



Cambridge University
Hillwalking Club

CUHWC SONG

BOOK

THIRD EDITION
(2015)

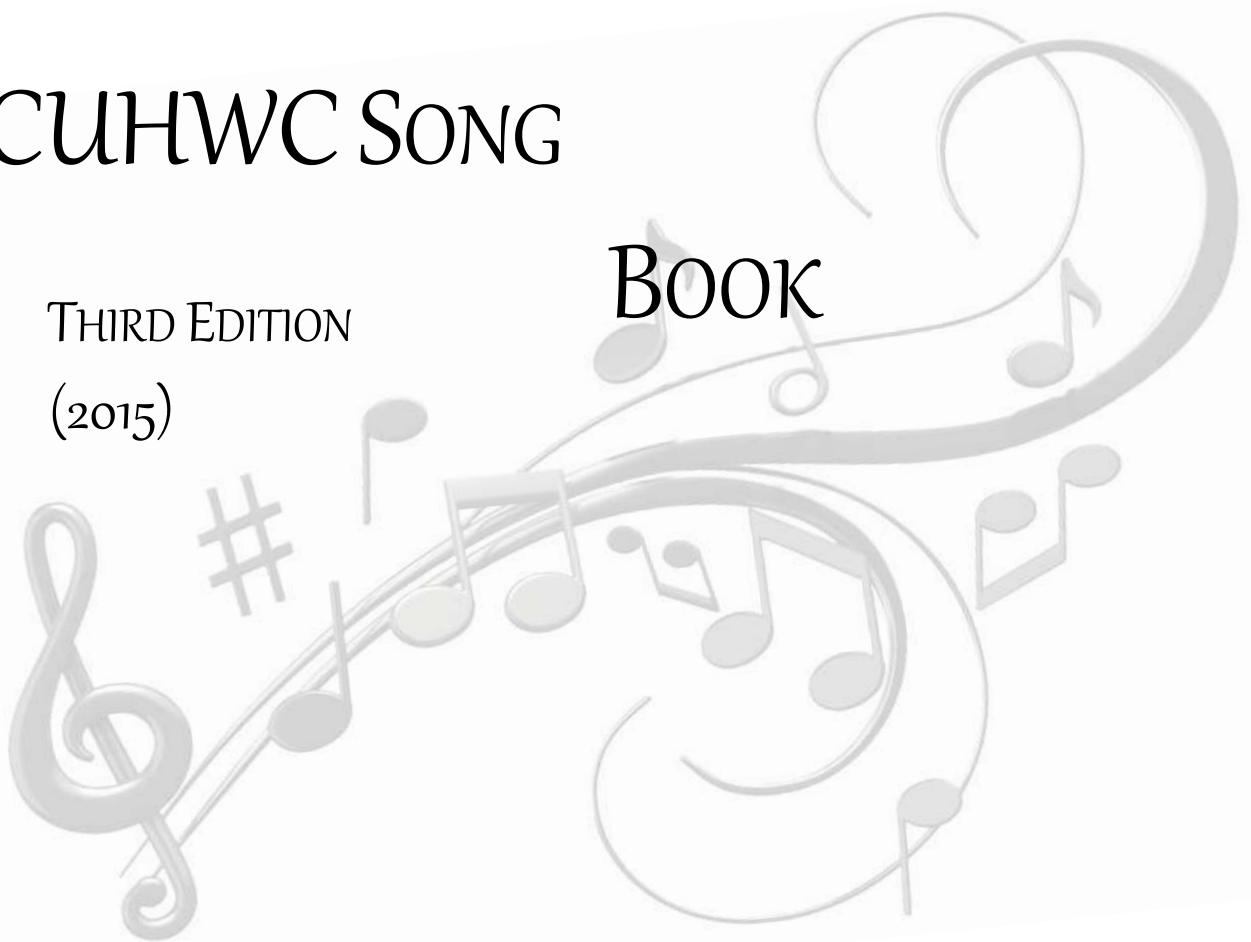
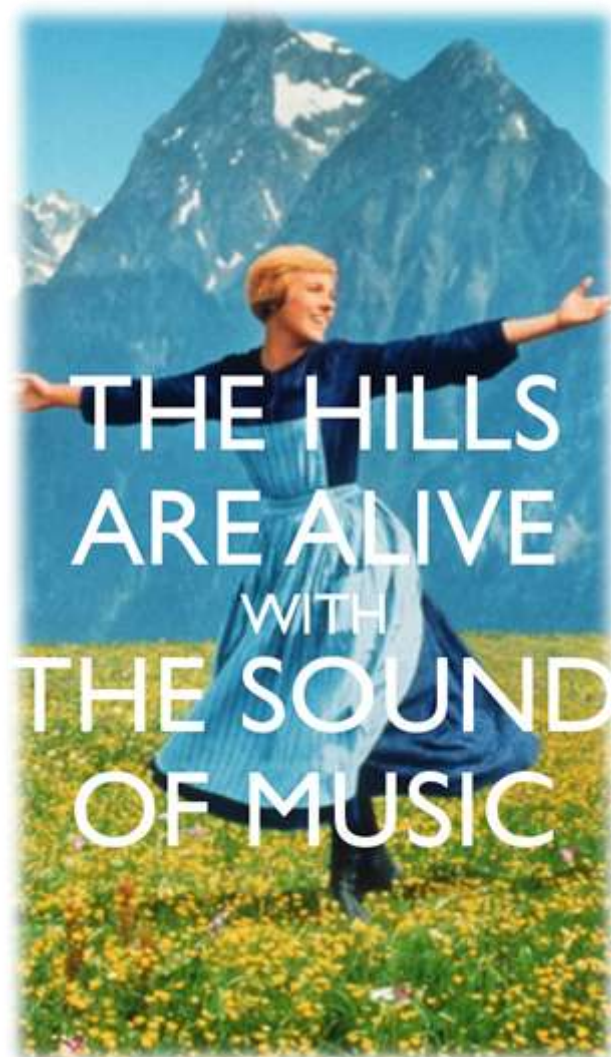


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Accidentally In Love (Counting Crows, 2004)

G C
So she said what's the problem baby?
G C
What's the problem? I don't know,
Em
Well maybe I'm in love (love)
A
Think about it every-time I think about it
C
Can't stop thinking 'bout it

G C
How much longer will it take to cure this?
G C Em
Just to cure it, 'cause I can't ignore it if it's love
(love)
A D
Makes me wanna turn around and face me but I
don't know
C
Nothing 'bout love

Ahhhh

Chorus
G Am
Come on, come on!
C D
Turn a little faster
G Am
Come on, come on!
C D
The world will follow after
G Am
Come on, come on
C D Em---A----C
Cause everybody's after love

G C
So I said I'm a snowball running
G C Em
Running down into the spring that's coming all
this love
A C
Melting under blue skies, belting out sunlight
G
shimmering love
C G
Well baby I surrender to the strawberry ice cream
C Em
never ever end of all this love
A
Well I didn't mean to do it
C
But there's no escaping your love

Ahhhhh

Bridge
Em C
These lines of lightning mean we're
G Am
never alone, never alone

No, no!

Chorus
G Am
Come on, come on!
C D
Move a little closer
G Am
Come on, come on!
C D
I want to hear you whisper
G Am
Come on, come on
C D Em---D
Settle down inside my love

Ahhhhh

G Am
Come on, come on!
C D
Jump a little higher
G Am
Come on, come on!
C D
If you feel a little lighter
G Am
Come on, come on
C D Em---A----C
We were once upon a time in love

Outro
G C
We're accidentally in love
Em D
We're accidentally in love (x4)

Accidentally
G C
I'm in love, I'm in love
Em
I'm in love, I'm in love
D
I'm in love, I'm in love

Accidentally (x2)

Chorus

G Am
Come on, come on!
C D
Spin a little tighter
G Am
Come on, come on!
C D
And the world's a little brighter
G Am
Come on, come on
C D Em D G
Just get yourself inside her love.....I'm in love

All Star (Smash Mouth, 1999)

F# C# G#m B
Somebody once told me the world is gonna roll me
F# C# G#m B
I ain't the sharpest tool in the shed
F# C# G#m B
She was looking kind of dumb with her finger and
her thumb
F# C# G#m B
In the shape of an "L" on her forehead
F# C#
Well the years start coming and they don't stop
coming
G#m B
Back to the rule and I hit the ground running
F# C#
Didn't make sense not to live for fun
G#m B
Your brain gets smart but your head gets dumb
F# C#
So much to do, so much to see
G#m B
So what's wrong with taking the back streets?
F# C#
You'll never know if you don't go
G#m B
You'll never shine if you don't glow

Chorus

F# C# G#m B
Hey now, you're an All Star, get your game on,
go play
F# C# G#m B
Hey now, you're a Rock Star, get the show on,
get paid
F# C# D# B
And all that glitters is gold

F# E B
Only shooting stars break the mould
F# C#
It's a cool place and they say it gets colder
G#m B
You're bundled up now, wait 'til you get older
F# C#
But the meteor men beg to differ
G#m B
Judging by the hole in the satellite picture
F# C#
The ice we skate is getting pretty thin
G#m B
The water's getting warm so you might as well
swim

F# C#
My world's on fire, how about yours?
G#m B
That's the way I like it and I never get bored

Chorus

F# C# G#m B
Hey now, you're an All Star, get your game on,
go play
F# C# G#m B
Hey now, you're a Rock Star, get the show on,
get paid
F# C# D# B
And all that glitters is gold
F# E B
Only shooting stars break the mould

Instrumental: F#, C#, G#m, B x4

Chorus

F# C# G#m B
Hey now, you're an All Star, get your game on,
go play
F# C# G#m B
Hey now, you're a Rock Star, get the show on,
get paid
F# C# D# B
And all that glitters is gold
F# E
Only shooting stars -
F# C# G#m B
Somebody once asked, could I spare some change
for gas
F# C# G#m B
I need to get myself away from this place

F# C#
 I said yep, what a concept
 G#m B
 I could use a little fuel myself
 F# C# G#m
 And we could all use a little change

 F# C#
 Well the years start coming and they don't stop
 coming
 G#m B
 Back to the rule and I hit the ground running
 F# C#
 Didn't make sense not to live for fun
 G#m B
 Your brain gets smart but your head gets dumb
 F# C#
 So much to do, so much to see
 G#m B
 So what's wrong with taking the back streets?
 F# C#
 You'll never know if you don't go
 G#m B
 You'll never shine if you don't glow

Chorus

F# C# G#m B
 Hey now, you're an All Star, get your game on,
 go play
 F# C# G#m B
 Hey now, you're a Rock Star, get the show on,
 get paid
 F# C# D# B
 And all that glitters is gold
 F# E B
 Only shooting stars break the mould
 F# C# D# B
 And all that glitters is gold
 F# E B
 Only shooting stars break the mould

**Always Look On The Bright Side Of Life
(Eric Idle, 1991)**

Am D G Em
 Some things in life are bad; they can really make
 you mad
 Am D G
 Other things just make you swear and curse
 Am D
 When you've chewing on life's gristle

 G Em
 Don't grumble, give a whistle

Am D7
 And this'll help things turn out for the best

 G Em Am D7 G Em Am D7
 And always look on the bright side of life
 G Em Am D7 G Em Am D7
 Always look on the light side of life

 Am D G Em
 If life seems jolly rotten, there's something you've
 forgotten;
 Am D G
 And that's to laugh and smile and dance and sing.
 Am D G Em
 When you're feeling in the dumps, don't be silly
 chumps
 Am D7
 Just purse your lips and whistle - that's the thing

 G Em Am D7 G Em Am D7
 And always look on the bright side of life
 G Em Am D7 G Em Am D7
 Come on - always look on the bright side of life

Am D G Em
 For life is quite absurd, and death's the final word
 Am D G
 You must always face the curtain with a bow
 Am D G Em
 Forget about your sin - give the audience a grin
 Am D7
 Enjoy it - it's your last chance anyhow.

