Up Around the Bend

John Fogerty

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

D
There’s a place up ahead and I’m goin’
A D
just as fast as my feet can fly

Come away, come away if you’re goin’
A D
leave this sinkin’ ship behind

G D A
Come on the risin’ wind,
G D A A
We’re goin’ up around the bend

D
Bring a smile and a song for the banjo,
A D
better get while the getting’s good

Hitch a ride to the end of the highway
A D
where the neons turn to wood

G D A
Come on the risin’ wind,
G D A A
We’re goin’ up around the bend

D
You can ponder perpetual motion,
A D
fix your mind on a crystal day

Always time for a good conversation,
A D
there’s an ear for what you say
Come on the risin’ wind,
We’re goin’ up around the bend

Catch a ride to the end of the highway
and we’ll meet by the big red tree

There’s a place up ahead and I’m goin’;
come along, come along with me

Come on the risin’ wind,
We’re goin’ up around the bend

Come on the risin’ wind,
We’re goin’ up around the bend / / / /
Ramblin' Rose           (Nat King Cole)

G   A\textsuperscript{m7}   D\textsuperscript{7}  G  C  G
/ / / /   / / / /   / / / /

G   D\textsuperscript{7}  G   A\textsuperscript{7}  D\textsuperscript{7}
Ramble on, ramble on, till your ramblin' days are gone

G\textsuperscript{7}   C   G
Wild and windblown, that's how you've grown

A\textsuperscript{m7}  D\textsuperscript{7}  G  C  G
Who can cling to, a Ramblin' Rose

G   D\textsuperscript{7}  G   A\textsuperscript{7}  D\textsuperscript{7}
Ramble on, ramble on, till your ramblin' days are gone

G\textsuperscript{7}   C   G
Who will love you with a love true

A\textsuperscript{m7}  D\textsuperscript{7}  G  C  G
When your ramblin' days are gone

G   D\textsuperscript{7}  G   A\textsuperscript{7}  D\textsuperscript{7}
Ramble on, ramble on, till your ramblin' days are gone

G   C   G
Tho' I love you with a love true

A\textsuperscript{m7}  D\textsuperscript{7}  G  C  G
Who can cling to a Ramblin' Rose

REPEAT LAST VERSE TO END
Walking After Midnight

Patsy Cline

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

I go out walking after midnight

\[ G \quad E^m \quad A \]

Out in the moonlight just like we used to do

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

I'm always walking after midnight searching for you

\[ D \quad D^7 \]

I walk for miles along the highway

\[ G \quad E^m \quad A \]

Well that's just my way of saying I love you

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

I'm always walking after midnight searching for you

\[ G \]

I stopped to see a weeping willow

\[ D \quad D^7 \]

Crying on his pillow maybe he's crying for me

\[ G \]

And as the skies turn gloomy

\[ D \quad A \]

Night winds whisper to me, I'm lonesome as I can be
I go out walking after midnight

Out in the starlight, just hoping you may be

Somewhere a walking after midnight searching for me

I stopped to see a weeping willow

Crying on his pillow, maybe he's crying for me

And as the skies turn gloomy

Night winds whisper to me, I'm lonesome as I can be

I go out walking after midnight

Out in the starlight just hoping you may be

Somewhere a walking after midnight searching for me

Somewhere a walking after midnight searching for me
Rhythm Of The Rain

John Claude Gummoe (of the Cascades)

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

CHORUS:

C       F
Listen to the rhythm of the falling rain,
C       G
Telling me just what a fool I’ve been.
C       F
I wish that it would go and let me cry in vain,
C       G       C       G
And let me be alone again.
C       F
The only girl I’ve ever loved has gone away,
C       G
Looking for a brand new start.
C       F
Little does she know that when she left that day,
C       G       C       (C7)
Along with her she took my heart………..(X3 to end)

F                Em
Rain please tell me now does that seem fair,
Dm            C
For her to steal my heart away when she don’t care,
A\m       Dm       C       G
I can’t love another when my heart’s somewhere far away.

