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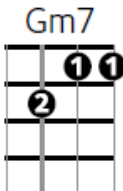
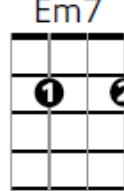
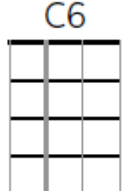
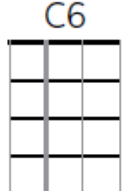
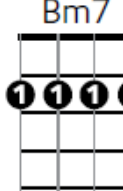
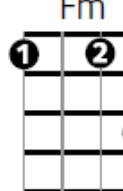
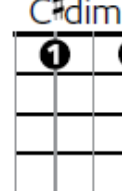
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**This book is for educational purposes only.
Do not distribute.**

Common Chords

 C 3	 Cmaj7 2	 C7 1	 Am 2	 A7 1	 A 21
 F 2 1	 G7 213	 G 132	 E7 12 3	 F#m 213	 D 234
 D7 1 2	 Em 321	 Dm 231	 Gm 231	 Eb 231	 Bb 3211
 B 3211	 B7 321	 Bm 3111	 C#m 3111 4fr	 F7 231	 E 3331

Substitute for Bb,
but don't play G string

 Gm7	 Em7	 Am7	 C6	 Bm7	 Fm	 Dbdim C#dim
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Sloop John B

By Brian Wilson; Performed by the Beach Boys 1966

Intro: C(4) G7(4) C(8) **Strum:** Slow calypso **Sing:** Low G - E

C
We come on the Sloop John B My grandfather and me
C **G7** **C(4)**
A-round Nassau town, we did roam..... Drinking all night.
C7 **F** **C** **G7** **C(7)**
/ / Got into a fight.... I feel so broke up, / I wanna go home

Chorus -----

C
So hoist up the John B's sail See how the mainsail sets
C **G7** **C(4)** **C7(2)**
Call for the Captain ashore And let me go home.....Let me go home
F **C** **G7** **C(7)**
I wanna go home.....Well, I feel so broke up / I wanna go home.

C
The first mate he got drunk And broke in the Captain's trunk
G7 **C(4)**
The constable had to come and take him awaySheriff John Stone
C7 **F** **C** **G7** **C(7)**
/ Why don't you leave me a-lone I feel so broke up, / I wanna go home

Repeat chorus

C
The poor cook he caught the fits And threw away all my grits
G7 **C(4)**
And then he took and he ate up all of my corn..... Let me go home
C7 **F** **C** **G7** **C**
/ Why don't they let me go home This is the worst trip / I've ever been on

Repeat chorus

Yellow Polka Dot Bikini

By Paul Vance & Lee Pockriss 1960

Intro: G(8) Strum: Straight Shuffle Sing: Low G

G(4) C(2) D7(1)
Bop, bop, bop, bop BaBop-bop-bop-bop bop

N/C G D7 G
She was a-fraid to come out of the locker, / she was as nervous as she - could be

G C G D7 G(1)
She's afraid to come out of the locker, she was afraid that somebody would see

[Spoken to person on RIGHT and pat uke] *[Pat]* *N/C -Slowly*
2, 3, 4 Tell the people what she wore **X** **It... was... an**

D7 G D7 G
Itsy bitsy teenie weenie yellow polka dot bikini / that she wore for the first time today

D7 G D7 G(1)
An itsy bitsy teenie weenie yellow polka dot bikini, / So in the **locker** she wanted to stay

[Spoken to person on RIGHT and pat uke] **G(4)** **C(2)** **D7(1)**
2, 3, 4 stick around we'll tell you more **Bop, bop, bop, bop** **BaBop-bop-bop-bop** **bop**

N/C G D7 G
She was a-fraid to come out in the open, so a **blanket** around her she wore

G C G D7 G(1)
She was a-fraid to come out in the open, and so she sat bundled up on the shore!

