Always Look On The Bright Side Of Life
Eric Idle 1979 Artist - Monty Python

Key of Am
120 BPM

[Chords]

Intro:

\[\text{Am} / A^m, \text{D} / D, \text{G} / G, \text{Em7} / Em7\]

Some things in life are bad.

They can really make you mad.

Other things just make you swear and curse.

When you've chewing on life's gristle,

don't grumble...give a whistle!

And this'll help things turn out for the best.

Chorus:

And always look on the bright side of life.

Always look on the light side of life.

Verse 2:

If life seems jolly rotten, there's something you've forgotten

and that's to laugh and smile and dance and sing.

When you've feeling in the dumps, don't be silly chumps!

Just purse your lips and whistle - that's the thing.

Chorus:
Always look on the light side of life.

Verse 3:

For life is quite absurd, and death's the final word.

You must always face the curtain with a bow.

Forget about your sin...give the audience a grin.

Enjoy it - it's your last chance anyhow.

Chorus:

So always look on the bright side of death.

just before you draw your terminal breath.

Verse 4:

Life ain't such a hit, when you look at it.

Life's a laugh and death's a joke, it's true.

You'll see it's all a show, keep 'em laughing as you go.

Just remember that the last laugh is on you!

Outro:

And always look on the bright side of life.

Always look on the right side of life.

(Come on guys, cheer up)

Always look on the right side of life.

(Fade)
end
Am
Be Bop A Lula (Short)
Gene Vincent, Donald Graves 1955

Intro:
D  D///

Chorus:
D /  D
Well,  Be-bop-a-lula, she's my baby.
D  Be-bop-a-lula, I don't mean maybe.
G  Be-bop-a-lula, she's my baby.
D  Be-bop-a-lula, I don't mean maybe.
A7    G  D  Be-bop-a-lula, she's my baby doll.
D  My baby doll, my baby doll,

Verse 1:
D /  D /
Well, she's the gal in red blue jeans.
D /  D /
She's the queen of all the team.
D /  She's the woman walkin' that I know
D    D she's the woman that loves me so. Say

Chorus:
G  Be-bop-a-lula, she's my baby.
D
Be-bop-a-lula, I don't mean maybe.
A7
Be-bop-A-lula,
G    D
She's my baby doll.
D
My baby doll, my baby doll. Let's Rock!

Instrumental:
D   D   D   D   D
G   G   D   D
A7  G   D   D

Verse 2:
D/   D/
Well, she's the woman that's got that beat.
D/   D/
She's the woman with the flying feet.
D/   D/
She's the one that walks round the store.
D/   D
She's the one that gives me more, more, more, more...

Outro:
G
Be-bop-a-lula, she's my baby.
D
Be-bop-a-lula, I don't mean maybe.
A7    G  D
Be-bop-a-lula, she's my baby doll.
D   D /
My baby doll, my baby doll. YEAH!

end
Crawdad Song
American Folk Song 1850

Key of C
152 BPM

Intro:
C C

Chorus:
C C C
You get a line and I'll get a pole, Honey, (Honey)
C G7 G7
You get a line and I'll get a pole, Babe. (Babe)
C C7
You get a line and I'll get a pole,
F F

Verse 1:
C C C
Sittin' on the bank 'til my feet get cold, Honey, (Honey)
C G7 G7
Sittin' on the bank 'til my feet get cold, Babe, (Babe)
C C7
Sittin' on the bank 'til my feet get cold,
F
Lookin' down that crawdad hole,
C G7 C C
Honey, baby mine.

Chorus:
C C C
You get a line and I'll get a pole, Honey, (Honey)
C G7 G7
You get a line and I'll get a pole, Babe. (Babe)
C C7
You get a line and I'll get a pole,
We'll go fishin' in the crawdad hole,
Honey, baby mine.

Verse 2:
I heard the duck say to the drake, Honey, (Honey)
I heard the duck say to the drake, Babe, (Babe)
I heard the duck say to the drake,
There ain't no crawdads in this lake,
Honey, baby mine.

Chorus:
You get a line and I'll get a pole, Honey, (Honey)
You get a line and I'll get a pole, Babe. (Babe)
You get a line and I'll get a pole,
We'll go fishin' in the crawdad hole,
Honey, baby mine.

Verse 3:
What you gonna do when the crawdads die, Honey (Honey)
What you gonna do when the crawdads die, Babe (Babe)
What you gonna do when the crawdads die
Sit on the bank, have a crawdad fry,
Honey, Baby mine.
end
Dead Skunk (Short)
Loudon Wainwright III 1972

Intro:
G    D7    C    G
G    D7    C    G

Verse 1:
G                      D7
Crossin' the highway late last night
C                      G
He should-a looked left and he should-a looked right
G                      D7
He didn't see the station wagon car
C                  G
The skunk got squashed and there you are

Chorus:
G                      D7
You got your dead skunk in the middle of the road
C                  G
Dead skunk in the middle of the road
G                      D7
Dead skunk in the middle of the road
C                  G
Stinkin’ to high heaven

Tag:
G    D7    C    G

Verse 2:
G                      D7
Take a whiff on me that ain't no rose
C                      G
Roll up your window and hold your nose
G                      D7
You don't have to look and you don't have to see
'Cause you can feel it in your ol-factory

Chorus:
You got your dead skunk in the middle of the road
Dead skunk in the middle of the road and it’s
Stinkin’ to high heaven

Outro:
end
Down by the Bay
Traditional 1914 Artist - Raffi

Intro:
C    C    G7    C/

Verse 1:
C          G7
Down by the bay, where the watermelons grow
C
Back to my home, I dare not go
F       C    C /
For if I do, my mother will say

