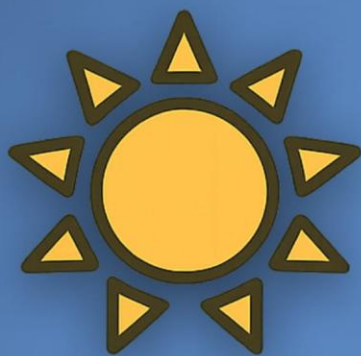


SONGBOOK OF SUMMER



61

SUMMER HITS

- SIMPLE CHORDS & COMPLETE LYRICS ·
- EACH SONG ON ONE PAGE ·
- FOR GUITAR & UKULELE ·

Summer Songbook with simple chords

61 hit songs for guitar and ukulele,
in letter size (A4), each song on a single page!

www.MarroneChords.com

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(Sittin' on) The Dock of the Bay (Otis Redding)

(1968, m. w. Steve Cropper, Otis Redding)

G, [x4]

G **B7**
Sittin' in the mornin' sun
C **A**
I'll be sittin' when the evenin' come
G **B7**
Watching the ships roll in
C **A**
Then I watch 'em roll away again, yeah

G **E**
I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay
G **E**
Watching the tide roll away
G **A**
I'm just sittin' on the dock of the bay
G **E**
Wastin' time, ah, ah

G **B7**
I left my home in Georgia
C **A**
Headed for the 'Frisco bay
G **B7**
I've had nothing to live for
C **A**
Look like nothin's gonna come my way

[CHORUS]

G **D** **C**
Look like nothing's gonna change
G **D** **C**
Everything still remains the same
G **D** **C**
I can't do what ten people tell me to do
F **D**
So I guess I'll remain the same, yes

G **B7**
Sittin' here resting my bones
C **A**
And this loneliness won't leave me alone
G **B7**
It's two thousand miles I roamed
C **A**
Just to make this dock my home

[CHORUS]

G, G, G, E; [x3]

A Summer Place (The Lettermen)

(1959, m. Max Steiner, w. Mack Discant)

[ORIGINAL KEY G#, CAPO 1]

G, C; G Em Am D

G Em Am D G Em Am D
The---e---re's a summer pla---a---ce, where it may
G Em Am D G Em Am D
Rai---ain or storm, yet I'm sa---fe and warm

G Em Am D G Em Am D
For withi---i---in that summer pla---a---ce, your arms
G Em Am D G Em Am D
Reach ou---out to me, and my hea---eart is free
G Em Am D G Em Am D
From all care---re---re, for it kno---o---ows

Em Bm G Bm Cm
There are no gloomy skies, when seen through the eyes
G Em Am A D D7
Of tho---ose who are blessed with love

NC G Em Am D G Em Am D
And the sweet secret o---o---of a summer pla---a---ce, is that
G Em Am D G Em Am D
It's a---any---where when two peo---eople share
G Em Am D G Em Am
All their ho---o---pes, all their drea---ea---eams
D G Em Am D
All their lo---o---ve

[ORIGINAL SONG GOES UP 1 SEMITONE]

[VERSE 1]

G Em Am D G Em Am
In your a---a---arms, in your a---a---arms
D G Em Am D G Em Am
In your a---a---arms, in your a---a---arms
D G Em Am D G Em Am D G
In your a---a---arms, in your a---a---arms

A Summer Song (Chad & Jeremy)

(1964, m. w. Clive Metcalfe, Keith Noble, Chad Stuart)

A C#m D E; [x2]

A C#m D E A C#m D
Tree---ee---ees swaying in the summer bree---ze
E A C#m D E A
Showing off their silver leaves, as we walked by

C#m D E A C#m D
So---oft kisses on a summer's day
E A C#m D E A C#m D E
Laughing all our cares away, just you and I---I

A C#m D E A C#m D
Swee---ee---eet sleepy warmth of summer ni---ights
E A C#m D E A C D A
Gazing at the distant lights, in the starry sky---y

D E A F#m
They say that all good things must end, someday
D E F#m F#m
Autumn leaves must fall
A C#
But don't you know that it hurts me so
F#m C#m Bm
To say goodbye to you---ou?
F#m E F#m E
Wish you didn't have to go. No, no, no, no

A C#m D E A C#m
And when the rai---ai---ain beats against my---y window pane
D E A C#m D E A
I'll think of summer days again, and dream of you

C#m D E; A C D A;

[CHORUS]

[LAST VERSE]

C#m D E A C#m D E F#
And dream of you---ou---ou

Bus Stop (The Hollies)

(1966, m. w. Graham Gouldman)

Am, G; Am, G;

