



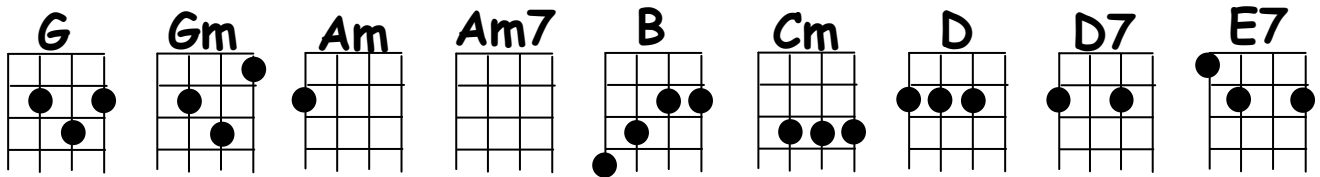
# Wigan Ukulele Club

## Set Two

## Wigan Ukulele Club: Set Two

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That's Amore

Soloist = Bold

Intro: **Gm****Cm**

In Napoli . . . where love is king

**Gm****D****(bass run)**

When boy meets girl . . . here's what they say

**G** 2 3 **G** 2 3 **G** 2 3 **G** When...**G**

When the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie,

**D**That's amore **that's amore**

When the world seems to shine like you've had too much wine

**G**That's amore **that's amore****G**Bells will ring **ting-a-ling-a-ling** ting-a-ling-a-ling**D** **vita bel, vita bel-la**

And you'll sing 'Vita bella'

Hearts will play **tippy-tippy-tay** tippy-tippy-tay**D7****G**like a gay Tarantella **lucky fella!****G**

When the stars make you drool justa like pasta fazool

**D**That's amore **that's amore****D7**

When you dance down the street with a cloud at your feet

B 2 3 B 2 3 E7 2 3 E7  
You're in love When...

Am Am7 G  
When you walk in a dream But you know you're not dreaming, Signo-o-re  
D D7 G 2 3 G 2 3 Gstop  
Scuzza me, but you see, back in old Napoli, That's amore

G  
When . . . the . . . moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie

D  
That's amore that's amore

When the world seems to shine like you've had too much wine

G  
That's amore that's amore

G  
Bells will ring ting-a-ling-a-ling ting-a-ling-a-ling

D vita bel, vita bel-la  
And you'll sing 'Vita bella'

Hearts will play tippy-tippy-tay tippy-tippy-tay  
D7 G

like a gay Tarantella lucky fella!  
G

When the stars make you drool justa like pasta fazool

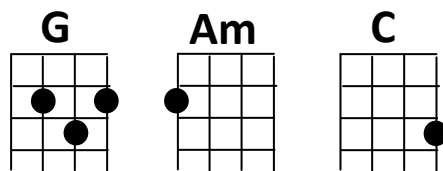
D  
That's amore that's amore

D7  
When you dance down the street with a cloud at your feet

B 2 3 B 2 3 E7 2 3 E7  
You're in love When...

Am Am7 G  
When you walk in a dream But you know you're not dreaming, Signo-o-re

D D7  
Scuzza me, but you see, back in old Napoli,  
G Cm G 2 3 G 2 3 G 2 D7 Gstop  
That's a-more a-more that's a-more

You Ain't Going Nowhere

BPM; 130

Count; 1, 2, 3, 4, *G**Am**C**G*

Intro;

Clouds so swift, rain won't lift; gates won't close, railings froze

*G**Am**C**G*

Get your mind off wintertime 'cause you ain't going nowhere

*G**Am**C**G*

Clouds so swift, the rain won't lift; the gates won't close, the railings froze

*G**Am**C**G*

Get your mind off wintertime 'cause you ain't going no-where

*G**Am**C**G*

Ooo-wee, ride me high, to-morrow's the day my bride's gonna come

*G**Am**C**G*

Ooh, ooh, are we gonna fly down in the easy chair

Link;

*G**Am**C**G*

Ooh, ooh, are we gonna fly down in the easy chair

*G**Am**C**G*

I don't care how many letters they sent, the morning came, the morning went

*G**Am**C**G*

Pick up your money, pack up your tent, you ain't going no-where

*G**Am**C**G*

Ooo-wee, ride me high, to-morrow's the day my bride's gonna come

*G**Am**C**G*

Ooh, ooh, are we gonna fly down in the easy chair

Link;

*G**Am**C**G*

Ooh, ooh, are we gonna fly down in the easy chair

*G* *Am* *C* *G*  
Buy me a flute and a gun that shoots, (1, 2,) tailgates and substitutes

*G* *Am* *C* *G*  
Strap yourself to the tree with roots - you ain't going no-where

*G* *Am* *C* *G*  
Ooo-wee, ride me high, to-morrow's the day my bride's gonna come

*G* *Am* *C* *G*  
Ooh, ooh, are we gonna fly down in the easy chair

Link: *G* *Am* *C* *G*  
Ooo-wee, ride me high, to-morrow's the day my bride's gonna come

