Jambalaya

Hank Williams

F   F   F   F   F
/ / / /     / / / /     / / . . .

F         C^7
Goodbye Joe me gotta go, me oh my oh
F
Me gotta go pole the pirogue down the bayou
C^7
My Yvonne the sweetest one, me oh my oh
F
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou

CHORUS:

C^7
Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and filet gumbo
F
Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio
C^7
Pick guitar fill fruit jar and be gay-o
F
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou

C^7
Thibodaux, Fontaineaux, the place is buzzing
F
Kinfolk come to see Yvonne by the dozen
C^7
Dress in style and go hog wild me oh my oh
F
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou
CHORUS:

C7
Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and filet gumbo
F
Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio
C7
Pick guitar fill fruit jar and be gay-o
F
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou

C7
Settle down far from town, get me a pirogue
F
And I'll catch all the fish in the bayou
C7
Swap my mon to buy Yvonne what she need-oh
F
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou

CHORUS:

C7
Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and filet gumbo
F
Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio
C7
Pick guitar fill fruit jar and be gay-o
F
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou
C7
F
C7
F
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou.
Yellow Submarine

Lennon-McCartney

C   C   G   C
/ / /   / / /   / / /   / / /

C   G   F   C
In the town where I was born

A\textsuperscript{m}   D\textsuperscript{m}   A\textsuperscript{m}   G
Lived a man who sailed to sea,

C   G   F   C
And he told us of his life

A\textsuperscript{m}   D\textsuperscript{m}   A\textsuperscript{m}   G
In the land of subma-ri-nes.

C   G   F   C
So we sailed up to the sun

A\textsuperscript{m}   D\textsuperscript{m}   A\textsuperscript{m}   G
‘Til we found the sea of green.

C   G   F   C
And we lived beneath the waves

A\textsuperscript{m}   D\textsuperscript{m}   A\textsuperscript{m}   G
In our yellow subma-ri-ne.

CHORUS:
C   G
We all live in a yellow submarine,

C
Yellow submarine, yellow submarine.

G
We all live in a yellow submarine,

C
Yellow submarine, yellow submarine.
And our friends are all on board,

Many more of them live next door

And the band begins to play... Kazoo improv.

CHORUS:

As we live a life of ease, (life of ease)

Every one of us (every one of us)

Has all we need (has all we need)

Sky of blue (sky of blue)

And sea of green (sea of green)

In our yellow (in our yellow)

Subma-rine. (submarine)

CHORUS X2
Blue Bayou,

Roy Orbison

\[G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad 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G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\quad G\ Quad
refrain:

G \quad D^7 \quad D^7

I'm going back some day, come what may, to Blue Bayou

D^7 \quad G \quad G

Where the folks are fine and the world is mine, on Blue Bayou

G \quad G^7 \quad C \quad C^m

Oh that girl of mine, by my side, - the silver moon and the evening tide

G \quad D^7 \quad G \quad G

Are some sweet day gonna take away this hurtin' inside

D^7 \quad D^7 \quad D^7

I'll never be blue, my dreams come true,

A^m \quad D^7 \quad G \quad G \quad G

On Blue Bayou...ou /
It Never Rains (In Southern California)  Albert Hammond and Michael Hazelwood

\[ G^m7 \quad C \quad F \quad D^m \quad G^m7 \quad C \quad F \quad F \]

\[ / / / \quad / / / \quad / / / \quad / / / \quad / / / \quad / / / \quad / / / \quad / . . . \]

\[ G^m7 \quad C \quad F \quad F \]
Got on board a west bound Seven Forty Seven  / . .

\[ G^m7 \quad C \quad F \quad F \]
Didn't think before de-ciding what to do  / . .

\[ G^m7 \quad C \quad F \quad D^m \]
All that talk of oppor-tunities, T.V. breaks and movies

\[ G^m7 \quad C \quad F \quad F \]
Rang true,  sure rang true  / . .

\[ G^m7 \quad C \quad F \quad F \]
Seems it never rains in Southern Cali-fornia  / . .

