GROOVY 1967 UKULELE JAM
AND SINGALONG!

Let’s celebrate the 50th anniversary of Sgt. Pepper’s Lonely Heart’s Club Band and the Summer of Love. 1967 was a fabulous year for music!

BURNING UKE 2017

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The 59th Street Bridge song (Feeling groovy)

\[ C - G - D - G \text{ (3x)} + C - G - D - D7 \]

\[ C \quad G \quad D \quad G \]

1. Slow down, you move too fast,
\[ C \quad G \quad D \quad G \]
you got to make the morning last,
\[ -C \quad G \quad D \quad G \]
just kicking down the cobble stones,
\[ C \quad G \quad D \quad G \]
looking for fun and feelin' groovy. \[ + C - G - D - G \]

\[ C \quad G \quad -D \quad G \]

\[ C \quad G \quad -D \quad G \]
2. Hello, lamp post, what you knowing,
\[ C \quad G \quad D \quad G \]
I've come to watch your flowers growing.
\[ C \quad G \quad D \quad G \]
Ain't you got no rhymes for me,
\[ C \quad G \quad D \quad G \]
doot-in' doo-doo, feelin' groovy. \[ + C - G - D - G \]

\[ C \quad G \quad -D \quad G \]

\[ C \quad G \quad D \quad G \]
3. I got no deeds to do, no promises to keep,
\[ C \quad G \quad D \quad G \]
I'm dappled and drowsy and ready to sleep.
\[ C \quad G \quad D \quad G \]
Let the morning time drop all its petals on me,
\[ C \quad G \quad -D \quad G \quad -C - G - D - G \]
life, I love you, all is groov.......................y.
\[ C \quad G \quad D - G \quad -C - G - D - G \quad -C - G - D - G \]
+ Ba da da da da da....

(orig. = capo 3rd) (Simon & Garfunkel)
A Kind Of Hush    Herman’s Hermits

Hear this song at:  http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gatIk3z9a7Y (play along in this key)
From: Richard G’s Ukulele Songbook  www.scorpex.net/Uke

Intro:    C      G7       C      G7
E|1 0 0 0 – 0 3 1 0 0 0 – 0 3
C|– – – – 2 – – – – – 2 – –

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
[Fmaj7] 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 [Fmaj7] when I whisper [Dm] in your ear I love [G] you
For ever and ever [G+]

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] laaaa la la [Am] la la la la la la la [C7] laaaaaaa
La la la la [F] laaa la la la la [G7] laaaa la la la [C] laaaa [C7]

So [F] listen very [Dm] carefully
[Fmaj7] 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 [Fmaj7] when I whisper [Dm] in your ear I love [G] you
For ever and ever [G+]

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
They’re falling in [C] love [G7] (hush) they’re falling in [C] love
Brown-Eyed Girl
by Van Morrison

Intro chords and riff: play twice
A--2--3--5--3--2--7--9---10--9--7---2--3--5--3--2--0---4---0---
E--3--5--7--5--3--8--10--12--10--8--3--5--7--5--3--2--2--3--2--

Hey, where did we go days when the rains came

Down in the hollow playin' a new game

Laughin' and a runnin' (hey, hey) skippin' and a jumpin'

In the misty morning fog with our hearts a thumpin'

Whate-ver happened to Tuesday and So Slow

Goin' down to the old mine with a transistor

Standin' in the sunlight laughin' Hidin' behind a rainbow's wall

Slippin' and a slidin' All along the waterfall

with you, my brown-eyed girl yo-ou, my-y brown-eyed girl.

Do you re-mem-ber we used to sing, Sha la la LA la la LA la la tee da

Sha la la LA la la LA la la tee da la tee da

(---bass solo---)

So hard to find my way now that I'm all on my own

I saw you just the other day, my, how you have grown.

Cast my memory back there Lord. Some-times I'm over-come thinkin' bout it

Makin' love in the green grass behind the stadium

With you, my brown-eyed girl yo-ou, my-y brown-eyed girl.

