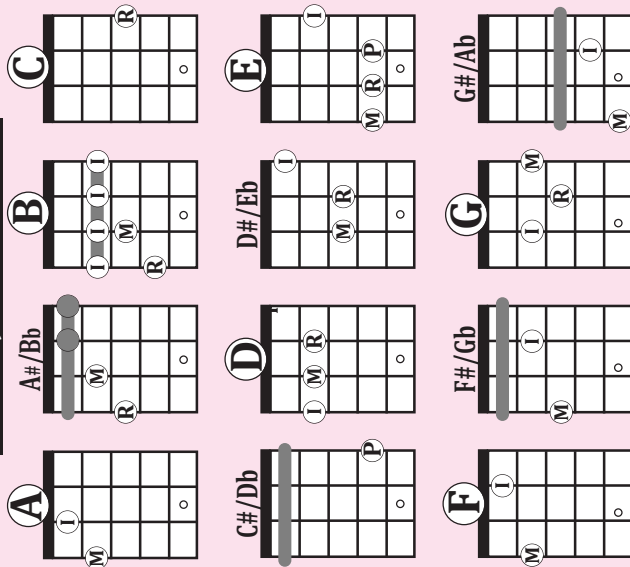
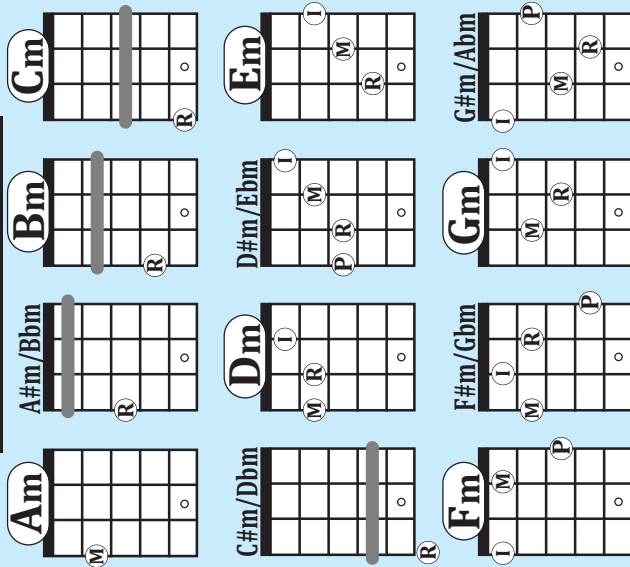


