Turlock Uke Jamz
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Jambalaya -C
An American Dream
My Little Grass Shack
Sixteenth Avenue
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Hele On To Kauai
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Intermission

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The Letter
The Little Old Lady From Pasadena
Wonderful World (Don’t Know Much) -C
Maybe It’s Time
Silver Thread and Golden Needles
This Land Is Your Land -F
Jambalaya

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

C G

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

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

Settle down far from town, get me a pirogue

And I'll catch all the fish in the bayou

Swap my mon to buy Yvonne what she need-oh

Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou
An American Dream

Rodney J. Crowell
The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

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

C         F
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
C       F
Voila! an American dream
G7       C
We can travel girl without any means
C       F
When it's as easy as closing your eyes
G7       C
And dream Jamaica is a big neon sign

C       F
Just keep talking momma I like that sound
G7       C
It goes so easy with that rain falling down
C       F
I think a tropical vacation this year
G7       C
Might be the answer to this Hillbilly beer

C       F
Voila! an American dream
G7       C
We can travel girl without any means
C       F
When it's as easy as closing your eyes
G7       C
And dream Jamaica is a big neon sign

C       F
Just 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       G7       C
F       G7
My Little Grass Shack

Cogswell, Harrison, and Noble

A7 D7 G A7 D7 G D7
/// /// /// /// /// /// /// . . .

G A7 A7
I want to go back to my Little Grass Shack In Kealakekua, Hawaii (Hawaii) [Ke-ah-la-ke-kuah] [Ha-vah-ee]

D7 G G
I want to be with all the kanes and wahines, that I knew long ago (so long ago) [kah-nees] [wa-hee-nees]

B7 E7
I can hear the old guitars a-playing on the beach at Ho'onaunau [Ho-o-now-now]

A7
I can hear the old Hawaiians saying:

D7 Tacit:
"E Komo mai no kaua i ka hale welakahau"
[A ko-mo my no kah-oo-ah ee cah hah-lay vay-la-ka-how]

G A7 A7
It won't be long till my ship will be sailing back to Kona (to Kona)

D7 B7
A grand old place That's always fair to see... (you're telling me)

E7
I'm just a little Hawaiian, and a homesick island boy

A7
I want to go back to my fish and poi

G A7 A7
I want to go back to my Little Grass Shack In Kealakekua, Hawaii (Hawaii)

D7 G D7
Where the humu-humu nuku-nuku a pua'a go swimming by /// . . .
[hu-mu hu-mu nu-ku nu-ku ah-poo-ah ah]
I want to go back to my Little Grass Shack In Kealakekua, Hawaii (Hawaii) [Ke-ah-la-ke-kuah] [Ha-vah-ee]

I want to be with all the kanes and wahines, that I knew long ago (so long ago) [kah-nee] [wa-hee-nees]

I can hear the old guitars a-playing on the beach at Ho’onaunau [Ho-o-now-now]

I can hear the old Hawaiians saying:

"E Komo mai no kaua i ka hale welakahau"
[A ko-mo my no kah-oo-ah ee cah ha-lay vay-la-ka-how]

It won't be long till my ship will be sailing back to Kona (to Kona)

A grand old place That's always fair to see... (you're telling me)

I'm just a little Hawaiian, and a homesick island boy

I want to go back to my fish and poi

I want to go back to my Little Grass Shack In Kealakekua, Hawaii (Hawaii)

Where the humu-humu nuku-nuku a pua’a go swimming by [hu-mu hu-mu nu-ku nu-ku ah-poo-ah ah]

Where the humu-humu nuku-nuku a pua’a go swimming by
Sixteenth Avenue  Thom Schuyler  (recorded by: Lacy J. Dalton)

C  A\textsuperscript{m}  G  C

\\/\\/  \\\\/\\/  \\\\/\\/  \\\\/\\/  ....

