

# The First **Wukulele** Songbook



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**Wukulele is Worthing's Ukulele Jam**

Songbook compiled by Daniela – available online at: [www.audiocraft.org.uk/wukulele.html](http://www.audiocraft.org.uk/wukulele.html)

Visit our Facebook Group at: <http://tiny.cc/wukulele>

# Ring of fire

by June Carter and Merle Kilgore in 1962 for Anita Carter (later performed by Johnny Cash)

## Verse 1:

[G] Love is a [C] burnin' [G] thing.  
An' it makes a [C] fiery [G] ring.  
Bringing hurt to the [C] heart's [G] desire.  
I fell in the [C] ring of [G] fire.

## Chorus:

[D] I fell into, into a [C] burnin' ring of [G] fire,  
I fell [D] down, down, down,  
Into the [C] deepest [G] mire.  
And it burns, burns, burns.  
The [C] ring of [G] fire.  
The [C] ring of [G] fire.

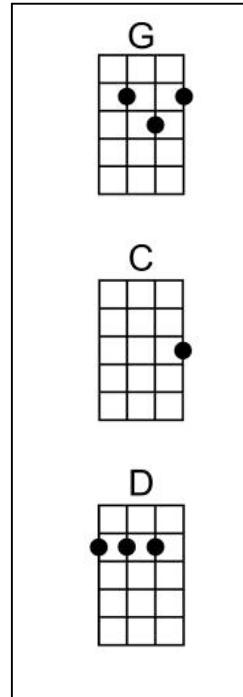
## Verse 2:

[G] The taste of [C] love is [G] sweet.  
When two [C] fiery hearts [G] meet.  
I believed you [C] like a [G] child.  
Oh, but the [C] fire went [G] wild.

## Chorus:

[D] I fell into, into a [C] burnin' ring of [G] fire  
I went [D] down, down, down  
And the [C] flames went [G] higher  
And it burns, burns, burns.  
The [C] ring of [G] fire.  
The [C] ring of [G] fire.

And it burns, burns, burns.  
The [C] ring of [G] fire.  
The [C] ring of [G] fire.  
The [C] ring of [G] fire.

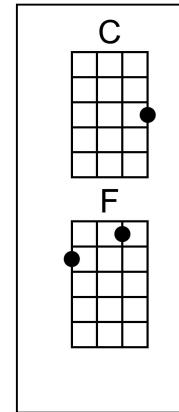


# We All Smell Good On Sunday

## Chorus

Oh we [F]all smell good on Sunday, we all smell good on [C]Sunday  
When Saturday comes we bath in the creek, So we all smell good on [F]Sunday

[F]I was born on a farm in the hills of old [C]Kentucky  
If you owned a mule and a hillside plow you were mighty [F]lucky  
The weeks were long the work was hard. We didn't have very much [C]money  
When Saturday'd come we'd bathe in the creek. So we'd all smell good on [F]Sunday



## Repeat Chorus

[F]We get up early and go to the fields. A gooseneck chop for the [C]hoeing  
Chop down weeds and lace the corn. And next the hay needs [F]mowing  
We work hard the whole week long so we can make a little bit o' [C]money  
When Saturday comes we bath in the creek. So we all smell good on [F]Sunday

## Repeat Chorus

[F]Oh we stay out late every Saturday night. Have a hangover on [C]Sunday  
Daddy say's don't do that way cause you ain't worth a damn on [F]Monday  
We work hard the whole week long. So we can make a little bit of [C]money  
When Saturday comes we bath in the creek. So we all smell good on [F]Sunday

## Repeat Chorus

[F]Ah the country girls they work hard too. Takin' in the washin' and the [C]ironin'  
They rub holes in ole washboards. Patchin' holes in the [F]darning  
Fellers there's one thing that's a buggin' me. On a skinny day up in [C]funday  
I never see pretty girls down at the creek. But they all smell good on [C]Sunday

## Repeat Chorus

# Sloop John B

The Beach Boys, 1966 version of folk song 'The John B. Sails' (circa 1917)

We [C]come on the sloop John B  
My grandfather and me  
Around Nassau town, we did [G7]roam  
Drinking all [C]night, got into a [F]fight  
Well, I [C]feel so broke up, I [G7]wanna go [C]home

## Chorus

[C]So hoist up the John B's sail, see how the mainsail sets  
Call for the Captain ashore and let me go [G7]home,  
I wanna go [C]home, I wanna go [F]home, yeah yeah  
Well, I [C]feel so broke up, I [G7]wanna go [C]home

