



## B.U.G. FAVORITES OF 2017

### **A Year in Review:**

Jan: Favorites of 2016

Feb: Loves Me – Loves Me Not

Mar: Women of Song

Apr: The Dude Abides

May: Colorado Songs

Jun: Fashion Songs & Busting the Buzz

Jul: Campfire Songs

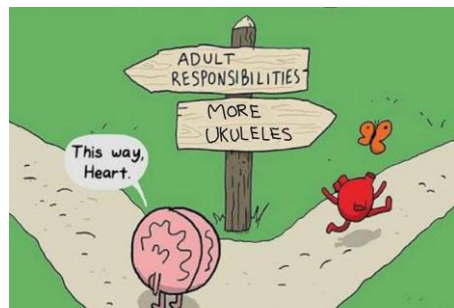
Aug: Travel, Transportation & Tunes

Sept: H2O Songs

Oct: City Songs

Nov: Songs of Thanks & Gratitude

**Thank you for an incredible year of song!**



# Ruby Tuesday - by Rolling's

Am C F G C  
She would never say where she came from  
Am C F C G  
Yesterday don't matter if it's gone  
Am D7 G  
while the sun is bright  
Am D7 G  
or in the darkest night  
C G  
no one knows, she comes and goes

## CHORUS:

C G C  
Good-bye, Ruby Tuesday.  
G C  
Who could hang a name on you  
C G B F  
When you change with ev'ry new day  
G C G  
Still I gonna miss you

Am C F G C  
Don't question why she needs to be so free  
Am C F C G  
Tell you it's the only way to be  
Am D7 G  
she just can't be chained  
Am D7 G  
to a life where nothing gained  
C G  
And nothing's lost, at such a cost

## CHORUS HERE

Am C F G C  
There's no time to lose I heard her say  
Am C F C G  
She'll cash your dreams before they slip away  
Am D7 G  
Dying all the time  
Am D7 G  
lose your dreams and you  
C G  
will lose your mind, Ain't life unkind

## CHORUS HERE 2x

G C G C  
Still I gonna miss you End.

# Love and Honesty

Hawaiian Style Band

G  
Brown skin, light brown eyes  
Em  
Golden hair from sunny skies  
C Am D  
A haunting smile, a fresh pikake lei  
G  
Soft touch, a warm embrace  
Em  
Tears of joy, they run down my face  
Am D  
I think of you every single day

CHORUS:

C  
There's more to life than getting by  
G  
There's times in life to really try  
Am D G  
My love for you really made me see  
C  
I won't give up, won't lose my dreams,  
G  
Your being there is everything  
Am D G  
And I promise you love and honesty

G  
Sunset, new moonrise  
Em  
Calming seas under balmy skies  
C Am D  
A walk with you beneath the whispering trees  
G  
We laughed so much our throats were dry  
Em  
And shared our hearts teary eyed  
Am D  
Let this night remind us there's a way

(CHORUS)

Am D G  
I promise you love and honesty  
Am D G  
I promise you love and honesty

[G] Busted flat in Baton Rouge, and headin' for the trains,  
[G] Feeling nearly faded as my [D7] jeans.  
[D7] Bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before it rained,  
[D7] Took us all the way to New Or- [G] -leans. [G]

[G] I took my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana  
N' I was [G] blowing sad while [G7] Bobby sang the [C] blues.  
With them [C] windshield wipers slappin' time, and [G] Bobby clappin' hands  
We finally [D7] sang up every song that driver [G] knew. [G]

[C] Freedom's just a-[C] -nother word for [G] nothin' left to lose,  
[D7] Nothin' ain't worth nothin', but it's [G] free.  
[C] Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when [G] Bobby sang the blues,  
[D7] Feelin' good was good enough for me, [D7]  
[D7] Good enough for me and Bobby Mc- [G] -Gee.

(Modulate to the key of A) [C] [A]

From the [A] coal mines of Kentucky to that California sun  
[A] Bobby shared the secrets of my [E7] soul.  
[E7] Standing right beside me, Lord, through everything I done,  
[E7] Every night she kept me from the [A] cold.