C  G  C
From the corners of the country, from the cities and the farms

A\textsuperscript{m}  F  C  G
With years and years of living tucked up underneath their arms

A\textsuperscript{m}  F  C  F
They walked away from everything just to see a dream come true

C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}  C  C
So God bless the boys who make the noise on Sixteenth Av-e-nue

C  G  C
With a million dollar spirit and an old flat top guitar

A\textsuperscript{m}  F  C  G
They drive to town with all they own in a hundred dollar car

A\textsuperscript{m}  F  C  F
’Cause one time someone told them about a friend of a friend they knew

C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}  C  C
Who owns you know a studio on Sixteenth Av-e-nue

C  G  C
Now some are born to money they never had to say “survive”

A\textsuperscript{m}  F  C  G
And others swing a nine pound hammer just to stay alive

A\textsuperscript{m}  F  C  F
There’s cowboys drunks and Christians, mostly white and black and blue

C  A\textsuperscript{m}  F  G\textsuperscript{7}  C  C
They’ve all dialed the phone direct to home from Sixteenth Av-e-nue
Ah but then one night in some empty room where no curtains ever hung

Like a miracle some golden words roll off of someone's tongue

And after years of being nothing they're all looking right at you

And then for awhile they'll go in style on Sixteenth Ave-nue

Hey it looks so uneventful so quiet and discreet

But a lot of lives were changed down on that little one-way street

Cause they walked away from everything just to see a dream come true

So God bless the boys who make the noise on Sixteenth Ave-nue

So God bless the boys who make the noise on Sixteenth Ave-nue
Don't Worry, Be Happy

Here is a little song I wrote

You might want to sing it note for note

Don't worry, be happy

In every life we have some trouble

When you worry you make it double

Don't worry, be happy

CHORUS:

Ain't got no place to lay your head

Somebody came and took your bed

Don't worry, be happy

The landlord say your rent is late

He may have to litigate

Don't worry, be happy

CHORUS:

(Ooo's)
Ain't got no cash, ain't got no style

Ain't got no girl to make you smile

But don't worry, be happy

Cause when you worry, your face will frown

And that will bring everybody down

So don't worry, be happy

There is this little song I wrote

I hope you learn it note for note

Don't worry, be happy; Listen to what I say

In your life expect some trouble

But when you worry, you make it double

Don't worry, be happy

Don't worry, be happy

(Ooo's)  C  C  Dm  Dm  F  F  C  C  X2  (end on last 'C')
Brown Eyed Girl

Van Morrison

F Bb F C (X2)

Hey, where did we go days when the rain came
Bb

Down in the hollow playing a new game
F C

Laughing, and a running, hey, hey, Skipping and a jumping
Bb

In the misty morning fog, with our, our hearts a thumpin' and you
C Dm Bb C

My brown eyed girl You, my brown eyed girl

Whatever happened to Tuesday and so slow
F C

Going down to the old mine with a transistor radio
Dm Bb C

Standing in the sunlight laughing, hiding 'hind a rainbow's wall
C

Slipping and a sliding, All along the waterfall with you
F Bb F C

My brown eyed girl You, my brown eyed girl

Do you remember when we used to sing
Bb

Sha la la la la la la la la te da (Just like that)
F C

Sha 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 te da
Sha la la la la la la la la te da
Sha la la la la la la la la te da
Sha la la la la la la la la te da
Hele On To Kauai

Alfred Nobriga
Performed by Israel Kamakawiwo'ole

A | A\sus4 | A | A\sus4 | A\sus4
/// /// /// /// /// ///  

A | A | D | D |
// There's a place, // I re call

E\(^7\) | E\(^7\) | A | A |
// Not too big, // in fact it's kind of small

A | A | D | D |
// The people there // know they got it all

E\(^7\) | E\(^7\) | A | A |
// The simple life, for me

CHORUS:

A \(^7\) | D
Hele on to Kauai, Hanalei by the bay

E\(^7\) | D | A
Wailua river valley is where I used to play

A\(^7\) | D
The canyons of Waimea, standing all aglow

E\(^7\) | A
The magic of the garden isle, is calling me back home

A | A | D | D |
// When I was young, // and not too smart

E\(^7\) | E\(^7\) | A | A |
// I left my home, looking for a brand new start

A | A | D | D |
// To find a place, // that's better still

E\(^7\) | E\(^7\) | A | A |
// Now I know, // I know I never will
CHORUS:
A A7 D
Hele on to Kaua'i, Hanalei by the bay
E7 D A
Wailua river valley is where I used to play
A7 D
The canyons of Waimea, standing all aglow
E7 A G7
The magic of the garden isle, is calling me back home