# Chord Corral

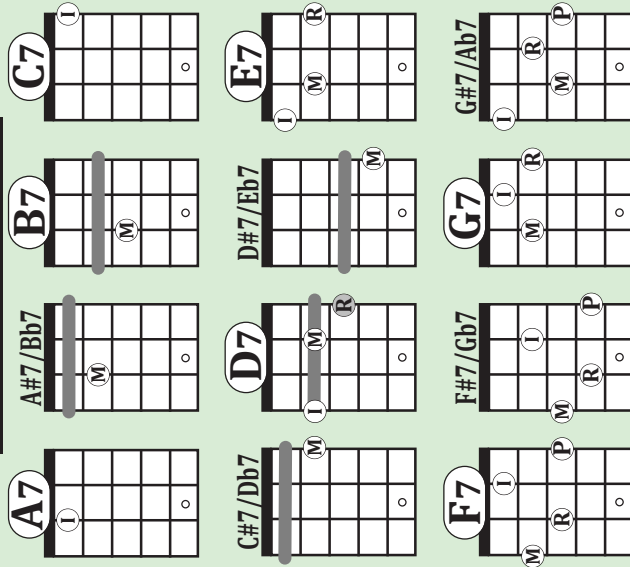
## Major Chords



## Minor Chords



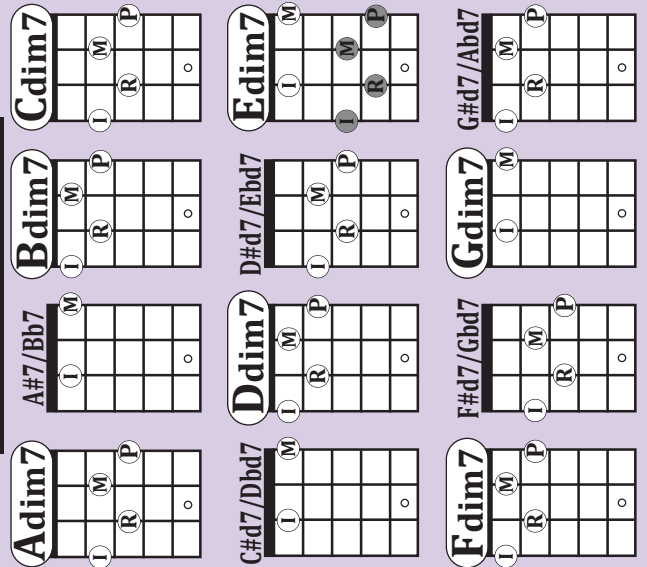
## 7th Chords



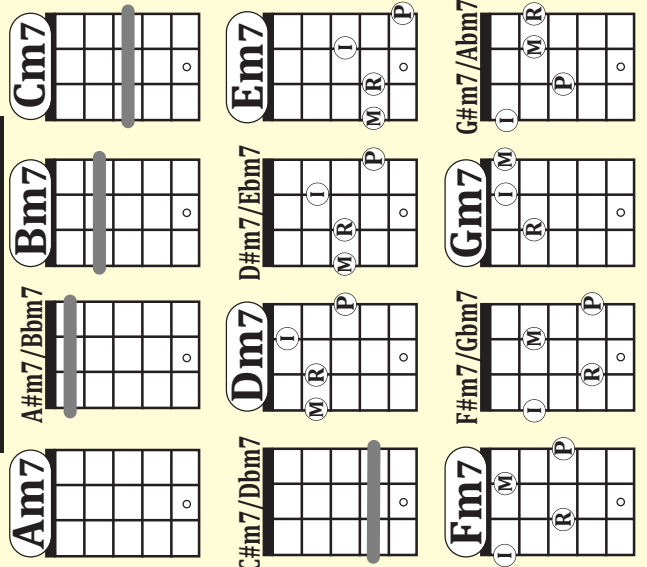
**Movable Shapes** enable you to play chords further up the neck. Each shape has a root note (♦). Make the shape and align the root not with the same note on the neck, and you've found the spot for that form. Or, use the shortcut list below each form.

A Shape	C Shape	E Shape	F Shape
<b>Bar at:</b>	<b>Bar at:</b>	<b>Bar at:</b>	<b>Bar at:</b>
Fret 2 = B	Fret 2 = D	Fret 5 = F	Fret 2 = G
Fret 3 = C	Fret 4 = E	Fret 7 = G	Fret 4 = A
Fret 5 = D	Fret 5 = F	Fret 9 = A	Fret 6 = B
Fret 7 = E	Fret 7 = G	Fret 11 = B	Fret 7 = C
Fret 8 = F	Fret 9 = A	Fret 12 = C	Fret 9 = D
Fret 10 = G	Fret 12 = B	Fret 14 = D	Fret 11 = E
Fret 12 = A	Fret 13 = C	Fret 16 = E	Fret 12 = F

## Diminished 7th Chords



## Minor 7th Chords



# Blowin' In The Wind

## Bob Dylan

G C G  
How many roads must a man walk down

C D  
Before you call him a man?

G C G  
Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white  
dove sail

C D  
Before she sleeps in the sand?

G C G  
Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannon  
balls fly

C D  
Before they're for-ever banned?

C D G  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the  
Em  
wind,

C D G  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

G C G  
How many years can a mountain exist

C D  
Before it's washed to the sea?

G C G  
Yes, 'n' how many years can some people  
exist

C D  
Before they're allowed to be free?

G C G  
Yes, 'n' how many times can a man turn  
his head,

C D  
And pretend that he just doesn't see?

C D G  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the  
Em  
wind,

C D G  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

G C G  
How many times must a man look up

C D  
Before he can see the sky?

G C G  
Yes, 'n' how many ears must one man  
have

C D  
Before he can hear people cry?

G C G  
Yes, 'n' how many deaths will it take till  
he knows

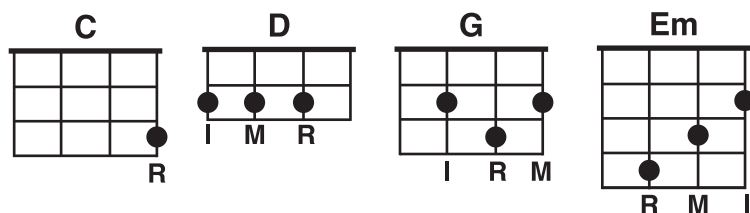
C D  
That too many people have died?

C D G  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the  
Em  
wind,

C D G  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

C D G  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the  
Em  
wind,

C D G  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

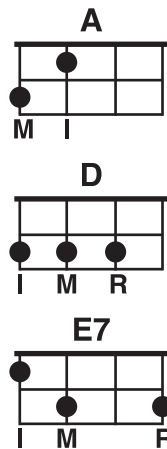


# CATFISH JOHN - by Bob McDill

## =====CHORUS

A D  
Mama said don't go near that river  
A E7  
Don't go hanging around old Catfish John  
A D  
But-come the morning I'd always be there  
A E7 A  
Walking in his footsteps in the sweet Delta dawn  
=====

A D A  
Let me dream of another morning  
D A  
And a time so long ago  
D A  
When the sweet magnolias blossomed  
E7 A  
And-the-cotton fields were white as snow  
  
A D A  
Catfish John was a river hobo  
D A  
He lived and died on the river bend  
D A  
Thinking back I still remember  
E7 A  
I was proud to be his friend



## =====CHORUS

A D A  
Born a slave in the town of Vicksburg  
D A  
Traded for a chestnut mare  
D A  
Still-he-never spoke a word in anger  
E7 A  
Though his load was hard to bear

=====CHORUS - repeat last line (extend 'sweeeeeeet)

## CITY OF NEW ORLEANS - by Steve Goodman

[G] Ridin' on the [D] City of New [G] Orleans,  
[Em] Illinois Central, [C] Monday morning [G]rail  
Fifteen cars and [D] fifteen restless [G] riders,  
Three [Em] conductors, and [D] 25 sacks of [G] mail  
All a- [Em] long the southbound Odyssey  
The [Bm] train pulls out of Kankakee  
And [D] rolls along the houses, farms and [A] fields  
[Em] Passin' towns that have no name,  
And [Bm] freight-yards full of old black men  
And the [D] graveyards of the [D7] rusted automo-[G]biles [G7]

