Alley Oop – Key of G
by Dallas Frazier, 1959
Recorded by Gary Paxton (Lead singer for the Hollywood Argyles), #1 Hit in 1960

Starting note: G

               G//   D/ G//   G//   D/ G//
Intro: Alley Oop-oop, oop, oop-oop; Alley-Oop, oop, oop, oop-oop

G
There's a man in the funny papers we all know   G//   D/ G//
                                              (Alley-Oop, oop, oop, oop-oop)

G
He lived 'way back a long time ago   (Alley-Oop, oop, oop, oop-oop)

G
He don't eat nothin' but a bear cat stew   (Alley-Oop, oop, oop, oop-oop)

G
Well, this cat's name is-a Alley-Oop   (Alley-Oop, oop, oop, oop-oop)

G
He got a chauffeur that's a gen-u-wine dino-saw-ruh   (Alley-Oop, oop, oop, oop-oop)

G
And he can knuckle your head before you count to faw-ruh   (Alley-Oop, oop, oop, oop-oop)

G
He got a big ugly club and a head full-a hair-uh   (Alley-Oop, oop, oop, oop-oop)

G
Like great big lions and grizzly bear-uhs   (Alley-Oop, oop, oop, oop-oop)

         G   G7
(Alley-Oop)   He's the toughest man there is alive
         C
(Alley-Oop)   Wearin' clothes from a wildcat's hide
         A   A7   D/   A/   D/   D7/
(Alley-Oop)   He's the king of the jungle jive   (Look at that cave man go!!) (AHHHHH!!)
                                           [unison]

G
He rides thru the jungle tearin' limbs off-a trees   G//   D/ G//
                                            (Alley-Oop, oop, oop, oop-oop)

G
Knockin' great big mon-stahs dead on their knees   (Alley-Oop, oop, oop, oop-oop)

G
The cats don't bug him 'cuz they know bet-tah   (Alley-Oop, oop, oop, oop-oop)

G
Cuz he's a mean motah scootah and a bad go-get-tah   (Alley-Oop, oop, oop, oop-oop)

         G   G7
(Alley-Oop)   He's the toughest man there is alive
         C
(Alley-Oop)   Wearin' clothes from a wildcat's hide
         A   A7   D/   A/   D/   D7/
(Alley-Oop)   He's the king of the jungle jive   (Look at that cave man go!!) (AHHHHH!!)
                                       [unison]

Outro [gradual fade toward the end]:

       G//   D/   G//   **[spoken]**
   (Alley-Oop, oop, oop, oop-oop)   **Thar he goes**
   (Alley-Oop, oop, oop, oop-oop)   **Look at that cave man go**
   (Alley-Oop, oop, oop, oop-oop)   **He sure is hip, ain't he**
   (Alley-Oop, oop, oop, oop-oop)   **Like, what's happening**
   (Alley-Oop, oop, oop, oop-oop)   **He's too much**
   (Alley-Oop, oop, oop, oop-oop)   **Ride, Daddy, ride**
   (Alley-Oop, oop, oop, oop-oop)   **Hi-yo, dino-saw-ruh**
   (Alley-Oop, oop, oop, oop-oop)   **Ride, Daddy, ride**
   (Alley-Oop, oop, oop, oop-oop)   **Get 'em, man**
   (Alley-Oop, oop, oop, oop-oop)   **Like, Hipsville**
   (Alley-Oop, oop, oop, oop-oop)   **You know; oooh, wow!**

Drift Away -Dobie Gray

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Intro riff: A| 2 5 7 5 2 - -    [G]
            E| 3 3 3 3 3  3 3
            C| - - - - -   0 0
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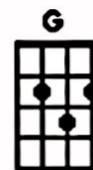
[C] Day after day I'm more con-[G]fused
[C] Yet I look for the [D] light through the pouring [G] rain
[C] You know that's a game that I hate to [G] lose
[Am] And I'm feelin' the strain [C] ain't it a shame

Chorus:
Oh [G] give me the beat boys and free my soul
I [D] wanna get lost in your rock and roll and [C] drift away
Oh [G] give me the beat boys and free my soul
I [D] wanna get lost in your rock and roll and [C] drift away

Repeat intro riff

[C] Beginning to think that I'm wastin' [G] time
[C] I don't under-[D]stand the things I [G] do
[C] The world outside looks so un-[G]kind
[Am] And I'm countin' on you [C] to carry me through

Repeat chorus   *Repeat intro riff*

[Am] And when my mind is free [C]
You know a melody can [G] move me
[Am] And when I'm feelin' blue [C]
The uke's comin' through to [D] soothe me
[C] Thanks for the joy that you've given [G] me
[C] I want you to [D] know I believe in your [G] song
[C] Rhythm and rhyme and harmon-[G]y
[Am] You help me along [C] makin' me strong

Repeat chorus acapella with hand claps

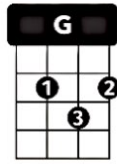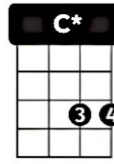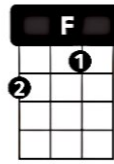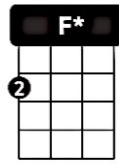*Repeat chorus and finish with [C] [Cmaj7] [Am7] [G]*

End with Intro Riff

FAST CAR

by Tracy Chapman, 1988
Ukulele arrangement by Cynthia Lin, http://cynthialin.com/ukulele

counts: 1 2 3- 1 2 3 - 1 2
pattern [F - C]
VERSE strum: D d d - D d d - D d

counts: 1 2 3 4&
CHORUS strum: d d D du

F*   F   C*   Am*   G

INTRO and BREAK after each verse x2 [F*/ F/ F*/ - C*]   [Am* - G]

VERSE   [F*/ F/ F*/ - C*]   [Am* - G]
You got a fast   car   I want a ticket to   anywhere
Maybe we make a   deal   Maybe together we can get somewhere
Anyplace is   better   Starting from zero got nothing to lose
Maybe we'll make something   Me, myself I got   nothing to prove

VERSE   [F*/ F/ F*/ - C*]   [Am* - G]
You see my old man's got a problem   He live with the bottle that's the way it is
He says his body's too old for working   His body's too young to   look like his
My   mama went off and left him   She wanted more from life than he could give
I said   somebody's got to take care of him So I quit school and that's what I did

CHORUS   F   F   C   C
I remember we were driving, driving in your car   Speed so fast I felt like I was drunk
    Am   Am   G   G
City lights lay out before us and your   arm felt nice wrapped 'round my shoulder
[F - C]   G   G
I - I   had a feeling that   I belonged
[F - C]   G   G   F   G/
I - I   had a feeling I could be someone, be someone, be someone
BREAKx2   [F*/ F/ F*/ - C*]   [Am* - G]

VERSE   [F*/ F/ F*/ - C*]   [Am* - G]
You got a fast   car   We go cruising to enter- tain ourselves
You still ain't got a job   I work in a market as a   checkout girl
I know things will get better   You'll find work and   I'll get promoted
We'll move out of the shelter   Buy a bigger house and   live in the suburbs

VERSE   [F*/ F/ F*/ - C*]   [Am* - G]
You got a fast   car   Is it fast enough so we can fly away
We gotta make a de-cision   Leave tonight or live and die this way

REPEAT CHORUS

END BREAK   [F*/ F/ F*/ - C*] [Am* - G]   [F*/ F/ F*/ - C*/]

Old Time Rock and Roll   George Jackson, Thomas E Jones III

C
     Just take those old records off the shelf.   **C**   **C** I'll sit and listen to them by myself   **F**
F
     Today's music ain't got the same soul.   **G**   **G** I like that old time rock and roll   **C**

C
     Don't try to take me to a disco.   **C**   **C** You'll never even get me out on the floor   **F**
F
     In ten minutes I'll be late for the door.   **G**   **G** I like that old time rock and roll   **C**

C
     Still like that old time rock and roll.   **C**   **C** That kind of music just soothes the soul   **F**
F
     I reminisce about the days of old,   **G**   **G** with that old time rock and roll   **C**

C
     Won't go to hear them play a tango.   **C**
C
     I'd rather hear some blues and funky old soul   **F**
F
     There's only one sure way to get me to go.   **G**
G
     Start playing old time rock and roll   **C**

C
     Call me a relic call me what you will   **C**
C
     Say I'm old fashioned say I'm over the hill   **F**
F
     Today's music ain't got the same soul   **G**
G
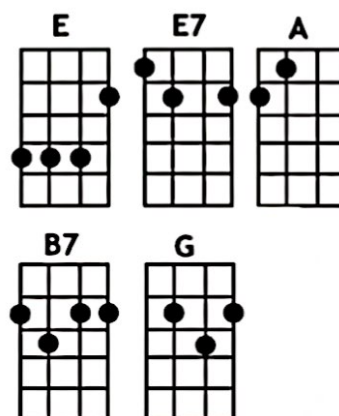   I like that old time rock and roll   **C**

<Chorus>

C   F   G
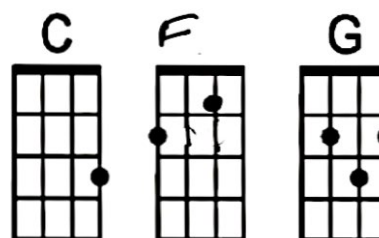
Bob Seger says that he completely rewrote the verses for the song but did not take a songwriting credit, a mistake he came to regret.

Roller Derby Queen

Jim Croce, 1973

```
        E  (or E7)
Gonna tell you a story that you won't believe
        A
But I fell in love last Friday evenin'
        B7              A7            E
With a girl I saw on a barroom T.V. screen
               E
Well I was just gettin' ready to get my hat
          A
When she caught my eye and I put it back
        B7              A7                E
And I ordered myself a couple o' more shots and beers.


  [CHO]              G                  A          E
      The night that I fell in love with a Roller Derby Queen
          Round and round, oh round and round
          G                  A          B7
      The meanest hunk o' woman that anybody ever seen
          Down in the arena


          E
She was five foot six and two fifteen
     A
A bleached-blonde mama with a streak of mean
     B7                    A                E
She knew how to knuckle and she knew how to scuffle and fight
          E
And the roller derby program said
            A
That she was built like a 'frigerator with a head
    B7                    A                E
Her fans call her "Tuffy" but all her buddies called her "Spike"

You know that [CHO] I fell in love ...

     E
    Round and round, go round and round
    A
    Round and round, go round and round
  B7 / A / E
            Round and round
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➔ Page 2

```
E    E7    A

B7    G
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        E  (or E7)
Well I could not help it but to fall in love
            A
With this heavy-duty woman I been speakin' of
   B7
Things looked kind of bad until the
     A                        E
   day she skated into my life
            E
Well she might be nasty, she might be fat
        A
But I never met a person who would tell her that
            B7                    A                    E
She's my big blonde bomber, my heavy handed Hackensack mama


   [CHO]                  G                    A            E
      You know that I fell in love with a Roller Derby Queen
            Round and round, oh round and round
         G                        A          B7
      The meanest hunk o' woman that anybody ever seen
            Down in the arena


   |: E
        Round and round, go round and round
      A
        Round and round, go round and round
      B7 /  A  /  E
                    Round and round        :|  repeat 5x
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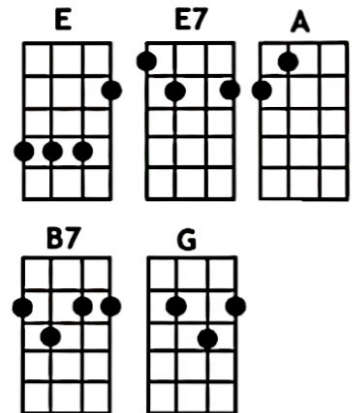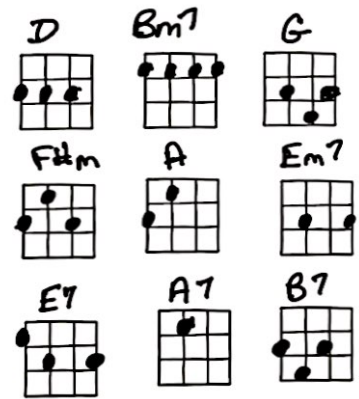
SOMEDAY SOON

Intro: Em⁷ – A – D – Bm⁷   (Ian Tyson - 1963)
       Em⁷ – A – D – D

D   Bm⁷   G   D
THERE'S A YOUNG MAN THAT I KNOW,   HIS AGE IS TWENTY ONE.

F#m   G   A
COMES FROM DOWN IN SOUTHERN COLORA-DO
      D   Bm⁷
JUST GOT OUT OF THE SERVICE AND HE'S
   G   D   Em⁷   A   D   D
LOOKIN' FOR HIS FUN, SOMEDAY SOON ….GOIN' WITH HIM   SOMEDAY SOON

      D   Bm⁷   G   D
MY PARENTS CANNOT STAND HIM 'CAUSE HE RIDES THE RODE-O

F#m   G   A   D
MY FATHER SAYS THAT HE WILL LEAVE ME CRY-In'; I WOULD FOLLOW
Bm⁷   G   D   Em⁷
HIM RIGHT DOWN THE TOUGHEST ROAD I KNOW;   SOMEDAY SOON
         A   D
GOIN' WITH HIM SOMEDAY SOON

Bridge:

‖: A   G   D
AND WHEN HE COMES TO CALL,   MY PA AIN'T GOT A GOOD WORD TO SAY
Bm⁷   E⁷   A⁷   A⁷
GUESS IT'S CAUSE HE'S JUST AS WILD IN His YOUNGER DAYS
      D   Bm⁷   G   D
SO BLOW YOU OLD BLUE NORTHER, BLOW MY LOVE TO ME

F#m   G   A
HE'S DRIVIN' IN TONIGHT FROM CALIFOR-NIA
      D   Bm⁷   G   D
HE LOVES HIS DAMNED OLD RODEO AS MUCH AS HE LOVES ME;
        Em⁷   A   D | D :‖
SOMEDAY SOON, GOIN' WITH HIM , SOMEDAY SOON. (B⁷)← To End

      Em⁷   A////A'   D//// D sus4//// D//// D'
SOMEDAY SOON, GOIN' WITH HIM | SOMEDAY SOON.
                           (Stop)
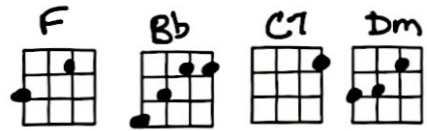
TRACKS OF MY TEARS

(1965) -Smokey Robinson/Pete Moore/Marv Tarplin

F   Bb   C7   Dm

Intro: | F' Bb | Bb' C7 | F' Bb | Bb   F
                        d-u-d
                                    riff

F   Bb   Bb   C7   F   Bb   Bb   F
                                                 d-u-d
People say I'm the life of the party, 'cause I tell a joke or two

               F   Bb   Bb   C7   F   Bb   Bb   F
                                                      d-u-d
Although I might be laughing loud and hearty, deep in-side I'm blue

           F   Bb   Bb   C7   F   Bb   Bb   C7
So take a good look at my face,   you know my smile looks out of place

              F   Bb   Bb   C7   F   Bb   Bb   d-u-d   F
If you look closer, it's easy to trace the tracks of my tears

          Bb   F   Bb   F
I need you, (need you) need you (need you)

F   Bb   Bb   C7   F   Bb   Bb   F
                                                           d-u-d
Since you left me, if you see me with another girl, lookin' like I'm having fun

             F   Bb   Bb   C7   F   Bb   Bb   d-u-d   F
Although she might be cute, she's just a substi-tute, because   you're the permanent one

           F   Bb   Bb   C7   F   Bb   Bb   C7
So take a good look at my face,   you know my smile looks out of place

              F   Bb   Bb   C7   F   Bb   Bb d-u-d   F
If you look closer, it's easy to trace the tracks of my tears   Whoa-oh-oh-ho

    Bb   F   Bb   F   Bb   F   Bb   F
(Out-side)   I'm masque-rading,   (in-side)   my hope is fading

      Bb   F   Bb   F
(I'm just a clown)   well, since you put me down

    Dm / / / /   / / / / / / / / C7
My smile is my make-up I wear since my break-up with you

              F   Bb   Bb   C7   F   Bb   Bb   C7
Baby, take a good look at my face,   you know my smile looks out of place

             F   Bb   Bb   C7   F   Bb   Bb   C7
If you look closer, it's easy to trace the tracks of my tears   Whoa-oh-ho baby

            F   Bb   Bb   C7   F   Bb   Bb   C7
Take a good look at my face,   you know my smile looks out of place

            F   Bb   Bb   C7   F   Bb Bb   F'
If you look closer, it's easy to trace the tracks of my tears   d-u-d

Trouble in Mind (1924 - Richard M. Jones)

Intro: C - F#dim - G7 ///// G7 / . . .

