



Country Rock With Aloha

Thurs May 14, 2026 6-8pm

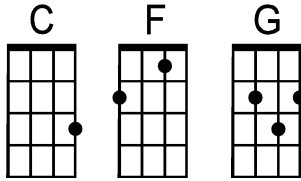
- 1. Down On The Corner**
- 2. Aloha Week Hula**
- 3. One Fine Day**
- 4. Molokai' Slide**
- 5. Peaceful Easy Feeling**
- 6. Keep Your Eyes On the Hands**
- 7. That's Amore**
- 8. That's The Hawaiian In Me**
- 9. Margaritaville**
- 10. San Francisco Bay Blues**

*****Take A 5 Min Break*****

- 11. Blue Bayou**
- 12. Take It Easy**
- 13. Love Is A Rose**
- 14. Walk of Life**
- 15. Lodi**
- 16. The Hukilau Song**
- 17. Desperado**
- 18. Hotel California**

Down on the Corner

by John Fogarty (Creedence Clearwater Revival - 1969)



Intro: C . . . | G . C . | C . . . | G . C . F . . . | C . . . | | G . C . |

A-----
 E-----1-----1-1-----0-3-3-----
 C-0-0-0-----0-0-0-----0-0-----0-0-2-0-----2-0-0-----0-0-0-0-----0-0-0-----
 Low G-2-0-----2-0-0-4-----2-0-----2-0-0-4-----2-0-----2-0-0-4-----

C . . . | G . C . |
 Early in the evenin' just around supper time

. . . | G . C . |
 Over at the courthouse they're starting to un-wind

F . . . | C . . . |
 Four kids on the corner trying to bring you up

. . . | G . C . |
 Willy picks a tune out— and he blows it on the harp

Chorus: F . C . | G . C . |
 Down on the corner out in— the street

. | F . C . | G . C . |
 Willy and the Poorboys are playin'. Bring a nickel, tap your feet

C . . . | G . C . |
 Rooster hits the washboard and people just gotta smile

. . . | G . C . |
 Blinky thumps the gut bass and solos for a while

F . . . | C . . . |
 Poorboy twangs the rhythm out on his Kalama-zoo

. . . | G . C . |
 And Willy goes in to a dance and doubles on ka-zoo

Chorus: F . C . | G . C . |
 Down on the corner out in— the street

. | F . C . | G . C . |
 Willy and the Poorboys are playin'. Bring a nickel, tap your feet

Instrumental

with kazoo: C . . . | G . C . | | G . C . |

F . . . | C . . . | | G . C . |

Chorus: F . C . | G . C
Down on the corner out in— the street
. | F . C . | G . C . |
Willy and the Poorboys are playin'. Bring a nickel, tap your feet

C | G . C .
You don't need a penny just to hang a-round
|. . . . | G . C . |
But if you've got a nickel won't you lay your money down?

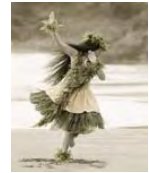
F | C |
Over on the corner there's a happy noise
. . . . | G . C . |
People come from all a-round to watch the magic boys

Chorus: F . C . | G . C
Down on the corner out in— the street
. | F . C . | G . C . |
Willy and the Poorboys are playin'. Bring a nickel, tap your feet

F . C . | G . C
Down on the corner out in— the street
. | F . C . | G . C \ G \ C \
Willy and the Poorboys are playin'. Bring a nickel, tap your feet

ALOHA WEEK HULA

Words and Music by Jack Pitman



Intro Vamp – G⁷ C⁷ F X2

Guest Conductor: Tina Stowe

F

D⁷

G⁷

**Little hula flirts ... in hula skirts,
winking at the boys in aloha shirts**

C

C⁷

F

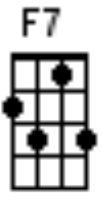
C⁷

That's the way they do, the Aloha Week Hula.

F

D⁷

G⁷



Around the isle, mile by mile.

Take a detour in Hawaiian style.

C

C⁷

F

That's the way they do, the Aloha Week Hula.

HUI:

B^b

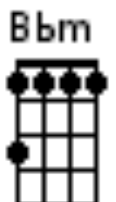
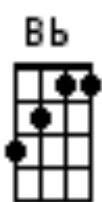
B^bm

For a brand new step you can try and match

F

D⁷

G⁷



Tūtū walking in the taro patch

Clap your hands, the music is grand

C

C

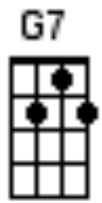
C⁷

Do an `ami `ami for the boys in the band

F

D⁷

G⁷



Beat that drum, (hey) dum-dee-dum

Wiggle in the middle, it's a lot of fun

C

C⁷

F

When you learn to do The Aloha Week hula

C⁷

(transition chord for repeat)

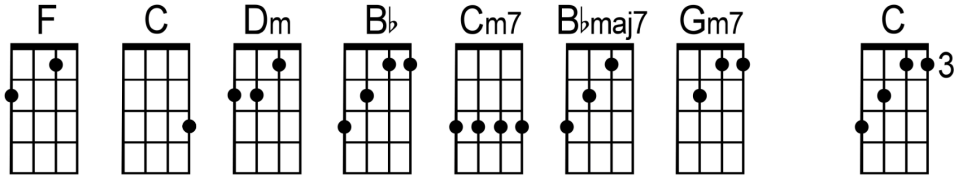
~ Repeat Song ~

End – Tag last line 2 times – then F-vamp & button G⁷ C⁷ F - C⁷ - F

Composed in 1959, this song, also known as the 50th State Hula, was written by Jack Pitman when Hawai'i became a state in 1959. Aloha Week, a cultural celebration of Hawaii's music, dance, and history was started in 1946 by the Jaycees Old-timers of Hawaii. Once a week-long celebration, it has grown to span two months and all the islands.

