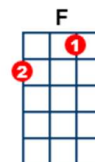
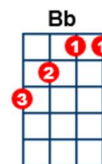


Intro: / F / F /

F
 A well a bless my soul what's wrong with me?
 I'm itching like a man on a fuzzy tree.
 My friends say I'm actin' wild as a bug
 F! F!.....
 I'm in love! uh, I'm All Shook Up.
 Bb C F
 Uh uh huh, mmm mmm, yeah, yeah.



F
 My hands are shaky and my knees are weak
 I can't seem to stand on my own two feet
 Who do you thank when you have such luck?
 F! F!.....
 I'm in love! uh, I'm All Shook Up.
 Bb C F
 Uh uh huh, mmm mmm, yeah, yeah.



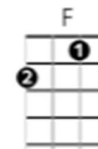
Bb
 Please don't ask what's on my mind
F
 I'm a little mixed up, but I'm feelin' fine
Bb
 When I'm near that girl that I love the best
 C! C! C! C
 My heart beats so it scares me to death

F
 She touched my hand, what a chill I got, her lips are like a volcano that's hot
 I'm proud to say that she's my buttercup,
 F! F!..... **Bb C F**
 I'm in love! uh, I'm All Shook Up. Uh uh huh, mmm mmm, yeah, yeah.

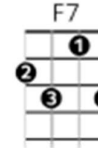
Bb **F**
 My tongue gets tied when I try to speak, my insides shake like a leaf on a tree
Bb **C! C! C! C**
 There's only one cure for this body of mine That's to have the girl that I love so fine

F
 She touched my hand, what a chill I got, her lips are like a volcano that's hot
 I'm proud to say that she's my buttercup,
 F! F!..... **Bb C F**
 I'm in love! uh, I'm All Shook Up. Uh uh huh, mmm mmm, yeah, yeah.
 Bb C F F! F! F!
 Uh uh huh, mmm mmm, yeah, yeah, I'm All Shook Up.

F
 1. Busted flat in Baton Rouge, 'n headin' for the trains,
 feelin' near as faded as my jeans, **C**
 Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained,
C7 **F**
 took us all the way to New Orleans.

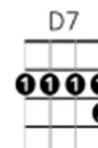
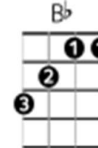


F
 I took my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana
F7 **Bb**
 I was blowin' sad while Bobby sang the blues.
 With them windshield wipers slappin' time,
F
 and Bobby clappin' hands,
C **F**
 we finally sang up every song that driver knew.

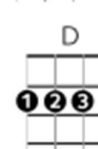
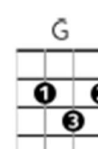


CHORUS 1

Bb **F**
 Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose,
C **C7** **F - F7**
 nothin', ain't worth nothin', but it's free.
Bb **F**
 Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues,
C
 feelin' good was good enough for me,
C7 **F** **D7**
 good enough for me and Bobby McGee.



G
 2. From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun,
D
 Bobby shared the secrets of my soul.
 Standin right beside me Lord, through everything I've done,
D7 **G**
 Every night she kept me from the cold.



G
 Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away,
G7 **C**
 lookin' for the home I hope she'll find,
G
 And I'd trade all my tomorrows for a single yesterday,
D **G**
 holdin' Bobby's body next to mine.



CHORUS 2

C
Freedom's just another word for **G** nothin' left to lose,
D **D7** **G** **G7**
nothin' left is all she left for me.

C **G**
Feelin' good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues,
D
Buddy that was good enough for me,
D7 **G** -
good enough for me and Bobby McGee.

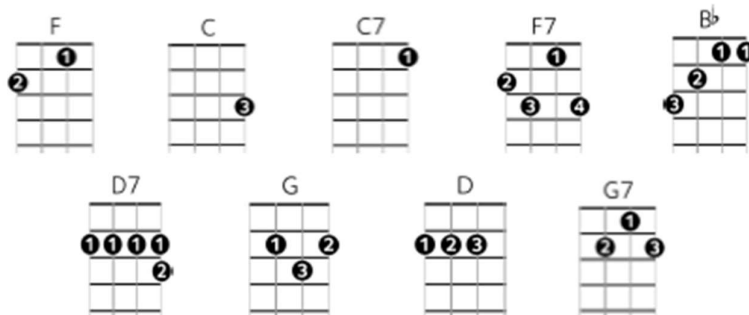
Outro:

G
3. La da da, la da daa, la da daa da daa da daa,

D7
la da da da me and Bobby McGee.