### ===== CHORUS:

[C] Good morning [D7] America how [G] are you? {Last Chorus "Good NIGHT"}  
Say, [Em] don't you know me [C] I'm your native [G] son  
[D7] I'm the [G] train they call the [D] City of New [Em] Orleans  
I'll be [F] gone five [C] hundred [D] miles when the day is [G] done

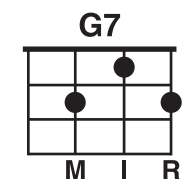
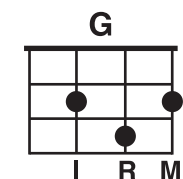
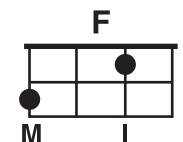
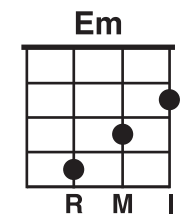
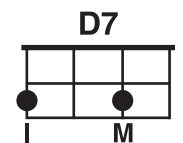
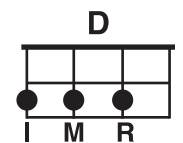
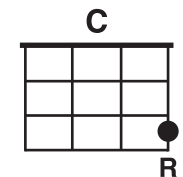
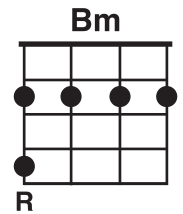
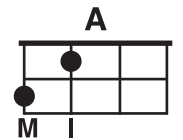
=====

[G]Dealin' card games with the [D] old men in the [G] club car  
[Em] Penny a point ain't [C] no one keeping [G] score  
Pass the paper [D] bag that holds the [G] bottle  
[Em] Feel the wheels [D] grumblin' 'neath the [G] floor  
[Em] And the sons of Pullman porters and the [Bm] sons of engineers  
Ride their [D] father's magic carpet made of [A] steel  
[Em] Mothers with their babes asleep are [Bm] rockin' to the gentle beat  
And the [D] rhythm of the [D7] rails is all they [G] feel [G7]

### CHORUS

[G] Nighttime on the [D] City of [G] New Orleans  
[Em] Changin' cars in [C] Memphis, [G] Tennessee  
Halfway home, [D] we'll be there by [G] mornin'  
[Em] Through the Mississippi darkness [D] rollin' down to the [G] sea  
[Em] But all the towns and people seem to [Bm] fade into a bad dream  
And the [D] steel rail still ain't heard the [A] news  
[Em] The conductor sings his songs again  
[Bm] the passengers will please refrain  
[D] This train's got the [D7] disappearin' railroad [G] blues [G7]

### CHORUS



## Country Roads - John Denver

C Am  
Almost heaven ... West Virginia,  
G F C  
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River  
C Am  
Life is old there, older than the trees  
G F C  
Younger than the mountains, blowin' like a breeze

### ===== CHORUS

C G Am F  
Country roads, take me home to a place I belong  
C G F C  
West Virginia, mountain mama, take me home country roads

C Am  
All my mem'ries gather 'round her  
G F C  
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water  
Am  
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky  
G F C  
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye

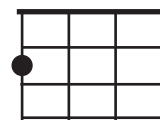
### =Chorus

Am G C  
I hear her voice in the mornin' hours she calls to me  
F Am G  
The radio reminds me of my home, far away  
Am G F  
And drivin' down the road I get a feeling  
G G7  
That I should have been home yesterday — yesterday

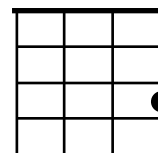
### =Chorus

G C G-C  
Take me home, country roads

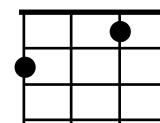
Am



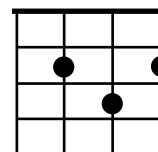
C



F



G



## Don't Worry, Be Happy – by Bobby McFerrin

(C) Here's a little song I wrote

You (Dm) might want to sing it note for note

Don't (F) worry... be (C) happy

(C) In every life we have some trouble

(Dm) When you worry you'll make it double

Don't (F) worry... be (C) happy (Don't worry, be happy)

(C) (C) (Dm) (F) (C) x2

(C) Ain't got no place to lay your head

(Dm) somebody came and took your bed

Don't (F) worry... be (C) happy

The (C) landlord say your rent is late

(Dm) he may have to litigate

Don't (F) worry... be (C) happy (Don't worry, be happy)

(C) (C) (Dm) (F) (C) x2

(C) Ain't got no cash, ain't got no style

(Dm) ain't got no gal to make you smile

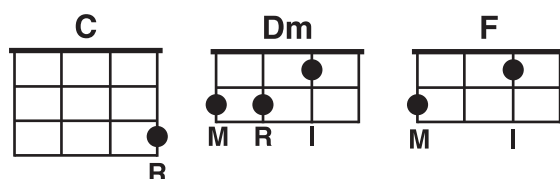
Don't (F) worry... be (C) happy

Cause (C) when you worry your face will frown

(Dm) and that will bring everybody down

Don't (F) worry... be (C) happy (Don't worry, be happy)

