

Peninsula Ukulele Group

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PUG Everyone Has A Story- Songs With A Tale To Tell Meetup

Wednesday, February 25, 2026 5:45- 7:30 PM

San Carlos Public Library

Version 2.0 Final 02/22/2026

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Puff The Magic Dragon – Peter, Paul, & Mary

Original Key C= No capo

Written by: Peter Yarrow from a poem by Leonard Lipton

INTRO

| C | Em | F | C | F | C Am | D7 G7 | C G7 |

1. Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea, 4|1 - 2 & - & 4 -|
4|D - D U - U D -|
 And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah-Lee.
 Little Jackie Paper loved that rascal Puff,
 And brought him strings and sealing wax and other fancy stuff, oh!

CHORUS

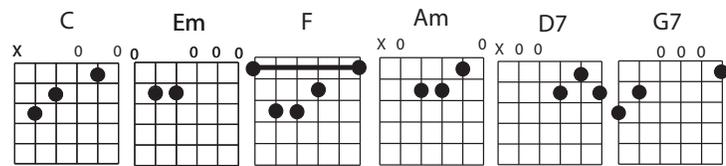
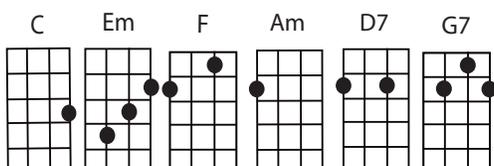
Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea,
 And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah-Lee.
 Puff, the magic dragon, lived by the sea,
 And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah-Lee.

2. Together they would travel on a boat with billowed sail.
 Jackie kept a lookout perched on Puff's gigantic tail.
 Noble kings and princes would bow where'er they came.
 Pirate ships would lower their flag when Puff roared out his name. Oh...

CHORUS

Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea,
 And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah-Lee.
 Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea,
 And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah-Lee.

3. A dragon lives forever but not so little boys.
 Painted wings and giant rings make way for other toys.
 One grey night it happened, Jackie Paper came no more.
 And Puff that mighty dragon, he ceased his fearless roar.

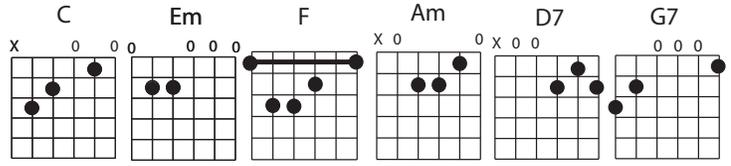
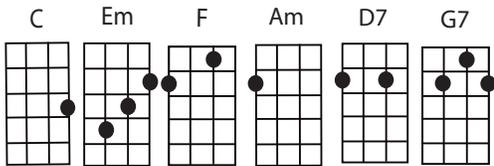


Puff, the Magic Dragon- Page 2

C Em F C
 4. His head was bent in sorrow, green scales fell like rain.
 F C Am D7 G7
 Puff no longer went to play, along the cherry lane.
 C Em F C
 Without his lifelong friend, Puff could not be brave.
 F C Am D7 G7 C G7
 So Puff that mighty dragon sadly slipped into his cave. Oh...

CHORUS

C Em F C
 Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea,
 F C Am D7 G7
 And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah-Lee.
 C Em F C
 Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea,
 F C Am D7 G7 | C | C C|END
 And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah-Lee.



Ode To Billie Joe- Bobbie Gentry

Original Key D= No capo

Written by: Bobby Gentry

INTRO

|D7 |D7 |D7 |D7 |

4|1 - 2 &a3 & 4 &|
4|D - D DUD U D U|

1. It was the third of June, another sleepy, dusty Delta day,
I was out choppin' cotton, and my brother was balin' hay.
And at dinner time we stopped and walked back to the house to eat.
And Mama hollered out the back door, "Y'all, remember to wipe your feet!"
And then she said, "I got some news this mornin' from Choctaw Ridge..."

CHORUS 1

Today, Billie Joe MacAllister jumped off the Tallahatchie Bridge."

2. And Papa said to Mama, as he passed around the blackeyed peas.
"Well, Billie Joe never had a lick of sense, Pass the biscuits, please.
There's five more acres in the lower forty I've got to plow."
And Mama said, "It was shame about Billie Joe, anyhow.
Seems like nothin' ever comes to no good up on Choctaw Ridge..."

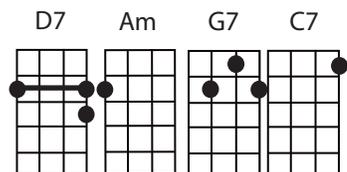
CHORUS 2

And now, Billie Joe MacAllister jumped off the Tallahatchie Bridge."

3. And brother said he recollected when he, and Tom, and Billie Joe,
Put a frog down my back at the Carroll County picture show.
And wasn't I talkin' to him after church last Sunday night?
"I'll have another piece of apple pie. You know, it don't seem right.
I saw him at the sawmill yesterday on Choctaw Ridge..."

CHORUS 3

And now you tell me Billie Joe jumped off the Tallahatchie Bridge."



Ode To Billie Joe- Page 2

D7 **Am** **D7**
4. Mama said to me, "Child, what's happened to your appetite?
Am7 **D7**
I've been cookin' all mornin', and you haven't touched a single bite.
G7
That nice young preacher, Brother Taylor, dropped by today,
D7
Said he'd be pleased to have dinner on Sunday, oh, by the way.
G7
He said he saw a girl that looked a lot like you up on Choctaw Ridge...

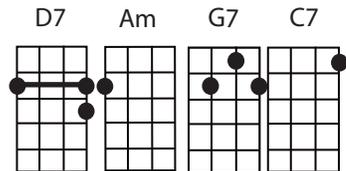
CHORUS 4

D7|STOP **C7|STOP** **D7**
And she and Billie Joe was throwing something off the Tallahatchie Bridge."

D7 **Am** **D7**
5. A year has come and gone since we heard the news 'bout Billie Joe.
Am **D7**
And brother married Becky Thompson, they bought a store in Tupelo.
G7
There was a virus going 'round, Papa caught it, and he died last spring.
D7
And now Mama doesn't seem to want to do much of anything.
G7
And me, I spend a lot of time pickin' flowers up on Choctaw Ridge....

OUTRO

D7|STOP **C7|STOP** **|D7 |D7 |D7 |D7|END**
And drop them into the muddy water off the Tallahatchie Bridge.



The Gambler- Kenny Rogers

Original Key Eb= Capo 1

Written by-Don Schlitz

INTRO

|D |C |D |C |

1. On a warm summer's evenin' on a train bound for nowhere, 4|1 - 2 & 3 & 4 &|
4|D - D U D U D U|

I met up with the gambler; we were both too tired to sleep.

So we took turns a starin' out the window at the darkness,

'til boredom overtook us, and he began to speak.

2. He said, "Son, I've made a life out of readin' people's faces,
Knowin' what their cards were by the way they held their eyes.

And if you don't mind my sayin', I can see you're out of aces.

For a taste of your whiskey I'll give you some advice."

3. So I handed him my bottle and he drank down my last swallow.

Then he bummed a cigarette, and asked me for a light.

And the night got deathly quiet, and his face lost all expression.

Said, "If you're gonna play the game, boy, ya gotta learn to play it right."

4. Ev'ry gambler knows that the secret to survivin'
Is knowin' what to throw away and knowing what to keep.

'Cause ev'ry hand's a winner and ev'ry hand's a loser,

And the best that you can hope for is to die in your sleep."

CHORUS

You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em,

Know when to walk away and know when to run.

You never count your money when you're sittin' at the table.

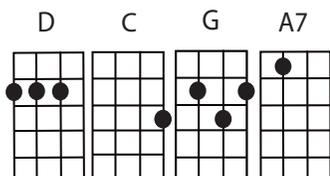
There'll be time enough for countin' when the dealin's done.

4. Ev'ry gambler knows that the secret to survivin' (Orig. record $\frac{1}{2}$ step up to Eb)

Is knowin' what to throw away and knowing what to keep.

'Cause ev'ry hand's a winner and ev'ry hand's a loser,

And the best that you can hope for is to die in your sleep."



The Gambler- Page 2

5. And when he'd finished speakin', he turned back towards the window,

Crushed out his cigarette and faded off to sleep.

And somewhere in the darkness the gambler, he broke even.

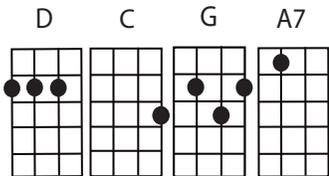
But in his final words I found an ace that I could keep.

CHORUS

You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em,
 Know when to walk away and know when to run.
 You never count your money when you're sittin' at the table.
 There'll be time enough for countin' when the dealin's done.

(D) (G) (D) ACAPELLA
 You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em,
 (G) (D) (A)
 Know when to walk away and know when to run.
 (D) (G) (D) (G) (D)
 You never count your money when you're sittin' at the table.
 (D) (G) (D) (A7) (D)
 There'll be time enough for countin' when the dealin's done.

You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em,
 know when to walk away and know when to run.
 You never count your money when you're sittin' at the table.
 There'll be time enough for countin' when the dealin's done.



Eleanor Rigby- The Beatles

Original Key Em= No capo

Written by: John Lennon and Paul McCartney

CHORUS

C Em
 Ah, look at all the lonely people.
 C Em
 Ah, look at all the lonely people.

4|1 - 2 - 3 - 4 -|
 4|D - D - D - D -|

Em

1. Eleanor Rigby, picks up the rice in the church,
 Where a wedding has been, lives in a dream.

Em
 Waits at the window, Wearing a face,

Em7 Am C Em
 That she keeps in a jar by the door. Who is it for?

4|1 & 2 & 3 & 4 &|
 4|D U D U D U D U|

PRECHORUS

Em7 Em6 C/E Em
 All the lonely people, where do they all come from?

Em7 Em6 C/E Em
 All the lonely people, where do they all belong?

4|1 - 2 - 3 - 4 -|
 4|D - D - D - D -|

Em

2. Father McKenzie, writing the words of a sermon,
 That no one will hear. No one comes near.

Em
 Look at him working, darning his socks in the night,

Em7 Am C Em
 When there's nobody there. What does he care?

PRECHORUS

Em7 Em6 C/E Em
 All the lonely people, where do they all come from?

Em7 Em6 C/E Em
 All the lonely people, where do they all belong?

CHORUS

C Em
 Ah, look at all the lonely people.
 C Em
 Ah, look at all the lonely people.

Em

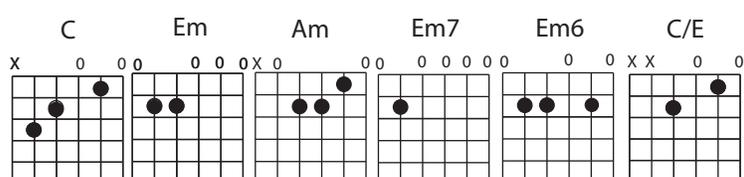
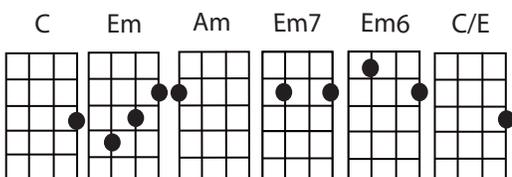
3. Eleanor Rigby, died in the church and was buried,
 Along with her name, nobody came.

Em
 Father McKenzie, wiping the dirt from his hands,

Em7 Am C Em
 As he walks from the grave. No one was saved.

4|1 & 2 & 3 & 4 &|
 4|D U D U D U D U|

4|1 - 2 - 3 - 4 -|
 4|D - D - D - D -|



Mr. Bojangles- Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

Original Key F# = Capo 6

Written by Jerry Jeff Walker

INTRO

| C | Em | Am | g a b |

3 | 1 - 2 & 3 - |
4 | D - D U D - |

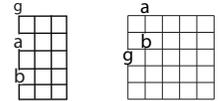
1. I knew a man Bojangles and he'd dance for you, in worn-out shoes
 With silver hair a ragged shirt and baggy pants, the old soft shoe.
 He jumped so high, jumped so high, And then he lightly touched down.

2. I met him in a cell in New Orleans, I was down and out.
 He looked to me to be the eyes of age, as the smoke ran out.

He talked of life, talked of life, He laughed, clicked his heels and stepped.

3. He said his name, Bojangles, then he danced a lick, across the cell.
 He grabbed his pants and spread his stance, oh he jumped up high.

Then he clicked his heels,
 He let go a laugh, he let go a laugh. Shook back his clothes all around.



CHORUS

Mister Bojangles, Mister Bojangles,
 Mister Bojangles, Dance.

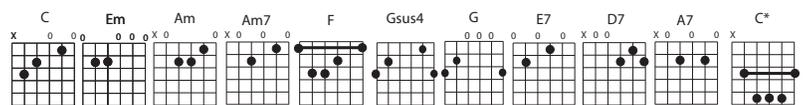
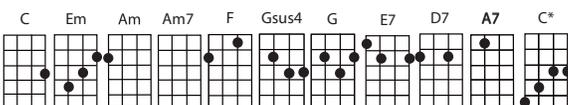
4. He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs throughout the south.
 He spoke with tears of fifteen years how his dog and him traveled about.
 His dog up and died, up and died, After twenty years he still grieves, grieves

5. He said, "I dance now at every chance in honky tonks, for drinks and tips.
 But most of the time I spend behind these county bars. I drinks a bit."

He shook his head and as he shook his head,
 I heard someone ask him please, PLEASE!!

CHORUS/CODA

Mister Bojangles, Mister Bojangles,
 Mister Bojangles, Dance.



