

JB, KN, JT and BY

Perhaps Love

John Denver

1-11-19

F D^m G^m C
//// / / / / /

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

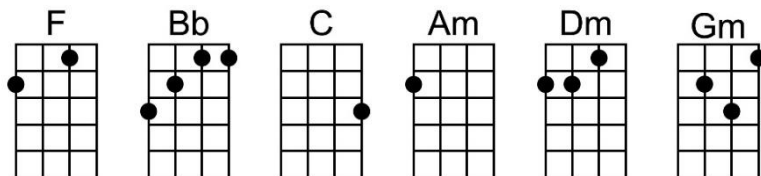
F D^m
Perhaps love is like a window
G^m C
Per-haps an open door
F D^m
It in-vites you to come closer
G^m C
It wants to show you more
A^m D^m
And even if you lose yourself
B^b C
And don't know what to do
G^m C F
The memory of love will see you through

BRIDGE

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

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

(Back to **BRIDGE**, play through, tag last line to end)



Precious Lord Dmaj

Key of D
3/4

D D
/// /..

Verse 1:

D G
When my way grows drear, precious Lord linger near,
D A7
When my life is almost gone,
D G
Hear my cry, hear my call, hold my hand lest I fall,
D A7 D D
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home. /..

Chorus:

D G
Precious Lord take my hand, lead me on, let me stand,
D A7
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn,
D
Through the storm, through the night,
G
Lead me on to the light,
D A7 D D
Take my hand, Precious Lord, lead me home. /..

Verse 2:

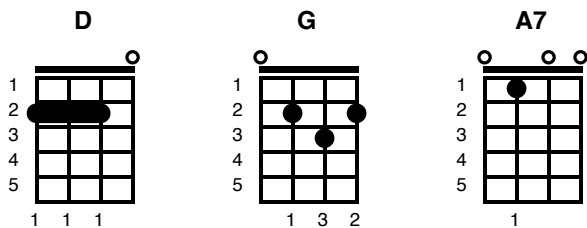
D **G**
When the shadows appear and the night draws near,
D **A7**
And the day is past and gone,
D **G**
At the river I stand, guide my feet, hold my hand,
D **A7** **D** **D**
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home. / . .

Chorus:

D **G**
Precious Lord take my hand, lead me on, let me stand,
D **A7**
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn,
D
Through the storm, through the night,
G
Lead me on to the light,
D **A7** **D**
Take my hand, Precious Lord, lead me home. (tacet)

Slowly:

D **A7** **D**
Take my hand, precious Lord, lead me home.
/ / /



Return To Sender

Recorded by Elvis Presley

Otis Blackwell and Winfield Scott

C A^m D^m G⁷
/ / / / / / / / / / / / / / / /

C A^m D^m G⁷
Return to sender! Return to sender!

C A^m D^m G⁷
I gave a letter to the postman. He put it his sack.

C A^m D^m G⁷ C
Bright and early next morning, he brought my letter back. *She Wrote Upon It*
/

F G⁷ F G⁷
Return to sender, address unknown.

F G⁷ C C-C⁷
No such number, no such zone.

F G⁷ F G⁷
We had a quarrel, a lover's spat.

D⁷ G⁷
I write I'm sorry but my letter keeps coming back.

C A^m D^m G⁷
So then I dropped it in the mailbox, and sent it Special D.

C A^m D^m G⁷ C
Bright and early next morning, it came right back to me. *She Wrote Upon It*
/

F G⁷ F G⁷
Return to sender, address unknown

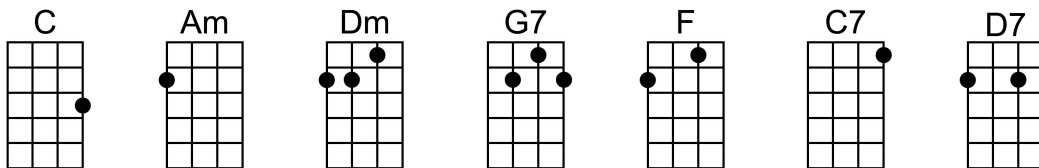
F G⁷ C C-C⁷
No such person, no such zone

F This time I'm gonna take it myself, and put it right in her hand **C**
D⁷
 And if it comes back the very next day
G⁷
 Then I'll understand – *The Writing On It*
 /

F **G⁷** **F** **G⁷**
 Return to sender, address unknown
F **G⁷** **C** **C-C⁷**
 No such person, no such zone

F This time I'm gonna take it myself, and put it right in her hand **C**
D⁷
 And if it comes back the very next day
G⁷
 Then I'll understand – *The Writing On It*
 /

F **G⁷** **F** **G⁷**
 Return to sender, address unknown
F **G⁷** **C** **C**
 No such person, No Such Zone
 /

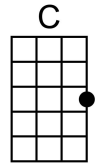


Sailing

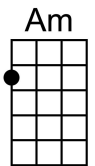
Sutherland Brothers (1972)
(recorded by Rod Stewart, 1975)

C **C** **C**
/ / / / / / / / / / . . .

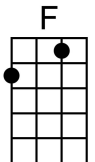
C **A^m** **F** **C**
I am sailing, I am sailing, home again 'cross the sea,
D **A^m** **D^m** **C** **G⁷**
I am sailing stormy waters, to be near you, to be free.



