

The Prickle-Eye Bush

[A] Oh the Prickle Eye [D] Bush
That [G] pricks my heart full [D] sore [A]
And if [D] ever I get out of this [G] Prickle Eye [D] Bush
Then I never will get [A] in it any [D] more

Oh [A] hangman, stay your [D] hand
[G] Stay it for a [D] while [A]
For I [D] think I see my [G] mother* [D] coming over [A]
yonder [D] stile

Oh [A] mother*, have you brought me [D] gold?
Or [G] silver to set me [D] free? [A]
For to [D] save my body from the [G] cold, cold [D] ground
And my neck from the [A] gallows [D] tree

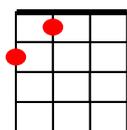
Oh [A] no**, I have not** brought you [D] gold
Or** [G] silver to set you [D] free [A]
For to [D] save your body from the [G] cold, cold [D] ground
And your neck from the [A] gallows [D] tree

*sister/brother/true love

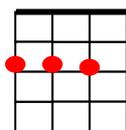
**yes ... have ... and

[A] Oh the Prickle Eye [D] Bush
That [G] pricks my heart full [D] sore [A]
[D] Now that I'm out of this [G] Prickle Eye [D] Bush
Then I never will get [A] in it any [D] more
[D] Now that I'm out of this [G] Prickle Eye [D] Bush
Then I never will get [A] in it any [D] more

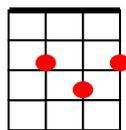
A



D



G



Caledonia – Dougie MacLean.

[F] I don't know if [Gm] you can see the [Am] changes that have
come [Bb] over me
In these [F] last few days I've [Gm] been afraid that I [Am] might
drift a- [Bb] way
So I've been [F] telling old stories, [Gm] singing songs that [Am]
make me think about [Bb] where I came from
And [F] that's the reason [Gm] why I seem so [Am] far away to-
[Bb] day

Chorus

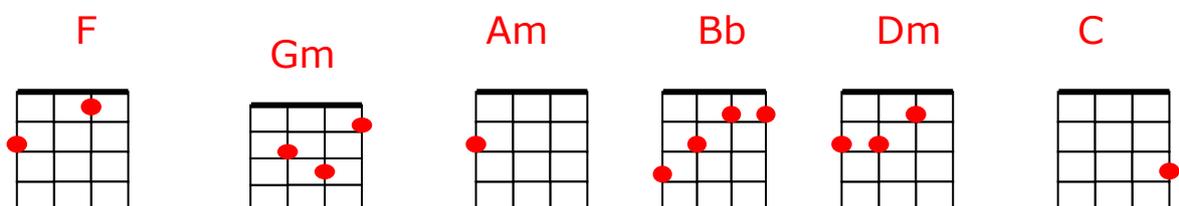
Ah but [F] let me tell you that I [C] love you and I [Dm] think about
you all the [Bb] time
Caledonia you're [F] calling me and now I'm [C] going [F] home
But if I should become a [C] stranger you know that [Dm] it would
make me more than [Bb] sad
Caledonia's been [C] everything I've ever [F] had

[F] I have moved and [Gm] kept on moving [Am] proved the points
that I [Bb] needed proving
[F] Lost the friends that I [Gm] needed losing found [Am] others on
the [Bb] way
[F] I have tried and I've [Gm] kept on trying; [Am] stolen dreams,
yes there's [Bb] no denying*
I have [F] travelled hard, with [Gm] conscience flying [Am]
somewhere with the [Bb] wind

Chorus

Now I'm [F] sitting here be- [Gm] fore the fire, the [Am] empty
room, the [Bb] forest choir
The [F] flames that couldn't get [Gm] any higher: they've [Am]
withered, now they've [Bb] gone
But I'm [F] steady thinking, my [Gm] way is clear and [Am] I know
what I will [Bb] do tomorrow
When the [F] hands have shaken and the [Gm] kisses flow: Oh [Am]
I will disap- [Bb] pear

Chorus



Catch the Wind (Donovan)

In the [F] chilly hours and [Bb] minutes of un- [F] certainty,
I [Bb] want to be [F] in the warm heart [Bb] of your [C] loving
[F] mind. [C7]

To [F] feel you all a- [Bb] round me,
And to [F] take your hand a- [Bb] long the sand,
[F] Ah, but I may as well [Bb] try and [C] catch the [F] wind.

When [F] sundown pales the [Bb] sky,
I want to [F] hide a while be- [Bb] hind your smile,
And [F] everywhere I [Bb] looked your [C] eyes I'd [F] find.
[C]

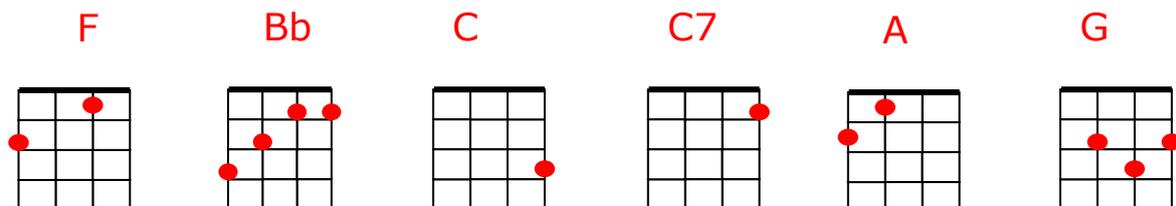
For [F] me to love you [Bb] now, would be the [F] sweetest
thing,
T'would [Bb] make me sing,
[F] Ah, but I may as well [Bb] try and [C] catch the [F] wind.