Leader Of The Band- Dan Fogelberg

Original Key Ab

Written by Dan Fogelberg

INTRO

C/G C/G F F

```

A| - - - - - 0 | - - - - - - - - | - - - 0 - - - - | - 0 - - - - - - |
E| 3 - - - - 3 - - | - 3 - 1 - 0 - - | 1 - - - - 1 - - | 3 - 3 1 - 0 - - |
C| - - 0 0 - - 0 - | - - 0 - - - 0 - | - - 0 - - - 0 - | - - 0 - - - 2 - |
G| 0 - - - 0 - - - | 0 - - - 0 - - - | 2 - - - 2 - - - | 2 - - - 2 - - - |
    
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Dm Am G C F/C

```

A| - - - 0 - - - - | - - - - - - - - - | - - 2 - - - - - | - - - - - 3 - - |
E| 0H1 - - - 1 - - | 0H1P0 - - 0 - - - | - 3 - - - - - - | - - 0H1 - - - 0 |
C| - - 2 - - - 2 - - | - - 0 0 - - 0 - - | - 2 - 0H2P0 - - | - 0 0 - - - 0 - |
G| 2 - - - 2 - - - | 2 - - - 2 - - - | 0 - - - 0 - 4 - | 0 - -H2 2 - - - |
    
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C F/C C F/C C

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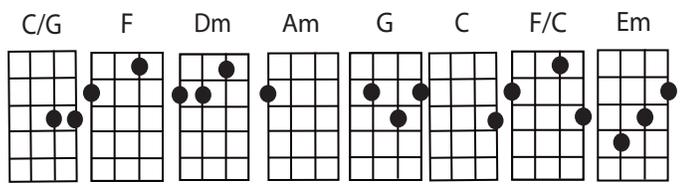
A| - - - - - 3 - - | - - - - - 3 - - | 3 - - - - 3 - - |
E| - - 0H1 - - - 0 | - - 0H1 - - - 0 | - - - - - - - - |
C| - 0 0 - - - 0 - | - 0 0 - - - 0 - | - 0 0 - - - 0 - |
G| 0 - -H2 2 - - - | 0 - -H2 2 - - - | 0 - - - 0 - - - |
    