This Ukulele Society of America "Chord Sheet" is for education and personal enjoyment only. Selling this sheet or collecting a fee performing from this sheet without the express written consent from the copyright owner(s) is prohibited and may be punishable by law.

One Fine Day (Key of F) - Carole King (1963)



* optional 2nd pos.

[Intro]

2x: **F Dm Bb C**

[Verse 1]

F F C C
One fine day you'll look at me
Dm Dm Bb Bb
And you will know our love was meant to be
F Dm
One fine day
Bb C F Dm Bb C
you're gonna want me for your girl

[Verse 2]

F F C C
The arms I long for will open wide
Dm Dm Bb Bb
And you'll be proud to have me right by your side
F Dm
One fine day
Bb C F Bb F F
you're gon-na want me for your girl

[Chorus]

Cm7 F Cm F
Though I know, you're the kind of boy
Bb Bbmaj7 Gm7 Bb
Who only wants to run around
Dm G Dm G
I'll keep waiting and someday darling
C/ Bb/ Gm7 Bb/ *C2/
You'll come to me when you want to settle down

[Verse 3]

F F C C
One fine day we'll meet once more
Dm Dm Bb Bb
And then you'll want the love you threw away before
F Dm
One fine day
Bb C F Bb F F
you're gonna want me for your girl

[Chorus]

Cm7 F Cm F
Though I know you're the kind of boy
Bb Bbmaj7 Gm7 Bb
Who only wants to run around
Dm G Dm G
I'll keep waiting and someday darling
C/ Bb/ Gm7 Bb/ *C2/
You'll come to me when you want to settle down

[Verse 4]

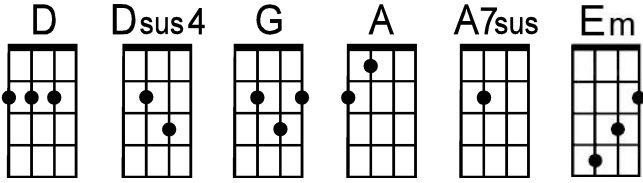
F F C C
One fine day we'll meet once more
Dm Dm Bb Bb
And then you'll want the love you threw away before

[Outro]

F Dm Bb C
One fine day— you're gonna want me for your—
F Dm Bb C
One fine day— you're gonna want me for your—
F Dm
One fine day
Bb C F Bb F F/
you're gonna want me for your girl

Peaceful Easy Feeling (Key of D)

by Jack Tempchin (1972)



Intro: D . . . | Dsus4 . . . | D . . . | Dsus4 . . . | D . . . | Dsus4 . . . |
(Sing f#)

D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . . |
I like the way your spark-lin' ear—rings lay—
D . . . | G . . . | A . . . | . . . |
A—gainst your skin—so brown—
D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . . |
And I want to sleep with you in the des—ert to—night—
D . . . | G . . . | A . . . | . . . |
With a bil—lion stars all a—round—

Chorus: . . . | G . . . | . . . | D . . . | . . . |
'Cause I've got a peace—ful— eas-y feel—in'—
G . . . | . . . | A7sus . . . | A . . . |
And I know you won't— let me down—
. . . | D . . . | Em . . . | G . . . | A . . . | D . . . |
'Cause I'm all— read-y stand—in'— on the ground—
Dsus4 . . . | D . . . | Dsus4 . . . |

D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . . |
And I found out— a long time— a-go—
D . . . | G . . . | A . . . | . . . |
What a (wo)man can do— to your soul—
D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . . |
Ah, but (s)he can't take you a—ny way
D . . . | G . . . | A . . . | . . . |
You don't al—ready know— how to go—

Chorus: . . . | G . . . | . . . | D . . . | . . . |
And I've got a peace—ful— eas-y feel—in'—
G . . . | . . . | A7sus . . . | A . . . |
And I know you won't— let me down—
. . . | D . . . | Em . . . | G . . . | A . . . | D . . . |
'Cause I'm all— read-y stand—in'— on the ground—
Dsus4 . . . | D . . . | Dsus4 . . . |

Instr: D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . . |
 D . . . | G . . . | A . . . | |
 D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . . |
 D . . . | G . . . | A . . . | |
 . . | G . . . | | D . . . | |
 G . . . | | A7sus . . . | A |
 . | D . . . | Em . . . | G . . . | A |

D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . . |
 I get this feel-in'— I may know— you—
 D . . . | G . . . | A . . . | |
 As a lov—er and a friend—
 D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . . |
 but this voice keeps whisp—er—in'— in my oth—er ear— tells me
 D . . . | G . . . | A . . . | |
 I may never— see— you a—gain—

Chorus: . . . | G . . . | | D . . . | |
 'Cause I get a peace—ful— eas—y feel-in'—
 G . . . | | A7sus . . . | A |
 And I know you won't let me down—
 . . . | D . . . | Em . . . | G . . . | A |
 'Cause I'm all— read-y stand—in'—
 . . . | D . . . | Em . . . | G . . . | A |
 I'm— all— all— read-y stand—in'—
 . . . | D . . . | Em . . . | G . . . | A |
 Yes, I'm all— all— read-y stand—in'—
 . . . | D . . . | Em . . . | G . . . | A | D\
 On the ground— Oo— Oo— Oo— Oo— Oo—