In-betweenintro:

[Bb] [A] [Bb] [G] [C] [C7]

When [F] rain has hung the [Bb] leaves with tears,
I [F] want you near, to [Bb] kill my fears,
[F] To help me to leave [Bb] all my [C] blues be- [F] hind. [C]
For [F] standing in your [Bb] heart is where I [F] want to be
And [Bb] long to be,
[F] Ah, but I may as well [Bb] try and [C] catch the [F] wind.

[F] Ah, but I may as well [Bb] try and [C] catch the [F] wind.



City of New Orleans by Steve Goodman

[C] Ridin' on the [G] City of New [C] Orleans
[Am] Illinois Central [F] Monday mornin' [C] rail [G]
[C] There's 15 cars, and [G] 15 restless [C] riders
[Am] 3 conductors and [G] 25 sacks of [C] mail

All [Am] along the southbound odyssey, and the [Em] train pulls
out of Kankakee
And [G] rolls past the houses, farms and [D] fields
[Am] Passin' towns that have no name,
And [Em] freight yards full of old black men
[G] The graveyards of [G7] rusted automo- [C] biles [C7]

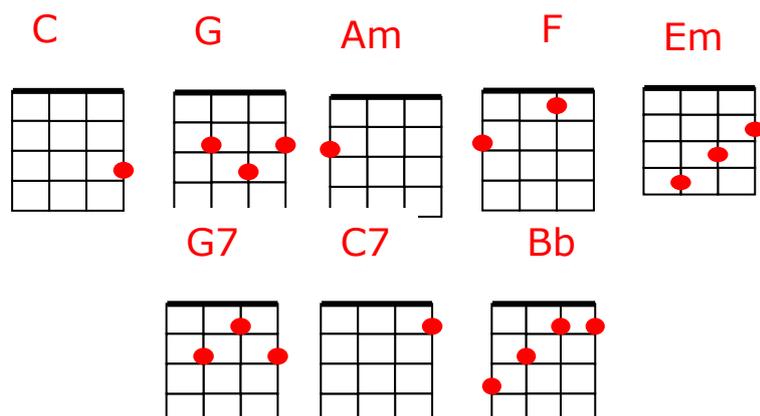
Chorus:

[F] Good mornin' [G] America, how [C] are you?
Sayin' [Am] don't you know me? [F] I'm your native [C] son [G]
I'm the [C] train they call the [G] City of New [Am] Orleans [D]
I'll be [Bb] gone five [F] hundred [G] miles when the day is [C]
done.

[C] I was dealin' cards with the [G] old men in the club [C] car.
[Am] Penny a point, ain't [F] no one keepin' [C] score [G]
[C] Pass the paper [G] bag that holds that [C] bottle.
[Am] Hear the wheels [G] rumblin' 'neath the [C] floor.

And the [Am] sons of Pullman Porters, and the [Em] sons of
engineers
Ride their [G] father's magic carpet made of [D] steel
[Am] Mothers with their babes asleep are [Em] rockin' to the
gentle beat
And the [G] rhythm of the [G7] rails is all they [C] feel. [C7]

Chorus



City of New Orleans by Steve Goodman

Page 2 of 2

[C] Night-time on the [G] City of New [C] Orleans.
[Am] Changin' cars in [F] Memphis, Tennes- [C] see [G]
[C] Halfway home, and [G] we'll be there by [C] mornin'
Through the [Am] Mississippi darkness [G] rollin' to the [C] sea.

[Am] And all the towns and people seem [Em] to fade into a bad
dream
And the [G] steel rails still ain't heard the [D] news
[Am] The conductor sings his songs again [Em] "The passengers
will please refrain..."
This [G] train has got the [G7] disappearin' railroad [C] blues [C7]

Chorus:

[F] Good night [G] America, how [C] are you?
Sayin' [Am] don't you know me? [F] I'm your native [C] son [G]
I'm the [C] train they call the [G] City of New [Am] Orleans [D]
I'll be [Bb] gone five [F] hundred [G] miles when the day is [C]
done.

Repeat chorus

[F] Good night [G] America, how [C] are you?
Sayin' [Am] don't you know me? [F] I'm your native [C] son [G]
I'm the [C] train they call the [G] City of New [Am] Orleans [D]
I'll be [Bb] gone five [F] hundred [G] miles when the day is [C]
done.
I'll be [Bb] gone five [F] hundred [G] miles when the day is [C]
done.
I'll be [Bb] gone five [F] hundred [G] miles (*and hold it!*) when the
day is [C] done.

If I Had A Hammer – page 1 of 2

Intro: [C] [Em] [F] [G7] [C] [Em] [F]

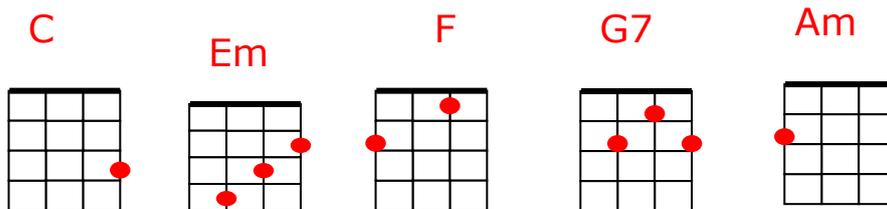
If [G7] I had a [C] hammer [Em] [F]
I'd [G7] hammer in the [C] morning [Em] [F]
I'd [G7] hammer in the [C] evening [Em] [F] all over this [G7]
land
I'd hammer out [C] danger I'd hammer out a [Am] warning
I'd hammer out [F] love be- [C] tween my [F] brothers and my
[C] sisters
[F] A- [C] [G7] ll over this [C] land [Em] [F] [G7] [C] [Em] [F]

