409 (Brian Wilson/Gary Usher)

tacet
She's real fine, my 409
C G F C
She's real fine, my 409, my 4 --- 0 --- 9

Well, I saved my pennies and I saved my dimes
(Giddy-up, giddy-up, 409)
F
'Fore I knew there would be a time
C
Giddy-up, giddy-up, 409
G F C
When I would buy a brand-new 409 (409, 409)

CHORUS:
C
Giddy-up, giddy-up, giddy-up, 409
F
Giddy-up, giddy-up, Giddy-up, 409 (409)
C
Giddy-up, 409 (Giddy-up, giddy-up, 409)
G F C
Nothing can catch her, nothing can touch my 409, 409

Ooo, giddy-up, giddy-up, ooo
F
Giddy-up, giddy-up, ooo
C
Giddy-up, giddy-up, ooo - Giddy-up, giddy-up

G F C

C
When I take her to the drag she really shines
(Giddy-up, giddy-up, 409)
F
She always turns in the fastest time
C
(Giddy-up, giddy-up, 409)
G F C
My 4-speed, dual-carb, posi-traction 409
(409, 409)

(Chorus)

(Repeat and fade):

C
409, 409 Giddy-up, 409 (409)
409 (Brian Wilson/Gary Usher)   Key G

tacet
She's real fine, my 409
G    D    C    G
She's real fine, my 409, my 4 --- 0 --- 9

Well, I saved my pennies and I saved my dimes
(Giddy-up, giddy-up, 409)
C
'Fore I knew there would be a time
(Giddy-up, giddy-up, 409)
D    C    G
When I would buy a brand-new 409 (409, 409)

CHORUS:
G
Giddy-up, giddy-up, giddy-up, 409
C
Giddy-up, giddy-up, Giddy-up, 409 (409)
G
Giddy-up, 409 (Giddy-up, giddy-up, 409)
D    C    G
Nothing can catch her, nothing can touch my 409, 409

Ooo, giddy-up, giddy-up, ooo
C
Giddy-up, giddy-up, ooo
G
Giddy-up, giddy-up, ooo - Giddy-up, giddy-up

G    D    C    G
When I take her to the drag she really shines
(Giddy-up, giddy-up, 409)
C
She always turns in the fastest time
G
(Giddy-up, giddy-up, 409)
D    C    G
My 4-speed, dual-carb, posi-traction 409
(409, 409)

(Chorus)

(Repeat and fade):
G
409, 409 Giddy-up, 409 (409)
Baby Driver (Paul Simon)

C
My daddy was the family bassman
My mamma was an engineer
And I was born - One dark grey morn
F
With music coming in my ears
C
In my ears

Chorus:
F
They call me Baby Driver
And once upon a pair of wheels
C
Hit-the-road-and-I'm gone ah.............
C  B  Bb  A
What's my num-ber?
D
I wonder how your engine feels (Ba-ba ba ba ba)
C  B  Bb  A
Scoot down the road What's my num-ber
D  G  C  C7 to fade
I wonder how your engine feels

C7
Bada da da dadada - Bada da dadada
Bada da dadada - Bada da dadada
F  C
Da da - Bada da da dada

C
My daddy was a prominent frogman
My mamma's in the Naval reserve
When I was young - I carried a gun
F
But I never got the chance to serve
C
I did not serve

(Chorus)
C7
Bada da da dadada - Bada da dadada
Bada da dadada - Bada da dadada
F  C
Da da - Bada da da dada
Beep Beep (Little Nash Rambler) (Carl Cicchetti / Donald Claps)

C   G7   C   G7   C   G7   C
While riding in my Cadillac, what to my surprise.
C   G7   C   G7
A little Nash Rambler was following me,
C   G7   C
About one third my size.
   Fm   C
The guy must have wanted to pass me up,
   Fm   C
As he kept on tooting his horn.

C   G7   C   G7   C   G7   C
I'll show him that a Cadillac is not a car to scorn.

CHORUS:
C   G7
Beep-beep, beep-beep..
   C   G7   C
His horn went beep, beep, beep.

C   G7   C   G7
I pushed my foot down to the floor,
   C   G7   C
To give the guy the shake.
C   G7   C   G7
But the little Nash Rambler stayed right behind..
   C   G7   C
He still had on his brake.
   C   Fm   C
He musta thought his car had more guts,
   Fm   C
As he kept on tooting his horn.

C   G7   C   G7   C   G7   C
I'll show him that a Cadillac is not a car to scorn.

(CHORUS)

C   G7   C   G7
My car went into passing gear
   C   G7   C
And we took off with gust.
   G7   C
Soon we were going ninety,

C   G7
Musta left him in the dust.
   Fm   C
When I peeked in the mirror of my car
   Fm   C
I couldn't believe my eyes.

G7   C   G7
The little Nash Rambler was right behind,
   C   G7   C
You'd think that guy could fly.

(CHORUS)

C   G7   C   G7
Now we were doing a hundred and ten,
   C   G7   C
This certainly was a race.
   G7   C
For a Rambler to pass a Caddy,

C   G7
Would be a big disgrace.
   Fm   C
The guy must have wanted to pass me up,
   Fm   C
As he kept on tooting his horn.

C   G7   C   G7   C   G7   C
I'll show him that a Cadillac is not a car to scorn.

(CHORUS)

C   G7   C   G7
Now we're going a hundred and twenty,
   C   G7   C
As fast as I could go.
   C   G7   C   G7
The Rambler pulled along side of me
   C   G7   C
As if we were going slow.
   Fm   C
The fella rolled down his window
   Fm   C
And yelled for me to hear..

Fm   C
"Hey buddy how do I get this car,
G7   F   G7   C
Outa sec...ond gear?"
C      G7
There is a flower within my heart
C
Daisy, Dai-sy
C      G7
Planted one day by a glancing dart
D7        C      G7
Planted by Dai-sy Bell

Am          Em7          Am
Whether she loves me or loves me not
Dm          A7          Dm
Sometimes it's hard to tell
Am          Em7          Am
Yet I am longing to share the lot
D7          G          G7
Of beautiful Daisy Bell

Chorus:

C          F          C
Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do
G7      C          Am          D7      G7
I'm half cra-zy all for the love of you
C
I will stand by you in “wheel” or woe,

Am          Em7          Am
You'll be the belle which I will ring, you know
D7        C      G7
Sweet little Daisy Bell

Am          Em7          Am
You'll take the lead in each trip we'll take
Dm          A7          Dm
Then if I don't do well
Am          Em7          Am
I will permit you to use the brake
D7          G          G7
My beautiful Daisy Bell

C      G7
We will go tandem as man and wife
C
Daisy, Dai-sy
C      G7
Pedalling away down the road of life
D7        C      G7
I and my Daisy Bell

Am          Em7          Am
When the road's dark, we can both despise
Dm          A7          Dm
Policemen and lamps as well
Am          Em7          Am
There are bright lights in the dazzling eyes
D7          G          G7
Of beautiful Daisy Bell

Chorus

(C)
Dead Skunk in the Middle of the Road (Loudon Wainwright III) Key G

Intro: last two lines of chorus

G D
Crossing the highway late last night,
C
He shoulda looked left
G
And he shoulda looked right.
D
He didn't see the station wagon car.
C G
The skunk got squashed and there you are.