CHORUS:

F                Em
Rain won’t you tell her that I love her so,
Dm            C
Please ask the sun to set her heart aglow,
A\m       Dm       C       G
And rain in her heart and let the love we knew start to grow

CHORUS:
Gotta Travel On

Paul Clayton, Larry Ehrlich

G

/// X4

G
I've laid around and played around, this old town too long

G7 C G
Summer's almost gone, yes, winter's comin' on

I've laid around and played around, this old town too long,

C D G G
and I feel like I gotta travel on

G
Poppa writes to Johnny, but Johnny can't come home

G7 C G
Johnny can't come home, no, Johnny can't come home

Poppa writes to Johnny, but Johnny can't come home

C D G G
Cause he's been on the chain gang too long

G
I've laid around and played around, this old town too long

G7 C G
Summer's almost gone, yes, winter's comin' on

I've laid around and played around, this old town too long,

C D G G
and I feel like I gotta travel on
G
High sheriff and police riding after me
G7   C      G
Riding after me, yes, coming after me

C   D   G   G
High sheriff and police coming after me
And I feel like I gotta travel on

G
I've laid around and played around, this old town too long
G7   C      G
Summer's almost gone, yes, winter's comin' on

C   D   G   G
I've laid around and played around, this old town too long,
and I feel like I gotta travel on

G
Want to see my honey, want to see her bad
G7   C      G
Want to see her bad, Oh, want to see her bad

C   D   G   G
Want to see my honey, want to see her bad,
She's the best girl this poor boy ever had

G
I've laid around and played around, this old town too long
G7   C      G
Summer's almost gone, yes, winter's comin' on

C   D   G   G
I've laid around and played around, this old town too long,
and I feel like I gotta travel on
Wasted On The Way

Graham Nash
Performed by Crosby, Stills, and Nash

C  C\textsuperscript{sus4}  C  C\textsuperscript{sus4}  C

\textbackslash\textbackslash \textbackslash \textbackslash \textbackslash \textbackslash \textbackslash \textbackslash

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

\textbackslash\textbackslash \textbackslash \textbackslash \textbackslash \textbackslash

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

\textbackslash\textbackslash \textbackslash \textbackslash \textbackslash \textbackslash \textbackslash \textbackslash \textbackslash

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

\textbackslash\textbackslash \textbackslash \textbackslash \textbackslash
C        A\textsuperscript{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\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}
So much love to make up everywhere you turn

F     G     E\textsuperscript{m}   C\textsuperscript{7}
Love 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     F   F   C   C
Let the water come and carry us a-way-ay-ay-ay

C     Csus4     Am     F     G     Em     C\textsuperscript{7}
Love Will Keep Us Alive
Eagles, original in A

J. Capaldi, P. Carrack, P. Vale

intro:
C C A\(^m\) A\(^m\) F F G G

C A\(^m\)
I was standing all alone against the world outside,

F G
You were searching for a place to hide.

C A\(^m\)
Lost and lonely, now you've given me the will to survive,

F G C A\(^m\) F G
When we're hungry, love will keep us alive.  / / / /  / / . .

C A\(^m\)
Don't you worry, sometimes you've just gotta let it ride,

F G
The world is changing right before your eyes.

C A\(^m\)
Now I've found you, there's no more emptiness inside,

F G C C
When we're hungry, love will keep us alive.  / / . .

Bridge:
F F A\(^m\) A\(^m\)
I would die for you, climb the highest mountain,

D\(^m\) G F Em Dm G
Baby, there's nothing I wouldn't do  / /  / /  / /  . .

C A\(^m\)
Now I've found you, there's no more emptiness inside,

F G C C
When we're hungry, love will keep us alive.  / / . .
Bridge:

F    F    A\textsuperscript{m}    A\textsuperscript{m}

I would die for you, climb the highest mountain,

D\textsuperscript{m}    G    F    Em    Dm    G

Baby, there's nothing I wouldn't do // // // // . . .

C    A\textsuperscript{m}

I was standing all alone against the world outside,

F    G

You were searching for a place to hide.

C    A\textsuperscript{m}

Lost and lonely, now you've given me the will to survive,

F    G    C    A\textsuperscript{m}

When we're hungry, love will keep us alive.

F    G    C    A\textsuperscript{m}

When we're hungry, love will keep us alive.

