

DEN-UKE.COM

DENVER UKE COMMUNITY

AND
TOSS
IN

**KINDNESS &
GRATITUDE
SONGS**

SOME
FOOD
SONGS

*Kindness and gratitude
light up Thanksgiving!*

Nov 2025

UKE

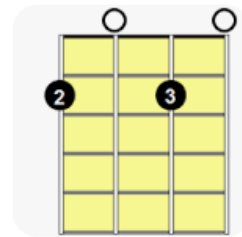
DENVER UKE COMMUNITY

ESTABLISHED
2004

Alice's Restaurant - Arlo Guthrie

Intro:

C A7 D7 G7 C
C A7 D7 G7
C C7 F F#dim
C A7 D7 G7 C



F# Diminished Ukulel...

CHORUS

C A7 D7 G7 C
You can get anything you want at Alice's restaurant
C A7 D7 G7
You can get anything you want at Alice's restaurant
C C7
Walk right in, it's around the back
F D7
Just a half a mile from the railroad track
C A7 D7 G7 C
You can get anything you want at Alice's restaurant

This song is called Alice's Restaurant. It's about Alice, and the restaurant, but Alice's Restaurant is not the name of the restaurant, that's just the name of the song. That's why I call the song Alice's Restaurant.

Now it all started two Thanksgivings ago, two years ago, on Thanksgiving, when my friend and I went up to visit Alice at the restaurant, but Alice doesn't live in the restaurant, she lives in the church nearby the restaurant, in the bell tower with her husband Ray and Facha, the dog.

And livin' in the bell tower like that, they got a lot of room downstairs where the pews used to be, and havin' all that room (seein' as how they took out all the pews), they decided that they didn't have to take out their garbage for a long time.

We got up here and found all the garbage in there and we decided that it'd be a friendly gesture for us to take the garbage down to the city dump.

So we took the half-a-ton of garbage, put it in the back of a red VW microbus, took shovels and rakes and implements of destruction, and headed on toward the city dump. Well, we got there and there was a big sign and a chain across the dump sayin', This dump is closed on Thanksgiving, and we'd never heard of a dump closed on Thanksgiving before, and with tears in our eyes, we drove off into the sunset lookin' for another place to put the garbage.

We didn't find one till we came to a side road, and off the side of the side road was another fifteen-foot cliff, and at the bottom of the cliff was another pile of garbage. And we decided that one big pile was better than two little piles, and rather than bring that one up, we decided to throw ours down. That's what we did.

Drove back to the church, had a Thanksgiving dinner that couldn't be beat, went to sleep, and didn't get up until the next morning, when we got a phone call from Officer Obie. He said, Kid, we found your name on an envelope at the bottom of a half a ton of garbage and I just wanted to know if you had any information about it.

And I said, Yes sir, Officer Obie, I cannot tell a lie. I put that envelope under that garbage. After speakin' to Obie for about forty-five minutes on the telephone, we finally arrived at the truth of the matter and he said that we had to go down and pick up the garbage, and also had to go down and speak to him at the Police Officer Station. So we got in the red VW microbus with the shovels and rakes and implements of destruction and headed on toward the Police Officer Station.

Now, friends, there was only one of two things that Obie could've done at the Police Officer Station, and the first was that he could've given us a medal for bein' so brave and honest on the telephone (which wasn't very likely, and we didn't expect it), and the other thing was that he could've bawled us out and told us never to be seen drivin' garbage around in the vicinity again, which is what we expected.

But when we got to the Police Officer Station, there was a third possibility that we hadn't even counted upon, and we was both immediately arrested, hand-cuffed, and I said, Obie, I can't pick up the garbage with these here handcuffs on. He said: Shut up kid, and get in the back of the patrol car.

And that's what we did, sat in the back of the patrol car, and drove to the quote scene of the crime unquote.

I want to tell you 'bout the town of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where this is happenin'. They got three stop signs, two police officers, and one police car, but when we got to the scene of the crime, there was five police officers and three police cars, bein' the biggest crime of the last fifty years and everybody wanted to get in the newspaper story about it.

And they was usin' up all kinds of cop equipment that they had hangin' around the Police Officer Station. They was takin' plaster tire tracks, footprints, dog-smellin' prints and they took twenty-seven 8 x 10 colored glossy photographs with circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one explainin' what each one was, to be used as evidence against us. took pictures of the approach, the getaway, the northwest corner, the southwest corner and that's not to mention the aerial photography!

After the ordeal, we went back to the jail. Obie said he was gonna put us in a cell.

He said: Kid, I'm gonna put you in a cell. I want your wallet and your belt. I said, Obie, I can understand your wantin' my wallet, so I don't have any money to spend in the cell, but what do you want my belt for? and he said, Kid, we don't want any hangin's. I said, Obie, did you think I was gonna hang myself for litterin'?

Obie said he was makin' sure, and, friends, Obie was, 'cause he took out the toilet seat so I couldn't hit myself over the head and drown, and he took out the toilet paper so I couldn't bend the bars, roll the toilet paper out the window, slide down the roll and have an escape. Obie was makin' sure.

It was about four or five hours later that Alice--(remember Alice? There's a song about Alice.)--Alice came by and, with a few nasty words to Obie on the side, bailed us out of jail, and we went back to the church, had another Thanksgiving dinner that couldn't be beat, and didn't get up until the next morning, when we all had to go to court. We walked in, sat down, Obie came in with the twenty-seven 8 x 10 colored glossy pictures with the circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one, sat down.

