

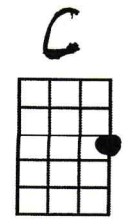


Pancho and Lefty Townes Van Zandt

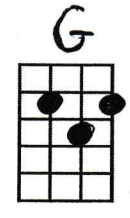
Hear this song at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TMPydiR4NaQ> (Emmylou Harris version. Play along in this key)

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

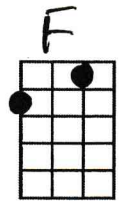
[C] Living on the road my friend is [G] gonna keep you free and clean
 [F] Now you wear your skin like iron [C] your breath as hard as [G] kerosene
 [F] Weren't your mama's only boy but her [C] favourite one it [F] seems
 She be[Am]gan to cry when you [F] said [C] good[G]bye
 And [F] sank into your [Am] dreams



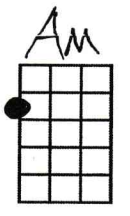
[C] Pancho was a bandit boys his [G] horse was fast as polished steel
 [F] He wore his gun outside his pants for [C] all the honest [G] world to feel
 [F] Pancho met his match you know on the [C] deserts down in [F] Mexico
 [Am] Nobody heard his [F] dy[C]ing [G] words
 Ah but [F] that's the way it [Am] goes



[F] All the Federales say they [C] could have had him [F] any day
 [Am] They only let him [F] slip [C] a[G]way out of [F] kindness I su[Am]ppose



[C] Lefty he can't sing the blues [G] all night long like he used to
 [F] The dust that Pancho bit down south [C] ended up in [G] Lefty's mouth
 [F] The day they laid poor Pancho low [C] Lefty split for [F] Ohio
 [Am] Where he got the [F] bread [C] to [G] go
 There [F] ain't nobody [Am] knows



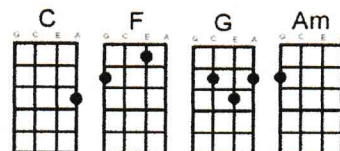
[F] All the Federales say they [C] could have had him [F] any day
 [Am] They only let him [F] slip [C] a[G]way out of [F] kindness I su[Am]ppose

[C] Poets tell how Pancho fell [G] and Lefty's living in a cheap hotel
 The [F] desert's quiet and Cleveland's cold
 And [C] so the story [G] ends we're told

[F] Pancho needs your prayers it's true but [C] save a few for [F] Lefty too
 [Am] He only did what he [F] had [C] to [G] do
 And [F] now he's growing [Am] old

[F] All the Federales say they [C] could have had him [F] any day
 [Am] They only let him [F] slip [C] a[G]way out of [F] kindness I su[Am]ppose

[F] A few gray Federales say [C] could have had him [F] any day
 [Am] We only only let him [F] go [C] so [G] long
 Out of [F] kindness I su[Am]ppose [G] [C]



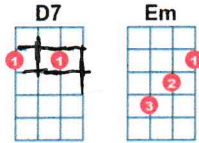
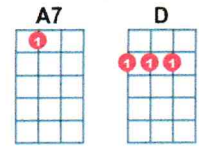


El Paso

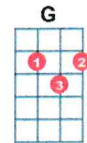
key:D, artist:Marty Robbins writer:Marty Robbins

Marty Robbins: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=R-y3DB0wLh4>
- Thanks Chris Clark for corrections

[D] Out in the West Texas [Em] town of El Paso
[A7] I fell in love with a Mexican [D] girl
Night-time would find me in [Em] Rosa's cantina
[A7] Music would play and Felina would [D] whirl



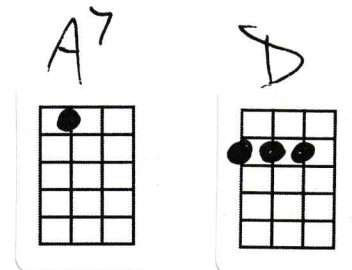
[D] Blacker than night were the [Em] eyes of Felina
[A7] Wicked and evil while casting a [D] spell
My love was deep for this [Em] Mexican maiden
[A7] I was in love but in vain, I could [D] tell



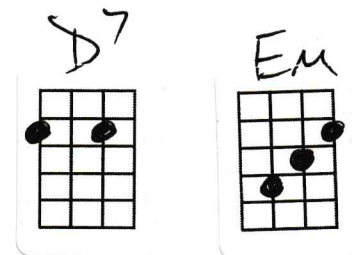
[G] One night a wild young [D] cowboy came [G] in
Wild as the West Texas [D] wind [D7]
[D7] Dashing and daring, a drink he was sharing
[D7] With wicked Felina, the girl that I [G] loved

So in [A7] anger I:

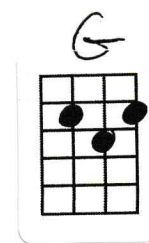
[D] Challenged his right for the [Em] love of this maiden
[A7] Down went his hand for the gun that he [D] wore
My challenge was answered in [Em] less than a heart-beat
[A7] The handsome young stranger lay dead on the [D] floor



[D] Just for a moment I [Em] stood there in silence
[A7] Shocked by the foul evil deed I had [D] done
Many thoughts raced through my [Em] mind as I stood there
[A7] I had but one chance and that was to [D] run



[G] Out through the back door of [D] Rosa's I [G] ran
Out where the horses were [D] tied [D7]
[D7] I caught a good one, it looked like it could run
[D7] Up on its back, and away I did [G] ride



Just as [A7] fast as I

[D] Could from the West Texas [Em] town of El Paso
[A7] Out to the bad-lands of New Mexi[D]co
[D] Back in El Paso my life [Em] would be worthless
[A7] Everything's gone in life nothing is [D] left

[D] It's been so long since I've seen **[Em]** the young maiden
[A7] My love is stronger than my fear of **[D]** death
[G] I saddled up and **[D7]** away I did **[G]** go
 Riding alone in the **[D7]** dark **[D7]**
[D7] Maybe tomorrow a bullet may find me
[D7] Tonight nothing's worse than this
 Pain in my **[G]** heart

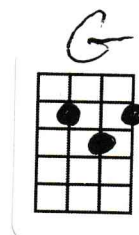
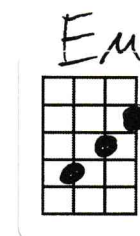
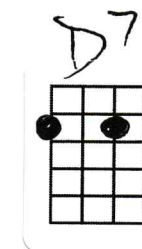
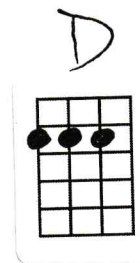
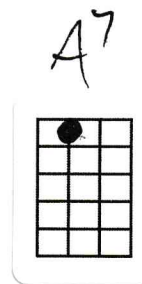
And at **[A7]** last here I
[D] Am on the hill over **[Em]** looking El Paso
[A7] I can see Rosa's cantina be **[D]** low
 My love is strong and it **[Em]** pushes me onward
[A7] Down off the hill to Felina I **[D]** go

[D] Off to my right I see **[Em]** five mounted cowboys
[A7] Off to my left ride a dozen or **[D]** more
 Shouting and shooting I **[Em]** can't let them catch me
[A7] I have to make it to Rosa's back **[D]** door

[G] Something is dreadfully **[D7]** wrong for I **[G]** feel
 A deep burning pain in my **[D]** side **[D7]**
[D7] Though I am trying to stay in the saddle
[D7] I'm getting weary, unable to **[G]** ride

