

## Dear Abby

John Prine 1973

①

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

Dear [C] Abby, Dear Abby, my [F] feet are too [C] long  
My [C] hair's falling out and my [D7] rights are all [G7] wrong [G7]  
My [C] friends they all tell me, that are [F] no friends at [C] all  
Won't you [C] write me a letter, won't you [G] give me a [C] call  
[F] Si-[G]-igned Be-[C]wildered/[C]/[C]/[C]

Be-[C]wildered, Bewildered you [F] have no com-[C]plaint  
You [C] are what you are and you [D7] ain't what you [G7] ain't [G7]  
So [C] listen up buster and [F] listen up [C] good  
Stop [C] wishin' for bad luck and [G] knockin' on [C] wood

**[F]/[G]/[C]/[C]/[C]/[C]**

Dear [C] Abby, Dear Abby, my [F] fountain pen [C] leaks  
My [C] wife hollers at me and my [D7] kids are all [G7] freaks [G7]  
Every [C] side I get up on is the [F] wrong side of [C] bed  
If it [C] weren't so expensive I'd [G] wish I were [C] dead  
[F] Si-[G]-igned Un-[C]happy/[C]/[C]/[C]

Un-[C]happy, Unhappy, you [F] have no com-[C]plaint  
You [C] are what you are and you [D7] ain't what you [G7] ain't [G7]  
So [C] listen up buster and [F] listen up [C] good  
Stop [C] wishin' for bad luck and [G] knockin' on [C] wood

**[F]/[G]/[C]/[C]/[C]/[C]**

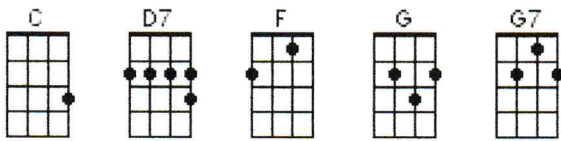
Dear [C] Abby, Dear Abby, you [F] won't believe [C] this  
But my [C] stomach makes noises when-[D7]ever I [G7] kiss [G7]  
My [C] girlfriend tells me it's [F] all in my [C] head  
But my [C] stomach tells me to [G] write you in-[C]stead  
[F] Si-[G]-igned [G]  
Noise-[C]maker/[C]/[C]/[C]

Noise-[C]maker, Noisemaker, you [F] have no com-[C]plaint  
You [C] are what you are and you [D7] ain't what you [G7] ain't [G7]  
So [C] listen up buster and [F] listen up [C] good  
Stop [C] wishin' for bad luck and [G] knockin' on [C] wood

**[F]/[G]/[C]/[C]/[C]/[C]**

Dear [C] Abby, Dear Abby, well [F] I never [C] thought  
That [C] me and my girlfriend would [D7] ever get [G7] caught [G7]  
We were [C] sittin' in the back seat just [F] shootin' the [C] breeze  
With her [C] hair up in curlers and her [G] pants to her [C] knees  
[F] Si-[G]-igned [G]  
Just [C] Married/[C]/[C]/[C]

Just [C] Married, Just Married, you [F] have no com-[C]plaint  
You [C] are what you are and you [D7] ain't what you [G7] ain't [G7]  
So [C] listen up buster and [F] listen up [C] good  
Stop [C] wishin' for bad luck and [G] knockin' on [C] wood  
[F] Si-[G]-igned Dear [C]↓ Abby ↓↓↓



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# Grandpa Was A Carpenter ^

key of B.

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[http://www.jpshrine.org/chords/html\\_version/sbprime.htm#Sam%20Stone](http://www.jpshrine.org/chords/html_version/sbprime.htm#Sam%20Stone)

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Oh, Gr[D]andpa wore his suit to dinner nearly every d[G]ay  
No particular re[D]ason, he just dressed that w[A]y  
Br[D]own necktie with a matching vest and both his wingtip s[G]hoes  
He built a closet on o[D]ur back porch and put a pe[A]nny in a burned-out f[D]use

Chorus:

G[G]randpa was a carpenter, he built houses, stores and ba[D]nks  
Ch[G]ain-smoked Camel ci[D]garettes and hammered nails in pl[A]nks  
He was le[D]vel on the level, he shaved even every d[G]oor  
And voted for Eisenh[D]ower, 'cause L[A]incoln won the w[D]ar

Instrumental

[G] [D] [A] [D]

[D]Well, he used to sing me "Blood on the Saddle" and rock me on his k[G]nee  
And let me listen to the ra[D]dio before we got [A]TV  
Well, he'd d[D]rive to church on Sunday and he'd take me with him t[G]oo  
Stained glass in every wi[D]ndow, hearing a[A]ids in every p[D]ew

Repeat Chorus:

[D]Well, my Grandma was a teacher, she went to school in Bowling Gr[G]een  
Traded in a mi[D]lking cow for a Singer sewing mac[A]hine  
Well, she ca[D]lled her husband "Mister," and she walked real tall in p[G]ride  
She used to buy me co[D]mic books a[A]fter Grandpa d[D]ied

Repeat Chorus:

3

**Donald And Lydia** ^  
**John Prine**

[C]Small town, bright lights, [F]Saturday nig[C]ht,  
[C]Pinballs and Pool halls [D7]flashing their lig[G7]hts.  
Making [C]change behind the counter in a [F]penny arca[C]de  
Sat the fat girl daughter of Virgi[G7]nia and Ra[C]y

(Spoken:) Lydia  
Lydia hid her thoug[F]hts like a c[C]at  
Be[C]hind her small eyes sunk de[D7]ep in her f[G7]at.  
She read ro[C]mance magazines [F]up in her ro[C]om  
And [C]felt just like Sunday on S[G7]aturday afterno[C]on.

Chorus:  
[C7]But dr[F]eaming just comes [C]natural  
Like the fi[G7]rst breath from a b[C]aby,  
[C7]Like s[F]unshine feeding [C]daisies,  
Like the [G7]love hidden deep in your he[C]art. [F] [C] [F]

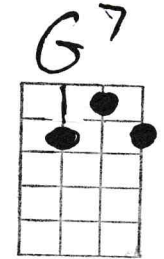
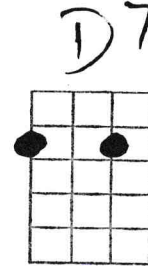
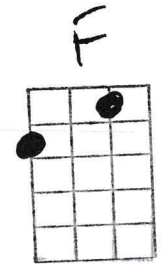
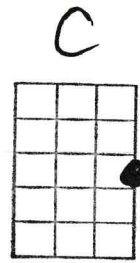
[C]Bunk beds, shaved heads, [F]Saturday ni[C]ght,  
A warehouse of strangers with [D7]sixty watt li[G7]ghts.  
]Staring through the ceiling, just wa[F]nting to b[C]e  
Lay one of too many, a y[G7]oung PF[C]C:

(Spoken:) Donald  
There were spaces between Donald and wha[F]tever he sa[C]id.  
Strangers had forced him to li[D7]ve in his h[G7]ead.  
He en[C]visioned the details of roma[F]ntic sc[C]enes  
After midnight in the stillness of the bar[G7]racks latr[C]ine.