Keep Your Eyes on the Hands [C]

key:C, artist:Tony Todaro, Like Johnston (1955) writer:Johnny Russell and Voni Morrison

Intro Vamp **[D7] [G7] [C]**, x2

Whenever you're **[C]** watching a hula girl dance
 You gotta be **[C]** careful, you're **[Ebdim]** tempting **[G7]** romance
 Don't keep your **[Dm]** eyes on her **[G7]** hips,
 her **[Dm]** naughty hula **[G7]** hips
[D7] Keep your **[G7]** eyes on the **[C]** hands

Remember she's **[C]** telling a story to you
 Her opu is **[C]** swaying but **[Ebdim]** don't watch the **[G7]** view
 Don't **[Dm]** concentrate on the **[G7]** swing,
 it **[Dm]** doesn't mean a **[G7]** thing
[D7] Keep your **[G7]** eyes on the **[C]** hands

And when she **[C7]** goes around the island,
 swinging hips so tantalizing
[F] Just keep your **[C7]** eyes where they **[F]** belong
 Because the **[D7]** hula has a feeling,
 that will send your senses reeling
[G7] It makes a **[Cm]** weak man **[G]** strong

Your eyes are **[C]** revealing; you're fooling no one
 No use in **[C]** concealing you're **[Ebdim]** having some **[G7]** fun
 But if you're **[Dm]** too young to **[G7]** date or **[Dm]** over ninety **[G7]**
 eight
[D7] Keep your **[G7]** eyes on the **[C]** hands

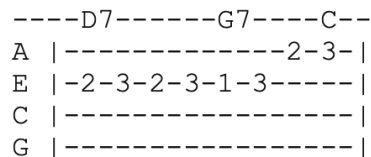
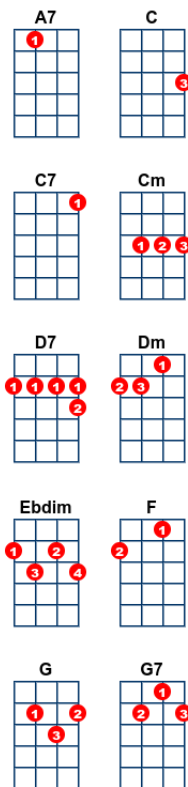
And when she **[C7]** goes around the island,
 swinging hips so tantalizing
[F] Just keep your **[C7]** eyes where they **[F]** belong
 And when her **[D7]** grass skirt goes a-swishin',
 keep your head and don't go wishin'
[G7] That you would **[Cm]** like to mow the **[G]** lawn

Your eyes are **[C]** revealing; you're fooling no one
 No use in **[C]** concealing you're **[Ebdim]** having some **[G7]** fun
 But if you're **[Dm]** too young to **[G7]** date or **[Dm]** over ninety **[G7]** eight
[D7] Keep your **[G7]** eyes on the **[C]** hands

End/Outro:

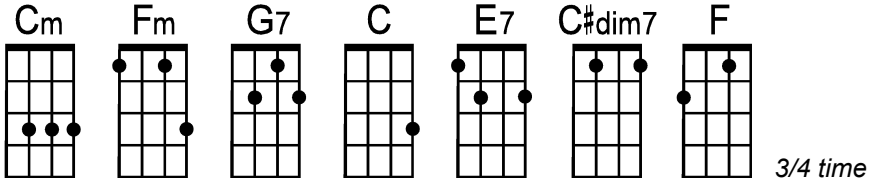
They tell the **[A7]** story, **[D7]** Keep your **[G7]** eyes on the **[C]** hands
 We really **[A7]** mean it!

(SLOWLY) **[D7]** Just keep your **[G7]** eyes on the **[C]** hands! **[C]**////**[G7]**/**[C]**/



That's Amore

by Harry Warren and Jack Brooks (1952)



tremolo intro:

(sing g)

Cm~~~~~**Fm**~~~~~**Cm**~~~~~**G7** \ (-hold-)

In Napoli— where love is king— when boy meets girl— here's what they sing—

When— the— moon hits your eye like a big piz-za pie

That's— a—mor-e—

When the world seems to shine like you've had too much wine

That's— a—mor-e—

Bells will ring, tinga-linga-ling, tinga-linga-ling and you'll sing

“Vi—ta bel—la—”

Hearts will play tippy-tippy-tay, tippy-tippy-tay, like a gay

Tar—an—tel—la—

When— the— stars make you drool just like pas-ta fa—zool

That's— a—mor-e—

When you dance down the street with a cloud at your feet

You're in love—

When you walk— in a dream— but you know you're not dream-ing

Sig—nor—e—

Scu-sa me, but you see, back in old Na-po-li

That's a—mor—e—!

(With Drunken Gusto!)

When— the— moon hits your eye like a big piz-za pie
That's— a—mor-e—

When the world seems to shine like you've had too much wine
That's— a—mor-e—

Bells will ring, tinga-linga-ling, tinga-linga-ling and you'll sing
"Vi—ta bel-la—"

Hearts will play tippy-tippy-tay, tippy-tippy-tay, like a gay
Tar—an—tel-la—

When— the— stars make you drool just like pas-ta fa—zool
That's— a—mor-e—

When you dance down the street with a cloud at your feet
You're in love—

When you walk— in a dream— but you know you're not dream-ing—
Sig—nor—e—

Scu—sa me, but you see, back in old Na—po—li—
That's— a—mor—e—!



