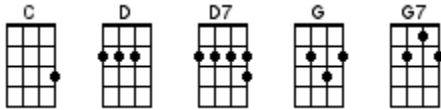


Margaritaville

Jimmy Buffett 1977



INTRO: / 1 2 3 4 /

[G] / [C] / [D7] / [G] / [G] /

[G] Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake
[G] All of those tourists covered with [D7] oil [D7]
[D7] Strummin' my four-string, on my front porch swing
[D7] Smell those shrimp, they're beginning to [G] boil [G7]

CHORUS:

[C] Wastin' a-[D7]way again in Marga-[G]itaville [G7]
[C] Searching for my [D7] lost shaker of [G] salt [G7]
[C] Some people [D7] claim that there's a [G]↓ wo-[D]↓man to [C]↓ blame
But I [D7] know..., it's nobody's [G] fault [G]

[G] I don't know the reason, I stay here all season
[G] Nothin' is sure but this brand new ta-[D7]too [D7]
[D7] But it's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie
[D7] How it got here, I haven't a [G] clue [G7]

CHORUS:

[C] Wastin' a-[D7]way again in Marga-[G]itaville [G7]
[C] Searching for my [D7] lost shaker of [G] salt [G7]
[C] Some people [D7] claim that there's a [G]↓ wo-[D]↓man to [C]↓ blame
Now I [D7] think..., hell, it could be my [G] fault [G]

INSTRUMENTAL:

[G] I don't know the reason, I stay here all [G] season
[G] Nothin' is sure but this brand new ta-[D7]too [D7]
[C] Some people [D7] claim that there's a [G]↓ wo-[D7]↓man to [C]↓ blame
Now I [D7] think..., hell, it could be my [G] fault [G]

[G] I blew out my flip-flop, stepped on a pop-top
[G] Cut my heel, had to cruise on back [D7] home [D7]
[D7] But there's booze in the blender, and soon it will render
[D7] That frozen concoction that helps me hang [G] on [G7]

CHORUS:

[C] Wastin' a-[D7]way again in Marga-[G]itaville [G7]
[C] Searching for my [D7] lost shaker of [G] salt [G7]
[C] Some people [D7] claim that there's a [G]↓ wo-[D]↓man to [C]↓ blame
But I [D7] know, it's my own damned [G] fault [G7] yes and
[C] Some people [D7] claim that there's a [G]↓ wo-[D]↓man to [C]↓ blame
And I [D7] know..., it's my own damned [G] fault [C] / [D7] / [G]↓ [D7]↓ [G]↓

Fortunate Son Creedence Clearwater Revival

Intro:

[G] [F] [C] [G]
[G] [F] [C] [G]

Verse 1:

[G] Some folks are born [F] Made to wave the flag
[C] Ooh, they're red white and [G] blue
[G] And when the band Plays [F] Hail to the Chief
[C] Ooh, they point the cannon at [G] you, Lord

Chorus:

[G] It ain't me, [D] It ain't me,
[C] I ain't no senator's [G] son, son
[G] It ain't me, [D] It ain't me,
[C] I ain't no fortunate [G] one, no

Verse 2:

[G] Some folks are born [F] Silver spoon in hand
[C] Lord, don't they help them [G] themselves, yo
[G] But when the taxman [F] Comes to the door
[C] Lord the house looks like a rummage [G] sale, yeah

Chorus:

[G] It ain't me, [D] It ain't me,
[C] I ain't no millionaire's [G] son, no, no
[G] It ain't me, [D] It ain't me,
[C] I ain't no fortunate [G] one, no

Bridge:

[G] [F] [C] [G]

[G] [F] [C] [G]

[G] Yeah, yeah

Verse 3:

[G] Some folks inherit [F] star spangled eyes

[C] Ooh, they send you down to [G] war, Lord

[G] And when you ask 'em, [F] "How much should we give?"

[C] Ooh, they only answer, [G] "More, more, more!, y'all"

Chorus:

[G] It ain't me, [D] It ain't me,

[C] I ain't no military [G] son, son, Lord

[G] It ain't me, [D] It ain't me,

[C] I ain't no fortunate [G] one, one

Outro:

[G] It ain't me, [D] It ain't me,

[C] I ain't no fortunate [G] one, no, no, no

[G] It ain't me, [D] It ain't me,

[C] I ain't no fortunate [G] son, son, no no, no

A | -----10-----8-----7-----5-----
E | -----6b-3-----
C | -9/11-----7/9-----5/7-----5/7-----
G | -----