Did you ever see a goose, kissing a moose?
G7    C
Down by the bay

Verse 2:
C          G7
Down by the bay, where the watermelons grow
C
Back to my home, I dare not go
F       C    C /
For if I do, my mother will say

Did you ever see a whale with a polka-dot tail?
G7    C
Down by the bay

Verse 3:
C          G7
Down by the bay, where the watermelons grow
Back to my home, I dare not go
For if I do, my mother will say

Did you ever see a fly, wearing a tie?
Down by the bay

Verse 4:
Down by the bay, where the watermelons grow
Back to my home, I dare not go
For if I do, my mother will say

Did you ever see a bear, combing his hair?
Down by the bay

Verse 5:
Down by the bay, where the watermelons grow
Back to my home, I dare not go
For if I do, my mother will say

Did you ever see llamas, eating their pajamas?
Down by the bay

Verse 6:
Down by the bay, where the watermelons grow
Back to my home, I dare not go
For if I do, my mother will say

Did you ever have a time when you couldn’t make a rhyme?

Down by the bay

Verse 7:

Did you ever see a bee, with a sun-burned knee?

Down by the bay

Outro:

Did you ever see a song, that went on so long?

End
The Geoduck (Gooey Duck) Song
Ron Konzak, Jerry and Judy Elfendahl 1972 Artist Fred Penner

Start Note B in G
Original Key G 1234

Key of G

Intro:
G   D //G //

Chorus:
G//   D//          C
Dig a duck, dig a duck, Dig a gooey duck
G   D//          G//
Dig a duck, dig a gooey duck, Dig a duck a day.
G//   D//          C
Dig a duck, dig a duck, Dig a gooey duck
G   D//          G   G
Dig a duck, dig a gooey duck, Dig a duck a day.

Verse 1:
G   C
You can hear the diggers say, as they're headed for the bay,
G   D
Oh I gotta dig a duck, gotta dig a duck a day,
G   C
'Cause I get a buck a duck, if I dig a duck a day,
G   D//          G//
So I gotta dig a duck, gotta dig a duck a day.

Chorus:
G   D          C
Dig a duck, dig a duck, Dig a gooey duck
G   D          G
Dig a duck, dig a gooey duck, Dig a duck a day.
G   D          C
Dig a duck, dig a duck, Dig a gooey duck
G   D          G   G
Dig a duck, dig a gooey duck, Dig a duck a day.
Verse 2:

Oh it takes a lotta of luck, and a certain kinda pluck
For to dig around the muck, for to get a gooey duck.
For he doesn't have a front and he doesn't have a back,
And he doesn't know Donald, and he doesn't go quack!

Chorus:

Dig a duck, dig a duck, Dig a gooey duck
Dig a duck, dig a gooey duck, Dig a duck a day.
Dig a duck, dig a duck, Dig a gooey duck
Dig a duck, dig a gooey duck, Dig a duck a day.

Verse 3:

As they walk across the sand, nearly half a mile from land,
For to dig a gooey duck, for to dig them out by hand,
Oh it isn't any trouble and it doesn't take a shovel,
To find a gooey duck by looking for the bubble!

Chorus:

Dig a duck, dig a duck, Dig a gooey duck
Dig a duck, dig a gooey duck, Dig a duck a day.
Dig a duck, dig a duck, Dig a gooey duck
Dig a duck, dig a gooey duck, Dig a duck a day.

(Speed up)
G     D     C
Dig a duck, dig a duck, Dig a gooey duck
G     D     G
Dig a duck, dig a gooey duck, Dig a duck a day.
G     D     C
Dig a duck, dig a duck, Dig a gooey duck
G     D     G     G/
Dig a duck, dig a gooey duck, Dig a duck a day.

end
How’d you like to spoon with Me?
Jerome Kern  Edward Laska  1905   Artist Angela Lansbury

Key of D
105 BPM in 2/4

Intro:
D /  E7 /
I don't know why I am so very shy,
A7 /  D /
I always was demure,
D /  A /
I never knew what silly lovers do,
Bm /  E7 /  A /
No flirting I'd endure
C7 /  F /
In all my life I've never kissed a man,
C7 /  F /
I've never winked my eye.
C7 /  F /
But now at last I'm going to break the ice
A /  E7 /  A /
So how'd you like to try?

Chorus:
D  A7
How'd you like to spoon with me?
male
I'd like to
D
How'd you like to spoon with me?
male
Well rather
D  G
Sit beneath an oak tree large and shady,
Em7  A7
Call me little tootsy wootsy baby
D  A7
How'd you like to hug and squeeze?
male
Indeed I would

D

Dangle me upon your knees.

male

Oh if I could!

BOTH

slow

G     Em7

How'd you like to be my lovey dovey

back at tempo

A       A7     D/     A/ D/

How'd you like to spoon with me?

end
I used to Work In Chicago
Larry Vincent  1938  Artist L'il Rev

Key of C

Intro:
(Turn-a-round)
C   C   C   C
(or pick the individual notes below)
A----0-2-3-3-0-0-------------0-2-3-3-0-0----
E--3------------------3-3---3-----------------3--
C---------------------------------------------------
G---------------------------------------------------

Verse 1:
C   F
I used to work in Chicago, in a department store,
G7       C
I used to work in Chicago. I did, but I don't anymore.
F
A lady came in, with porcelain skin,
G7 /   G7 /
"Liquor," she said, and lick 'er I did
G7 //   C //
That's why I'm not there anymore.