Play C G7 x3, end on C//G7/C/

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v4d - 5/26/24)

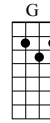
That's the Hawaiian in Me

Words by Margarita Lane, Music/Special Lyrics by John Noble, 1936

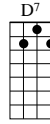
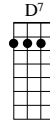
Soprano Baritone

G
I don't like shoes upon my feet.

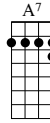
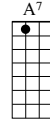
Vamp A7/D7/G x2



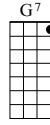
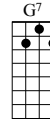
To be at ease is such a treat.
D7



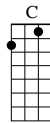
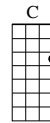
I smile at everyone I meet,
A7 D7 G (D7)
That's the Hawaiian in me.



G
I love to sing and play for you,

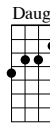
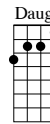


And give a lei to cheer you too,
D7

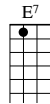
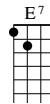


And with that goes a kiss or two,
A7 D7 G

That's the Hawaiian in me.
G7



It's great to be in Hawaii
C



And to be a native too.
A7

It's greater still to play around
D7 (D+)

A	-----
E	-----2-3-
C	-1-2-1-2-0-2-----
G	-----

And carry on as I do.
G

So right out here in Hawaii,

Where everything is heavenly,
D7

I'm just as happy as can be,
A7 D7 G

That's the Hawaiian in me.

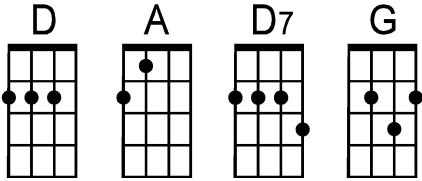
A7/D7/G- Then Repeat Song

E7 A7 D7 G
Oh yeah, that's the Hawaiian in me.

End on G/D7/G

Margaritaville

by Jimmy Buffett (1976)



Opening riff:

D . . . | . . . | G . . . | D . . . | . . . |

A
 E—5-5-5-3—5—5-5-5-3—5—7-7-7—5—3—2
 C—6-6-6-4—6—6-6-6-4—6—7-7-7—6—4—2
 G

(sing a)

D . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |

Nibblin' on sponge cake— watchin' the sun bake—

. . . | . . . | A . . . | . . . |

All of those tour-ists covered with oil—

. . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |

Strummin' my **four**-string— on my front porch swing—

. . . | . . . | D . . . | D7 . . . |

Smell those shrimp, they're be-ginnin' to boil—

Chorus: G . . . | A . . . | D . . . | D7 . . . |

Wastin' a-way a—gain in Marga-rita-ville—

G . . . | A . . . | D . . . | D7 . . . |

Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt

G . . . | A . . . | D \ -- A \ -- | G . . .

Some peo-ple claim— there's a wo—man to blame—

. . . | A . . . | G . . . | D . . . | . . . |

But I know it's nobo-dy's fault

D . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |

Don't know the reason stayed here all season—

. . . | . . . | A . . . | . . . |

Nothin' is sure but this brand new tat—too—

. . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |

But it's a real beauty a Mexi-can cutie—

. . . | . . . | D . . . | D7 . . . |

How it got here I haven't a clue—

Chorus: G . . . | A . . . | D . . . | D7 . . . |

Wastin' a-way a—gain in Marga-rita-ville—

G . . . | A . . . | D . . . | D7 . . . |

Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt

G . . . | A . . . | D \ -- A \ -- | G . . .

Some peo-ple claim— there's a wo—man to blame—

. . . | A . . . | G . . . | D . . . | . . . |

Now I think hell it could be my fault

Instr: D . . . | | | |
 D . . . | | **A** . . . | |
 G . . . | **A** . . . | **D** -- **A** -- | **G** . . . |
 A . . . | **G** . . . | **D** . . . | |

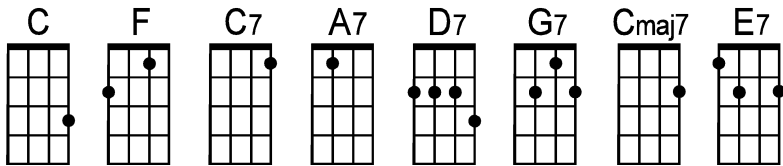
D | | | |
 I blew out my flip-flop— stepped on a pop-top—
 | | **A** | |
 Cut my heel had to cruise on back home—
 | | | |
 But there's booze in the blender— and soon it will render—
 | | **D** | **D7** |
 That fro—zen con-coction that helps me hang on—

Chorus: G | **A** | **D** | **D7** |
 Wastin' a-way a—gain in Marga-rita-ville—
G | **A** | **D** | **D7** |
 Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt
G | **A** | **D** -- **A** -- | **G** |
 Some peo-ple claim— there's a wo—man to blame—
 | **A** | **G** | **D** | |
 But I know it's my own damn fault
 | **G** | **A** | **D** -- **A** -- | **G** |
 Yes and— some peo-ple claim that there's a wo—man to blame—
 | **A** | **G** | **D** | | **G** | **D**
 And I know it's my own damn fault

A-----
 E-5-5-5-3-5-5-5-3-5-7-7-7-5-3-2-
 C-6-6-6-4-6-6-6-4-6-7-7-7-6-4-2-
 G-----

San Francisco Bay Blues

by Jesse Fuller (1954)



Suggested Strum: D DU DU DU

Intro: C . . . | F . . . | C . . . | C7 . . . | F . . . | . . . | C . . . | C7 . . . |
 F . . . | . . . | C . Cmaj7\ C7\ | A7 . . . | D7 . . . | . . . | G7 . . . | . . .