```

1. An only child alone and wild, a cabinet maker's son.
 His hands were meant for different work and his heart was known to none.
 He left his home and went his lone and solitary way,
 And he gave to me a gift I know I never can repay.

2. A quiet man of music, denied a simpler fate.
 He tried to be a soldier once, but his music wouldn't wait.
 He earned his love through discipline, a thund'ring velvet hand.
 His gentle means of sculpting souls took me years to understand.

CHORUS

The leader of the band is tired and his eyes are growing old.
 But his blood runs through my instrument and his song is in my so-oul.
 My life has been a poor attempt, to imitate the man.
 I'm just a living legacy to the leader of the band.



Leader Of The Band- Page 2

3. My brothers' lives were different for they heard another call.
 One went to Chicago, and the other to St. Paul.
 And I'm in Colorado when I'm not in some hotel.
 Living out this life I chose, and come to know so well.

INSTRUMENTAL (INTRO)

C/G	C/G	F	F
Dm	Am	G	C F/C
C F/C	C F/C	C	

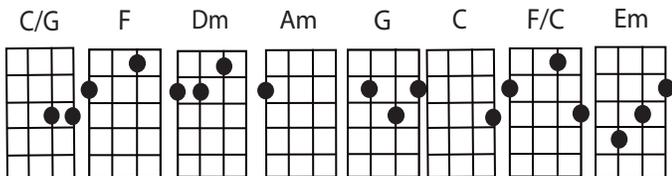
4. I thank you for the music and your stories of the road.
 I thank you for the freedom when it came my time to go.
 I thank you for the kindness, and the times when you got tough.
 And Papa, I don't think I said "I love you" near enough.

CHORUS

F Em F C
 The leader of the band is tired and his eyes are growing old.
 Dm Am Dm F G
 But his blood runs through my instrument and his song is in my so-oul.
 F Em F C
 My life has been a poor attempt, to imitate the man.
 Dm Am Dm F C
 I'm just a living legacy to the leader of the band.
 Dm Am Dm F G | C F/C | C F/C | C F/C | C
 I am a living legacy to the leader of the band.

OUTRO (INTRO)

| C/G | C/G | F | F |
 | Dm | Am | G | C F/C |
 | C F/C | C F/C | C | END



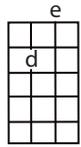
Piano Man- Billy Joel

Original Key C= No capo

Written by: Billy Joel

INTRO

C C/B Am C/G F C D G	3 1 - 2 & 3 -
C C/B Am C/G F G7sus4	4 D - D U D -
C F G F e d	
C F G F e d	



1. It's nine o'clock on a Saturday,
 F C/E D G
 The regular crowd shuffles in.
 C C/B Am C/G
 There's an old man sitting next to me,
 F G7sus4 | C | C |
 Making love to his tonic and gin.

| C | C/B | Am | C | F | G7sus4 | C | C | F | F |

2. He says "Son, can you play me a memory.
 F C/E D G
 I'm not really sure how it goes.
 C C/B Am C/G
 But it's sad and it's sweet and I knew it complete,
 F G7sus4 | C | C |
 When I wore a younger man's clothes."

BRIDGE

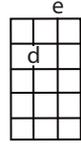
Am Am7 D7 F Am Am7 D7 G G7 C/E G7
 Da da da De de Da-ahhh Da da Dee dee daaaaaaah da da

CHORUS

C C/B Am C/G F C/E D G
 Sing us a song you're the piano man, Sing us a song tonight.
 C C/B Am C/G F G7sus4 C
 Well, we're all in the mood for a melody, and you've got us feeling alright.

INSTRUMENTAL [Harmonica]

C C/B Am C F G7sus4	
C F G F e d	
C F G F e d	



3. Now John at the bar is a friend of mine,
 F C/E D G
 He gets me my drinks for free.
 C C/B Am C/G
 And he's quick with a joke, or to light up your smoke.
 F G7sus4 | C | C | F | F |
 But there's some place, that he'd rather be.

C C/B Am C/G F C/E D G G7 G7sus4

Piano Man- Page 2

4. He says "Bill, I believe this is killing me."
 C C/B Am C/G
 F C/E D G

As the smile ran away from his face.

"Well, I'm sure that I could be a movie star,
 C C/B Am C/G
 F G7sus4 C
 If I could get out of this place.

BRIDGE

Am Am7 D7 F Am Am7 D7 G G7 C/E G7
 Oh la da da, De de Da-ahhh La La ddDee dee daaaaaaah da da

5. Now Paul is a real estate novelist,
 C C/B Am C/G
 F C/E D G

Who never had time for a wife.

And he's talking with Davy who's still in the Navy,
 C C/B Am C/G
 F G7sus4 C
 and probably will be for life.

HARMONICA INTERLUDE

| C | C/B | Am | C/G | F | G7sus4 | C | C | F/C | F/C |

6. And the waitress is practicing politics,
 C C/B Am C/G
 F C/E D G

As the businessmen slowly get stoned.

Yes, they're sharing a drink they call loneliness,
 C C/B Am C/G
 F G7sus4 C
 But it's better than drinking alone.

PIANO INTERLUDE|

| Am | Am7 | D7 | F | Am | Am7 | D7 | F |
 | Am | Am7 | D7 | D7 | G | G7 | C/E | G7 |

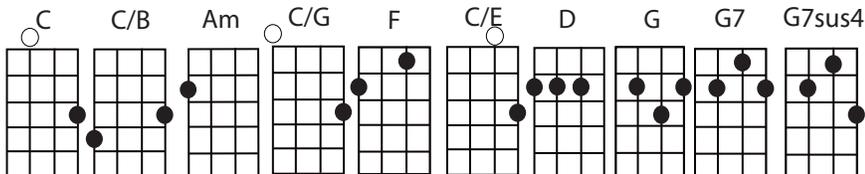
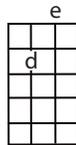
CHORUS

C C/B Am C/G F C/E D G
 Sing us a song you're the piano man. Sing us a song tonight.

C C/B Am C/G F G7sus4 C
 Well, we're all in the mood for a melody, and you've got us feeling alright.

INSTRUMENTAL [Harmonica]

C	C/B	Am	C/G	F	G7sus4
C	F	G	F e d		
C	F	G	F e d		



Piano Man- Page 3

7. It's a pretty good crowd for a Saturday,
 And the manager gives me a smile,
 'Cause he knows that it's me they've been coming to see
 To forget about life for a while.

8. And the piano it sounds like a carnival,
 and the microphone smells like a beer.
 And they sit at the bar and put bread in my jar,
 And say, "Man, what are you doing here?"

BRIDGE

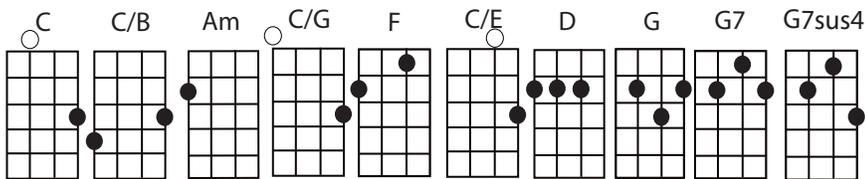
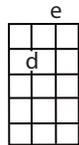
Oh la da da De de Da-ahhh. La La Dee dee daaaaaaah da da

CHORUS

Sing us a song you're the piano man. Sing us a song tonight.
 Well, we're all in the mood for a melody, and you've got us feeling alright.

OUTRO

C	C/B	Am	C/G	F	C	D	G	
C	C/B	Am	C	F	G7sus4			
C	F	G	F e d					
C	F	G	F e d	C	END			



Paradise- John Prine

Original Key D=Capo 2

Written by: John Prine

INTRO

C C F C C C G7 C C	3 1 - 2 - 3 -
C C F C C C G7 C C	4 D - D - D -

1. When I was a child my family would travel,
 Down to Western Kentucky where my parents were born.
 And there's a backwards old town that's often remembered,
 So many times that my memories are worn.

CHORUS

And Daddy won't you take me back to Muhlenberg County,
 Down by the Green River where Paradise lay.
 Well, I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in asking,
 Mr. Peabody's coal train has hauled it away.

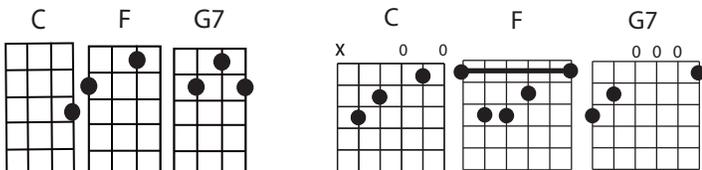
2. Well, sometimes we'd travel right down the Green River,
 To the abandoned old prison, down by Adrie Hill.
 Where the air smelled like snakes and we'd shoot with our pistols,
 But empty pop bottles was all we would kill.

CHORUS

And Daddy won't you take me back to Muhlenberg County,
 Down by the Green River where Paradise lay.
 Well, I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in asking,
 Mr. Peabody's coal train has hauled it away.

INSTRUMENTAL

C C F C C C G7 C C
C C F C C C G7 C C



Paradise- Pg. 2

3. Then the coal company came with the world's largest shovel,
 And they tortured the timber and stripped all the land
 Well, they dug for their coal till the land was forsaken,
 Then they wrote it all down as the progress of man.

CHORUS

And Daddy won't you take me back to Muhlenberg County,
 Down by the Green River where Paradise lay.
 Well, I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in asking,
 Mr. Peabody's coal train has hauled it away.

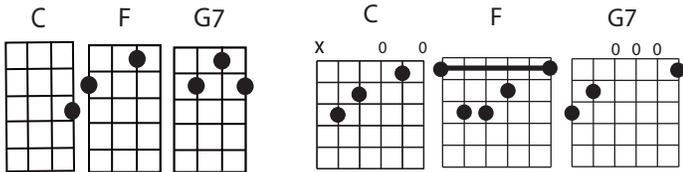
4. When I die let my ashes float down the Green River,
 Let my soul roll on up to the Rochester dam
 I'll be halfway to Heaven with Paradise waitin',
 Just five miles away from wherever I am.

CHORUS

And Daddy won't you take me back to Muhlenberg County,
 Down by the Green River where Paradise lay.
 Well, I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in asking,
 Mr. Peabody's coal train has hauled it away.

OUTRO

|C |C |F |C |C |C |G7 |C |C|END



Travelin' Soldier- The Dixie Chicks

Original Key A= No capo

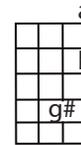
Written by: Bruce Robinson

A
 1. Two days past eighteen,
 A A/B A/C#
 He was waiting for the bus in his army greens,
 D
 Sat down in a booth in a café there,
 A
 Gave his order to a girl with a bow in her hair.

4 | 1 - 2 - 3 & 4 & | - & 2 - 3 & 4 - |
 4 | D - D - D U D U | - U D - D U D - |

A
 2. He's a little shy, so she gave him a smile,
 A A/B A/C#
 And he said, "Would you mind sitting down for a while,
 D A
 And talking to me, I'm feeling a little low."
 G D A
 She said, "I'm off in an hour, and I know where we can go."

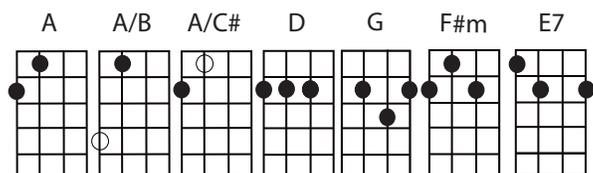
A
 3. So they went down and they sat on the pier,
 A A/B A/C#
 He said, "I bet you got a boyfriend, but I don't care,
 D A
 I got no one to send a letter to.
 G D A a b a g#
 Would you mind, if I sent one back here to you?"



CHORUS

F#m D A
 I-I-I-I cried, Never gonna hold the hand of the another guy.
 A
 Too young, for him they told her.
 E7
 Waitin' for the love of a travelin' soldier.
 F#m
 Our love will never end,
 D A
 Waitin' for the soldier to come back again.
 A
 Never more to be alone,
 E7 A
 When the letter says, a soldier's coming home.

A
 4. So the letters came from an army camp,
 A A/B A/C#
 In California, then Vietnam,
 D
 And he told her of his heart and it might be love,
 A
 And all of the things he was so scared of.



A
 5. He said, when it's getting kinda rough over here,
 A A/B A/C#
 I think of that day sitting down at the pier.
 D A
 And I close my eyes and see your pretty smile.
 G D A a b a g#
 Don't worry, but I won't be able to write for a while.



CHORUS

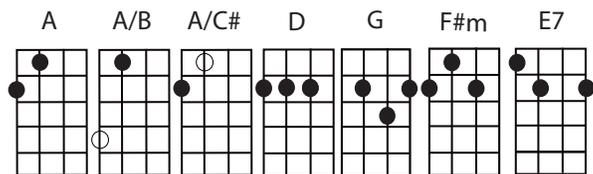
F#m D A
 I-I-I-I cried, Never gonna hold the hand of the another guy.
 A
 Too young, for him they told her.
 E7
 Waitin' for the love of a travelin' soldier.
 F#m
 Our love will never end,
 D A
 Waitin' for the soldier to come back again.
 A
 Never more to be alone,
 E7 |A |A |
 When the letter says, a soldier's coming home.

INSTRUMENTAL



A
 6. One Friday night at a football game,
 A A/B A/C#
 The Lord's Prayer said and the anthem sang,
 D
 A man said folks, would you bow your heads,
 A|STOP |A |A |
 For a list of local Vietnam dead.

A
 7. Crying all alone under the stands,
 A A/B A/C#
 Was the piccolo player in the marching band,
 D A
 And one name read and nobody really cared,
 G D A
 But a pretty little girl with a bow in her hair.



CHORUS

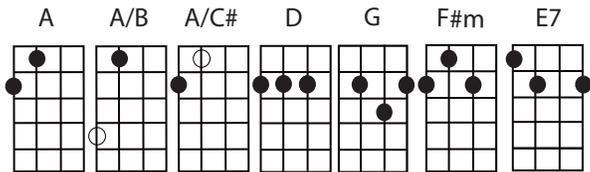
F#m D A
 I-I-I-I cried, Never gonna hold the hand of the another guy.
 A
 Too young, for him they told her.
 E7
 Waitin' for the love of a travelin' soldier.
 F#m
 Our love will never end,
 D A
 Waitin' for the soldier to come back again.
 A
 Never more to be alone,
 E7
 When the letter says, a soldier's coming

CHORUS

F#m D A
 I-I-I-I cried, Never gonna hold the hand of the another guy.
 Too young, for him they told her.
 E7
 Waitin' for the love of a travelin' soldier.
 F#m
 Our love will never end,
 D A
 Waitin' for the soldier to come back again.
 A
 Never more to be alone,
 E7 |A |A |A |A |
 When the letter says, a soldier's coming home.

OUTRO

|A |A |D |D |A |A |D |D |
 |A |A |D |D |A |A |D |D |
 |A |A |D |D |A |A |D |D |A|END



Lyin' Eyes- The Eagles

Original Key G= No capo

Written by: Don Henley and Glenn Frey

INTRO

|G |Gmaj7 |C |C |Am |D7 |G |G |

4|1 - 2 & 3 - 4 -|
4|D - D U D - D -|

1. City girls just seem to find out early,
Am D7
How to open doors with just a smile.
G Gmaj7 C
A rich old man and she won't have to worry,
Am C G C D
She'll dress up all in lace and go in style.

2. Late at night a big old house gets lonely.
Am D7
I guess every form of refuge has its price.
G Gmaj7 C
And it breaks her heart to think her love is only,
Am C G C D
Given to a man with hands as cold as ice.

3. So she tells him she must go out for the evening,
Am D7
To comfort an old friend who's feeling down.
G Gmaj7 C
But he knows where she's goin' as she's leavin',
Am C |G Gsus4 |G|STOP
She's headed for the cheatin' side of town.

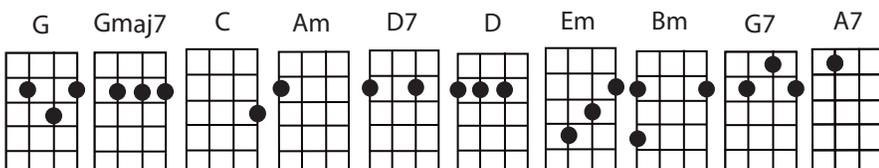
CHORUS

G C G Gsus4 G |1 - - & 3 - - -|
You can't hide your lyin' eyes, |D - - U D - - -|
Em Bm Am D7
And your smile is a thin disguise.
G G7 C A7
I thought by now you'd realize,
Am D |G
There ain't no way to hide your lying eyes.

INTRO