CHORUS:

G
You got your dead skunk
D
In the middle of the road
C G
Dead skunk in the middle of the road
D
Dead skunk in the middle of the road
C G
(And it's) Stinking to high heaven

G D C G
Take a whiff on me - That ain't no rose.
C G
Roll up your window and hold your nose.
You don't have to look
D
And you don't have to see
C G
'Cause you can feel it in your ol-factory.

(Chorus)

G D C G (2X)

G
Yeah, you got your dead cat
D
And you got your dead dog.
C
On a moonlit night
G
You got your dead toad frog.
You got your dead rabbit
D
And your dead raccoon.
C
The blood and the guts,
G
They gonna make you swoon.

(Chorus)

C'mon, stink

G D C G (2X)

G
You got it. It's dead - It's in the middle,
C G
Dead skunk in the middle
D
Dead skunk in the middle of the road
C G
Stinking to high heaven
D C G
All over the road - Technicolor
D C G
Oh, you got pollution.
D
It's dead. It's in the middle,
C G
And it's stinkin' to high heaven.

G D C G
Dead Skunk in the Middle of the Road (Loudon Wainwright III) Key C

Intro: last two lines of chorus

C G
Crossing the highway late last night,
F
He shoulda looked left
C
And he shoulda looked right.
G
He didn't see the station wagon car.
F C
The skunk got squashed and there you are.

CHORUS:

C
You got your dead skunk
G
In the middle of the road
F C
Dead skunk in the middle of the road
G
Dead skunk in the middle of the road
F C
(And it's) Stinking to high heaven
C G F C

C G
Take a whiff on me - That ain't no rose.
F C
Roll up your window and hold your nose.
G
You don't have to look
F C
And you don't have to see
G
'Cause you can feel it in your ol-factory.

(Chorus)

C G F C (2X)

C G
You got it. It's dead - It's in the middle,
F C
Dead skunk in the middle
G
Dead skunk in the middle of the road
F C
Stinking to high heaven
G F C
All over the road - Technicolor
G F C
Oh, you got pollution.
G
It's dead. It's in the middle,
F C
And it's stinkin' to high heaven.

C G F C

BARITONE
Drive (Ric Ocasek)

C          Cmaj7          C
Who's gonna tell you when - it's too late,
C          Cmaj7          C
Who's gonna tell you things - aren't so great.

Am          D          Am          D
You can't go on, thinkin', nothings' wrong,
C          Cmaj7          C
Who's gonna drive you home, tonight.?

C          Cmaj7          C
Who's gonna pick you up, when you fall?
C          Cmaj7          C
Who's gonna hang it up, when you call?

C          Cmaj7          C
Who's gonna pay attention, to your dreams?
C          Cmaj7          C
And who's gonna plug their ears, when you scream?

Am          D          Am          D
You can't go on, thinkin', nothings' wrong,
C          Cmaj7          C
Who's gonna drive you home, tonight.?

C          Cmaj7          C
Who's gonna hold you down, when you shake?
C          Cmaj7          C
Who's gonna come around, when you break?

Am          D          Am          D
You can't go on, thinkin', nothings' wrong,
C          Cmaj7          C
Who's gonna drive you home, tonight.?
Drive My Car (Lennon / McCartney)  Key C

C7       F7
Asked a girl what she wanted to be
C7       F7
She said baby, can't you see
C7       F7
I wanna be famous, a star on the screen
  G7
But you can do something in between

Chorus:
Am       F7
Baby you can drive my car
Am       F7
Yes I'm gonna be a star
Am       D7
Baby you can drive my car
  G   C   G
And maybe I love you

C7       F7
I told that girl that my prospects were good
C7       F7
And she said baby, it's understood
C7       F7
Working for peanuts is all very fine
  G7
But I can show you a better time

(Chorus)

Instrumental Verse

(Chorus)
Drive My Car (Lennon / McCartney) Key D

D7  G7
Asked a girl what she wanted to be
D7  G7
She said baby, can't you see
D7  G7
I wanna be famous, a star on the screen
A7
But you can do something in between

Chorus:
Bm  G7
Baby you can drive my car
Bm  G7
Yes I'm gonna be a star
Bm  E7
Baby you can drive my car
A  D  A
And maybe I love you

D7  G7
I told that girl that my prospects were good
D7  G7
And she said baby, it's understood
D7  G7
Working for peanuts is all very fine
A7
But I can show you a better time

(Chorus)

Instrumental Verse

(Chorus)
Drive My Car (Lennon / McCartney)

G7          C7
Asked a girl what she wanted to be
G7          C7
She said baby, can't you see
G7          C7
I wanna be famous, a star on the screen
          D7
But you can do something in between

Chorus:

Em          C7
Baby you can drive my car
Em          C7
Yes I'm gonna be a star
Em          A7
Baby you can drive my car
          D          G          D
And maybe I love you

G7          C7
I told that girl that my prospects were good
G7          C7
And she said baby, it's understood
G7          C7
Working for peanuts is all very fine
          D7
But I can show you a better time

(Chorus)

D          G7          C7
Beep beep'm beep beep yeah
G7          C7
Beep beep'm beep beep yeah

Instrumental Verse

(Chorus)
Fun, Fun, Fun (Michael Love / Brian Wilson) Key C

Intro: C / F C G F G

C
Well she got her daddy's car and she's cruisin'
F
through the hamburger stand now
C
Seems she forgot all about the library
G G7
Like she told her old man now
C
And with the radio blasting
C7 F
Goes cruising just as fast as she can now

Chorus
C G
And she'll have fun fun fun
F G C
'Til her daddy takes the T-Bird away
F C G
(Fun fun fun 'til her daddy takes the T-Bird away)

