

# Cat's Ukulele Song Book 4

Golden Oldies, Country, Irish, Rock  
War-time, Rolling Stones, & 80's

\*All Songs intended for free recreational use: not for sale or profit.

Arrangements by Cat Krestel Porritt, 2018

Online at Cat's Ukulele Songs

[www.catporritt.com](http://www.catporritt.com)

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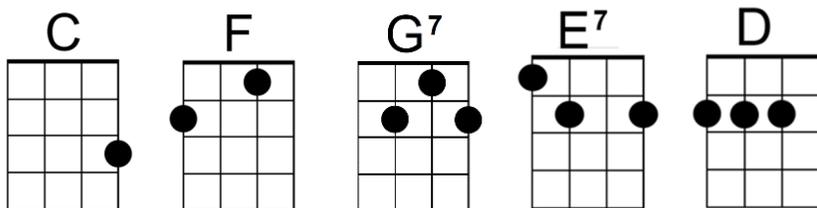
\*Songs are arranged in the following order: Golden oldies, Country, 50's – 60's, Irish, 80's and Contemporary (Colbie Callait). The main influence for this collection comes from an 80's theme song night and weekly jamming down the Legion ;-)

#### *NOTE FOR WEBSITE FOLLOWERS*

Most of the songs posted at my website are included in this songbook, however, the ones that were left out were from other internet/online sources, and links to those were made available in the body of the posting. *CP*

**ABILENE** ~ Waylon Jennings

Bob Gibson, Albert Stanton, Lester Brown, John d. Loudermilk 1963

**INTRO:** / 1 2 3 4 / [C] / [C] / [C] / [C] /**CHORUS:**

[C] Abilene [E7] Abilene  
 [F] Prettiest town [C] I've ever seen  
 [D] Women there, don't [G7] treat you mean  
 In Abi-[C]lene [F] my Abi-[C]lene [G7]

[C] I sit alone [E7] most every night  
 [F] Watch those trains [C] pull out'a sight  
 [D] Don't I wish they were [G7] carryin' me  
 Back to Abi-[C]lene [F] my Abi-[C]lene [G7]

**CHORUS:**

[C] Abilene [E7] Abilene  
 [F] Prettiest town [C] I've ever seen  
 [D] Women there, don't [G7] treat you mean  
 In Abi-[C]lene [F] my Abi-[C]lene [G7]

[C] [E7] [F] [C]  
 [D] [G7] [C]// [F]// [C]// [G7]//

[C] Crowded city [E7] there ain't nothin' free  
 [F] Nothin' in this [C] town for me  
 [D] Wish to the Lord, that [G7] I could be  
 In Abi-[C]lene [F] sweet Abi-[C]lene [G7]

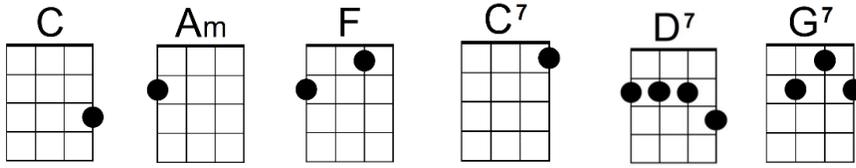
**CHORUS:**

[C] Abilene [E7] Abilene  
 [F] Prettiest town [C] I've ever seen  
 [D] Women there, don't [G7] treat you mean  
 In Abi-[C]lene [F] my Abi-[C]lene [C]

[D] Women there, don't [G7] treat you mean  
 In Abi-[C]lene [F] my Abi-[C]↓lene [G7]↓ [C]↓

# 2

## Buttons and Bows – From *Paleface*, 1947, by Bob Hope. Dinah Shore, 1947.



C Am C Am C Am C --- C7  
 East is east and west is west, and the wrong one I have chose  
 F C Am  
 Let's go where they keep on wearing those  
 C Am C Am  
 Frills and flowers and buttons and bows  
 C Am G7 C --- Am --- C --- Am  
 Rings and things and buttons and bows

C Am C Am C Am C --- C7  
 Don't bury me in this prai-rie, take me where the cement grows  
 F C Am  
 Let's move down to some big town where they  
 C Am C Am  
 Love a gal by the cut o' her clothes  
 C Am G7 C --- Am --- C --- C7  
 And I'll stand out in buttons and bows

F C --- Am  
 I'll love you in buckskin, or shirts that I've home-spun  
 C Am C Am D7 G7  
 But I'll love you longer, stronger where yer friends don't tote a gun!

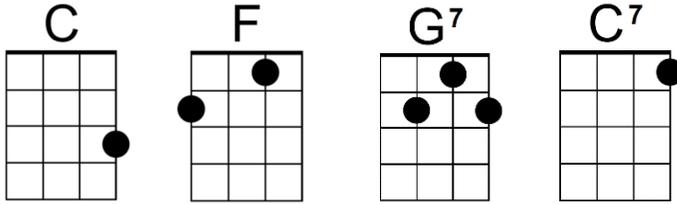
C Am C Am C Am C --- C7  
 My bones denounce the buckboard bounce and the cactus hurts my toes  
 F C Am  
 Let's vamoose! Where gals keep usin' those  
 C Am C Am  
 Silks and satins and linens that shows  
 C Am G7 C --- Am --- C --- C7  
 And I'm all yours in buttons and bows

G7 C  
 Gimme Eastern trimmin' where women are women  
 G7 C  
 In high silk hose, and peek-a-bow clothes  
 G7 C  
 And French perfume that rocks the room  
 G7 C --- Am --- C  
 And I'm all yours in buttons and bows  
 G7 C --- Am --- C G7 C --- G7 --- C  
 Buttons and bows, Buttons and bows



# 4

## Mockingbird Hill – Swedish waltz © 1915; Words by George Vaughn Horton, 1950.



$\frac{3}{4}$  Time Intro: [G7][C]0

[C] When the sun in the [C7] morning peeps [F] over the hill  
 And [G7] kisses the roses 'round [C] my windowsill  
 Then my heart fills with gladness when [F] I hear the trill  
 Of the [G7] birds in the treetops on [C] Mockingbird Hill