*G* *Am* *C* *G*  
Ooh, ooh, are we gonna fly down in the easy chair

*G* *Am* *C* *G*  
Genghis Khan, he could not keep, all his kings sup-plied with sleep

*G* *Am* *C* *G*  
We'll climb that hill no matter how steep, when we get up to-o it

*G* *Am* *C* *G*  
Ooo-wee, ride me high, to-morrow's the day my bride's gonna come

*G* *Am* *C* *G* 2 3 4  
Ooh, Lord, are we gonna fly down in the easy chair

*G* *Am* *C* *G*  
Ooo-wee, ride me high, to-morrow's the day my bride's gonna come

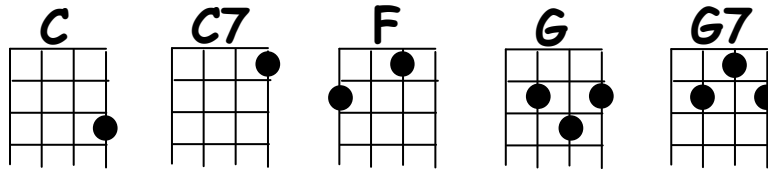
*G* *Am*  
Ooh, Lord, are we gonna fly

Outro;

(slowing) *C*ring *C*ring *C*ring *C*ring *G*shuffle  
Down in the ea - - - - sy chair

Dance Tonight

Paul McCartney



BPM; 85

Count; 1, 2, 3, 4,

Intro: **C** **G** **C** **G**  
 Everybody gonna dance tonight everybody gonna feel alright  
**F** **G** **C** 2 **G7** 2  
 Everybody gonna dance around tonight

**C** **G** **C** **G**  
 Everybody gonna dance tonight everybody gonna feel alright  
**F** **G** **C** 2 **G7** 2  
 Everybody gonna dance around tonight

**C** **G** **C** **G**  
 Everybody gonna dance around everybody gonna hit the ground  
**F** **G** **C** 2 **C7** 2  
 Everybody gonna dance around tonight

**F** **C** 2 **C7**  
 Well, come to my place if you want to  
**F** **G** 2 **G7** 2  
 You can do anything you want to do

**C** **G** **C** **G**  
 Everybody gonna dance tonight everybody gonna feel alright  
**F** **G** **C** 2 **G7** 2  
 Everybody gonna dance around tonight

Inst: **C** **G** **C** **G**  
 (Whistle) Everybody gonna dance tonight everybody gonna feel alright  
**F** **G** **C** 2 **C7** 2  
 Everybody gonna dance around tonight

F C 2 C7

Well, come to my place if you want to

F G 2 G7 2

You can do anything you want to do

C G C G

Everybody gonna dance tonight everybody gonna feel alright

F G C 2 G7 2

Everybody gonna dance around tonight

C G C G

Everybody gonna stamp their feet everybody's gonna feel the beat

F G C 2 G7 2

Everybody gonna dance around tonight

C G C G

Everybody gonna jump and shout everybody gonna sing it out

F G C 2 C7 2

Everybody gonna dance around tonight

F C 2 C7

Well, come to my place if you want to

F G 2 G7 2

You can do anything you want to do

C G C G

Everybody gonna dance tonight everybody gonna feel alright

F G C 2 C7 2

Everybody gonna dance around tonight

Outro: F G C 2 C G Cstop

Everybody gonna dance around tonight



Putting On The Style

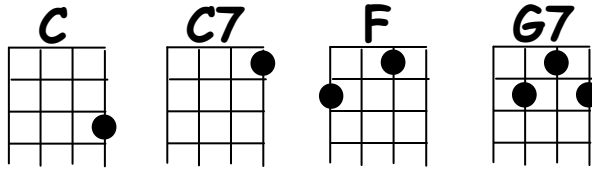
Soloist = Black

All in = Blue

BPM; 120

Count; 1, 2, 3, 4,

Intro; C 2 3 4 C 2 3 4



C G7  
Sweet sixteen, goes to church just to see the boys

C  
Laughs and screams and giggles at every little noise

C7 F  
Turns her face a little and turns her head a-while

G7stop G7stop G7 C  
But everybody knows she's only putting on the style

C G7  
Yeah - putting on the agony, putting on the style

C  
That's what all the young folks are doing all the while

C7 F  
And as I look around me, I'm sometimes apt to smile

G7stop G7stop G7 C  
Seeing all the young folks putting on the style

C G7  
Young man in the hot-rod car, driving like he's mad

C  
With a pair of yellow gloves he's borrowed from his dad

C7 F  
He makes it roar so lively just to see his girlfriend smile

G7stop G7stop G7 C  
But she knows he's only putting on the style

C G7  
Yeah - putting on the agony, putting on the style

C  
That's what all the young folks are doing all the while

C7 F  
 And as I look around me, I'm sometimes apt to smile  
G7stop G7stop G7 C  
 Seeing all the young folks putting on the style

C G7  
 Preacher in the pulpit roars with all his might

C  
 Sing *Glory Hallelula* with the folks all in a fright

C7 F  
 Now you might think he's satan that's coming down the aisle

G7stop G7stop G7 C  
 But it's only our poor preacher, boys, he's putting on his style

