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DENVER UKE COMMUNITY NOVEMBER MEETING



FOOD
SONGS!

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DENVER UKE COMMUNITY

ESTABLISHED
2004

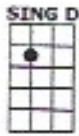


**Moe's Original
Bar B Que
3295 S. Broadway
Englewood, CO 80113
(303) 781-0414**

**TO BE A COOL
KID ALL YOU HAVE
TO DO IS COME ALONG**



My Favorite Things
1959
Rodgers & Hammerstein



MY FAVORITE THINGS

3/4

123 123

↓ ↓↑ ↓↑ or ↓↑ ↑↓ ↑↓
1 2 & 3 & 1 & & 3 &

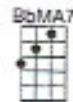
Intro: X2



Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens, bright copper kettles and warm, woolen mittens,



Brown paper packages tied up with strings, these are a few of my favorite things.



Cream colored ponies and crisp apple strudels, doorbells and sleighbells and schnitzel with noodles



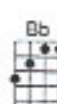
Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings, these are a few of my favorite things



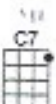
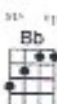
Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes, snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes,



Silver-white winters that melt into springs, these are a few of my favorite things



When the dog bites, when the bee stings, when I'm feeling sad,



I simply remember my favorite things, And then I don't feel so bad.

Island Fever - Written by Jimmy Buffett

↓ ↓↑↓ ↓
1 + 2 + 3 + 4 +

Intro: | F | C/G | C | C |
| F | C/G | C | C |

I (C) think I've got a touch of island (D) fever
I (G) do believe I feel a bit sau-(F)teed (C)
This (C) morning I was just some nonbe-(D)liever
To-(G)night I feel I've joined a wild cru-(C)sade

I (C) never thought of life as being (D) breezy
I (G) never thought of time as time to (F) play (C)
I (C) never thought that I could take it (D) easy
But (G) all those feelings changed for me today (C)

(Chorus)

(G)Layers and layers of (C) spices and flavors
Are (G) finding their way to my (C) brain
(G) Layers and layers of (C) costumes and players
That (F) make my whole (G) life look in-(C)sane

(Bridge)

(Am) Palm (F) trees and (G) views I can't be-(C)lieve
(Am) Why (F) would I (G) ever want to (D) leave?

Instrumental: Verse

I (C) think I'll take my shoes off and go (D)walking
(G)Down beside the Caribbean (F) Sea (C)
I (C) like the funny sounds of parrots (D) squawking
I (G) think I hear a hammock calling (C) me

(Chorus)

(G) Layers and layers of (C) spices and flavors
Could (G) this be some kind of cha-(C)rade?
(G) Layers and layers of (C) costumes and players
I (F) think I will (C) join (G) the pa-(C)rade

(Chorus)

(G) Layers and layers of (C) spices and flavors
Could (G) this be some kind of cha-(C)rade?
(G) Layers and layers of (C) costumes and players
I (F) think I will (C) join (G) the pa-(C)rade
I (F) think I will (C) join (G) the pa-(C)rade

EIGHT DAYS OF CHANUKAH

1. On the first day of Chanukah, my true love gave to me:

A warm bagel topped with cream cheese

2. On the second day of Chanukah, my true love gave to me:

Two matzo balls
And a warm bagel topped with cream cheese

3. On the third day of Chanukah, my true love gave to me:

Three golden latkes
Two matzo balls
And a warm bagel topped with cream cheese

4. On the fourth day of Chanukah, my true love gave to me:

Four pounds of corned beef
Three golden latkes
Two matzo balls
And a warm bagel topped with cream cheese

5. On the fifth day of Chanukah, my true love gave to me:

Five kosher dills
Four pounds of corned beef
Three golden latkes
Two matzo balls
And a warm bagel topped with cream cheese

