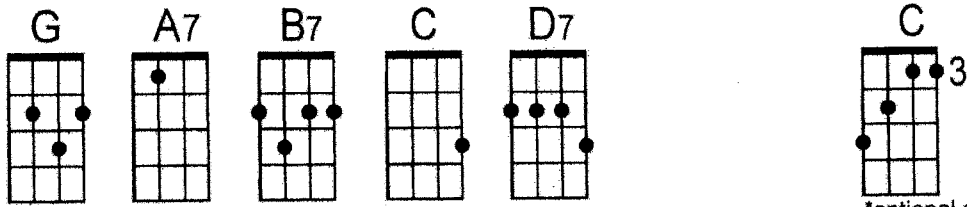


Bad, Bad Leroy Brown

by Jim Croce (1972)



*optional chords

Well, the south- side of Chi-ca-go is the bad-dest part of town
 And if you go down there, you better just be-ware of a man name of Le-roy Brown.
 Now Le-roy, more than trou-ble, you see he stand 'bout six foot four.
 All the down-town ladies call him 'tree-top lover', all the men just call him 'sir'.

Chorus: And he's bad.. bad.. Le-roy Brown
 Bad-dest man in the whole damn town
 Badder than ol' King Kong and meaner than a junk-yard dog.

Now Le-roy, he a gamb-ler, and he like his fan-cy clothes
 And he like to wave his dia-mond rings under ever-y-bo-dy's nose
 He got a cus-tom Con-ti -nen-tal, he got an El- dor-a-do, too.
 He got a thirty-two gun in his pocket for fun, he got a ra-zor in his shoe.

Chorus: And he's bad.. bad.. Le-roy Brown
 Bad-dest man in the whole damn town
 Badder than ol' King Kong and meaner than a junk-yard dog.

Well, Fri-day night, 'bout a week a-go, Le-roy, shootin' dice
 And at the edge of the bar sat a girl name of Doris and ooh, that girl looked nice.
 Well, he cast his eyes up-on her, and trou-ble soon be-gan.
 And Le-roy Brown, he learned a lesson 'bout messin' with the wife of a jea-lous man.

Chorus: And he's bad.. bad.. Le-roy Brown
 Bad-dest man in the whole damn town
 Badder than ol' King Kong and meaner than a junk-yard dog.

. |G . . . | | A7 | |
Well, the two men took to 'fight-in', and when they pulled them from the floor
B7 | C* | D7 | G
Le-roy looked like a jig-saw puzzle with a couple of pie-ces gone.

Chorus: . |G | |
And he's bad.. bad.. Le-roy Brown
A7 | |
Bad-dest man in the whole damn town
B7 | C* | D7 | G
Badder than ol' King Kong and meaner than a junk-yard dog.

. |B7 | C* | D7 | G\ C\ G\
Yes, you were badder than old King Kong, and meaner than a junk yard dog.

San Jose Ukulele Club

City Of New Orleans Arlo Guthrie

Hear this song at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=piUWIqWStH4> (play along with capo at 1st fret)

From: Richard G's Ukulele Songbook www.scorpex.net/Uke

[F] Riding on the [C] City of New [F] Orleans
[Dm] Illinois Central [Bb] Monday morning [F] rail
[F] Fifteen cars and [C] fifteen restless [F] riders
[Dm] Three conductors and [C] twenty five sacks of [F] mail
All a [Dm]long the south bound odyssey the [Am] train pulls out of Kenkakee
[C] Rolls along past houses farms and [G] fields
[Dm] Passing trains that have no name [Am] freight yards full of old black men
And the [C] graveyards of [C7] rusted automo[F]biles

Chorus: [Bb] Good morning A[C]merica how [F] are you
Say [Dm] don't you know me [Bb] I'm your native [F] son
[C] I'm the [F] train they call the [C] City of New [Dm] Orleans [G7]
I'll be [Cm] gone five [Gm] hundred [C] miles when the day is [F] done