Laa la daa da daa daa, la da daa da daa, (FADING)

G
laa la laa la me and Bobby McGee,



Proper Cup of Coffee - - Lee & Weston

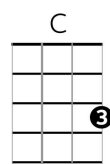
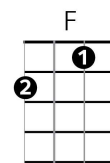
(1926)

Intro / F C / F Bb / F C / F! F! /

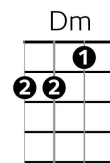
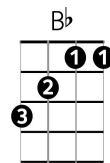
Dm A Sultan sat on his Oriental mat, In his harem in the capital of Persia. **A7**
Dm **C** **Bb** **A7** **F** **C** **F**
 He took one sip of his coffee, just a drip, And he said to his servant, Kershah,
C **F** **C** **C7**
 "Aw, curse ya, curse ya, Kershah", "That's the worst cup of coffee in Persia! 'Cause.."

CHORUS

F All I want is a proper cup of coffee, Made in a proper copper coffee-pot. **C** **F**
C **F** I may be off my dot, But I want a cup o' coffee from a proper copper pot. **C** **F**
F Iron coffee-pots, and tin coffee-pots, They are no use to me; **F7** **Bb**
F **C** **F** **Bb** **F**
 If I can't have a proper cup o' coffee, From a proper copper coffee-pot,
C **F** / **F** **C** / **F** **Bb** / **F** **C** / **F!** **F!** /
 I'll have a cup of tea."

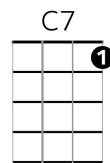
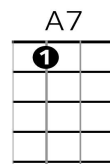


Dm In days of old when knights and men were bold, And whiskey was much cheaper **A7**
Dm **C** **Bb** **A7** **F** **C** **F**
 Dick Turpin rode to a coffee shop, Showed his pistols to the keeper
C **F** **C** **C7**
 He said, "Stand and deliver! Can't you see that I'm all a quiver?..... 'Cause"



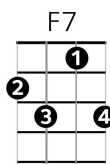
CHORUS

Dm When Bonaparte found that he was in the cart, And he'd lost that Waterloo fight, **A7**
Dm **C** **Bb** **A7** **F** **C** **F**
 He gave his sword up to Wellington, the lord, And he said, "You British do fight.
C **F** **C** **C7**
 Now you've won Waterloo, sir, What shall I drink with you, sir? 'Cause..."



CHORUS

Dm Now King Solomon with his queen would carry on, So we read in the ancient **A7**
 scandals;
Dm **C** **Bb** **A7** **F** **C** **F**
 He gave her lots of silver coffee-pots, With diamond spouts and handles.
C **F** **C** **C7**
 But said the Queen of Sheba... "I'd rather have any old tea-bag! 'Cause..."



CHORUS + CHORUS (faster)

Intro C (4 bars)

1. I can see clearly now the rain is gone,

I can see all obstacles in my way.

Gone are the dark clouds that had me blind,

it's gonna be a bright , bright, bright sunshiny day,

it's gonna be a bright, bright, bright sunshiny day,

2. I think I can make it, now the pain is gone,

all of the bad feelings have disappeared.

Here is that rainbow I've been praying for,

it's gonna be a bright ,bright bright sunshiny day.

Look all around, there's nothing but blue skies !

Look straight ahead, there's nothing but blue skies !

/ Bm / F / Bm / F / Bb- / Am- / G- / G /
Aaaaaaaah

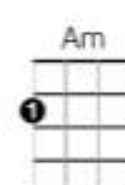
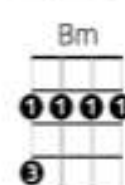
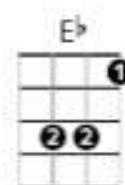
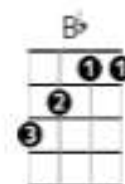
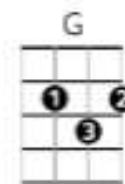
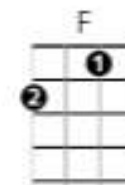
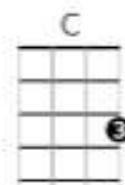
3. I can see clearly now the rain is gone,

I can see all obstacles in my way.

