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DENVER UKE COMMUNITY MAY MEETING

WELCOME!



DENVER UKE COMMUNITY

ESTABLISHED
2004

Addams Family Theme, The

artist:The Hit Crew , writer:Vic Mizzy

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=X6QzbvH-ZNo> (but in Bb)

X – click fingers or tap uke

* – single strum

Intro:

[G7]* [C]* x x [A7]* [D]* x x
 [A7]* [D]* [A7]* [D]* [G7]* [C]* x x
 [G7]* [C]* x x [A7]* [D]* x x
 [A7]* [D]* [A7]* [D]* [G7]* [C]* x x [G7]

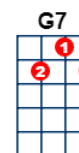
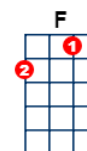
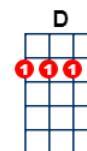
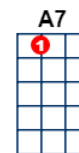
They're [C] creepy and they're [F] kooky
 Mys[G7]terious and [C] spooky
 They're [C] altogether [F] ooky
 The [G7] Addams fami[C]ly

[C] Their house is a mu[F]seum
 When [G7] people come to [C] see 'em
 They [C] really are a [F] scre-am
 The [G7] Addams fami[C]ly

[G7]* [C]* x x Neat
 [A7]* [D]* x x Sweet
 [A7]* [D]* [A7]* [D]* [G7]* [C]* x x Petite [G7]

So [C] get a witch's [F] shawl on
 A [G7] broomstick you can [C] crawl on
 We're [C] gonna pay a [F] call on

(Slower) The [G7] Addams fami[C]ly x x



Grandma's Feather Bed (Jim Connor)

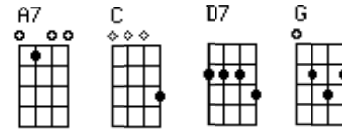
G C
 When I was a little bitty boy,
 G D7
 just up off-a the floor
 G C
 We used to go down to Grandma's house,
 G D7 G
 every month end or so
 C
 We had chicken pie and country ham
 G D7
 and homemade butter on the bread
 G C
 But the best darn thing about Grandma's house
 D7 G
 was her great big feather bed

CHORUS:

G
 It was nine feet high and six feet wide,
 C G
 soft as a downy chick
 It was made from the feathers of forty 'leven geese
 A7 D7
 Took a whole bolt of cloth for the tick
 G
 It'd hold eight kids, four hound dogs
 C G
 and a piggy we stole from the shed
 C
 We didn't get much sleep but we had a lot of fun
 D7 G
 On Grandma's feather bed

G C
 After the supper we'd sit around the fire,
 G D7
 the old folks'd spit and chew
 G C
 Pa would talk about the farm and the war
 G D7 G
 and Granny'd sing a ballad or two
 C
 I'd sit and listen and watch the fire
 G D7
 'til the cobwebs filled my head
 G C
 Next thing I'd know I'd wake up in the morning
 D7 G
 in the middle of the old feather bed

CHORUS



G C
 Well I love my Ma, an' I love my Pa,
 G D7
 love Granny and Grandpa too
 G C
 I been fishing with my uncle, I wrestled with my cousin,
 G D7 G
 I even kissed Aunt Lou (eeeew!)
 C
 But if ever had to make a choice,
 G D7
 I guess it ought to be said
 G C
 That I'd trade 'em all plus the gal down the road,
 D7 G
 for Grandma's feather bed
 C
 I'd trade 'em all plus the gal down the road....

CHORUS



Sloop John B.