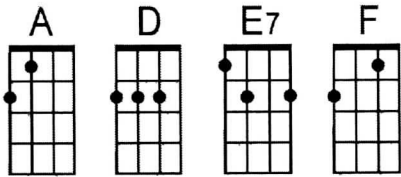
Then [A] somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away,  
[A] Looking for the [A7] home I hope she'll [D] find.  
And I'd trade [D] all of my tomorrows for a [A] single yesterday  
[E7] Holding Bobby's body next to [A] mine.

[D] Freedom's just another word for [A] nothin' left to lose,  
[E7] Nothin' left is all she left for [A] me.  
[D] Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when [A] Bobby sang the blues,  
[E7] Buddy, that was good enough for me, [E7]  
[E7] Good enough for me and Bobby Mc- [A] -Gee. [A]

[A] La la la la la la la la, la la la la la [A] (8, then 5)  
[A] La la la la, me and Bobby Mc- [E7] -Gee [E7]  
[E7] La la la la la la la la, la la la la la [E7] (8, then 5)  
[E7] La la la la, me and Bobby Mc- [A] -Gee. [A/]

# Peggy Sue

by Buddy Holly, Jerry Allison and Norman Petty (1957)



**Intro:** A . D . A . E7 . A . D . A . E7 .

A . . . D . . . A . D . A . .  
If you knew-- Peg-gy Sue-- then you'll know why I feel blue

. D . . . . . A . D . A . .  
with-out Peg-gy, my Peg-gy Su-u-ue

. E7 . . . . D . . . . A . D . A . E7 .  
Well I love you gal, yes I love you, Peg-gy Sue---

A . . . D . . . A . D . A . .  
Peg-gy Sue-- Peg-gy Sue-- oh how my heart yearns for you

. D . . . . . A . D . A . .  
Oh-oh Peg-gy, my Peg-gy Su-u-ue.

. E7 . . . . D . . . . A . D . A . E7 .  
Well I love you gal, yes, I love you Peg-gy Sue---

**Chorus:** A . . . . . F . . . . . A . . .  
Peg-gy Sue-- Peg-gy Sue-- pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty Peg-gy Sue

. D . . . . . A . D . A . .  
Oh-oh Peg-gy, my Peg-gy Su-u-ue

. E7 . . . . D . . . . A . D . A . E7 .  
Well I love you gal, and I need you, Peg-gy Sue--

A . . . D . . . A . D . A . .  
I lo-ve you-- Peg-gy Sue-- with a love so rare and true

. D . . . . . A . D . A . .  
Oh,oh, Peg-gy, my Peg-gy Su-u-ue (oo-oo - oo-oo oooooo)

. E7 . . . . D . . . . A . D . A . E7 .  
Well, I love you gal. I want you, Peg-gy Sue--

**Instrumental:** A . . . D . . . A . D . A . . .

D . . . . . A . D . A . . .

E7 . . . D . . . A . D . A . E7 .

**Chorus:** A . . . . . F . . . . . A . . .  
Peg-gy Sue-- Peg-gy Sue-- pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty Peg-gy Sue

. D . . . . . A . D . A . .  
Oh-oh Peg-gy, my Peg-gy Su-u-ue

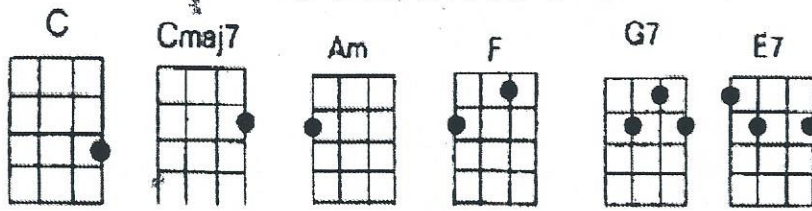
. E7 . . . . D . . . . A . D . A . E7 .  
Well I love you gal, and I need you, Peg-gy Sue--