C G7  
 Yeah - putting on the agony, putting on the style

C  
 That's what all the young folks are doing all the while

C7 F  
 And as I look around me, I'm sometimes apt to smile

G7stop G7stop G7 C  
 Seeing all the young folks putting on the style

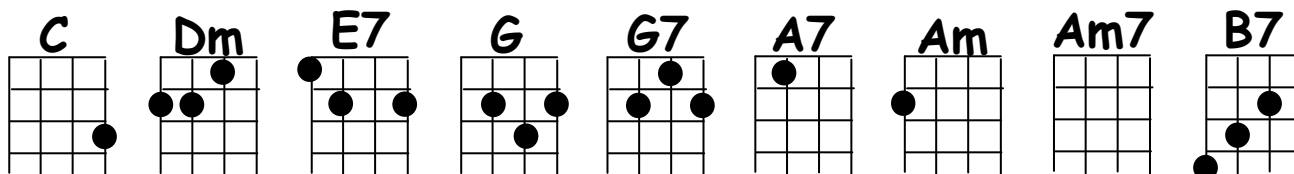
C G7  
 Yeah - putting on the agony, putting on the style

C  
 That's what all the young folks are doing all the while

C7 F  
 And as I look around me, I'm sometimes apt to smile

G7stop G7stop  
 Seeing all the young folks

Outro; G7 G7 G7 G7 C 2 3 4 C 2 3 G7 C  
 Put - ting - on - the - style .

Those Were The Days (C.D.)

Soloist = Blue

Am Am7 A7 Dm  
Once upon a time there was a tavern, where we used to raise a glass or two

Dm Am  
Re-member how we laughed away the hours,  
B7 E7 2 3 4 E7ring

And think of all the great things we would do

N/C Am Dm  
Those were the days my friend, we thought they'd never end

G G7 C  
We'd sing and dance for-ever and a day

Dm Am  
We'd live the life we'd choose, we'd fight and never lose  
E7 Am 2 Amstop

For we were young and sure to have our way

N/C Am Dm E7 Am x8  
Da da da die, da die, Da da da die, da die, La da da daah, La da da da da daah

Am Am7 A7 Dm  
Then the busy years went rushing by us, we lost our starry notions on the way

Dm Am  
If by chance I'd see you in the tavern,  
B7 E7 2 3 4 E7ring

we'd smile at one an-other and we'd say

N/C Am Dm  
Those were the days my friend, we thought they'd never end  
G G7 C

We'd sing and dance for-ever and a day

Dm Am  
We'd live the life we'd choose, we'd fight and never lose  
E7 Am 2 Amstop

Those were the days, oh yes those were the days

N/C Am Dm E7 Am x8  
Da da da die, da die, Da da da die, da die, La da da daah, La da da da da daah

Am Am7 A7 Dm  
Just tonight I stood before the tavern, nothing seemed the way it used to be

Dm Am  
In the glass, I saw a strange reflection,  
B7 E7 2 3 4 E7ring  
was that lonely woman really me?

N/C Am Dm  
Those were the days my friend, we thought they'd never end

G G7 C  
We'd sing and dance for-ever and a day

Dm Am  
We'd live the life we'd choose, we'd fight and never lose  
E7 Am 2 Amstop  
Those were the days, oh yes those were the days

N/C Am Dm G G7 C  
Da da da die, da die, Da da da die, da die, La da da daah, La da da da da daah  
Dm Am E7 Am x8  
Da da da die, da die, Da da da die, da die, La da da daah, La da da da da daah

Am Am7  
Through the door, there came familiar laughter,  
A7 Dm  
I saw your face and heard you call my name  
Dm Am  
Oh, my friend, we're older but no wiser,  
B7 E7 2 3 4 E7ring  
for in our hearts, the dreams are still the same

N/C Am Dm  
Those were the days my friend, we thought they'd never end

G G7 C  
We'd sing and dance for-ever and a day

Dm Am  
We'd live the life we'd choose, we'd fight and never lose  
E7 Am E7 E7 E7  
Those were the days, oh yes those were the days, Die die die

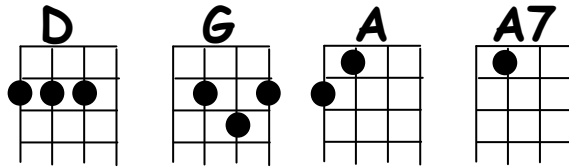
Am Dm G G7 C  
Die, da die, Da da da die, da die, La da da daah, La da da da da daah  
Dm Am (slowing) E7 Am x5  
Da da da die, da die, Da da da die, da die, La da da daah, La da da da da daah

Manchester Rambler

Soloist only = Blue

BPM; 170

Count; 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, I've been over ...



