
To get back to Miss Fanny, you know she's the only one
Who sent me here with her regards for everyone

CHORUS:

END WITH:  F   A\textsuperscript{m}    D\textsuperscript{m}    C    B\textsuperscript{b}    F

\begin{tabular}{c|c|c|c|c|c}
F & Am & Dm & C & Bb & \\
\hline
\end{tabular}
I Am A Pilgrim

Traditional

G   D\(^7\)   G   G
/ / /   / / /   / / /   / .

CHORUS:

D\(^7\)   G
I am a pilgrim and a stranger

C       G
Traveling through this wearisome land

C
I’ve got a home in that yonder city - good Lord

G   D\(^7\)   G   G
And it’s not, not made by hand

(REPEAT CHORUS TO END)

D\(^7\)   G
I’ve got a mother a sister and brother

C       G
Who have been this way before

C
I am determined to go and see them - good Lord

G   D\(^7\)   G   G
Over on, that other shore

(REPEAT CHORUS):

D\(^7\)   G
I’m going down to that river of Jordan

C       G
Just to bathe my wearisome soul

C
If I could just touch, but the hem of His garment - good Lord

G   D\(^7\)   G   G
Then I know, He’ll make me whole

(REPEAT CHORUS):
Perhaps Love  John Denver  1-11-19

F  Dm  Gm  C
/ / / /  / / / /  / / / /  /

F    Dm
Perhaps love is like a resting place
Gm   C
A shelter from the storm
F    Dm
It exists to give you comfort
Gm   C
It's there to keep you warm
Am   Dm
And in those times of trouble
Bb   C
When you are most alone
Gm   C  F  C
The memory of love will bring you home /

F    Dm
Perhaps love is like a window
Gm   C
Perhaps an open door
F    Dm
It invites you to come closer
Gm   C
It wants to show you more
Am   Dm
And even if you lose yourself
Bb   C
And don't know what to do
Gm   C  F
The memory of love will see you through
BRIDGE

A\textsuperscript{m} D\textsuperscript{m}
Oh ! Love to some is like a cloud
B\textsuperscript{b} C F
To some as strong as steel
A\textsuperscript{m} D\textsuperscript{m}
For some a way of living
B\textsuperscript{b} C F
For some a way to feel
A\textsuperscript{m} D\textsuperscript{m}
And some say love is holding on
B\textsuperscript{b} C F
And some say letting go
A\textsuperscript{m} D\textsuperscript{m}
And some say love is everything
B\textsuperscript{b} C
And some say they don't know

F D\textsuperscript{m}
Perhaps love is like the ocean
G\textsuperscript{m} C
Full of conflict, full of change
F D\textsuperscript{m}
Like a fire when it's cold outside
G\textsuperscript{m} C
Or thunder when it rains
A\textsuperscript{m} D\textsuperscript{m}
If I should live for-ever
B\textsuperscript{b} C
And all my dreams come true
B\textsuperscript{b} C F
My memory of love will be of you

(Back to BRIDGE, play through, tag last line to end)
This Land Is Your Land

Woody Guthrie

F  C7  F  F7
/ / / /  / / / /  / / / /  / . . .

CHORUS:

Bb  F
This land is your land, this land is my land

C  F  F7
From California, to the New York Island,

Bb  F  Dm
From the redwood forests, to the Gulfstream waters,

C  C7  F  (F)
This land was made for you and me.

End With:

C  C7  F  C7  F
This land was made for you and me.  / /  /

Bb  F
As I went walking that ribbon of highway,

C  F  F7
I saw above me that endless skyway,

Bb  F  Dm
I saw below me that golden valley,

C  C7  F  F7
This land was made for you and me.  / . . .

CHORUS:
I roamed and rambled and followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,
And all around me a voice was sounding,
This land was made for you and me. / . . .

CHORUS:

When the sun comes shining and I was strolling,
And the wheat-fields waving, and the dust clouds rolling,
A voice was chanting and a fog was lifting,
This land was made for you and me. / . . .

CHORUS: