BUG Jam Songs
January 2014

BUG Event
★ Aux Champs-Elysées
★ BREAD AND BUTTER
★ Bring Me Sunshine
★ Can't Buy Me Love
★ Crazy Little Thing Called Love 1
★ Diana
★ HONEYCOMB
★ Help
★ I FEEL FINE
★ I'll Be There For You
★ I'm Into Something Good 1
★ IT'S A HEARTACHE
★ Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini
★ MY LITTLE RUNAWAY
★ My GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK
★ My Oklahoma Home
★ Quartermaster's Store
★ Ring Of Fire
★ She'll Be Coming Round The Mountain
★ Snowbird
★ Something to Sing About
★ Tell Me Ma
★ The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down
★ Three Little Fishies
★ Ticket to Ride
★ Under The Boardwalk
★ V'la l'bon vent
★ Wabash Cannonball
★ Wild World
★ YELLOW BIRD
Aux Champs-Elysées
Joe Dassin

Strum - : l d - D u l:

1st 3 lines - instrumental

C       E7
Je m’baladais sur l’avenue,
Am      C7
Le cœur ouvert à l’inconnu
F       C       D7       G7
J’ai-va dire bonjour à n’importe qui
C       E7      Am      C7
N’im-porte qui et ce fut toi, je t’ai dit n’im-porte quoi
F       C       Dm       C
Il suffisait de te parler, pour t’apprivoiser

Chorus
C       E7       Am      C7
Aux Champs-Ély-sées
F  C  D7  G7
Aux  Champs-Ély-sées
C   E7   Am   C7
Au soleil, sous la pluie, à midi ou à minuit
F  C  Dm  C
Il y a tout ce que vous voulez aux Champs-Ély-sées

C    E7
Tu m'as dit "J'ai rendez-vous
Am  C7
Dans un sous-sol avec des fous
F  C  D7  G7
Qui vivent la guitare à la main, du soir au matin"
C    E7   Am   C7
Alors je t'ai accompagnée, on a chanté, on a dansé
F  C  Dm  C
Et l'on n'a même pas pensé à s'embrasser

Chorus
C   E7   Am   C7
Aux  Champs-Ély-sées
F  C  D7  G7
Aux Champs-Ély-sées
C    E7   Am   C7
Au soleil, sous la pluie, à midi ou à minuit
F  C  Dm  C
Il y a tout ce que vous voulez aux Champs-Ély-sées

C    E7   Am   C7
Hier soir deux inconnus et ce matin sur l'avenue
F   C    D7  G7
Deux amoureux tout étourdis par la longue nuit
C    E7
Et de l'Étoile à la Concorde
Am C7
Un orchestre à mille cordes
F C Dm C
Tous les oiseaux du point du jour, chantent l'a-mour

Chorus
C E7 Am C7
Aux Champs-Élysées
F C D7 G7
Aux Champs-Élysées
C E7 Am C7
Au soleil, sous la pluie, à midi ou à minuit
F C Dm C
Il y a tout ce que vous voulez aux Champs-Élysées.

Aux Champs-Elysées
BREAD AND BUTTER  
The Newbeats (1964)

Strum Pattern -  I:  d - D u  l  d - D u  :l:

Intro: last 2 lines of first verse  
D  G  D  G  D  A7  D  A7

GUYS:
D  G  D  G
I like bread and butter
D  G  D  G
I like toast and jam
D  G  D  G
That's what my baby feeds me
D  A7  D  A7
I'm her loving man

GIRLS:
D  G  D  G
He likes bread and butter
D  G  D  G
He likes toast and jam
D  G  D  G
That's what his baby feeds him
D  A7  D  A7
He's her loving man
GUYS:

Well...she don't cook mashed potatoes
She don't cook T-bone steaks
She don't feed me peanut butter
She knows that I can't take

GIRLS:

He likes bread and butter
He likes toast and jam
That's what his baby feeds him
He's her loving man

GUYS:

Well...I got home early one morning
And much to my surprise
She was eating chicken and dumplings
With some other guy

GIRLS:

No more bread and butter
\textbf{GUYS:}
\begin{verbatim}
D G D G
No more toast and jam
D G D G
He found his baby eating
D A7 D A7
With some other man
\end{verbatim}

\textbf{GUYS:}
\begin{verbatim}
D G D G
No more bread and butter
D G D G
No more toast and jam
D G D G
I found my baby eating
D A7 D G
With some other man (GIRLS: NO NO, NO)
\end{verbatim}

Guys and Gals have different lines but sing together...

\textbf{GUYS:}
\begin{verbatim}
D G D G
No more bread and butter……
\end{verbatim}

\textbf{GIRLS:}
\begin{verbatim}
D G D G
No more bread……. NO NO NO
\end{verbatim}

\textbf{GUYS:}
\begin{verbatim}
D G D G
No more toast and jam……
\end{verbatim}

\textbf{GIRLS:}
\begin{verbatim}
D G D G
No more toast............NO NO NO
\end{verbatim}

\textbf{GUYS:}
\begin{verbatim}
D G D G
No more bread and butter……
\end{verbatim}
GIRLS:
D G D G
No more bread …… …… NO NO NO

GUYS:
D G D G D
No more toast and jam ……………

GIRLS:
D G D G D
No more toast …… …… NO NO NO NO…

BREAD AND BUTTER
Bring Me Sunshine
Arthur Kent and Sylvia Dee

Key of C

Bring me Sunshine, in your smile
Bring me laughter all the while
In this world where we live
There should be more happiness
So much joy you can give
To each brand new bright tomorrow

Chorus:
Make me happy, through the years
Never bring me any tears,
Let your arms be as warm as the sun from up above
Bring me fun, bring me sunshine, bring me love

Repeat first 2 lines of 1st verse – kazoos only
| C | Dm | G7 |
| Dm | G7 | C |

Sing next 4 lines of 1st verse with ukes and kazoos

| C7 |
In this world where we live
| F |
There should be more happiness
| D7 |
So much joy you can give
| G7 |
To each brand new bright tomorrow

| C | Dm | G7 |
Bring me Sunshine, in your eyes
| Dm | G7 | C |
Bring me rainbows from the skies
| C7 | F |
Life’s too short to be spent having anything but fun
| D7 | G7 |
We can be so content, if we gather little sunbeams

Final Chorus:
| C | Dm | G7 |
Be light hearted, all day long
| Dm | G7 | C |
Keep me singing happy songs
| C7 | F |
Let your arms be as warm as the sun from up above
Dm    G7    C    A7
Bring me fun, bring me sunshine, bring me love
Dm    G7    C
Bring me fun, bring me sunshine, bring me love

\[\text{C G7 C}\]

Bring Me Sunshine
Can't Buy Me Love
The Beatles

Key of Em

Intro |:  D - d u d u D - :|   Verse |:  d - D - d - D - :|:
Punches in Chorus

Singing start note: C

Em7 Am   Em7 Am
Can't buy me lo-    ove, lo-    ove,
Dm G
Can't buy me lo-    ove

C
I'll buy you a diamond ring my friend
If it makes you feel alright
F
I'll get you anything my friend,
C
If it makes you feel alright
G
Cause I don't care too much for money,
C
Money can't buy me love
C
I'll give you all I've got to give,
If you say you want me too
F
I may not have a lot to give,
C
But what I got I'll give to you
G    F
'Cause I don't care too much for money,
C
Money can't buy me love

Em7  Am  C
Can't buy me lo- ove, everybody tells me so
Em7  Am  Dm  G
Can't buy me lo- ove, no, no, no... NO!

C
Say you don't need no diamond ring
And I'll be satisfied
F
Tell me that you want the kind of things
C
That money just can't buy
G    F
I don't care too much for money,
C
Money can't buy me love
Em7  Am  Em7  Am
Can't buy me lo- ove, lo- ove,
Dm  G  C
Can't buy me lo- -o-ove
Can't Buy Me Love
This thing called love, I just can't handle it
D       G       C       G
This thing called love, I must get round to it
D
I ain't ready
F               G               D               D               X
Crazy little thing called love ↓

This thing called love,
G       C       G
it cries like a baby in a cradle all night
D
It swings, it jives,
G       C       G
it shakes all over like a jelly fish
D
I kinda like it
F               G               D               D               X
Crazy little thing called love ↓
There goes my baby

She knows how to rock n' roll

She drives me crazy

She gives me hot and cold fever

Then she leaves me in a cool cool sweat

**Riff:**

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I gotta be cool, relax, get hip, get on my tracks

Take a back seat, hitch-hike,

and take a long ride on my motor bike

Until I'm ready

Crazy little thing called love ↓

This thing called love I just can't handle it

This thing called love I must get round to it
D
I ain't ready
F G D
Crazy little thing called love
F G D
Crazy little thing called love
F G D X
Crazy little thing called ↓ love

{t:Crazy Little Thing Called Love 1
}
Diana
Paul Anka

ukes only:
I       G   Em   C   D7
ukes and kazoo:
I       G   Em   C   D7
I       G   Em   C   D7

G               Em
I'm so young and you're so old
C               D7
This my darling I've been told
G               Em
I don't care just what they say
C               D7
‘Cause forever I will pray
G               Em
You and I will be as free
C               D7
As the birds up in the trees
G   Em   C   D7   G   Em   C   D7
Oh please stay by me Di-ana

G               Em
Thrills I get when you hold me close
C               D7
Oh my darling you're the most
G               Em
I love you but do you love me
C    D7
Oh Diana can't you see
G         Em
I love you with all my heart
C         D7
And I hope we will never part
G    Em    C    D7    G    Em    C    D7
Oh please stay with me Di-ana

C    C    Cm    Cm
↓ Oh my dar- ↓ lin' ↓ oh my lo- ↓ ver
G         G    G7    G7
↓ Tell me that ↓ there ↓ is no o- ↓ ther
C         C    Cm    Cm
↓ I love you ↓ ↓ with my heart ↓
D7    D7    D7
Oh- ↓ oh, oh- ↓ oh, oh-oh oh-oh oh-oh oh-oh

G         Em
Only you canna take my heart
C         D7
Only you canna tear it apart
G         Em
When you hold me in your lo-ving arms
C         D7
I can feel you giving all yo-your charms
G         Em
Hold me darling ho-ho- hold me tight
C         D7
Squeeze me baby witha all your might
G    Em    C    D7    G    Em
Oh please stay by me Di-ana
C    D7    G    Em    C    D7    G
Oh please Di-ana      Oh please Di-ana

I         Em    C    D7    G
Diana
HONEYCOMB
Bob Merrill (1957) (the Jimmie Rodgers version)

C
(Honeycomb) (Honeycomb)

C
Well it's a darn good life and it's kinda funny
F
How the Lord made the bee and the bee made the honey
G7
And the honeybee lookin' for a home
C
And they called it a honeycomb
C
And they roamed the world and they gathered all
F
Of the honeycomb up in one sweet ball
G7
And the honeycomb from a million trips
C
Made my baby's lips

CHORUS:
F
Oh, Honeycomb, won't you be my baby
C
Well Honeycomb, be my own
G7
Got a hank of hair and a piece of bone
C
They made a walkin' talkin' Honeycomb
F
Well, Honeycomb, won't you be my baby
C
Well Honeycomb, be my own
G7
What a darn good life
C
When you got a wife like Honeycomb

(Honeycomb)

C
And the Lord said now that I made a bee
F
I'm gonna look all around for a green, green tree
G7
Made a little tree and I guess you heard
C
What then, well, he made a little bird
C
And they waited all around till the end of Spring
F
Gettin' every note that the birdie'd sing
G7
And they put 'em all into one sweet tone
C
For my Honey-comb

CHORUS:
F
Oh, Honeycomb, won't you be my baby
C
Well Honeycomb, be my own
G7
Got a hank of hair and a piece of bone
They made a walkin' talkin' Honeycomb
Well, Honeycomb, won't you be my baby
Well Honeycomb, be my own
What a darn good life
When you got a wife like Honeycomb

And the Lord said now that I made a bird
I'm gonna look all round for a little ol' word
That sounds about sweet like "turtledove"
And I guess I'm gonna call it "love"
And He roamed the world lookin' everywhere
Gettin' love from here, love from there
And He put it all into one little part
Of my baby's heart

CHORUS:
Oh, Honeycomb, won't you be my baby
Well Honeycomb, be my own
Got a hank of hair and a piece of bone
They made a walkin' talkin' Honeycomb
F
Well, Honeycomb, won't you be my baby
C
Well Honeycomb, be my own
G7
What a darn good life
C
When you got a wife like Honeycomb

HONEYCOMB
Help
Beatles

Am       F
Help I need somebody  help not just anybody
D7      G
Help you know I need someone  help

G       Bm
When I was younger so much  younger than today
Em     C       F       G
I never needed anybody's  help in  any  way
G       Bm
But now these days are gone I'm  not so self assured
Em
Now I find I've changed my mind
C       F       G
I've opened up the doors

Am       Am G
Help me if you can I'm feeling down
F       FEm
And I  do appreciate you being 'round
D7
Help me get my feet back on the ground
    G
Won't you please please help me

G         Bm
And now my life has changed in oh so many ways
Em       C F G
My independence seemed to vanish in the haze
G         Bm
But every now and then I feel so insecure
Em       C F G
I know that I just need you like I've never done before

Am          Am G
Help me if you can I'm feeling down
    F          FEm
And I do appreciate you being 'round
D7
Help me get my feet back on the ground
    G
Won't you please please help me

G         Bm
When I was younger so much younger than today
Em       C F G
I never needed anybody's help in any way
G         Bm
But now those days are gone I'm not so self assured
Em
Now I find I've changed my mind
    C F G
I've opened up the door
Am    Am    G
Help me if you can I'm feeling down
      F    FEm
And I do appreciate you being 'round
D7
Help me get my feet back on the ground
      G    Em
Won't you please please help me
      G
Help me help me oohhoooooo

Help
I FEEL FINE
The Beatles

D7
Baby's good to me, you know, she's happy as can be, you know,

A7
She said so. I'm in love with her and I feel fine.

G7

D
Baby says she's mine, you know, she tells me all the time, you know,

F#m
She said so. I'm in love with her and I feel fine.

G

CHORUS:
D F#m G A7
I'm so glad that she's my little girl,

D F#m Em7 A7
She's so glad, she's telling all the world,

D7
That her baby buys her things, you know,
D7
He buys her diamond rings, you know,
A7   G7   D7
She said so. She's in love with me and I feel fine.

D7
Baby says she's mine, you know, she tells me all the time, you know,
A7   G7   D7
She said so. I'm in love with her and I feel fine.

CHORUS:
D   F#m   G   A7
I'm so glad that she's my little girl.
D   F#m   Em7   A7
She's so glad, she's telling all the world
D7
That her baby buys her things, you know,
D7
He buys her diamond rings, you know,
A7   G7   D7
She said so. She's in love with me and I feel fine,

A7   G7   D7
She's in love with me and I feel fine.....
A7   G7   D7
She's.... in.... love.... with....me..... and I feel fine.....

G7   D7   G7   D7   G7   D7

I FEEL FINE
I'll Be There For You
The Rembrandts

Verse I: D - - u D - - u :|
Chorus I: d - D u - u d u :|

G                        F
Do do do do do do do do do do
G                        F
Do do do do do do do do do do

G                        F
So no one told you life was gonna be this way
G                        Gmaj7
Your job's a joke, your broke, your love life's D-O-A
F                        C                        G
It's like you're always stuck in second gear
F                        C
When it hasn't been your day, your week
D
Your month or even your year

Chorus:
G            C          D
I'll be there for you  (when the rain starts to pour)
G            C          D
I'll be there for you  (like I've been there before)
G            C          D          F
I'll be there for you  ('cause you're there for me to)
G
You're still in bed at ten, though work begins at eight
G
You burned your breakfast, so far things are going great
Gmaj7
Your mother warned you there'd be days like these
F C G
But she didn't tell you when the world was brought, down to your knees that...

Chorus:
G C D
I'll be there for you (when the rain starts to pour)
G C D
I'll be there for you (like I've been there before)
G C D F
I'll be there for you ('cause you're there for me to)

F G

I'll Be There For You
I'm Into Something Good 1
Gerry Goffin and Carole King

Key of C

C F C F
Woke up this mornin' feelin' fine
C F C C7
There's somethin' special on my mind
F C F C
Last night I met a new girl in the neighbor-hood, whoa yeah
G7 F C
Somethin' tells me I'm into something good
F C F
...(Somethin' tells me I'm into somethin')

C F C F
She's the kind of girl who's not too shy
C F C C7
And I can tell I'm her kind of guy
F C
She danced close to me like I hoped she would
F C
...(She danced with me like I hoped she would)
G7 F C
Somethin' tells me I'm into something good
F C F
...(Somethin' tells me I'm into somethin')
G7
We only danced for a minute or two
    C       F       C
But then she stuck close to me the whole night through
G7    G7
Can I be fallin' in love
D7           Dm     G7
She's everything I've been dreamin' of
    D7       G7
...(She's everything I've been dreamin' of)

C       F       C       F
I walked her home and she held my hand
    C       F       C       C7
I knew it couldn't be just a one-night stand
    F
So I asked to see her next week and she told me I could
    F       C
...(I asked to see her and she told me I could)
G7       F       C
Somethin' tells me I'm into something good
    F       C       F
...(Somethin' tells me I'm into somethin')

G7
We only danced for a minute or two
    C       F       C
But then she stuck close to me the whole night through
G7    G7
Can I be fallin' in love
D7           Dm     G7
She's everything I've been dreamin' of
    D7       G7
...(She's everything I've been dreamin' of)
C   F   C   F
I walked her home and she held my hand
C   F   C   C7
I knew it couldn't be just a one-night stand
F   C
So I asked to see her next week and she told me I could
F   C
...(I asked to see her and she told me I could)
G7   F   C
Somethin' tells me I'm into something good
F   C   F
...(Somethin' tells me I'm into somethin')
G7   F   C
Somethin' tells me I'm into something good
F   C   F   C
...(Somethin' tells me I'm into somethin' good)

I'm Into Something Good 1
IT'S A HEARTACHE
Ronnie Scott & Steve Wolfe

Key of F

Strum Pattern :|    d - d u - u D u    |:

INTRO:
Finger style, then ...
|    F Am Bb F C    |
|    F Am Bb F C    |

Group joins in on Verse 1:

VERSE 1:
F    Am
It's a heartache, nothing but a heartache
Bb      F C
F    Am
Hits you when it's too late, hits you when you're do-own
F    Am
F    Am
It's a fool's game, nothing but a fool's game
Bb      F C
Standing in the cold rain, feeling like a clo-own
VERSE 2:
F         Am
It's a heartache, nothing but a heartache
Bb                  F  C
Love him 'till your arms break, then he lets you do-own
Bb  C
It ain't right with love to share
Am          Dm  C  C7  C6  C
When you find he doesn't care for you
Bb  C
It ain't wise to need some-one
Am          Dm  C  C7  C6  C
As much as I depended on you

Next Verse spoken if desired

VERSE 1:
F         Am
It's a heartache, nothing but a heartache
Bb                  F  C
Hits you when it's too late, hits you when you're do-own
F  Am
It's a fool's game, nothing but a fool's game
Bb                  F  C
Standing in the cold rain, feeling like a clo-own

VERSE 2:
F         Am
It's a heartache, nothing but a heartache
Bb                  F  C
Love him 'till your arms break, then he lets you do-own
Bb  C
It ain't right with love to share
Am          Dm  C  C7  C6  C
When you find he doesn't care for you
Bb  C
It ain't wise to need some-one
   Am   Dm   C   C7   C6   C
As much as I depended on you

Group stops

OUTRO:
|   F  Am  Bb  F  C |
|   F  Am  Bb  F  C |
|   F            |

IT'S A HEARTACHE
Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini

Brian Hyland

C
Bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop
C
Dm
G7
She was afraid to come out of the locker
Dm
G7
C
She was as nervous as she could be
C
C7
F
She was afraid to come out of the locker
C
Dm
G7
C
She was afraid that somebody would see

Two three four tell the people what she wore

Chorus:

A|--0-1--|
E|--3-----|
C|-------|
G|-------|

E3 A0 A1
It was an
G7
Itsy bitsy teenie weenie yellow polka dot bikini
G7
That she wore for the first time today
G7
C
An itsy bitsy teenie weenie yellow polka dot bikini
G7          C
So in the locker she wanted to stay

Two three four stick around we'll tell you more

C          F          G7
Bop bop bop bop  bopbopbopbopbopbop

C          Dm          G7
She was afraid to come out in the open (badadup)
Dm          G7          C
So a  blanket around her she wore (badadup)
C          C7          F
She was afraid to come out in the open (badadup)
C          Dm          G7          C
And so she sat bundled up on the shore

Two three four tell the people what she wore

Chorus:
E3 A0  A1
It was an
G7          C
Itsy bitsy teenie weenie  yellow polka dot bikini
G7          C
That she wore for the first time today
G7          C
An itsy bitsy teenie weenie  yellow polka dot bikini
G7          C
So in the blanket she wanted to stay

Two three four the stick around we'll tell you more

C          F          G7
Bop bop bop bop  bopbopbopbopbopbop
Now she's afraid to come out of the water (badadup)

And I wonder what she's gonna do (badadup)

Now she's afraid to come out of the water (badadup)

And the poor little girl's turning blue

Two thee four tell the people what she wore

Chorus:
E3 A0 A1
It was an
G7 C
Itsy bitsy teenie weenie yellow polka dot bikini
G7 C
That she wore for the first time today
G7 C
An itsy bitsy teenie weenie yellow polka dot bikini
G7 C
So in the water she wanted to stay

C G7
From the locker to the blanket
C
From the blanket to the shore
G7
From the shore to the water
C
Guess there isn't any more

Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini
MY LITTLE RUNAWAY
Del Shannon & Max Crook

Key of Am

Am          G
As I walk along I wonder a-what went wrong
   F                E7
With our love, a love that was so strong
Am          G
And as I still walk on I think of the things we've done
   F                E7
To-gether, while our hearts were young

CHORUS:
A
I'm a-walkin' in the rain
F#m
Tears are fallin' and I feel the pain
A
Wishin' you were here by me
F#m       A
To end this misery, and I wonder,
F#m       A
I wah-wah-wah-wah-wonder... why
          D          E7
And I wonder, where she will stay.....
        A        D        A
My little runaway, my run-run-run-run-run-away

CHORUS:
        A
I'm a-walkin' in the rain
        F#m
Tears are fallin' and I feel the pain
        A
Wishin' you were here by me
        F#m        A
To end this misery, and I wonder,
        F#m        A
I wah-wah-wah-wah-wonder... why

          D          E7
And I wonder, where she will stay.....
        A        D        A
My little runaway, my run-run-run-run-run-away

D        A
A-run-run-run-run-run-away
        D        A
A-run-run-run-run-run-away
        D        A
A-run-run-run-run-run-away
MY LITTLE RUNAWAY
My GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK
Henry Clay Work (1876)

My Grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf
So it stood 90 years on the floor
It was taller by half than the old man him-self
Tho' it weighed not a pennyweight more

It was bought on the morn, of the day that he was born
And was always his treasure and pride
But it stopped - short - never to go a-gain
When the old man died

BRIDGE:
90 years without slumber-ing (tic toc tic toc)
His life seconds number-ing (tic toc, tic toc)
But it stopped - short - never to go a-gain
When the old man died

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro
Many hours had he spent as a boy
And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know
And to share both his grief and his joy
For it struck 24 when he entered at the door
With a blooming and beautiful bride
But it stopped - short - never to go a-gain
When the old man died

My grandfather said that of those he could hire
Not a servant so faithful he'd found
For it wasted no time and had but one de-sire
At the close of each week to be wound
Yes it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face
And its hands never hung by its side
But it stopped - short - never to go a-gain
When the old man died

Then it rang an a-larm in the dead of the night
An a-larm that for years had been dumb
And we knew that his spirit was pluming its flight
That his hour of de-parture had come
Still the clock kept the time, with a soft and muffled chime
As we silently stood by his side
But it stopped - short - never to go a-gain
When the old man died

My GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK
When they opened up the strip I was young and full of zip,
I wanted some place to call my home
And so I made the race, and I staked me out a place,
And I settled down along the Cimarron

It blowed away,(BLOWED AWAY!), it blowed away, (BLOWED AWAY!)
My Oklahoma home, it blowed away
It looked so green and fair when I built my shanty there,
But my Oklahoma home, it blowed away

I planted wheat and oats, had some chickens and some shoats,
Aimed to have some ham and eggs to feed my face
Got a mule to pull the plow, got an old red muley cow
And I also got a fancy mortgage on the place
It blowed away, (BLOWED AWAY!), it blowed away, (BLOWED AWAY!)

All the crops that I have planted blowed away

You can't grow any grain if you ain’t got any rain;

Everything except my mortgage blowed away

It looked so green and fair, when I built my shanty there,

I figured I was all set for life

I put on my Sunday best with my fancy scalloped vest

And I went to town to pick me out a wife

It blowed away, (BLOWED AWAY!), it blowed away, (BLOWED AWAY!)

My Oklahoma woman blowed away

Mister as I bent and kissed her, she was picked up by a twister;

My Oklahoma woman blowed away

Then I was left alone just a-listenin' to the moan

‘the wind around the corners of my shack;

So I took off down the road when the south wind blew,
A-travelin' with the wind upon my back

It blowed away,(BLOWED AWAY!), it blowed away, (BLOWED AWAY!)

Chasin' that dust cloud up ahead

Once it looked so green and fair, now it's up there in the air;

My Oklahoma farm is over head

Now I'm always close to home it don't matter where I roam,

For Oklahoma dust is everywhere

Makes no difference where I'm walkin', I can hear my chickens squawkin'

I can hear my wife a-talkin' in the air

It blowed away,(BLOWED AWAY!), it blowed away, (BLOWED AWAY!)

My Oklahoma home blewed away

But my home is always near; it's up in the atmosphere,

My Oklahoma home is blown away

I'm a roamin' Oklahoman, but I'm always close to home

And I'll never get homesick until I die
Cause no matter where I'm found, my home is all around;

My Oklahoma home is in the sky

It blowed away, (BLOWED AWAY!), it blowed away, (BLOWED AWAY!)

My farm down on the Cimarron

But all around the world, wherever dust is swirled,

There's some from my Oklahoma home

It blowed away, (BLOWED AWAY!), it blowed away, (BLOWED AWAY!)

My Oklahoma home is blown away

Yeah it's up there in the sky in that dust cloud over n' by,

My Oklahoma home is in the sky

My Oklahoma home is in the sky

My Oklahoma Home
QUARTERMASTER'S STORE

4/4 time 1, 2, 3, 4 / 1, 2, 3, …

Intro: Play Chorus – ukes only

Verse:
There were [D] mice, mice, running through the rice
In the [A7] store (in the store)
In the [D] store (in the store)
There were mice, mice, running through the rice
In the [A7] quartermaster’s [D] store.

(quartermaster’s store)

Snakes . . . as big as garden rakes.
Beans . . . as big as submarines.
Goats . . . eating all the oats
Apes . . . eating all the grapes.
Turtles . . . wearing rubber girdles.
Flies . . . swarming 'round the pies.
Fishes . . . washing all the dishes.

Chorus: (2 parts)
1st part:
My [D] eyes are dim, I [G] cannot see.
I [E7] have not brought my [A7] specs with me.
I [D] have not [G] brought my [A7] [STOP] spectacles with [D] me [A7][D]

2nd part:
My [D] eyes…..are [G] dim...
I [E7] can……..not [A7] see…
I [D] have not [G] brought my [A7] [STOP] specs with [D] me [A7][D]
Ring Of Fire
June Carter

Key of G

Kazoo riff: kazoo notes then ukuleles play
I       G  C G  G  C G

G  C  G
Love is a burning thing (Kazoo riff)
C  G
And it makes a fiery ring (Kazoo riff)
C  G
Bound by wild de-sire (Kazoo riff)
C  G  G
I fell into a ring of fire

D  C  G
I fell in to a burning ring of fire
D
I went down, down, down
C  G
And the flames went higher
G
And it burns, burns, burns
C  G
The ring of fire
C  G  G
The ring of fire

Kazoo riff - ukuleles play
Ring Of Fire

I   G   CG   G   CG

G   C   G
The taste of love is sweet (Kazoo riff)
   C   G
When hearts like ours meet (Kazoo riff)
   C   G
I fell for you like a child (Kazoo riff)
   C   G   G
Oh but the fire went wild

D   C   G
I fell in to a burning ring of fire
   D
I went down, down, down
   C   G
And the flames went higher
   G
And it burns, burns, burns
   C   G
The ring of fire
   C   G   G
The ring of fire
   G
And it burns, burns, burns
   C   G
The ring of fire
   C   G   G
The ring of fire ↓

Ring Of Fire
She'll Be Coming Round The Mountain
children's folk song

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Intro:  first verse - harmonica

C
She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes (toot toot)
G7
She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes (toot toot)
C
She'll be coming 'round the mountain,
F
She'll be coming 'round the mountain,
C    G7    C
She'll be coming 'round the mountain, when she comes. (toot toot)

C
She'll be driving six white horses when she comes (whoa back)
G7
She'll be driving six white horses when she comes (whoa back)
C
She'll be driving six white horses,
F
She'll be driving six white horses,
C    G7    C
She'll be driving six white horses, when she comes (whoa back)
-> (toot toot)
```
C
Oh we'll all go out to meet her when she comes (hi babe)

G7
Oh we'll all go out to meet her when she comes (hi babe)

C
Oh we'll all go out to meet her,

F
Oh we'll all go out to meet her,

C G7 C
Oh we'll all go out to meet her, when she comes (hi babe)
-> (whoa back) (toot toot)

C
She'll be wearing pink pyjamas when she comes (wolf whistle)

G7
She'll be wearing pink pyjamas when she comes (wolf whistle)

C
She'll be wearing pink pyjamas,

F
She'll be wearing pink pyjamas,

C G7 C
She'll be wearing pink pyjamas, when she comes (wolf whistle)
-> (hi babe) (whoa back) (toot toot)

C
Oh we'll all drink apple cider when she comes (glug glug)

G7
Oh we'll all drink apple cider when she comes (glug glug)

C
Oh we'll all drink apple cider,

F
Oh we'll all drink apple cider,

C G7 C
Oh we'll all drink apple cider, when she comes (glug glug)
-> (wolf whistle) (hi babe) (whoa back) (toot toot)
C
Oh we'll all have chicken and dumplings when she comes (yum yum)
G7
Oh we'll all have chicken and dumplings when she comes (yum yum)
C
Oh we'll all have chicken and dumplings,
F
Oh we'll all have chicken and dumplings,
C   G7   C
Oh we'll all have chicken and dumplings, when she comes (yum yum)
-> (glug glug) (wolf whistle) (hi babe) (whoa back) (toot toot)

C
And she'll have to sleep with grandma when she comes (snore snore)
G7
And she'll have to sleep with grandma when she comes (snore snore)
C
And she'll have to sleep with grandma,
F
And she'll have to sleep with grandma,
C   C   C
And she'll have to sleep with grandma, when she comes (snore snore)
-> (yum yum) (glug glug) (wolf whistle) (hi babe) (whoa back) (toot toot)

She'll Be Coming Round The Mountain
Snowbird
Gene McLellan

Key of G

G        Bm        Am
Beneath it's snowy mantle cold and clean

D7        G
The unborn grass lies waiting for its coat to turn to green

Bm        Am
The snowbird sings the song he always sings

D7        G
And speaks to me of flowers that will bloom again in spring

Bm        Am
When I was young my heart was young then too

D7        G
And any thing that it would tell me that's the thing that I would do

Bm        Am
But now I feel such emptiness with in

D7        G
For the thing that I want most in life's the thing that I can't win

Bm        Am
Spread your tiny wings and fly a-way

D7        G
And take the snow back with you where it came from on that day

Bm        Am
The one I love for ever is un-true

D7        G
And if I could you know that I would fly away with you
The breeze along the river seems to say

That he'll only break my heart again should I decide to stay

So little snowbird take me with you when you go

To that land of gentle breezes where the peaceful waters flow

Spread your tiny wings and fly a-way

And take the snow back with you where it came from on that day

The one I love for ever is un-true

And if I could you know that I would fly away with you

Yeah if I could you know that I would fly ...

Snowbird
Something to Sing About
Oscar Brand

I have walked on the strand of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland
G    Em    C    D7
Lazed on the ridge of the Mirami-chi
G    C
Seen the waves tear and roar on the stone coast of Labrador
G    Em    D7    G
Watched them roll back to the Great Northern Sea

Chorus:
D7    G
From the Vancouver Island to the Alberta Highland
Em    D    A7    D
'Cross the Prairies, the lakes to On-tario's towers
G    C
From the sound of Mount Royal's chimes, out to the Maritimes
G    Em    D7    G
Something to sing about, this land of ours

G    C
I have welcomed the dawn from the fields of Saskatchewan
G    Em    C    D7
Followed the sun to the Vancouver shore
G    C
Watched it climb shiny new up the snow peaks of Caribou
Up to the clouds where the wild Rockies soar

Chorus:

```plaintext
D7                      G
From the Vancouver Island to the Alberta Highland
Em  D  A7  D
'Cross the Prairies, the lakes to On-tario's towers
G                      C
From the sound of Mount Royal's chimes, out to the Maritimes
G  Em  D7  G
Something to sing about, this land of ours
```

I have heard the wild wind sing the places that I have been
```
G  Em  C  D7
Bay Bull and Red Deer and Strait of Belle Isle
G                      C
Names like Grand Mere and Silverthorne Moose Jaw and Marrowbone,
G  Em  D7  G
Trails of the pioneer named with a smile
```

Chorus:

```plaintext
D7                      G
From the Vancouver Island to the Alberta Highland
Em  D  A7  D
'Cross the Prairies, the lakes to On-tario's towers
G                      C
From the sound of Mount Royal's chimes, out to the Maritimes
G  Em  D7  G
Something to sing about, this land of ours
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I have wandered my way to the wild woods of Hudson Bay
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G  Em  C  D7
Treated my toes to Que-bec's morning dew
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Where the sweet summer breeze kissed the leaves of the maple trees
Singing this song that I'm sharing with you

Chorus:
From the Vancouver Island to the Alberta Highland
'Cross the Prairies, the lakes to On-tario's towers
From the sound of Mount Royal's chimes, out to the Maritimes
Something to sing about, this land of ours

Yes there's something to sing about, tune up a string about
Call out in chorus or quietly hum
Of a land that's still young, with a ballad that's still unsung
Telling the promise of great things to come

FINAL CHORUS:
From the Vancouver Island to the Alberta Highland
'Cross the Prairies, the lakes to On-tario's towers
From the sound of Mount Royal's chimes, out to the Maritimes
Something to sing about, this land of ours

Yes there's something to sing about…
Something to Sing About
Tell Me Ma
Folk Song

Chorus:
G       C       G
I'll tell me ma when I get home      D7       G
The boys won't leave the girls alone
C       G
They pulled me hair and they stole me comb
D7       G
But that's all right till I go home

G       C
She is handsome she is pretty
G       D7
She's the Belle of Belfast city
G       C
She is courtin' one two three
G       D7       G
Please won't you tell me who is she

G       C       G
Albert Mooney says he loves her      D7       G
All the boys are fightin' for her
G       C       G
They rap on her door and ring on the bell
D7 G
Will she come out who can tell

G C
Out she comes as white as snow
G D7
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
G C
Old Jenny Murray says that she will die
G D7 G
If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye

Chorus:
G C G
I'll tell me ma when I get home
D7 G
The boys won't leave the girls alone
C G
They pulled me hair and they stole me comb
D7 G
But that's all right till I go home

G C G
Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
D7 G
And the snow come travellin' through the sky
G C G
She's as nice as apple pie
D7 G
She'll get her own lad by and by

G C
When she gets a lad of her own
G D7
She won't tell her ma when she gets home
G       C
Let them all come as they will
G       D7       G
It's Albert Mooney she loves still

Chorus:
G       C       G
I'll tell me ma when I get home
D7       G
The boys won't leave the girls alone
C       G
They pulled me hair and they stole me comb
D7       G
But that's all right till I go home

Tell Me Ma
Virgil Caine is the name and
I served on the Danville Train
‘Til Stoneman’s cavalry came and
they tore up the tracks a-gain
In the winter of ’65,
we were hungry, just barely alive
By May tenth, Richmond had fell,
It’s a time I re-member oh so well

CHORUS:

The night they drove old Dixie down,
when all the bells were ringin’

The night they drove old Dixie down,
and all the people were singin’

They went na...na na na na na na na...

na na na na na na na na na

Back with my wife in Tennessee,

when one day she called to me

Said “Virgil, quick come and see,

there goes the Robert E. Lee!”

Now I don’t mind choppin’ wood, and

I don’t care if the money’s no good

Ya take what ya need and ya leave the rest,

but they should never have taken the very best

CHORUS:

The night they drove old Dixie down,

when all the bells were ringin’

The night they drove old Dixie down,

and all the people were singin’

They went na...na na na na na na na...

na na na na na na na na na

na na na na na na na na na

na na na na na na na na na
Am C
Like my father be-fore me,
F Am Dm
I will work the land
Am C
And like my brother a-bove me,
F Am Dm
I took a rebel stand
Am F
He was just 18, proud and brave,
C Dm
but a Yankee laid him in his grave
Am F
I swear by the blood be-low my feet,
C Dm D D
you can’t raise a Caine back up when he’s in de-feat

CHORUS:
C F C
The night they drove old Dixie down,
F
when all the bells were ringin’
C F C
The night they drove old Dixie down,
F
and all the people were singin’
C Am
They went na…na na na na na na na…
D F F G
na na na na na na na na na na

Final Chorus:
C F C
The night they drove old Dixie down,
when all the bells were ringin’

The night they drove old Dixie down,

and all the people were singin’

They went na…na na na na na na…

na na na na na na na na na na

The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down
Three Little Fishies
Saxie Dowell

Intro: last two lines of 1st verse – ukes only
I G G6 C C#dim D7 C7 D7 G

G G6 C D7
Down in the meadow in a little bitty pool
G G6 C D7
Swam three little fishies and a mamma fishie too
G G6 C C#dim
"Swim" said the mamma fishie "Swim if you can"
D7 C7 D7 G
And they swam and they swam right over the dam.

Chorus:
G G6 C D7
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!
G G6 C D7
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!
G G6 C C#dim
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!
D7 C7 D7 G
And they swam and they swam right over the dam.

G G6 C D7
"Stop" said the mamma fishie "or you'll get lost"
G G6 C D7
But the 3 little fishies didn't want to be bossed
So the 3 little fishies went off on a spree

And they swam and they swam right out to the sea.

Chorus:
G  G6  C  C#dim
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!
G  G6  C  D7
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!
G  G6  C  C#dim
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!
D7  C7  D7  G
And they swam and they swam right out to the sea.

"Whee" said the little fishes "here's a lot of fun

We'll swim in the sea till the day is done"

So they swam and they swam and it was a lark

Till all of a sudden they saw a shark!

Chorus:
G  G6  C  D7
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!
G  G6  C  D7
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!
G  G6  C  C#dim
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!
D7  C7  D7  G
Till all of a sudden they saw a shark!
"Help" cried the little fishies "Look at the whales!"
And quick as they could, turned on their tails
And back to the pool in the meadow they swam
And they swam and they swam back over the dam.

Chorus:
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!
Boop boop dit-tem dat-tem what-tem Chu!

And they swam and they swam back over the dam.

Three Little Fishies
Ticket to Ride
The Beatles

Strum: - Verse/Chors - I:  d - D u - u - u  :
Strum: - Bridge      - I:  d u D u d u D u  :

G
I think I'm gonna be sad, I think it's today, yeah
Am D
The girl that's drivin' me mad is going a-way
Em C
She's got a ticket to  ride,
Em F
She's got a ticket to  ri..hi..ide
Em D
She's got a ticket to  ride,
G G
But she don't  care

G
She said that living with me, was bringin' her down, yeah
Am D
She would never be free, when I was a-round  yeah
Em C
She's got a ticket to  ride,
Em F
She's got a ticket to  ri..hi..ide,
Em    D    
She's got a ticket to ride,
G     G
But she don't care

C
I don't know why she's riding so high, 
D
She oughta think twice, she oughta do right by me
C
Before she gets to saying goodbye,
D    D
She oughta think twice, she oughta do right by me
G
She said that living with me, was bringin' her down, yeah
Am    D
She would never be free, when I was a-round, yeah
Em    C
She's got a ticket to ride,
Em    F
She's got a ticket to ride, hi..ide,
Em    D
She's got a ticket to ride,
G     G
But she don't care

X    X means to be silent, no chord

X    G
My baby don't care,
X    G
My baby don't care,
X    G
My baby don't care,
X       G
My baby don't care

Ticket to Ride
Under The Boardwalk
Kenny Young and Arthur Resnick (performed by The Drifters 1964)

C
Oh when the sun beats down and
G7
Burns the tar upon the roof,
G7
And your shoes get so hot you
C C7
Wish your tired feet were fire proof.
F C
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea
G7 C
On a blanket with my baby is where I'll be.

Am
Under the boardwalk (out of the sun)
G
Under the boardwalk (we'll be having some fun)
Am
Under the boardwalk (people walking above)
G
Under the boardwalk (we'll be making love)
Am
Under the boardwalk, boardwalk.

C
From a park you hear the happy sound
Of a carousel, ohh

You can almost taste hot dogs French fries they sell

Under the boardwalk, down by the sea

On a blanket with my baby is where I'll be.

Under the boardwalk (out of the sun)

Under the boardwalk (we'll be having some fun)

Under the boardwalk (people walking above)

Under the boardwalk (we'll be making love)

Under the boardwalk, boardwalk.

Under The Boardwalk
V'la l'bon vent
Quebec folk song >300 years old.

Strum Pattern :|  d - D u d u D u  |

Chorus:
Am
V'la l' bon vent, v'la l' joli vent
C G
V'la l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'ap-pelle
Am
V'la l' bon vent, v'la l' joli vent
C Am
V'la l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'at-tend (one downstroke)

G Am
Derrière chez nous y'a t'un é-tang
G Am
Derrière chez nous y'a t'un é-tang
G E7
Il n'est pas large comme il est gra-a-and (regular strum)

Chorus:
Am
V'la l' bon vent, v'la l' joli vent
V'la l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'ap-pelle

Am
V'la l' bon vent, v'la l' joli vent

C Am
V'la l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'at-tend (one downstroke)

G Am
Trois beaux ca-nards s'en vont bai-gnant

G Am
Trois beaux ca-nards s'en vont bai-gnant

G E7
Le fils du roi s'en va chas-sa-a-ant

**Chorus:**

Am
V'la l' bon vent, v'la l' joli vent

C G
V'la l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'ap-pelle

Am
V'la l' bon vent, v'la l' joli vent

C Am
V'la l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'at-tend (one downstroke)

G Am
Avec son grand fusil d'ar-gent

G Am
Avec son grand fusil d'ar-gent

G E7
Visa le noir, tua le bla-a-anc

**Chorus:**
Am
V'la l' bon vent, v'la l' joli vent
      C    G

V'la l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'ap-pelle
Am
V'la l' bon vent, v'la l' joli vent
      C    Am

V'la l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'at-tend (one downstroke)

G    Am
O, fils du roi, tu es mé-chant
      G    Am
O, fils du roi, tu es mé-chant
      G    E7

Tu as tu-é mon canard bla-a-anc

Chorus:
Am
V'la l' bon vent, v'la l' joli vent
      C    G

V'la l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'ap-pelle
Am
V'la l' bon vent, v'la l' joli vent
      C    Am

V'la l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'at-tend (one downstroke)

G    Am
Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang
      G    Am
Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang
      G    E7
Et par les yeux les dia-ma-a-ants
Chorus:
Am
V'la l' bon vent, v'la l' joli vent
C     G
V'la l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'ap-pelle
Am
V'la l' bon vent, v'la l' joli vent
C     Am
V'la l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'at-tend (one downstroke)

G     Am
Et par le bec l'or et l'ar-gent
G     Am
Et par le bec l'or et l'ar-gent
G     E7
Que ferons-nous de tant d'ar-ge-e-ent?

Chorus:
Am
V'la l' bon vent, v'la l' joli vent
C     G
V'la l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'ap-pelle
Am
V'la l' bon vent, v'la l' joli vent
C     Am
V'la l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'at-tend (one downstroke)

G     Am
Nous mettrons les filles au cou-vent
G     Am
Nous mettrons les filles au cou-vent
G     E7
Et les gar-çons au régi-me-e-ent.
Chorus:
Am
V'la l' bon vent, v'la l' joli vent
C          G
V'la l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'ap-pelle
Am
V'la l' bon vent, v'la l' joli vent
C          Am
V'la l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'at-tend (one downstroke)

V'la l'bon vent
Wabash Cannonball
Carter Family

Intro: First verse

C Out from the wide Pacific to the broad Atlantic shore
F She climbs the flowery mountains, o’er hills and by the shore
G Al-though she’s tall and handsome and she’s known quite well by all
C She’s a regular combination, the Wabash Cannon-ball.

Chorus:

C Oh, listen to the jingle, the rumer and the roar
C7 As she glides along the woodland, o’er hills and by the shore
F She climbs the flowery mountains, hear the merry hobo squall
C As she glides along the woodland, the Wabash Cannon-ball.

C Oh the Eastern states are dandy, so the Western people say
F Chi-cago, Rock Island, St. Louis by the way
To the lakes of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall
No chances to be taken on the Wabash Cannon-ball.

Chorus:
Oh, listen to the jingle, the rumer and the roar
As she glides along the woodland, o’er hills and by the shore
She climbs the flowery mountains, hear the merry hobo squall
As she glides along the woodland, the Wabash Cannon-ball.

Oh, here's old daddy Cleaton, let his name forever be
And long be remembered in the courts of Tennes-see
For he is a good old rounder 'til the curtain round him fall
He'll be carried back to victory on the Wabash Cannon-ball.
I have rode the I.C. Limited, also the Royal Blue
A-cross the Eastern counties on Elkhorn Number Two
I have rode those highball trains from coast to coast that's all
But I have found no equal to the Wabash Cannon-ball.

Chorus:
Oh, listen to the jingle, the rumor and the roar
As she glides along the woodland, o'er hills and by the shore
She climbs the flowery mountains, hear the merry hobo squall
As she glides along the woodland, the Wabash Cannon-ball.

Wabash Cannonball
Wild World
Cat Stevens

Intro: Am D7 G Cmaj7 F Dm E7 E7
-> (with la la’s..............................................)

Am   D7   G
Now that I’ve lost everything to you
   Cmaj7   F
You say you want to start something new
   Dm   E7
And it’s breaking my heart you’re leaving, baby I’m grieving
Am   D7   G
But if you want to leave take good care
   Cmaj7   F
Hope you have a lot of nice things to wear
   Dm   E7   G7
But then a lot of nice things turn bad out there

Chorus:
C   G   F   F
Ooh baby, baby, it’s a wild world
It’s hard to get by just upon a smile

Ooh baby, baby, it’s a wild world

I’ll always re-member you like a child girl

You know I’ve seen a lot of what the world can do
And it’s breaking my heart in two
Because I never want to see you sad girl, don’t be a bad girl
But if you want to leave take good care
Hope you make a lot of nice friends out there
But just re-member there’s a lot of bad and be-ware

Chorus:

Ooh baby, baby, it’s a wild world
It’s hard to get by just upon a smile
Ooh baby, baby, it’s a wild world

I’ll always re-member you like a child girl

|-> Am  D7  G  Cmaj7  F  Dm  E7  E7
(la, la’s…………………………….)   Baby I love you
Am      D7      G
But if you want to leave take good care

Cmaj7     F
Hope you make a lot of nice friends out there

Dm       E7     G7   G7
But just re-member there’s a lot of bad and be-ware

Chorus:
C    G    F    F
Ooh baby, baby, it’s a wild world
G    F    C    C
It’s hard to get by just upon a smile
C    G    F    F
Ooh baby, baby, it’s a wild world
G    F    C
I’ll always re-member you like a child girl

Wild World
Intro:
CBCG7 C CBCG7 C

C B C G7 C
Yel-low bird, up high in banana tree,
C B C G7 C
Yel-low bird, you sit all alone like me,
F C
Did your lady friend, leave the nest again?
G7 C C7
That is very sad, makes me feel so bad,
F C
You can fly away, in the sky away,
G7 C
You're more lucky than me.

F G7 C
I also had a pretty girl, she's not with me to-day,
F
They're all the same those pretty girls,
G7 C
Take tenderness, then they fly a-way.

C B C G7 C
Yel-low bird, up high in banana tree,
C B C G7 C  
Yel-low bird, you sit all alone like me,
F C
Better fly away, in the sky away,
G7 C C7
Picker coming soon, pick from night to noon,
F C
Black and yellow you, like banana too,
G7 C
They might pick you some day.

F G7 C
Wish that I were a yellow bird, I'd fly away with you,
F
But I am not a yellow bird,
G7 C
so here I sit, nothing else to do.

C B C
Yel-low bird ...

... FADE ...

YELLOW BIRD