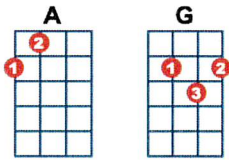
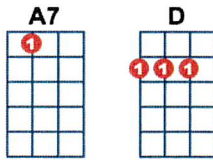
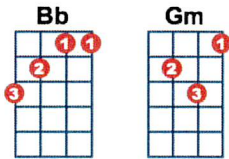
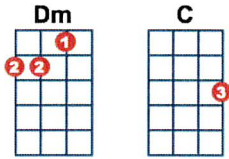


A Chat With Your Mom

By Lou and Peter Berryman



Dm **C** **Bb** **Dm**
Oh, the pirates in their fetid galleons, daggers in their skivvies

Dm **C** **Bb** **Dm**
With infected tattooed fingers on a blunderbuss or two

Gm **Dm** **C** **Dm**
Signs of scurvy in their eyes and only mermaids on their minds

Gm **A7**
It's from them I would expect to hear the F-word, not from you.

Chorus

D **A** **D** **A** **D** **A** **D** **A**
We sit down to have a chat, it's F-word this and F-word that
G **A** **D** **A** **D** **A**
I can't control how you young people talk to one another
D **A** **D** **A** **D** **A** **D**
But I don't want to hear you use that F-word with your mother.

Dm **C** **Bb** **Dm**
And the lumberjacks from Kodiak vacationing in Anchorage

Dm **C** **Bb** **Dm**
Enchanted with their pine tar soap and caribou shampoo

Gm **Dm** **C** **Dm**
With seven weeks of back pay in their aromatic woolens

Gm **A7**
It's from them I would expect to hear the F-word, not from you.

Chorus

Dm C Bb Dm
 There are militant survivalists with Gucci bandoleros
 Dm C Bb Dm
 Taking tacky khaki walkie-talkies to the rendezvous
 Gm Dm C Dm
 Trading all the latest armor-piercing ammo information
 Gm A7
 It's from them I would expect to hear the F-word, not from you.

Chorus

Dm C Bb Dm
 There are jocks who think that God himself is drooling in the bleachers
 Dm C Bb Dm
 In a cold November downpour with a belly full of brew
 Gm Dm C Dm
 Whose entire grasp of Heaven has a lot to do with football
 Gm A7
 It's from them I would expect to hear the F-word, not from you.

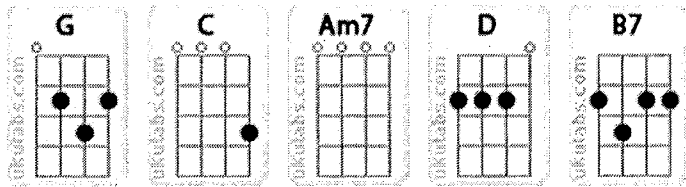
Chorus

Dm C Bb Dm
 There's unsavory musicians with their filthy pinko lyrics
 Dm C Bb Dm
 Who destroy the social fabric and enjoy it when they do
 Gm Dm C Dm
 With their groupies and addictions and their poor heartbroken parents
 Gm A7
 It's from them I would expect to hear the F-word, not from you.

Chorus

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

A Life That's Good by Sarah Siskind and Ashley Monroe



G
Sitting here tonight, by the firelight,
C G
it reminds me I already have more than I should.
G
I don't need fame, no one to know my name.
C Am7
At the end of the day, Lord I pray
D G
I have a life that's good.

C D
Two arms around me, Heaven to ground me,
G C
and a family that always calls me home.
C D
Four wheels to get there, enough love to share
B7 Em
and a sweet, sweet, sweet song.
C Am7
At the end of the day, Lord I pray
D G
I have a life that's good.

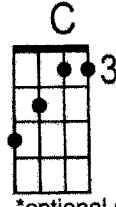
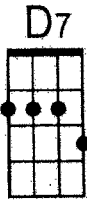
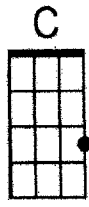
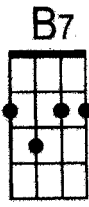
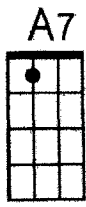
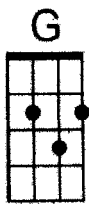
G
Sometimes I'm hard on me, when dreams don't come easy
C G
I wanna look back and say I did all that I could.

C Am7
At the end of the day, Lord I pray
D G
I have a life that's good.
C D
Two arms around me, Heaven to ground me,
G C
and a family that always calls me home.
C D
Four wheels to get there, enough love to share
B7 Em
and a sweet, sweet, sweet song.
C Am7
At the end of the day, Lord I pray
D G
I have a life that's good.