D

I've been over Snowdon, I've slept upon Crowdon,

A

I've camped by the Wain Stones as well

A

I've sunbathed on Kinder, been burned to a cinder

A7

D

and many more things I can tell

D

A

A7

A

D

My rucksack has oft been my pillow, the heather has oft been my bed

D

A

A7

D

And sooner than part from the mountains, I think I would rather be dead

A A D

A

I'm a ... rambler, I'm a rambler from Manchester way

D

I get all my pleasure the hard moorland way

D

A

G

A

D

I may be a wage slave on Monday, but I am a free man on Sunday

D

The day was just ending and I was descending,

A

through Grindsbrook just by Upper-Tor

A

When a voice cried "Hey, you!" in the way keepers do.

A7

D

He'd the worst face that ever I saw

D

A

A7

A

D

The things that he said were unpleasant; in the teeth of his fury, I said

D

A

A7

D

"Sooner than part from the mountains, I think I would rather be dead"

A A D

A

I'm a ... rambler, I'm a rambler from Manchester way

D

I get all my pleasure the hard moorland way

D A G A D  
I may be a wage slave on Monday, but I am a free man on Sunday

D  
He called me a louse and said "Think of the grouse".

A  
Well, I thought, but I still couldn't see

A  
Why old Kinder Scout and the moors roundabout

A7 D  
couldn't take both the poor grouse and me

D A A7 D  
He said "All this land is my master's". At that I stood shaking my head

D A A7 D  
No man has the right to own mountains any more than the deep ocean bed

A A D A  
I'm a ... rambler, I'm a rambler from Manchester way

D  
I get all my pleasure the hard moorland way

D A G A D  
I may be a wage slave on Monday, but I am a free man on Sunday

D  
So I'll walk where I will over mountain and hill

A  
and I'll lie where the bracken is deep

A  
I belong to the mountains, the clear running fountains

A7 D  
where the grey rocks lie ragged and steep

D A A7 A D  
I've seen the white hare in the gulleys and the curlew fly high overhead

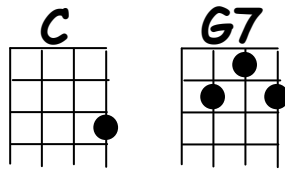
D A A7 D  
And sooner than part from the mountains, I think I would rather be dead. .

A A D A  
I'm a ... rambler, I'm a rambler from Manchester way

D  
I get all my pleasure the hard moorland way

D A  
I may be a wage slave on Monday,

Outro; Gring Aring Dring 2 A Dring  
(slowing) but - I - am - a - free - man - on - Sun - day

Yonder Comes A Sucker

BPM; 115

Count; 1, 2, 3, 4,

Intro: *G7* 2 3 4 *C* 2 *C*stop 2 Rail...

*C* *G7*  
Rail-road, steamboat, river and ca-nal

*C*  
Yonder comes a sucker and he's got my gal

*C*  
And she's gone gone, gone and she's gone, gone, gone

*G7* *C* 2 *C*stop  
And I'll bid her my last fare-well

*N/C* *C* I fell in love, with a pretty little thing  
I fell in love, with a pretty little thing  
*G7* I thought that wedding bells would *C* Ding dong, ding dong  
I thought that wed-ding bells would ring  
*C* She was as sweet, as sweet could be  
She was as sweet, as sweet could be  
*G7* Till I found out, *C* what she did to me  
Till I found out, what she did to me

*C* *G7*  
Rail-road, steamboat, river and ca-nal

*C*  
Yonder comes a sucker and he's got my gal

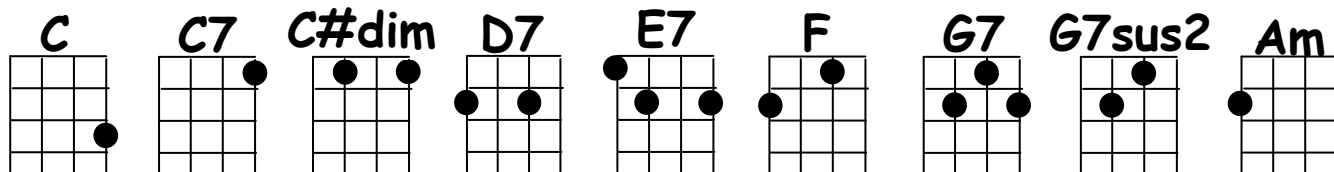
*C*  
And she's gone gone, gone and she's gone, gone, gone

*G7* *C* 2 *C*stop  
And I'll bid her my last fare-well

*N/C* *C* I asked her mother, to let her go  
I asked her mother, to let her go  
*G7* She whispered mother, *C* No, no, no, no  
She whispered mother, just tell him no





With My Little Stick Of Blackpool Rock

Soloist = Blue

BPM; 128

Count; 1, 2, 3, 4, C

Intro;

I jumped in his place and then con-ducted the band

D7 G7 C 2 3 4

With my little stick of Blackpool Rock

C C#dim G7 C

Every year when summer comes round, off to the sea I go.

E7 Am D7 G7

I don't care if I do spend a pound, I'm rather rash I know.

C7 F D7 G7

See me dressed like all the sports, in my blazer and a pair of shorts.

C G7 G7sus2

With my little stick of Blackpool Rock, a-long the promenade I stroll.