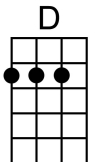
C **A^m** **F** **C**
I am flying, I am flying, like a bird cross the sky,
D **A^m** **D^m** **C** **G⁷**
I am flying, passing high clouds, to be with you, to be free.



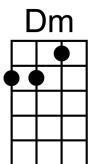
C **A^m**
Can you hear me, can you hear me,
F **C**
Through the dark night, far away,
D **A^m** **D^m** **C** **G⁷**
I am dying, forever trying, to be with you, who can say.



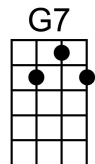
C **A^m**
Can you hear me, can you hear me,
F **C**
Through the dark night, far away.
D **A^m** **D^m** **C** **G⁷**
I am dying, forever trying, to be with you, who can say.



C **A^m** **F** **C**
We are sailing, we are sailing, home again, cross the sea,
D **A^m** **D^m** **C** **G⁷**
We are sailing stormy waters, to be near you, to be free. / . . .



D^m **C** **G⁷**
Oh Lord, to be near you, to be free, / . . .
D^m **C** **C**
Oh Lord, to be near you, to be free /



San Antonio Rose

Bob Wills

G **G7** **C** **A⁷** **D⁷** **D⁷** **G** **G**
// // // // // // // //

G **C** **A⁷**
Deep within my heart, lies a melody

D⁷ **G**
A song of old San Antone.

G **C** **A⁷**
Where in dreams I live with a memory

D⁷ **G**
Beneath the stars all alone.

G **C** **A⁷**
It was there I found, beside the Alamo

D⁷ **G**
Enchantment strange as the blue up above

G **G⁷** **C** **A⁷**
A moonlit pass that only she would know.

D⁷ **G** **G**
Still hears my broken song of love

D **A⁷**
Moon in all your splendor, know only my heart

A⁷ **D**
Call back my Rose, Rose of San Antone

D **A⁷**
Lips so sweet and tender, like petals fallin' apart

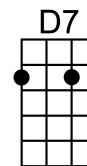
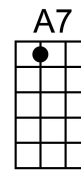
A⁷ **D** **D⁷**
Speak once again of my love, my own

G **C** **A⁷**
A broken song, empty words I know

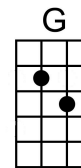
D⁷ **G**
That live in my heart all alone

G **G⁷** **C** **A⁷**
For that moonlit path beside the Alamo

D **G** **G**
And Rose, my Rose of San Antone.



G **G⁷** **C** **A⁷** **D⁷** **D⁷** **G** **G**
/ / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / /

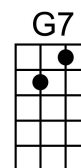
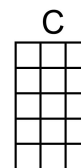


D **A⁷**
Moon in all your splendor, know only my heart

A⁷ **D**
Call back my Rose, Rose of San Antone

D **A⁷**
Lips so sweet and tender, like petals fallin' apart

A⁷ **D** **D⁷**
Speak once again of my love, my own

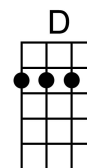


G **C** **A⁷**
A broken song, empty words I know

D⁷ **G**
That live in my heart all alone

G **G⁷** **C** **A⁷**
For that moonlit path beside the Alamo

D **G** **G**
And Rose, my Rose of San Antone.



A⁷ **D⁷** **G** **G**
And Rose, my Rose of San Antone. / /

Sea Cruise

Huey "Piano" Smith
performed by Frankie Ford

E7 **A**
///// /////

A
Old man rhythm is in my shoes.

A
No use sittin' and singin' the blues.

E7
So be my guest, you got nothin' to lose,

A
Won't you let me take you on a sea cruise?

A **E7**
Ooo-wee, ooo-wee baby, ooo-wee, ooo-wee baby, Ooo-wee, ooo-wee baby!

A
Won't you let me take you on a sea cruise?

D **A** **A**
I feel like jumpin', baby won't you join me please?

D **E7** **E7**
I don't like beggin' but now I'm on bended knee.

A
I got to get to rockin', get my hat off the rack.

A
I got to boogie woogie like a knife in the back,

E7
So be my guest, you got nothin' to lose,

A
Won't you let me take you on a sea cruise?

A **E7**
Ooo-wee, ooo-wee baby, ooo-wee, ooo-wee baby, Ooo-wee, ooo-wee baby!

A
Won't you let me take you on a sea cruise?

D A D E⁷
 // // // //

A
 I got to get to movin' baby, I ain't lyin',
A
 My heart is beatin' rhythm and it's right on time.
E⁷

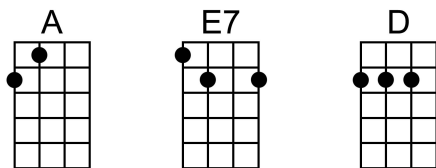
So be my guest, you got nothin' to lose,
A
 Won't you let me take you on a sea cruise?

A **E⁷**
 Ooo-wee, ooo-wee baby, ooo-wee, ooo-wee baby, Ooo-wee, ooo-wee baby!
A
 Won't you let me take you on a sea cruise?

D **A A**
 I feel like jumpin', baby won't you join me please?
D **E⁷ E⁷**
 I don't like beggin', but now I'm on bended knee.

A **E⁷**
 Ooo-wee, ooo-wee baby, ooo-wee, ooo-wee baby, Ooo-wee, ooo-wee baby!
A
 Won't you let me take you on a sea cruise?