If [G7] I had a [C] bell [Em] [F] I'd [G7] ring it in the [C]
morning [Em] [F]
I'd [G7] ring it in the [C] evening [Em] [F] all over this [G7]
land
I'd ring out [C] danger I'd ring out a [Am] warning
I'd ring out [F] love be- [C] tween my [F] brothers and my [C]
sisters
[F] A[C][G7] ll over this [C] land [Em] [F] [G7] [C] [Em] [F]

If [G7] I had a [C] song [Em] [F] I'd [G7] sing it in the [C]
morning [Em] [F]
I'd [G7] sing it in the [C] evening [Em] [F] all over this [G7]
land
I'd sing out [C] danger I'd sing out a [Am] warning
I'd sing out [F] love be- [C] tween my [F] brothers and my [C]
sisters
[F] A- [C][G7] ll over this [C] land [Em] [F] [G7] [C] [Em] [F]

If I Had A Hammer – page 2 of 2

Well [G7] I've got a [C] hammer [Em] [F]
And [G7] I've got a [C] bell [Em] [F]
And [G7] I've got a [C] song to [Em] sing [F] all over this [G7]
land
It's a hammer of [C] justice it's a bell of [Am] freedom
It's a song about [F] love be- [C] tween my [F] brothers and
my [C] sisters
[F] A- [C][G7] ll over this [C] land [Em] [F] [G7] [C] [Em] [F]
It's a [G7] hammer of [C] justice it's a bell of [Am] freedom
It's a song about [F] love be- [C] tween my [F] brothers and
my [C] sisters
[F] A- [C][G7] ll over this [C] land [Em] [F] [G7]
[C] [Em] [F] [G7]
[C] [Em] [F] [G7]
[C]



Island of Dreams (Tom Springfield / The Springfields)

I [G] wander the [G7] streets
And the [C] gay crowded [G] places
[A] Trying to for- [D] get you
But [A7] somehow it [D] seems [D7]
That my [G] thoughts ever [G7] stray
To our [C] last sweet em- [G] braces
[B7] Over the [C] sea [A7] on the [G] is- [D7] land of [G]
dreams

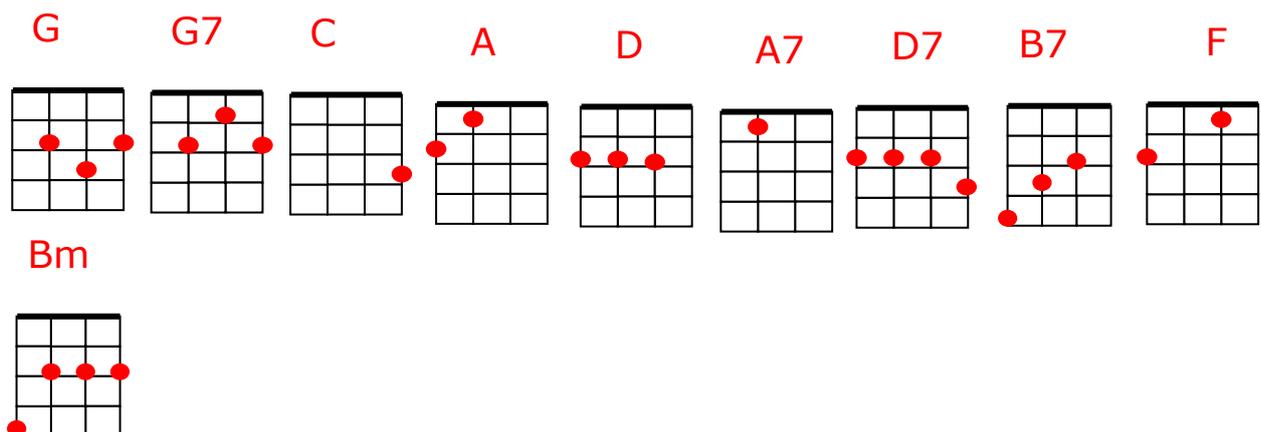
[F] High in the [D] sky is a [G] bird on the [Bm] wing
[C] Please [G] carry me [F] with [D] you
[F] Far, far a- [D] way from the [G] mad rushing [Bm] crowd
[C] Please [G] carry me [F] with [D] you [D7]

A- [G] gain I would [G7] wander
Where [C] memories en- [G] fold me
[B7] There on the [C] beau- [A7] tiful [G] is- [D7] land of [G]
dreams.

[F] High in the [D] sky is a [G] bird on the [Bm] wing
[C] Please [G] carry me [F] with [D] you
[F] Far, far a- [D] way from the [G] mad rushing [Bm] crowd
[C] Please [G] carry me [F] with [D] you [D7]

A- [G] gain I would [G7] wander
Where [C] memories en- [G] fold me
[B7] There on the [C] beau- [A7] tiful [G] is- [D7] land of [G]
dreams.

single strums: [B7] Far, far a- [C] way [A7] on the [G] is-
[D7] land of [G] dreams.