G |Gmaj7 |C |C |Am |D7 |G |G |

4. On the other side of town a boy is waiting,
Am D7
With fiery eyes and dreams no one could steal.
G Gmaj7 C
She drives on through the night, anticipating,
Am C G C D
'Cause he makes her feel, the way she used to feel.



Lyin' Eyes- Page 2

5. She rushes to his arms, they fall together,
 She whispers that it's only for a while.
 She swears that soon she'll be coming back forever,
 She pulls away and leaves him with a smile.

CHORUS

You can't hide your lyin' eyes,
 And your smile is a thin disguise.
 I thought by now you'd realize,
 There ain't no way to hide your lying eyes.

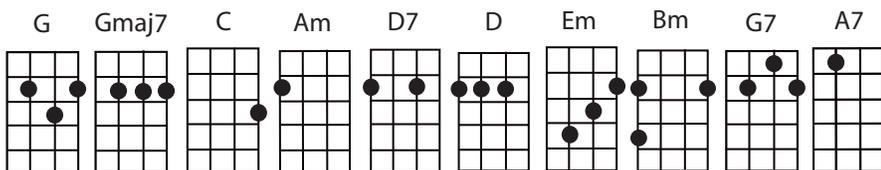
INTRO

G |Gmaj7 |C |C |Am |D7 |G |G |

6. She gets up and pours herself a strong one,
 And stares out at the stars up in the sky.
 Another night, it's gonna be a long one.
 She draws the shade and hangs her head to cry.

7. She wonders how it ever got this crazy.
 She thinks about a boy she knew in school.
 Did she get tired or did she just get lazy,
 She's so far gone, she feels just like a fool.

8. My, oh my, you sure know how to arrange things;
 You set it up so well, so carefully.
 Ain't it funny how your new life didn't change things;
 You're still the same old girl you used to be.



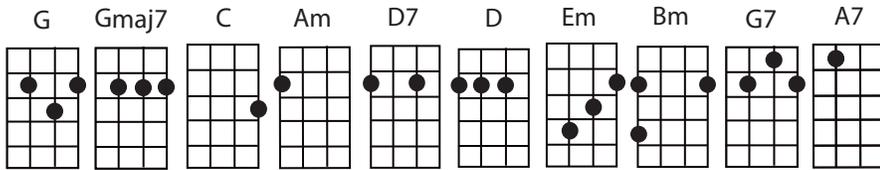
Lyin' Eyes- Page 3

CHORUS

 G C |G Gsus4 |G |
You can't hide, your lyin' eyes,
 Em Bm Am D
And your smile is a thin disguise.
 G G7 C A7
I thought by now you'd realize,
 Am D G
There ain't no way to hide your lying eyes.
Gmaj7 Am D G Gmaj7
There ain't no way to hide your lyin' eyes
Am D |G
Honey, you can't hide your lyin' eyes.

OUTRO

G |Gmaj7 |Am |D |G D7 |G|END



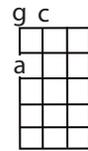
Papa Was A Rollin' Stone- The Temptations

Original Key Bbm=Capo 2

Written by: Norman Whitfield & Barrett Strong

INTRO

g a M M c c g M a M M M g
 &||:1 - 2 - - - 4 -|- - 2 & - & 4 -|1 - 2 - - - 4 -|- - 2 - - - 4 &: ||
 U||:D - M - - - M- |- - D U - U M -|D - M - - - M- |- - M - - - M U: ||



M=Mute

g a M M c c g M
 &||:1 - 2 - - - 4 -|- - 2 & - & 4 -|
 U||:D - M - - - M- |- - D U - U M -|

1. a M M M M g a M M
 It was the third of September;
 c c g M a M M M M
 That day I'll always re-member, yes I will.
 g a M M c c g M a M M M M
 'Cause that was the day, that my daddy died.
 g a M M c c
 I never got a chance to see him;
 g M a M M M M M
 Never heard nothin' but bad things about him.
 g a M M c c g M a M M
 Mama, I'm depending on you, to tell me the truth.
 M M

Whole song can be played with Am chord

Mama just hung her head and said; Son...

CHORUS

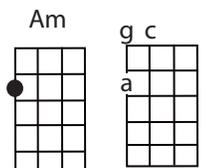
g a M M c c
 Papa was a rollin' stone;
 g M a M M M M
 Wherever he laid his hat, was his home.
 g a M M c c M g M a M M M M
 And when he died, all he left us was a - lone.
 g a M M c c
 Papa was a rollin' stone, my son, yeah,
 g M a M M M M M
 Wherever he laid his hat, was his home.
 g a M M c c g M a M M M M
 And when he died, all he left us was a-lo-o-o-one. (Uhh!!)

INSTRUMENTAL BREAK

g a M M c c g M a M M M g
 &||:1 - 2 - - - 4 -|- - 2 & - & 4 -|1 - 2 - - - 4 -|- - 2 - - - 4 &: ||
 U||:D - M - - - M- |- - D U - U M -|D - M - - - M- |- - M - - - M U: ||

g a M M c c g M
 &||:1 - 2 - - - 4 -|- - 2 & - & 4 -|
 U||:D - M - - - M- |- - D U - U M -|

2. a M M M M g a M M
 Hey, Mama, Is it true what they say that,
 c c g M a M M
 Papa never worked a day in his life?
 M M g a M M
 And mama, some bad talk going 'round town saying that,
 c c g M a M
 Papa had three outside children,
 M M M
 And a - nother wife....and that ain't right.

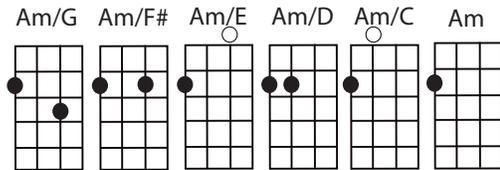
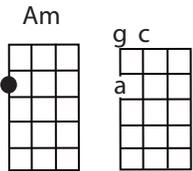


Papa Was A Rollin' Stone- Page 3

g a M M c c
 Papa was a rollin' stone,
 g M a M M M M M
 Wherever he laid his hat, was his home.
 g a M M c c g M a M M M M
 And when he died, all he left us was a - lone.
 g a M M c c
 Papa was a rollin' stone,
 g M a M M M M M
 Wherever he laid his hat, was his home.
 g a M M c c g M a M M M M
 And when he died, all he left us was alo-o-o-ne.

:|Am/G |Am/F# |Am/E |Am/D |Am/C d e |Am M - M |- M - M ||:
 :|D U D|D U D |D U D |D U D |D U D |D M M |M M M ||:

|Am/G |Am/F# |Am/E |Am/D |Am/C d e |Am|END
 |D U D|D U D |D U D |D U D |D U D |D |END



Taxi- Harry Chapin

Original Key D= No capo

Written by: Harry Chapin

INTRO

|D Am |D Am |D Am |D Am |

1. It was raining hard in Frisco,
 I needed one more fare to make my night.
 A lady up ahead waved to flag me down,
 She got in at the light.

4|1 & 2 - 3 & 4 &|
 4|D U D - D U D U|

2. Oh, where you going to my Lady Blue,
 It's a shame you ruined your gown in the rain.
 She just looked out the window.
 She said, "Sixteen Parkside Lane."

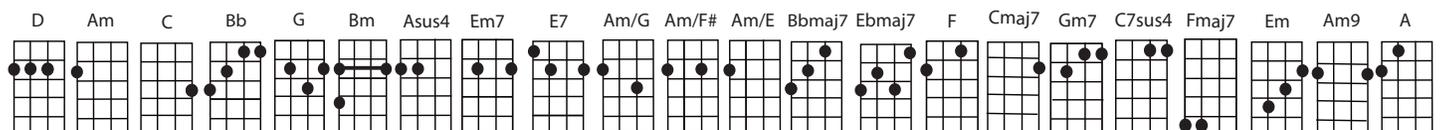
|D Am |C Bb |D |C Bb |D |

3. Something about her was familiar,
 I could swear I seen her face before.
 But she said, "I'm sure you're mistaken."
 And she didn't say anything more.

4. It took a while, but she looked in the mirror.
 Then she glanced at the license for my name.
 A smile seemed to come to her slowly.
 It was a sad smile just the same.

CHORUS 3

And she said, "How are you, Harry?"
 I said, "How are you, Sue?"
 Through the too many miles and the too little smiles.
 I still remember you."



| D Am | C Bb | D Am | D Am |

5. It was somewhere in a fairy tale,
 I used to take her home in my car.
 We learned about love in the back of a Dodge,
 The lesson hadn't gone too far.

CHORUS 3

You see, she was gonna be an actress,
 And I was gonna learn to fly.
 She took off to find the footlights,
 I took off to find the sky.

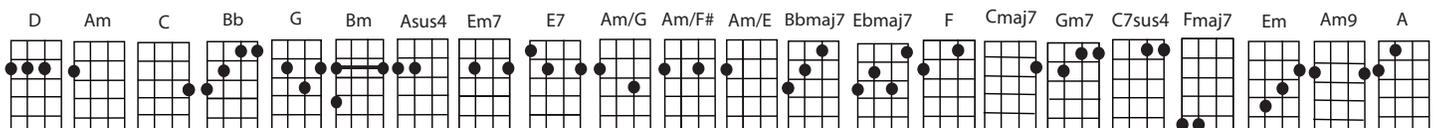
| D | D | | C | C | C | C |

BRIDGE

Oh, I've got something inside me,
 To drive the princess blind.
 There's a wild man wi - zard, he's hi - ding in me,
 Illuminating my mind.
 Oh, I got something inside me,
 Not what my life's about,
 'Cause I've been letting my out- side tide me
 Over 'til my time runs out.

| Ebmaj7 | Ebmaj7 | Ebmaj7 | Bbmaj7 | Bbmaj7 | F | F |

Baby's so high that she's skying,
 Yeah she's flying, but afraid to fall.
 I'll tell you why Baby's crying.
 'Cause she's dying, aren't we all?



6. There was not much more for us to talk about
 Whatever we had once was gone.

So I turned my cab into the driveway,
 Past the gate and the fine trimmed lawn

7. And she said, "We must get together."

But I knew it'd never be arranged.
 And she handed me twenty dollars for a two-fifty fare,
 She said, "Harry, keep the change."

8. Well another man might have been angry
 And another man might have been hurt
 But another man never would have let her go
 I stashed the bill in my shirt.

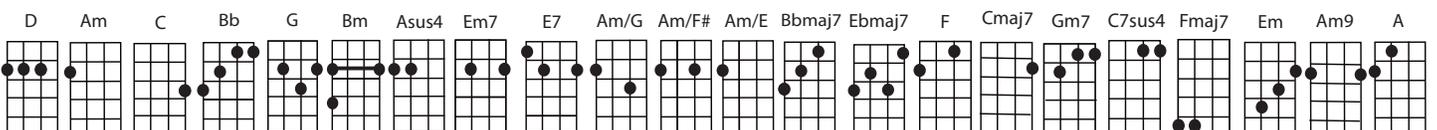
CHORUS 4

And she walked away in silence. It's strange how you never know.
 But we'd both gotten what we'd asked for,
 Such a long, long time ago.

9. You see, she was gonna be an actress.
 And I was gonna learn to fly
 She took off to find the footlights.
 I took off to find the sky.

OUTRO

And here she's acting happy,
 Inside her handsome home.
 And me I'm flying in my taxi,
 Taking tips and getting stoned
 I go flying so high when I'm stoned.



Long Cool Woman In A Black Dress- The Hollies Original Key E

Written by: Allan Clarke, Roger Cook & Roger Greenaway

INTRO

A A7 A C D C D C E

A|- - - 0 - - - -|- - - - - - - -|- - 0 - - - 0 -|- - 0 - - - - -|

E|- - 0 - - - 3 -|- 0 - - - - - -|- 2 - - - 0 - -|- 2 - - - - - -|

C|- 1 - - - 1 - -|- - - - 0 - - 0|2 - - - 0 - - 0|2 - - - 0 - - -|

G|2 - - - 2 - - -|2 - - 2 - - 4 -|2 - - - 0 - - -|2 - - - 0 - 4 -|

1 & 2 & 3 & 4 - 1 & - & 3 - 4 & 1 & 2 - 3 & 4 - 1 & 2 - 3 - 4 -

A A7 A C D C D C D E

A|- - - 0 - - - -|- - - - - - - -|- - 0 - - - 0 -|- - - - - - - -|

E|- - 0 - - - 3 -|- 0 - - - - - -|- 2 - - - 0 - -|- 2 - - - - - -|

C|- 1 - - - 1 - -|- - - - 0 - - 0|2 - - - 0 - - 0|2 - 0 - 2 - 4 -|

G|2 - - - 2 - - -|2 - - 2 - - 4 -|2 - - - 0 - - -|2 - 0 - 2 - 4 -|

1 & 2 & 3 & 4 - 1 & - & 3 - 4 & 1 & 2 - 3 & 4 - 1 & 2 - 3 - 4 -

A C A C

A|- - - - - - - -|- 3 - - - 3 - -|- - - - - - - -|- 3 - - - 3 - - -|X2

E|0 - 0 - 0 - 0 -|- 0 - - - 0 - -|0 - 0 - 0 - 0 -|- 0 - - - 0 - - -|

C|1 - 1 - 1 - 1 -|- 0 - - - 0 - -|1 - 1 - 1 - 1 -|- 0 - - - 0 - - -|

G|2 - 2 - 2 - 2 0H2 - - 0H2 - - 0H2 - 2 - 2 - 2 0H2 - - 0H2 - - - 0H|

1 - 2 - 3 - 4 & 1 & - & 3 & - & 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 & 1 & - & 3 & - &

A A6 A7 A6A A A6 A7 A6

A|- - - - - - - -|- - - - - - - -|X4

E|0 - 2 - 3 - 2 0|- 0 2 2-3 - 2 -|

C|1 - 1 - 1 - 1 1|- 1 1 2-1 - 1 -|

G|2 - 2 - -2 - - 2 2|- 2 2 2-2 - 2 -|

1 - 2 - 3 - 4 & - & 2 & 3 - 4 -

A A6 A7 A6 A A6 A7 A6

1. Saturday night I was downtown, 4|1 - 2 - 3 - 4 &|- & 2 & 3 - 4 -|

C D A A6 A7 A6 4|D - D - D - D U|- U D U D - D -|

Working for the F B I.

A A6 A7 A6 A A6 A7 A6

Sitting in a nest of bad men,

C D A A6 A7 A6 A A6 A7 A6

Whiskey bottles piling high.

A A6 A7 A6 A A6 A7 A6

2. Bootlegging boozer on the West Side,

C D A A6 A7 A6

Full of people who are doing wrong.

A A6 A7 A6 A A6 A7 A6

Just about to call up the D.A. man,

C D A A6 A7 A6 A A6 A7 A6

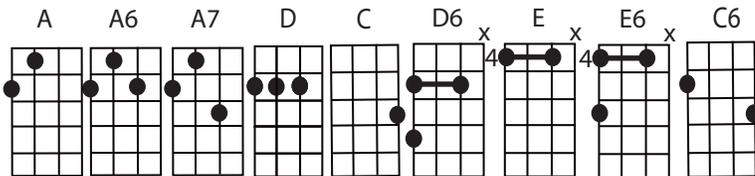
When I heard this woman singing a song.

A A6 A7 D C D6 x E x E6 C6

Long Cool Woman In A Black Dress- Page 3

CHORUS

D D6 D D6
 Well I've gotta be forgiven,
 D D6 D D6
 If I wanna spend my living,
 D6 C C6 C C6 D D6 D D6
 With a long cool woman in a black dress,
 C D A A6 A A6
 Just a five nine and beautiful 'n' tall.
 D D6 D D6 D D6 D D6
 Well, with just one look I was a bad mess,
 C D A A6 A7 A6 A A6 A7
 'Cos that long cool woman had it all.
 A6 A A6 A7 A6 A A6 A7
 Had it all
 A6 A A6 A7 A6 A A6 A7 A6 |A|END
 Had it all!!



Tie A Yellow Ribbon- Tony Orlando & Dawn

Original Key F= No capo

Written by: Irwin Levine & L. Russell Brown

INTRO:

|F |F |Am |Am |Gm |Gm |C |C |

4|1 - 2 - 3 & 4 -|
4|D - D - D U D -|

1. I'm comin' home, I've done my time.
 Now I've got to know what is and isn't mine.
 If you received my letter, tellin' you I'd soon be free,
 Then you'll know just what to do, if you still want me..
 If you still want me..

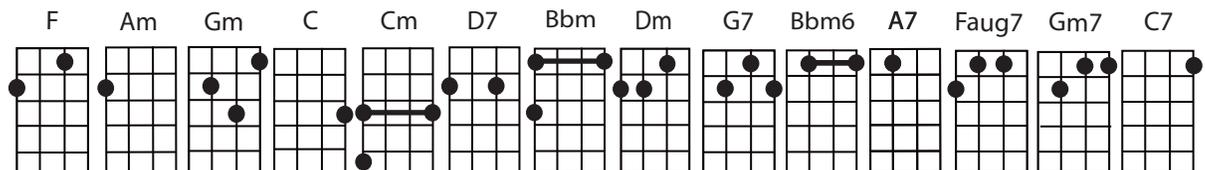
CHORUS

Tie a yellow ribbon 'round the old Oak tree,
 It's been three long years, do you still want me?
 If I don't see a ribbon round the old Oak tree,
 I'll stay on the bus, forget about us,
 put the blame on me..
 If I don't see a yellow ribbon round the old Oak tree.

2. Bus driver, please, look for me.
 Cause I couldn't bear to see what I might see.
 I'm really still in prison, and my love she holds the key.
 A simple yellow ribbon's what I need to set me free..
 I wrote and told her, please...

CHORUS

Tie a yellow ribbon 'round the old Oak tree,
 It's been three long years, do you still want me?
 If I don't see a ribbon round the old Oak tree,
 I'll stay on the bus, forget about us,
 put the blame on me..
 If I don't see a yellow ribbon round the old Oak tree.



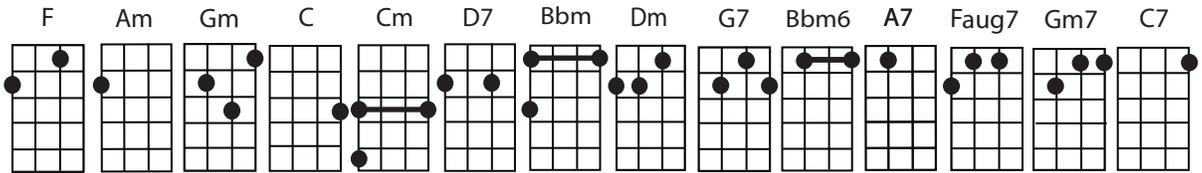
INTERLUDE

|F |F |Am |Am |Cm |D7 |Gm |C C|STOP
 |F |F |Am |Am |Cm |D7 |Gm|STOP

Gm|STOP Bbm|STOP
 3. Now the whole damn bus is cheering,
 F|STOP D7|STOP
 and I can't believe I see..
 Gm Bbm Gm7 C7 F
 A hundred yellow ribbons round the old Oak tree!
 |Am |Cm |D7 |Gm |C C|STOP
 I'm comin' home...

OUTRO

F
 Tie a ribbon 'round the old Oak tree..
 Am
 Tie a ribbon 'round the old Oak tree..
 Cm D7 |Gm |C C|STOP
 Tie a ribbon 'round the old Oak tree...
 F
 Tie a ribbon 'round the old Oak tree..
 Am
 Tie a ribbon 'round the old Oak tree..
 Cm D7 |Gm |C C|F|STOP
 Tie a ribbon 'round the old Oak tree...



Son Of A Preacher Man- Page 2

CHORUS

D
 The only one who could ever reach me,
 D G D
 Was the son of a preacher man.
 abd D
 The only boy who could ever teach me,
 D G D
 Was the son of a preacher man.
 D A G C