Am Em Am Em Am Em Am Em
Bus stop, wet day, she's there, I say: "Please, share my umbre---la"
Am Em Am Em Am Em Am Em-G
Bus stop, bus goes, she stays, love grows, under my umbre---la

C G Am Dm Em
All that summer, we enjoyed it, wind and rain and shine
Am Em Am Em Am Em Am Em
That umbrella, we employed it, by August, she was mine

C B7 Em C
Every mornin', I would see her waiting at the stop
Am B7 Em Em
Sometimes she'd shopped and she would show me what she bought
C B7 Em C
All the people stared as if we were both quite insane
Am B7 Em Em
Someday my name and hers are going to be the same

Am Em Am Em Am Em Am Em
That's the way the whole thing started, silly but it's tru---e
Am Em Am Em Am Em Am Em-G
Thinkin' of a sweet romance, beginning in a que---ue

C G Am Dm Em
Came the sun, the ice was melting, no more sheltering now
Am Em Am Em Am Em Am Em
Nice to think that that umbrella, led me to a vow

Am Em Am Em Am Em Am Em;

Am Em Am Em Am Em Am Em-A

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 1]

[BRIDGE 1]

[INSTRUMENTAL]

California Girls (The Beach Boys)

(1965, m. w. Brian Wilson, Mike Love)

[ORIGINAL KEY B, CAPO 2]

A, D; A, D; A, D; A7, D7; G, F; A, A,

A Well, East Coast girls are hip, **G** I really dig those styles they wear

D And the Southern girls, with the way they talk

E They knock me out when I'm down there

A The Midwest farmers' daughters, really make you feel all right **G**

D And the Northern girls, with the way they kiss

E They keep their boyfriends warm at night

A I wish they all could be **Bm** California **G** girls **Am**
(I wish they all could be California)

F I wish they all could be **Gm** California **A** girls

A The West Coast has the sunshine, and the girls all get so tanned **G**

D I dig a French bikini on Hawaiian Island dolls

E By a palm tree in the sand

A I've been all around this great big world, and I've seen all kind of girls **G**

D Yeah, but I couldn't wait to get back in the states

E Back to the cutest girls in the world

[CHORUS]

A, Bm;
(Doh, be doh)

A I wish they all could be **Bm** California gi-----irls
(Girls, girls, girls, yeah, I dig the, girls, girls, girls, yeah, I dig the)
(I wish they all could be California)

[x4]

California Sun (The Rivas)

(1960, m. w. Henry Glover)

[ORIGINAL KEY D#, CAPO 1]

[INSTRUMENTAL VERSE & CHORUS]

Well, I'm goin' out west, where I belong
Where the days are short, and the nights are long

Where they walk, and I'll walk
They twist, and I'll twist
They shimmy, and I'll shimmy
They fly, and I'll fly
Well, they're out there a-havin' fun
In that warm California sun

Well, I'm goin' out west, out on the coast
Where the California girls, are really the most

[CHORUS]

[INTRO]

Well, the girls are frisky, in old Frisco
A pretty little chick, wherever you go

[CHORUS]

Yeah, they're out there a-havin' fun
In that warm California sun

Copacabana (Barry Manilow)

(1977, m. w. Barry Manilow, Jack Feldman, Bruce Sussman)

[ORIGINAL KEY Fm, CAPO 3]

Em, D#m-Dm, D-Em, D#m-Dm-D#m-Em
Em, Dm, Em; Dm Em

Dm G C F#m B7
Her name was Lola, she was a showgirl, with yellow feathers in her hair
Em Dm G C
And a dress cut down to there, she would merengue and do the cha-cha
F#m B7 Em
And while she tried to be a star, Tony always tended bar

B7 Em B7 Em
Across the crowded floor, they worked from eight 'til four
Am B7 Em
They were young and they had each other. Who could ask for more?

Dm G C
At the Copa (Copa), Copacabana (Copacabana)
Dm G C
The hottest spot north of Havana (Here)
Dm G C A
At the Copa (Copa), Copacaba---na
Dm G Em A
Music and passion were always the fashion
Dm B7 Em Dm Em Dm Em
At the Copa, they fell in love (Copa, Copacabana)

Dm G C F#m B7
His name was Rico, he wore a diamond, he was escorted to his chair
Em Dm G C
He saw Lola dancing there, and when she finished, he called her over
F#m B7 Em
But Rico went a bit too far, Tony sailed across the bar

B7 Em B7 Em
And then the punches flew, and chairs were smashed in two
Am B7 Em
There was blood and a single gunshot, but just who shot who?