Morning Has Broken

Intro: [D] [G] [A] [F#] [Bm] [G7] [C] [F] [C]

Morning has [C] brok- [Dm] en, [G] like the first [F] morn- [C] ing
Blackbird has [Em] spok- [Am] en, [D] like the first [G] bird
[C] Praise for the [F] singing, [C] praise for the [Am] morn- [D] ing
[G] Praise for them [C] spring- [F] ing [G] fresh from the [C] world

Interlude: [F] [G] [E7] [Am] [G7] [C] [G7sus4]

Sweet the rain's [C] new [Dm] fall, [G] sunlit from [F] heav- [C] en
Like the first [Em] dew [Am] fall, [D] on the first [G] grass
[C] Praise for the [F] sweetness [C] of the wet [Am] gard- [D] en
[G] Sprung in [C] complete- [F] ness [G] where his feet [C] pass

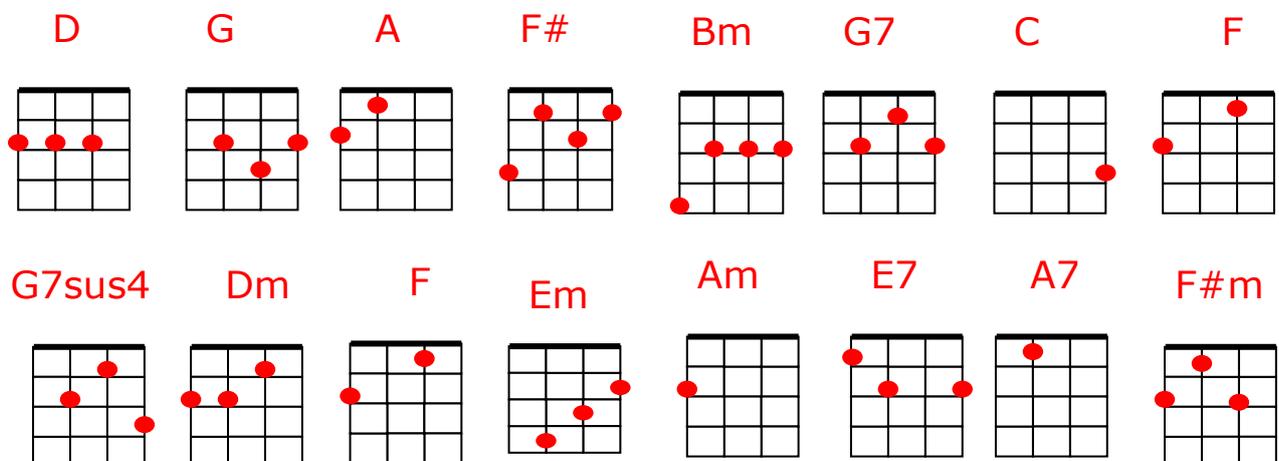
Interlude: [F] [G] [E7] [Am] [F#] [Bm] [G] [D] [A7] [D]

Mine is the [D] sun- [Em] light, [A] mine is the [G] morn- [D] ing
Born of the [F#m] one [Bm] light, [E7] Eden saw [A] play
[D] Praise with el- [G] ation, [D] praise every [Bm] morn- [E7] ing
[A] God's recre- [D] a- [G] tion [A7] of the new [D] day

Interlude: [G] [A] [F#] [Bm] [G7] [C] [F] [C]

Morning has [C] brok- [Dm] en, [G] like the first [F] morn- [C] ing
Blackbird has [Em] spok- [Am] en, [D] like the first [G] bird
[C] Praise for the [F] singing, [C] praise for the [Am] morn- [D] ing
[G] Praise for them [C] spring- [F] ing [G] fresh from the [C] world

Outro: [F] [G] [E7] [Am] [F#] [Bm] [G] [D] [A] [D]



Mr Bojangles

page 1 of 2

Written and recorded by Jerry Jeff Walker for his 1968 album of the same title

Intro: [C] [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

[C] I knew a man Bo- [Cmaj7] jangles and he'd [C6] dance for you [Cmaj7]

[F] In worn out [G] shoes

With [C] silver hair, a ragged [Cmaj7] shirt, and [C6] baggy pants [Cmaj7]

[F] The old soft [G] shoe

[F] He jumped so [C] high, [E7] jumped so [Am] high [Am7] [D] Then he [D7] lightly touched [G] down [G7]

[Am] Mr. Bo- [G] jangles, [Am] Mr. Bo- [G] jangles

[Am] Mr. Bo- [G] jangles, [C] dance [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

[C] I met him in a [Cmaj7] cell down in [C6] New Orleans [Cmaj7]

[F] I was down and [G] out

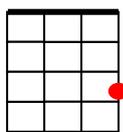
[C] He looked to [Cmaj7] me to be the [C6] eyes of age [Cmaj7]

[F] As he spoke right [G] out

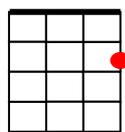
[F] He talked of [C] life, [E7] talked of [Am] life, [Am7]

He [D] laughed, clicked his [D7] heels and [G] stepped right out [G7]

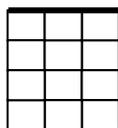
C



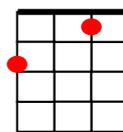
Cmaj7



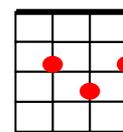
C6



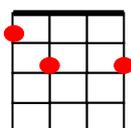
F



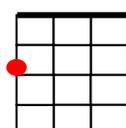
G



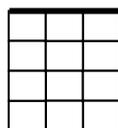
E7



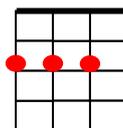
Am



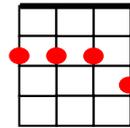
Am7



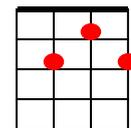
D



D7



G7



Mr Bojangles

page 2 of 2

[C] He said his name "Bo- [Cmaj7] jangles" and he [C6]
danced a lick [Cmaj7]
[F] Across the [G] cell
He [C] grabbed his pants for a [Cmaj7] better stance,
Oh he [C6] jumped so high [Cmaj7]
[F] And then he clicked his [G] heels
[F] He let go a [C] laugh, [E7] let go a [Am] laugh [Am7]
[D] And shook back his [D7] clothes all a- [G] round [G7]