G Em Am D7 G Em Am D7
 So always look on the bright side of death
 G Em Am D7 G Em Am D7
 Just before you draw your terminal breath

Am D G Em
 Life's a piece of shit, when you look at it
 Am D G
 Life's a laugh and death's a joke, it's true

Am D
 You'll see it's all a show
 G Em
 Keep 'em laughing as you go
 Am D7
 Just remember that the last laugh is on you

G Em Am D7 G Em Am D7
 And always look on the bright side of life
 G Em Am D7 G Em Am D7
 Always look on the right side of life
 (Come on guys, cheer up)

A F# Bm E7 A F# Bm E7
 Always look on the right side of life
 A F# Bm E7 A F# Bm E7
 Always look on the right side of life

American Pie (Don McLean, 1971)

G D Em7
 A long, long time ago,
 Am C Em D
 I can still remember how that music used to make
 me smile
 G D Em7
 And I know if I had my chance,
 Am C Em C D
 That I could make those people dance, and maybe
 they'd be happy for a while
 Em Am Em Am
 But February made me shiver, with every paper I'd
 deliver
 C G Am C D
 Bad news on the doorstep, I couldn't take one more
 step
 G D Em Am7 D
 I can't remember if I cried when I read about his
 widowed bride
 G D Em
 Something touched me deep inside
 C D7 G C G
 The day the music died

Chorus
 G C G D
 So bye, bye Miss American Pie
 G C G D
 Drove my Chevy to the levy, but the levy was dry
 G C G D
 And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and
 rye
 Em A7 Em D7
 Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the
 day that I die

G Am
 Did you write the book of love
 C Am Em D
 And do you have faith in god above, if the bible tell
 s you so?
 G D Em
 Do you believe in rock and roll?
 Am7 C Em A7 D
 Can music save your mortal soul and can you teach
 me how to dance real slow?

Em D Em D
 Well I know that you're in love with him, 'cause I
 saw you dancin' in the gym
 C G A7 C D7
 You both kicked off your shoes, man I dig those
 rhythm and blues
 G D Em Am C
 I was a lonely teenage broncin' buck with a pink
 carnation and a pickup truck
 G D Em C D7 G C G
 But I knew I was out of luck the day the music died,
 I started singin'

Chorus
 G C G D
 So bye, bye Miss American Pie
 G C G D
 Drove my Chevy to the levy, but the levy was dry
 G C G D
 And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and
 rye
 Em A7 Em D7
 Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the
 day that I die

G Am
 Now for ten years we've been on our own,
 C Am Em D
 And moss grows fat on a rolling stone but that's not
 how it used to be
 G D Em
 When the jester sang for the king and queen
 Am7 C Em A7 D
 In a coat he borrowed from James Dean, in a voice
 that came from you and me
 Em D Em D
 And while the king was looking down, the jester
 stole his thorny crown
 C G A7 C D7
 The courtroom was adjourned, no verdict was
 returned
 G D Em Am C
 And while Lenin read a book on Marx, the quartet
 practised in the park
 G D Em C D7 G C G
 And we sang dirges in the dark the day the music
 died, we were singin'

Chorus
 G C G D
 So bye, bye Miss American Pie
 G C G D
 Drove my Chevy to the levy, but the levy was dry

G C G D
And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye

Em A7 Em D7
Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

G Am
Helter skelter in a summer swelter

C Am Em D
The birds flew off with a fallout shelter, eight miles high and fallin' fast

G D Em
It landed foul on the grass

Am7 C Em A7 D
The players tried for a forward pass, with the jester on the side-lines in a cast

Em D Em D
Now at halftime there was sweet perfume, while sergeants played a marching tune

C G A7 C D7
We all got up to dance, but we never got the chance

G D Em Am C
'Cause the players tried to take the field, the marching band refused to yield

G D Em C D7 G C G
Do you recall what was the feel the day the music died? We started singin'

Chorus

G C G D
So bye, bye Miss American Pie

G C G D
Drove my Chevy to the levy, but the levy was dry

G C G D
And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye

Em A7 Em D7
Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

G Am
And there we were all in one place,

C Am Em D
A generation lost in space, with no time left to start again

G D Em Am7 C
So come on Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack Flash sat on a candle

Em A7 D
stick, 'cause fire is the devil's only friend

Em D Em D
And as I watched him on the stage, my hands were clenched in fists of rage

C G A7 C D7
No angel born in Hell could break that Satan's spell

G D Em Am C
And as the flames climbed high into the night to light the sacrificial rite

G D Em C D7 G C G
I saw Satan laughing with delight the day the music died, he was singin'

Chorus

G C G D
So bye, bye Miss American Pie

G C G D
Drove my Chevy to the levy, but the levy was dry

G C G D
And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye

Em A7 Em D7
Singin' this will be the day that I die, this will be the day that I die

G D Em
I met a girl who sang the blues

Am C Em D
And I asked her for some happy news, but she just smiled and turned away

G D Em
I went down to the sacred store

Am C Em C
Where I'd heard the music years before, but the man there said the music

D
Wouldn't play

Em Am Em Am
But in the streets the children screamed, the lovers cried and the poets dreamed

C G Am C D
But not a word was spoken, the church bells all were broken

G D Em Am7 C D7
And the three men I admire most, the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost

G D Em Am7 D7 G
They caught the last train for the coast, the day the music died,

D7
And they were singin'

Chorus

G C G D
So bye, bye Miss American Pie

G C G D
Drove my Chevy to the levy, but the levy was dry

G C G D
And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and
rye

C D7 G C G
Singin' this will be the day that I die.

Bohemian Rhapsody (Queen, 1975)

Bb6 C7 Bb6 C7
Is this the real life? Is this just fantasy?
F7 Cm7 F7 Bb Cm7 Bb
Caught in a landslide, no escape from reality.
Gm Bb7 Eb
Open your eyes, look up to the skies and see.
Cm F7
I'm just a poor boy, I need no sympathy, because
I'm
B Bb A Bb B Bb A Bb
easy come, easy go, little high, little low.
Eb Bb C#o F F Bb
Anyway the wind blows doesn't really matter to
me, to me.

Bb Gm Cm
Mama, just killed a man, put a gun against his head,
F
Pulled my trigger, now he's dead.
Bb Gm Cm7
Mama, life had just begun, but now I've gone and
B+ Eb F Fm
Thrown it all away.
Eb Bb Cm Fm
Mama, ooh, didn't mean to make you cry.
Bb Eb Bb Cm
If I'm not back again this time tomorrow, carry on,
carry on
Abm Eb Ab Eb Ebo Fm7 Bb
As if nothing really matters

Too late, my time has come, sends shivers down m
y spine, body's aching all the time.
Goodbye, everybody, I've got to go, gotta leave yo
u all behind and face the truth.
Mama, ooh, I don't want to die,
Bb Eb
I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all.

Bb Cm Fm Bb7 Eb Gm Cm Fm Db Db Bbm

A D A Ao A D A Ao
I see a little silhouetto of a man.

A D A D A Ao A D A
Scaramouche, Scaramouche, will you do the
Fandango?

Db Ab C E A
Thunderbolt and lightning very, very fright'n'ing me.

Galileo, Galileo, Galileo, Figaro, Magnifico_____

B Bb A Bb B Bb A Bb
I'm just a poor boy and no - bod - y loves me.
Ab Eb Ebo Eb Ab Eb Ebo Eb
He's just a poor boy from a poor family.
Ab Eb F Bb
Spare him his life from this monstrosity.
Ab Eb F#o Fm7

B Bb A Bb B Bb A Bb Eb
Easy come, easy go, will you let me go? Bismillah!
Bb Eb
No, we will not let you go. Bismillah!
Bb Eb Bb
We will not let you go. Bismillah! We will not let yo
u go.

Will not let you go. Will not let you go.

Gb7
Ahhhhhhhhh_____

Bm A D Db Gb Bb Eb
No, no, no, no, no, no, no.
Eb Bb Eb Ab D Gm Bb
Mama mia, let me go. Beelzebub has a devil put
aside for me,

For me, for me

Eb F7

Bb7 Eb Bb Eb Bb Db
So you think you can stone me and spit in my eye
Bb7 Eb Bb Eb Ab
So you think you can love me and leave me to die
Fm Bb Fm Bb
Oh, baby, can't do this to me, baby
Fm7 Bb Fm7 Bb Eb Bb7
Just gotta get out, just gotta get right outta here
Eb Bb Cm G Cm G7 Cm Bb7 Eb D Gm Ab Eb

Cm Gm Cm Gm
Nothing really matters, anyone can see
Cm Abm Bb11 Eb Ab
Nothing really matters, nothing really matters to
me
Eb Ebo Bb Bbm C7 C7-9 C7 F

Bb F Abo Gm7
Any - way the wind blows.

Both Sides Now (Joni Mitchell, 1969)

D G D 2x

D Em G D F#m G D
Bows and flows of angel hair and ice cream castles
in the air

G Em G A
And feather canyons everywhere, I've looked at
clouds that way.

D Em G D F#m G D
But now they only block the sun, they rain and
snow on everyone.

G Em G A
So many things I would have done but clouds got in
my way.

D Em G D
I've looked at clouds from both sides now,

G D G D
From up and down, and still somehow

F#m G D
It's clouds illusions I recall.

G A Asus₄ A D
I really don't know clouds at all.

D G D 2x

D Em G D F#m G D
Moons and Junes and Ferris wheels, the dizzy
dancing way you feel

G Em G A
When every fairy tale comes real; I've looked at
love that way.

D Em G D F#m G D
But now it's just another show, you leave 'em
laughing when you go

G Em G A
And if you care, don't let them know, don't give
yourself away.

D Em G D
I've looked at love from both sides now,

G D G D
From give and take, and still somehow

F#m G D
It's love's illusions I recall.

G A Asus₄ A D
I really don't know love at all.

D G D 2x

D Em G D F#m G D
Tears and fears and feeling proud to say "I love
you" right out loud,

G Em G A
Dreams and schemes and circus crowds, I've looked
at life that way.

D Em G D F#m G
But now old friends are acting strange, they shake
their heads, they say

D
I've changed.

G Em G A
But something's lost but something's gained in
living every day.

D Em G D
I've looked at life from both sides now,

G D G D
From win and lose, and still somehow

F#m G D
It's life's illusions I recall.

G A Asus₄ A D
I really don't know life at all.

D G D 2x

D Em G D
I've looked at life from both sides now,

G D G D
From win and lose, and still somehow

F#m G D
It's life's illusions I recall.

G A Asus₄ A D
I really don't know life at all.

D G D

Ca' The Yowes (Robert Burns, 1794)

Chorus

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonie dearie.

Hark, the mavis e'ening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang
Then a-faulding let us gang.
My bonie dearie.

Chorus

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro the hazels, spreading wide
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

Chorus

Yonder Clouden's silent towers
Where, at moonshine's midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Chorus

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear
Thou'rt to Love and Heav'n sae dear
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonie dearie.

Chorus

Cambridge Hillwalker

I've been over Snowdon, I've slept up on Crowden
I've camped by the Wainstones as well
I've sunbathed on Kinder, been burnt to a cinder
And many more things I can tell
My rucksack has oft been my pillow
The heather has oft been my bed
And sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead

ORIGINAL CHORUS

*I'm a rambler, I'm a rambler from Manchester way
I get all my pleasure the hard moorland way
I may be a wage-slave on Monday
But I am a free man on Sunday*

CUHWC CHORUS

*I'm a walker, hillwalker from down Cambridge way
I get all my pleasure the hard mountain way
I may be in lectures on Monday
But I have my freedom on Sunday*

There's pleasure in dragging through peat bogs and
bragging
Of all the fine walks that you know
There's even a measure of some kind of pleasure
In wading through ten feet of snow
I've stood on the edge of the Downfall
And seen all the valleys outspread
And sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead

CHORUS

I've signed up by e-mail, I've walked up from Edale
I've slept on the coach back as well
I've climbed round a table, been stuck high on
Gable
And my damp clothes continue to smell

The tea bag has oft been my saviour
Though brandy has oft hurt my head
And sooner than walk with the ramblers
I think I would rather be dead!

CHORUS

So I'll walk where I will over mountain and hill
And I'll lie where the bracken is deep
I belong to the mountains, the clear running
fountains
Where the grey rocks lie rugged and steep
I've seen the white hare in the gullies
And the curlew fly high overhead
And sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead

CHORUS

Cambridge Hillwalker – Alternative Version (Mark Jackson, c.2011)

Now most of the pressure of being a fresher's
That Cambridge is so flat a town
But when half dead of boredom I met Michael
Fordham

Who said to me "Don't you look down!
The dull grimy streets of this city
Are not for the wild and the free
So follow your heart to the highlands
With CUHWC.

The walkers, hill walkers, from down Cambridge
way
Who get all their pleasure the hard mountain way
They may be in lectures on Monday
But they have their freedom on Sunday."

But what a disaster – they all walked much faster
Than me, who was soon far behind,
As we stormed through the snow and the mud of
Bleaklow,
And I gave them a piece of my mind.
"I hate all this dragging through peat bogs,
And gasping on treadmills of scree,
And battling onward through blizzards..."
But the President whispered to me;

"You're a walker, hill walker, and this we all know
You'll soon come to love both the rain and the
snow
You may be in lectures on Monday
But we'll give you freedom on Sunday."