A . . . D . . . A . D . A . .  
 I lo-ve you-- Peg-gy Sue-- with a love so rare and true  
 . D . . . . . A . D . A . . .  
 Oh,oh, Peg-gy, my Peg-gy Su-u-ue (oo-oo - oo-oo oooooo)  
 . E7 . . . D . . . A . D . A . .  
 Well, I love you gal and I want you, Peg-gy Sue--  
 . E7 . . . D . . . A . D . A . A  
 Well, I love you gal and I want you, Peg-gy Sue--

**San Jose Ukulele Club**  
 11\14\15

3/4

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band



C Cmaj7 Am F G7  
 I knew a man Bo jangles and he danced for you \* \* in worn out shoes \*  
 G7 C Cmaj7 Am F G7  
 With silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants, \* \* the old soft shoe \*  
 F C E7 Am  
 \* He jumped so high, he jumped so high,  
 D7 G7  
 Then he lightly touched down.

C Cmaj7 Am G

C Cmaj7 Am F G7  
 I met him in a cell in New Orleans, I was \* \* down and out  
 G7 C Cmaj7 Am F G7  
 He looked at me to be the eyes of age, \* \* as he spoke right out \*  
 F C E7 Am  
 \* He talked of life, he talked of life,  
 D7 G7  
 He laughed, slapped his leg a step;

Am G Am G  
 \* Mr. Bo jangles, \* \* Mr. Bo jangles \*  
 Am G C Cmaj7 Am G  
 \* Mr. Bo jangles, \* dance!

C Cmaj7 Am G

C Cmaj7 Am F G7  
 He said his name, Bo jangles, then he danced a lick, \* \* across the cell. \*  
 G7 C Cmaj7 Am  
 He grabbed his pants, a better stance, oh, he jumped up high, \*  
 F G7  
 \* Then he clicked his heels,  
 F C E7 Am  
 \* He let go a laugh, he let go a laugh,  
 D7 G7  
 Shook back his clothes all a round; \*

Am G Am G  
\* Mr. Bo jangles, \* \* Mr. Bo jangles, \*  
Am G C Cmaj7 Am G  
\* Mr. Bo jangles, dance!

C Cmaj7 Am G

● C Cmaj7 Am  
He danced for throws at minstrel shows and county fairs, \*  
F G7  
\* Throughout the south \*

● C Cmaj7 Am  
He spoke with tears of fifteen years, how his dog and him... \*  
F G7  
\* Had traveled a bout. \*

F C E7 Am  
His dog up and died, he up and died,  
D7 G7  
After twenty years he still grieves. \*

C Cmaj7 Am G

● C Cmaj7 Am  
He said, "I dance now, at every chance in honky tonks, \*  
F G7  
\* For drinks and tips, \*

G7 C Cmaj7 Am  
But most of the time I spend behind these county bars, \*  
F G7  
\* 'Cause I drinks a bit."

F C E7 Am  
\* He shook his head, and as he shook his head  
D7 G7  
I heard someone ask him "Please?" \*



Am G Am G  
\* Mr. Bo jangles, \* \* Mr. Bo jangles \*  
Am G C Cmaj7 Am G  
\* Mr. Bo jangles, \* dance!"

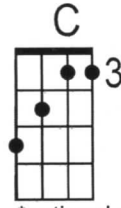
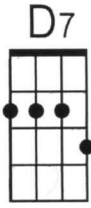
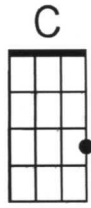
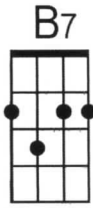
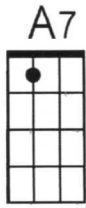
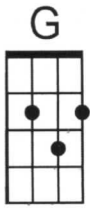
C Cmaj7 Am G

Am G Am G  
\* Mr. Bo jangles, \* \* Mr. Bo jangles  
Am G C Cmaj7 Am G  
\* Mr. Bo jangles, \* dance! "

