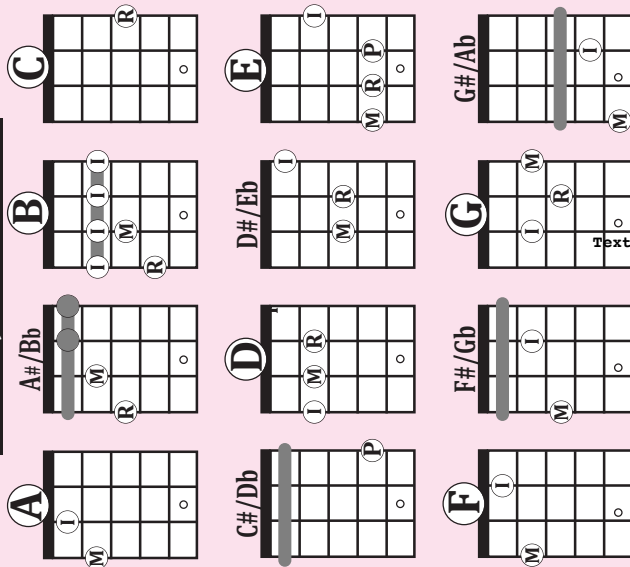
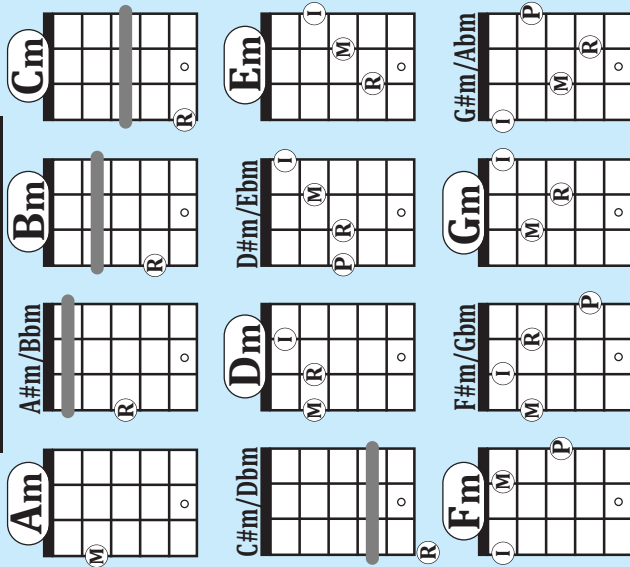


Chord Corral

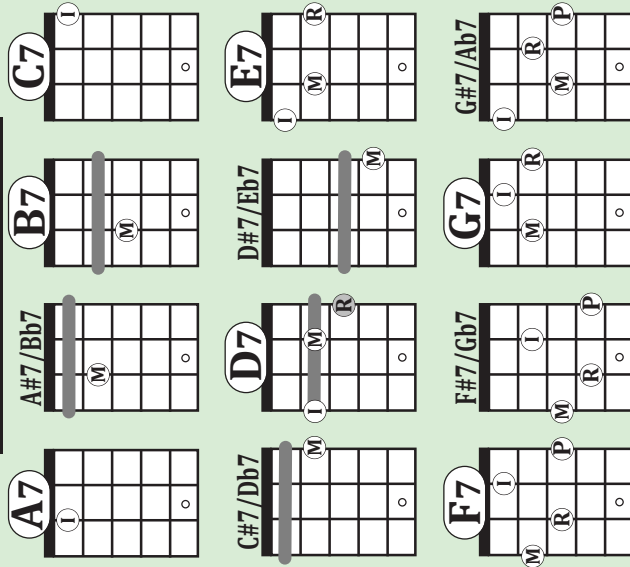
Major Chords



Minor Chords



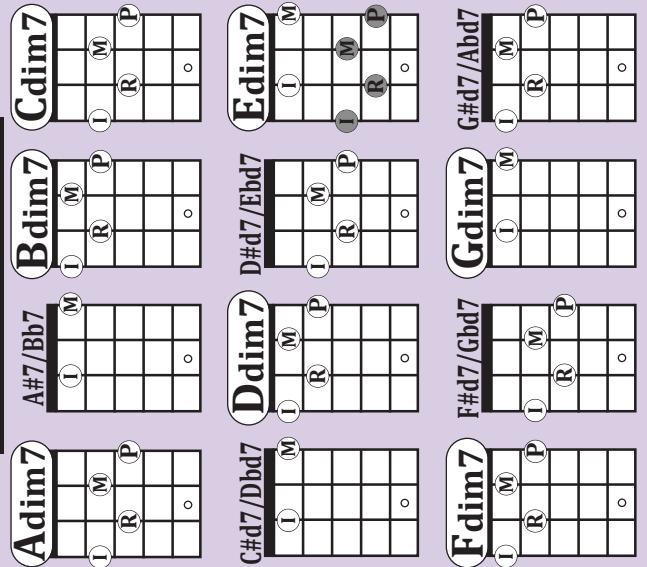
7th Chords



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
Bar at:	Bar at:	Bar at:	Bar at:
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



Bad Moon Rising

[intro] (C) (G-F) (C) (C)

(C)I see the (G)bad (F)moon (C)rising
(C)I see (G)trouble (F)on the (C)way
(C)I see (G)earth(F)quakes and (C)lightning
(C)I see (G)bad (F)times (C)today (C7)

(F)Don't go around tonight,
Well it's (C)bound to take your life
(G) There's a (F)bad moon on the (C)rise

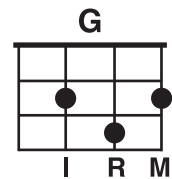
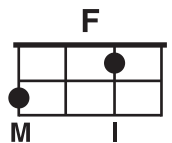
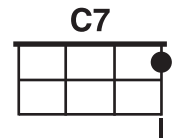
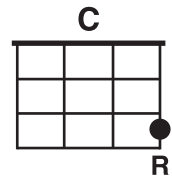
(C)I hear (G)hurri(F)canes (C)blowing
(C)I know the (G)end is (F)coming (C)soon
(C)I fear (G)rivers (F)over(C)flowing
(C)I hear the (G)voice of (F)rage and (C)ruin (C7)

(F)Don't go around tonight,
Well it's (C)bound to take your life
(G)There's a (F)bad moon on the (C)rise

(C)Hope you (G)got your (F)things (C)together
(C)Hope you are (G)quite (F)prepared to (C)die
(C)Looks like we're (G)in for (F)nasty (C)weather
(C)One eye is (G)taken (F)for an (C)eye (C7)

(F)Don't go around tonight
Well it's (C)bound to take your life
(G)There's a (F)bad moon on the (C)rise

(F)Don't go around tonight
Well it's (C)bound to take your life
(G)There's a (F)bad moon on the (C)rise (F-C)



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

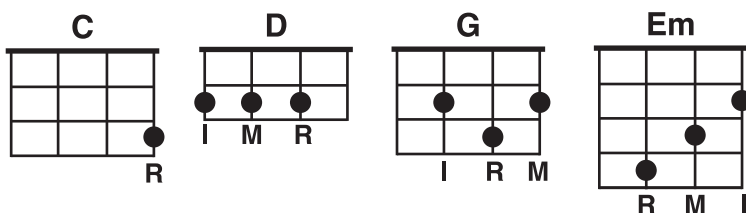
C D
That too many people have died?

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.



Blue Eyes Crying In The Rain - by Willie Nelson

C
In the twilight glow I see her
G7 C
Blue eyes cryin' in the rain

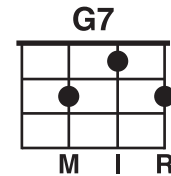
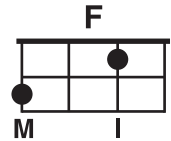
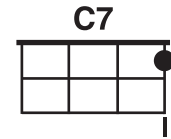
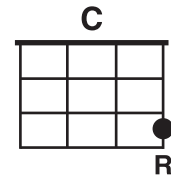
When we kissed good-bye in parting
G7 C C7
I knew we'd never meet again

F
Love is like a dying ember
C G7
Only memories remain
C
Through the ages I'll remember
G7 C
Blue eyes crying in the rain

C
Now my hair has turned to silver
G7 C
All my life I've loved in vain

When I see her star in heaven
G7 C C7
Blue eyes crying in the rain

F
Someday when we meet up yonder
C G7
We'll stroll hand in hand again
C
In a land that knows no parting
G7 C
Blue eyes crying in the rain
G7 C G7-C
Blue eyes crying in the rain



