DENVER UKE COMMUNITY

NOVEMBER MEETING

FOOD SONGS!
OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM

C F C
OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM
C G C
E I E I O

F C
AND ON THAT FARM HE HAD A TURKEY
C G C
E I E I O
C
WITH A GOOBLE GOOBLE HERE

AND A GOOBLE GOOBLE THERE
single downstroke each phrase
HERE A GOOBLE THERE A GOOBLE

EVERYWHERE A GOOBLE GOOBLE
C F C
OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM
C G C
E I E I O

C F C
OLD MACDONALD LIKED HIS TURKEY
C G C
E I E I O
F C
WHEN HE SAW MARY HE WENT BESERKY
C G C
E I E I O
C
MARY'S TURKEY'S NOW ON HIS PLATE
F
THE FAMILY'S SITTING TO CELEBRATE
G
A HAPPY THANKSGIVING ON THIS DATE
C G C
E I E I O
Spanish Pipedream
By John Prine

She was a level-headed dancer on the road to alcohol
And I was just a soldier on my way to Montreal
Well she pressed her chest against me about the time the juke box broke
She gave me a peck on the back of the neck and these are the words she spoke

Chorus:
Blow up your T.V.
Throw away your paper
Go into the country, build you a home
Plant a little garden
Eat a lot of peaches
Try to find Jesus on your own

Well, I sat there at the table and I acted real naïve
For I knew that topless lady had something up her sleeve
Well, she danced around the bar room and she did the hoochy-coo
Yeah she sang her song all night long, tellin' me what to do

Chorus
C                                     F
Well, I was young and hungry and about to leave that place
G                                         C
But just as I was leavin', well she looked me in the face
C                                                            F
I said "You must know the answer." She said, "No but I'll give it a try."
G                                         C
And to this very day we've been livin' our way and here is the reason why
C                              F  C
We blew up our T.V.
F   C
Threw away our paper
G                         C  F  C
Went to the country, built us a home
C                              F  C
Had a lot of children,
F   C
Fed 'em on peaches
G                      C  F  C  F  C
They all found Jesus on their own
SONG OF THE SOUTH
Alabama

F  C
Song, song of the South,
Bb
Sweet potato pie and shut my mouth.
F  C
Gone, gone with the wind,
Bb
Ain't nobody lookin' back again.
F         C
Cotton on the roadside, cotton in the ditch,
Bb
we all picked cotton but we never got rich.
F         C
Daddy was a veteran southern democrat,
Bb
they oughta get a rich man to vote like that.......(singin')

(Chorus)

F         C
Well somebody told us that Wall Street fell,
Bb
but we were so poor that we couldn't tell.
F         C
Cotton was short and the weeds were tall,
Bb
but Mr. Roosevelt was gonna save us all.

(Chorus)

F         C
Well momma got sick and daddy got down,
Bb
the county got the farm and we moved to town.
F         C
Papa got a job with the TVA,
Bb
he bought a washing machine and then a Chevrolet.
(Chorus)
(Repeat Chorus ad lib)
There’s A Turkey In My Oven  (sung to [and apologies to] There’s A Hippie In My House)  
Lyrics by Bernie Martin

G
There’s a turkey in my oven baking at 450
It’s covered in seasonings getting tan as can be
It didn’t want to go there and shouted to be free
But I cooked it just the same for all of us to see
There’s a turkey, there’s a turkey, in my oven

G
The turkey in my oven was allowed to roam range free
It was the flock’s largest bird which attracted it to me
It fills up my pot with the smells of delight
I keep a notebook filled with recipes that bite
There’s a turkey, there’s a turkey, in my oven

D
It screamed, “please don’t eat me”
G
Eat beans and brown rice
C
Please shoot my cousin instead

G
There’s a turkey in my oven baking at 450
It’s covered in seasonings getting tan as can be
It didn’t want to go there and shouted to be free
But I cooked it just the same for all of us to see
There’s a turkey, there’s a turkey, in my oven