(sing e) . . . | C . . . | F . . . | C . . . | C7 . . .
 I got the blues from my baby, left me by the San Fran-cisco-o Bay——
 . | F . . . | . . . | C . . . | C7 . . .
 The o—cean lin—er's gone so far a—way——
 . | F . . . | . . . | C . . . | A7 . . . |
 I didn't mean to treat her so bad she was the best girl I e-ver had——ad—
 D7 . . . | . . . | G7 . . . | . . . |
 Said good-bye, she like to make me cry—— wanna lay down— and die——
 . | C . . . | F . . . | C . . . | C7 . . .
 I haven't got a nickel and I ain't got a lou-sy dime——
 . | F . . . | . . . | E7 . . . | . . .
 She don't come back— I think I'm gonna lose my mind——
 . | F . . . | . . . | C . . . Cmaj7\ C7\ | A7 . . . |
 If she ever comes back to stay—— it's gonna be a-nother brand new day—— ay—
 D7 . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . | G7 . . .
 Walkin' with my baby down by the San Fran-cisco-o Bay——

Harmonica /kazoo instrumentals:

. | C . . . | F . . . | C . . . | C7 . . . | F . . . | . . . | C . . . | C7 . . . |
 F . . . | . . . | C . Cmaj7\ C7\ | A7 . . . | D7 . . . | . . . | G7 . . . | . . .
 . | C . . . | F . . . | C . . . | C7 . . . | F . . . | . . . | E7 . . . | . . . |
 F . . . | . . . | C . Cmaj7\ C7\ | A7 . . . | D7 . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . | G7 . . . |
 C . . . F . . . | C . . . | . . . F . . . | C . . . |
 Sittin down looking from my backdoor—— wonderin' which way to go——
 F . . . | . . . | C . . . | C7 . . . |
 Wo-man I'm so crazy a—bout— she don't— love me no more——
 F . . . | . . . | C . Cmaj7\ C7\ | A7 . . . |
 Think I'll catch me a freight train—— cuz I'm feel—in' blue——ue——
 D7 . . . | G7 . . . | . . . |
 Ride all the way to the end of the line—— thinkin' only of you——

C . . . **F** . . . | **C** | **F** . | **C** |
Mean-while livin' in the city—— just a-bout to go in—sane——

F | | **E7** |
Thought I heard my bab-y, Lord—— the way she used to call my name——

. | **F** | | **C** **C**_{Maj7} **C**₇ | **A7** |
If she ever comes back to stay—— its gonna be a-nother brand new day——ay——

D7 | **G7** | **C** | **A7** |
Walkin' with my baby down by the San Fran-cisco-o Bay——ay——

D7 | **G7** | **C** **C**_{Maj7} **C**₇ | **A7**
Walkin' with my baby down by the San Fran-cisco-o Bay—— hey, hey hey——

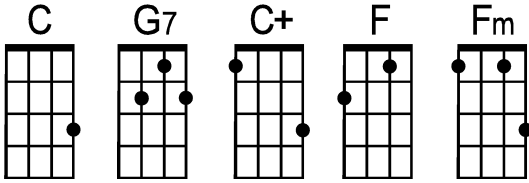
. | **D7** | **G7** | **C** | . **F** \ **C** \
Yeah walkin' with my baby down by the San Fran-cisco-o Bay——ay

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v5b - 5/2/26)

Blue Bayou (key of C)

by Roy Orbison and Joe Melson (1963)



(sing g)

C I feel so bad— I've got a worried mi—ind. **G7** I'm so lone—some— all the ti—me
Since I left my— baby be—hind— on **C** Blue Bay—ou—

C Saving nickels— saving— dimes— **G7** working 'til— the sun don't— shine—
Looking forward to happi—er times— on **C** Blue Bay—ou—

C I'm going back some— day— come what— may to **G7** Blue Bay—ou—
Where you sleep all— day and the catfish— play on— **C** Blue Bay—ou—
All those fishing— boats with their sails— **C+** a—float—, if I— could on—ly **Fm** see—
That fa—miliar sun—rise— **G7** thru sleepy— eyes, how happy I'd be— **C**

C Go to see my baby a—gain— **G7** and to be with some of my friends—
Maybe I'd be happi—er then on **C** Blue Bay—ou—

C I'm going back some— day—, gonna— stay on **G7** Blue Bay—ou—
Where the folks are— fine and the world— is mine on **C** Blue Bay—ou—
And that girl of— mine— **C+** by— my side—, the sil—ver moon and the evening— tide— **Fm**
C Oh, some sweet— day, I'm gonna take a— way this hurtin' in—side— **G7** **C**

G7 I'll never be blue— my dreams come tru—ue—
on **C** Blue— **C** Bay—yooooooooooooou **C**

Take It Easy- The Eagles

Key of G=No capo

Written by: Jackson Browne

INTRO

|G |G |C |D7sus4 |G |G |C |D7sus4 |G |G

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

1. Well, I'm a-runnin' down the road tryin' to loosen my load,
I got seven women on my mind
Four that wanna own me, two that wanna stone me, One says she's a friend of mine