Turn-a-round:
C   C
A----0-2-3-3-0-0-------------0-2-3-3-0-0----
E--3------------------3-3---3-----------------3--
C---------------------------------------------------
G---------------------------------------------------

Verse 2:
C   F
I used to work in Chicago, in a department store,
I used to work in Chicago. I did, but I don't anymore.
A lady came in for candy

We had some in the store--
"Kisses," she wanted, kisses she got
That's why I'm not there anymore.

Turn-a-round:

Verse 3:
I used to work in Chicago, in a department store,
I used to work in Chicago. I did, but I don't anymore.
A lady came into our butcher shop,

We had one in the store--
"A goose," she wanted, a goose she got
That's why I'm not there anymore.

Turn-a-round:

Verse 4:
I used to work in Chicago, in a department store,
I used to work in Chicago. I did, but I don't anymore.
A lady came in for a felt hat,
We had some in the store...
"Felt" she wanted, felt she got
That's why I'm not there anymore.

Turn-a-round:

end
I'm My Own Grandpa
Dwight Latham, Moe Jaffe  1947  Artist  Ray Stevens

Key of C  
115 BPM

Intro:
C    G7    C    C

Verse 1:
C    G7
Many, many years ago when I was 23
I was married to a widow who was pretty as can be
This widow had a grown-up daughter who had hair of red
My father fell in love with her and soon they too were wed

Verse 2:
C    G7
This made my dad my son-in-law and really changed my life
For now my daughter was my mother, 'cause she was my father's wife
And to complicate the matter even though it brought me joy
I soon became the father of a bouncing baby boy

Verse 3:
C    G7
My little baby then became a brother-in-law to dad
And so became my uncle, though it made me very sad
For if he were my uncle then that also made him brother
Of the widow's grown-up daughter, who was of course, my stepmother

Verse 4:
C    G7
My father's wife then had a son who kept them on the run
And he became my grandchild for he was my daughter's son
My wife is now my mother's mother and it makes me blue
Because although she is my wife, she's my grandmother too

**Verse 5:**

Now if my wife is my grandmother, then I'm her grandchild
Ya, and every time I think of it, hey, nearly drives me wild
'Cause now I have become the strangest case you ever saw
As husband of my grandmother I am my own grandpa

**Bridge:**

Oh I'm my own grandpa
I'm my own grandpa
It sounds funny I know but it really is so
Oh I'm my own grandpa

**Outro:**

Yes, I'm my own grandpa

end
I’m a Lonely Little Petunia
Billy Faber, John Kamano, Maurie Hartmann 1947 Artist Arthur Godfrey

Intro:
D7
won't you come and play with me?

Prelude:
G /
Of all the saddest words that I have ever heard,
D7 /
the sadder is the story told me by a bird.
G /
He had spent about an hour, a-chatting with a flower
D7 /
and here’s the tale the flower told.

Chorus:
D7 tremolo G
Oh....! I'm a lonely little petunia in an onion patch, an
D7 G
onion-patch, an onion patch.
G C Am7
I'm a lonely little petunia in an onion patch
D7 G
and all I do is cry all day.
Women C Men G
Boo hoo, Boo hoo.

Verse 2:
A7 D7
The air's so strong it takes my breath away.
G C Am7
I'm a lonely little petunia in an onion patch.
D7 G ///
Oh won't you come and play with me?
Who put me in this bed? I'll bet his face is red; I call him down with every teardrop that I shed. If I only had him here, I'd take him by the ear and make him share my misery.

Chorus:

Oh!... I'm a lonely little petunia in an onion patch, an onion patch, an onion patch.

I'm a lonely little petunia in an onion patch and all I do is cry all day.

The air's so strong it takes my breath away.

Oh won't you come and play with me?

Outro:

Oh won't you come and play with me?
I’M IN LOVE WITH A BIG BLUE FROG
Leslie Braunstein   1967   Artist   Peter Paul and Mary

Key of G
135 BPM

Intro:
G   G

Chorus:
G   D7
I'm in love with a big blue frog. A big blue frog loves me.
G//   G7//   C//   C7//
It’s not as bad as it appears,
A7//   D7//   G//   D7//
he wears glasses and he's six foot three.

Verse 1:
G   D7
Well I'm not worried about our kids, I know they'll turn out neat.
G//   G7//   C//   C7//
They'll be great lookin' 'cause they'll have my face,
A7//   D7//   G//   D7//
great swimmers 'cause they'll have his feet!

Chorus:
G   D7
I'm in love with a big blue frog. A big blue frog loves me.
G   G7   C   C7   A7   D7   G   D7
He's not as bad as he appears, he has rhythm and a PhD.

Verse 2:
G   D7
Well I know we can make things work. He's got good fam'ly sense.
G   G7   C   C7   A7   D7
His mother was a frog from Philadelphia...his daddy an enchanted
G   D7
prince.
Chorus:
G                       D7
I'm in love with a big blue frog. A big blue frog loves me.
G  G7  C  C7  A7  D7  G  D7
He's not as bad as he appears, he has rhythm and a PhD.

Verse 3:
G
The neighbours are against it and it's clear to me,
D7
And it's prob'ly clear to you.
G  G7  C  C7
They think the value on their property will go right down,
A7  D7  G  D7
if the family next door is blue!

Chorus:
G                       D7
Well I'm in love with a big blue frog. A big blue frog loves me.
G  G7  C  C7  A7  D7  G
I've got it tattooed on my chest... It says P.H.R.O.G.
Em7
(It's frog to me!)

Outro:
G /////    D7 /////    G /////    G / Gb / G /
P.. H..    R.. O.. G....

end
Gb G
I’ve Got A Lovely Bunch of Coconuts
Harold Elton Box, Desmond Cox and Lewis Ilda 1944

Intro:
F  F

F C7
Down at an English fair, one evening I was there
G7 C7 / C7 /
When I heard a showman shouting underneath the flare. Oh...