C Cmaj7 Am G C

# 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.

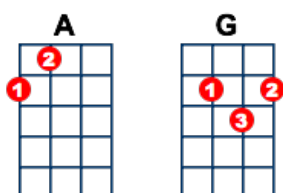
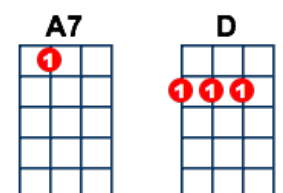
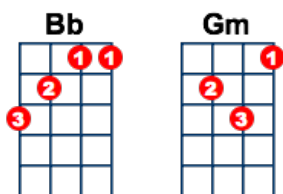
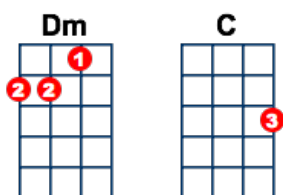
. | G . . . . | . . . . . |  
**Chorus:** And he's bad.. bad.. Le-roy Brown  
A7 . . . . | . . . . . |  
Bad-dest man in the whole damn town  
B7 . . . . | C\* . . . . | D7 . . . . | G . . .  
Badder than ol' King Kong and meaner than a junk-yard dog.

. | 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**

# A Chat With Your Mom

By Lou and Peter Berryman



Oh, the pirates in their fetid galleons, daggers in their skivvies

With infected tattooed fingers on a blunderbuss or two

Signs of scurvy in their eyes and only mermaids on their minds

It's from them I would expect to hear the F-word, not from you.

## Chorus

We sit down to have a chat, it's F-word this and F-word that

I can't control how you young people talk to one another

But I don't want to hear you use that F-word with your mother.

And the lumberjacks from Kodiak vacationing in Anchorage

Enchanted with their pine tar soap and caribou shampoo

With seven weeks of back pay in their aromatic woolens

It's from them I would expect to hear the F-word, not from you.

## Chorus



## Your State's Name Here

Lou and Peter Berryman

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EX9p50MIexs>

C F C  
Sometimes when the grass is blown by the breeze  
F C G7  
There's a far away look in the leaves of the trees  
C F C  
A memory returns, heartbreakingly clear  
F C G7 C  
Of a place I call home, **[Your state's name here]**

F C  
No sky could be deeper, no water so clear  
F C G7  
As back in the meadows of **[Your state's name here]**  
C F C  
I'm gonna go back, although I don't know when  
F C G7 C  
There's no other place like **[Your state's name again]**

{Refrain}

G7 C  
Oh **[Your state's name here]**, oh **[Again]**, what a state  
G7 C  
I have not been back since **[A reasonable date]**  
F C  
Where the asphalt grows soft in July every year  
F C G7 C  
In the warm summer mornings of **[Your state's name here]**

F C  
My grandpa would come and turn on the game  
F C G7  
And fall asleep drinking **[Your local beer's name]**  
C F C  
While grandma would sing in the garden for hours  
F C G7 C  
To all of **[The names of indigenous flowers]**

F C  
The songs that she sang were somewhat obscure  
F C G7  
She learned from the local townspeople, I'm sure  
C F C  
The language they use is not very clear  
F C G7 C  
Like **[Place a colloquialism right here]**

{Refrain}

I'd love to wake up where **[The state songbird]** sings  
Where they manufacture **[The names of some things]**  
Like there on the bumper, a sticker so clear  
An I, then a heart, and then **[Your state's name here]**

Whisper it soft, it's a song to my ear  
**[Your state's name here, your state's name here]**  
It's there I was born and it's there I'll grow old  
By the rivers of blue and the arches of gold

{Refrain}

(more slowly)

In the warm summer mornings of **[Your state's name here]**

Performance notes:

The Berrymans perform this as a duet, with Lou singing the unbolded text, and Peter singing the bolded text.

