

# **! KUBAS !**

**Kent Ukulele & Banjulele Appreciation Society**

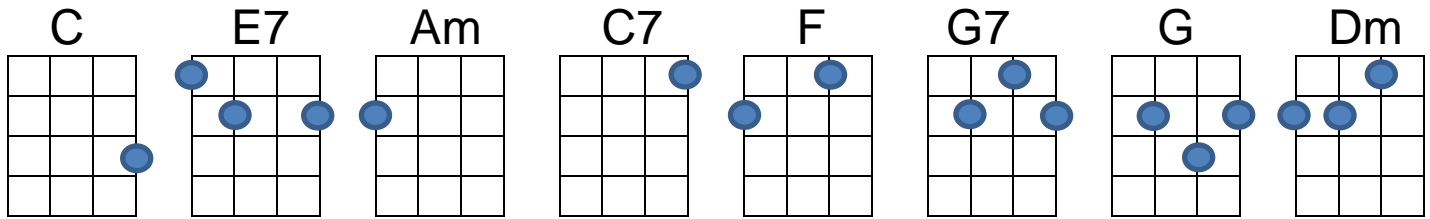
## **SONGBOOK 5**

<i>ID</i>	<i>Song</i>	<i>Artist</i>
1	<a href="#">A Kind of Hush</a>	Herman's Hermits
2	<a href="#">Achy Breaky Heart</a>	Billy Ray Cyrus
3	<a href="#">Born To Be Wild</a>	Steppenwolf
4	<a href="#">Brown Eye Girl</a>	Van Morrison
5	<a href="#">Bye Bye Blues</a>	Various
6	<a href="#">Can't Help Falling in Love</a>	Elvis Presley
7	<a href="#">Close To You</a>	The Carpenters
8	<a href="#">Cool For Cats</a>	Squeeze
9	<a href="#">Cotton Fields</a>	Creedance Clearwater Revival
10	<a href="#">Crazy Little Thing Called Love</a>	Queen
11	<a href="#">Cruising Down the River</a>	Connie Francis
12	<a href="#">Happy Birthday Sweet Sixteen</a>	Neil Sedaka
13	<a href="#">Honky Tonk Women</a>	The Rolling Stones
14	<a href="#">If You Could Read My Mind</a>	Gordon Lightfoot
15	<a href="#">I'm Yours</a>	Jason Mraz
16	<a href="#">In the Ghetto</a>	Elvis Presley
17	<a href="#">It Must Be Love</a>	Labi Siffre & Madness
18	<a href="#">Jollity Farm</a>	Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band
19	<a href="#">Keep On Running</a>	The Spencer Davis Group
20	<a href="#">Living Doll</a>	Cliff Richard & The Shadows
21	<a href="#">Mr Blue Sky</a>	ELO
22	<a href="#">Mr Sandman</a>	The Chordettes
23	<a href="#">Sweet Child of Mine</a>	Gun 'n' Roses
24	<a href="#">This Train is Bound for Glory</a>	Mumford and Sons
25	<a href="#">Waterloo</a>	ABBA
26	<a href="#">When I'm Sixty Four (Full version)</a>	The Beatles

## **BK5-1: A Kind of Hush**

Written by: Les Reed and Geoff Stephens - 1967

Recorded by: Herman's Hermits - 1967 :: The Carpenters - 1976



There's a (C) kind of hush, (E7) all over the (Am) world to(C7)night,  
All over the (F) world you can hear the (G7) sounds,  
Of lovers in (C) love, you (G) know what I mean,  
Just the (C) two of us, (E7) and nobody (Am) else in (C7) sight,  
There's nobody (F) else and I'm feeling (G7) good,  
Just holding you (C) tight. (C7)

So (F) listen very (Dm) carefully,  
(F) Closer now and (Dm) you will see what I (C) mean,  
It isn't a (C7) dream,  
The (F) only sound that (Dm) you will hear,  
Is (F) when I whisper (Dm) in your ear I love (G) you,  
For ever and ever. (G7)

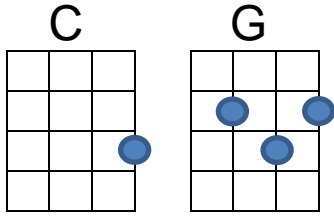
There's a (C) kind of hush, (E7) all over the (Am) world to(C7)night,  
All over the (F) world you can hear the (G7) sounds of lovers in (C) love,  
(C) La la la la la, (E7) la la la la (Am) la la la la la (C7) laaaa,  
La la la la (F) laaa la la la la (G7) laaaa la la la la (C) laaaa. (C7)

So (F) listen very (Dm) carefully,  
(F) Closer now and (Dm) you will see what I (C) mean,  
It isn't a (C7) dream,  
The (F) only sound that (Dm) you will hear,  
Is (F) when I whisper (Dm) in your ear I love (G) you,  
For ever and ever. (G7)

There's a (C) kind of hush, (E7) all over the (Am) world to(C7)night,  
All over the (F) world people just like (G7) us are falling in (C) love, (G7) Are  
falling in (C) love, (G7) they're falling in (C) love.

**BK5-2: Achy Breaky Heart**

Written by: Don Von Tress - 1991 :: Recorded by: Billy Ray Cyrus - 1992



(C) Well you can tell the world, you never was my girl,  
You can burn my clothes when I am (G) gone,  
Or you can tell your friends, just what a fool I've been,  
And laugh and joke about me on the (C) phone.

You can tell my arms, go back to the farm,  
Or you can tell my feet to hit the (G) floor,  
Or you can tell my lips, to tell my fingertips,  
They won't be reaching out for you no (C) more.

Don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart,  
I just don't think he'd under(G)stand,  
And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart,  
He might blow up and kill this (C) man.

You can tell your ma, I moved to Arkansas,  
Or you can tell your dog to bite my (G) leg,  
Or tell your brother Cliff, who's fist can tell my lip,  
He never really liked me any(C)way.

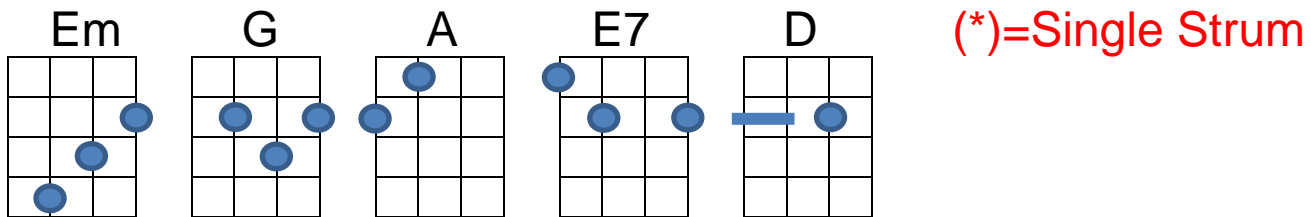
Or tell your aunt Louise, tell anything you please,  
Myself already knows I'm not o(G)k,  
Or you can tell my eye, to watch out for my mind,  
It might be walkin' out on me to(C)day.

Don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart,  
I just don't think he'd under(G)stand,  
And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart,  
He might blow up and kill this (C) man.

Don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart,  
I just don't think he'd under(G)stand,  
And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart,  
He might blow up and kill this (C) man,  
(G) He might blow up and kill this (C) man.

**BK5-3: Born To Be Wild**

Written by: Mars Bonfire - 1968 :: Recorded by: Steppenwolf - 1968



(Em) Get your motor running, head out on the highway,  
Lookin' for adventure, in whatever comes our way,  
(G) Yeah (A) darlin' gonna (E7) make it happen,  
(G) Take the (A) world in a (E7) love embrace,  
(G) Fire (A) all of the (E7) guns at once and (G) ex(A)plode into (E7) space.

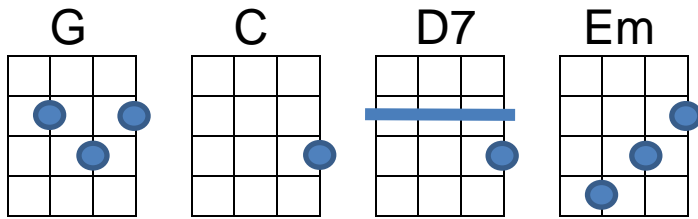
(Em) I like smoke and lightning, heavy metal thunder,  
Wrestlin' with the wind, and the feeling that I'm under,  
(G) Yeah (A) darlin' gonna (E7) make it happen,  
(G) Take the (A) world in a (E7) love embrace,  
(G) Fire (A) all of the (E7) guns at once and (G) ex(A)plode into (E7) space,  
Like a true nature's child, we were (G) born, born to be wild,  
We could (A) climb so high, (G) I never wanna (Em) die...  
(\*E7) Born to be (\*D) wild, (\*E7) (\*D)  
(\*E7) Born to be (\*D) wild. (\*E7) (\*D)

(Em) Get your motor running, head out on the highway,  
Lookin' for adventure, in whatever comes our way,  
(G) Yeah (A) darlin' gonna (E7) make it happen,  
(G) Take the (A) world in a (E7) love embrace,  
(G) Fire (A) all of the (E7) guns at once and (G) ex(A)plode into (E7) space,  
Like a true nature's child, we were (G) born, born to be wild,  
We could (A) climb so high, (G) I never wanna (Em) die...  
(\*E7) Born to be (\*D) wild, (\*E7) (\*D)  
(\*E7) Born to be (\*D) wild, (\*E7) (\*D)  
(\*E7) Born to be (\*D) wild. (\*E7) (\*D) (\*Em)

**BK5-4: Brown Eye Girl**

Written by: Van Morrison - 1967

Recorded by: Van Morrison - 1967



(G) Hey where did (C) we go, (G) days when the (D7) rains came,  
(G) Down in the (C) hollow, (G) playin' a (D7) new game,  
(G) Laughing and a (C) running hey hey, (G) skipping and a (D7) jumping,  
(G) In the misty (C) morning fog with, (G) our (D7) hearts a thumping and (C) you,  
(D7) My brown eyed (G) girl (Em), (C) you my, (D7) brown eyed (G) girl. (D7)

(G) Whatever (C) happened, (G) to Tuesday and (D7) so slow,  
(G) Going down the (C) old mine with a, (G) transistor (D7) radio,  
(G) Standing in the (C) sunlight laughing, (G) hiding behind a (D7) rainbow's  
wall.