(C) (C) (Dm) (F) (C) x2



## FIVE FOOT TWO

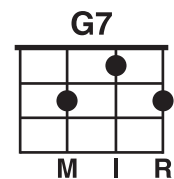
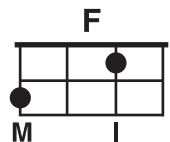
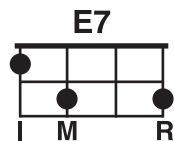
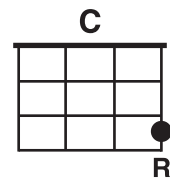
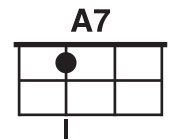
**C** **E7**  
Five foot two, eyes of blue  
**A7**  
But oh what those five foot could do  
**D7** **G7** **C – G7**  
Has anybody seen my gal?  
**C** **E7**  
Turned-up nose, turned-down hose  
**A7**  
Never had no other beau  
**D7** **G7** **C**  
Has anybody seen my gal?

*{bridge}* **E7** **A7**  
Now if you run into five foot two covered in furs,  
**D7**  
Diamond rings and all those things,  
**G7**  
Bet your life it isn't her.

**C** **E7**  
Could she love, could she woo,  
**A7**  
Could she, could she, could she coo  
**D7** **G7** **C**  
Has anybody seen my gal?

**== REPEAT FROM TOP -**  
**KAZOOS UNTIL BRIDGE**  
**SING LAST VERSE, ADD FINAL LINE:**

**D7** **G7** **C(2) F(2) C-F-C**  
Has anybody seen my gal?



## Folsom Prison Blues

C

I hear the train a-coming, it's rolling round the bend

and I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when

F

C

I'm stuck at Folsom Prison, and time keeps draggin' on

G7

C

But that train keeps a-rollin' on down to San Antone

C

When I was just a baby, my Mama told me 'Son,

always be a good boy; don't ever play with guns.'

F

C

But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die

G7

C

when I hear that whistle blowin' I hang my head and cry

C

I bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy dining car

They're probably drinking coffee and smoking big cigars

F

C

But I know I had it coming, I know I can't be free

G7

C

But those people keep a moving, and that's what tortures me

C

Well, if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine

I bet I'd move it on a little farther down the line

F

C

Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay

G7

C

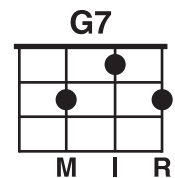
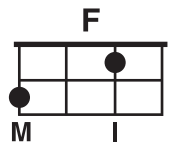
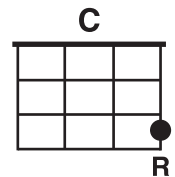
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away

G7

[stop]

C [tremolo]

And I'd let that lonesome whistle / blow my blues away





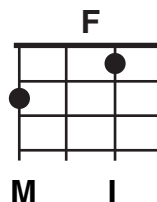
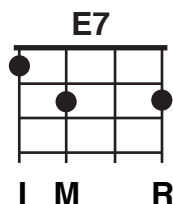
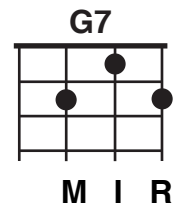
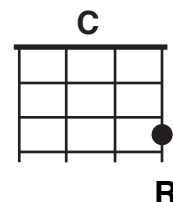
# Freight Train

Elizabeth Cotton

## CHORUS:

[C] [G7]  
Freight train, Freight train, runnin' so fast,  
[C]  
Freight train, Freight train, runnin' so fast,  
[E7] [F]  
Please don't tell what train I'm on  
[C] [G7] [C]  
So they won't know what route I've gone.

[C] [G7]  
When I'm dead and in my grave  
[C]  
No more good times here I crave  
[E7] [F]  
Place a stone at my head and my feet  
[C] [G7] [C]  
Tell 'em all I've gone to sleep



## CHORUS

[C] [G7]  
When I die, Lord, bury me deep  
[C]  
Way down on old Chestnut Street  
[E7] [F]  
So I can hear that old number nine  
[C] [G7] [C]  
When she comes rollin' by — CHORUS

# Freight Train, by Elizabeth Cotton

C G7

A -----

E -----0-----0-----1-----1-----

C --0-----0-----2-----2-----

G ----0-----0-----0-----0-----0-----0-----0-----0-----

Freight train, freight train, running so fast

G7 C

A -----

E -----1-----1-----0-----0-----

C --2-----2-----0-----0-----

G ----0-----0-----0-----0-----0-----0-----0-----0-----

Freight train, freight train, running so fast

E7 F

A -----

E -----0-----0-----1-----1-----

C --2-----2-----0-----0-----

G ----1-----1-----1-----1-----2-----2-----2-----2-----

Please don't tell what train I'm on so they

C G7 C

A -----3-----

E -----0-----1-----0-----0-----

C --0-----2-----0-----0-----0-----

G ----0-----0-----0-----0-----0-----0-----0-----

Won't know what route I've gone. [pinch]