\[ G^m7 \quad C \quad F \quad F \]
Seems I've often heard that kind of talk before  / . .

\[ G^m7 \quad C \quad F \quad D^m \]
It never rains in Cali-fornia but girl, don't they warn ya?

\[ G^m7 \quad C \quad F \quad F \]
It pours,  man it pours  / . .

\[ G^m7 \quad C \]
Out of work, I'm out of my head,

\[ F \quad F \]
Out of self re-spect, I'm out a' bread

\[ G^m7 \quad C \quad F \quad F \]
I'm under-loved, I'm under fed, I wanna go home  / . .

\[ G^m7 \quad C \quad F \quad D^m \]
It never rains in Cali-fornia but girl, don't they warn ya?

\[ G^m7 \quad C \quad F \quad F \]
It pours,  man it pours  / / /
Will you tell the folks back home I nearly made it

Had offers, but don’t know which one to take

Please don’t tell them how you found me,

Don’t tell them how you found me

Give me a break, give me a break

Seems it never rains in Southern California

Seems I’ve often heard that kind of talk before

It never rains in California but girl, don’t they warn ya?

It pours, man it pours

It pours, man it pours
Just got home from Illinois, lock the front door, oh boy!

Got to sit down, take a rest on the porch.

Imagination sets in, pretty soon I'm singing,

doo, doo, doo, lookin' out my back door.

There's a giant doing cartwheels, a statue wearin' high heels,

look at all the happy creatures dancing on the lawn.

A dinosaur Victrola, listening to Buck Owens

Tambourines and elephants are playing in the band,

won't you take a ride on the flyin' spoon?

do doo doo doo

Wond'rous apparition, provided by magician,

do doo doo doo
Tambourines and elephants are playing in the band,

won't you take a ride on the flyin' spoon?  doo, doo, doo

Bother me tomorrow, today I'll buy no sorrows,

doo, doo, doo, lookin' out my back door.

Forward troubles Illinois, lock the front door, oh boy!

Look at all the happy creatures dancing on the lawn.

slowly:

Bother me tomorrow, today I'll buy no sorrows

doo, doo, doo, lookin' out my back door.

quickly:

Zen chord (dampen strings)
I'm Gonna Sit Right Down And Write Myself A Letter

Fred E. Albert, Joe Young

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

I'm Gonna Sit Right Down And Write Myself A Letter...

C C\(^6\) C\(^M7\) C\(^M7\)

I'm Gonna Sit Right Down And Write Myself A Letter...

C E\(^7\) F A\(^7\) D\(^m\)

And make believe it came from you.

D\(^m7\) G\(^7\)

I'm gonna write words, oh, so sweet,

C B\(^b\) A\(^7\)

They're gonna knock me off my feet.

D\(^7\) G\(^7\) G\(^{dim}\) G\(^7\)

A lot of kisses on the bottom, I'll be glad I got 'em.

C C\(^6\) C\(^M7\) C\(^M7\)

I'm gonna smile and say, "I hope you're feelin' better"

C E\(^7\) F A\(^7\) D\(^m\)

And close "With love" the way you do

F F\(^m\) C G\(^m\) A\(^7\)

I'm Gonna Sit Right Down And Write Myself A Letter,

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

And make believe it came from you

F F\(^m\) C G\(^m\) A\(^7\) D\(^7\) G\(^7\) C G\(^7\)

I'm Gonna Sit Right Down And Write Myself A Letter,

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

And make believe it came from you
I'm Gonna Sit Right Down And Write Myself A Letter..

And make believe it came from you.

I'm gonna write words, oh, so sweet,

They're gonna knock me off my feet.

A lot of kisses on the bottom I'll be glad I got 'em.

I'm gonna smile and say, "I hope you're feelin' better"

And close "With love" the way you do

I'm Gonna Sit Right Down And Write Myself A Letter,

And make believe it came from you

I'm gonna make believe it came from you.
Wasted On The Way

Graham Nash
Performed by Crosby, Stills, and Nash

C C\textsuperscript{sus4} C C\textsuperscript{sus4} C
/ / / / / / / / / / / . . .