Repeat Chorus:  
[C]Hot love, cold love, n[F]o love at a[C]ll.  
A portrait of guilt is hu[D7]ng on the w[G7]all.  
[C]Nothing is wrong, no[F]thing is ri[C]ght.  
Donald and Lydia m[G7]ade love that ni[C]ght.

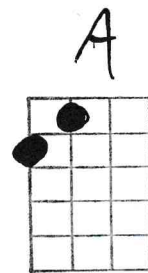
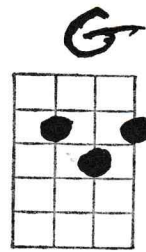
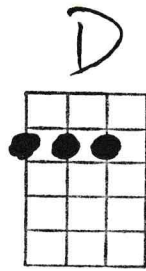
(Spoken:) Love  
The made lo[C]ve in the mountains, they made lo[F]ve in the stre[C]ams,  
They made love in the valleys, they made l[D7]ove in their dr[G7]eams.  
But w[C]hen they were finished there was n[F]othing to s[C]ay,  
'Cause mostly they made love from t[G7]en miles aw[C]ay.

Repeat Chorus:  
inding:  
[C] [F] (Repeat and Fade)



✓

4



**LINDA GOES TO MARS**  
John Prine

D G  
I JUST FOUND OUT YESTERDAY THAT LINDA GOES TO MARS  
A D  
EVERYTIME I SIT AND LOOK AT PICTURES OF USED CARS  
G  
SHE'LL TURN ON HER RADIO AND SIT DOWN IN HER CHAIR  
A D  
AND LOOK AT ME ACROSS THE ROOM, AS IF I WASN'T THERE

**Chorus:**

D G D G  
OH MY STARS! MY LINDA'S GONE TO MARS  
A D  
WELL I WISH SHE WOULDN'T LEAVE ME HERE ALONE  
D G D G  
OH MY STARS! MY LINDA'S GONE TO MARS  
A D  
WELL, I WONDER IF SHE'D BRING ME SOMETHING HOME.

D G  
SOMETHING, SOMEWHERE, SOMEHOW TOOK MY LINDA BY THE HAND  
A D  
AND SECRETLY DECODED OUR SACRED WEDDING BAND  
G  
FOR WHEN THE MOON SHINES DOWN UP ON OUR HAPPY, HUMBLE HOME  
A D  
HER INNER SPACE GETS TORTURED BY SOME OUTER SPACE UNKNOWN.

**Repeat Chorus:**

**Instrumental:** D, G, A, D, D, G, A, D

D G  
NOW I AIN'T SEEN NO SAUCERS 'CEPT THE ONES UPON THE SHELF  
A D  
AND IF I EVER SEEN ONE I'D KEEP IT TO MYSELF  
D G  
FOR IF THERE'S LIFE OUT THERE SOMEWHERE BEYOND THIS LIFE ON EARTH  
A E  
THEN LINDA MUST HAVE GONE OUT THERE AND GOT HER MONEY'S WORTH.

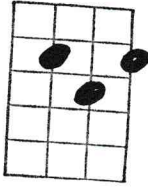
**Repeat Chorus**

A D  
YEAH, I WONDER IF SHE'D BRING ME SOMETHING HOME.

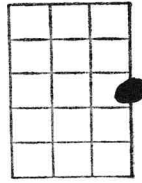
If you have corrections, or the chords to any of these songs, please send an e-mail and we will make the changes as soon as possible. Thank you. This song chart was provided for your personal enjoyment by SPIKE'S MUSIC COLLECTION; <http://spikesmusic.spike-jamie.com> SHALOM, from SPIKE & JAMIE

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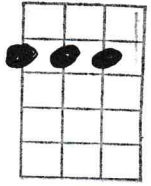
G



C



D



**Speed Of The Sound Of Loneliness ^**  
**John Prine**

Intro:  
[G] [C] [D] [G]  
[G] [C] [D] [G]

[G]You come home late and you come home ea[C]rly  
[D]You come on big when you're feeling sm[G]all  
[G]You come home straight and you come home c[C]urly  
[D]Sometimes you don't come home at al[G]l

Chorus:  
So what in the world's come o[C]ver you  
[D]And what in heaven's name have I d[G]one  
You've broken the speed of the sound of lon[C]eliness  
[D]You're out there running just to be on the [G]run

[G]Well I got a heart that burns with a fe[C]ver  
[D]And I got a worried and a jealous mi[G]nd  
How can a love that'll last fo[C]rever  
[D]Get left so far b[G]ehind

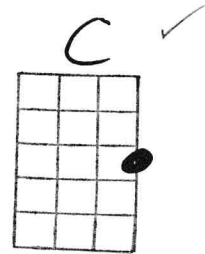
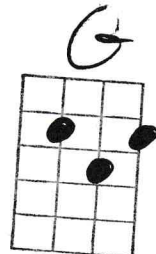
Repeat Chorus:

Instrumental:  
[G] [C] [D] [G]  
[G] [C] [D] [G]

[G]It's a mighty mean and a dreadful so[C]rrow  
[D]It's crossed the evil line to[G]day  
Well, how can you ask about tom[C]orrow  
[D]We ain't got one word to s[G]ay

Repeat Chorus:

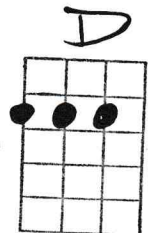
Ending:  
[D]You're out there running just to be on the r[G]un  
[D]You're out there running just to be on the r[G]un  
[D]You're out there running just to be on the r[G]un  
[C] [G]



**YOUR FLAG DECAL WON'T GET YOU INTO HEAVEN ANYMORE**

By John Prine

WHILE DIGESTING READER'S DIGEST IN THE BACK OF THE DIRTY BOOK STORE  
 A PLASTIC FLAG WITH GUM ON THE BACK FELL OUT ON THE FLOOR  
 WELL, I PICKED IT UP AND I RAN OUTSIDE, SLAPPED ON MY WINDOW SHIELD  
 AND IF I COULD SEE OLD BETSY ROSS, I'D TELL HER HOW GOOD I FEEL