A **E⁷**
 Ooo-wee, ooo-wee baby, ooo-wee, ooo-wee baby, Ooo-wee, ooo-wee baby!
A
 Won't you let me take you on a sea cruise?
 /

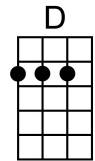


Silver Threads And Golden Needles

Jack Rhodes & Dick Reynolds
 Performed by The Springfields (#20 in U.K., 1962)

D A E⁷ A A
 // // // // //...

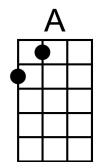
A D
 I don't want your lonely mansion with a tear in every room,



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

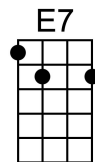
A D
 But you think I should be happy with your money and your name,

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



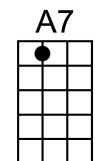
D A
 Silver threads and golden needles, cannot mend this heart of mine.

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



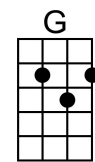
A D
 But you think I should be happy with your money and your name,

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



D A E⁷ A A⁷
 // // // // //,,,

D A
 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 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 mend..this heart of mi...ne.

// // / //

Singing The Blues Melvin Ensley

C **G⁷** **C**
// // ///...

C **F**
Well, I never felt more like singin' the blues

C **G⁷**
'Cause I never thought, that I'd ever lose,

F **G⁷** **C** **G⁷**
Your love Dear, why'd you do me this way?

C **F**
Well, I never felt more like cryin' all night

C **G⁷**
'Cause everything's wrong, and nothin' ain't right

F **G⁷** **C** **C⁷**
With-out you, you got me singin' the blues.

F **C**
Well the moon and stars no longer shine

F **C**
The dream is gone I thought was mine

F **C**
There's nothin' left for me to do

G⁷
But cry, aye, aye, aye, over you

C **F**
Well, I never felt more like runnin' away

C **G⁷**
But why should I go, when I couldn't stay,

F **G⁷** **C** **C⁷**
With-out you, you got me singin' the blues.

F **C**
Well the moon and stars no longer shine

F **C**
The dream is gone I thought was mine

F **C**
There's nothin' left for me to do

G⁷
But cry, cry, cry, cry, over you

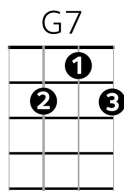
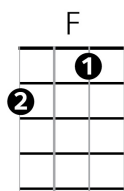
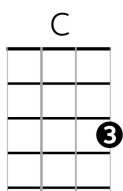
C **F**
Well, I never felt more like cryin' all night

C **G⁷**
'Cause everything's wrong, and nothin' ain't right

F **G⁷** **C**
With-out you, you got me singin' the blues.

G⁷ **C**
You got me singin' the blues.

G⁷ **C** **G⁷** **C**
You got me singin' the blues
// // /



Some Days Are Diamonds

Key of D

By Dick Feller, as performed by John Denver

D Dsus D Dsus
//// // // //

Verse 1:

D A Bm
When you asked how I've been here without you,
G D
I'd like to say I've been fine and I do,
G D
But we both know the truth is hard to come by,
Bm E7 A7 Tacet
And if I told the truth that's not quite true.

Chorus:

D G D
Some days are diamonds, some days are stones,
Bm E7 A7
Sometimes the hard times won't leave me alone,
D G D
Sometimes a cold wind blows a chill in my bones,
Bm D A7 D Dsus
Some days are diamonds, some days are stones. // . .

Verse 2:

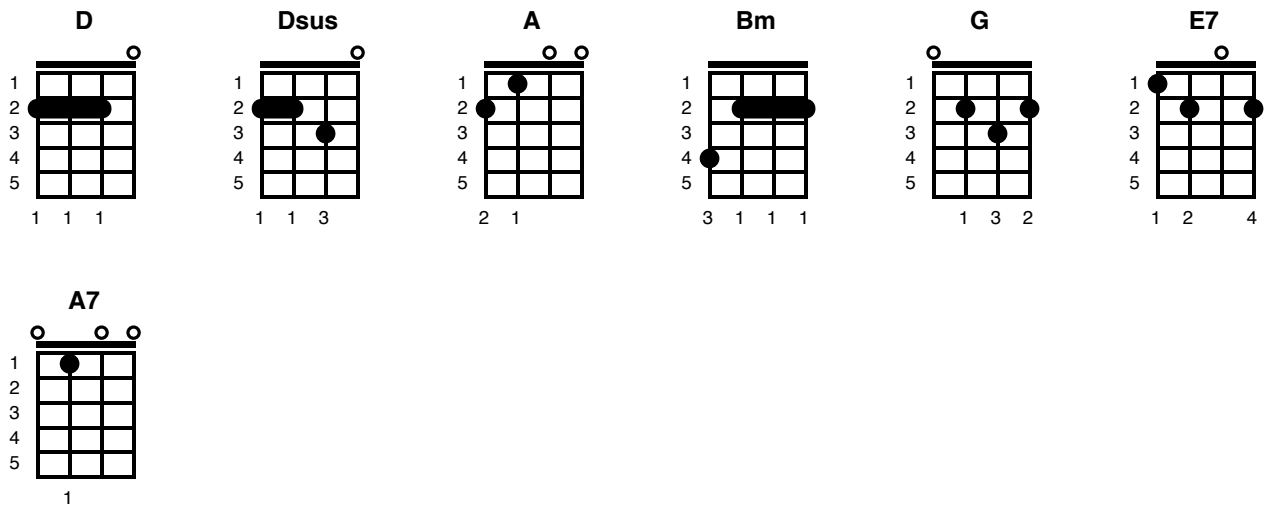
D A7 Bm
Now the face that I see in my mirror,
G D
More and more is a stranger to me,
G D
More and more I can see there's a danger,
E7 A7 Tacet
In becoming what I never thought I'd be.