The Beach Boys
Key of G
4/4 Time
(Calypso Strum)

Calypso

↓ ↓ ↑ ↑ ↓ ↑
1 2 + + 4 +

VERSE ONE

G **G** **G** **G**
We come on the Sloop John B, my Grandfather and me,
G **G** **D7** **D7**
Around Nassau Town we did roam
 G **G7** **C** **C**
Drinkin' all night, got into a fight, yeah yeah
G **D7** **G** **G**
I feel so broke up, and I want to go home

CHORUS

G **G** **G** **G**
So, hoist up the John B sail, see how the main sail sets
G **G** **D7** **D7**
Call for the captain ashore, and let me go home, let me go home
 G **G7** **C** **C**
I want to go home, please let me go home, yeah, yeah
G **D7** **G** **G**
I feel so broke up, and I want to go home

VERSE TWO

G G G G The first mate, he got drunk, broke into the captains trunk
G G D7 D7 The constable had to come and take him away *D7 D7*
G G7 C C Sherriff John/Stone, why don't you leave me alone?
G D7 G G I feel so broke up, and I want to go home *G G*

CHORUS

VERSE THREE

G G G G The poor cook he go the fits, and threw away all my grits
G G D7 D7 Then he went and ate up all of my corn *D7 D7*
G G7 C C Let me go home, why don't they let me go home?
G D7 G G This is the worst trip that I've ever been on *G G*

CHORUS

Chorus *Chorus*

I'm my Own Grandpa

artist:Ray Stevens , writer:Dwight Latham, Moe Jaffe

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eYIJH81dSiw>

Thanks to Garry Owen

Vamp in [C]

[C] Many, many years ago when [G] I was 23
I was married to a widow who was [C] pretty as can be
This [C7] widow had a [A7] grown-up daughter [Dm] who had hair of red
My [D7] father fell in love with her and [G] soon they too were [G7] wed

This [C] made my dad my son-in-law and [G] really changed my life
For now my daughter was my [G7] mother 'cause she [C] was my father's wife
And to [C7] complicate the [A7] matter even [Dm] though it brought me joy
I [D7] soon became the father of a [G] bouncing baby [G7] boy

My [C] little baby then became a [G] brother-in-law to dad
And [G7] so he became my uncle though it [C] mad me very sad
For [C7] if he were my [A7] uncle then that [Dm] also made him brother
Of the [D7] widows grown-up daughter,
who was of [G] course my step-[G7] mother [A7]

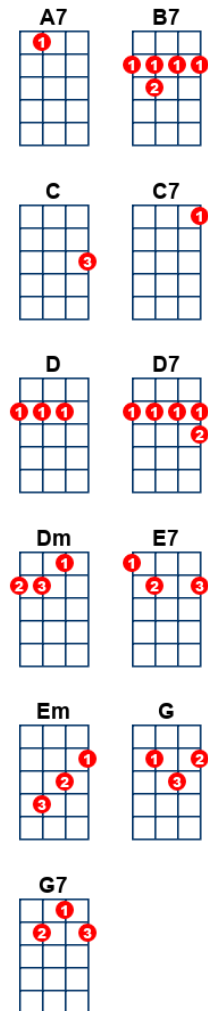
key change to D

My [D] father's wife then had a son who [A7] kept them on the run
And [A7] he became my grandchild for he [D] was my daughter's son
My [D7] wife is now my [B7] mother's mother and it [Em] makes me blue
Because [E7] although she is my wife she's my [A7] grandmother too

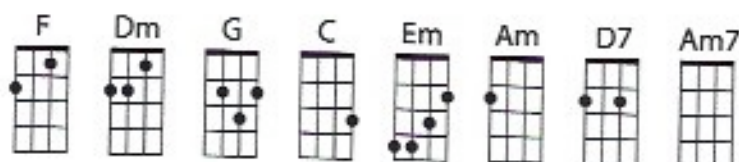
Now [D]if my wife is my grandmother then [A7] I'm her grandchild
And [A7] every time I think of it, [D] nearly drives me wild
'Cause [D7] now I have be-[B7] come the strangest [Em] case you ever saw
As [E7] husband of my grandmother I [A7] am my own grandpaw