[C] Tra-la-la twiddly-dee-dee-dee it [F] gives me a [C] thrill  
 To [G7] wake up in the morning to the [C] mockingbird's trill  
 Tra-la-la twiddly-dee-dee there's [F] peace and good [C] will  
 You're [G7] welcome as the flowers on [C] Mockingbird Hill

[C] Got a three cornered [C7] plow and an [F] acre to till  
 And a [G7] mule that I bought for a [C] ten dollar bill  
 There's a tumble down shack and a [F] old rusty mill  
 But it's [G7] my home sweet home on [C] Mockingbird Hill

[C] Tra-la-la twiddly-dee-dee-dee it [F] gives me a [C] thrill  
 To [G7] wake up in the morning to the [C] mockingbird's trill  
 Tra-la-la twiddly-dee-dee there's [F] peace and good [C] will  
 You're [G7] welcome as the flowers on [C] Mockingbird Hill

[C] When it's late in the [C7] evening I [F] climb up the hill  
 And sur[G7] vey all my kingdom while [C] every thing's still  
 Only me and the sky and an [F] old whippoorwill  
 It's [G7] my home sweet home on [C] Mockingbird Hill

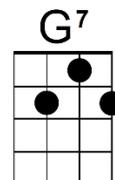
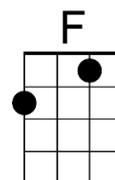
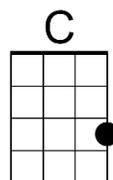
[C] Tra-la-la twiddly-dee-dee-dee it [F] gives me a [C] thrill  
 To [G7] wake up in the morning to the [C] mockingbird's trill  
 Tra-la-la twiddly-dee-dee there's [F] peace and good [C] will  
 You're [G7] welcome as the flowers on [C] Mockingbird Hill

You're [G7] welcome as the flowers on [C] Mockingbird Hill

## THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS – "J.K.", 1858

INTRO: / [F] / [C] / [G7] / [C] /

G7 C  
 There's a Yellow Rose in Texas, that I am going to see  
 G7  
 No other cowboy knows her, no body only me  
 C  
 She cried so when I left her, it likely broke her heart  
 (C7) F C G7 C  
 And if we ever meet again we never more shall part



G7 C  
 She's the sweetest rose of colour, this cowboy ever knew  
 G7  
 Her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the dew  
 C  
 You may talk about your dearest maids and sing of Rosalie  
 F C G7 C  
 But the Yellow Rose of Texas beats the belles of Tennessee

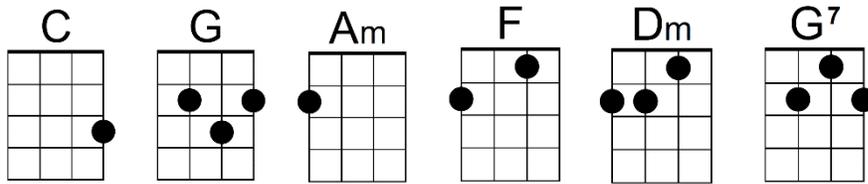
G7 C  
 Where the Rio Grande is flowing, and stars are shining bright  
 G7  
 We walked along together on a quiet summer night  
 C  
 She said if you remember when we parted long ago  
 F C G7 C  
 You promised to come back again and never leave me so

(G7) C  
 She's the sweetest rose of colour this cowboy ever knew  
 G7  
 Her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the dew  
 C  
 You may talk about your dearest maids and sing of Rosalie  
 F C G7 C  
 But the Yellow Rose of Texas beats the belles of Tennessee

C  
 I'm going back to see her, my heart is full of woe  
 G7  
 We'll sing the song together, we sang so long ago  
 C  
 We'll pick the banjo gaily and sing the songs of yore  
 F C G7 C  
 And the Yellow Rose of Texas will be mine for ever more  
 F C G7 C

# 6

## ALWAYS ON MY MIND – Willie Nelson version, 1985

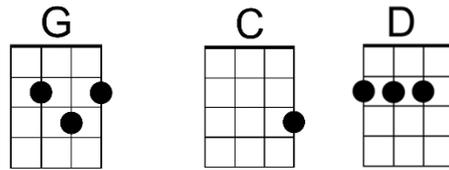


C                    G                    Am                    C                    F  
 Maybe I didn't love you,    quite as often as I could have  
 G / C                    G                    Am                    C                    Dm  
 And maybe I didn't treat you,    quite as good as I should have  
 F                    C  
 If I made you feel second best  
 F                    C                    Dm // F / Dm /  
 Girl I'm sorry, I was blind  
 G                    Am    G7    C    F                    G                    C  
 But you were always on my mind,    You were always on my mind

C                    G                    Am                    C                    F  
 Maybe I didn't hold you,    all those lonely lonely times  
 G / C                    G                    Am                    C                    Dm  
 And I guess I never told you,    I'm so happy that you're mine  
 F                    C  
 Little things I should have said and done  
 F                    C                    Dm // F / Dm /  
 I just never took the time  
 G                    Am    G7    C  
 But you were always on my mind  
 F                    G                    C // F / G7 /  
 You were always on my mind

C    G    Am    C  
 Tell                    Me  
 F                    C                    G  
 Tell me that your sweet love hasn't died  
 C    G    Am    C  
 Give                    me,                    give me  
 F                    C                    Dm  
 One more chance to keep you satis-fied  
 G                    C    F    G    C  
 I'll keep you satis-fied





(G) You were mine for just awhile  
 Now you're (C) putting on the style  
 And you (D) never once looked back  
 To your home across the (G) track  
 You're the gossip of the town  
 But my (C) heart can still be found  
 Where you (D) tossed it on the ground  
 Pick me up on your way (G) down

Chorus:

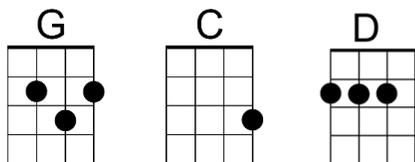
(G) Pick me up on your way down  
 When you're (C) blue and all alone  
 When their (D) glamour starts to bore you  
 Come on back where you (G) belong  
 When you learn these things are true  
 I'll be (C) waitin' here for you  
 When you (D) tumble to the ground  
 Pick me up on your way (G) down.

