

# Getting Mighty Crowded

(Written by Van McCoy. Recorded by Betty Everett 1965, by Elvis Costello 1980.)

**(C)(F)(C)(F)(C)(F)(C)**

I'm packing **(F)** up my memo**(C)**ries and **(F)** I'm gonna **(C)** move

On **(F)** out of your **(C)** heart **(F)(C)**

Turning **(F)** in my **(C)** keys and **(F)** I'm gonna **(C)** move

On **(F)** out of your **(C)** heart **(F)(C)**

Cause there ain't **(Em)** room enough for **(Am)** two

And sharing your **(F)** heart with someone **(G)** new *(tacet)*

Will never **(C)** do

It's getting **(F)** mighty **(C)** crowded, I'm **(F)** telling **(C)** you

It's getting **(F)** mighty **(C)** crowded

Gonna **(F)** take these dreams of **(C)** mine and **(F)** I'm gonna **(C)** move

On **(F)** out of your **(C)** life **(F)(C)**

Stop **(F)** wasting my **(C)** time and **(F)** I'm gonna **(C)** move

On **(F)** out of your **(C)** life **(F)(C)**

Cause there ain't **(Em)** room enough for **(Am)** three

In dreams that were **(F)** made for you and **(G)** me *(tacet)*

And so you **(C)** see

It's getting **(F)** mighty **(C)** crowded, I'm **(F)** telling **(C)** you

It's getting **(F)** mighty **(C)** crowded

**(Am)** I'm saving you the trouble of putting me down

**(Dm)** Start on the **(Em)** double, yeah, yeah

**(F)** I'm gonna shop a**(G)**round *(tacet)*

Gonna find another **(C)** heart where **(F)** I can **(C)** live

All **(F)** by my**(C)**self **(F)(C)**

Gonna **(F)** find another **(C)** heart I **(F)** don't have to **(C)** share

With **(F)** nobody **(C)** else **(F)(C)**

Cause you don't **(Em)** treat me like you **(Am)** should

And hanging a**(F)**round this neighbor**(G)**hood *(tacet)*

Is just no **(C)** good

It's getting **(F)** mighty **(C)** crowded, it's too **(F)** crowded for **(C)** me

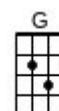
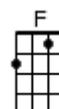
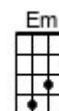
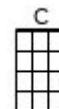
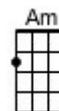
It's getting **(F)** mighty **(C)** crowded, I'm **(F)** packing up my memo**(C)**ries

It's getting **(F)** mighty **(C)** crowded, it's too **(F)** crowded for **(C)** me

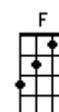
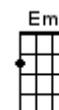
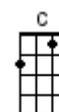
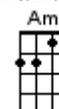
It's getting **(F)** mighty **(C)** crowded, it's too **(F)** crowded for **(C)** me

*(repeat and fade)*

Ukulele:



Baritone:



## Ride Captain Ride

(Written by Mike Pinera and Frank Konte. Recorded by Blues Image 1970.)

**(D)(C)(D)(C)**

**(D)** Seventy-three men sailed up from the **(E7)** San Francisco Bay,

**(G)** Rolled off of their ship and here's what they **(D)** had to say.

**(D)** "We're callin' everyone to ride along **(E7)** to another shore,

**(G)** We can laugh our lives away and be **(D)** free once more."

**(D)** But no one heard them callin', **(E7)** no one came at all,

**(G)** 'Cause they were too busy watchin' those  
old **(D)** raindrops fall.

**(D)** As a storm was blowin' **(E7)** out on the peaceful sea,

**(G)** Seventy-three men sailed off to **(D)** history.

**(D)** Ride, captain ride upon your **(A)** mystery ship,

Be a **(C)**mazed at the friends you have here **(D)** on your trip.

**(D)** Ride captain ride upon your **(A)** mystery ship,

On your **(C)** way to a world that

others **(D)** might have missed.

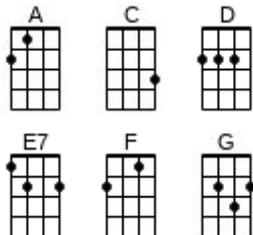
**(D)(F)(D)(F)(A)**

*(repeat verse 1)*

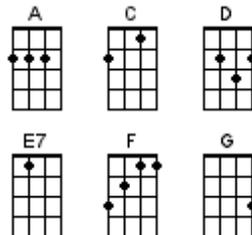
*(chorus x2)*

**(D)(A)(C)(D)** *(repeat and fade)*

Ukulele:



Baritone:



# Live It Up

(Written by Chris Stein. Recorded by Blondie 1980.)