# RICHLAND WOMAN BLUES--MISSISSIPPI JOHN HURT

NOTE: There are numerous versions of this song. This one is a hybrid between Mississippi John Hurt's and Maria Muldaur's versions.

song begins on G:

Gimme red lipstick and a poppy red rouge  
A shingle bob haircut and a shot of good booze  
Hurry home, sweet daddy, come blowin' your  
horn  
If you come too late, your mama will be gone

Now, I'm raring to go, got red shoes on my feet  
My mind's sittin' right for a Tin Lizzie seat  
Hurry home, sweet daddy, come blowin' your  
horn  
If you come too late, your mama will be gone

Hurry down to the dress shop, get the one looks  
best.  
Your own pretty mama wants a brand new  
dress.  
Hurry home, sweet daddy, come blowin' you  
horn  
If you come too late, your mama will be gone

(insert instrumental verse here)

With my rosy red garters, pink hose on my feet  
Turkey red bloomers, with a rumble seat  
Hurry home, sweet daddy, come blowin' you  
horn  
If you come too late, your mama will be gone

The red rooster said, "Cockle-doodle-do-do"  
Richland woman she say, "Any dude will do"  
Hurry home, sweet daddy, come blowin' you horn  
If you come too late, your mama will be gone

Every Sunday mornin', church people watch me go  
My wings sprouted out, the preacher told me so  
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' you  
horn  
If you come too late, your mama will be gone

(repeat 1st verse)

Source: [http://tabs.ultimate-guitar.com/m/mississippi\\_john\\_hurt/richland\\_woman\\_blues\\_crd.htm](http://tabs.ultimate-guitar.com/m/mississippi_john_hurt/richland_woman_blues_crd.htm)

## On The Road Again

Willie Nelson: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NvwojnLeMH4> (but in E)

[G]

On the [G] road again  
Just can't wait to get on the [B7] road again  
The life I love is making [Am] music with my friends  
And [C] I can't wait to get [D] on the road a[G]gain

On the [G] road again  
Goin' places that I've [B7] never been  
Seein' things that I may [Am] never see again  
And [C] I can't wait to get [D] on the road a[G]gain

On the [C] road again  
Like a band of gypsies we go down the [G] highway  
We're the [C] best of friends  
Insisting that the world keep turning [G] our way and [D7] our way

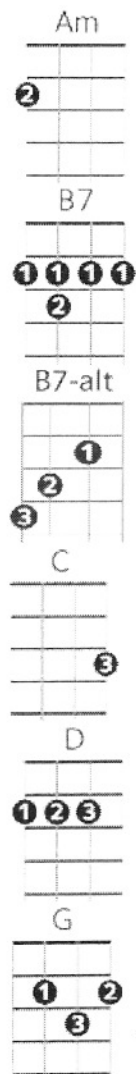
Is on the [G] road again  
Just can't wait to get on the [B7] road again  
The life I love is making [Am] music with my friends  
And [C] I can't wait to get [D] on the road a[G]gain

[G] [B7] [Am] [C] [D] [G]

On the [C] road again  
Like a band of gypsies we go down the [G] highway  
We're the [C] best of friends  
Insisting that the world keep turning [G] our way and [D7] our way

On the [G] road again  
Just can't wait to get on the [B7] road again  
The life I love is making [Am] music with my friends  
And [C] I can't wait to get [D] on the road a[G]gain  
And [C] I can't wait to get [D] on the road a[G]gain

Outro: [C] [D] [G] [C]↓ [G]↓



# Island Style

By: John Cruz

C G7 C

## Chorus:

On the island, we do it island style

From the mountain to the ocean,  
from the windward to the leeward side (C7)  
(Repeat)

Mama's in the kitchen cooking dinner real nice  
Beef stew on the stove, lomi salmon with the ice  
We eat and drink and we sing all day  
Kani ka pila in the old Hawaiian way

## Chorus

We go grandma's house on the weekend clean yard 'cause  
If we no go grandma gotta work hard  
You know my grandma she like the poi real sour  
I love my grandma every minute every hour

## Chorus

## (Instrumental)

## 1st Verse

## Chorus 2X

From the mountain to the ocean,  
from the windward to the leeward side (2x)