 Yes he was, he was, mmm, yes he was (Yes, he was.)

BRIDGE

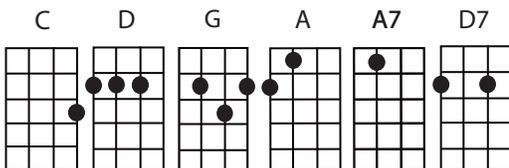
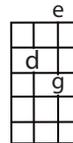
C
 How well I remember,
 G
 The look was in his eyes.
 G
 Stealin' kisses from me on the sly,
 A
 Takin' time to make time,
 A
 Tellin' me that he's all mine.
 D
 Learnin' from each other's knowin',
 D7
 Lookin' to see how much we've grown.

CHORUS (Modulation to G)

G
 And the only one who could ever reach me,
 G C G
 Was the son of a preacher man.
 deg G
 The only boy who could ever teach me,
 C G
 Was the son of a preacher man
 G D C
 Yes he was, he was, ooh yes he was.

CODA

deg G
 (The only one who could ever reach me)
 C G
 He was the sweet-talking son of a preacher man
 (Was the son of a preacher man)
 deg G
 (The only boy who could ever teach me)
 C G
 Was a kiss-stealin' son of a preacher man
 (Was the son of a preacher man)
 deg G G C G
 (The only one who could ever move me, Was the son of a preacher man)
 deg G C G d e G|STOP
 (The only one who could ever groove me, Was the son of a preacher man)



Cat's In The Cradle- (In D) Harry Chapin

Original Key F= Capo 3

Written by: Harry Chapin

*INTRO RIFF (Best in low G tuning.)

D	D	G	C	C	D	D	G	G7	D
A -----2----- 2-----2----- -----0----- -----0----- 5-3----- -----2----- -----2-----	E ---5---5--- ---5-2---3--- 0-----0--- ---0---2---2--- ---5---3---1--- 2---2-2-2--- 2---2-2-2---	C 2----- 2-----2----- 0-----0--- 0-----2---2--- -----5-2----- 2---2-2-2--- 2---2-2-2---	G 2----- 2-----0----- 0-----0--- 0-----2---2--- 2-----0----- 2---2-2-2--- 2---2-2-2---						
1 - 2 - 3 - - -	1 & 2 & 3 - - -	1 - - & - & - -	1 - 2 - 3 - 4 -	1 & 2 & 3 - 4 -	1 - - & 3 - - &	- & - & 3 - - -			

1. A child arrived just the other day, 4|1 - 2 & 3 - 4 -|1 - 2 & - & 4 -|
 He came to the world in the usual way. 4|D - D U D - D -|D - D U - U D -|

But there were planes to catch and bills to pay,
 He learned to walk while I was away.

And he was talkin 'fore I knew it and as he grew, he'd say,
 "I'm gonna be like you, Dad. You know I'm gonna be like you."

CHORUS

And the cat's in the cradle and the silver spoon,
 Little boy blue and the man in the moon,
 When you coming home Dad, I don't know when,
 But we'll get together then, son. You know we'll have a good time then.

D	D	G	C	C	D	D	G	G7	D
A -----2----- 2-----2----- -----0----- -----0----- 5-3----- -----2----- -----2-----	E ---5---5--- ---5-2---3--- 0-----0--- ---0---2---2--- ---5---3---1--- 2---2-2-2--- 2---2-2-2---	C 2----- 2-----2----- 0-----0--- 0-----2---2--- -----5-2----- 2---2-2-2--- 2---2-2-2---	G 2----- 2-----0----- 0-----0--- 0-----2---2--- 2-----0----- 2---2-2-2--- 2---2-2-2---						
1 - 2 - 3 - - -	1 & 2 & 3 - - -	1 - - & - & - -	1 - 2 - 3 - 4 -	1 & 2 & 3 - 4 -	1 - - & 3 - - &	- & - & 3 - - -			

2. My son turned ten just the other day,
 He said, "Thanks for the ball, Dad, C'mon let's play.
 Can you teach me to throw?" I said, "Not today;
 I got a lot to do.", He said "That's okay."
 And he, he walked away but his smile never dimmed, he said,
 "I'm gonna be like him, yeah, You know I'm gonna be like him."

D	C	G	G7	F	Am	Em

Cat's In The Cradle- Page 2

CHORUS

D
C
 And the cat's in the cradle and the silver spoon,
F
G
 Little boy blue and the man in the moon.
D
C
 When you coming home Dad, I don't know when,
F
C
D
F
C
C
 But we'll get together then, Son. You know we'll have a good time then.

D	D	G	C	C	D	D	G	G7	D	
A -----2-----2----- 0-----0----- -----0-----2----- 5-3-----G G7 D	E ---5---5--- ---5-2---3--- 0-----0----- ---0---2---2--- ---5---3---1--- 2---2-2-2---2--- ---2---2-2-2---	C 2-----2----- 2-----2----- 0-----0----- 0-----2-----2--- -----5-2----- 2-----2-2-2---2--- ---2---2-2-2---	G 2-----2----- 2-----0----- 0-----2-----2--- 0-----2-----2--- 2-----0----- 2-----2-2-2---2--- ---2---2-2-2---							
1 - 2 - 3 - - -	1 & 2 & 3 - - -	1 - - & - & - -	1 - 2 - 3 - 4 -	1 & 2 & 3 - 4 -	1 - - & 3 - - &	- & - & 3 - - -				

D
F
 3. Well, he came home from college just the other day,
G
D
 So much like a man, I just had to say.
D
F
 "Son I'm proud of you, can you sit for a while?"
G
D
 He shook his head and he said with a smile,
C
Em
Am
C
 "What I'd really like, Dad, is to borrow the car keys.
F
C
D
 See you later, can I have them please?"

CHORUS

D
C
 And the cat's in the cradle and the silver spoon,
F
G
 Little boy blue and the man in the moon,
D
C
 When you coming home, Son, I don't know when,
F
C
D
F
C
D
 But we'll get together then, Dad. You know we'll have a good time then.

INTERLUDE

| F | C | D | D | F | C | D | D |

D
F
 4. I've long since retired, my son's moved away,
G
D
 I called him up just the other day.
D
F
 I said "I'd like to see you if you don't mind"
G
D
 He said "I'd love to Dad if I could find the time"
C
Em
Am
C
 You see, my new job's a hassle and the kids have the flu,
F
C
D
 But it's sure nice talkin' to you, Dad,
F
C
D
 It's been sure nice talkin' to you.

D	C	G	G7	F	Am	Em

Cat's In The Cradle- Page 3

BRIDGE

C
Em
Am
C
 And as I hung up the phone it occurred to me,
F
C
D
F
C
D
 He'd grown up just like me, yeah, My boy was just like me.

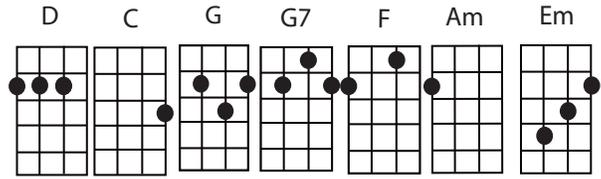
CHORUS

D
C
 And the cat's in the cradle and the silver spoon,
F
G
 Little boy blue and the man in the moon.
C
C
 When you coming home Son, I don't know when,
F
C
D
F
C
D
 But we'll get together then, Dad, We're gonna have a good time then.

OUTRO

D	D	G	C	C	D	
A -----	2-----2-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	END
E -----5-----5-----	-----5-----2-----3-----	-----0-----0-----	-----0-----0-----	-----0-----2-----		
C 2-----	-----2-----2-----	-----0-----0-----	-----0-----0-----	-----0-----2-----		
G 2-----	-----2-----0-----	-----0-----0-----	-----0-----0-----	-----0-----2-----		

| 1 - 2 - 3 - - - | 1 & 2 & 3 - - - | 1 - - & - & - - | 1 - 2 - 3 |



At Seventeen- Janis Ian

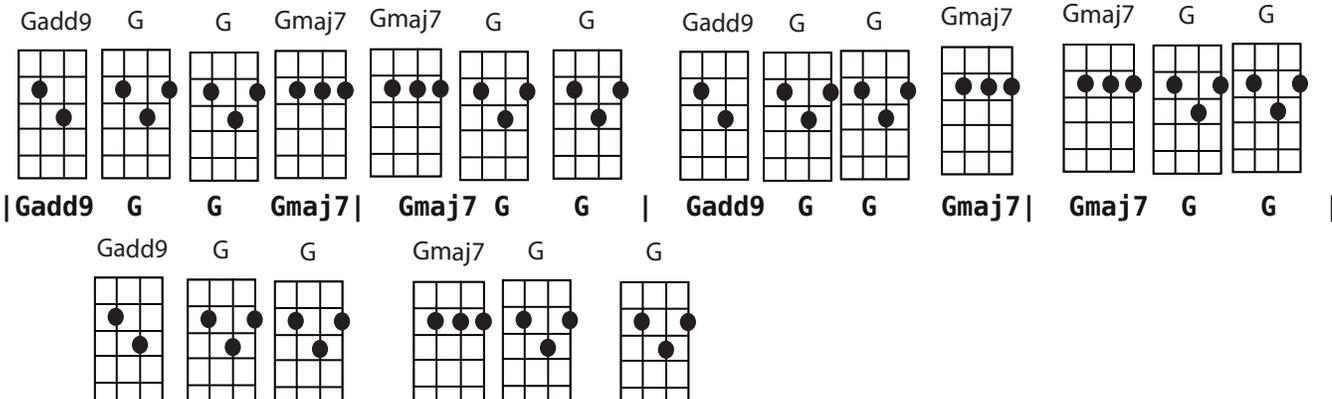
Original Key C= Capo 5

Written by: Janis Ian

Gadd9 G G Gmaj7 G G
 4|1 - 2 & 3 - 4 & | - & 2 & - - 4 - |
 4|D - C U D - C U | - U C U - - C - |
 C=Chuck

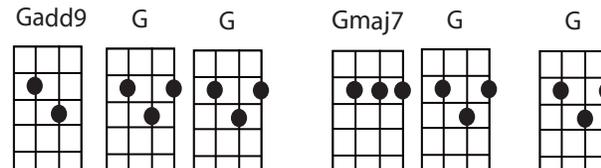
INTRO

Gadd9 G G Gmaj7 Gmaj7 G G Gadd9 G G Gmaj7 Gmaj7 G G



|Gadd9 G G Gmaj7| Gmaj7 G G | Gadd9 G G Gmaj7| Gmaj7 G G |

Gadd9 G G Gmaj7 G G



1. I learnt the truth at se - ven - teen,
 Am9 Am Am E/A Am Am

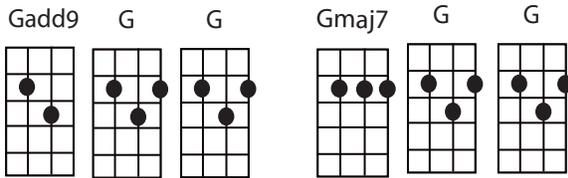
That love was meant for beau - ty queens,
 D7addB D7 D7 D7sus4 D7 D7

And high school girls with clear - skinned smiles,
 Gadd9 G G Gmaj7 G6 G6

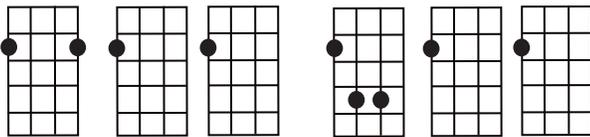
Who married young and then re - tired.
 Gadd9 G G Gmaj7 G6 G6

|Gadd9 G G Gmaj7| G6 G6 |

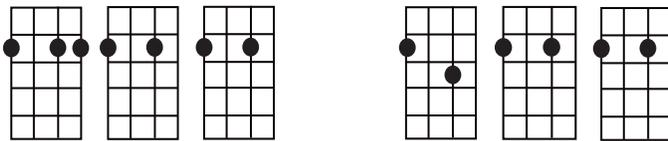
At Seventeen- Page 2



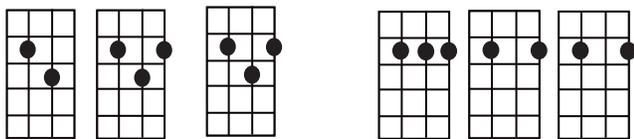
2. The Va - len - tines I ne - ver knew,
 Am9 Am G E/A Am Am



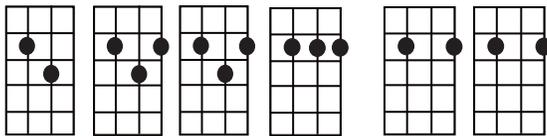
The Fri - day night charades of youth,
 D7addB D7 D7 E/A Am Am



Were spent on one more beau - ti - ful,
 Gadd9 G G Gmaj7 G6 G6



At se - ven - teen, I learnt the truth.
 Gadd9 G G Gmaj7 G6 G6



| Gadd9 G G Gmaj7 | G6 G6 |

BRIDGE



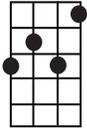
And those of us with ravaged faces, Lacking in the social graces. 4|1 - 2 & - & 4 - |
 4|D - C U - U C - |
 C=Chuck



Gm7 Cm7 Gm7 Cm7
 Desperately remained at home, Inventing lovers on the phone,

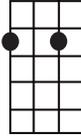
At Seventeen- Page 3

Ebmaj7



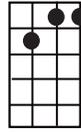
Ebmaj7

D7



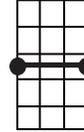
D7

Gm7



Gm7

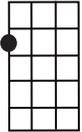
Cm7



Cm7

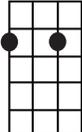
Who called to say, "Come dance with me!", And murmured vague obsenities,

Am



Am

D7



D7

It isn't all it seems ...at seventeen.

Gadd9

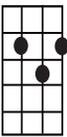
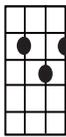
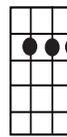
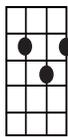
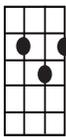
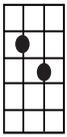
G

G

Gmaj7

G

G



Gadd9

G

G

Gmaj7

G

G

3. A brown eyed girl in 'hand me downs',

Am9

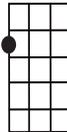
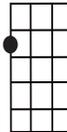
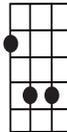
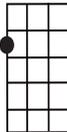
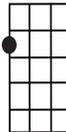
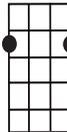
Am

Am

E/A

Am

Am



Am9

Am

Am

E/A

Am

Am

Whose name I never could pronounce,

D7addB

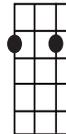
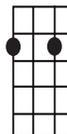
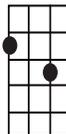
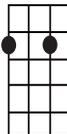
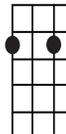
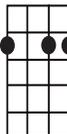
D7

D7

D7sus4

D7

D7



D7addB

D7

D7

D7sus4

D7

D7

Said, "Pi - ty please, the ones who serve,

Gadd9

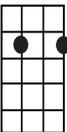
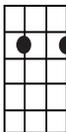
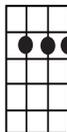
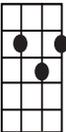
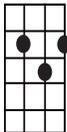
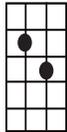
G

G

Gmaj7

G6

G6



Gadd9

G

G

Gmaj7

G6

G6

They only get what they de - serve!"

Gadd9

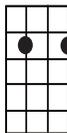
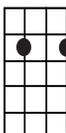
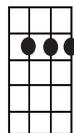
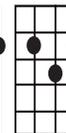
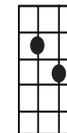
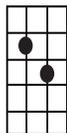
G

G

Gmaj7

G6

G6



| Gadd9

G

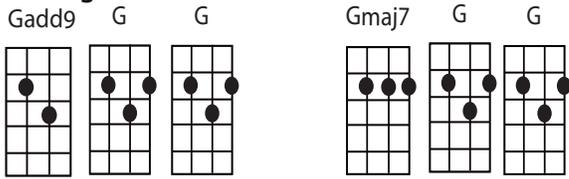
G

Gmaj7 |

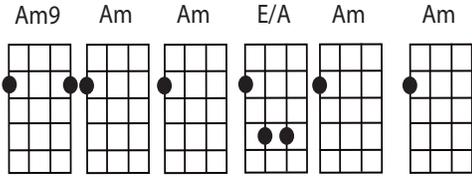
G6

G6 |

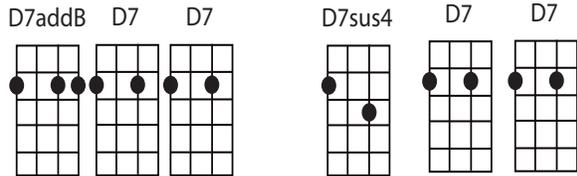
At Seventeen- Page 4



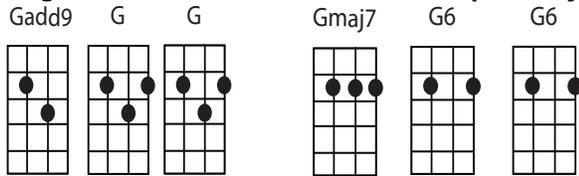
4. And the rich re - lationed home - town queen,



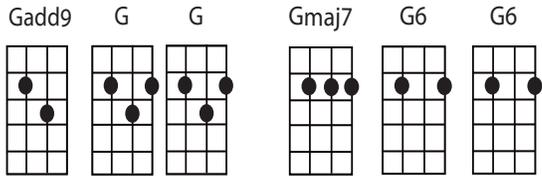
Mar-ries into what she needs,



With a gua - ran-tee of com - pa - ny,

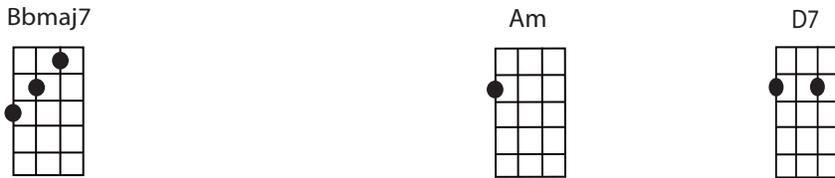


And ha - ven for the el - der - ly.

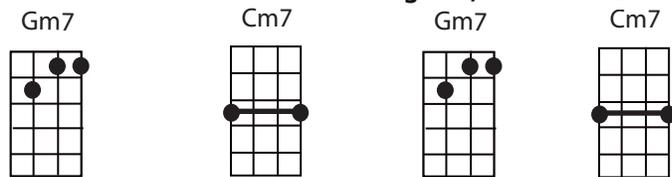


| Gadd9 G G | Gmaj7 G6 G6 |

BRIDGE 2



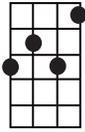
Remember those who win the game, Lose the love they sought to gain,



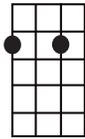
In debentures of quality and dubious integrity,

At Seventeen- Page 5

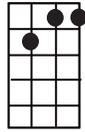
Ebmaj7



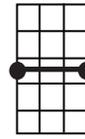
D7



Gm7



Cm7



Ebmaj7

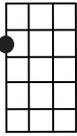
D7

Gm7

Cm7

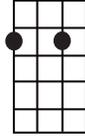
The small town eyes will gape at you, In dull surprise when payment due,

Am



Am

D7



D7

Exceeds accounts received...at seventeen.

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE & CHORUS

Gadd9

G

G

Gmaj7

G

G

Am9

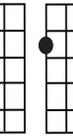
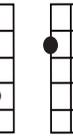
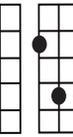
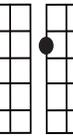
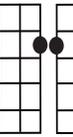
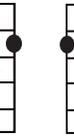
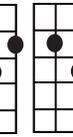
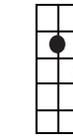
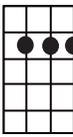
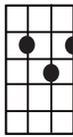
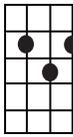
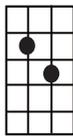
Am

Am

E/A

Am

Am



| Gadd9

G

G

Gmaj7

| G

G

| Am9

Am

Am

E/A

| Am

Am

D7addB

D7

D7

D7sus4

| D7

D7

Gadd9

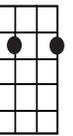
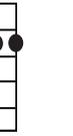
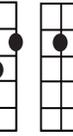
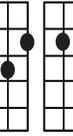
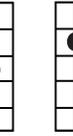
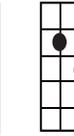
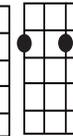
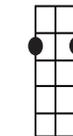
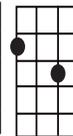
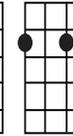
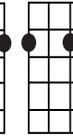
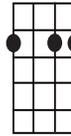
Am

G

G

| E/A

Gmaj7



| D7addB

D7

