

The 12th

Wukulele Songbook

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The Tide Is High

John Holt 1967, recorded by Blondie 1980

Intro: [G] [C] [D] [G] [Am] [D] x 3

The [G]tide is high but I'm [C]holding [D]on
[G] I'm gonna be your [C]number [D]one
[G] I'm not the kind of girl [C]who gives up [D]just like [G]that
Oh [C]no [D]

It's [G]not the things you do that tease and [C]wound me [D]bad
[G]But it's the way you do the things you [C]do to [D]me
[G] I'm not the kind of girl [C]who gives up [D]just like [G]that
Oh [C]no [D]

The [G]tide is high but I'm [C]holding [D]on
[G] I'm gonna be your [C]number [D]one [C]number [D]one.....

[G]Every girl wants you to [C]be her [D]man
But [G] I'll wait my dear til it's [C]my [D]turn
[G] I'm not the kind of girl [C]who gives up [D]just like [G]that
Oh [C]no [D]

The [G]tide is high but I'm [C]holding [D]on
[G] I'm gonna be your [C]number [D]one
[C]Number [D]one [C]number [D]one

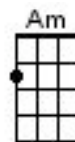
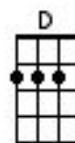
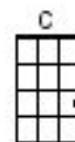
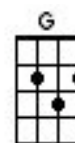
Instrumental: [G] [C] [D] [G] [Am] [D] [G] [C] [D] [G] [Am] [D]

[G]Every girl wants you to [C]be her [D]man
But [G] I'll wait my dear til it's [C]my [D]turn
[G] I'm not the kind of girl [C]who gives up [D]just like [G]that
Oh [C]no [D]

The [G]tide is high but I'm [C]holding [D]on
[G] I'm gonna be your [C]number [D]one
[C]Number [D]one [C]number [D]one

The [G]tide is high but I'm [C]holding [D]on
[G] I'm gonna be your [C]number [D]one

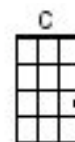
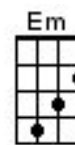
Repeat x 3 and finish on [G]



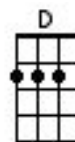
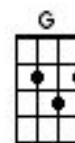
San Francisco

John Phillips, recorded by Scott McKenzie, 1967

[Em] If you're [C]going to [G]San Fran[D]cisco
[Em]Be sure to [C]wear some [G]flowers in your [D]hair
[Em] If you're [G]going to [C]San Fran[G]cisco
[Em]You're gonna [Bm]meet some [C]gentle people [D]there

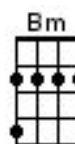


[Em]For those who [C]come to [G]San Fran[D]cisco
[Em]Summertime will [C]be a [G]love-in [D]there
[Em] In the [G]streets of [C]San Fran[G]cisco
[Em]Gentle [Bm]people with [G]flowers in their [D]hair

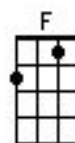


Bridge:

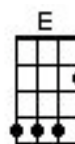
[F]All across the nations
[F]Such a strange vibration [E]
[E]People in motion
[F]There's a whole generation
[F]With a new explanation [E]
[E]People in motion



[Em]For those who[C]come to [G]San Fran[D]cisco
[Em]Summertime will [C]be a [G]love-in [D]there
[Em] In the [G]streets of [C]San Fran[G]cisco
[Em]Gentle [Bm]people with [C]flowers in their [D]hair



[Em]For those who [C]come to [G]San Fran[D]cisco
[Em]Be sure to [C]wear some [G]flowers in your [D]hair
[Em] If you [G]come to [C]San Fran[G]cisco
[Em]Summer[Bm]time will [C]be a love-in [D]there

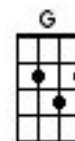


[Em] If you [G]come to [C]San Fran[G]cisco
[Em]Summer[Bm]time will [C]be a love-in [G]there

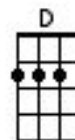
The Gambler

Kenny Rogers 1978

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



[G]He said, "Son, I've made a life out of [C]readin' people's [G]faces
Knowin' what their cards were by the way they held their [D]eyes
And [G] if you don't mind me sayin', I can [C]see you're out of [G]aces
And for a [C]taste of your [G]whiskey, [D] I'll give you some ad[G]vice."