YouTube



SLIP SLIDIN' AWAY

Paul Simon

INTRO: 1 2 / 1 2 3 4 /

[G] Ooo / [G] oo-oo / [Em] ooo / [Em] ooo
[G] Ooo / [G] oo-oo / [Em] ooo / [Em]

Slip slidin' a-[G]way - slip slidin' a-[Em]way [Em]
You know the [G] nearer your desti-[D]nation
The [C] more you're slip [D] slidin' a-[G]way [G]

I know a [Em] man - he came from [G] my hometown [G]
He wore his [C] passion for his [D] woman like a [C] thorny crown [C7]
He said, "De-[G]lores - I live in [Em] fear [Em]
My love for [G] you's so over-[D]powering
I'm a-[C]fraid that I [D] will disap-[G]pear" [G]

Slip slidin' a-[G]way - slip slidin' a-[Em]way [Em]
You know the [G] nearer your desti-[D]nation
The [C] more you're slip [D] slidin' a-[G]way [G]

And, I know a [Em] woman - became a [G] wife [G]
These are the [C] very words she [D] uses to des-[C]cribe her life [C7]
She said, "A [G] good day - ain't got no [Em] rain" [Em]
She said, "A [G] bad day's when I [D] lie in bed
And [C] think of things [D] that might have [G] been" [G]

Slip slidin' a-[G]way - slip slidin' a-[Em]way [Em]
You know the [G] nearer your desti-[D]nation
The [C] more you're slip [D] slidin' a-[G]way
[F][C]/[G]/[G]

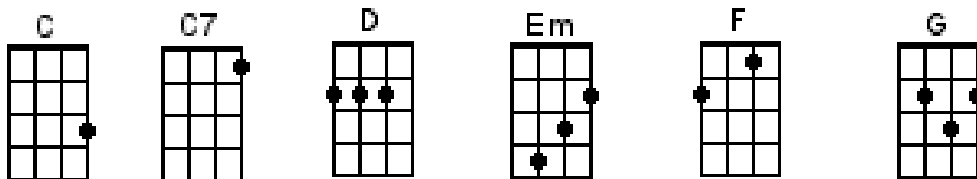
And I know a fa-[Em]-a-[D]ther who had a [G] son
He longed to [C] tell him all the [D] reasons for the [C] things he'd done [C7]
He came a [G] long way - just to ex-[Em]plain [Em]
He kissed his [G] boy as he lay [D] sleeping
Then he [C] turned around and [D] headed home a-[G]gain [G]

He's slip slidin' [G] - [G] slip slidin' a-[Em]way [Em]
You know the [G] nearer your desti-[D]nation
The [C] more you're slip [D] slidin' a-[G]way
[F][C]/[G]/
[F][C]/[G]/[G]

And God only **[Em]** knows, God makes his **[G]** plan **[G]**
 The infor-**[C]**mation's una-**[D]**vailable to the **[C]** mortal man **[C7]**
 We're working **[G]** our jobs, collecting our **[Em]** pay **[Em]**
 Believe we're **[G]** gliding down the **[D]** highway
 When in **[C]** fact we're slip **[D]** slidin' a-**[G]**way **[G]**↓

Slip slidin' a-**[G]**way, slip slidin' a-**[Em]**way **[Em]**
 You know the **[G]** nearer your desti-**[D]**nation
 The **[C]** more you're slip **[D]** slidin' a-**[G]**way **[G]**

Slip slidin' a-**[G]**way, slip slidin' a-**[Em]**way **[Em]**
 You know the **[G]** nearer your desti-**[D]**nation
 The **[C]** more you're slip **[D]** slidin' a-**[G]**way **[Em]/[G]/[G]**↓



www.bytownukulele.ca

The Boxer Simon and Garfunkel

[F] I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom [Dm] told
I have [C] squandered my resistance
For a [C7] pocket full of mumbles such are [F] promises [F]
[F] All lies and [Dm] jests, still a [C] man hears what he [Bb]
wants to hear
And [Bb] disregards the [F] rest, mm-mm-
[C7] mm mm-mm-[C7]mm mm-mm [F] mm [F]

When I [F] left my home and my family I was no more than a [Dm] boy
In the [C] company of strangers
In the [C7] quiet of the railway station [F] running scared [F]
[F] Laying [Dm] low, seeking [C] out the poorer [Bb] quarters
Where the [Bb] ragged people [F] go
Looking [C7] for the places [Bb] only they would [F] know [F]

Lie la [Dm] lie [Dm]
Lie la [Am] lie, la la la-lie
Lie la [Dm] lie [Dm]
Lie la [C7] lie, la la la-lie, la-la-la-la [F] lie [F] / [F] / [F]