D7

D7sus4

| D7

D7

| Gadd9

Am

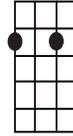
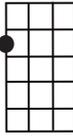
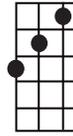
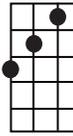
G

G

| Gmaj7

G6

Bbmaj7



| Bbmaj7

Gm7

| Bbmaj7

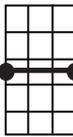
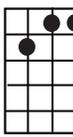
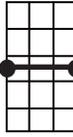
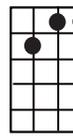
Cm7

| Am

Gm7

| D7

Cm7



| Gm7

Ebmaj7

| Cm7

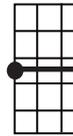
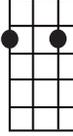
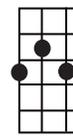
D7

| Gm7

Gm7

| Cm7

Cm7



| Ebmaj7

Am

| D7

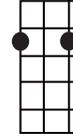
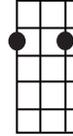
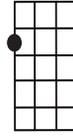
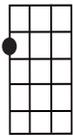
Am

| Gm7

D7

| Cm7

D7



| Am

| Am

| D7

| D7

At Seventeen – Page 6

Gadd9 G G Gmaj7 G6 G6 Gadd9 G G Gmaj7 G6 G6

| Gadd9 G G Gmaj7 | G6 G6 | Gadd9 G G Gmaj7 | G6 G6 |

5. To those of us who knew the pain,
 Am9 Am Am E/A Am Am

Of Valen-tines that ne-ver came.
 D7addB D7 D7 D7sus4 D7 D7

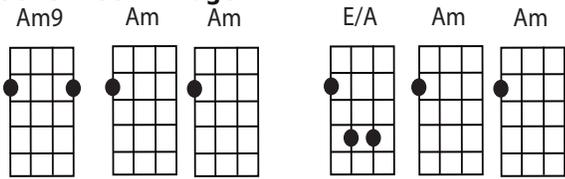
And those whose names were ne-ver called,
 Gadd9 G G Gmaj7 G6 G6

When choo-sing sides for bas-ket-ball.
 Gadd9 G G Gmaj7 G6 G6

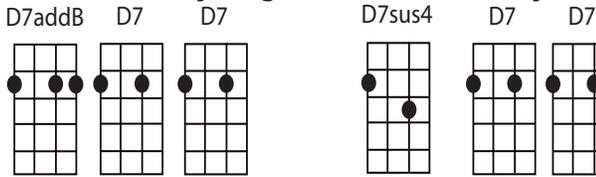
| Gadd9 G G Gmaj7 | G6 G6 |

6. It was long a-go, and far a-way,
 Gadd9 G G Gmaj7 G G

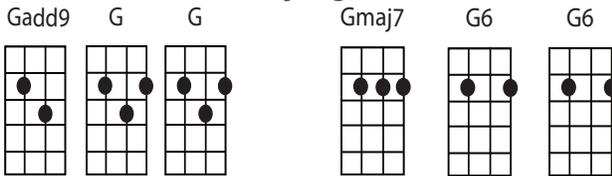
At Seventeen- Page 7



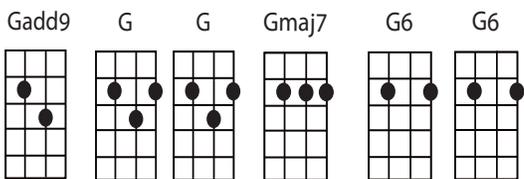
The world was younger than to - day,



And dreams were all they gave for free...

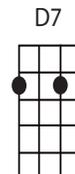
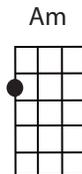
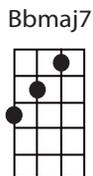


To ug - ly duckling girls ...like me.

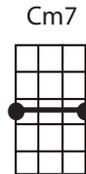
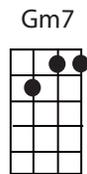
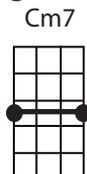
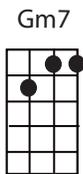


| Gadd9 G G Gmaj7 | G6 G6 |

BRIDGE 3



We all play the game, and when we dare, To cheat ourselves at solitaire,



Inventing lovers on the phone, Repenting other lives unknown,.

Gm7

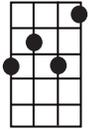
Cm7

Gm7

Cm7

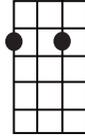
At Seventeen- Page 8

Ebmaj7



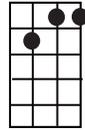
Ebmaj7

D7



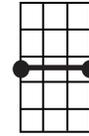
D7

Gm7



Gm7

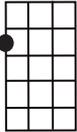
Cm7



Cm7

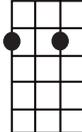
That call and say, "Come dance with me!", And murmur vague obsenities,

Am



Am

D7

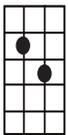


D7

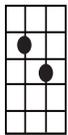
At ugly girls like me ...at seventeen.

CODA

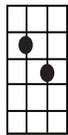
Gadd9



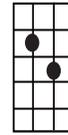
Gadd9



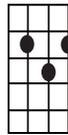
Gadd9



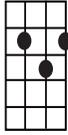
Gadd9



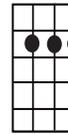
G



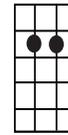
G



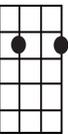
Gmaj7



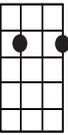
Gmaj7



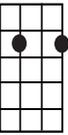
G6



G6

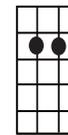


G6



b

Gmaj7



| Gadd9 Gadd9 Gadd9 Gadd9 G - G - | - Gmaj7 Gmaj7 G6 G6 G6 b - | Gmaj7 | END
 1 & 2 & 3 - 4 - | - & - & - & 3 & 4 - | 1 | END

At Seventeen- Janis Ian

Original Key C= Capo 5

Written by: Janis Ian

Gadd9 G Gmaj7 G
 4|1 - 2 & 3 - 4 & | - & 2 & 3 - 4 - |
 4|D - C U D - C U | - U C U D - C - |
 C=Chuck

INTRO

|Gadd9 G G Gmaj7| G G |Gadd9 G G Gmaj7| G G |

Gadd9 G Gmaj7 G G
 1. I learnt the truth at se - ven - teen,
 Am9 Am Am E/A Am Am
 That love was meant for beauty queens,
 D7addB D7 D7 D7sus4 D7
 And high school girls with clear-skinned smiles,
 Gadd9 G Gmaj7 G6 G6
 Who married young and then re - tired.
 |Gadd9 G G Gmaj7| G6 G6 |

Gadd9 G Gmaj7 G G
 2. The Valen - tines I never knew,
 Am9 Am Am E/A Am
 The Fri - day night charades of youth,
 D7addB D7 D7sus4 D7
 Were spent on one more beau-ti-ful,
 Gadd9 G Gmaj7 G6 G6
 At seven - teen, I learnt the truth.
 |Gadd9 G G Gmaj7| G6 G6 |

BRIDGE

Bbmaj7

And those of us with ravaged faces,
 Am D7

Lacking in the social graces.

Gm7 Cm7

Desperately remained at home,

Gm7 Cm7

Inventing lovers on the phone,

Ebmaj7 D7

Who called to say, "Come dance with me!",

Gm7 Cm7

And murmured vague obsenities,

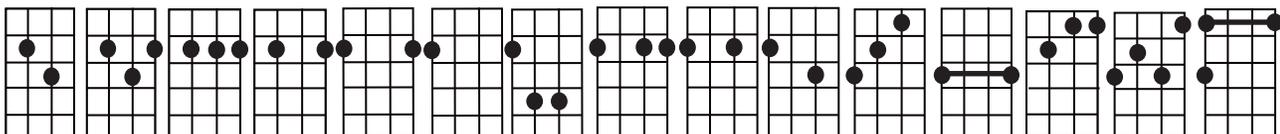
Am D7

It isn't all it seems ...at seventeen.

4|1 - 2 & - & 2 - |
 4|D - C U - U C - |
 C=Chuck

Gadd9 G Gmaj7 G G
 3. A brown eyed girl in 'hand me downs',
 Am9 Am E/A Am Am
 Whose name I never could pronounce,
 D7addB D7 D7sus4 D7 D7
 Said, "Pi - ty please, the ones who serve,
 Gadd9 G G Gmaj7 G6 G6
 They only get what they de-serve!"
 |Gadd9 G G Gmaj7| G6 G6 |

Gsus9 G Gmaj7 G6 Am9 Am E/A D7addB D7 D7sus4 Bbmaj7 Cm7 Gm7 Ebmaj7 Bbm



Gadd9 G G Gmaj7 G G
 4. And the rich related hometown queen,
 Am9 Am Am E/A Am Am
 Marries in - to what she needs,
 D7addB D7 D7 D7sus4 D7 D7
 With a guaran-tee of com - pa - ny,
 Gadd9 G Gmaj7 G6 G6
 And haven for the el - der - ly.
 |Gadd9 G G Gmaj7| G6 G6 |

BRIDGE 2

Bbmaj7
 Remember those who win the game,
 Am D7
 Lose the love they sought to gain,
 Gm7 Cm7 Gm7 Cm7
 In debentures of quality and dubious integrity,
 Ebmaj7 D7
 The small town eyes will gape at you,
 Gm7 Cm7
 In dull surprise when payment due,
 Am D7
 Exceeds accounts received...at seventeen.

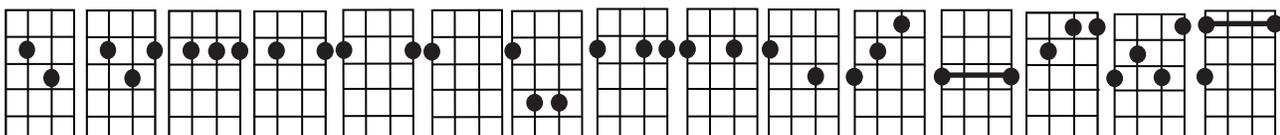
INSTRUMENTAL VERSE & CHORUS

Gadd9 G G Gmaj7	G G	Am9 Am Am E/A	Am Am	
D7addB D7 D7 D7sus4	D7 D7	Gadd9 G G Gmaj7	G6 G6	
Bbmaj7	Bbmaj7	Am	D7	
Gm7	Cm7	Gm7	Cm7	
Ebmaj7	D7	Gm7	Cm7	
Am	Am	D7	D7	
Gadd9 G G Gmaj7	G6 G6	Gadd9 G G Gmaj7	G6 G6	

Gadd9 G G Gmaj7 G G
 5. To those of us who knew the pain,
 Am9 Am Am E/A Am Am
 Of Valen-tines that ne - ver came.
 D7addB D7 D7 D7sus4 D7 D7
 And those whose names were ne - ver called,
 Gadd9 G G Gmaj7 G6 G6
 When choo - sing sides for bas - ketball.
 |Gadd9 G G Gmaj7| G6 G6 |

G Gadd9 G G Gmaj7 G G
 6. It was long a-go, and far a - way,
 Am9 Am Am E/A Am Am
 The world was younger than to - day,
 D7addB D7 D7 D7sus4 D7 D7
 And dreams were all they gave for free...
 Gadd9 G G Gmaj7 G6 G6
 To ug - ly duckling girls ...like me.
 |Gadd9 G G Gmaj7| G6 G6 |

Gsus9 G Gmaj7 G6 Am9 Am E/A D7addB D7 D7sus4 Bbmaj7 Cm7 Gm7 Ebmaj7 Bbm



At Seventeen- Page 3

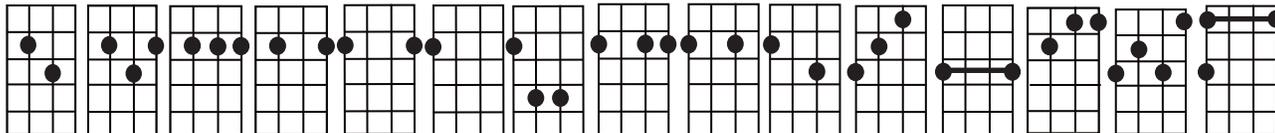
BRIDGE 3

Bbmaj7
We all play the game,
Am **D7**
And when we dare, to cheat ourselves at solitaire,
Gm7 **Cm7**
Inventing lovers on the phone,
Gm7 **Cm7**
Repenting other lives unknown,
Ebmaj7 **D7**
That call and say, "Come dance with me!",
Gm7 **Cm7**
And murmur vague ob-senities,
Am **D7**
At ugly girls like me ...at seventeen.

CODA

|Gadd9 G G Gmaj7|Gmaj7 G6 G6 b |Gmaj7|END

Gsus9 G Gmaj7 G6 Am9 Am E/A D7addB D7 D7sus4 Bbmaj7 Cm7 Gm7 Ebmaj7 Bbm



You Don't Mess Around With Jim- Jim Croce

Original Key E= Capo 2

Written by: Jim Croce

INTRO

|D D6 |D7 D6 |D D6 |D7 D6 |

4|1 - 2 - 3 - 4 -|1 - 2 - 3 & 4 -|
4|D - D - D - D -|D - D - D U D -|

D D6 D7 D6 D D6 D7 D6
1. Uptown got its hustlers. The Bowery got its bums.

D D6 D7 D6
Forty Second Street got Big Jim Walker,

D D6 D7 D6
He's a poolshooting son of a gun.

G G6 G7 G6
Yeah, he big and dumb as a man can come,

G G6 G7 G6
But he stronger than a country hoss.

A G7*
And when the bad folks all get together at night,

A G7* D D6 D7
You know they all call big Jim Boss, just because...

D6
And they say...

CHORUS

G7* D7
You don't tug on Superman's cape

G7* D7
You don't spit into the wind

G7*
You don't pull the mask off that old Lone Ranger

A7 D
And you don't mess around with Jim

D6 D7 D6 A
Badooh Dooh dahdah didi didi dee

D D6 D7 D6
2. Well outta South Alabama come a country boy.

D D6 D7 D6
He said, "I'm looking for a man named Jim."

D D6 D7 D6
I am a poolshooting boy, My name is Willie McCoy.

D D6 D7 D6
But down at home they call me Slim.

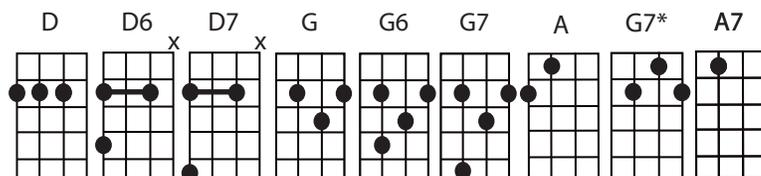
G G6 G7 G6
Yeah I'm looking for the King of Forty Second Street.

G G6 G7 G6
He driving a drop top Cadillac

A G7*
Last week he took all my money, and it may sound funny,

A G7*
But I come to get my money back,

D D6 D7 D6
And everybody say, Jack Don't you know.



You Don't Mess Around With Jim-Page 2

CHORUS

G7* D7
 You don't tug on Superman's cape.
 G7* D7
 You don't spit into the wind.
 G7*
 You don't pull the mask off that old Lone Ranger.
 A7 D
 And you don't mess around with Jim.
 D6 D7 D6 A7
 Badooh Dooh dahdah didi didi dee

D D6 D7 D6
 3. Well, a hush fell over the pool room,
 D D6 D7 D6
 Jimmy come bopping in off the street
 D D6
 And when the cutting was done,
 D7 D6
 The only part that wasn't bloody,
 D D6 D7 D6
 Was the soles of the big man's feet.
 G G6 G7 G6
 And he was cut in about a hundred places.
 G G6 G7 G6
 And he was shot in a couple more.
 A7
 And you better believe.
 G7*
 They sung a different kind of story,
 A7 G7* D D6 D7 D6
 When big Jim hit the floor, oh oh oh oh, they say,

CHORUS

G7* D7
 You don't tug on Superman's cape.
 G7* D7
 You don't spit into the wind.
 G7*
 You don't pull the mask off that old Lone Ranger.
 A7 D
 And you don't mess around with Jim.
 D D6 D7 D6
 Mmh Hmm Hmm Hmm Hmm Hmm Hmm

BRIDGE (SPOKEN)

D D6 D7 D6
 Yeah, big Jim got his hat,
 D D6
 Find out where it's at,
 D7 D6
 And it's not hustling people strange to you.
 D D6 D7 D6
 Even if you do got a two piece custommade pool cue

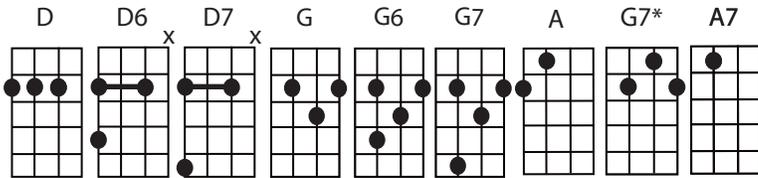
|D D6 |D7 D6 |
 D D6 D7 G G6 G7 A G7* A7

You Don't Mess Around With Jim- Page 3

OUTRO

G7* D7
 You don't tug on Superman's cape,
 G7* D7
 You don't spit into the wind.
 G7*
 You don't pull the mask off that old Lone Ranger,
 A7 D
 And you don't mess around with Jim.

D D6 D7 D6 D D6 D7 D6
 Hum, hum, hum, hum Hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, Hum, hum, hum,
 D D6 D7 D6 D D6 D7 D6
 Hum, hum, hum, hum Hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, Hum, hum, hum,
 D D6 D7 D6 D D6 D7 D6 |D|END
 Hum, hum, hum, hum Hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, Hum, hum, hum.



Tangled Up In Blue-Bob Dylan

Original Key A= No capo

Written by: Bob Dylan

INTRO

|A |Asus4 |A |Asus4|A |Asus4 |A |Asus4 |

4 |1e-a2---3e&a4e&-|
4 |DU-UD---DUDUDUD-|

1. Early one mornin' the sun was shinin', I was layin' in bed.

Wondrin' if she'd changed at all, If her hair was still red.

Her folks they said our lives together, Sure was gonna be rough.

They never did like, Mama's homemade dress,

Papa's bank book wasn't big enough.

And I was standin' on the side of the road. Rain fallin' on my shoes.

Heading out for the East Coast, Lord knows I've paid some dues.

Gettin' through... Tangled up in blue.

|A |Asus4 |A |Asus4 |A |Asus4 |

2. She was married when we first met, Soon to be divorced.

I helped her out of a jam I guess, But I used a little too much force.

We drove that car as far as we could, Abandoned it out west.

Split up on a dark sad night, Both agreeing it was best.

She turned around to look at me, As I was walkin' away

I heard her say over my shoulder, We'll meet again some day.

On the avenue... Tangled up in blue.

|A |Asus4 |A |Asus4 |A |Asus4 |

3. I had a job in the great north woods, Working as a cook for a spell.

But I never did like it all that much, And one day the axe just fell.

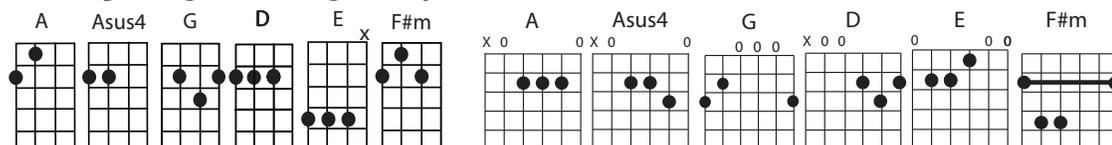
So I drifted down to New Orleans, Where I was looking for to be employed.

Workin' for a while on a fishin' boat, Right outside of Delacroix.

But all the while I was alone, The past was close behind.

I seen a lot of women, But she never escaped my mind.

And I just grew, Tangled up in blue.



Tangled Up In Blue- Page 2

|A |Asus4 |A |Asus4 |A |Asus4 |

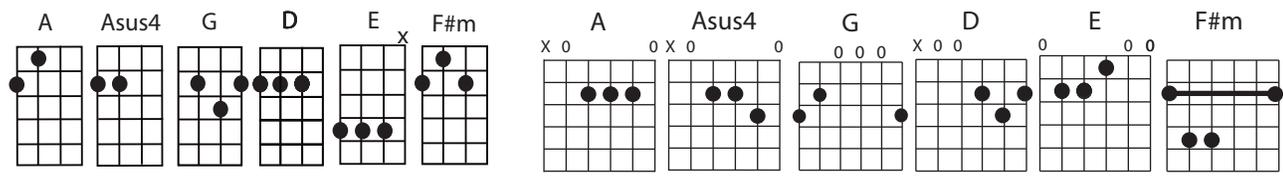