Here is that rainbow I've been praying for,

it's gonna be a bright ,bright bright sunshiny day.

it's gonna be a bright ,bright bright sunshiny day.



Repeat from "Look all around ..." to the end.

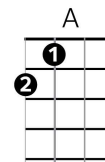
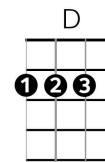
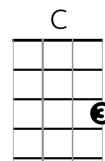
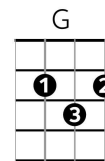
Intro: / G / G / G / G /

G
 Sunday morning, up with the lark, I think I'll take a walk in the park
C D G
 Hey, hey, hey, it's a beautiful day

G
 I've got someone waiting for me, When I see her, I know that she'll say
C D G
 Hey, hey, hey, it's a beautiful day

CHORUS

G C
 Hi, hi, hi, beautiful Sunday
D G
 This is my, my, my, beautiful day
G A
 When you say, say, say, say that you love me
C D G
 Oh-oh, my, my, my it's a beautiful day



G
 Birds are singing, you by my side, Let's take a car and go for a ride
C D G
 Hey, hey, hey, it's a beautiful day

G
 We'll drive on and follow the sun, Making Sunday, go on and on
C D G
 Hey, hey, hey, it's a beautiful day

CHORUS * 2

C D G
 Oh-oh, my, my, my it's a beautiful day
C D G
 Oh-oh, my, my, my it's a beautiful day

Intro: Chords as verse 1

1. This is for all the lonely people
 thinking that life has passed them by.
 Don't give up until you drink from the silver cup,
 and ride that highway in the sky.

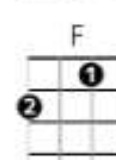
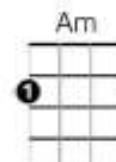
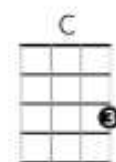
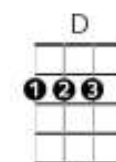
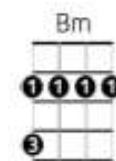
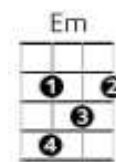
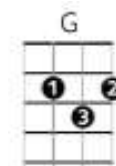
2. This is for all the single people
 thinking that love has left them dry.
 Don't give up until you drink from the silver cup,
 you never will know until you try.

CHORUS

Well, I'm on my way, yes, I'm back to stay,
 well, I'm on my way back home.

+ instrumental = / G / D / F / G / G / D / F / G /
 / Em / Bm / Em / Bm / Em / Bm / D / Bm /

3. This is for all the lonely people
 thinking that life has passed them by.
 Don't give up until you drink from the silver cup,
 she'll never take you down or never give you up.
 You'll never know until you try.

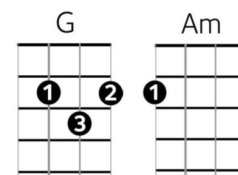
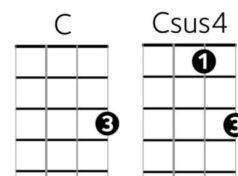


Some Days Are Diamonds - John Denver

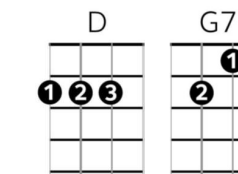
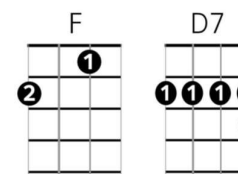
(1981)

Intro: / C / Csus4 / C / Csus4 / (4 beats per bar)

1. When you ask how I've been here without you,
 I like to say, "I've been fine," and I do.
 But we both know the truth is hard to come by,
 and if I told the truth, that's not quite true.