CHORUS 1

Take it easy, take it easy, Don't let the sound of your own wheels drive you crazy
Lighten up while you still can, Don't even try to understand
Just find a place to make your stand, and take it easy

2. Well, I'm a-standin' on a corner in Winslow, Arizona, Such a fine sight to see
It's a girl, my Lord, in a flat-bed Ford, Slowin' down to take a look at me

CHORUS 2

Come on, ba-by, don't say maybe, I gotta know if your sweet love is gonna save me
We may lose and we may win, though we may never be here again
So open up, I'm climbin' in, so take it easy

SOLO

|G |G |G D |C |G |D |C |G |Em |D |Am |Em |Am |C |Em |Em D|

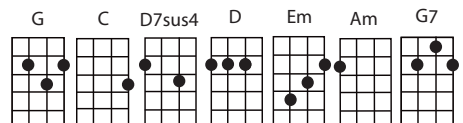
3. Well, I'm a-runnin' down the road tryin' to loosen my load
Got a world of trouble on my mind
Lookin' for a lover who won't blow my cover, she's so hard to find

CHORUS 3

Take it easy, take it easy, Don't let the sound of your own wheels drive you crazy
Come on baby, don't say maybe, I gotta know if your sweet love is gonna save me

OUTRO

Ooh ooh ooh, Ooh, Ooh ooh, Ooh ooh ooh, Ooh ooh ooh
Ooh ooh ooh, Ooh, Ooh ooh, Ooh ooh ooh, Ooh ooh ooh
Ooh ooh ooh, ooh ooh ooh, Oh, we got it e - e - asy
We oughta take it e - e - asy.



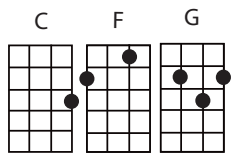
Love Is A Rose- Page 2

CHORUS (A capella)

(C) (F) (C)
Love is a rose but you better not pick it,
(C) (G) (C)
Only grows when it's on the vine.
(C) (F) (C)
Handful of thorns and you'll know you've missed it.
(C) (G) C
Lose your love when you say the word mine....

OUTRO:

C F C G C
Love is a rose.....love is a rose.....
C F C G C
Love is a rose.....love is a rose.....
C F C G C
Love is a rose.....love is a rose.....
C F C G C|STOP
Love is a rose.....love is a rose.....

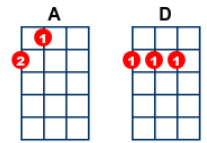


Walk Of Life

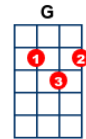
key:D, artist:Dire Straits writer:Mark Knopfler

Dire Straits: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vXJPIYZ77_A
Capo on 2nd fret

[D] [G] [A] [G] [A] [D] [G] [A] [G] [A]



[D] Here comes Johnny singing oldies goldies
[D] Be-Bop-A-Lula Baby What I Say
[D] Here comes Johnny singing I Gotta Woman
[D] Down in the tunnels trying to make it pay



[G] He got the action he got the motion **[D]** oh yeah the boy can play
[G] Dedication devotion **[D]** turning all the night time into the day
[D] He do the song about the sweet lovin' **[A]** woman
He do the **[D]** song about the **[G]** knife
He do the **[D]** walk **[A]** He do the walk of **[G]** life
[A] He do the walk of **[D]** life {riff) **[D] [G] [A] [G] [A]**

[D] Here comes Johnny and he'll tell you the story
[D] Hand me down my walkin' shoes
[D] Here come Johnny with the power and the glory
[D] Backbeat the talkin' blues

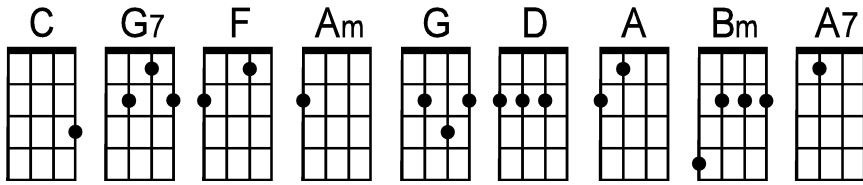
[G] He got the action he got the motion **[D]** oh yeah the boy can play
[G] Dedication devotion **[D]** turning all the night time into the day
[D] He do the song about the sweet lovin' **[A]** woman
He do the **[D]** song about the **[G]** knife
He do the **[D]** walk **[A]** He do the walk of **[G]** life
[A] He do the walk of **[D]** life (riff) **[D] [G] [A] [G] [A]**

[D] Here comes Johnny singing oldies goldies
[D] Be-Bop-A-Lula Baby What I Say
[D] Here comes Johnny singing I Gotta Woman
[D] Down in the tunnels trying to make it pay

[G] He got the action he got the motion **[D]** oh yeah the boy can play
[G] Dedication devotion **[D]** turning all the night time into the day
[D] And after all the violence and **[A]** double talk
There's just a **[D]** song in all the trouble and the **[G]** strife
You do the **[D]** walk **[A]** You do the walk of **[G]** life
[A] You do the walk of **[D]** life (riff - fading) **[D] [G] [A] [G] [A]**

Lodi (in C)

by John Fogerty (1969)