Asking [F] only workman's wages I come looking for a [Dm] job
But I get no [C] offers [C]
Just a [C7] come-on from the whores on Seventh [F] Avenue [F]
[F] I do de-[Dm]clare, there were [C] times when I was [Bb] so lonesome
I [Bb] took some comfort [F] there, la-la [C7] la-la-la-la [C7] la [C7] / [F] / [F]

Lie la [Dm] lie [Dm]
Lie la [Am] lie, la la la-lie
Lie la [Dm] lie [Dm]
Lie la [C7] lie, la la la-lie, la-la-la-la [F] lie [F] / [F] / [F]

Then I'm [F] laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was [Dm] gone
Going [C] home [C]
Where the [C7] New York City winters aren't [F] bleeding me [F] / [Am]
Bleeding [Am] me-[Dm]ee-[Dm]ee
Going [C] home [C] / [C] / [F] / [F]

In the [F] clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his [Dm] trade

And he [C] carries the reminders
Of [C7] every glove that laid him down or [F] cut him till he cried out
In his [F] anger and his [Dm] shame
I am [C] leaving I am [Bb] leaving
But the [Bb] fighter still re-[F]mains mm-[C7]mm [Bb] / [F] / [F]

Lie la [Dm] lie [Dm]
Lie la [Am] lie, la la la-lie
Lie la [Dm] lie [Dm]
Lie la [C7] lie, la la la-lie, la-la-la-la-[Dm] lie [Dm]

Lie la [Am] lie, la la la-lie
Lie la [Dm] lie [Dm]
Lie la [C7] lie, la la la-lie, la-la-la-la-[F!] lie

I'd Like To Teach The World To Sing -The New Seekers

Plain = Lead singers

(Italics) = Backup singers

Underline = All singers

[C] I'd like to build a world a home and [D7] furnish it with love
Grow [G7] apple trees and honey bees and [F] snow white turtle [C] doves

[C] I'd like to teach the world to sing *(Sing with me)*
In [D7] perfect harmony *(Perfect harmony)*
I'd [G7] like to hold it in my arms and [F] keep it com-[C]pany

[C] I'd like to see the world for once all [D7] standing hand in hand
And [G7] hear them echo through the hills for [F] peace throughout the [C] land

(That's the song I hear) [C] I'd like to teach the world to sing
(Let the world song today) In [D7] perfect harmony
(Oooooo) La [G7] da da daa... La da da daa... La [F] da da da da [C] daa

[C] I'd like to build a world a home and [D7] furnish it with love
Grow [G7] apple trees and honey bees
And [F] snow white turtle [C] doves *(That's the song I hear)*

[C] I'd like to teach the world to sing *(Let the world sing today)*
In [D7] perfect harmony *(Perfect harmony)*
I'd [G7] like to hold it in my arms
And [F] keep it com-[C]pany *(That's the song I hear)*

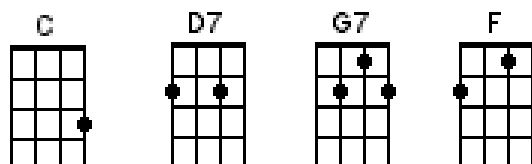
[C] I'd like to see the world for once *(Let the world sing today)*
All [D7] standing hand in hand *(Hand in hand)*
And [G7] hear them echo through the hills for [F] peace throughout the [C] land

(That's the song I hear) [C] I'd like to teach the world to sing
(Let the world song today) In [D7] perfect harmony
(Oooooo) La [G7] da da daa... La da da daa... La [F] da da da da [C] daa

Outro: Sounds like the backup melody ("It's the real thing....."):

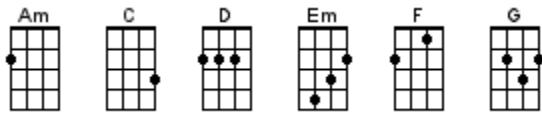
La da da [C] daa ... La da da [D7] daa

La da da da [G7] daa... La da da da [F] daa... La da da da da [C] daa [C]!



