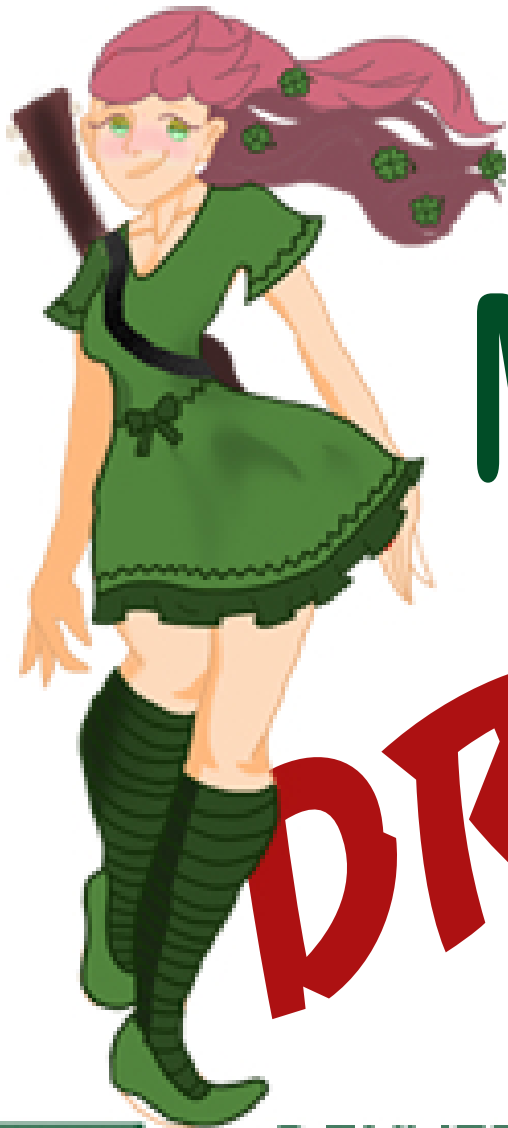


DEN-UKE.COM

# DENVER UKE COMMUNITY



## MARCH MEETING

# DRINKING SONGS

UKE

DENVER UKE COMMUNITY

ESTABLISHED  
2004

## The Way - Fastball Capo 2<sup>nd</sup> Fret

Em Em Am Am  
They made up their minds, And they started packing  
B7 B7 Em Em  
They left before the sun came up that day  
E7 E7 Am Am  
An exit to eternal summer slacking  
Em B7 Em Em  
But where were they going without ever knowing the way?

Em Em Am Am  
They drank up the wine, And they got to talking  
B7 B7 Em Em  
They now had more important things to say  
E7 E7 Am Am  
And When the car broke down they started walking  
Em B7 Em D  
Where were they going without ever knowing the way?

### [Chorus]

G D  
Anyone can see the road that they walk on is paved with gold  
Em B7  
It's always summer They'll never get cold  
C G D D  
They'll never get hungry, They'll never get old and grey

G D  
You can see their shadows wandering off somewhere  
Em B7  
They won't make it home But they really don't care  
C G D B7 B7  
They wanted the highway They're happier there today...today

Em Em Am Am  
Their children woke up And they couldn't find them  
B7 B7 Em Em  
They left before the sun came up that day  
E7 E7 Am Am  
They just drove off and left it all behind them  
Em B7 Em D  
But where were they going without ever knowing the way?