(G) Slipping and a (C) sliding, (G) all along the (D7) waterfall with (C) you,  
(D7) My brown eyed (G) girl (Em), (C) you my, (D7) brown eyed (G) girl.

(D7) Do you remember when --- we used to (G) sing:  
Sha la la (C) la la la la (G) la la la la te (D7) da,  
(G) Sha la la (C) la la la la (G) la la la la te (D7) da, la te (G) da. (D7)

(G) So hard to (C) find my way, (G) now that I'm all (D7) on my own,  
(G) I saw you just the (C) other day, (G) my how (D7) you have grown,  
(G) Cast my memory (C) back there lord, (G) sometimes I'm (D7) overcome  
thinking 'bout,

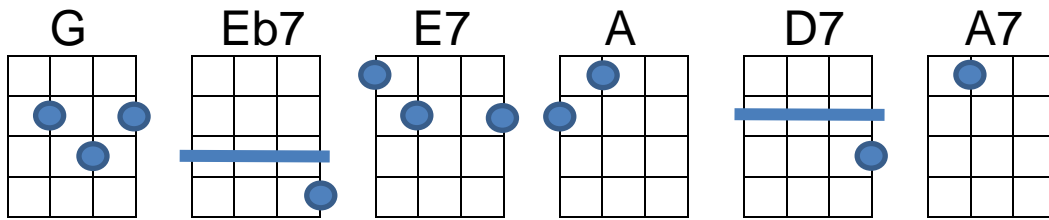
(G) Making love in the (C) green grass, (G) behind the (D7) stadium with (C) you,  
(D7) My brown eyed (G) girl (Em), (C) you my, (D7) brown eyed (G) girl.

(D7) Do you remember when --- we used to (G) sing:  
Sha la la (C) la la la la (G) la la la la te (D7) da,  
(G) Sha la la (C) la la la la (G) la la la la te (D7) da,  
(G) Sha la la (C) la la la la (G) la la la la te (D7) da,  
(G) Sha la la (C) la la la la (G) la la la la te (D7) da, la te (G) da.

**BK5-5: Bye Bye Blues**

Written by: Fred Hamm, Dave Bennett, Bert Lown and Chauncey Gray - 1930

Recorded by: The Vikings - 1930 : Les Paul and Mary Ford - 1952



(G) Bye, bye, (Eb7) blues, (G) bye, bye, (E7) blues,  
(A) Don't cry, (D7) don't sigh,  
The (G) sun is shining, (D7) no more pining,  
(G) Just, we (Eb7) two, (G) smiling (E7) through,  
(A7) Don't sigh, (D7) don't cry, (G) bye, (Eb7) bye, (G) blues.

(G) Bye, bye, (Eb7) blues, (G) bye, bye, (E7) blues,  
(A) Bells ring, (D7) birds sing,  
(G) Stop your moping, (D7) keep on hoping,  
(G) Bye, bye, (Eb7) blues, (G) bye, bye, (E7) blues,  
So, (A7) don't you sigh, (D7) don't you cry,  
(G) Bye, (Eb7) bye, (G) blues.

*Instrumental verse*

(G) (Eb7) (G) (E7) : (A) (D7) : (G) (D7)  
(G) (Eb7) (G) (E7) : (A7) (D7) (G) (Eb7) (G)

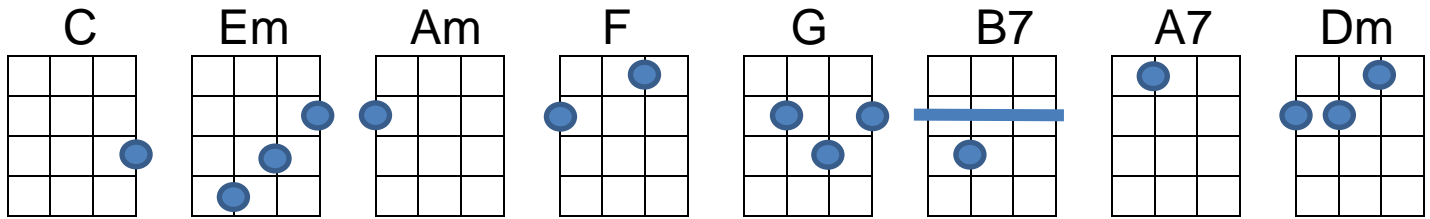
(G) Bye, bye, (Eb7) blues, (G) bye, bye, (E7) blues,  
(A) Don't cry, (D7) don't sigh,  
The (G) sun is shining, (D7) no more pining,  
(G) Just, we (Eb7) two, (G) smiling (E7) through,  
(A7) Don't sigh, (D7) don't cry, (G) bye, (Eb7) bye, (G) blues.

(G) Bye, bye, (Eb7) blues, (G) bye, bye, (E7) blues,  
(A) Bells ring, (D7) birds sing,  
(G) Stop your moping, (D7) keep on hoping,  
(G) Bye, bye, (Eb7) blues, (G) bye, bye, (E7) blues,  
So, (A7) don't you sigh, (D7) don't you cry,  
(G) Bye, (Eb7) bye, (G) blues.

**BK5-6: Can't Help Falling in Love**

Written by: Hugo Peretti, Luigi Creatore and George David Weiss - 1961

Recorded by: Elvis Presley - 1961 (*Film - Blue Hawaii*)



(C) Wise (Em) men (Am) say, only (F) fools (C) rush (G) in,  
But (F) I (G) can't (Am) help, (F) falling in (C) love (G) with (C) you,  
(C) Shall (Em) I (Am) stay, would it (F) be (C) a (G) sin?  
If (F) I (G) can't (Am) help (F) falling in (C) love (G) with (C) you.

(Em) Like a river (B7) flows, (Em) surely to the (B7) sea,  
(Em) Darling so it (B7) goes,  
(Em) Some things (A7) are meant to (Dm) be. (G)

(C) Take (Em) my (Am) hand, take my (F) whole (C) life (G) too,  
For (F) I (G) can't (Am) help, (F) falling in (C) love (G) with (C) you.

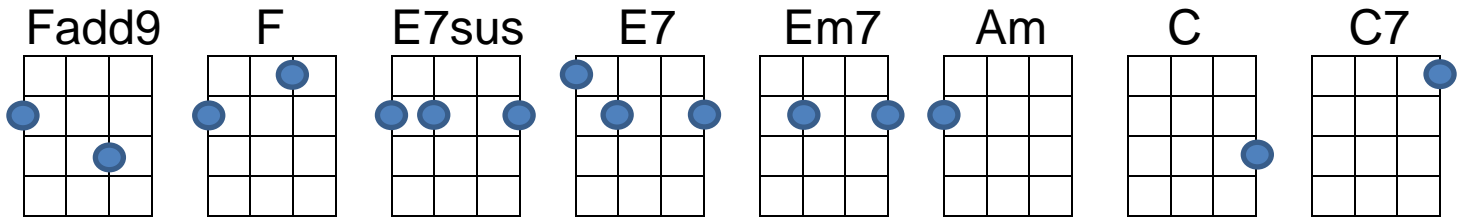
(Em) Like a river (B7) flows, (Em) surely to the (B7) sea,  
(Em) Darling so it (B7) goes,  
(Em) Some things (A7) are meant to (Dm) be. (G)

(C) Take (Em) my (Am) hand, take my (F) whole (C) life [G] too,  
For (F) I (G) can't (Am) help, (F) falling in (C) love (G) with (C) you,  
For (F) I (G) can't (Am) help, (F) falling in (C) love (G) with (C) you.



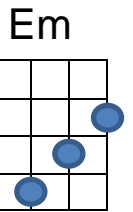
**BK5-7: Close To You**

Written by: Burt Bacharach - 1963 :: Recorded by: The Carpenters - 1970 : NC=No Chord

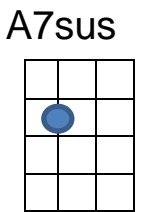


Intro: (Fadd9) (F) (Fadd9) (F) : (Fadd9) (F) (Fadd9) (F)

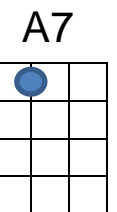
(NC) Why do (Fadd9) birds suddenly appear, (E7)  
Every (Em7) time, you are (Am) near,  
(F) Just like (Fadd9) me, (F) they long to (Fadd9) be, (C) close to you.



(NC) Why do (Fadd9) stars fall down from the (E7sus) sky, (E7)  
Every (Em7) time, you walk (Am) by,  
(F) Just like (Fadd9) me, (F) they long to (Fadd9) be (C) close to you. (C7)

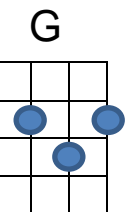


(F) On the day that you were born the angels got together,  
And de(Em)cided to create a dream come (A7sus) true, (A7)  
So they (F) sprinkled moon dust in your hair,  
And golden starlight in your eyes of (G) blue.