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



Chorus:

You got to know [G]when to hold 'em
[C]Know when to [G]fold 'em
[C]Know when to [G]walk away
And know when to [D]run
You never [G]count your money
When you're [C]sittin' at the [G]table
There'll be time enough for countin'
[D]When the dealin's [G]done

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

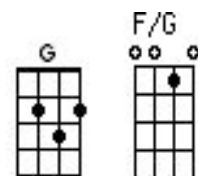
[G]And when he finished speakin', he turned [C]back toward the [G]window
Crushed out his cigarette and faded off to [D]sleep
And [G]somewhere in the darkness, the [C]gambler, he broke [G]even
But [C]in his final [G]words I found an [D]ace that I could [G]keep

Chorus

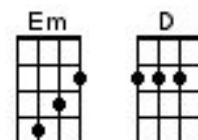
It's Different For Girls

Joe Jackson 1979

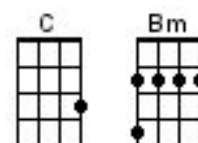
[G]What the hell is [F/G]wrong with you to[G]night?
 I can't seem to [F/G]say or do the right [Em]thing [Em] [D] [G]
 Wanted to be [F/G]sure you're feeling [G]right
 Wanted to be [F/G]sure we want the same [Em]thing [Em] [D] [G]



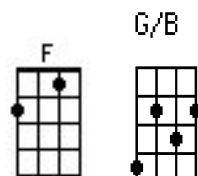
[C]She [G]says, I can't bel[C]ieve [G]it
 [Em]You [Bm]can't, possibly [Em]mean [Bm]it
 [C]Don't [G]we all want the same thing
 [Em]Don't [Bm]we
 Well [F]who said any[C]thing about [G]love?[Am7]



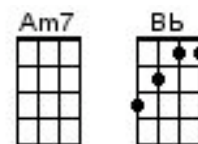
[G/B]No not [Am7]love she said
 [Bb]Don't you [C]know that it's [Bb]different for [C]girls?
 [Bb]You're [C]all the [Bb]same



[G]Mama always [F/G]told me save your[G]self
 Take a little [F/G]time and find the right [Em]girl [Em] [D] [G]
 Then again don't [F/G]end up on the [G]shelf
 Logical ad[F/G]vice gets you in a [Em]whirl [Em] [D] [G]



[C] I [G]know - a lot of [C]things [G]that
 [Em]You [Bm]don't - you wanna [Em]hear [Bm]some
 [C]She [G]said - just give me [C]some[G]thing
 [Em]Any[Bm]thing
 Well [F]give me all you [C]got but not [G]love [Am7]



[G/B]No not [Am7]love she said
 [Bb]Don't you [C]know that it's [Bb]different for [C]girls?
 [Bb]You're [C]all the [Bb]same
 Well [F]who said any[C]thing about [G]love?[Am7]
 [G/B]No not [Am7]love she said
 [Bb]Don't you [C]know that it's [Bb]different for [C]girls?
 [Bb]You're [C]all the [Bb]same, [Bb]you're [C]all the [Bb]same,
 [Bb]You're [C]all the [Bb]same.....

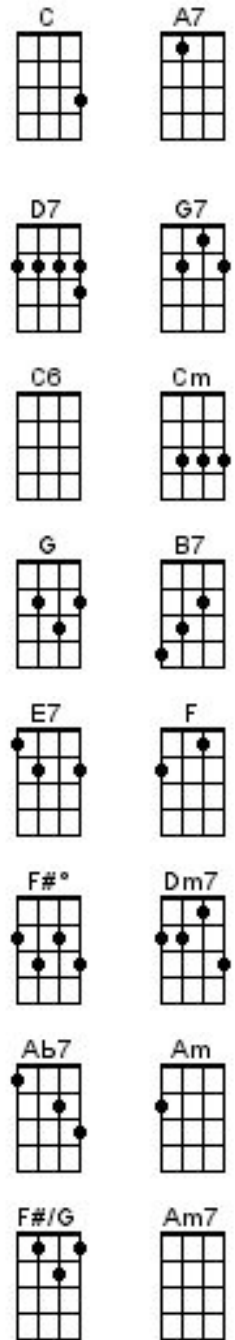
Paper Doll

Johnny S. Black 1915

I'm goin' to [C]buy a paper [A7]doll that I can [D7]call my own
 A [G7]doll that other fellows cannot [C6]steal
 And then those [C]flirty, flirty [Cm]guys
 With their [G]flirty, [B7]flirty [E7]eyes
 Will [D7]have to flirt with dollies that are [G7]real
 When I come home at night she will be [C]waiting
 She'll [G7]be the truest doll in all the [E7]world
 I'd rather [F]have a paper [F#dim]doll to [C]call [E7]my [A7]own
 Than have a [Dm7]fickle-minded [G7]real live [C]girl [Ab7] [G7] stop

I [G7]guess I've had a million dolls or [C]more
 I [E7]guess I've played the doll game o'er and [Am]o'er
 I just [G7]quarrelled with Sue, [C] that's why I'm [A7]blue
 She's [D7]gone away and left me just like [G7]all [Gdim]dolls [G7]do
 I'll tell you, boys, it's tough to be a[C]lone
 And it's [E7]tough to love a doll that's not your [Am]own [G]
 I'm through with all of them, [F#/G] [G] I'll never fall again
 [Gdim]'Cause [Am7]this[D7]is what I'm gonna [G]do.....[G7]