### [Chorus]

SOLO 1: Em Em Am Am | B7 B7 Em Em | E7 E7 Am Am | Em B7 Em D

### [Chorus]

SOLO 2: Em Em Am Am | B7 B7 Em Em | E7 E7 Am Am | Em B7 Em B7 | Em B7 Em

# Brandy

Elliot Lurie

(Two beats/chord except bridge)

D F#m Em Bm Em G Em G  
 There's a port on a western bay and it serves a hundred ships a day  
 D F#m Em Bm Em G D D  
 Lonely sailors pass the time away and talk about their homes  
 D F#m Em Bm Em G Em G  
 There's a girl in this harbor town and she works laying whiskey down  
 D F#m Em Bm Em G D D  
 They say Brandy, fetch another round, she serves them whiskey and wine

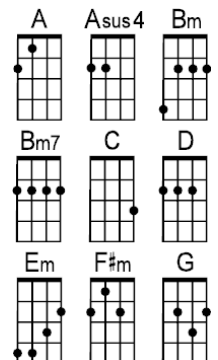
Bm7 Em G Em Bm7 Em G G  
 The sailors say Brandy you're a fine girl, what a good wife you would be  
 Asus4 Asus4 A A G G D D  
 Your eyes could steal a sailor from the sea

D F#m Em Bm Em G Em G  
 Brandy wears a braided chain made of finest silver from the north of Spain  
 D F#m Em Bm Em G D D  
 A locket that bears the name of the man that Brandy loves  
 D F#m Em Bm Em G Em G  
 He came on a summer's day bringing gifts from far away  
 D F#m Em Bm Em G D D  
 But he made it clear he could not stay, no harbor was his home

Bm7 Em G Em Bm7 Em G G  
 The sailor said Brandy you're a fine girl, what a good wife you would be  
 Asus4 Asus4 A A G G D D  
 But my life, my love, and my lady is the sea

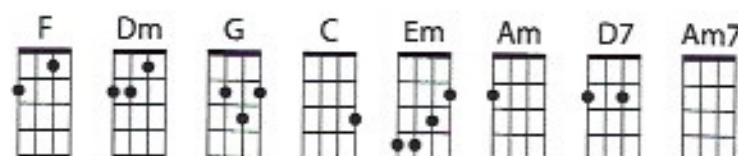
Four beats per chord

Bm A G A  
 Brandy used to watch his eyes when he told his sailor's story  
 Bm A G A  
 She could feel the ocean fall and rise, she saw its raging glory  
 Bm C Bm G  
 But he had always told the truth Lord he was an honest man  
 D A G D  
 And Brandy does her best to understand



D F#m Em Bm Em G Em G  
 At night, when the bars close down, Brandy walks through the silent town  
 D F#m Em Bm Em G D D  
 And loves a man who's not around, she still can hear him say  
**<Repeat second chorus>**

# 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-- lours 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

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

## Verse 4

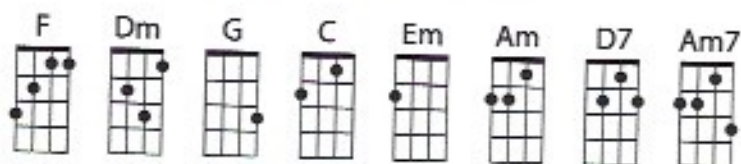
There's a song that they sing when they take to the high-way.  
A song that they sing when they take to the sea.  
A song that they sing of their home in the sky.  
Maybe you can be-lieve it if it helps you to sleep.  
But sing-ing works just fine for me-----

## Chorus:

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

San Jose Ukulele Club  
wf1 1/7/18

## Baratone Ukulele and Tenor Guitar



What shall we do with a drunken sailor Rev:1May2020

Intro: [Am]<sub>4</sub> [G]<sub>4</sub> [Am]<sub>4</sub> [Am]\*<sub>4</sub>

[Am] What shall we do with a drunken sailor?

[G] What shall we do with a drunken sailor?

[Am] What shall we do with a drunken sailor?

[G] Early in the [Am]\* mornin'?