4. She was workin' in a topless place, And I stopped in for a beer.
 I just kept lookin' at the side of her face, In the spotlight so clear.
 And later on as the crowd thinned out, I's just about to do the same.
 She was standing there in back of my chair,
 Said to me, "Don't I know your name?"
 I muttered somethin' under neath my breath, She studied the lines on my face.
 I must admit I felt a little uneasy, When she bent down to tie the laces,
 Of my shoe... Tangled up in blue.

|A |Asus4 |A |Asus4 |A |Asus4 |

5. She lit a burner on the stove, And offered me a pipe.
 I thought you'd never say hello, she said, You look like the silent type.
 Then she opened up a book of poems, And handed it to me.
 Written by an Italian poet, From the thirteenth century.
 And everyone of them words rang true, And glowed like burning' coal.
 Pourin' off of every page, Like it was written in my soul,
 From me to you... Tangled up in blue.
 Tangled up in blue

|A |Asus4 |A |Asus4 |A |Asus4 |

6. I lived with them on Montague Street, In a basement down the stairs.
 There was music in the cafes at night, And revolution in the air.
 Then he started into dealing with slaves, And something inside of him died.
 She had to sell everything she owned, And froze up inside.
 And when finally the bottom fell out, I became withdrawn.
 The only thing I knew how to do, Was to keep on keepin' on.
 Like a bird that flew... Tangled up in blue.



Tangled Up In Blue- Page 3

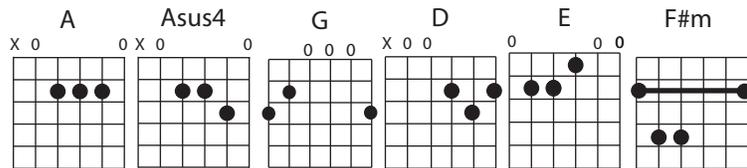
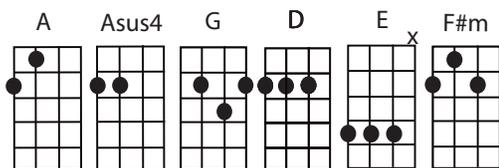
|A |Asus4 |A |Asus4 |A |Asus4 |

7. So now I'm goin' back again, I got to get to her somehow.
 All the people we used to know, They're an illusion to me now.
 Some are mathematicians, Some are carpenter's wives.
 Don't know how it all got started,
 I don't know what they're doin' with their lives.
 But me, I'm still on the road, Headin' for another joint.
 We always did feel the same,
 We just saw it from a different point of view...
 Tangled up in blue.

|A |Asus4|A |Asus4 |A |Asus4 |

OUTRO (HARMONICA VERSE)

A	G	A	G	A	G	D	D
A	G	A	G	A	G	D	D
E	F#m	A	D				
E	F#m	A	D	E	E	G D	A



Fernando- Abba

Original Key E= Capo 2

Written by: Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus

INTRO

|D D E - E|D - - - D E7 - A*|A*- A*- A*A*A*-|
 |1 - - - 3 & - &|1 - - - 3 & - & |1 - 2 - 3 & 4 -|

A A
 1. Can you hear the drums, Fernando?

4|1 - 2 - 3 & 4 -|
 4|D - D - D U D -|

F#m
 I remember long ago another starry night like this,
 Bm
 In the firelight, Fernando,

E7
 You were humming to yourself and softly strumming your guitar.

I could hear the distant drums,
 A
 And sounds of bugle calls were coming from afar.

A
 2. They were closer now Fernando,
 F#m
 Every hour, every minute, seemed to last eternally.
 Bm
 I was so afraid Fernando.

E
 We were young and full of life and none of us prepared to die.
 E7
 And I'm not ashamed to say,

|A |A|STOP
 The roar of guns and cannons almost made me cry.

CHORUS

E7 4|1 - 2 & 3 & 4 -|
 There was something in the air that night, 4|D - C U D U C -|
 E7 A C=Chuck
 The stars were bright, Fernando.

E7 E7 A
 They were shining there for you and me, For liberty, Fernando.

F# F#7 B7
 Though I never thought that we could lose, There's no regret.

E7 E7 A
 If I had to do the same again, I would, my friend, Fernando.

E7 E7 |D D E |D D E7 |A |
 If I had to do the same again, I would, my friend, Fernando.

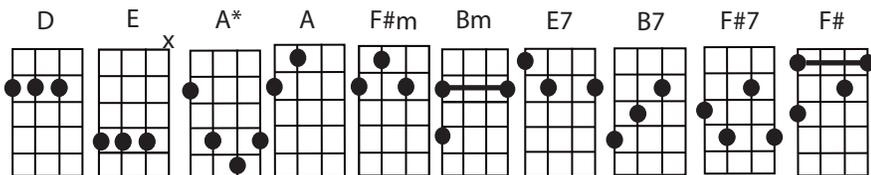
A
 3. Now we're old and grey Fernando.

4|1 - 2 - 3 & 4 -|
 4|D - D - D U D -|

F#m
 And since many years I haven't seen a rifle in your hand.
 Bm
 Can you hear the drums Fernando?

E
 Do you still recall the fateful night we crossed the Rio Grande?
 E7

A
 I can see it in your eyes, How proud you were to fight for freedom in this land.



CHORUS

There was something in the air that night, 4|1 - 2 & 3 & 4 -|
E7 A 4|D - C U D U C -|
 The stars were bright, Fernando. C=Chuck

They were shining there for you and me, For liberty, Fernando. E7 A

Though I never thought that we could lose, There's no regret. F# F#7 B7

If I had to do the same again, I would, my friend, Fernando. E7 E7 A

If I had to do the same again, I would, my friend, Fernando. E7 E7 D A

CHORUS

There was something in the air that night, E7
E7 A
 The stars were bright, Fernando.

They were shining there for you and me, For liberty, Fernando. E7 A

Though I never thought that we could lose, There's no regret. F# F#7 B7

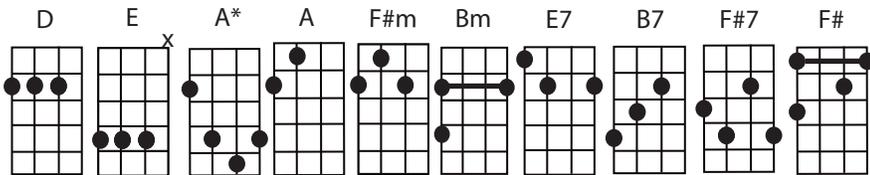
If I had to do the same again, I would, my friend, Fernando. E7 E7 A

If I had to do the same again, I would, my friend, Fernando. E7 E7 A

OUTRO

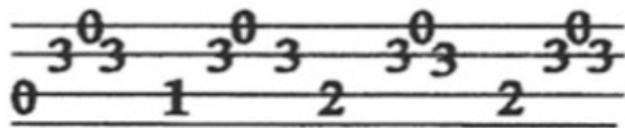
Yes, If I had to do the same again, I would, my friend, Fernando. E7 E7 A

If I had to do the same again, I would, my friend, Fernan..do. E E D A|END



1952

Cowboy Riff



Happy Trails & Aloha 'Oe Medley ¹⁹⁴

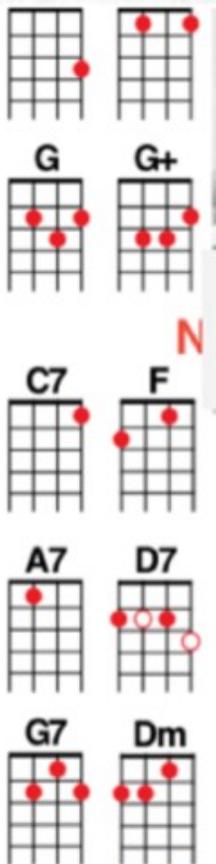
Dale Evans and Queen Lili'uokalani

• Chorus •

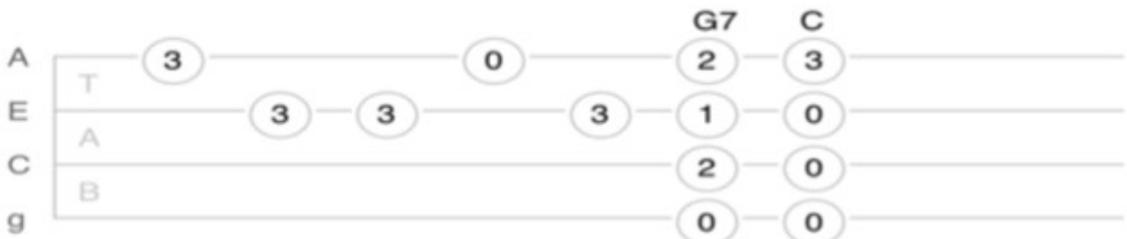


C (Gdim) G
 Happy trails t o you unt il we meet again
 (G+) C
 Happy trails t o you, keep smilin' unt il t hen
 C C7 F
 Who cares about t he clouds when we're t oget her
 A7 D7 G7
 Just sing a song and bring t he sunny weat her
 C A7 Dm G7 C G7
 Happy trails t o you till we meet

again



F C
 Aloha Oe, Farewell t o t hee
 G7 C C7
 Thou charming one who dwells among t he bowers
 F C
 One fond embrace, before I now depart
 G7 C F C
 Unt il we meet again
 G7 C A7 Dm G7 C
 and...Happy trails t o you till we meet a - gain



Shave & Haircut Riff

The Wreck Of The Edmund Fitzgerald- Gordon Lightfoot Original Key B=Capo 2

Written by: Gordon Lightfoot

INTRO

|A |Em |G D |A |G |D |A |A |

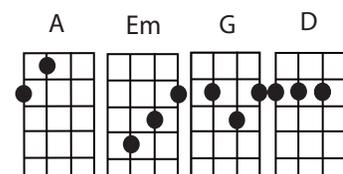
6|1 - 2 & 3 - 4 & 5 - 6 -|
8|D - D U D - D U D - D -|

1. The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down,
Of the big lake they called "Gitche Gumee".
The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead,
When the skies of November turn gloomy.
With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand tons more,
Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty.
That good ship and crew was a bone to be chewed,
When the "Gales of November" came early.

2. The ship was the pride of the American side,
Coming back from some mill in Wisconsin.
As the big freighters go, it was bigger than most,
With a crew and good captain well seasoned.
Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms,
When they left fully loaded for Cleveland,
And later that night when the ship's bell rang,
Could it be the north wind they'd been feelin'?

|A |Em |G D |A |A |

3. The wind in the wires made a tattle-tale sound,
And a wave broke over the railing.
And every man knew, as the captain did too,
T'was the witch of November come stealin'.
The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait,
When the Gales of November came slashin'.
When afternoon came it was freezin' rain,
In the face of a hurricane west wind.



Thw Wreck Of The Edmund Fitzgerald- Page 2

|A |Em |G D |A |G |D |A |A |

4. When suppertime came, the old cook came on deck,
 Sayin', "Fellas, it's too rough to feed ya."

At Seven P.M. a main hatchway caved in',
 He said "Fellas, it's been good t'know ya".

The captain wired in he had water comin' in,
 And the good ship and crew was in peril.

And later that night when his lights went outta sight,
 Came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.

|A |Em |G D |A |G |D |A |A |A |A |

5. Does anyone know where the love of God goes,
 When the waves turn the minutes to hours?

The searchers all say they'd have made Whitefish Bay,
 If they'd put fifteen more miles behind her.

They might have split up or they might have capsized,
 They may have broke deep and took water.

And all that remains is the faces and the names,
 Of the wives and the sons and the daughters.

|A |Em |G D |A |G |D |A |A |

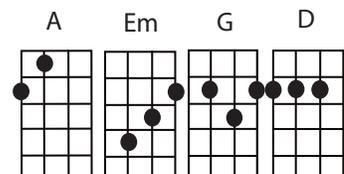
6. Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings,
 In the rooms of her ice-water mansion.

Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams,
 The islands and bays are for sportsmen.

And farther below Lake Ontario.
 Takes in what Lake Erie can send her,

And the iron boats go as the mariners all know,
 With the Gales of November remembered.

|A |Em |G D |A |G |D |A |A |
 |A |Em |G D |A |G |D |A |A |A |A |



Thw Wreck Of The Edmund Fitzgerald- Page 2

7. In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed,
 In the "Maritime Sailors' Cathedral."

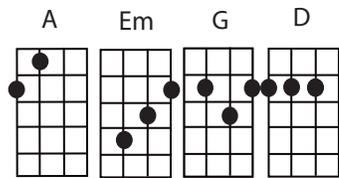
The church bell chimed till it rang twenty-nine times,
 For each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald.

OUTRO

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
 Of the big lake they call "Gitche Gumee".

"Superior", they said, "never gives up her dead
 When the 'Gales of November' come early!"

|A |Em |G D |A |G |D |A |A |
 |A |Em |G D |A |G |D |A |A|STOP



Tennessee Stud- Doc Watson

Original Key D= No capo

Written by: Jimmy Driftwood



INTRO AND RIFF

a g f# e D	Am D	a g f# e D	Am D
a g f# e D	Am D	a g f# e D	Am D
D C	D D	D C	D D

D D C D D D
 4 &: | 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & | 1 & 2 - 3 - - & | :
 4 U: | D U D U D U D | D U D - D - - U | :

D
 1. Along about eighteen twenty-five,
 C
 I left Tennessee very much alive.

4 | 1 - 2 - 3 & 4 - |
 4 | D - D - D U D - |

D
 And I never would've gotten through the Arkansas mud,
 Am D | D Am | D D |
 If I hadn't been a-riding that Tennessee Stud.

D
 2. Had some trouble with my sweetheart's Paw.
 C
 One of her brothers was a bad outlaw.

D
 I wrote her a letter by my Uncle Fud,
 Am D | D Am | D |
 And I rode away on the Tennessee Stud.

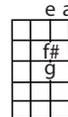
CHORUS

D C D
 The Tennessee Stud was long and lean,
 G F A
 The color of the sun and his eyes were green.
 D C D | STOP
 He had the nerve and he had the blood

4 | 1 - 2 & 3 & 4 & |
 4 | D - D U D U D U |

There never was a hoss like Tennessee Stud.

| a g f# e D | Am D | a g f# e D | Am D |
 | D C | D D | D C | D D |

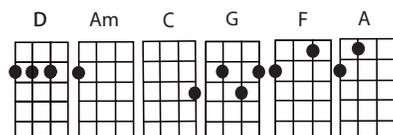


D
 3. We drifted on down into no man's land,
 C
 We crossed that river called the Rio Grande.

D
 I raced my horse with the Spaniard's foal,
 Am D | D Am | D |
 Til I got me a skin full of silver and gold.

D
 4. Me and the gambler, we couldn't agree,
 C
 We got in a fight over Tennessee.

D
 We jerked our guns and he fell with a thud,
 Am D | D Am | D |
 And I rode away on the Tennessee Stud.

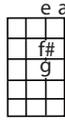


CHORUS

D C D
 The Tennessee Stud was long and lean,
 G F A
 The color of the sun and his eyes were green.
 D C D|STOP
 He had the nerve and he had the blood.

There never was a hoss like Tennessee Stud.

| a g f# e D | Am D | a g f# e D | Am D |
 | D C | D D | D C | D |



D
 5. Well I got just as lonesome as a man can be,
 C
 Dreamin' of my girl in Tennessee.

D
 The Tennessee Stud's green eyes turned blue,
 Am D|D Am |D |
 'Cause he was a dreamin' of his sweetheart too.

D
 6. I rode right back across Arkansas.

C
 I whipped her brother and I whipped her Paw.
 D
 When I found that girl with the golden hair,
 Am D|D Am |D |
 She was a-riding that Tennessee Mare. (*Whoa boy!*)

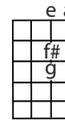
CHORUS

D C D
 The Tennessee Stud was long and lean,
 G F A
 The color of the sun and his eyes were green,
 D C D|STOP
 He had the nerve and he had the blood.

There never was a hoss like Tennessee Stud.

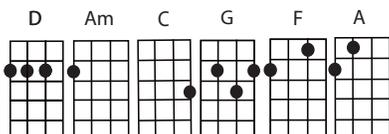
BREAK

a g f# e D	Am D	a g f# e D	Am D
D C D	G F A	A	A
D C D	D Am D D		
D Am	D D Am	D D	
D Am	D D Am	D D	



D
 7. Stirrup to stirrup and side by side,