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G
There’s a turkey in my oven baking at 450
It’s covered in seasonings getting tan as can be
It didn’t want to go there and shouted to be free
But I cooked it just the same for all of us to see
There’s a turkey, there’s a turkey, in my oven

Ah, one more time

D
There’s a turkey, there’s a turkey, in my oven
G
There’s a turkey in my oven baking at 450
It’s covered in seasonings getting tan as can be
It didn’t want to go there and shouted to be free
But I cooked it just the same for all of us to see
There’s a turkey, there’s a turkey, in my oven

G
I don’t think I can wait til the Thanksgiving feast
If my hunger continues I’ll have to sneak a piece
And maybe then it’ll realize it’s just a trophy
And lie there in the oven getting a rotisserie
There’s a turkey, there’s a turkey, in my oven
**Hippie in My House**  (Halden Wofford and the Hi-Beams, "Midnight Rodeo")

G There’s a hippie in my house, he took a room downstairs

He drives an old Volkswagen, has a lot of hairs

C He wants to take my daughter and feed her LSD

G I bet he wants to kill my entire family

D C G There’s a hippie, there’s a hippie, in my house

G The hippie in my house has a Poly-Sci degree

He has a faculty position at the university

C He fills the young folk’s heads with the principles of Marx

G I keep a notebook filled with his Communist remarks

D C G There’s a hippie, there’s a hippie, in my house

D He says "Peace and love, man

G Beans and brown rice,

C D This land is your land too”

G I don’t think I can sleep with a hippie in my house

If this calamity continues, I’ll have to punch him out

C And maybe then he’ll realize he should move himself

G On to another city and torture someone else

D C G There’s a hippie, there’s a hippie in my house

Repeat through end:  He says "Peace and love, man...

D C G There’s a hippie, there’s a hippie in my house

Ah, one more time

D C G There’s a hippie, there’s a hippie in my house
Lemon Tree (Will Holt)

When I was just a lad of ten, my father said to me
Come here and take a lesson from the lovely lemon tree,
Don’t put your faith in love, my boy. My father said to me.
I fear you’ll find that love is like the lovely lemon tree.

Chorus (Calypso strum)
Lemon tree very pretty and the lemon flower is sweet.
But the fruit of the poor lemon is impossible to eat. (2x)

Beneath that lemon tree one day, my love and I did lie.
A girl so sweet that when she smiled, the stars rose in the sky.
We passed the summer lost in love, beneath the lemon tree.
The music of her laughter hid my father’s words from me.

Chorus

One day she left without a word; she took away the sun.
And in the dark she left behind, I knew what she had done.
She left me for another I’s a common tale, but true.
A sadder man but wiser now, I sing this song to you.

Chorus
I LIKE BANANAS BECAUSE THEY HAVE NO BONES
(by Chris Yacich – 1936)

C       G7       C
Standing by the fruit store on the corner
G7       C
Once I heard a customer complain:
D7       G       D7       G
“You never seem to show the fruit we all love so,
D7       G       G7
That’s why business hasn’t been the same.”

C       D7
I don’t like your peaches, they are full of stones,
G7       C
I like bananas because they have no bones!
C       D7
Don’t give me tomatoes, can’t stand ice-cream cones,
G7       C
I like bananas because they have no bones!

F       Cdim       C
No matter where I go, with Susie, May, or Anna,
D7       G7
I want the world to know, I must have my bananas.

C       D7
I don’t like zucchinis, don’t like raisin scones,
G7       C
I like bananas because they have no bones!

(Kazoos:)

C       D7       G7       C
C       D7       G7       C
F       Cdim       C
D7       G7       ............ (pause)
(I LIKE BANANAS BECAUSE THEY HAVE NO BONES – page 2)

C D7
We play ukuleles, the DUC’s our home,
   G7   C
And we like bananas because they have no bones!
   C   D7
Cabbages and onions hurt our singing tones,
   G7   C
We like bananas because they have no bones!