But my **[A7]** love for
[D] Felina is strong and I **[Em]** rise where I've fallen
[A7] Though I am weary I can't stop to **[D]** rest
 I see the white puff of smoke **[Em]** from the rifle
[A7] I feel the bullet go deep in my **[D]** chest

[D] From out of nowhere **[Em]** Felina has found me
[A7] Kissing my cheek as she kneels by my **[D]** side
 Cradled by two loving arms **[Em]** that I'll die for
[A7] One little kiss and Felina, good **[D]** bye



Me and Julio Down by the Schoolyard

3

key:G, artist:Paul Simon writer:Paul Simon

Paul Simon - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AYt38d57c64>

Capo on 2nd fret

Intro : **[G]-[C]-[G]-[D]** x 2

The **[G]** mama Pyjama rolled out of bed and she ran to the police sta**[C]**tion

When the **[D]** papa found out he began to shout and he started the investi-**[G]**gation

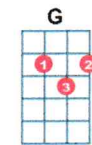
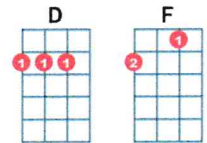
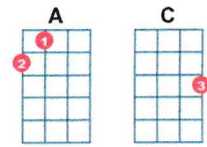
It's against the **[D]** law, it was against the **[G]** law

What the mama **[D]** saw, it was against the **[G]** law

[G] Mama looked down and spit on the ground every time my name gets men**[C]**tioned

And the **[D]** papa said, Oi, when I get that boy

I'm gonna stick him in the house of de-**[G]**tention (pause)



Well I'm on my **[C]** way, I don't know **[G]** where I'm goin'

I'm on my **[C]** way, takin' my **[G]** time but I **[A]** don't know **[D]** where

Goodbye to **[C]** Rosie, the queen of Cor**[G]**ona

Seein' **[G]** me and **[F]** Julio **[C]** down by the **[D]** schoolyard **[G]-[C]-[G]-[D]**

Seein' **[G]** me and **[F]** Julio **[C]** down by the **[D]** schoolyard **[G]-[C]-[G]-[D]**

(whistle)

Well I'm on my **[C]** way, I don't know **[G]** where I'm goin'

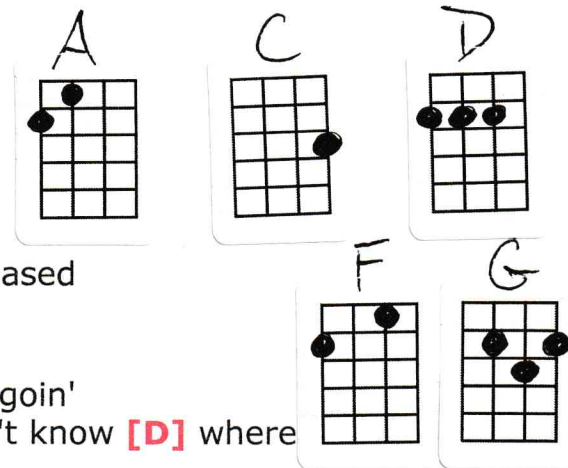
I'm on my **[C]** way, takin' my **[G]** time but I **[A]** don't know **[D]** where

Goodbye to **[C]** Rosie, the queen of Cor**[G]**ona

Seein' **[G]** me and **[F]** Julio **[C]** down by the **[D]** schoolyard **[G]-[C]-[G]-[D]**

Seein' **[G]** me and **[F]** Julio **[C]** down by the **[D]** schoolyard **[G]-[C]-[G]-[D]**

[G] (multiple strum then stop).



[NC] Whoa-oh

In a **[G]** couple of days they're gonna take me away

But the press let the story **[C]** leak

And when the **[D]** radical priest comes to get me released

We is all on the cover of **[G]** Newsweek (pause)

Well I'm on my **[C]** way, I don't know **[G]** where I'm goin'

I'm on my **[C]** way, takin' my **[G]** time but I **[A]** don't know **[D]** where

Goodbye to **[C]** Rosie, the queen of Cor**[G]**ona

Seein' **[G]** me and **[F]** Julio **[C]** down by the **[D]** schoolyard **[G]-[C]-[G]-[D]**

Seein' **[G]** me and **[F]** Julio **[C]** down by the **[D]** schoolyard **[G]-[C]-[G]-[D]**

Seein' **[G]** me and **[F]** Julio **[C]** down by the **[D]** schoolyard **[G]-[C]-[G]-[D]**

Seein' **[G]** me and **[F]** Julio **[C]** down by the **[D]** schoolyard **[G]-[C]-[G]-[D]**

[G]

Que Sera, Sera

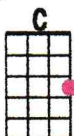
Livingston / Evans (Doris Day), 1956

INTRO:

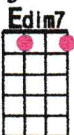
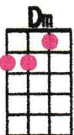
[Light bouncy strum: D-DUD]

VERSE 1:

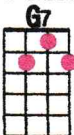
When I was just - a lit-tle girl



I asked my mother, "What will I be?"

Will I be pretty? Will I be rich?"

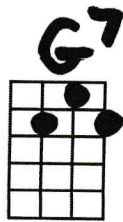
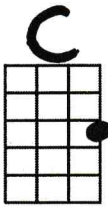


Here's what she said to me:



VERSE 2:


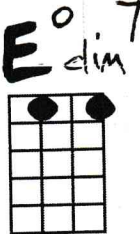
When I was just a child in school

I asked my teacher, "What should I try?"



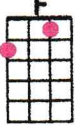

Should I paint pictures? Should I sing songs?"

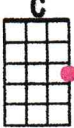
This was her wise reply:

CHORUS:

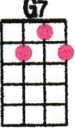
Que sera, sera



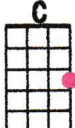
Whatever will be, will be



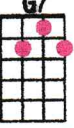
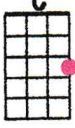
The future's not ours to see



Que sera, sera



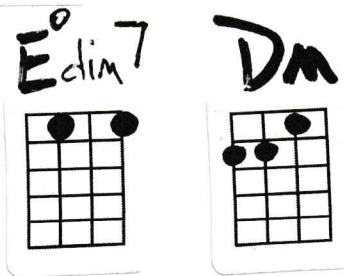
What will be, will be

REPEAT CHORUS

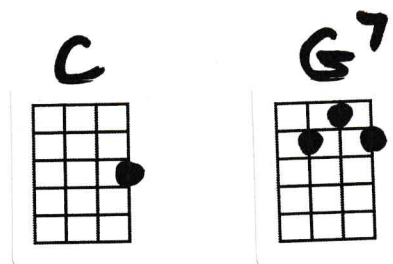
VERSE 3:

When I grew up and fell in love
 I asked my sweetheart, "What lies ahead?
 Will we have rainbows day after day?"



Here's what my sweetheart said:

REPEAT CHORUS



VERSE 4:

Now I have children of my own
 They ask their mother, "What will I be?
 Will I be pretty? Will I be rich?"