Man came in, said, All rise! We all stood up, and Obie stood up with the twenty-seven 8 x 10 colored glossy pictures, and the judge walked in, sat down, with a seein' eye dog and he sat down. We sat down.

Obie looked at the seein' eye dog ...then at the twenty-seven 8 x 10 colored glossy pictures with the circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one ... and looked at the seein' eye dog ... and then at the twenty-seven 8 x 10 colored glossy pictures with the circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each on and began to cry.

Because Obie came to the realization that it was a typical case of American blind justice, and there wasn't nothin' he could do about it, and the judge wasn't gonna look at the twenty-seven 8 by 10 colored glossy pictures with the circles and arrows and a

paragraph on the back of each one explainin' what each one was, to be used as evidence against us.

And we was fined fifty dollars and had to pick up the garbage in the snow.

But that's not what I'm here to tell you about. I'm here to talk about the draft. They got a buildin' down in New York City called Whitehall Street, where you walk in, you get injected, inspected, detected, infected, neglected and selected!

I went down and got my physical examination one day, and I walked in, sat down (got good and drunk the night before, so I looked and felt my best when I went in that morning, 'cause I wanted to look like the all-American Kid from New York City. I wanted to feel like .. I wanted to be the all-American Kid from New York), and I walked in, sat down, I was hung down, brung down, hung up and all kinds of mean, nasty, ugly things.

And I walked in, I sat down, they gave me a piece of paper that said: Kid, see the psychiatrist in room 604.

I went up there, I said, Shrink, I want to kill. I want to kill! I want to see blood and gore and guts and veins in my teeth! Eat dead, burnt bodies! I mean: Kill. Kill! And I started jumpin' up and down, yellin' KILL! KILL! and he started jumpin' up and down with me, and we was both jumpin' up and down, yel- lin', KILL! KILL! KILL! and the sergeant came over, pinned a medal on me, sent me down the hall, said You're our boy. Didn't feel too good about it.

Proceeded down the hall, gettin' more injections, inspections, detections, neglections, and all kinds of stuff that they was doin' to me at the thing the- re, and I was there for two hours... three hours... four hours... I was there for a long time goin' through all kinds of mean, nasty, ugly things, and I was just havin' a tough time there, and they was inspectin', injectin', every sing- le part of me, and they was leavin' no part untouched!

Proceeded through, and I finally came to see the very last man. I walked in, sat down, after a whole big thing there. I walked up, and I said, What do you want? He said, Kid, we only got one question: Have you ever been arrested?

And I proceeded to tell him the story of Alice's Restaurant Massacree with full orchestration and five-part harmony and stuff like that, and other phenomenon. He stopped me right there and said, Kid, have you ever been to court?

And I proceeded to tell him the story of the twenty-seven 8 x 10 colored glossy pictures with the circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one..

He stopped me right there and said, Kid, I want you to go over and sit down on that bench that says ,Group W'.

And I walked over to the bench there, and there's... Group W is where they put you if you may not be moral enough to join the army after committin' your special crime.

There was all kinds of mean, nasty, ugly-lookin' people on the bench there .. there was mother-rapers .. father-stabbers .. father-rapers! FATHER-RAPERS sittin' right there on the bench next to me! And they was mean and nasty and ugly and horrible and crime fightin' guys were sittin' there on the bench, and the meanest, ugliest, nastiest one .. the meanest father-raper of them all .. was comin' over to me, and he was mean and ugly and nasty and horrible and all kinds of things, and he sat down next to me. He said, Kid, what'd you get? I said I didn't get nothin'. I had to pay fifty dollars and pick up the garbage.

He said, What were you arrested for, kid? and I said, Litterin. And they all moved away from me on the bench there, with the hairy eyeball and all kinds of mean, nasty things, till I said, And creatin' a nuisance. And they all

came back, shook my hand, and we had a great time on the bench talkin' about crime, mother-stabbin', father-rapin', . . all kinds of groovy things that we was talkin' about on the bench, and everything was fine.

We was smokin' cigarettes and all kinds of things, until the sergeant came Over, had some paper in his hand, held it up and said:

KIDSTHISPIECEOFFAPERSGOTFOURTYSVENPAGESTHIRTYSEVENSETENCES
FIFTYEIGHTWORDSWEWANTTOKNOWTHEDETAILSOFTHECRIMETHETIMEOFTHECRIME
ANDANYOTHERKINDOFTHINGYOUGOTTOSAYPERTAININGTOANDABOUTTHECRIME
WEWANTTOKNOWTHEARRESTINGOFFICERSNAMEANDANYOTHERTHINGYOUGOTTOSAY
..

And he talked for forty-five minutes and nobody understood a word that he said. But we had fun fillin' out the forms and playin' with the pencils on the bench there. I filled out the Massacree with the four-part harmony. Wrote it down there just like it was and everything was fine. And I put down my pencil, and I turned over the piece of paper, and there .. on the other side .. in the middle of the other side .. away from everything else on the other side .. in parentheses .. capital letters .. quoted .. read the following words: Kid, have you rehabilitated yourself?

I went over to the sergeant. Said, Sergeant, you got a lot of god-damned gall to ask me if I've rehabilitated myself! I mean .. I mean .. I mean that you send .. I'm sittin' here on the bench ..I mean I'm sittin' here on the Group W bench, ,cause you want to know if I'm moral enough to join the army, burn women, kids, houses and villages after bein' a litterbug.

He looked at me and said, Kid, we don't like your kind! We're gonna send your fingerprints off to Washington! And, friends, somewhere in Washington, enshrined in some little folder, is a study in black and white of my fingerprints.