[Am] Mr. Bo- [G] jangles, [Am] Mr. Bo- [G] jangles
[Am] Mr. Bo- [G] jangles, [C] dance [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

He [C] danced for those at [Cmaj7] minstrel shows and [C6]
county fairs [Cmaj7]
[F] Throughout the [G] south
[C] He spoke through tears of [Cmaj7] 15 years how his [C6]
dog and him [Cmaj7]
[F] Travelled a- [G] bout
[F] The dog up and [C] died, [E7] he up and [Am] died [Am7]
[D] And after 20 [D7] years he still [G] grieves [G7]

[C] He said "I dance now at [Cmaj7] every chance in [C6]
honky tonks [Cmaj7]
[F] For drinks and [G] tips
[C] But most the time I [Cmaj7] spend behind these [C6]
county bars [Cmaj7]
[F] 'Cause I drinks a [G] bit"
[F] He shook his [C] head, [E7]
And as he shook his [Am] head [Am7]
[D] I heard someone [D7] askin' him [G] "Please [G7]

[Am] Mr. Bo- [G] jangles, [Am] Mr. Bo- [G] jangles
[Am] Mr. Bo- [G] jangles, [C] dance" [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]
[C]

The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down

Intro: (2 beats each): [G] [D] [Em] [D] x2

[Em] Virgil [G] Caine is the name, and I [C] served on the Danville
[Em] train,

[G] 'Til Stoneman's [Em] cavalry came and [C] tore up the tracks
[Em] again.

[C] In the winter of [G] '65, We were [Em] hungry, just [C] barely
alive.

[Em] By May the tenth, [C] Richmond had fell,
It's a [G] time I re- [Em] member, oh so [A] well,

The [G] night they [Em] drove old [C] Dixie [G] down,
and the [Em] bells were ringing,

The [G] night they [Em] drove old [C] Dixie [G] down,
and the [Em] people were singin'.

They went [G] La, La, La, La, La, La [Em] etc. [A] [C]

In- between intro: (2 beats each): [G] [D] [Em] [D] x2

[Em] Back with my wife in [G] Tennessee,

When [C] one day she called to [Em] me,

[G] "Virgil, [Em] quick, come see, [C] there goes the Robert E.
[Em] Lee!"

[C] Now I don't mind [G] choppin' wood,
and I [Em] don't care if the [C] money's no good.

Ya [Em] take what ya need and ya [C] leave the rest,

But they should [G] never have [Em] taken the very [A] best.

[Em] Like my father be- [G] fore me, [C] I will work the [Em] land,

[G] Like my brother a- [Em] bove me, [C] who took a rebel

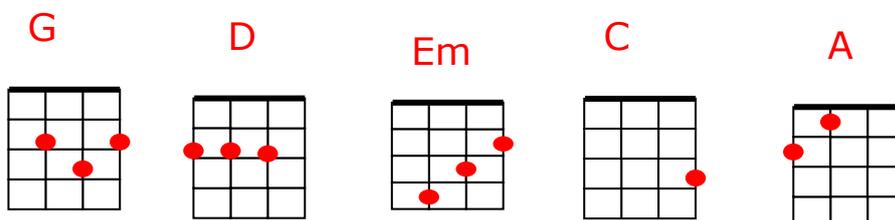
[Em] stand.

He was [C] just eighteen, [G] proud and brave,

But a [Em] Yankee laid him [C] in his grave,

I [Em] swear by the mud be- [C] low my feet,

You can't [G] raise a Caine back [Em] up when he's in de- [A] feat.



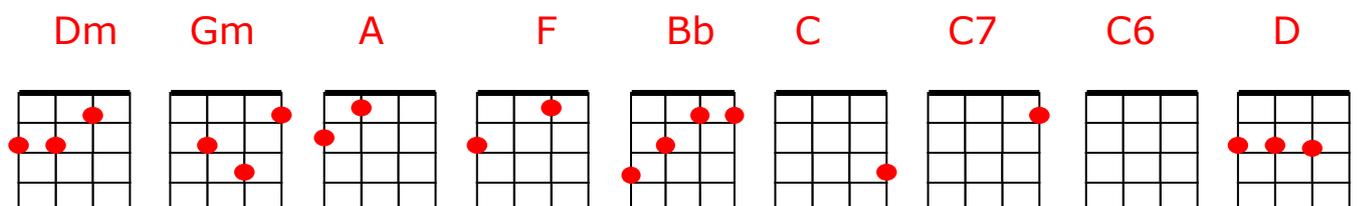
This Wheel's on Fire (Bob Dylan)

[Dm] If your mem'ry serves you well
We were [Gm] goin' to meet again and wait
So [A] I'm goin' to unpack all my things
And [Gm] sit before it gets too [Dm] late
No [F] man alive will [Dm] come to you
With a- [F] nother tale to [Dm] tell
And [F] you know that we shall [Dm] meet again
If your [Gm] mem'ry [Bb] serves you [Dm] well

[Gm] This wheel's on fire
[F] Rolling down the [C] road [C7] [C6] [C]
Best [F] noti- [C] fy my [Bb] next of [F] kin
[Bb] This wheel [C] shall ex- [D] plode!