C A\textsuperscript{m}
Look around me, I can see my life before me

F G C C\textsuperscript{sus4} C
Running rings around the way it used to be / / / / . . .

C A\textsuperscript{m}
I am older now, I have more than what I wanted

F G F C C
But I wish that I had started long before I did

CHORUS: F G C A\textsuperscript{m}
And there's so much time to make up everywhere you turn

F G E\textsuperscript{m} C\textsuperscript{7}
Time we have Wasted On The Way-ay-ay

F G C A\textsuperscript{m}
So much water moving underneath the bri-i-idge

F G F C
Let the water come and carry us a-way

F G C A\textsuperscript{m} F G C C\textsuperscript{sus4} C
/ / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / . . .

C A\textsuperscript{m}
Oh, when you were young, did you question all the answers

F G F C C\textsuperscript{sus4} C
Did you envy all the dancers who had all the nerve / / / / . . .
C        A\(^m\)
Look around you now, you must go for what you wanted

F        G        F        C        C
Look at all my friends who did and got what they deserved

CHORUS:     F        G        C        A\(^m\)
And there's so much time to make up everywhere you turn

F        G        E\(^m\)        C\(^7\)
Time we have Wasted On The Way-ay-ay

F        G        C        A\(^m\)
So much water moving underneath the bri-i-idge

F        C
Let the water come and carry us a-way

F        G        C        A\(^m\)
So much love to make up everywhere you turn

F        G        E\(^m\)        C\(^7\)
Love we have Wasted On The Way-ay-ay

F        G        C        A\(^m\)
So much water moving underneath the bri-i-idge

F        G        F        C
Let the water come and carry us a-way

F        G        F        F        C        C
Let the water come and carry us a-way-ay-ay-ay
You Never Can Tell

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

C
It was a teenage wedding, and the old folks wished them well
G7
You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoiselle

And now the young monsieur and madame, have rung the chapel bell
C
“C’est la vie” say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell.

C
They furnished off an apartment with a two room Roebuck sale.
G7
The coolerator was crammed with TV dinners and ginger ale.

But when Pierre found work, the little money comin’ worked out well.
C
“C’est la vie” say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell

C
They had a hi fi phono; boy did they let it blast.
G7
Seven hundred little records; all rock, rhythm, and jazz.

But when the sun went down, the rapid tempo of the music fell.
C
“C’est la vie” say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell.
They bought a souped up jitney, 'Twas a cherry red 'fifty three'

They drove it down to New Orleans, to celebrate their anniversary

It was there that Pierre was wedded to the lovely mademoiselle

"C'est la vie" say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell

It was a teenage wedding, and the old folks wished them well

You could see that Pierre, did truly love the mademoiselle

And now the young monsieur and madame, have rung the chapel bell

"C'est la vie" say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell

"C'est la vie" say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell
It's Been a Long, Long Time

Julie Styne, Sammy Cahn

C C\textsuperscript{M7} E\textsuperscript{m7} A\textsuperscript{7} D\textsuperscript{m} G\textsuperscript{7} C G\textsuperscript{7}

Just kiss me once, then kiss me twice

C\textsuperscript{6}

Then kiss me once again.

C\#\textsuperscript{dim} G\textsuperscript{7}

It's been a long, long time.

D\textsuperscript{m} A\textsuperscript{+7}

Haven't felt like this, my dear

D\textsuperscript{m} G\textsuperscript{7}

Since can't remember when.

D\textsuperscript{m} G\textsuperscript{aug} C C

It's been a long, long time /

E\textsuperscript{m7} G\textsuperscript{m} A\textsuperscript{7}

You'll never know how many dreams I've dreamed about you.

D\textsuperscript{m} F\textsuperscript{m} G\textsuperscript{7}

Or just how empty they all seemed without you.