C/ G7/ C/

# CITY OF NEW ORLEANS

Steve Goodman 1971

**INTRO:** 1 2 / 1 2 3 4 / [C] / [C] /

[C] Riding on the [G] City of New [C] Orleans [C] ♪  
[Am] Illinois Central [F] Monday morning [C] rail [C]  
[C] Fifteen cars and [G] fifteen restless [C] riders [C]  
Three con-[Am]ductors, and [G] twenty-five sacks of [C] mail [C]  
All a-[Am]long the south-bound odyssey, the [Em] train pulls out of Kenkakee  
[G] Rolls along past houses, farms, and [D] fields [D]  
[Am] Passing trains that have no name [Em] freight yards full of old black men  
And the [G] graveyards of the [G7] rusted automo-[C]biles [C]

## CHORUS:

[F] Good morning A-[G]merica, how [C] are you? [C]  
Say [Am] don't you know me [F] I'm your native [C] son [G7]  
I'm the [C] train they call the [G] City of New [Am] Orleans [D7]  
I'll be [Bb] gone five [F] hundred [G] miles when the day is [C] done [C]

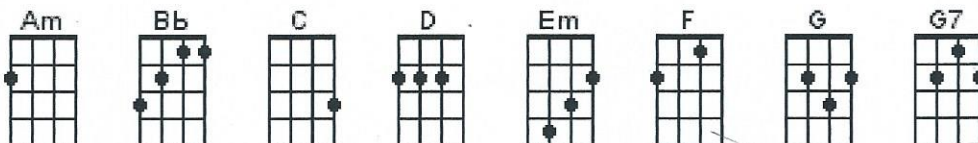
Dealing [C] card games with the [G] old men in the [C] club car [C]  
[Am] Penny a point ain't [F] no-one keeping [C] score [C]  
[C] Pass the paper [G] bag that holds the [C] bottle [C]  
[Am] Feel the wheels [G] rumbling 'neath the [C] floor [C]  
And the [Am] sons of Pullman porters, and the [Em] sons of engineers [Em]  
Ride their [G] father's magic carpets made of [D] steel [D]  
[Am] Mothers with their babes asleep [Em] rocking to the gentle beat  
And the [G] rhythm of the [G7] rails is all they [C] feel [C]

## Repeat CHORUS

[C] Night time on the [G] City of New [C] Orleans [C]  
[Am] Changing cars in [F] Memphis Tennes-[C]see [C]  
[C] Half way home [G] we'll be there by [C] morning [C]  
Through the [Am] Mississippi darkness [G] rolling down to the [C] sea [C]  
But [Am] all the towns and people seem, to [Em] fade into a bad dream  
And the [G] steel rail, still ain't heard the [D] news [D]  
The con-[Am]ductor sings his songs again, the [Em] passengers will please refrain  
This [G] train got the disap-[G7]pearing railroad [C] blues [C]

## FINAL CHORUS:

[F] Good night A-[G]merica, how [C] are you? [C]  
Say [Am] don't you know me [F] I'm your native [C] son [G7]  
I'm the [C] train they call the [G] City of New [Am] Orleans [D7]  
I'll be [Bb] gone five [F] hundred [G] miles when the day is [C] done [C]  
I'll be [Bb] gone five [F] hundred [G] miles when the day is [C] done [C]↓



## Hotel California [Am]

Eagles: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=h0G1Ucw5HDg> Capo on 2nd fret

**Intro:** [Am] [E7] [G] [D] [F] [C] [Dm] [E7]

[Am] On a dark desert highway [E7] cool wind in my hair  
[G] Warm smell of colitas [D] rising up through the air  
[F] Up ahead in the distance [C] I saw a shimmering light  
[Dm] My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim  
[E7] I had to stop for the night

[Am] There she stood in the doorway [E7] I heard the mission bell  
[G] And I was thinking to myself this could be [D] heaven or this could be hell  
[F] Then she lit up a candle [C] and she showed me the way  
[Dm] There were voices down the corridor [E7] I thought I heard them say