(NC) That is (Fadd9) why all the boys in (E7sus) town, (E7)  
Follow (Em7) you, all a(Am)round,  
(F) Just like (Fadd9) me, (F) they long to (Fadd9) be, (C) close to you. (C7)

(F) On the day that you were born the angels got together,  
And de(Em)cided to create a dream come (A7sus) true, (A7)  
So they (F) sprinkled moon dust in your hair,  
And golden starlight in your eyes of (G) blue.

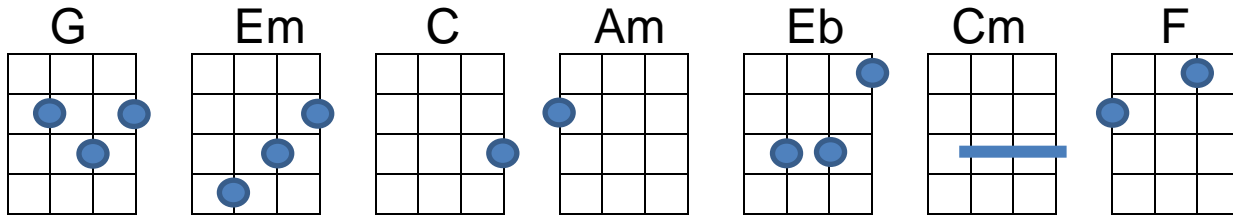


(NC) That is (Fadd9) why all the boys in (E7sus) town, (E7)  
Follow (Em7) you, all a(Am)round,  
(F) Just like (Fadd9) me, (F) they long to (Fadd9) be, (C) close to you.

(F) Aaah-aa-aa-aa-aah, (C) close to you,  
(F) Aaah-aa-aa-aa-aah, (C) close to you,  
(F) Aaah-aa-aa-aa-aah, (Slower) (C) close to you.

**BK5-8: Cool For Cats**

Written by: Chris Difford - 1989 :: Recorded by: Squeeze - 1989



The (G) Indians send signals from the (Em) rocks above the pass,  
The (C) cowboys take position in the (Am) bushes and the grass,  
The (Eb) squaw is with the corporal she is (Cm) tied against the tree,  
She (Eb) doesn't mind the language it's the (Cm) beatings she don't need,  
She (Eb) lets loose all the horses when the (C) corporal is asleep,  
And he (G) wakes to find the fire's out and (Em) arrows in his hats,  
And (C) Davey Crocket rides around and (F) says it's cool for cats,  
It's cool for -- (Em) coool for (Am) cats.

The (G) Sweeney's doing ninety cos they've (Em) got the word to go,  
They (C) get a gang of villains in a (Am) shed up at Heathrow,  
They're (Eb) counting out the fivers when the (Cm) handcuffs lock again,  
(Eb) In and out of Wandsworth with the (Cm) numbers on their names,  
It's (Eb) funny how their missus always (C) look the bleeding same,  
And (G) meanwhile at the station there's a (Em) couple of likely lads,  
Who swear (C) like how's your father and they're (F) very cool for cats,  
They're cool for -- (Em) coool for (Am) cats.

To (G) change the mood a little I've been (Em) posing down the pub,  
On (C) seeing my reflection I'm (Am) looking slightly rough,  
I (Eb) fancy this I fancy that I (Cm) want to be so flash,  
I (Eb) give a little muscle and I (Cm) spend a little cash,  
But (Eb) all I get is bitter and a (C) nasty little rash,  
And (G) by the time I'm sober I've for(Em)gotten what I've had,  
And (C) everybody tells me that it's (F) cool to be a cat,  
(Em) Coool for (Am) cats.

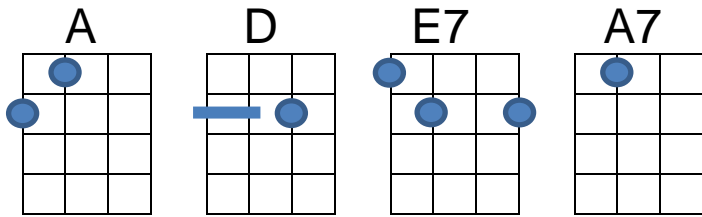
(G) Shake up at the disco and I (Em) think I've got a pull,  
I (C) ask her lots of questions as she (Am) hangs on to the wall,  
I (Eb) kiss her for the first time and (Cm) then I take her home,  
I'm in(Eb)vited in for coffee and I (Cm) give the dog a bone,  
She (Eb) likes to go to discos but she's (C) never on her own,  
I (G) said I'll see you later and I (Em) give her some old chat,  
But (C) it's not like that on the TV (F) when it's cool for cats,  
It's cool for -- (Em) coool for (Am) cats, (Em) coool for (Am) cats. (G)

# KUBAS (Kent Ukulele & Banjulele Appreciation Society)

## **BK5-9: Cotton Fields**

Written by: Huddie Ledbetter (Lead Belly) - 1940

Recorded by: Lead Belly - 1940 : Creedance Clearwater Revival - 1969 : Various



(NC) = No Chord

(A) When I was a little bitty baby my mama would (D) rock me in the (A) cradle,  
In them o-old cotton fields back (E7) home,  
It was (A) down in Louisi(A7)ana just about a (D) mile from Texar(A)kana,  
In them o-o-old (E7) cotton fields back (A) home. (A7)

Oh when them (D) cotton balls get rotten, you can't (A) pick very much cotton,  
In them o-o-old cotton fields back (E7) home,  
It was (A) down in Louisi(A7)ana just about a (D) mile from Texar(A)kana,  
In them o-o-old (E7) cotton fields back (A) home.

(NC) When I was a little bitty baby my mama would (D) rock me in the (A) cradle,  
In them o-old cotton fields back (E7) home,  
Now way (A) down in Arkan(A7)sas, people say (D) what you come here (A) for,  
In them o-o-old (E7) cotton fields back (A) home. (A7)

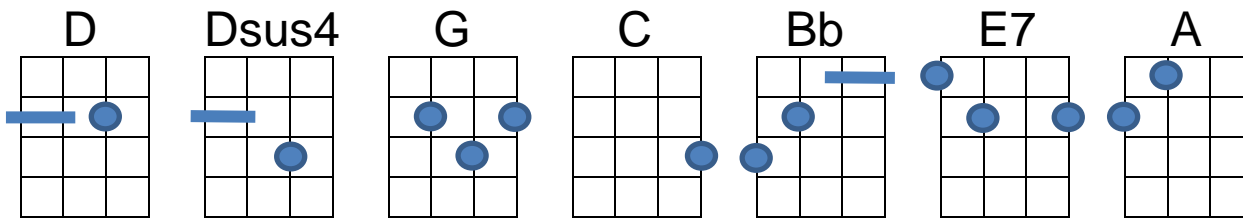
Oh when them (D) cotton balls get rotten, you can't (A) pick very much cotton,  
In them o-old cotton fields back (E7) home,  
It was (A) down in Louisi(A7)ana just about a (D) mile from Texar(A)kana,  
In them o-o-old (E7) cotton fields back (A) home.

(NC) When I was a little bitty baby my mama would (D) rock me in the (A) cradle,  
In them o-old cotton fields back (E7) home,  
It was (A) down in Louisi(A7)ana just about a (D) mile from Texar(A)kana,  
In them o-o-old (E7) cotton fields back (A) home.

Oh when them (D) cotton balls get rotten, you can't (A) pick very much cotton,  
In them o-old cotton fields back (E7) home,  
It was (A) down in Louisi(A7)ana just about a (D) mile from Texar(A)kana,  
In them o-o-old (E7) cotton fields back (A) home,  
In them o-o-old (E7) cotton fields back (A) home.

**BK5-10: Crazy Little Thing Called Love**

Written by: Freddie Mercury - 1979 :: Recorded by: Queen - 1979



Intro: (D) (Dsus4) (D) x 4

(\*A)=Single Strum :: (NC)=No Chord

(D) This thing, called love, I (G) just, can't (C) handle (G) it,  
This (D) thing, called love, I (G) must, get (C) round to (G) it,  
I ain't (D) ready, (Bb) crazy little (C) thing called (D) love.

(D) This thing, called love, it (G) cries like a baby in a (C) cradle all (G) night,  
It (D) swings, it jives, it (G) shakes all over like a (C) jelly(G)fish,  
I (D) like it, (Bb) crazy little (C) thing called (D) love.

(NC) There goes my (G) baby,  
She (C) knows how to rock and (G) roll, she drives me (Bb) crazy,  
She gives me (E7) hot and cold fever,  
Then she [\*A] leaves me in a cold cold sweat,  
(A String - Fret) 5 4 3 :: (E String - Fret) 5 4 3 :: (E7) (\*A)

I (A) gotta be (D) cool, relax, get (G) hip, and get (C) on my (G) tracks,  
Take a (D) back seat, hitch-hike,  
And (G) take a long ride on my (C) motor(G)bike,  
Until I'm (D) ready, (Bb) crazy little (C) thing called (D) love.

*(No chords just slap & clap)*

I gotta be cool, relax, get hip, and get on my tracks,  
Take a back seat, hitch-hike,  
And take a long ride on my motorbike,  
Until I'm ready, crazy little thing called love.