The [C]first mate he got drunk  
And broke in the Captain's trunk  
The constable to come and take him a[G7]way  
Oh, Sheriff John [C]Stone, Why don't you leave me a[F]alone, yeah yeah  
Well, I [C]feel so broke up [G7]I wanna go [C]home

## Chorus

The poor [C]cook he caught the fits, threw away all my grits  
And then he took and he ate up all of my [G7]corn  
Let me go [C]home, Why don't they let me go [F]home?  
This [C]is the worst trip [G7]I've ever been [C]on

## Chorus

The diagram consists of three separate chord diagrams for a guitar. Each diagram shows a 6x3 grid of dots representing the fretboard. The top diagram, labeled 'C', has a dot at the 3rd fret of the 1st string. The middle diagram, labeled 'F', has dots at the 1st fret of the 1st and 2nd strings. The bottom diagram, labeled 'G7', has dots at the 2nd fret of the 1st string and the 3rd fret of the 2nd string.

# Blowin' In The Wind

by Bob Dylan, 1963

[C] How many [F] roads must a [C] man walk down  
Before you [F] call him a [G7] man?  
Yes 'n [C] how many [F] seas must a [C] white dove sail,  
Before she [F] sleeps in the [G7] sand?  
Yes n' [C] how many [F] times must the [C] cannonballs fly,  
Before they're [F] forever [G7] banned?

## CHORUS

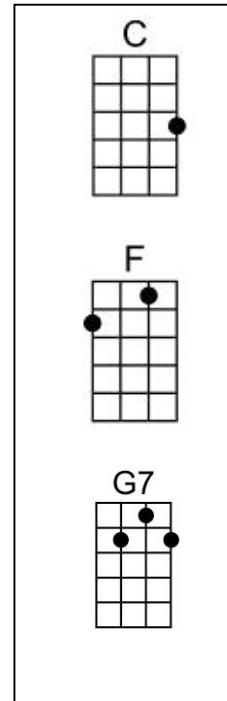
The [F] answer my [G7] friend is [C] blowin' in the [F] wind  
The [F] answer is [G7] blowin' in the [C] wind.

[C] How many [F] times must a [C] man look up  
Before he [F] can see the [G7] sky?  
Yes 'n [C] how many [F] ears must [C] one man have,  
Before he [F] can hear people [G7] cry?  
Yes n' [C] how many [F] deaths will it take [C] till he knows  
That too many [F] people have [G7] died?

## CHORUS

The [F] answer my [G7] friend is [C] blowin' in the wind  
The [F] answer is [G7] blowin' in the [C] wind.

[C] How many [F] years can a [C] mountain exist  
Before it's [F] washed to the [G7] sea?  
Yes 'n [C] how many [F] years can some [C] people exist,  
Before they're [F] allowed to be [G7] free?  
Yes n' [C] how many [F] times can a [C] man turn his head  
Pretending he [F] just doesn't [G7] see?



# These Boots Are Made for Walkin'

by Lee Hazlewood, 1966, sung by Nancy Sinatra

[A]You keep saying you've got something for me  
Something you call love, but con[A7]fess  
[D7]You've been messin', you shouldn't a-been messin'  
Now [A]someone else is getting all your best

[C]These boots are made for [A]walkin' and [C]that's just what they'll [A]do  
[C]One of these days these [A]boots are gonna [PAUSE]walk all over you

-12-12-11-11-10-10-9-9-6-5-3-1

[A]-----  
[A]-----

[A]You keep lyin' when you oughta be truthin'  
You keep losin' when you oughta not [A7]bet  
[D7] You keep samin' when you oughta be a changin'  
What's [A]right is right but you ain't been right yet

[C]These boots are made for [A]walkin' and [C]that's just what they'll [A]do  
[C]One of these days these [A]boots are gonna [PAUSE]walk all over you

-12-12-11-11-10-10-9-9-6-5-3-1

[A]-----  
[A]-----

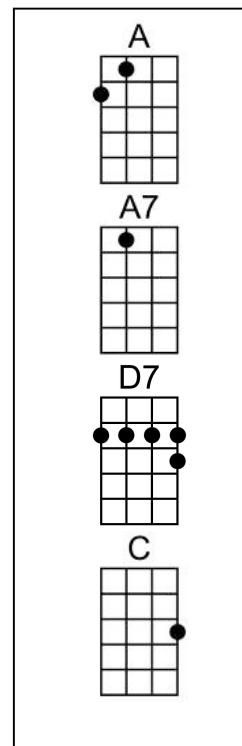
[A]You keep playin' where you shouldn't be playin'  
And you keep thinkin' what you'll never get [A7]burned (*Ha!*)  
Well [D7]I've just found me a brand new box of matches (*Yeah*)  
And [A]what he knows you ain't had time to learn

[C]These boots are made for [A]walkin' and [C]that's just what they'll [A]do  
[C]One of these days these [A]boots are gonna walk all over you

-12-12-11-11-10-10-9-9-6-5-3-1

[A]-----  
[A]-----

Are you ready boots? Start walkin'!