If your [Dm] mem'ry serves you well
I was [Gm] goin' to confiscate your lace
And [A] wrap it up in a sailor's knot
And [Gm] hide it in your [Dm] case
If I [F] knew for sure that [Dm] it was yours ...
But it was [F] oh so hard to [Dm] tell
And [F] you knew that we would [Dm] meet again
If your [Gm] mem'ry [Bb] serves you [Dm] well

[Dm] If your mem'ry serves you well
You'll re- [Gm] member you're the one
That [A] called on me to call on them
To [Gm] get you your favours [Dm] done
And [F] after ev'ry [Dm] plan had failed
And there was [F] nothing more to [Dm] tell
You [F] knew that we would [Dm] meet again
If your [Gm] mem'ry [Bb] serves you [Dm] well



Foolish You – Wade Hemsworth

[D] Foolish you, you [A] want to go a- [D] way,
Seeking [E7] fortune's favour on your [A] own,
While the [D] one who [B7] stays be- [Em] side you,
Foolish [A] me, is left a- [D] lone.

Chorus:

[tacet] Sad and [A] foolish, that's how I [D] feel.
Don't you [G] know how fortune favours [D] few? [D7]
Fortune's [G] blind, as blind as [D] you, my dear.
What a [A] pity, ah, foolish [D] you!

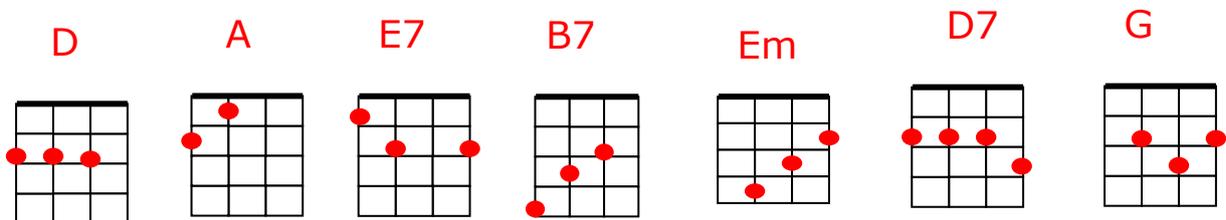
[D] Leaving me this [A] way is hardly [D] fair.
Must [E7] I go seek a fortune [A] too,
Or must I [D] wait till [B7] folly [Em] finds its own way
[A] Home to me and foolish [D] you?

Chorus

[D] Loving you was [A] good; love was [D] kind.
I didn't [E7] mind the payments over- [A] due,
For the [D] price of [B7] loving is [Em] none too dear
As [A] long as I'm with foolish [D] you.

Chorus (alt):

[tacet] Sad and [A] foolish, that's how I [D] feel
When I [G] see the foolish way you [D] do. [D7]
Fortune [G] fails when you are [D] gone, my dear,
But I [A] still want more of foolish [D] you,
But I [A] still ... want ... more of foolish [D] you.



When the Saints Go Marchin' In

[D] Oh, when the saints go marching in, when the saints go marching [A7] in,
I want to [D] be in that [G] number when the [D] saints go [A7] marching [D] in.

[D] And when the sun refuse to shine, and when the sun refuse to [A7] shine,
I want to [D] be [D7] in that [G] number [Gm] when the [D] sun re- [A7] fuse to [D] shine.

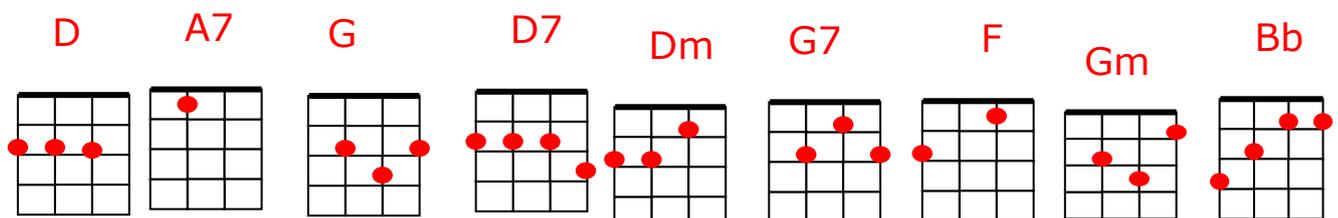
Oh, when the [Dm] saints go marching in; oh, when the saints go marching [A7] in,
Oh, Lord, I [Dm] want to [F] be in that [G7] number [Gm] when the [Dm] saints go [A7] marching [Dm] in.

[Dm] Oh, when they crown Him Lord of all; oh, when they crown Him Lord of [A7] all,
Oh, Lord, I [Dm] want to [F] be in that [G7] number [Gm] when they [Dm] crown Him [A7] Lord of [Dm] all.

[Dm] Oh, when they gather round the throne; oh, when they gather round the [A7] throne,
Oh, Lord, I [Dm] want to [F] be in that [G7] number [Gm] when they [Dm] gather [A7] round the [Dm] throne.

[Dm] We are trav'ling [Bb] in the [Dm] footsteps [Gm] of [Dm] those who've [Bb] gone be- [A7] fore,
And we'll [Dm] all be [F] reun- [G7] ited [Gm] on a [Dm] new and [A7] sunlit [Dm] shore. [A7]

And when the [Dm] moon [A7] turns red with [F] blood [G7] when the [Gm] moon turns [Bb] red with [A7] blood
Lord, how I [Dm] want to [F] be in that [G7] number [Gm] when the [Dm] moon [G7] turns [Bb] red [A7] with [Dm] blood. [A7] *and repeat as often as you like*



Hard Times Steven Foster

Let us [C] pause in life's pleasures
And [F] count its many [C] tears
[F] While we [C] all sup [G] sorrow with the [C] poor
There's a [C] song that will linger
For- [F] ever [G] in our [Am] ears;
[F] Oh, [C] hard times, [G] come again no [C] more