C
Well the girls can't stand her
F
'Cause she walks looks and drives like an ace now
C
(You walk like an ace now you walk like an ace)
C
She makes the Indy 500 look like
G
a Roman chariot race now
D7 G7
(You look like an ace now you look like an ace)
C
A lotta guys try to catch her
F
But she leads them on a wild goose chase now
C
(You drive like an ace now you drive like an ace)

(Chorus)

Instrumental/Solo G / C / G / D7 G7

C
Well you knew all along
F
That your dad was gettin' wise to you now
C
(You shouldn't have lied now you shouldn't have lied)
G G7
And since he took your set of keys
C
You've been thinking that your fun is all through now
D7 G7
(You shouldn't have lied now you shouldn't have lied)
C
But you can come along with me
F
'Cause we gotta a lot of things to do now
C
(You shouldn't have lied now you shouldn't have lied)
C G
And we'll have fun fun fun
F G C
Now that daddy took the T-Bird away
F C G
(Fun fun fun now that daddy took the T-Bird away)
G
And we'll have fun fun fun
F G C
Now that daddy took the T-Bird away
F C G
(Fun fun fun now that daddy took the T-Bird away)

Outro (repeat and fade)

G
(fun fun now that daddy took the T-Bird away)
C
(fun fun now that daddy took the T-Bird away)
Fun, Fun, Fun (Michael Love / Brian Wilson)  Key G

Intro:  G / C  G  D  C  D

Well she got her daddy's car and she's cruisin'
through the hamburger stand now
Seems she forgot all about the library
Like she told her old man now
And with the radio blasting
Goes cruising just as fast as she can now

Chorus
G  D
And she'll have fun fun fun
C  D  G
'Til her daddy takes the T-Bird away
(C D G)
(Fun fun fun 'til her daddy takes the T-Bird away)

G
Well the girls can't stand her
'Cause she walks looks and drives like an ace now
(You walk like an ace now you walk like an ace)
She makes the Indy 500 look like
a Roman chariot race now
(You look like an ace now you look like an ace)
A lotta guys try to catch her
But she leads them on a wild goose chase now
(You drive like an ace now you drive like an ace)

(Chorus)

Instrumental/Solo  D / G / D / A7 D7

Outro  (repeat and fade)

D  G
(fun fun now that daddy took the T-Bird away)
C  G  D
(fun fun now that daddy took the T-Bird away)
Heart Like a Wheel (Kate and Anna McGarrigle)

Intro: F G G7 C

C G
Some say a heart is just like a wheel,
Em Am
When you bend it, you can't mend it.
Dm Am Dm
And my love for you is like a sinking ship
F G G7 C
And my heart is on that ship out in mid ocean.
F G G7 C

C G
They say that death is a tragedy;
Em Am
It comes once and it's over.
Dm Am Dm
But my only wish is for that deep dark abyss,
F G G7 C
'Cause what's the use of living with no true love?
F G G7 C

C G
When harm is done no love can be won,
Em Am
I know it happens frequently.
Dm Am Dm
What I can't understand, Oh please God hold my hand,
F G G7 C
Why it had to happen to me - e.

Refrain:

Am Dm G
And it's only love, and it's only love.
Am Dm G G7
That can wreck a human being and turn him inside out

Instrumental Verse

C G
Some say a heart is just like a wheel,
Em Am
When you bend it, you can't mend it.
Dm Am Dm
And my love for you is like a sinking ship
F G G7 C
And my heart is on that ship out in mid ocean.
F G G7 C F C
Heart Like a Wheel (Kate and Anna McGarrigle)

Intro: C D D7 G

G D
Some say a heart is just like a wheel,
Bm Em
When you bend it, you can't mend it.
Am Em Am
And my love for you is like a sinking ship
C D D7 G
And my heart is on that ship out in mid ocean.

C D D7 G

G D
They say that death is a tragedy;
Bm Em
It comes once and it's over.
Am Em Am
But my only wish is for that deep dark abyss,
C D D7 G
'Cause what's the use of living with no true lover?

C D D7 G

G D
When harm is done no love can be won,
Bm Em
I know it happens frequently.
Am Em Am
What I can't understand, Oh please God hold my hand,
C D D7 G
Why it had to happen to me - e.

Refrain:

Em Am D
And it's only love, and it's only love.
Em Am D D7
That can wreck a human being and turn him inside out

Instrumental Verse

G D
Some say a heart is just like a wheel,
Bm Em
When you bend it, you can't mend it.
Am Em Am
And my love for you is like a sinking ship
C D D7 G
And my heart is on that ship out in mid ocean.

C D D7 G C G
I'm Moving On (Hank Snow)  Key G

G
That big eight-wheeler rollin' down the track
G7
Means your true-lovin' daddy ain't comin' back
C  G
'Cause I'm movin' on, I'll soon be gone
D7
You were flyin' too high for my little old sky,
G
So I'm movin' on

G
That big loud whistle as it blew and blew
G7
Said hello to the southland we're comin' to you
C  G
And we're movin' on, oh hear my song
D7
You had the laugh on me so I set you free,
G
And I'm movin' on

G
Mister fireman won't you please listen to me
G7
'Cause I got a pretty mama in Tennessee
C  G
Keep movin' me on, keep rollin' on
D7
So shovel the coal let this rattler roll,
G
And keep movin' me on

G
Mister Engineer take that throttle in hand
G7
This rattler's the fastest in the southern land
C  G
To keep movin' me on, keep rollin' on
D7
You gonna ease my mind put me there on time,
G
And keep rollin' on

G
I've told you baby from time to time
G7
But you just wouldn't listen or pay me no mind
C  G
Now I'm movin' on, I'm rollin' on
D7
You've broken your vow and it's all over now,
G
So I'm movin' on

G
You've switched your engine now I ain't got time
G7
Cor a triflin' woman on my mainline
C  G
'Cause I'm movin on, you done your daddy wrong
D7
I warned you twice now you can settle the price,
G
'Cause I'm movin on

G
But someday baby when you've had your play
G7
You're gonna want your daddy but your daddy will say
C  G
Keep movin' on, you stayed away too long
D7
I'm through with you too bad you're blue,
G
Keep movin' on
D7
I'm through with you too bad you're blue,
G
Keep movin' on
I'm Moving On (Hank Snow)  Key C

C
That big eight-wheeler rollin' down the track
C7
Means your true-lovin' daddy ain't comin' back
F
'Cause I'm movin' on, I'll soon be gone
G7
You were flyin' too high for my little old sky,
C
So I'm movin' on