Chorus:

D G D
Some days are diamonds, some days are stones,
Bm E7 A7
Sometimes the hard times won't leave me alone,
D G D
Sometimes a cold wind blows a chill in my bones,
Bm D A7 D A7
Some days are diamonds, some days are stones. // . .

Chorus:

D G D
Some days are diamonds, some days are stones,
Bm E7 A7
Sometimes the hard times won't leave me alone,
D G D
Sometimes a cold wind blows a chill in my bones,
Bm D A7 D A7 D
Some days are diamonds, some days are stones. //// /



Son of a Son of a Sailor - D

Key of D

Jimmy Buffet

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

Revised 9/9/2023

D C G D
As the son of a son of a sailor, I went out on the sea for ad-venture

G D
Ex-panding their view of the captain and crew,

A D C G D
Like a man just released from in-denture // // //

D C G D
As a dreamer of dreams and a travelin' man, I have chalked up many a mile

G D
Read dozens of books about heroes and crooks,

A D
And I learned much from both of their styles.

C G D
Son of a son, son of a son, son of a son of a sailor

C G D C G D
Son of a gun, load the last ton, one step ahead of the jailer. // // //

D C G D
Now a-way in the near future, southeast of dis-order

G D A D C G
You can shake the hand of the mango man, as he greets you at the border // //

D
////

D C G D
And the lady, she hails from Trinidad, island of the spices

G D A D
Salt for your meat and cinnamon sweet, and the rum is for all your good vices.

C G D
Haul the sheet in, as we ride on the wind that our forefathers harnessed be-fore us

C **G** **D** **C** **G**
Hear the bells ring as the tight rigging sings, it's a son of a gun of a chorus. // //
D
////

D **C** **G** **D**
Where it all ends, I can't fathom, my friends, if I knew, I might toss out my anchor
G **D** **A** **D**
So I cruise along, always searchin' for song not a lawyer, a thief or a banker

C **G** **D**
But, a son of a son, son of a son, son of a son of a sailor
C **G** **D**
Son of a gun, load the last ton, one step ahead of the jailer
C **G** **D**
I'm just a son of a son, son of a son, son of a son of a sailor
C **G**
The sea's in my veins, my tradition remains,
D **C** **G** **D**
I'm just glad I don't live in a trailer. // // /

Take It Easy

The Eagles

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

C
 Well I'm a runnin' down the road try'n to loosen my load

G F
 I've got seven women on my mind

C G
 Four that wanna own me, two that wanna stone me

F C
 One says she's a friend of mine

A^m G F C
 Take it ea -- sy, take it ea -- sy

D^m F A^m G
 Don't let the sound of your own wheels drive you cra-zy

F C F C
 Lighten up while you still can, don't even try to understand

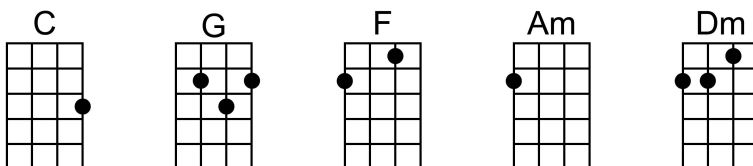
D^m F C C
 Just find a place to make your stand, and take it easy

C
 Well, I'm a standin' on a corner in Winslow, Arizona

G F
 Such a fine sight to see

C G
 It's a girl my lord in a flat-bed Ford

F C
 Slowin' down to take a look at me



A^m G F C
 Come on, ba - - by, don't say may - - be

D^m F A^m G
 I gotta know if your sweet love is gonna save me

F C F C
 We may lose and we may win, though we may never be here again

D^m F C C
 So open up I'm climbin' in, so take it ea-sy

C
 Well, I'm a runnin' down the road tryin' to loosen my load

G F
 Got a world of trouble on my mind

C G F C
 Lookin' for a lover who won't blow my cover, she's so hard to find

A^m G F C
 Take it ea - - sy, take it ea - - sy

D^m F A^m G
 Don't let the sound of your own wheels make you crazy

F C F C
 Come on, ba - - by, don't say may - - be

D^m F C (single strum)
 I gotta know if your sweet love is gonna sa...ave me
 / / / / / / / /

F F C C
 Who - oo - oo, who - oo - oo, who - oo - oo, who - oo - oo

F F C C
 Who - oo - oo, who - oo - oo, who - oo - oo, who - oo - oo

F F F C C⁷ F
 Who - oo - oo, who - oo - oo, // . . we oughta take it ea-ea . . ea-ea . . sy
 / / / / / / / /

F C C⁷ F F A^m
 // . . We ought to take it ea-ea....ea-ea....sy / / / / / / / /

Take Me Home, Country Roads

John Denver

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

F D^m
Almost heaven, West Virginia,

C B^b F F
Blueridge Mountain, Shenandoah River.

F D^m
Life is old there, older than the trees,

C B^b F
Younger than the mountains, blowing like a breeze.

F C D^m B^b
Country Roads, take me home, to the place, I belong

F C B^b F F
West Virginia, Mountain Mama, take me home, country roads.