But still I desired to be somewhere higher
 And wandered along to the pub
 And those I befriended, as peaks we ascended,
 Soon taught me the ways of the club.
 The sunset on fire in the Malverns,
 A night full of laughter and song
 An ice-covered scramble up Snowdon
 And I knew I was where I belonged

With the walkers, hill walkers, and then did I swear
 Come good trip, come bad trip, I'd always be there
 I might be in lectures on Monday
 But I'd have my freedom on Sunday

So I walk where I will over mountain and hill
 And the trip book is full of my yarns
 I've learned to say Tryfan and Moel Llechwedd-
 llyfn
 And climbed all the Wainwrights there are
 I know every line of the Cow Song
 I'm never without Ben the Bear
 And whenever I'm back in the lowlands
 My heart is still high in the air

Singing...
 We're walkers, hill walkers, from down Cambridge
 way
 We get all our pleasure the hard mountain way
 We may be in lectures on Monday
 But we have our freedom on Sunday

Cannonball (Damien Rice, 2002)

Em7 Cadd9 G G/F#
 There's still a little bit of your taste, in my mouth
 Em7 Cadd9 G G/F#
 There's still a little bit of you laced, with my doubt
 Em7 Cadd9 G G/F# Em7
 It's still a little hard to say, what's going on
 Em7 Cadd9 G G/F#
 There's still a little bit of your ghost, your witness
 Em7 Cadd9 G G/F#
 There's still a little bit of your face, I haven't kissed
 Em7 Cadd9 G G/F# Em7
 You step a little closer each day, so close that I can't
 say what's going on

C* - D

Chorus

G Cadd9 D
 Stones taught me to fly
 G Cadd9 D
 Love taught me to lie

G Cadd9 D
 Life taught me to die

Em7 Cadd9 D
 So it's not hard to fall, when you float like a cannon
 ball

Interlude Em7 Cadd9 G G/F# x3

Em7 Cadd9 G G/F#
 There's still a little bit of your song, in my ear
 Em7 Cadd9 G G/F#
 There's still a little bit of your words, I long to hear
 Em7 Cadd9 G G/F#
 You step a little closer to me, so close that I can't
 see what's going on

Chorus

G Cadd9 D
 Stones taught me to fly
 G Cadd9 D
 Love taught me to lie
 G Cadd9 D
 Life taught me to die
 Em7 Cadd9 D
 So it's not hard to fall, when you float like a
 cannon...
 G Cadd9 D
 Stones taught me to fly
 G Cadd9 D
 Love taught me to cry
 G Cadd9 D
 So come on courage, teach me to be shy
 Em7 Cadd9 D
 So it's not hard to fall, and I don't wanna scare her
 Em7 Cadd9 D
 It's not hard to fall, and I don't wanna lose
 G G/F# Em7 C* D
 It's not hard to grow, when you know that you just
 don't know

Danny Boy (Frederic Weatherly, 1913)

C Cmaj7 C7 F Fm
 Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
 C Am D7 G
 From glen to glen, and down the mountain side
 C Cmaj7 C7 F Fm
 The summer's gone and all the roses dying
 C Am Dm G C
 'Tis you, 'tis you, must go, and I must bide
 G Am G/B C F C
 But come ye back when summer's in the meadow

G Am G/B Am F C D7 G
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow

C C/E F C Em/B Am Am7/G Fm
And I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow
C Am Dm G C G7/B

Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy I love you so
C Cmaj7 C7 F Fm

But if he come and all the roses dying
C G/B Am Am/G D/F# G

And I am dead, as dead I well may be
C Cmaj7 C7 F Fm
You'll come and find the place where I am lying
C Am F G C

And kneel and say an Ave there for me
G Am G/B C F C
And I shall feel, though soft you tread above me
G Am G/B Am Am/G F C/E D/F# G
And then my grave will richer, sweeter be
G Am7 G/B C C/E F D/F# C Em/B Am Am7
/G Ab7

For you will bend and tell me that you love me
C Am Dm G C G7

And I shall rest in peace until you come to me
C Am7 Dm7 G11 C/G

And I shall rest in peace until you come to me

Don't Look Back In Anger (Oasis, 1995)

C G Am
Slip inside the eye of your mind
E7 F G
Don't you know you might find
C
A better place to play
[Am, G] - Transition chords, played quickly

C G Am
You said that you'd never been
E7 F G
But all the things that you've seen
C

Slowly fade away
[Am, G] - played quickly

F Fm C
So I start a revolution from my bed
F Fm C
'Cause you said the brains I have went to my head
F Fm C
Step outside the summertime's in bloom
G
Stand up beside the fireplace
E7*
Take that look from off your face

Am G F G
'Cause you ain't ever going to burn my heart out
Chorus

C G Am E7 F
So Sally can wait, she knows it's too late
G C

As we're walking on by
[Am, G] - played quickly

C G Am E7 F
Her soul slides away, but don't look back in anger
G C

I heard you say
[Am, G] - played quickly

C G Am
Take me to the place where you go
E7 F G

Where nobody knows
C

If it's night or day
[Am, G] - played quickly

C G Am
Please don't put your life in the hands
E7 F G

Of a Rock and Roll band
C

Who'll throw it all away
[Am, G] - played quickly

F Fm C
So I start a revolution from my bed
F Fm C
Cos you said the brains I have went to my head
F Fm C
Step outside the summertime's in bloom

G
Stand up beside the fireplace

E7*
Take that look from off your face

Am G F G
'Cause you ain't ever going to burn my heart out

Chorus
C G Am E7 F
So Sally can wait, she knows it's too late
G C

As we're walking on by
C G Am E7 F

Her soul slides away, but don't look back in anger
G C

I heard you say

Chorus

C G Am E7 F
So Sally can wait, she knows it's too late
G C
As we're walking on by
[Am, G] - played quickly
C G Am E7 F
Her soul slides away, but don't look back in anger
G C
I heard you say
[Am, G] - played quickly
C G Am E7 F
So Sally can wait, she knows it's too late
G C
As we're walking on by
[Am, G] - played quickly
C G Am
Her soul slides away,
F (upstroke)
But don't look back in anger
Fm
Don't look back in anger
C
I heard you say
C -- G -- Am -- E7 -- F -- G
C
At least not today

Don't Stop Believin' (Journey, 1981)

E B C#m A
Just a small town girl, living in a lonely world
E B G#m A
She took the midnight train going anywhere
E B C#m A
Just a city boy, born and raised in south Detroit
E B G#m A
He took the midnight train going anywhere
E B C#m A
A singer in a smoky room, a smell of wine and
cheap perfume

E B G#m A
For a smile they can share the night, it goes on and
on and on and on

A E
Strangers waiting up and down the boulevard
A E
Their shadows searching in the night
A E
Streetlight, people, living just to find emotion

A E
Hiding, somewhere in the night
E B C#m A
Working hard to get my fill, everybody wants a thrill
I
E B G#m A
Paying anything to roll the dice, just one more time
E B C#m A
Some will win, some will lose, some were born to
sing the blues
E B G#m A
Oh, the movie never ends; it goes on and on and on
and on

A E
Strangers waiting up and down the boulevard
A E
Their shadows searching in the night
A E
Streetlight, people, living just to find emotion
A E
Hiding, somewhere in the night

E B C#m A #
Don't stop believing hold on to the feeling
E B G#m
Streetlight people
E B C#m A #
Don't stop believing hold on to the feeling
E B G#m
Streetlight people
E B C#m A #
Don't stop believing hold on to the feeling
E B G#m
Streetlight people

Don't Stop Me Now (Queen, 1978)

F Am Dm Gm C
Tonight I'm gonna have myself real good time, I feel
I alive

F F7 Bb Gm D7
And the world, turning inside out yeah, I'm floating
around in ecstasy

Gm Dm C Gm7 Gm Dm C
So don't stop me now, don't stop me

Gm C7
'Cause I'm having a good time, having a good time

F Am Dm
I'm a shooting star leaping through the sky, like a
Tiger

Gm C
 Defying the law of gravity
 F Am Dm
 I'm a racing car passing by, like Lady Godiva
 Gm C F
 I'm gonna go, go, go, there's no stopping me
 F7 Bb Gm
 I'm burning through the sky yeah, two hundred degrees
 D7 Gm
 That's why they call me Mr. Fahrenheit
 D7 Gm
 I'm travelling at the speed of light
 C
 I wanna make a supersonic man out of you

Chorus

F Gm Am Dm Gm C
 Don't stop me now, I'm having such a good time I'm having a ball
 F Gm Am Dm Gm D7
 Don't stop me now, if you wanna have a good time, just give me a call
 Gm Dm C Gm7
 Don't stop me, 'cause I'm having a good time
 Gm Dm C Gm7
 Don't stop me, yes I'm having a good time
 C7 Eb
 I don't wanna stop at all

F Am Dm
 I'm a rocket ship on my way to Mars, on a collision course
 Gm C
 I'm a satellite, I'm out of control
 F Am Dm
 I'm a sex machine ready to reload, like an atom bomb
 Gm C F
 About to oh oh oh explode
 F7 Bb Gm
 I'm burning through the sky yeah, two hundred degrees
 D7 Gm
 That's why they call me Mr. Fahrenheit
 D7 Gm
 I'm travelling at the speed of light
 C
 I wanna make a supersonic woman of you

Bridge

Don't stop me, don't stop me, don't stop me (hey, hey, hey)
 Don't stop me, don't stop me (oo, oo, oo)
 Don't stop me, don't stop me (have a good time, good time)

Don't stop me, don't stop me (woooooawwwww)

F7 Bb Gm
 I'm burning through the sky yeah, two hundred degrees
 D7 Gm
 That's why they call me Mr. Fahrenheit
 D7 Gm
 I'm travelling at the speed of light
 C
 I wanna make a supersonic woman of you

Chorus

F Gm Am Dm Gm C
 Don't stop me now, I'm having such a good time I'm having a ball
 F Gm Am Dm Gm D7
 Don't stop me now, if you wanna have a good time Just give me a call
 Gm Dm C Gm7
 Don't stop me, 'cause I'm having a good time
 Gm Dm C Gm7
 Don't stop me, yes I'm having a good time
 C7 Eb
 I don't wanna stop at all

Gives You Hell (All American Rejects, 2008)

E A
 I wake up every evening
 F# E
 With a big smile on my face
 C#m A
 And it never feels out of place.
 E
 And you're still probably working
 A
 At a 9 to 5 pace
 C#m A slide to G#m
 I wonder how bad that tastes
 E
 When you see my face
 C# A
 I hope it gives you hell, I hope it gives you hell
 E
 When you walk my way
 C# A slide to G#m
 I hope it gives you hell, I hope it gives you hell

E A
 Now where's your picket fence love
 F# E
 And where's that shiny car
 C#m A slide to G#m
 Did it ever get you far?
 C#m A
 You ever seem so dead slow
 A E
 Never seen you fall so hard
 C#m A
 Do you know where you are?
 Bm C#m Bm
 Truth be told I miss you
 B E A
 Truth be told I'm lying

E
 When you see my face
 C#m A
 I hope it gives you hell, I hope it gives you hell

E
 When you walk my way
 C#m A
 I hope it gives you hell, I hope it gives you hell

E C#m A
 If you find a man that's worth the damn and treats
 you well
 E Bm A
 Then he's a fool you're just as well hope it gives you
 hell
 slide to G#m
 Hope it gives you hell

E C#m A
 Tomorrow you'll be thinking to yourself
 Where did it all go wrong?
 C#m A Bm
 But the list goes on and on
 Bm C#m Bm
 Truth be told I miss you
 B E A
 Truth be told I'm lying

When you see my face
 I hope it gives you hell, I hope it gives you hell
 When you walk my way
 I hope it gives you hell, I hope it gives you hell
 If you find a man that's worth the damn and treats
 you well
 Then he's a fool you're just as well hope it gives you
 hell

Bm C#m
 Now you'll never see
 A
 What you've done to me

E
 You can take back your memories
 G#m
 They're no good to me
 E
 And here's all your lies
 If you look me in the eyes
 F#m
 With the sad, sad look
 Bm
 That you wear so well

When you see my face
 I hope it gives you hell, I hope it gives you hell
 When you walk my way
 I hope it gives you hell, I hope it gives you hell
 If you find a man that's worth the damn and treats
 you well
 Then he's a fool you're just as well hope it gives you
 hell

When you see my face
 I hope it gives you hell, I hope it gives you hell
 (hope it gives you hell)
 When you walk my way
 I hope it gives you hell, I hope it gives you hell
 (hope it gives you hell)
 When you hear this song and you sing along well
 you'll never tell
 And you're the fool I've just as well I hope it gives
 you hell
 When you hear this song I hope that it will give you
 hell
 You can sing along I hope that it puts you through
 hell

Go Your Own Way (Fleetwood Mac, 1977)

G
 G D C
 Loving you, isn't the right thing to do
 C G
 How can I, ever change things that I feel?
 G D C
 If I could, maybe I'd give you my world
 C G
 How can I, when you won't take it from me?

