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DENVER UKE COMMUNITY

NOTICE

EMPLOYEES
MUST PLAY
UKULELE
BEFORE
RETURNING
TO WORK

**WORK
SONGS!**



FEBRUARY MEETING

UKE

DENVER UKE COMMUNITY

ESTABLISHED
2004

Down Under – Men at Work

[intro] (Am) (G) (Am) (F-G) x2

(Am) Travelling in a (G)fried out combie (Am) (F-G)
(Am) On a hippie (G)trail head full of (Am)zombie (F-G)
(Am) I met a strange (G)lady (Am) she made me nervous (F-G)
(Am) She took me (G)in and gave me (Am)breakfast...
(F-) and (-G)she said

(C) Do you come from a (G)land down under? (Am) (F-G)
(C) Where women (G)glow and men plun(Am)der (F-G)
(C) Can't you hear, can't you (G)hear their thunder (Am) (F-G)
You (C)better run... you (G)better take cov(Am)er (F-G)

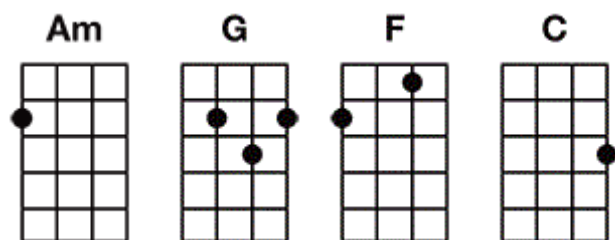
(Am) Buying bread from a (G)man in Brussels (Am) (F-G)
He was (Am) six-foot-four (G) and full of (Am)muscle (F-G)
(Am) I said do you (G)speak my language (Am) (F-G)
(Am)He just smiled and (G)gave me a Vegemite... (Am)sandwich
(F-G)He said

(C) I come from a (G)land down under (Am) (F-G)
(C) Where beer does (G)flow and men chun(Am)der (F-G)
(C) Can't you hear, can't you (G)hear their thunder (Am) (F-G)
You (C)better run... you (G)better take cov(Am)er (F-G)

(Am) Lying in a (G)den in Bombay (Am) (F-G)
With a (Am) slack jaw... (G) and not much (Am)to say (F-G)
(Am) I said to the (G)man are you trying to (Am)tempt me? (F-G)
(Am) Because I (G)come from the land of (Am)plenty (F-) and (-G)he
said

(C)Oh! Do you come from a (G)land down under? (Am) (F-G)
(C) Where women (G)glow and men plun(Am)der (F-G)
(C) Can't you hear, can't you (G)hear their thunder (Am) (F-G)
You (C)better run... you (G)better take cov(Am)er (F-G)

You (C)better run... you (G)better take cov(Am)er (F-G)
You (C)better run... you (G)better take cov(Am)er (F-G)
(C-single strum)



Written by Colin Hay, Ron Strykert

Intro: Count 1234 / 1234

"I've Been Working On the Railroad" Chords

First note C

C C7 F C
I've been working on the railroad all the livelong day
C C7 D7 G7
I've been working on the railroad, just to pass the time away
G7 C F E7
Can't you hear the whistle blowing? Rise up so early in the morn
F C C G C
Can't you hear the captain shouting, "Dinah blow your horn!"
C/ F/
Dinah won't you blow, Dinah won't you blow,
G/ C
Dinah won't you blow your horn, your horn?
C/ F/
Dinah won't you blow, Dinah won't you blow,
G/ C
Dinah won't you blow your horn?
C
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
C G7
Someone's in the kitchen I know,
C F tremolo
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
C G C/ Tacit And sings
Strummin' on the old banjo
C/ C/ G7/
Fee fi fiddle-y-i-o, fee fi fiddle-y-i-o-o-o-o,
C/ F/ C G7 C C C
Fee fi fiddle-y-i-o, strummin' on the old banjo

tremolo

Piano Man

Billy Joel

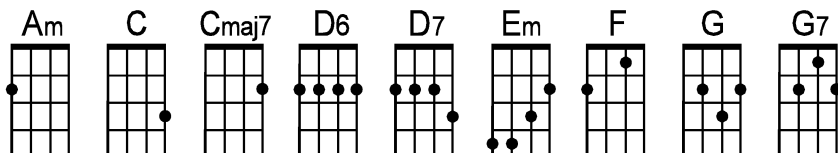
G7 C Em Am C F C D7 G
It's nine o'clock on a Saturday, regular crowd shuffles in
C Em Am C F G C F Cmaj7 G7
There's an old man sitting next to me makin' love to his tonic and gin
C Em Am C F C D7 G7
He says "Son can you play me a memory, I'm not really sure how it goes
C Em Am C F G C C
But it's sad and it's sweet and I knew it complete when I wore a younger man's clothes."

Am Am D7 F Am Am D6 D7 G F C G7
Da da da de de da da da de de da da dum
C Em Am C F C D7 G
Sing us a song you're the piano man, sing us a song tonight
C Em Am C F G C F Cmaj7 G7
Well we're all in the mood for a melody and you've got us feelin' alright

C Em Am C F C D7 G
John at the bar is a friend of mine, he gets me my drinks for free
C Em Am C F G C F Cmaj7 G7
And he's quick with a joke or to light up your smoke, but there's someplace that he'd rather be
C Em Am C F C D7 G7
He says "Bill I believe this is killing me," as the smile ran away from his face
C Em Am C F G C C
"Well I'm sure that I could be a movie star, if I could get out of this place."

C Em Am C F C D7 G
Paul is a real estate novelist who never had time for a wife
C Em Am C F G C F Cmaj7 G7
And he's talkin' with Davy who's still in the navy and probably will be for life
C Em Am C F C D7 G7
And the waitress is practicing politics as the businessmen slowly get stoned
C Em Am C F G C C
Yes they're sharing a drink they call loneliness but it's better than drinking alone

C Em Am C F C D7 G
It's a pretty good crowd for a Saturday and the manager gives me a smile
C Em Am C F G C F Cmaj7 G7
'Cause he knows that it's me they've been comin' to see to forget about life for a while
C Em Am C F C D7 G7
And the piano sounds like a carnival, and the microphone smells like a beer
C Em Am C F G C C
And they sit at the bar and put bread in my jar and say "Man what are you doin' here?"

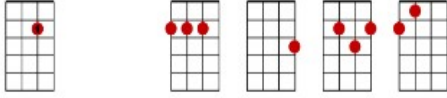


Five O'Clock World

Allen Reynolds (The Vogues), 1965

YouTube video tutorial: <https://youtu.be/PYJ1jF71k08>

1st Note



INTRO:

[Even strum: D-DuDuDu]

D C D C D C D C
| - - - | - - - | - - - | - - - |

VERSE 1:

D C D C
Up every morning just to keep a job
D C D C
I gotta fight my way through the hustlin' mob
D C D C
Sounds of the city poundin' in my brain
D C D C
While another day goes down the drain
[YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH]

G C
But it's a five o'clock world
G C
when the whistle blows
G C G C
No one owns a piece of my time
G C
And there's a five o'clock me
G C
inside my clothes
G A
Thinkin' that the world looks fine, yeah

D C D C D C D C
Ada layee-ee ee-ee-ay

FOR PERSONAL EDUCATIONAL USE ONLY
Questions? MorristownUkeJam@gmail.com

VERSE 2:

D C D C
Tradin' my time for the pay I get
D C D C
Livin' on money that I ain't made yet
D C D C
Gotta keep goin', gotta make my way
D C D C
But I live for the end of the day
[YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH]

G C
Cus it's a five o'clock world
G C
when the whistle blows
G C G C
No one owns a piece of my time
G C
And there's a long-haired girl
G C
who waits, I know
G A
To ease my troubled mind, yeah
D C D C D C D C
Ada layee-ee ee-ee-ay

VERSE 3:

D C D C
In the shelter of her arms everything's okay
D C D C
She talks and the world goes slippin' away
D C D C
And I know the reason I can still go on
D C D C
When every other reason is gone
[YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH]

G C G C
In my five o'clock world she waits for me
G C G C
Nothin' else matters at all
G C G C
Cus every time my baby smiles at me
G A
I know that it's all worthwhile, yeah