Do you re-mem-ber we used to sing, Sha la la LA la la LA la la tee da

Sha la la LA la la LA la la tee da la tee da
**Daydream Believer**


Oh, I could [G] hide 'neath the [Am7] wings
Of the [Bm] bluebird as she [C] sings
The [G] six o'clock a[Em7]larm would never [A] ring [D]
But it [G] rings and I [Am7] rise
Wipe the [Bm] sleep out of my [C] eyes

**Chorus:**

[C] Cheer up [D] sleepy [Bm] Jean
[C] Oh what [D] can it [Em] mean [C] to a
[G] Daydream be[C]liever and a

You [G] once thought of [Am7] me
As a [Bm] white knight on his [C] steed
[G] Now you know how [Em7] happy I can [A] be [D]
Oh, and our [G] good times start and [Am7] end
Without [Bm] dollar one to [C] spend

**Chorus *2**

(Sittin’ on) the Dock of the Bay
by Otis Redding and Steve Cropper (1967)

Intro: G

G* . . . B . . . C* . . . C\ B\ Bb\ A . . .
Sittin’ in the mor—nin’ sun I’ll be sittin’ when the ev—en—in’ come
G* . . . B . . . C* . . . C\ B\ Bb\ A . . .
Watchin’ the ships roll in and then I watch’em roll a—way a—gain.

I’m sitting’ on the dock of the Bay— Watchin’ the tide roll a—way—

Oo, just sittin’ on the dock of the Bay— wast—in’ ti—i—i—ime

G* . . . B . . . C* . . . C\ B\ Bb\ A . . .
I left my home in Georgi-a Headed for the ‘Fri—is—co Bay—
G* . . . B . . . C* . . . C\ B\ Bb\ A . . .
‘Cause I had nothin’ to live for and looked like nothin’s gonna co—me my way

So I’m just gonna sit on the dock of the Bay— watching the ti—ide roll a—way—

Oo, I’m sittin’ on the dock of the Bay— wast—in’ ti—i—i—ime

Bridge:

Look like— nothin’s gonna change

Every—thing— still— re—mains the same

G . D . C . G
I can’t do what ten peo—ple tell me to do

F . . . | D . . . |
So I guess I’ll just re—main the same

G* . . . B . . . C* . . . C\ B\ Bb\ A . . .
Sittin’ here resting my bones and this loneli—ness won’t leave me a—lone

G* . . . B . . . C* . . . C\ B\ Bb\ A . . .
It’s two thou—sand miles I roamed Just to make this dock my home

Now I just—a sit at the dock of the Bay— watching the ti—i—ide roll a—way—

Sittin’ on the dock of the Bay— wast—in’ ti—i—i—ime—

G . . . | . . . | E7 . . | G . . . . | REPEAT AND WHISTLE
For What It's Worth (key of D)
by Stephen Stills (Buffalo Springfield, 1967)

Pick A . . . . 12 . . . 12 . . . (throughout verses)
E - 10 . . . 10 . . .

There's somethin' happen-ing here— What it is, ain't ex-actly— clear—
There's a man with a gun o-ver there— a-tell-ing me— I've got to be-ware—

Chorus: I think it's time we stop, children, what's that sou-ond?
Everybody look what's goin' dow-n—

There's battle lines being drawn— Nobody's right— if every-body's wrong—
Young people speakin' their minds— a-getting so much re-sistance— from be-hind.

CHORUS
What a field day for the heat— A thou-sand people in the street—
(oo— oo— oo—) (oo— oo—)
Singin' songs and a-carry-in' signs— mostly sayin' hoo-ray for— our side—
(oo—) (oo— oo— oo—) (oo— oo—)

CHORUS
Pa-ra-noia strikes deep— Into— your life it will creep—
It starts when you're always a-fraid— Step out of line, the men co-me and
G . . .
take you a-way.

You better stop. Hey, what's that sou-ond? Everybody look what's goin' dow-n—
Stop. Hey, what's that sou-ond? Everybody look what's goin' dow-n—
You better

Stop. Now, what's that sou-ond? Everybody look what's goin' dow-n—
You better

Stop, children, what's that sou-ond? Everybody look what's goin' dow-n—
Love is but a song we sing
fear's the way we die
You can make the mountains ring
or make the angels cry
Though the bird is on the wing
and you may not know why

CHORUS
C
D
C'mon people now, smile on your brother
Everybody get together
Try and love one another right now

G
Some may come and some may go
we shall surely pass
G
When the one that left us here
returns for us at last
G
We are but a moment's sunlight
fading in the grass

CHORUS TWICE
G
If you hear the song I sing
you will understand (listen!)
G
You hold the key to love and fear
all in your trembling hand
G
Just one key unlocks them both
it's there at your command

CHORUS THREE TIMES and then end with...