Chorus
 Em C D
 You can go your own way, Go your own way
 Em C D
 You can call it another lonely day

Em C D
You can go your own way, Go your own way

G D C
Tell me why, everything turned around
C G
Packing up, shacking up is all you wanna do
G D C
If I could, baby I'd give you my world
C G
Open up, everything is waiting for you

Chorus

Em C D
You can go your own way, Go your own way
Em C D
You can call it another lonely day
Em C D
You can go your own way, Go your own way

Break

G D C G D C G D C G D C G

Chorus

Em C D
You can go your own way, Go your own way
Em C D
You can call it another lonely day

Em C D
You can go your own way, Go your own way

Chorus

Em C D
You can go your own way, Go your own way
Em C D
You can call it another lonely day
Em C D
You can go your own way, Go your own way

Here Comes The Sun (The Beatles, 1969)

Chorus

D Gmaj7
Here comes the sun. Here comes the sun.
E7 D | G6 Dadd9 G6 | Dadd9 A7 |
And I say "it's all right."

D G6 A7
Little darling, it's been a long, cold lonely winter
D Gmaj7 A7 A7sus
Little darling, it feels like years since it's been here
D Gmaj7
Here comes the sun. Here comes the sun.

E7 D | G6 Dadd9 G6 | Dadd9 A7 |
And I say "it's all right."

D G6 A7
Little darling, the smiles returning to their faces
D Gmaj7 A7 A7sus
Little darling, it seems like years since it's been
Here
D Gmaj7
Here comes the sun. Here comes the sun.
E7 D | G6 Dadd9 G6 | Dadd9 A7 |
And I say "it's all right."

D G6 A7
Little darling, I feel that ice is slowly melting
D Gmaj7 A7 A7sus
Little darling, it seems like years since it's been
clear
D Gmaj7
Here comes the sun. Here comes the sun.
E7 D | G6 Dadd9 G6 | Dadd9 A7 |
And I say "it's all right."

Hey, Jude (The Beatles, 1968)

F C
Hey, Jude, don't make it bad
F C7 C7sus4 C7 F
Take a sad song, and make it better
Bb F
Remember to let her into your heart
C F
And then you can start to make it better
F C
Hey, Jude, don't be afraid
F C7 C7sus4 C7 F
You were made to go out and get her
Bb F
The minute you let her under your skin
C F Fmaj7 F7
Then you begin to make it better

Bb Bb/A Gm
And anytime you feel the pain, hey, Jude, refrain
Gm7 C/E C F Fmaj7 F7
Don't carry the world upon your shoulders
Bb Bb/A Gm
For well you know that it's a fool who plays it cool
Gm7 C/E C F
By making his world a little colder
F6 F7 C Csus4 CaddG C F C7
Na na na na na na na na

F C
 Hey, Jude, don't let me down
 F C7 C7sus4 C7 F
 You have found her, now go and get her
 Bb F
 Remember to let her into your heart
 C F Fmaj7 F7
 Then you can start to make it better

Bb Bb/A Gm
 So let it out and let it in – hey, Jude, begin
 Gm7 C/E C F Fmaj7 F7
 You're waiting for someone to perform with
 Bb Bb/A Gm
 And don't you know that it's just you – hey, Jude,
 you'll do
 Gm7 C/E C F
 The movement you need is on your shoulders

F6 F7 C Csus4 CaddG C F C7
 Na na na na na na na na na

F C
 Hey, Jude, don't make it bad

F C7 C7sus4 C7 F
 Take a sad song, and make it better
 Bb F
 Remember to let her under your skin
 C F
 And then you'll begin to make it better
 F Eb
 Na na na na na na na
 Bb
 Na na na na
 F
 Hey Jude (Repeat)

Hotel California (The Eagles, 1973)

Am E G D F C Dm E - 2x times

Am E
 On a dark desert highway
 G D
 Cool wind in my hair
 F C
 Warm smell of a colitas
 Dm E
 Rising up through the air
 Am E
 Up a head in the distance
 G D
 I saw shimmering light

F C
 My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim
 Dm E
 I had to stop for the night
 Am E
 There she stood in the door way
 G D
 I heard the mission bell
 F C
 And I was thinking to myself
 Dm E
 This could be heaven and this could be hell
 Am E
 Then she lit up a candle
 G D
 And she showed me the way
 F C
 There were voices down the corridor
 Dm E
 I thought I heard them say

Chorus

F C
 Welcome to the Hotel California
 E7
 Such a lovely place
 Am
 Such a lovely face
 F C
 Plenty of the room at the Hotel California
 Dm
 Any time of year
 E7
 You can find it here

Am E G D F C Dm E - 2x times

Her mind is Tiffany twisted
 She got the Mercedes Benz
 She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys
 That she calls friends

How they dance in the courtyard
 Sweet summer sweat
 Some dance to remember
 Some dance to forget

So I called up the Captain
 Please bring me my wine He said
 We haven't had that spirit here
 Since nineteen sixty nine

And still those voices are calling
 From faraway
 Wake up in the middle
 Of the night just to hear them say

Chorus

Welcome to the Hotel California
Such a lovely place
Such a lovely face
They living it up at the Hotel California
What a nice surprise bring your alibis.

Am E G D F C Dm E - 2x times

I don't want to live alone hey
B A E
God knows got to make it on my own
B
So baby can't you see
A E
I've got to break free
I've got to break free
I want to break free, yeah
I want, I want, I want, I want to break free....

I Want To Break Free (Queen, 1984)

No Chord E
I want to break free
I want to break free
I want to break free from your lies
A
You're so self-satisfied I don't need you
E
I've got to break free
B A E
God knows, God knows I want to break free

NC E
I've fallen in love
I've fallen in love for the first time
A
And this time I know it's for real
E
I've fallen in love yeah
B A E A E A E
God knows God knows I've fallen in love
B A
It's strange but it's true
B A
I can't get over the way you love me like you do
C#m
But I have to be sure
F#sus4 F#
When I walk out that door
A B C#m B
Oh how I want to be free baby
A B C#m B
Oh how I want to be free
A B E
Oh how I want to break free

Solo: E A E B A E B A E
NC E
But life still goes on
I can't get used to living without living without
A
Living without you by my side
E

Ilkla Moor Baht 'at (Thomas Clark, 1850s)

Wheear 'as ta bin sin ah saw thee...
...ah saw thee
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at?
Wheear 'as ta bin sin ah saw...
Wheear 'as ta bin sin ah saw...
Wheear 'as ta bin sin ah saw thee?
Wheear 'as ta bin sin ah saw thee?
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at?
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at?
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at?

Tha's been a coartin' Mary Jane...
...Mary Jane
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at!
Tha's been a coartin'...
Tha's been a coartin'...
Tha's been a coartin' Mary Jane
Tha's been a coartin' Mary Jane
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at!
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at!
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at!

Tha's bahn t'catch thi deeath o'cowd...
...deeath o'cowd
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at!
Tha's bahn t'catch thi deeath...
Tha's bahn t'catch thi deeath...
Tha's bahn t'catch thi deeath o'cowd
Tha's bahn t'catch thi deeath o'cowd
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at!
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at!
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at!

Then we shall ha' to bury thee...
...bury thee
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at!
Then we shall ha' to bury...
Then we shall ha' to bury...

All you get is pain.
C G D [Stop]
When I needed sunshine I got rain.

Chorus

G C G
Then I saw her face,
C G C G
Now I'm a believer
C G C G
Not a trace
C G C G
Of doubt in my mind.
C G (one stroke then mute) C (one stroke)
I'm in love, ooh

G (one stroke) F (one stroke) (Riff below)
I'm a believer! I couldn't leave her if I tried.

e|-----|
B|-----3-----3-----3-----|
G|--3-h--5-----3-h--5-----3-h--5-----|
D|-----| X2

C G
Love was out to get me
C G
That's the way it seemed.
C G D [Stop]
Disappointment haunted all my dreams.

Chorus

G C G
Then I saw her face,
C G C G
Now I'm a believer
C G C G
Not a trace
C G C G
Of doubt in my mind.
C G (one stroke then mute) C (one stroke)
I'm in love, ooh
G (one stroke) F (one stroke) (Riff below)
I'm a believer! I couldn't leave her if I tried.

e|-----|
B|-----3-----3-----3-----|
G|--3-h--5-----3-h--5-----3-h--5-----|
D|-----| X2

G C G
Yes I saw her face,
C G C G
Now I'm a believer
C G C G

Not a trace
C G C G
Of doubt in my mind.
C G C G
Said I'm a believer
C G C G
I'm a believer
C G C G
Said I'm a believer (I'm a believer)
C G C G
Said I'm a believer (I'm a believer)

Let It Be (The Beatles, 1970)

C G Am Fmaj7 F6
When I find myself in times of trouble, Mother
Mary comes to me
C G F C/E Dm C
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be

And in my hour of darkness, she is standing right in
front of me
Speaking words of wisdom, Let it be
Am C/G F C
Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
C G F C/E Dm C
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be
And when the broken hearted people, living in the
world agree
There will be an answer, let it be
But though they may be parted,
There is still a chance that they may see
There will be an answer, let it be

Chorus

Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
There will be an answer, let it be
Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be

Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be
And when the night is cloudy,
There is still a light that shines on me
Shine on till tomorrow, let it be
I wake up to the sound of music, Mother Mary
comes to me
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be

Chorus

Like A Rolling Stone (Bob Dylan, 1965)

C Dm
Once upon a time you dressed so fine
Em F G
You threw the bums a dime in your prime, didn't
you?
C Dm
People'd call, say, "Beware doll,
Em F G
you're bound to fall" You thought they were all
kiddin' you
F G
You used to laugh about
F G
Everybody that was hangin' out
F Em Dm C
Now you don't talk so loud
F Em Dm C
Now you don't seem so proud
F C G
About having to be scrounging for your next meal.

C F G
How does it feel
C F G
How does it feel
C F G
To be without a home
C F G
Like a complete unknown
C F G
Like a rolling stone

C F G

C Dm Em
Aww, You've gone to the finest school all right, Miss
Lonely
F G
But you know you only used to get juiced in it
C Dm Em
Nobody has ever taught you how to live on the
street
F G
And now you're gonna have to get used to it
F G
You said you'd never compromise
F G
With the mystery tramp, but now you realise
F Em Dm C
He's not selling any alibis
F Em Dm C
As you stare into the vacuum of his eyes

F C G
And say do you want to make a deal?

C F G
How does it feel
C F G
How does it feel
C F G
To be on your own
C F G
With no direction home
C F G
Like a complete unknown
C F G
Like a rolling stone

C F G

C Dm Em Aw
w, You never turned around to see the frowns
F G
On the jugglers and the clowns when they all did
tricks for you
C Dm
You never understood that it ain't no good
Em F G
You shouldn't let other people get your kicks for
you
F G
You used to ride on the chrome horse with your
diplomat
F G
Who carried on his shoulder a Siamese cat
F Em Dm C
Ain't it hard when you discover that
F Em Dm C
He really wasn't where it's at
F C G
After he took from you everything he could steal.

C F G
How does it feel
C F G
How does it feel
C F G
To be on your own
C F G
With no direction home
C F G
Like a complete unknown
C F G
Like a rolling stone

C F G

C Dm Em
 Aww, Princess on the steeple and all the pretty
 people
 F G
 They're all drinkin', thinkin' that they got it made
 C Dm Em
 Exchanging all precious gifts
 F G
 But you'd better take your diamond ring, you'd
 better pawn it babe
 F G
 You used to be so amused
 F G
 At Napoleon in rags and the language that he use
 d
 F Em Dm C
 Go to him now, he calls you, you can't refuse
 F Em Dm C
 When you got nothing, you got nothing to lose
 F C G
 You're invisible now, you got no secrets to conceal.

C F G
 How does it feel
 C F G
 How does it feel
 C F G
 To be on your own
 C F G
 With no direction home
 C F G
 Like a complete unknown
 C F G
 Like a rolling stone

C F G

Lily The Pink (The Scaffold, 1968)

Here's a story, a little bit gory,
 A little bit happy, a little bit sad,
 Of Lily the Pink and her medicinal compound,
 And how it slowly drove her to the bad.

Meet Ebenezer, thought he was Julius Caesar.
 So they put him in a home,
 Where they gave him medicinal compound,
 And now he's Emperor of Rome.

Chorus

*We'll drink a drink a drink
 To Lily the pink the pink the pink
 The saviour of [the saviour of] the human
 race.
 She invented medicinal compound,
 Most efficacious in every case.*

Meet Johnny Hammer had a t-t-terrible s-s-
 stammer.
 He could b-barely say a word.
 So they gave him medicinal compound,
 And now he's seen, but never heard.

Chorus

And Freddie Clinger, the opera singer,
 Who could break glasses with his voice they said.
 So on his tonsils he rubbed medicinal compound,
 And now they break glasses over his head.

Chorus

And Mr. Frears, who had sticky-out ears.
 And it made him awful shy.
 So they gave him medicinal compound,
 And now he's learning how to fly.