I'm goin' to [C]buy a paper [A7]doll that I can [D7]call my own
 A [G7]doll that other fellows cannot [C6]steal
 And then those [C]flirty, flirty [Cm]guys
 With their [G]flirty, [B7]flirty [E7]eyes
 Will [D7]have to flirt with dollies that are [G7]real
 When I come home at night she will be [C]waiting
 She'll [G7]be the truest doll in all the [E7]world
 I'd rather [F]have a paper [F#dim]doll to [C]call [E7]my [A7]own
 Than have a [Dm7]fickle-minded [G7]real live [C]girl

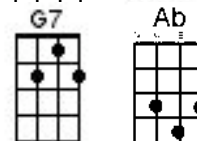
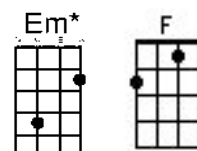
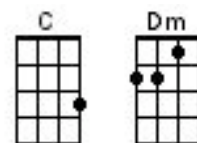


Uptown Girl

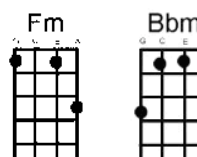
Billy Joel 1983

Intro: [C]Ahhh.. [Dm] [Em*] [F] [G7]

[C]Uptown girl [Dm]she's been living in her [Em*]uptown world
 [F] I bet she [G7]never had a [C]backstreet guy
 [Dm] I bet her mama never [Em*]told her why
 [F] I'm gonna [G7]try for an [C]uptown girl
 [Dm]She's been living in her [Em*]white bread world
 [F]As long as [G7]anyone with [C]hot blood can
 [Dm]And now she's looking for a [Em*]downtown man
 [F]That's what I [G7]am

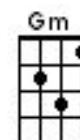
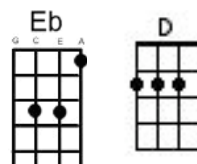


[Ab]And when she [Fm]knows what she [Bbm]wants from her [Eb]time
 [Ab]And when she [Fm]wakes up and [Bbm]makes up her [Eb]mind
 [F]She'll see I'm [Dm]not so tough [Gm]just because [G7]I'm in love



With an [C]uptown girl

[Dm]You know I've seen her in her [Em*]uptown world
 [F]She's getting [G7]tired of her [C]high class toys
 [Dm]And all her presents from her [Em*]uptown boys
 [F]She's got a [G7]choice [Eb]Ahhh..[F] [D] [Gm] [F] [Eb] [F] [D] [Gm] [G7]



[C]Uptown girl [Dm]you know I can't afford to [Em*]buy her pearls
 [F]But maybe [G7]someday when my [C]ship comes in
 [Dm]She'll understand what kind of [Em*]guy I've been
 [F]And then I'll [G7]win

[Ab]And when she's [Fm]walking she's [Bbm]looking so [Eb]fine
 [Ab]And when she's [Fm]talking she'll [Bbm]say that she's [Eb]mine
 [F]She'll say I'm [Dm]not so tough [Gm]just because [G7]I'm in love

With an [C]uptown girl [Dm]she's been living in her [Em*]white bread world
 [F]As long as [G7]anyone with [C]hot blood can
 [Dm]And now she's looking for a [Em*]downtown man
 [F]That's what I [G7]am [Eb]Ahhh..[F] [D] [Gm] [F] [Eb] [F] [D] [Gm] [G7]

[C]Uptown girl [Dm]she's my uptown [Em*]girl
 You [F]know I'm in [G7]love with an [C]uptown girl
 [Dm]My uptown [Em*]girl you [F]know I'm in [G7]love
 With an [C]uptown girl [Dm]my uptown [Em*]girl [F] [G7] [C]

Ukulele Baby

Words: Jack Meskill & Ed Rose, Music: Al Sherman & Marty Bloom, c.1925

While away a happy moment listening to this song at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=azClOngEVIM>

[Am]He was such a [Em*]happy loving [C]Romeo
[Am]Til his baby [A7]bought a Uku[D7]le-le-o
[G7]Now on the porch ev'ry [C]eve[Am]ning
[D7]She strums her life away
[G7]Sadly you'll hear him say

Chorus:

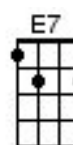
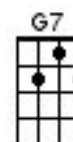
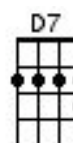
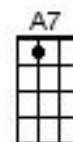
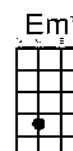
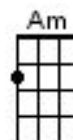
[C]U - - - kulele Baby
Of love I'm [G7]singing
But you keep [C]stringing
You've just got me crazy
The way you [G7]roll those dreamy eyes a[C]round
[E7]When you strum that Hickey [Am]Dula
[D7]I get warm, but you get [G7]coo-coo-cooler
[C]U - - - kulele Baby
Oh won't you [G7]lay your Ukulele [C]Down?