C
That big loud whistle as it blew and blew
C7
Said hello to the southland we're comin' to you
F
And we're movin' on, oh hear my song
G7
You had the laugh on me so I set you free,
C
And I'm movin' on

C
Mister fireman won't you please listen to me
C7
'Cause I got a pretty mama in Tennessee
F
Keep movin' me on, keep rollin' on
G7
So shovel the coal let this rattler roll,
C
And keep movin' me on

C
Mister Engineer take that throttle in hand
C7
This rattler's the fastest in the southern land
F
To keep movin' me on, keep rollin' on
G7
You gonna ease my mind put me there on time,
C
And keep rollin' on
Maybellene, (Chuck Berry) (NN)

Intro: 1

Chorus:
1
Maybellene, why can't you be true

4(7) 1

Oh, Maybellene, why can't you be true

5(7) 4(7) 1

You've started back doin' the things you used to do

1
As I was motivatin' over the hill
I saw Maybellene in a Coupe de Ville
Cadillac rollin' on the open road
Nothin' outruns my V-8 Ford
Cadillac doin' 'bout 95
Bumper-to-bumper, rollin' side by side

(Chorus)

1
Cadillac rolled up ahead of the Ford
The Ford got hot, wouldn't do no more
It soon got cloudy and it started to rain
I tooted my horn for the passing lane
Rain was pourin' under my hood
I knew that was doin' my motor good

(Chorus)

1
Motor cooled down, the heat went down
That's when I heard that highway sound
The Cadillac sittin' like a ton of lead
A hundred and ten, half a mile ahead
The Cadillac looked like it was sittin' still
I caught Maybellene at the top of the hill

(Chorus)
Mustang Sally (Bonny Rice 1965)

Intro:   C    C7 C    C7 C

Mustang Sally
C7  C    C7 C C7 C
Guess you better slow your Mustang down
F    F7
Mustang Sally, now baby
F    C    C7 C C7 C
Guess you better slow your Mustang down
G    G/F# F
You been running all over town, now

Mustang Sally
C7  C    C7 C C7 C
All you wanna do is ride around Sally (Ride Sally, ride)
C7  C    C7 C C7 C
All you wanna do is ride around Sally (Ride Sally, ride)
F    F7 F    F    F7 F
All you wanna do is ride around Sally (Ride Sally ride)
C7  C    C7 C C7 C
All you wanna do is ride around Sally (Ride Sally, ride)
G    G/F# F
One of these early mornings, yeah

Gonna be wiping yo weeping eyes

C7  C    C7 C C7 C
I bought you a brand new Mustang, a nineteen sixty-five,
C7  C    C7 C
Now you come around - signifying, now woman
C    C7
You don't wanna let me ride
F    F7
Mustang Sally, now baby
F    C    C7 C C7 C
Guess you better slow your Mustang down
G    G/F# F
You been running all over town, now

Mustang Sally
C7  C    C7 C C7 C
All you wanna do is ride around Sally (Ride Sally, ride)
C7  C    C7 C C7 C
All you wanna do is ride around Sally (Ride Sally, ride)
F    F7 F    F    F7 F
All you wanna do is ride around Sally (Ride Sally ride)
C7  C    C7 C C7 C
All you wanna do is ride around Sally (Ride Sally, ride)
Ol’ 55 (Tom Waits)

C  Em7  Am / F  G  C  G7

C
Well my time went so quickly,
Em7
I went lickety splitly
F  G  C  G7
Out to my old fifty-five
C  Em7
As I pulled away slowly, feelin so Holy,
F  G  C  G7
God knows I was feelin alive

Chorus:
C  Em7  F  G7
And now the sun's comin up
C  Em7  F  G7
I'm ridin' with Lady Luck
C  Em7  F  G7
Freeway cars and trucks
Dm  G  C  Am
Stars beginning to fade
Dm  G  C  Am
And I lead the parade
Dm  G7  Am
Just a-wishin' I'd stayed a little longer
D7
Lord, let me tell you
F  G7
The feelin's gettin' stronger

C  Em7
Six in the morning gave me no warning
F  G  C  G7
I had to be on my way
C
Now the cars are all passin' me,
Em7
Trucks are all flashin' me
F  G  C  G7
I'm headin' home from your place

(Chorus)
Proud Mary (John Fogerty) Key of D

Intro: | C A | C A | C A G F | F D | D | D |

**D**
Left a good job in the city
Working for the man every night and day
And I never lost one minute of sleeping
Worrying about the way things might have been

**A**
Big wheel keep on turning, proud Mary keep on burning

**D**
Rolling, rolling, rolling on the river

**D**
Cleaned a lot of plates in Memphis
Pumped a lot of pain down in New Orleans
But I never saw the good side of the city
’Till I hitched a ride on a river boat queen

**A**
Big wheel keep on turning, proud Mary keep on burning

**D**
Rolling, rolling, rolling on the river

(Repeat Intro)

(Verse melody – sing last line)

**D**
Rolling, rolling, rolling on the river

(Repeat Intro)

**D**
If you come down to the river
Bet you’re gonna find some people who live
You don’t have to worry if you got no money
People on the river are happy to give

**A**
Big wheel keep on turning, proud Mary keep on burning

(3X) **D**
Rolling, rolling, rolling on the river

(Repeat Intro)
Proud Mary (John Fogerty)  Key of G

Intro:| F D | F D | F D C Bb | Bb G | G | G |

G
Left a good job in the city
Working for the man every night and day
And I never lost one minute of sleeping
Worrying about the way things might have been

D                                         Em
Big wheel keep on turning, proud Mary keep on burning

G
Rolling, rolling, rolling on the river

G
Cleaned a lot of plates in Memphis
Pumped a lot of pain down in New Orleans
But I never saw the good side of the city
’Till I hitched a ride on a river boat queen

D                                         Em
Big wheel keep on turning, proud Mary keep on burning

G
Rolling, rolling, rolling on the river

(Repeat Intro)

(Verse melody)

G
Rolling, rolling, rolling on the river

(Repeat Intro)

G
If you come down to the river
Bet you’re gonna find some people who live
You don't have to worry if you got no money
People on the river are happy to give

D                                         Em
Big wheel keep on turning, proud Mary keep on burning

(3X)  G
        Rolling, rolling, rolling on the river

(Repeat Intro)
CHORUS

C C7 F C
Oh Rapid Roy that stock car boy, he too much to believe
F C
You know he always got an extra pack of cigarettes
D G
Rolled up in his t-shirt sleeve
C C7
He got a tattoo on his arm that say “Baby”
F D
He got another one that just say, “Hey”
C A7
But every Sunday afternoon he is a dirt track demon
D G C
In a ’57 Chevro-let