6. On the sixth day of Chanukah, my true love gave to me:

G7

Six Bubbe's cooking

C D7 G7

Five kosher dills

C

Four pounds of corned beef

F

Three golden latkes

D7 G7

Two matzo balls

C F C G7 C

And a warm bagel topped with cream cheese

7. On the seventh day of Chanukah, my true love gave to me:

G7

Seven Rabbis dancing

G7

Six Bubbe's cooking

C D7 G7

Five kosher dills

C

Four pounds of corned beef

F

Three golden latkes

D7 G7

Two matzo balls

C F C G7 C

And a warm bagel topped with cream cheese

8. On the eighth day of Chanukah, my true love gave to me:

G7

Eight fiddlers fiddling

G7

Seven Rabbis dancing

G7

Six Bubbe's cooking

C D7 G7

Five kosher dills

C

Four pounds of corned beef

F

Three golden latkes

D7 G7

Two matzo balls

C F C G7 C

And a warm bagel topped with cream cheese

Crepe
G B C Cm

 G B
It is the big corona thing, gluten you used to despise
 C Cm
Want to be a baker, The yeast make me rise
 G B
You got all your batter, you rolled all your dough
 C Cm
I wish I was kneaded, Sesame seeded....

G (x3, very short)

 G B
But I'm a crepe, I'm some weird Dough
 C Cm
What the hell am I doughing here? I donut belong here.
 G B
I am burnt on the bottom, I am dense like a brick
 C Cm
I was supposed to be airy, but I am 2" Thick
 G B
I want you to eat me, with butter and jam
 C Cm
I wish I was kneaded, Sesame seeded....

G (x3, very short)

 G B
But I'm a crepe, I'm some weird Dough
 C Cm
What the hell am I doughing here? I donut belong here.
 G B
Oooh, oooh, her meal is going a-rye...
C Cm
She's running out, she run, run, run...
G B
Ruuuuuuuuun...
C Cm
Ruuuuuuuuuuun...

[Verse 3] (play soft until the end)

 G B
You deserve butter, You're so upper crust
 C Cm
I wish I was kneaded, Sesame seeded....

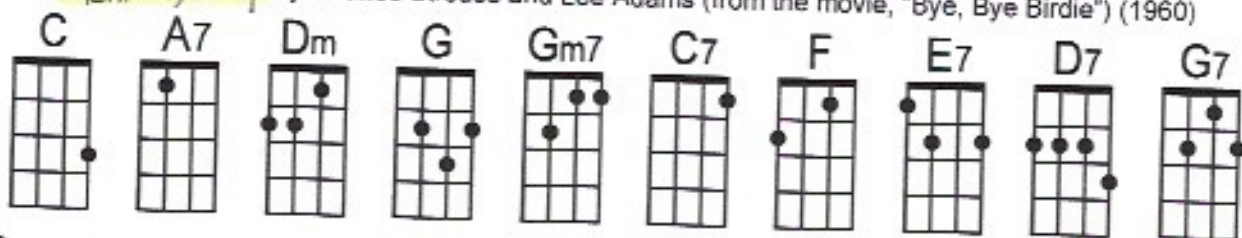
 G B
But I'm a crepe, I'm some weird Dough
 C Cm
What the hell am I doughing here? I donut belong here.

 G
I don't belong here

INTRO Cx4, Amx4,

Put on a Happy Face (key of C)

Dm x4, Gx4 by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams (from the movie, "Bye, Bye Birdie") (1960)



C . . . | A7 . . . | Dm . . . | G . . . |
Gray skies are gon-na clear up put on a hap-py face—

C . . . | A7 . . . | Dm . . . | Gm7 . C7 . |
Brush off the clouds and cheer up put on a hap-py face—

F . . . | E7 . A7 . | D7 . G7 . | C . . . |
Take off the gloom-y mask of trage-dy, it's not your style—

F . . . | E7 . A7 . | D7 . . . | Dm . G . |
You'll look so good that you'll be glad you de-ci-ded— to smile—

C . . . | A7 . . . | Dm . . . | G . . . |
Pick out a pleas-ant out—look— stick out that no-ble chin—

C . . . | A7 . . . | Dm . . . | Gm7 . C7 . |
Wipe off that "full of doubt" look— slap on a hap-py grin—

F . . . | C . . . | G . . . | A7 . . . |
And spread sun-shine— all ov—er— the place—

Dm . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . | . . . |
Just put on— a hap—py— face—

C . . . | A7 . . . | Dm . . . | G . . . |
Da dum da dum da da dum— put on a hap-py face—

C . . . | A7 . . . | Dm . . . | Gm7 . C7 . |
Da dum da dum da dum dum— put on a hap-py face—

F . . . | E7 . A7 . | D7 . G7 . | C . . . |
And if you're fee-ling cross and bicker-ish, don't sit and whine—