F    G    C    A\textsuperscript{m}    F    C

When we're hungry, love will keep us alive. /// /// /// /
Cheeseburger in Paradise

Am - G | Am - F | Am - G - C | C | C
--------- | -------- | -------------- | ---- |
\lightslash\lightslash\lightslash\lightslash | \lightslash\lightslash\lightslash\lightslash | \lightslash\lightslash\lightslash\lightslash | \lightslash\lightslash\lightslash\lightslash |

C F G C
Tried to amend my carnivorous habits

F G C
Made it nearly seventy days

F G C
Losin' weight without speed, eatin' sunflower seeds

D7 G
Drinkin' lots of carrot juice and soakin' up rays

F G C
But at night I'd have these wonderful dreams

F G Am
Some kind of sensuous treat

F C F C
Not zucchini, fettuccini or bulgur wheat

F C G C
But a big warm bun and a huge hunk of meat

Chorus:
F G C
Cheeseburger In Paradise

F G C
Heaven on Earth with an onion slice

F G C
Not too particular, not too precise, I'm just a

F G C C
Cheeseburger In Paradise

F G C
Heard about the old time sailor men

F G C
They eat the same thing again and again

F G C
Warm beer and bread they said could raise the dead

D7 G
Well it reminds me of the menu at a Holiday Inn
But times have changed, for sailors these days

When I'm in port I get what I need

Not just Havanas or bananas or daiquiris

But that American creation on which I feed

Chorus:

Cheeseburger In Paradise

Medium rare with Muenster be nice

Heaven on Earth with an onion slice, I'm just a

Cheeseburger In Paradise

Tacet throughout:

I like mine with lettuce and tomato

Heinz 57 and French fried potatoes

Big kosher pickle and a cold draft beer

Well good God almighty which way do I steer for my

Chorus:

Cheeseburger In Paradise

Makin' the best of every virtue and vice

Worth every darn bit of sacrifice to get a

Cheeseburger In Paradise, I need a

Cheeseburger In Paradise, I'm just a

Cheeseburger In Paradise

Repeat Tacet part and last chorus:
Penny Lane

attributed to Lennon/McCartney

Paul McCartney's response
to Lennon's "Strawberry Fields"

\[E^b\quad D^7\]
\[G\quad E^m\quad A^m\quad D^7\]
In Penny Lane there is a barber showing photographs
\[G\quad E^m\quad G^m\]
Of every head he's had the pleasure to know
\[E^b\quad D^7\quad D^7\]
And all the people that come and go stop and say hello

\[G\quad E^m\quad A^m\quad D^7\]
On the corner is a banker with a motor car
\[G\quad E^m\quad G^m\]
The little children laugh at him behind his back
\[E^b\quad D^7\quad C\quad C^7\]
And the banker never wears a 'Mac' in the pouring rain very strange

\[F\quad A^m\quad B^b\quad B^b\]
Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes
\[F\quad A^m\quad B^b\quad D^7\]
There beneath the blue suburban skies I sit, and meanwhile back –

\[G\quad E^m\quad A^m\quad D^7\]
In Penny Lane there is a fireman with an hourglass
\[G\quad E^m\quad G^m\]
And in his pocket is a portrait of the Queen
\[E^b\quad D^7\quad C^7\]
He likes to keep his fire engine clean; it's a clean machine
F A m B b B b
Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes
F A m B b D 7
//. A four of fish and finger pies in summer, meanwhile back -

G E m A m D 7
Behind the shelter in the middle of the roundabout
G E m G m
The pretty nurse is selling poppies from a tray
E b D 7 D 7
And though she feels as if she’s in a play; she is anyway

G E m A m D 7
In Penny Lane the barber shaves another customer
G E m G m
We see the banker sitting waiting for a trim
E b D 7 C C 7
And then the fireman rushes in from the pouring rain; very strange //

F A m B b B b
Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes
F A m B b D 7
There beneath the blue suburban skies I sit, and meanwhile back -
// (one strum)

G B m 7 C C
Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes
G B m 7 C C G
There beneath the blue suburban skies . . . . Penny Lane

/
Wagon Wheel

Old Crow Medicine Show

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

G D
Headed down south to the land of the pines
E\textsuperscript{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\textsuperscript{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...ni.ight

CHORUS:

G D
So rock me mama like a wagon wheel
E\textsuperscript{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\textsuperscript{m} C
Rock me mama like a south-bound train
G D C C
Hey...ey, mama rock me

G D E\textsuperscript{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:
Ukulele Lady

Gus Kahn, Richard Whiting

\[ D^7 \quad G^7 \quad C \quad D^7 \quad G^7 \quad C \]
\[ // \quad // \quad ///// \quad // \quad // \quad ///// \]

\[ C \quad G^7 \quad G^7 \quad C \]
I saw the splendor of the moonlight on Hono—lu—lu Bay.