C C\textsuperscript{M7}

So kiss me once, then kiss me twice

E\textsuperscript{m7} A\textsuperscript{7}

Then kiss me once again.

D\textsuperscript{m} G\textsuperscript{7} C G\textsuperscript{7}

It's been a long, long time. / /
C       C\textsuperscript{M7}
Just kiss me once, then kiss me twice

C\textsuperscript{6}
Then kiss me once again.

C\textsuperscript{\#dim}       G\textsuperscript{7}
It's been a long, long time.

D\textsuperscript{m}       A\textsuperscript{+7}
Haven't felt like this, my dear

D\textsuperscript{m}       G\textsuperscript{7}
Since can't remember when.

D\textsuperscript{m}       G\textsuperscript{aug}       C       C
It's been a long, long time  /  . .

E\textsuperscript{m7}       G\textsuperscript{m}       A\textsuperscript{7}
You'll never know how many dreams I've dreamed about you.

D\textsuperscript{m}       F\textsuperscript{m}       G\textsuperscript{7}
Or just how empty they all seemed without you.

C       C\textsuperscript{M7}
So kiss me once, then kiss me twice

E\textsuperscript{m7}       A\textsuperscript{7}
Then kiss me once again.

D\textsuperscript{m}       G\textsuperscript{7}       C       A\textsuperscript{7}
It's been a long, long time.  /  . .

D\textsuperscript{m}       G\textsuperscript{7}       C       C
It's been a long, long time.  /
Let It Be

Lennon and McCartney

G         D       E\(_m\)       C       G       D       C       G

G         D       E\(_m\)       C
When I find myself in times of trouble, Mother Mary comes to me
G         D       C       G
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be,
G         D       E\(_m\)       C
And in my hour of darkness she is standing right in front of me
G         D       C       G
Speaking words of wisdom, Let It Be,

E\(_m\)       D       C       G
Let It Be, Let It Be, Let It Be, yeah Let It Be

D         C       G
Whisper words of wisdom, Let It Be

G         D       E\(_m\)       C
And when the broken hearted people living in the world agree
G         D       C       G
There will be an answer, Let It Be

G         D       E\(_m\)       C
For though they may be parted there is still a chance that they will see
G         D       C       G
There will be an answer, Let It Be

E\(_m\)       D       C       G
Let It Be, Let It Be, Let It Be, Let It Be

D         C       G
There will be an answer, Let It Be
E₇ m   D   C   G
Let It Be, Let It Be, Let It Be, Let It Be
D       C   G
Whisper words of wisdom, Let It Be

SOLO:
G     D  E₇ m   C   G   D   C   G
/ / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / . . .

E₇ m   D   C   G
Let It Be, Let It Be, Let It Be, Let It Be
D       C   G
Whisper words of wisdom, Let It Be

G   D       E₇ m   C
And when the night is cloudy, there is still a light that shines on me
G       D   C   G
Shine until tomorrow, Let It Be
G   D       E₇ m   C
I wake up to the sound of music, Mother Mary comes to me
G       D   C   G
Speaking words of wisdom, Let It Be

E₇ m   D   C   G
Let It Be, Let It Be, Let It Be, Let It Be
D       C   G
There will be an answer, Let It Be
E₇ m   D   C   G
Let It Be, Let It Be, Let It Be, Let It Be
D       C   G
Whisper words of wisdom, Let It Be

G
D
Em
C
Roll In My Sweet Baby's Arms  
written and recorded by Lester Flatt

G        G        C        C        D7        D7        G        G  

G
I ain't gonna work on the railroad
D7
I ain't gonna work on the farm
G        C
Gonna lay around the shack, till the mail train comes back
D7        G        G
And roll in my sweet baby's arms

CHORUS:
G
Rollin' in my sweet baby's arms
D7
Rollin' in my sweet baby's arms
G        C
Gonna lay round the shack, till the mail train comes back
D7        G        G
And roll in my sweet baby's arms

G
Well where were you last Saturday night
D7
While I was a-lying in jail
G        C
Out walking the streets with another man
D7        G        G
You wouldn't even go my bail