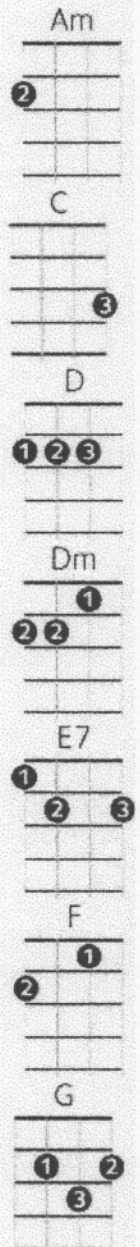
[F] Welcome to the Hotel Cali[C]ifornia  
Such a [Dm] lovely place such a [Am] lovely face  
[F] Plenty of room at the Hotel Cali[C]ifornia  
Any [Dm] time of year you can [E7] find it here

[Am] Her mind is Tiffany twisted [E7] she got the Mercedes bends  
[G] She got a lot of pretty pretty boys [D] that she calls friends  
[F] How they dance in the courtyard [C] sweet summer sweat  
[Dm] Some dance to remember [E7] some dance to forget  
[Am] So I called up the captain [E7] please bring me my wine  
He said [G] we haven't had that spirit here since [D] 1969  
[F] And still those voices are calling from [C] far away  
[Dm] Wake you up in the middle of the night [E7] just to hear them say

[F] Welcome to the Hotel Cali[C]ifornia  
Such a [Dm] lovely place such a [Am] lovely face  
[F] Plenty of room at the Hotel Cali[C]ifornia  
Any [Dm] time of year you can [E7] find it here

[Am] Mirrors on the ceiling [E7] the pink champagne on ice  
And she said [G] we are all just prisoners here [D] of our own device  
[F] And in the master's chambers [C] they gathered for the feast  
[Dm] They stab it with their steely knives but they [E7] just can't kill the beast  
[Am] Last thing I remember I was [E7] running for the door  
[G] I had to find the passage back to the [D] place I was before  
[F] Relax said the nightman we are [C] programmed to receive  
[Dm] You can check out anytime you like [E7] but you can never leave

[F] Welcome to the Hotel Cali[C]ifornia  
Such a [Dm] lovely place such a [Am] lovely face  
They [F] livin' it up at the Hotel Cali[C]ifornia  
What a [Dm] nice surprise bring your [E7] alibis [Am]



# I WON'T BACK DOWN

Tom Petty

Em\ D\ G\  
Well I won't back down  
Em\ D\ G\  
No I won't back down  
Em\ D\ C\  
You can stand me up at the gates of hell  
Em\ D\ G\  
But I won't back down.

Em\ D\ G\  
I'm gonna stand my ground  
Em\ D\ G\  
Won't be turned a – round  
Em\ D\ C\  
And I keep this world from draggin' me down  
Em\ D\ G\  
And I won't back down.

## Refrain:

C D C D G  
Hey, Baby, There ain't no easy way out  
C D Em\ D\ G\  
Hey, I will stand my ground  
Em\ D\ G\  
And I won't back down.

Em\ D\ G\  
Well I know what's right  
Em\ D\ G\  
I got just one life  
Em\ D\ C\  
In a world that keeps on pushing me around  
Em\ D\ G\  
But I stand my ground  
Em\ D\ G\  
And I won't back down.

**(To end: Repeat Refrain and last verse.)**

## Angel From Montgomery

D            G            D                    G  
I am an old woman named after my mother  
D                    G            A                    D  
My old man is another child that's grown old  
D                    G            D                    G  
If dreams were thunder & lightning was desire  
D                                    G                    A                    D  
This old house would've burnt down a long time ago

### *Chorus:*

D                    C                    G                    D  
Make me an angel that flies from Montgomery  
D                    C                    G                    D  
Make me a poster of an old rodeo  
D                    C                    G                    D  
Just give me one thing that I can hold on to  
D                                    G                    A                    D  
To believe in this living is just a hard way to go