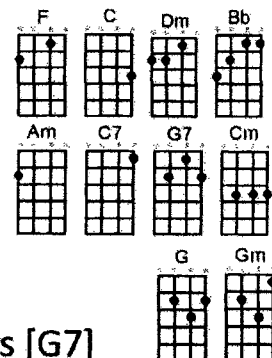
[F] Dealing card games with the [C] old men in the [F] club car
[Dm] Penny a point ain't [Bb] no-one keeping [F] score
[F] Pass the paper [C] bag that holds the [F] bottle
[Dm] Feel the wheels [C] rumbling 'neath the [F] floor
And the [Dm] sons of Pullman porters and the [Am] sons of engineers
Ride their [C] father's magic carpets made of [G] steel
[Dm] Mothers with their babes asleep [Am] rocking to the gentle beat
And the [C] rhythm of the [C7] rails is all they [F] feel

Chorus

[F] Night time on the [C] City of New [F] Orleans
[Dm] Changing cars in [Bb] Memphis Tenne[F]ssee
[F] Half way home [C] we'll be there by [F] morning
Through the [Dm] Mississippi darkness [C] rolling down to the [F] sea
But [Dm] all the towns and people seem to [Am] fade into a bad dream
And the [C] steel rail still ain't heard the [G] news

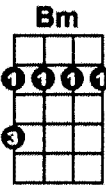
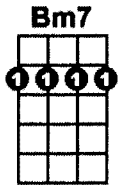
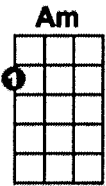
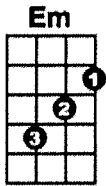
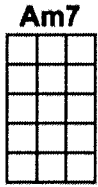
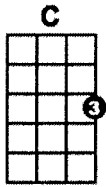
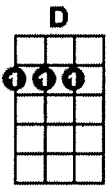
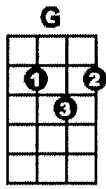
The con[Dm]ductor sings his songs again
The [Am] passengers will please refrain
This [C] train got the disa[C7]ppearing railroad [F] blues

[Bb] Good night A[C]merica how [F] are you
Say [Dm] don't you know me [Bb] I'm your native [F] son
[C] I'm the [F] train they call the [C] City of New [Dm] Orleans [G7]
I'll be [Cm] gone five [Gm] hundred [C] miles when the day is [F] done
I'll be [Cm] gone five [Gm] hundred [C] miles when the day is [F] done



Father and Son

Cat Stevens



G D C Am7
 It's not time to make a change just relax, take it easy,
 G Em Am D
 You're still young, that's your fault, there's so much you have to know.
 G D C Am7
 Find a girl, settle down, if you want you can marry,
 G Em Am D
 Look at me, I am old, but I'm happy.
 G Bm7 C Am7
 I was once like you are now and I know that it's not easy
 G Em Am D
 To be calm when you've found something going on,
 G Bm7 C Am7
 But take your time, think a lot, think of ev'rything you got
 G Em D G
 for you will still be here tomorrow, but your dreams may not.

C G C

G Bm7 C Am7
 How can I try to explain? When I do he turns away again,
 G Em Am D
 It's always been the same, same old story.
 G Bm C Am7
 From the moment I could talk, I was ordered to listen
 G Em D G
 Now there's a way and I know that I have to go away,
 D C G
 I know I have to go.

C G C

G D C Am7
 It's not time to make a change just sit down, take it slowly,
 G Em Am D
 You're still young, that's your fault there's so much you have to go through.
 G D C Am7
 Find a girl settle down if you want you can marry,

G Em Am
Look at me I am old but I'm happy.

 G Bm7 C Am7
All the times that I've cried keepin' all the things I knew inside

 G Em Am D
It's hard but it's harder to ignore it.

 G Bm7 C Am7
If they were right I'd agree but it's them they know not me,

 G Em D G
Now there's a way and I know that I have to go away,

 D C G
I know I have to go.

Note: Standard GCEA Soprano Ukulele Tuning. | Powered by [UkeGeeks' Scriptasaurus](http://ukegeeks.com) • ukegeeks.com

#11 King of the Road

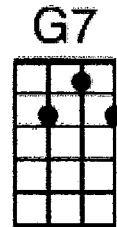
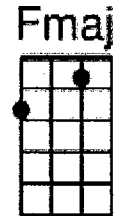
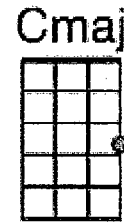
Roger Miller / The Proclaimers

[C] Trailers for [F] sale or rent,
[G7] Rooms to let [C] fifty cents,
No phone, no [F] pool, no pets
[G7] I ain't got no cigarettes, ah but...