CHORUS:
G  Mama was a beauty operator
    D7
Sister could weave and spin
G     C
Daddy's got an interest in an old cotton mill
D7    G   G
Watchin' that ol' money roll in

CHORUS:

G
Well your folks they say they don't like me
    D7
They turn me away from your door
G     C
If I had my life to live over again
    D7    G   G
I wouldn't go back there no more

CHORUS:

G  Gonna lay round the shack, till the mail train comes back
    C
And roll in my sweet baby's arms / / /
Sweet Sue, Just You  Will Harris, Victor Young

\[ \text{Gm7} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{Gm7} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{C7} \]
\[ \text{||:} \quad / / / / \quad / / / / \quad / / / / \quad / / / / \quad / / / / \quad / . . . \]

\[ \text{Gm7} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{Gm7} \quad \text{C7} \]
All the stars above      Know the one I love
\[ \text{F} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{C7} \]
Sweet Sue,    Just You!

\[ \text{Gm7} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{Gm7} \quad \text{C7} \]
And the moon on high     knows the reason why
\[ \text{F} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{F} \]
Sweet Sue,    it's you

\[ \text{Cm} \quad \text{D7} \]
No one else it seems,    Ever shares my dreams,
\[ \text{Gm} \quad \text{Gm7} \quad \text{Gm7} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{Gm7-5} \]

With-out you I don't know what I'd do.

\[ \text{1st time} \)  \quad \text{Gm7} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{Gm7} \quad \text{C7} \]
In this heart of mine,      You live all the time,
\[ \text{F} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{C7} \]
Sweet Sue,    Just You.    :|| \quad \text{back to beginning of intro:} \]

\[ \text{2nd time} \)  \quad \text{Gm7} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{Gm7} \quad \text{C7} \]
In this heart of mine,      You live all the time,
\[ \text{F} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{Gm7-5} \quad \text{F} \]
Sweet Sue,    Just You,  Sweet Sue,    Just You  / / / /  /

Gm7    C7    F    Cm    D7    Gm    Gm7-5
The Battle of New Orleans

Jimmie Driftwood
Performed by Johnny Horton
(original key = A)

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

C F
In 1814 we took a little trip,
G7 C
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississip'.
F
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans
G7 C
And we caught the bloody British in a town in New Orleans.

CHORUS:
C
We fired our guns and the British kept a comin’
G7 C
There wasn’t nigh as many as there was a while ago
We fired once more and they began to runnin’
G7 C C
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

C F
We looked down the river and we see’d the British come
G7 C
And there musta been a hundred of ‘em beatin’ on the drum
F
They stepped so high and they made their bugles ring
G7 C
We stood beside our cotton bales and didn’t say a thing

CHORUS:
C F
Old Hick’ry said we could take ‘em by surprise
G7 C
If we didn’t fire our musket ‘til we looked ‘em in the eyes
F
We held our fire ‘til we see’d their faces well
G7 C
Then we opened up our squirrel guns and really gave em…well…
CHORUS:

C
Yeah, they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles

G7 C
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn’t go

They ran so fast that the hounds couldn’t catch ‘em

G7 C C
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

C F
We fired our cannon ‘til the barrel melted down

G7 C
So we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round

F
We filled his head with cannon balls and powdered his behind

G7 C
And when we touched the powder off, the ‘gator lost his mind!

CHORUS:

C
Yeah, they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles

G7 C
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn’t go

They ran so fast that the hounds couldn’t catch ‘em

G7 C C G7 C
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico // /
Tip-Toe Through The Tulips

Joe Burke & Al Dubin
(1929)

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

Almost every chord gets two ‘beats’ each – except for the Bridge

C A7 Dm G7 C E7 F Fm
Tiptoe to the window, by the window, that is where I'll be

C A7 Dm G7 C - A7 - Dm - G7
Come tiptoe, through the tulips, with me

C A7 Dm G7 C E7 F Fm
Tiptoe, from your pillow, to the shadow, of a willow tree

C A7 Dm G7 C F C C7
And tiptoe, through the tulips, with me

BRIDGE:
F Em A7
Knee deep in flowers we'll stray

B7 Em G7 G7+5
We'll keep the showers away

C A7 Dm G7 C E7 F Fm
And if I kiss you, in the garden, in the moonlight, will you pardon me?

