

Back in the Saddle/Seattle Again (NWFL)

Intro: (Last Line) F-C-A^m-C-G⁷-C-G⁷

Soprano Baritone

C G⁷ C C⁷
I'm back in the saddle again
F C C⁷
Out where a friend is a friend
F C A^m
Where the longhorn cattle feed on the lowly Jimson weed
D⁷ G⁷
Back in the saddle again

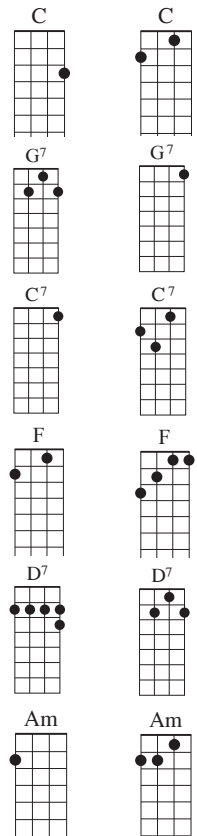
C G⁷ C C⁷
Riding the range once more
F C C⁷
Totin' my old forty-four
F C A^m
Where you sleep out every night and the only law is right
C G⁷ C C⁷
Back in the saddle again

F C G⁷
Whoopi ti yi yo, rockin' to and fro. Back in the saddle again
F C A^m C G⁷ C G⁷
Whoopi ti yi yay, I go my way. Back in the saddle again

C G⁷ C C⁷
I'm back in Seattle again
F C C⁷
Out where a latte's your friend
F C A^m
Where the Boeing airplanes gleam and the Microsofties teem
D⁷ G⁷
Back in Seattle again

C G⁷ C C⁷
Ridin' the ferries once more
F C C⁷
Leavin' my troubles ashore
F C A^m
Where the ukuleles play and the skies are always gray
C G⁷ C C⁷
Back in Seattle again

F C G⁷
Whoopi ti yi yo, sailin' to and fro. Back in Seattle again
F C A^m C G⁷ C (F C G⁷ C)
Whoopi ti yi yay, here I'm gonna stay. Back in Seattle again



King of the Road

Roger Miller, 1965

Soprano Baritone

A B^{m7} E⁷

Trailers for sale or rent

A

Rooms to let...fifty cents.

B^{m7}

E⁷

No phone, no pool, no pets

I ain't got no cigarettes

A

B^{m7}

Ah, but...two hours of pushin' broom

E⁷

A

Buys an eight by twelve four-bit room

A⁷

D

E⁷

I'm a man of means by no means

A

King of the road.

B^{m7}

E⁷

Third boxcar, midnight train

A

Destination...Bangor, Maine.

B^{m7}

E⁷

Old worn out suits and shoes,

I don't pay no union dues,

A

B^{m7}

E⁷

I smoke old stogies I have found

A

Short, but not too big around

A⁷

D

E⁷

I'm a man of means by no means

A

King of the road.

D

I know every engineer on every train

E⁷

A

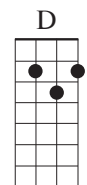
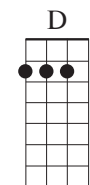
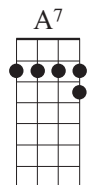
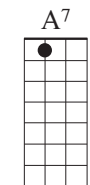
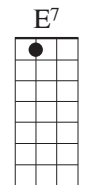
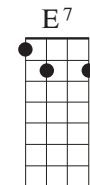
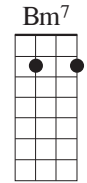
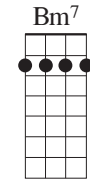
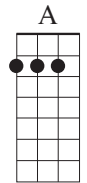
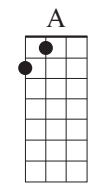
All of their children, and all of their names

D

And every handout in every town

E⁷

And every lock that ain't locked when no one's around. (I sing...)