F D^m
All my memories gather round her,

C B^b F F
Miners` lady, stranger to blue waters.

F D^m
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky,

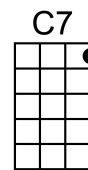
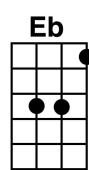
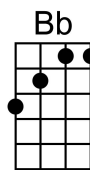
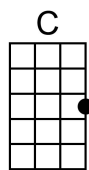
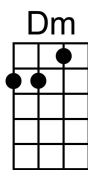
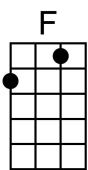
C B^b F
Misty taste of moonshine, tear-drop in my eye.

F C D^m B^b
Country Roads, take me home, to the place, I belong

F C B^b F F
West Virginia, Mountain Mama, take me home, country roads.

D^m C F
 I hear her voice in the morning hour she calls me,
B^b F C
 Radio reminds me of my home far away,
D^m E^b B^b F
 And driving down the road I get a feeling that I should have
C C⁷
 Been home yesterday, yesterday.

F C D^m B^b
 Country Roads, take me home, to the place, I belong
F C B^b F
 West Virginia, Mountain Mama, take me home, country roads.
C F
 Take me home, country roads,
C B^b Tacit: F F C⁷ F
 Take me home, / down country roads. / / /
 /



LB and BY

Iko Iko traditional (The Dixie Cups)

F My grandma and your grandma, were sittin' by the fire **C**

My grandma told your grandma, "I'm gonna set your flag on fire" **F**

Talkin' 'bout hey now, (*hey now*), hey now, (*hey now*), Iko Iko un day (*whoah-oh*) **C**

Jockamo feeno ah na nay, jockamo feena nay **F**

F Look at my king all dressed in red, Iko Iko un day **C**

I betcha five dollars he'll kill you dead, jockamo feena nay **F**

Talkin' 'bout hey now, (*hey now*), hey now, (*hey now*), Iko Iko un day (*whoah-oh*) **C**

Jockamo feeno ah na nay, jockamo feena nay **F**

F My flag boy and your flag boy, were sittin' by the fire **C**

My flag boy told your flag boy, "I'm gonna set your flag on fire" **F**

Talkin' 'bout hey now, (*hey now*), hey now, (*hey now*), Iko Iko un day (*whoah-oh*) **C**

Jockamo feeno ah na nay, jockamo feena nay **F**

F **C**
See that guy all dressed in green, Iko Iko un day

He not a man he's a lovin' machine, jockamo feena nay **F**

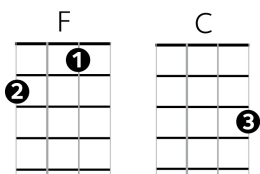
Talkin' 'bout hey now, (*hey now*), hey now, (*hey now*), Iko Iko un day (*whoah-oh*) **C**

Jockamo feeno ah na nay, jockamo feena nay **F**

F **C**
Talkin' 'bout hey now, (*hey now*), hey now, (*hey now*), Iko Iko un day (*whoah-oh*)

Jockamo feeno ah na nay, jockamo feena nay **F**

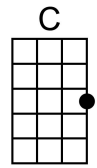
C **F** **C** **F**
Jockamo feena nay, jockamo feena nay



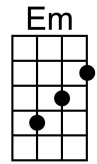
Amarillo By Morning

Paul Fraser, Terry Stafford
By George Strait

C E^m F G
//// // // // **X2**

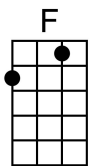


C E^m F C
Amarillo by morning up from San Antone



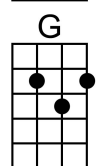
E^m F G
Everything that I got is just what I got on

G F G⁷
// . . When that sun is high in that Texas sky

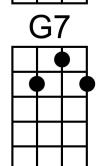


C E^m F
I'll be bucking at the county fair

C G F - G⁷ C E^m F G
Amarillo by morning, Amarillo I'll be there

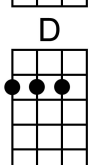


C E^m F C
They took my saddle in Houston, broke my leg in Sante Fe



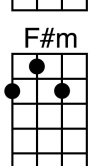
E^m F G
Lost my wife and a girlfriend somewhere along the way

G F G⁷
But I'll be looking for "8" when they pull that gate



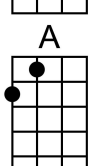
C E^m F
And I hope that judge ain't blind

C G F - G⁷ C E^m F G
Amarillo by morning, Amarillo's on my mind



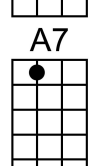
Up one tone

D F#m G D
Amarillo by morning, up from San Antone



F#m G A
Everything that I got is just what I got on

A G A⁷
I ain't got a dime but what I got is mine



D F#m G
I ain't rich but Lord I'm free

D A G - A⁷ D F#m G D
Amarillo by morning, Amarillo's where I'll be /

An American Dream

Rodney J. Crowell
The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

C F G⁷ C
///// ///// ///// /////

C F
I beg your pardon mamma 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 mamma, but we can go
G⁷ C
We'll split the difference, go to Coconut Grove

C F
Keep on talking mamma 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

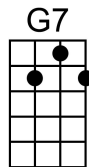
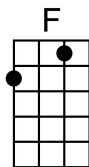
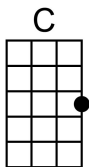
C F
I think Jamaican in the moonlight
G⁷ C
Sandy beaches drinking rum every night
C F
We've got no money mamma, but we can go
G⁷ C
We'll split the difference, go to Coconut Grove

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** **F** **G⁷** **C**
 We'll split the difference, go to Coconut Grove // // /



Another Saturday Night

Sam Cooke

F B^b F C F C⁷
 //// //// // // / ////..