# That's All Right Mama

By Arthur Crudup ,1946

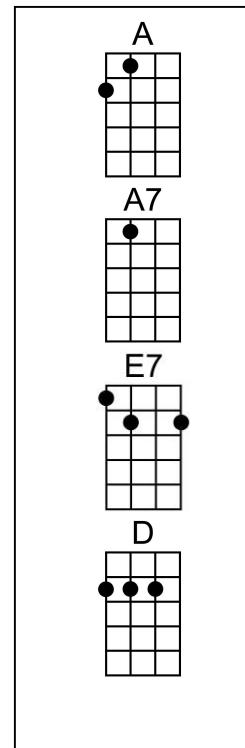
[A] Well that's all right, mama,  
That's all right for you,  
That's all right mama, just [A7] anyway you do.  
Well, that's all [D] right, that's all right,  
That's all [E7] right now mama any way you [A] do.

[A] Well, Mama she done told me,  
Papa done told me too,  
Son, that gal you're foolin' with , she [A7] ain't no good for you.  
Well, that's all [D] right, that's all right,  
That's all [E7] right now mama any way you [A] do.

***Just ukes and kazoos for one verse...***

[A] I'm leaving town, baby,  
I'm leaving town for sure,  
Well, then you won't be bothered with me [A7] hangin' round your door.  
But, that's all [D] right, that's all right,  
That's all [E7] right now mama any way you [A] do.

**Repeat last line**



# fisherman's Blues

by the Waterboys, 1988

**Intro:**

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

**Verse 1:**

[G]I wish I was a fisherman,[F]tumbling on the seas  
[Am]Far away from dry land, and it's[C]bitter memories  
[G]Casting out my sweet light with a[F]abandonment and love  
[Am]No ceiling staring down on me, save the[C]starry sky above

**Chorus:**

With light in my[G]hair,you in my[F]arms  
Woo hoo[Am]ooh [C]

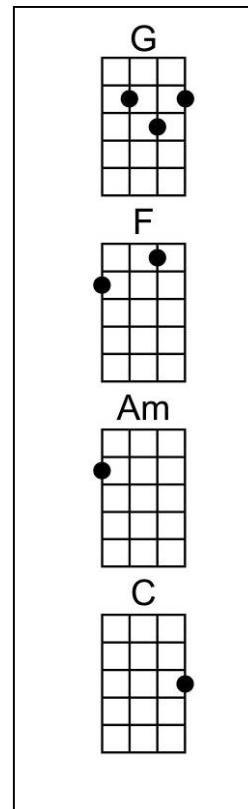
**Verse 2:**

[G]I wish I was the brakeman,on a [F]Hartland diesel train  
[Am]Crashing headlong into the heartland, like a[C]cannon in the rain  
[G]With the beating of the sleepers, and the[F]burning of the coal  
[Am]Counting towns flashing by me, in a[C]night that's full of soul

**Chorus**

**Verse 3:**

[G]Oh I know I will be loosened,from [F]bonds that hold me tight  
[Am]And the chains all hung around me will[C]fall away at last  
[G]And on that fine and fateful day I will[F]take thee in my arms  
[Am]I will ride the night train, and I will[C]be the fisherman



# Like A Prayer

By Madonna & Patrick Leonard, 1989

[Am]Life is a [G]myste[Am]ry, everyone must [G]stand a[Am]one  
I hear you [G]call my [Am]name and it [G]feels like [Am]home

### **Chorus:**

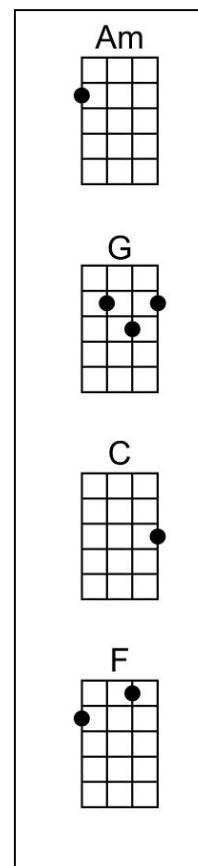
[C]When you call my [G]name its like a little [F]prayer  
I'm down on my [C]knees, I wanna [G]take you [C]there  
In the midnight [G]hour I can feel your [F]power  
Just like a [C]prayer you know I'll [G]take you [F]there