*(capo 2)*

**(Bm7)(G)(Bm7)(G)(Bm7)(G)**

**(Dm)** Your old lover's **(G)** lying in the gutter

**(Dm)** He used to be such an **(G)** all night strutter

**(D)** "Oh, my heart," I **(G)** heard him mutter

**(Bm7)** "Oh, my dear, it **(F#m)** seems to flutter"

Ah ah ah ah **(E)** ah, ah ah ah ah **(Bm7)** ah **(G)(Bm7) (G)**

**(Dm)** It's so hard to **(G)** say "No"

When the **(Dm)** deck is stacked to **(G)** only go slow

It's **(D)** easy sweet to **(G)** live it up

An **(Bm7)** easy street when you've **(F#m)** had enough

Ah ah ah ah **(E)** ah, ah ah ah ah **(Bm7)** ah **(G)(Bm7) (G)**

**(G)** Darkened night, **(A)** splashing light

**(D)** Soft and white and **(Bm7)** so polite

**(G)** Let him in, be**(A)**neath the rim

Be**(D)**neath the skin, your **(Bm7)** next of kin

**(G)** Cleansing fire, **(A)** funeral pyre

**(D)** Broken wire **(Bm7)** grown inside her

**(G)** Secret hush, **(A)** swollen rush

It's **(D)** soft and plush, it's **(Bm7)** so plush **(G)**

**(Bm7)(G)(Bm7)(G) x8**

**(Dm)** You know it's **(G)** so passé

To **(Dm)** sleep without you **(G)** every day

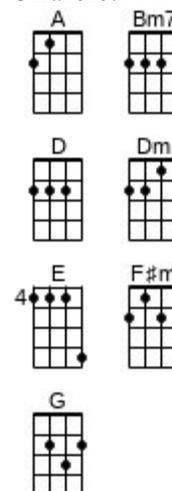
**(D)** So easy to **(G)** do your stuff

**(Bm7)** So easy to **(F#m)** live it up

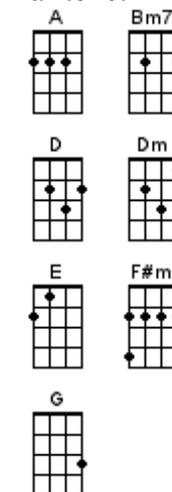
Ah ah ah ah **(E)** ah, ah ah ah ah **(Bm7)** ah **(G)(Bm7) (G)**

**(Bm7)(G)(Bm7)(G)(Bm7)(G) (repeat and fade)**

Ukulele:



Baritone:



# Do The Dark

(Written by Jimmy Destri. Recorded by Blondie 1980.)

**(Am)**

**(Am)** There you **(D)** are, **(F)** giving **(G)** candy

**(Am)** Making **(C)** confidence with an **(D)** easy **(G)** eye

**(Am)** Easy **(D)** words, **(F)** oh, what a **(G)** dancer

**(Am)** Dance you **(C)** right into the **(D)** corner in the **(G)** fire

Do the **(Am)** dark a**(C)**postle **(D)(F)**

Do the **(Am)** sidewalk **(C)** hustle **(D)(F)**

Do the **(Am)** invisible **(C)** dance **(D)(F)**

In the **(Am)** fire, **(C)** fire, **(D)** fire, **(F)** fire **(Am)**

**(Am)**

**(Am)** Walk on **(D)** glass **(F)** with the **(G)** master

**(Am)** There's no **(C)** question he can't **(D)** answer with his **(G)** eyes

**(Am)** What a **(D)** stage, **(F)** oh, what a **(G)** dancer

**(Am)** Looks like a **(C)** baby with an **(D)** old man's **(G)** eyes

When you **(Am)** break the **(C)** rules **(D)(F)**

And you **(Am)** burn your **(C)** bridges **(D)(F)**

And your **(Am)** fingers **(C)** itch and they're **(D)** getting **(F)** wet

When you **(Am)** look at **(C)** her **(D)(F)**

Do the **(Am)** dark a**(C)**postle **(F)(G)**

Do the **(Am)** sidewalk **(C)** hustle **(F)(G)**

Do the **(Am)** invisible **(C)** dance **(F)(G)**

In the **(Am)** fire, **(C)** fire, **(F)** fire, **(G)** fire **(Am)**

**(Am)**

**(Am)** Walk on **(D)** glass, **(F)** walk on fire

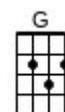
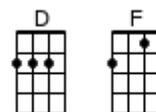
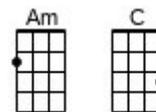
**(Am)** Walk on **(D)** glass, **(F)** walk on fire

**(Am)** Walk on **(D)** glass, **(F)** walk on fire

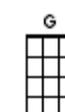
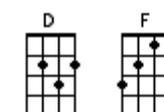
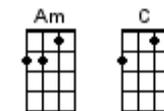
**(Am)** Walk on **(D)** glass, **(F)** walk on fire

*(repeat and fade)*

Ukulele:



Baritone:



# Walk Of Life

(Written by Mark Knopfler. Recorded by Dire Straits 1984.)