# The Gambler written by Don Schlitz

C F C  
 On a warm summer's evening on a train bound for nowhere  
 F C G  
 I met up with the gambler we were both too tired to sleep  
 C F C  
 So we took turns a staring out the window at the darkness  
 F C G C  
 Till boredom overtook us and he began to speak

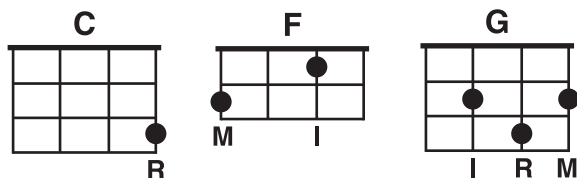
C F C  
 He said, son I've made a life out of reading people's faces  
 F C G  
 And knowing what their cards were by the way they held their eyes  
 C F C  
 And if you don't mind my saying I can see you're out of aces  
 F C G C  
 For a taste of your whiskey I'll give you some advice

C F C  
 So I handed him my bottle and he drank down my last swallow  
 F C G  
 Then he bummed a cigarette and asked me for a light  
 C F C  
 And the night got deathly quiet and his face lost all expression  
 F C G C  
 Said if you're gonna play the game, boy ya gotta learn to play it right

## CHORUS:=====

C F C  
 You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em,  
 F C G  
 Know when to walk away, and know when to run  
 C F C  
 You never count your money when you're sitting at the table  
 F C G C  
 There'll be time enough for counting when the dealing's done  
 =====

## SOLO (VERSE)



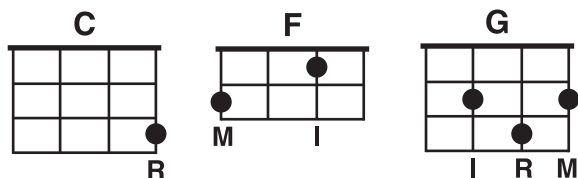
C F C  
 Every gambler knows that the secret to surviving  
 F C G  
 Is knowing what to throw away and knowing what to keep  
 C F C  
 Cause every hand's a winner and every hand's a loser  
 F C G C  
 And the best that you can hope for is to die in your sleep

CHORUS:=====

C F C  
 You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em,  
 F C G  
 Know when to walk away, and know when to run  
 C F C  
 You never count your money when you're sitting at the table  
 F C G C  
 There'll be time enough for counting when the dealing's done  
 =====

C F C  
 And when he'd finished speaking he turned back towards the window  
 F C G  
 Crushed out his cigarette and faded off to sleep  
 C F C  
 And somewhere in the darkness the gambler he broke even  
 F C G C  
 But in his final words I found an ace that I could keep

===Chorus



# I'll Fly Away

D  
Some bright morning when this life is over  
G D  
I'll fly away  
D  
To a home on God's celestial shore  
D - A D  
I... 'll fly away

D  
I'll fly away oh glory  
G D  
I'll fly away (in the morning)  
D  
When I die Hallelujah by and by  
D - A D  
I... 'll fly away

D  
When the shadows of this life have grown  
G D  
I'll fly away  
D  
Like a bird from these prison walls I'll fly  
D - A D  
I... 'll fly away

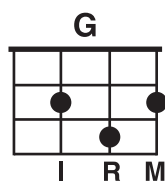
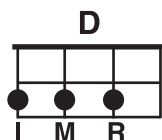
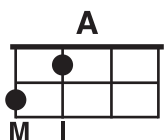
D  
I'll fly away oh glory  
G D  
I'll fly away (in the morning)  
D  
When I die Hallelujah by and by  
D - A D  
I... 'll fly away

D  
Oh how glad and happy when we meet  
G D  
I'll fly away  
D  
No more cold iron shackles on my feet  
D - A D  
I... 'll fly away

D  
I'll fly away oh glory  
G D  
I'll fly away (in the morning)  
D  
When I die Hallelujah by and by  
D - A D  
I... 'll fly away

D  
Just a few more weary days and then  
G D  
I'll fly away  
D  
To a land where joys will never end  
D - A D  
I... 'll fly away

D  
I'll fly away oh glory  
G D  
I'll fly away (in the morning)  
D  
When I die Hallelujah by and by  
D - A D  
I... 'll fly away



# I'm an Old Cowhand — by Johnny Mercer

**Bm E7 A Bm E7 A**

**Bm E7 A**  
I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande

**Bm E7 A**  
And my legs ain't bowed, and my cheeks ain't tanned

**F#m A**  
I'm a cowboy who never saw a cow  
**F#m A**  
Never roped a steer 'cuz I don't know how  
**F#m A**  
And I sure ain't fixin' to start in now

**Bm E7 A Bm E7 A**  
Yipee-yi-o-kie-yay - yipee-yi-o-kie-yay  
I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande  
And I learned to ride 'fore I learned to stand

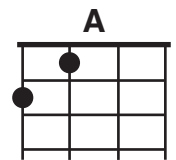
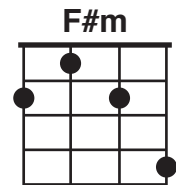
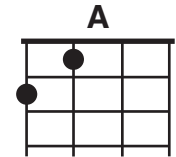
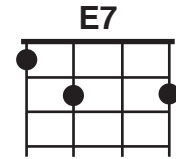
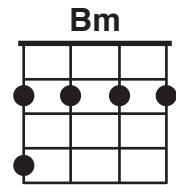
**F#m A**  
I'm a ridin' fool who is up to date  
I know every trail in the Lone Star State  
'Cuz I ride the range in a Ford V-8