[Spoken to person on RIGHT and pat uke] *[Pat]* *N/C -Slowly*
2, 3, 4 Tell the people what she wore **X** **It... was... an**

D7 G D7 G
Itsy bitsy teenie weenie yellow polka dot bikini / that she wore for the first time today

D7 G D7 G(1)
An itsy bitsy teenie weenie yellow polka dot bikini / So in the **blanket** she wanted to stay

[Spoken to person on RIGHT and pat uke] **G(4)** **C(2)** **D7(1)**
2, 3, 4 stick around we'll tell you more **Bop, bop, bop, bop** **BaBop-bop-bop-bop** **bop**

N/C **G** **D7** **G**
Now she's a-fraid to come out of the water, and I wonder what she's gonna do
G **C** **G** **D7** **G(1)**
Now she's a-fraid to come out of the water, and the poor little girl's turning blue

[Spoken to person on RIGHT and pat uke] *[Pat]* *N/C -Slowly*
2, 3, 4 Tell the people what she wore **X** **It... was... an**

D7 **G** **D7** **G**
Itsy bitsy teenie weenie yellow polka dot bikini / that she wore for the first time today
D7 **G** **D7** **G(4)**
An itsy bitsy teenie weenie yellow polka dot bikini, / So in the water she wanted to stay

G **D7** **G(4)**
/ From the locker to the blanket, / from the blanket to the shore
G **D7** **G(1)** **G(3)**
/ From the shore to the water, / guess there isn't any- more! cha-cha-cha

Some Beach

By Rory Feek & Paul Overstreet; Performed by Blake Shelton 2004

Intro: C(8)

Strum: Calypso

Sing: G string

C

Driving down the interstate, running thirty minutes late

C

G7

Singing Margaritaville and minding my own some foreign car driver with the road rage attitude

G7

C

F

C

Pulled up beside me talking on his cell phone; He started yelling at me like I did something wrong

F

G

He flipped me the bird an' then he was gone!

Chorus:

F(4) F(4)

C(4) C(4)

G7

C

C7

Some beach / Somewhere / There's a big umbrella casting shade over an empty chair

F

Palm trees are growing and a warm breeze is blowing

F

C

G

G

C

C

I picture myself sitting there on some beach, / somewhere

Verse:

C

G7

I circled the parking lot trying to find a spot just big enough I could park my old truck

G7

C

A man with a big cigar was getting into his car; I stopped and I waited for him to back up

F

C

F

G

From out of no where a Mercedes Benz cruising up and whipped right in

Chorus:

F(4) F(4) C(4) C(4) G7 C C7
Some beach / Somewhere / There's no where to go and you got all day to get there

F C
There's cold margaritas and hot Senoritas smiling with long dark hair

G G C C
On some beach / Somewhere

Verse:

C
I sit in that waiting room, it seemed like all afternoon

C G7
The nurse finally said "Doc's ready for you."

G
"You're not going to feel a thing, we'll give you some Novocain"

C
"That tooth will be fine in a minute or two"

F C F G
But he stuck that needle down deep in my gums and he started drilling before I was numb

Chorus:

F(4) F(4) C(4) C(4) G7 C C7
Some beach / Somewhere / There's a beautiful sunset burning up the atmosphere

F C
There's music and dancing and lovers romancing in the salty evening air

G G C C G G C C
On some beach / Somewhere / On some beach / somewhere / //

Surfer Girl

By the Beach Boys 1965

Intro: D(4) G(2) A7(2) D(4) G(2) A7(2) **Strum:** Slow boom chucka **Sing:** Low A

D / G A7 F#m D7 G Gm
Little surfer, little one Made my heart come all un-done

D / G A7 D G A7
Do you love me, Do you surfer girl? / (My little surfer girl)

D / G A7 F#m D7 G Gm
I have watched you on the shore Standing by the ocean's roar

D / G A7 D G A7
Do you love me, Do you surfer girl? / (My little surfer girl)

Bridge:

G A7 F#m / G A7 D(2) D7(2)
We could ride the surf together While our love would grow

G A7 D / E7 A7
/ In my woody, I would take you Every where I go

Verse 3:

D / G A7 F#m D7 G Gm
So I say from me to you I will make your dreams come true

D / G A7 D G A7
Do you love me, Do you surfer girl? / (My little surfer girl)

Repeat from Bridge

Ending:

D / G A7 F#m D7 G Gm
Little surfer, little girl Little surfer, My little girl

D / G A7 D(4) G(4) D tremelo
Do you love me, Do you surfer girl? / My little surfer girl