C C7 F C
Oh Rapid Roy that stock car boy, he's the best driver in the land
F C
He say that he learned to race a stock car
D G
By runnin' ‘shine outta Alabam’
C C7
Oh the demolition derby and the figure eight
F D
Is easy money in the bank
C Am
Compared to runnin' from the man in Oklahoma City
D G C
With a 500 gallon tank

(Chorus)

C C7 F C
Yeah, Roy so cool, that racin' fool, he don't know what fear's about
F C
He do a hundred thirty mile an hour, smilin’ at the camera
D G
With a toothpick in his mouth
C C7
He got a girl back home name of Dixie Dawn
F D
But he got honeys all along the way
C Am
And you oughta hear ‘em screamin’ for that dirt track demon
D G C
In a ’57 Chevro - let

CHORUS (2X)

C Am
But every Sunday afternoon he is a dirt track demon
D G C
In a ’57 Chevro-let
RAPID ROY (Jim Croce)

Key G

CHORUS

G G7 C G
Oh Rapid Roy that stock car boy, he too much to believe
C G
You know he always got an extra pack of cigarettes
A D
Rolled up in his t-shirt sleeve
G G7
He got a tattoo on his arm that say “Baby”
C A
He got another one that just say, “Hey”
G E7
But every Sunday afternoon he is a dirt track demon
A D G
In a '57 Chevro-let

G G7 C G
Oh Rapid Roy that stock car boy, he's the best driver in the land
C G
He say that he learned to race a stock car
A D
By runnin' 'shine outta Alabam'
G G7
Oh the demolition derby and the figure eight
C A
Is easy money in the bank
G Em
Compared to runnin' from the man in Oklahoma City
A D G
With a 500 gallon tank

(Chorus)

G G7 C G
Yeah, Roy so cool, that racin' fool, he don't know what fear's about
C G
He do a hundred thirty mile an hour, smilin' at the camera
A D
With a toothpick in his mouth
G G7
He got a girl back home name of Dixie Dawn
C A
But he got honeys all along the way
G Em
And you oughta hear 'em screamin' for that dirt track demon
A D G
In a '57 Chevro - let

CHORUS (2X)

G Em
But every Sunday afternoon he is a dirt track demon
A D G
In a '57 Chevro-let
Runnin' Down A Dream (Tom Petty)

Intro: G C Bb G Bb C Bb G (First 2 lines of chorus)

G
It was a beautiful day, the sun beat down
F G
I had the radio on, I was drivin'

Trees went by, me and Del was singin',
F G
Little Runaway, I was flyin'

Chorus:
C Bb G
Yeah I'm runnin' down a dream
Bb C
That never would come to me
Bb G
Workin' on a mystery,
Bb C
Goin' wherever it leads
Bb G
Runnin' down a dream

Bridge: Em F G 2x

G
I felt so good, like anything was possible
F G
Hit cruise control, and rubbed my eyes

The last three days, the rain was un-stoppable
F G
It was always cold, no sunshine

(Chorus)

G
I rolled on, as the sky grew dark
F G
I put the pedal down, to make some time

There's something good, waitin' down this road
F G
I'm pickin' up, whatever's mine

(Chorus)

C Bb G
Runnin' down a dream

Ending: Em F G (Repeat to fade)
START ME UP (Mick Jagger / Keith Richards)

INTRO:  C   F    C   F

C
If you start me up, if you start me up, I'll never stop.
C
If you start me up, if you start me up, I'll never stop.
C
I've been running hot, you got me rifting, gonna blow my top,
C
If you start me up, if you start me up, I'll never stop, never stop, never stop, never stop
G   C   G   C   G
You make a grown man cry, you make a grown man cry, you make a grown man cry!
G
Spread out the oil, the gasoline, I walk smooth, ride in a mean, mean machine.
C
Start it up, kick on the starter give it all you got,
C
I can't compete with the riders in the other heats.
C
If you rough it up, if you like it I can slide it up, slide it up, slide it up, slide it up
G   C   G   C   G
Don't make a grown man cry, don't make a grown man cry, don't make a grown man cry!
G
My eyes dilate, my lips go green, my hands are greasy, she's a mean, mean machine.
C
Start me up, Ah, give it all you got! You got to never, never, never stop
C
Slide it up, never, never slide it up!
G   C   G   C   G
You make a grown man cry, you make a grown man cry, you make a grown man cry!
G
Ride like the wind at double speed, I'll take you places that you've never, never seen.
C
Tough me up, let me tell you we will never stop, never stop never never never stop
C
Tough me up, let me tell you we will never stop, never stop
C
You, you, you make a grown man cry!
C
You, you make a dead man moan!
C
You, you, you make a dead man moan
Take It Easy (Jackson Browne / Glenn Frey) Key C

**Chorus:**
Am    F    C
Take it easy, take it ea - sy
Dm    F
Don't let the sound of your own wheels
Am
Drive you crazy
F    C
Lighten up while you still can
F    C
Don't even try to understand
Dm    F
Just find a place to make your stand
C
And take it easy

C
Well, I'm a standin' on a corner in Winslow, Arizona
G    F
Such a fine sight to see
C    G
It's a girl my lord in a flat-bed Ford
F    C
Slowin' down to take a look at me
Am    G    F    C
Come on, ba - by, don't say may - be
Dm    F
I gotta know if your sweet love
Am
Is gonna save me

F    C
We may lose and we may win,
F    C
Though we may never be here again
Dm    F    C
So open up I'm climbin' in, so take it easy
C    G    F    C    /    Am    G    F    C    /    Dm    F    Am    G
Well I'm a runnin' down the road
Try'n to loosen my load
G    F
Got a world of trouble on my mind
C    G
Lookin' for a lover who won't blow my cover,
F    C
She's so hard to find

(F Chorus)
F    C
Oh oh oh, oh oh oh - Oh oh oh, oh oh oh
F    C
Oh oh oh, oh oh oh - Oh oh oh, oh oh oh
F    C    G    F
Oh oh oh, oh oh oh - Oh we got it e - e - asy

C    G    F    Am
We oughta take it e - e - asy

**Guitar Chords:**

- C
- G
- F
- Am
- Dm

**Baritone Frets:**

- C
- G
- F
- Am
- Dm
Take It Easy (Jackson Browne / Glenn Frey) Key D

D
Well I'm a runnin' down the road
Try'n to loosen my load
A G
I've got seven women on my mind
D
Four that wanna own me,
A
Two that wanna stone me
G D
One says she's a friend of mine