Chorus

And Uncle Paul, he was very small. He
 Was the shortest man in town.
 So on his body he rubbed medicinal compound,
 And now he's six foot, but it's underground.

Chorus

Lily died and went up to heaven.
 Oh, the church bells they did ring.
 She took with her medicinal compound.
 Hark the herald angels sing.

Livin' On A Prayer (Bon Jovi, 1986)

Em Em C D Em Em
 C D Em Em
 Once upon a time Not so long ago

Em

Tommy used to work on the docks
 Union's been on strike
 He's down on his luck

Am D Em

It's tough, so tough

Em

Gina works the diner all day
 Working for her man,
 she brings home her pay

Am D Em

For love, for love

C G D Em
 She says we've got to hold on to what we've got
 C G
 'Cause it doesn't make a difference
 D Em
 If we make it or not
 C G D Em
 We've got each other and that's a lot
 C D NC
 For love, we'll give it a shot

Refrain

Em C D
 Whoohah, we're half way there
 G C D
 Whoohah, livin' on a prayer
 Em C D
 Take my hand and we'll make it I swear
 G C D Em
 Whoohah, livin' on a prayer

Em

Tommy's got his six string in hock
 Now he's holding in what he used
 To make it talk

Am D Em

So tough, it's tough

Em

Gina dreams of running away
 When she cries in the night
 Tommy whispers:

Am D Em

"Baby it's okay, someday"

C G D Em
 We've got to hold on to what we've got
 C G
 'Cause it doesn't make a difference
 D Em
 If we make it or not
 C G D Em
 We've got each other and that's a lot
 C D NC
 For love, we'll give it a shot

Refrain

Em C D
 Whoohah, we're half way there
 G C D
 Whoohah, livin' on a prayer
 Em C D
 Take my hand and we'll make it I swear
 G C D
 Whoohah, livin' on a prayer
 C
 livin' on a prayer...

Solo: Em C D D
 G C D D
 Em C D D
 G C Em Em

C G D Em
 We've got to hold, on ready or not
 C D
 You live for the fight when it's all that you've got

Refrain

Gm Eb F
 Whoohah, we're half way there
 Bb Eb F
 Whoohah, livin' on a prayer
 Gm Eb F
 Take my hand and we'll make it I swear
 Bb Eb F
 Whoohah, livin' on a prayer x3

Loch Lomond (unknown, 1841)

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes
 Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond
 Where me and my true love will never meet again
 By the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

Chorus

*O ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road
 And I'll be in Scotland afore ye
 But me and my true love will never meet again
 By the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.*

'Twas there that we parted by yon shady glen
 By the steep, steep sides o' Ben Lomond
 Where in deep purple hue, the hielan hills we
 viewed
 And the moon comin' out in the gloamin'.

Chorus

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring
 And in sunshine the mountains are gleamin'
 But the broken heart, it kens nae second spring
 Tho' the waeful may cease frae their greetin'.

Chorus

Molly Malone

In Dublin's fair city,
Where the girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive alive oh!"

Chorus

Alive alive oh,
Alive alive oh
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive alive oh!"

She was a fishmonger,
And sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before,
And they both wheeled their barrows
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive alive oh!"

Chorus

She died of a fever,
And no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
Now her ghost wheels her barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive alive oh!"

Chorus

Mountains Of Mourne (Percy French)

Intro

G C/G G C Am D D7 G C/G G

G C Am
Oh, Mary, this London's a wonderful sight
D7 G
With people here working by day and by night
G C Am
They don't sow potatoes nor barley nor wheat
D7 G
But there's gangs of them diggin' for gold in the street
D7 G Em
At least when I asked them, that's what I was told
G Em Am D7
So I just took a hand at this diggin' for gold

G C Am
But for all that I've found there, I might as well be
D7 G
In the place where the dark Mourne sweeps down
to the sea

Instrumental

G C/G G C Am D D7 G C/G G

G C Am
I believe that when writin' a wish you expressed
D7 G
As to how the fine ladies of London were dressed
G C Am
But if you'll believe me, when asked to a ball
D7 G
They don't wear no tops to their dresses at all
D7 G Em
Oh, I've seen them myself and you could not in truth
G Em Am D7
Tell if they were bound for a ball or a bath
G C Am
Don't be startin' them fashions now, Mary McCree,
D7 G
In the place where the dark Mourne sweeps down
to the sea

Instrumental

G C/G G C Am D D7 G C/G G (2x)

G C Am
There's beautiful girls here, oh, never you mind
D7 G
Beautiful shapes nature never designed
G C Am
Lovely complexions of roses and cream
D7 G
But let me remark with regard to the same
D7 G Em
That if at those roses you venture to sit
G Em Am D7
The colors might all come away on your lip
G C Am
So I'll wait for the wild rose that's waitin' for me
D7 G
In the place where the dark Mourne sweeps down
to the sea

Instrumental

G C/G G C Am D D7 G C/G G

G C Am
You remember young Danny McClaren, of course
D7 G
But he's over here with the rest of the force

G C Am
 I saw him one day as he stood on the strand
 D7 G
 Stopped all the traffic with a wave of his hand
 D7 G Em
 As we were talking of days that are gone
 G Em Am D7
 The whole town of London stood there to look on
 G C Am
 But for all his great powers, he's wishful like me
 D7 G C/G G
 To be back where the dark Mourne sweeps down
 to the sea

Mr Brightside (The Killers, 2004)

C C/B
 Coming out of my cage
 F
 And I've been doing just fine
 Gotta gotta be down
 C
 Because I want it all
 C C/B
 It started out with a kiss
 F
 How did it end up like this?
 It was only a kiss
 C
 It was only a kiss
 C/B
 Now I'm falling asleep
 F
 And she's calling a cab
 While he's having a smoke
 C
 And she's taking the drag
 C/B
 Now they're going to bed
 F
 And my stomach is sick

 And it's all in my head
 Am
 But she's touching his chest now
 G
 He takes off her dress now
 F
 Let me go
 Am
 And I just can't look
 G
 It's killing me
 F
 And taking control

C
 Jealousy
 F Am
 Turning saints into the sea
 G C
 Turning through sick lullaby
 F Am
 Choking on your alibi
 G C
 But it's just the price I pay
 F Am
 Destiny is calling me
 G C F
 Open up my eager eyes
 Am G
 I'm Mr. Brightside

C F Am G (x 4)

(Repeat from start)

I never
 C F Am G (repeat)

Penny Lane (The Beatles, 1968)

A F#m Bm E7
 In Penny Lane there is a barber showing
 photographs
 A F#m Am
 of ev'ry head he's had the pleasure to know
 F E7
 And all the people that come and go stop and say
 hello
 A F#m Bm E7
 On the corner is a banker with a motor car.
 A F#m Am
 The little children laugh at him behind his back.
 F E7
 And the banker never wears a "mac" in the pouring
 rain, very strange.
 G Bm C
 Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes.
 G Bm C E7
 Wet beneath the blue suburban skies. I sit and
 Meanwhile
 A F#m Bm E7 A
 In Penny Lane there is a fireman with an hour glass.
 And in his pocket is a
 F#m Am
 portrait of the queen.
 F E7
 He likes to keep his fire engine clean, it's a clean
 machine.

G Bm C
Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes.
G Bm C E7
Full of fish and finger pies in summer meanwhile
G Bm C
Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes.
G Bm C E7
Wet beneath the blue suburban skies. I sit and
meanwhile
A F#m Bm E7
Behind the shelter in the middle of the roundabout
A F#m Am
The pretty nurse is selling poppies from a tray

F
And though she feels as if she's in a play
E7
She is anyway.
A F#m Bm E7
In Penny Lane the barber shaves another customer.
A F#m Am
We see the banker sitting, waiting for a trend
F E7
And then the fireman rushes in from the pouring
rain, very strange.
G Bm C
Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes.
G Bm C E7
Wet beneath the blue suburban skies. I sit and
meanwhile
A
Penny Lane

Sex On Fire (Kings Of Leon, 2008)

Intro: C Am

C
Lay where you're laying, don't make a sound
Am
I know they're watching, they're watching
C
All the commotion, the killing of pain
Am
Has people talking, talking

Chorus

C
You
Am F
Your sex is on fire

C
The dark of the alley, the break of the day
Am
The head while I'm driving, I'm driving
C
Soft lips are open, them knuckles are pale
Am
Feels like you're dying
F
You're dying

C
You
Am F
Your sex is on fire
C
And so
Am F
Were the words to transpire
C
Hot as a fever, rattling bones
Am
I could just taste it, taste it

C
Is this for forever, or is this just tonight?
Am
Are we still the greatest
The greatest, the greatest

C
You
Am F
Your sex is on fire
C
You
Am
Your sex is on fire
C
And so
Am F
Were the words to transpire
C
And You
Am F
Your sex is on fire
C
And so
Am F C
Were the words to transpire

She'll Be Coming Round The Mountain

A
She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes,

E7
She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes,

A **D**
She'll be coming 'round the mountain, coming 'round the mountain,

A **E7** **A**
Coming 'round the mountain when she comes.

A
Singing ey, ey, yippee, yippee ey,

E7
Singing ey, ey, yippee, yippee ey,

A **D**
Singing ey, ey, yippee, ey, ey, yippee,

A **E7** **A**
Ey, ey, yippee, yippee ey.

She'll be driving six white horses when she comes,
She'll be driving six white horses when she comes,
She'll be driving six white horses, driving six white horses,

Driving six white horses when she comes.

Singing ey, ey, yippee, yippee ey,

Singing ey, ey, yippee, yippee ey,

Singing ey, ey, yippee, ey, ey, yippee,

Ey, ey, yippee, yippee ey.

Oh we'll all go out to meet her when she comes,

Oh we'll all go out to meet her when she comes,

Oh we'll all go out to meet her, all go out to meet her,

All go out to meet her when she comes.

Singing ey, ey, yippee, yippee ey,

Singing ey, ey, yippee, yippee ey,

Singing ey, ey, yippee, ey, ey, yippee,

Ey, ey, yippee, yippee ey.

She'll be wearing pink pyjamas when she comes,

She'll be wearing pink pyjamas when she comes,

She'll be wearing pink pyjamas, wearing pink pyjamas,

Wearing pink pyjamas when she comes.

Singing ey, ey, yippee, yippee ey,

Singing ey, ey, yippee, yippee ey,

Singing ey, ey, yippee, ey, ey, yippee,

Ey, ey, yippee, yippee ey.

Since U Been Gone (Kelly Clarkson, 2004)

G
Here's the thing

Am
We started out friends

Em **F**
It was cool, but it was all pretend

G **Am** **Em** **F**
Yeah, yeah, since you been gone

G **Am**
You dedicated, you took the time

Em **F**
Wasn't long, till I called you mine

G **Am** **Em** **F**
Yeah, yeah, since you been gone

G
And all you'd ever hear me say

Am **Em**
Is how I pictured me with you

F **G**
That's all you'd ever hear me say

Chorus

Bm **C**
But since you been gone

G **Bm** **C** **G**
I can breathe for the first time

Em **C** **G**
I'm so movin' on, yeah yeah

Am **Em** **D**
Thanks to you now I get what I want

Em **G**
Since you been gone

G **Am**
How can I put it, you put me on

Em **F**
I even fell for that stupid love song

G **Am** **Em** **F**
Yeah, yeah, since you been gone

F **G**
How come I'd never hear you say

Am **Em**
I just wanna be with you

F **G**
Guess you never felt that way

Chorus

Bm C
 But since you been gone
 G Bm C G
 I can breathe for the first time
 Em C G
 I'm so movin' on, yeah yeah
 Am Em D
 Thanks to you now I get what I want
 Em G
 Since you been gone

Bridge

G Em
 You had your chance, you blew it
 G Em
 Out of sight, out of mind
 G Em
 Shut your mouth, I just can't take it
 G
 Again and again and again and again

Chorus

Bm C G
 Since you been gone (since you been gone)
 G Bm C G
 I can breathe for the first time
 Em C G
 I'm so movin' on, yeah yeah
 Am
 Thanks to you (thanks to you)

Em Bm C G
 Now I get, I get what I want
 G Bm C G
 I can breathe for the first time
 Em C G
 I'm so movin' on, yeah yeah
 Am
 Thanks to you (thanks to you)
 Em
 Now I get (I get)
 Am Em
 You should know, that I get
 D
 I get what I want

G
 Since you been gone
 G
 Since you been gone
 G
 Since you been gone

Sk8er Boi (Avril Lavigne, 2002)

D A Bm A#
 He was a boy, she was a girl, can I make it any more
 obvious?
 D A Bm B#
 He was a punk, she did ballet, what more can I say?
 D A Bm A#
 He wanted her, she'd never tell that secretly she
 wanted him as well

D A Bm B#
 But all of her friends stuck up their nose, they had a
 problem with his baggy clothes

F C Bb
 He was a skater boy, she said see you later boy,

A F
 He wasn't good enough for her

C Bb
 She had a pretty face, but her head was up in
 space,

A A#
 She needed to come back down to earth

D A Bm
 Five years from now, she sits at home,
 A#

Feeding the baby, she's all alone

D A Bm
 She turns on TV, guess who she sees
 B# B#

Skater boy rocking up MTV

D A Bm
 She calls up her friends, they already know
 A#

And they've all got tickets to see his show

D A Bm
 She tags along, stands in the crowd,
 B#

Looks up at the man that she turned down

F C Bb
 He was a skater boy, she said see you later boy,

A F
 He wasn't good enough for her

C Bb
 Now he's a super star slamming on his guitar
 A

Does your pretty face see what he's worth?