And the only reason I'm singin' you the song now is ,cause you may know somebody in a similar situation. Or you may be in a similar situation, and if you're in a situation like that, there's only one thing you can do:

Walk into the shrink wherever you are, just walk in, say, Shrink .. you can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant, and walk out.

You know, if one person, just one person, does it, they may think he's really sick and they won't take him.

And if two people do it, in harmony, they may think they're both faggots and they won't take either of them.

And if three people do it! Can you imagine three people walkin' in, singin' a bar of Alice's Restaurant and walkin' out? They may think it's an organizati- on!

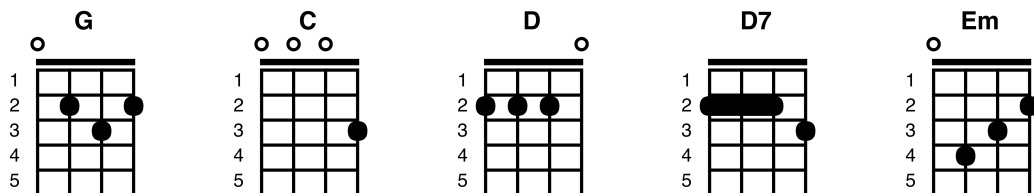
And can you imagine fifty people a day? I said FIFTY people a day .. walkin' in, singin' a bar of Alice's Restaurant and walkin' out? Friends, they may think it's a MOVEMENT, and that's what it is: THE ALICE'S RESTAURANT ANTI-MASSACREE MOVEMENT! . . . and all you gotta do to join is to sing it the next time it comes around on the guitar. With feelin'.

C	A7	D7	G7	C
You can get anything you want at Alice's restaurant (excepting Alice)				
C	A7	D7	G7	
You can get anything you want at Alice's restaurant				
C	C7			
Walk right in, it's around the back				
F		D7		
Just a half a mile from the railroad track				
C	A7	D7	G7	C
You can get anything you want at Alice's restaurant				

Try A Little Kindness

Bobby Austin and Curt Sapaugh

Key of G
176 BPM



Intro:

G G ↓ F ↓ C ↓
 G G ↓ F ↓ C ↓
 G G ↓ F ↓ C ↓
 G G ↓ F ↓ C ↓

pop strum

Verse 1:

 G C G
 If you see your brother standing by the road
 D C G
 With a heavy load from the seeds he's sowed
 C G
 And if you see your sister falling by the way
 D C G G ↓
 Just stop and say you're going the wrong way

Chorus:

D
You got to try a little kindness
 C **G**
Yes show a little kindness
 C **G** **D** **D7**
Just shine your light for everyone to see
 C
And if you try a little kindness
 G **Em**
Then you'll overlook the blindness
 C **D** **C** **D** **G**
Of narrow minded people on their narrow minded streets

Interlude:

G **G** ↓ **F** ↓ **C** ↓
G **G** ↓ **F** ↓ **C** ↓

Verse 2:

G **C** **G**
Don't walk around down and out
 D **C** **G**
Lend a helping hand instead of doubt
 C **G**
And the kindness that you show every day
 D **C** **G** **G** ↓
Will help someone along their way

Chorus:

D
You got to try a little kindness
C G
Yes show a little kindness
C G D D7
Just shine your light for everyone to see
C
And if you try a little kindness
G Em
Then you'll overlook the blindness
C D C D G
Of narrow minded people on their narrow minded streets

Interlude:

G G↓ F↓ C↓
G G↓ F↓ C↓

Instrumental:

G C G
If you see your brother standing by the road
D C G
With a heavy load from the seeds he's sowed
C G
And if you see your sister falling by the way
D C G
Just stop and say you're going the wrong way

Chorus:

D
You got to try a little kindness

C **G**
Yes show a little kindness

C **G** **D** **D7**
Just shine your light for everyone to see

C
And if you try a little kindness

G **Em**
Then you'll overlook the blindness

C **D** **C** **D** **G** **G**
Of narrow minded people on their narrow minded streets

Outro:

C **D** **C** **D** **G**
Of narrow minded people on their narrow minded streets

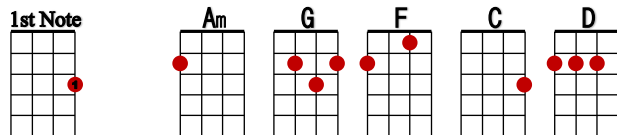
G **G** ↓ **F** ↓ **C** ↓

G **G** ↓ **F** ↓ **C** ↓ **G** ↓

Cheeseburger In Paradise

Jimmy Buffett, 1978

YouTube video tutorial: <http://youtu.be/QBQzXkAqum>



[SINGLE STRUMS: DUDU - U -]

INTRO PART 1:

Am G Am F
|X X X X|X X X X|

INTRO PART 2:

Am G C[HOLD]
|X X X X|X X X X|

[LIVELY STRUM WITH THE LYRICS]

VERSE 1:

Tried to amend my carnivorous habits
Made it nearly seventy days
Losin weight without speed
Eatin sunflower seeds
Drinkin lots of carrot juice
And soakin up rays
But at night I'd have these wonderful dreams
Some kind of sensuous treat
Not zucchini, fettucini or bulgar wheat
But a big warm bun and a huge hunk of meat

CHORUS A:

Cheeseburger in Paradise
Heaven on earth with an onion slice
Not too particular, not too precise
I'm just a - cheeseburger in Paradise