 C
 We crossed them mountains and the valleys wide.

D
 We came to Big Muddy, then we forded the flood,
 Am D|D Am |D |
 On the Tennessee Mare and the Tennessee Stud.

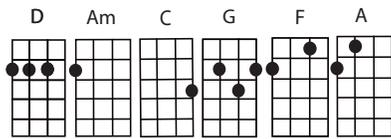


8. ^D There's a pretty little baby on the cabin floor,
^C A little horse colt playing round the door.
^D I loved that girl with the golden hair,
^{Am} And the Tennessee Stud loves the ^{D|D Am |D} Tennessee Mare. (*They's good horses*)

CHORUS

^D The Tennessee Stud was long and lean,
^G The color of the sun and his eyes were green.
^D He had the nerve and he had the blood.
^{Am} There never was a hoss like Tennessee Stud.
^{D|STOP}

| a g f# e D | Am D | a g f# e D | Am D |
 | a g f# e D | Am D | a g f# e D | Am D | END



Harper Valley P.T.A.- Jeannie C. Riley

Written by: Tom T. Hall

Original Key A= Capo 2

4|1 - 2 - 3 & 4 -|
4|D - D - D U D -|

INTRO

|G7 |G7 |
G7

1. I want to tell you all a story,

'bout a Harper Valley widowed wife,

Who had a teenage daughter who,

Attended Harper Valley Junior High.

Well her daughter came home,

One afternoon and didn't even stop to play.

She said," Mom I got a note here from,

The Harper Valley P.T.A."

2. The note said Mrs. Johnson,

You're wearing your dresses way too high.

It's reported you've been drinkin',

And a runnin' round with men and going wild.

And we don't believe you ought to be,

A bringing up your little girl this way,

It was signed by the Secretary, Harper Valley P.T.A.

3. Well, it happened that the P.T.A.,

Was gonna meet that very afternoon.

They were sure surprised when Mrs. Johnson,

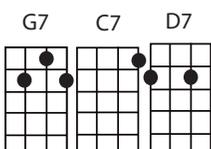
Wore her miniskirt into the room.

And as she walked up to the blackboard,

I still recall the words she had to say.

She said, "I'd like to address this meeting,

Of the Harper Valley P.T.A." (In original modulate to key of Ab)



G7

4. Well there's Bobby Taylor, sitting there,

And seven times he's asked me for a date.

C7

Mrs. Taylor sure seems to use a lot of,

Ice whenever he's away.

G7

And Mister Baker can you tell us,

Why your secretary had to leave this town?

C7

And shouldn't Widow Jones be told,

D7

To keep her window shades,

|G7 |G7 | (In original modulate to key of A)

All pulled completely down?

G7

5. Well Mister Harper couldn't be here,

'Cause he stayed to long at Kelly's Bar again.

C7

And if you smell Shirley Tompson's breath,

You'll find she's had a little nip of gin,

G7

Then you have the nerve to tell me,

You think that as a mother I'm not fit.

C7

Well, this is just a little Peyton Place and,

D7

G7

You're all Harper Valley hypocrites.

OUTRO

G7

No, I wouldn't put you on because it,

Really did happened just this way,

C7

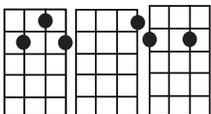
D7

|G7

|G7|STOP

The day my Mama socked it to the Harper Valley P.T.A.

G7 C7 D7



Jessie's Girl - Rick Springfield

Original Key D= No capo

Written by: Rick Springfield

INTRO

| D A Bm | G A D |
 | D A Bm | G A D |

D A Bm G A D
 4 | 1 & - & 3 & 4 & | 1 & - & 3 & 4 & |
 4 | C U - U D U D U | C U - U D U D U |
 C=Chuck

D A Bm G A D

1. Jessie is a friend.

D A Bm G A D
 Yeah I know, he's been a good friend of mine.

D A Bm G A D
 But lately somethin's changed, it ain't hard to define.

D A Bm G A D
 Jessie's got himself a girl, and I wanna make her mine.

PRECHORUS 1

D A Bm G A D
 And she's watchin' him with those eyes.

D A Bm G A D
 And she's lovin' him with that body, I just know it.

D A Bm G A D
 And he's holdin' her in his arms, late late at night.

CHORUS 1

A D A Bm A
 Y'know, I wish that I had Jessie's girl

Bm A D A Bm A Bm A
 I wish that I had Jessie's girl

G A D Bm A | STOP
 Where can I find a woman like that?

D A Bm G A D
 2. I'll play along with the charade,

D A Bm G A D
 There doesn't seem to be a reason to change.

D A Bm G A D
 Y'know I feel so dirty when they start talkin' cute.

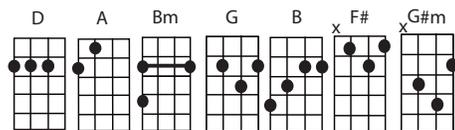
D A Bm G A D
 I wanna tell her that I love her but the point is prob'ly moot.

PRECHORUS 2

D A Bm G A D
 And she's watchin' him with those eyes.

D A Bm G A D
 And she's lovin' him with that body, I just know it.

D A Bm G A D
 And he's holdin' her in his arms, late late at night.



Jessie's Girl- Page 2

CHORUS 2

A D A Bm A
 Y'know, I wish that I had Jessie's girl
 Bm A D A Bm A Bm A
 I wish that I had Jessie's girl
 G A D Bm A
 Where can I find a woman like that?
 D A Bm A
 Like Jessie's girl
 Bm A D A Bm A Bm A
 I wish that I had Jessie's girl
 G A D G A D
 Where can I find a woman,
 G A D Bm A
 Where can I find a woman like that?

BRIDGE

| G D | A | G D | A |

G D A
 And I'm lookin' in the mirror all the time
 G D A
 Wond'rin' what she don't see in me
 G D A
 Yeah I've been funny I've been cool with the lines
 G D A
 Ain't that the way love's supposed to be?

BRIDGE (Key Change, x4)

| B B B B | F# G#m F# G#m |

REPRISE 2

G A D Bm A
 Tell me, where can I find a woman like that?

GUITAR SOLO

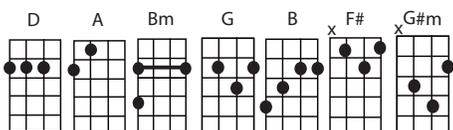
| D A Bm | G A D | x4

CHORUS 3

A D A Bm A
 Y'know, I wish that I had Jessie's girl
 Bm A D A Bm A Bm
 I wish that I had Jessie's girl
 A D A Bm A Bm A
 I want Jessie's girl
 G A D Bm A
 Where can I find a woman like that?
 D A Bm A
 Like Jessie's girl
 Bm A D A Bm A Bm
 I wish that I had Jessie's girl
 A D A Bm A Bm A
 I want Jessie's girl

OUTRO

| A D D | A D A G | D | END



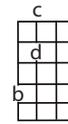
Some Days You Gotta Dance- The Chicks

Original Key E= Capo 2

Written by: Troy Johnson & Marshall Morgan

INTRO (h= hammer on)

d c	b	FhD7 FhD7	
D D6 D D6	D D6 FhD7 FhD7	D D6 D D6	D D6 FhD7 FhD7
D D6 D D6	D D6 FhD7 FhD7	D D6 D D6	



h= Hammer

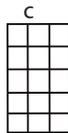
D D6 D D6 D D6 D D6 D D6
 1. Well it was about five to five on a Friday, 4|1 & 2 - 3 - 4 -|
 D D6 D D6 D D6 D D6 D 4|D U D - D - D -|
 We were all getting ready to go.

D6 D D6 D D6 D D6 D
 And the boss-man started screamin',
 D6 D D6 D D6 D D7
 And his veins be-gin to show.

G G6 G G6 G G6 G
 He said "A you and you come with me,
 G6 D D6 D D6 D D6 D D6
 Cos you're gonna have to stay."

A A6 A A6 A A6 A A6 |A7#9/C# A7#9/C#|STOP
 My heart was thumpin', And I was jumpin',

I had to get awaaaaaay.



CHORUS

D D6 D D6 D D6 FhD7 FhD7

Some days you gotta dance.

D D6 D D6 D D6 D D6

Live it up when you get the chance.

G G6 G G6 G G6 G G6

Cause when the world isn't making no sense.

D D6 D D6 D D6 D

And you're feelin' just a little too tense

D6 A A6 A A6 G G6 G G6 |D D6 D D6|D D6 FhD7 FhD7|

You gotta loosen up those cha - ins and dance

|D D6 D D6|D D6 D D6|

D D6 D D6 D D6 D D6 D D6
 2. Well I was talkin' with my baby,

D D6 D D6 D D6 D D6

Over a small glass of tea.

D D6 D D6 D D6 D D6

And he asked me a loaded question.

D D6 D D6 D D6 D D6

He said "How do you feel about me"

D D7 G G6 G G6 G G6

My mind was racing I was pacing

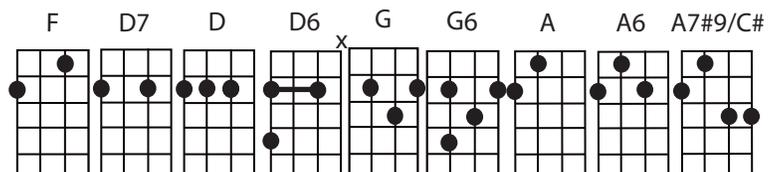
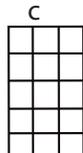
G G6 D D6 D D6 D D6 D

But, the words just a wouldn't come

D6 D D6 A A6 A A6 A A6 A A6 |A7#9/C#|A7#9/C#|STOP

And there was only one thing left to do

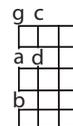
I feel it coming on.....



Some Days You Gotta Dance- Page 2

CHORUS

D D6 D D6 D D6 D D6
 Some days you gotta dance,
 D D6 D D6 D D6 D D6
 Live it up when you get the chance,
 G G6 G G6 G G6 G G6
 'Cause when the world isn't making no sense,
 D D6 D D6 D D6 D
 And your feelin' just a little too tense,
 D6 A A6 A A6 G G6 G G6 | D D6 D D6 | D D6 D D6 |
 You gotta loosen up those cha - ins and dance

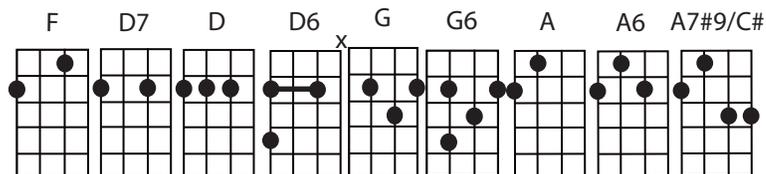
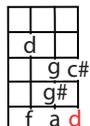
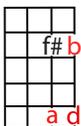


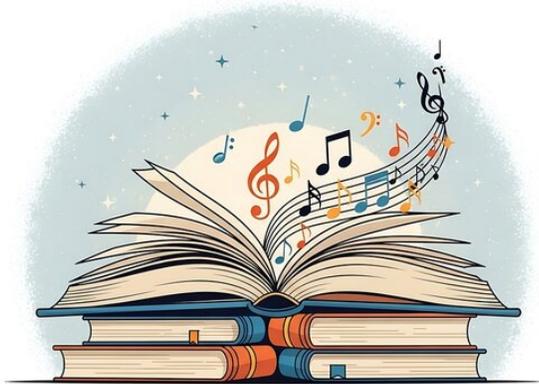
INSTRUMENTAL

| D D6 D D6 | D D6 D D6 | D D6 D D6 | G G6 G G6 | G G6 G G6 |
 | D D6 D D6 | D D6 D D6 | A b a A | b a g G | d c | b |
 | FhD7 FhD7 |

OUTRO (X=Chuck)

(D) X X X f# a b d
 Some days you gotta dance,
 (D) X X X X
 Live it up when you get the chance,
 (G) X X X X
 'Cause when the world doesn't make no sense,
 (D) X X X X
 And your feelin' just a little too tense,
 A A6 A A6 G G6 G G6 | D D6 D D6 | D D6 D
 You gotta loosen up those cha - ins and dance
 D6 A A6 A A6 G G6 G G6 | D D6 D D6 | D D6 D
 You gotta loosen up those cha - ins and dance
 D6 A A6 A A6 G | G | | D d c a g# g f | d FhD7 FhD7 | END
 You gotta loosen up those cha - ins and dance.





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Puff, The Magic Dragon- Peter, Paul & Mary
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1G9w09-54c&list=RD1G9w09-54c&start_radio=1

Ode To Billie Joe- Bobbie Gentry
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cJZ_ViDAD0E&list=RDcJZ_ViDAD0E&start_radio=1

The Gambler- Kenny Rogers
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7hx4gdlfamo&list=RD7hx4gdlfamo&start_radio=1

Eleanor Rigby- The Beatles
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HuS5NuXRb5Y&list=RDHuS5NuXRb5Y&start_radio=1

Mr. Bojangles- Nitty Gritty Dirt Band
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KKm_EgDI_-E&list=RDKKm_EgDI_-E&start_radio=1

Leader Of The Band- Dan Fogelberg
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qN_ras80DTk&list=RDqN_ras80DTk&start_radio=1

Piano Man- Billy Joel
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gxEPV4kolz0&list=RDgxEPV4kolz0&start_radio=1

Paradise- John Prine
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ediaZ5DhYjw&list=RDediaZ5DhYjw&start_radio=1

Travelin' Soldiers- The Chicks
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rslxSjwrdMk&list=RDrlxSjwrdMk&start_radio=1

Lyn' Eyes- The Eagles
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1t2upIbBJw4&list=RD1t2upIbBJw4&start_radio=1

Papa Was A Rollin' Stone- The Temptations
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S5xAtsXb8Vs&list=RDS5xAtsXb8Vs&start_radio=1

Taxi- Harry Chapin
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4qYU9b50F8M&list=RD4qYU9b50F8M&start_radio=1

Long Cool Woman In a Black Dress- The Hollies
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=g8XiNKsKyVk&list=RDg8XiNKsKyVk&start_radio=1

Tie A Yellow Ribbon- Tony Orlando & Dawn
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z8fhciUoj00&list=RDZ8fhciUoj00&start_radio=1

Son Of A Preacher Man- Dusty Springfield
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oAZLgsDRUv4&list=RDoAZLgsDRUv4&start_radio=1

Cat's In The Cradle- Harry Chapin
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=puJt66y0TBw&list=RDpuJt66y0TBw&start_radio=1

At Seventeen- Janis Ian
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ESS0eKJpEZ0&list=RDESS0eKJpEZ0&start_radio=1

You Don't Mess Around With Jim- Jim Croce
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hickVDiW8k0&list=RDhickVDiW8k0&start_radio=1

Tangled Up In Blue- Bob Dylan
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QKcNyMBw818&list=RDQKcNyMBw818&start_radio=1

Fernando- Abba
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dQsjAbZDx-4&list=RDdQsjAbZDx-4&start_radio=1

The Wreck Of The Edmund Fitzgerald- Gordon Lightfoot
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FuzTkGyxkYI&list=RFuzTkGyxkYI&start_radio=1

Tennessee Stud- Doc Watson
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HLxp80Jd6fg&list=RDHLxp80Jd6fg&start_radio=1

Harper Valley PTA- Jeannie C. Riley
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G70gqCr2qS8&list=RDG70gqCr2qS8&start_radio=1

Jessie's Girl- Rick Springfield
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0Eu1NmWtKU&list=RD0Eu1NmWtKU&start_radio=1

Somedays You Gotta Dance- The Chicks
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=r57bdUwMMS0&list=RD57bdUwMMS0&start_radio=1