Key Change To “C” Chorus
C C7 F
Hele on to Kaua'i, Hanalei by the bay
G7 F C
Wailua river valley is where I used to play
C7 F
The canyons of Waimea, standing all aglow
G7 C
The magic of the garden isle, is calling me back home
G7 C C G7 C
It’s call-ing me back home
[ ......DRAW OUT ........]
When A Cowboy Trades His Spurs

David Rawlings and Gillian Welch

3/4 time (1,2,3, 1,2,3)

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

C
Let me tell you buddy, there's a faster gun,
D7 G7 G7
comin' over yonder, when tomorrow comes.
C F
Let me tell you buddy, and it won't be long,
C G7 C C
'til you find yourself singing your last cowboy song.

G F C
Yippee ki-yi-yay, when the round-up ends.
G F G G
Yippee ki-yi-yay, and the campfire dims.
C F F
Yippee ki-yi-yay, he shouts and he sings,
C G7 C C
When a cowboy trades his spurs for wings.

C
When they wrap my body in the binding sheet,
D7 G7 G7
and they take my six-irons, pull the boots from my feet,
C F F
Un-saddle my pony, she'll be itching to roam,
C G7 C C
I'll be halfway to heaven, under horsepow'r o' my own.
G F C
Yippee ki-yi-yay, when the round-up ends.
G F G
Yippee ki-yi-yay, and the campfire dims.
C F F
Yippee ki-yi-yay, he shouts and he sings,
C G7 C C
When a cowboy trades his spurs for wings.

G F C
Yippee ki-yi-yay, (I'm glory bound).
G F G G
No more jingle jangle (I'll lay my guns down)
C F F
Yippee ki-yi-yay, he shouts and he sings,
C G7 C C F F
When a cowboy trades his spurs for wings.
C G7 C
When a cowboy trades his spurs for wings.

C F G G7 D7
Makin’ Love Ukulele Style

Hayes and Weirick
performed by Arthur Godfrey

\[ G^7 \quad C^7 \quad F \quad G^7 \quad C^7 \quad F \]

F \quad B^b
Makin’ love uku-lele style
C^7 \quad F
No need to be in Waikiki
F \quad B^b
Makin’ love, uku-lele style
C^7 \quad F
To a lovely ukulele sere-nade

F \quad B^b
When you love, uku-lele style
C^7 \quad F
With every note your heart will float
F \quad B^b
Far away to a tropic isle
C^7 \quad F
While a ukulele tune is softly played

B^b \quad F
Strolling along beneath the starlight
B^b \quad F
Dreaming a lover’s dream for two
G^7
Soon you will see her eyes are star bright
C^7
As the ukulele magic comes through

F \quad B^b
Now if you want to satisfy
C^7 \quad F
The one you love all else above
F \quad B^b
Take a tip and be sure you try
C^7 \quad F
The ukulele style of makin’ love
Kazoo

F   Bb
When you love, uku-lele style
C7   F
With every note your heart will float
F   Bb
Far away to a tropic isle
C7   F
While a ukulele tune is softly played

Bb   F
Strolling along beneath the starlight
Bb   F
Dreaming a lover’s dream for two
G7
Soon you will see her eyes are star bright
C7
As the ukulele magic comes through

F   Bb
Now if you want to satisfy
C7   F
The one you love all else above
F   Bb
Take a tip and be sure you try
C7   F
The ukulele style of makin’ love
C7   F   G7   C7   F   C7   F
The ukulele style of makin’ love   //   //   //   //   //
Promises

Eric Clapton

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

G
I don't care if you never come home
C
I don't mind if you just....

G
Keep on rolling away on a distant sea
D    G    G    G

‘Cause I don't love you and you don't love me.

G
You cause a commotion when you come to town
C
Give 'em a smile and they melt

G
Having lovers and friends is all good and fine,
D    G    G    G

But I don't like yours and you don't like mine.