I tell them tenderly:

REPEAT CHORUS

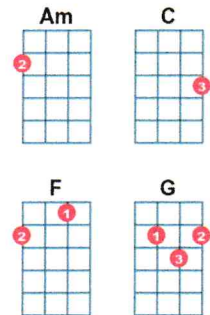


El Condor Pasa

key:C, artist:Simon and Garfunkel writer:Daniel Alomía Robles, Paul Simon

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pey29CLID3I>

Intro: ¹²³⁴ [Am] [C] ¹²³⁴ [Am] [C]
⁵⁶ ⁷⁸ ⁵⁶ ⁷⁸



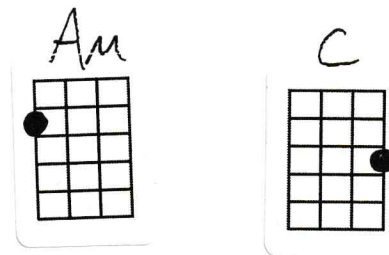
I'd [Am] rather be a sparrow than a [C] snail
[G] Yes I [C] would, [G] if I [C] could, I [G] surely [Am] would
...hmmm

A-[F]way, I'd rather sail away
Like [C] swan that's [G] here and [C] gone
A [F] man gets tied up to the ground
He gives the [C] world its [G] saddest [C] sound
Its [G] saddest [Am] sound.. [G] hm[Am]mm

[Am] [C] [Am] [C] (Same as above)

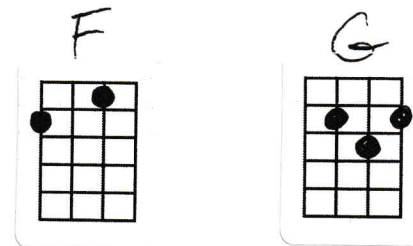
I'd [Am] rather be a hammer than a [C] nail
[G] Yes I [C] would, if I [G] only [C] could, I [G] surely would [Am]... hmmm

A-[F]way, I'd rather sail away
Like [C] swan that's [G] here and [C] gone
A [F] man gets tied up to the ground
He gives the [C] world its [G] saddest [C] sound
Its [G] saddest [Am] sound.. [G] hm[Am]mm



[Am] I'd rather be a forest than a [C] street
[G] Yes I [C] would, [G] if I [C] could, I [G] surely [Am] would.. hmmm

A-[F]way, I'd rather sail away
Like [C] swan that's [G] here and [C] gone
A [F] man gets tied up to the ground
He gives the [C] world its [G] saddest [C] sound
Its [G] saddest [Am] sound.. [G] hm[Am]mm



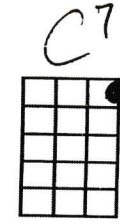
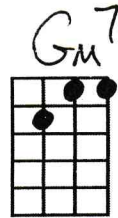
[Am] I'd rather feel the earth beneath [C] feet
[G] Yes I [C] would, [G] if I only [C] could, I surely [Am] would...hmmm

A-[F]way, I'd rather sail away
Like [C] swan that's [G] here and [C] gone
A [F] man gets tied up to the ground
He gives the [C] world its [G] saddest [C] sound
Its [G] saddest [Am] sound.. [G] hm[Am]mm

Outro : [Am] [C] [Am] [C] x 2

Evil Ways

Santana



6

Intro: [Gm7] [C7] [Gm7] [C7] [Gm7] [C7]

[Gm7] You've got to [C7] change your evil [Gm7] ways [C7] [Gm7] baby [C7]

[Gm7] Before [C7] I stop [Gm7] lovin' [C7] you

You've got to [Gm7] change [C7] [Gm7] baby [C7]

And [Gm7] every [C7] word that I [Gm7] say is [C7] true

You got me [Gm7] running and [C7] hiding [Gm7] all over [C7] town

You got me [Gm7] sneaking and [C7] peeping

And [Gm7] running you [C7] down this can't go [D7] on (stop)

(Tacet) Lord knows you got to [Gm7] change [C7] [Gm7] baby [C7]

[Gm7] [C7] [Gm7] [C7] [Gm7] [C7]

When I come [Gm7] home [C7] [Gm7] baby [C7]

My [Gm7] house is [C7] dark and my [Gm7] pots are [C7] cold

You hang a [Gm7] round [C7] [Gm7] baby [C7]

With [Gm7] Jean and [C7] Joan and a [Gm7] who knows [C7] who

I'm getting [Gm7] tired of [C7] waiting and [Gm7] fooling a [C7] round

I'll find [Gm7] somebody who won't [C7] make me

[Gm7] feel like a [C7] clown this can't go [D7] on (stop)

(Tacet) Lord knows you got to [Gm7] change [C7] [Gm7] baby [C7]

[Gm7] [C7] [Gm7] [C7] [Gm7] [C7] [Gm7] [C7] [Gm7] [C7]

When I come [Gm7] home [C7] [Gm7] baby [C7]

My [Gm7] house is [C7] dark and my [Gm7] pots are [C7] cold

You hang a [Gm7] round [C7] [Gm7] baby [C7]

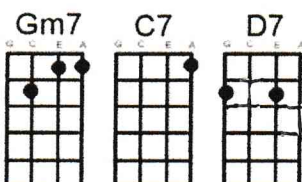
With [Gm7] Jean and [C7] Joan and a [Gm7] who knows [C7] who

I'm getting [Gm7] tired of [C7] waiting and [Gm7] fooling a [C7] round

I'll find [Gm7] somebody who won't [C7] make me

[Gm7] feel like a [C7] clown this can't go [D7] on (stop)

(Tacet) Lord knows you got to [Gm7] change

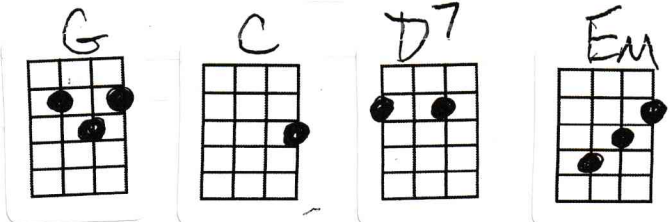


Brown Eyed Girl

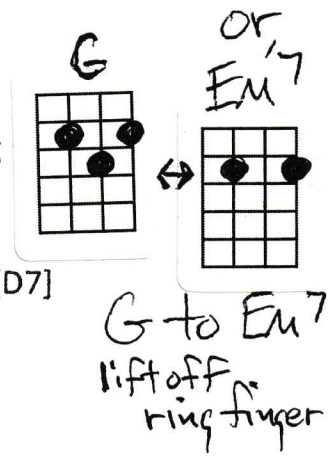
Van Morrison

7

Intro x2: A|-2-3-5-3-2-7-9-10-9-7-2-3-5-3-2-3-----0
 E|-3-5-7-5-3-8-8- 8--8-8-3-5-7-5-3-2-2-3-
 C|-----2-----
 G|-----2-----

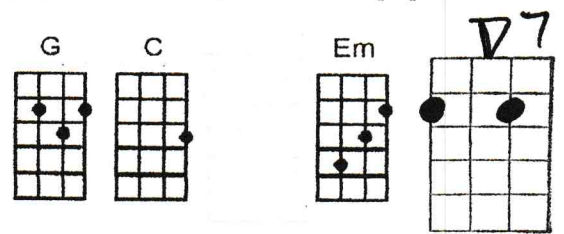


[G] Hey where did [C] we go [G] days when the [D7] rains came
 [G] Down in the [C] hollow [G] we were playin' a [D7] new game
 [G] Laughing and a [C] running hey hey [G] skipping and a [D7] jumping
 [G] In the misty [C] morning fog with
 [G] Our [D7] hearts a thumping and [C] you
 [D7] My brown-eyed [G] girl [Em] [C] You my [D7] brown-eyed girl [G] [D7]
 [G] Whatever [C] happened [G] to Tuesday and [D7] so slow
 [G] Going down the [C] old mine with a [G] transistor [D7] radio
 [G] Standing in the [C] sunlight laughing
 [G] Hiding behind a [D7] rainbow's wall [G] slipping and a [C] sliding
 [G] All along the [D7] waterfall with [C] you
 [D7] My brown-eyed [G] girl [Em] [C] you my [D7] brown-eyed girl [G]