C Bb
 He was a skater boy, she said see you later boy,

A F
 He wasn't good enough for her

C Bb
 Now he's a super star slamming on his guitar

A A#
Does your pretty face see what he's worth?

Dm F
Sorry girl but you missed out,
C
Well tough luck that boy's mine now

A#
We are more than just good friends

A Dm
This is how the story ends

F
Too bad that you couldn't see,

C
See the man that boy could be

A#
There is more that meets the eye

A D
I see the soul that is inside

A Bm
He's just a boy and I'm just a girl

A#
Can I make it any more obvious?

D A Bm B#
We are in love, haven't you heard how we rock
each other's world?

F C Bb
I'm with the skater boy, I said see you later boy

A F
I'll be back stage after the show

C Bb
I'll be at the studio, singing the song we wrote

A
About a girl you used to know

F C Bb
I'm with the skater boy, I said see you later boy

A F
I'll be back stage after the show

C Bb
I'll be at the studio, singing the song we wrote

A A#
About a girl you used to know

Somebody To Love (Queen, 1976)

Can
G D/F# Em C
Anybody
D7/4
Find me
C D G G D/F# Em
Somebody to love

Em C D
Oh ,each morning I get up I die a little
G A7 D
Can barely stand on my feet
G D/F# Em
(Take a look at yourself)Take a look in the mirror
and cry
A7 D
Lord what you're doing to me
G A7 D
I have to spend all my years in believing you
A7 D C
But I just can't get no relief, Lord
G
Somebody (somebody) ooh somebody (somebody)

G D/F# Em C D7/4
Can anybody find me
G D/F# Em C D
somebody to love?

G D/F# Em
I work hard (he works hard) every day of my life

G A7 D
I work till I ache my bones

G D/F#
At the end (at the end of the day)

Em A7 D
I take home my hard earned pay all on my own

G A7
I get down (down) on my knees (knees)

D
And I start to pray (praise the Lord)

A7 D C
Till the tears run down from my eyes

G
Lord somebody (somebody) ooh somebody (please)

G D/F# Em C D7/4
Can anybody find me

G G7
somebody to love?

C
(He works hard)
everyday

C7
I try and I try and I try

F
But everybody wants to put me down

Fm
They say I'm going crazy

A7
They say I got a lot of water in my brain
Got no common sense

D
I got nobody left to believe

Yeah - yeah yeah yeah ...

Oh, Lord

G

Somebody (somebody), Somebody (somebody)

G D/F# Em C D7/4

Can anybody find me

G

somebody to love?

D/F# Em C D

(Anybody find me someone to love)

G D/F# Em

Got no feel, I got no rhythm

G A7 D

I just keep losing my beat (you just keep losing and losing)

G D/F#

I'm OK, I'm alright (he's alright)

Em A7 D

Ain't gonna face no defeat

G A7 D

I just gotta get out of this prison cell

A7 D C

Someday I'm gonna be free Lord!

G

Find me somebody to love, find me somebody to love

Find me somebody to love, find me somebody to love

Find me somebody to love, find me somebody to love

Find me somebody to love, find me somebody to love, love, love, love

Find me somebody to love, find me somebody to love

Somebody, somebody, somebody, somebody,

Somebody find me, somebody find me

Somebody to love

G D/F# Em C D7/4

Can anybody find me, somebody to...

G

... love ...

D/F# Em CDG

Find me somebody to love

D/F#

Find me...

Teenage Dirtbag (Wheatus, 2000)

E B

Her name is Noel

E A

I have a dream about her

E B

She rings my bell

E A

I've got gym class in half an hour

E B

Oh how she rocks

E A

Kids in tube socks

E A E B

She doesn't know who I am

E A E B

And she doesn't give a damn about me

E B E A

Cause I'm just a teenage dirtbag baby

E B E A

I'm just a teenage dirtbag baby

E B E A E

Listen to Iron Maiden baby with me

B

Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh

E B

Her boyfriend's a dick

E A

He brings a gun to school

E B

And he'd simply kick

E A

My ass if he knew the truth

E B

He lives on my block

E A

And he drives an iroc

E A E B

He doesn't know who I am

E A E B

And he doesn't give a damn about me

E B E A

Cause I'm just a teenage dirtbag baby

E B E A

I'm just a teenage dirtbag baby

E B E A E

Listen to Iron Maiden baby with me

B

Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh

E B E A E

I really am, dirtbag

B E A

Oh she doesn't know what she's missing

E B E A E

I really am, dirtbag

B E A

No she doesn't know what she's missing

E B

Man I feel that mood

E A

It's Prom Night and I am lonely

E B

Lo and behold

E A

She's walking over to me

E B

This must be fake

E A

My lip starts to shake

E A E B

How does she know who I am

E A E B

And why does she give a damn about me

E B E A

I've got two tickets to Iron Maiden baby

E B E A

Come with me Friday, don't say maybe

E B E A E

I'm just a teenage dirtbag baby, like you

B

Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh

E B E A E

I really am, dirtbag

B E A

Oh she doesn't know what she's missing

E B E A E

I really am, dirtbag

B E A

No she doesn't know what she's missing

The Cow Song *[President to call bold text]*

I am cow, hear me moo
I weigh twice as much as you
And I look good on the barbecue
Yoghurt, curd, cream, cheese and butter's
Made from liquid from my udders
I am cow, I am cow, hear me moo

Grass

I am cow, eating grass
Methane gas comes out my arse
And out my muzzle when I belch
Oh the ozone layer is thinner
From the outcome of my dinner
I am cow, I am cow, I've got gas

Hill

I am cow, on a hill
And I'm stuck in Dungeon Ghyll
And I'll never get down to the pub
Oh while they're all getting pissed
I am stuck here in the mist
I am cow, I am cow, on a hill

Snow

I am cow, in the snow
And I slither to and fro
And I just can't stand up on my hooves
With no crampons or ice axe
We are sliding on our backs
I am cow, I am cow, in the snow

Night

I am cow, in the night
And I spy a speck of light
Cambridge walkers putting up their tents
But on frosty ground I sit
For inside I shall not fit
I am cow, I am cow, in the night

Dead

I am cow, I am dead
With an ice axe through my head
And I shan't be mooing anymore
Oh I was not very old
Now my body's growing mould
I am cow, I am cow, I am dead

Reincarnate

I am cow, reincarnate
My new body's really great
For I've come back as a hillwalker
Now on ice I shall not slip
And inside a tent I'll fit
I am cow, I am cow, reincarnate

Stand

I am cow, here I stand
Far and wide upon this land
And I am living everywhere
From Cornwall to Sutherland
You can squeeze my teats by hand
I am cow, I am cow, I am cow
I am cow, I am cow, I am cow

The Cow Song – Additional Verses

Scottish

I am coo, heilan coo
I've done more Munros than you
And I often say, 'Och aye. The noo!'
I go climbing heilan ridges
To escape from all the midges
I am coo, heilan coo, aye the noo!

Swiss

Ich bin Kuh, in der Schweiz
Scaling thousand-metre heights
And this bell keeps ringing in my ears
I can't get a moment's peace
For this ringing will not cease
Ich bin Kuh, ich bin Kuh, in der Schweiz

Don't eat me

I am cow, don't eat me
I'm a young mother of three
And I also might have BSE
I know some of you would murder
To make me your Castle burger
I am cow, I am cow, don't eat me!

Insane

I am cow, quite insane
For the Cow Song's on my brain
And it just keeps going round and round
Oh I'll kill those folk from Corpus
For this bloody song they taught us
I am cow, I am cow, not again!

Petrified

I am cow, petrified
For the hillwalkers who died
Come out on the fells on Halloween
And they haunt me and they scare me
And I know they will not spare me
I am cow, I am cow, petrified

Sheep

I am cow, I hate sheep –
They're a creature Wales can keep
For they munch all the grass I want to eat
And they will not talk to you –
They go 'baa' when I say 'moo'

I am cow, I am cow, I hate sheep

Latin

Vacca sum, mugio
Bis tanto quam te pendo
Et in rogo bene aspicio
Butinum et caseus
Ex uberibus facti
Vacca sum, vacca sum, mugio

Bog

I am cow, in a bog
And my hooves are rather sog-
gy for I don't have any walking boots
But cow sizes are not sold
No, not even at Cotswold
I am cow, I am cow, in a bog

Gale

I am cow, in a gale
Udders flapping like a sail
Though the forecast said it would be calm
But it's blowing at Force 8
Michael Fish I will berate
I am cow, I am cow, in a gale

Pettit

I am cow, Pettit-paced
Walking fast without disgrace
And I won't stop for anyone
I am fast and I am mean
And my car is always clean
I am cow, I am cow, Pettit-paced

Astronaut

I am cow, astronaut
And my nerves are rather fraught,
For they're launching me up into space,
To the space station I'll go,
What I'll find I do not know,
I am cow, I am cow, astronaut

Unfit

I am cow, quite unfit
And I'm feeling rather shit,
Because I cannot keep up with you,
I am always out of breath,
And I think I'm nearing death,
I am cow, I am cow, quite unfit.

Cake

I am cow, made of cake,
Several hours I took to make,
But I'm not much good for fillet steak,
'Cos I'm chocolate, eggs and sugar,
Plus one kilogram of butter,
I am cow, I am cow, made of cake.

The Final Countdown (Europe, 1986)

F#m

We're leaving together,
Bm

But still it's farewell

F#m

And maybe we'll come back,
E A

To earth, who can tell?

D E

I guess there is no one to blame

A E F#m E D

We're leaving ground (leaving ground)

C# EE EE E

Will things ever be the same again?

Chorus

F#m D Bm E

It's the final countdown...

F#m D Bm E

the final countdown... Ohhh,

F#m

We're heading for Venus

F#m Bm

and still we stand tall

F#m

Cause maybe they've seen us

E A

and welcome us all

D E

With so many light years to go

A E F#m E D

and things to be found (to be found)

C# EE EE E

I'm sure that we'll all miss her so.

Chorus

F#m D Bm E

It's the final countdown...

F#m D Bm E

the final countdown... Ohhh

Interlude

F#m / D / Bm / E

F#m / D / Bm / E

Chorus x2

F#m D Bm E

It's the final countdown...

F#m D Bm E

the final countdown... Ohhh

The Lumberjack Song

[Italics to be sung by male soloist; everyone sings the rest]

*[I didn't want to be a barber anyway.
I wanted to be a lumberjack.
Leaping from tree to tree as they float down the
mighty rivers
of British Columbia
The giant redwood! The larch! The fir! The mighty
Scots
pine!
The smell of fresh cut timber! The crash of mighty
trees!
With my best girlie by my side, we'd sing, sing,
sing...]*

*I'm a lumberjack, and I'm okay.
I sleep all night, I work all day.*

He's a lumberjack, and he's okay.
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

*I cut down trees. I eat my lunch.
I go to the lavatory.
On Wednesdays I go shoppin'
And have buttered scones for tea.*

He cuts down trees. He eats his lunch.
He goes to the lavatory.
On Wednesdays he goes shoppin'
And has buttered scones for tea.
He's a lumberjack, and he's okay.
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

*I cut down trees. I skip and jump.
I like to press wild flowers.
I put on women's clothing
And hang around in bars.*

He cuts down trees. He skips and jumps.
He likes to press wild flowers.
He puts on women's clothing
And hangs around in bars?!
He's a lumberjack, and he's okay.
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

*I cut down trees. I wear high heels,
Suspendies, and a bra.
I wish I'd been a girlie,
Just like my dear Papa.*

He cuts down trees. He wears high heels,
Suspendies, and a bra?!

[Sound of high heels]

He's a lumberjack, and he's okay.
He sleeps all night and he works all day.
He's a lumberjack, and he's okaaaaay.
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

The Wild Mountain Thyme

O the summer time has come
And the trees are sweetly blooming
And wild mountain thyme
Grows around the purple heather.
Will you go, lassie, go?

Chorus
And we'll all go together,
To pull wild mountain thyme,
All around the purple heather.
Will you go, lassie, go?