G7 C G7

It may be sticky but I never complain,

D7 G7

It's nice to have a nibble at it now and again

C7 F D7 G7

Every day wher-ever I stray the kids all round me flock

C7 F

One afternoon the band conductor up on his stand

D7 G7

Somehow lost his baton - it flew out of his hand

C E7 Am

So I jumped in his place and then con-ducted the band

D7 G7 C

With my little stick of Blackpool Rock

C G7 G7sus2  
 With my little stick of Blackpool Rock, a-long the promenade I stroll.

G7 C G7  
 In my pocket it got stuck I could tell

D7 G7  
 Cos when I pulled it out I pulled my shirt off as well

C7 F D7 G7  
 Every day wher-ever I stray the kids all round me flock

C7 F  
 A girl while bathing clung to me, my wits I'd to use

D7 G7  
 She cried, "I'm drowning, and to save me, you won't refuse"

C E7 Am  
 I said, "Well if you're drowning then I don't want to lose

D7 G7 C  
 My little stick of Blackpool Rock."

C G7 G7sus2  
 With my little stick of Blackpool Rock, a-long the promenade I stroll.

G7 C G7  
 In the ballroom I went dancing each night

D7 G7  
 No wonder every girl I danced with stuck to me tight

C7 F D7 G7  
 Every day wher-ever I stray the kids all round me flock

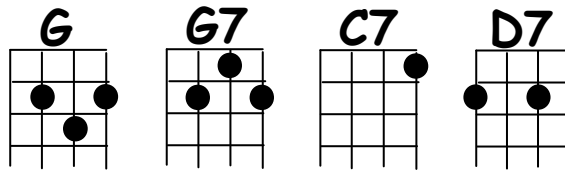
C7 F  
 A fella' took my photograph it cost one and three.

D7 G7  
 I said when it was done, "Is that sup-posed to be me?"

C E7 Am  
 You've properly mucked it up the only thing I can see is

D7 G7 C A7  
 My little stick of Blackpool Rock. Lordy lordy

D7 G7 C 2 3 G7 C  
 My little stick of Blackpool Rock.

Folsom Prison Blues

BPM; 100

Count; 1, 2, 3, 4,

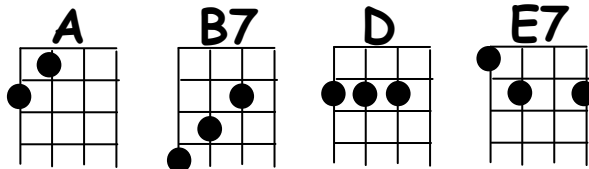
Intro: *G* 2 3 4 *G* 2 3 4 *I...*

*G*  
 I hear the train a comin', it's rollin' round the bend  
*G7*  
 And I ain't seen the sun shine since, I don't know when  
*C7* *G*  
 I'm stuck in Folsom prison, and time keeps draggin' on  
*D7* 2 3 4 *D7*stop *G*  
 But that train keeps a rollin', on down to San An-tone

*G*  
 When I was just a baby, my mama told me, son  
*G7*  
 Always be a good boy, don't ever play with guns  
*C7* *G*  
 But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die  
*D7* 2 3 4 *D7*stop *G*  
 When I hear that whistle blowin', I hang my head and cry

Inst; *G*  
 When I was just a baby, my mama told me, son  
*G7*  
 Always be a good boy, don't ever play with guns  
*C7* *G*  
 But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die  
*D7* 2 3 4 *D7*stop *G*  
 When I hear that whistle blowin', I hang my head and cry



Running Bear

BPM; 120

Count; 1, 2, 3, 4,

Intro;

A 2 3 4 A 2 3 4 A 2 3 4 A 2 3 On...

Red Indian noises

(Native American??)

A D A  
On the banks, of the river, stood Running Bear, young Indian brave

A B7 E7  
On the other, side of the river, stood his lovely, Indian maid

A D A  
Little White Dove, was a-her name, such a lovely, sight to see

A E7 A 2 3  
But their tribes, fought with each other, so their love could ne-ver be

D A E7 A  
Running Bear, loved Little White Dove, with a love, big as the sky

D A  
Running Bear, loved Little White Dove,  
E7 A 2 3 4 A 2 3 4 A 2 3 4 A 2 3 He...  
with a love that could-n't die (noises)

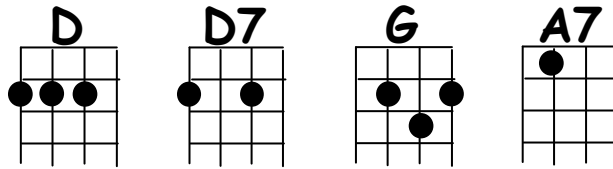
A D A  
He couldn't swim, the ragin' river, 'cause the river, was too wide

A B7 E7  
He couldn't reach, Little White Dove, waiting on, the other side

A D A  
In the moonlight, he could see her, throwing kisses, 'cross the waves

A E7 A 2 3  
Her little heart, was beating faster, waiting for her In-dian brave



Singing the Blues (C.D.)