**Bm E7 A Bm E7 A**  
Yipee-yi-o-kie-yay - yipee-yi-o-kie-yay  
I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande  
And I come to town just to hear the band

**F#m A**  
I know all the songs that the cowboys know  
'Bout the big corral where the dogies go  
'Cause I learned them all on the radio

**Bm E7 A Bm E7 A**  
Yipee-yi-o-kie-yay - yipee-yi-o-kie-yay

**Bm E7 A**  
Yipeeeeeeeee-yi-ooooooooo-kie-yaaaaaaay



# JAMAICAN FAREWELL

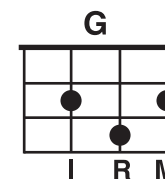
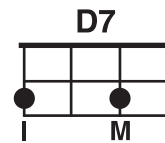
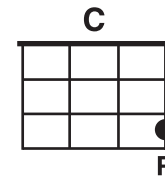
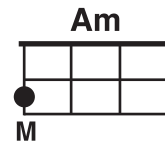
G C  
Down away where the nights are gay  
G D7 G  
And the sun shine's daily on the mountain top  
C  
I took a trip on a sailing ship  
G D7 G  
And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop but I'm

## =====CHORUS

G Am  
Sad to say I'm on my way  
D7 G  
Won't be back for many a day  
Am  
My heart is down my head is turning around  
G D7 G  
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town  
=====

G C  
Sounds of laughter everywhere  
G D7 G  
And the dancing girls swaying to and fro  
C  
I must declare my heart is there,  
G D7 G  
though I've been from Maine to Mexico but I'm [CHORUS]

G C  
Down at the market you can hear,  
G D7 G  
ladies cry out while on their heads they bear  
C  
Akey rice and fish are nice,  
G D7 G  
and the rum is fine anytime of year but I'm [CHORUS]



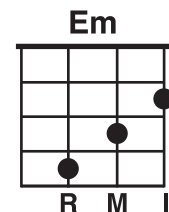
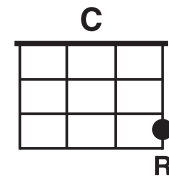
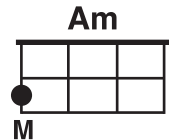
# JOLENE - By Dolly Parton

## ====CHORUS

Jo-(Am)-lene... Jo-(C)-lene... Jo-(G)-lene... Jo-(Am)-lene  
I'm (G) begging of you (Em) please don't take my (Am) man  
Jo-(Am)-lene... Jo-(C)-lene... Jo-(G)-lene... Jo-(Am)-lene  
(G) Please don't take him (Em) just because you (Am) can

=====

Your (Am) beauty is bey-(C)-ond compare  
with (G) flaming locks of (Am) auburn hair  
With (G) ivory skin and eyes of (Am) emerald green  
Your (Am) smile is like a (C) breath of spring...  
your (G) voice is soft like (Am) summer rain  
And (G) I cannot com-(Em)-pete with you Jo-(Am)-lene

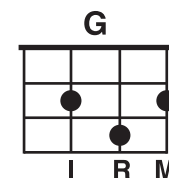


## CHORUS

He (Am) talks about you (C) in his sleep...  
and there's (G) nothing I can (Am) do to keep  
From (G) crying when he (Em) calls your name Jo-(Am)-lene  
Now (Am) I can easily (C) understand  
how (G) you could easily (Am) take my man  
But you (G) don't know what he (Em) means to me Jo-(Am)-lene

## CHORUS

(Am) You can have your (C) choice of men  
but (G) I could never (Am) love again  
(G) He's the only (Em) one for me Jo-(Am)-lene  
I (Am) had to have this (C) talk with you...  
my (G) happiness de-(Am)-pends on you  
And what-(G)-ever you de-(Em)-cide to do Jo-(Am)-lene



## CHORUS

(G) Please don't take him (Em) even though you (Am) can



# KING OF THE ROAD by Roger Miller

G C D G  
Trailer for sale or rent, rooms to let, fifty cents.

C D  
No phone, no pool, no pets, I ain't got no cigarettes

G C  
Ah, but two hours of pushin' broom

D G  
Buys an eight by twelve four-bit room

C D-D G  
I'm a man of means by no means: King of the road.

G C D G  
Third boxcar, midnight train, destination, Bangor, Maine.

C  
Old worn out suit and shoes,

D  
I don't pay no union dues,

G C D G  
I smoke old stogies I have found. Short, but not too big around

C D-D G  
I'm a man of means by no means: King of the road.