I will build my love a tower,
By yon clear crystal fountain,
And on it I will pile,
All the flowers of the mountain.
Will you go, lassie, go?

Chorus

I will range through the wilds
And the deep land so dreary
And return with the spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.
Will ye go lassie go ?

Chorus

If my true love she'll not come,
Then I'll surely find another,
To pull wild mountain thyme,
All around the purple heather.
Will you go, lassie, go?

Chorus

There's a Hole in My Minibus

[President, possibly including Ex-President(s), to sing italics; everyone to sing the rest]

There's a hole in my minibus, dear President, dear President
There's a hole in my minibus, dear President, a hole

*Well fix it dear member, dear member, dear member
Well fix it dear member, dear member, fix it*

With what shall we fix it, dear President, dear President?
With what shall we fix it, dear President, with what?

*With your gaiters, dear member, dear member, dear member
With your gaiters, dear member, dear member, with your gaiters*

And how shall I hold it, dear President, dear President?
And how shall I hold it, dear President, and how?

*With duct tape, dear member, dear member, dear member,
With duct tape, dear member, dear member, with duct tape.*

From where shall I get it, dear President, dear President?
From where shall I get it, dear President, from where?

*From Cotswold, dear member, dear member, dear member
From Cotswold, dear member, dear member, from Cotswold*

And how shall I get there, dear President, dear President?
And how shall I get there, dear President, and how?

*By minibus, dear member, dear member, dear member,
By minibus, dear member, dear member, by minibus*

Under Pressure (Queen, 1982)

D
Um boom ba bay
A
Um boom ba bay
G
Um Um boom ba bay bay
A

D
Pressure
A
Pushing down on me
G
Pressing down on you
A
No man ask for

D
Under pressure
A
That burns a building down
G
Splits a family in two
A
Puts people on streets

D
Um ba ba bay
A
Um ba ba bay
G
Dee day duh
A
Ee day duh

G
It's the terror of knowing
A
What this world is about
G
Watching some good friends
A
Screaming let me out!
G A
Pray tomorrow takes me higher
D
Pressure on people
G A
People on streets

Day day day
da da dup bup bup
Okay

D
Chippin' around
A
I kick my brains round the floor
G
These are the days
A
It never rains but it pours

D
Ee do bay bup
A
Ee do bay ba bup
G
Ee do bup
A
Bay bup

D
People on streets
A
Dee da dee da day
G
People on streets
A
Dee da dee da dee da dee da

G
It's the terror of knowing
A
What this world is about
G
Watching some good friends
A
Scream "let me out!"
G
Pray tomorrow
A
Takes me high, high, higher

G
Turned away from it all
C
Like the blind man
G C
Sat on a fence, but it don't work
G
Keep coming up with love
A
But it's so slashed and torn
C F
Why?
G F
Why?
A
Love! Love! Love!

A
Insanity laughs under pressure we're cracking
D G A
Can't we give ourselves one more chance?
D G A
Why can't we give love that one more chance?
D A D A
Why can't we give love give love give love?
G A D A G A
Give love give love give love give love give love give
love?
G A D
Cause love's such an old fashioned word
A G
And love dares you to care
A D A
For the people on the edge of the night
G A
And love dares you to change our way
D A
Of caring about ourselves
G A
This is our last dance
G A
This is our last chance
D A G
This is ourselves
Under Pressure
D A
Under Pressure
D G A D
Pressure

Waltzing Matilda

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy
boiled
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

*Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy
boiled
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.*

Down came a jumbuck to drink at that billabong
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with
glee,
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his
tucker
bag
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

*Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me,
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker
bag
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.*

Up rode the squatter mounted on his thorough-
bred
Down came the troopers, one, two, three
Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your
tucker
bag
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

*Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me
Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker
bag
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.*

Up jumped the swagman and sprang in to the
billabong
You'll never catch me alive said he,
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that
billabong
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

*Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that
billabong
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.*

We Are The Champions (Queen, 1977)

Cm Gm7/C
I've paid my dues
Cm Gm7/C
And time after time
Cm Gm7/C
I've done my sentence
Cm Gm7/C
But committed no crime
Eb Ab
And bad mistakes
Eb Ab
I've made a few
Eb Bb/D Cm
I've had my share of sand kicked in my face
F7 Bb C
But I've come through

F Am Dm Bb C
We are the champions, my friend

F Am Bb D/F#
And we'll keep on fighting, 'til the end
Gm Bbm Bbo
We are the champions, we are the champions
F Eb/G Ab6 Bb7 Cm7
No time for losers, 'cause we are the champions
(Fm7 Gm7/C)
Of the world

Cm Gm7/C
I've taken my bows
Cm Gm7/C
And my curtain calls
Cm
You brought me fame and fortune
Gm7/C
And everything that goes with it
Cm Gm7/C
I thank you all
Eb Ab
But it's been no bed of roses
Eb Ab
No pleasure cruise
Eb
I consider it a challenge
Bb/D Cm
Before the whole human race
F7 Bb C
And I ain't gonna lose!

F Am Dm Bb C
We are the champions, my friend
F Am Bb D/F#
And we'll keep on fighting 'til the end
Gm Bbm Bbo
We are the champions, we are the champions
F Eb/G Ab6 Bb7 Cm7
No time for losers, 'cause we are the champions
(Fm7 Gm7/C)
Of the world

Welsh National Anthem (Land Of My Fathers)

This land of my fathers is dear to me
Land of poets and singers, and people of stature
Her brave warriors, fine patriots
Shed their blood for freedom

Chorus

Land! Land! I am true to my land!
As long as the sea serves as a wall for this pure,

dear land
May the language endure for ever.

Old land of the mountains, paradise of the poets,
Every valley, every cliff a beauty guards;
Through love of my country, enchanting voices will
be
Her streams and rivers to me.

Chorus

Though the enemy have trampled my country
underfoot,
The old language of the Welsh knows no retreat,
The spirit is not hindered by the treacherous hand
Nor silenced the sweet harp of my land.

Chorus

When The Old Dun Cow Caught Fire

Am
Some friends and I in a public house
G Am
Were playing a game of chance one night
G F E
When into the pub a fireman ran
F E
His face all chalky white.
Am
"What's up," says Brown, "Have you seen a ghost,
G Am
Or have you seen your Aunt Mariah?"
G F E
"Me Aunt Mariah be bugged!" says he,
F E
"The bleedin' pub's on fire!"

(Chorus)

Am
And there was Brown, upside down
G Am
Lappin' up the whiskey from the floor
G F E
"Booze, booze!" The firemen cried
F E
As they came knockin' at the door (clap clap)
Am
Oh don't let 'em in till it's all drunk up
G Am
And somebody shouted MacIntyre! MACINTYRE!
G F E

And we all got blue-blind paralytic drunk
F E Am
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.

Am
"Fire," says Brown, "What a bit of luck.
G Am
Everybody follow me
G F E
We'll go down to the cellar, if the fire's not there
F E
Then we'll have a grand old spree."
Am
So we went on down after good old Brown
G Am
For booze we could not miss
G F E
And we hadn't been there five minutes before
F E
We were all quite pissed.

(Repeat Chorus)

Am
Then, Smith walked over to the port wine tub
G Am
And gave it just a few hard knocks (clap clap)
G F E
He started takin' off his pantaloons
F E
Likewise his shoes and socks
Am
"Hold on," says Brown, "that ain't allowed
G Am
Ye canna do that in here
G F E
Don't go washin' trotters in the port wine tub
F E
When we got some low carb beer.

(Repeat Chorus)

Am
And then there came to the old back door
G Am
The Vicar of our local church
G F E
And when he had seen our drunken ways
F E
He began to scream and curse
Am
"You drunken sods, you heathen clods
G Am
You've taken to a drunken spree!

G F E
And you drank up all that Benedictine Brandy
F E
And you didn't save a drop for me!"

(Repeat Chorus)

Am
And then there came a mighty crash
G Am
Half the bloody roof gave way
G F E
We were almost drowned in the firemen's hose
F E
But we were gonna stay
Am
So we got some tacks and some old wet sacks
G Am
And we nailed ourselves inside
G F E
And we sat there drinkin' the finest rum
F E
'Till we was bleary-eyed

(Repeat Chorus)

Am
Later that night when the fire was out
G Am
We came up from the cellar below
G F E
Our pub was burned, our booze was drunk
F E
And our heads were a-hangin' low
Am
"Oh look," says Brown, with a look quite queer
G Am
It seemed something caught his ire
G F E
"We've gotta get down to Murphy's pub
F E
It closes on the hour!"

(Repeat Chorus)

With A Little Help From My Friends (The Beatles, 1967)

G D Am
What would you think if I sang out of tune,
D G
Would you stand up and walk out on me.
G D Am
Lend me your ears and I'll sing you a song,
D G
And I'll try not to sing out of key.

Chorus

F C G
I get by with a little help from my friends,
F C G
I get high with a little help from my friends,
F C G
Going to try with a little help from my friends.

G D Am
What do I do when my love is away.
D G
Does it worry you to be alone
G D Am
How do I feel by the end of the day
D G
Are you sad because you're on your own

Chorus

Em A
Do you need anybody,
G F C
I need somebody to love.
Em A
Could it be anybody
G F C
I want somebody to love.

G D Am
Would you believe in a love at first sight,
D G
Yes I'm certain that it happens all the time.
G D Am
What do you see when you turn out the light,
D G
I can't tell you, but I know it's mine

Chorus

Em A
Do you need anybody,
G F C
I just need somebody to love,
Em A

Could it be anybody,
G F C
Ohh I want somebody to love.

Chorus

Outro
F C G
Yes I get by with a little help from my friends,

With a little help from my
A# C G
friends

Wonderwall (Oasis, 1995)

Em G D A7 Em G D A7

Em G
Today is gonna be the day
D A7
That they're gonna throw it back to you
Em G
By now you should've somehow
D A7
Realised what you gotta do
Em G D A7
I don't believe that anybody feels the way I do
C D A7 A7
About you now

Em G
Back beat, the word was on the street
D A7
That the fire in your heart is out
Em G
I'm sure you've heard it all before
D A7
But you never really had a doubt
Em G D A7
I don't believe that anybody feels the way I do
Em G D A7 A7
About you now

C D Em Em
And all the roads we have to walk are winding
C D Em Em
And all the lights that lead us there are blinding
C D G E
There are many things that I would like to say to
you
A7 A7
But I don't know how

Chorus

C Em G
Because maybe
Em C Em G
You're gonna be the one that saves me
Em C Em G
And after all
Em C Em G Em A7 A7
You're my wonderwall

Em G
Today was gonna be the day
D A7
But they'll never throw it back at you
Em G
By now, you should've somehow
D A7
Realised what you're not to do
Em G D A7
I don't believe that anybody feels the way I do
Em G D A7 A7
About you now

C D Em Em
And all the roads that lead you there are winding
C D Em Em
And all the lights that light the way are blinding
C D G E
There are many things that I would like to say to
you
A7
But I don't know how

Chorus

C Em G
I said maybe
Em C Em G
You're gonna be the one that saves me
Em C Em G
And after all
Em C Em G Em Em
You're my wonderwall

C Em G
I said maybe
Em C Em G
You're gonna be the one that saves me
Em C Em G
And after all
Em C Em G Em Em
You're my wonderwall

Outro

C Em G
I said maybe
Em C Em G
You're gonna be the one that saves me
Em C Em G
You're gonna be the one that saves me
Em C Em G Em Em
You're gonna be the one that saves me

C Em G Em C Em G Em

Year 3000 (Busted, 2002)

D A G
one day when i came home at lunchtime,
A
I heard a funny noise,
D A G A
I went out 'n' to the backyard to find out if it was
one of those rowdy boys,
D A G A
Stood there was my neighbour, called Peter, and a
flux capacitor.
D A G
He told me he built a time machine like the one in a
film I've seen, oh yeah.

Chorus

D A G D A
He said I've been to the year 3000; not much has
changed but they live under -
G
water,
D A G D A G
and your great great great grand daughter is pretty
fine (she's pretty fine)

D A G A
He took me to the future in the flux thing, and I saw
everything,
D A G A
Boy bands, and another one, and another, and
another one,
D A G A
Triple 'uh' breasted women swim around town,
totally naked.

D Dsus3 A G
We drove around in the time machine, like the one
in a film I've seen (oh yeah)

Chorus

D A G D A
He said I've been to the year 3000 not much has ch
anged but they live under -
G
water,
D A G D A G
and your great great great grand daughter is pretty
fine (is pretty fine)

D A G A
I took a trip to the year 3000, this song had gone
multi-platinum,

D A G A
Everybody bought our 7th album, it had outsold
Michael Jackson,

D A G A
I took a trip to the year 3000, this song had gone
multi-platinum,

D A G
Everybody bought our 7th album, 7th album, 7th
album.