C Am7
At the end of the day, Lord I pray
D G
I have a life that's good.

Bad, Bad Leroy Brown

by Jim Croce (1972)



*optional chords

2 pages

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

DENVER
(Randy Sparks)
The New Christy Minstrels - 1962

I was [C]drivin' a rig out o' Texas,
All loaded an' bound for Chey[Am]enne
[C]Takin' my pleasures so freely
[F]Just a [C]good lovin' [G]ramblin' [C]man

I had a way with the ladies
Sweet Daddy was my middle name
Till I got to a place they called Denver
An' I ain't never been quite the same

Chorus:
I've [C]been to Saint Louis an' [F]Abilene
I've [C]rambled through many [Em]a [Am]town
But I [C]got me a woman in Denver
[F]Lord, [C]that's where I'm [G]settlin' [C]down

Well, I kissed her an' swore that I loved her
I told her some day she'd be mine
Then I laughed all the way back to Texas
Hah-hah, to think she'd believe that ol' line

Well, I got to pining for Denver
It's funny how things come to be
As I slipped the ring on her finger
Well, I knew that the laugh was on me

Chorus

Now all you young fellas take warning
You single men, run for your life
Be careful an' stay out o' Denver
For you'll wind up married for life

You'll walk down the street unsuspectin'
An' you won't believe what you see
'Cause the prettiest girls live in Denver
Lord, you'll wind up happy, like me

Chorus

Got me a woman in Denver, Lord
That's where I'm settlin' down

Glory Road: Neil Diamond 1969 (Version from 1976, on the concert album: Love at the Greek, recorded at the Greek Theater, Los Angeles.)

#1.

G **C** **G** **D** **G**
Wearin' my high boots, got all my world..lies here in a sack,
G **C** **G** **D** **G**
Lookin' for something, knowin' that it ain't where I'm at.
C **G** **Am** **D** **G**
Ain't turnin' back, I'm comin' ..ride by thumbin',
Am **D** **G**
get by bummin'..and I'm on my way.

CHORUS:

Em **D** **C** **D** **G**
Friend, have you seen glory road?
G **Em** **D**
Say, friend, I got a heavy load,
C **G** **C** **G** **G** **C** **G** **D** **G**
and I know glory road's waiting for me. (Ba baba ba ba ba baba ba)

#2.

G **C** **G** **D** **G**
Caught me a pick-up down from Seat..tle through to L.A..
G **C** **G** **D** **G**
seems like those folks go chasing a new star every day.
C **G** **Am** **D** **G**
And I'm on my way in Nevada, through Wyoming,
Am **D** **G**
Colorado, I'm on my way.

CHORUS:

Em **D** **C** **D** **G**
Friend, have you seen glory road?
G **Em** **D**
Say, friend, I got a heavy load,
C **G** **C** **G** **G** **C** **G** **D** **G**
and I know glory road's waitin' for me. (Ba baba ba ba ba baba ba)

#3.

G **C** **G** **C** **G** **D** **G**
Met so many others.. (Ba baba ba ba ba baba ba)
G **C** **G** **Am** **D** **G**
They wanted to know which way to go. Louisiana, New York City..
Am **D** **G**
they wanted the answer.. and they'd ask of me..

CHORUS:

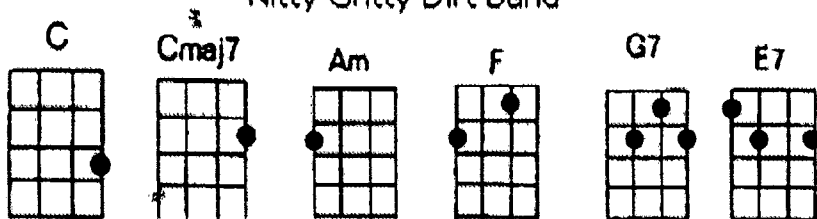
Em **D** **C** **D** **G**
Friend, have you seen glory road?
G **Em** **D**
Say, friend, I got a heavy load,
C **G** **C** **G** **G** **C** **G** **D** **G**
and I know glory road's waitin' for me. (Ba baba ba ba ba baba ba)

OUTRO:

D **C** **G** **D** **G**
Rest my load, now I know glory road won't set me free
G **C** **G** **D** **G**
(Ba baba ba ba ba baba ba)

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!"