Oh [D] I'm my [A7] own grand-[D] paw
[G] I'm my own [A7] grandpaw
It sounds [D]funny I [D7] know but it [G] really is so
Oh [D] I'm my [A7] own grand-[D] paw

(Repeat-Fade)



Sweet Baby James by James Taylor (1970)



Key: C; Pub Key: D; capo2
3/4 (waltz) time; 142 bpm

Intro: F . . | Dm . . | G . . | . .
D d d D d d D d d D d d

Verse 1

pick
 . | C . . | G . . | F . . | Em . . | . .
 There is a young cow-boy, he lives on the range.
 . | Am . . | F . . | C . . | Em . . | . .
 His horse and his cattle are his on-ly com-pan-ions.
 . | Am . . | F . . | C . . | Em . . | . .
 He works in the saddle and he sleeps in the can-yon.
 F . . | C . . | G . . | Dm . . | . . | G . . | . .
 Wait-ing for sum-mer, his pas-tures to change-----

Verse 2

pick
 . | F . . | . . | G . . | C . . |
 And as the moon ris-es, he sits by his fire.
 Am . . | F . . | C . . | G . . |
 Think-ing 'bout wo-men and glass-es of beer.
 F . . | . . | G . . | C . . |
 Clos-ing his eyes as the do-gies re-tire.
 . | Am . . | F . . | C . . | . . |
 He sings out a song which is soft but it's clear.
 . | Am7 . . | D7 . . | G . . | . . | . . | . . |
 As if may-be some-one could hear-----

Chorus:

strum
 C . . | F . . | G . . | C . . |
 Good-night, you moon----- light la----- dies-----
 Am . . | F . . | C . . | . . |
 Rock-a--- bye sweet ba--- by James.
 Am . . | F . . | C . . | . . |
 Deep greens and blues are the co-lors I choose.
 . | Am7 . . | D7 . . | G . . | . . |
 Won't you let me go down in my dreams---
 . | F . . | G . . | C . . | . . |
 And rock-a--- bye sweet ba--- by James.

*written when his nephew James was born. Named after him
 Cross bet a cowboy song + a lullaby, Taylor wrote it as
 he was driving thru Carolina to meet the baby James.*

Sweet Baby James, p. 2

Verse 3

. | C . . | G . . | F . . | Em . . | . .
Now the first of De-cem-ber was co-vered with snow.
. | Am . . | F . . | C . . | Em . . | . .
And so was the turn-pike from Stock-bridge to Bos---ton.
. | Am . . | F . . | C . . | Em . .
Though, the Berk-shires seemed dream-like on ac-count of that frost-ing.
. | F . . | C . . | G . . | Dm . . | . . | G . . | . .
With ten miles be--hind me and ten thou-sand more to go-----

Verse 4

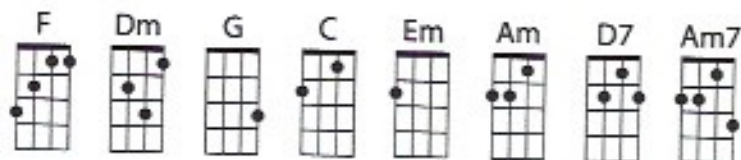
. | F . . | . . | G . . | C . .
There's a song that they sing when they take to the high-way.
. | Am . . | F . . | C . . | G . .
A song that they sing when they take to the sea.
. | F . . | . . | G . . | C . .
A song that they sing of their home in the sky.
. | Am . . | F . . | C . . | . .
Maybe you can be-lieve it if it helps you to sleep.
. | Am7 . . | D7 . . | G . . | . . | . . | . .
But sing-ing works just fine for me-----

Chorus:

. | C . . | F . . | G . . | C . . |
So, good-night, you moon-----light la-----dies-----
Am . . | F . . | C . . | . . | . . |
Rock-a---bye sweet ba--by James.
Am . . | F . . | C . . | . . | . .
Deep greens and blues are the co--lors I choose.
. | Am7 . . | D7 . . | G . . | . . | . .
Won't you let me go down in my dreams---
. | F . . | G . . | C . . | C |
And rock-a---bye sweet ba---by James.