C    G    D    D
La  la.... la  la  la  la  la

C    G    D    G    G
La  la.... la  la  la  la  la

G
I don't care what you do at night
C
And I don't care how you get your delights,

G
I'll leave you alone, I'll just let it be
D    G    G    G

I don't love you and you don't love me.
CHORUS:

C     G
I got a problem, can you relate,

A\(m\)     G     G     G
I got a woman, callin' love hate

C     G
We made a vow, we'd always be friends

A\(m\)     G     G     G
How could we know that promises end?

C     G     D     D
La    la....  la  la  la  la  la

C     G     D     G     G
La    la....  la  la  la  la  la

G
I tried to love you for years upon years,

C
You refused to take me for real

G
It's time you saw what I want you to see

D     G     G
And I'd still love you if you'd just love me.

CHORUS:

END WITH:

C     G     D     D
La    la....  la  la  la  la  la

C     G     D     D
La    la....  la  la  la  la  la

C     G     D     D
La    la....  la  la  la  la  la

C     G     D     D     G
La    la....  la  la  la  la  la  /
Teach Your Children

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

F                     C
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,

F                     C
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
/ / / /     / / / /     / / / /     / / / /

Tacit: 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.
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.
Eight Days A Week

Lennon and McCartney

G A7 C G

Ooh, I need your love babe, guess you know it's true

G A7 C G

Hope you need my love babe, just like I need you

E m C E m A7

Hold me, love me, hold me, love me

G A7 C G

Ain't got nothing but love babe, Eight Days a Week

G A7 C G

Love you every day, girl, always on my mind

G A7 C G

One thing I can say girl, love you all the time

E m C E m A7

Hold me, love me, hold me, love me

G A7 C G

Ain't got nothing but love babe, Eight Days a Week

D E m

Eight Days a Week, I lo...o...o...ove you

A7 C D7

Eight Days a Week, is not enough to show I care

G A7 C G

Ooh, I need your love babe, guess you know it's true

G A7 C G

Hope you need my love babe, just like I need you
Em C Em A\(^7\)
Hold me, love me, hold me, love me

G A\(^7\) C G
Ain't got nothing but love babe, Eight Days a Week

D Em
Eight Days a Week, I lo...o...o...ove you

A\(^7\) C D\(^7\)
Eight Days a Week, is not enough to show I care

G A\(^7\) C G
Love you every day, girl, always on my mind

G A\(^7\) C G
One thing I can say girl, love you all the time

Em C Em A\(^7\)
Hold me, love me, hold me, love me

G A\(^7\) C G
Ain't got nothing but love babe, Eight Days a Week

C G C G G A\(^7\) C G
Eight Days a Week...... Eight Days a Week / / / / / / / / /
Happy Together

Bonner and Gordon (performed by The Turtles)

\[ D^m \quad D^m \quad C \quad C \quad B^b \quad B^b \quad A^7 \quad A^7 \]

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

\[ D^m \]
Imagine me and you, I do.

\[ C \]
I think about you day and night, it's only right,

\[ B^b \]
To think about the girl you love and hold her tight,

\[ A^7 \quad A^7 \]
So happy together.

\[ D^m \]
If I should call you up, invest a dime,

\[ C \]
And you say you belong to me, and ease my mind,

\[ B^b \]
Imagine how the world could be, so very fine,

\[ A^7 \quad A^7 \]
So happy together.

\[ D \quad A^m \quad D \quad F \]
I can't see me lovin' nobody but you, for all my life.

\[ D \quad A^m \quad D \quad F \]
When you're with me, baby, the skies'll be blue, for all my life.

\[ D^m \]
Me and you and you and me,

\[ C \]
No matter how they toss the dice, it has to be.

\[ B^b \]
The only one for me is you, and you for me,

\[ A^7 \quad A^7 \]
So happy together.
D   A\textsuperscript{m}   D   F
I can't see me lovin' nobody but you, for all my life.

D   A\textsuperscript{m}   D   F
When you're with me, baby, the skies'll be blue, for all my life.

D\textsuperscript{m}
Me and you and you and me,

C
No matter how they toss the dice, it has to be.