Instrumental Verse with kazoos

Chorus

[Am]He loved music [Em*]but he loved his [C]lovin' more
[Am]He knew just what [A7]lovin' was in[D7]vented for
[G7]So when she'd start to play [C]love [Am]songs
[D7]He'd start to sigh to her
[G7]He'd start to cry to her

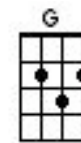
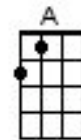
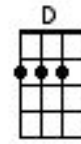
Chorus



Goodbye Girl

Squeeze 1978

[D] I met her [A] in a poolroom
[D] Her name I [A] didn't catch
[D] She looked like [A] something special
[D] The kind who'd [A] understand
[D] The room was [A] almost spinning
[D] She pulled an [A] other smile
[D] She had the [A] grace like pleasure
[D] She had a [A] certain style



Chorus:

[G] Sunlight [A] on the lino
[G] Woke me [A] with a shake [D]
I looked around to [A] find her but she'd [D] gone
Goodbye [G] girl
[D] Goodbye [G] girl
[D] Goodbye [G] girl

[D] She took me [A] to her motel
[D] The room on the [A] second floor
[D] A kettle [A] and two coffees
[D] Her number [A] on the door
[D] She said I [A] hardly know you
[D] Agreed we [A] kissed goodnight
[D] I knew that [A] in the morning
[D] Somehow I'd [A] wake to find

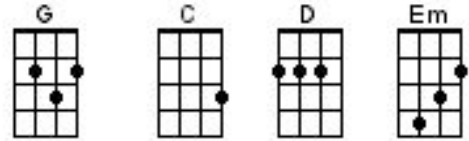
Chorus

[D] I lost my [A] silver bracelet
[D] My clubroom [A] locker keys
[D] The money [A] in the billfold
[D] It doesn't [A] bother me
[D] My wife has [A] moved to Boston
[D] So luck is [A] not the word
[D] So if you [A] ever see her
[D] Say hello [A] goodbye girl

Chorus and fade

Way Over Yonder in the Minor Key

Words: Woody Guthrie, music: Billy Bragg 1997



[G] I lived in a place called Okfus[C]kee
And I had a little girl in a holler [G]tree
I said, little girl, it's plain to [C]see
Ain't nobody that can sing like [G]me, [D]ain't nobody that can sing like [Em]me

[G]She said it's hard for me to [C]see
How one little boy got so [G]ugly
Yes, my little girly, that might [C]be, but there
Ain't nobody that can sing like [G]me, [D]ain't nobody that can sing like [Em]me

Chorus:

[C]Way over yonder in the minor [G]key
[D]Way over yonder in the minor [Em]key
[D]There ain't nobody that can sing like [Em]me

[G]We walked down by the Buckeye [C]Creek
To see the frog eat the goggle eye [G]bee
To hear that west wind whistle to the [C]east. there
Ain't nobody that can sing like [G]me, [D]ain't nobody that can sing like [Em]me

[G]Oh my little girly will you let me [C]see
Way over yonder where the wind blows [G]free
[G]Nobody can see in our holler [C]tree, and there
Ain't nobody that can sing like [G]me, [D]ain't nobody that can sing like [Em]me

Chorus

[G]Her mama cut a switch from a cherry [C]tree
And laid it on to she and [G]me
It stung lots worse than a hive of [C]bees, but there
Ain't nobody that can sing like [G]me, [D]ain't nobody that can sing like [Em]me

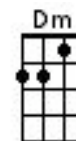
[G]Now I have walked a long, long[C]ways
And I still look back to my tanglewood [G]days
I've led lots of girls since then to [C]stray, saying
Ain't nobody that can sing like [G]me, [D]ain't nobody that can sing like [Em]me

Chorus

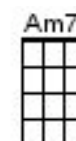
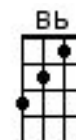
The Logical Song

Supertramp 1979

[Dm]When I was young, it seemed that [Bb]life was so [Am7]wonderful
 A [C]miracle, oh it was [Bb]beautiful, magical
 And all the [Dm]birds in the trees, well they'd be [Bb]singing so [Am]happily
 Oh, [C]joyfully, oh, [Bb]playfully, watching me



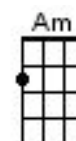
But then they [Dm]sent me away, to teach me [Bb]how to be [Am7]sensible
 [C]Logical, oh, [Bb]responsible, practical
 And they [Dm]showed me a world where I could [Bb]be so [Am]dependable
 Oh, [C]clinical, oh, [Bb]intellectual, cynical



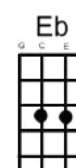
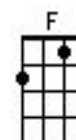
There are [F]times when all the world's [Dm]asleep
 [Dm]The questions run too [Bb]deep for such a simple [Eb]man
 Won't you [F]please, please tell me what we've [Dm]learned?
 I [Dm]know it sounds [Bb]absurd, please tell me who I [Eb]am



[Dm]Watch what you say or they'll be [Bb]calling you a [Am7]radical
 A [C]liberal, oh [Bb]fanatical, criminal
 Oh, won't you [Dm]sign up your name
 We'd like to [Bb]feel you're [Am]acceptable
 [C]Respectable, oh, [Bb]presentable, a vegetable



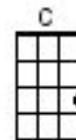
There are [F]times when all the world's [Dm]asleep
 [Dm]The questions run too [Bb]deep for such a simple [Eb]man
 Won't you [F]please, please tell me what we've [Dm]learned?
 I [Dm]know it sounds [Bb]absurd, please tell me who I [Eb]am
 Who I am, who I am, who I am?