\[ C \quad G^7 \quad G^7 \quad C \]
There’s something tender in the moonlight on Hono—lu—lu Bay.

\[ A^m \quad E^m \]
And all the beaches, are full of peaches, who bring their ukes along

\[ C \quad G^7 \quad G^7 \]
And in the glimmer of the moonlight, they love to sing this song…

\[ C \quad E^m \quad A^m \quad G^7 \quad C \quad E^m \quad A^m \quad C \]
If you like a Ukulele Lady, Ukulele Lady like-a you

\[ D^m \quad G^7 \quad D^m \quad G^7 \quad D^m \quad G^7 \quad C \]
If you want to linger where it’s shady, Ukulele Lady linger too.

\[ E^m \quad A^m \quad G^7 \quad C \quad E^m \quad A^m \quad C \]
If you kiss a Ukulele Lady, while you promise ever to be true

\[ D^m \quad G^7 \quad D^m \quad G^7 \quad D^m \quad G^7 \quad C \quad C \quad C \]
And she see another Ukulele Lady fool around with you

\[ F \quad C \]
Maybe she’ll sigh, (or maybe not), maybe she’ll cry, (or maybe not)

\[ D^7 \quad G \quad G^7 \]
Maybe she’ll find somebody else, by and by

\[ C \quad E^m \quad A^m \quad G^7 \quad C \quad E^m \quad A^m \quad C \]
To sing to when it’s cool and shady, where the tricky wicki wackies woo

\[ D^m \quad G^7 \quad D^m \quad G^7 \quad D^m \quad G^7 \quad C \]
If you like a Ukulele Lady, Ukulele Lady like-a you

\[ D^7 \quad G^7 \quad C \quad D^7 \quad G^7 \quad C \]
\[ // \quad // \quad ///// \quad // \quad // \quad ///// \]
C  G#7  G 7  C
She used to sing to me by moonlight, on Hono—lu—lu Bay
C  G#7  G 7  C
Fond memories cling to me by moonlight, although I’m far a—way
A\textsuperscript{m}  E\textsuperscript{m}
Some day I’m going, where eyes are glowing, and lips are made to kiss
C  G#7  G 7
To see somebody in the moonlight, and hear the song I miss…

C  E\textsuperscript{m}  A\textsuperscript{m}  G 7  C  E\textsuperscript{m}  A\textsuperscript{m}  C
If you like a Ukulele Lady, Ukulele Lady like—a you
D\textsuperscript{m}  G 7  D\textsuperscript{m}  G 7  D\textsuperscript{m}  G 7  C
If you want to linger where it’s shady, Ukulele Lady linger too.
E\textsuperscript{m}  A\textsuperscript{m}  G 7  C  E\textsuperscript{m}  A\textsuperscript{m}  C
If you kiss a Ukulele Lady, while you promise ever to be true
D\textsuperscript{m}  G 7  D\textsuperscript{m}  G 7  D\textsuperscript{m}  G 7  C  C 7
And she see another Ukulele Lady fool around with you
F  C
Maybe she’ll sigh, (or maybe not), maybe she’ll cry, (or maybe not)
D 7  G  G 7
Maybe she’ll find somebody else, by and by

C  E\textsuperscript{m}  A\textsuperscript{m}  G 7  C  E\textsuperscript{m}  A\textsuperscript{m}  C
To sing to when it’s cool and shady, where the tricky wicki wackies woo
D\textsuperscript{m}  G 7  D\textsuperscript{m}  G 7  D\textsuperscript{m}  G 7  C
If you like a Ukulele Lady, Ukulele Lady like—a you
D\textsuperscript{m}  G 7  D\textsuperscript{m}  G 7  D\textsuperscript{m}  G 7  C
If you like a Ukulele Lady, Ukulele Lady like—a you

Note: For G\#7 use a regular G 7 chord shape and just slide it up!
Some Beach

Blake Shelton

C
X2

C
Driving down the interstate, running thirty minutes late
G
Singing Margaritaville and minding my own

C
Some foreign car drivin’ dude with a road rage attitude
C
Pulled up beside me talking on his cell phone
F
He started yelling at me like I did something wrong
F
He flipped me the bird an’ then he was gone