**Chorus:**

[Am]\* Hoo-ray and up she rises

[G]\* Hoo-ray and up she rises

[Am]\* Hoo-ray and up she rises

[G] Early in the [Am]\* mornin' [Am]

[Am] Put him in a long boat 'til he's sober

[G] Put him in a long boat 'til he's sober

[Am] Put him in a long boat 'til he's sober

[G] Early in the [Am]\* mornin'

**Chorus:**

[Am] Pull out the plug and wet him all over

[G] Pull out the plug and wet him all over

[Am] Pull out the plug and wet him all over

[G] Early in the [Am]\* monin'

**Chorus:**

[Am] That's what we do with a drunken sailor

[G] That's what we do with a drunken sailor

[Am] That's what we do with a drunken sailor

[G] Early in the [Am]\* mornin'

**Chorus**

**\*Single strums on beats 1 and 3**

## Carrickfergus (Irish Folk Song)

Am Dm G7 C

C Dm G7 C Am

I wish I was in Carrickfergus,

Dm G7 C

Only for nights in Bally-gran

C Dm G7 C Am

I would swim over the deepest o-cean,

Dm G7 C

Only for nights in Bally-gran

C Am F G7 G7

But the sea is wide and I can't swim o-ver

Am F G7 G7

Nor have I the wings to fly

Dm G7 C Am

I wish I could find me a handsome boats-man

Dm G7 C

To ferry me over to my love and die.

C Dm G7 C Am

Now in Kil-kenny, it is re-ported,

Dm G7 C

On marble stones there as black as ink

C Dm G7 C Am

With gold and silver I would sup-port her,

Dm G7 C

But I'll sing no more now, 'till I get a drink.

C Am F G7 G7

For I'm drunk today, but then I'm seldom sober,

Am F G7 G7

A handsome ro-ver from town to town

Dm G7 C Am

Ah, but I'm sick now, my days are o-ver,

Dm G7 C

So come all ye young lads and lay me down.

I Gotta Get Drunk - Willie Nelson

D  
Well, I gotta get drunk and I sure do dread it,  
G D  
'cause I know just what I'm gonna do.

I start to spend my money, callin' everybody honey,  
E A  
and wind up singin' the blues.

G D  
I've spent my whole paycheck on some old wreck,  
A  
and brother, I can name you a few.

D G  
Well, I gotta get drunk and I sure do dread it,  
D A D  
'cause I know just what I'm gonna do.

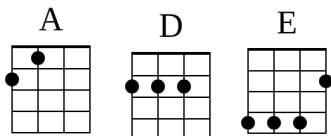
D  
I gotta get drunk, I can't stay sober,  
**REFRAIN**

G D  
there's a lot of good people in town,  
who'd like to hear me holler, see me spend my dollars,  
E A  
and I wouldn't think of lettin' 'em down.

G  
There's a lot of doctors that tell me,  
D A  
that I'd better start to slowin' it down.

D G  
But there's more old drunks than there are old doctors,  
D A D  
so I guess we'd better have another round.

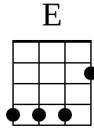
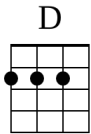
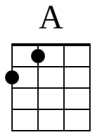
+ REFRAIN + Instr. (=Refrain) + REFRAIN



**Santa  
Clarita**  
Ukulele  
Monopoly

## Old Liquor Store - The Killigans

A E  
 'You bastard, you son of a bitch, I wish you were dead.\*  
 D A E  
 Were the words that my dear mother called as I crawled out of bed  
 A D  
 I don't know what happened last night, but there's puke on the floor and a  
 gash in my head  
 A E A  
 But today is gonna be a good day  
  
 A E  
 I went into work, but they said I don't work there no more  
 D A E  
 Had my desk in a box, guards escorted me to the door  
 A D  
 And as I walked away, I lit my last cigarette, it's off to the old liquor  
 store  
 A E A  
 Today is gonna be a good day  
  
 (Up tempo intro, increased tempo)  
 A E  
 (Rockin) I loved my Marie, I gave her my heart and my soul  
 D A E  
 And the house and the cars, in divorce the bitch took it all  
 A D  
 Her new boyfriend Terry, he sleeps in my bed, he's got a full head of hair and  
 he's tall  
 A E A  
 But today is gonna be a good day  
  