F B^b
 Another Saturday night and I ain't got nobody,

F C
 I got some money, 'cause I just got paid.

F B^b
 Now, how I wish I had someone to talk to;

F C F C⁷
 I'm in an awful way. ////
 /

F C F B^b
 I got in town a month ago, I've seen a lot of girls since then.

F B^b
 If I could meet 'em, I could get 'em, but as yet, I haven't met 'em,

F C F C⁷
 That's why I'm in the shape I'm in. ////..
 /

F B^b
 Another Saturday night and I ain't got nobody,

F C
 I got some money, 'cause I just got paid.

F B^b
 Now, how I wish I had someone to talk to;

F C F C⁷
 I'm in an awful way. ////
 /

F C F B^b
 Another feller told me, he had a sister who looked just fine.

F B^b
 Instead of being my deliverance, she had a strange resemblance,

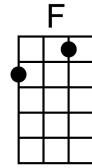
F C F C⁷
 To a cat named Frankenstein. ////..
 /

F **B^b**
 Another Saturday night and I ain't got nobody,

F **C**
 I got some money, 'cause I just got paid.

F **B^b**
 Now, how I wish I had someone to talk to;

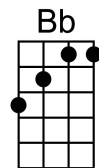
F **C** **F** **C⁷**
 I'm in an awful way. *////*
/



F **C** **F** **B^b**
 It's hard on a fella, when he don't know his way around.

F **B^b**
 If I don't find me a honey, to help me spend my money,

F **C** **F** **C⁷**
 I'm gonna have to blow this town. *///..*
/

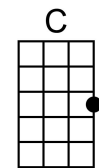


F **B^b**
 Another Saturday night and I ain't got nobody,

F **C**
 I got some money, 'cause I just got paid.

F **B^b**
 Now, how I wish I had someone to talk to;

F **C** **F** **C⁷**
 I'm in an awful way. *///..*
/

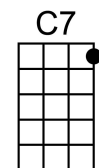


F **B^b**
 Another Saturday night and I ain't got nobody,

F **C**
 I got some money, 'cause I just got paid.

F **B^b**
 Now, how I wish I had someone to talk to;

F **C** **F** **C⁷** **F**
 I'm in an awful way. *// /*
//



G
2. Well, you can swing it, you can groove it,

you can really start to move it at the hop, **G⁷**

C
where the jockey is the smoothest

and the music is the coolest, at the hop. **G**

D **C** **G**
All the cats and chicks can get their kicks at the hop. Let's go!

CHORUS:

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

you can really start to move it at the hop, **G⁷**

C
where the jockey is the smoothest

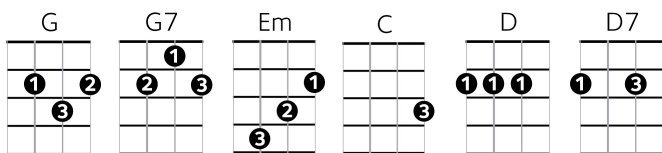
and the music is the coolest, at the hop. **G**

D **C** **G**
All the cats and chicks can get their kicks at the hop. Let's go!

CHORUS:

G **E^m**
Bah-bah-bah-bah, bah-bah-bah-bah,

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



Back Home Again

John Denver

G⁷ G⁷ C C
 //// //// //// ////...

C C⁷ F
 1. There's a storm across the valley, clouds are rollin' in,
G⁷ C
 The afternoon is heavy on your shoulders.

C C⁷ F
 There's a truck out on the four lane, a mile or more away,
G⁷ C
 The whinin' of his wheels just makes it colder.

C C⁷ F
 2. He's an hour away from ridin' on your prayers up in the sky,
G⁷ C
 And ten days on the road are barely gone.

C C⁷ F
 There's a fire softly burning, supper's on the stove,
G⁷ C C⁷
 But it's the light in your eyes that makes him warm.

F G⁷ C C⁷
 Hey, it's good to be back home again,
F G⁷ C F
 Sometimes this old farm feels like a long lost friend,
G⁷ C
 Yes, 'n, hey it's good to be back home again.

C C⁷ F
 3. There's all the news to tell him: "how'd you spend your time?
G⁷ C
 And what's the latest thing the neighbours say ?
C C⁷ F
 And your mother called last Friday, "Sunshine" made her cry,
G⁷ C C⁷
 And you felt the baby move just yesterday.

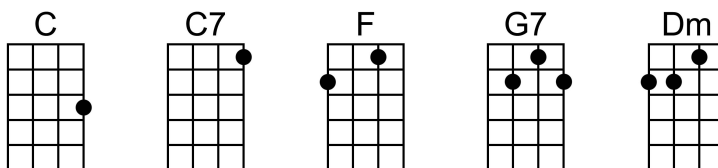
F G⁷ C C⁷
 Hey, it's good to be back home again,
 F G⁷ C F
 Sometimes this old farm feels like a long lost friend,
 G⁷ C C⁷
 Yes, 'n, hey it's good to be back home again.

bridge:

F G⁷ C F
 And oh, the time that I can lay this tired old body down,
 D^m G⁷ C C⁷
 And feel your fingers feather-soft upon me.
 F G⁷ C F
 The kisses that I live for, the love that lights my way,
 D^m F G⁷
 The happiness that living' with you brings me.