B\textsuperscript{b}
The only one for me is you, and you for me,

A\textsuperscript{7}  A\textsuperscript{7}
So happy together.

D   A\textsuperscript{m}   D   F
I can't see me lovin' nobody but you, for all my life.

D   A\textsuperscript{m}   D   F
When you're with me, baby, the skies'll be blue, for all my life.

D   A\textsuperscript{m}   D   F
Ba-ba-ba-ba ba-ba-ba ba-ba-ba ba-ba-ba-ba-

D   A\textsuperscript{m}   D   F
Ba-ba-ba-ba ba-ba-ba ba-ba-ba ba-ba-ba-ba-

D\textsuperscript{m}
Me and you and you and me,

C
No matter how they toss the dice, it has to be.

B\textsuperscript{b}
The only one for me is you, and you for me,

A\textsuperscript{7}  D\textsuperscript{m}  A\textsuperscript{7}  D\textsuperscript{m}  A\textsuperscript{7}
So happy together . . . . . So happy together . . . . . So happy together

D\textsuperscript{m}  A\textsuperscript{7}  D\textsuperscript{m}  A\textsuperscript{7}
We're happy together . . . . How is the weather?

D\textsuperscript{m}  A\textsuperscript{7}  D
We're happy together \quad I \quad (let it ring)
Cheeseburger in Paradise

Tried to amend my carnivorous habits
Made it nearly seventy days
Losin' weight without speed, eatin' sunflower seeds
Drinkin' lots of carrot juice and soakin' up rays
But at night I'd have these wonderful dreams
Some kind of sensuous treat
Not zucchini, fettuccini or bulgur wheat
But a big warm bun and a huge hunk of meat

Chorus:
Cheeseburger In Paradise
Heaven on Earth with an onion slice
Not too particular, not too precise, I'm just a
Cheeseburger In Paradise

Heard about the old time sailor men
They eat the same thing again and again
Warm beer and bread they said could raise the dead
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 Havanases 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

Tace 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 Tace part and last chorus:
I Should Have Known Better

Lennon/McCartney

I - - should have known better with a girl like you

That I would love everything that you do

And I do, hey hey hey, and I do Whoa-oh whoa-oh

I - - never realized what a kiss could be

This could only happen to me, Can't you see, Can't you see?

That when I tell you that I love you, oh

You’re gonna say you love me too, oo, oo, oo-oo-oo, oh-oh

And when I ask you to be mi-i-i-ine

You’re gonna say you love me too. So-oh oh-oh

I - - should have realized a lot of things before

If this is love you gotta give me more

Give me more, hey, hey, hey, give me more Whoa-oh whoa-oh
C  G\(^7\)  C  G\(^7\)  C  G\(^7\)  C  G\(^7\)
I - - never realized what a kiss could be

C  G\(^7\)  A\(^m\)  F  E\(^7\)
This could only happen to me, Can't you see, Can't you see?

A\(^m\)  F  C  E\(^7\)
That when I tell you that I love you, oh

A\(^m\)  C  C\(^7\)
You’re gonna say you love me too, oo, oo, oo-oo-oo, oh-oh

F  G\(^7\)  C  A\(^m\)
And when I ask you to be mi-i-i-ine

F  G\(^7\)  C  G\(^7\)  C
You’re gonna say you love me too.

G\(^7\)  C  G\(^7\)  C  G\(^7\)  C  G\(^7\)  C
You love me too, you love me too,

G\(^7\)  C  G\(^7\)  C  G\(^7\)  C
You love me too
Old Hippie
Original in B

David Bellamy
the Bellamy Brothers

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

C          C         C         C
C          C         C         C

He turned thirty-five last Sunday, in his hair he found some gray

C          G7   G7   G7   G7
But he still ain't changed his lifestyle he likes it better the old way

F          C
So he grows a little garden in the back yard by the fence

F          C          G7
He's consuming what he's growing now-a days in self defense

C          F
He gets out there in the twilight zone sometimes

C          C          C          C
When it just don't make no sense

C          F          C          C          C          C          C
He gets off on country music, cause disco left him cold