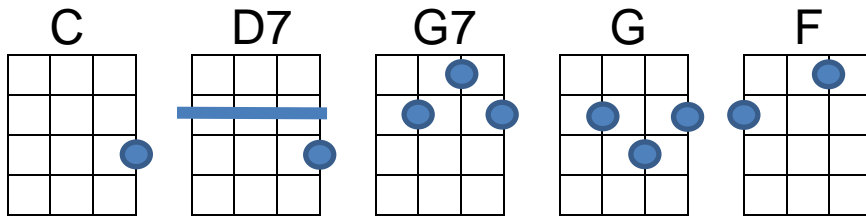
(D) This thing, called love, I (G) just can't (C) handle (G) it,  
This (D) thing, called love, I (G) must, get (C) round to (G) it,  
I ain't (D) ready, (Bb) crazy little (C) thing called (D) love,  
(Bb) Crazy little (C) thing called (D) love,  
(Bb) Crazy little (C) thing called (D) love,  
(Bb) Crazy little (C) thing called (D) love.

# KUBAS (Kent Ukulele & Banjulele Appreciation Society)

## **BK5-11: Cruising Down the River on a Sunday Afternoon**

Written by: Nellie Tollerton and Eily Bendell - 1945

Recorded by: Various including Connie Francis - 1959



(C) Cruising down the river on a (D7) Sunday afternoon,  
With (G7) one you love the sun above (C) waiting for the (G) moon,  
The (C) old accordion playing a (D7) sentimental tune,  
(C) Cruising (F) down the (C) river on a (D7) Sunday (G7) after(C)noon.

(C) The birds above all sing of love a gentle sweet (F) refrain,  
The (D7) winds around all make a sound like softly falling (G7) rain,  
Just (C) two of us together we'll (D7) plan our honeymoon,  
(C) Cruising (F) down the (C) river on a (D7) Sunday (G7) after(C)noon.

The (C) old accordion playing a (D7) sentimental tune,  
(C) Cruising (F) down the (C) river on a (D7) Sunday (G7) after(C)noon.

(C) The birds above all sing of love a gentle sweet (F) refrain,  
The (D7) winds around all make a sound like softly falling (G7) rain,  
Just (C) two of us together we'll (D7) plan our honeymoon,  
(C) Cruising (F) down the (C) river on a (D7) Sunday (G7) after(C)noon.

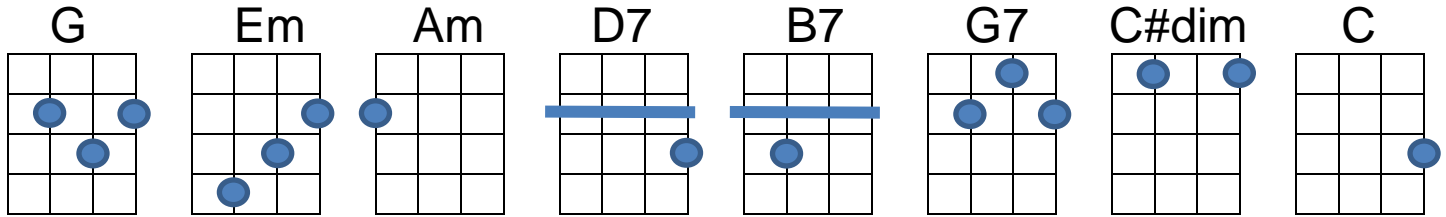
(C) Cruising down the river on a (D7) Sunday afternoon,  
With (G7) one you love the sun above (C) waiting for the (G) moon,  
The (C) old accordion playing a (D7) sentimental tune,  
(C) Cruising (F) down the (C) river on a (D7) Sunday (G7) after(C)noon,  
(C) Cruising (F) down the (C) river on a (D7) Sunday (G7) after(C)noon.

**BK5-12: Happy Birthday Sweet Sixteen**

Written by: Neil Sedaka and Howard Greenfield - 1961

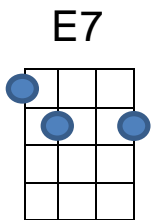
Recorded by: Neil Sedaka - 1961

(\*A7) = Single Strum

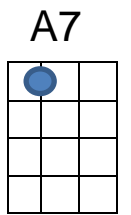


(G) Tra-la-la-la-la, (Em) la-la-la-la, (Am) Happy birthday, sweet six(D7)teen,  
(G) Tra-la-la-la-la, (Em) la-la-la-la, (Am) Happy birthday, sweet six(D7)teen,

(G) Tonight's the night, (B7) I've waited for,  
(Em) Because you're not a baby (G7) anymore,  
(C) You've turned in(C#dim)to the prettiest (G) girl I've ever (E7) seen,  
(A7) Happy birthday, sweet six(D7)teen.



(G) What happened to, (B7) that funny face?  
(Em) My little tomboy now wears (G7) satins and lace,  
(C) I can't be(C#dim)lieve my eyes, you're (G) just a teenage (E7) dream,  
(A7) Happy (D7) birthday, sweet six(G)teen.



(D7) When you were only six, (G) I was your big brother,  
(D7) Then when you were ten, (G) we didn't like each other,  
(E7) When you were thirteen, you were my (Am) funny valentine,  
But (\*A7) since you've grown up, your (\*A7) future is sewn up,  
(D7) From now on you're gonna be mine, so...

(G) If I should smile, (B7) with sweet surprise,  
(Em) It's just that you've grown up be(G7)fore my very eyes,  
(C) You've turned in(C#dim)to the prettiest (G) girl I've ever (E7) seen,  
(A7) Happy (D7) birthday, sweet six(G)teen.

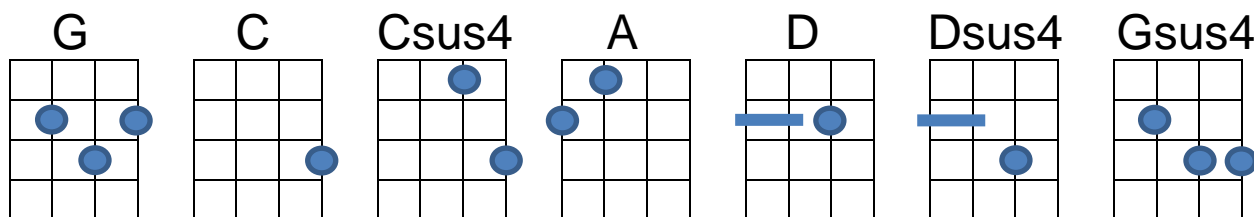
(G) If I should smile, (B7) with sweet surprise,  
(Em) It's just that you've grown up be(G7)fore my very eyes,  
(C) You've turned in(C#dim)to the prettiest (G) girl I've ever (E7) seen,  
(A7) Happy (D7) birthday, sweet six(G)teen, (E7)  
(A7) Happy (D7) birthday, sweet six(G)teen.

(G) Tra-la-la-la-la, (Em) la-la-la-la, (Am) Happy birthday, sweet six(D7)teen,  
(G) Tra-la-la-la-la, (Em) la-la-la-la, (Am) Happy birthday, sweet six(D7)teen.(G)

**BK5-13: Honky Tonk Women**

Written by: Mick Jagger and Keith Richards - 1968

Recorded by: The Rolling Stones - 1969



I (G) met a gin soaked bar room queen in (C) Memphis, (Csus4) (C)  
She (G) tried to take me (A) upstairs for a (D) ride, (Dsus4) (D)  
She (G) had to heave me right across her (C) shoulder, (Csus4) (C)  
Cause I (G) just can't seem to (D) drink you off my (G) mind.

It's the hoo(D)onky tonk (G) women, (Gsus4) (G)  
Gimmie, Gimmie (D) Gimmie that honky tonk (G) blues.

I (G) played a divorcee in New York (C) city, (Csus4) (C)  
I (G) had to put up (A) some kind of a (D) fight, (Dsus4) (D)  
The (G) lady then she covered me in (C) roses, (Csus4) (C)  
She (G) blew my nose and (D) then she blew my (G) mind.

It's the Hoo(D)onky tonk (G) women, (Gsus4) (G)  
Gimmie, Gimmie (D) Gimmie that honky tonk (G) blues,  
It's the hoo(D)onky tonk (G) women, (Gsus4) (G)  
Gimmie, Gimmie (D) Gimmie that honky tonk (G) blues.

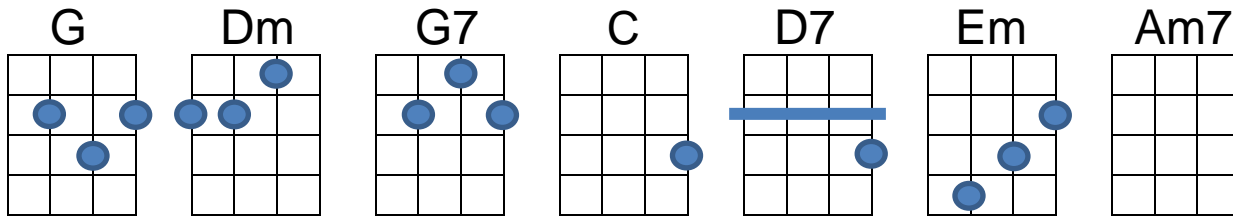
Instrumental Verse

(G) (C) (Csus4) (C) :: (G) (A) (D) (Dsus4) (D)  
(G) (C) (Csus4) (C) :: (G) (D) (G)

It's the hoo(D)onky tonk (G) women, (Gsus4) (G)  
Gimmie, Gimmie (D) Gimmie that honky tonk (G) blues,  
It's the hoo(D)onky tonk (G) women, (Gsus4) (G)  
Gimmie, Gimmie (D) Gimmie that honky tonk (G) blues, (Gsus4) (G)  
Gimmie, Gimmie (D) Gimmie that honky tonk (G) blues.