Verse 1:
F
I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts
F C7
There they are all standing in a row
C7
Big ones, small ones, some as big as your head
G7
You give 'em a twist, a flick of the wrist
G7 C7 / C7 /
That's what the showman said. Oh...

Verse 2:
F
I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts
F C7
Every ball you throw will make me rich
C7
There stands me wife, the idol of me life
C7 F
Singing roll a bowl a ball a penny a pitch

Chorus:
F
Singing roll a bowl a ball a penny a pitch
Singing roll a bowl a ball a penny a pitch
Roll a bowl a ball, roll a bowl a ball
Singing roll a bowl a ball a penny a pitch

Instrumental:
(ukuleles, kazooos & general mayhem)
I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts
There they are all standing in a row
Big ones small ones some as big as your head
You give 'em a twist, a flick of the wrist
That's what the showman said. Oh...

Verse 3:
I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts
Every ball you throw will make me rich
There stands me wife, the idol of me life
Singing roll a bowl a ball a penny a pitch

Chorus:
Singing roll a bowl a ball a penny a pitch
Singing roll a bowl a ball a penny a pitch
Roll a bowl a ball, roll a bowl a ball
Singing roll a bowl a ball a penny a pitch

Verse 5:
I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts (they're lovely)
There they are all standing in a row  (two, three, four)
Big ones, small ones, some as big as your head  (and bigger)
You give 'em a twist, a flick of the wrist
That's what the showman said. Now that...

Verse 6:
I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts  (Na da da da da da)
Every ball you throw will make me rich  (Have a banana)
There stands me wife, the idol of me life
Singing roll a bowl a ball a penny a pitch  (All together now!)

Chorus:
Singing roll a bowl a ball a penny a pitch  (harmony!)
Roll a bowl a ball a penny a pitch  (rrrrrrrrrrr)
Roll a bowl a ball, roll a bowl a ball
Singing roll a bowl a ball a penny a pitch

Outro:
I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts
Every ball you throw will make me rich
There stands me wife, the idol of me life
Singing roll a bowl a ball a penny a pitch
end
Verse 1:
C F G7
Bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop
C Dm G7
She was afraid to come out of the locker (badadup)
Dm G7 C
She was as nervous as she could (badadup)
C C7 F
She was afraid to come out of the locker (badadup)
C Dm // G7 // C /
She was afraid that somebody would see
Tacet
Two three four tell the people what she wore

Chorus:
G / A / B♭ /
Uh - It was an
G7 C
Itsy bitsy teenie weenie yellow polka dot bikini
G7 C
That she wore for the first time today
G7 C
An itsy bitsy teenie weenie yellow polka dot bikini
G7 C
So in the locker she wanted to stay
Tacet
Two three four stick around we'll tell you more

Verse 2:
C F G7
Bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop bop
C Dm G7
She was afraid to come out in the open (badadup)
So a blanket around her she wore (badadup)
She was afraid to come out in the open (badadup)
And so she sat bundled up on the shore
Tacet
Two three four tell the people what she wore

Chorus:
Uh - It was an
Itsy bitsy teenie weenie yellow polka dot bikini
That she wore for the first time today
An itsy bitsy teenie weenie yellow polka dot bikini
So in the blanket she wanted to stay
Tacet
Two three four stick around we'll tell you more

Verse 3:
Bop bop bop bop bopbopbopbopbopbopbop
Now she's afraid to come out of the water (badadup)
And I wonder what she's gonna do (badadup)
Now she's afraid to come out of the water (badadup)
And the poor little girl's turning blue
Tacet
Two thee four tell the people what she wore

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

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

end
Little Arrows
Albert Hammond, Mike Hazlewood  1968  Artist Leapy Lee

Key of C
109 BPM

Intro:
CC//

Verse 1:
C  G7
There's a boy, a little boy, shooting arrows in the blue.
And he's aiming them at someone, but the question is at who?
Is it me, or is it you, it's hard to tell until you're hit.
But you'll know it when they hit you, cause they hurt a little bit!

CHORUS:
C  C
Here they come pouring out of the blue.
Little arrows for me and for you.
You're falling in love again, falling in love again.
Little arrows in your clothing, little arrows in your hair.
When you're in love, you'll find those little arrows everywhere.
Little arrows that will hit you once, and hit you once again.
Little arrows that hit everybody, every now and then.

(Slowly)
G7 / G7 / G7 /
Woe, woe, woe, the pain (PAUSE)

Verse 2:
Some folks run and others hide, but there ain't nothing they can do.
And some folks put on armour, but the arrows go straight through.
So you see, there's no escape, so why not face it and admit...
That you love those little arrows when they hurt a little bit!

**CHORUS:**

C Here they come pouring out of the blue.
D7 Little arrows for me and for you.
G7 You're falling in love again, falling in love again.
C Little arrows in your clothing, little arrows in your hair.
G7 When you're in love, you'll find those little arrows everywhere.
C Little arrows that will hit you once, and hit you once again.
G7 Little arrows that hit everybody, every now and then.