Country Roads - John Denver SLOW BANJO FRAIL

C Am
Almost heaven ... West Virginia,
G F C
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River

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

=====

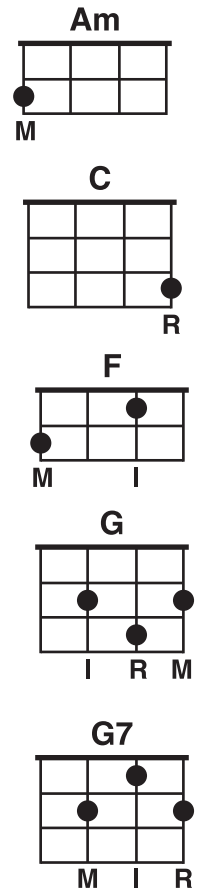
C Am
All my mem'ries gather 'round her
G F C
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water
Am
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky
G F C
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye

=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



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

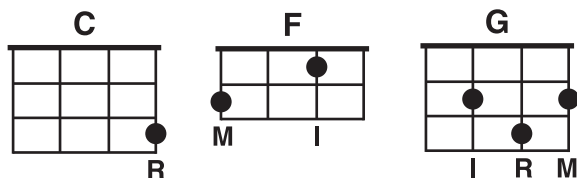
C F C
 He said, son I've made a life out of reading people's faces
 F C G
 And knowing what their cards were by the way they held their eyes
 C F C
 And if you don't mind my saying I can see you're out of aces
 F C G C
 For a taste of your whiskey I'll give you some advice

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

=====



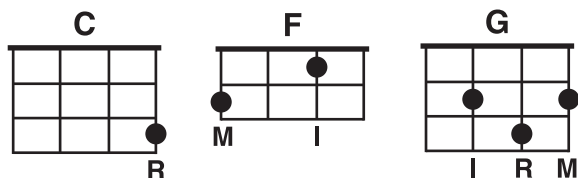
C F C
 Every gambler knows that the secret to surviving
 F C G
 Is knowing what to throw away and knowing what to keep
 C F C
 Cause every hand's a winner and every hand's a loser
 F C G C
 And the best that you can hope for is to die in your sleep

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



Hallelujah — Intro: C Am C Am

C Am C Am
I heard there was a sacred chord / That David played and it pleased the lord

F G C G
But you don't really care for music, do ya?

C F G
Well it goes like this the fourth, the fifth

Am F
The minor fall and the major lift

G Em Am
The baffled king composing hallelujah

====CHORUS

F Am F C G C Am C Am
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelu-u-u-jah

=====

C Am C Am
Your faith was strong but you needed proof, you saw her bathing on the roof

F G C G
Her beauty and the moonlight overthrew ya

C F G
She tied you to her kitchen chair

Am F
She broke your throne and cut your hair

G Em Am
And from your lips she drew hallelujah. CHORUS

C Am C Am
Baby I've been here before I've known this room and I've walked this floor

F G C G
I used to live alone before I knew ya

C F G
I've seen your flag on the marble arch

Am F
But love is not a victory march

G Em Am
It's a cold and it's a broken hallelujah. CHORUS

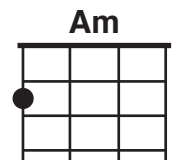
C Am C Am
I did my best, it wasn't much; I couldn't feel, so I tried to touch

F G C G
I've told the truth, I didn't come to fool ya

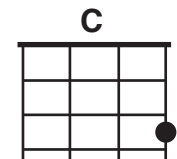
C F G
And even though it all went wrong

Am F
I'll stand before the lord of song

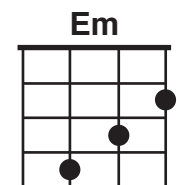
G Em Am
With nothing on my tongue but hallelujah. CHORUS x 2



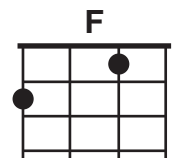
M



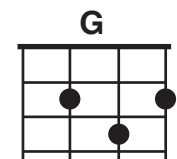
R



R M I



M I



I R M

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

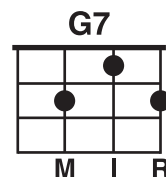
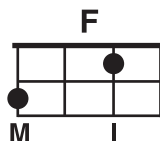
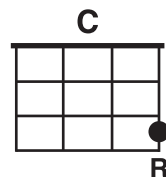
C **G7**
Hap-py birth-day to you
| | | | | | |