**BK5-14: If You Could Read My Mind**

Written by: Gordon Lightfoot - 1971 :: Recorded by: Gordon Lightfoot - 1971



(G) If you could read my mind love, (Dm) what a tale my thoughts could tell,  
(G) Just like an old time movie, (Dm) 'bout a ghost from a wishin' well,  
(G) In a castle (G7) dark, or a (C) fortress strong,  
With (D7) chains upon my (Em) feet, you (C) know that ghost is (G) me,  
And (C) I will never (G) be set free,  
As (Am7) long as I'm a (D7) ghost that you can't (G) see.

(G) If I could read your mind love, (Dm) what a tale your thoughts could tell,  
(G) Just like a paperback novel, (Dm) the kind that drugstores sell,  
(G) When you reach the (G7) part, where the (C) heartaches come,  
The (D7) hero would be (Em) me, but (C) heroes often (G) fail,  
And (C) you won't read that (G) book again,  
Be (Am7) cause the ending's (D7) just too hard to (G) take.

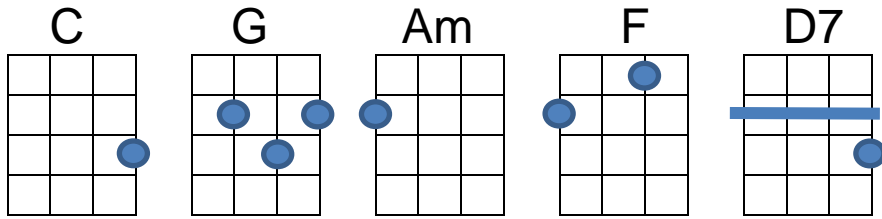
(G) I'd walk a (G7) way, like a (C) movie star,  
Who gets (D7) burned in a three way (Em) script, (C) enter number (G) two,  
A (C) movie queen to (G) play the scene,  
Of (Am7) bringing all the (D7) good things out in (Em) me,  
But for (C) now love let's be (G) real,  
I (C) never knew I could (G) feel this way,  
And I've (Am7) got to say that I (D7) just don't get it,  
(C) I don't know where (G) we went wrong but the (Am7) feeling's gone,  
And I (D7) just can't get it (G) back.

(G) If you could read my mind love, (Dm) what a tale my thoughts could tell,  
(G) Just like an old time movie, (Dm) 'bout a ghost from a wishin' well,  
(G) In a castle (G7) dark, or a (C) fortress strong,  
With (D7) chains upon my (Em) feet, but (C) stories always (G) end,  
And (C) if you read between the lines,  
You'll (Am7) know that I'm just (D7) tryin' to under (Em) stand,  
The (C) feelings that you (G) lack,  
I (C) never knew I could (G) feel this way,  
And I've (Am7) got to say that I (D7) just don't get it,  
(C) I don't know where (G) we went wrong, but the (Am7) feeling's gone,  
And I (D7) just can't get it (G) back.



## BK5-15: I'm Yours

Written by: Jason Marz - 2008 :: Recorded by: Jason Marz - 2008



Well (C) you done done me and you bet I felt it,  
I (G) tried to be chill but you're so hot that I melted,  
I (Am) fell right through the cracks, and I'm (F) trying to get back,  
Before the (C) cool done run out I'll be giving it my best test,  
And (G) nothing's gonna stop me but divine intervention,  
I (Am) reckon it's again my turn, to (F) win some or learn some.

But (C) I won't hesi(G)tate no more, no (Am) more, it cannot (F) wait I'm yours.  
(C) (G) (Am) (F)

Well (C) open up your mind and see like me,  
(G) Open up your plans and damn you're free,  
(Am) Look into your heart and you'll find (F) love, love, love, love,  
(C) Listen to the music of the moment people dance and (G) sing,  
We are just one big fami(Am)ly,  
It's your god forsaken right to be (F) loved, loved, loved, (D7) loved.

So (C) I won't hesi(G)tate no more, no (Am) more, it cannot (F) wait I'm sure,  
(C) There's no need to compli(G)cate our time is (Am) short,  
This is our (F) fate I'm yours.

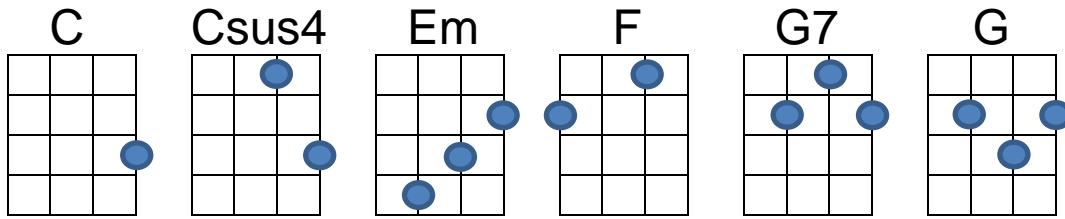
I've been (C) spending' way too long checking' my tongue in the mirror,  
And (G) bending' over backwards just to try to see it clearer,  
My (Am) breath fogged up the glass,  
And so I (F) drew a new face and laughed,  
I (C) guess what I'm a saying's there isn't no better reason,  
To (G) rid yourself of vanity and just go with the seasons,  
It's (Am) what we aim to do, our (F) name is our virtue.

But (C) I won't hesi(G)tate no more, no (Am) more, it cannot (F) wait I'm yours.

Well (C) open up your mind and see like me,  
(G) Open up your plans and damn you're free,  
(Am) Look into your heart and you'll find (F) that the sky is yours.  
So (C) please don't, please don't, please don't,  
There's no (G) need to complicate, cause our (Am) time is short,  
This oh, this oh, this is our (F) fate, I'm youuu(D7)urs.

**BK5-16: In the Ghetto**

Written by: Mac Davis - 1969 :: Recorded by: Elvis Presley - 1969



Intro: (C) (Csus4) (C) (Csus4)

As the (C) snow flies, (Csus4) (C)

On a (Em) cold and grey Chicago morn a (F) poor little baby (G7) child is born,  
In the (C) ghetto. (Csus4) (C)

And his mama cries, (Csus4) (C)

Cause if (Em) there's one thing that she don't need it's (F) another hungry (G7) mouth to  
feed,

In the (C) ghetto. (Csus4) (C)

People don't you (G) understand, the child needs (F) a helping (C) hand,

Or (F) he'll grow to be an (G) angry young man some (C) day,

Take a look at (G) you and me, are we (F) too blind to (C) see?

(F) Do we simply (Em) turn our heads and (F) look the other (G7) way?

Well the (C) world turns, (Csus4) (C)

And a (Em) hungry little boy with a runny nose (F) plays in the street as the (G7) cold  
wind blows,

In the (C) ghetto. (Csus4) (C)

And his hunger burns, (Csus4) (C)

So he (Em) starts to roam the streets at night and he (F) learns how to steal and he  
(G7) learns how to fight,

In the (C) ghetto. (Csus4) (C)

(G) Then one night in desperation a (F) young man breaks (C) away,

He (F) buys a gun, (Em) steals a car, (F) tries to run, but he (G7) don't get far,

And his (C) mama cries, (Csus4) (C)

As a (Em) crowd gathers round an angry young man face (F) down on the street with a  
(G7) gun in his hand,

In the (C) ghetto. (Csus4) (C)

As her young man dies, (Csus4) (C)

On a (Em) cold and grey Chicago morn (F) another little baby (G7) child is born,

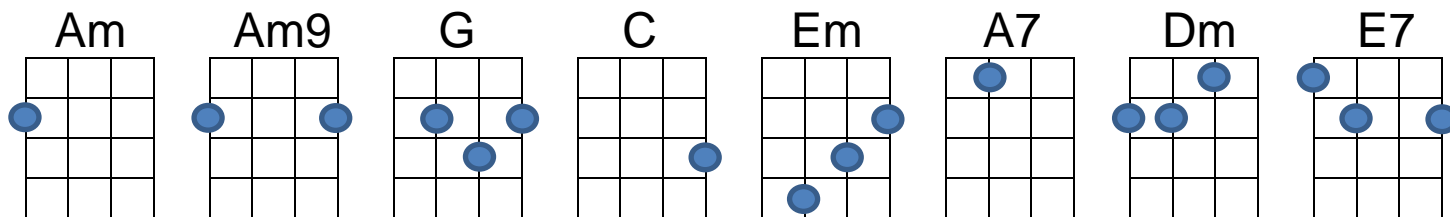
In the (C) ghetto... (Csus4) (C) (Csus4),

And his (C) mama cries.. (Csus4) (C) (Csus4) in the (C) ghetto.

## BK5-17: It Must Be Love

Written by: Labi Siffre - 1971

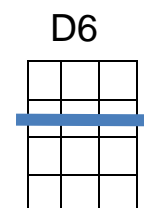
Recorded by: Labi Siffre - 1971 :: Madness - 1981



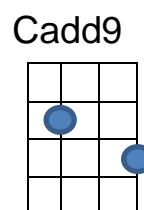
Intro: (Am) (Am9) (Am) (Am9)

(\* = Single Strum)

(Am) I never (Am9) thought I'd miss you,  
 (Am) Half as (Am9) much, as I (G) do, (C) (G) (C)  
 (Am) And I never (Am9) thought I'd feel this (Am) way,  
 The way I (Am9) feel, about (G) you, (C) (G) (C)  
 (Em) As soon as I (A7) wake up, (Dm) every night, (E7) every day,  
 (Am) I know that it's (C) you I need, to (D7) take the blues away.