G          Gsus2        G(2)
Right now.......right now
Groovin' (key of F)
by Felix Cavaliere and Eddie Brigati – The Young Rascals (1967)

(F) . . . (Gm) . . . . . . (F) . . . (Gm) . . . . . . (F) . . . (Gm) . . . |
Groovin' ———— on a Sunday after-noon ———— Really ———— couldn't get a-way too soon ————

(Am) . . . . . . . (Gm) . . . . . . . (Am) . . . . . . . (Gm) . . . . . . |
I can't im-age any-thing that's better ———— The world is ours when-ever we're to-gether

(Am) . . . . . . . (Gm) . . . . . . . (Am) . . . . . . . (Gm) . . . . . . |
There ain't a place I'd like to be in stead of

(F) . . . (Gm) . . . . . . (F) . . . (Gm) . . . . . . (F) . . . (Gm) . . . |
Groovin’ ———— down a crowded ave-nue ———— Doin’ ———— any-thing we like to do

(Am) . . . . . . . (Gm) . . . . . . . (Am) . . . . . . . (Gm) . . . . . . |
There's always lots of things that we can see ———— We can be any-one we want to be-e

(Am) . . . . . . . (Gm) . . . . . . . (Am) . . . . . . . (Gm) . . . . . . |
And all those happy people we could meet just

(F) . . . (Gm) . . . . . . (F) . . . (Gm) . . . . . . (F) . . . (Gm) . . . |
Groovin’ ———— on a Sunday after-noon ———— Really ———— couldn't get a-way too soon ————

(F) . . . (Gm) . . . . . . (F) . . . (Gm) . . . . . . (F) . . . (Gm) . . . |
——— Ah-ha-haaa, ———— ah-ha-haaa, ———— ah-ha-haaaaaa

(Am) . . . . . . . (Gm) . . . . . . . (Am) . . . . . . . (Gm) . . . . . . |
We'll keep on spending sunny days this way ———— We're gonna talk and laugh our time a-way

(Am) . . . . . . . (Gm) . . . . . . . (Bb) . . . . . . . (Am) . . . . . . . (Gm) . . . . . . . (C7) . . . . . . . . |
I feel it comin' closer day by day ———— Life would be ec- sta-sy, you and me end-less-ly

(F) . . . (Gm) . . . . . . (F) . . . (Gm) . . . . . . (F) . . . (Gm) . . . |
Groovin’ ———— on a Sunday after-noon ———— Really ———— couldn't get a-way too soon ————

(F) . . . (Gm) . . . . . . (Gm) . . . . . . . (F) . . . (Bb) . . . . . . (F) |
——— Ah-ha-haaa, ———— ah-ha-haaa, ———— ah-ha-haaaaaaa-aaaah

San Joe Ukulele Club
Happy Together - The Turtles

**HAPPY TOGETHER** (The Turtles)

Imagine [Am] me and you I do
I think about you [G] day and night it's only right
To think about the [F] girl you love and hold her tight
So happy to-[E7]gether

If I should [Am] call you up invest a dime
And you say you be-[G]long to me and ease my mind
Imagine how the [F] world could be so very fine
So happy to-[E7]gether [E7]

**CHORUS**

[Am] I can't see me [Em] lovin' nobody but [A] you for all my [G] life
[A] When you're with me
[Em] Baby the skies'll be [A] blue for all my [G] life

[Am] Me and you and you and me
No matter how they [G] toss the dice it had to be
The only one for [F] me is you and you for me
So happy to-[E7]gether [E7]

**CHORUS**

[Am] Me and you and you and me
No matter how they [G] toss the dice it had to be
The only one for [F] me is you and you for me
So happy to-[E7]gether [E7]

**CHORUS**


[Am] Me and you and you and me
No matter how they [G] toss the dice it has to be
The only one for [F] me is you and you for me
So happy to-[E7]gether (oo-oo-oo-oo)

**ENDING**

[Am] So happy to-[E7]gether (oo-oo-oo-oo) [Am] how is the [E7] weather [Am]
So happy to-[E7]gether [Am] we're happy to-[E7]gether [Am]
So happy to-[E7]gether [Am] happy to-[E7]gether [Am]
So happy to-[E7]gether [Am] so happy to-[E7]gether [A]
Incense And Peppermints: Strawberry Alarm Clock.