REPEAT INTRO PART 2

VERSE 2:

Heard about the old time sailor men
They eat the same thing again and again
Warm beer and bread
They said could raise the dead
Well it reminds me of the menu
At a Holiday Inn
Times change, sailors these days
When I'm in port I get what I need
Not just Havanas or bananas or daiquiris
But that American creation on which I feed

**Beginner version
on NEXT PAGE**

CHORUS B:

Cheeseburger in Paradise
Medium rare with muenster'd be nice
Heaven on earth with an onion slice
I'm just a - cheeseburger in Paradise

INSTRUMENTAL:

F G C
F G C
F G C
F G C

BRIDGE:

[PERCUSSION ONLY: ..XX ..X-]
I like mine with lettuce and tomato
Heinz 57 and french fried potatoes
Big kosher pickle and a cold draft beer
Well good God almighty
Which way do I steer for my

CHORUS C:

Cheeseburger in Paradise
Makin the best of every virtue and vice
Worth every damn bit of sacrifice
To get a - cheeseburger in Paradise

OUTRO:

I need a - cheeseburger in Paradise
I'm just a - cheeseburger in Paradise

REPEAT ENTIRE INTRO

Cheeseburger In Paradise

Jimmy Buffett, 1978

YouTube video tutorial: <http://youtu.be/QBQzXkA>

**BEGINNER
VERSION**

[SINGLE STRUMS: DUDU - U -]

INTRO PART 1:

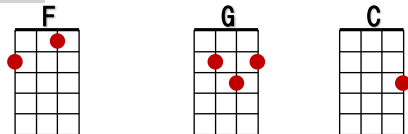
Am G Am F
| X X X X | X X X X |

INTRO PART 2:

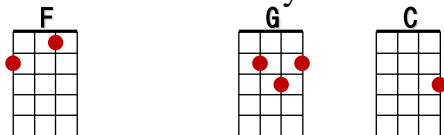
Am G C [HOLD]
| X X X X | X X X X |

[LIVELY STRUM WITH THE LYRICS]

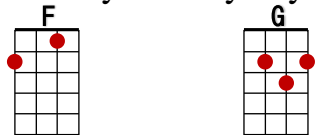
VERSE 1:



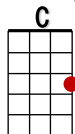
Tried to amend my carnivorous habits



Made it nearly seventy days



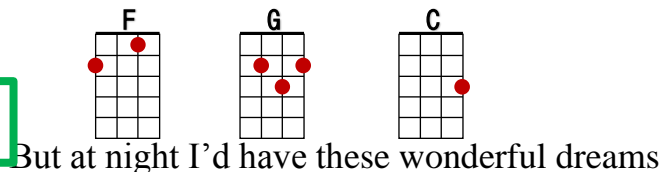
Losin weight without speed



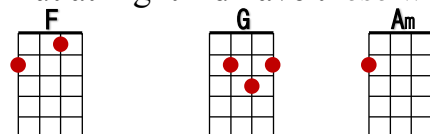
Eatin sunflower seeds



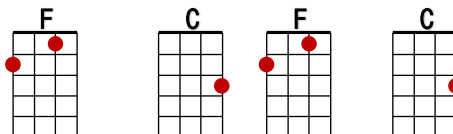
Drinkin lots of carrot juice and soakin up rays



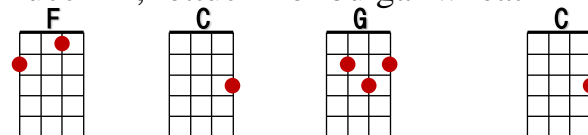
But at night I'd have these wonderful dreams



Some kind of sensuous treat

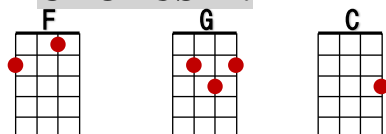


Not zucchini, fettucini or bulgar wheat

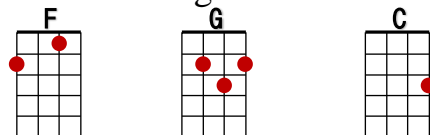


But a big warm bun and a huge hunk of meat

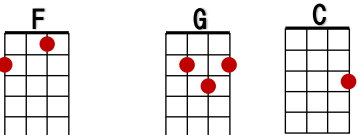
CHORUS A:



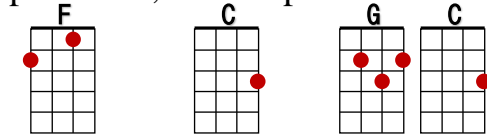
Cheeseburger in Paradise



Heaven on earth with an onion slice



Not too particular, not too precise



I'm just a - cheeseburger in Paradise

REPEAT INTRO PART 2

VERSE 2:

Heard about the old time sailor men
They eat the same thing again and again
Warm beer and bread
They said could raise the dead
Well it reminds me of the menu
At a Holiday Inn

Times change, sailors these days
When I'm in port I get what I need
Not just Havanas or bananas or daiquiris
But that American creation on which I feed

CHORUS B:

Cheeseburger in Paradise
Medium rare with muenster'd be nice
Heaven on earth with an onion slice
I'm just a - cheeseburger in Paradise

INSTRUMENTAL:

F G C F G C
F G C F G C

BRIDGE:

[PERCUSSION ONLY: --XX --X-]

I like mine with lettuce and tomato
Heinz 57 and french fried potatoes
Big kosher pickle and a cold draft beer
Well good God almighty
Which way do I steer for my

CHORUS C:

Cheeseburger in Paradise
Makin the best of every virtue and vice
Worth every damn bit of sacrifice
To get a - cheeseburger in Paradise

OUTRO:

I need a - cheeseburger in Paradise
I'm just a - cheeseburger in Paradise

REPEAT ENTIRE INTRO

Island Style--John Cruz

Note: (C7) only played the 1st time thru the chorus, use C the 2nd time.