White Sandy Beach

By Willie Dan; performed by IZ

1993

Intro: G(8) A7(8) D(7) Strum: Pluck outside strings 1X, inside strings 1X Sing: A string

D

I saw you in my dream, we were walking hand in hand

G Gm D(7)

On a white sandy beach of Hawai'i

D

We were playing in the sun, we were having so much fun

G Gm D(7)

On a white sandy beach of Hawai'i

Chorus: A G A

The sound of the ocean soothes my restless soul

A G A(4) A7(4)(1)arpeggio

The sound of the ocean rocks me all night long

D

Those hot long summer days, lying there in the sun

G Gm D(7)

On a white sandy beach of Hawai'i

Chorus: A G A

The sound of the ocean soothes my restless soul

A G A(4) A7(4)(1)arpeggio

The sound of the ocean rocks me all night long

D

Last night in my dream, I saw your face again

G Gm D(7)

We were there in the sun, on a white sandy beach of Hawai'i

Slower: G Gm(4) (4) (4) D(8) pause (1) arpeggio

On a white sandy beach of Ha - wai'i

Surfin' USA

By Chuck Barry & Brian Wilson; Performed by the Beach Boys <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IFfCAxv43TM>

Intro: G7(5) 234 C(5) 234 **Strum:** Fast calypso **Sing:** C

C G7 C
If everybody had an ocean, across the U.S.A.

G7 C
Then everybody'd be surfen, like Californ-i-a

F C
You'd see them wearin' their baggies, huarachi sandals too

G7 C
A bushy bushy blond hair do, surfen' U.S.A.

G7 C
You'll catch 'em surfen at Del Mar, Ventura county line

G7 C
Santa Cruz and Trestles, Australia's Nar-a-bine

F C
All over Manhattan, and down Doheny way

G7 C
Everybody's gone surfen', surfen' U.S.A

G7 C
We'll be plannin' out a route, we're gonna take real soon

G7 C
We're waxing down our surfboards, we can't wait for June

F C
We'll all be gone for the summer, we're on safari to stay

G7 C
Tell the teacher we're surfen' surfen' U.S.A.

G7 C
At Haggarty's and Swami's, Pacific Palisades

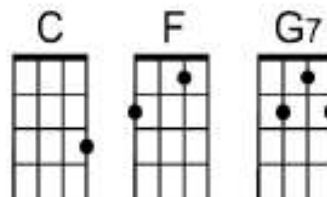
G7 C
San Onofre and Sunset, Redondo Beach L.A.

F C
All over La Jolla, and Waiamea Bay

G7 C
Everybody's gone surfen', surfen' U.S.A. <Repeat and fade>



Each chord shown is 8 beats. This song works best if you play the first 5 beats of each chord, then no strumming for the next 3 beats while you sing.



Brian Wilson wrote new lyrics to Chuck Berry's "Sweet Little Sixteen" but did not initially credit Berry.

Fun, Fun, Fun

By Brian Wilson & Mike Love

1964 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1Ch0hxpsHVQ>

Intro: D(4) G(4) D(4) A(4) D(4) A(2) Strum: Fast shuffle Sing: D

Well, she got her daddy's car and she cruised through the
Hamburg-er stand now—

Seems she for-got all a-bout the li-brary like she
told her old man now—

And with the radi-o blatin', goes cruisin' just as
fast as she can now—

And she'll have fun, fun, fun 'til her daddy takes the
T-Bird a—wa-a-ay—
(Fun, fun, fun 'til her daddy takes the T-Bird

Well, the girls can't stand her 'cuz she walks, looks and
a—way—)

drives like an ace now—
(you walk like an ace now you walk like an ace)

She makes the Indy Five - Hundred look like a Roman chari-ot
(oo—)

race now—
(you look like an ace now you look like an ace)

A lotta guys try to catch her but she leads 'em on a
(oo—)

wild goose chase now—
(you drive like an ace now you drive

And she'll have fun, fun, fun 'til her daddy takes the
(like an ace)