Return to Sender

Otis Blackwell, Winfield Scott 1962

[C]Return to [Am]sender, [Dm]return to [G7]sender

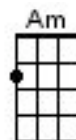


[C]I gave a letter to the [Am]post man

[Dm]He put it his [G7]sack

[C]Bright and early next [Am]morning

He [Dm]brought my [G7]letter [C]back



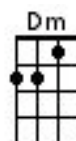
Chorus:

[No chord]She wrote upon it [F]return to [G7]sender

[F]Address [G7]unknown

[F]No such [G7]number

[C]No such zone

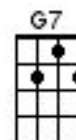


[F]We had a [G7]quarrel

[F]A lovers' [G7]spat

[D7]I'd write "I'm sorry"

But my letter keeps coming [G7]back

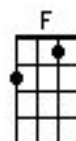


[C]So when I dropped it in the [Am]mailbox

[Dm]I sent it "Special [G7]D"

[C]Bright and early next [Am]morning

It [Dm]came right [G7]back to [C]me

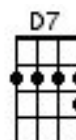


[No chord]She wrote upon it [F]return to [G7]sender

[F]Address [G7]unknown

[F]No such [G7]number

[C]No [C7]such zone

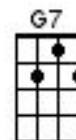


[F]This time I'm gonna take it myself

And put it right in her [C]hand

And [D7]if it comes back the very next day

[G7]Then I'll understand



[No chord]The writing on it, [F]return to [G7]sender

[F]Address [G7]unknown

[F]No such [G7]number

[C]No such zone

[F]Return to [G7]sender, [F]Return to [G7]sender

and fade

Stand By Your Man

Tammy Wynette, Billy Sherill 1968

Intro: [G] [C] [G] [D7]

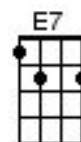
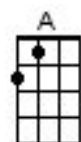
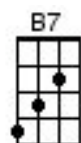
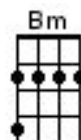
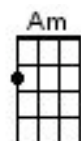
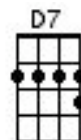
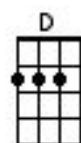
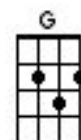
[G] Sometimes it's hard to be a [D] woman
 [Am] Giving all your [D] love to just one [G] man
 [C] You'll have bad times
 [G] And he'll have good times
 [A] Doing things that you don't under[D]stand

[G] But if you love him you'll for[D]give him
 [Am] Even though he's [D] hard to under[G]stand
 [C] And if you love him [G] oh be proud [C] of him
 [G] Cause after [D] all he's just a [G] man[C] [G] [D7]

[G] Stand by your [B7] man
 [C] Give him two arms to [Bm] cling [Am] to
 [G] And something [E7] warm to come to
 [A] When nights are [D7] cold and lonely

[G] Stand by your [B7] man
 [C] And tell the world you [Bm] love [Am] him
 [G] Keep giving [D] all the love you [B7] can [E7]
 [C] Stand [D] by your [G] man[C] [G] [D7]

[G] Stand by your [B7] man
 [C] And show the world you [Bm] love [Am] him
 [G] Keep giving [D] all the love you [B7] can [E7]
 [C] Stand [D] by your [G] man[C] [G] [D7] [G]



Whispering Grass

Fred Fisher, Doris Fisher 1940

Intro: [C] [Bbdim] [Dm] [G7] [C] [Bbdim] [Dm] [G7]
 [C] Why do you whisper [Em] green grass [Em] [Ebm] [Dm]
 Why tell the [Dm7] trees what ain't [Fm] so
 [C] Whispering [A9] grass
 The [Dm] trees don't [G7] have to [C] know [Bbdim] [Dm] [G7]

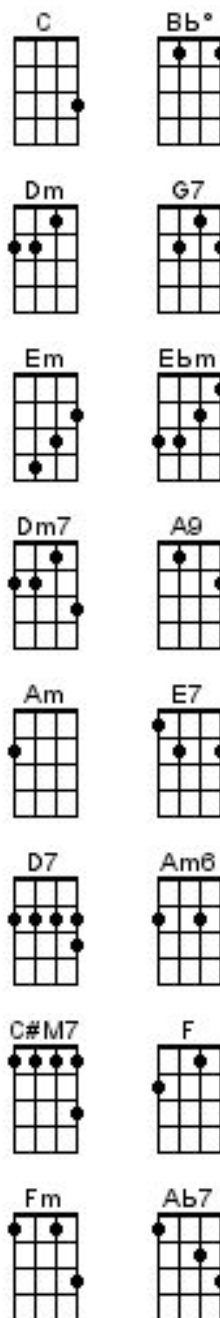
[C] Why tell them all your [Em] secrets [Em] [Ebm] [Dm]
 Who kissed there [Dm7] long a [Fm] go
 [C] Whispering [A9] grass
 The [Dm] trees don't [G7] need to [C] know [C] [D7] [G7]