[D7] Do you remember when we used to
 [G] Sing sha la la [C] la la la la [G] la la la la te [D7] da
 [G] Sha la la [C] la la la la [G] la la la la te [D7] da la te [G] da
 [G] So hard to [C] find my way [G] now that I'm all [D7] on my own
 [G] I saw you just the [C] other day [G] my how [D7] you have grown
 [G] Cast my memory [C] back there lord
 [G] Sometimes I'm [D7] overcome thinking 'bout
 [G] Making love in the [C] green grass
 [G] Behind the [D7] stadium with [C] you
 [D7] My brown-eyed [G] girl [Em] [C] you my [D7] brown-eyed girl [G]

[D7] Do you remember when we used to
 [G] Sing sha la la [C] la la la la [G] la la la la te [D7] da
 [G] Sha la la [C] la la la la [G] la la la la te [D7] da
 [G] Sha la la [C] la la la la [G] la la la la te [D7] da
 [G] Sha la la [C] la la la la [G] la la la la te [D7] da la te [G] da





Blue Spanish Eyes

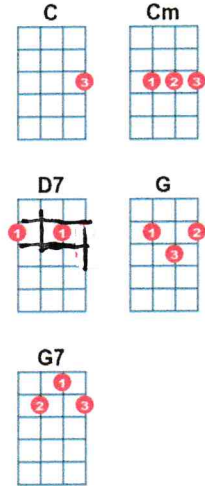
key:G, artist:Engelbert Humperdinck writer:Charles Singleton and Eddie Snyder

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LXNZH2-SzYY> Capo on 2

[G] Blue Spanish Eyes, Prettiest eyes in old Mexi-**[D7]**co,
True Spanish Eyes, please smile for me once more before I **[G]** go,
Soon I'll return, bringing you all the **[G7]** love your heart can **[C]**
hold,

[Cm] Please, say si, **[G]** si, say **[D7]** you and your Spanish Eyes
will wait for **[G]** me.

Say you **[D7]** and your Spanish Eyes will wait for **[G]** me.



[G] Blue Spanish Eyes, teardrops are falling from your Spanish
[D7] Eyes,

[D7] Please, Please don't cry, this is just adios and not good-
[G]bye,

[G] Soon I'll return, bringing you all the **[G7]** love your heart can **[C]** hold,

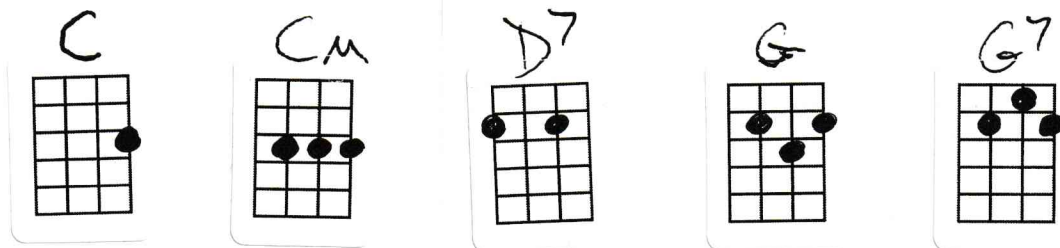
[Cm] Please, say si, **[G]** si, say **[D7]** you and your Spanish Eyes will wait for **[G]**
me.

[G] Blue Spanish Eyes, Prettiest eyes in old Mexi-**[D7]**co,
True Spanish Eyes, please smile for me once more before I **[G]** go,
Soon I'll return, bringing you all the **[G7]** love your heart can **[C]** hold,

[Cm] Please, say si, **[G]** si, say **[D7]** you and your Spanish Eyes will wait for **[G]**
me.

Say you **[D7]** and your Spanish Eyes will wait for **[G]** me.

Say you **[D7]** and your Spanish Eyes will wait for **[G]** me.



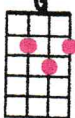
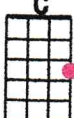
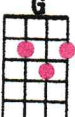

Cinco de Mayo In Memphis

Guy Clark / Chuck Mead (Jimmy Buffett), 2006

YouTube video tutorial: <https://youtu.be/CCO1StXeUgQ>

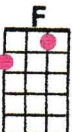
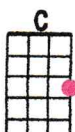
INTRO:

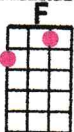
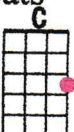
[Smooth strum: D-DU-UDU]

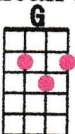


 I X X X XI X X X XI


 I X X X XI X X X XI

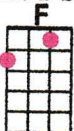
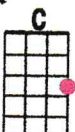
1st Note




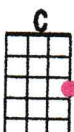


 The deckhands from the towboats

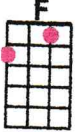



 Come ashore wearin Mexican shoes

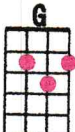

 They headed straight for Graceland


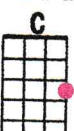


 It was the first thing they wanted to do

VERSE 1:

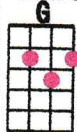
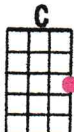


 Meanwhile down on Beale Street

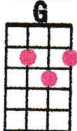
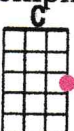


 Drinkin in a Beale Street bar

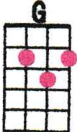
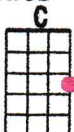

 There's a fog rollin off the Mississippi

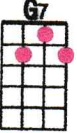
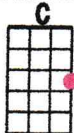


 Has anybody seen Arkansas

CHORUS A:


 (F)
 Cinco de Mayo in Memphis


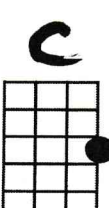
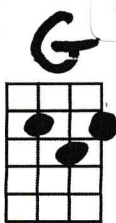

 (F)
 Mariachis singin the blues


 (F)
 Soul sisters huggin senoritas

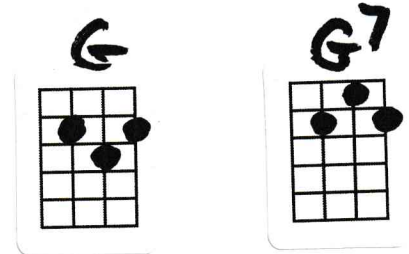
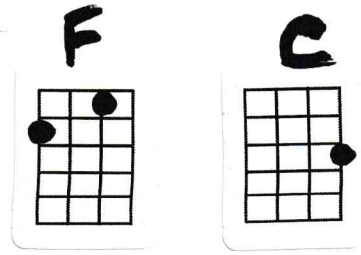


 All sportin blue suede shoes

VERSE 2:

F C
 Porkpie hats and sombreros
 F C
 Hangin on a downtown street
 G
 Swingin pool cues at pinatas
 F C
 Don't that river smell sweet

And they all come to get'm some Memphis
 A little somethin for their souls
 Lowriders lined up with limousines
 Hey, they all came to rock and roll



CHORUS B:
 G (F) C
 Cinco de Mayo in Memphis
 G (F) C
 Mariachis singin the blues
 G (F) C
 Southern belles and señoritas
 G7 C
 All sportin blue suede shoes