C
Hap-py birth-day to you
| | | | | | |

F
Hap-py birth-day, dear _____
| | | | | | |

C **G7** **C**
Hap-py birth-day to you!
| | | | |

| = down strum (either alone or followed with an



SINGING IN THE RAIN

C
I'm si-i-inging in the rain
| | | | | | |

Just si-i-inging in the rain
| | | | | | |

What a glo-o-or-ious fe-e-ling
| | | | | | |

G7
I'm ha-a-appy a-gain
| | | | | | |

I'm la-a-aughing at the clouds
| | | | | | |

So da-a-ark up a-bove
| | | | | | |

'Cause the su-u-un's in my heart
| | | | | | |

C
And I'm re-e-eady for love
| | | | | | |

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

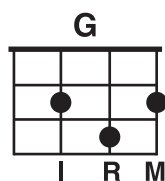
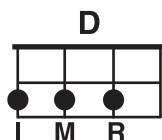
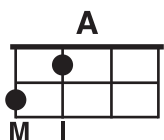
D
I'll fly away oh glory
G D
I'll fly away (in the morning)
D
When I die Hallelujah by and by
D - A D
I... 'll fly away

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



Jambalaya - by Hank Williams

F C
Goodbye Joe me gotta go me oh my oh
Me gotta go pole the *piroque* down the bayou F
C
My Yvonne the sweetest one me oh my oh
F
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou

=====CHORUS

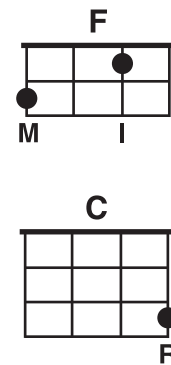
[tacit] F C
Jamba-laya crawfish pie filet gumbo
F
Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio
C
Pick guitar fill fruit jar and be gay-o
F
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou
=====

[tacit] F C
Thibo-daux Fontaineaux the place is buzzing
F
Kinfolk come to see Yvonne by the dozen
C
Dress in style go hog wild me oh my oh
F
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou

CHORUS

[tacit] F C
Settle down far from town get me *piroque*
F
And I'll catch all the fish in the bayou
C
Swap my mon to buy Yvonne what she need-oh
F
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou

CHORUS

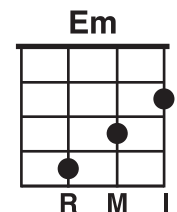
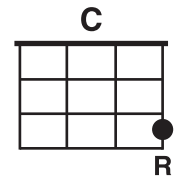
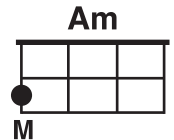


JOLENE - By Dolly Parton

=====CHORUS

(Am) Jolene... Jo-(C)-lene... Jo-(G)-lene... Jo-(Am)-lene
I'm (G) begging of you (Em) please don't take my (Am) man
Jolene... 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 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

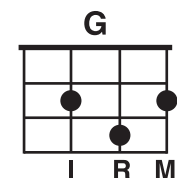


CHORUS

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 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 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 [tacit] 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/ (tacit)

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 [tacit] 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

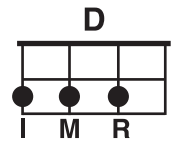
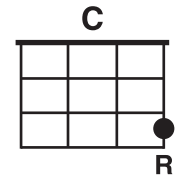
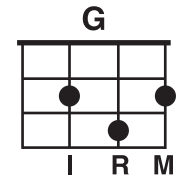
C
And every handout in every town

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

REPEAT VERSE 1, then

D-D [tacit] G
King of the road

D-D [tacit] G [tremolo]
King of the road



Mole in the Ground

G D G C G
I wish I was a mole in the ground. I wish I was a mole in the ground

C G D G
If I was a mole in the ground I'd tear that mountain down

G D G
And I wish I was a mole in the ground.

G D G C G
I wish I was a wave on the sea. I wish I was a wave on the sea

C G D G
'F I was a wave on the sea I'd have no boat on me

G D G
And I wish I was a wave on the sea.