**OUTRO:**

C Little arrows in your clothing, little arrows in your hair.
G7 When you're in love, you'll find those little arrows everywhere.
G7 Little arrows that will hit you once, and hit you once again.
C Little arrows that hit everybody, every now and then.

end
LONG TALL TEXAN
Henry Strzelecki  1959  Artist  Buck Owens

Key of C

Intro:
C C C
Giddy up  Giddy up

Verse 1:
C
Well I'm a long tall Texan. I ride a big white horse
(He rides from Texas on a big white horse)

C7  F  C
Well I'm a long tall Texan. I ride a big white horse
(He rides from Texas on a big white horse)

G
When people look at me and say
Tacet C
Oh law, oh law is that your horse?
C
Giddy up  Giddy up

Verse 2:
C
Well I'm a long tall Texan
I wear a ten gallon hat
(He rides from Texas with a ten gallon hat)

C7  F
Well I'm a long tall Texan
C
I wear a ten gallon hat
(He rides from Texas with a ten gallon hat)
When people look at me and say
_Tacet_  \( C \)
Oh law, oh law is that your hat?
\( C \)
Giddy up  Giddy up

**Bridge:**

\( F \)
Well I was walkin' down the street
With my shiny badge
\( C \  C \  C \)
My spurs jinglin' at my feet
\( F \)
I seen a man a comin'
Comin' with a gun
\( G \  G \  G / \)
And I just can't be beat

**Verse 3:**

\( C \)
Well I'm a long tall Texan
I enforce justice for the law
(He rides from Texas to enforce the law)

\( C^7 \  F \)
Well I'm a long tall Texan
\( C \)
I enforce justice for the law
(He rides from Texas to enforce the law)

\( G \)
Well people look at me and say
_Tacet_  \( C \)
Oh law, oh law is you the law?
\( C \)
Giddy up  Giddy up

\( G \)
When people look at me and say
_Tacet_  \( C \)
Oh law,oh law, is you the law?
Giddy up  Giddy up

Fade out...

end
Love Potion Number Nine
Leiber and Stoller  1959    Artist - Clovers.

Key of Am
128 BPM

Start Note E In Am
Original Key G or Em
1234
Explain End

Intro:
A\(^m\)A\(^m\)A\(^m\)

Verse 1:
A\(^m\) / D\(^m\)
I took my troubles down to Madame Ruth.
A\(^m\) A\(^m\) D\(^m\)
You know that Gypsy with the gold-capped tooth.
C A\(^m\)
She's got a pad down on Thirty-Fourth and Vine,
D\(^m\) / E\(^7\) / A\(^m\) A\(^m\)
sellin’ little bottles of, Love Potion Number Nine.

Verse 2:
A\(^m\) D\(^m\)
I told her that I was a flop with chicks.
A\(^m\) D\(^m\)
I've been this way since nineteen-fifty-six.
C A\(^m\)
She looked at my palm and she made a magic sign...
D\(^m\) E\(^7\) / A\(^m\) A\(^m\)
She said, "What you need is, Love Potion Number Nine."

Bridge:
D\(^m\)
She bent down, and turned around, and gave me a wink.
B\(^7\)
She said "I'm gonna mix it up right here in the sink."
D\(^m\)
It smelled like turpentine. It looked like India Ink...
E\(^7\) E\(^7\) / E\(^7\)
I held my nose. I closed my eyes. I took a drink!
Verse 3:

Am    Dm
I didn't know if it was day or night.

Am    Dm
I started kissin' everything in sight.

C    Am
But when I kissed a cop down on Thirty-Fourth and Vine...

Dm    E7 /    Am    Am
He broke my little bottle of, Love Potion Number Nine.

Verse 4:

Am    Dm
I didn't know if it was day or night.

Am    Dm
I started kissin' everything in sight.

C    Am
I had so much fun, that I'm goin' back again..

Dm    E7 /    Am
I wonder what happens with, Love Potion Number Ten?

OUTRO:

Dm    Am    Dm    Am
Love Potion Number Nine...Love Potion Number Nine.

Dm    Slow down Am / G / Am / G / Am Tremolo
Love Potion Number Nine... i.. i.. i.. ine.

end
The Lumberjack Song
Terry Jones & Michael Palin 1969  Artist  Monty Python

Key of C
179 BPM

Intro:
C
Oh, I'm a lumberjack, and I'm okay
F
I sleep all night and I work all day

Chorus:
F
He's a lumberjack, and he's okay
G7
He sleeps all night and he works all day

Verse 1:
F
I cut down trees, I eat my lunch
G7
I go to the lavat'ry
F
On Wednesdays I go shopping
G7
And have buttered scones for tea

Response:
F
He cuts down trees. He eats his lunch
G7
He goes to the lavat'ry
F
On Wednesdays he goes shopping
G7
And has buttered scones for tea

Chorus:
He's a lumberjack, and he's okay
He sleeps all night and he works all day

Verse 2:
I cut down trees, I skip and jump
I like to press wild flowers
I put on women's clothing
And hang around in bars

Response:
He cuts down trees. He skips and jumps
He likes to press wild flowers
He puts on women's clothing
And hangs around in bars?!

Chorus:
He's a lumberjack, and he's okay
He sleeps all night and he works all day

Verse 3:
I cut down trees, I wear high heels
Suspendies, and a bra
I wish I'd been a girlie
Just like my dear Papa
Outro:

He cuts down trees, he wears high heels
Suspendies, and a bra?!

He's a lumberjack, and he's okaaaaaaaaaay!

He sleeps all night and he works all day!

end
The Naughty Lady of Shady Lane
Sid Tepper, Roy C. Bennett 1954  Artist Dean Martin

Key of A
115 BPM

Intro:
\[ A^m \text{ papaya... papaya paya...} \]
\[ A^m \text{ papaya... papaya paya...} \]

Verse 1:
\[ A^m \text{ E7} \]
The naughty lady of Shady Lane
\[ E7 \text{ A^m} \]
has hit the town like a bomb,
\[ E7 \text{ A^m} \]
the back fence gossips ain't been this good
\[ E7 \text{ A^m} \]
since Mabel ran off with Tom.
\[ C \text{ G} \]
Our town was peaceful and quiet
\[ G^7 \text{ C} \]
between she came on the scene,
\[ F// G// \text{ A^m} \]
the lady has started a riot
\[ B7 \text{ E7} \]
disturbing the suburban routine.