(G) They have changed your attitude  
 Made you (C) honey, oh so rude  
 Your new (D) friends can take the blame  
 Underneath you're still the (G) same  
 You may be their pride and joy  
 But they'll (C) find another toy  
 When your (D) new love can't be found  
 Pick me up on your way (G) down

Chorus:

(G) Pick me up on your way down  
 When you're (C) blue and all alone  
 When their (D) glamour starts to bore you  
 Come on back where you (G) belong  
 When you learn these things are true  
 I'll be (C) waitin' here for you  
 When you (D) tumble to the ground  
 Pick me up on your way (G) down

# WHERE'M I GONNA LIVE - Written by Billy Ray and Cindy Cyrus



D G D7 G  
 Where'm I gonna live when I get home?  
 D7 G  
 My old lady's throwed out everything I own  
 C  
 She meant what she said, when she wished I was dead  
 D D7 G  
 So where'm I gonna live when I get home?

D D7 G  
 I knew our road was gettin' kind of rocky  
 D D7 G  
 She said I was gettin' way to calky  
 C G  
 She waited till I was gone, she packed from dusk till dawn  
 D D7 G  
 So where'm I gonna live when I get home?

(CHORUS)

(instrumental; same pattern as chorus)

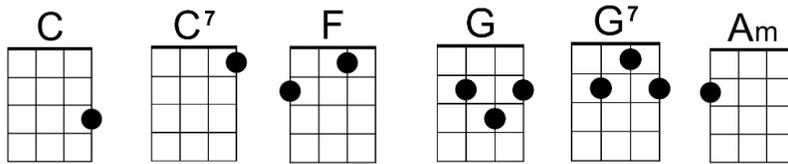
D D7 G  
 She decided she would keep my cat  
 D D7 G  
 My transportation, I wouldn't be needin' that  
 C G  
 She kept my TV, the bills she gave to me  
 D D7 G  
 So where'm I gonna live when I get home?

(CHORUS)

D D7 G  
 Where'm I gonna live when I get home?  
 D  
 Where'm I gonna live?  
 Where'm I gonna live?  
 D7 G  
 Where'm I gonna live when I get home?

# 10

## You Never Call Me By My Name – David Allan Coe



INTRO [C ] [ G ] [C ]

C G C  
Well it was all, that I could do, to keep from cryin'  
F G C  
Sometimes it seemed so useless, to remain  
F C Am  
But you don't have to call me Darlin', Darlin',  
C G C  
You never even call me by my name

C G C  
You don't have to call me Waylon Jennings  
F G C  
And you don't have to call me Charley Pride  
F G C Am  
And you don't have to call me Merle Haggard, anymore  
D G G7  
Even though you're on my – fightin' side i-e-ide!  
F C  
And I'll hang around as long as you will let me  
G C C7  
And I never minded standin' in the rain  
F C Am  
But you don't have to call me Darlin', Darlin'  
C G C  
You never even call me by my name

C G C  
Well I've heard my name a few times, in your phonebook *"hello, hello"*  
F G C  
And I've seen it, on signs where I've played  
F C Am  
But the only time I know I'll hear, David Allen Coe  
D G G7  
Is when Jesus has his final judgement day

F C  
 So I'll hang around as long as you will let me  
 G C C7  
 And I never minded standin' in the rain  
 F C Am  
 But you don't have to call me Darlin', Darlin'  
 C G C  
 You never even call me by my name

(INSTRUMENTAL)

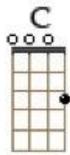
Spoken:  
 Well a friend of mine named Steve Goodman wrote that song  
 And he told me it was the perfect Country and Western song.  
 I wrote him back a letter and told him,  
 It was not the perfect Country and Western song  
 Because he hadn't said anything at all about Mama,  
 Or trains or trucks or prison or getting' drunk.  
 Well he sat down and wrote another verse to the song and he sent it.  
 And after reading it I realized that  
 My friend had written the perfect Country and Western song  
 And I felt obliged to include it on my album.  
 The last verse goes like this here:

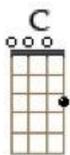
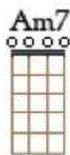
C G C  
 Well I was drunk the day my Mama, got out of prison  
 F G C C7  
 And I went, to pick her up, in the rain  
 F C Am  
 But before I could get to the station, in my, pickup truck  
 D G  
 She got runned over by a, damned ole' train  
 F C  
 And I'll hang around as long as you will let me  
 G C C7  
 And I never minded standin' in the rain  
 F C Am  
 But you don't have to call me Darlin', Darlin'  
 C G G7  
 You never even called me –  
 C F  
 Well I wonder why you don't call me  
 C G F C  
 Why don't you ever call me by my name?

# Lollipop

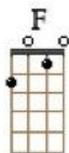
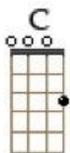
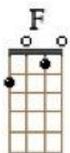
The Chordettes, 1958 (Julius Dixon, Beverly Ross)

**INTRO: Chorus Twice**

			
Lollipop,	Lollipop,	Ooh Lolli	Lolli Lolli
			
Lollipop,	Lollipop,	Ooh Lolli	Lolli Lolli
			
Lollipop,	Lollipop,	Ooh Lolli	Lolli Lolli
	/ [stop]		
Lollipop!	(Pop!)	(Boo-boo boom boom)	

							
Call my baby Lollipop, tell you why				His kiss is sweeter than an apple		pie	
							
And when he does his shaky rockin' dance –				Man, I haven't got a chance! I call him....			

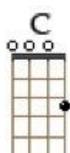
**CHORUS**



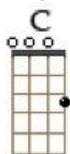
Sweeter than candy, on a stick, Huckleberry, cherry or lah-ime



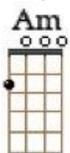
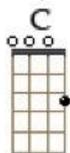
If you had a choice he'd be your pick – But Lollipop! Is my-yi-yi-ine!