BPM: 135

Count: 1, 2, 3, **Well I...**

D G  
 Well, I never felt more like singing the blues  
D A7 G A7  
 'Cause I never thought that I'd ever lose your love dear  
D 2 G 2 D 2 A7  
 Why 'dya treat me this way? Well...

D G  
Well, I never felt more like crying all night  
D A7 G A7  
 'Cause everything's wrong and nothing ain't right with-out you  
D 2 G 2 D 2 D7 2  
 You got me singing the blues The...

G D  
The moon and stars no longer shine  
G D  
 The dream is gone I thought was mine  
G D  
 There's nothing left for me to do,  
Dstop Dstop 1 A7 3 4 A7 2 3  
 but cry eye eye eye - over you Well...

D G  
Well, I've never felt more like running away  
D A7 G A7  
 But why should I go 'cause I couldn't stay with-out you  
D 2 G 2 D 2 A7 2  
 You got me singing the blues

Inst:           D                           G  
 (kazoo) I never felt more like singing the blues  
                   D                           A7                           G                           A7  
           'Cause I never thought that I'd ever lose your love dear  
                                   D 2 G 2 D 2 A7  
           Why'd you treat me this way?                           Well...

          D                           G  
 Well, I never felt more like crying all night  
           D                           A7                           G                           A7  
 'Cause everything's wrong and nothing ain't right with-out you  
                                   D 2 G 2 D 2 D7 2  
 You got me singing the blues                           The...

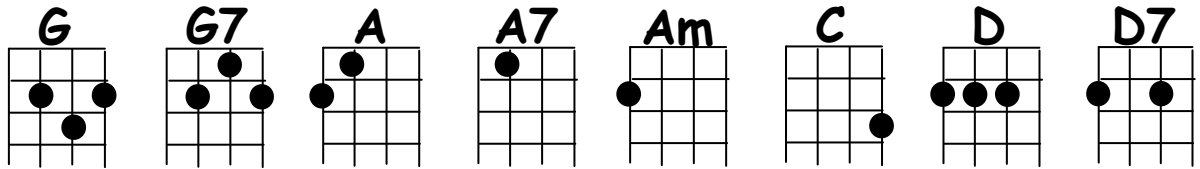
          G                           D  
 The moon and stars no longer shine  
           G                           D  
 The dream is gone I thought was mine  
           G                           D  
 There's nothing left for me to do,  
           Dstop                           Dstop 1 A7 3 4 A7 2 3  
 but cry eye eye eye - over you                           Well...

          D                           G  
 Well, I've never felt more like running away  
           D                           A7                           G                           A7  
 But why should I go 'cause I couldn't stay with-out you  
                                   D 2 G 2 A7  
 You got me singing the blues  
                                   D 2 G 2 A7  
 You got me singing the blues  
                                   D 2 G 2 D A7 Dring  
 You got me singing the blues



# I'm Into Something Good

Herman's Hermits



BPM 130

Count: 1, 2, 3, 4,

Intro: G 2 C 2 G 2 C 2 G 2 C 2 G 2 C 2

G C G C G C G G7  
 Woke up this morning feeling fine, there's something special on my mind

C G 2 3 4 G 2  
 Last night I met a new girl in the neighbourhood, oh yeah Oooh Oooh

D Oooh C Oooh G Something C G C  
 Something tells me I'm into something good tells me I'm into something

G Oooh → C G C G C G G7  
 She's the kind of girl who's not too shy, and I can tell I'm her kind of guy

C Oooh → G She danced with me like I hoped she would  
 She danced close to me, like I hoped she would

D Oooh C Oooh G Something C G C  
 And something tells me I'm into something good tells me I'm into something

D7 Aaah →  
 We only danced for a minute or two

G Oooh → C G D7 Aaah  
 But she stuck close to me the whole night through. Can I be fallin' in love?

A Am D7 A7 D7  
 She's everything I've been dreaming of she's everything I've been dreaming of

G C G C  
I walked her home and she held my hand

G C G G7  
I knew it couldn't be just a one night stand

C G I asked to see her and she told  
I asked to see her next week and she told me I could me I could Ooh

D Ooh C Ooh G Something C G C  
Something tells me I'm into something good tells me I'm into something

D7 Aaah →  
We only danced for a minute or two

G Ooh → C G D7 Aaah  
But she stuck close to me the whole night through. Can I be fallin' in love?

A Am D7 A7 D7  
She's everything I've been dreaming of she's everything I've been dreaming of

G C G C  
I walked her home and she held my hand

G C G G7  
I knew it couldn't be just a one night stand

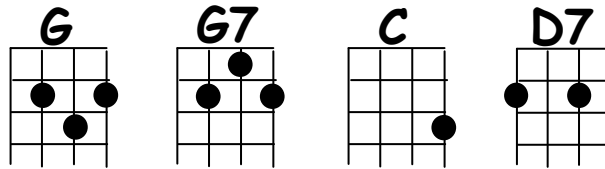
C G I asked to see her and she told  
I asked to see her next week and she told me I could me I could Ooh

D Ooh C Ooh G Something C G C  
Something tells me I'm into something good tells me I'm into something

D Ooh C Ooh G Something C G C  
Something tells me I'm into something good tells me I'm into something

Outro; D7 Cstop Gring  
Ooh Ooh  
Something tells me I'm into something good

213

Blue Suede Shoes

BPM; 190

Count; 1, 2, 1,2,3 Well it's a...