San Jose Ukulele Club
wf1 1/7/18

Baratone Ukulele and Tenor Guitar

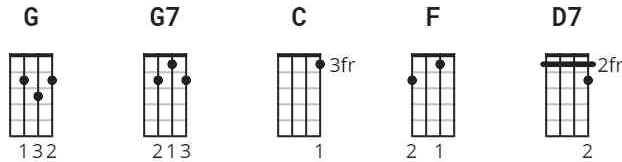


Cattle Camp Crooner chords by Slim Dusty

Tuning: E A D G B E

Key: C

CHORDS



[Intro]

G G7 C

[Verse 1]

C

I was raised on a farm where our lives were calm

F

C

In a land of honey and cream

C

As a boy I played in the summer time shade

D7

G7

By the banks of the old Nulla streams

[Verse 2]

C

Many years have gone since I left that home,

F

C

Gum juice still runs in my veins,

C

I'm just an old Australian cattle camp crooner,

G

C

Why should I ever change,

G

C

Why should I ever change.

G G7 C

[Verse 3]

C

They say my dad was a bit of a lad,

F

C

They called him Noisy Dan

He worked in the bush far from the push
 D7 **G7**
Of the hustle of a noisy town.

[Verse 4]

C
He could rattle off tales in the stockyard rails,
 F **C**
Of the wild old life he's had,
C
I'm just an old Australian cattle camp crooner,
G **C**
Following me dear old dad,
 C
Following me dear old dad.

[Verse 5]

C
Now I've got mates in every state,
 F **C**
I've been all over this land,
C
When it's cold I hit the road
 D7 **G7**
And head for Darwin or Cairns.

[Verse 6]

C
Some fogies say for livin' this way,
 F **C**
I must be out of my mind,
C
I'm just all Australian cattle camp crooner
G **C**
One of the wandering kind,
G **C**
One of the wandering kind.

[Verse 7]

C
Don't mind a smoke or a drink with the blokes,

F **C**
When day is over and done
C
I'm proud to be in this land of the free,
 D7 **G7**
And to live my life in the sun

[Verse 8]

C
I don't wear chaps or a curled up hat
 F **C**
My clothes are simple and plain,

I'm just an all Australian cattle camp crooner,
G **C**
Why should I ever change,
G **C**
Why should I ever change.

[Verse 9]

C
Now I've reached the state that nears old age,
 F **C**
I soak up everyone's praise
C
I brag to the young of the things I've done,
 D7 **G7**
Way back in the batting days.

[Verse 10]

C
And when I leave this place for the chosen race,
 F **C**
And head for the heavenly range,

They'll say, "Here comes that cattle camp crooner",
G **C**
Why can't he ever change, (Oh no no)
G **C**
Why should I ever change,
G **C**
Why should I ever change

G

C

Why should I ever change,

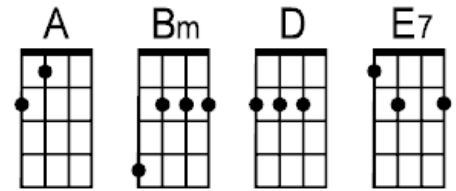
G

C

Why should I ever change.

I Don't Like Half the Folks I Love Paul Thorn

A A D D
 My family reunion is going on today
 A A E7 E7
 My relatives have all flown in from places far away
 A A D D
 As we sit here eatin' chicken it hits me like a truck
 A A E7 A A
 I don't like half the folks I love
 A A D D
 Me and my former best friend had a big fallin' out
 A A E7 E7
 I caught him with my wife so I punched him in the mouth
 A A D D
 We just can't hang out anymore but I still wish them luck
 A A E7 A A
 I don't like half the folks I love



D D A A
 God knows they're all dear to me but if the truth be told,
 Bm Bm E7 E7
 Well, I like it when they come, but I love it when they go
 A A D D
 I'm sure they've got good qualities but the bad ones cover them up
 A A E7 A A
 I don't like half the folks I love

A A D D
 My alcoholic buddies are fun to hang around
 A A E7 E7
 When we drink together, peace and joy abound
 A A D D
 But sometimes they bring me one more shot when they know I've had enough
 A A E7 A A
 I don't like half the folks I love.