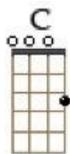
Lollipop, Lollipop, Ooh Lolli Lolli Lolli



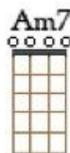
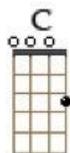
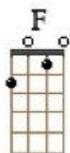
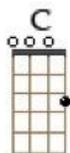
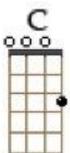
Lollipop, Lollipop, Ooh Lolli Lolli Lolli



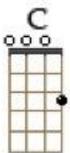
Lollipop, Lollipop, Ooh Lolli Lolli Lolli



Lollipop! / [stop] (Pop!) (Boo-boo boom boom)



Crazy way he thrills me, tell you why Just like a lightning from the sky



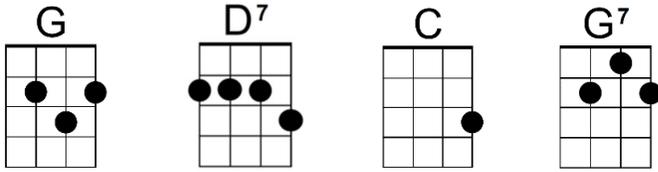
He loves to kiss me till I can't see straight – Gee, my lollipop is great!

/ [stop]

**CHORUS X2**

# 12

## Me and Bobby McGee - Kris Kristofferson 1969/Janis Joplin



INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 / [G]/[G]/[G]/[G]/

[G] Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waiting for a train  
Feeling nearly as faded as my [D7] jeans  
Bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before it rained  
That rode us all the way to New [G] Orleans  
I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana  
I was playing soft while [G7] Bobby sang the [C] blues  
Windshield wipers slappin' time, I was [G] holding Bobby's hand in mine  
[D7] We sang every song that driver knew

[C] Freedom's just another word for [G] nothing left to lose  
An [D7] nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's [G] free  
[C] Feeling good was easy Lord when [G] Bobby sang the blues  
And [D7] feeling good was good enough for me  
Good enough for me and my Bobby [G] McGee

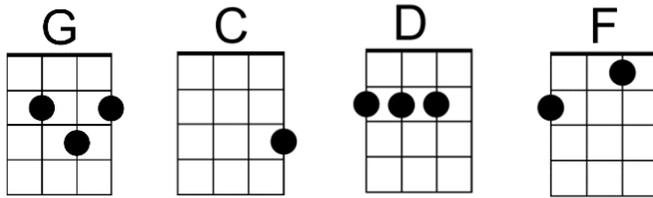
From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun  
Bobby shared the secrets of my [D7] soul  
Through all kinds of weather, through everything I done  
Yeah Bobby baby kept me from the [G] cold  
One day up near Salinas, Lord, I let him slip away  
He's looking for that [G7] home, and I hope he [C] finds it  
Well I'd trade all my tomorrows for one [G] single yesterday  
To be [D7] holding Bobby's body next to mine

[C] Freedom's just another word for [G] nothing left to lose  
An [D7] nothin' ain't worth nothin' honey if it ain't [G] free, yeah  
[C] Feeling good was easy Lord [G] when he sang the blues  
And [D7] feeling good was good enough for me  
Good enough for me and my Bobby [G] McGee

La da da daa dee da dee da, La da da daa dee da dee da lordy lordy etc.

# Sundown

Gordon Lightfoot (1974)



INTRO: 1 2 / 1 2 3 4 / [G]/[G]/[G]/[G]/

I can **[G]** see her lyin' back in her satin dress  
 In a **[D]** room where you do what you **[G]** don't confess  
 Sundown, you **[C]** better take care  
 If I **[F]** find you been creepin' round **[G]** my back stairs  
 Sundown, you **[C]** better take care  
 If I **[F]** find you been creepin' round **[G]** my back stairs **[G]**

She's been lookin' like a queen in a sailor's dream  
 And she **[D]** don't always say what she **[G]** really means  
 Sometimes I **[C]** think it's a shame  
 When I **[F]** get feelin' better when I'm **[G]** feelin' no pain  
 Sometimes I **[C]** think it's a shame  
 When I **[F]** get feelin' better when I'm **[G]** feelin' no pain **[G]**

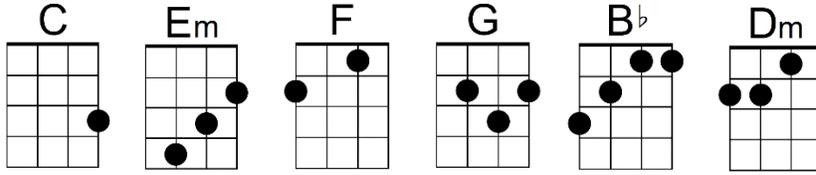
I can picture every move that a man could make  
 Gettin' **[D]** lost in her lovin' is your **[G]** first mistake  
 Sundown, you **[C]** better take care  
 If I **[F]** find you been creepin' round **[G]** my back stairs  
 Sometimes I **[C]** think it's a sin  
 When I **[F]** feel like I'm winnin' when I'm **[G]** losin' again **[G]**

I can see her lookin' fast in her faded jeans  
 She's a **[D]** hard lovin' woman got me **[G]** feelin' mean  
 Sometimes I **[C]** think it's a shame  
 When I **[F]** get feelin' better when I'm **[G]** feelin' no pain  
 Sundown, you **[C]** better take care  
 If I **[F]** find you been creepin' round **[G]** my back stairs

Sundown, you **[C]** better take care  
 If I **[F]** find you been creepin' round **[G]** my back stairs **[G]**

Sometimes I **[C]** think it's a sin  
 When I **[F]** feel like I'm winnin' when I'm **[G]** losin' again **[G]**

## Wild Horses – the Rolling Stones



INTRO: C Dm C Dm

Em C Em C  
 Childhood living, is easy to do.  
 Dm F G C G F  
 The things that you wanted: I bought them for you.  
 Em C Em C  
 Grace-less lady, you know who I am.  
 Dm F G C G  
 You know I can't let you, slide from my hand.