OUTRO:

D C D C D C D C
Ada layee-ee ee-ee-ay
D C D C D C D C
Ada layee-ee ee-ee-ay
D C D C D C D C
Ada layee-ee ee-ee-ay
D C D C D C D C [hang]
Ada layee-ee ee-ee-ay

Morristown Uke Jam

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Workin' for a Living Huey Lewis, Chris Hayes

A A
Somedays won't end ever and somedays pass on by,
A A
I'll be working here forever, at least until I die
A A
Dammed if you do, dammed if you don't
A A
I'm supposed to get a raise next week, you know damn well I won't

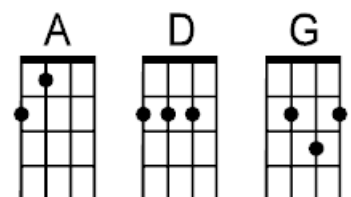
D D
Workin' for a livin' (workin')
A A
Workin' for a livin' (workin')
G D
Workin' for a livin', livin' and workin'
A↓ <tacet>
I'm takin' what they giving 'cause I'm working for a livin'

Hey I'm not complaining 'cause I really need the work
We're hitting up my buddy's got me feeling like a jerk
Car payment, insurance, alimony, rent
I get a check on Friday, but it's all ready spent

<Chorus>

G// D// G// D// G// D// G// D//
Oh oh, workin' for a livin'. Oh oh, takin' what they givin'
G// D// G// D// G// D// A
Oh oh, workin' for a livin' Oh oh ohhhhh

Bus boy, bartender, ladies of the night
Grease monkey, ex-junky, winner of the fight
Walking on the streets its really all the same
Sellin' souls, rock n' roll, any other game



<Chorus>

HIGH HOPES



Intro: first line of chords: C, Db°, Dm7, G7, C, G7



Next time you're found, with your chin on the ground, There's a lot to be learned, ^ so look a-round,



Just what makes that little old ant, Think he'll move that rubber tree plant



Anyone knows an ant... can't, ^ Move a rubber tree plant



But he's got ^ high hopes, he's got ^ high hopes, He's got ^ high apple pie, in the ^ sky hopes



(tacet)

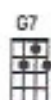
X

(du,ud)

So any time you're gettin' low, 'Stead of lettin' go, Just remember that ant,



HIGH HOPES



No one could **make** that **ram...** **scram**, ^ He kept buttin' that **dam**



'Cause **he** had ^ high hopes, he had ^ high hopes, he had ^ high apple pie, in the ^ sky hopes



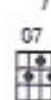
ddud
(du,ud)

(tacet)

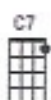
So any **time** you're feelin' bad, '**Stead** of feelin' sad, **Just** remember that ram



Oops, there goes a **billion** kilowatt **dam**



'Cause **he** had ^ high hopes, he had ^ high hopes, He had ^ high apple pie, in the ^ sky hopes



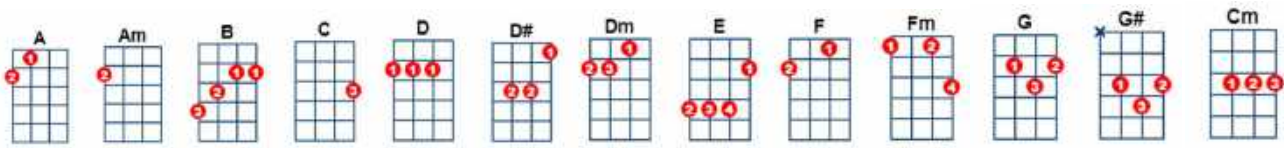
(tacet)

All problem's **just** a toy balloon, **They'll** be burstd soon



Price Ali (Aladdin)

key:A, artist:Disney Layout Ukesicals DaNi



Make [A]way! For Prince Ali! Say hey! It's Prince Ali

[Am]Hey, clear the way in the old bazaar [E]Hey you! Let us through! It's a bright new star
Oh, [Am]come be the first on your block to meet [Dm]his eye[A] [Dm]
Make [B]way! Here he comes! Ring bells! Bang the drums!
Oh,[E] you're gonna love this guy!