C A7 Dm G7 C F C C7
And tiptoe, through the tulips, with me (G7) last time

REPEAT BRIDGE AND LAST VERSE

END WITH:
C A7 Dm G7 C Fm C
And tiptoe, through the tulips, with me // //
An American Dream

C F G7 C

I beg your pardon momma what did you say
G7 C
My mind was drifting off on Martinique Bay
C F
It's not that I'm not interested you see
G7 C
Augusta Georgia is just no place to be

C F
I think Jamaican in the moonlight
G7 C
Sandy beaches drinking rum every night
C F
We've got no money momma, but we can go
G7 C
We'll split the difference, go to Coconut Grove

C F
Keep on talking momma I can hear
G7 C
Your voice it tickles down inside of my ear
C F
I feel a tropical vacation this year
G7 C
Might be the answer to this Hillbilly beer

C F
I think Jamaican in the moonlight
G7 C
Sandy beaches drinking rum every night
C F
We've got no money momma, but we can go
G7 C
We'll split the difference, go to Coconut Grove
Voila! an American dream
We can travel girl without any means
When it's as easy as closing your eyes
And dream Jamaica is a big neon sign

Just keep talking momma I like that sound
It goes so easy with that rain falling down
I think a tropical vacation this year
 Might be the answer to this Hillbilly beer

Voila! an American dream
We can travel girl without any means
When it's as easy as closing your eyes
And dream Jamaica is a big neon sign

Just think Jamaican in the moonlight
Sandy beaches drinking rum every night
We've got no money momma, but we can go
We'll split the difference, go to Coconut Grove
Back Home Again

John Denver

1. There's a storm across the valley, clouds are rollin' in,
   The afternoon is heavy on your shoulders.
   There's a truck out on the four lane, a mile or more away,
   The whinin' of his wheels just makes it colder.

2. He's an hour away from ridin' on your prayers up in the sky,
   And ten days on the road are barely gone.
   There's a fire softly burning, supper's on the stove,
   But it's the light in your eyes that makes him warm.

3. There's all the news to tell him: "how'd you spend your time?"
   And what's the latest thing the neighbours say?
   And your mother called last Friday, "Sunshine" made her cry,
   And you felt the baby move just yesterday.
Hey, it's good to be back home again,
Sometimes this old farm feels like a long lost friend,
Yes, 'n, hey it's good to be back home again.

bridge:
And oh, the time that I can lay this tired old body down,
And feel your fingers feather-soft upon me.
The kisses that I live for, the love that lights my way,
The happiness that living' with you brings me.

4. It's the sweetest thing I know of, just spending time with you,
It's the little things that make a house a home.
Like a fire softly burning and supper on the stove,
And the light in your eyes that makes me warm.

Hey, it's good to be back home again,
Sometimes this old farm feels like a long lost friend,
Yes, 'n, hey it's good to be back home again.
I said, hey, it's good to be back home again.
Bad Moon Rising

I see a bad moon rising, I see trouble on the way.
I see earth-quakes and lightning, I see bad times today.

Don't go 'round tonight, it's bound to take your life,
There's a bad moon on the rise.

I hear hurricanes a blowing, I know the end is coming soon.
I fear rivers over-flowing, I hear the voice of rage and ruin.

Hope you have got your things together, hope you are quite prepared to die.
Looks like we're in for nasty weather, one eye is taken for an eye.

Don't go 'round tonight, it's bound to take your life,
There's a bad moon on the rise.

Don't go 'round tonight, it's bound to take your life,
There's a bad moon on the rise.

Don't go 'round tonight, it's bound to take your life,
There's a bad moon on the rise.