Intro: C . . . | | G7 . F . | C |

C | | F | C |
Just a-bout a year a-go— I set out— on the road—
. | Am | F | G |
Seekin' my fame and for—tune— Lookin' for a pot of gold—
C | Am | F | C |
Things got— bad and things got— worse— I guess you— will know the tune—
C | G | F | C |
Oh Lord— stuck in— Lo—di a—gain—

C | | F | C |
Rode in— on the Grey—hound— I'll be walkin' out if I—go—
. | Am | F | G |
I was just pass-in'— through— must be— seven— months or— more—
C | Am | F | C |
Ran out— of time and money— Looks like— they took my friend—
C | G | F | C |
Oh Lord— stuck in— Lo—di a—gain—

Instr: C | | G7 . F . | C |

C | | G7 . F . | C |

C | | F | C |
The man from the mag—a—zine— said I— was on my way—
. | Am | F | G |
Some-where— I lost con—nec—tion— ran out— of songs to play—
C | Am | F | C |
I came in-to town— a one night— stand— Looks like— my plans fell through—
C | G | F | C |
Oh Lord— stuck in— Lo—di a—gain—

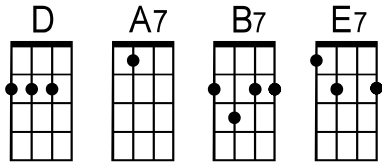
G | D | A | D |

D | | **G** | **D** |
 If I only had a dol-lar— for every— song I've— sung—
 | **Bm** | **G** | **A** |
 Every— time— I've had to— play while people— sat there— drunk—
 | **D** | **Bm** | **G** | **D** |
 You know I'd— catch— the next train—ain— back to— where I— live— |
D | **A** | **G** | **D** |
 Oh Lord— stuck in— Lo—di a—gain—
D | **A** | **G** | **D** |
 Oh Lord— stuck in— Lo—di a—gain—

Outro: **D** | **D** | **A7** . **G** . | **D** |
D | **D** | **A7** . **G** . | **D** . **D**

The Hukilau Song (Key of D)

by Jack Owens (1948)
as sung by Don Ho



Intro vamp: E7, A7, D

Oh, we're going, to a hukilau. A huki, huki, huki, huki, hukilau.

Everybody loves a hukilau, where the lau lau is the kau kau at the luau.

We throw our nets out into the sea, and all the ama ama come a-swimmin' to me

Oh, we're going to a hukilau. A huki, huki, huki, hukilau.

What a beautiful day for fishing, the old Hawaiian way.

The hukilau nets are swishing, down in old Laie Bay.

Oh, we're going, to a hukilau. A huki, huki, huki, huki, hukilau

There's romance 'neath Hawaiian skies, where the lovely hula hula maidens roll their eyes

With a silvery moon shining above, the kanes and wahinis sing a song about love

Paradise now at the hukilau. A huki, huki, huki hukilau

Instrumental: D.....A7.....D

We throw our nets out into the sea, and all the ama ama come a-swimmin' to me

Oh, we're going to a hukilau.

A huki, huki, huki,.. huki, huki, huki,..a huki, huki, huki hukilau.

Desperado- The Eagles

Original Key G=No capo

Written by: Don Henley and Glenn Frey

INTRO

|G G7 |C Cm |G Em7 |A7 D7|STOP |

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

1. Desperado, why don't you come to your senses?

You been out ridin' fences for so long now

Oh, you're a hard one, I know that you got your reasons,
These things that are pleasin' you can hurt you somehow

VERSE

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

CHORUS 1

Don't you draw the queen of diamonds boy,

She'll beat you if she's able,

You know the queen of hearts is always your best bet

Now it seems to me some fine things have been laid upon your table

But you only want the ones you can't get

CHORUS

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

2. Desperado, oh you ain't gettin' no younger,
Your pain and your hunger, they're drivin' you home

And freedom, well, freedom, that's just some people talkin'

Your prison is walkin' through this world all a - lone

CHORUS 2

Don't your feet get cold in the winter time?

The sky won't snow and the sun won't shine.

It's hard to tell the night time from the day

You're losin' all your highs and lows

Ain't it funny how the feelin' goes away

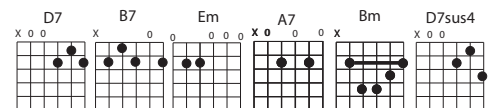
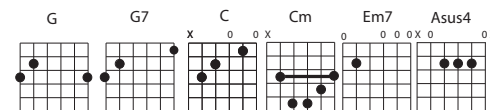
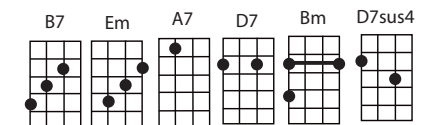
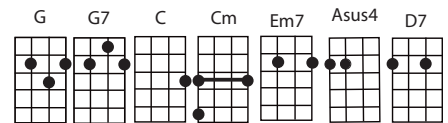
3. Desperado, why don't you come to your senses

Come down from your fences, open the gate

It may be rainin', but there's a rainbow above you

You better let somebody love you, (Let somebody love you).

You better let somebody love you before it's too-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh late



OUTRO|G G7 |C Cm |G|STOP

Hotel California- The Eagles

Original Key Bm = Capo 2

Don Felder, Don Henley, & Glenn Frey

INTRO
 |Am |Am |E7 |E7 |G |G |D |D |F |F |C |C |Dm |Dm |E7 |E7 |X2
 4|1 & 2 & 3 - 4 &|- & - & 3 & 4 -|
 4|D U D U D - D U|- U - U D U D |

1. On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair
 Warm smell of colitas, rising up through the air
 Up ahead in the distance, I saw a shimmering light
 My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim, I had to stop for the night.