G C  
I know every engineer on every train

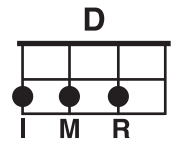
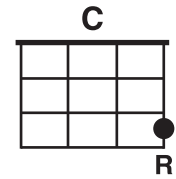
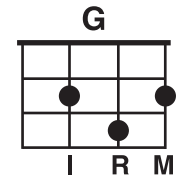
D G  
All of their children, and all of their names

C  
And every handout in every town

D  
And every lock that ain't locked, when no one's around, I sing

REPEAT VERSE 1

[D-D] King of the [G] road x 2



# Puff the Magic Dragon

	C		Em		F		C
A	3	---	3	---	2	---	0
E	---	0	---	3	---	1	---
C	---	0	---	4	---	0	---
G	---	0	---	0	---	2	---

	F		C		F		Dm
A	0	---	0	---	3	---	0
E	---	1	---	0	---	1	---
C	---	0	---	0	---	2	---
G	---	2	---	0	---	2	---

	G7		C
A	2	---	2
E	---	1	---
C	---	2	---
G	---	0	---

[back to the beginning]

# Sixteen Tons

Am G F E7  
 Some people say a man is made out of mud  
 Am G F E7  
 A poor man's made outta muscle and blood  
 Am C Dm F  
 Muscle and blood skin and bone  
 Am E7 Am E7  
 A mind that's a-weak and a back that's strong

## =====CHORUS

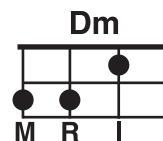
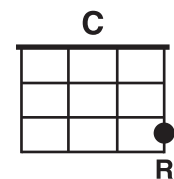
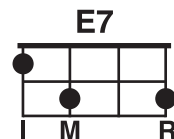
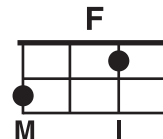
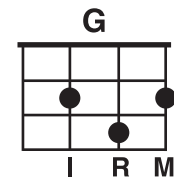
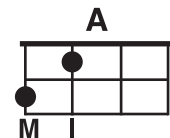
Am G F E7  
 You load sixteen tons and whaddya get?  
 Am G F E7  
 A-nother day older and deeper in debt  
 Am C Dm F  
 Saint Peter dontcha call me 'cause I can't go  
 Am E7 Am  
 I owe my soul to the company store

=====

Am G F E7  
 I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine  
 Am G F E7  
 I picked up my shovel and I walked to the mine  
 Am C Dm F  
 I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal  
 Am E7 Am  
 The strawboss said "Well, bless my soul!"

## CHORUS

Am G F E7  
 If you see me coming better step a-side  
 Am G F E7  
 A lotta men didn't and a lotta men died  
 Am C Dm F  
 I got one fist of iron the other of steel  
 Am E7 Am  
 If the right one don't a-get ya then the left one will



## CHORUS

## These boots were made for walkin'

Walkdown on the E string:

12/12, 11/11, 10/10, 9/9, 8/8, 7/7 6/6 5-3-0, E7

E7

You keep saying, you've got something for me,  
Something you call love, but confess

A

You've been a-messin' where you shouldn't've been messin',

E7

And now someone else is gettin' all your best.

=== Chorus:===

G

E7

These boots are made for walkin'

G

E7

And that's just what they'll do,

G

E7

[stop]

One of these days these boots / are gonna walk all over you.

Walkdown on the E string:

12/12, 11/11, 10/10, 9/9, 8/8, 7/7 6/6 5-3-0, E7

=====

E7

You keep lyin' when you ought to be truthin',  
And you keep losin' when you ought to not bet,

A7

You keep samein' when you ought to be a-changing,

E7

Now what's right is right but you ain't been right yet.

=== Chorus & walkdown ===

E7

You keep playing where you shouldn't be playin'  
And you keep thinking that you'll never get burned - HAH!

A

I just found me a brand new box of matches - yeah!

E7

And what he knows you aint had time to learn.

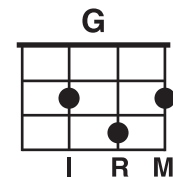
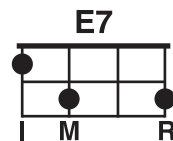
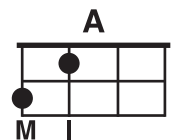
=== Chorus

E7

Are you ready boots, start walking....

12/12, 11/11, 10/10, 9/9, (start slowing down) 8/8, 7/7 6/6 5-3-0, E7

(Or wild trumpet section!!)



# THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND - by Woody Guthrie

C F C  
This land is your land, this land is my land  
G7 C C7  
From California to the New York Island

F C Am  
From the Redwood Forest to the Gulf Stream waters  
G7 C C7  
This land was made for you and me

F C  
As I was walking that ribbon of highway  
G7 C C7  
I saw above me an endless skyway

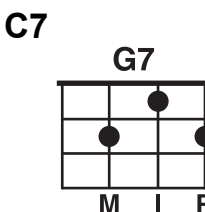
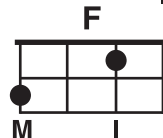
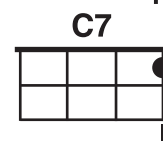
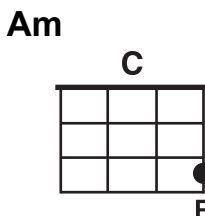
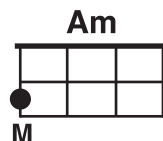
F C Am  
I saw below me a golden valley  
G7 C C7  
This land was made for you and me

F C  
I roamed and rambled and followed my footsteps  
G7 C C7  
Through the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts  
F C Am  
And all around me a voice was sounding  
G7 C C7  
This land was made for you and me