**Chorus:**

BUT YOUR FLAG DECAL WON'T GET YOU INTO HEAVEN ANYMORE  
 THEY'RE ALREADY OVERCROWDED FROM YOUR DIRTY LITTLE WARS  
 NOW JESUS DON'T LIKE KILLIN', NO MATTER WHAT THE REASON FOR  
 AND YOUR FLAG DECAL WON'T GET YOU INTO HEAVEN ANYMORE

WELL, I WENT TO THE BANK THIS MORNING AND THE CASHIER HE SAID TO ME,  
 IF YOU JOIN THE CHRISTMAS CLUB WE'LL GIVE YOU TEN OF THEM FLAGS FOR FREE  
 WELL, I DIDN'T MESS AROUND A BIT, I TOOK HER UP ON WHAT SHE SAID  
 AND I STUCK THEM STICKERS ALL OVER MY CAR AND ONE ON MY WIFE'S FOREHEAD

**Repeat Chorus**

WELL, I GOT MY WINDOW SHIELD SO FILLED WITH FLAGS I COULDN'T SEE  
 SO, I RAN THE CAR UPSIDE A CURB AND RIGHT INTO A TREE  
 BY THE TIME THEY GOT A DOCTOR DOWN, I WAS ALREADY DEAD  
 AND I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY THE MAN STANDING IN THE PEARLY GATES SAID

**Repeat Chorus and Fade**

# Paradise

John Prine (1971)

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**INTRO: 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 / [D] / [D]**

When [D] I was a child my [G] family would [D] travel  
Down to [D] Western Kentucky where my [A7] parents were [D] born [D]  
And there's a [D] backwards old town that's [G] often re-[D]membered  
[D] So many times that my [A7] memories are [D] worn [D]

## CHORUS:

And [D] daddy won't you take me back to [G] Muhlenberg [D] County  
Down [D] by the Green River where [A7] Paradise [D] lay [D]  
Well, I'm [D] sorry my son, but you're [G] too late in [D] asking  
Mister [D] Peabody's coal train has [A7] hauled it a-[D]way [D]

Well [D] sometimes we'd travel right [G] down the Green [D] River [D]  
To the a-[D]bandoned old prison down [A7] by Adrie [D] Hill [D]  
Where the [D] air smelled like snakes and we'd [G] shoot with our [D] pistols  
But [D] empty pop bottles was [A7] all we would [D] kill [D]

## CHORUS:

And [D] daddy won't you take me back to [G] Muhlenberg [D] County  
Down [D] by the Green River where [A7] Paradise [D] lay [D]  
Well, I'm [D] sorry my son, but you're [G] too late in [D] asking  
Mister [D] Peabody's coal train has [A7] hauled it a-[D]way [D]

## INSTRUMENTAL CHORUS:

And [D] daddy won't you take me back to [G] Muhlenberg [D] County  
Down [D] by the Green River where [A7] Paradise [D] lay [D]  
Well, I'm [D] sorry my son, but you're [G] too late in [D] asking  
Mister [D] Peabody's coal train has [A7] hauled it a [D] way [D]

Then the [D] coal company came with the [G] world's largest [D] shovel  
And they [D] tortured the timber and [A7] stripped all the [D] land [D]  
Well, they [D] dug for their coal 'til the [G] land was for-[D]saken  
Then they [D] wrote it all down as the [A7] progress of [D] man [D]

## CHORUS:

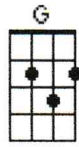
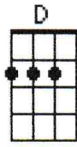
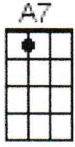
And [D] daddy won't you take me back to [G] Muhlenberg [D] County  
Down [D] by the Green River where [A7] Paradise [D] lay [D]  
Well, I'm [D] sorry my son, but you're [G] too late in [D] asking [D]  
Mister [D] Peabody's coal train has [A7] hauled it a-[D]way [D]

When I [D] die let my ashes float [G] down the Green [D] River  
Let my [D] soul roll on up to the [A7] Rochester [D] dam [D]  
I'll be [D] halfway to Heaven with [G] Paradise [D] waitin'  
Just [D] five miles away from wher-[A7]ever I [D] am



**CHORUS:**

And [D] daddy won't you take me back to [G] Muhlenberg [D] County  
Down [D] by the Green River where [A7] Paradise [D] lay [D]  
Well, I'm [D] sorry my son, but you're [G] too late in [D] asking [D]  
Mister [D] Peabody's coal train has [A7]↓ hauled it a-[D]↓way



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# Hello In There

John Prine

Hear this song at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dCDFoDPqSf8>

From: Richard G's Ukulele Songbook [www.scorpex.net/uke.htm](http://www.scorpex.net/uke.htm)

[C] We had an a[Dm]partment in the [G] city [G7]  
 [C] Me and Lo[Dm]retta liked [G] living there [G7]  
 [Cmaj7] Well it's been years since the [F] kids have grown  
 A life [C] of their own and left [G] us alone

[C] John and [Dm] Linda live in [G] Omaha [G7]  
 [C] And Joe is [Dm] somewhere on the [G] road [G7]  
 [Cmaj7] We lost Davy in the Ko[F]rean war  
 And still don't [C] know what for it don't matter [G] any more

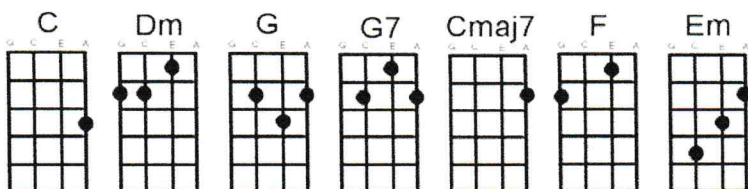
[Bb] You know that old trees just grow [C] stronger  
 [Bb] Old rivers grow wilder every [C] day  
 [Em] Old people just grow [F] lonely  
 Waiting for [C] someone to say hel[G]lo in there hel[C]lo

[C] Me and Lo[Dm]retta we don't [G] talk much more [G7]  
 [C] She sits and [Dm] stares through the back door [G] screen [G7]  
 [Cmaj7] And all the news just re[F]peats itself  
 Like some for[C]gotten dream that [G] we've both seen

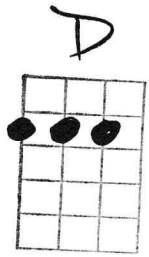
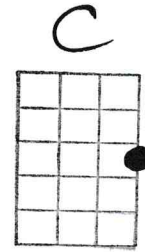
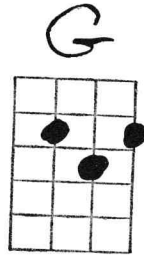
[C] Someday I'll [Dm] go and call up [G] Rudy [G7]  
 [C] We worked to[Dm]gether at the [G] factory [G7]  
 [Cmaj7] But what could I say if he [F] asks what's new  
 Nothing [C] what's with you nothing [G] much to do