Prince [Am] Ali, fabulous he[F], Ali Ababwa[Am].
Genu[A]flect, show some respect, down on[Dm] one knee Now [E]try your best to stay[Am] calm
[C]Brush up your Sunday [F]salaam Then[B] come and meet his spectacular coterie[E]

Prince A[Am]li, mighty is he, [F]Ali Ababoua [Am] Strong as[A] ten regular men, definitely[Dm]
He [E]faced the galloping[Am] hordes A hund[C]red bad guys with[F] swords
Who [B]sent these goons [E]to their lords? Why [Am]Prince Ali

He's [Dm]got seventy-five golden camels[Am] Purple [Dm]peacocks, he's got fifty-three[Am]
When it[Dm] comes to exotic-type mammals [Am] Has [F]he got a zoo? I'm telling you
It's a [B]world-class mena[E]gerie!

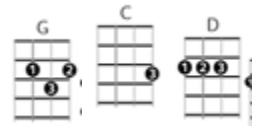
Prince[Am] Ali, handsome [F]is he, Ali Ababwa[Am]!
That[A] physique! How can I speak; weak at [Dm]the knee
Well[E], get on out in the[Am] square, Adjust [C]your veil and prep[F]are.
To [B]gawk and grovel and [E]stare at Prince Ali[Am].

He's [Dm]got ninety-five white Persi[Am]an monkeys
And [Dm]to view them he charges no [Am]fee
He's [Dm]got slaves, he's got servants[Am] and flunkies
They [F]bow to his whim, love serving him They[B]re just lousy with loyalty to
Ali ... Prince [F]Ali!

Prince [Cm] Ali, amorous he! Ali [G#] Ababwa! Cm]
Heard [C] your princess was a sight, [Fm]lovely to see
And [G]that good people[Cm] is why,
He [D#]got dolled up and [G#]dropped by.
With[D] sixty elephants, llamas galore
With[G] his bears and lions
A brass[Cm] band and more
With his[G#] forty fakirs, his cooks, his bakers
His [G#]birds that warble on key
Make[Cm] way for Prince[G#] Ali![G] [Cm]

I FEEL LUCKY (Mary-Chapin Carpenter & Don Schlitz)

[Actually in B; capo at the 7th fret]



G G G G G G G G
[intro]

G G
Well I woke up this morning stumbled out of my rack

G G
I opened up the paper to the page in the back

C C
It only took a moment for my finger to find

G G
My daily dose of destiny, under my sign

D D
My eyes just about popped out of my head

G [stop] n.c.
It said "the stars are stacked against you girl, get back in
bed"

C C G G
I feel lucky, I feel lucky, yeah

D C
No Professor Doom gonna stand in my way

G [stop] n.c. G G G G
Mmmmm, I feel lucky today [instrumental]

Well I strolled down to the corner, gave my numbers to the clerk
The pot's eleven million so I called in sick to work
I bought a pack of Camels, a burrito and a Barq's
Crossed against the light, made a beeline for the park
The sky began to thunder, wind began to moan
I heard a voice above me saying, "girl, you better get back
home"

But I feel lucky, oh oh oh, I feel lucky, yeah
No tropical depression gonna steal my sun away
Mmmmm, I feel lucky today

C C G G D D G G
[Guitar solo]

G [stop]

Now eleven million later, I was sitting at the bar
(Gb) G [stop]
I'd bought the house a double, and the waitress a new car
C [stop]
Dwight Yoakam's in the corner, trying to catch my eye
(Gb) G [stop]
Lyle Lovett's right beside me with his hand upon my thigh
D [stop] D [stop]
The moral of this story, it's simple but it's true
G G7
Hey the stars might lie, but the numbers never do

I feel lucky, oh oh oh, I feel lucky, yeah
Hey Dwight, hey Lyle, boys, you don't have to fight
Hot dog, I'm feeling lucky tonight

I feel lucky, brrrrr, I feel lucky, yeah
Think I'll flip a coin, I'm a winner either way
Mmmmmm, I feel lucky today
G G G G C C G G D D G

Rocket Man – Elton John

[intro] (Gm7) (C7)

She (Gm7)packed my bags last night... pre-flight (C7)
(Gm7) Zero hour... nine am (C7)
(Eb) And I'm gonna be as (Bb)hi-i-(Cm)igh... as a kite by (F)then
(F)

(Gm7) I miss the earth so much... I (C7)miss my wife
(Gm7) It's lonely... out in (C7)space
(Eb) On such a ti-(Bb)i-(Cm)imeless flight (F)
(F)

[chorus]

(Bb) And I think it's gonna be a long long (Eb)time
Till touchdown brings me round again to (Bb)find
I'm not the man they think I am at (Eb)home
Oh no, no (Bb)no... I'm a (C7)rocket man
(Eb)Rocket man... burnin' out a fuse up (Bb)here alone
(Eb)

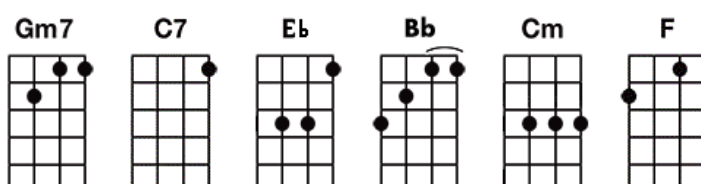
(Bb) And I think it's gonna be a long long (Eb)time
Till touchdown brings me round again to (Bb)find
I'm not the man they think I am at (Eb)home
Oh no, no (Bb)no... I'm a (C7)rocket man
(Eb)Rocket man... burnin' out a fuse up (Bb)here alone
(Eb)

(Gm7) Mars ain't the kinda place... to (C7)raise your kids
(Gm7) In fact it's cold as (C7)hell
(Eb) And there's no one (Bb)there to-o-o (Cm)raise them... if you (F)did
(F)

(Gm7) And all this science... I don't (C7)understand
(Gm7) It's just my job five days a (C7)week
(Eb) Rocket ma-(Bb)a-(Cm)a-an... rocket (F)man
(F)

[chorus] then

(Eb) And I think it's gonna be a (Bb)long long time
(Eb) And I think it's gonna be a (Bb)long long time [repeat to fade]



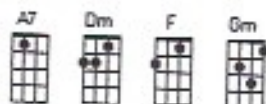
Written by Elton John, Bernie Taupin

SIXTEEN TONS

denver uke jammers

1947-

Tennessee Ernie Ford



Intro: [Dm] x4 [A7] x4 [Dm] x8

[Dm] Doo Doo Doo Doo [A7] Do Do Do [Dm] x8 Dooooo

Some [Dm] people say a [F] man is [Dm] made out of [A7] mud
A [Dm] poor man's [F] made out of [Dm] muscle and [A7] blood
[Dm] Muscle and blood and [Gm] skin and bones
A [Dm] mind/ (tacet) that's weak and a back that's strong [A7] (up down)

You load [Dm] sixteen [F] tons and [Dm] what do you [A7] get?
A-[Dm]-nother day [F] older and [Dm] deeper in [A7] debt
Saint [Dm] Peter don't you call me, 'cause [Gm] I can't go
I [Dm] owe my soul to the [A7] company [Dm] store *4

[Dm] Doo Doo Doo Doo [A7] Do Do Do [Dm] x8 Dooooo

I was [Dm] born one [F] morning when the [Dm] sun didn't [A7] shine
I [Dm] picked up my [F] shovel and I [Dm] walked to the [A7] mine
I [Dm] loaded sixteen tons of [Gm] number 9 coal
And the [Dm] straw/ (tacet) boss said, "Well-a bless my soul!" [A7] (up down)

You load [Dm] sixteen [F] tons and [Dm] what do you [A7] get?
A-[Dm]-nother day [F] older and [Dm] deeper in [A7] debt
Saint [Dm] Peter don't you call me, 'cause [Gm] I can't go
I [Dm] owe my soul to the [A7] company [Dm] store *4

[Dm] Doo Doo Doo Doo [A7] Do Do Do [Dm] x8 Dooooo

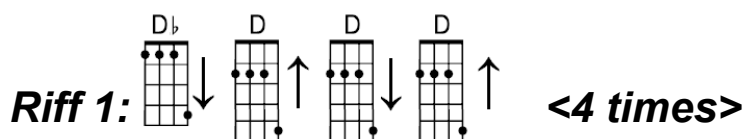
If you [Dm] see me [F] comin' [Dm] better step a [A7] side
A [Dm] lot of men [F] didn't and a [Dm] lot of men [A7] died
[Dm] One fist of iron and the [Gm] other of steel
If the [Dm] right/ (tacet) one doesn't get you then the left one will [A7] (up down)

You load [Dm] sixteen [F] tons and [Dm] what do you [A7] get?
A-[Dm]-nother day [F] older and [Dm] deeper in [A7] debt
Saint [Dm] Peter don't you call me, 'cause [Gm] I can't go
I [Dm] owe/ (tacet) my soul to the [A7] company [Dm] store *4

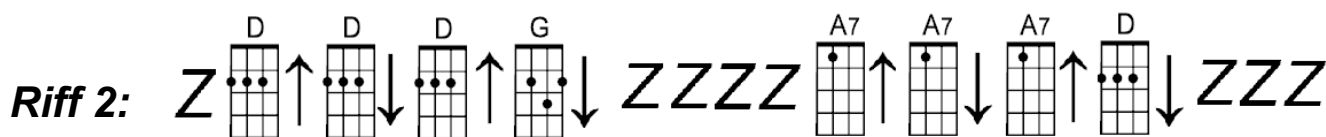
Outro: ^{Doo Doo...} [Dm] x4 [A7] x2 [Dm] x1

Summertime Blues

Eddie Cochran, Jerry Capehart



"Z" indicates the "zed" chord, which is a percussive strum with all strings muted.



<Intro> Riff 1, then Riff 2 twice

Zed chord

Riff 2

I'm a-gonna raise a fuss, I'm a-gonna raise a holler

Zed chord

Riff 2

About a-workin all summer just to try to earn a dollar

G

G

Well the time I call my baby, try to get a date

D↓ <tacet>

My boss says, "No dice son, you gotta work late!"

G

G

Sometimes I wonder what I'm a-gonna do

D↓ <tacet>

But there ain't no cure for the summertime blues

<Repeat intro>

Zed chord

Riff 2

Well my Mom and Poppa told me, "Son you gotta make some money"

Zed chord

Riff 2

"If you wanna use the car to go a-ridin next Sunday"

G

G

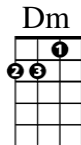
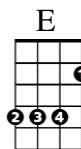
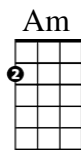
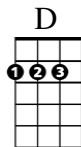
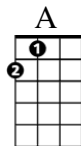
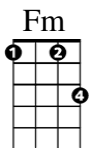
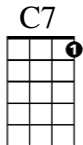
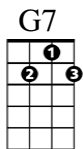
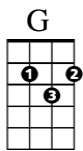
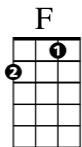
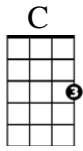
Well I didn't go to work, told the boss I was sick

D↓ <tacet>

"Now you can't use the car 'cause you didn't work a lick"

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CHORDS USED IN THIS SONG



"When I'm Sixty-Four" by the Beatles

Intro:

[C] [F] [G] [C]

[C] When I'm old and losing my hair, many years from [G7] now,
Will you still be sending me a Valentine?

Birthday greetings, [C] bottle of wine?

If I'd been out to quarter to three

[C7] Would you lock the [F] door?

Will you still [Fm] need me, [C] will you still [A] feed me,

[D] When I'm [G7] sixty-[C] four?

[Am] [G] [Am]

[Am] You'll be older, [E] too

[Am] And if you [Dm] say the word,

[F] I could [G] stay with [C] you [G]

[C] I could be handy mending a fuse, when your lights have [G7] gone.

You can knit a sweater by the fireside,

Sunday mornings [C] go for a ride.

Doing the garden, digging the weeds,

[C7] Who could ask for [F] more?

Will