C F C  
When the sun came shining, and I was strolling  
G7 C C7  
And the wheat fields waving, and the dust clouds rolling  
F C Am  
As the fog was lifting, a voice was chanting  
G7 C Am  
This land was made for you and me

C F C  
As I went walking I saw a sign there  
G7 C C7  
And on that sign it - said no trespassing  
F C Am  
And on the other side, it didn't say nothing  
G7 C Am  
That side was made for you and me

C F C  
In the squares of the city, in the shadow of a steeple  
G7 C C7  
By the relief office, I seen my people  
F C Am  
As they stood there hungry, I stood there asking  
G7 C C7  
Is this land made for you and me? [VERSE 1, end in C]



## THREE LITTLE BIRDS - Bob Marley

**C**  
Don't worry about a thing,

**F** **C**  
'Cause every little thing is gonna be alright.

Singin', "Don't worry about a thing,

**F** **C**  
'Cause every little thing is gonna be alright!"

**C**  
Rise up this mornin',

**G**  
Smiled with the risin' sun,

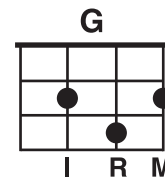
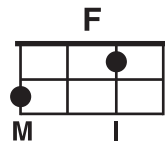
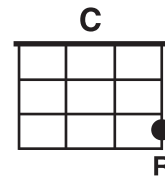
**C**  
Three little birds

**F**  
Pitch by my doorstep

**C**  
Singin' sweet songs

**G**  
Of melodies pure and true,

**F** **C**  
Sayin', "This is my message to you-ou-ou:"



## UNDER THE BOARDWALK

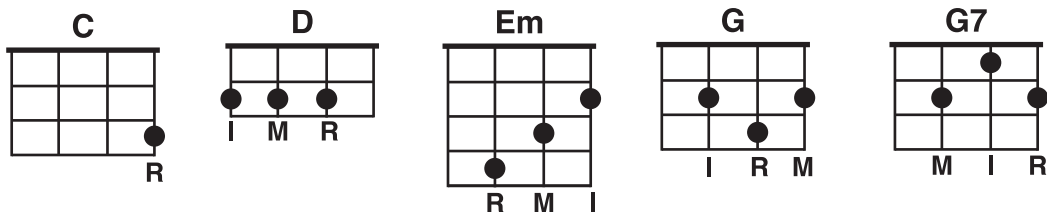
**G** **D**  
Oh, when the sun beats down and burns the tar up on the roof.  
**G** **G7**  
And your shoes get so hot, you wish your tired feet were fire-proof.  
**C** **G**  
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea  
**D** **G**  
On a blanket with my baby, is where I'll be.

### CHORUS:

**Em**  
(Under the boardwalk) Out of the sun.  
**D**  
(Under the boardwalk) We'll be having some fun.  
**Em**  
(Under the boardwalk) People walkin' above.  
**D** **Em**  
(Under the boardwalk) We'll be falling in love under the boardwalk, boardwalk.

**G** **D**  
From the park you hear the happy sounds of the carousel,  
**G** **G7**  
and you can almost taste the hot dogs and french fries they sell.  
**C** **G**  
Under the Boardwalk, down by the sea  
**D** **G**  
On a blanket with my baby, is where I'll be.

### CHORUS



# Walkin' After Midnight

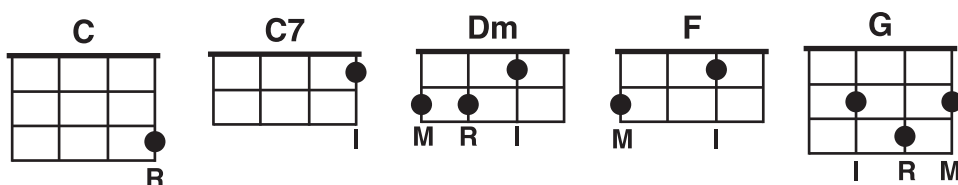
I go out [C] walking after [C7] midnight,  
Out in the [F] moonlight just [Dm] like we used to [G] do,  
I'm always [C] walking after [F] midnight [G] searching for  
[C]you. [G]

I walk for [C] miles along the [C7] highway,  
Well that's just [F] my way of [Dm] saying I love [G] you,  
I'm always [C] walking after [F] midnight [G] searching for [C]  
you. [C7]

I stopped to [F] see a weeping willow,  
Crying on his pillow, [C] maybe he's crying for me.  
And [F] as the skies turn gloomy,  
Night winds whisper to me,  
I'm [C] lonesome as I can [G] be.

I go out [C] walking after [C7] midnight,  
Out in the [F] starlight, just [Dm] hoping you may [G] be,  
Somewhere out [C] walking after [F] midnight [G] searching  
for [C] me.

Repeat last 2 stanzas





## “Wipeout”

[illegible]

A		0-3-4-5-5-3-0-0-3-4-5-5-3-0	
E		- - - - - 0-3-4-5-5-3-0-0-3-4-5-5-3-0	
C		- - - - - C	
G		- - - - - G	

A	0-3-5-7-7-7-5-2-2-7-7-5-5-3-0-
E	-----0-3-4-5-5-3-0-5-3-0-0-0-
C	-----C -----
G	-----G -----