[F]I hear your [C]voice[G], it's like an [Am]angel sighing  
[F]I have no [C]choice, I hear your [G]voice  
Feels like flying  
[F]I close my [C]eyes[G], oh God I [AM]think Im falling  
[F]Out of the [C]sky, I close my [G]eyes  
Heaven help me

## Chorus

[F]Like a [C] child [G]you whisper [Am]softly to me  
[F]You're in [C]control just like a [G]child  
Now I'm dancing  
[F]It's like a [C]dream[G], no end and [Am]no beginning  
[F]You're here with [C]me, its like a [G]dream  
Let the choir sing

## **Chorus – Chorus – Intro**



# Movin' On Up

By Primal Scream 1991

[C]I was blind, now I can see  
You made a believer, out of me  
I was [G]blind, now I can [F]see  
You made a [C]believer, out of me

## Chorus

I'm movin' on [G]up now  
Gettin' out of the [F]darkness  
My life shines [G]on  
My life shines [F]on  
My life shines [C]on

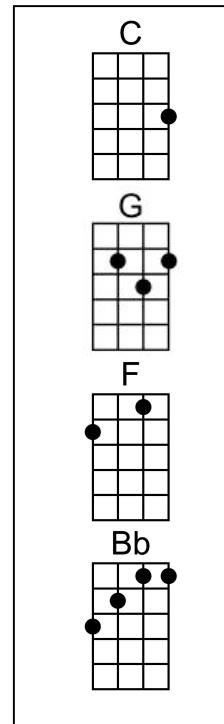
[C]I was lost, now I'm found  
I believe in me, I got no bounds  
I was [G]lost, now I'm [F]found  
I believe in [C]you, I got no bounds

## Chorus

I'm movin' on [G]up now  
Gettin' out of the [F]darkness  
My life shines [G]on  
My life shines [F]on  
My life shines [C]on [G7]

I'm [C]getting' outta darkness  
My [Bb]life shines on  
I'm [G7]getting' outta darkness  
My [F]life shines on

I'm [C]getting' outta darkness  
My [Bb]life shines on  
I'm [G7]getting' outta darkness  
My [F]life [G]shines [C]on



# Jolene

by Dolly Parton, 1974

[Am] Jolene [C] Jolene Jo[G]lene Jo[Am]lene  
 I'm [G] begging of you [Em7] please don't take my [Am] man  
 [Am] Jolene [C] Jolene Jo[G]lene Jo[Am]lene  
 [G] Please don't take him [Em7] just because you [Am] can

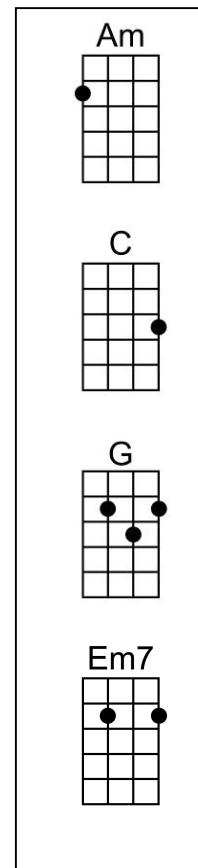
[Am] Your beauty is be[C]yond compare  
 With [G] flaming locks of [Am] auburn hair  
 With [G] ivory skin and [Em7] eyes of emerald [Am] green  
 [Am] Your smile is like a [C] breath of spring  
 Your [G] voice is soft like [Am] summer rain  
 And [G] I cannot com[Em7]pete with Jo[Am]lene

[Am] He talks about you [C] in his sleep  
 And there's [G] nothing I can [Am] do to keep  
 From [G] crying when he [Em7] calls your name Jo[Am]lene  
 [Am] And I can easily [C] understand  
 How [G] you could easily [Am] take my man  
 But [G] you don't know what he [Em7] means to me Jo[Am]lene

[Am] Jolene [C] Jolene Jo[G]lene Jo[Am]lene  
 I'm [G] begging of you [Em7] please don't take my [Am] man  
 [Am] Jolene [C] Jolene Jo[G]lene Jo[Am]lene  
 [G] Please don't take him [Em7] just because you [Am] can

[Am] You can have your [C] choice of men  
 But [G] I could never [Am] love again  
 [G] He's the only [Em7] one for me Jo[Am]lene  
 [Am] I had to have this [C] talk with you  
 My [G] happiness de[Am]pends on you  
 And what[G]ever you de[Em7]cide to do Jo[Am]lene

[Am] Jolene [C] Jolene Jo[G]lene Jo[Am]lene  
 I'm [G] begging of you [Em7] please don't take my [Am] man  
 [Am] Jolene [C] Jolene Jo[G]lene Jo[Am]lene  
 [G] Please don't take him [Em7] just because you [Am] can  
 [Am] Jolene Jolene



# You're Beautiful

By James Blunt, Sacha Skarbek and Amanda Ghost 2004

My life is brilliant.