F Cdim C
We get to sing along with Tracy, Doug, and Hannah,
   D7   G7 (tremolo)
And everybody hears us when we all go bananas!

C D7
We don’t like “train whistles”, don’t play saxaphones,
   G7   C
We like bananas because they have no bones …..
   G7   C
We like bananas because they have no bones …..
   G7
Yes, we like bananas …….. *(spoken) “Banana Pudding will do.” ……..

   G7   C   G7 C
Because ….. they ….. have ….. no ….. bones!!!!!!

(Source San Jose Ukulele Club & other internet websites – arr. DUC 11/21/2015 Brad)
Albuquerque is a Turkey

C
Albuquerque is a turkey,  
    G7
And he’s feathered and he’s fine.  
    C
And he wobbles, and he gobbles,  
    G7       C
And he’s absolutely mine.

C
He’s the best pet that you can get,  
    G7
Better than a dog or cat.  
    C
Albuquerque, he’s my turkey,  
    G7       C
And I’m awfully glad of that.

C
Albuquerque, he’s my turkey,  
    G7
He’s so cozy in his bed,  
    C
Because for our Thanksgiving dinner,  
    G7       C
We had scrambled eggs instead.
MARY HAD A LITTLE TURKEY

C
MARY HAD A LITTLE TURKEY
G C
LITTLE TURKEY LITTLE TURKEY

MARY HAD A LITTLE TURKEY
G C
WHOSE FEATHERS WERE WHITE AS SNOW

AND EVERYWHERE THAT MARY WENT,
G C
MARY WENT, MARY WENT

EVERYWHERE THAT MARY WENT
G C
THE TURKEY WAS SURE TO GO

C
MARY WENT TO THE FARM ONE DAY
G C
FARM ONE DAY, FARM ONE DAY

SHE SAW THE FARMER BAILING HAY
G C
USING A LARGE PITCHFORK

THE FARMER WANTED MARY'S TURKEY
G C
MARY'S TURKEY, MARY'S TURKEY

HE HAD THAT PITCHFORK DO ITS JOB
G C
HE NOW HAD THANKSGIVING DINNER
TWINKLE TWINKLE LITTLE TURKEY

C F C
GOOBLE GOOBLE LITTLE TURKEY
G C G C
HOW I WONDER YOU'RE SO PERKY
C F C G
ON THE FARM THE AXE IS READY
C F C G
YOUR NECK'S STRETCHED OUT LIKE SPAGHETTI
C F C
GOOBLE GOOBLE LITTLE TURKEY
G C G C
HOW I WONDER YOU'RE SO PERKY
BEAK LEGS WINGS AND FEATHERS

C
BEAK, LEGS, WINGS, AND FEATHERS

WINGS AND FEATHERS
    G
BEAK, LEGS, WINGS, AND FEATHERS

WINGS AND FEATHERS
C
EYES AND EARS AND A MOUTH AND NOSE
C
BEAK, LEGS, WINGS, AND FEATHERS

WINGS AND FEATHERS
OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM

C                                   F          C
OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM
C G C
E I E I O
C                                   F          C
AND ON THAT FARM HE HAD A TURKEY
C G C
E I E I O
C
WITH A GOOBLE GOOBLE HERE

AND A GOOBLE GOOBLE THERE
single downstroke each phrase
HERE A GOOBLE THERE A GOOBLE

EVERYWHERE A GOOBLE GOOBLE
C                                   F          C
OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM
C G C
E I E I O

C                                   F          C
OLD MACDONALD LIKED HIS TURKEY
C G C
E I E I O

F                                   C
WHEN HE SAW MARY HE WENT BESERKY
C G C
E I E I O
C
MARY'S TURKEY'S NOW ON HIS PLATE
F
THE FAMILY'S SITTING TO CELEBRATE
G
A HAPPY THANKSGIVING ON THIS DATE
C G C
E I E I O
I Want To Go Home (aka Sloop John B)

Written by Brian Wilson

C
We sailed on the ship John B my grandfather and me
G7
Around Nassau town we did roam
C F
Drinking all night got into a fight
C G7 C
Well I feel so homesick I wanna go home

Chorus:
So hoist up the John B sail see how the mainsail sets
G7
Call for the captain ashore let me go home
C F
Let me go home why don't you let me go home
C G7 C
Well I feel so homesick I wanna go home

The first mate he got drunk broke up the people's trunk
G7
Constable had to come and take him away
C F
Sheriff John Stone why don't you leave me alone
C G7 C
Well I feel so homesick I wanna go home

Chorus

Then the cook he caught the fits threw out all of my grits
G7
Then he took and ate up all of my corn
C F
Let me go home why don't you let me go home
C G7 C
Well this is the worst trip since I have been born

Chorus 2x
Drops of Jupiter (Train)

G
Now that she's back in the atmosphere
D C
With drops of Jupiter in her hair, hey
G
She acts like Summer and walks like rain
D C
Reminds me that there's a time to change, hey
G
Since the return from her stay on the moon
D C
She listens like Spring and she talks like June, hey, hey

Chorus:
D A
But tell me, did you sail across the sun?
C
Did you make it to the Milky Way to see the lights all faded
G
And that heaven is overrated?
D A
Tell me, did you fall for a shooting star?
Am
One without a permanent scar
C D G
And did you miss me while you were looking for yourself out there
G
Now that she's back from that soul vacation
D C
Tracing her way through the constellation, hey
G
She checks out Mozart while she does Tae-Bo
D C
Reminds me that there's room to grow, hey

G
Now that she's back in the atmosphere
D C
I'm afraid that she might think of me as Plain ol' Jane
Told a story about a man who was too afraid to fly so he never did land
D A
But tell me, did the wind sweep you off your feet?
C
Did you finally get the chance to dance along the light of day
G
And head back to the Milky Way?
Turkey Bird, My Little Love (sung to the tune of "Shady Grove")
lyrics by Bernie Martin  November 2014
instrumental  Am  GC  CG  Am  tap tap tap  Am  GC  CG Am  tap tap tap (tap on uke body)

Am                          G                 Am                    G  C
When it was Thanksgiving eve, family gathered all around
C                              G                      Am         E7     Am
The table filled with my favorite things, so much food abounds

Chorus
Am              G                   Am       G           C
Turkey leg my little love, turkey leg and me
C                         G               Am           E7       Am
I'm gonna eat a turkey leg on Thanksgiving eve

Am                          G                 Am                    G  C
We sat all stuffed 'round the table, drinking 'nother glass of wine
C                              G                      Am         E7     Am
When out came a chocolate cake, Lord, I'm gonna be fine

Chorus
Am              G                    Am       G           C
Turkey thigh, my little love, turkey thigh and me
C                         G                Am           E7       Am
I'm gonna eat a turkey thigh on Thanksgiving eve

Am                          G                      Am       G           C
The doorbell rang, the neighbors came, they hadn't eaten at all
C                              G                      Am         E7     Am
What the hell, we joined in, no trouble at all

Chorus
Am              G                    Am       G           C
Turkey breast, my little love, turkey breast and me
C                         G                Am           E7       Am
I'm gonna eat a turkey breast on Thanksgiving eve

Am                          G                      Am       G           C
So we say goodbye to you, for another year
C                              G                      Am         E7     Am
It's been a great Thanksgiving eve, so I'll not shed a tear

Chorus
Am                          G                      Am       G           C
Twenty pound turkey, my large love, twenty pound turkey and me
C                              G                      Am         E7     Am
I hope I never see another turkey, til it's twenty twenty-three (2023)
instrumental  Am  GC  CG  Am  tap tap tap  Am  GC  CG Am  tap tap
THANKSGIVING LA VIDA LOCA  (apologies to Ricky Martin)
lyrics by Bernie Martin  October 2014

Am                                                                 G          Am
She's in to fast food restaurants, cheap food and fizzled drinks
G                                                              Am
I feel a premonition there's more to her than a sphinx
Am                                                              G          Am
There's signs her tastes are changing, new foods and fancy wines
Am                                                              G          Am
She's got a new addiction, silver spoons and forks with tines

Am    Dm                                               Em
She'll make you use a napkin, serve your soup with a golden ladle
F                                        G
She'll make you sit yourself down, around her formal table
E7
Have a turkey leg and bagel

Chorus

Am                                                                 G          Am
Turkey, taters, corn, serving Thanksgiving dinner
G                                                              Am
She'll cook and bake for you, you'll never be any thinner
G                                                              Am
Her foods are never fatt'ning, the taste is never bitter
G                                                              Am
She will pour your wine, serving Thanksgiving dinner
G                                                              Am
She's serving Thanksgiving dinner

Am                                                                 G          Am
Just left the corner McDonald's, nausea creeping up inside
G                                                              Am
Do not let her see you, it'll break her new found pride
Am    Dm                                                  Em
She celebrates her conversion, makes you order French champagne
F                                                G
Once you taste her cooking, you'll never be the same
E7
She's no longer a plain Jane

Chorus

G                                                                 Am
Serving Thanksgiving dinner
G                                                              Am
Serving Thanksgiving dinner
(fade out)
Big Rock Candy Mountain

Hear this song at: http://au.youtube.com/watch?v=c6kv_eGSGZ4 (play along in this key)
From: Richard G’s Ukulele Songbook  www.scorpex.net/uke.htm

[C] One evening as the sun went down and the jungle [G7] fire was [C] burning
Down the track came a hobo hikin' and he said boys [G7] I'm not [C] turning
So [C] come with me we'll go and see the big rock [G7] candy [C] mountains

[C] In the big rock candy [C7] mountains there's a [F] land that's fair and [C] bright
Where the [F] handouts grow on [C] bushes and you [F] sleep out every [G7] night
Where the [C] boxcars all are [C7] empty and the [F] sun shines every [C] day
The [F] lemonade [C] springs where the [F] bluebird [C] sings
In the [G7] big rock candy [C] mountains

[C] In the big rock candy [C7] mountains all the [F] cops have wooden [C] legs
And the [F] bulldogs all have [C] rubber teeth and the [F] hens lay soft boiled [G7] eggs
The [C] farmers' trees are [C7] full of fruit and the [F] barns are full of [C] hay
Oh I'm [F] bound to [C] go where there [F] ain't no [C] snow
Where the [F] rain don't [C] fall and the [F] wind don't [C] blow
In the [G7] big rock candy [C] mountains

[C] In the big rock candy [C7] mountains you [F] never change your [C] socks
And the [F] little streams of [C] alcohol come a-[F]tricklin' down the [G7] rocks
The [C] brakemen have to [C7] tip their hats and the [F] railroad bulls are [C] blind
There's a [F] lake of [C] stew and of [F] whiskey [C] too
You can [F] paddle all a[C]round 'em in a [F] big ca[C]noe
In the [G7] big rock candy [C] mountains

[C] In the big rock candy [C7] mountains the [F] jails are made of [C] tin
And [F] you can walk right [C] out again as [F] soon as you are [G7] in
There [C] ain't no short-handled [C7] shovels no [F] axes saws or [C] picks
I'm a-[F]going to [C] stay where you [F] sleep all [C] day
Where they [F] hung the [C] jerk who in[F]vented [C] work
In the [G7] big rock candy [C] mountains

Whistle line 1 and line 4 of verse: [C] [C7] [F] [C] [F] [C] [F] [C]

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C    C7    F    G7
C    C7    F/C    G7sus4
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Alternative chords for enhanced bluegrass effect...