A T-Bird a-way-a-ay—
(fun, fun, fun 'til her daddy takes the T-Bird

Instr: . |A . . . | |D . . . | |A . . . | |E7 . . . |A . . .
a-way—————)

Well, you knew all a—long that your dad was gettin'
(oo—————)

wise to you now—
(shouldn't have lied now you shouldn't have lied)

And since he took your set of keys you've been thinkin' that your
(oo—————)

fun is all through now—
(you shouldn't have lied now shouldn't have lied)

But you can come a-long with me 'cuz we've gotta lotta
(oo—————)

things to do now—
(you shouldn't have lied now you shouldn't

And we'll have fun, fun, fun, now that Daddy took the
(have lied)

A T-Bird a—wa-a-ay—
(Fun, fun, fun, now that Daddy took the T-Bird a-way)

And we'll have fun, fun, fun, now that Daddy took the
A T-Bird a—wa-a-ay—
(Fun, fun, fun, now that Daddy took the T-Bird

. |A | |D |
o Oo— oo-oo oo— oo— oo— oo oo—
a—way Fun, fun, now that Daddy took the T-Bird a—way. Fun, fun, now that

. |A | |D
oo Oo— oo-oo oo— oo— oo— oo—oo—oo—
Daddy took the T-Bird a—way. Fun, fun, now that Daddy took the T-Bird a—way—

Beep, Beep

By Donald Claps; Performed by The Playmates 1958

Strum: Pluck Inside/Outside very SLOWLY - Increase speed for each verse Sing: Low A

Intro: Am(4) E7(4) Am(4) E7(4)

Am E7 Am E7 Am E7 Am - E7
While riding in my Cadil-lac and what to my surprise

Am E7 Am E7 Am E7 Am(4)
A little Nash Rambler was following me about one third my size

Dm E7 Am / E7 / Am(4)
The guy must have wanted to pass me up as he kept on tootin' his horn

Am E7 Am E7 Am E7 Am - E7
I'll show him that a Cadil-lac is not a car to scorn

Chorus:

Am E7 Am E7 Am
Beep Beep * * Beep Beep * * His horn went **Beep Beep Beep**

Am E7 Am E7 Am E7 Am - E7
I pushed my foot down to the floor to give the guy the shake

Am E7 Am E7 Am E7 Am(4)
But the little Nash Rambler stayed right behind me....He still had on the brake

Dm E7 Am / E7 / Am(4)
He must have thought his car had more guts as he kept on tootin' his horn

Am E7 Am E7 Am E7 Am - E7
I'll show him that a Cadil-lac is not a car to scorn

Chorus:

Am E7 Am E7 Am
Beep Beep * * Beep Beep * * His horn went **Beep Beep Beep**

Strum: Boom chucka; faster and faster to the end

Am E7 Am E7 Am E7 Am - E7
My car went into passing gear and we took off with dust

Am E7 Am E7 Am E7 Am(4)
Soon we were doin' ninety.. / must have left him in the dust

Dm E7 Am / E7 / Am(4)
When I peeked in the mirror... of my car I couldn't believe my eyes

Am E7 Am E7 Am E7 Am - E7
That little Nash Rambler was right behind me...you'd think that guy could fly

Chorus:

Am E7 Am E7 Am
Beep Beep * * Beep Beep * * His horn went **Beep Beep Beep**

Am E7 Am E7 Am E7 Am - E7
We're doin' a hundred and twenty.../ that's as fast as I could go

Am E7 Am E7 Am E7 Am(4)
The Rambler pulls.. along side of me as if I were goin' slow

Dm E7 Am / E7 / Am(4)
The fellow rolled his window down and yelled for me to hear

Dm E7 Am(2) Dm(2) Am(2) Am(2) E7(4) Am(2) E7(2) Am(2) E7(2) Am(1)
"Hey buddy how can I get this car.. out..... of... second...gear?"