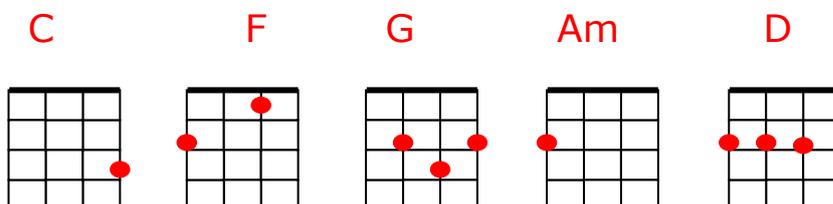
Chorus:

'Tis the [C] song, the sigh of the [F] wea- [C] ry
Hard times, hard times,
[D] Come again no [G] more [2, 3, 4; 1, 2]
Many [C] days you have lingered
[F] around my [G] cabin [Am] door
[F] Oh, [C] hard times, [G] come again no [C] more

While we [C] seek mirth and beauty
And [F] music light and [C] gay,
[F] There are [C] frail forms [G] fainting at the [C] door
Though their voices are silent,
Their [F] pleading [G] looks will [Am] say
[F] Oh, [C] hard times, [G] come again no [C] more

There's [C] pale drooping maiden
Who [F] toils her life [C] away,
[F] With a [C] worn heart, whose [G] better days are [C] o'er
Though her voice would be merry,
'tis [F] sighing [G] all the [Am] day,
[F] Oh, [C] hard times, [G] come again no [C] more

'Tis a [C] sigh that is wafted
A- [F] cross the troubled [C] wave
[F] 'Tis a [C] wail that is [G] heard upon the [C] shore
Tis a dirge that is murmured
A- [F] round the [G] lowly [Am] grave
[F] Oh, [C] hard times, [G] come again no [C] more



Hot Tamales Robert Johnson

[G] Hot ta- [B7] males and they're [E7] red hot
[A7] Yes she [D7] got 'em for [G] sale
[G] Hot ta- [B7] males and they're [E7] red hot
[A7] yes she got 'em for [D7] sale

[G] I got a girl, she's [G7] long and tall
[C] Sleeps in the kitchen with her [Gdim] feet in the hall.

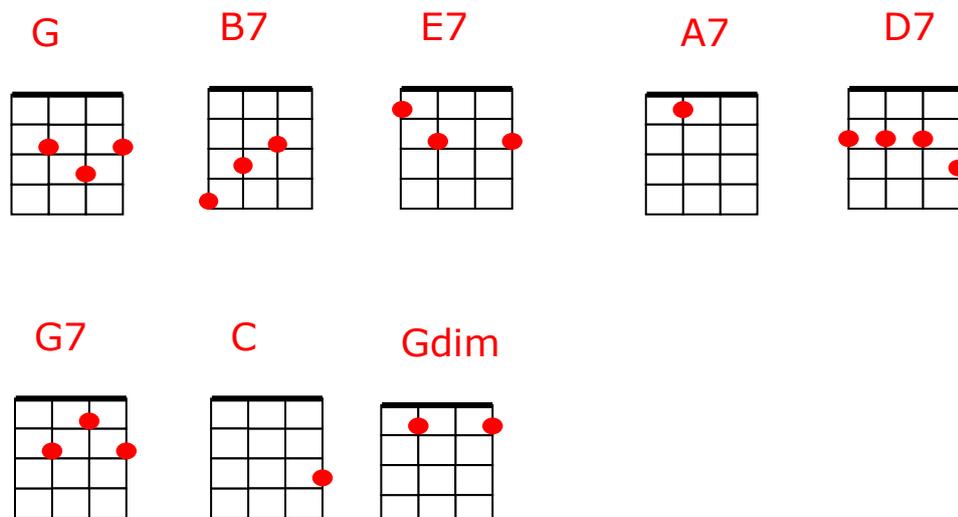
[G] Hot ta- [B7] males and they're [E7] red hot
[A7] Yes she [D7] got 'em for [G] sale [E7]
[A7] Yes she [D7] got 'em for [G] sale

She got [G] two for a nickel, [G7] four for a dime,
Would [C] sell you more, but they [Gdim] ain't none of mine.

[G] I got a letter from a [G7] girl in the room,
[C] Got something good, gonna [Gdim] bring it home soon.

That [G] billy goat backed in a [G7] bumble bee nest,
[C] Ever since then he can't [Gdim] take no rest.

You [G] know grandma left and [G7] grandpa too
Well I [C] wonder what in the world we [Gdim] chillun gonna do



Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out

(Jimmy Cox, 1923, via Eric Clapton)

Intro:

F / A7 / : D / D7 / : Gm / D / : Gm / / / :
Bb / G / : F / D7 / : G7 / / / : C / C7 :

[F] Once I [A7] lived the life of a [D] million- [D7] aire,
[Gm] Spent all my [D] money, didn't [Gm] have any cares.
[Bb] Took all my [G] friends out for a [F] mighty good [D7] time,
[G7] Bought bootleg liquor, [C] champagne and [C7] wine.

[F] Then I be- [A7] gan to [D] fall so low [D7],
[Gm] Lost all my [D] good friends, had [Gm] nowhere to go.
[Bb] If I get my [G] hands on a [F] dollar [D7] again,
[G7] I'll hang on to it, till that [C] old eagle [C7] grins; 'cause

[F] No- [A7] body [D] knows you [D7],
[Gm] When you're [D] down and [Gm] out.
[Bb] In your [G] pocket, [F] not one [D7] penny,
[G7] And as for friends, [C] you don't have [C7] any.