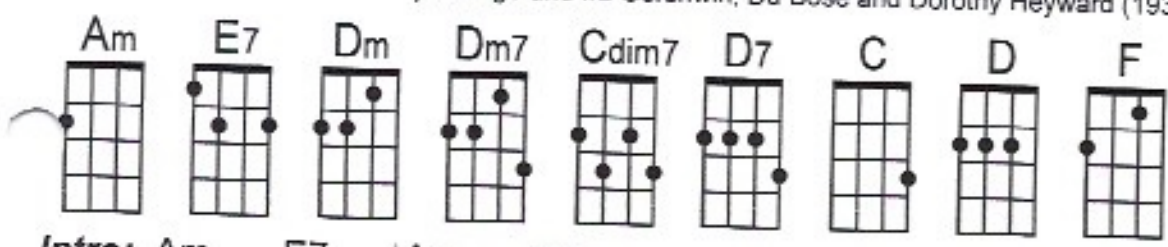
<Chorus>

A A D D
 In this world we live in this I guarantee
 A A E7 E7
 We all need more tolerance to get along peacefully.
 A A D D
 But I'm not as nice as Jesus, and I really am fed up.
 A A E7 A A
 I don't like half the folks I love.

<Chorus>

Summertime

by George and Ira Gershwin, Du Bose and Dorothy Heyward (1935)



Intro: Am . E7 . | Am . E7\

Summer—time— and the liv-in'— is ea—sy—

Fish are jumpin'— and the cotton is high—

Yo' daddy's rich— and yo' mama's— good look— in'—

So, hush— little ba—by do—on't you cry—y—y—

Instr:

Am . E7 . | Am . E7 . | Am . E7 . | Am . E7
 Dm . . . | Dm7 . Cdim7 . | E7 . Cdim7 . | E7 .
 Am . E7 . | Am . E7 . | Am . E7 . | Am . D7
 C . Am . | D . F . | Am . E7 . | Am . E7\

One of these morn—in's— you're goin' to rise up— sing—in'—

Then you'll spread your wings— and you'll ta-ake the sky—y—

But 'til that morn—in'— there's a-nothin'— can harm— you—

With daddy— and mammy— sta—an—din' by—y—y—

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v3 - 6/10/18)

Que Sera Sera [G]

Doris Day

Intro [G]

When I was [G] just a little girl
I asked my mother "What will I [D7] be?
[Am] Will I be [D] pretty? [Am] Will I be [D] rich?
[Am] Here's what she [D] said to [G] me... [G7]

"Que [C] sera, sera. What [Am] ever will [G] be will be
The future's not [D7] ours to see... que sera [G] sera."

[D] When I was [G] just a child in school,
I asked my teacher "What should I [D7] try?
[Am] Should I paint [D] pictures? [Am] Should I sing [D] songs?
[Am] This was her [D] wise [G] reply... [G7]

"Que [C] sera, sera. What [Am] ever will [G] be will be
The future's not [D7] ours to see... que sera [G] sera."

[D] When I grew [G] up and fell in love,
I asked my sweetheart, "What lies a [D7] head?
[Am] Will we have [D] rainbows [Am] day after [D] day?"
[Am] Here's what my [D] sweetheart [G] said... [G7]

"Que [C] sera, sera. What [Am] ever will [G] be will be
The future's not [D7] ours to see... que sera [G] sera."