[CHORUS]

[INSTRUMENTAL]

Dm G C F#m B7
Her name is Lola, she was a showgirl, but that was thirty years ago
Em Dm G C
When they used to have a show, now it's a disco, but not for Lola
F#m B7 Em
Still in the dress she used to wear, faded feathers in her hair

B7 Em B7 Em
She sits there so refined, and drinks herself half-blind
Am B7 Em
She lost her youth and she lost her Tony, now she's lost her mind

[CHORUS]

Cruel Summer (Bananarama)

(1983, m. w. Sara Dallin, Siobhan Fahey, Steve Jolley, Tony Swain, Keren Woodward)

[ORIGINAL KEY C#m, CAPO 2]

Bm A G A; [x4]

Bm A G A Bm A G A
Hot summer streets and the pavements are burning, I sit around
Bm A G A Bm A G A
Trying to smile, but the air is so heavy and dry
Bm A G A Bm
Strange voices are saying (What did they say?)
A G A Bm A
Things I can't understand. It's too close for comfort
G A G A
This heat has got right out of hand

Bm G A G Bm G A G
It's a cruel (Cruel), cruel summer. Leaving me here on my own
Bm G A G Bm G A A
It's a cruel (It's a cruel), cruel summer. Now you're gone

[INTRO ½]

Bm A G A Bm A G A
The city is crowded, my friends are away, and I'm on my own
Bm A G A G A
It's too hot to handle, so I gotta get up and go

Bm G A G Bm G A G
It's a cruel (Cruel), cruel summer. Leaving me here on my own
Bm G A G Bm
It's a cruel (It's a cruel), cruel summer. Now you're gone
G A G Bm G A G
You're not the only one. It's a cruel (Cruel), cruel summer
Bm G A G
(Leaving me) Leaving me here on my own
Bm G A G Bm G A A
It's a cruel (It's a cruel), cruel summer. Now you're gone

Bm-A-Bm G, G A G A;

Bm G A G; [x4]

Bm G A G Bm G A G
It's a cruel, cruel summer. Leaving me here on my own
Bm G A G Bm
It's a cruel, cruel summer. Now you're gone
G A G Bm G A G
You're not the only one. It's a cruel (Cruel), cruel summer
Bm G A G
(Leaving me) Leaving me here on my own
Bm G A G Bm
It's a cruel (It's a cruel), cruel summer. Now you're gone
[x2 DECRESCENDO]

Dancing in the Streets (Martha and the Vandellas)

(1964, m. w. Marvin Gaye, William Stevenson, Ivy Jo Hunter)

[ORIGINAL KEY 2, CAPO E]

D7 D7 D7 D7
Callin' out around the world, are you ready for a brand new beat
D7 D7
Summer's here and the time is right, for dancing in the street
D7
They're dancing in Chicago (dancing in the street)
D7
Down in New Orleans (dancing in the street)
D7
In New York City (dancing in the street)

G
All we need is music, sweet music,
(Sweet music, sweet sweet music)
G D7
There'll be music everywhere There'll be swingin' and swayin'
(Sweet music, everywhere)
D7
And records playing, dancing in the street

F# Bm
Oh! It doesn't matter what you wear, just as long as you are there
E7 Em A
So come on ev'ry guy grab a girl, everywhere around the world

D7
There'll be dancing (dancing in the street)
D7
They're dancing in the Street (dancing in the street)
D7 D7
It's just an invitation across the nation, a chance for folks to meet
D7 D7
There'll be laughing, singing and music swinging, dancing in the street
D7
Philadelphia, PA (dancing in the street)
D7
Baltimore and D.C. now (dancing in the street)
D7
Can't forget the Motor City (dancing in the street)

[CHORUS]

[BRIDGE]

D7 D7
They're dancing, dancing in the street (dancing in the street)
D7
Way down in L.A., every day
D7
They're dancing in the street (dancing in the street)
D7 D7
Let's form a big, strong line, get in time, they're dancing in the street
D7 D7
Across the ocean blue, me and you, we're dancing in the street

Escape - The Piña Colada Song (Rupert Holmes)

(1979, m. w. Rupert Holmes)

F, Dm C, C7; F, Dm C Dm C

I was tired of my lady, we'd been together too long
Like a worn out recording, of a favorite song
So while she lay there sleeping, I read the paper in bed
And in the personal columns, there was this letter I read

If you like piña coladas, and getting' caught in the rain
If you're not into yoga, if you have half a brain
If you like making love at midnight, in the du---nes on the cape
Then I'm the love that you've looked for, write to me and escape

F, Dm C, C7; F, Dm C Dm C

I didn't think about my lady, I know that sou---ounds kind of mean
But me and my old lady, had fallen into the same old dull routine
So I wrote to the paper, took out a personal ad
And though I'm nobody's poet, I thought it wasn't half bad