C C⁷ F
 4. It's the sweetest thing I know of, just spending time with you,
 G⁷ C
 It's the little things that make a house a home.
 C C⁷ F
 Like a fire softly burning and supper on the stove,
 G⁷ C C⁷
 And the light in your eyes that makes me warm.

F G⁷ C C⁷
 Hey, it's good to be back home again,
 F G⁷ C F
 Sometimes this old farm feels like a long lost friend,
 G⁷ C
 Yes, 'n, hey it's good to be back home again.
 G⁷ F C
 I said, hey, it's good to be back home again. //



Bad, Bad Leroy Brown

Jim Croce

B⁷ C D⁷ G
 //// //// //// ///..

G A⁷
 Well, the south side of Chicago is the baddest part of town.

B⁷ C D⁷ G
 And if you go down there, you better just beware of a man name of Leroy Brown.

G A⁷
 Now, Leroy more than trouble, you see he stand about 'bout six foot four.

B⁷ C D⁷ G
 All the downtown ladies call him "treetop lover." All the men just call him "sir."

G
 And he's bad, bad, Leroy Brown,

A⁷
 The baddest man in the whole damn town.

B⁷ C D⁷ G
 Badder than old King Kong, and meaner than a junkyard dog.

G A⁷
 Now, Leroy, he a gambler, and he like his fancy clothes.

B⁷ C D⁷ G
 And he like to wave his diamond rings under everybody's nose

G A⁷
 He got a custom Continental, he got an Eldorado too.

B⁷ C D⁷ G
 He got a thirty-two gun in his pocket for fun. He got a razor in his shoe.

G
 And he's bad, bad, Leroy Brown,

A⁷
 The baddest man in the whole damn town.

B⁷ C D⁷ G
 Badder than old King Kong, and meaner than a junkyard dog.

G **A⁷**
Well, Friday night 'bout a week ago, Leroy shootin' dice.

B⁷ **C** **D⁷** **G**
And at the edge of the bar sat a girl name of Doris, and ooh, that girl look nice

G **A⁷**
Well, he cast his eyes upon her, and the trouble soon began.

B⁷ **C** **D⁷** **G**
And Leroy Brown, he learned a lesson 'bout messin', with the wife of a jealous man

G
And he's bad, bad, Leroy Brown,

A⁷
The baddest man in the whole damn town.

B⁷ **C** **D⁷** **G**
Badder than old King Kong, and meaner than a junkyard dog.

G **A⁷**
Well, the two men took to fightin', and when they pulled them from the floor,

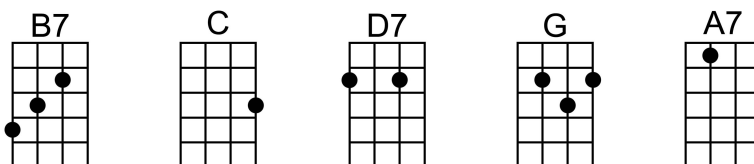
B⁷ **C** **D⁷** **G**
Leroy looked like a jigsaw puzzle with a couple of pieces gone.

G
And he's bad, bad, Leroy Brown,

A⁷
The baddest man in the whole damn town.

B⁷ **C** **D⁷** **G**
Badder than old King Kong, and meaner than a junkyard dog.

B⁷ **C** **D⁷** **G** **D⁷** **G**
Yes, you were badder than old King Kong, and meaner than a junkyard dog
// // /



Bad Moon Rising

John Fogerty

G D C G G
 //// // // //// //// X2

G D C G D C G G
 I see a bad moon rising, I see trouble on the way.

G D C G D C G G⁷
 I see earth - quakes and lightning, I see bad times today.

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

G D C G D C G G
 I hear hurri - canes a blowing, I know the end is coming soon.

G D C G D C G G⁷
 I fear rivers over - flowing, I hear the voice of rage and ruin.

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

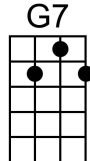
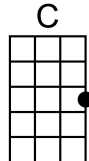
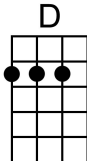
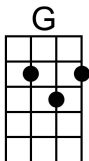
G D C G D C G G
 Hope you have got your things together, hope you are quite pre-pared to die.

G D C G D C G G⁷
 Looks like we`re in for nasty weather, one eye is taken for an eye.

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

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

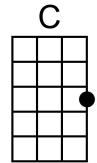
D C G D G
 There's a bad moon on the rise. // /



Beautiful Sunday

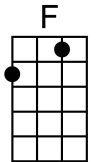
Daniel Boone

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



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

F G C C
Hey, hey, hey, it's a beautiful day



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

F G C C
Hey, hey, hey, it's a beautiful day

CHORUS:

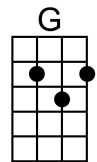
C F
Ha, ha, ha, beautiful Sunday

G C
This is my, my, my, beautiful day

C D7
When you say, say, say, say that you love me

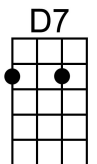
F G C C
Oh-oh, my, my, my it's a beautiful day

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



F G C C
Hey, hey, hey, it's a beautiful day

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



F G C C
Hey, hey, hey, it's a beautiful day

Chorus X2 (original modulates up a tone before repeat)

Moloka'i Slide

Ted Suckling
Performed by Ehukai

F F D^m D^m B^b C⁷ F C⁷
//// // // // // // // //

F

I like the sand spreading out to the sea,

D^m

I like the tropical moon and the lazy palm trees

B^b

C⁷

F

C⁷

I like to listen to my heart, there's no place I'd rather be

F

I like the people, I like the way they smile,

D^m

I like the feeling of you on this paradise isle

B^b

C⁷

F

C⁷

I like the cool island gecko; man this is where I wanna be

CHORUS:

F

Take me back. (Take me back). Back to da kine.