Gstop Gstop  
 Well, it's a one for the money, two for the show  
Gstop G7  
 Three to get ready now go cat go  
C G  
 But don't you, step on my blue suede shoes  
D7 C G 2 3 4 D7 2 3  
 Well, you can do anything, but lay off of my blue suede shoes

Gstop Gstop  
 Well, you can knock me down, step in my face  
Gstop Gstop  
 Slander my name all over the place  
Gstop Gstop  
 You can do anything, that you want to do  
Gstop G7  
 But uh-uh, Honey lay off of my shoes  
C G  
 And don't you, step on my blue suede shoes  
D7 C G 2 3 4 D7 2 3  
 You can do anything, but lay off of my blue suede shoes

Inst; Gstop Gstop  
 Well, it's a one for the money, two for the show  
Gstop G7  
 Three to get ready now go cat go  
C G  
 But don't you, step on my blue suede shoes  
D7 C G 2 3 4 D7 2 3  
 Well, you can do anything, but lay off of my blue suede shoes

*G*stop                      *G*stop  
 You can burn my house,      steal my car

*G*stop                      *G*stop  
 Drink my liquor from an old fruit jar

*G*stop                      *G*stop  
 And do anything,              that you want to do

*G*stop                      *G7*  
 But uh-uh, Honey, lay off of my shoes

*C*                                      *G*  
 And don't you,      step on my blue suede shoes

*D7*                                      *C*                                      *G* 2 3 4 *D7* 2 3  
 You can do anything, but lay off of my blue suede shoes

Inst;                      *G*stop                      *G*stop  
 Well, it's a one for the money,      two for the show

*G*stop                      *G7*  
 Three to get ready now go cat go

*C*                                      *G*  
 But don't you,      step on my blue suede shoes

*D7*                                      *C*                                      *G* 2 3 4 *D7* 2 3  
 Well, you can do anything, but lay off of my blue suede shoes

*G*stop                      *G*stop  
 Well, it's a one for the money,      two for the show

*G*stop                      *G7*  
 Three to get ready now go cat go

*C*                                      *G*  
 But don't you,      step on my blue suede shoes

*D7*                                      *C*                                      *G* 2 3 4 *D7* 2 3  
 Well, you can do anything, but lay off of my blue suede shoes

(quiet)                      *G*  
 Well it's a,      blue, blue,      blue suede shoes,  
 Blue, blue,      blue suede shoes, yeah

*C*                                      *G*  
 Blue, blue, blue suede shoes,              Blue, blue, blue suede shoes

(normal)                      *D7*  
 Well, you can do anything,  
*C*                                      *G* 2 3 4 *D7* *D7D7* *G*ring  
 But lay off of my blue suede shoes

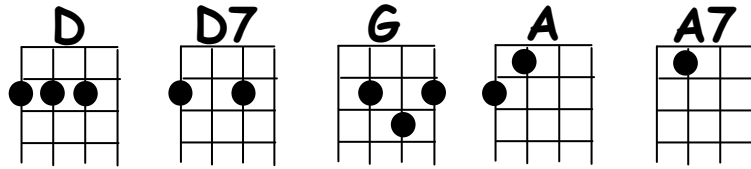
Save The Last Dance For Me

The Drifters

BPM; 150

Count; 1, 2, 3, 4

Intro;



D 2 3 4 D 2 3 4 D 2 3 4 D 2 3 You can . . .

D

You can dance, every dance with the guy

A

Who gives you the eye, let him hold you tight

A7

You can smile, every smile for the man

D

D7

Who held your hand 'neath pale moon light

G

But don't for-get who's takin' you home,

D

And in whose arms you're gonna be

A7

G

A

A7

D

2

3

4

Dstop

So darlin', save the last dance for me

D

oh I know

yes I know

Oh, I know

that the music's fine

oh I know

A

yes I know

oh I know

Like sparklin' wine, go and have your fun

A7 yes I know

oh I know

Laugh and sing but while we're apart

yes I know

D oh I know

D7

yes I know

Don't give your heart to anyone

But . . .

G aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh . . .

But don't for-get who's takin' you home,

hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

D aaahhhh

And in whose arms you're gonna be

A7saaaaaaaaave

G

A

A7

D

2

3

4

Dstop

So darlin', save the last dance for me

A7

D

Baby, don't you know I love you so? Can't you feel it when we touch?