INTRO:  Em  D...Em  A  Em  C...Em  A  Em  C

#1.
Em  A  Em  C
Good sense, innocence, cripplin' mankind,
Em  A  Em  C
Dead kings, many things I can't define.
Em  A  Em  C
Occasions, persuasions clutter your mind.
Em  A  Em  C
Incense and peppermints, the color of time.

CHORUS:
Em  Bm  Dm  A
Who cares what games we choose?
Em  Bm  Dm  A
Little to win, but nothing to lose.

#2.
Em  A  Em  C
Incense and peppermints, meaningless nouns.
Em  A  Em  C
Turn on, tune in, turn your eyes around.
D  G  D  G  F#m
Look at yourself, look at yourself, yeah, yeah.
D  G  D  G  F#m  A
Look at yourself, look at yourself, yeah, yeah, yeah!

#3.
Em  A  Em  C
To divide this cockeyed world in two,
Em  A  Em  C
Throw your pride to one side, it's the least you can do.
Em  A  Em  C
Beatniks and politics, nothing is new.
Em  A  Em  C
A yardstick for lunatics, one point of view.

CHORUS:
Em  Bm  Dm  A
Who cares what games we choose?
Em  Bm  Dm  A
Little to win, but nothing to lose.

#4.
Em  A  Em  C
Good sense, innocence, cripplin' mankind,
Em  A  Em  C
Dead kings, many things I can't define.
Em  A  Em  C
Occasions, persuasions clutter your mind.
Em  A  Em  C
Incense and peppermints, the color of time.

REPEAT CHORUS:

Em  Bm  Dm  A  Em  Bm  Dm  A
In...cense and pepper...mints... In...cense and pepper...mints
D  E  D  E
Sha la la...Sha la la...Sha la la...Sha la la(x2) (Fade.)
**Light My Fire**

*The Doors*

**Intro** Am / F#m / Am / F#m

Am
You know that it would be untrue
Am
You know that I would be a liar
Am
If I was to say to you
Am
Girl, we couldn't get much higher

G
Come on baby, light my fire
A
G
Come on baby, light my fire
D (B)
G
Try to set the night on fire

Am
The time to hesitate is through
Am
No time to wallow in the mire
Am
Try now we can only lose
Am
And our love become a funeral pyre

G
Come on baby, light my fire
A
D
G
Come on baby, light my fire
A
D (B)
G
Try to set the night on fire
G
Try to set the night on fire
F
Try to set the night on fire
F
Try to set the night on fire
C
D
Try to set the night on fire
C
D

Ukulele Club of Santa Cruz
Psychedelic Songs
April 2005
MELLOW YELLOW (DONOVAN)

ALTERNATE CHORDS:

I'm just mad about Saffron    Saffron's mad about me
I'm just mad about Saffron,   She's just mad about me
They call me mellow yellow, (quite rightly) they call me mellow yellow

I'm just mad about fourteen, fourteen's mad about me,
I'm just mad about fourteen, fourteen's mad about me
They call me mellow yellow, (quite rightly) they call me mellow yellow

Born high forever to fly,    wind ye Fo city nil
Born high forever to fly,   if you want your cup I will fill
They call me mellow yellow, (quite rightly) they call me mellow yellow

E-lec-trical ba-nana, is gonna be a sud-den craze,
E-lec-trical ba-nana,   is bound to be the very next phase.
They call me mellow yellow, (quite rightly) they call me mellow yellow
People Are Strange
by The Doors (1967)

Intro: a --2--0---------------------- (or if you have a low G: g --4--2--0----------)
e ---------3----------------------

Em . . . |Am . Em . |Am . Em . |B . Em .
People are stra-ange, when you’re a stran-ger. Faces look ug-ly, when you’re a— lone—
Em . . . |Am . Em . |Am . Em . |B . Em .
Women seem wick-ed, when you’re un-want—ed. Streets are un—e— ven, when you’re down.

Bridge: . |B7 . B7+5\ B7\ |G . . . . |B7\ e-6\)
When you’re strange——— faces come out of the rain———
 . |B7 . B7+5\ B7\ |G . . . . |B7/ e-6\ . a-2-0----
When you’re strange——— no-one re— members your name——— e-----3-2
 . |B7 . B7+5\ B7\ |B7 . B7+5\ B7\ | . . . | . . . |
When you’re strange, when you’re strange, when you’re stra-ange———

Em . . . |Am . Em . |Am . Em . |B . Em .
People are stra-ange, when you’re a stran-ger. Faces look ug-ly, when you’re a— lone—
Em . . . |Am . Em . |Am . Em . |B . Em .
Women seem wick-ed, when you’re un-want—ed. Streets are un—e— ven, when you’re down.