Dm F G C B<sup>b</sup> F  
 Wild horses, couldn't drag me away.  
 Dm F G C B<sup>b</sup> F C  
 Wild, wild horses, couldn't drag me away

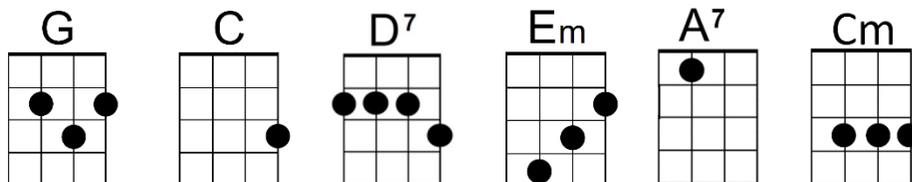
Em C Em C  
 I watched you suffer, a dull aching pain.  
 Dm F G C G F  
 Now you've de-cided, to show me the same.  
 Em C Em C  
 No sweeping exits, or off-stage lights  
 Dm F G C G  
 Can make me feel bitter, or treat you unkind .... *Chorus*

Em C Em C  
 Faith has been broken, tears must be cried  
 Dm F G C G  
 Let's do some living, after we die

Dm F G C B<sup>b</sup> F  
 Wild horses, couldn't drag me away.  
 Dm F G C B<sup>b</sup> F  
 Wild, wild horses, we'll ride them some day

Dm F G C B<sup>b</sup> F  
 Wild horses, couldn't drag me away.  
 Dm F G C B<sup>b</sup> F G C  
 Wild, wild horses, we'll ride them some day

## AN IRISH LULLABY – James Royce Shannon



G                      Em                      G  
 Over in Killarney, many years a- go  
 C                      G                      A7                      D7  
 My mother sang a song to me, in tones so sweet and low  
 G      C      G                      Em                      G  
 Just a simple little ditty, in her good ould Irish way  
 C                      G                      A7                      D7  
 And I'd give the world if she could sing that song to me this day:

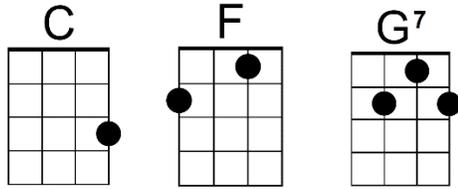
G      C      G      C                      Cm  
 Too ra loo ra loo ral, Too ra loo ra li  
 G      C              G      A7                      D7  
 Too ra loo ra loo ral, hush now don't you cry  
 G      C      G      C                      Cm  
 Too ra loo ra loo ral, Too ra loo ra li  
 G      C              G                      A7      D7      G  
 Too ra loo ra loo ral, that's an Irish Lulla – by

G      C              G                      Em              G  
 Oft in dreams I wander to that little cot a-gain  
 C                      G                      A7                      D7  
 I feel her arms a-hugging me, as when she held me then  
 G      C      G                      Em                      G  
 And I hear her voice a-humming, to me as in days of yore  
 C                      G                      A7                      D7  
 When she used to rock me fast asleep out-side the cabin door....

G      C      G      C                      Cm  
 Too ra loo ra loo ral, Too ra loo ra li  
 G      C              G      A7                      D7  
 Too ra loo ra loo ral, hush now don't you cry  
 G      C      G      C                      Cm  
 Too ra loo ra loo ral, Too ra loo ra li  
 G      C              G                      A7      D7      G  
 Too ra loo ra loo ral, that's an Irish Lulla – by

# 16

## IT'S ALL FOR ME GROG



C F C  
Where are me boots, me noggin', noggin' boots?

C G7  
They're all gone for beer and tobacco!

C F C  
For the uppers are all worn out, and the heels are kicked about,

C G7 C  
And me toes are looking out for better wea – ther!

C F C  
And it's all for me grog! Me jolly, jolly grog!

C G7  
All gone for beer and tobacco!

C F C  
Well I spent all me tin with the lassies drinking gin

C G7 C  
Far across the western ocean I must wan – der

C F C  
Where is me shirt, me noggin', noggin' shirt?

C G7  
All gone for beer and tobacco!

C F C  
For the sleeves they are worn out, and the collar's turned about,

C G7 C  
And the tail is looking out for better wea – ther!

C F C  
And it's all for me grog! Me jolly, jolly grog!

C G7  
All gone for beer and tobacco!

C F C  
Well I spent all me tin with the lassies drinking gin

C G7 C  
Far across the western ocean I must wan – der

C F C  
Where is me hat, me noggin', noggin' hat?

C G7  
All gone for beer and tobacco!

C F C  
For the brim, it is worn out, and the crown is flyin' about,

C G7 C  
And me head is looking out for better wea – ther!

C F C  
And it's all for me grog! Me jolly, jolly grog!

C G7  
All gone for beer and tobacco!

C F C  
Well I spent all me tin with the lassies drinking gin

C G7 C  
Far across the western ocean I must wan – der

C F C  
Where are me pants, me noggin', noggin' pants?

C G7  
All gone for beer and tobacco!

C F C  
For the pockets are worn out, and the knees are frayed about,

C G7 C  
And me arse is looking out for better wea – ther!

C F C  
And it's all for me grog! Me jolly, jolly grog!

C G7  
All gone for beer and tobacco!

C F C  
Well I spent all me tin with the lassies drinking gin

C G7 C  
Far across the western ocean I must wan – der

C F C  
Well I'm sick in me head, and I haven't been to bed

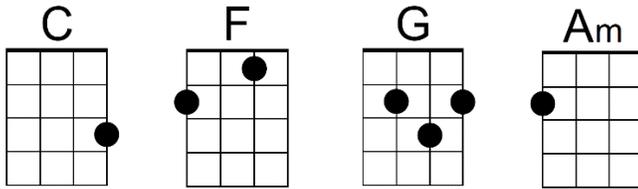
C G7  
Since I first came ashore with all me plunder

C F C  
For I spent all me dough on the lassies don't you know!