Ragtime Cow Boy Joe (NWFL)

Words by Grant Clarke, Music by Lewis Muir & Maurice Abrahams 1912
Popularized post-WWII by Jo Stafford and in the '60s by the Chipmunks

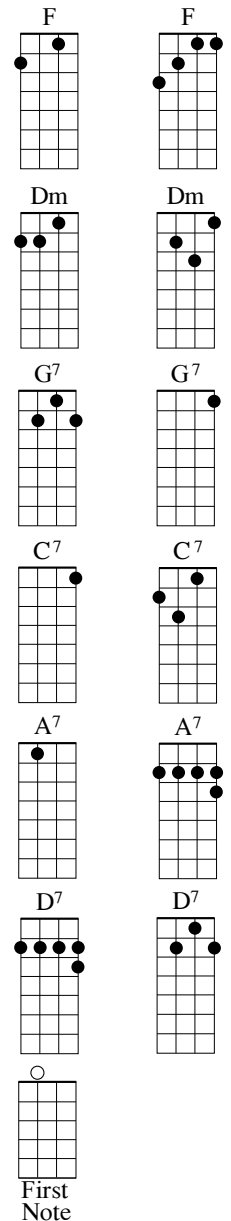
F Dm F Dm
Out in Arizona where the bad men are,
F Dm G7
And the only friend to guide you is an Eve'ning star,
F Dm F Dm G7 C7 F
The roughest toughest man by far, is Ragtime Cowboy Joe.
A7
Got his name from singing to the cows and sheep
D7
Ev'ry night they say he sings the herd to sleep,
F Dm F Dm C7
In a basso rich and deep, Crooning soft and low.

CHORUS: (Faster!)

F
He always sings, raggy music to the cattle,
G7
As he swings, back and forward in the saddle,
C7
On a horse, that is syncopated, gaited,
F Dm G7 C7
And there's such a funny meter to the roar of his repeater.
F
How they run, when they hear that fellow's gun,
G7
Because the Western folks all know,
C7
He's a high-faluting, scooting, shooting
G7 C7 F
Son-of-a-gun from Arizona, Ragtime Cow Boy Joe.
G7 C7 G7 C7
(last time): Ragtime Cow Boy (Talk about your Cow Boy)
G7 C7 F -C7-F
Ragtime Cow Boy Joe.

F Dm F Dm
Dressed up ev'ry Sunday in his Sunday clothes,
F Dm G7
He beats it for the village where he always goes,
F Dm F Dm G7 C7 F
And ev'ry girl in town is Joe's, 'cause he's a ragtime bear.
A7
When he starts a spieling on the dance hall floor,
D7
No one but a lunatic would start a war,
F Dm F Dm C7
Wise men know his forty four, Makes men dance for fair. (Chorus)

Soprano Baritone



Intro:
Slow F-Dm-F-Dm

C G7
Desmond has a barrow in the market place
C
Molly is the singer in a band
F
Desmond says to Molly, "Girl I like your face,"
C G7 C
And Molly says this as she takes him by the hand

[Chorus 1]: G Am^{+C} / C G C
"Obladi oblada life goes on bra Lala how the life goes on
G Am^{+C} / C G C
Obladi oblada life goes on bra (*) Lala how the life goes on"

C G7
Desmond takes a trolley to the jeweler's store
C
Buys a twenty-carat golden ring
F
Takes it back to Molly waiting at the door
C G7 C
And as he gives it to her she begins to sing.

[Chorus 1] "Obladi oblada..."

[Chorus2] C7-F

C C7
In a couple of years they have built a home sweet home
F C G7 ~~~~
With a couple of kids running in the yard of Desmond & Molly Jones.

C G7
Happy ever after in the market place
C
Desmond lets the children lend a hand
F
Molly stays at home and does her pretty face
C G7 C
And in the evening she still sings it with the band.

[Chorus 1] "Obladi oblada..."

[Chorus2] "In a couple of years..."

C G7
Happy ever after in the market place
C
Molly lets the children lend a hand
F
Desmond stays at home and does his pretty face
C G7 C
And in the evening she's a singer with the band.

[Chorus 1] "Obladi oblada..." – NOTE Final ending below!!!

C G Am^{+C}
(*) = [End of last chorus] Lala how the life goes on
G7 C/rings out
And if you want some fun, take Obladi-blada!

Hanalei Moon

Words & Music by Robert Nelson, 1974

Intro vamp: G⁷-C⁷-F (x2)

C⁷ F (D⁷)

When you see

G⁷

Hanalei by moonlight,

G^{m7} C⁷

F C⁷

You will be in Heaven by the sea.

F (D⁷)

Every breeze,

G⁷

Every wave will whisper,

G^{m7}

C⁷

F

(C⁷ C⁺)

"You are mine. Don't ever go away."