[D] Now I have [G] children of my own,
They ask their mother "What will I [D7] be?
[Am] Will I be [D] handsome? [Am] Will I be [D] rich?"
[Am] I tell them [D] tender [G] ly... [G7]

"Que [C] sera, sera. What [Am] ever will [G] be will be
The future's not [D7] ours to see... que sera [G] sera."

Shame and Scandal in the Family (5 st above original)

Peter Tosh

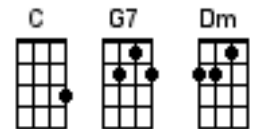
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iOaeCG4ClwU>

Start Note E
Reggae Strum

Strum Calypso or Reggae D Ch u u Ch u
[C] [G7] [C] [G7]

[C] Ah [G7] woe // is [C] me /// [G7] Shame and scandal in the [C] family
[C] Ah [G7] woe // is [C] me /// [G7] Shame and scandal in the [C] family

In [C]Trinidad there was a [G7] family / with much confusion as [C] you will see
There was a [C] mama and a papa and a [G7] boy who was grown /
who [G7] wanted to marry, have [C] wife of his own /
He [C] met a young girl / who [G7] suited him nice /
He [G7] went to his papa / to [C] ask his advice /
His [C] papa said "Son / I [G7] have to say 'No' /
That <[G7]> girl is your sister but your [C] mama don't know!"



[C] Ah [G7] woe // is [C] me /// [G7] Shame and scandal in the [C] family
[C] Ah [G7] woe // is [C] me /// [G7] Shame and scandal in the [C] family

A [C] week went by and the [G7] summer came down /
And soon another girl / on the [C] island he found /
He [C] went to his papa / to [G7] name the day /
His [G7] papa looked at him and at [C] him he did say
"You [C] can't marry this girl / I [G7] have to say 'No' /
That <[G7]> girl is your sister but your [C] mama don't know!"

[C] Ah [G7] woe // is [C] me /// [G7] Shame and scandal in the [C] family
[C] Ah [G7] woe // is [C] me /// [G7] Shame and scandal in the [C] family

Now he [C] went to his mama and [G7] covered his head /
He told his mama what his [C] papa had said /
His [C] mama she laughed she said [G7] "Go man / go!"
Your <[G7]> papa ain't your papa but your [C] papa don't know!"

[C] Ah [G7] woe // is [C] me /// [G7] Shame and scandal in the [C] family
[C] Ah [G7] woe // is [C] me /// [G7] Shame and scandal in the [C] family

[C] Ah [G7] woe // is [C] me /// [G7] Shame and scandal in the [C] family
[C] Ah [G7] woe // is [C] me /// [G7] Shame and scandal in the <[C]> family

Isn't She Lovely

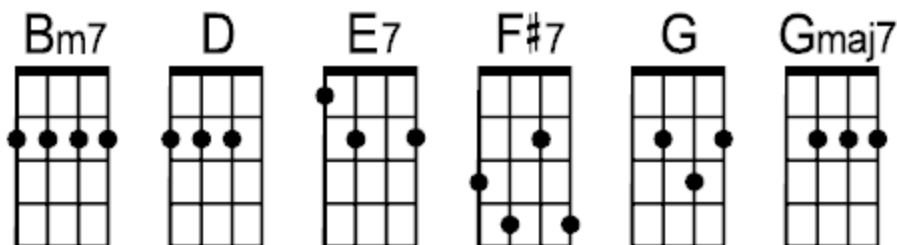
Stevie Wonder

Bm7 E7 G D
Isn't she lovely. Isn't she wonderful
Bm7 E7 G D
Isn't she precious. Less than one minute old
Gmaj7 F#7 Bm7 E7
I never thought through love we'd be making one as lovely as she
G G D D
But isn't she lovely made from love

Bm7 E7 G D
Isn't she pretty. Truly the angel's best
Bm7 E7 G D
Boy, I'm so happy. We have been heaven blessed
Gmaj7 F#7 Bm7 E7
I can't believe what God has done, through us he's given life to one
G G D D
But isn't she lovely made from love