F F C C
Some beach, some-where
G C C7
There’s a big umbrella casting shade over an empty chair
F
Palm trees are growing and a warm breeze is blowing
C
I picture myself right there
G G C C
On Some beach, some-where

C
I circled the parking lot trying to find a spot
G
Just big enough I could park my old truck

C
A man with a big cigar was getting into his car
C
I stopped and I waited for him to back up
F C
From out of no where a Mercedes Benz
F G
Came cruising up and whipped right in
Some beach, some-where

There's no where to go and you got all day to get there

There's cold margaritas and hot Senoritas smiling with long dark hair

On Some beach, some-where

I sit in that waiting room, it seemed like all afternoon

The nurse finally said, “doc's ready for you”

“You’re not gonna feel a thing, we'll give you some Novocain”

“That tooth will be fine in a minute or two”

But he stuck that needle down deep in my gums

And he started drilling be-fore I was numb

Some beach, some-where

There's a beautiful sunset burning up the atmosphere

There's music and dancing and lovers romancing

In the salty evening air

On Some beach, some-where

On Some beach, some-where
Rocky Top
Bryant and Bryant

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

\textit{C F C A\textsuperscript{m} G\textsuperscript{7} C}
Wish that I was on ol’ Rocky Top, down in the Tennessee hills

\textit{C F C A\textsuperscript{m} G\textsuperscript{7} C}
Ain’t no smoggy smoke on Rocky Top; ain’t no telephone bills

\textit{C F C A\textsuperscript{m} G\textsuperscript{7} C}
Once I had a girl on Rocky Top, half bear, the other half cat;

\textit{C F C A\textsuperscript{m} G\textsuperscript{7} C}
Wild as a mink, but sweet as soda pop, I still dream about that

\textit{A\textsuperscript{m} G}
Rocky Top, you’ll always be

\textit{B\textsuperscript{b} F}
Home sweet home to me

\textit{F C}
Good ol’ Rocky Top

\textit{C B\textsuperscript{b} C}
Rocky Top Tennes-see,

\textit{C B\textsuperscript{b} C C}
Rocky Top Tennes-see

\textit{C F C A\textsuperscript{m} G\textsuperscript{7} C}
Once two strangers climbed ol’ Rocky Top, lookin’ for a moon-shine still

\textit{C F C A\textsuperscript{m} G\textsuperscript{7} C}
Strangers ain’t come down from Rocky Top, reckon they never will

\textit{C F C A\textsuperscript{m} G\textsuperscript{7} C}
Corn won’t grow at all on Rocky Top, dirt’s too rocky by far

\textit{C F C A\textsuperscript{m} G\textsuperscript{7} C}
That’s why all the folks on Rocky Top get their corn from a jar
A\(^m\) G
Rocky Top, you'll always be

B\(^b\) F
Home sweet home to me

F C
Good ol' Rocky Top

C B\(^b\) C
Rocky Top Tennes-see,

C B\(^b\) C C
Rocky Top Tennes-see

C F C A\(^m\) G\(^7\) C
I've had years of cramped up city life, trapped like a duck in a pen

C F C A\(^m\) G\(^7\) C
All I know is it's a pity life can't be simple a-gain

A\(^m\) G
Rocky Top, you'll always be

B\(^b\) F
Home sweet home to me

F C
Good ol' Rocky Top

C B\(^b\) C
Rocky Top Tennes-see,

C B\(^b\) C C G\(^7\) C
Rocky Top Tennes-see / / /
Louisiana Man

Doug Kershaw

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

C
At birth mom and papa called the little boy Ned
C  G7  C
They raised him on the banks of the river-bed
C
A houseboat tied to a big tall tree
C  G7  C
A home for my papa and my mama and me

C
The clock strikes three, papa jumps to his feet
C  G7  C
Already mama’s cooking papa something to eat
C
At half past, papa he’s ready to go
C  G7  C
He hops in the pirogue headed down the bay-ou

F
They got fishing lines strung across the Louisiana River
F  C  F
Gonna catch a big fish for us to eat
F
Setting traps in the swamp catching anything he can
F  C  F
Gotta make a living he’s a Louisiana man
F  C  F  G7
Gotta make a living he’s a Louisiana man  / /  / / / /

C
Muskrat hides a hanging by the dozen
C  G7  C
Even got a lady make a muskrat’s cousin
C
Got ‘em out drying in the hot, hot, sun
C  G7  C
Tomorrow papa’s gonna turn them into mon