* = single strum

Intro: C G7 C C

Chorus: (Repeat 2x)

F F C C
On the island, we do it island style
C
From the mountain to the ocean,
G7 C (C7)
from the windward to the leeward side

1st Verse:

C F / C
Mama's in the kitchen cooking dinner real nice
C G7 / C
Beef stew on the stove, lomi salmon with the ice
C F / C
We eat and drink and we sing all day
C G7 / C
Kani ka pila in the old Hawaiian way

Chorus: (Repeat 2x)

F F C C
On the island, we do it island style
C
From the mountain to the ocean,
G7 C (C7)
from the windward to the leeward side

2nd Verse:

C F / C
We go grandma's house on the weekend clean yard
C G7 / C
'Cause if we no go grandma gotta work hard
C F / C
You know my grandma she like poi real sour
C G7 / C
I love my grandma every minute every hour

Chorus: (Repeat 2x)

F F C C
On the island, we do it island style
C
From the mountain to the ocean,
G7 C (C7)
from the windward to the leeward side

Instrumental: Verse then Chorus

Repeat 1st Verse:

C F / C
Mama's in the kitchen cooking dinner real nice
G7 / C
Beef stew on the stove, lomi salmon with the ice
F / C
We eat and drink and we sing all day
G7 / C
Kani ka pila in the old Hawaiian way

Chorus: (Repeat 2x)

F F C C
On the island, we do it island style
C
From the mountain to the ocean,
G7 C (C7)
from the windward to the leeward side

Ending:

C
From the mountain to the ocean,
G7 C (C7)
from the windward to the leeward side
C
From the mountain to the ocean,
G7 C C
from the windward to the leeward side

Outro:

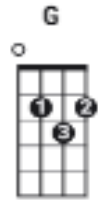
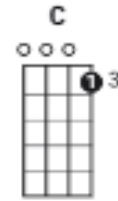
C G7 C C*

Kani ka pila is a style of Hawaiian music produced in an impromptu jam session
Kani means "Sound" Ka means "the" and Pila means any "stringed instrument".

Jambalaya

by Hank Williams

Chords:



Intro: C G C C

Goodbye, Joe, me gotta go, me oh my oh.

Me gotta go, pole the pirogue down the bayou.

My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh my oh.

Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

Well jambalaya and a crawfish pie and fillet gumbo

Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio.

Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o,

Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

Thibodaux, Fontaineaux, the place is buzzin',

Kinfolk come to see Yvonne by the dozen.

We dress in style and go hog wild, me oh my oh.

Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

Well jambalaya and a crawfish pie and fillet gumbo

Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio.

Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o,

Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

Well jambalaya and a crawfish pie and fillet gumbo

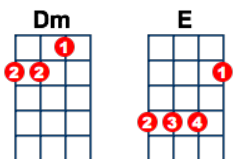
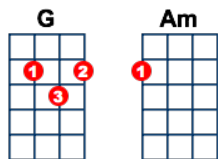
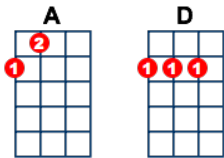
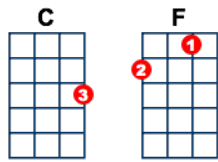
Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio.

Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o,

Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

Junk Food Junkie

Larry Groce



C F C
 You know I love that organic cooking, I always ask for more.
 A D G
 And they call me Mr. Natural, on down to the health food store.
 C F C
 I only eat good sea salt, white sugar don't touch my lips.
 C A D G C
 And my friends is always begging me to take them on, macrobiotic trips.
 Am
 Yes, they are.

Am Dm Am
 Oh, but at night I take out my strongbox, that I keep under lock and key.
 D G
 And I take it off to my closet, where nobody else can see.
 Am Dm Am
 I open that door so slowly, take a peek up north and south.
 C A D G C
 Then I pull out a Hostess Twinkie, and I pop it in my mouth.

Chorus

F C G C
 Yeah, in the daytime I'm Mr. Natural, just as healthy as I can be.
 C Am E Am
 But at night I'm a junk food junkie, good Lord have pity on me.

C F C
 Well, at lunchtime you can always find me, at the Whole Earth Vitamin Bar.
 A D G
 Just sucking on my plain white yogurt, from my hand thrown pottery jar.
 C F C
 And sippin' a little hand pressed cider, with a carrot stick for dessert.

^C And wiping my face in a ^A natural way, on the ^D sleeve of my ^G peasant ^C shirt.
^{Am} Oh yeah!

■
^{Am} Ah, but when that clock strikes midnight and I'm all by myself. ^{Dm} ^{Am}
^{Am} I work that combination, on my secret hideaway shelf. ^D ^G
^{Am} And I pull out some Fritos corn chips, Dr. Pepper and an ol' Moon Pie. ^{Dm} ^{Am}
^C Then I sit back in glorious expectation, of a genuine junk food high. ^A ^D ^G ^C

■ *Chorus*

^C My friends down at the commune, they think I'm pretty neat. ^F ^C
^C Oh, I don't know nothing about arts and crafts, ^A
^D but I give 'em all something to eat. ^G
^C I'm a friend to old Euell Gibbons, and I only eat homegrown spice. ^F ^C
^C I got a John Keats autographed Grecian urn, filled up with my brown rice. ^A ^D ^G ^C
^{Am} Yes, I do.

■
^{Am} Oh, but folks, lately I have been spotted, with a Big Mac on my breath. ^{Dm} ^{Am}
^D Stumbling into a Colonel Sanders, with a face as white as death. ^G
^{Am} I'm afraid someday they'll find me, just stretched out on my bed. ^{Dm} ^{Am}
^C With a handful of Pringles Potato Chips, and a Ding Dong by my head. ^A ^D ^G ^C

■ *Chorus*

My Favourite Things

key:Em, artist:Julie Andrews - Sound of Music writer:Rodgers and Hammerstein

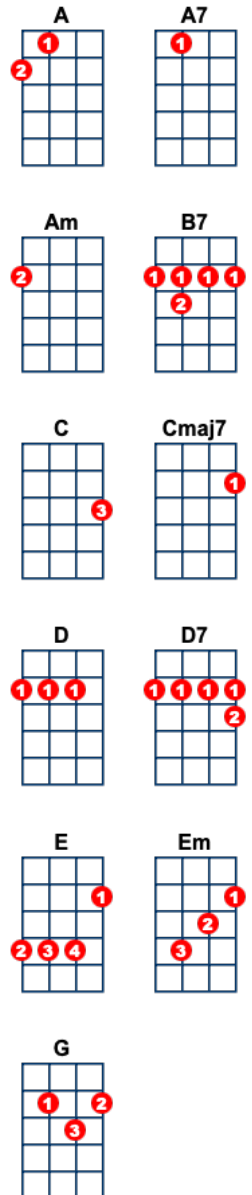
Richard Rodgers – Julie Andrews: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=33o32C0ogVM>

[Em] Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens
[Cmaj7] Bright copper kettles and warm woollen mittens
[Am] Brown paper **[D]** packages **[G]** tied up with **[C]** string
[G] These are a **[C]** few of my **[Am]** favourite **[B7]** things.

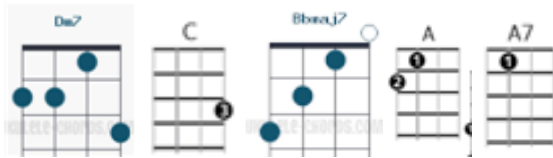
[Em] Cream coloured ponies and crisp apple streudels
[Cmaj7] Doorbells and sleigh bells and schnitzel with noodles
[Am] Wild geese that **[D]** fly
 with the **[G]** moon on their **[C]** wings
[G] These are a **[C]** few of my **[Am]** favourite **[B7]** things

[E] Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes
[A] Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes
[Am] Silver white **[D]** winters that **[G]** melt in the **[C]** springs
[G] These are a **[C]** few of my **[Am]** favourite **[B7]** things

[Em] When the dog bites **[Am]** when the **[B7]** bee stings
[Em] When I'm feeling **[C]** sad
 I simply remember my **[A7]** favourite thing and **[G]** I don't feel
[D7] So **[G]** bad



Eggs & Sausage (Nighthawks at the Dinner)



Dm7 C Bbmaj7 A A7
Nighthawks at the diner of Emma's 49'er

There's a rendezvous of strangers around the
coffee urn tonight

All the gypsy hacks and the insomniacs
Now the paper's been read, now the waitress
said

Dm7 C Bbmaj7 A A7
Eggs and sausage and a side of toast
Coffee and a roll,

hash browns over easy, Chile in a bowl

with burgers and fries, What kind of pie? Yeah...

Dm7 C Bbmaj7 A A7
It's a graveyard charade, it's a late shift
masquerade

And it's two for a quarter, dime for a dance
Woolworth rhinestone...

diamond earrings and a sideways glance

Now the register rings, now the waitress sings

Dm7 C Bbmaj7 A A7
Eggs and sausage and a side of toast
Coffee and a roll,

hash browns over easy, Chile in a bowl

with burgers and fries, What kind of pie? Yeah...

Now well, the classified section offers no
direction

It's a cold caffeine in a nicotine cloud

Now the touch of your fingers fingers burning in
my memory

I've been 86'ed from your scheme
Now I'm in a melodramatic nocturnal scene

Now I'm a refugee from a disconcerted affair
Now the lead pipe morning falls,

now the waitress calls

Dm7 C Bbmaj7 A A7
Eggs and sausage and a side of toast
Coffee and a roll,

hash browns over easy, Chile in a bowl

with burgers and fries, What kind of pie? Yeah...

Dm7 C Bbmaj7 A A7
A la mode if you will
Just come in and join the crowd

Had some time to kill, yeah
You see, I just come in to join the crowd

Had some time to kill
Just come in to join the crowd

Cause I had some time to kill

On the Good Ship Lollipop

By Sidney Clare and Richard A. Whiting

C *G7*
On the good ship Lollipop, it's a sweet trip to a candy shop
C *G7*
Where bonbons play on the sunny beach of Peppermint Bay.
C *G7*
Lemonade stands everywhere, Cracker Jack bands fill the air
C
And there you are happy landing on a chocolate bar.

C7 *F#dim* *C7*
See the sugar bowl do a Tootsie Roll
F *C7* *F*
With the big bad devil's food cake.
Am *D7Am* *D7*
If you eat too much, ooh! ooh!
G *F#dim* *Fm* *G7*
You'll awake with a tummy-ache.

C *G7*
On the good ship Lollipop, it's a night trip into bed you hop
C
With this command: All aboard for candy land."