**(G) (C) (D) (C) (D) x4**

**(G)** Here comes Johnny singing oldies, goldies  
Be-Bop-A-Lula, Baby What I Say  
Here comes Johnny singing I Gotta Woman  
Down in the tunnels, trying to make it pay

**(C)** He got the action, he got the motion, **(G)** oh yeah the boy can play

**(C)** Dedication devotion, **(G)** turning all the night time into the day

**(G)** He do the song about the sweet lovin' **(D)** woman

He do the **(G)** song about the **(C)** knife

He do the **(G)** walk, **(D)** he do the walk of **(C)** life,

**(D)** Yeah he do the walk of **(G)** life

**(G) (C) (D) (C) (D)**

**(G)** Here comes Johnny and he'll tell you the story

Hand me down my walkin' shoes

Here comes Johnny with the power and the glory

Backbeat the talkin' blues

**(C)** He got the action, he got the motion, **(G)** oh yeah the boy can play

**(C)** Dedication devotion, **(G)** turning all the night time into the day

**(G)** He do the song about the sweet lovin' **(D)** woman

He do the **(G)** song about the **(C)** knife

He do the **(G)** walk, **(D)** he do the walk of **(C)** life,

**(D)** Yeah he do the walk of **(G)** life

**(G) (C) (D) (C) (D) x2**

**(G)** Here comes Johnny singing oldies, goldies

Be-Bop-A-Lula, Baby What I Say

Here comes Johnny singing I Gotta Woman

Down in the tunnels, trying to make it pay

**(C)** He got the action, he got the motion, **(G)** oh yeah the boy can play

**(C)** Dedication devotion, **(G)** turning all the night time into the day

**(G)** And after all the violence and **(D)** double talk

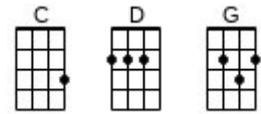
There's just a **(G)** song in all the trouble and the **(C)** strife

You do the **(G)** walk, **(D)** you do the walk of **(C)** life,

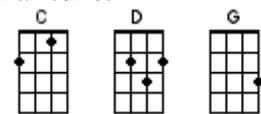
**(D)** Yeah he do the walk of **(G)** life

**(G) (C) (D) (C) (D) (repeat and fade)**

Ukulele:



Baritone:



# Yellow River

(Written by Jeff Christie. Recorded by Christie 1970.)

**(D)** So long boy you can **(F#m)** take my place  
**(Bm7)** Got my papers I've **(F#m)** got my pay  
So **(Bm7)** pack my bags and I'll be **(Em)** on my way  
To **(A)** yellow river

**(D)** Put my guns down the **(F#m)** war is won  
**(Bm7)** Fill my glass high the **(F#m)** time has come  
I'm **(Bm7)** going back to the **(Em)** place that I love  
**(A)** Yellow river

**(D)** Yellow river, yellow river  
Is **(F#m)** in my mind and **(A)** in my eyes  
**(D)** Yellow river, yellow river  
Is **(F#m)** in my blood it's the **(A)** place I love  
**(Bm7)** Got no time for explanation **(A)** got no time to lose  
To **(Em)** tomorrow night you'll find me  
Sleeping **(A)** underneath the moon at **(Bm7)** yellow river **(G)(A)**

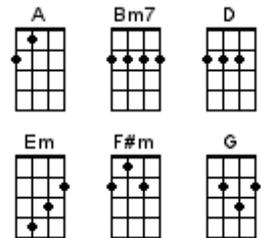
**(D)** Cannon fire lingers **(F#m)** in my mind  
**(Bm7)** I'm so glad that I'm **(F#m)** still alive  
And **(Bm7)** I've been gone for **(Em)** such a long time  
From **(A)** yellow river

**(D)** I remember the **(F#m)** nights were cool  
**(Bm7)** I can still see the **(F#m)** water pool  
And **(Bm7)** I remember the **(Em)** girl that I knew  
From **(A)** yellow river

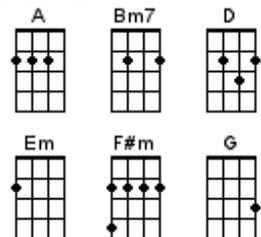
## *(chorus)*

**(D)** Yellow river, yellow river  
Is **(F#m)** in my mind and **(A)** in my eyes  
**(D)** Yellow river, yellow river  
Is **(F#m)** in my blood it's the **(A)** place I love

Ukulele:



Baritone:





## Dead Skunk

(Written and recorded by Loudon Wainwright III, 1972.)

(G) Crossin' the highway (D) late last night  
He (C) shoulda looked left and he (G) shoulda looked right  
He didn't see the station (D) wagon car  
The (C) skunk got squashed and (G) there you are!

You got yer (G) dead skunk in the (D) middle of the road  
(C) Dead skunk in the (G) middle of the road  
You got yer dead skunk in the (D) middle of the road  
(C) Stinkin' to high (G) Heaven!

(G) Take a whiff on me, that (D) ain't no rose!  
(C) Roll up yer window and (G) hold yer nose  
You don't have to look and you (D) don't have to see  
'Cause you can (C) feel it in your ol(G)factory

*(chorus)*

(G) Yeah you got yer dead cat and you (D) got yer dead dog  
On a (C) moonlight night you got yer (G) dead toad frog  
Got yer dead rabbit and yer (D) dead raccoon  
The (C) blood and the guts they're gonna (G) make you swoon!

*(chorus x2)*