D^m

Take me back. (Take me back). Back to da kine.

B^b

C⁷

F

C⁷

All over, mo' betta, Moloka'i, I will return

(REPEAT CHORUS)

F

I like the gecko singin' in the night,

D^m

I like to do the dance they do to the Moloka'i Slide

B^b

C⁷

F

C⁷

When the sun comes up shining, always mo' betta da kine

F

I like to hula, I think it's really good,

D^m

Woman I don't understand the words, but in time

B^b

C⁷

F

C⁷

I think I could, if I just had the time, oh if I just had the time

D^m **A^m**
 I say a won't you come along, we'll have a lu'au by the sea
D^m **A^m**
 We'll cook a little pig and all the coconuts are free
B^b **A^m**
 And what you see is what you get. Just a little grass shack
G^m **C⁷** **C⁷**
 I know you're gonna like it and I hope that you come back

F
 I like the fishes swimming round in the sea,
D^m
 I like to hop 'um on the grill, and cook 'um up for me
B^b **C⁷** **F** **C⁷**
 with a big pan of butter, man it can't get better than this

F
 I like the chicken, we hop 'um on the grill,
D^m
 Man it hurts to eat the raw fish and eat up all the spills
B^b **C⁷** **F** **C⁷**
 Oh well, oh yeah. It's just a lu'au down by the sea.

CHORUS:

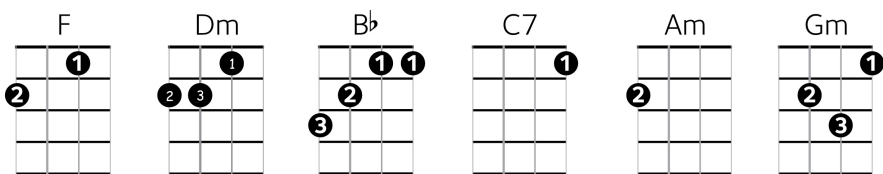
F
 Take me back. (Take me back). Back to da kine.

D^m
 Take me back. (Take me back). Back to da kine.

B^b **C⁷** **F** **C⁷**
 All over, mo' betta, Moloka'i, I will return

(REPAEAT CHORUS)

B^b **C⁷** **F** **C⁷** **F**
 All over. Mo' betta, Moloka'i I will return ///



The Old Rugged Cross

George Bennard

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

G C
On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross

D G D
The emblem of suffering and shame

G C
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best

D G
For a world of lost sinners was slain

D G
And I'll cherish the old rugged cross

C G
'Til my trophies at last I lay down

C
I will cling to the old rugged cross

G D G
And ex- change it some day for a crown

G C
O that old rugged cross, so de- spised by the world,

D G D
Has a wondrous attraction for me

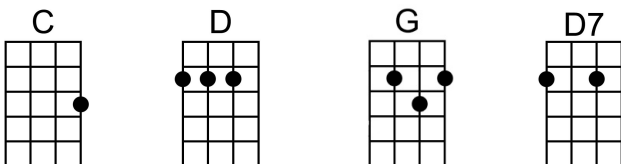
G C
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above

D G
To bear it to dark Calva- ry.

D **G**
 And I'll cherish the old rugged cross
C **G**
 'Til my trophies at last I lay down
C
 I will cling to the old rugged cross
G **D** **G**
 And ex- change it some day for a crown

G **C**
 In that old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
D **G** **D**
 A wondrous beauty I see,
G **C**
 For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
D **G**
 To pardon and sanctify me.

D **G**
 And I'll cherish the old rugged cross
C **G**
 'Til my trophies at last I lay down
C
 I will cling to the old rugged cross
G **D** **G** **D**⁷
 And ex- change it some day for a crown
G **C**
 I will cling to the old rugged cross
G **D** **C** **G**
 And ex- change it some day for a crown
 /



You Are My Sunshine

Jimmie Davis

C **G⁷**
 / / / / /

tacit: **C** **C⁷**
 You are my sunshine, my only sunshine,

F **C** **C⁷**
 You make me happy when skies are grey.

F **C** **A^m**
 You'll never know, dear, how much I love you.

C **G⁷** **C**
 Please don't take my sun-shine away.

C **C⁷**
 The other night, dear, as I lay sleeping,

F **C** **C⁷**
 I dreamed I held you in my arms.

F **C** **A^m**
 When I awoke dear, I was mis-tak-en,

C **G⁷** **C** **G⁷**
 So I hung down my head and I cried.

tacit: **C** **C⁷**
 You are my sunshine, my only sunshine,

F **C** **C⁷**
 You make me happy when skies are grey.

F **C** **A^m**
 You'll never know, dear, how much I love you.

C **G⁷** **C** **A^m**
 Please don't take my sun-shine away.

C **G⁷** **C**
 Please don't take my sun-shine away.