(G) It must be (D6) love, love, (C) love, (D7)  
 (G) It must be (D6) love, love, (C) love, (D7)  
 (\*Am) Nothing more, (\*D6) nothing less, (\*C) love is the best.



(Am) How can it (Am9) be that we can,  
 (Am) Say so (Am9) much, without (G) words, (Cadd9) (G)  
 (Am) Bless you and (Am9) bless me,  
 (Am) Bless the (Am9) bees, and the (G) birds, (Cadd9) (G)  
 (Em) I've got to be (A7) near you, (Dm) every night, (E7) every day,  
 (Am) I couldn't be (C) happy, (D7) any other way.

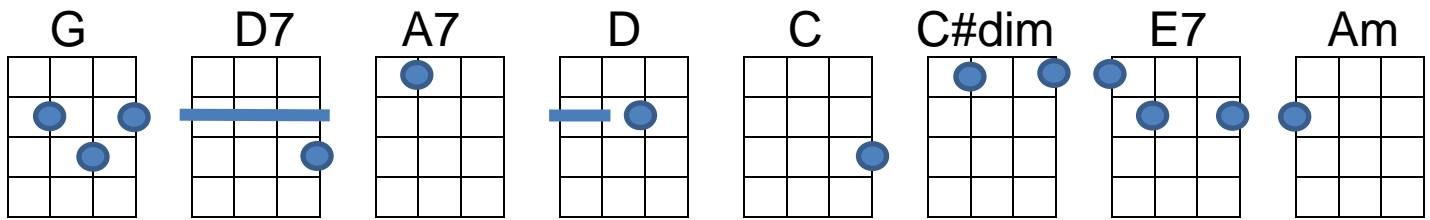
(G) It must be (D6) love, love, (C) love, (D7)  
 (G) It must be (D6) love, love, (C) love, (D7)  
 (\*Am) Nothing more, (\*D6) nothing less, (\*C) love is the best.

(Am) (Am9) (Am) (Am9) (G) (Cadd9) (G) (Cadd9)  
 (Am) (Am9) (Am) (Am9) (G) (Cadd9) (G) (Cadd9)

(Em) As soon as I (A7) wake up, (Dm) every night, (E7) every day,  
 (Am) I know that it's (C) you I need, to (D7) take the blues away,  
 (G) It must be (D6) love, love, (C) love, (D7)  
 (G) It must be (D6) love, love, (C) love, (D7)  
 (G) It must be (D6) love, love, (C) love. (D7) (\*G)

**BK5-18: Jollity Farm**

Written by: Leslie Sarony - 1929 :: Recorded by: Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band - 1967



(G) There's a farm called Misery but of that we'll have none,  
(D7) Because we know of one, that's always (G) lots of fun, (*ha ha*)  
And this one's name is Jollity believe me folks it's great,  
For (A7) everything sings (D) out to us as (A7) we go through the (D7) gate.

(G) All the little pigs they grunt and howl,  
The (D7) cats mee-yow the (G) dogs bow-wow,  
(C) Every(C#dim)body (G) makes a (E7) row,  
(Am) Down on (D7) Jollity (G) Farm.

(G) All the little pigs they grunt and howl, (*grunt howl, grunt howl*)  
The (D7) cats mee-yow, (*mee-yow, mee-yow*)  
The (G) dogs bow-wow, (*ruff ruff, ruff ruff*)  
(C) Every(C#dim)body (G) makes a (E7) row,  
(Am) Down on (D7) Jollity (G) Farm.

(G) All the little birds go tweet, tweet, tweet, (*tweet*)  
The (D7) lambs all bleat, (*bleat*) and (G) shake their feet,  
(C) Every(C#dim)thing's a (G) perfect (E7) treat (Am) down on (D7) Jollity (G) Farm.

(C) Regular as habit, the (G) cocks begins to crow,  
(C) And the old buck rabbit says (G) "Stuff it up your jumper" (D7) Vo-doo-de-ohh.

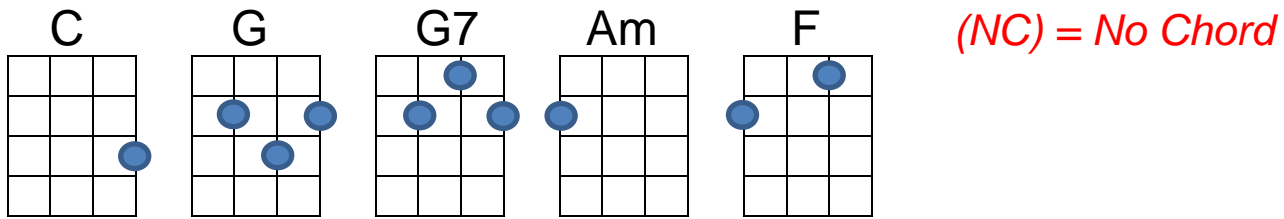
(G) All the little ducks go quack quack quack, (*quack, quack, quack*)  
The (D7) cows all moo, (*Moo*), the (G) bull does too, (*honk*)  
(C) Every(C#dim)one says (G) how d'you (E7) do (Am) down on (D7) Jollity (G) Farm.

(G) All the little pigs they grunt and howl,  
The (D7) cats mee-yow, the (G) dogs bow-wow,  
(C) Every(C#dim)body (G) makes a (E7) row (Am) down on (D7) Jollity (G) Farm.  
All the little birds go tweet, tweet, tweet,  
The (D7) lambs all bleat and (G) shake their feet,  
(C) Every(C#dim)thing's a (G) perfect (E7) treat,  
(Am) Down on (D7) Jollity (G) Farm,  
(Am) Down on (D7) Jollity (G) Farm.

**BK5-19: Keep On Running**

Written by: Jackie Edwards - 1965

Recorded by: The Spencer Davis Group - 1965



Keep on (C) runnin', keep on (G) hidin', (G7)  
One fine (Am) day I'm gonna be the (F) one, to make you under(C)stand,  
Oh (F) yeah, I'm gonna be your (C) man. (G7)

Keep on (C) runnin', runnin' (G) from my arms, (G7)  
One fine (Am) day I'm gonna be the (F) one, to make you under(C)stand,  
Oh (F) yeah, I'm gonna be your (C) man.

Hey hey (Am) hey, everyone just talkin' about me, (G) it make me feel so bad,  
Hey hey (Am) hey, everyone just laughing at me, (G) it make me feel so sad.

(NC) Keep on (C) runnin', runnin' (G) from my arms, (G7)  
One fine (Am) day I'm gonna be the (F) one, to make you under(C)stand,  
Oh (F) yeah, I'm gonna be your (C) man.

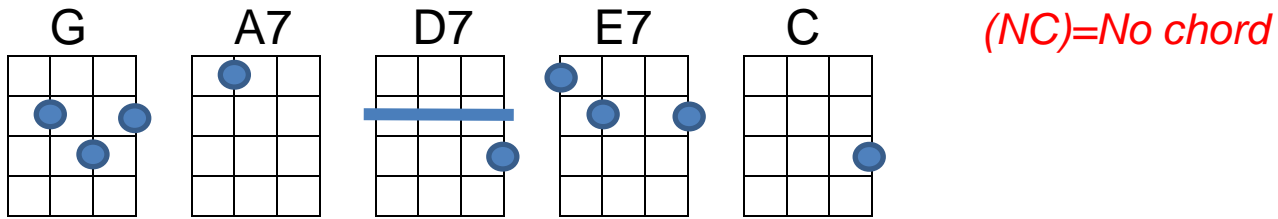
Hey hey (Am) hey, everyone just talkin' about me, (G) it make me feel so bad,  
Hey hey (Am) hey, everyone just laughing at me, (G) it make me feel so sad.

(NC) Keep on (C) runnin', runnin' (G) from my arms, (G7)  
One fine (Am) day I'm gonna be the (F) one, to make you under(C)stand,  
Oh (F) yeah, I'm gonna be your (C) man,  
(F) Gonna be your (C) man,  
(F) Gonna be your (C) man,  
(F) Gonna be your (C) man.

**BK5-20: Living Doll**

Written by: Lionel Bart - 1959

Recorded by: Cliff Richard and The Shadows - 1959



Got myself a (G) cryin' talkin' sleepin' walkin' livin' doll,  
Got to do my best to please her just 'cause she's a (A7) living doll, (D7)  
Got a rovin' (G) eye and that is why she satis(E7)fies my soul,  
Got the one and (G) only walkin' (D7) talkin' livin' (G) doll.

(NC) Take a look at her (C) hair it's real,  
If you don't be(G)lieve what I say just feel,  
Gonna' lock her (C) up in a trunk,  
So no big hunk can (A7) steal her away from (D7) me.

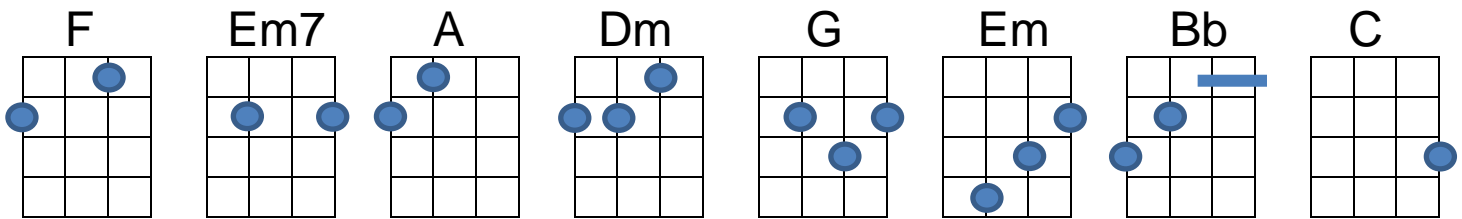
Got myself a (G) cryin' talkin' sleepin' walkin' livin' doll,  
Got to do my best to please her just 'cause she's a (A7) living doll, (D7)  
Got a rovin' (G) eye and that is why she satis(E7)fies my soul,  
Got the one and (G) only walkin' (D7) talkin' livin' (G) doll.