<Instrumental verse>

Bm7 E7 G D
Isn't she lovely. Life and love are the same
Bm7 E7 G D
Life is Aisha. The meaning of her name
Gmaj7 F#7
Londie, it could have not been done
Bm7 E7
Without you who conceived the one
G G D D
That's so very lovely made from love

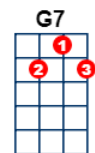
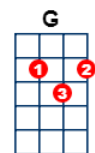
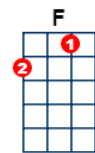
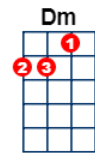
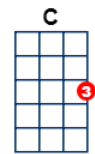
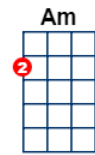


Times They Are A-Changin', The

artist:Bob Dylan , writer:Bob Dylan

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=e7qQ6_RV4VQ in G Capo 5

Come [C] gather 'round [Am] people, wher[F]ever you [C] roam
And ad[C]mit that the [Dm] waters a[F]round you have [G7] grown
And a[C]ccept it that [Am] soon you'll be [F] drenched to the [C] bone
If your [C] time to [Am] you Is worth [G] saving, [G7] then you
[F] better start [C] swimming Or you'll [F] sink like a [G7] stone
For the [C] times [Am] they are a-[G7]cha -- [G7]--ang -- [C]in'.



Come [C] writers and [Am] critics, who prophe[F]size with your [C] pen
And [C] keep your eyes [Dm] wide, the chance [F] won't come a[G7]gain
And [C] don't speak too [Am] soon, for the [F] wheel's still in [C] spin
And there's [C] no telling [Am] who that it's [G] naming . [G7].
for the [F] loser [C] now will be [F] later to [G7] win
For the [C] times [Am] they are a-[G7]cha -- [G7]--ang -- [C]in'.

Come [C] senators, [Am] congressmen, [F] please heed the [C] call
Don't [C] stand in the [Dm] doorway, don't [F] block up the [G7] hall
For [C] he that gets [Am] hurt will be [F] he who has [C] stalled
There's a [C] battle out[Am]side and it's [G] raging . [G7].
It'll [F] soon shake your [C] windows and [F] rattle your [G7] walls
For the [C] times [Am] they are a-[G7]cha -- [G7]--ang -- [C]in'.

Come [C] mothers and [Am] fathers, [F] throughout the [C] land
And [C] don't crit[Dm]icize what you [F] can't under[G7]stand
Your [C] sons and your [Am] daughters are [F] beyond your co[C]mmand
Your [C] old road is [Am] rapidly [G] aging . [G7].
please [F] get out the [C] new one if you [F] can't lend your [G7] hand
For the [C] times [Am] they are a-[G7]cha -- [G7]--ang -- [C]in'.

The [C] line it is [Am] drawn, the [F] curse it is [C] cast.
The [C] slow one [Dm] now will [F] later be [G7] fast
As the [C] present [Am] now will [F] later be [C] past.
The [C] order is [Am] rapidly [G] fading [G7]
And the [F] first one [C] now will [F] later be [G7] last

For the [C] times [Am] they are a-[G7]cha -- [G7]--ang -- [C]in'.

Island Style ukulele chords by John Cruz

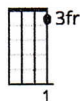
Tuning: G C E A

CHORDS

F



C



G7



C7



Intro: C₄ G₇ C₇

Sing: E D C
on the Is

STRUMMING

120 bpm

1 & 2 & 3 & 4 &

[Chorus]

On the Island, we do it Island Style
From the mountain to the ocean from the windward to the
Leeward side
On the Island, we do it Island Style
From the mountain to the ocean from the windward to the
Leeward side

[Verse 1]

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

[Chorus]