Bridge: . |B7 . B7+5\ B7\ |G . . . . |B7\ e-6\)
When you’re strange——— faces come out of the rain———
 . |B7 . B7+5\ B7\ |G . . . . |B7/ e-6\ . a-2-0----
When you’re strange——— no-one re— members your name——— e-----3-2
 . |B7 . B7+5\ B7\ |B7 . B7+5\ B7\ | . . . | . . . |
When you’re strange, when you’re strange, when you’re stra—ange———

Instrumental: same chords as verse. (Kazoo time!)

Em . . . |Am . Em . |Am . Em . |B . Em .
a--0-2--0--------------------------0-2--0--------------------------
e-0-2--0--3--0------------------3--0--3--0--2--3--2--0---

Em . . . |Am . Em . |Am . Em . |B . Em .
a--0-2--3--2--3--5--7--3--2--3--5--7--3--2--2--3--2--
e-3--0--

Bridge: . |B7 . B7+5\ B7\ |G . . . . |B7\ e-6\)
When you’re strange——— faces come out of the rain———
 . |B7 . B7+5\ B7\ |G . . . . |B7/ e-6\ .
When you’re strange——— no-one re— members your name———
 . |B7 . B7+5\ B7\ |B7 . B7+5\ B7\ | . . . | . . . |
When you’re strange——— when you’re strange——— when you’re stra——ange.
Ruby Tuesday      Rolling Stones

Hear this song at:  http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0c2E1Kg3pU (play along with capo at 1st fret)

From Richard G’s Ukulele Songbook  www.scorpex.net/uke.htm

[Am] While the [D7*] sun is [G] bright
No one [C] knows she comes and [G] goes [Gsus4] [G]


Don't [Am] question [G] why she [F] needs to [G] be so [C] free [Csus4] [C]
[Am] She just [D7*] can't be [G] chained
And nothing's [C] lost at such a [G] cost [Gsus4] [G]


[Am] Dying [D7*] all the [G] time
[Am] Lose your [D7] dreams and [G] you
Will lose your [C] mind ain't life un[G]kind [Gsus4] [G]


[G] Still I'm gonna [F] miss you [G7] [Am] [G] [F] [G7] [C]
San Francisco
by John Phillips

Em    C    G    D
If you're going to San Francisco,
Em    C    G    D
Be sure to wear some flowers in your hair.
Em    G    C    G
If you're going to San Francisco,
G    Bm    Em    D
You're gonna meet some gentle people there.

Em    C    G    D
For those who come to San Francisco
Em    C    G    D
Summer-time will be a love-in there
Em    G    C    G
In the streets of San Francisco
G    Bm    Em    D
Gentle people, with flowers in their hair.

F        G
Bridge: All across the nation, such a strange vibration, people in motion
F        G
There's a whole generation, with a new explanation, people in motion,
D
People in motion

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

A    D    A
Ending: If you come to San Francisco
A    C#m    E    A
Summer-time will be a love-in there.
A    C#m    E    A
(slower) Summer-time will be a love-in there.
San Franciscan Nights          Animals

Hear this song at:  http://au.youtube.com/watch?v=dmIy7Ch4M84 (play along with capo on first fret)

From: Richard G’s Ukulele Songbook  www.scorpex.net/uke.htm

[C]  [Em]  [Am]  [G]  [C]  [Em]  [Am]  [G]  [D]  [F]  [C]
On a [D] warm San Franciscan [C] night
[C] Old child [D] young child [F] feel all right
On a [F] warm San Franciscan [C] night
On a [D] warm San Franciscan [C] night
[C] Old angels [D] young angels [F] feel all right
On a [D] warm San Franciscan [C] night
[Fm] I wasn't born there [Em] perhaps I'll die there
[F] There's no place left to [G] go [G7] San Francisco...
[C] Cop's [Em] face is [Am] filled with [G] hate
[C] Heavens above he's on a [Am] street called [G] love
[D] When will they [F] ever [C] learn
[C] Old cop [D] young cop [F] feel all right
On a [D] warm San Franciscan [C] night
[Fm] The kids are cool [Em] they don't breed fools
[F] It's an American dream includes Indians [G] too [G7] San Francisco...
[C] Cop's [Em] face is [Am] filled with [G] hate
[C] Heavens above he's on a [Am] street called [G] love
[D] When will they [F] ever [C] learn
[C] Old cop [D] young cop [F] feel all right
On a [D] warm San Franciscan [C] night
"Somebody To Love"  (Darby Slick)