A7

D

2

3

4

Dstop

I will never ever let you go, I love you oh so much

D you can dance you can dance  
 You can dance go and carry on  
 you can dance A you can dance you can dance  
 Till the night is gone and it's time to go  
 A7 you can dance you can dance  
 If he asks if you're all alone  
 you can dance D you can dance D7 you can dance  
 Can he take you home, you must tell him, "No" Cos ...  
 G aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh ...  
 Cos don't for-get who's takin' you home,  
 hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh D aaahhhh  
 And in whose arms you're gonna be  
 A7saaaaaaaave G A A7 D 2 3 4 Dstop  
 So darlin', save the last dance for me

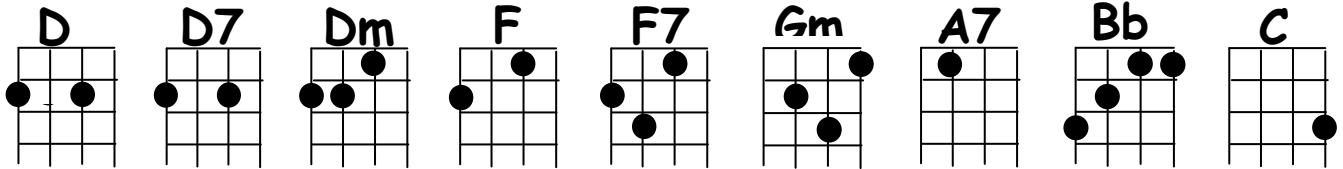
A7 D  
 Baby, don't you know I love you so? Can't you feel it when we touch?  
 A7 D 2 3 4 Dstop  
 I will never ever let you go, I love you oh so much

D you can dance you can dance  
 You can dance go and carry on  
 you can dance A you can dance you can dance  
 Till the night is gone and it's time to go  
 A7 you can dance you can dance  
 If he asks if you're all alone  
 you can dance D you can dance D7 you can dance  
 Can he take you home, you must tell him, "No" Cos ...  
 G aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh ...  
 Cos don't for-get who's takin' you home,  
 hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh D aaahhhh  
 And in whose arms you're gonna be

A7saaaaaaaave G A A7 D 2 3 4 D 2 3  
 So darlin', save the last dance for me So ...

A7saaaaaaaave G A A7 D 2 3 4 D D D D  
 So darlin', save the last dance for me (Cha Cha Cha)

215

Delilah (C.D.)

BPM 190

Count; 1, 2, 3, 2, 2, 3,

Intro; **Dm** 2 3 **Dm** 2 3 **Dm** 2 3 **Dm** 2 3

**Dm** **A7** Dah dah dah  
 I saw the light on the night that I passed by her window dahhh, dah dah

**Dm** **A7** Dah dah dah  
 I saw the flickering shadows of love on her blind dahhh, dah dah

**D** **D7** **Gm** 2 3 **Gm** 2 3 **Gm** 2 3 **Gm** 2 3  
 She was my woman

**Dm** **A7** **Dm** 2 3 **Dm** 2 3 **C** 2 3 **C** 2 3  
 As she deceived me I watched and went out of my mi ind.

**F** **C**  
 My, my, my, De-lilah Diddle iddle iddle iddle ooo

**C** **F**  
 Why, why, why, De-lilah Diddle iddle iddle iddle ooo

**F** **F7** **Bb** **Gm**  
 I, could see, that girl was no good for me

**F** **C** **F** 2 3 **F** 2 3 **A7** 2 3 **A7** 2 3  
 But I was lost like a slave that no man could free

**Dm** **A7** Dah dah dah  
 At break of day, when that man drove away, I was waiting dahhh, dah dah

**Dm** **A7** Dah dah dah  
 I crossed the street to her house, and she opened the door dahhh, dah dah

**D** **D7** **Gm** Ha! Ha! Ha! Haa!  
 She stood there laughing

**Dm** **A7**stop **Dm** 2 3 **Dm** 2 3 **C** 2 3 **C** 2 3  
 I felt the knife in my hand and she laughed no mo ore.

F C  
 My, my, my, De-lilah Diddle iddle iddle iddle ooo  
 C F  
 Why, why, why, De-lilah Diddle iddle iddle iddle ooo  
 F F7 Bb Gm  
 So, be-fore, they come to break down the door  
 F C F 2 3 F 2 3 A7 2 3 A7 2 3  
 Forgive me, Delilah, I just couldn't take any mo ore.

Inst; Dm A7  
 (Spanish touch) At break of day, when that man drove away, I was waiting  
 Dm A7  
 I crossed the street to her house, and she opened the door

D D7 Gm Ha! Ha! Ha! Haa!  
 She stood there laughing  
 Dm A7stop Dm 2 3 Dm 2 3 C 2 3 C 2 3  
 I felt the knife in my hand and she laughed no mo ore.

F C  
 My, my, my, De-lilah Diddle iddle iddle iddle ooo  
 C F  
 Why, why, why, De-lilah Diddle iddle iddle iddle ooo  
 F F7 Bb Gm  
 So, be-fore, they come to break down the door  
 F C F 2 3 F 2 3 F 2 3 F 2  
 Forgive me, Delilah, I just couldn't take any mo ore.

Outro; Dm A  
 Forgive me, Delilah, I just couldn't take any  
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7  
 D 2 3 D 2 3 D 2 3 D 2 3 D 2 3 D 2 A Dstop  
Mo ore.