Ticket To Ride

Lennon-McCartney 1965 (The Beatles)



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

I [G] think I'm gonna be sad, I think it's today, yeah
The [G] girl that's drivin' me mad, is going a-[Am]way [D]
[Em] She's got a ticket to [C] ride
[Em] She's got a ticket to [F]↓ ri-i-ide
[Em] She's got a ticket to [D] ride
But she don't [G] care [G]

She [G] said that livin' with me, was bringin' her down, yeah
[G] She would never be free, when I was a-[Am]round [D]
[Em] She's got a ticket to [C] ride
[Em] She's got a ticket to [F]↓ ri-i-ide
[Em] She's got a ticket to [D] ride
But she don't [G] care [G]

I [C] don't know why she's ridin' so high
She oughta [C] think twice, she oughta do right by [D] me
Be-[C]fore she gets to sayin' goodbye
She oughta [C] think twice, she oughta do right by [D] me [D]

I [G] think I'm gonna be sad, I think it's today, yeah
The [G] girl that's drivin' me mad, is going a-[Am]way [D] yeah
Oh [Em] she's got a ticket to [C] ride
[Em] She's got a ticket to [F]↓ ri-i-ide
[Em] She's got a ticket to [D] ride
But she don't [G] care [G]

I [C] don't know why she's ridin' so high
She oughta [C] think twice, she oughta do right by [D] me
Be-[C]fore she gets to sayin' goodbye
She oughta [C] think twice, she oughta do right by [D] me [D]

She [G] said that livin' with me, was bringin' her down, yeah
[G] She would never be free, when I was a-[Am]round [D] yeah
Oh [Em] she's got a ticket to [C] ride
[Em] She's got a ticket to [F]↓ ri-i-ide
[Em] She's got a ticket to [D] ride
But she don't [G] care [G]↓

My baby don't [G] care
[G] My baby don't care
[G] My baby don't care
[G] My baby don't care [G]↓

Two of Us - The Beatles

Intro/transition:

```

      |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
      |
A | -----2-----2- | --2-----2-----2- | -----2-----2- | -----2-----2- |
E | -----2-----2- | -----2-----2- | -----2-----2- | -----2-----2- |
C | --2-----2-----2- | -----2-----2-----2- | -----2-----2-----2- | -----2-----2-----2- |
G | -----2-----2- | -----2-----2-----2- | -----2-----2-----2- | -----2-----2-----2- |

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[G] / [G]

Verse 1:

[G]Two of us riding nowhere, spending someone's [C] hard- [G] earned [Am7] pay
 [G]You and me Sunday driving, not arriving [C] on [G] our [Am7] way back [G] home

Chorus:

[D]We're on our [C] way [G] home
 [D]We're on our [C] way [G] home
 [C!] We're going [G!] home

Am7



Transition:

```

      |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
      |
A | -----2-----2- | --2-----2-----2- | -----2-----2-----2- | -----2-----2-----2- |
E | -----2-----2- | -----2-----2-----2- | -----2-----2-----2- | -----2-----2-----2- |
C | --2-----2-----2- | -----2-----2-----2- | -----2-----2-----2- | -----2-----2-----2- |
G | -----2-----2- | -----2-----2-----2- | -----2-----2-----2- | -----2-----2-----2- |

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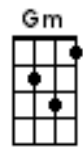
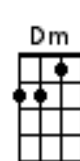
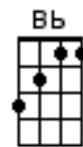
[G] / [G]

Verse 2:

[G]Two of us sending postcards, writing letters [C] on [G] my [Am7] wall
 [G]You and me burning matches, lifting latches [C] on [G] our [Am7] way back [G] home

Chorus:

[D]We're on our [C] way [G] home
 [D]We're on our [C] way [G] home
 [C!] We're going [G!] home



*TAP x 8

Bridge:

[Bb]You and I have [Dm] memories [Gm] longer than the [Am] road that stretches [D] out ahead [D]....

Verse 3:

[G]Two of us wearing raincoats, standing solo [C] in [G] the [Am7] sun
[G]You and me chasing paper, getting nowhere [C] on [G] our [Am7] way back [G] home

Chorus:

[D]We're on our [C] way [G] home
[D]We're on our [C] way [G] home
[C!] We're going [G!] home

*TAP x 8 double time

Bridge:

[Bb]You and I have [Dm] memories [Gm] longer than the [Am] road that stretches [D] out ahead

Verse 3:

[G]Two of us wearing raincoats, standing solo [C] in [G] the [Am7] sun
[G]You and me chasing paper, getting nowhere [C] on [G] our [Am7] way back [G] home

Chorus:

[D]We're on our [C] way [G] home
[D]We're on our [C] way [G] home
[C!] We're going [G!] home

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
A | -----2-----2- | --2----- | --2-----2---2- | -----
E | ----- | -----0----- | ----- | -----
C | --2-----2----- | -----2-----2-- | -----2----- | --2---0-----
G | ----- | ----- | ----- | ----- |

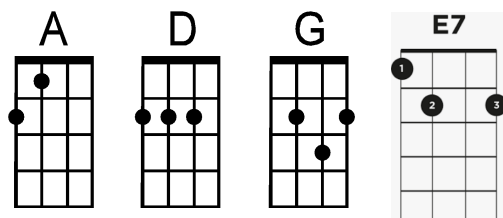
[G] / [G]

Ending:

[G] [C] [G] [G!]