Little Deuce Coupe

By Brian Wilson & Roger Christian; Performed by the Beach Boys 1963

Intro: D(4) Am(2) D(2) G(3) Strum: Slow boom chucka Sing: Low A

D Am D Am G(8)
She's my little deuce coupe, / you don't know what I got..... (ya don't know what I got)

D Am D Am G(8)
She's my little deuce coupe, / you don't know what I got..... (ya don't know what I got)

G / / / /
Well I'm not braggin' babe so don't put me down But I've got the fastest set of wheels in town

C
When something comes up to me he don't even try

G
'Cause if I had a set of wings, man, I know she could fly

D Am D Am G(8)
She's my little deuce coupe, / you don't know what I got..... (ya don't know what I got)

G / /
Just a little deuce coupe with a flat-head mill...but she'll walk a Thunderbird like she's standin' still

C
She's ported and relieved and she's stroked and bored

G
She'll do a hundred and forty with the top end floored

D Am D Am G(8)
She's my little deuce coupe, / you don't know what I got..... (ya don't know what I got)

C
She's got a competition clutch with the four on the floor

G
And she purrs like a kitten till the lake pipes roar

C /
And if.... that ain't enough to make you flip your lid

Am D D
There's one more thing, I got the pink slip - Daddy

G /
And comin' off the line when the light turns green,

G /
She blows 'em outta the water like you never seen

C
I get pushed out of shape and it's hard to steer

G
When I get rubber.... in all four gears

D Am D Am G(8)
She's my little deuce coupe, / you don't know what I got..... (ya don't know what I got)

D Am D Am G(8)
She's my little deuce coupe, / you don't know what I got..... (ya don't know what I got)

Mustang Sally

By Wilson Pickett 1965

Intro: C7(4) C7(4) C7(4) C7(2) Strum: Fast calypso with 2nd beat chuck Sing: C

C7 C7 C7 C7 C7 C7 C7 C7(2)
Mustang Sally..... / guess you better slow your Mustang down

F7 F7 F7 F7 C7 C7 C7 C7(2)
Mustang Sally, baby..... / guess you better slow your Mustang down
G7 G7

You been runnin' all over town now...

F7(1) N/C C7 C7 C7 C7
/ I got to put your flat feet back on the ground (Now listen!)

Chorus:

C7 C7 C7 C7
All you wanna do is ride around Sally (ride..... Sally, ride)

C7 C7 C7 C7
All you wanna do is ride around Sally (ride..... Sally, ride)

F7 F7 F7 F7
All you wanna do is ride around Sally (ride..... Sally, ride) (fade last time)

C7 C7 C7 C7
All you wanna do is ride around Sally (ride..... Sally, ride)

G7 G7 F7(1) N/C C7 C7 C7 C7
One of these early morn-nings, / Gonna be wipin' yo weepin' eyes

C7 C7 C7 C7 C7
I bought you a brand new Mustang..... / a nineteen sixty five

C7 C7 C7 C7 C7 C7 C7 C7(2)
Now you're come around, signifyin' a woman....You don't wanna let me ride

F7 F7 F7 F7 C7 C7 C7 C7(2)
Mustang Sally, now baby..... / guess you better slow your Mustang down
G7 G7

You been runnin' all over town now...

F7(1) N/C C7 C7 C7 C7
/ I got to put your flat feet back on the ground (Say it one more time now)

Repeat chorus

Mercury Blues

By K.C.Douglas, R. Geddings; Performed by Alan Jackson 1948

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hv3CZ-Cw0Ug>

Intro: C(7) Strum: Fast shuffle Sing: C String

Add 3 boogie notes per chord! https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rOg6wT3nR_A

C
Well, if I had money, I tell you what I'd do; I'd go downtown, buy a Mercury or two

F C
I'm crazy about a Mercury, Lord, I'm crazy about a Mercury

Am G C C
I'm gonna buy me a Mercury and cruise it up and down the road

Ending: Am G C C(3)
Yes, I'm gonna buy me a Mercury and cruise it up and down the road

C
Well, the girl I love, I stole her from a friend; He got lucky stole her back again

F C
She heard he had a Mercury, Lord she's crazy about a Mercury

Am G C C
I'm gonna buy me a Mercury and cruise it up and down the road

C
Well, hey now woman you look so fine; riding 'round in your Mercury 49

F C
Crazy about a Mercury, Lord I'm crazy about a Mercury

Am G C C
I'm gonna buy me a Mercury and cruise it up and down the road

C
Well, my baby went out, she didn't stay long; bought herself a Mercury come a cruisin' home

F C
She's crazy about a Mercury, yeah she's crazy about a Mercury

Am G C C
I'm gonna buy me a Mercury and cruise it up and down the road

Repeat first verse

Pink Cadillac

By Bruce Springsteen

1984

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hs-5F-6wvug>

Intro: C(7)

Add 1 boogie note per chord!