C G7 C  
Far across the western ocean I must wan – der

*Chorus X 2*

## DIRTY OLD TOWN – The Pogues



INTRO [C] [G]

I met my [C] love, by the gas works wall  
 Dreamed a [F] dream by the old [C] canal  
 I kissed my girl by the factory wall  
 Dirty old [G] town, dirty old [Am] town

Clouds are [C] drifting, across the moon  
 Cats are [F] prowling on their [C] beat  
 Spring's a girl, from the streets at night  
 Dirty old [G] town, dirty old [Am] town

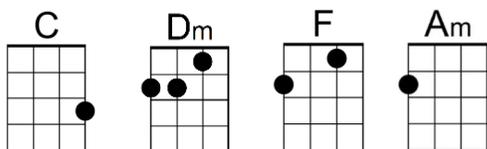
INSTRUMENTAL VERSE

I heard a [C] siren, from the docks  
 Saw a [F] train set the night on [C] fire  
 I smelled the spring, on the smoky wind  
 Dirty old [G] town, dirty old [Am] town

I'm gonna [C] make me, a big sharp axe  
 Shining [F] steel, tempered in the [C] fire  
 I'll chop you down, like an old dead tree  
 Dirty old [G] town, dirty old [Am] town

I met my [C] love, by the gas works wall  
 Dreamed a [F] dream by the old [C] canal  
 I kissed my girl by the factory wall  
 Dirty old [G] town, dirty old [Am] town  
 Dirty old [G] town, dirty old [Am] town

## Wild Mountain Thyme – Traditional Irish



$\frac{3}{4}$  time

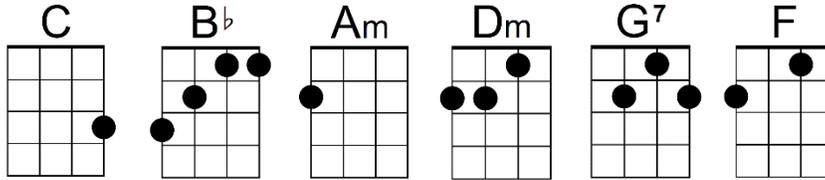
C Dm C F C  
 Oh the summer-time is coming, and the trees are sweetly blooming,  
 F Am F Dm F  
 And the wild mountain thyme, grows around the golden heather  
 C F C F C  
 Will ye go, Lassie, go. And we'll all go, to-gether  
 F Dm Am F Dm F  
 To pluck wild mountain thyme, all a-round the blooming heather  
 C F C  
 Will ye go, Lassie, go.

C Dm C F C  
 I will build my love a bower, by yon crystal flowing fountain  
 F Am F Dm F  
 And on it I will pile, all the flowers of the mountain  
 C F C F C  
 Will ye go, Lassie, go. And we'll all go, to-gether  
 F Dm Am F Dm F  
 To pluck wild mountain thyme, all a-round the blooming heather  
 C F C  
 Will ye go, Lassie, go.

Instru: | C F C C | F F C C | F Dm Am Am | F Dm F F | C F C

C Dm C F C  
 If my true love were gone, I would surely find a-nother  
 F Am F Dm F  
 Where the wild mountain thyme, grows a-round the golden heather  
 C F C F C  
 Will ye go, Lassie, go. And we'll all go, to-gether  
 F Dm Am F Dm F  
 To pluck wild mountain thyme, all a-round the blooming heather  
 C F C  
 Will ye go, Lassie, go.  
 C F C  
 Will ye go.... Lassie... go.....

## MATERIAL GIRL – MADONNA



INTRO: C C Dm C

C Bb Am  
 Some boys kiss me, some boys hug me, I think they're O – K  
 C Dm G7 C  
 If they don't give me proper credit, I just walk a-way-yay  
 C  
 They can beg and they can plead but  
 Bb Am  
 They can't see the light [*That's right!*]  
 C Dm G7 C  
 'Cause the boy with the cold hard cash is always Mister Ri – ight!

C F G7 Am  
 'Cause we are liv-ing in a material world  
 F G7 Am  
 And I am a Ma-terial Girl, You Know! That we are  
 F G7 Am F G7 C  
 Liv-ing in a material world, and I am a Ma-terial Girl!  
 C Dm C  
 [*Materi-al!*]

C Bb Am  
 Some boys ro-mance, some boys slow dance, that's alright with me  
 C Dm G7 C  
 If they can't raise my interest then I have to let them be-ee  
 C Bb Am  
 Some boys try and some boys lie but I don't let them play [*No way!*]  
 C Dm G7 C  
 Only boys that save their pennies make my rainy day-yay

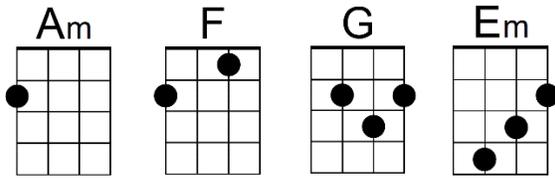
C F G7 Am  
 'Cause they are liv-ing in a material world  
 F G7 Am  
 And I am a Ma-terial Girl, You Know! That we are  
 F G7 Am F G7 C  
 Liv-ing in a material world, and I am a Ma-terial Girl!  
 F G7 Am F G7 Am  
 Liv-ing in a material world, and I am a Ma-terial Girl –  
 Am  
 You Know! That we are  
 F G7 Am F G7 C  
 Liv-ing in a material world, and I am a Ma-terial Girl!

C C Dm C  
 Li-ving in a ma-terial world. Li-ving in a ma-terial world  
 C C Dm C  
 Li-ving in a ma-terial world. Li-ving in a ma-terial world  
 [*Materi-aaa-aall!*]

C - 1 C - 1 Bb - 1 Am - 1  
 Boys my come and boys may go, and that's alright you see  
 C - 1 C - 1 Dm G7 C  
 Experience has made me rich, and now they're after me-ee!  
 F G7 Am  
 'Cause everybody's liv-ing in a material world  
 F G7 Am  
 And I am a Ma-terial Girl. You Know! That we are  
 F G7 Am F G7 C  
 Liv-ing in a material world, and I am a Ma-terial Girl!  
 F G7 Am F G7 Am  
 Liv-ing in a material world, and I am a Ma-terial Girl – You Know! That  
 F G7 Am F G7 C  
 We are Liv-ing in a material world, and I am a Ma-terial Girl!

C C Dm C  
 Li-ving in a ma-terial world. Li-ving in a ma-terial world.  
 C C Dm C [stop]  
 Li-ving in a ma-terial world. [*Materi-aaa-aall!*] Ma-terial world!