[C] Don't you tell it [Am] to the trees
 For [F] she will tell the [G7] birds and bees
 And [C] everyone will [Am] know
 Because you [Dm] told the blabbering [G7] trees
 Yes you [Am] told them [E7] once be [Am] fore [Am6]
 And it's no [Dm] secret [Bbdim] any [Dm] more [G7] [G+]

[C] Why tell them all the [Em] old things [Em] [Ebm] [Dm]
 They're buried [Dm7] under the [Fm] snow
 [C] Whispering [A9] grass don't [Dm7] tell the [Ab7] trees
 'Cause the [Dm7] trees don't [C#maj7] need to [C] know

(Spoken) [C] Don't you tell it [Am] to the trees
 For [F] she will tell the [G7] birds and bees
 And [C] everyone will [Am] know
 Because you [Dm] told the blabbering [G7] trees
 Yes you [Am] told them [E7] once be [Am] fore [Am6]
 And it's no [Dm] secret [Bbdim] any [Dm] more [G7] [G+]

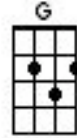
[C] Why tell them all the [Em] old things [Em] [Ebm] [Dm]
 They're buried [Dm7] under the [Fm] snow
 [C] Whispering [A9] grass don't [Dm7] tell the [Ab7] trees
 'Cause the [Dm7] trees don't [C#maj7] need to [C] know



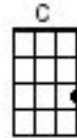
Spirit in the Sky

Norman Greenbaum 1969

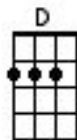
[G]When I die and they lay me to rest
Gonna go to the place that's the [C]best
When they lay me [G]down to die
Goin' on [D]up to the spirit in the [G]sky



[G]Goin' up to the spirit in the sky - *spirit in the sky*
That's where I'm gonna go when I [C]die - *when I die*
When I die and they [G]lay me to rest
I'm gonna [D]go to the place that's the [G]best



[G]Prepare yourself, you know it's a must
Gotta have a friend in [C]Jesus
So you know that [G]when you die
He's [D]gonna recommend you to the spirit in the [G]sky - *spirit in the sky*



[G]Oh, recommend you to the spirit in the sky
That's where you're gonna go when you [C]die - *when you die*
When you die and they [G]lay you to rest
You're gonna [D]go to the place that's the [G]best

[G]Never been a sinner, I've never sinned
I've got a friend in [C]Jesus
So you know that [G]when I die
He's gonna set me [D]up with the spirit in the [G]sky

[G]Oh, set me up with the spirit in the sky - *spirit in the sky*
That's where I'm gonna go when I [C]die - *when I die*
When I die and they [G]lay me to rest
I'm gonna [D]go to the place that's the [G]best
[D]Go to the place that's the [G]best

People Are People

Depeche Mode 1984

Chorus:

[Am]People are people so why should it be
[F]You and I should get along so [Dm]awfully
[Am]People are people so why should it be
[F]You and I should get along so [Dm]awfully

So we're [Am]different colours and we're different creeds
And [F]different people have [Dm]different needs
It's [Am]obvious you hate me though I've done nothing wrong
I [F]never even met you so what [Dm]could I have done

Bridge:

[F]I can't under[G]stand what makes a [Dm]man
Hate another [G]man, help me under[Dm]stand
[F]I can't under[G]stand what makes a [Dm]man
Hate another [G]man, help me under[Dm]stand

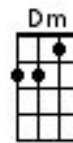
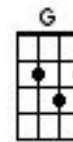
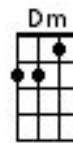
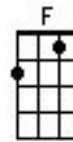
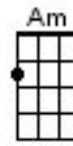
[Am]People are people so why should it be
[F]You and I should get along so [Dm]awfully
[Am]People are people so why should it be
[F]You and I should get along so [Dm]awfully

Now you're [Am]punching and you're kicking and you're shouting at me
[F]I'm relying on your common [Dm]decency
So [Am]far it hasn't surfaced but I'm sure it exists
It just [F]takes a while to travel from your [Dm]head to your fist

[F]I can't under[G]stand what makes a [Dm]man
Hate another [G]man, help me under[Dm]stand

Chorus

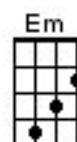
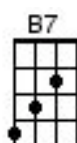
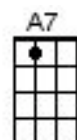
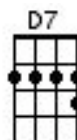
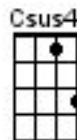
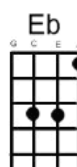
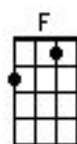
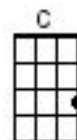
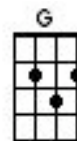
[F]I can't under[G]stand what makes a [Dm]man
Hate another [G]man, help me under[Dm]stand
[F]I can't under[G]stand what makes a [Dm]man
Hate another [G]man, help me under[Dm]stand