REPEAT CHORUS A

OUTRO:
 G (F) C
 G (F) C
 G (F) C
 G7 C

SING F#



DESPERADO-Glenn Frey/Don Henley

4/4 1234 12 (without intro)

Intro: | | | | | | | | |

Despe-rado, **why don't you come to your senses?** **You been out ridin' fences for so long now**

Oh, you're a hard one, **but I know that you got your reasons,**

These things that are pleasin' you can hurt you some-how

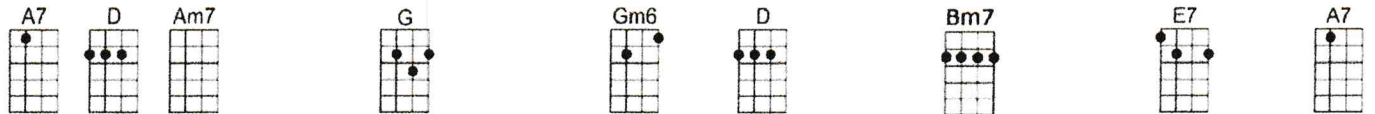
Don't you draw the queen of diamonds, boy, she'll beat you if she's able,

You know the queen of hearts is always your best bet

Now it seems to me some fine things have been laid upon your table

But you only want the ones you can't get

p.2. Desperado



Despe-rado, oh you ain't gettin' no younger, your pain and your hunger, they're drivin' you home



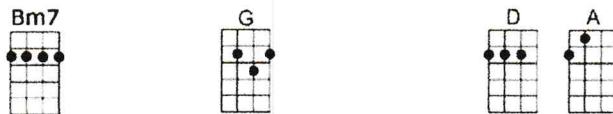
And freedom, oh, freedom, well, that's just some people talkin'



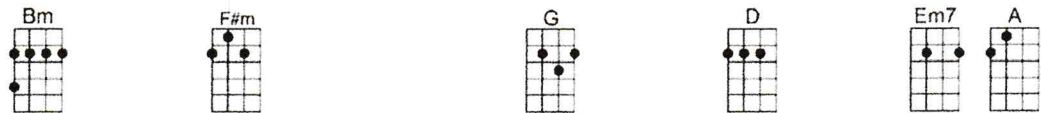
Your prison is walkin' through this world all a-lone



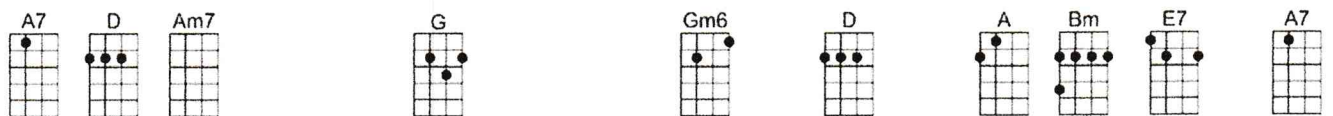
Don't your feet get cold in the winter time? The sky won't snow and the sun won't shine



It's hard to tell the night time from the day



You're losin' all your highs and lows, ain't it funny how the feelin' goes a-way



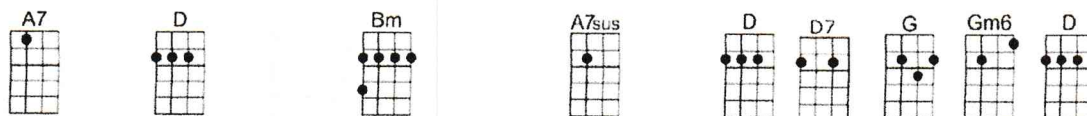
Despe-rado, why don't you come to your senses, come down from your fences, open the gate



It may be rainin', but there's a rainbow above you



You better let some-body love you, ("let some-body love you")



You better let some-body love you..... be-fore it's too late

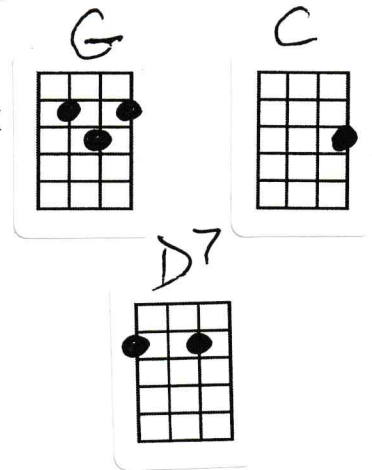
Spanish Pipedream

John Prine and Jeffrey Bradford Kent 1971



INTRO: / 1 2 3 4 / [G] / [G]

She was a [G] level-headed dancer on the [C] road to alcohol
And [D7] I was just a soldier on my way to Montre-[G]al
Well she [G] pressed her chest against me
About the [C] time the juke box broke
Yeah, she [D7] give me a peck on the back of the neck
And [D7] these are the words she [G]↓ spoke



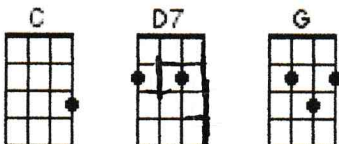
Blow up your [G] TV, throw away your paper [G]
Go to the [D7] country, build you a [G] home [G]
Plant a little [G] garden, eat a lot of peaches [G]
Try and find [D7] Jesus, on your [G] own *

Well, I [G] sat there at the table, and I [C] acted real naive
For I [D7] knew that topless lady, had somethin' up her [G] sleeve
Well, she [G] danced around the bar room, and she [C] did the hoochy-coo
Yeah, she [D7] sang her song, all night long, tellin' me what to [G]↓ do

Blow up your [G] TV, throw away your paper [G]
Go to the [D7] country, build you a [G] home [G]
Plant a little [G] garden, eat a lot of peaches [G]
Try and find [D7] Jesus, on your [G] own *

Well [G] I was young and hungry, and a-[C]bout to leave that place
When [D7] just as I was leavin', well she looked me in the [G] face
I said [G] "You must know the answer"
She said [C] "No but I'll give it a try"
And to [D7] this very day we've been livin' our way
And [D7] here is the reason [G]↓ why

We blew up our [G] TV, threw away our paper [G]
Went to the [D7] country, built us a [G] home [G]
Had a lot of [G] children, fed 'em on peaches [G]
They all found [D7] Jesus on their [G] own [G]↓ [C]↓ [G]↓



* = change/edit; omitted chords



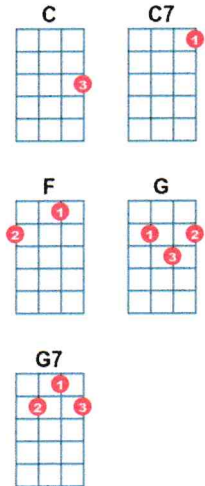
Come A Little Bit Closer

key:C, artist:Jay and the Americans writer:Tommy Boyce, Bobby Har Wes Farrell

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZuWkVqum6a8> Capo 3

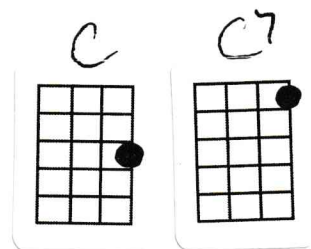
Thanks to Caren Park

[NC] In a [C] little café, just the [F] other side of the [C] border
she was sitting there giving me [F] looks
that made my mouth [C] water [C7]
Well, I [F] started walking her way, she belonged to Badman José
and I [G] knew, yes I knew, I should [G7] leave,
but I heard her [C] say--[F]ay--[G]ay