[Bb] You know that old trees just grow [C] stronger  
 [Bb] Old rivers grow wilder every [C] day  
 [Em] Old people just grow [F] lonely  
 Waiting for [C] someone to say hel[G]lo in there hel[C]lo

[C] So if you're out [Dm] walking down the [G] street sometime [G7]  
 [C] And spot some [Dm] hollow ancient [G] eyes [G7]  
 [Cmaj7] Please don't just pass them [F] by and stare  
 As if you [C] didn't care say hel[G]lo in there hel[C]lo



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**IT'S A BIG OLD GOOFY WORLD**  
John Prine

**Intro:** G, C, D, C, G

G C  
 UP IN THE MORNING WORK LIKE A DOG  
 D C G  
 IS BETTER THAN SITTING LIKE A BUMP ON A LOG  
 C  
 MIND ALL YOUR MANNERS BE QUIET AS A MOUSE  
 D C G  
 SOMEDAY YOU'LL OWN A HOME THAT'S A BIG AS A HOUSE

G C  
 I KNOW A FELLA HE EATS LIKE A HORSE  
 D C G  
 KNOCKS HIS OLD BALLS ROUND THE OLD GOLF COURSE  
 C  
 YOU OUGHTA SEE HIS WIFE SHE'S A CUTE LITTLE DISH  
 D C G  
 SHE SMOKES LIKE A CHIMNEY AND DRINKS LIKE A FISH

**Chorus: }**

G C  
 THERE'S A BIG OLD GOOFY MAN DANCING WITH A BIG OLD GOOFY GIRL  
 D G  
 OOH BABY .. IT'S A BIG OLD GOOFY WORLD

G C  
 ELVIS HAD A WOMAN WITH A HEAD LIKE A ROCK  
 D C G  
 I WISHED I HAD A WOMAN THAT MADE MY KNEES KNOCK  
 C  
 SHE'D SING LIKE AN ANGEL AND EAT LIKE A BIRD  
 D C G  
 AND IF I WROTE A SONG SHE'D KNOW EVERY SINGLE WORD

G C  
 THERE'S A BIG OLD GOOFY MAN DANCING WITH A BIG OLD GOOFY GIRL  
 D G  
 OOH BABY .. IT'S A BIG OLD GOOFY WORLD

**Instrumental:** G, C, D, C, G, G, C, D, C, G

G C  
 KISS A LITTLE BABY GIVE THE WORLD A SMILE  
 D C G  
 AND IF YOU TAKE AN INCH GIVE 'EM BACK A MILE  
 C  
 CAUSE IF YOU LIE LIKE A RUG AND YOU DON'T GIVE A DAMN  
 D C G  
 YOU'RE NEVER GONNA BE AS HAPPY AS A CLAM

G C  
 I'M SITTING IN A HOTEL TRYING TO WRITE A SONG  
 D C G  
 MY HEAD IS JUST AS EMPTY AS THE DAY IS LONG

WHY IT'S CLEAR AS A BELL I SHOULD HAVE GONE TO SCHOOL  
I'D BE WISE AS AN OWL 'STEAD OF STUBBORN AS A MULE.

THERE'S A BIG OLD GOOFY MAN DANCING WITH A BIG OLD GOOFY GIRL  
OOH BABY .. IT'S A BIG OLD GOOFY WORLD

**Ending:** OOH BABY .. IT'S A BIG OLD GOOFY WORLD

**Repeat and fade:** G, C, D, C, G

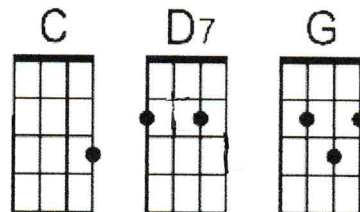
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SHALOM, from SPIKE & JAMIE

10

# Spanish Pipedream

John Prine

G C  
 She was a level-headed dancer on the road to alcohol  
 D7 G  
 And I was just a soldier on my way to Montreal



C  
 Well she pressed her chest against me about the time the juke box broke  
 D7

Yeah, she gave me a peck on the back of the neck

G  
 And these are the words she spoke

G D7 G  
 Blow up your T.V. Throw away your paper. Go to the country, build you a home  
 G D7 G  
 Plant a little garden, eat a lot of peaches, try and find Jesus on your own

G C  
 Well, I sat there at the table and I acted real naive  
 D7 G  
 For I knew that topless lady had something up her sleeve

C  
 Well, she danced around the bar room and she did the hoochy-coo

D7 G  
 Yeah she sang her song all night long, tellin' me what to do

### <Chorus>

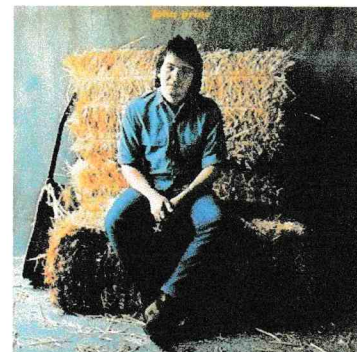
G C  
 Well, I was young and hungry and about to leave that place  
 D7 G  
 When just as I was leavin', well she looked me in the face

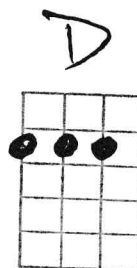
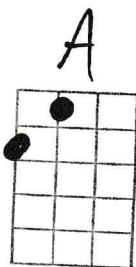
C  
 I said "You must know the answer." She said, "No but I'll give it a try."

D7 G  
 And to this very day we've been livin' our way and here is the reason why

G D7 G  
 We blew up our T.V. Threw away our paper. Went to the country, built us a home

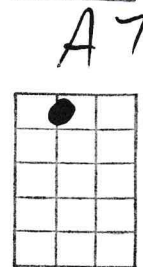
G D7 G  
 Had a lot of children, fed 'em on peaches. They all found Jesus on their own





**BRUISED ORANGE - CHAIN OF SORROW**  
John Prine

A  
 MY HEART'S IN THE ICE HOUSE COME HILL OR COME VALLEY  
 D  
 LIKE A LONG AGO SUNDAY WHEN I WALKED THROUGH THE ALLEY  
 A E7 A  
 ON A COLD WINTER'S MORNING TO A CHURCH HOUSE JUST TO SHOVEL SOME SNOW  
 A  
 I HEARD SIRENS ON THE TRAIN TRACK HOWL NAKED, GETTIN' NUDER  
 D  
 AN ALTAR BOY'S BEEN HIT BY A LOCAL COMMUTER  
 A E7  
 JUST FROM WALKING WITH HIS BACK TURNED TO THE TRAIN  
 A A7  
 THAT WAS COMING SO SLOW



**Chorus:**

D  
 YOU CAN GAZE OUT THE WINDOW, GET MAD AND GET Madder  
 A  
 THROW YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR SAY "WHAT DOES IT MATTER?"  
 E7 A A7  
 BUT IT DON'T DO NO GOOD TO GET ANGRY, SO HELP ME I KNOW  
 D  
 FOR A HEART STAINED IN ANGER GROWS WEAK AND GROWS BITTER  
 A  
 YOU BECOME YOUR OWN PRISONER  
 E7  
 AS YOU WATCH YOURSELF SIT THERE WRAPPED UP IN A TRAP  
 E7 A  
 OF YOUR VERY OWN CHAIN OF SORROW.