[C] Two hours of [F] pushing broom buys an
[G7] Eight-by-twelve [C] four-bit room, I'm a
Man [C7] of [F] means by no means
[G7] King of the [C] road

[C] Third box car, [F] midnight train,
[G7] Destination [C] Bangor, Maine,
Old worn out [F] suit and shoes
[G7] I don't pay no union dues, I smoke

[C] Old stogies [F] I have found
[G7] Short but not too [C] big around, I'm a
Man [C7] of [F] means by no means
[G7] King of the [C] road



MAMAS DON'T LET YOUR BABIES GROW UP TO BE COWBOYS

by E. & P. Bruce/performed by Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson.

G C
Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to hold
D G
They'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold
C
Lonestar belt buckles and old faded Levi's and each night begins a new day
D
If you don't understand him and he don't die young
G
He'll probably just ride away

Chorus: (chords in parenthesis are for last chorus)

G (A) C(D)
Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
D (E)
Don't let them pick guitars and drive them old trucks
G(A)
Make them be doctors and lawyers and such
C (D)
Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
D(E)
They'll never stay home and they're always alone
G(A)
Even with someone they love

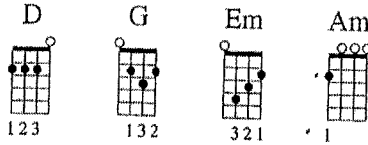
Verse 2:(A tone higher)

A D
Cowboys like smokey ol' pool rooms and clear mountain mornings
E A
Little warm puppies and children and girls of the night
Them that don't know him won't like him
D
And them that do sometimes won't know how to take him
E
He ain't wrong, he's just different but his pride won't let him
A
Do the things that make you think he's right

Chorus (Use A/D/E chords above)

Man of Constant Sorrow

Traditional



Verse 1

I am a man | **D** | of constant sorrow, | **G** |
I've seen trou - ble all my days. | **Em** | | **Am** |
I bid fare - well | **D** | to old Ken - tucky, | **G** |
The place where I | **Em** | was born and raised. | **Am** |

Verse 2

For six long years | **D** | I've been in trouble, | **G** |
No pleasure here | **Em** | on earth I've found. | **Am** |
For in this world | **D** | I'm bound to ramble, | **G** |
I have no friends | **Em** | to help me now. | **Am** |

Verse 3

It's fare you well, my own true lover,
I never ex - pect to see you a - gain.
For I'm bound to ride that northern railroad,
Perhaps I'll die upon this train.

Verse 4

You can bury me in some deep valley,
For many years where I may lay,
Then you may learn to love an - other,
While I am sleep - ing in my grave.

Verse 5

Maybe your friends think I'm just a stranger,
My face you nev - er will see no more,
But there is one promise that is given,
I'll meet you on God's golden shore.

Margaritaville — Jimmy Buffet

Verse 1

G/D
Nibblin on sponge cake
Watchin the sun bake
All of those tourists covered with oil D/A
Strummin my six-string
On my front porch swing
Smell those shrimp they're beginnin to boil G/D

CHORUS:

C/G D/A G/D
Wastin away again in marga - ritaville
C/G D/A G/D
Searching for my lost shaker of salt
C/G D/A G/D C/G
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame
D/A G/D
But I know it's nobodys fault

Verse 2

G/D
I don't know the reason
I stayed here all season
Nothin to show but this brand new tattoo D/A
But it's a real beauty
A mexican cutie
How it got here I haven't a clue G/D

CHORUS (here)

Verse 3

G/D
I blew out my flip-flop
Stepped on a pop-top
Cut my heel had to cruise on back home D/A
But there's booze in the blender
And soon it will render
That frozen concoction that helps me hang on G/D

Final CHORUS

C/G D/A G/D
Wastin away again in marga - ritaville
C/G D/A G/D
Searching for my lost shaker of salt
C/G D/A G/D C/G
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame
D/A G/D
But I know it's nobodys fault

C/G D/A G/D C/G

Some people claim that there's a woman to blame
D/A G/D
And I know it's my own damn fault

End.