2. There she stood in the doorway; I heard the mission bell
 And I was thinking to myself, This could be heaven or this could be hell
 Then she lit up a candle, and she showed me the way
 There were voices down the corridor, I thought I heard them say....

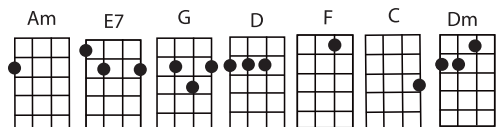
CHORUS 1
 Welcome to the Hotel California.
 Such a lovely place, such a lovely face
 There's plenty of room at the Hotel California
 Anytime of year, (anytime of year) You can find us here.

3. Her mind is Tiffany twisted, She got a Mercedes Benz (Uhh!)
 She got alot of pretty pretty boys, that she calls friends
 How they danced in the court yard, sweet summer sweat
 Some dance to remember, some dance to forget.

4. So I called up the captain; Please bring me my wine (And he said)
 We haven't had that spirit here since 1969
 And still those voice are calling from far away
 Wake you up in the middle of the night, just to hear them say

CHORUS 2

Welcome to the Hotel California.
 Such a lovely place, such a lovely face
 Livin' it up at the Hotel California
 What a nice surprise. Bring your alibis...



Am E7
 5. Mirrors on the ceiling; Pink champagne on ice (*and she said*)
 G D
 We are all just prisoners here, of our own device
 F C
 And in the master's chambers, they gathered for the feast.
 Dm E7
 They stab it with their steely knives but they just can't kill the beast

Am E7
 6. Last thing I remember, I was running for the door
 G D
 I had find the passage back to the place I was before
 F C
 "Relax" said the night man; we are programmed to receive
 Dm E7
 You can check out anytime you like, But you can never leave...

|Am |Am |E7 |E7 |G |G |D |D |F |F |C |C |Dm |Dm |E7 |E7 |

Am E7
 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + | 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 - | 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + | 1 - - - 3 - 4 -
 4 | 0 - - 0 - - 0 - | - 0 - - 0 - - - | 2 - - 2 - - 2 - | S11 - - - C - C - |
 4 | - 0 - - 0 - - 0 | - - 0 - - 0 - - | - 0 - - 0 - - 0 | - - - C - C - |
 | - - 0 - - 0 - - | 0 - - 0 - - 0 - | - 2 - - 2 - - | - - - C - C - |
 | 2 - - 2 - - 2 - | - 2 - - 2 - - - | 1 - - 1 - - 1 - | - - - C - C - |

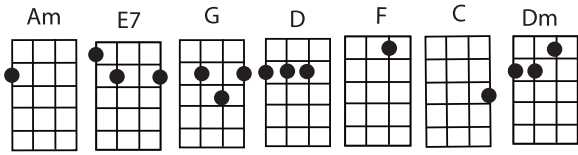
G D
 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + | 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 - | 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + | 1 - - - 3 - 4 -
 4 | 2 - - 2 - - 2 - | - 2 - - 2 - - - | 0 - - 0 - - 0 - | S9 - - - C - C - |
 4 | - 3 - - 3 - - 3 | - - 3 - - 3 - - | - 2 - - 2 - - 2 | - - - C - C - |
 | - - 2 - - 2 - - | 2 - - 2 - - 2 - | - 2 - - 2 - - | - - - C - C - |
 | 0 - - 0 - - 0 - | - 0 - - 0 - - - | 2 - - 2 - - 2 - | - - - C - C - |

F C
 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + | 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 - | 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + | 1 - - - 3 - 4 -
 4 | 0 - - 0 - - 0 - | - 0 - - 0 - - - | 3 - - 3 - - 3 - | S7 - - - C - C - |
 4 | - 1 - - 1 - - 1 | - - 1 - - 1 - - | - 0 - - 0 - - 0 | - - - C - C - |
 | - - 0 - - 0 - - | 0 - - 0 - - 0 - | - 0 - - 0 - - | - - - C - C - |
 | 2 - - 2 - - 2 - | - 2 - - 2 - - - | 0 - - 0 - - 0 - | - - - C - C - |

Dm E7
 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + | 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 - | 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + | 1 - - - 3 - 4 -
 4 | 0 - - 0 - - 0 - | - 0 - - 0 - - - | 2 - - 2 - - 2 - | S7 - - - C - C - |
 4 | - 1 - - 1 - - 1 | - - 1 - - 1 - - | - 0 - - 0 - - 0 | - - - C - C - |
 | - - 2 - - 2 - - | 0 - - 2 - - 2 - | - 2 - - 2 - - | - - - C - C - |
 | 2 - - 2 - - 2 - | - 2 - - 2 - - - | 1 - - 1 - - 1 - | - - - C - C - |

|Am |Am |E7 |E7 |G |G |D |D |F |F |C |C |Dm |Dm |E7 |E7 |Am |
 1&2&|END

1 2 & 3 4 & | 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 -
 **| - - - C - - - | - - - C - - - |
0 - 0 0 C - 3S1	0 - 0 0 C - 0 -
0 - 0 0 C - 4S2	0 - 0 0 C - 0 -
0 - - - C - - -	0 - - - C - - -



\