## SUNGLASSES AT NIGHT - Corey Heart, 1984



INTRO: Am (2000) Am+C (2003) Am+B (2002) Am (2000) X2  
 Du Du Du Du  
 F (2010) F+C (2013) F+B (2012) F (2010) X2  
 Du Du Du Du  
 G (0232) G+C (0233) Em7 (0202) G (0232) X  
 Am (DuDuDuDu) X2

Am F  
 I wear my sunglasses at night, so I can, so I can  
 G Am  
 Watch you weave then breathe your storey lines  
 Am F  
 And I wear my sunglasses at night, so I can, so I can  
 G Am  
 Keep track of the visions in my eyes

While  
 F G Am G  
 She's de-ceiving me, it cuts my se-curity  
 F G Am G  
 Has she got con-trol of me, I turn to her and say....  
 Am G C Em F  
 Don't switch the blade on the guy in shades, oh no  
 Am G C Em F  
 Don't masquerade with the guy in shades, oh no (I can't believe it)  
 Am G C Em F  
 You got it made with the guy in shades, oh no.....

Am F  
 And I wear my sunglasses at night, so I can, so I can  
 G Am  
 Forget my name while you collect your claim  
 Am F  
 And I wear my sunglasses at night, so I can, so I can  
 G Am  
 See the light that's right before my eyes

## Sunglasses at Night, P. 2

While

F G Am G  
She's de-ceiving me, it cuts my se-curity  
F G Am G  
Has she got con-trol of me, I turn to her and say....

Am G C Em F  
Don't switch the blade on the guy in shades, oh no  
Am G C Em F  
Don't masquerade with the guy in shades, oh no (I can't believe it)  
Am G C Em F  
Don't be afraid of the guy in shades, oh no (it can't escape you)  
Am G C Em F  
Cause you got it made with the guy in shades, oh no

I said -

Am  
I wear my sunglasses at night  
F  
I wear my sunglasses at night  
G Am  
I wear my sunglasses at night

I said to you now

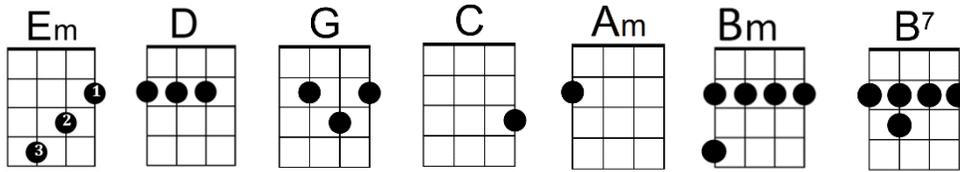
Am  
I wear my sunglasses at night  
F  
I wear my sunglasses at night  
G Am  
I wear my sunglasses at night

I cry to you

Am  
I wear my sunglasses at night  
F  
I wear my sunglasses at night  
G Am  
I wear my sunglasses at night  
Am  
I wear my sunglasses at night.....

OUTRO: Du Du Du Du  
Am (2000) Am+C (2003) Am+B (2002) Am (2000) X2  
Am /.....

## TRUE COLORS – CINDY LAUPER, 1986



INTRO: 4 notes each (picking one string in order per chord formation)

| Em D G C | Em D G C |

Em D G C  
You with the sad, eyes, don't be discouraged Oh I realize

Em D  
It's hard to take courage

G Am Bm C  
In a world full of people, you can lose sight of it all

Em D C G  
And the darkness inside you can make you feel so small

C G D  
But I see your true colors shining through

C G C D  
I see your true colors, and that's why I love you

C G B7 Em C G  
So don't be a-fraid, to let them show, your true colors

C G D | Em D G C | Em D G C |  
True colors, are beautiful... Like a Rainbow....

Em D G C  
Show me a smile, then, don't be unhappy – can't re-mem-ber when

Em D G Am  
I last saw you laughing, If this world makes you crazy

Bm C Em D  
And you've taken all you can bear, you call me up, because

C G  
You know I'll be there

C G D  
And I'll see your true colors shining through

C G C D  
I'll see your true colors, and that's why I love you

## True Colors, P 2

C G B7 Em C G  
So don't be a-fraid, to let them show your true colors

C G D  
True colors are beautiful, so

C ↓ ↓ ↓ G ↓ B7 Em C G  
Don't be a-fraid! to let them show your true colors

C G D  
True colors are beautiful...

Em D G C Em D G C  
Like a Rainbow Oooo

C Em D  
*(whispering) ...can't remember when I last saw you laughing...*

G Am Bm C  
If this world makes you crazy and you've taken all you can bear

Em D C G  
You call me up, because you know I'll be there

C G D  
And I see your true colors shining through  
C G C D  
I see your true colors, and that's why I love you

C G B7 Em  
So don't be a-fraid! Just, let them show

C G  
Your true colors

C G D  
True colors are shining through!

C G C D  
I see your true colors, and that's why I love you

C G B7 Em  
So don't be a-fraid! Just, let them show

C G C G D  
Your true colors, true colors, are beautiful...

Em D G Am Bm C Em D C ↓ ↓ ↓ G ↓  
Just like a Rainbow!

## THE GAMBLER - Kenny Rogers

INTRO: /[G] / [C] / [G] /

On a [G] warm summer's evenin', on a [C] train bound for [G] nowhere  
I met up with the gambler, we were both too tired to [D7] sleep  
So [G] we took turns a-starin', out the [C] window at the [G] darkness  
Till [C] boredom over-[G]took us, [D7] and he began to [G] speak

He said [G] "Son I've made a life, out of [C] readin' peoples' [G] faces  
And knowin' what their cards were, by the way they held their [D7] eyes  
So if [G] you don't mind my sayin', I can [C] see you're out of [G] aces  
For a [C] taste of your [G] whiskey, I'll [D7] give you some ad-[G]vice"

So I [G] handed him my bottle, and he [C] drank down my last [G] swallow  
Then he bummed a cigarette, and asked me for a [D7] light  
And the [G] night got deathly quiet, and his [C] face lost all ex-[G]pression  
Said "If you're [C] gonna play the [G] game boy, ya gotta [D7] learn to play it [G] right

You gotta [G] know when to hold 'em, [C] know when to [G] fold 'em  
[C] Know when to [G] walk away, and know when to [D7] run  
You never [G] count your money, when you're [C] sittin' at the [G] table  
There'll be time e-[C]nough for [G] countin', [D7] when the dealin's [G] done  
/[A]/[A]/

[A] Every gambler knows, that the [D] secret to sur-[A]vivin'  
Is knowin' what to throw away, and knowin' what to [E7] keep  
'Cause [A] every hand's a winner, and [D] every hand's a [A] loser  
And the [D] best that you can [A] hope for is to [E7] die in your [A] sleep."