Chorus:
Bm G D
Take it easy, take it ea - sy
Em G
Don't let the sound of your own wheels
Bm
Drive you crazy
G D
Lighten up while you still can
Bm
Don't even try to understand
Em G
Just find a place to make your stand
D
And take it easy

D
Well, I'm a standin' on a corner
in Winslow, Arizona
A G
Such a fine sight to see
D A
It's a girl my lord in a flat-bed Ford
G D
Slowin' down to take a look at me
Bm A G D
Come on, ba -by, don't say may-be
Em G
I gotta know if your sweet love
Bm
Is gonna save me

G D
We may lose and we may win,
G D
Though we may never be here again
Em G D
So open up I'm climbin' in, so take it easy
D A G / D A G D / Bm A G D / Em G Bm A
D
Well I'm a runnin' down the road
Try'n to loosen my load
A G
Got a world of trouble on my mind
D A
Lookin' for a lover who won't blow my cover,
G D
She's so hard to find

(Chorus)
G D
Oh oh oh, oh oh oh - Oh oh oh, oh oh oh
G D
Oh oh oh, oh oh oh - Oh oh oh, oh oh oh
G D A G
Oh oh oh, oh oh oh - Oh we got it e - e - asy
D A G Bm
We oughta take it e - e - asy
Take It Easy (Jackson Browne / Glenn Frey)  Key G

G
Well I'm a runnin' down the road
Try'n to loosen my load
D  C
I've got seven women on my mind
G
Four that wanna own me,
D
Two that wanna stone me
C  G
One says she's a friend of mine

Chorus:
Em  C  G  Take it easy, take it ea - sy
C
Don't let the sound of your own wheels
Em
Drive you crazy
C  G
Lighten up while you still can
D  C
Don't even try to understand
Am  C
Just find a place to make your stand
G
And take it easy

G
Well, I'm a standin' on a corner
in Winslow, Arizona
D  C
Such a fine sight to see
G  D
It's a girl my lord in a flat-bed Ford
C  G
Slowin' down to take a look at me
Em  D  C  G
Come on, ba - by, don't say may-be
Am  C
I gotta know if your sweet love
Em
Is gonna save me

C  G
We may lose and we may win,
C  G
Though we may never be here again
Am  C  G
So open up I'm climbin' in, so take it easy
G  D  C / G  D  C  G  / Em  D  C  G  / Am  C  Em  D
G
Well I'm a runnin' down the road
Try'n to loosen my load
D  C
Got a world of trouble on my mind
G  D
Lookin' for a lover who won't blow my cover,
C  G
She's so hard to find

(Chorus)
C  G
Oh oh oh, oh oh oh - Oh oh oh, oh oh oh
C  G
Oh oh oh, oh oh oh - Oh oh oh, oh oh oh
C  G  D  C
Oh oh oh, oh oh oh - Oh we got it e - e - asy
G  D  C  Em
We oughta take it e - e - asy
Tell Laura I Love Her (Jeff Barry / Ben Raleigh) Key C

C       F
Laura and Tommy were lovers,
C       F
He wanted to give her everything,
Am    Dm
Flowers, presents,
G     G7
And most of all a wedding-ring.

C       F
He saw a sign for a stock-car race,
C       F
A thousand dollar prize it read.
Am    Dm
He couldn`t get Laura on the phone,
G     G7
So to her mother Tommy said.

C           Dm
Tell Laura, I love her, tell Laura, I need her,
C
Tell Laura, I may be late,
Dm    G    C
I`ve got something to do, that cannot wait.

C       F
He drove his car to the racing ground,
C       F
He was the youngest driver there.
Am    Dm
The crowd roared as they started the race,
G     G7
Round the track they drove at a deadly pace.

C       F
No-one knows what happened that day,
C       F
How his car overturned in flames.
Am    Dm
But as they pulled him from the twisted wreck,
G     G7
With his dying breath they heard him say.

C           Dm
Tell Laura, I love her, tell Laura, I need her,
C
Tell Laura not to cry, my love for her –
G     C
Will never die.

C       F
Now in the chapel Laura prays,
C       F
For her Tommy who passed away,
Am    Dm
It was just for Laura he lived and died,
G     G7
Alone in the chapel she can hear him cry.

C           Dm
Tell Laura, I love her, tell Laura, I need her,
C
Tell Laura not to cry, my love for her –
G     C
Will never die.
Tell Laura I Love Her (Jeff Barry / Ben Raleigh) Key G

G        C
Laura and Tommy were lovers,
G        C
He wanted to give her everything,
Em       Am
Flowers, presents,
D           D7
And most of all a wedding-ring.

G        C
He saw a sign for a stock-car race,
G        C
A thousand dollar prize it read.
Em       Am
He couldn`t get Laura on the phone,
D           D7
So to her mother Tommy said.

G        Am
Tell Laura, I love her, tell Laura, I need her,
G
Tell Laura, I may be late,
Am          D         G
I`ve got something to do, that cannot wait.

G        C
He drove his car to the racing ground,
G        C
He was the youngest driver there.
Em       Am
The crowd roared as they started the race,
D           D7
Round the track they drove at a deadly pace.

G        C
No-one knows what happened that day,
G        C
How his car overturned in flames.
Em       Am
But as they pulled him from the twisted wreck,
D           D7
With his dying breath they heard him say.

G        Am
Tell Laura, I love her, tell Laura, I need her,
G        Am
Tell Laura not to cry, my love for her –
D        G
Will never die.

G        C
Now in the chapel Laura prays,
G        C
For her Tommy who passed away,
Em       Am
It was just for Laura he lived and died,
D        D7
 Alone in the chapel she can hear him cry.

G        Am
Tell Laura, I love her, tell Laura, I need her,
G        Am
Tell Laura not to cry, my love for her –
D        G
Will never die.

BARITONE

Em       Am
D           D7
Em       Am
D           D7
The Little Old Lady From Pasadena (Gary L Usher / Roger Christian)  Key C

Intro:  

Eb  G  
It's the little old lady from Pasadena  

C  
The little old lady from Pasadena  

F  C  
(Go granny, go granny, go granny, go!)  

C  
Has a pretty little flower bed of white gardenias  

G  D7  G  
(Go granny, go granny, go granny, go!)  

C  Am  F  
But parked in a rickety old garage  

Dm  Bb  G  
Is a brand new, shiny red, super-stock Dodge!