Chorus:
\[ A \]
Oh the naughty lady of Shady Lane
\[ E7 \]
has the town in a whirl.
\[ E7 \]
The naughty lady of Shady Lane...
\[ A^m \]
me oh my oh what a girl.
Papaya... papaya paya...

Verse 2:

Am  E7
You should see how she carries on
E7  Am
with her admirers galore,
E7
she must be giving them quite a thrill
E7  Am
the way they flock to her door.
C  G
She throws those come-hither glances
G7  C
at every Tom, Dick and Joe,
F ///  G ///  Am
when offered some liquid refreshment,
B7  E7
the lady never never says no.

Chorus:

A
Oh the naughty lady of Shady Lane
E7
has the town in a whirl,
E7
the naughty lady of Shady Lane - - -
Am
me oh my oh what a girl.

Papaya... papaya paya...

Verse 3:

Am  E7
The things they're trying to pin on her
won't hold much water I'm sure,
beneath the powder and fancy lace
there beats a heart sweet and pure.
She just needs someone to change her
then she'll be nice as can be,
if you're in the neighborhood, stranger,
you're welcome to drop in and see!

Chorus:

The naughty lady of Shady Lane
so delightful to hold,
the naughty lady of Shady Lane -
She's delectable... quite respectable, and she's
only nine days old  CHA CHA CHA!

end
The Old Bazaar In Cairo
Clinton Ford and George Chisholm

Intro:
\[ Dm \]
Laaalalalala lalalala lalalala

Verse 1:
\[ Dm \]
Sand bags, wind bags, camels with a hump
\[ Dsus2 \]
Fat girls, thin girls, some a little plump
\[ Dm \]
Slave girls sold here, fifty bob a lump
\[ Dsus2 \]
\[ Dm \]
In the Old Bazaar in Cairo

Chorus:
\[ C \]
You can buy most any, any thing
\[ F \]
Thin bulls, fat cows, a little bit of string
\[ D7 \]
You can purchase anything you wish
\[ Dsus2 / \]
\[ Dsus2 / \]
A clock, a dish, and something for your Aunty Nellie

Verse 2:
\[ Dm \]
Brandy, shandy, beer without a froth
\[ Dsus2 \]
Braces, laces, a candle for the moth
\[ Dm \]
Bet you'd look a smasher in an old loin cloth
\[ Dsus2 \]
\[ Dm \]
In the Old Bazaar in Cairo
Verse 3:
\[ Dm \quad D\text{sus2} \]
Harem, scarem, what d'ya think of that
\[ Dm \quad D\text{sus2} \]
Bare knees, striptease, dancing on the mat
\[ Dm \]
Oompa, oompa, that’s enough of that
\[ D\text{sus2} \quad Dm \]
In the Old Bazaar in Cairo

Chorus:
\[ C \quad F \]
You can buy most any, any thing
\[ C \quad F \]
Thin bulls, fat cows, a little bit of string
\[ D^7 \quad Dm \]
You can purchase anything you wish
\[ D\text{sus2} / \quad D\text{sus2} / \]
A clock, a dish, and something for your Aunty Fannie

Verse 4:
\[ Dm \quad D\text{sus2} \]
Rice pud, very good, what's it all about?
\[ Dm \quad D\text{sus2} \]
Made it in a kettle, and they couldn't get it out
\[ Dm \]
Everybody took a turn to suck it through the spout
\[ D\text{sus2} \quad Dm \]
In the Old Bazaar in Cairo

Outro:
\[ Dm \]
Laaalalalala lalalala lalalalala
\[ Dm / \quad Dm / \]
Boom, boom.

end
Purple People Eater
Sheb Wooley (1958)

Intro:
DD ///

Verse 1:
D
Well, I saw the thing comin' out of the sky.
A D
It had a one long horn, and one big eye! (ooh!)
D G
I commenced to shakin', and I said "Ooh-eee!
A D
It looks like a purple people eater to me!"

Chorus:
A
It was a one-eyed, one-horned, flyin' purple people eater.
(One-eyed, one-horned, flyin' purple people eater)
D
A one-eyed, one-horned, flyin' purple people eater
A D
Sure looks strange to me! (One eye?)

Verse 2:
D
Oh well, he came down to earth and he lit in a tree.
A D
I said, "Mr. Purple People Eater, don't eat me!"
D G G/
I heard him say in a voice so gruff,...
Tacet
“I wouldn't eat you, 'cause you're too tough!”

Chorus:
It was a one-eyed, one-horned, flyin' purple people eater.
(One-eyed, one-horned, flyin' purple people eater)
One-eyed, one-horned, flyin' purple people eater
Sure looks strange to me! (one horn?)

Verse 3:
I said, “Mr. Purple People Eater, what's your line?”
He said, “A-eatin’ purple people and it sure is fine.
But that's not the reason that I came to land,
I wanna get a job in a rock’n’roll band!”

Chorus:
Well... Bless my soul, rock’n’roll, flyin’ purple people eater.
Pigeon-toed, under-growned, flying purple people eater.
(We wear short shorts) Friendly little people eater.
What a sight to see! (Ooh!)

Verse 4:
And then he swung from the tree and he laid on the ground,
And he started to rock, a-really rockin' around.
It was a crazy ditty with a swing-in' tune...
Singing A-bop bop a-loop-a-lop a-loom bam boom!

Chorus:
Well, Bless my soul, rock’n’roll, flying purple people eater.
Pigeon-toed, under-growed, flyin’ purple people eater.
(I like short shorts) Flyin' purple people eater.
What a sight to see! (Purple people?)