The Pilgram: Chapter 33 - by Kris Kristofferson

[G] See him wasted on the sidewalk in his jacket and his jeans,
Wearin' [C] yesterday's misfortunes like a [G] smile.
[C] Once he had a [G] future full of [Em] money, love, and dreams,
Which he [A7] spent like they was goin' outa' [D] style.

And he [G] keeps right on a'changin,' for the better or the worse,
[C] Searchin' for a [D] shrine he's never [G]found.
Never [C] knowin' if believin' is a [G] blessing or a curse,
Or if the [C] goin' up was [D] worth the comin' [G]down.

CHORUS:

He's a [C] poet, he's a picker
He's a [G] prophet, he's a pusher
He's a [D] pilgrim and a preacher, and a [G] problem when he's [C] stoned.
He's a [C] walkin' contradiction, partly [G] truth and partly fiction,
Takin' [D] ev'ry wrong direction on his [C] lonely way back [G] home.

He has [G] tasted good and evil in your bedrooms and your bars,
And he's [C] traded in tomorrow for to- [G]-day.
[C] Runnin' from his [G] devils, Lord, and [Em] reachin' for the stars,
And [A7] losin' all he's loved along the [D] way.

But if this [G] world keeps right on turnin' for the better or the worse,
And all he [C] ever gets is [D] older and a- [G] -round
From the [C] rockin' of the cradle to the [G] rollin' of the hearse,
The [C] goin' up was [D] worth the comin' [G] down.

CHORUS:

He's a [C] poet, he's a picker
He's a [G] prophet, he's a pusher
He's a [D] pilgrim and a preacher, and a [G] problem when he's [C] stoned
He's a [C] walkin' contradiction, partly [G] truth and partly fiction,
Takin' [D] ev'ry wrong direction on his [C]lonely way back [G] home.

Ending:

There's a [D] lotta wrong directions on that [C] lonely way back [G] home.

Secret Agent Man

(Written by Steve Barri and P.F. Sloan. Recorded by Johnny Rivers 1964.)

Am riff:

repeat x2	

(Am riff)

(Am) There's a man who (Dm) leads a life of (Am) danger
 To everyone he meets he stays a (E7) stranger
 With (Am) every move he makes a(Dm)nother chance he takes
 (Am) Odds are he won't (Dm) live to see to(Am)morrow

(tacet) Secret (Em) agent (Am) man, secret (Em) agent (Am) man
 They've (F) given you a (Dm) number
 and (E7) taken away your (Am riff) name

(Am) Beware of pretty (Dm) faces that you (Am) find
 A pretty face can hide an evil (E7) mind
 Ah, be (Am) careful what you say, or you'll (Dm) give yourself away
 (Am) Odds are you won't (Dm) live to see to(Am)morrow

(chorus)

(solo, verse chords)

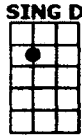
(chorus)

(Am) Swingin' on the (Dm) Riviera (Am) one day
 And then layin' in a Bombay alley (E7) next day
 Oh, you (Am) let the wrong word slip while (Dm) kissing persuasive lips
 (Am) Odds are you won't (Dm) live to see to(Am) morrow

(chorus)

(Am) Secret agent man

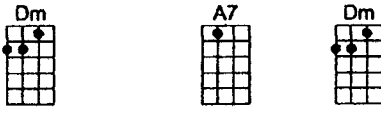
Am 	Dm 	E7 	Em 	F
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SIXTEEN TONS

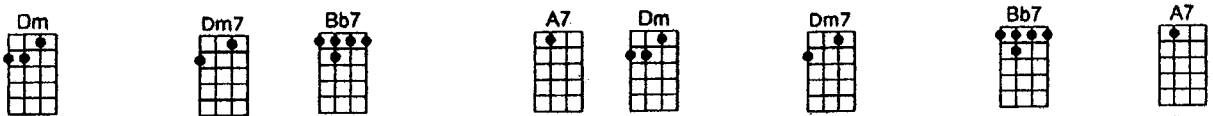
4/4 1...2...1234

Intro:



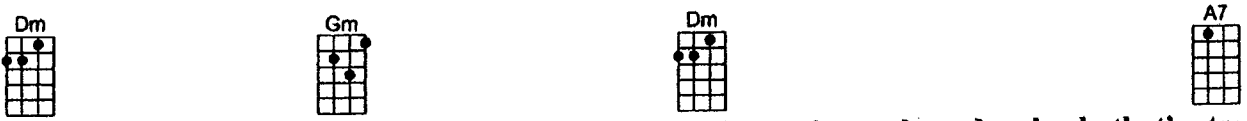
Do do do do do do do do do

4



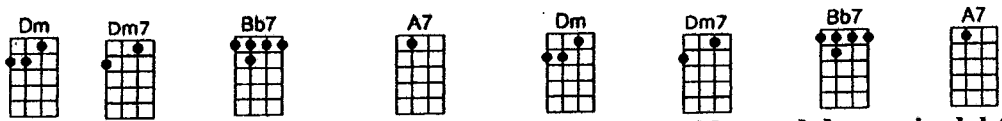
Some people say a man is made out of mud, a poor man's made out of muscle and blood
 Well, I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine, I picked up my shovel and walked to the mine
 Well, I was born one morning it was drizzlin' rain, fightin' and trouble are my middle name
 If you see me comin' better step a - side, a lot of men didn't and a lot of men died

4




Muscle and blood and skin and bones, a mind that's weak and a back that's strong
 I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal, and the straw boss said, "Well, bless my soul!"
 I was raised in the canebreak by an old mamma lion, can't no high-toned woman make me walk the line
 One fist of iron and the other of steel, if the right one doesn't get you then the left one will.

CHORUS:



You load sixteen tons and what do you get? An-other day older and deeper in debt



St. Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go. I owe my soul to the company's store.

4

Take It Easy
By The Eagles

G
Well I'm a runnin' down the road try'n to loosen my load
D C
I've got seven women on my mind
G D
Four that wanna own me, two that wanna stone me
C G
One says she's a friend of mine
Em C G
Take it easy, take it easy
Am C Em
Don't let the sound of your own wheels drive you crazy
C G
Lighten up while you still can
C G
Don't even try to understand
Am C G
Just find a place to make your stand, and take it easy

G
Well, I'm a standin' on a corner in Winslow, Arizona
D C
Such a fine sight to see
G D
It's a girl my lord in a flat-bed Ford
C G
Slowin' down to take a look at me
Em C G
Come on, baby, don't say maybe
Am C Em
I gotta know if your sweet love is gonna save me
C G C G
We may lose and we may win, though we may never be here again
Am C G
So open up I'm climbin' in, so take it easy

G
Well, I'm a runnin' down the road tryin' to loosen my load
D C
Got a world of trouble on my mind
G D C G
Lookin' for a lover who won't blow my cover, she's so hard to find
Em C G
Take it easy, take it easy
Am C Em
Don't let the sound of your own wheels make you crazy
C G C G
Come on baby, don't say maybe
Am C G C Em
I gotta know of your sweet love is gonna save me

Why? 'Cause I'm a Guy!

From the musical, "I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change"

Man 1 All right, I am [F]boasting
On dates I am [Bb]coasting
It's me I am [C]toasting
Why? 'Cause I'm a [F]Guy!

Man 2 My hairline's re[F]ceding
My ulcer is [Bb]bleeding
My ego needs [C]feeding
Why?

Both 'Cause I'm a [F]Guy!

Man 1 My vacuum is [F]rusting
Man 2 My bathtub is [Bb]crusting
Both My kitchen's dis[C]gusting
Why? 'Cause I'm a [F]Guy!

Man 1 My gut is ex[F]panding
Man 2 In bed I'm com[Bb]manding
Both By God, I'm out[C]standing
Why? Why? Why? Why? Why?

Man 1 Cause I am [F]strong!
Man 2 Strong!
Both I am in[Bb]vincible!

Man 1 And I'm a [F]hockey-loving
Man 2 [Gb]Meat-eating
Man 1 [G]Jock-itching
Man 2 [Ab]Channel-flipping
Man 1 [A]Belching, burping
Man 2 [Bb]Scratching, snoring
Both [B]Never-stop-to-[C]ask-directions [F]Guy!
(Yelled)Yeah!