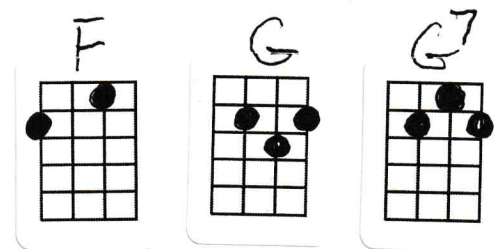
[NC] Come a little bit [C] closer, you're [F] my kind of [G]
man,
so big and so [G7] strong
Come a little bit [C] closer, * // //
I'm all a-[G]lone, and the night is so [C] long [F] [G] [F]
//

So, we [C] started to dance,
in my [F] arms she felt so in-[C]viting
And, I just [C] couldn't resist, just [F] one little kiss, so ex-[C]iting [C7]
Then, I [F] heard the guitar player say
"Vamoose, José's on his way!"
and I [G] knew, yes I knew, I should [G7] run,
but I heard her [C] say--[F]ay--[G]ay



[NC] Come a little bit [C] closer, you're [F] my kind of [G] man,
so big and so [G7] strong
Come a little bit [C] closer, * // //
I'm all a-[G]lone, and the night is so [C] long [F] [G] [F]
//

Then, the [C] music stopped,
[NC] when I [F] looked, the café was [C] empty
Then, I heard José say
"Man, you [F] know you're in trouble [C] plenty" [C7]
So, I [F] dropped my drink from my hand,
and through the window I ran,
And as I [G] rode away, I could [G7] hear her say to [C] José--[F]ay--[G]ay



[NC] Come a little bit [C] closer, you're [F] my kind of [G] man,
so big and so [G7] strong
Come a little bit [C] closer,
I'm all a-[G]lone, and the night is so [C] long [F] [G] [F]

[C] La [F] la [G] la-laaa, [C] La [F] la [G] la-laaa,
[C] La [F] la [G] la-laaa* [C] [C]

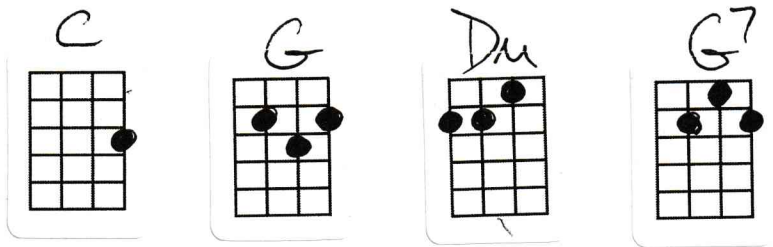
* = change/edit

1234 1

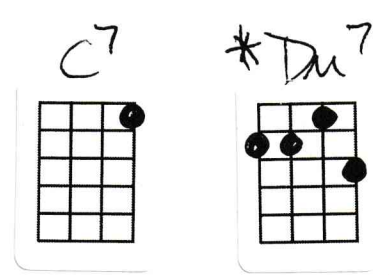
South of the Border - Vaya Con Dios Medley

Key of C

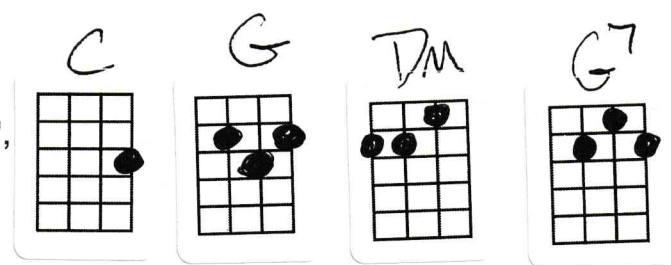
Intro: C G7 C
 Ai, yai, yai, yai Ai, yai, yai, yai
 Ai yai, yai, yai Ai yai, yai, yai



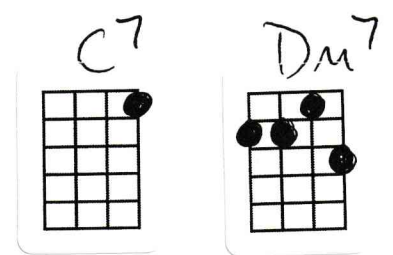
(Tacet) C G C
 South of the border, down Mexico way
 Dm G G7
 That's where I fell in love, when the stars above came out to play
 C C7 F *Dm7
 And now as I wander, my thoughts ever stray
 C G C
 South of the border, down Mexico way



(Tacet) C G C
 She was a picture in old Spanish lace
 Dm G G7
 And for a tender while, I kissed a smile upon her face
 C C7 F *Dm7
 For it was fiesta and we were so gay
 C G C
 South of the border, down Mexico way



(Softly) C/ G/
 Then she sighed as she whispered "manana",
 G/ G7/ C/
 Never dreaming that we were parting
 C/ G/
 And I lied as I whispered "manana"
 G/ G/ C/
 For our tomorrow never came



(Tacet) C G C
 South of the border, I rode back one day
 Dm G G7
 There in a veil of white, by candlelight, she knelt to pray
 C C7 F *Dm7
 The mission bells told me, that I mustn't stay

* = optional chord, all Dm7

South of the Border - Vaya Con Dios Medley

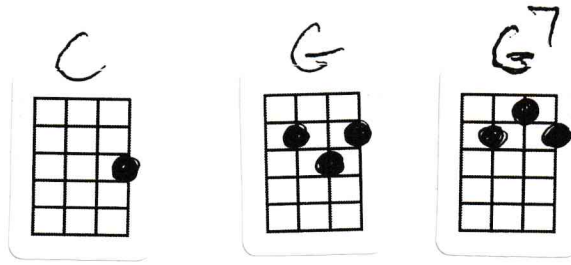
South of the border, down Mexico way

(Switch to 3/4 time) & slowing
C// - C//

Now the hacienda's dark, the town is sleeping

Now the time has come to part, the time's for weeping

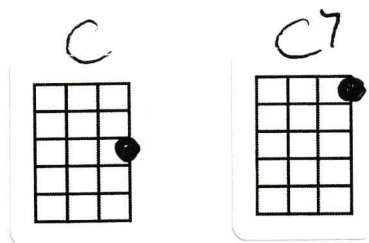
Vaya con Dios, my darling, vaya con Dios, my love



Tacet Now the village mission bells, are soft-ly ringing

If you listen with your heart, you'll hear them singing

Vaya con Dios, my darling, vaya con Dios, my love

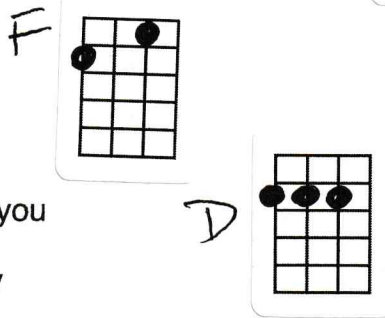


Wher - ever you may be, I'll be beside you

Although , you're many many, dreams away

Each night I say a prayer, a prayer to guide you

To hasten every hour, of every lonely day



Tacet Now the dawn is breakin' through, a grey tomorrow

Let the memories we share, be there tomorrow

Vaya con Dios, my darling, vaya con Dios, my love

Vaya con Dios, my darling, may God be with you, my love

C/ - Drag

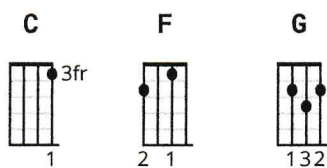




La Bamba ukulele chords by Ritchie Valens

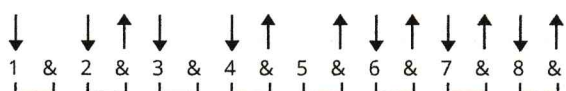
Tuning: G C E A

CHORDS



STRUMMING

ALL 152 bpm



[Intro]

| C F G | F | C F | G N.C. |

[Verse 1]