[C]My life is brilliant.

[G]My love is pure.

[Am]I saw an angel.

[F]Of that I'm sure.

She [C]smiled at me on the subway.

She was [G]with another man.

But [Am]I won't lose no sleep on that,

'Cause [F]I've got a plan.

## Chorus

[F]You're beauti[G]ful

[C]You're beautiful

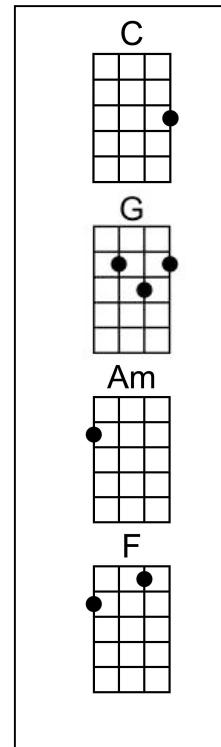
You're [F]beauti[G]ful, it's [C]true.

I [F]saw your [G]face

In a [C]crow[G]ded [Am]place,

And I [F]don't know [G]what to [Am]do,

'Cause I'll [F]never [G]be with [C]you.



Yeah, she [C]caught my eye,

As we [G]walked on by.

She could [Am]see from my face that I was,

[F]F\*\*\*ing high,

And I [C]don't think that I'll [G]see her again,

But [Am]we shared a moment that will [F]last till the end.

**Repeat chorus, then:**

[F]You're beauti[G]ful

[C]You're beautiful

[F] beauti[G]ful, it's [C]true

There [F]must be an [G]angel with a [C]smile on [G]her [Am]face,

When she [F]thought up that I should [G]be with you. [C] [G] [Am]

But it's [F]time to [G]face the [Am]truth,

I will [F]never [G]be with [C]you.

# freight Train

by Elizabeth Cotten (Born in 1895, Cotten wrote this song when she was 12)

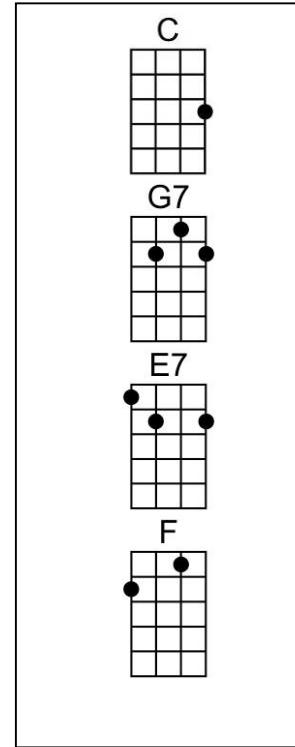
[C]Freight train, freight train, [G7]goin' so fast,  
Freight train, freight train, [C]goin' so fast  
[E7]Please don't tell what [F]train I'm on,  
So they [C]won't know [G7]where I'm [C]gone.

[C]Freight train, freight train, [G7]goin' round the bend,  
Freight train, freight train, [C]comin' back again  
[E7]One of these days turn that [F]train around,  
And go [C]back to [G7]my home [C]town.

[C]One more place I'd [G7]like to be,  
One more place I'd [C]like to see  
To [E7]watch them old Blue Ridge [F]Mountains climb,  
When I [C]ride old [G7]Number [C]Nine.

[C]When I die Lord, [G7]bury me deep,  
Down at the end of [C]Chestnut Street  
[E7]Where I can hear old [F]Number Nine,  
As [C]she comes [G7]down the [C]line.

[C]Freight train, freight train, [G7]goin' so fast,  
Freight train, freight train, [C]goin' so fast  
[E7]Please don't tell what [F]train I'm on,  
So they [C]won't know [G7]where I'm [C]gone.



# faith

by George Michael, 1987

Well I guess it would be [C]nice, if I could touch your body  
 I know not [F] everybody has got a body like [C] you.  
 But I've got to think twice before I give my heart away,  
 And I know [F] all the games you play, because I play them too. [C]

Oh but I [F] need some time off from [C] that emotion  
 [F] Time to pick my heart up off the [C] floor, oh  
 When that [F] love comes down with [C] out [Am] devotion, oh well it  
 [Dm]Takes a strong man baby but I'm [G] showin' you the door

**Chorus:**

Because I gotta have [C] faith, I gotta have faith  
 Because I gotta have faith faith faith, I gotta have faith.

[C] Baby, I know you're asking me to stay  
 Say please, please, [F] please don't go away,  
 You say I'm giving you the [C] blues.  
 Maybe, huh, you mean every word you say  
 I can't help but [F] think of yesterday  
 And a lover who [C] tied me down to the lover boy rules

[F] Before this river [C] becomes an ocean  
 [F] Before you throw my heart back on the [C] floor,  
 Oh, oh baby I'll [F] reconsider my [C] foolish [Am] notion  
 Well I [Dm] need someone to hold me but I'll  
 [G] Wait for something more...

The diagram displays five chord diagrams for a ukulele, each labeled with its name above the grid:

- C:** The top dot is on the 3rd string at the 2nd fret.
- F:** The top dot is on the 3rd string at the 1st fret, and the bottom dot is on the 2nd string at the 1st fret.
- Am:** The top dot is on the 1st string at the 1st fret.
- Dm:** The top dot is on the 2nd string at the 1st fret, and the bottom dot is on the 3rd string at the 1st fret.
- G:** The top dot is on the 1st string at the 2nd fret, and the bottom dot is on the 2nd string at the 2nd fret.

**Chorus:**

Because I gotta have [C] faith, I gotta have faith  
 Because I gotta have faith faith faith, I gotta have faith.

# Really Sayin' Somethin'

By Whitfield, Stevenson & Holland

Recorded by The Velvets 1964, and by Bananarama 1982

I was [C] walking [F]down the [C]street (doo [F]waddy wah)  
 When this [C]boy started [F]following [C]me (oh [F]yeah).  
 Now I ig[C]nored all the [F]things he [C]said (doo [F]waddy wah)  
 Though he [C]moved me in [F]every [C]way [F]

With his [Eb]collar unbuttoned on my [Bb]side he was struttin'

## Chorus

He was [C]really [F]sayin' [C]somethin' [F]  
 [C]Really [F]sayin' [C]somethin' [F]  
 [C]Bob bob shoo be doo wah  
 [C]Bob bob [F]shoo be doo [C]wah [G]

He [C]flirted [F]every step of the [C]way (doo [F]waddy wah)  
 I could [C]hear every [F]word he'd [C]say (oh [F]yeah).  
 My re-[C]sistance was [F]getting [C]low (doo [F]waddy wah)  
 Andy my [C]feelings [F]started to [C]show [F]

My [Eb]heart started thumping [Bb]blood pressure jumping

## Chorus

He [C]walked me [F]to my [C]door (doo [F]waddy wah)  
 I a-[C]greed to [F]see him once [C]more (oh [F]yeah).  
 [C]Lady like it [F]may not [C]be (doo [F]waddy wah)  
 But he [C]moved me tre-[F]mendous-[C]ly [F]

Al-[Eb]though he was bold, my [Bb]heart he stole

## Chorus

He was [C]really [F]sayin' [C]somethin' [F]  
 [C]Really [F]sayin' [C]somethin' [F]

He was [C]really [F]sayin' [C]somethin' [F]  
 [C]Really [F]sayin' [C]somethin' [F]

**C**

**F**

**Bb**

**Eb**

**G**

**Eb = 0331**

# Yes Sir, That's My Baby

by Walter Donaldson & Gus Khan, 1925

[C]Yes, Sir, That's my Baby,  
 [G]No, Sir, Don't mean "Maybe"  
 [G7]Yes, Sir, That's my Baby [C]now. [C7]

[C]Yes ma'am, we've decided,  
 [G]No ma'am, we won't hide it,  
 [G7]Yes, ma'am, you're invited [C]now.

By the [C7]way, By the [F]way,  
 When we [D7]reach the preacher I'll [G7]say (with feeling)

[C]Yes Sir, That's my Baby,  
 [G]No, Sir, don't mean "maybe",  
 [G7]Yes Sir, That's my Baby [C]now. [C7]

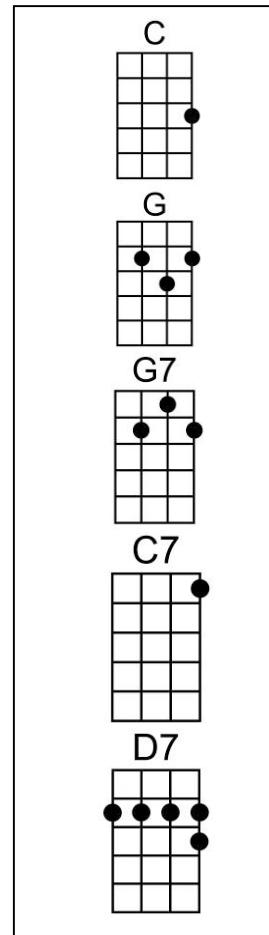
[C] ////  
 [G] ////  
 [G7] //// [C] // [C7] //

[C]Well well, "lookit" that baby,  
 [G]Do tell, don't say "maybe",  
 [G7]Hell's bells, won't she cause some [C] row?

Pretty [C7]soon, Pretty [F]soon,  
 We will [D7]hear that Lohengrin [G7]tune, (I'm sayin')

[C]Who for should she be sir,  
 [G]No one else but me sir,  
 [G7]Yes sir, That's my Baby [C]now. [C7]

[C] Yes sir, that's my Baby  
 [G]Yes sir, I don't mean maybe,  
 [G7]Yes sir, That's my Baby [C]now



# You're Sixteen

By Bobby and Dick Sherman;  
sung by Johnny Burnette 1960 and by Ringo Starr 1974

You come [C]on like a dream, [E7]peaches and cream,  
[F]Lips like strawberry [C]wine.  
You're six[D7]teen, you're [G7]beautiful and you're [C]mine. [G7]

You're all [C]ribbons and curls, [E7]ooh, what a girl,  
[F]Eyes that twinkle and [C]shine.  
You're six[D7]teen, you're [G7]beautiful and you're [C]mine

[E7]You're my baby, you're my pet,  
[A7]We fell in love on the night we met.  
You [D7]touched my hand, my heart went pop,  
And [G7]ooh, when we kissed, I could not stop.

You walked [C]out of my dreams, [E7]into my arms,  
[F]Now you're my angel di[C]vine.  
You're six[D7]teen, you're [G7]beautiful and you're [C]mine. [G7]

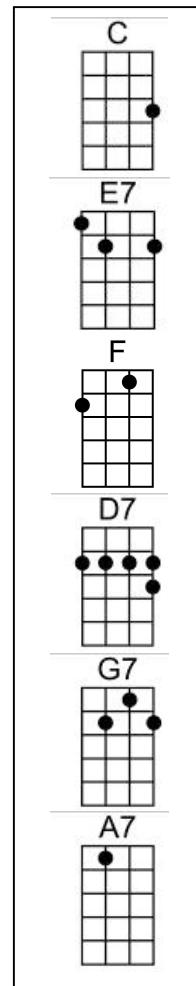
[C]/// [E7]///  
[F]/// [C]///  
You're six[D7]teen, you're [G7]beautiful and you're [C]mine. [G7]

[C]/// [E7]///  
[F]/// [C]///  
You're six[D7]teen, you're [G7]beautiful and you're [C]mine

[E7]You're my baby, you're my pet,  
[A7]We fell in love on the night we met.  
You [D7]touched my hand, my heart went pop,  
And [G7]ooh, when we kissed, I could not stop.

You walked [C]out of my dreams, [E7]into my arms  
[F]Now you're my angel di[C]vine.  
You're six[D7]teen, you're [G7]beautiful and you're [C]mine. [G7]

Well, you're six[D7]teen, you're [G7]beautiful and you're [C]mine.



# Daydream

By John Sebastian of The Lovin' Spoonful, 1966

[G] What a day for a [E7] daydream  
 [Am] What a day for a [D7] daydreamin' boy  
 [G] And I'm lost in a [E7] daydream  
 [Am] Dreaming 'bout my [D7] bundle of joy

[C] And even if [A7] time ain't really [G] on my [E7] side  
 [C] it's one of those [A7] days for taking a [G] walk out[E7]side  
 [C] I'm blowing the[A7]day to take a [G] walk in the [E7] sun  
 [A7] And fall on my face on somebody's [D7] new-mown lawn

[G] I've been having a [E7] sweet dream  
 [Am] I've been dreaming since I [D7] woke up today  
 [G] It starred me and my [E7] sweet thing  
 [Am] Cause she's the one makes me [D7] feel this way  
 [C] And even if [A7] time is [G] passing me by a [E7] lot  
 [C] I couldn't care [A7] less about the [G] dues you say I [E7] got  
 [C] Tomorrow I'll [A7] pay the dues for [G] dropping my [E7] love  
 [A7] A pie in the face for being a [D7] sleepin' bulldog

*Whistle (or Kazoo):*

[G] //// [E7] ////  
 [Am] //// [D7] ////  
 [G] //// [E7] ////  
 [Am] //// [D7] ////

[C] And you can be [A7] sure that if you're [G] feeling [E7] right  
 [C] A daydream will [A7] last along [G] into the [E7] night  
 [C] Tomorrow at [A7] breakfast you may [G] prick up your [E7] ears  
 [A7] Or you may be daydreaming for a [D7] thousand years.

[G] What a day for a [E7] daydream  
 [Am] Custom made for a [D7] daydreamin' boy  
 [G] And I'm lost in a [E7] daydream  
 [Am] Dreaming 'bout my [D7] bundle of joy

*Whistle (or Kazoo) outro:*

[C] // [A7] // [G] // [E7] //  
 [C] // [A7] // [G] // [E7] //  
 [C] // [A7] // [G] // [E7] //  
 [A7] //// [D7] // [G] /

The image shows six fretboard diagrams arranged vertically, each labeled with a chord name. From top to bottom, the diagrams are: G (three dots on the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th strings), E7 (two dots on the 1st, 2nd, and 4th strings), Am (one dot on the 3rd string), D7 (four dots on the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th strings), C (one dot on the 3rd string), and A7 (one dot on the 1st string).

# Sweet Georgia Brown

Words by A. Ken Casey, Music by Maceo Pinkard 1925

[D7]No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown.

[G7]Two left feet, but oh, so neat has Sweet Georgia Brown.

[C7]They all sigh and wanna die for Sweet Georgia Brown,

I'll tell you just [F]why,

You know I don't [A7]lie (not much!).

[D7]It's been said she knocks 'em dead when she lands in town.

[G7]Since she came why it's a shame how she's cooled 'em down.

[Dm]Fellas [A7]she can't get

Must be [Dm]fellas [A7]she ain't met.

[F]Georgia claimed her,

[D7]Georgia named her,

[G7]Sweet [C7]Georgia [F]Brown.

[D7]No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown.

[G7]Two left feet, but oh, so neat has Sweet Georgia Brown.

[C7]They all sigh and wanna die for Sweet Georgia Brown,

I'll tell you just [F]why,

You know I don't [A7]lie (not much!).

[D7]All those tips the porter slips to Sweet Georgia Brown

[G7]They buy clothes at fashion shows for one dollar down.

[Dm]Fellas, [A7]tip your hats.

[Dm]Oh boy, ain't [A7]she the cats?

[F]Who's that mister,

[D7]t ain't her sister,

It's [G7]Sweet [C7]Georgia [F]Brown.

D7

G7

C7

F

A7

Dm

# five foot Two

by Sam Lewis, Young, and Henderson

## Verse 1:

[C] Five foot two, [E7] eyes of blue  
But [A7] oh! what those five foot could do,  
Has [D7] anybody [G7] seen my [C] girl? [G7]

## Verse 2:

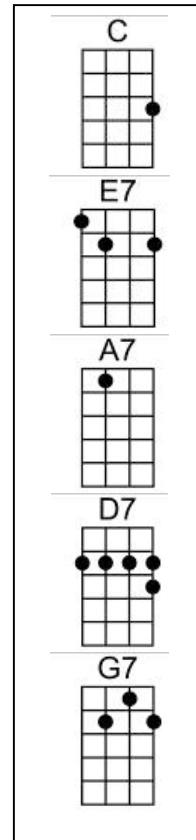
[C] Turned up nose, [E7] turned down hose  
[A7] Flapper? Yes sir, one of those!  
Has [D7] anybody [G7] seen my [C] girl?

## Bridge:

Now if you [E7] run into a five foot two, [A7] covered in fur,  
[D7] Diamond rings and all those things,  
[G7] Betcha' life [STOP] it isn't her!

## Verse 3:

But, [C] could she love, [E7] could she woo?  
[A7] Could she, could she, could she coo?  
Has [D7] anybody [G7] seen my [C] girl?  
Has [D7] anybody [G7] seen my, [D7] anybody [G7] seen my, [D7] anybody [G7] seen my [C] girl?



# Baby Face

by Harry Akst and Benny Davis, 1926

(C) Baby face, you've got the cutest little (G7) baby face  
There's no other that could (C) take your (G7) place, (C) baby (A7) face  
(D7) My poor heart is jumpin', (G7) you sure have started somethin'  
(C) Baby face, I'm up in heaven when I'm (E7) in your fond (Am) em(C7)brace  
(F) I didn't need a shove (C)cause I just (A7) fell in love  
With your (D7) pretty (G7) Baby (C) Face (A7)  
With your (D7) pretty (G7) Baby (C) Face