Lola

The Kinks 1970

Intro: [Eb] [F] [G] I [G] met her in a club down in old Soho
 Where you [C] drink champagne and it [F] tastes just like cherry [G] cola
 C O L A [C] Cola [Csus4] [C]
 She [G] walked up to me and she asked me to dance
 I [C] asked her her name and in a [F] dark brown voice she said [G] Lola
 L O L A [C] Lola [F] lo lo lo lo [Eb] Lola [Eb] [F] [G]



Well [G] I'm not the world's most physical guy
 But when she [C] squeezed me tight she nearly [F] broke my spine
 Oh my [G] Lola lo lo lo lo [C] Lola [Csus4] [C]
 Well [G] I'm not dumb but I can't understand
 Why she [C] walked like a woman and [F] talked like a man
 Oh my [G] Lola lo lo lo lo [C] Lola [F] lo lo lo lo [Eb] Lola [Eb] [F] [G]

Well we [D7] drank champagne and danced all night [A7] under electric candlelight
 She [C] picked me up and sat me on her knee
 She said little boy won't you come home with me

Well [G] I'm not the world's most passionate guy
 But when I [C] looked in her eyes well I [F] almost fell for my [G] Lola
 Lo lo lo lo [C] Lola [F] Lo lo lo lo lo [Eb] Lola [Eb] [F] [G]
 Lo lo lo lo [C] Lola [F] Lo lo lo lo lo [Eb] Lola [Eb] [F] [G]

I [C] pushed [G] her a [D7] way I [C] walked [G] to the [D7] door
 I [C] fell [G] to the [D7] floor I got [G] down [B7] on my [Em] knees
 Then [D7] I looked at her and she at me

Well [G] that's the way that I want it to stay and
 I [C] always want it to [F] be that way for my [G] Lola lo lo lo lo [C] Lola [Csus4] [C]
 [G] Girls will be boys and boys will be girls
 It's a [C] mixed up muddled up [F] shook up world
 Except for [G] Lola lo lo lo lo [C] Lola

Well [D7] I left home just a week before
 And [A7] I'd never ever kissed a woman before
 But [C] Lola smiled and took me by the hand
 She said dear boy I'm gonna make you a man

Well [G] I'm not the world's most masculine man
 But I [C] know what I am and I'm [F] glad I'm a man
 And so is [G] Lola lo lo lo lo [C] Lola [F] lo lo lo lo [Eb] Lola [Eb] [F] [G]

Honolulu Baby

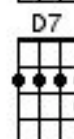
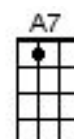
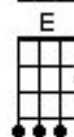
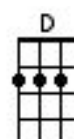
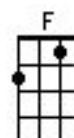
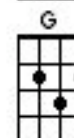
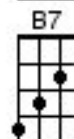
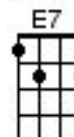
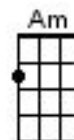
T. Marvin Hatley 1933 (from Laurel and Hardy's 'Sons of the Desert')

While [Am]down on the [E7]South-sea [Am]islands
 Under[Am]neath the beauty [E7]of the [Am]stars
 I [Am]strayed up[E7]on some [Am]maidens
 Who were [B7]strummin' on their gui[E7]tars
 A [Am]hula [E7]maid was dan[Am]cing
 And I [Am]knew I found [E7]my para[Am]dise
 So [Am]this is [E7]what I [Am]told her
 As I gazed in[G]to her [C]eyes

Hono[C7]lulu [F]Baby
 Where'd you get those [C]eyes
 And that dark com[G]plexion
 I just ido[C]lise [C7]
 Honolulu [F]Baby,
 Where did you get that [C]style
 And those pretty [G]red lips
 And that sunny [C]smile [F] [C]

[Dm]When you start to dance
 Your [C]hula hips entrance
 [Dm]Then you shake it [G]up and [C]down
 [D] Shake a little here
 [E]Shake a little there
 Well you [A7]got the boy [D7]goin' to [G]town

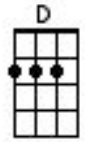
Hono[C7]lulu [F]Baby
 You know your [C]stuff
 Honolulu [G]Baby
 Gonna call your [C]bluff [F] [C]



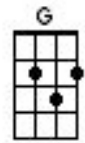
If You Wanna

The Vaccines 2011

[D]Well I don't wanna wake up in the morning but I've got to face the day
[G]That's what all the [A]friends I do not [G]like as much as you [D]say



[D]I don't wanna do things independently but I can't make you stay
[G]That's what all the [A]friends I do not [G]like as much as you [D]say



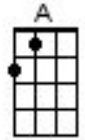
Chorus:

[D]But if you wanna come back it's alright, it's alright

[G]It's alright, if you [A]wanna come back.

[D]Do you wanna come back it's alright, it's alright

[G]It's alright, if you [A]wanna come back to [D]me



[D]Well I don't wanna see you with another guy but the fact is that I may
[G]That's what all the [A]friends I do not [G]like as much as you [D]say

[D]Well give it just another couple months or so, then you'll be OK.