C          G7   G7   G7   G7
He's got young friends into new wave, but he's just too damn old

F          C
And he dreams at night of Woodstock and the day John Lennon died

F          C          G7
How the music made him happy and the silence made him cry

C          F
Yeah he thinks of John sometimes

C          C          C          C          C7
And he has to wonder why

And he has to wonder why 'cause
CHORUS:

He's an old hippie and he don't know what to do
Should he hang on to the old, should he grab on to the new
He's an old hippie his new life is just a bust
He ain't trying to change nobody he’s just trying real hard to adjust

End song on (C) in parenthesis

He was sure back in the sixties, that everyone was hip
Then they sent him off to Vietnam on his senior trip
And they forced him to become a man while he was still a boy
And behind each wave of tragedy he waited for the joy
Now this world may change around him,
But he just can't change no more

CHORUS:

Well he stays away a lot now, from the parties and the clubs
And he's thinking while he's jogging around
Sure is glad he quit the hard drugs
Cause him and his kind get more endangered everyday
And pretty soon the species will just up and fade away
Like the smoke from that torpedo, just up and fade away ‘cause

CHORUS:
Return To Sender

Otis Blackwell and Winfield Scott

Recorded by Elvis Presley

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

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*
Gimme a ticket for an aeroplane

Ain't got time to take a fast train

Lonely days are gone, I'm a-goin' home

My baby just wrote me a letter

I don't care how much money I gotta spend

Got to get back to my baby again

Lonely days are gone, I'm a-goin' home

My baby just wrote me a letter

Well, she wrote me a letter

Said she couldn't live without me no more

Listen mister can't you see I got to get back to my baby once more?

Anyway . . . .
Dm        Bb
I don't care how much money I gotta spend
F        G7
Got to get back to my baby again
Dm        Bb
Lonely days are gone, I'm a-goin' home
A7        Dm
My baby just wrote me a letter

F        C
Well, she wrote me a letter
Bb        F        C
Said she couldn't live without me no more
F        C        Bb        F        C
Listen mister can't you see I got to get back to my baby once more?
A7
Anyway . . . .

Dm        Bb
Gimme a ticket for an aeroplane
F        G7
Ain't got time to take a fast train
Dm        Bb
Lonely days are gone, I'm a-goin' home
A7        Dm
My baby just wrote me a letter
A7        Dm
My baby just wrote me a letter
A7        Dm
(quickly)
The Little Old Lady From Pasadena

Don Altfeld, Jan Berry and Roger Christian

Original in Eb with multiple modulations (key changes)

```
Eb         G
It's the little old lady from Pasadena

C
The little old lady from Pasadena
C         F         C
Go Granny, go Granny, go Granny go!

C
Has a pretty little flower bed of white gardenias
G         D\(7\)         G
Go Granny, go Granny, go Granny go!

C         A\(m\)         F
But parked in a rickety old garage,
D\(m\)         B\(b\)         G         G
Is a brand new, shiny red Super Stock Dodge!

CHORUS: C
And everybody's sayin' that there's nobody meaner,
C
Than the little old lady from Pasadena.
F
She drives real fast and she drives real hard,
C
She's the terror of Colorado Boulevard,
E\(b\)         G         G
It's the little old lady from Pasadena.
```
If you see her on the street don't try to choose her,

Go Granny, go Granny, go Granny go!

You might drive a goer but you'll never lose her,

Go Granny, go Granny, go Granny go!

Well, she's gonna get a ticket now sooner or later,

'Cause she can't keep her foot off the accelerator.

CHORUS:

You can see her on the streets, just getting' her kicks now

Go Granny, go Granny, go Granny go!

With her four-speed stick and her four-twenty-six now

Go Granny, go Granny, go Granny go!

The guys come to race her from miles around,

But she'll give 'em a length and then she'll shut 'em down.

CHORUS:
Wonderful World (Don't Know Much)

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

C        A\textsuperscript{m}        F        G
Don't know much about history, don't know much biology.

C        A\textsuperscript{m}
Don't know much about a science book,

F        G
Don't know much about the French I took.