Para bailar la Bamba C F G
 Para bailar la Bamba se necesita C F G
 una poca de gracia C F G
 una poca de gracia pa' mi, pa' ti C F G
 ay arriba y arriba C F G
 y arriba y arriba por ti seré C F G N.C.
 por ti seré, por ti seré

[Verse 2]

Yo no soy marinero C F G
 yo no soy marinero, soy capitán C F G
 soy capitán, soy capitán C F G

[Chorus]

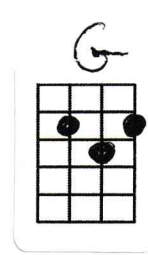
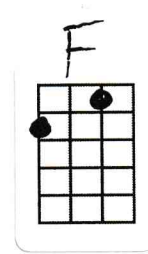
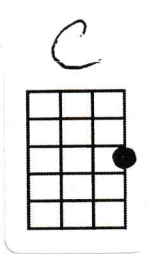
C F G
 Bamba, bamba
 C F G
 Bamba, bamba
 C F G
 Bamba, bamba
 C F G N.C.
 Bamba, bam

[Verse 3]

Para bailar la Bamba C F G
 Para bailar la Bamba se necesita C F G
 una poca de gracia C F G
 una poca de gracia pa' mi, pa' ti C F G
 ay arriba y arriba

[Verse 4]

N.C. C F G
 Para bailar la Bamba C F G
 Para bailar la Bamba se necesita C F G
 una poca de gracia C F G
 una poca de gracia pa' mi, pa' ti C F G
 ay arriba y arriba C F G
 y arriba y arriba por ti seré C F G
 por ti seré, por ti seré



[Chorus]

C F G
 Bamba, bamba
 C F G
 Bamba, bamba
 C F G
 Bamba, bamba
 C F G
 Bamba, bamba

Tequila Sunrise (by The Eagles)

15

G
It's another tequila sunrise
D Am D7 G
Starin' slowly cross the sky... Said good bye.

G
He was just a hired hand...
D Am D7 G
Workin' on a dream he planned to try... the days go by

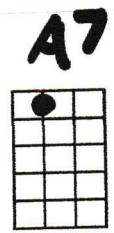
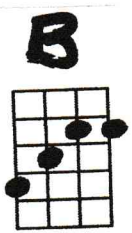
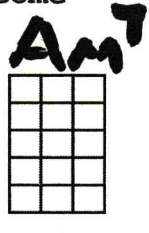
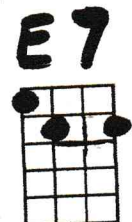
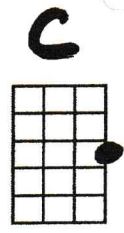
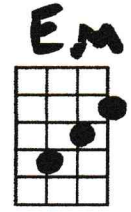
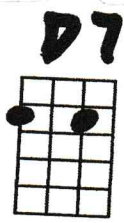
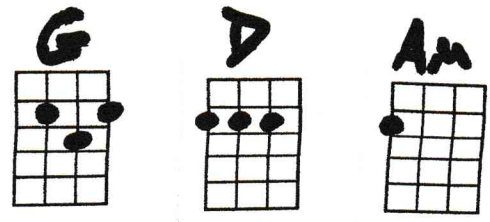
Em C Em
Every night, when the sun goes down...
C Em Am
Just another lonely boy in town...
D7
And she's out runnin' round

G
She wasn't just another woman
D Am D7 G
And I couldn't keep from comin' on... It's been so long

G
Oh, and it's a hollow feelin'
D Am D7 G
When it comes down to dealin' friends... It never ends.

Am D
Take another shot of courage
Em7 E7 *Am7
Wonder why the right words never come
B Em7 A7
You just get numb

G
It's another tequila sunrise
D Am
This old world still looks the same
D7 G
Another frame.



* = change/edit; to allow time set up B chord, Bb moved up one fret.

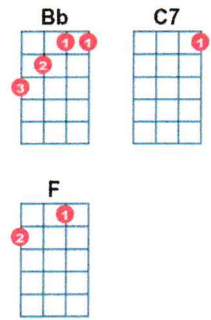
Seven Spanish Angels

key:F, artist:Willie Nelson, Ray Charles writer:Troy Seals, Eddie Setser

Thanks to Don Orgeman

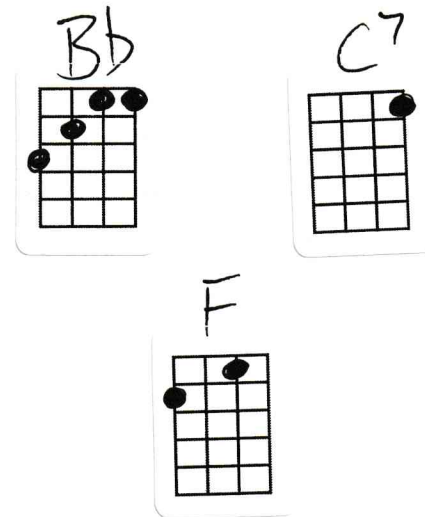
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=h1g36CXfQ00>

He looked [F] down into her brown eyes
 And said "[C7] say a prayer for me"
 [C7] She threw her arms around him
 Whispered, "God will keep us [F] free"
 [F] They could hear the riders comin'
 He said, "this is my last [Bb] fight
 If they take me back to [F] Texas
 They won't [C7] take me back a[F]live"



[F] There were seven Spanish angels
 At the altar of the [C7] sun
 [C7] They were prayin' for the lovers
 In the valley of the [F] gun
 [F] When the battle stopped and the smoke cleared
 There was thunder from the [Bb] throne
 And seven Spanish [F] angels
 Took a[C7]nother angel [F] home

[F] She reached down and picked the gun up
 That lay smokin' in his [C7] hand
 [C7] She said, "Father, please forgive me
 I can't make it without my [F] man"
 [F] And she knew the gun was empty
 And she knew she couldn't [Bb] win
 But her final prayer was [F] answered
 When the [C7] rifles fired a[F]gain



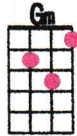
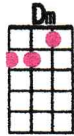
[F] There were seven Spanish angels
 At the altar of the [C7] sun
 [C7] They were prayin' for the lovers
 In the valley of the [F] gun
 [F] When the battle stopped and the smoke cleared
 There was thunder from the [Bb] throne
 And seven Spanish [F] angels
 Took a[C7]nother angel [F] home

Bésame Mucho (Beatles version)

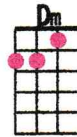
Consuelo Velázquez, 1940; English lyrics by Sunny Skylar
 YouTube video tutorial: <https://youtu.be/EQgDeGPQ6DQ>

[Even strum: D-DU-UDU]

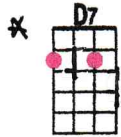
VERSE 1:



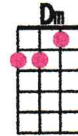
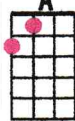
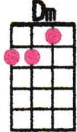
Bésame - bésame mucho