Don't go 'round tonight, it's bound to take your life,
There's a bad moon on the rise.

Don't go 'round tonight, it's bound to take your life,
There's a bad moon on the rise.
Blowin' In The Wind  

Bob Dylan

F          G\textsuperscript{7}          C          A\textsuperscript{m}          F          G\textsuperscript{7}          C          C
  / / / /     / / / /     / / / /     / / / /     / / / /     / / / /     / / / /     / / / /

C          F          C          F          G\textsuperscript{7}

How many roads must a man walk down, before you call him a man?

C          F          C          A\textsuperscript{m}          C          F          G\textsuperscript{7}

How many seas must a white dove sail, be-fore she sleeps in the sand?

C          F          C

How many times must the cannonballs fly,

F          G\textsuperscript{7}

before they're forever banned?

F          G\textsuperscript{7}          C          A\textsuperscript{m}

The answer, my friend, is blowin in the wind.

F          G\textsuperscript{7}          C

The answer is blowin in the wind.

C          F          C          F          G\textsuperscript{7}

How many times must a man look up, before he can see the sky?

C          F          C          A\textsuperscript{m}          C          F          G\textsuperscript{7}

How many ears must one man have, be-fore he can hear people cry?

C          F          C

How many deaths will it take 'till he knows,

F          G\textsuperscript{7}

that too many people have died?
The answer, my friend, is blowin in the wind.

The answer is blowin in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist, before it is washed to the sea?

How many years can some people ex-ist, be-fore they're allowed to be free?

How many times can a man turn his head,

and pretend that he just doesn't see?

The answer, my friend, is blowin in the wind.

The answer is blowin in the wind.

The answer, my friend, is blowin in the wind.

The answer is blowin in the wind.
Brown Eyed Girl

Van Morrison

F    B\textsuperscript{b}    F    C    (X2)
/ / / /     / / / /     / / / /     / / / /

F    B\textsuperscript{b}    F    C
Hey, where did we go    days when the rain came
F    B\textsuperscript{b}    F    C
Down in the hollow    playing a new game
F    B\textsuperscript{b}    F    C
Laughing, and a running, hey, hey,    Skipping and a jumping
F    B\textsuperscript{b}    F    C
In the misty morning fog, with    our,    our hearts a thumpin' and you
C    F    D\textsuperscript{m}    B\textsuperscript{b}    C    F    C
My brown eyed girl    You, my    brown eyed girl

F    B\textsuperscript{b}    F    C
Whatever happened    to Tuesday and so slow
F    B\textsuperscript{b}    F    C
Going down to the old mine with a    transistor radio
F    B\textsuperscript{b}    F    C
Standing in the sunlight laughing,    hiding 'hind a rainbow's wall
F    B\textsuperscript{b}    F    C
Slipping and a sliding,    All along the waterfall with you
C    F    D\textsuperscript{m}    B\textsuperscript{b}    C    F
My brown eyed girl    You, my    brown eyed girl

C    F
Do you remember when    we used to sing
C    F
Sha la la    la la la la    la la la    la te da    (Just like that)
F    B\textsuperscript{b}    F    C    F    C
Sha la la    la la la la    la la la    la te da    la te da
So hard to find my way, Now that I'm on my own

I saw you just the other day, my, how you have grown

Cast my memory back there Lord. Sometimes I'm overcome thinkin' 'bout it

Makin' love in the green grass behind the stadium with you

My brown eyed girl You, my brown eyed girl

Do you remember when we used to sing

Sha la la la la la la la la la te da

Sha la la la la la la la la la te da

Sha la la la la la la la la la te da

Sha la la la la la la la la la te da

Sha la la la la la la la la la te da

Sha la la
Come Monday
Jimmy Buffett

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

C F G C
Headin' out to San Francisco, for the Labor Day weekend show
C F G C
I got my Hush Puppies on, I guess I never was meant for glitter rock'n roll
Dm F G
And Honey, I didn't know, that I'd be missing you so