Chorus:  

C  
And everybody's saying that there's nobody meaner

The little old lady from Pasadena  

F  
She drives real fast and she drives real hard  

C  
She's the terror of Colorado Boulevard  

Eb  G  
It's the little old lady from Pasadena  

C  
If you see her on the street, don't try to choose her  

F  C  
(Go granny, go granny, go granny, go!)  

C  
You might drive a goer but you'll never lose her  

G  D7  G  
(Go granny, go granny, go granny, go!)  

C  Am  F  
She's gonna get a ticket now, sooner or later  

Dm  Bb  G  
'Cause she can't keep her foot off the accelerator!

(Chorus)
The Little Old Lady From Pasadena (Gary L Usher / Roger Christian)

Bb  D
It's the little old lady from Pasadena

G
The little old lady from Pasadena

C  G
(Go granny, go granny, go granny, go!)

G
Has a pretty little flower bed of white gardenias

D  A7  D
(Go granny, go granny, go granny, go!)

G  Em  C
But parked in a rickety old garage

Am  F  D
Is a brand new, shiny red, super-stock Dodge!

Chorus:

G
And everybody's saying that there's nobody meaner

Than the little old lady from Pasadena

C
She drives real fast and she drives real hard

G
She's the terror of Colorado Boulevard

Bb  D
It's the little old lady from Pasadena

G
If you see her on the street, don't try to choose her

C  G
(Go granny, go granny, go granny, go!)

G
You might drive a goer but you'll never lose her

D  A7  D
(Go granny, go granny, go granny, go!)

G  Em  C
She's gonna get a ticket now, sooner or later

Am  F  D
'Cause she can't keep her foot off the accelerator!

(Chorus)
Tulsa Time (Daniel W. Flowers)  Key C

C
I left Oklahoma drivin' in a Pontiac
G7
Just about to lose my mind
I was goin' on to Arizona,
Maybe on to California
C
Where all the people live so fine
C
My baby said I was crazy,
My momma called me lazy
C
I was goin' to show 'em all this time
G7
'Cause you know I ain't no fool
And I don't need no more schoolin'
C
I was born to just walk the line

Chorus:
C
Livin' on Tulsa time, Livin' on Tulsa time
G7
Well, you know I've been through it
When I set my watch back to it
C
Livin' on Tulsa time

(Instrumental Chorus)

C
Well, there I was in Hollywood
G7
Wishin' I was doin' good
Talkin' on the telephone line
But they don't need me in the movies
And nobody sings my songs
C
Guess I'm just wastin' time

Well, then I got to thinkin',
Man I'm really sinkin'
G7
And I really had a flash this time
I had no business leavin'
And nobody would be grievin'
C
If I went on back to Tulsa time

(Chorus) 2X
Tulsa Time (Daniel W. Flowers)

G
I left Oklahoma drivin' in a Pontiac
D7
Just about to lose my mind
I was goin' on to Arizona,
Maybe on to California
G
Where all the people live so fine
G
My baby said I was crazy,
My momma called me lazy
D7
I was goin' to show 'em all this time
'Cause you know I ain't no fool
And I don't need no more schoolin'
G
I was born to just walk the line

Chorus:
G
Livin' on Tulsa time, Livin' on Tulsa time
Well, you know I've been through it
When I set my watch back to it
G
Livin' on Tulsa time

(Instrumental Chorus)

G
Well, there I was in Hollywood
Wishin' I was doin' good
D7
Talkin' on the telephone line
But they don't need me in the movies
And nobody sings my songs
G
Guess I'm just wastin' time

G
Well, then I got to thinkin',
Man I'm really sinkin'
D7
And I really had a flash this time
I had no business leavin'
And nobody would be grievin'
G
If I went on back to Tulsa time

(Chorus) 2X
Tulsa Time (Daniel W. Flowers)

1
I left Oklahoma drivin' in a Pontiac

5(7)
Just about to lose my mind

I was goin' on to Arizona,

Maybe on to California

1
Where all the people live so fine

1
My baby said I was crazy,

My momma called me lazy

5(7)
I was goin' to show 'em all this time

'Cause you know I ain't no fool

And I don't need no more schoolin'

1
I was born to just walk the line

Chorus:

1
Livin' on Tulsa time, Livin' on Tulsa time

Well, you know I've been through it
When I set my watch back to it

1
Livin' on Tulsa time

(Instrumental Chorus)

1
Well, there I was in Hollywood
Wishin' I was doin' good

5(7)
Talkin' on the telephone line
But they don't need me in the movies
And nobody sings my songs

1
Guess I'm just wastin' time

1
Well, then I got to thinkin',

Man I'm really sinkin'

5(7)
And I really had a flash this time
I had no business leavin'

And nobody would be grievin'

1
If I went on back to Tulsa time

(Chorus) 2X
WAGON WHEEL – OLD CROW MEDICINE SHOW/ DYLAN

Intro: Chorus melody
C          G
Headed down south to the land of the pines
Am         F
And I'm thumbin' my way into North Caroline
C
Starin' up the road -
G         F
And pray to God I see headlights
C          G
I made it down the coast in seventeen hours
Am         F
Pickin' me a bouquet of dogwood flowers
C
And I'm a hopin' for Raleigh,
G         F
I can see my baby tonight

CHORUS:
C          G
So rock me mama like a wagon wheel
Am         F
Rock me mama anyway you feel
C         G       F
Hey, mama rock me
C          G
Rock me mama like the wind and the rain
Am         F
Rock me mama like a south-bound train
C         G       F
Hey, mama rock me
C          G
Runnin' from the cold up in New England
Am         F
I was born to be a fiddler in an old-time string band
C
My baby plays the guitar I pick a banjo now

C          G
Oh the North country winters keep a-gettin' me now
Am         F
Lost my money playin' poker so I had to up and leave
C
But I ain't a-turnin' back –
G         F
To livin' that old life no more

(CHORUS)

(Single strum)

C/     G/
Walkin' to the south out of Roanoke
Am/           F/
I caught a trucker out of Philly, had a nice long toke
C/
But he's a-headed west from
G/             F (Regular strum)
the Cumberland Gap to Johnson City, Tennessee

C          G
And I gotta get a move on fit for the sun
Am         F
I hear my baby callin' my name and I know that she's the only one
C         G       F
And if I die in Raleigh, at least I will die free,

(CHORUS) X2

BARITONE

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
C & G & Am & F \\
C & G & Am & F \\
C & G & Am & F \\
\end{array}
\]
Intro: Chorus melody