And [A] when he'd finished speakin', he [D] turned back toward the [A] window  
Crushed out his cigarette, and faded off to [E7] sleep  
And [A]↓ somewhere in the darkness, the [D]↓ gambler he broke [A]↓ even  
But [D]↓ in his final [A]↓ words I found an [E7]↓ ace that I could [A] keep

**CHORUS:**

You gotta [A] know when to hold 'em, [D] know when to [A] fold 'em  
[D] Know when to [A] walk away, and know when to [E7] run  
You never [A] count your money, when you're [D] sittin' at the [A] table  
There'll be time e-[D]nough for [A] countin', [E7] when the dealin's [A] done

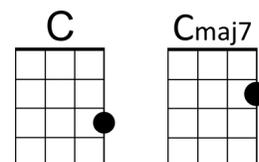
You gotta [A] know when to hold (*when to hold 'em*)  
[D] know when to [A] fold (*when to fold 'em*)  
[D] Know when to [A] walk away, and know when to [E7] run  
You never [A] count your money, when you're [D] sittin' at the [A] table  
There'll be time e-[D]nough for [A] countin', [E7] when the dealin's [A] done

There'll be time e-[D]nough for [A] countin', [E7]↓ when the dealin's [A]↓ done.....

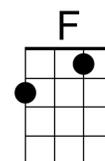
## Bubbly ~ Colbie Callait, Jason Reeves, 2007

C Cmaj7 F C  
I've been awake for a while now, you've got me feelin' like a child now  
C Cmaj7 F C  
Cause every time I see your bubbly face, I get the tinglies in a silly place

C Cmaj7  
It starts in my toes, and I crinkle my nose,  
F C  
Wherever it goes, I always know



C Cmaj7  
That you make me smile please stay for a while now  
F C  
Just take your time, wherever you go

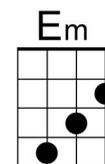


C Cmaj7 F C  
The rain is fallin' on my window pane, but we are hidin' in a safer place  
C Cmaj7 F C  
Under the covers, stayin' dry and warm, you give me feelings that I adore

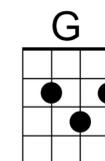
### CHORUS

#### BRIDGE:

Em F G F  
What am I gonna say, when you make me feel this way?  
Em F  
I just..... Mmmmmmm....



C Cmaj7  
*Starts in my toes, makes me crinkle my nose...*



C Cmaj7 F C  
I've been asleep for a while now, you tucked me in just like a child now  
C Cmaj7 F C  
Cause every time you hold me in your arms, I'm comfortable enough to feel your warmth

C Cmaj7  
It starts in my soul, and I lose all control  
F C  
When you kiss my nose, the feelin' shows

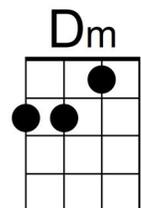
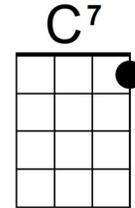
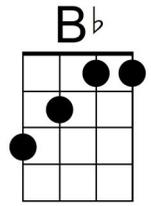
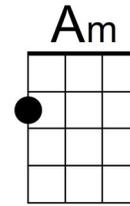
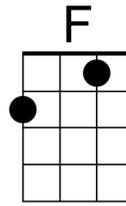
C Cmaj7 F C  
Cause you make me smile, baby just take your time now, holdin' me ti-i-ight

C Cmaj7 F C  
Where ever, where ever, where ever you go X2

## Fallin' For You – Colbie Callait

INTRO F-8 Am-8 Bb-4 C7-4 X2

F Am Bb  
I don't know but, I think I may be  
Bb C7 F  
Fallin' for you, dropping so quick-ly  
F Am Bb  
Maybe I should, keep this to my-self  
Bb C7 Bb  
Wait until I, I know you better I am tryin'  
F Bb  
Not to tell you, but I want to  
F Bb  
I'm scared of what you'll say and so I'm hidin'  
Am Dm Bb F Bb C7  
What I'm feel-in' – well I'm tired of holdin' this inside my head



F Am  
I've been spendin all my time just thinkin' 'bout you  
Bb C7  
I don't know what to do, I think I'm fallin' for you  
F Am  
I've been waiting all my life and now I've found you  
Bb C7 F Am  
I don't know what to do, I think I'm fallin' for you – oo-oo  
Bb C7  
I'm fallin' for you-oo-oo-oo-oo

F Am Bb  
As I'm standin' here, and you hold my hand  
Bb C7 F  
Pull me towards you – and we start to dance  
F Am Bb  
All around us – I see nobo-dy  
Bb C7 Bb  
Hearin' silence – it's just you and me I'm tryin'  
F Bb  
Not to tell you, but I want to  
F Bb  
I'm scared of what you'll say and so I'm hidin'  
Am Dm Bb F Bb C  
What I'm feel-in' – well I'm tired of holdin' this inside my head

**Chorus**

Dm Am  
Oh I just can't take it – my heart is racin'  
Bb F C7  
Emotions keep spillin' out!

F Am  
I've been spendin all my time just thinkin' 'bout you  
Bb C7  
I don't know what to do, I think I'm fallin' for you  
F Am  
I've been waiting all my life and now I've found you  
Bb C7 F Am  
I don't know what to do, I think I'm fallin' for you – oo-oo  
Bb C7  
I'm fallin' for you-oo-oo-oo-oo

F Am Bb C7  
I'm fallin' for you  
F  
I can't stop thinking' bout it  
Am  
I want you all around me  
Bb  
And now I just can't hide it  
C7  
I think I'm fallin' for you  
F  
I can't stop thinking' bout it  
Am  
I want you all around me  
Bb  
And now I just can't hide it  
C7 F Am  
I'm fallin' for you – oo-oo  
Bb C7  
I'm fallin' for you-oo-oo-oo-oo  
F Am  
Oh, oh Oh, no no  
Bb C7  
Oh, oh oh oh oh  
F  
Oh, I'm fallin' for ya