Mull of Kintyre

by Paul McCartney (1977)



Intro: A . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |

Chorus: A . . . | . . . | D . . . | . . . | A . .
Mull of Kin-tyre, oh, mist roll-ing in from the sea,
. . | . . . | D . . . | . . . | A . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
My de- sire, is al-ways to be here, oh Mull of Kin-tyre

A . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | D . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | A . . . |
Far have I travelled, and much have I seen... dark dis-tant moun-tains, with val-leys of green.

A . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | D . . . | . . . | E7 . . . | A . . . |
Vast pain - ted deserts, the sun-sets on fire as he car--- ries me home to the Mull of Kin-tyre.

Chorus: A . . . | . . . | D . . . | . . . | A . .
Mull of Kin-tyre, oh, mist rol-ling in from the sea,
. . | . . . | D . . . | . . . | A . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
My de -sire, is al-ways to be here, oh Mull of Kin-tyre

Kazoo D . . . | . . . | G . . . | . . . | D . .
(Mull of Kin-tyre, oh mist roll-ing in from the sea)
. . | . . . | G . . . | . . . | D . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
(My de- sire, is al-ways to be here, oh Mull of Kin-tyre)

D . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | G . . . | . . . | D . . . | . . . |
Sweep through the heather, like deer in the glen Car-ry me back to the days I knew then.
. . . . | D\ (-----tacet-----) | G . . . | . . . | A . . . | D\ . . |
Nights when we sang like a heav-en-ly choir of the life and the times of the Mull of Kin- tyre.

Chorus : D . . . | . . . | G . . . | . . . | D . .
Mull of Kin- tyre, oh, mist rol-ling in from the sea,
. . | . . . | G . . . | . . . | D . . . | . . . |
My de-sire, is al-ways to be here, oh Mull of Kin-tyre

“ Kazoo ”: D . . . | . . . | A . . . | . . . | D . . . | . . . | A . . . | . . . |
(Mull of Kin-tyre, Mull of Kin-tyre Mull of Kin-tyre Mull of Kin-tyre)

A . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | D . . . | . . . | A . . . | . . . |
Smiles in the sun-shine and tears in the rain... still take me back where my mem-'ries re-main.

A . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | D . . . | . . . | E7 . . . | A . . . |
Flick-er-ing em-bers grow high-er and higher as they car-ry me back to the Mull of Kin-tyre

Chorus: A . . . | . . . | D . . . | . . . | A .
 Mull of Kin-tyre, oh, mist rol-ling in from the sea,
 . | . . . | D . . . | . . . | A . . . | . . . | . . . |
 My de -sire, is al-ways to be here, oh Mull of Kin-tyre

Chorus : D . . . | . . . | G . . . | . . . | D .
 Mull of Kin-tyre, oh, mist rol-ling in from the sea,
 . | . . . | G . . . | . . . | D . . . | . . . | . . . |
 My de-sire, is al-ways to be here, oh Mull of Kin-tyre

D . . . | . . . | A . . . | . . . | D . . . | . . . | A . . . | . . . D\
 Da da da da----- Mull of Kin-tyre da da da da----- Mull of Kin- tyre

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v4. 3/13/17)

Tiptoe Thru The Tulips

key:Am, artist:Tiny Tim writer:Al Dubin and Joe Burke

[F] Tiptoe to the **[C7]** window,
By the **[F]** window, **[A7]** that is **[Bb]** where I'll be
Come **[F]** tiptoe through the **[C7]** tulips with **[F]** me

[G7] **[C7]**
[F] Tiptoe from your **[C7]** pillow
To the **[F]** shadow **[A7]** of a **[Bb]** willow tree
And **[F]** tiptoe through the **[C7]** tulips
with **[F]** me. **[F7]**

[Bb] Knee deep in **[F]** flowers we'll stray
[Am] We'll **[E7]** keep the **[Am7]** showers **[C7]** away
And if I **[F]** kiss you in the **[C7]** garden,
In the **[F]** moonlight, **[A7]** will you **[Bb]** pardon me?

Come **[F]** tiptoe through the **[C7]** tulips
Oh **[F]** tiptoe through the **[C7]** tulips
[F] Tiptoe **[D7]** through the **[Gm]** tulips **[C7]**
With **[F]** me

[F] **[C7]** **[F]**