F . . . | E7 . A7 . | D7 . . . | Dm . G . |
Think of ba-na-na splits and licor-ice and you'll feel fine—

C . . . | A7 . . . | Dm . . . | G . . . |
I knew a girl so gloom-y— she'd never laugh or sing—

C . . . | A7 . . . | Dm . . . | Gm7 . C7 . |
She wouldn't list—en to me— now she's a mean old thing—

F . . . | C . . . | G . . . | A7 . . . |
So spread sun-shine— all ov—er— the place—

Dm . . . | G7 . . . | Dm . . . | G7 . . . |
Just put on— a hap—py— put on a hap—py—

Dm . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . | C\ G7\ C\ |
put on a hap—py— face—

San Jose Ukulele CI

(v2 - 5/14)

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".

Sweet Pea Sweet Pea by Amos Lee

Intro: C E7 Am D C-Am F-G C

C E7

Sweet pea Apple of my eye

Am D

Don't know when and I don't know why

C - Am F - G C-Am F-G

You're the only reason I keep on coming home

C E7

Sweet pea What's all this about

Am D

Don't get your way all you do is fuss and pout

C - Am F - G C-Am F-G7

You're the only reason I keep on coming home

Bridge:

E7

E7

I'm like the Rock of Gibraltar I always seem to falter

Am

And the words just get in the way

D

D7

Oh, I know I'm gonna crumble I'm trying to stay humble

G/ ← (T A C I T) →

But I never think before I say

[Instrumental Break] C E7 Am D C-Am F-G C-Am F-G7

Bridge:

E7

E7

I'm like the Rock of Gibraltar I always seem to falter

Am

And the words just get in the way

D

D7

Oh, I know I'm gonna crumble I'm trying to stay humble

G/ ← (T A C I T) →

But I never think before I say

C E7

Sweet pea Keeper of my soul

Am D7

I know sometimes I'm out of control

C - Am F - G

You're the only reason I keep on coming

C - Am F - G7

You're the only reason I keep on coming yeah

C - Am F - G C//// G// C/

You're the only reason I keep on coming home.

Scarborough Fair (in Am)

Intro: [Am]₃ [G]₆ [Am]₃ *Sing A (below middle C)*

[Am] Are you [C] going to [G] Scarborough [Am] Fair
[C] Parsley, [Am-] sage, [-C] rose[D]mary and [Am] thyme
Remember [C] me to one who lives [G] there
[Am] She once [G] was a true love of [Am] mine

[Am] Tell her to [C] make me a [G] cambric [Am] shirt
[C] Parsley, [Am-] sage, [-C] rose[D]mary and [Am] thyme
Without any [C] seams or fine needle [G] work
[Am] Then she'll [G] be a true love of [Am] mine

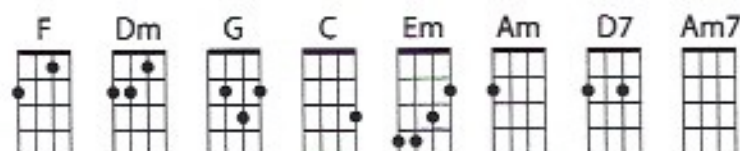
[Am] Tell her to [C] find me an [G] acre of [Am] land
[C] Parsley, [Am-] sage, [-C] rose[D]mary and [Am] thyme
Between the salt [C] water and the sea [G] strands
[Am] Then she'll [G] be a true love of [Am] mine

[Am] Tell her to [C] reap it with a [G] sickle of [Am] leather
[C] Parsley, [Am-] sage, [-C] rose[D]mary and [Am] thyme
And gather it [C] all in a bunch of [G] heather
[Am] Then she'll [G] be a true love of [Am] mine

[Am] When you've [C] done and [G] finished your [Am] work
[C] Parsley, [Am-] sage, [-C] rose[D]mary and [Am] thyme
Then come into [C] me for your Cambric [G] shirt
[Am] And you shall [G] be a true love of [Am] mine

[Am] Are you [C] going to [G] Scarborough [Am] Fair
[C] Parsley, [Am-] sage, [-C] rose[D]mary and [Am] thyme
Remember [C] me to one who lives [G] there
[Am] Then she'll [G] be a true love of [Am] mine

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 Dreams are Made of Cheese - Marilyn Munster

Dm Bb A
Sweet dreams are made of cheese
Dm Bb A
Who am I to dis a Brie
Dm Bb A
I cheddar the world and a Feta cheese
Dm Bb A
Everybody's looking for Stilton

Dm Bb A
Some cheese wants to be Bleu,
Dm Bb A
Some cheese wants to be Fondued
Dm Bb A
Some cheese wants to be cubed
Dm Bb A
Some cheese want to be shredded by you

Dm Bb A
Sweet dreams are made of cheese
Dm Bb A
Colby or swiss, if you please
Dm Bb A
I ferment the milk and then I squeeze
Dm Bb A
Everybody needs Calcium

Dm G
Mold is better, on the rind
Dm G
Mold is better, leaves taste behind
Dm G
Mold is better, cheese is confined
Dm G
Mold is better, use my enzymes

Dm Bb A
Some cheese ought to be grated
Dm Bb A
I think gouda is underrated
Dm Bb A
Some cheese will always be hated
Dm Bb A
Havartis bite is understated.

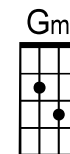
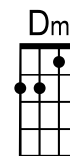
Dm Bb A
Sweet dreams are made of cheese
Dm Bb A
Who am I to dis a Brie
Dm Bb A
I cheddar the world and a Feta cheese
Dm Bb A
Everybody's looking for Stilton

You know I'm no good

Amy Winehouse

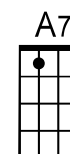
(We could play the sax parts on kazoos)

[Dm] Meet you downstairs in the [Gm] bar and heard
Your [A7] rolled up sleeves in your [Dm] skull t-shirt
You said what [Dm] did you do with [Gm] him today
And [A7] sniffed me out like I was [Dm] Tangueray



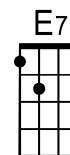
Bridge

[Gm] 'Cos you're my fella, my guy
[E7] Hand me your Stella and Fly
[Dm] By the time I'm out the door
You [E7] tear me down like [A] Roger Moore

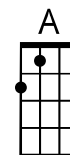


Chorus

[Dm] I cheated myself, [Am] like I [E7] knew I would [Am]
I [Dm] told ya I was [Am] trouble
You [E7] know that I'm no [Am] good.



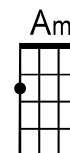
[Dm] Upstairs in bed with [Gm] my ex boy
[A7] He's in the place, but I [Dm] can't get joy
[Dm] Think of you in the [Gm] final throes
[A7] This is when my [Dm] buzzer goes.



[Gm] Run out to me, your chips and pita
[E7] You say when we're married 'cos you're not bitter
[Dm] There'll be none of him no more
[E7] I cried for you on the kitchen floor

Chorus

Interlude



[Dm] Sweet reunion, [Gm] Jamaica and Spain
[A7] We're like how we were again
[Dm] I'm in the tub, you're [Gm] on the seat
[A7] Like your lips as I [Dm] soak my feet

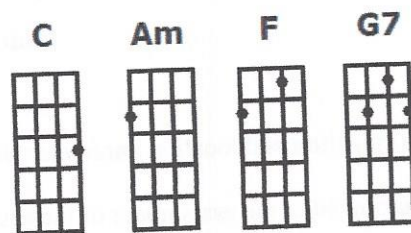
[Gm] Then you notice little carpet burn
[E7] My stomach drops and my guts churn
[Dm] You shrug and it's the worst
[E7] To truly stick the knife in first

Chorus X2

OUTRO [Dm] [Gm] [E7] [Dm]

Octopus's Garden

Beatles



[C]I'd like to be [Am]under the sea
In an [F]octopus's garden in the [G7]shade
[C]He'd let us in, [Am]knows where we've been
In his [F]octopus's garden in the [G7]shade

[Am]I'd ask my friends to come and see
[F]An octopus's [G7]garden with me
[C]I'd like to be [Am]under the sea
In an [F]octopus's [G7]garden in the [C]shade

[C]We would be warm [Am]below the storm
In our [F]little hideaway beneath the [G7]waves
[C]Resting our head [Am]on the sea bed
In an [F]octopus's garden near a [G7]cave

[Am]We would sing and dance around
[F]Because we know we [G7]can't be found
[C]I'd like to be [Am]under the sea
In an [F]octopus's [G7]garden in the [C]shade

[C]We would shout [Am]and swim about
The [F]coral that lies beneath the [G7]waves
(Lies beneath the ocean waves)
[C]Oh what joy for [Am]every girl and boy
[F]Knowing they're happy and they're [G7]safe
(Happy and they're safe)

[Am]We would be so happy you and me
[F]No one there to tell us what to [G7]do
[C]I'd like to be [Am]under the sea
In an [F]octopus's [G7]garden with [Am]you
In an [F]octopus's [G7]garden with [Am]you
In an [F]octopus's [G7]garden with [C]you [C][G7][C]



My Fair Lady M
Lerner + Lowe

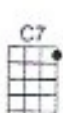
WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY

4/4 1...2...1234

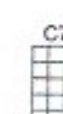
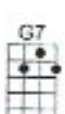


All I want is a room some-where,

far away from the cold night air

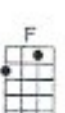


With one e-normous chair, oh, would- n't it be lovely?

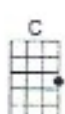


Lots of chocolate for me to eat,

lots of coal makin' lots of heat



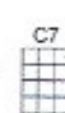
Warm face, warm hands, warm feet, oh, wouldn't it be lovely?



Oh, so lovely sittin' absobloomin' lute - ly still,

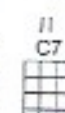
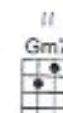
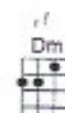
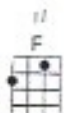


I would never budge 'til spring crept over the window sill.



Someone's 'ead restin' on my knee,

warm and tender as he can be

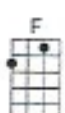


Who takes good care of me

would-n't

it

be lovely,



pause

Lovely, lovely, lovely,

lover--ly

Loving Cup Chords by The Rolling Stones

Use Calypso Strum

D D C C G G G G
D D C C G G G G
I'm the man on the mountain ... come on up
D D C C G G G G
I'm the plowman in the valley ... with a face full of mud
C C G G
Yes I'm fumbling ... and I know my car won't start
C C G G
Yes I'm stumbling ... and I know I play a bad guitar

F F C C G G
Gimme little drink ... from your loving cup
F F C C G G G G
Just one drink ... and I'll fall down drunk

D D C C G G G G
I'm the man who walks the hillside ... in the sweet summer sun
D D C C G G G G
I'm the man who brings you roses ... when you ain't got none
C C G G
Well, I can run and jump and fish, but I won't fight
C C G G
You if you want to push and pull with me all night

F F C C G G
Gimme little drink ... from your loving cup
F F C C G G G G
Just one drink ... and I'll fall down drunk

Bm Bm Am Am G G D D
I feel so humble with you tonight, just sitting in front of the fire
Bb Bb Bb Bb
See your face dancing in the flame, feel your mouth kissing me again
Bb Bb D
What a beautiful buzz, what a beautiful buzz
D C C G G G G
What a beautiful buzz, what a beautiful buzz
D D C C G G G G
Ohhhhh, what a beautiful buzz, what a beautiful buzz

C C G G
Yes, I am nitty gritty and my shirt's all torn
C C G G
But I would love to spill the beans with you till dawn

F F C C G G
Gimme little drink ... from your loving cup
F F C C G G G G
Just one drink ... and I'll fall down drunk
F F C C G G
Gimme little drink ... from your loving cup
F F C C G G G G
Just one drink ... and I'll fall down ... drunk.

Going to Eat at Moe's - Doug Brown

G

I'm going to tell you a story.....*I'm going to tell you a story*

Of a place I've been....*Of a place I've been*

D

And once you go there...*And once you go there*

G

You won't leave thin!.....*You won't leave thin!*

D

(No Echo)

G

Leave it to the Pros! We're going to eat at Moe's

Chorus **We're going to eat at Moe's...*We're going to eat at Moe's***
We're going to eat at Moe's...*We're going to eat at Moe's*
This song was easy to compose
We're going to eat at Moe's...*We're going to eat at Moe's*

We are in the Internet age
We all need more Bandwidth
But if you don't dig the meat
Try a smoked Tofu Sandwich
Vegetarians they can transpose
We're going to eat at Moe's

CHORUS

they could spray that sauce through a hose

In this world of strife
It is hard to get the right footing
So for a brief respite
Get yourself a banana pudding
They have the perfect ratios.
We're going to eat at Moe's

CHORUS

*** Like this better than Domino's!***