Instrumental: A, D, A, E7, A  
 A 4 4 2 2 4 → 123, 223, 323, 423  
 123, 223 / 123, 223

A  
 I BEEN BROUGHT DOWN TO ZERO, PULLED OUT AND PUT BACK THERE  
 D  
 I SAT ON THE PARK BENCH KISSED THE GIRL WITH THE BLACK HAIR  
 A E7 A  
 AND MY HEAD SHOUTED DOWN TO MY HEART, YOU BETTER LOOK OUT BELOW.  
 A  
 HEY, IT AIN'T SUCH A LONG DROP; DON'T STAMMER. DON'T STUTTER  
 D  
 FROM THE DIAMONDS IN THE SIDEWALK TO THE DIRT IN THE GUTTER  
 A E7 A A7  
 AND YOU CARRY THOSE BRUISES TO REMIND YOU WHEREVER YOU GO

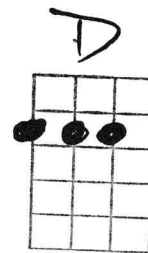
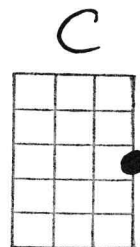
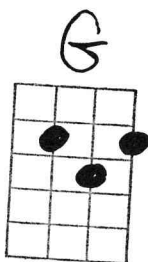
Repeat Chorus, Repeat Verse 1, Repeat Chorus again.

Instrumental and Fade A, D, A, E, A

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The song is in 3/4 (Waltz) time  
 ↓ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ D = Down  
 D D U D U U = Up

12



# FISH AND WHISTLE

John Prine

#

{ci:Intro:}

[G]1234 [C]12 [G]34  
 [C]12 [G]34 [D]1234  
 [G]1234 [C]1234 [G]12 [D]34 [G]1234

Song is in 4/4 time  
 Numbers beside  
 chords = beats  
 per measure.

G C G  
 I BEEN THINKING LATELY ABOUT THE PEOPLE I MEET  
 C C D  
 THE CARWASH ON THE CORNER AND THE HOLE IN THE STREET  
 G C  
 THE WAY MY ANKLES HURT WITH SHOES ON MY FEET  
 G D G  
 AND I'M WONDERING IF I'M GONNA SEE TOMORROW

## Chorus:

G C G  
 FATHER FORGIVE US FOR WHAT WE MUST DO  
 C G D  
 YOU FORGIVE US WE'LL FORGIVE YOU  
 G C  
 WE'LL FORGIVE EACH OTHER TILL WE BOTH TURN BLUE  
 G D G  
 THEN WE'LL WHISTLE AND GO FISHING IN HEAVEN

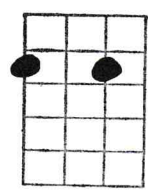
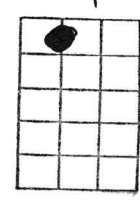
## Instrumental:}

[G]1234 [C]12 [G]34  
 [C]12 [G]34 [D]1234  
 [G]1234 [C]1234 [G]12 [D]34 [G]1234

G  
 I WAS IN THE ARMY BUT I NEVER DUG A TRENCH  
 C G D  
 I USED TO BUST MY KNUCKLES ON A MONKEY WRENCH  
 G C  
 THEN I'D GO TO TOWN AND DRINK AND GIVE THE GIRLS A PINCH  
 G D G  
 BUT I DON'T THINK THEY EVER EVEN NOTICED ME Repeat chorus

A7

D7



D  
 FISH AND WHISTLE; WHISTLE AND FISH  
 G  
 EAT EVERY THING THAT THEY PUT ON YOUR DISH  
 C G  
 AND WHEN WE GET THROUGH WE'LL MAKE A BIG WISH  
 A7 D7  
 THAT WE NEVER HAVE TO DO THIS AGAIN AGAIN? AGAIN???

G C G  
 ON MY VERY FIRST JOB I SAID "THANK YOU" AND "PLEASE"  
 C G D  
 THEY MADE ME SCRUB A PARKING LOT DOWN ON MY KNEES  
 G C  
 THEN I GOT FIRED FOR BEING SCARED OF BEES  
 G D G  
 AND THEY ONLY GIVE ME FIFTY CENTS AN HOUR

**Repeat Chorus**

**Instrumental**

[G] 1234 [C] 12 [G] 34  
[C] 12 [G] 34 [D] 1234  
[G] 1234 [C] 1234 [G] 12 [D] 34 [G] 1234

#

D

FISH AND WHISTLE; WHISTLE AND FISH

G

EAT EVERY THING THAT THEY PUT ON YOUR DISH

C

G

AND WHEN WE GET THROUGH WE'LL MAKE A BIG WISH

A7

D7

THAT WE NEVER HAVE TO DO THIS AGAIN AGAIN? AGAIN???

**Repeat Chorus**

**Ending:**

G

D

G

WE'LL WHISTLE AND GO FISHING IN HEAVEN

G

D

G

WE'LL WHISTLE AND GO FISHING IN HEAVEN

**Repeat and fade:** *Same as above*

[G]

[C]

[G]

[C]

[G]

[D]

[G]

[C]

[G]

[D]

[G]

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# That's The Way The World Goes Round

13

(Written and recorded by John Prine 1978.)

**(F)(B $\flat$ )(F)(C7)(F)(B $\flat$ )(F)(C7)(F)**

**(F)** I know a guy that's got a lot to lose.

He's a **(B $\flat$ )** pretty nice fellow but he's kind of confused.

He's got **(F)** muscles in his head that ain't never been used.

Thinks he own half of this **(C7)** town.

**(F)** Starts drinking heavy, gets a big red nose.

**(B $\flat$ )** Beats his old lady with a rubber hose,

Then he **(F)** takes her out to dinner and buys her new clothes.