G    D
Headed down south to the land of the pines

Em    C
And I'm thumbin' my way into North Caroline

G
Starin' up the road -

D    C
And pray to God I see headlights

G    D
I made it down the coast in seventeen hours

Em    C
Pickin' me a bouquet of dogwood flowers

G
And I'm a hopin' for Raleigh,

D    C
I can see my baby tonight

CHORUS:

G    D
So rock me mama like a wagon wheel

Em    C
Rock me mama anyway you feel

G    D    C
Hey, mama rock me

G    D
Rock me mama like the wind and the rain

Em    C
Rock me mama like a south-bound train

G    D    C
Hey, mama rock me

G    D
Runnin' from the cold up in New England

Em    C
I was born to be a fiddler in an old-time string band

G
My baby plays the guitar I pick a banjo now

Oh the North country winters keep a-gettin' me now

Em    C
Lost my money playin' poker so I had to up and leave

G
But I ain't a-turnin' back –

D    C
To livin' that old life no more

(CHORUS)

(Single strum)

G      D
Walkin' to the south out of Roanoke

Em/    C/
I caught a trucker out of Philly, had a nice long toke

G/
But he's a-headed west from

D/    C (Regular strum)
the Cumberland Gap to Johnson City, Tennessee

G    D
And I gotta get a move on fit for the sun

Em    C
I hear my baby callin' my name and I know that she's the only one

G    D    C
And if I die in Raleigh, at least I will die free

(CHORUS) X2

BARITONE

G    D    C
My baby plays the guitar I pick a banjo now
Wagon Wheel (Bob Dylan)  (NN)

Intro: Chorus melody
1 5
Headed down south to the land of the pines
6(m) 4
And I'm thumbin' my way into North Caroline
1
Starin' up the road -
5 4
And pray to God I see headlights

1 5
I made it down the coast in seventeen hours
6(m) 4
Pickin' me a bouquet of dogwood flowers
1
And I'm a hopin' for Raleigh,
5 4
I can see my baby tonight

CHORUS:
1 5
So rock me mama like a wagon wheel
6(m) 4
Rock me mama anyway you feel
1 5 4
Hey, mama rock me
1 5
Rock me mama like the wind and the rain
6(m) 4
Rock me mama like a south-bound train
1 5 4
Hey, mama rock me

1 5
Runnin' from the cold up in New England
6(m) 4
I was born to be a fiddler in an old-time string band
1 5 4
My baby plays the guitar I pick a banjo now

1 5
Oh the North country winters keep a-gettin' me now
6(m) 4
Lost my money playin' poker so I had to up and leave
1 5
But I ain't a-turnin' back - To livin' that old life no more

(CHORUS)

(Single strum)
1 / 5/
Walkin' to the south out of Roanoke
6(m)/ 4/
I caught a trucker out of Philly, had a nice long toke
1 /
But he's a-headed west from
5/ 4 (Regular strum)
the Cumberland Gap to Johnson City, Tennessee

1 5
And I gotta get a move on fit for the sun
6(m) 4
I hear my baby callin' my name and I know that she's the only one
1 5 4
And if I die in Raleigh, at least I will die free

(CHORUS) X2

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1</th>
<th>4</th>
<th>5</th>
<th>6(m)</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>F#m</td>
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<td>Bb</td>
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<tr>
<td>G</td>
<td>Bb</td>
<td>C</td>
<td>Em</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Wagon Wheels
Recorded by Sons Of The Pioneers / Written by Billy Hill and Peter Derose

C        G7
Wagon wheels (rollin' rollin' rollin') wagon wheels
C      C#dim        G7
Keep on a-turnin' (turnin') wagon wheels
C              G7
Roll along (rollin' rollin' rollin') sing your song
C        G7         C
Carry me over the hill (carry me over the hill)

C - F  C          F    C
Roll on mule there's a steamer at the landin'
F        C        G7
Waitin' for this cotton to load
C      F    C       F    C
Roll on mule the boss is under- standin'
Am     D7         G7
There's a pasture at the end of each road

C        G7
Wagon wheels (rollin' rollin' rollin') wagon wheels
C      C#dim        G7
Keep on a-turnin' (turnin') wagon wheels
C              F    Fm
Roll along sing your song
C        G7    Am    F    G7    C    F    C    E7
Wag-on wheels carry me ho-o-o-o-o-ome
F        G7        C
Wagon wheels carry me home
F        C
(Wagon wheels carry me home)
(chords from https://www.classic-country-song-lyrics.com/wagonwheelslyricschords.html)

Sons of the Pioneers
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-oZg1ku6zzY
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ra19IZVKVrE
This big band version has a lead-in intro verse
Singing doesn’t start until 1:15

Trains rushing here and there
Flying machines flashing through the air
Automobiles all shiny and new
For folks with nothin’ else to do
But when I want to travel to the soil I cling
I climb on my wagon and sing

Eddy Arnold version
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=duZwkeO7Sv8
Windmills of Your Mind (Marilyn Bergman / Michel Legrand / Alan Bergman) Key Em

Intro: Em B7 Em

Em
Round, like a circle in a spiral,
B7
Like a wheel within a wheel
Em
Never ending or beginning
On an ever spinning reel
E7
Like a snowball down a mountain,
Am7
Or a carnival balloon
D7
Like a carousel that's turning,
Gmaj7
Running rings around the moon

Chorus: Cmaj7
Like a clock whose hands are sweeping
Am
Past the minutes of its face
B7
And the world is like an apple
Em
Whirling silently in space
Bbdim
Like the circles that you find
Em
In the windmills of your mind!

Em
Like a tunnel that you follow
B7
To a tunnel of its own
Down a hollow to a cavern
Em
Where the sun has never shone
E7
Like a door that keeps revolving
Am7
In a half forgotten dream
D7
Or the ripples from a pebble
Gmaj7
Someone tosses in a stream

(Chorus)
Windmills of Your Mind (Marilyn Bergman / Michel Legrand / Alan Bergman) Key Em DGBE

Intro: Em B7 Em

Em
Round, like a circle in a spiral,
B7
Like a wheel within a wheel
Never ending or beginning
Em
On an ever spinning reel
E7
Like a snowball down a mountain,
Am7
Or a carnival balloon
d7
Like a carousel that's turning,
Gmaj7
Running rings around the moon

Chorus:
Cmaj7
Like a clock whose hands are sweeping
Am
Past the minutes of its face
B7
And the world is like an apple
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Whirling silently in space
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In the windmills of your mind!

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Where the sun has never shone
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Like a door that keeps revolving
Am7
In a half forgotten dream
D7
Or the ripples from a pebble
Gmaj7
Someone tosses in a stream

(Chorus)