D Dsus3 A G
He told me he built a time machine like the one in a
film I've seen

(Chorus)

D A G D A
He said I've been to the year three thousand not m
uch has changed but they live
G
under water,
D A G ADG
and your great great great grand daughter is pretty
fine!

Yellow Submarine (The Beatles, 1966)

D (C) G
In the town where I was born
(Em) Am (C) D
Lived a man who sailed to sea
(G) D (C) G
And he told us of his life
(Em) Am (C) D
In the land of submarines

(G) D (C) G
So we sailed up to the sun
(Em) Am (C) D
Till we found the sea of green
(G) D (C) G
And we lived beneath the waves

(Em) Am (C) D
In our yellow submarine

Chorus

G D
We all live in a yellow submarine
D G
Yellow submarine, yellow submarine
G D
We all live in a yellow submarine
D G
Yellow submarine, yellow submarine

D (C) G
And our friends are all on board
(Em) Am (C) D
Many more of them live next door
(G) D (C) G (Em) Am (C) D
And the band begins to play

Chorus

(G) D (C) G
As we live a life of ease
(Em) Am (C) D
Everyone of us has all we need
(G) D (C) G
Sky of blue and sea of green
(Em) Am (C) D
In our yellow submarine

Chorus

Yesterday (The Beatles, 1965)

G
G F#m B7 Em DC
Yesterday, all my troubles seemed so far away
C D7 G
Now it looks as though they're here to stay
Em A C G
Oh, I believe in yesterday

G F#m B7 Em DC
Suddenly, I'm not half the man I used to be
C D7 G
There's a shadow hanging over me
Em A C G
Oh, yesterday came suddenly

B7 Em D C Am D7 G
Why, she had to go, I don't know, she wouldn't say
B7 Em D C Am D7 G D C G
I said something wrong, now I long for yesterday

G F#m B7 Em DC
Yesterday, love was such an easy game to play
C D7 G
Now I need a place to hide away
Em A C G
Oh, I believe in yesterday

B7 Em D C Am D7 G
Why, she had to go, I don't know, she wouldn't say
B7 Em D C Am D7 G D C G
I said something wrong, now I long for yesterday

G F#m B7 Em DC
Yesterday, love was such an easy game to play
C D7 G
Now I need a place to hide away
Em A C G
Oh, I believe in yesterday

G A7 C

Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many a year
And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer
But now I'm returning with gold in great store
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

CHORUS

*And it's no nay never,
No nay never no more,
Will I play the wild rover
No never no more.*

I went to an ale-house I used to frequent
And told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me "Nay,
Such a custom as yours I could have any day."

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.
She said "I have whiskey and wines of the best
And the words that I spoke sure were only in jest."

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And if they caress me as oft-times before
Sure I never will play the wild rover no more.

Hippopotamus Song

A bold hippopotamus was standing one day
On the banks of the cool Shalimar
He gazed at the bottom as it peacefully lay

By the light of the evening star
Away on the hilltop sat combing her hair
His fair hippopotami maid
The hippopotamus was no ignoramus
And sang her this sweet serenade

CHORUS

*Mud, mud, glorious mud
There's nothing quite like it for cooling the blood
So follow me follow, down to the hollow
And there let us wallow in glorious mud*

The fair hippopotama he aimed to entice
From her seat on that hilltop above
As she hadn't got a ma to give her advice
Came tiptoeing down to her love
Like thunder the forest re-echoed the sound
Of the song that they sang as they met
His inamorata adjusted her garter
And lifted her voice in duet

CHORUS

Now more hippopotami began to convene
On the banks of that river so wide
I wonder now what am I to say of the scene
That ensued by the Shalimar side
They dived all at once with an ear-splitting splash
Then rose to the surface again
A regular army of hippopotami
All singing this haunting refrain

CHORUS

The amorous hippopotamus whose love song we know
Is now married and father of ten,
He murmurs, "God rot 'em!" as he watches them grow,
And he longs to be single again!
He'll gambol no more on the banks of the Nile,
Which Nasser is flooding next spring,
With hippopotamas in silken pyjamas
No more will he teach them to sing...

CHORUS

Come by the Hills

Come by the hills to a land where fancy is free
And stand where the peaks meet the sky and the
 lochs reach the sea
Where the rivers run clear and the bracken is gold
 in the sun
And the cares of tomorrow can wait 'til this day is

done.

Come by the hills to the land where life is a song
And stand where the birds fill the air with their joy
all
 day long
Where the trees sway in time and even the wind
 sings in tune
And the cares of tomorrow can wait 'til this day is
done.

Come by the hills to a land where legend remains
Where stories of old stir the heart and may yet
come
 again
Where the past has been lost and the future is still
 to be won
And the cares of tomorrow can wait 'til this day is
done.

Come by the hills to a land where fancy is free
And stand where the peaks meet the sky and the
 lochs reach the sea
Where the rivers run clear and the bracken is gold
in
 the sun
And the cares of tomorrow can wait 'til this day is
done.

Skye Boat Song

CHORUS

*Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward! the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be King
Over the sea to Skye.*

Loud the wind howls, loud the waves roar,
Thunderclaps rend the air;
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,
Follow they will not dare.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,
Ocean's a royal bed.
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.

Many's the lad fought on that day,
Well the claymore could wield,
When the night came, silently lay
Dead on Culloden's field.

Burned are their homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men;
Yet 'ere the sword cool in the sheath
Charlie will come again.

Men of Harlech

Men of Harlech, march to glory,
Victory is hov'ring o'er ye,
Bright-eyed freedom stands before ye,
Hear ye not her call?
At your sloth she seems to wonder;
Rend the sluggish bonds asunder,
Let the war-cry's deaf'ning thunder
Every foe appal.
Echoes loudly waking,
Hill and valley shaking;
'Til the sound spreads wide around,
The Saxon's courage breaking;
Your foes on every side assailing,
Forward press with heart unailing,
'Til invaders learn with quailing,
Cambria ne'er can yield!

Thou, who noble Cambria wrongest,
Know that freedom's cause is strongest,
Freedom's courage lasts the longest,
Ending but with death!
Freedom countless hosts can scatter,
Freedom stoutest mail can shatter,
Freedom thickest walls can batter,
Fate is in her breath.
See, they now are flying!
Dead are heap'd with dying!
Over might hath triumph'd right,
Our land to foes denying;
Upon their soil we never sought them,
Love of conquest hither brought them,
But this lesson we have taught them,
"Cambria ne'er can yield!"

There was an Old Lady who Swallowed a Fly

There was an old lady who swallowed a fly.
I don't know why she swallowed that fly -
Perhaps she'll die?

There was an old lady who swallowed a spider,
That wiggled and wiggled and tickled inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly.
But I don't know why she swallowed that fly -
Perhaps she'll die?

There was an old lady who swallowed a bird;
How absurd, to swallow a bird!
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider
That wiggled and wiggled and tickled inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly.

But I don't know why she swallowed that fly -
Perhaps she'll die?

There was an old lady who swallowed a cat.
Imagine that, she swallowed a cat.
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird ...
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider
That wiggled and wiggled and tickled inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly.
But I don't know why she swallowed that fly -
Perhaps she'll die?

There was an old lady who swallowed a dog.
What a hog! To swallow a dog!
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat ...
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird ...
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider
That wiggled and wiggled and tickled inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly.
But I don't know why she swallowed that fly -
Perhaps she'll die?

There was an old lady who swallowed a goat.
Just opened her throat and swallowed a goat!
She swallowed the goat to catch the dog ...
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat ...
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird ...
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider
That wiggled and wiggled and tickled inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly.
But I don't know why she swallowed that fly -
Perhaps she'll die?

There was an old lady who swallowed a cow.
I don't know how she swallowed a cow!
She swallowed the cow to catch the goat ...
She swallowed the goat to catch the dog ...
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat ...
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird ...
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider
That wiggled and wiggled and tickled inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly.
But I don't know why she swallowed that fly -
Perhaps she'll die?

There was an old lady who swallowed a horse -
She's dead, of course.

Hallelujah

I've heard there was a secret chord
That David played and it pleased the Lord
But you don't really care for music, do you?
It goes like this, the fourth, the fifth
The minor fall and the major lift
The baffled king composing Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Your faith was strong but you needed proof
You saw her bathing on the roof
Her beauty and the moonlight overthrew you
She tied you to her kitchen chair
She broke your throne, and she cut your hair
And from your lips she drew the Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Baby I've been here before
I know this room, I've walked this floor
I used to live alone before I knew you.
I've seen your flag on the marble arch
Love is not a victory march
It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

There was a time you let me know
What's really going on below
But now you never show that to me, do you?
And remember when I moved in you
The holy dove was moving too
And every breath we drew was Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

Maybe there is a God above
But all I've ever learned from love
Was how to shoot at someone who outdrew you
And it's not a cry that you hear at night
It's not somebody who's seen the light
It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah (x 4)

Lord of the Dance

I danced in the morning when the world was begun,
I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun,
I came down from heaven and I danced on the
earth,
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

CHORUS

*"Dance then, wherever you may be,
I am the Lord of the dance," said he,
"And I'll lead you all wherever you may be,
And I'll lead you all in the dance," said he.*

I danced for the scribe and the Pharisee,
But they would not dance and they wouldn't follow
me.
So I danced for the fishermen, for James and John,
They came with me and the dance went on.

CHORUS

I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame,
The holy people said it was a shame.
They whipped and they stripped and they hung me
on
high,
And left me there on a cross to die.

CHORUS

I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black,
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back.
They buried my body, they thought I was gone,
But I am the dance, and the dance goes on.

CHORUS

They cut me down, and I leapt on high,
For I am the life that'll never never die
And I'll live in you if you'll live in me,
I am the Lord of the dance, said he.

The Welly Song

CHORUS:

*If it wisnae fur yer wellies where wid ye be?
You'd be in the hospital or infirmary,
'cause you'd have a dose ae the flu or even plurisee*

if ye didnae have your feet in your wellies.

Wellies: they are wonderful
Wellies: they are swell cause they keep out the water
and they keep in the smell.

And when yur sittin' in a room,
you can always tell when some bugger takes aff his wellies.

CHORUS

Or when you're out walkin' in the country wae a bird
and your strollin' over fields just like a farmer's herd
and somebody shouts keep aff the grass
and you think how absurd
and squelch you find why farmers all wear wellies

Michael Finnigan

There was a boy called Michael Finnigan,
He grew whiskers on his chinnigan.
The wind came out and blew them in again.
Poor old Michael Finnigan, begin again.

There was an old man named Michael Finnigan,
Who went off fishing with a pinnigan.
He caught a fish, but it fell in again.
Poor old Michael Finnigan.

There was an old man named Michael Finnigan,
Who caught a cold and couldn't get well again.
Then he died, and had to begin again.
Poor old Michael Finnigan

Whiskey in the Jar

As I was goin' over the far famed Kerry mountains
I met with captain Farrell and his money he was countin'
I first produced me pistol and then produced my rapier
Saying "Stand and deliver" for he were a bold deceiver

CHORUS

*Mush-a ring-a dum-a do-a dum-a dah
Whack for the daddy-o. Whack for the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar*

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny
She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy

CHORUS

I went up to my chamber, all for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder
But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with

water

Then sent for captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter

CHORUS

'Twas early in the morning, just before I rose to travel
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise captain Farrell
I first produced me pistol, for me rapier she had stolen
I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken

CHORUS

If anyone can aid me 'tis my brother in the army
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney
And if he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' through Kilkenny
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my own a-sporting Jenny

CHORUS

Now there's some take delight in the carriages a-rolling
and others take delight in the hurling and the bowling
but I take delight in the juice of the barley
and courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

CHORUS

Angels (Robbie Williams)

I sit and wait
Does an angel
Contemplate my fate?

Do they know
The places where we go
When we're gray and old
'Cause I've been told
That salvation
Lets their wings unfold

So when I'm lyin' in my bed
Thoughts runnin' through my head
And I feel that love is dead
I'm lovin' angels instead

And through it all
She offers me protection
A love and affection
Whether I'm right or wrong
And down the waterfall
Wherever it may take me
I know that life won't break me
When I come to call
She won't forsake me
I'm lovin' angels instead

When I'm feelin' weak
And my pain walks down
A one way street
I look above
And I know I'll always be blessed with love

And as the feeling grows
She breathes flesh to my bones
An' when love is dead
I'm lovin' angels instead

And through it all
She offers me protection
A lot of love and affection
Whether I'm right or wrong
And down the waterfall
Wherever it may take me
I know that life won't break me
When I come to call
She won't forsake me
I'm lovin' angels instead

And through it all
She offers me protection
A lot of love and affection
Whether I'm right or wrong

And down the waterfall
Wherever it may take me
I know that life won't break me
When I come to call
She won't forsake me
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