G D G C G
I wish I was a stone in the rain. I wish I was a stone in the rain

C G D G
'F I was a stone in the rain I never would feel pain

G D G
And I wish I was a stone in the rain.

G D G C G
Well I wish I was a turtle in a pond. I wish't I was a turtle in a pond

C G D G
If I was a turtle in that pond I'd stay there all day long

G D G
I wish't I was a turtle in that pond.

G D G C G
Well I wish I was a tree in the woods. I wish I was a tree in the woods

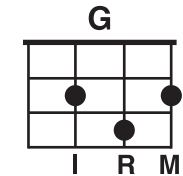
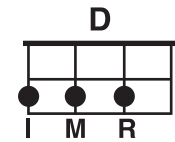
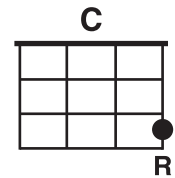
C G D G
If I's a tree in the woods I'd know just where I stood

G D G
And I wish I was a tree in the woods.

G D G C G
Well I wish I was a lizard in that tree. I wish't I was a lizard in that tree

C G D G
If I was a lizard in that tree I would have you there with me

G D G
I wish't I was a lizard in that tree.



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 wa-a-ters
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 va-a-lley
G7 C C7
This land was made for you and me

F C
I roamed and a-rambled and I followed my footsteps
G7 C C7
Through the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts

F C Am
And all around me a voice was so-oun-ding
G7 C C7
This land was made for you and me

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 cha-an-ting
G7 C C7
This land was made for you and me

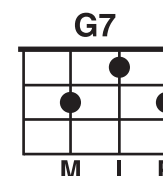
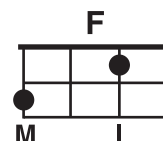
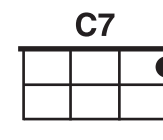
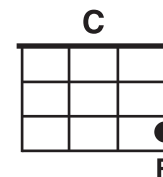
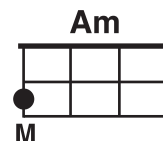
F C
As I went walking I saw a sign there
G7 C C7
And on that sign it - said no trespassing

F C Am
And on the other side, it didn't say no-o-thing
G7 C C7
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 a-a-sking
G7 C C7
Is this land made for you and me? [Repeat verse 1]

G7 C G7-C
This land was made for you and me



Three Little Birds - Bob Marley

C

Don't wor-ry a bout a thing, doo-doo-doo doo doo doo

F

C

'Cause every little thing is gonna be al-right. doo-doo-doo doo doo

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

F

C

'Cause every little thing is gonna be alright!

C

Rise up this mornin',

G7

Smiled with the risin' sun,

C

Three little birds

F

Perch by my doorstep

C

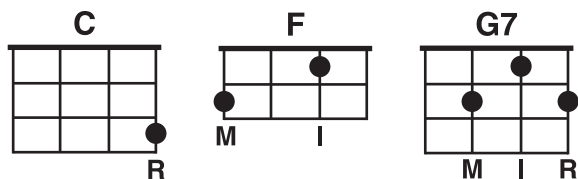
Singin' sweet songs

G7

Of melodies pure and true,

F / / / / / / / **C** / /

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



UNDER THE BOARDWALK

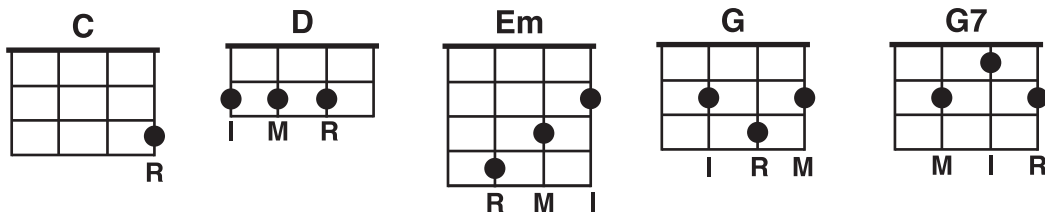
G **D**
Oh, when the sun beats down and burns the tar up on the roof.
G **G7**
And your shoes get so hot, you wish your tired feet were fire-proof.
C **G**
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea
D **G**
On a blanket with my baby, is where I'll be.

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



"Wipeout"

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

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

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