F (D⁷) G⁷

Hanalei,

Hanalei Moon

C⁷

B^b-B^{bm}-F C⁷

Is lighting beloved Kaua'i.

F (D⁷) G⁷

Hanalei,

Hanalei Moon,

C⁷

F (C⁷ to top) (D⁷ to last)

Aloha no wau ia oe.

Last time:

G⁷

C⁷

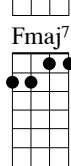
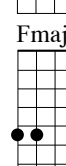
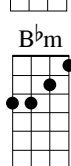
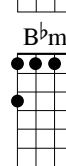
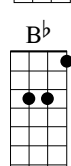
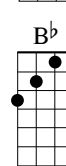
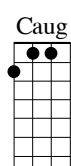
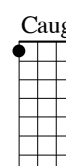
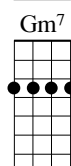
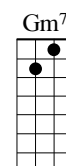
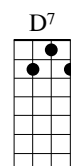
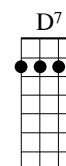
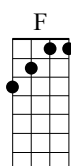
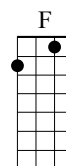
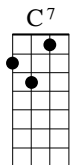
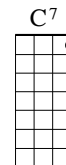
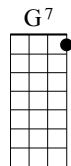
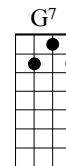
(Break & ritard)

Aloha no wau ia,

B^b B^{bm} F^{maj7}

Hana-lei Moon.

Soprano Baritone



Folsom Prison Blues

Words & Music by Johnny Cash (and Gordon Jenkins), 1955

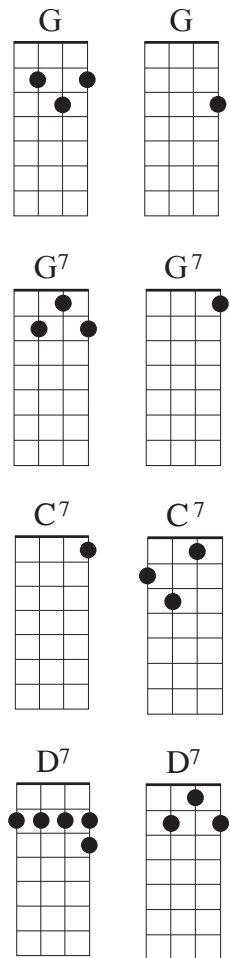
Soprano Baritone

G
I hear the train a-comin', it's rollin' 'round the bend,
(G⁷)
And I ain't seen the sunshine, since I don't know when.
C⁷ G
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison, and time keeps draggin' on.
D⁷ G
But that train keeps a rollin' on down to San Antone.

G
When I was just a baby, my mama told me, "Son,
(G⁷)
Always be a good boy. Don't ever play with guns."
C⁷ G
But I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die.
D⁷ G
When I hear that whistle blowin', I hang my head and cry.

G
I bet there's rich folk eatin' in a fancy dinin' car.
(G⁷)
They're prob'ly drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars.
C⁷ G
But I know I had it comin', know I can't be free.
D⁷ G
But those people keep a-movin', and that's what tortures me.

G
Well if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine,
(G⁷)
I bet I'd move it on a little farther down the line,
C⁷ G
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay.
D⁷ G
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away.



Daydream Believer

Words and music by John Stewart, 1967, performed by The Monkees

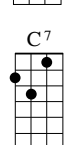
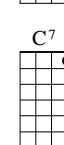
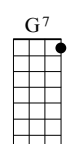
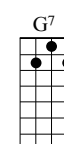
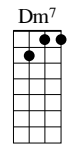
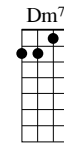
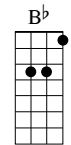
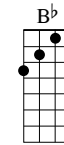
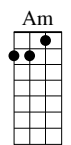
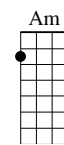
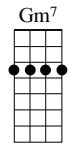
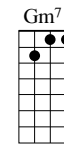
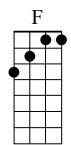
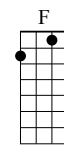
Soprano Baritone

Oh I could hide 'neath the wings
Of the bluebird as she sings.
The six o'clock alarm would never ring.
But it rings and I rise
Wipe the sleep out of my eyes.
My shaving razor's cold and it stings.

CHORUS (twice):

Cheer up sleepy Jean
Oh what can it mean, to a
Daydream believer and a
Homecoming queen.