That's the way that the **(C7)** world goes **(F)** 'round.

**(F)** That's the way that the world goes 'round.

You're **(B $\flat$ )** up one day and the next you're down.

It's **(F)** half an inch of water and you think you're gonna drown.

That's the way that the **(C7)** world goes **(F)** 'round.

**(F)(B $\flat$ )(F)(C7)(F)(B $\flat$ )(F)(C7)(F)**

**(F)** I was sitting in the bathtub counting my toes,

When the **(B $\flat$ )** radiator broke, water all froze.

I got **(F)** stuck in the ice without my clothes,

Naked as the eyes of a **(C7)** clown.

I was **(F)** crying ice cubes hoping I'd croak,

When the **(B $\flat$ )** sun come through the window, the ice all broke.

I **(F)** stood up and laughed thought it was a joke

That's the way that the **(C7)** world goes **(F)** 'round.

*(chorus)*

**(F)(B $\flat$ )(F)(C7)(F)(B $\flat$ )(F)(C7)(F)**

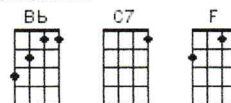
*(chorus)*

That's the way that the **(C7)** world goes **(F)** 'round.

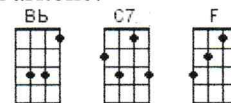
That's the way that the **(C7)** world ... goes **(F)** 'round.

**(F)(B $\flat$ )(F)(C7)(F)**

Ukulele:



Baritone:



Lake Marie <sup>^</sup>  
John Prine

14

Intro:

[G] [C] [D] [G] [C] [D]

Chorus:

We were sta[G]nding

[C]

[D]Standing by peaceful wa[G]ters

[C]

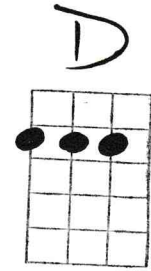
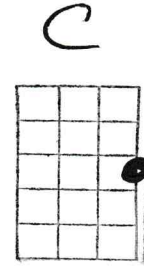
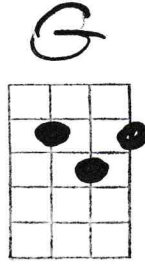
[D]Standing by peaceful wa[G]ters

[C]Whoa Wah Oh [D]Wha [G]Oh

[C] [D] [G]

Play the following pattern throughout:

[G] [C] [D] [G]



Many years ago along the Illinois-Wisconsin Border  
There was this Indian tribe  
They found two babies in the woods  
White babies  
One of them was named Elizabeth  
She was the fairer of the two  
While the smaller and more fragile one was named Marie  
Having never seen white girls before  
And living on the two lakes known as the Twin Lakes  
They named the larger and more beautiful Lake Lake Elizabeth  
And thus the smaller lake that was hidden from the highway  
Became known forever as Lake Marie

Repeat Chorus:

Many years later I found myself talking to this girl  
Who was standing there with her back turned to Lake Marie  
The wind was blowing especially through her hair  
There was four italian sausages cooking on the outdoor grill  
And they were sssssssizzlin'  
Many years later we found ourselves in Canada  
Trying to save our marriage and perhaps catch a few fish  
Whatever came first  
That night she fell asleep in my arms

Humming the tune to "Louie Louie"  
Aah baby, We gotta go now.

Repeat Chorus:

The dogs were barking as the cars were parking  
The loan sharks were sharking the narcs were narcing  
Practically everyone was there  
In the parking lot by the forest preserve  
The police had found two bodies  
Nay, naked bodies  
Their faces had been horribly disfigured by some sharp object  
Saw it on the news The tv news in a black and white video  
Do you know what blood looks like in a black and white video?  
Shadows, Shadows that's what it looks like  
All the love we shared between her and me was slammed  
Slammed up against the banks of Old Lake Marie Marie

... were sta[G]nding

[C]

[D]Standing by peaceful wa[G]ters

[D]Standing by peaceful wa[G]ters

W[C]hoa Wah [D]Oh Wha [G]Oh

W[C]hoa Wah [D]Oh Wha [G]Oh

W[C]hoa Wah [D]Oh Wha [G]Oh

Pe[C]aceful waters

[D]

St[G]anding by peaceful waters

[C] [D]

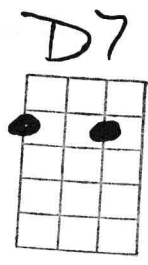
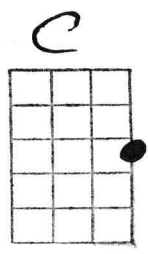
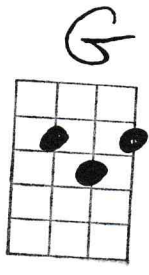
Aah b[G]aby, w[C]e gotta go now

[D]

[G] [C] [D] [G](Repeat and Fade....)

**Sweet Revenge**  
**John Prine**

①



Intro:

I got k[G]icked off Noah's Ark  
I turn my ch[C]eek to unkind re[G]marks  
There was two of everything but one of [D7]me  
And when the ra[G]ins came tumbling down  
I held my b[C]reath and I stood my gr[G]ound  
And I watched that ship go sa[D7]iling out to se[C]ee-e[G]a

Chorus:

Take it b[C]ack. Take it back.  
Oh [G]no, you can't say that  
All of my friends are not dead or in j[D7]ail  
[G]Through rock and through stone  
The bl[C]ack wind still mo[G]ans  
Sweet Revenge, Sweet Re[D7]venge without [C]fai[G]l

[G]I caught an aisle seat on a plane  
And drove an En[C]glish teacher half in[G]sane  
making up jokes about bicycle spokes and red ball[D7]oons  
So I ca[G]lled up my local deejay  
And he di[C]dn't have alot to s[G]ay  
But the radio has learned a[D7]ll of my favorite [C]tun[G]es

Repeat Chorus:

[G]The white meat is on the run  
And the d[C]ark meat is far too d[G]one  
And the milkman left me a note yester[D7]day  
Get o[G]ut of this town by Noon  
You're co[C]ming on way too s[G]oon  
And besides that we never li[D7]ked you a[C]nyw[G]ay

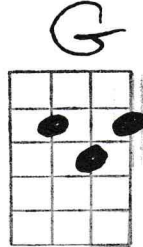
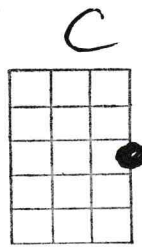
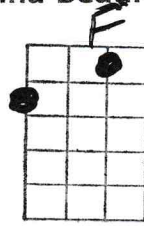
Repeat Chorus:

Sweet Re[G]venge, Sweet Re[D7]venge  
Will pr[C]evail without f[G]ail

2

**Come Back To Us Barbara Lewis Hare Krishna Beauregard  
John Prine**

Intro: 1234 1234  
[F] [C] [G] [C]  
1234 1234



T[C]he last time that I saw her  
She was stan[F]ding [A7]in the r[D7]ain  
With her ov[G]ercoat under her arm  
Leaning on a horsehead c[C]ane  
She said "Carl, take all the money"  
She called e[F]veryb[A7]ody Ca[D7]rl  
My sp[G]irit's broke  
My mind's a joke,



And getting up's real h[C]ard.

