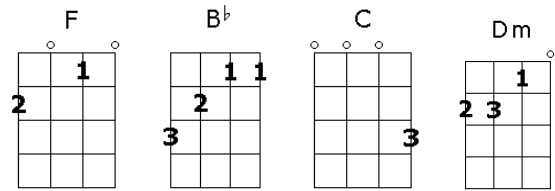


Blowin' In The Wind - Bob Dylan



INTRO: Bb, C, F, Dm, Bb, C, F (2)

VERSE 1:

F Bb F
How many roads must a man walk down
F Bb C(2)
Before they call him a man?
F Bb F Dm
How many seas must a white dove sail
F Bb C(2)
Before she sleeps in the sand?
F Bb F
How many times must the cannon balls fly
F Bb C(2)
Before they're forever banned?

CHORUS:

Bb C F Dm
The answer my friend, is blowin' in the wind
Bb C F(2)
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

VERSE 2:

F Bb F
How many years can a mountain exist
F Bb C(2)
Before it is washed to the sea?
F Bb F Dm
How many years can some people exist
F Bb C(2)
Before they're allowed to be free?
F Bb F
How many times can a man turn his head
F Bb C(2)
And pretend that he just doesn't see?

CHORUS:

Bb C F Dm
The answer my friend, is blowin' in the wind
Bb C F(2)
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

VERSE 3:

F Bb F
How many times must a man look up
F Bb C(2)
Before he can see the sky?
F Bb F Dm
How many ears must one man have
F Bb C(2)
Before he can hear people cry?
F Bb F
How many deaths will it take till he knows
F Bb C(2)
That too many people have died?

CHORUS END:

Bb C F Dm
The answer my friend, is blowin' in the wind
Bb C F(2)
The answer is blowin' in the wind.
Bb C F Dm
The answer my friend, is blowin' in the wind
Bb C F(1) F↓
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

Down by the Riverside — Patty Smith Hill, Mildred J. Hill (Slow--Swing-rhythm)

INTRO: C--F C (twice)

VERSE 1:

I'm gonna lay down my heavy load, down by the riverside
G7 C
| Down by the riverside, | down by the riverside
G C
I'm gonna lay down my heavy load, down by the riverside, and study war no more

CHORUS:

I ain't a-gonna study war no more, I ain't a-gonna study war no more
F C
G7 C F
I ain't a-gonna study war no more, I ain't a-gonna study war no more
C G7 C--F C
I ain't a-gonna study war no more, I ain't a-gonna study war no more

VERSE 2:

I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield, down by the riverside
C
G7 C
| Down by the riverside, | down by the riverside
G C
I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield, down by the riverside, and study war no more

CHORUS:

VERSE 3:

I'm gonna put on my long white robe, down by the riverside
C
G7 C
| Down by the riverside, | down by the riverside
G C
I'm gonna put my long white robe, down by the riverside, and study war no more

CHORUS:

VERSE 4:

I'm gonna put on my shiny crown, down by the riverside
C
G7 C
| Down by the riverside, | down by the riverside
G C
I'm gonna put on my shiny crown, down by the riverside, and study war no more

CHORUS:

VERSE 5:

I'm gonna meet my kūpuna, down by the riverside
C
G7 C
| Down by the riverside, | down by the riverside
G C
I'm gonna meet my kūpuna, down by the riverside, and study war no more

CHORUS/ END

Down on the Corner - J.C. Fogerty

INTRO: F↓ C↓ F↓↓ C↓ F↓ Bb↓↓ F↓↓↓ C↓ F↓

INTRO: F(2) C(1) F(4) C(1) F(1) Bb(2) F(4) C(1) F(1)

VERSE 1:

F C F
Early in the evening, just about supper time
C F
Over by the courthouse, they're starting to unwind
Bb F
Four kids on the corner, trying to bring you up
F C F
Willy picks a tune out and he blows it on the harp

→ → →

VERSE 2:

F C F
Rooster hits the washboard, and the people just gotta smile
C F
Blinky thumps the gut bass and solos for awhile
Bb F
Poorboy twangs the rhythm out on his kalamazoo
F C F
And Willy goes into a dance and doubles on kazoo

→ → →

VERSE 3:

F C F
You don't need a penny, just to hang around
C F
But, if you've got a nickel, won't you lay your money down
Bb F
Over in the corner, there's a happy noise
F C F
People come from all around to watch the magic boys

CHORUS END:

Bb F C F
Down on the corner, out in the street
Bb F
Willy and the Poorboys are playing
C F
Bring a nickel, tap your feet
Bb F C F
Down on the corner, out in the street
Bb F
Willy and the Poorboys are playing
C F↓
Bring a nickel, tap your feet

CHORUS:

Bb F C F
Down on the corner, out in the street
Bb F
Willy and the Poorboys are playing
C F
Bring a nickel, tap your feet

CHORUS:

Bb F C F
Down on the corner, out in the street
Bb F
Willy and the Poorboys are playing
C F
Bring a nickel, tap your feet

Margaritaville – J. Buffet

INTRO: F(2) C7(1) F(1)

VERSE ONE:

F
| Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake
C7(2)
All of the tourists covered with oil

Strummin' my four-string, on my front porch swing
F F7
Smell of shrimp, they're beginning to boil

CHORUS:

Bb C7 F F7 Bb C7 F F7
| Wastin' away again in Margaritaville, | searching for my | lost shaker of salt
Bb C7 F Bb C7 F(2)
| Some people claim that there's a heartache to blame, but I know, it's nobody's fault

VERSE TWO:

F
| I don't know the reason, I've stayed here all season
C7(2)
Nothing to show but this brand new tattoo

But it's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie
F F7
How it got here I haven't a clue

CHORUS:

Bb C7 F F7 Bb C7 F F7
| Wastin' away again in Margaritaville, | searching for my | lost shaker of salt
Bb C7 F Bb C7 F(2)
| Some people claim that there 's a heartache to blame, but I know, hell it could be my fault

VERSE THREE:

F
| I blew out my flip-flop, stepped on a pop-top
C7(2)
Cut my heel had to cruise on back home
But there's booze in the blender, and soon it will render
F F7
That frozen concoction that helps me hang on

CHORUS:

Bb C7 F F7 Bb C7 F F7
| Wastin' away again in Margaritaville, | searching for my | lost shaker of salt
Bb C7 F Bb C7 F
| Some people claim that there's a heartache to blame, but I know, it's my own damn fault
Bb C7 F Bb C7 F Bb C7 F↓ Bb↓F↓
| Yes, some people claim that there's a heartache to blame, but I know, it's my own damn fault