C  G7  C
/ / / /  / /  / /
They call my mama Rita and my daddy Jack
A little baby brother on the floor, that’s Mac
Rynn and Lynn are the family twins
Big brother Ed’s on the bayou fishing

On the river, floats - papa’s great big boat
That’s how my papa goes in-to town
Takes every bit of a night and a day
To even make a place where the people stay

I can hardly wait until tomorrow comes around
That’s the day my papa takes his furs to town
Papa promised me that I could go
Even gonna see a cowboy show

I see the cowboys and Indians for the first time then
Told my papa gotta go a-gain
Papa said, “Son we got the lines to run.
We’ll come back again, first there’s work to be done.”

He’s got fishing lines strung across the Louisiana River
Gotta catch a big fish for us to eat
Setting traps in the swamp catching anything he can
Gotta make a living he’s a Louisiana man
Gotta make a living he’s a Louisiana man
Fun, Fun, Fun

Brian Wilson and Mike Love

C E\textsuperscript{m} F G\textsuperscript{7} C F C G\textsuperscript{7}
/ / / / / / / / / . . .

C
Well, she got her daddy’s car
F
And she cruised through the hamburger stand now
C
 Seems she forgot all about the library,
G\textsuperscript{7} G\textsuperscript{7}
Like she told her old man now
C
And with the radio blasting,
F
Goes cruisin’ just as fast as she can now
C E\textsuperscript{m}
And she’ll have fun, fun, fun,
F G\textsuperscript{7} C E\textsuperscript{m}
’Til her daddy takes the T-Bird away.
F G\textsuperscript{7} C C
‘til her daddy takes the T-Bird away

C
Well, the girls can’t stand her,
F
‘Cause she walks, looks and drives like an ace now

\textit{You walk like an ace now, you walk like an ace}
C G\textsuperscript{7}
She makes the Indy 500 look like a Roman chariot race now.

\textit{You look like an ace now, you look like an ace}

C
A lot of guys try to catch her,
F
But she leads ‘em on a wild goose chase now

\textit{You drive like an ace now, you drive like an ace}
C    E₇m
And she'll have fun, fun, fun,
F                      G₇       C    E₇m
‘Til her daddy takes the T-Bird away.
Fun, fun, fun,
F                      G₇       C    C
‘til her daddy takes the T-Bird away

C    F
Well, you knew all along that your dad was gettin’ wise to you now

You shouldn’t have lied now, you shouldn’t have lied
C
And since he took your set of keys,
G₇
You’ve been thinking that your fun is all through now

You shouldn’t have lied now, you shouldn’t have lied

C
But you can come along with me,
F
‘Cause we got a lot of things to do now.

You shouldn’t have lied now, you shouldn’t have lied
C    E₇m       F                  G₇       C    E₇m
And you’ll have fun, fun, fun, now that daddy took the T-Bird away.
Fun, fun, fun,
F                      G₇
Now that daddy took the T-Bird
C    E₇m       F                  G₇
Fun, fun, fun, now that daddy took the T-Bird
C    E₇m       F                  G₇
Fun, fun, fun, now that daddy took the T-Bird
C    E₇m       F                  G₇       C    F   C
Fun, fun, fun, now that daddy took the T-Bird away

/ / /
Mama Tried

D A7 D D
/ / / / / / / / / / . . .

The first thing I remember knowin’, was a lonesome whistle blowin’

D G D G
And a young-un’s dream of growing up to ride

D G D G
On a freight train leaving town, not knowing where I’m bound

D A7 D
And no one could change my mind but Mama tried

D G D G
One and only rebel child, from a family meek and mild

D G A7
My mama seemed to know what lay in store

D G D G
‘Spite of all my Sunday learning, towards the bad I kept on turnin’

D A7 D D
‘Til Mama couldn’t hold me anymore / . . .