Verse 1:

Am  D  G  Am
When the truth is found to be lies
Am  D  G  Am
And all the joy within you dies

Chorus:

C  G  Am  D
Don't you want somebody to love, don't you...
C  G  Am  D
Need somebody to love, wouldn't you...
C  G  Am  D
Love somebody to love, you better...
C  D  Am
Find somebody to love
(Am)  D  Am  G  Am

Verse 2:

Am  D  G  Am  D  G
When the garden flowers baby are dead, yes and
Am  D  G  Am  C
Your mind, your mind is so full of bread

Chorus

Verse 3:

[n.c.]  Am  D
Your eyes, I say your eyes may look like his
Am  D  G
Yeah, but in your head, baby, I'm afraid
Am  D
you don't know where it is

[repeat chorus]

Verse 4:

Am  D  G  Am  D  G
Tears are running down and down and down your breast
Am  D  G  Am  D
And your friends, baby they treat you like a guest

Chorus 4:

C  G  D
Don't you want somebody to love, don't you...
C  G  D
Need somebody to love, wouldn't you...
C  G  D
Love somebody to love, you better...
C  D  Am  D  Am
Find somebody to loooooooooooooove

Solo/coda:

Am  D  G  [3X]
/ / / / / / /
Am
/ / / / / / / / C  G  D  [3X]  Am  D
Stand By Me (original key)
by Ben E. King, Jerry Lieber and Mike Stoller (1960)


When the night has come, and the land is dark

and the moon is the only light we'll see.

No I won't be afraid, no I won't be afraid

just as long as you stand, stand by me.

Chorus: So darlin' darlin' stand by me oh stand by me

A . . | A . . | . . | F#m . . | . .


oh stand stand by me, stand by me.

| A . . | A . . | . . | F#m . . | . .

If the sky that we look upon, should tumble and fall
A . . | A . . | . . | F#m . . | . .

or the mountain should crumble to the sea
A . . | A . . | . . | F#m . . | . .

I won't cry I won't cry, no I won't shed a tear
A . . | A . . | . . | F#m . . | . .

just as long as you stand, stand by me.

Chorus: And darlin' darlin' stand by me oh stand by me


oh stand whoa, stand by me, stand by me.


| A . . | A . . | . . | F#m . . | . .


oh stand whoa, stand by me, stand by me.

A . . | A . . | . . | F#m . . | . .

When-ever you’re in trouble won’t you stand by me oh stand by me,


whoa stand, stand by me, stand by me.
The Letter
by Wayne Carson Thompson (1967)

Intro:

A -------------------------------
E or E -------------------------
C -------------------------------
low G --------------------------

Am         .       .       .       .
F        .       .
G       .       .       .       .       .
D      .       .       .       .       .       .       .

Am         .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
G         .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
D        .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
G         .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .

Gimme a ticket for an aero-plane, ain’t got— time to take a fast train

Am         .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
F        .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
E7       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .

Lonely days are gone—, I’m a-goin’ home—, my baby— just wrote me a letter—

Am         .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
G         .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
D        .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
G         .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .

I don’t care how much money I’ve gotta spend, got to get back to my baby again

Am         .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
F        .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
E7       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .

Lonely days are gone—, I’m a-goin’ home—, my baby— just wrote me a letter—

Chorus:

C         .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
G         .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
F        .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
C       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .

Well, she wrote me a letter sayin’ she couldn’t— live without me no more—

C         .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
G         .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
F        .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
C       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .

Listen, Mister, can’t you see I’ve got to get back to my baby once I’m home—

E7\       --- --- --- --- | An-y way, yeah.

Am         .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
F        .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
G       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
D      .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .

Gimme a ticket for an aero-plane, ain’t got— time to take a fast train

Am         .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
F        .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
E7       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .

Lonely days are gone—, I’m a-goin’ home—, my baby— just wrote me a letter—

Chorus:

C         .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
G         .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
F        .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
C       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .

Well, she wrote me a letter sayin’ she couldn’t— live without me no more—

C         .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
G         .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
F        .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .
C       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .       .