Each time I bring you a kiss I hear music divine

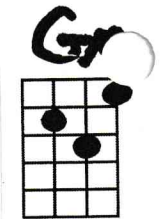
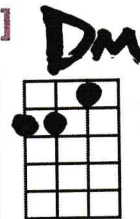


So bésame - bésame mucho



I'll love you forever, say that you'll always be mine

[STOP]



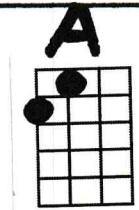
VERSE 2:

Dm Dearest one, if you should leave me

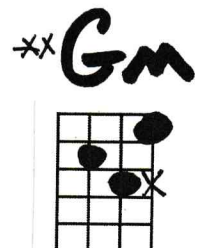
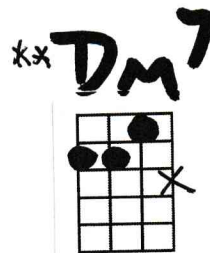
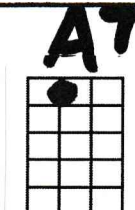
Each little dream will take wings and my life would be through **Dm**

D7 Oh bésame - bésame mucho **Gm**

Dm Love me forever, make all my dreams come true **Dm**



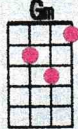
or,



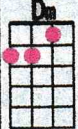
* = change/edit.
 for two-fingered
 D7 throughout.

** = Go ahead and add
 your pinky finger
 to these two chords
 to add a jazz feel.

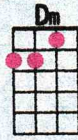
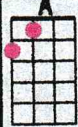
BRIDGE:



This joy is something new



My arms are holding you



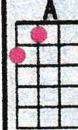
Never knew this thrill before



Who ever thought I'd be



Holding you close to me



Whispering it's you I adore

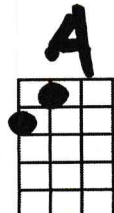
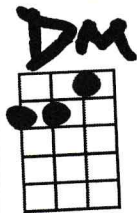
REPEAT VERSE 2

REPEAT BRIDGE

REPEAT VERSE 2

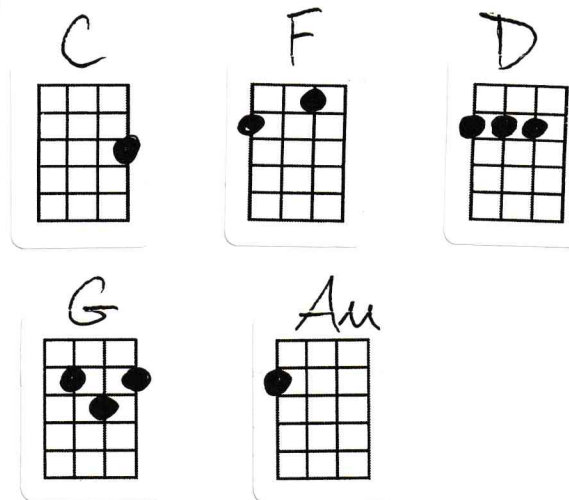
OUTRO:

Dm Love me forever, make all my dreams come true **Dm**



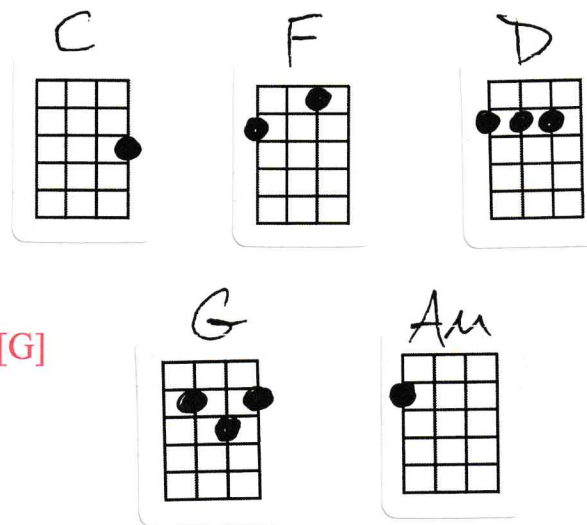
Spanish Is a Loving Tongue - Emmylou Harris

[C]Spanish is a [F]loving tongue
 [C]Soft as music l[D]ight as s[G]pray
 [C]Was a girl he [F]learned it from
 [C]Living down [G]Sonora [C]way
 [F]He don't [G]look much l[F]ike a l[C]over
 [C]But he [Am]says her [D]love words o[G]ver
 [C]Mostly when he's a[F]ll alone
 [C]Mi amor [G]mi cora[C]zon
 [C]On the nights that [F]he would ride
 [C]She would listen [D]for his [G]spurs
 [C]Throw those big doors o[F]pen wide
 [C]Raise them laughing e[G]yes of h[C]ers
 [F]How those [G]hours would [F]get to f[C]lyin'
 [C]All too [Am]soon he'd h[D]ear her s[G]ighing
 [C]In her little [F]sorry tone
 [C]Mi amor m[G]i cora[C]zon



SOLO (Play a verse and hum)

[C]He ain't seen her [F]since that night
 [C]He can't cross the [D]line y[G]ou know
 [C]They want him for a [F]gambling flight
 [C]Like as not [G]it's better [C]so
 [F]Yet he's [G]always [F]sort of missed [C]her
 [C]Since that [Am]last sad nigh[D]t he kissed her[G]
 [C]Lost his heart l[F]eft her own
 [C]Adios [G]mi cor[C]azon
 [C]Lost his heart l[F]eft her own
 [C]Adios [G]mi cor[C]azon



>From Emmylou Harris "Cimarron"
 Warner Brothers Records 1981
 Visa Music(ASCAP)

Margaritaville

key:C, artist:Jimmy Buffett writer:Jimmy Buffett

Arr.-Capt'n Uke

[F] [G7] [C] [C]

[C] Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake;
 All of those tourists covered with [G7] oil.
 Strummin' my [G7] four string, on my front porch swing.
 Smell those shrimp, they're beginnin' to [C] boil. [C7]

[F] wasted a [G7]-way again in Marga[C]-ritaville,[C7]
 [F] searchin' for my [G7] lost shaker of [C] salt.[C7]
 [F] some people [G7] claim that there's a [C] wo[G]-man to [F] blame,
 but I [G] know it's nobody's [C] fault. [C]

[C] Don't know the reason, stayed here all season
 with nothing to show but this brand new tat [G7]-too.
 but it's a real beauty, a [G7] Mexican cutie, how it got here
 I haven't a [C] clue.[C7]

[F] wasted a [G7]-way again in Marga[C]-ritaville,[C7]
 [F] searchin' for my [G7] lost shaker of [C] salt.[C7]
 [F] some people [G7] claim that there's a [C] wo[G]-man to [F] blame,
 now I [G] think, [F] hell it could be my [C] fault.[C]

[C] I blew out my flip flop, stepped on a pop top;
 Cut my heel, had to cruise on back [G7] home.
 But there's [G7] booze in the blender, and soon it will render
 that frozen concoction that helps me hang [C] on. [C7]

[F] wasted a [G7]-way again in Marga[C]-ritaville,[C7]
 [F] searchin' for my [G7] lost shaker of [C] salt.[C7]
 [F] some people [G7] claim that there's a [C] wo[G]-man to [F] blame,
 but I [G] know, [F] it's my own damn [C] fault. [C]
 [F] some people [G7] claim that there's a [C] wo[G]-man to [F] blame,
 but I [G] know, [F] it's my own damn [C] fault. [C]