You once thought of me
As a white knight on his steed.
Now you know how happy I can be.
Oh, and our good times start and end
Without dollar one to spend
But how much, baby, do we really need?



Cherry Pink (& Apple Blossom White)

Music by Louiguy (Louis Gugliemi), Frech lyrics by Jacques Larue/English lyrics by Mack David, 1951

D^m G⁷ C F C /NC

It's cherry pink and apple blossom white

C /NC

When your true lover comes your way

D^m G⁷

It's cherry pink and apple blossom white

C F C /NC

The poets say.

D^m G⁷

The story goes that once a cherry tree

C /NC

Beside an apple tree did grow,

D^m G⁷

And there a boy once met his bride to be

C F C

Long, long ago.

G⁷ C

The boy looked into her eyes; It was a sight to enthrall.

G⁷ C

The breezes joined their sighs; The blossoms started to fall.

G⁷ C

And, as they gently caressed, the lovers looked up to find

G⁷ C /NC

The branches of the two trees were intertwined.

D^m G⁷

And that is why the poets always write

C /NC

When there's a new moon bright above

D^m G⁷

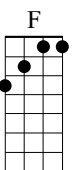
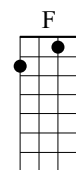
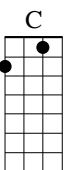
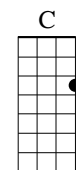
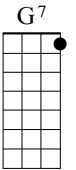
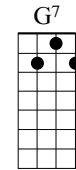
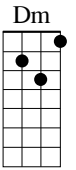
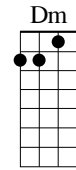
It's cherry pink and apple blossom white

C (F C)

When you're in love!

Soprano

Baritone

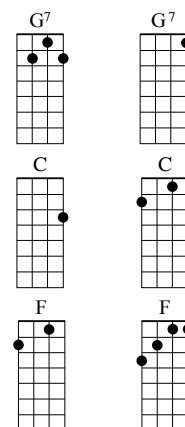


Surfin' USA

Music & Lyrics by Brian Wilson with co-writing credit to Chuck Berry, 1963

Soprano Baritone

G⁷ (NC) C (NC)
 If everybody had an ocean, across the U.S.A.
 (ooooh) (ooooh)
 G⁷ (NC) C (NC)
 Then everybody'd be surfin' like California.
 (ooooh) (ooooh)
 F (NC) C (NC)
 You'd see them wearin' their baggies, huarachi sandals too
 (ooooh) (ooooh)
 G⁷ (NC) C
 A bushy bushy blonde hairdo. Surfin' U.S.A.
 (ooooh) (ooooh)
 G⁷ C
 You'll catch 'em surfin' at Del Mar, Ventura County Line
 (inside outside U.S.A.) (inside outside U.S.A.)
 G⁷ C
 Santa Cruz and Tressels, Australia's Nirabine
 (inside outside U.S.A.) (inside outside U.S.A.)
 F C
 All over Manhattan, and down Doheny way.
 (inside outside U.S.A.) (inside outside)
 G⁷ (NC) C (NC)
 Everybody's gone surfin', surfin' U.S.A.
 G⁷ (NC) C (NC)
 We'll all be plannin' out a route we're gonna take real soon
 (ooooh) (ooooh)
 G⁷ (NC) C (NC)
 We're waxin' down our surf boards. We can't wait for June.
 (ooooh) (ooooh)
 F (NC) C (NC)
 We'll all be gone for the summer. We're on safari to stay.
 (ooooh) (ooooh)
 G⁷ (NC) C
 Tell the teacher we're surfin', surfin' U.S.A.
 (ooooh) (ooooh)
 G⁷ C
 At Haggarty's and Swami's, Pacific Palisades
 (inside outside U.S.A.) (inside outside U.S.A.)
 G⁷ C
 San Onofre and Sunset , Redondo Beach, L.A.
 (inside outside U.S.A.) (inside outside U.S.A.)
 F C
 All over La Jolla and Waiamea Bay
 (inside outside U.S.A.) (inside outside)
 G⁷ (NC) C (NC)
 Everybody's gone surfin', surfin' U.S.A. (repeat 3 times)



First Note:
A
If...