[F] When you get [A7] back on your [D] feet again [D7],
[Gm] Everybody [D] wants to be your [Gm] long-lost friend.
[Bb] I said it's [G] strange, with- [F] out any [D7] doubt, (second time to **Outro**)

[G7] Nobody knows you when you're [C] down and [C7] out.

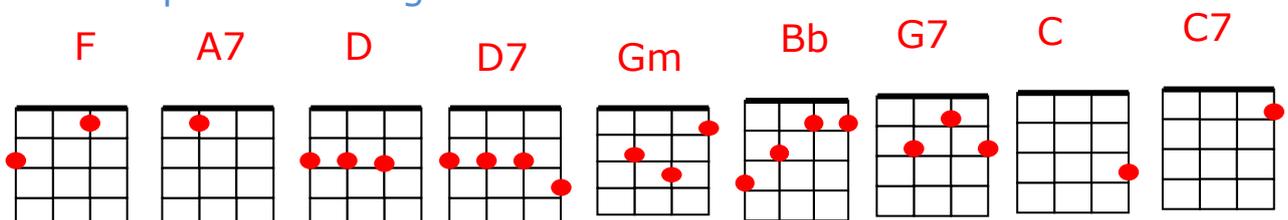
Whistling "solo":

F / A7 / : D / D7 / : Gm / D / : Gm / / / :
Bb / G / : F / D7 / : G7 / / / : C / C7 : **both lines x2**

REPEAT VERSES THREE AND FOUR

Outro:

[G] ... Nobody knows you, ... [Bb] ... Nobody knows you, ...
[G] Nobody [C]X knows you when you're down and [F] out.
...and repeat whistling "solo"



Streets of London (Ralph McTell)

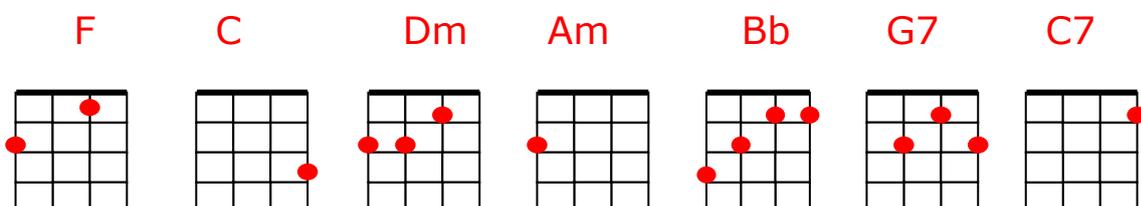
[F] Have you seen the [C] old man, in the [Dm] closed-down
[Am] market
[Bb] Kicking up the [F] papers, with his [G7] worn-out [C7] shoes?
[F] In his eyes you [C] see no pride, [Dm] and held loosely
[Am] by his side
[Bb] Yesterday's [F] papers, telling [C7] yesterday's [F] news

So [Bb] how can you [Am] tell me, you're [F] lo - ne - [Dm] ly
[G7] and say for you that the sun don't [C] shine? [C7]
[F] Let me take you [C] by the hand, and [Dm] lead you
through the [Am] streets of London
[Bb] I'll show you [F] something, to [C7] make you change
your [F] mind

And [F] have you seen the [C] old man, out- [Dm] -side the
seaman's [Am] mission?
His [Bb] memory's fading [F] with those medal [G7] ribbons
that he [C7] wears
And [F] in our winter [C] city, the rain [Dm] cries little [Am] pity
For [Bb] one more forgotten [F] hero, and a [C7] world that
doesn't [F] care

[F] Have you seen the [C] old gal, who [Dm] walks the streets
of [Am] London
[Bb] Dirt in her [F] hair, and her [G7] clothes in [C] rags? [C7]
[F] She's no time for [C] talking, she [Dm] just keeps right on
[Am] walking
[Bb] Carrying her [F] home, in [C7] two carrier [F] bags

[F] And in the all-night [C] cafe, at a [Dm] quarter past [Am]
eleven
[Bb] Same old [F] man sitting [G7] there, all on his [C] own [C7]
[F] Looking at the [C] world, over the [Dm] rim of his [Am]
tea-cup
[Bb] Each tea lasts an [F] hour, and he [C7] wanders home a-
[F] -lone



Sylvia's Mother – Dr Hook

[F] Sylvia's mother says Sylvia's busy, too busy to come to the
[C] phone

Sylvia's mother says Sylvia's trying, to [C7] start a new life of
her [F] own

[Bb] Sylvia's mother says [F] Sylvia's happy, so [C] why don't
you leave her [F] alone

And the [C] operator says forty cents more, for the next three
minutes

CHORUS:

Plea- [Bb] se Mrs. Avery I [F] just got to talk to her

[C] I'll only keep her a [F] while

[Bb] Please Mrs. Avery [F] I just want to tell her "Good- [C]
bye"

[F] Sylvia's mother says Sylvia's packing, she's going be
leaving to [C] day

Sylvia's mother says Sylvia's marrying, [C7] a fellow down
Galveston- [F] way

[Bb] Sylvia's mother says [F] please don't say nothing, [C] to
make her start crying and [F] stay

And the [C] operator says forty cents more, for the next three
minutes

CHORUS

[F] Sylvia's mother says Sylvia's hurrying, she's catching the
nine o'clock [C] train

Sylvia's mother says take your umbrella, cause [C7] Sylvie it's
starting to [F] rain

[Bb] And Sylvia's mother says [F] Thank you for calling and [C]
and, Sir, won't you call back a [F] gain

And the [C] operator says forty cents more, for the next three
minutes

CHORUS

[C] Tell her goodbye

Please, tell her goodbye

Goodbye