D G D
And I turned twenty-one in prison doing life without parole

G D A7
No one could steer me right but Mama tried, Mama tried

D G D
Mama tried to raise me better but her pleading I denied

A7 D
That leaves only me to blame cause Mama tried
Dear old daddy rest his soul, left my mom a heavy load

She tried so very hard to fill his shoes

Working hours without rest, wanted me to have the best

She tried to raise me right but I refused

And I turned twenty-one in prison doing life without parole

No one could steer me right but Mama tried, Mama tried

Mama tried to raise me better but her pleading I denied

That leaves only me to blame cause Mama tried
OH, LONESOME ME       Don Gibson

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

C        G
1. Everybody’s goin’ out and havin’ fun,

G7                        C
I’m just a fool for stayin’ home and havin’ none,

C7                        F
I can’t get over how he set me free,

G          C
Oh, lonesome me.

C        G
2. A bad mistake I’m makin’ by just hanging’ ‘round,

G7                        C
I know that I should have some fun and paint the town,

C7                        F
A love-sick fool that’s blind and just can’t see,

G          C
Oh, lonesome me.

Chorus:

G        D7
I bet he’s not like me, he’s out and fancy free,

G
Flirting with the girls with all his charms.

D7
But I still love him so, and brother don’t you know,

G          G7
I’d welcome him right back here in my arms.
3. Well, there must be some way to lose these lonesome blues,

\[ \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \]
Forget about the past and find somebody new,

\[ \text{C7} \quad \text{F} \]
I've thought of ev'ry thing from A to Z,

\[ \text{G} \quad \text{C} \]
Oh, lonesome me.

\textbf{Chorus:}

\[ \text{G} \quad \text{D7} \]
I bet he's not like me, he's out and fancy free,

\[ \text{G} \]
Flirting with the girls with all his charms.

\[ \text{D7} \]
But I still love him so, and brother don't you know,

\[ \text{G} \quad \text{G7} \]
I'd welcome him right back here in my arms.

4. Well, there must be some way to lose these lonesome blues,

\[ \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \]
Forget about the past and find somebody new,

\[ \text{C7} \quad \text{F} \]
I've thought of ev'ry thing from A to Z

\[ \text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{C} \]
Oh, lonesome me. Oh, lonesome me. Oh, lonesome me.
Twenty Six Miles (Santa Catalina)  

Bruce Belland  

(Performed by the Four Preps)

C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}  
//  //  //  //  //  X2

C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}  
Twenty-Six Miles across the sea  
C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}  
Santa Catalina is a-waitin' for me  
C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}  
Santa Catalina, the island of  
C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}  
Romance, romance, romance, romance

C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}  
Water all around it everywhere  
C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}  
Tropical trees and the salty air  
C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}  
C  F  C  C\textsuperscript{7}  
But for me the thing that's a-waitin' there is romance

D\textsuperscript{m}  G\textsuperscript{7}  C  A\textsuperscript{m}  
It seems so distant, Twenty-Six Miles away  
D\textsuperscript{m}  G\textsuperscript{7}  C  C\textsuperscript{7}  
Restin' in the water serene  
D\textsuperscript{m}  G\textsuperscript{7}  C  A\textsuperscript{m}  
I'd work for anyone, even the Navy  
D\textsuperscript{7}  G  G\textsuperscript{7}  
Who would float me to my island dream  //

C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}  
Twenty-Six Miles, so near yet far  
C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}  
I'd swim with just some water-wings and my guitar  
C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}  
I could leave the wings but I'll need the guitar  
C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}  
For romance, romance, romance, romance
C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}
Twenty-Six Miles across the sea
C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}
Santa Catalina is a-waitin' for me
C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}  C  F  C  C\textsuperscript{7}
Santa Catalina, the island of romance

D\textsuperscript{m}  G\textsuperscript{7}  C  A\textsuperscript{m}
A tropical heaven out in the ocean
D\textsuperscript{m}  G\textsuperscript{7}  C  C\textsuperscript{7}
Covered with trees and girls
D\textsuperscript{m}  G\textsuperscript{7}  C  A\textsuperscript{m}
If I have to swim, I'll do it forever
D\textsuperscript{7}  G  G  G\textsuperscript{7}
Till I'm gazin' on those island pearls //
//

C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}
Forty kilometers in a leaky old boat
C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}
Any old thing that'll stay afloat
C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}
When we arrive we'll all promote
C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}
Romance, romance, romance, romance

C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}
Twenty-Six Miles across the sea
C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}
Santa Catalina is a-waitin' for me
C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}
Santa Catalina, the island of
C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}
Romance, romance, romance, romance
C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}  C
Santa Catalina, the island of romance /
A WHITE SPORTS COAT

Marty Robbins

F          G          C          G\(^7\)
/ / / /      / / / /        / / / /        / / / /
(walkdowns in parenthesis optional)

C           D\(_m\)       G          (G, F\(^\#\), F)

A white sports coat, and a pink car-nation

F          G          C          G\(^7\)
I'm all dressed up for the dance

C           D\(_m\)       G          (G, F\(^\#\), F)
A white sports coat, and a pink car-nation

F          G\(^7\)        C
I'm all a-lone in ro-mance.