Sweet Pea

Words & Music by Amos Lee, 2006

Intro: F₄ A⁷₄ D^m₄ G⁷₄ F₂ D⁷₂ G⁷₂ C⁷₂ F₄ C⁷₄

F A⁷
Sweet Pea, apple of my eye
D^m G⁷
Don't know when and I don't know why,
F D⁷ G⁷ C⁷ F (D⁷ G⁷) C⁷
You're the only reason I keep on coming home.

F A⁷
Sweet Pea, what's all this about?
D^m G⁷
Don't get your way all you do is fuss and pout.
F D⁷ G⁷ C⁷ F
You're the only reason I keep on coming home.

(F) A⁷
I'm like the Rock of Gibraltar,
I always seem to falter,
D^m
And the words just get in the way.
G⁷
Oh I know I'm gonna crumble,
I'm trying to stay humble,
C⁷
But I never think before I say...

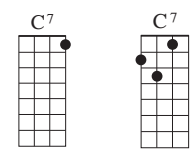
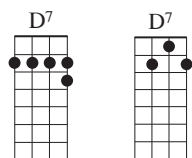
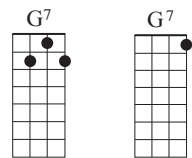
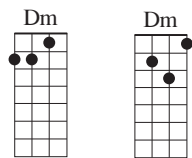
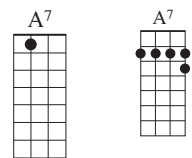
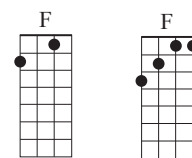
(Instrumental verse, then bridge and last verse, below)

F A⁷
Sweet Pea, keeper of my soul,
D^m G⁷
I know sometimes I'm outa control.
F D⁷ G⁷ C⁷
You're the only reason I keep on coming...
F D⁷ G⁷ C⁷
You're the only reason I keep on coming...
F D⁷ G⁷ C⁷ F (C⁷ F)
You're the only reason I keep on coming home.

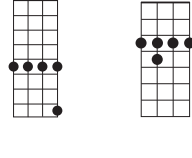
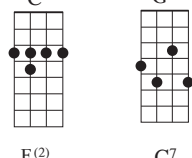
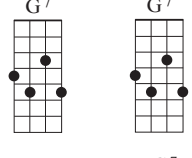
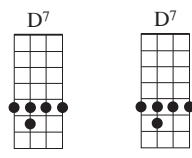
(or optional last line)

F D⁷(2) G⁷(2) C⁷(2) F(2)
You're the only reason I keep on coming home.

Soprano Baritone



Optional 2nd position ending



West Seattle Girls

(Riff)

Brian Wilson/Mike Love/Dan Schindler

Well down town girls are hip, I really dig those styles they wear

And the Burien girls with the way they talk

They knock me out when I'm down there

The south sound farmer's daughters really make you feel alright

And the Ballard girls with the way they kiss

They keep their boyfriends warm at night

(Chorus)

I wish they all could be West Seattle

I wish they all could be West Seattle

I wish they all could be West Seattle girls

Se-attle has no sunshine, So the girls don't get too tanned

I dig a Gore-tex parka on a Vashon island doll

By a pine tree in the sand

I been all around this Puget Sound

And I seen all kinds of girls

Yeah, but I couldn't wait to get over the bridge

Back to the cutest girls in the world

(Chorus)

(Riff)

Coda (repeat to fade):

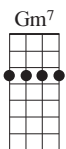
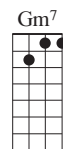
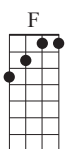
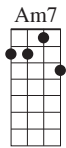
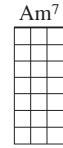
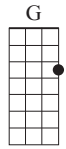
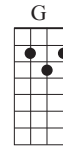
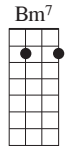
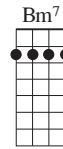
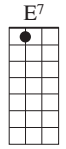
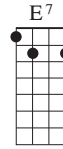
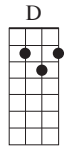
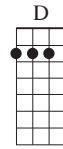
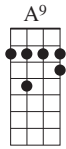
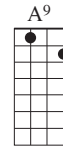
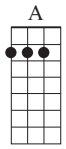
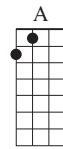
I wish they all could be West Seattle girls (X 3)

(wish they all could be West Seattle... X 3)

(Riff fade)

Soprano

Baritone



Beach boy Riff --



Hold the 1 and the 3 count an extra half beat