C        F
But I do know that I love you,

C        F
And I know that if you love me too;

G        C        F        C
What a wonderful world this could be.
      / /   / /   / / / / ....

C        A\textsuperscript{m}        F        G
Don't know much about geography, don't know much trigonometry.

C        A\textsuperscript{m}
Don't know much about algebra,

F        G
Don't know what a slide rule is for.

C        F
But I do know one and one is two,

C        F
And if this one could be with you;

G        C        F        C
What a wonderful world this could be.
      / /   / /   / / / ....
Now I don't claim to be an 'A' student,

But I'm tryin' to be.

But maybe by being an 'A' student, baby,

I could win your love for me.

Don't know much about history, don't know much biology.

Don't know much about a science book,

Don't know much about the French I took.

But I do know that I love you,

And I know that if you love me too;

What a wonderful world this could be.
Maybe It's Time
by Jason Isbell, Performed by Bradley Cooper
A Star is Born Soundtrack (2018)

G G
/ / / / / / /

G
Maybe it's time to let the old ways die
C G
Maybe it's time to let the old ways die
C
It takes a lot to change a man
G D Em
Hell, it takes a lot to try
D C G
Maybe it's time to let the old ways die

G
Nobody knows what waits for the dead
C G
Nobody knows what waits for the dead
C G D Em
Some folks just believe in the things they've heard and the things they read
D C G
Nobody knows what awaits for the dead

C G
I'm glad I can't go back to where I came from
C G
I'm glad those days are gone, gone for good
C G D Em D
But If I could take spirits from my past and bring them here you know I would
C
Know I would

G
Nobody speaks to God these days
C G
Nobody speaks to God these days
C G D Em
I'd like to think he's lookin' down and laughin' at our ways
D C G
Nobody speaks to God these days
When I was a child they tried to fool me
Said the worldly man was lost and that a Hell was real
But I've seen Hell in Reno
And this world's one big old Catherine wheel
Spinning still

Maybe it's time to let the old ways die
Maybe it's time to let the old ways die
It takes a lot to change your plans
And a train to change your mind
Maybe it's time to let the old ways die
Ooh, maybe it's time to let the old ways die
Silver Threads And Golden Needles

Jack Rhodes & Dick Reynolds

Performed by The Springfields (#20 in U.K., 1962)

D A E7 A A
/ / / / / / / / / / / / . . .

A D
I don't want your lonely mansion with a tear in every room,

A E7 E7
All I want's the love you promised; beneath the halo’d moon.  / / . . .

A D
But you think I should be happy with your money and your name,

A E7 A A A7
And hide myself in sorrow, while you play your cheating game.  / / . . .

D
Silver threads and golden needles, cannot mend this heart of mine.

A G E7
And I dare not drown my sorrows in the warm glow of your wine.

A D
But you think I should be happy with your money and your name,

A E7 A A A7
And hide myself in sorrow, while you play your cheating game.

D A E7 A A7
/ / / / / / / / / / / / , , ,

D A E7 A A7
/ / / / / / / / / / / / , , ,

D
Silver threads and golden needles, cannot mend this heart of mine.

A G E7
And I dare not drown my sorrows, in the warm glow of your wine.

A D
You can't buy my love with money, for I never was that kind,

A E7 A A A7
Silver threads and golden needles cannot mend this heart of mine.  / / . . .

D A G E7 A D A
Silver threads and golden needles cannot me...nd..this heart of mi . . . ne.  / / / / / / / / / / / /
This Land Is Your Land

Woody Guthrie

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

**CHORUS:**

B\(^b\)  F
This land is your land, this land is my land

C  F  F\(^7\)
From California, to the New York Island,

B\(^b\)  F  D\(^m\)
From the redwood forests, to the Gulfstream waters,

C  C\(^7\)  F  (F)
This land was made for you and me.

**End With:**

C  C\(^7\)  F  C\(^7\)  F
This land was made for you and me.  //  /

B\(^b\)  F
As I went walking that ribbon of highway,

C  F  F\(^7\)
I saw above me that endless skyway,

B\(^b\)  F  D\(^m\)
I saw below me that golden valley,

C  C\(^7\)  F  F\(^7\)
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: