

Blue Suede Shoes

Note: C/ is followed by NC (no chords)

 C/ C/
Well it's a one for the money, two for the show,
C/ C7
Three to get ready now go, cat ,go,
F7 C
But don't you step on my blue suede shoes.
G7 F7 C
You can do anything, but lay off of my blue suede shoes.

 C/ C/
Well you can knock me down, step in my face,
C/ C/
Slander my name all over the place,
C/ C/
And do anything that you wanna do.
C7
But ah ah, honey, lay off of my shoes
F7 C
And don't you step on my blue suede shoes.
G7 F7 C
You can do anything, but lay off of my blue suede shoes.

 C/ C/
Well you can burn my house, steal my car,
C/ C/
Drink my liquor from an old fruit jar,
C/ C/
And do anything that you wanna to do.
C7
But ah ah, honey, lay off of my shoes,
F7 C
And don't you step on my blue suede shoes.
G7 F7 C
You can do anything but lay off of my blue suede shoes.

C
It's blue blue, blue suede shoes, blue blue, blue suede shoes,
F7 C
Blue blue, blue suede shoes, baby, blue blue, blue suede shoes.
G7 F7 C /// /
Well, you can do anything but lay off of my blue suede shoes.

[...2, 3, 4, 1..] You ain't ...
(to Hound Dog)

Hound Dog

NC ----- C

You ain't nothin' but a hound dog, a cryin' all the time.

F7

C

You ain't nothin' but a hound dog, a cryin' all the time.

G7

Gb7

F7

C

Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit and you ain't no friend of mine.

C

Well, they said you was high classed, well, that was just a lie.

F7

C

Well, they said you was high classed, well, that was just a lie.

G7

Gb7

F7

C

Yeah, you ain't never caught a rabbit and you ain't no friend of mine.

C

You ain't nothin' but a hound dog, a cryin' all the time.

F7

C

You ain't nothin' but a hound dog, a cryin' all the time.

G7

Gb7

F7

C

Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit and you ain't no friend of mine.

C

Well, they said you was high classed, well, that was just a lie.

F7

C

Well, they said you was high classed, well, that was just a lie.

G7

Gb7

F7

C

Yeah, you ain't never caught a rabbit and you ain't no friend of mine.

C

You ain't nothin' but a hound dog, a cryin' all the time.

F7

C

You ain't nothin' but a hound dog, a cryin' all the time.

G7

Gb7

F7

C

Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit and you ain't no friend of mine.

C

Well, they said you was high classed, well, that was just a lie.

F7

C

Well, they said you was high classed, well, that was just a lie.

G7

(NC -----)

Yeah, you ain't never caught a rabbit and you ain't no friend of mine.

[...2, 3, 4]

to Jailhouse Rock

Jailhouse Rock

Intro (from Hound Dog): [1, 2, 3...] B7 C7 [2, 3, 4] [1, 2, 3...] B7 C7 [2, 3, 4] [1, 2, 3...]

B7 C7

Warden threw a party in the county jail,

B7 C7

The prison band was there and they began to wail.

B7 C7

The band was jumpin' and the joint began to swing,

B7 C7

You should a heard those knocked out jail birds sing.

Chorus:

F7

C7

Let's rock! Everybody let's rock!

G7

F7

Everybody in the whole cell block

C7

Was dancin' to the jailhouse rock!

B7 C7

Spider Murphy played the tenor saxophone

B7 C7

Little joe was blowin' on the slide trombone

B7 C7

The drummer boy from Illinois went crash, boom, bang!

B7 C7

The whole ukulele section was the purple gang. **(To Chorus)**

B7 C7

Number Forty-Seven said to Number Three,

B7 C7

"You're the cutest jailbird I ever did see,

B7 C7

I sure would be delighted with your company,

B7 C7

Come on and do the Jailhouse Rock with me." **(To Chorus)**

B7 C7

Shifty Henry said to Bugs, "For heaven's sake

B7 C7

No one's lookin', now's our chance to make a break."

B7 C7

Bugsy turned to Shifty and he said: "Nix, nix;

B7 C7

I wanna stick around a while and get my kicks."

F7

C7

Let's rock! Everybody let's rock!

G7

F7

Everybody in the whole cell block

C7

Was dancin' to the jailhouse rock! (x 3 & fade)

(Such An) Easy Question

Otis Blackwell & Winfield Scott, 1962

Performed by Elvis Presley in the 1965 movie "Tickle Me"

Intro: D - G - D - A (**with Ooooo by chorus**)

D G D
Do you or don't you **love me?**
(**chorus - oooo**)

A² (slide) G D A7
Such an easy question, why can't I get an answer, **tell me?**
(**chorus - descending oooo**)

D G D
Will you or won't you **need me ?**
(**chorus - oooo**)

A² (slide) G D - D7
Such an easy question, why can't I get an answer ?
(**chorus - descending oooo**)

G - D
All you do is give a sigh and beat around the bush,
E7 A7 (NC -----)
can it be that you're too shy to give yourself a little old push ?

**Chorus finger
snapping**

!!! - D G D B7 !!! = bass beat
Can you or can't you **tell me "yes" ?**

E7 - A7 D - D7
It's such an easy question, why can't I get an answer ?
(**chorus decending ooooo**)

G - D
But all you do is give a sigh and beat around the bush,
E7 A7 (NC -----)
can it be that you're too shy to give yourself a little old push ?

**Chorus ooooo
crescendo**

!!! - D G D B7 !!! = bass beat
Can you or can't you **tell me "yes" ?**

E7 - A7 D - B7
It's such an easy question, why can't I get an answer ?

Chorus: ooooo's

E7 - A7 D - G
It's such an easy answer to such an easy question !

Chorus: ooooo's

D - G D - G
Why can't I get an answer, **to such an easy question** (repeat & fade)

That's All Right

^A
1. (Solo) Well, that's all right, little mama (**echo: Mama**), that's all right for you (**echo: for you**),
^{A7}

(Solo) that's all right, little mama, (**chorus**) just any way you do.

^D
(Solo) That's all right, that's all right,

^{E7} ^A
(Chorus) that's all right, little mama, any way you do.

^A
2. Well, Mama she done told me (**Told me**), Papa done told me too (**Me Too**),

^{A7}
(Solo) "Son, that gal you're foolin' with, (**Chorus**) she ain't no good for you!"

^D
(Solo) But that's all right, that's all right,

^{E7} ^A
(Chorus) that's all right, little mama, any way you do.

Verse 3 all Solo

^A
3. I'm leavin' town now, baby, I'm leavin' town for sure,
^{A7}
well, then you won't be bothered with me hangin' 'round your door.

^D
But That's all right, that's all right,

^{E7} ^A
that's all right, little mama, any way you do.

Instrumental

^A
4. (Solo) Oh, da da dee dee dee dee, dee dee dee dee,
^{A7}
dee dee dee dee.

^D
I need your lovin', that's all right,

^{E7} ^A
that's all right, little mama, (**Chorus**) any way you do.

Muss i denn (Wooden Heart)

Intro: Accordion

C F C
Can't you see, I love you, please don't break my heart in two

G7 C
That's not hard to do, 'cause I don't have a wooden heart.

C F C
And if you say goodbye, then you know that I would cry,

C G7 C
Maybe I would die, 'cause I don't have a wooden heart.

G7 C F C
There's no strings upon this love of mine, it was always you from the start.

C G7 C
Treat me nice, treat me good, treat me like you really should,

C G7 C
'Cause I'm not made from wood, and I don't have a wooden heart.

Children:

C F C
Muss i denn, muss i denn, zum Staedtele 'naus

G7 C
Staedtele 'naus, und du, mein Schatz, bleibst hier.

C F C
Wenn i komm, wenn i komm, wenn i wiederum komm,

G7 C
Wiederum komm, kher i ein, mein Schatz, bei dir.

G7 C F C
There's no strings upon this love of mine, it was always you from the start.

C G7
Sei mir gut, sei mir gut

C
Sei mir, wie du wirklich sollst, Wie du wirklich sollst

G7 C
'Cause I don't have a wooden heart.

F G7 C
No, I don't have a wooden heart. (Accordion; Bum ba ba ba bum ba bum!)

Heartbreak Hotel

Mae Boren Axton, Tommy Durden & Elvis Presley

Note: C = 5433 C7 = 3433 F7 = 5556 G7 = 4535 Db = 6544

(NC) C// (NC) C//

Well, since my baby left me, I found a new place to dwell.

(NC) C7

Well, it's down at the end of Lonely Street, at Heartbreak Hotel. Where I'll be,
F7

I'll be so lonely, baby, well I'm so lonely

G7 C////

I'll be so lonely I could die.

(NC) C// (NC) C//

Although it's always crowded, you still can find some room,

(NC) C7

For broken hearted lovers to cry there in the gloom. We'll be so,
F7

We'll be so lonely, baby, we'll be so lonely.

G7 C////

Well, they're so lonely they could die.

(NC) C// (NC) C//

Now, the bellhop's tears are flowin' , the desk clerk's dressed in black.

(NC) C7

Well, they've been so long on Lonely Street they'll never, never gonna look back and they're so
F7

They'll be so lonely, baby. Well, they're so lonely.

G7 C////

Well they're so lonely they could die.

(NC) C// (NC) C//

Well, now if you baby leaves ya and you got a tale to tell,

(NC) C7

Well, just take a walk down Lonely Street to Heartbreak Hotel where you will be
F7

You'll be so lonely, baby, where you'll be so lonely.

G7 C////

You'll be so lonely you could die.

Instrumental Riff

(NC) C// (NC) C//

Although it's always crowded, you still can find some room,

(NC) C7

For broken hearted lovers to cry there in the gloom. We'll be so,
F7

We'll be so lonely, baby, we'll be so lonely.

G7 C/ [bass walk] Db ~ C (slide)

Well, they're so lonely they could die.

Burning Love (NW Folklife)

Words & Music by Dennis Linde, 1972

C F G C
Lord almighty, I feel my temperature rising.
C F G C
Higher and higher, it's burning through to my soul.
C F G C
Guy, guy, guy, you're gonna set me on fire.
C F G C
My brain is flaming. I don't know which way to go.

[chorus - Men: "oooh, oooh, oooh" on chords]

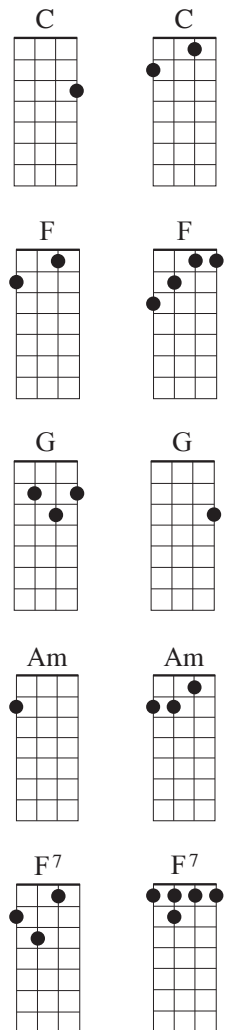
A^m G F
Your kisses lift me higher
[Men: oooh, oooh, oooh]
A^m G F
Like the sweet song of a choir
[Men: oooh, oooh, oooh]
A^m G F
You light my morning sky
[Men: oooh, oooh, oooh]
G C
[All] With burning love

C F G C
Ooh, ooh, ooh, I feel my temperature rising
C F G C
Help me I'm flamin', I must be a hundred and nine
C F G C
Burnin', burnin', burnin', and nothing can cool me
C F G C
I just might turn to smoke, but I feel fine

C F G C
It's coming closer, the flames are now lickin' my body
C F G C
Won't you help me? I feel like I'm slipping away
C F G C
It's hard to breath, and my chest is a-heaving
C F G C
Lord have mercy. I'm burning a hole where I lay

C F F⁷
I'm just a hunk, a hunk of burnin' love
C F F⁷
I'm just a hunk, a hunk of burnin' love
C F F⁷
I'm just a hunk, a hunk of burnin' love,
C
Burnin' love!

Soprano Baritone



Can't Help Falling In Love

George David Weiss, Hugo E. Peretti, Luigi Creatore, 1961

C E^m A^m

Wise men say,

F C G⁷

Only fools rush in.

F E⁷ A^m F C G⁷ C

But I can't help falling in love with you.

C E^m A^m

Shall I stay?

F C G⁷

Would it be a sin,

F E⁷ A^m F C G⁷ C

If I can't help falling in love with you?

E^m B⁷

Like a river flows

E^m B⁷

Surely to the sea

E^m B⁷

Darling, so it goes,

E^m G⁷

Some things are meant to be.

C E^m A^m

Take my hand.

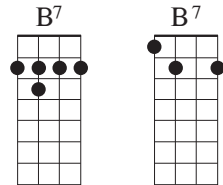
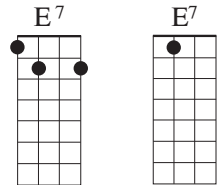
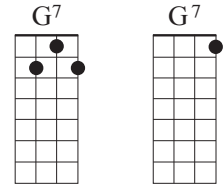
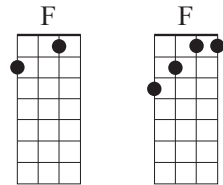
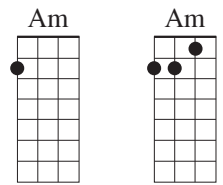
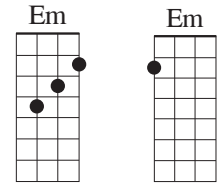
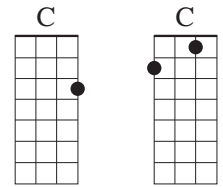
F C G⁷

Take my whole life, too.

F E⁷ A^m F C G⁷ C

For I can't help falling in love with you.

Soprano Baritone



Viva Las Vegas

Words and music by R. Doc Pomas and Mort Shuman, 1964

(Swing Latin Beat)

G

Bright light city gonna set my soul, gonna set my soul on fire
Got a whole lot of money that's ready to burn,
So get those stakes up higher

E^m

There's a thousand pretty women waitin' out there
And they're all livin' devil may care
And I'm just the devil with love to spare

C G C G

Viva Las Vegas, Viva Las Vegas

G

How I wish that there were more than the twenty-four hours in the day
'Cause even if there were forty more
I wouldn't sleep a minute away

E^m

Oh, there's black jack and poker and the roulette wheel
A fortune won and lost on ev'ry deal
All you need's a strong heart and a nerve of steel

C G C G

Viva Las Vegas, Viva Las Vegas

C

Viva Las Vegas with your neon flashin'
And your one armbandits crashin'

G

All those hopes down the drain

C

Viva Las Vegas turnin' day into nighttime.
Turnin' night into daytime

A

D⁷

If you see it once. you'll never be the same again!

G

I'm gonna keep on the run, I'm gonna have me some fun
If it costs me my very last dime
If I wind up broke well I'll always remember
That I had a swingin' time

E^m

(Well) I'm gonna give it ev'rything I've got
Lady luck please let the dice stay hot
Let me shoot a seven with ev'ry shot

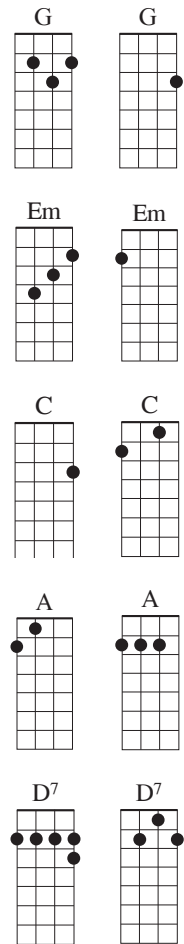
C G C G C G

Viva Las Vegas, Viva Las Vegas, Viva Las Vegas

C D⁷ G

Viva, Viva Las Vegas

Soprano Baritone



Summer of '62 (in Seattle)

Music and lyrics by Ronnie Draper (and the Four D-Matics)

Intro: E⁷ // E^{b7} // D⁷ //, E⁷ // E^{b7} // D⁷ //

G

See you at the fair in Seattle

A⁷

In the summer of '62.

D⁷

We'll preview the space age;

G

The world of tomorrow

A⁷

D⁷

I'll be sharing, dear, with you!

G

We'll dine away up high in the Needle.

C

B⁷

On the monorail, I'll steal a kiss from you!

E⁷

There'll be a best affair

A⁷

At the Seattle World's Fair,

D⁷

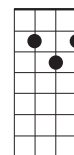
G

The summer of '62.

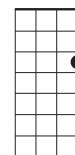
Soprano

Baritone

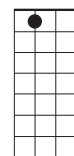
G



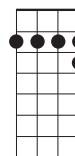
G



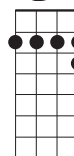
A⁷



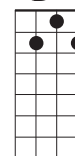
A⁷



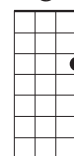
D⁷



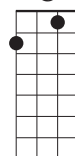
D⁷



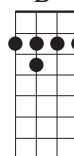
C



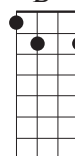
C



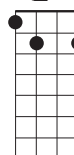
B⁷



B⁷



E⁷



E⁷