On the Island, we do it Island Style
From the mountain to the ocean from the windward to the
Leeward side
On the Island, we do it Island Style
From the mountain to the ocean from the windward to the

C G7
Leeward side

[Verse 2]

C F C
We go grandma's house on the weekend clean yard
C G7 C
If we no go, grandma gotta work hard
C F C
You know my grandma, she like the poi real sour
C G7 C C7
I love my grandma every minute, every hour

[Chorus]

F C
On the Island, we do it Island Style
C G7
From the mountain to the ocean from the windward to the
C C7
Leeward side
F C
On the Island, we do it Island Style
C G7
From the mountain to the ocean from the windward to the
C
Leeward side
C G7
From the mountain to the ocean from the windward to the
C
Leeward side

[Out]

C - G7 - C

SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALIDOCIOUS

rev. 7/28/19

G D7 G
Supercali – fragilistic – expiali -docious. Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious.
G7 C G D7 G
If you say it loud enough you always sound precocious. Supercali – fragilistic – expiali -docious.

G D7
Um diddle-diddle-diddle, um diddle-ay!
G D7
Um diddle-diddle-diddle, um diddle-ay!

G D7 G
Because I was afraid to speak when I was just a lad, me father gave me nose a tweak and told me I was bad.
G G7 C A7 D7
But then one day I learned a word that saved me achin' nose, the biggest word you ever 'eard and this is
D7 tacet
'ow it goes! OH! *ritard*

G D7 G
Supercali – fragilistic – expiali -docious. Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious.
G7 C G D7 G
If you say it loud enough you always sound precocious. Supercali – fragilistic – expiali -docious

G D7
Um diddle-diddle-diddle, um diddle-ay!
G D7
Um diddle-diddle-diddle um diddle-ay!

G D7
So when the cat has got your tongue, there's no need for dismay,
G
Just summon up this word, and then you've got a lot to say.
G7 C A7 D7
But better use it carefully, or it could change your life, one night I said it to me girl, and now me girl's my wife!

G D7
She's..... Supercali – fragilistic – expiali -docious,
G
Supercali – fragilistic – expiali -docious,
G7 C
Supercali – fragilistic – expiali -docious,
G D7 G* G* (one strum each G)
Supercali – fragilistic – expiali -docious!

Side by Side – Victor & Penny

(C)Oh we ain't got a barrel of (F)mon-(C)ey
Maybe we're ragged and (F)fun- (C)ny
(F)But we'll travel along
(C)Singing a (A7)song
(D7)Side (G7)by (C)side

(C)I don't know what's coming (F)tomor-(C)row
Maybe it's trouble and (F)sor- (C)row
(F)But we'll travel along
(C)Singing a (A7)song
(D7)Side (G7)by (C)side

Bridge

(E7)Through all kinds of weather
(A7)What if the sky should fall
(D7)Just as long as we're together
(G7)It really doesn't matter at all

(C)When they've all had their quarrels and(F)par-(C)ted
We'll be the same as we(F)start- (C)ed
(F)Just traveling along
(C)Singing a (A7)song
(D7)Side (G7)by (C)side

(C)The roads get a little bit (F)bum-(C)py
Our nerves get a little bit(F)jum-(C)py
(F)We beef & complain
(C)Still we (A7)remain
(D7)Side (G7)by (C)side

(C)There are times when your smile ain't (F)sun-(C)ny
And times where your fun isn't (F)fun-(C)ny
(F)Still we fuss and we pout
(C)Still we (A7)come out
(D7)Side (G7)by (C)side

Repeat Bridge

(C)When they've all had their quarrels and(F)par-(C)ted
We'll be the same as we(F)start- (C)ed
(F)Just traveling along
(C)Singing a (A7)song
(D7)Side (G7)by (C)side

(F)Just traveling along
(C)Singing a (A7)song
(D7)Side (G7)by (C)side

First note is a G
low

*Play as

F mon-ey
1 . 1

Tacit after G7, speak line