[G]That's what all the [A]friends I do not [G]like as much as you [D]say

Middle 8:

[D]All alone, all al[G]one, [A] I, [G] I am on my [D]own

[D]All alone, all al[G]one, [A] I, [G] I am on my [D]own

Chorus

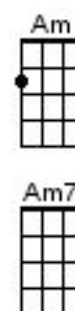
Instrumental verse

Chorus x 2

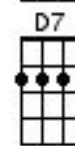
Space Oddity

David Bowie 1969

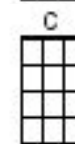
[Fmaj7]Ground control to Major [Em7]Tom
 [Fmaj7] Ground control to Major [Em7]Tom
 [Am]Take your [Am7] protein pills and [D7]put your helmet on
 [Fmaj7]Ground control to Major [Em7]Tom
 [Fmaj7]Commencing countdown engine's [Em7]on
 [Am]Check ig[Am7]nition and may [D7]God's love be with you



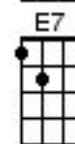
[C]This is ground control to Major [E7]Tom, you've really made the [F]grade!
 And the [Fm]papers want to [C]know whose shirts you [F]wear
 Now it's [Fm]time to leave the [C]capsule if you [F]dare



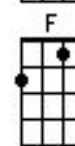
[C]This is Major Tom to ground con[E7]trol, I'm stepping through the [F]door
 And I'm [Fm]floating in the [C]most peculiar [F]way
 And the [Fm]stars look very [C]different to[F]day



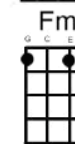
For [Fmaj7]here am I [Em7]sitting in a tin can, [Fmaj7]far above the [Em7]world
 [Bbmaj7]Planet Earth is [Am]blue and there's [G]nothing I can [F]do



[C] [F] [G] [A] [A] [C] [F] [G] [A] [A]
 [Fmaj7] [Em7] [A] [C] [D] [E7]



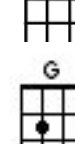
[C]Though I'm passed one hundred thousand [E7]miles, I'm feeling very [F]still
 And I [Fm]think my spaceship [C]knows which way to [F]go
 Tell my [Fm]wife I love her [C]very much she [F]knows



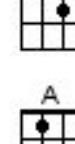
[G7]Ground control to [E7]Major Tom
 Your [Am]circuit's dead, there's [Am7]something wrong
 Can you [D7]hear me Major Tom? Can you [C]hear me Major Tom?
 Can you [G]hear me Major Tom? Can you ...



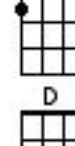
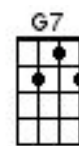
[Fmaj7]Here am I [Em7]floating round my tin can, [Fmaj7]far above the [Em7]
 moon



[Bbmaj7]Planet Earth is [Am]blue and there's [G]nothing I can [F] do



[C] [F] [G] [A] [A] [C] [F] [G] [A] [A]
 [Fmaj7] [Em7] [A] [C] [D] [E7]



Chelsea Hotel

Leonard Cohen

I re[C]member you [G]well in the [F]Chelsea Hotel [C]
 You were talking so[Em7] brave and so [Am]sweet
 [C]Giving me [G]head on the [F]unmade [C]bed
 While the [F]limousines wait in the [G7]street
 [Am]Those were the reasons and [F]that was New York
 We were [C]running for the [Em7]money and the [Am]flesh
 And [F]that was called love for the [C]workers in song
 Probably [F]still is for those of them [G7]left

Ah but [F]you got away, [C]didn't you babe
 You [C]just turned your [Em7]back on the [Am]crowd
 [F]You got away, I never once [C]heard you say
 I [F]need you, I don't [C]need you
 I [F]need you, I don't [C]need you
 And [F]all of that jiving a[Am]round [G7]

I re[C]member you [G]well in the [F]Chelsea Hotel [C]
 You were famous, your [Em7]heart was a [Am]legend
 You [C]told me a[G]gain you [F]preferred handsome [C]men
 But for [F]me you would make an ex[G7]ception
 And [Am]clenching your fist for the [F]ones like us
 Who are o[C]pressed by the [Em7]figures of [Am]beauty
 [F]You fixed yourself, you said, [C]"Well never mind
 We are [F]ugly but we have the [G7]music."

And then [F]you got away, [C]didn't you babe
 You [C]just turned your [Em7]back on the [Am]crowd
 [F]You got away, I never once [C]heard you say
 I [F]need you, I don't [C]need you
 I [F]need you, I don't [C]need you
 And [F]all of that jiving a[Am]round [G7]

I don't [C] mean to su[G]ggest that I [F] loved you the [C] best
 I can't keep track of [Em7] each fallen [Am] robin
 I re[C]member you [G]well in the [F] Chelsea Ho[C]tel
 That's [F] all, I don't even think of you that [G7] often