 D  
 Alone! I'm alone in this world!  
 E A  
 Like a traveler lost on the seas, my flag is unfurled  
 D A  
 We could fight, fight, fight but whatâ™s it all for?  
 E A  
 In the end we all wind up again at the old liquor store



**Santa  
Clarita**  
Ukulele  
Monopoly

## Old Liquor Store - The Killigans

A

That guy with the cross on the corner of 12th street and Q

D

A E

Told me I'm going to Hell, I said, 'Buddy, I'm no worse than you

A

D

I'd love to chat more but I'm late for my movie, don't you have better things to do?

A E

A

Today, is gonna be a good day

D

A

Alone! I'm alone in this world!

E

A

Like a traveler lost on the seas, my flag is unfurled

D

A

We could fight, fight, fight but what's it all for?

E

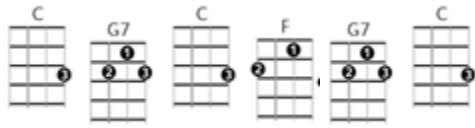
A

In the end we all wind up again at the old liquor store

(Last line ending chords)

In the (A)end we all wind up again at the old liquor (A)store E

## Margaritaville



C

Nibblin' on sponge cake  
Watchin' the sun bake

G7

All of those tourists covered with oil  
Strummin' my six-string  
On my front porch swing

C

Smell those shrimp they're beginnin' to boil

Chorus:

F G7 C

Wastin' away again in Margaritaville

F G7 C

Searching for my lost shaker of salt

F G7 C G7 F

Some people claim that there's a woman to  
blame

G7 C

But I know it's nobody's fault

C

Don't know the reason  
I stayed here all season

G7

Nothin' to show but this brand new tattoo  
But it's a real beauty  
A Mexican cutie

C

How it got here I haven't a clue

Chorus:

F G7 C

Wastin' away again in Margaritaville

F G7 C

Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt

F G7 C G7 F

Some people claim that there's a woman to  
blame

G7 C

Now I think...Hell, it could be my fault

C

I blew out my flip-flop  
Stepped on a pop-top

G7

Cut my heel had to cruise on back home  
But there's booze in the blender  
And soon it will render

C

That frozen concoction that helps me hang on

F G7 C

Wastin' away again in Margaritaville

F G7 C

Searching for my lost shaker of salt

F G7 C G7 F

Some people claim that there's a woman to  
blame

G7 C

But I know it's my own damn fault

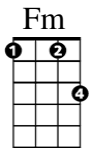
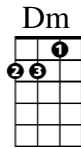
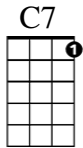
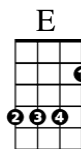
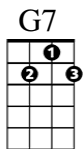
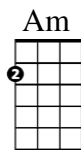
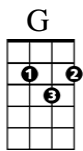
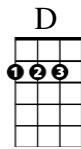
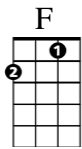
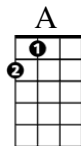
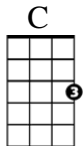
F G7 C G7 F

Yes and some people claim that there's a  
woman to blame

G7 C

And I know it's my own damn fault

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

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

[Am] Ev'ry summer we could rent a cottage in the Isle of [G] Wight,

If it's not too [Am] dear

[Am] We shall scrimp and [E] save

[Am] Grandchildren [Dm] on your knee

[F] Vera, [G] Chuck and [C] Dave [G]

[C] Send me a post-card, drop me a line,

Stating point of [G7] view

Indicate precisely what you mean to say,

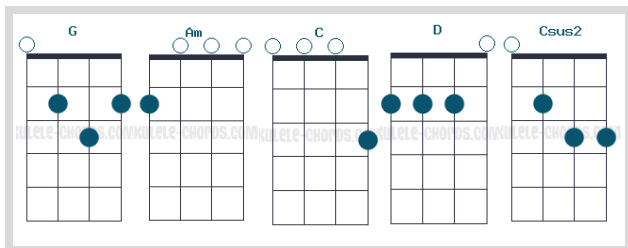
Yours sincerely [C] wasting away

Give me your answer fill in a form,

[C7] Mine forever [F] more

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

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



Note: slashed chords share 4 counts:

C /G /Am /G /Am Am

D du D du D du D du D Du D du D Du

1+2+ 3+4+ 1+2+ 3+4+ 1+2+ 3+4+ 1+2+3+4+

## LOSER – by Cracker (written by Grateful Dead)

### INTRO:

G /Am Am G /Am Am

D D D du D dud d D D D du D dud d

Am G C D D  
If I had a gun for every ace I have drawn,  
C /G /Am /G Am Am  
I could arm a town the size of Abilene  
Am G C D D  
Don't you push me baby Cause I'm all alone,  
C /G /Am/G /Am/G Am  
And you know I'm only in it for the gold

Am G C D D  
All that I am asking is for ten gold dollars  
C /G /Am /G /Am/G Am  
And I could pay you back with one good hand  
Am G C D D  
You can look around about the wide world over  
C /G /Am /G /Am/G Am  
And you'll never find another honest man.

### CHORUS:

G D Am Am  
Last fair deal in the country,  
G D Am Am  
Last fair deal in the town  
G D Am Am  
Put your gold dollars where your love is baby,  
C /Csus2/Am/G/D D  
Before I let my deal go down  
G/Am Am G/Am Am

### SOLO 2X:

Am G C D D

C/G/Am/G/Am/G Am

### CHORUS:

G D Am Am  
Last fair deal in the country,  
G D Am Am  
Last fair deal in the town  
G D Am Am  
Put your gold dollars where your love is baby,  
C /Csus2/Am/G/D D  
Before I let my deal go down  
G/Am Am G/Am Am

Am G C D D  
Don't you push me baby, cause I'm all alone  
C /G /Am /G Am Am  
And I know a little something you might never know  
Am G C D D  
Don't you touch hard liquor, just a cup of cold coffee  
C /G /Am /G /Am/G Am  
Gonna wake up in the morning and go

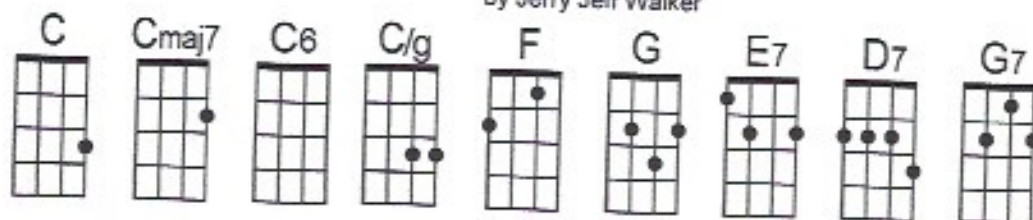
### CHORUS:

G D Am Am  
Last fair deal in the country,  
G D Am Am  
Last fair deal in the town  
G D Am Am  
Put your gold dollars where your love is baby,  
C /Csus2/Am/G/D D  
Before I let my deal go down  
G/Am Am G/Am Am

Am G C D D  
Everybody's braggin' and drinkin' that wine  
C /G /Am /G Am Am  
I can tell the queen of diamonds by the way she shines  
Am G C D D  
Come to papa on the inside straight,  
C /G /Am/G D  
Cause I got no chance of losin' this time  
G /Am Am G /Am Am  
C /G /Am/G D  
No I got no chance of losin' this time  
G /Am Am G /Am Am

# Mr. Bojangles <sup>1968</sup>

by Jerry Jeff Walker



3/4 time

C . . . | Cmaj7 . . . | C6 . . . | C/g . . . | F . . . | G . . .  
 I knew a man Bo-jangles and he danced for you, in worn out shoes.  
 C . . . | Cmaj7 . . . | C6 . . . | C/g . . . | F . . . | G . . .  
 With silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants, The o—old soft shoe  
 F . . . | C . . . | E7 . . . | Am . . . | C6 . . .  
 He jumped so— high— jumped so high—  
 D7 . . . | G . . .  
 Then he light-ly touched down.

**Chorus:** Am . . . | G . . . | Am . . . | G . . .  
 Mister Bo—jan-gles, Mister Bo—jan-gles,  
 Am . . . | G . . . | C . . . | Cmaj7 . . . | C6 . . . | G . . .  
 Mister Bo—jan-gles, dance—

C . . . | Cmaj7 . . . | C6 . . . | C/g . . . | F . . . | G . . .  
 I met him in a cell in New Or-leans, I was do-own and out.  
 C . . . | Cmaj7 . . . | C6 . . . | C/g . . . | F . . . | G . . .  
 He looked to me to be— the eyes of age as he spo-oke right out.  
 F . . . | C . . . | E7 . . . | Am . . . | C6 . . .  
 He talked o-of life— talked of life—  
 D7 . . . | G . . .  
 laughed, slapped his leg a step.

C . . . | Cmaj7 . . . | C6 . . . | C/g . . . | F . . . | G . . .  
 He said his name, Bo-jangles, then he danced a lick, a—cro-oss the cell—  
 C . . . | Cmaj7 . . . | C6 . . . | C/g . . . | F . . . | G . . .  
 He grabbed his pants, a better stance, oh he jumped up high, He clicked his heels—  
 F . . . | C . . . | E7 . . . | Am . . . | C6 . . .  
 He let go a laugh, let go a laugh—  
 D7 . . . | G . . .  
 Shook back his clothes all a-round.

**Chorus:** Am . . . | G . . . | Am . . . | G . . .  
 Mister Bo—jan-gles, Mister Bo—jan-gles,  
 Am . . . | G . . . | C . . . | Cmaj7 . . . | C6 . . . | G . . .  
 Mister Bo—jan-gles, dance—

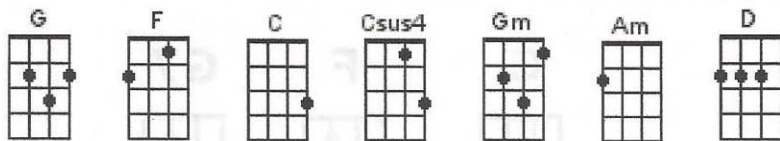
C . . . | Cmaj7 . . . | C6 . . . | C/g . . . | F . . . | G . . .  
 He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs Through-out the south—  
 C . . . | Cmaj7 . . . | C6 . . . | C/g . . . | F . . . | G . . .  
 He spoke with tears of fifteen years how his dog and he trav-eled a—bout—  
 F . . . | C . . . | E7 . . . | Am . . . | C6 . . .  
 His dog up and died— he up and died—  
 D7 . . . | G . . .  
 After twenty years he still grieves—

He

He said, "I dance now at every chance in honky tonks For drinks and tips—  
 But most the time I spend be-hind these county bars, 'cause I drinks a bit—"  
 He shook his head— and as he shook his head—  
 I heard someone a—ask please—, Please—ease—  
**Chorus:** Am . . . Mister Bo—jan-gles, Am . . . Mister Bo—jan-gles,  
 Am . . . Mister Bo—jan-gles, C . . . Cmaj7 . . . C6 . . . G7 . . . C

San Jose Ukulele Club  
 (v3 - 11/6/16)

# THE BEATLES - NORWEGIAN WOOD [Key of G] (orig. key is E)



Strum Pattern: DDUDU

Intro [2x]:

|   |         |            |         |            |
|---|---------|------------|---------|------------|
| A | -5----- | -7--5--3-- | -2----- | -0--3--2-- |
| E | -----   | -----      | -----   | -----      |
| C | -----   | -----      | -----   | -----      |
| G | -----   | -----      | -----   | -----      |

[Gx4]

(riff)

|   |         |             |         |       |
|---|---------|-------------|---------|-------|
| A | -----   | -----3----- | -----   | ----- |
| E | -3----- | -1-----0--  | -----   | ----- |
| C | -----   | -----       | -2----- | ----- |
| G | -----   | -----       | -----   | ----- |

[G] [F] [Gx2]

[Gx5] I...once had a girl...or should I say...[F] she once had [Gx2] me, (riff)  
[Gx5] She...showed me her room, isn't it good..[F] Norwegian [Gx2] wood.

**Bridge:** She [Gmx4] asked me to stay,  
And she told me to sit any-[Cx2] where. [Csus4] [C]  
So [Gmx4] I looked around and I noticed..  
There wasn't a [Amx2] chair. [Dx2]

[Gx5] I...sat on a rug...biding my time...[F] drinking her [Gx2] wine, (riff)  
[Gx5] We...talked until two...and then she said...[F] it's time for [Gx2] bed.

[Repeat Intro]

**Bridge:** She [Gmx4] told me she worked in the morning,  
And started to [Cx2] laugh. [Csus4] [C]  
I [Gmx4] told her I didn't..and crawled off..  
To sleep in the [Amx2] bath. [Dx2]

[Gx5] And...when I awoke...I was alone...[F] this bird had [Gx2] flown, (riff)  
[Gx5] So...I lit a fire...isn't it good...[F] Norwegian [Gx2] wood.

[Repeat Intro]

## Breathe by Anna Nalick, D dud D dud (1 2&3 4 5&6)

A A G G D  
2 AM and she calls me cause I'm still awake Can you help me unravel my latest mistake

D A A  
I don't love him and winter just wasn't my season.

A A G G D  
Yeah, we walk thru the doors, so accusing their eyes, Like they have any right at all to criticize  
D A A  
Hypocrites, you're all here for the very same reason.

Bm D A E7  
Cause you can't jump the track, We're like cars on a cable and life's like an hourglass glued to the table  
Bm D  
No one can find the rewind button, girl

A E7 G D A A G D A A  
So cradle your head in your hands. And breathe, just breathe, whoa breathe just breathe

A A G G D  
May he turned 21 on the base of Fort Bliss, Just today he sat down to the flask in his fist

D A A  
Ain't been sober since maybe October of last year

A A G G D  
Here in town you can tell he's been down for while But my God it's so beautiful when the boy smiles  
D A A

Wanna hold him but maybe I'll just sing about it

Bm D A E7  
Cause you can't jump the track We're like cars on a cable and life's like an hourglass glued to the table,

Bm D  
No one can find the rewind button, boys  
A E7 G D A A G D A A  
So cradle your head in your hands. And breathe, just breathe, whoa breathe just breathe

Bm D A E7  
There's a light at each end of this tunnel you shout cause you're just as far in as you'll ever be out

Bm D A E7 E7  
And these mistakes you've made, You'll just make them again if you'll only try turnin' around

A A G G D  
2 AM and I'm still awake writing this song If I get it all down on paper it's no longer

D A A  
inside of me Threatnin' the life it belongs to.

A A G G D  
And I feel like I'm naked in front of the crowd Cause these words are my diary screamin' out loud  
D A A

And I know that you'll use them however you want to.

Bm D A E7  
Cause you can't jump the track We're like cars on a cable and life's like an hourglass glued to the table,

Bm D  
No one can find the rewind button, now  
A E7 G D A A G D A A  
Sing it if you understand... And breathe, just breathe, whoa breathe just breathe

G D A A  
Whoa breathe, just breathe, whoa breathe just breathe

G D A A  
G D A A\*