G\(^7\)
Once you told me long ago,

C
To the prom with me you'd go

D\(^7\)
Now you've changed your mind it seems,

G\(^7\)
Someone else will hold my dreams

C           D\(_m\)       G          (G, F\(^\#\), F)
A white sports coat, and a pink car-nation

F          G\(^7\)        C
I'm in a blue, blue, mood
A white sports coat, and a pink car-nation

I'm all dressed up for the dance

A white sports coat, and a pink car-nation

I'm all a-lone in ro-mance.

Once you told me long ago,

To the prom with me you'd go

Now you've changed your mind it seems,

Someone else will hold my dreams

A white sports coat, and a pink car-nation

I'm in a blue, blue, mood

I'm in a blue, blue mood
Why Don't You Love Me

Hank Williams

F  Bb  F  C7  F
/ / / /   / / / /   / /   / /   / / . . .

F
Well, why don't you love me like you used to do?

C7
How come you treat me like a worn out shoe?

F  Bb
My hair's still curly and my eyes are still blue.

F  C7  F  F
So, why don't you love me like you used to do? 
/   /   /   /   /   . . .

F7  Bb
Ain't had no lovin' like a huggin' and a kissin' in a long, long while.   /   . . .

F
We don't get nearer, further, closer than a country mile 
/ / / /   / / / . . .

F
So, why don't you spark me like you used to do

C7
And say sweet nothin's like you used to coo?

F  Bb
I'm the same old trouble that you've always been through,

F  C7  F  F  Bb  F  C7  F
So, why don't you love me like you used to do?   / / / /   / / / /   / / / /   / / / / . . .
/   /   /   /   /   . . .
F
Well, why don't you be just like you used to be?

C7
How come you find so many faults with me?

F  B♭
Somebody's changed, so let me give you a clue.

F  C7  F  F
Why don't you love me like you used to do?

F7  B♭
I ain't had no lovin' like a huggin' and a kissin' in a long, long while.

F  F
We don't get nearer, further, closer than a country mile

F
So, why don't you say the things you used to say?

C7
What makes you treat me like a piece of clay?

F  B♭
My hair's still curly and my eyes are still blue.

F  C7  F
So, why don't you love me like you used to do?

F  C7  F  C7  F
I said, why don't you love me like you used to do?

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Jam Da Island

C   C   C   C
/ / / /   / / / /   / / . . .

C          G7
Goodbye Joe, me gotta go, over to Hilo
C
Should be back on Kona side about two or three oh
G7
And by sunset, you can bet, I'm gonna be oh
C
Pickin’ music underneath an old palm tree oh

CHORUS:
C          G7
Two scoops rice, mighty nice wid da lomi salmon
C
Huli huli chicken and a case of beer, and we be jammin’
G7
Friends come round to hear the sound, we see em smilin’
C
Son of a gun, gonna have good fun on da island

C          G7
By six o’clock, the whole damn beach is a buzzin’
C
Everybody bring your tutu and your cousin
G7
If you got a ukulele why don’t you bring it
C
And if you don’t know the song, you’ll have to wing it
CHORUS:  
C       G7
Two scoops rice, mighty nice wid da lomi salmon  
C
Huli huli chicken and a case of beer, and we be jammin’  
G7
Friends come round to hear the sound, we see em smilin’  
C
Son of a gun, gonna have good fun on da island  

C       G7
See if aunty will get up and do a hula  
C
While you’re up, bring me something from the coolah  
G7
Now the sun is going down and the moon is bright-a  
C
And da music be twice as good as it was last night-a  

CHORUS:  
C       G7
Two scoops rice, mighty nice wid da lomi salmon  
C
Huli huli chicken and a case of beer, and we be jammin’  
G7
Friends come round to hear the sound, we see em smilin’  
C
Son of a gun, gonna have good fun on da island  
G7       C       G7       C
Son of a gun, gonna have good fun on da island  / /    /