Verse 5:
Well, he went on his way, and then what do you know?
I saw him last night on a TV show!
He was blowin’ it out, a-really knockin’ ‘em dead...
Playin' rock’n’roll music through the horn in his head!!

Outro:
Well, Bless my soul, rock’n’roll, flying purple people eater.
Pigeon-toed, undergrewed, flyin’ purple people eater.
(I like short shorts) Flyin' purple people eater.
What a sight to see! (Purple people?)

What a sight to see!

end
Sama Cama Wacky Brown
Warren Goehring 1960 Artist Brothers Four

Key of G
180 BPM

Intro:
G C GG /
This is the story bout

Chorus:
G
Eddie cootcha catcha cama
C D7 G
tosanera tosanoka sama cama wacky Brown.
(Who?)
G
Eddie cootcha catcha cama
C D7 G
tosanera tosanoka sama cama wacky Brown.
C
Fell into the well, fell into the well
D7 G
fell into the deep, dark well.

Verse 1:
C // D7 // G C // D7 // G
Suzie Jones, milkin' in the barn
C // D7 // G C /
saw him fall, ran inside and told her ma that...

Chorus:
G
Eddie cootcha catcha cama
C D7 G
tosanera tosanoka sama cama wacky Brown.
(Who?)
G
Eddie cootcha catcha cama
tosanera tosanoka sama cama wacky Brown.

C
Fell into the well, fell into the well
D7
fell into the deep, dark well.

Verse 2:
C // D7 //G
Suzie's ma, makin' cracklin' bread
C // D7 //G
called old Joe... told him that her Suzie said that...

Chorus:
G
Eddie cootcha catcha cama
tosanera tosanoka sama cama wacky Brown.
(Who?)
G
Eddie cootcha catcha cama
tosanera tosanoka sama cama wacky Brown.
C
Fell into the well, fell into the well
D7
fell into the deep, dark well.

Verse 3:
C // D7 //G
Then Old Joe, put his plow aside...
C // D7 //G
grabbed his cane, hobbled into town and cried that...

Chorus:
G
Eddie cootcha catcha cama
tosanera tosanoka sama cama wacky Brown.
(Who?)
G
Eddie cootcha catcha cama
tosanera tosanoka sama cama wacky Brown.

Fell into the well, fell into the well
fell into the deep, dark well.

Verse 4:
To the well, everybody came.
What a shame, took so long to say his name that...

Outro:
Eddie cootcha catcha cama
(tosanera tosanoka sama cama wacky Brown)
(Who?)
Eddie cootcha catcha cama
tosanera tosanoka sama cama wacky Brown....DROWNED
**The Swimming Song**  
Loudon Wainwright III 1973 (as recorded by Kate & Anna McGarrigle)

### INTRO:

\[C^5 C^5 ///\]

### Verse 1:

\[C^5 /// C_{sus4} /// C\]

This summer I went swimming.

\[G Am\]

This summer I might have drowned.

\[Am F\]

But I held my breath and I kicked my feet,

\[G Am G C C\]

and I moved my arms a-round. Moved my arms a-round.

### Verse 2:

\[C^5 C_{sus4} C \]

This summer I swam in the ocean.

\[G Am\]

Then swam in a swimming pool.

\[Am F\]

Salt my wounds, chlor-ined my eyes,

\[G Am G C C\]

I'm a self-destructive fool. Self-destructive fool.

### INSTRUMENTAL VERSE:

\[C^5 C_{sus4} C \]

This summer I swam in the ocean.

\[G Am\]

And I swam in a swimming pool.

\[Am F\]

Salt my wounds, chlor-ined my eyes,

\[G Am\]

I'm a self-destructive fool.

\[G C C\]

I'm a self-destructive fool.
Verse 3:
\[ C^5 \quad C_{sus4} \quad C \]
This summer I did the back stroke.
\[ G \quad A^m \]
And you know that that's not all.
\[ A^m \quad F \]
I did the breast stroke and the butterfly,
\[ G \quad A^m \quad G \quad C \quad C \]
And the old Australian crawl. The old Australian crawl.

Verse 4:
\[ C^5 \quad C_{sus4} \quad C \]
This summer I swam in a public place,
\[ G \quad A^m \]
And a reservoir to boot.
\[ A^m \quad F \]
At the latter I was in-formal,
\[ G \quad A^m \quad G \quad C \quad C \]
At the former I wore my suit. I wore my swimming suit, yeah!

Verse 5:
\[ C^5 \quad C_{sus4} \quad C \]
This summer I did swan dives,
\[ G \quad A^m \]
And jack-knives for you all.
\[ A^m \quad F \]
And once when you weren't looking,
\[ G \quad A^m \quad G \quad C \quad C \]
I did a cannon-ball. Did a cannon-ball.