(NC) Take a look at her (C) hair it's real,  
If you don't be(G)lieve what I say just feel,  
Gonna' lock her (C) up in a trunk,  
So no big hunk can (A7) steal her away from (D7) me.

Got myself a (G) cryin' talkin' sleepin' walkin' livin' doll,  
Got to do my best to please her just 'cause she's a (A7) living doll, (D7)  
Got a rovin' (G) eye and that is why she satis(E7)fies my soul,  
Got the one and (G) only walkin' (D7) talkin' livin' (G) doll.

**BK5-21: Mr Blue Sky**

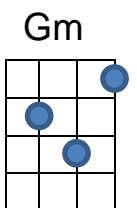
Written by: Jeff Lynne - 1977 :: Recorded by: Electric Light Orchestra (ELO) - 1977



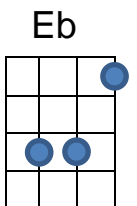
(F) Sun is shinin' in the sky, there ain't a (Em7) cloud (A) in (Dm) sight,  
 It's stopped (G) rainin', every(Em)body's in a (A) play,  
 And don't you (Bb) know, it's a beautiful new (F) day, hey hey, (C) hey,  
 (F) Runnin' down the avenue, see how the (Em7) sun (A) shines (Dm) brightly,  
 In the (G) city, on the (Em) streets where once was (A) pity,  
 Mr. (Bb) Blue, Sky is living here to(F)day, hey, hey, (C) hey.

(\*)=1 Strum  
 (\*\*)=2 Strum

(\*Dm) Mr. Blue (\*\*F) Sky, please tell us (\*Bb) why, you had to (\*\*F) hide away,  
 For (Gm) so long, (F) (so long), where did (Eb) we go wrong, (Bb)  
 (\*Dm) Mr. Blue (\*\*F) Sky, please tell us (\*Bb) why, you had to (\*\*F) hide away,  
 For (Gm) so long, (F) (so long), where did (Eb) we go wrong. (Bb) (C)

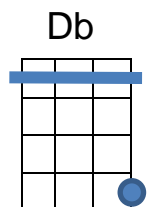


(F) Hey you with the pretty face, welcome to the (Em7) hu(A)man (Dm) race,  
 A cele(G)bration Mr. (Em) Blue Sky's up there (A) waitin',  
 And (Bb) today is the day we've waited (F) for, ah, ah, (C) ah.



(\*Dm) Mr. Blue (\*\*F) Sky, please tell us (\*Bb) why, you had to (\*\*F) hide away,  
 For (Gm) so long, (F) (so long), where did (Eb) we go wrong, (Bb)  
 (\*Dm) Hey there (\*\*F) Mr. Blue, (\*Bb) we're so pleased to (\*\*F) be with you,  
 (Gm) Look around see (F) what you do, (Eb) everybody (Bb) smiles at you,  
 (Dm) Hey there (F) Mr. Blue, (Bb) we're so pleased to (F) be with you,  
 (Gm) Look around see (F) what you do, (Eb) everybody (Bb) smiles at you. (C)

(F) Mr Blue you did it right, but soon comes (Em7) Mis(A)ter (Dm) Night,  
 Creepin' (G) over, now his (Em) hand is on your (A) shoulder,  
 Never mind, (Bb) I'll remember you this,



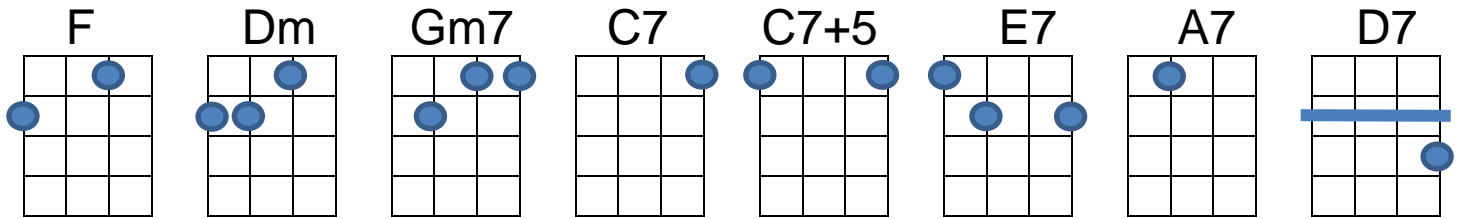
(Db) I'll remem(Eb)ber you this (Dm) way,  
 (\*Dm) Mr. Blue (\*\*F) Sky, please tell us (\*Bb) why, you had to (\*\*F) hide away,  
 For (Gm) so long, (F) (so long), where did (Eb) we go wrong, (Bb)  
 (\*Dm) Hey there (\*\*F) Mr. Blue, (\*Bb) we're so pleased to (\*\*F) be with you,  
 (Gm) Look around see (F) what you do, (Eb) everybody (Bb) smiles at you.

(Dm) Ba ba (F) Ba ba ba ba, (Bb) ba ba (F) ba ba ba ba,  
 (Gm) Ba ba (F) ba ba ba, (Eb) baa (Bb) baa,  
 (Dm) Ba ba (F) ba ba ba ba, (Bb) ba ba (F) ba ba ba ba,  
 (Gm) Ba ba (F) ba ba ba, (Eb) baaaa (Bb) baaaaaaa,  
 (Dm) (F) (Bb) (F) (Gm) (F) (Eb) (Bb)  
 (Dm) (F) (Bb) (F) (Gm) (F) (Eb) (Bb) (F)

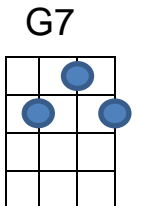
**BK5-22: Mr Sandman**

Written by: Pat Ballard - 1954

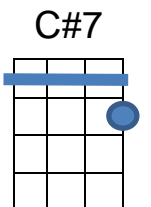
Recorded by: The Chordettes - 1954



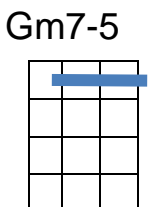
(F) Bom Bom Bom Bom (Dm) Bom Bom Bom Bom,  
 (Gm7) Bom Bom Bom Bom (C7) Bom,  
 (F) Bom Bom Bom Bom (Dm) Bom Bom Bom Bom,  
 (Gm7) Bom Bom Bom Bom (C7) Bom.



Mis(C7+5)ter (F) Sandman, (E7) bring me a dream,  
 (A7) Make him the cutest that (D7) I've ever seen,  
 (G7) Give him two lips like (C7) roses and clover,  
 (F) Then tell him that his lonesome (C#7) nights are (C7) over.



(F) Sandman, (E7) I'm so alone, (A7) don't have nobody to (D7) call my own,  
 (Gm7) Please turn on your magic (Gm7-5) beam,  
 Mr. (F) Sandman (G7) bring me (C7) a (F) dream.



Mis(C7+5)ter (F) Sandman, (E7) bring me a dream,  
 (A7) Make him the cutest that (D7) I've ever seen,  
 (G7) Give him the word that (C7) I'm not a rover,  
 (F) Then tell him that his lonesome (C#7) nights are (C7) over.

(F) Sandman, (E7) I'm so alone, (A7) don't have nobody to (D7) call my own,  
 (Gm7) Please turn on your magic (Gm7-5) beam,  
 Mr. (F) Sandman (G7) bring me (C7) a (F) dream.

(F) Bom Bom Bom Bom (Dm) Bom Bom Bom Bom  
 (Gm7) Bom Bom Bom Bom (C7) Bom,  
 (F) Bom Bom Bom Bom (Dm) Bom Bom Bom Bom,  
 (Gm7) Bom Bom Bom Bom (C7) Bom.

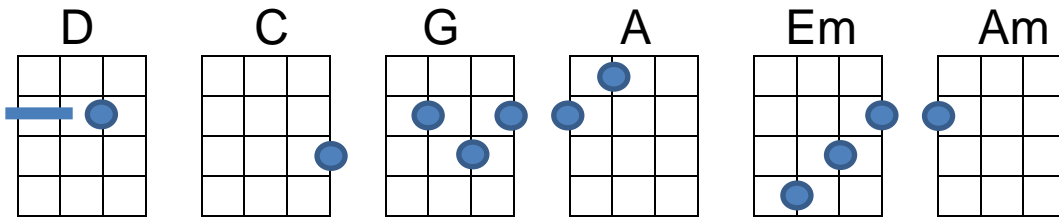
(Slowly)  
 (C7+5)Mis---ter (F) Sand---man.



**BK5-23: Sweet Child of Mine**

Written by: Guns 'n' Roses - 1987

Recorded by: Guns 'n' Roses - 1987



(D) She's got a smile that it seems to me,  
Re(C)minds me of childhood memories,  
Where (G) everything was as fresh as the bright blue (D) sky,  
(D) Now and then when I see her face,  
She (C) takes me away to that special place,  
And if I (G) stared too long, I'd probably break down and (D) cry,  
(A) Whoa-(C) oh, sweet child o' (D) mine,  
(A) Whoa, Oh, Oh, (C) Oh sweet love (D) of mine.