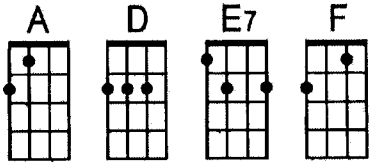
C Cmaj7 Am G

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

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

[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]

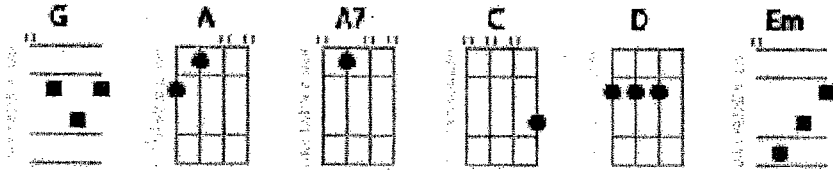
From the [A] coal mines of Kentucky to that California sun
[A] Bobby shared the secrets of my [E7] soul.
[E7] Standing right beside me, Lord, through everything I done,
[E7] Every night she kept me from the [A] cold.

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/]

| | |
|---------------|--|
| Title | Rocky Mountain High |
| Artist | John Denver |
| Album | Rocky Mountain High |
| Genre | acoustic, classic rock, country, folk, singer-songwriter |



Intro -x2-: D Em G A

A7 D Em C A
 He was born in the summer, of his twenty seventh year;
 D Em C A
 Coming home to a place he'd never been before
 D
 He left yesterday behind him,
 Em C A
 you might say he was born again
 D Em C A
 You might say he found a key for every door

D Em C A
 When he first came to the mountains, his life was far away;
 D Em C A
 On the road and hanging by a song
 D Em C A
 But the string's already broken, and he doesn't really care;
 D Em C A
 It keeps changing fast, and it don't last for long

G A D
 But the Colorado Rocky Mountain high
 G A D
 I've seen it raining fire in the sky
 G A D A G
 The shadow from the starlight is softer than a lullaby
 A D Em G
 Rocky Mountain high, Colorado
 A D Em G A7
 Rocky Mountain high, Colorado

D Em C A
 He climbed cathedral mountains, he saw silver clouds below;
 D Em C A
 he saw everything as far as you can see
 D
 And they say that he got crazy once,
 Em C A
 and he tried to touch the sun;

D Em C A
And he lost a friend but kept the memory

D Em C A
Now he walks in quiet solitude, the forests and the streams;

D Em C A
seeking grace in every step he takes

D Em C A
His sight has turned inside himself to try and understand;

D Em C A
the serenity of a clear blue mountain lake

G A D
And the Colorado Rocky Mountain high

G A D
I've seen it raining fire in the sky

G A D A G
talk to God and listen to the casual reply

A D Em G
Rocky Mountain high, Colorado

A D Em G A7
Rocky Mountain high, Colorado

D
Now his life is full of wonder,

Em C A
but his heart still knows some fear;

D Em C A
of a simple thing he cannot comprehend

D
Why they try to tear the mountains down,

Em C A
To bring in a couple more;

D Em C A
more people, more scars upon the land

G A D
And the Colorado Rocky Mountain high

G A D
I've seen it raining fire in the sky

G A D A G
I know he'd be a poorer man if he never saw an eagle fly

A D Em G
Rocky Mountain high, Colorado

A D Em G A7
Rocky Mountain high, Colorado

G A D
And the Colorado Rocky Mountain high

G A D
I've seen it raining fire in the sky

G A D A G
Friends around the campfire and everybody's high

A D Em G
Rocky Mountain high, Colorado

A D Em G A7
Rocky Mountain high, Colorado

YOUR CHEATIN' HEART - Hank Williams

Intro: G C D7 G

VERSE 1:

G\ G C
Your cheatin' heart will make you weep
C D7 G
You'll cry and cry and try to sleep
G\ G C
But sleep won't come the whole night through
C D7 G
Your cheatin' heart will tell on you.

CHORUS:

G\ C G
When tears come down like fallin' rain
G A7 D7
You'll toss around and call my name
D7\ G C
You'll walk the floor the way I do
C D7 G
Your cheatin' heart will tell on you.

VERSE 2:

G\ G C
Your cheatin' heart will pine some day
C D7 G
And crave the love you through a-way
G\ G C
The time will come when you'll be blue
C D7 G
Your cheatin' heart will tell on you.

CHORUS:

G\ C G
When tears come down like fallin' rain
G A7 D7
You'll toss around and call my name
D7\ G C
You'll walk the floor the way I do
C D7 G D7\ G\
Your cheatin' heart will tell on you.

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.