Outro:
\[ C^5 \quad C_{sus4} \quad C \]
This summer I went swimming.
\[ G \quad A^m \]
This summer I might have drowned.
\[ A^m \quad F \]
But I held my breath and I kicked my feet,
\[ G \quad A^m \quad G \quad C \quad C \]
And I moved my arms a-round. Moved my arms a-round.
end
Ukulele (Hallelujah Spoof)

Intro:
G Em G Em

Verse 1:
G Em
Now I’ve heard there was a list of chords
G Em
That I should play ’til I got bored
C D7 G D7
My teacher told me I must practice daily
G C D7
It goes like this, C, F, G7
Em C
I’ll never play the harp in heaven
D7 B7 Em
I’m going to hell to play my uku--lele

Chorus:
C Em
Uku--lele, uku--lele
C G D7 G Em G Em
Uku--lele, uku--le-----le

Verse 2:
G Em
It doesn’t matter who you are
G Em
Or where you come from, near or far
C D7 G D7
You could be Greek, Bra--zilian or Is--raeli
G C D7
No--one will want to be your friend
Em C
Be--cause you drive them round the bend
And irritate them with your uku--lele

**Chorus:**
C   Em
**Uku--lele, uku--lele**
C G D7 G Em G Em
**Uku--lele, uku--le-----le**

**Verse 3:**
G   Em
So armed with my half-dozen chords
G   Em
I'm setting out to tread the boards
C   D7 G D7
At folk-club sessions, open mic or ceilidh
G   C   D7
From jazz, thrash-metal, country, new age
Em   C
So long as the chords are on the page
D7   B7   Em
You'll hear them all upon my uku--lele

**Chorus:**
C   Em
**Uku--lele, uku--lele**
C G D7 G Em G Em
**Uku--lele, uku--le-----le**

C   Em
**Uku--lele, uku--lele**
C G D7 G /
**Uku--lele, uku--le-----le**

end
When I First Stepped in a Canoe

Key of C
149 BPM

Intro:
C C ///

Verse 1:
C
When I first stepped in a canoe,
F C
I made a fatal mis-take.
F C
I planted my heel, to one side of the keel
D7 G Down
And pitched head-first in the lake.
C
I had no reason to think.
F C
It would tip before you could blink,
F C
Or take all your talents for keeping your balance
D7 G Up
Or else you’d land in the drink.
C
Which... is what I proceeded to do,
F// G// C F C G7 C C
When I first stepped in a ca-noe!

Verse 2:
C
When I first soloed in a canoe,
F C
It took me a while to learn.
F
That you sit in the bow,
C
Though I didn’t know how
D7
You could tell the damn thing from the stern.
C
I paddled the rest of the day,
F    C
In circles and growing dis-may.
F    C
I hadn’t a clue, that to steer the thing true
D7    G    Up
Your stroke had to end with a ‘J’
C
Which... no-one had taught me to do,
F //    G //    C    F    C    G7    C    C
When I first soloed in a ca-noe!

Verse 3:
C
When I first kneel in a canoe,
F    C
I paddle with languorous grace.
F    C
But it’s all a mirage, when you have to portage
D7    G    Down
With black flies all over your face.
C
As I stagger off into the trees,
F    C
At least I’m off of my knees
F    C
Which I haven’t quite felt, since the minute I knelt
D7    G    Up
And the thwarts turned the caps into cheese.
C
Which... is what they instantly do,
F //    G //    C ///    A7 /
When I first kneel in a ca-noe! Now

Verse 4:
D
the best thing about a canoe,
G    D
May be just what it is not.
Like loud and aggressive,
And big and excessive, like a ski boat
Or a millionaire’s yacht.

It’s at home on stream, lake, or chute.

It won’t harm a beaver or coot.
It may take some labour, but like a good neighbour,
It won’t make noise or pol-lute.

So if asked if you want a SeaDoo,
Say, “Thanks, but I’d rather can-oe”.

Now I have to skedaddle,
(God, I wish these had a saddle)
And paddle off in my can-oe.

end
Blame it on the Ukulele
To the tune of “Blame It On The Bossa Nova”

Key of C

Start note G in C
1 2 3 4

Banjolele

Intro:
C  C

Verse 1:
C  G7
I was on my own, feeling sad and blue.
C
When I met a friend, who knew just what to do.
C7  F  F
On her little uke, she began to play
C  G7  C  C /
And then I knew I’d buy a uke that day!

Chorus:
Tacet  G7  C
Blame it on the ukulele, with its magic spell.
G7  C  C7
Blame it on the ukulele, that she played so well.
F
Oh it all began with just one little chord,
C
But soon it was a sound we all adored.
G7  C  C7 /
Blame it on the ukulele.....the sound of love.
G7
(Boys): Is it a guitar (Girls): No no a ukulele
C
(Boys): Or a mandolin (Girls): No no a ukulele
G7
(Boys):So was it the sound (Girls):Yeah yeah the ukulele
C / F// C
(All): The sound of love!
Verse 2:

C
Now I’m glad to say, I have a family.
G7
Soprano, tenor, bass...even a banjolele.
C
All my friends play uke, and I’m never blue.
C7 F
So join our band, and you can play one too!
C G7 C C /

Chorus:

Tacet
Come and play the ukulele, with its magic spell.
G7 C
Come and play the ukulele, makes you feel so well.
C7 F
Oh it all began with just one little chord,
C
But soon it was a sound we all adored.
G7 C
Blame it on the ukulele...the sound of love.
G7
(Boys): Is it a guitar (Girls): No no a ukulele
C
(Boys): Or a mandolin (Girls): No no a ukulele
C G7
(Boys): So was it the sound (Girls): Yeah yeah the ukulele
C / F // C /
(All): The sound of love cha cha cha.

end
Happy Trails & Aloha Oe

Key of C

Intro:
C // C#dim // G7 ///

C C#dim G7
Happy trails to you, until we meet again,

C C#dim G7
happy trails to you, keep smilin' until then.

Who cares about the clouds when we're together?

A7 D7 /// G7 /
Just sing a song, and bring the sunny weather!

C A7 Dm /// G7 /// C /// G7 ///
Happy trails to you, ’til we meet a gain.

F C
Aloha 'oe farewell to thee

G7 C C7
Thou charming one who dwells amongst the bowers.

F C
One fond embrace Before I now depart.

G7 C C
Until we meet again

C A7 Dm /// G7 /// Ctremolo
And Happy trails to you, ‘til we meet a gain.

Aloha!
end