Strum: Steady shuffle

Sing: C

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rOg6wT3nR_A

C / / /
You may think I'm fooling, for the foolish things I do

C / / / / / /
You may wonder how come I love you, when you get on my nerves like you do

F / / /
Well baby, you know you bug me, there ain't no secret about that

C / / /
Well come on over here and hug me and, baby, I'll spill the facts

G / / / /
Well, honey it ain't your money, 'cause baby I got plenty of that; I love you for your...

C
Pink Cadillac, crushed velvet seats, Riding in the back, oozing down the street

F / / / / / / **C**
Waving to the girls, feeling out of sight; Spending all my money on a Saturday night

G / / / / / / **C**
Honey, I just wonder what you do there, in the back of your pink Cadillac, pink Cadillac

C / / / / / /
Well, now way back in the Bible, temptations always come along

C / / / / / /
There's always somebody tempting you, somebody into doing something they know is wrong

F / / / / / /
Well they tempt you man with silver, and they tempt you sir with gold

C / / / / / /
And they tempt you with the pleasures, that the flesh does surely hold

G / / / / / /
They say Eve tempted Adam, with an apple man I ain't going for that; I know it was her...

C

Pink Cadillac, crushed velvet seats, Riding in the back, oozing down the street

F

C

Waving to the girls, feeling out of sight; Spending all my money on a Saturday night

G

/

/

/

C

Honey, I just wonder what you do there, in the back of your pink Cadillac, pink Cadillac

C

/

/

/

/

Now some folks say it's too big, and uses too much gas

C

/

/

/

/

Some folks say it's too old, and that it goes too fast

F

/

/

/

But my love is bigger than a Honda yeah, it's bigger than a Subaru

C

/

/

/

Hey man there's only one thing and one car that will do

G

/

/

/

Anyway we don't have to drive it honey, we can park it out in back and have a party in your...

C

Pink Cadillac, crushed velvet seats, Riding in the back, oozing down the street

F

C

Waving to the girls, feeling out of sight; Spending all my money on a Saturday night

G

/

/

/

C

Honey, I just wonder what you do there, in the back of your pink Cadillac, pink Cadillac

Fade:

C

In your pink Cadillac, pink Cadillac, pink Cadillac, pink Cadillac

Hey Little Cobra

By The Rip Chords 1963

Intro: Eb (8) Strum: Calypso Sing: Eb

Eb F(2) G(2) C G
Hey, Little Cobra..don't you know you're gonna shut 'em down.

C F G C
I took my Cobra down to the track, hitched to the back of my Cadillac.

F Eb(2) F(2) C G
Everyone was there just a-waiting for me.. there were plenty of Sting-rays and XKEs.

Chorus:

C
Spring little Cobra..getting ready to strike. Spring little Cobra..with all of your might.

F C
Spring little Cobra..getting ready to strike. Spring little Cobra..with all of your might.

Eb F(2) G(2) C G
Hey, Little Cobra..don't you know you're gonna shut 'em down.

C F G C
When the flag went down, you could hear rubber burn. The Stingray had me going into the turn.

C F Eb(2) F(2) C G
I hung a big shift and I got into high, and when I flew by the Sting-ray, I waved bye-bye.

Repeat Chorus

C F G C
A-round the far turn, in the straight-away, I was blowing off everything that got in my way.

F Eb(2) F(2) C C G
The Stingrays and Jags were so far behind, I took my Cobra out of gear and let it coast to the line.

Repeat Chorus

Outro:

G(2) C(4+2) G(2) C(4+2) G(2) C(4+2) G(2) C(5)
Shut 'em down.. Shut 'em down.. Shut 'em down.. Shut 'em down.