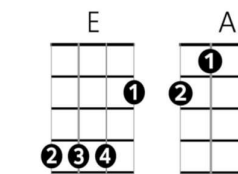
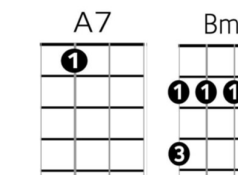


----- C - F C
 Some days are diamonds, some days are stones,
 Am D G G7
 sometimes the hard times won't leave me alone.
 C F C Am
 Sometimes the cold wind blows a chill in my bones,
 F C G C
 some days are diamonds, some days are stones.



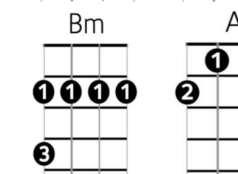
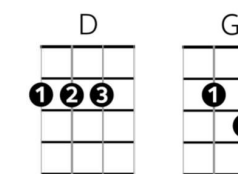
/ F / G- / G7 / C / Csus4 / C / Csus4 /

2. Now the face that I see in my mirror,
 more and more is a stranger to me.
 More and more I can see there's a danger,
 in becoming what I never thought I'd be.



+ CHORUS + / A7 / A7 /

----- D G D
 Some days are diamonds, some days are stones,
 Bm E A A7
 sometimes the hard times won't leave me alone.
 D G D - Bm
 Sometimes the cold wind blows a chill in my bones,
 G D A D
 some days are diamonds, some days are stones.
 G D A D
 some days are diamonds, some days are stones.



Another One Bites The Dust - Queen

(1980)

Intro: / Em / Em Am / Em / Em Am / (repeat)

Em

Steve walks warily down the street,

with the brim pulled way down low.

Em

Ain't no sound but the sound of his feet,

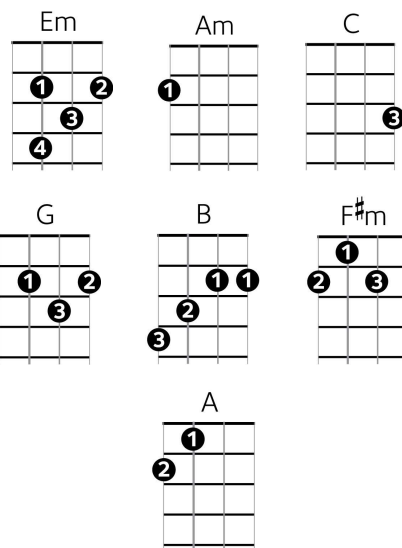
machine guns ready to go.

Are you ready, are you ready for this?

Are you hanging on the edge of your seat?

Out of the doorway the bullets rip

to the sound of the beat.



Em Am Em Am
 Another one bites the dust. Another one bites the dust.
 Em Am
 And another one gone, and another one gone. Another one bites the dust.
 F#m A F#m B Em Am Em Am
 Hey, I'm gonna get you too. Another one bites the dust

/ Em / Em Am / Em / Em Am /

Em

How do you think I'm going to get along without you, when you're gone?

Em

You took me for everything that I had and kicked me out on my own.

Are you happy, are you satisfied? How long can you stand the heat?

Out of the doorway the bullets rip to the sound of the beat

Em Am Em Am
 Another one bites the dust. Another one bites the dust.
 Em Am
 And another one gone, and another one gone. Another one bites the dust.
 F#m A F#m B Em Am Em Am
 Hey, I'm gonna get you too. Another one bites the dust

/ Em / Em Am / Em / Em Am /

There are plenty of ways you can hurt a man and bring him to the ground.

Em
 You can beat him, you can cheat him, you can treat him bad
Am
 and leave him when he's down.

C **G** **C** **G**
 But I'm ready, yes I'm ready for you. I'm standing on my own two feet.
C **G** **Am** **B**
 Out of the doorway the bullets rip repeating the sound of the beat.

Em **Am** **Em** **Am**
 Another one bites the dust. Another one bites the dust.
Em **Am**
 And another one gone, and another one gone. Another one bites the dust.
F#m **A** **F#m** **B** **Em Am** **Em Am**
 Hey, I'm gonna get you too. Another one bites the dust

Outro: / **Em** / **Em Am** / **Em** / **Em Am** /
 / **C G** / **C G** / **C G** / **Am B** / **Em!**