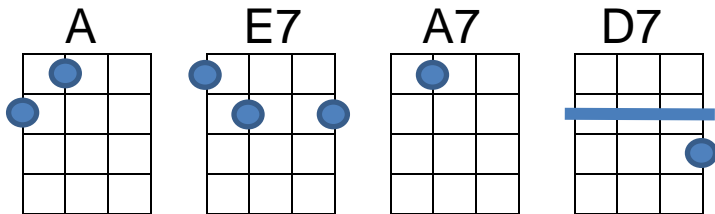
(D) She's got eyes of the bluest skies,  
As (C) if they thought of rain,  
I (G) hate to look into those eyes and (D) see an ounce of pain,  
Her (D) hair reminds me of a warm safe place,  
Where (C) as a child I'd hide,  
And (G) pray for the thunder and the rain to quietly pass me (D) by,  
(A) Whoa-(C) oh, sweet child o' (C) mine,  
(A) Whoa, Oh, Oh, (C) Oh sweet love (D) of mine,  
(A) Whoa-(C) oh, sweet child o' (D) mine,  
(A) Whoa, Oh, Oh, (C) Oh sweet love (D) of mine.

(Em) Where do we go, (G) where do we go now, (Am) where do we go? (C) (D) (G)  
(Em) Where do we go, (G) where do we go now? (C) (D) (G)  
(Em) Where do we go? (G) Sweet child, (Am) where do we go now? (C) (D) (G)  
(Em) Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay (G) ay ay ay, (Am) where do we go now? (C) (D) (G)  
(Em) Where do we gooo, (G) ahh, (Am) where do we go now? (C) (D) (G)  
(Em) Where do we gooo, (G) oooo, (Am) where do we go now? (C) (D) (G)  
(Em) Where do we go, (G) where (Am) do we go now? Now-now-now-now-now  
(Em) Now! Sweet (G) child, sweet (Am) chi(C)(D)ld of (Em) mine.

## **BK5-24: This Train is Bound for Glory**

Written by: American Gospel Song - 1922

Recorded by: Various - Sister Rosetta Tharpe - 1930 : Mumford & Sons - 2012



Intro: (A) (E7) (A) (A7) (D7) (A) (E7) (A)

(A) This train is bound for glory, this train,  
This train is bound for glory, (E7) this train,

(A) This train is (A7) bound for glory,

(D7) Don't carry nothing but the righteous and the holy,

(A) This train is (E7) bound for glory, (A) this train.

(A) This train don't carry no gamblers, this train,

This train don't carry no gamblers, (E7) this train,

(A) This train don't (A7) carry no gamblers,

(D7) Liars, thieves, nor big shot rambles,

(A) This train is (E7) bound for glory, (A) this train.

(A) This train don't carry no liars, this train,

This train don't carry no liars, (E7) this train,

(A) This train don't (A7) carry no liars,

(D7) She's streamlined and a midnight flyer,

(A) This train don't (E7) carry no liars, (A) this train.

(A) This train don't carry no smokers, this train,

This train don't carry no smokers, (E7) this train,

(A) This train don't (A7) carry no smokers,

(D7) Two bit liars, small time jokers,

(A) This train don't (E7) carry no smokers, (A) this train.

(A) This train don't carry no con men, this train,

This train don't carry no con men, (E7) this train,

(A) This train don't (A7) carry no con men,

(D7) No wheeler dealers, here and gone men,

(A) This train don't (E7) carry no con men, (A) this train.

(A) This train don't carry no rustlers, this train,

This train don't carry no rustlers, (E7) this train,

(A) This train don't (A7) carry no rustlers,

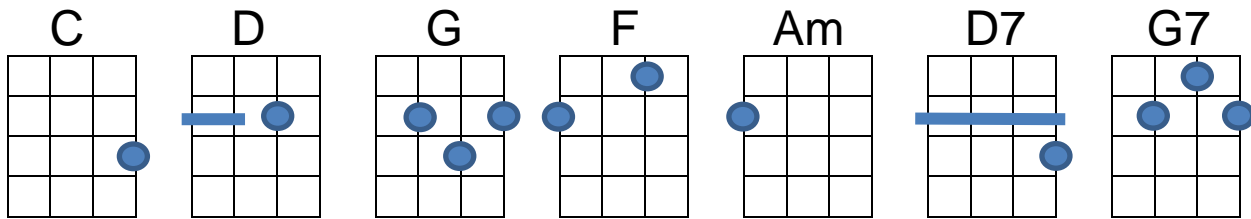
(D7) Sidestreet walkers, two bit hustlers,

(A) This train is (E7) bound for glory, (A) this train,

(A) This train is (E7) bound for glory, (A) this train.

**BK5-25: Waterloo**

Written by: Benny Andersson, Björn Ulvaeus & Stig Anderson - 1974  
Recorded by: ABBA - 1974



(C) My my, at (D) Waterloo Na(G)poleon (F) did su(G)rrender,  
Oh (C) yeah, and (D) I have met my (G) desti(F)ny in (C) quite a (G) similar  
(Am) way,  
The history book on the shelf, is (D7) always repeating it(G)self. (G7)

(C) Waterloo, I was defeated you (F) won the war,  
(G) Waterloo, promise to love you for (C) ever more, (G7)  
(C) Waterloo, couldn't escape if I (F) wanted to,  
(G) Waterloo, knowing my fate is to (C) be with you, wo, wo, wo, wo,  
(G) Waterloo, finally facing my (C) Waterloo.

(C) My my, I (D) tried to hold you (G) back but (F) you were (G) stronger,  
Oh (C) yeah, and (D) now it seems my (G) only (F) chance is (C) giving (G)  
up the (Am) fight,  
And how could I ever refuse, I (D7) feel like I win when I (G) lose. (G7)

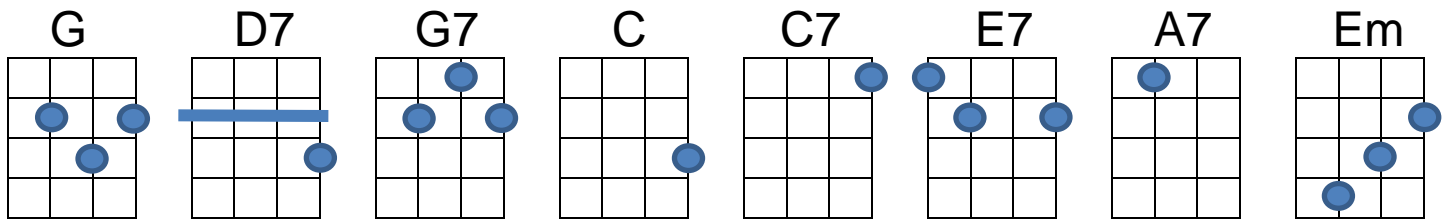
(C) Waterloo, I was defeated you (F) won the war,  
(G) Waterloo, promise to love you for (C) ever more, (G7)  
(C) Waterloo, couldn't escape if I (F) wanted to,  
(G) Waterloo, knowing my fate is to (C) be with you, wo, wo, wo, wo,  
(G) Waterloo, finally facing my (C) Waterloo,  
So (Am) how could I ever refuse,  
I (D7) feel like I win when I (G) lose. (G7)

(C) Waterloo, couldn't escape if I (F) wanted to,  
(G) Waterloo, knowing my fate is to (C) be with you, wo, wo, wo, wo,  
(G) Waterloo, finally facing my (C) Waterloo, wo, wo, wo, wo,  
(G) Waterloo, knowing my fate is to (C) be with you, wo, wo, wo, wo,  
(G) Waterloo, finally facing my (C) Waterloo.

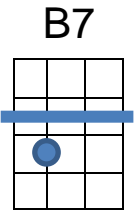
## BK5-26: When I'm Sixty Four (Full Version)

Written by: Paul McCartney and John Lennon - 1967 (Sgt Pepper Album)

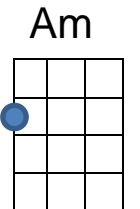
Recorded by: The Beatles - 1967



(G) When I get older losing my hair many years from (D7) now,  
 Will you still be sending me a Valentine,  
 Birthday greetings (G) bottle of wine,  
 If I'd been out 'til quarter to three, (G7) would you lock the (C) door,  
 Will you still (C7) need me, (G) will you still (E7) feed me,  
 (A7) When I'm (D7) sixty (G) four.



(Em) (D7) (Em)  
 You'll be older (B7) too,  
 (Em) And if you (Am) say the word, (C) I could (D7) stay with (G) you. (D7)



(G) I could be handy mending a fuse when your lights have (D7) gone,  
 You can knit a sweater by the fireside,  
 Sunday mornings (G) go for a ride,  
 Doing the garden digging the weeds, (G7) who could ask for (C) more,  
 Will you still (C7) need me, (G) will you still (E7) feed me,  
 (A7) When I'm (D7) sixty (G) four.

(Em) Every summer we could rent a cottage in the Isle of (D7) Wight if it's  
 not too (Em) dear,  
 We shall scrimp and (B7) save,  
 (Em) Grandchildren (Am) on your knee, (C) Vera, (D7) Chuck and (G) Dave. (D7)

(G) Send me a postcard drop me a line stating point of (D7) view,  
 Indicate precisely what you mean to say,  
 Yours sincerely (G) wasting away,  
 Give me your answer fill in a form, (G7) mine forever (C) more,  
 Will you still (C7) need me, (G) will you still (E7) feed me,  
 (A7) When I'm (D7) sixty (G) four,  
 (C) Will you still (C7) need me, (G) will you still (E7) feed me,  
 (A7) When I'm (D7) sixty (G) four.