**Chorus:**

Don't you k[F]now her when you see her?  
She gr[C]ew up in your backy[F]ard  
Come back to us  
Barbara Le[C]wis Hare Krish[G]na Beaureg[C]ard [F] [C] [G] [C]

[C]Selling Bibles at the airports  
Buying qu[F]ayludes [A7]on the ph[D7]one  
Hey, you t[G]alk about a paper route  
She's a shut-in without a h[C]ome  
God save her, please  
She's nailed her knees to some d[F]rugstore pa[A7]rking l[D7]ot  
Hey, Mr. Br[G]own turn the volume down  
I believe this evening's sh[C]ot

**Repeat Chorus:**

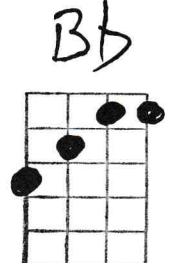
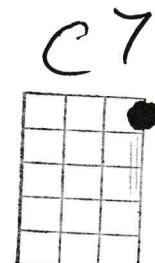
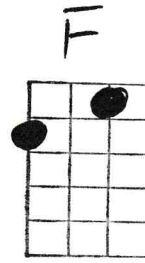
[C]Can't you picture her next Thursday?  
Can you pi[F]cture h[A7]er at a[D7]ll?  
In the Ho[G]tel Boulderado  
At the dark end of the h[C]all  
I gotta shake myself and wonder  
Why she e[F]ven bot[A7]hers [D7]me  
For if hearta[G]ches were commercials  
We'd all be on T.[C]V.

Don't you k[F]now her when you see her?  
She gr[C]ew up in your backya[F]rd  
Come back to us  
Barbara Le[C]wis Hare Krish[G]na Beaureg[C]ard  
Come b[F]ack to us  
Barbara Le[C]wis Hare Kr[G]ishna Beaurega[C]rd [G] [C]

Sam Stone  
John Prine

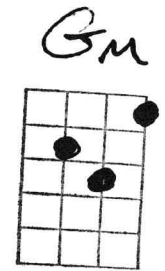
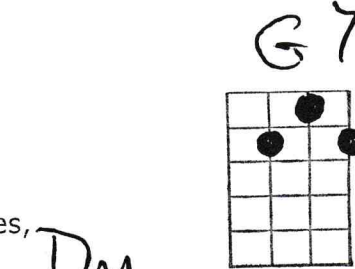
3

Sam Stone came home,  
to his wife and family  
After serving in the conflict overseas.  
And the time that he served,  
Had shattered all his nerves,  
And left a little shrapnel in his knee.  
But the morphine eased the pain,  
And the grass grew round his brain,  
And gave him all the confidence he lacked,  
With a Purple Heart and a monkey on his back.



Chorus:

There's a hole in daddy's arm where all the money goes,  
Jesus Christ died for nothin' I suppose.  
Little pitiful things have big ears,  
Don't stop to count the years,  
Sweet songs never last too long on broken radios.  
Mmm...



Sam Stone's welcome home  
Didn't last too long.  
He went to work when he'd spent his last dime  
And Sammy took to stealing  
When he got that empty feeling  
For a hundred dollar habit without overtime.  
And the gold rolled through his veins

Like a thousand railroad trains,  
And eased his mind in the hours that he chose,  
While the kids ran around wearin' other peoples' clothes...

Repeat Chorus:

Sam Stone was alone  
When he popped his last balloon,  
Climbing walls while sitting in a chair.  
Well, he played his last request,  
While the room smelled just like death,  
With an overdose hovering in the air.  
But life had lost its fun,  
There was nothing to be done,  
But traded his house that he bought on the GI bill,  
For a flag-draped casket on a local hero's bill.

Repeat Chorus:

**Legal Smile**  
**John Prine**

4

Intro:  
[C]

[C]When I woke up this morni[G]ng, [F]things were lookin' b[C]ad  
[F]Seem like total sil[C]ence was the only fr[G7]iend I h[C]ad  
[G]Bowl of oatmeal tr[F]ied to stare me d[C]own... [F]and [C]won  
And it was t[G]welve o'clock before I rea[F]lized  
That I was ha[C]vin' .. [F]no [C]fun

Chorus:

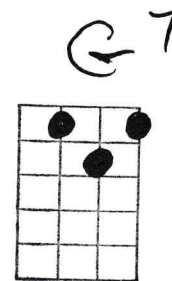
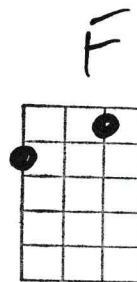
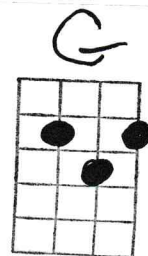
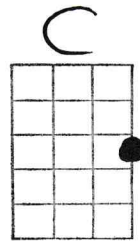
But [G]fortunately I h[C]ave the key to esc[F]ape r[G7]eal[C]ity  
And you may [F]see me tonight with an i[C]llegal smile  
It don't [G7]cost very much, but it la[C]sts a long while  
Won't you p[F]lease tell the man I didn't k[C]ill anyone  
No I'm [G]just tryin' to [F]have me some f[C]un[F] [C] [F] [C] [F] [C]

Last[C] time I checked my bank[G]roll,  
[F]It was gettin' t[C]hin  
Som[F]etimes it seems like the bo[C]ttom  
Is the only p[G7]lace I've be[C]en  
I [G]hased a rainbow do[F]wn a one-way st[C]reet... d[F]ead e[C]nd  
nd [G]all my friends turned o[F]ut to be insu[C]rance s[F]alesm[C]en

Repeat Chorus:

Well, I [C]sat down in my c[G]loset w[F]ith all my ove[C]ralls  
T[F]ryin' to get a[C]way  
>From all the ears ins[G7]ide my wa[C]lls  
[G]I dreamed the police he[F]ard  
Everything I tho[C]ught... w[F]hat t[C]hen?  
Well I w[G]ent to court  
And the ju[F]dge's name [C]was H[F]off[C]man