When I was a young girl I had me a cowboy,  
wasn't much to look at, just a free ramblin man  
But that was a long time, & no matter how I try,  
the years just flow by like a broken-down dam

### *Repeat chorus*

There's flies in the kitchen, I can hear all their buzzin  
but I ain't done nothin since I woke up today  
How the hell can a person go to work in the morning  
come home in the evenin & have nothin to say

**GRACIAS a la VIDA** by Violetta Parra

Dm A Dm  
**Gracias a la vida, que me ha dado tanto**  
C7 F  
Me dio dos luceros, que cuando los abro  
A7 Dm  
Perfecto distingo, lo negro del blanco  
A Dm  
Y en el alto cielo, su fondo estrellado  
A7 Dm  
Y en las multitudes, el hombre, que yo amo

Dm A Dm  
**Gracias a la vida, que me ha dado tanto**  
C7 F  
Me ha dado el sonido, y el abecedario  
A7 Dm  
Con él, las palabras, que pienso y declaro  
A Dm  
Madre, amigo, hermano, Y luz alumbrando  
A7 Dm  
La ruta del alma, del que estoy amando

A Dm  
**Gracias a la vida, que me ha dado tanto**  
C7 F  
Me ha dado la marcha, de mis pies cansados,  
A7 Dm  
Con ellos anduve, ciudades y charcos  
A Dm  
Playas y desiertos, montañas y llanos  
A7 Dm  
Y la casa tuya, tu calle y tu patio

A Dm  
**Gracias a la vida, que me ha dado tanto**  
C7 F  
Me ha dado la risa, y me ha dado el llanto  
A7 Dm  
Así yo distingo, dicha de quebranto  
A Dm  
Los dos materiales, que forman, mi canto  
A7 Dm  
Y el canto de ustedes, que es el mismo canto  
A7 Dm  
Y el canto de todos, que es mi propio canto  
A7 Dm  
Gracias a la vida, gracias a la vida  
A7 Dm  
Gracias a la vida, gracias a la vida

Mercedes Sosa sings this: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=clrGQD84F1g>

Thanks to life, which has given me so much.  
It gave me two beams of light, that when opened,  
Can perfectly distinguish black from white  
And in the sky above, her starry backdrop,  
And from within the multitude The one that I love.

Thanks to life, which has given me so much.  
It gave me sound and the alphabet.  
With them the words that I think and declare:  
"Mother," "Friend," "Brother" and the light shining.  
The route of the soul from which comes love.

Thanks to life, which has given me so much.  
It gave me the ability to walk with my tired feet.  
With them I have traversed cities and puddles  
Valleys and deserts, mountains and plains.  
And your house, your street and your patio.

Thanks to life, which has given me so much.  
It gave me laughter and it gave me longing:  
With them I distinguish happiness and pain—  
The two materials from which my songs are formed,  
And your song, as well, which is the same song.  
And everyone's song, which is my very song.

Thanks to life

# Kansas City

Wilbert Harrison

Wilbert Harrison: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MbcY0qtJ1iY> (Capo on 1st fret)

[C] I'm going to Kansas City, Kansas City here I come  
 I'm going to [F] Kansas City, Kansas City here I [C] come  
 They got some [G7] pretty little women there,  
 And [F] I'm gonna get me [C] one

[C] I'm gonna be standing on the corner, 12th Street and Vine  
 I'm gonna be [F] standing on the corner, 12th Street and [C] Vine  
 With my [G7] Kansas City baby  
 And a [F] bottle of Kansas City [C] wine

[C] Well, I might take a train, might take a plane  
 But if I have to walk I'm going just the same  
 I'm going to [F] Kansas City, Kansas City here I [C] come  
 They've got some [G7] crazy looking women there  
 And [F] I'm gonna get me [C] one.

[C] If I stay with that woman, I know I'm going to die  
 Have to find a friendly baby, that's the reason why  
 I'm going to [F] Kansas City, Kansas City here I [C] come

They've got some [G7] crazy looking women there  
 And [F] I'm gonna get me [C] some [G7] [C]