            C   G7
Trouble in mind, I'm blue
     C7   F   F#dim
But I won't be blue always,
             C   G7   C   G7
'Cause that sun is gonna shine in my back door someday

           C   G7
I'm all alone at midnight

          C7   F   F#dim
And that lamp is burnin' low

           C   G7   C   G7
I've never had so much trouble in my whole life before

        C   G7
I'm goin' down to the river
       C7   F   F#dim
Take my old rocking chair
        C   G7   C   G7
If these blues overtake me, I'm gonna rock away from here

           C   G7
Trouble in mind, I'm blue
     C7   F   F#dim
But I won't be blue always,
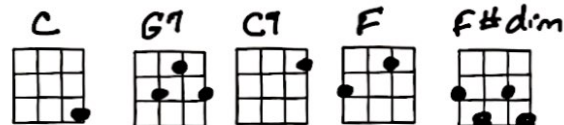   C   G7   C   G7
'Cause that sun is gonna shine in my back door someday

(Instrumental #1)

           C   G7
Trouble in mind, that's true
       C7   F   F#dim
I have almost lost my mind
  C   G7   C   G7
Life ain't worth living, I feel like I could die

You Don't Mess Around With Jim

Jim Croce, 1972

```
E  (or E7)
Uptown got its hustlers, the bowery got its bums
   42nd Street got Big Jim Walker, he a
   pool-shootin' son of a gun
            A
Yeah, he big and dumb as a man can come
   But he stronger than a country hoss
            B                      A
And when the bad folks all get together at night
            B                A           E
You know they all call big Jim "Boss", just because

And they say you don't

   [CHO]
            A                   E
            Tug on Superman's cape
            A                   E
   You don't spit into the wind
            A
   You don't pull the mask off the old Lone Ranger
         B                        E
   And you don't mess around with Jim a doob'n doobie doot
      E                    B
      deet, deet'n deedeet dee


         E
Well outta south Alabama came a country boy
   He say I'm lookin' for a man named Jim
   I am a pool-shootin' boy the name of Willie McCoy
   But down home they call me Slim
         A
Yeah I'm lookin' for the king of 42nd Street
   He drivin' a drop top Cadillac
            B                        A
You know he took all my money and it may sound funny
      A                    B
But I come to get my money back
                  E
And everybody say Jack don't you know you don't

   [CHO]
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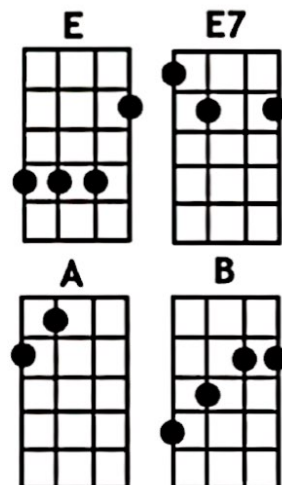
<Softly>

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      E  (or E7)
Well a hush fell over the pool room
   Jimmy come boppin' in off the street
   And when the cuttin' were done
   The only part that wasn't bloody
   Was the soles of the big man's feet
            A
Yeah he were cut in in bout a hundred places
   And he were shot in a couple more
         B
And you better believe they sang a
   A
   different kind of story
      A                  B              E
When big Jim hit the floor now they say Jack,

   "Don't you know you don't . . . . "
      [CHO]
                A                   E
                Tug on Superman's cape
                A              E
   You don't spit into the wind
                A
   You don't pull the mask off the old Lone Ranger
            B                          E
   And you don't mess around with Jim a doob'n doobie doot
         E                    B
         deet, deet'n deedeet dee
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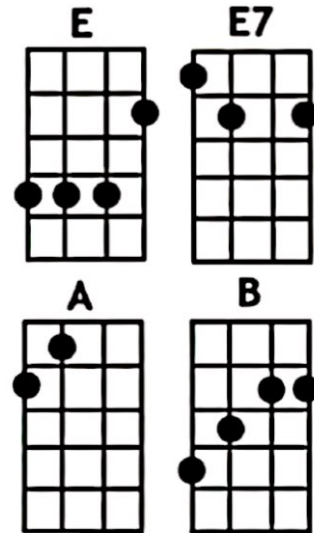
<Interlude – riff on E>

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   Yeah, big Jim got his hat
   Find out where it's at
   And it's *not* hustlin' people strange to you
   Even if you do got a two-piece custom-made pool cue
               A                    E
   Yeah you don't tug on Superman's cape
            A              E
   You don't spit into the wind
               A
   You don't pull the mask off the old Lone Ranger
         B                        E
   And you don't mess around with Slim
```

   <riff on E & fade>