F C
Come Monday, it'll be all right,
F G
Come Monday, I'll be holding you tight

C Em F G
I spent four lonely days in a brown L.A. haze
F G C C
And I just want you back by my side /// /// ///

C F G C
Yes it's been quite a summer, rent-a-cars and west bound trains,
C F G C
And now you're off on vacation, something you tried to explain.
Dm F G
And darling since I love you so, that's the reason I just let you go

F C
Come Monday, it'll be all right,
F G
Come Monday, I'll be holding you tight

C Em F G
I spent four lonely days in a brown L.A. haze
F G C A7
And I just want you back by my side
I can't help it honey, you're that much a part of me now,

Remember that night in Montana

When you said there'd be no room for doubt?

I hope you're enjoying the scenery, I know that it's pretty up there

We can go hiking on Tuesday, with you I'd walk anywhere

California has worn me quite thin, I just can't wait to see you again

Come Monday, it'll be all right,

Come Monday, I'll be holding you tight

I spent four lonely days in a brown L.A. haze

And I just want you back by my side

I spent four lonely days in a brown L.A. haze

And I just want you back by my side

C    Em    F    G    C    F    G    C

C    Em    F    G    C    F    G    C

C    Em    F    G    C    F    G    C

C    Em    F    G    C    F    G    C
Crying Time

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

C       G7
Oh it's crying time again you're gonna leave me

G7      C
I can see that far away look in your eye

C7      F
I can tell by the way you hold me darling

C       G7      C
That it won't be long before it's crying time

C       G7
Now they say that absence makes the heart grow fonder

G7      C
And that tears are only rain to make love grow

C7      F
Well my love for you could never grow no stronger

C       G7      C
If I live to be a hundred years old

C       G7
Oh it's crying time again you're gonna leave me

G7      C
I can see that far away look in your eye

C7      F
I can tell by the way you hold me darling

C       G7      C
That it won't be long before it's crying time
Now you say that you've found someone you love better
That's the way it's happened every time before
And as sure as the sun comes up tomorrow
Crying time will start when you walk out the door

Oh it's crying time again you're gonna leave me
I can see that far away look in your eye
I can tell by the way you hold me darling
That it won't be long before it's crying time
Oh, it won't be long before it's crying time
Return To Sender
Otis Blackwell and Winfield Scott

Recorded by Elvis Presley

C A\textsuperscript{m} D\textsuperscript{m} G\textsuperscript{7}

Return to sender! Return to sender!

C A\textsuperscript{m} D\textsuperscript{m} G\textsuperscript{7}
I gave a letter to the postman. He put it his sack.

C A\textsuperscript{m} D\textsuperscript{m} G\textsuperscript{7} C
Bright and early next morning, he brought my letter back. She Wrote Upon It

F G\textsuperscript{7} F G\textsuperscript{7}
Return to sender, address unknown.

F G\textsuperscript{7} C C-C\textsuperscript{7}
No such number, no such zone.

F G\textsuperscript{7} F G\textsuperscript{7}
We had a quarrel, a lover's spat.

D\textsuperscript{7} G\textsuperscript{7}
I write I'm sorry but my letter keeps coming back.

C A\textsuperscript{m} D\textsuperscript{m} G\textsuperscript{7}
So then I dropped it in the mailbox, and sent it Special D.

C A\textsuperscript{m} D\textsuperscript{m} G\textsuperscript{7} C
Bright and early next morning, it came right back to me. She Wrote Upon It

F G\textsuperscript{7} F G\textsuperscript{7}
Return to sender, address unknown

F G\textsuperscript{7} C C-C\textsuperscript{7}
No such person, no such zone
This time I'm gonna take it myself, and put it right in her hand

And if it comes back the very next day

Then I'll understand – *The Writing On It*

Return to sender, address unknown

No such person, no such zone

This time I'm gonna take it myself, and put it right in her hand

And if it comes back the very next day

Then I'll understand – *The Writing On It*

Return to sender, address unknown

No such person, *No Such Zone*