C *G7*
On the good ship Lollipop, it's a sweet trip to a candy shop
C *G7*
Where bonbons play on the sunny beach of Peppermint Bay.
C *G7*
Lemonade stands everywhere, Cracker Jack bands fill the air
C
And there you are happy landing on a chocolate bar.

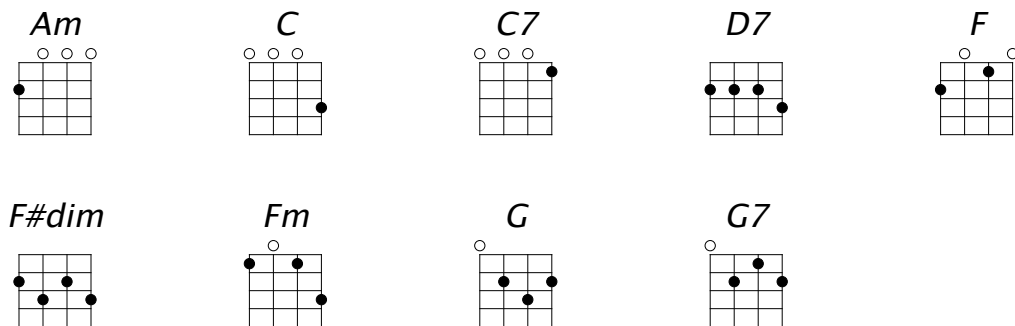
C7 *F#dim* *C7*
See the sugar bowl do a Tootsie Roll
F *C7* *F*
With the big bad devil's food cake.

On the Good Ship Lollipop

Am *D7 Am* *D7*
If you eat too much, ooh! ooh!
G *F#dim* *Fm* *G7*
You'll awake with a tummy-ache.

C *G7*
On the good ship Lollipop, it's a night trip into bed you hop
C
And dream away on the good ship Lollipop!

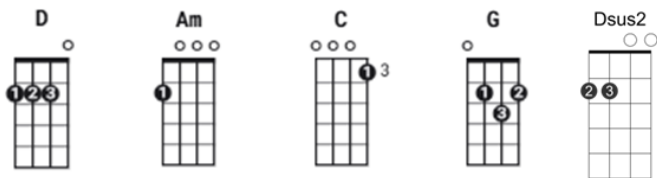
Printed with Songsheet Generator



The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald - Gordon Lightfoot 1976

Note: you can simply play D instead of Dsus2 if wished.

6 beats per chord unless otherwise noted by raised number, example: **D³**



6/8 TIME means:

1 2 3 4 5 6 or
1 2

INTRO: [D⁶] [Am⁶] [C³/G³] [D⁶] [C⁶] | [G⁶] | [D⁶] | [D⁶]

The **[D]** legend lives on from the **[Am]** Chippewa on down

Of the **[C³]** big lake they **[G³]** called Gitche **[D³]** Gume **[Dsus2³]**

The **[D]** lake, it is said, never **[Am]** Gives up her dead

When the **[C³]** skies of No-**[G³]**vember turn **[D³]** Gloomy **[Dsus2³]**

With a **[D]** load of iron ore twenty-six **[Am]** thousand tons more

Than the **[C³]** Edmund Fitz-**[G³]**gerald weighed **[D³]** empty **[Dsus2³]**

That **[D]** good ship and true, was a **[Am]** bone to be chewed

When the **[C³]** gales of No-**[G³]**vember came **[D³]** early **[Dsus2³]**

The **[D]** ship was the pride of the A-**[Am]**merican side

Comin' **[C³]** back from some **[G³]** mill in Wis-**[D³]**consin **[Dsus2³]**

As the **[D]** big freighters go, it was **[Am]** bigger than most

With a **[C³]** crew and good **[G³]** captain well-**[D³]**seasoned **[Dsus2³]**

Con-**[D]**cludin' some terms with a **[Am]** couple of steel firms

When they **[C³]** left fully **[G³]** loaded for **[D³]** Cleveland **[Dsus2³]**

And **[D]** later that night when the **[Am]** ship's bell rang

Could it **[C³]** be the north **[G³]** wind they'd been **[D³]** feelin'? **[Dsus2³]**

[D] [Am] [C³/G³] [D]

The **[D]** wind in the wires made a **[Am]** tattle-tale sound

When the **[C³]** wave broke **[G³]** over the **[D³]** railin' **[Dsus2³]**

And **[D]** every man knew, as the **[Am]** captain did too

'Twas the **[C³]** witch of No-**[G³]**vember come **[D³]** stealin' **[Dsus2³]**

The **[D]** dawn came late and the **[Am]** breakfast had to wait

When the **[C³]** gales of No-**[G³]**vember came **[D³]** slashin' **[Dsus2³]**

When **[D]** afternoon came it was **[Am]** freezin' rain

In the **[C³]** face of a **[G³]** hurricane **[D³]** west wind **[Dsus2³]**

[D] [Am] [C³/G³] [D] [C] [G] [D] [D]

When **[D]** supertime came, the old **[Am]** cook came on deck sayin'

[C³] "Fellas, it's **[G³]** too rough to **[D³]** feed ya" **[Dsus2³]**

At **[D]** seven p.m. a main **[Am]** hatchway caved in, he said

[C³] "Fellas, it's **[G³]** been good to **[D³]** know ya" **[Dsus2³]**

The [D] captain wired in he had [Am] water comin' in
And the [C³] good ship and [G³] crew was in [D³] peril [Dsus2³]
And [D] later that night when his [Am] lights went out o' sight
Came the [C³] wreck of the [G³] Edmund Fitz-[D³]gerald [Dsus2³]

[D] [Am] [C³/G³] [D]

Does [D] anyone know where the [Am] love of God goes
When the [C³] waves turn the [G³] minutes to [D³] hours? [Dsus2³]
The [D] searchers all say they'd have [Am] made WhiteFish Bay
If they'd [C³] put fifteen [G³] more miles be-[D³]hind her [Dsus2³]

They [D] might have split up or they [Am] might have capsized
They [C³] may have broke [G³] deep and took [D³] water [Dsus2³]
And [D] all that remains is the [Am] faces and the names
Of the [C³] wives and the [G³] sons and the [D³] daughters [Dsus2³]

[D] [Am] [C³/G³] [D] [C] [G] [D] [D]

[D] Lake Huron rolls, Su-[Am]perior sings
In the [C³] rooms of her [G³] ice-water [D³] mansions [Dsus2³]
Old [D] Michigan steams like a [Am] young man's dreams
The [C³] islands and [G³] bays are for [D³] sportsmen [Dsus2³]

And [D] farther below Lake On-[Am]tario
Takes [C³] in what Lake [G³] Erie can [D³] send her [Dsus2³]
And the [D] iron boats go as the [Am] mariners all know
With the [C³] gales of No-[G³]vember re-[D³]membered [Dsus2³]

[D] [Am] [C³/G³] [D]

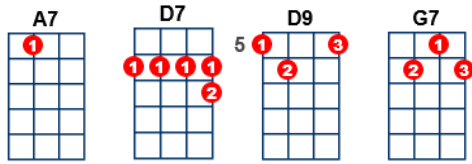
In a [D] musty old hall in De-[Am]troit they prayed
In the [C³] Maritime [G³] Sailors' Ca-[D³]thedral [Dsus2³]
The [D] church bell chimed 'til it rang [Am] twenty-nine times
For each [C³] man on the [G³] Edmund Fitz-[D³]gerald [Dsus2³]

The [D] legend lives on from the [Am] Chippewa on down
Of the [C³] big lake they [G³] call Gitche [D³] Gumee [Dsus2³]
Su-[D]perior, they said, never [Am] gives up her dead
When the [C³] gales of No-[G³]vember come [D³] early [Dsus2³]

[D] [Am] [C³/G³] [D] [C] [G] [D³/Dsus2³] [D³/Dsus2³]

[D] [Am] [C³/G³] [D] [C] [G] [D] [D↓]

I Got You - I Feel Good James Brown



WOAHH! I feel [D7] good, I knew that I would now, I feel [G7] good, I knew that I [D7] would now, so [A7] good, so [G7] good, I got [D9] you

WOAHH! I feel [D7] nice, like a sugar and spice, I feel [G7] nice, like sugar and [D7] spice so [A7] nice, so [G7] nice, cause I got [D9] you

[D7] [D7] [D7] [D7]

When I [G7] hold you in my arms [D7] I know my love can do no wrong now. [G7] When I hold you in my arms My [A7] love can't do me no harm

And I feel [D7] nice, like a sugar and spice, I feel [G7] nice, like sugar and [D7] spice so [A7] nice, so [G7] nice, I got [D9] you

[D7] [D7] [D7] [D7]

When I [G7] hold you in my arms [D7] I know my love can do no wrong now. [G7] When I hold you in my arms My [A7] love can't do me no harm

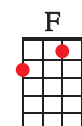
And I feel [D7] nice, like a sugar and spice, I feel [G7] nice, like sugar and [D7] spice so [A7] nice, so [G7] nice, well I got [D9] you

Woah! I feel [D7] good, like I knew that I would now. I [G7] feel good, I knew that I [D7] would. So [A7] good, so [G7] good, cause I got [D9] you So [A7] good, so [G7] good, cause I got [D9] you So [A7] good, so [G7] good, cause I got [D9] you

What A Wonderful World

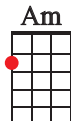
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by Bob Thiele, George David Weiss & George Douglas 1967



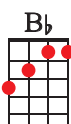
F Am Bb Am

I see trees of green, red roses, too



Gm7 F A7 Dm

I see them bloom, for me and you,



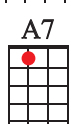
Db Gm7 C7 F (F+ BbM7) C7

And I think to myself... what a wonderful world



F Am Bb Am

I see skies of blue, and clouds of white,



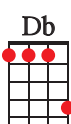
Gm7 F A7 Dm

The bright blessed day, the dark sacred night,



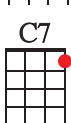
Db Gm7 C7 F (F+ BbM7) F

And I think to myself.. what a wonderful world



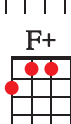
C7 F

The colors of the rainbow, so pretty in the sky



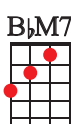
C7 F

Are also on the faces of people going by



Dm Am Dm Am

I see friends shaking hands, saying, "How do you do?"



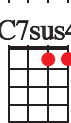
Dm (F#dim) Gm7 (F#dim) Gm7 C7

They're really saying.. "I love you"



F Am Bb Am

I hear babies cry, I watch them grow



Gm7 F A7 Dm

They'll learn much more than I'll ever know,



Db Gm7 C7 F (F+ BbM7) D7

And I think to myself.. what a wonderful world

Gm7 C7(sus4) C7 F (Bbm6) F

Yes, I think to myself, what a wonderful world

Ukulele Club of Santa Cruz
January 2007

5th Anniversary Celebration Night