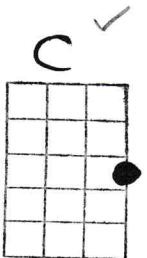
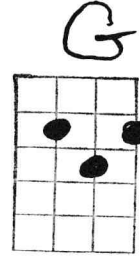
Ah but [G]fortunately I h[C]ave the key to esc[F]ape r[G7]eal[C]ity  
And you may [F]see me tonight with an i[C]llegal smile  
It don't [G7]cost very much, but it la[C]sts a long while  
Won't you p[F]lease tell the man I didn't k[C]ill anyone  
No I'm [G]just tryin' to [F]have me some f[C]un  
W[F]ell d[C]one, h[F]ot dog b[C]un, my si[F]ster's a n[C]un



# Christmas In Prison

John Prine

5

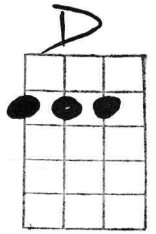


Hear this song at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=R1uIFs-pNdc> (original key G)

From: Richard G's Ukulele Songbook [www.scorpex.net/Uke](http://www.scorpex.net/Uke)

Intro riff with chords over:

~~C F C G C F C G C  
 A |-----03320-----0-0-----03320-----0-----  
 C | -03-031-----333-3-30-----03-031-----333-3--0--  
 G | 0--0-----2 0--0-----02-20~~

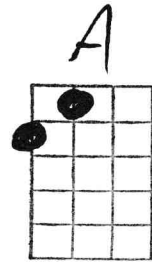
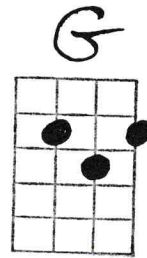


[G] It was Christmas in prison and the [C] food was real good  
 We had [G] turkey and pistols carved out of [D] wood  
 And I [G] dream of her always even [C] when I don't dream  
 Her [G] name's on my tongue and her [D] blood's in my [G] stream  
 [D] Wait awhile [C] eterni[G]ty  
 [C] Old Mother Nature's got [G] nothing on [D] me  
 [G] Come to me run to me [C] come to me now  
 We're [G] rollin' my sweetheart we're [D] flowing by [G] God  
 [G] She reminds me of a chess game with [C] someone I admire  
 Or a [G] picnic in the rain after a prairie [D] fire  
 And her [G] heart is as big as this [C] whole goddam jail  
 And she's [G] sweeter than saccharine at a [D] drugstore [G] sale  
 [D] Wait awhile [C] eterni[G]ty  
 [C] Old Mother Nature's got [G] nothing on [D] me  
 [G] Come to me run to me [C] come to me now  
 We're [G] rollin' my sweetheart we're [D] flowing by [G] God  
 [G] The searchlight in the big yard swings [C] round with the gun  
 And [G] spotlights the snowflakes like dust in the [D] sun  
 It's [G] Christmas in prison there'll be [C] music tonight  
 I'll [G] prob'ly get homesick I [D] love you good[G]night  
 [D] Wait awhile [C] eterni[G]ty  
 [C] Old Mother Nature's got [G] nothing on [D] me  
 [G] Come to me run to me [C] come to me now  
 We're [G] rollin' my sweetheart we're [D] flowing by [G] God



6

**BEAR CREEK Blues**  
CARTER FAMILY



**Intro: D G A D**  
**D**

WAY UP ON BEAR CREEK, WATCHING THE SUN GO DOWN.

**G** WAY UP ON BEAR CREEK, WATCHING THE SUN GO DOWN. **D**

**A** WELL IT MAKES ME FEEL LIKE I'M ON MY LAST GO 'ROUND. **D**

**D** THE WATER UP ON BEAR CREEK, TASTES LIKE CHERRY WINE. **G**

**G** THE WATER UP ON BEAR CREEK, TASTES LIKE CHERRY WINE. **D**

**A** ONE DRINK OF THAT WATER, YOU STAY DRUNK ALL THE TIME. **D**

**D** IF YOU STAY UP ON BEAR CREEK, YOU'LL GET LIKE JESSE JAMES. **G**

**G** IF YOU STAY UP ON BEAR CREEK, YOU'LL GET LIKE JESSE JAMES. **D**

**A** YOU'LL TAKE TWO PISTOLS, AND YOU'LL ROB THAT BEAR CREEK TRAIN. **D**

**D** I'M GOING HIGH, HIGH, UP ON SOME LONESOME RIDGE. **G**

**G** I'M GOING HIGH, HIGH, UP ON SOME LONESOME RIDGE. **D**

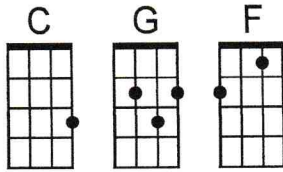
**A** LOOK DOWN ON BEAR CREEK, WHERE MY GOOD GAL USED TO LIVE. **D**

**Repeat 1st verse.**

If you have corrections, or the chords to any of these songs, please send an e-mail and we will make the changes as soon as possible. Thank you. This song chart was provided for your personal enjoyment by SPIKE'S MUSIC COLLECTION; <http://spikesmusic.spike-jamie.com> SHALOM, from SPIKE & JAMIE

# Let's Talk Dirty in Hawaiian

by John Prine



C G  
I packed my bags and bought myself a ticket, for the land of the tall palm tree  
Aloha *old Milwaukee* Hello Wai-ki-ki

F  
I just stepped down from the airplane, when I thought I heard her say  
C G C G  
Waka waka nuka nuka, waka waka nuka nuka, Would you like a lei? Eh?

C G  
**Chorus:** Let's talk dirty in Hawaiian, whisper in my ear  
C F  
Kicka poo ka maka wa wa wahini, are the words I long to hear  
F  
Lay your coconut on my tiki. What the hecka mooka mooka dear  
C G C  
Let's talk dirty in Hawaiian, say the words I long to hear

C G  
It's a ukulele Honolulu sunset. Listen to the grass skirts sway  
C  
Drinking rum from a pineapple, out on Honolulu Bay  
F  
The steel guitars all playing, while she's talking with her hands  
C G C G  
Gimme gimme oka doka make a wish and wanna polka, are words I understand

## Chorus

C G  
I boughta lotta junka with my moola, and sent it to the folks back home  
C  
I never had the chance to dance the hula, I guess I should have known  
F  
When you start talking to the sweet wahini, walking in the pale moon-light  
C G C G  
Oka doka what a setta knocka rocka sis boom bocas . Hope I said it right!

## Chorus

F C G C  
**Ending:** Let's talk dirty in Hawaiian, are the words I long to hear

spoken: Aloha!