Listen, Mister, can’t you see I’ve got to get back to my baby once I’m home—

E7\       --- --- --- --- | An-y way, yeah.

BACK TO FIRST VERSE AND FADE OUT (Repeat Last Line)
WHITE RABBIT


[F#] One pill makes you larger [F#]
And [G] one pill makes you small [G]
And the [F#] ones that mother [F#] gives you
Don't do [G] anything at all [G]

And if [F#] you go chasing [F#] rabbits
And you [G] know you're going to [G] fall
Tell 'em a [F#] hookah smoking [F#] caterpillar
Has [G] given you the [G] call
Call [A] Alice [C] when she was [D] just [A] small

[E7] When the men on the chessboard [E7]
Get up and [A] tell you where to [A] go
And you've [E7] just had some kind of [E7]
mushroom And your [A] mind is moving [A] low
Go ask [F#] Alice I think she'll [F#] know

[F#] When logic and proportion[F#]
Have [G] fallen sloppy [G] dead
And the [F#] White Knight is talking [F#] backwards And the [G]
Red Queen's off with her [G] head Re [A] member [C] what the
doors [D] mouse [A] said
[E7] Feed your [A] head
[E7] Feed your [A] head
A Whiter Shade Of Pale       Procol Harum

Hear this song at:  http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PbWULu5_nXI&feature=related (play along in this key)
From: Richard G’s Ukulele Songbook  www.scorpex.net/uke.htm

Intro:
[C] [Em] [Am] [C] [F] [Am] [Dm] [F] [G] [G7] [Em7] [G7] [C] [F] [G] [F] [G7]

[C] We [Em] skipped the light fan[Am]dango [C]
[F] Turned [Am] cartwheels 'cross the [Dm] floor [F]
[C] But the [Em] crowd called out for [Am] more [C]
[F] The [Am] room was humming [Dm] harder [F]
[C] When [Em] we called out for a[Am]nother [C] drink
[F] The [Am] waiter brought a [Dm] tray [G]

Chorus
And so it [C] wa[Em]s that [Am] later [C]
[F] As the [Am] miller told his [Dm] tale [F]

[C] [Em] [Am] [C] [F] [Am] [Dm] [F] [G] [G7] [Em7] [G7] [C] [F] [G] [F] [G7]
[C] She [Em] said there is no [Am] reason [C]
[F] And the [Am] truth is plain to [Dm] see [F]
[C] And [Em] would not let her [Am] be [C]
[F] One of [Am] sixteen vestal [Dm] virgins [F]
[C] And al[Em]though my eyes were [Am] open [C]
[F] They might [Am] just as well been [Dm] closed [G]

Chorus
[C] [Em] [Am] [C] [F] [Am] [Dm] [F] [G] [G7] [Em7] [G7] [C] [F] [G] [F] [G7] [C]

\[\text{Chord diagrams}\]
Windy  The Association

Hear this song at:  http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NJFHLmTz4RI (play along in this key)
From: Richard G’s Ukulele Songbook  www.scorpex.net/uke.htm

Intro:
A|  0 3 0 - - 5 5 3 0 0 - - - - - - - - - - 3 1 1 1 1
E|-- -- 3 1 - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 3 1 1 1

[F] Calling a [Eb] name that's [Bb] lighter than [C] air
[F] Everyone [Eb] knows it's [Bb] Windy     [C] [C] [C] [C]

[F] Everyone [Eb] knows it's [Bb] Windy     [C] [C] [C] [C]

And Windy has [Gm7] stormy [Fmaj7] eyes
That flash at the [Gm7] sound of [C7sus4] lies
And Windy has [Gm7] wings to [Fmaj7] fly
Above the [Gm7] clouds (above the clouds) above the [Csus4] clouds [C]

Solo with verse chords over

F       Eb    Bb    C   F   Eb    Bb    C   F  Eb    Bb    C   F  Eb    BbF
A|  0 3 0 - - 5 5 3 0 3 0 3 - - 5 5 3 0 3 0 3 0 - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 3 1 1 0
E|-- -- 3 1 - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 3 1 1 1

[C] [C] [C] [C]

And Windy has [Gm7] stormy [Fmaj7] eyes
That flash at the [Gm7] sound of [C7sus4] lies
And Windy has [Gm7] wings to [Fmaj7] fly
Above the [Gm7] clouds (above the clouds) above the [Csus4] clouds [C]