My 409

By Brian Wilson, Mike Love, and Gary Usher; Performed by the Beach Boys 1962

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GHRJCCcYAF4>

Intro: G(4) D7(4) G(4 + 2) Strum: Fast calypso Sing: Low G

G **D7(4) D7(4) G(8)**
She's real fine my 409 ... She's real fine my 409 My 4 - 0 - 9

G
I saved my pennies and I saved my dimes (Giddy up giddy up 409)

C **G**
For.. I knew there would be a time (Giddy up giddy up 409)

D7 **C** **G**
When I would buy... a brand new 4 - 0 - 9 (409)

G
Giddy up giddy up giddy up 409..... (echo)

C **G**
Giddy up 4 - 0 - 9..... (echo) Giddy up 4 - 0 - 9 (echo)

G **D7** **C** **G**
Giddy up 4 - 0... Nothing can catch her Nothing can touch my 409, 409

G **C**
Ooooo Giddy up giddy up Ooooo Giddy up giddy up Ooooo Giddy up giddy up

G **D7(4)** **C(4)** **G(8)**
Ooooo Giddy up giddy up Ooooo Ooooo (409, 409)

G
When I take her to the track she really shines (Giddy up giddy up 409)

C **G**
She always turns in the fastest times (Giddy up giddy up 409)

D7 **C** **G**
My four speed dual quad posi-traction 4 - 0 - 9 (409, 409)

G
Giddy up giddy up giddy up 409..... (echo)

C **G**
Giddy up 4 - 0 - 9..... (echo) Giddy up 4 - 0 - 9 (echo)

G **D7** **C** **G**
Giddy up 4 - 0... Nothing can catch her Nothing can touch my 409, 409

G
Giddy up 4 - 0 - 9 (409 409 409 409)

E7 **A7**
 Now the boys all thought I'd lost my sense; And telephone poles looked like a picket fence
E7 **B7** **E7** /
 They said, "Slow down! I see spots! The lines on the road just look like dots"
E7 **A7**
 Took a corner, sideswiped a truck; Crossed my fingers just for luck
E7 **B7** **E7**
 My fenders was clicking the guardrail posts; The guy beside me was white as a ghost

E7(4) A7(4) E7(4) B7(4)

E7 **A7**
 Smoke was coming from out of the back; When I started to gain on that Cadillac
E7 **B7** **E7** /
 Knew I could catch him, I thought I could pass; Don't you know by then we'd be low on gas
E7 **A7**
 We had flames coming from out of the side; Feel the tension, man, what a ride!
E7 **B7** **E7** /
 I said, "Look out, boys, I've got a license to fly" And that Caddy pulled over and let us by

E7 **A7**
 Now all of a sudden she started a knockin'; And down in the dips she started to rockin'
E7 **B7** **E7** /
 I looked in my mirror; a red light was blinking; The cops were after my hot rod Lincoln
E7 **A7**
 They arrested me and they put me in jail; And called my pappy to throw my bail
E7
 And he said, "Son, you're gonna' drive me to drinkin'"

B7 **E7** / / **tremolo**
 If you don't stop driving that hot....rod.....Lincoln!"

On the Road Again

By Willie Nelson 1980

Intro: C(4) G7(4) C(3) Strum: Calypso Sing: Low G

C C C E7 E7
On the... road again, / / / just can't wait to get on the road again.

E7 Dm F G7 C(3)
The life I love is makin' music with my friends, and I can't wait to get on the road a-gain.

C C E7 E7
On the... road again, / / / going places that I've never been.

E7 Dm F G7 C(4) C(3)
Seein' things that I may never see again, and I can't wait to get on the road a-gain

Bridge****

F / C(3)
On the road again, like a band of gypsies, we go down the highway

F C G7(3)
We're the best of friends, insisting that the world keep turnin' our way, and our way.

C C C E7
On the... road again, / / / just can't wait to get on the road again.

E7 Dm F G7 C(3)
The life I love is makin' music with my friends, and I can't wait to get on the road a-gain.

Repeat from bridge

Ending:

C C C E7
On the... road again, / / / just can't wait to get on the road again.

E7 Dm F G7 C(3)
The life I love is makin' music with my friends, and I can't wait to get on the road a-gain.

F G7 C(5)
And I can't wait to get on the road a-gain.