Yes, I like piña coladas, and getting' caught in the rain
I'm not much into health food, I am into champagne
I've got to meet you by tomorrow noon, and cut through all this red tape
At a bar called O'Malley's, where we'll pla---an our escape

F, Dm C, C7; F, Dm C, Dm C

So I waited with high hopes, and she walked in the place
I knew her smile in an instant, I knew the cur---ve of her face
It was my own lovely lady, and she said, "Aw, it's you"
Then we laughed for a moment, and I said, "I never knew"

That you like piña coladas, and getting' cau---aught in the rain
And the feel of the ocean, and the tas---te of champagne
If you like making love at midnight, in the du---nes on the cape
You're the lady I've looked for, come with me---e and escape

F, Dm C, C7; F, Dm C, Dm C

Fields of Gold (Sting)

(1993, m. w. Sting)

Bm [x8]

Bm **G** **G** **D**
You'll remember me when the west wind moves, upon the fields of barley
Bm **G** **D** **G** **A** **Bm**
You'll forget the sun in his jealous sky, as we walk in fields of gold

Bm G D, D;

Bm **G** **G** **D**
So she took her love, for to gaze a while, upon the fields of barley
Bm **G** **D** **G** **A** **D**
In his arms she fell as her hair came down, among the fields of gold

Bm **G** **G** **D**
Will you stay with me? Will you be my love? Among the fields of barley
Bm **G** **D** **G** **A** **Bm**
We'll forget the sun in his jealous sky, as we lie in fields of gold

Bm G D, D;

Bm **G** **G** **D**
See the west wind move like a lover so, upon the fields of barley
Bm **G** **D** **G** **A** **D**
Feel her body rise when you kiss her mouth, among the fields of gold

G **D**
I never made promises lightly
G **D**
And there have been some that I've broken
G **D**
But I swear in the days still left
G **A** **D** **G** **A** **D** **D**
We'll walk in fields of gold, we'll walk in fields of gold

[INSTRUMENTAL VERSE 2]

Bm **G**
Many years have passed since those summer days
G **D**
Among the fields of barley
Bm **G** **D** **G** **A** **D**
See the children run as the sun goes down, among the fields of gold

Bm **G**
You'll remember me when the west wind moves
G **D**
Upon the fields of barley
Bm **G** **D** **G** **A** **D**
You can tell the sun in his jealous sky, when we walked in fields of gold
G **A** **D** **G** **A** **D**
When we walked in fields of gold, when we walked in fields of gold

G D [x8]

(1969, m. w. George Harrison)

A **A7**
Here comes the sun, doo-doo-doo-doo

A Little darlin', **A7** it's been a long, cold, lonely winter **D** **E**
A Little darlin', **A7** it feels like years since it's been here **D** **E**

A Little darlin', **A7** the smile's returning to the faces **D** **E**
A Little darlin', **A7** it seems like years since it's been here **D** **E**

C	G	D	A	E	C	G	D	A	E
<i>Sun, sun, sun, here it comes.</i>					<i>Sun, sun, sun, here it comes</i>				
C	G	D	A	E	C	G	D	A	E
<i>Sun, sun, sun, here it comes.</i>					<i>Sun, sun, sun, here it comes</i>				
C	G	D	A						
<i>Sun. sun. sun. here it comes</i>									

A Little darlin', **A7** I feel that **D** ice is slowly melting **E**
A Little darlin', **A7** it seems like years since it's been clear **D** **E**

C G D, A

Holiday Road (Lindsey Buckingham)

(1982, m. w. Lindsey Buckingham)

F, F, F, F

F **C** **F** **F**
I found out long ago (Oh-oh-oh)

F **C** **F** **F**
It's a long way down the Holiday Road (Oh-oh-oh)

#A **C** **Am** **Dm** **#A** **C** **F** **F**
Holiday Ro----o----o----oad, Holiday Ro----o----oad

F **C** **F** **F**
Jack be nimble, Jack be quick (Oh-oh-oh)

F **C** **F** **F**
Take a ride on a West Coast kick (Oh-oh-oh)

[CHORUS x2]

F [x6]

[VERSE 1]

[CHORUS x2]

F [x8]

Hooray! Hooray! It's a Holi-Holiday (Boney M.)

(1979, m. w. Frank Farian, Fred Jay)

C, C G; G, G7 C

^C Digge ding ding doo ^C digge digge ding doo, ^C hi-de-hi-de-ho ^G

^G Digge ding ding doo ^G digge digge ding doo, ^{G7} hi-de-hi-de-ho ^C
[x2]

^C There's a place I know, ^C where we should go, ^C hi-de-hi-de-ho ^G

^G Won't you take me there, ^G your lady fair, ^{G7} hi-de-hi-de-ho ^C

^C There's a brook nearby, ^C the grass grows high, ^C hi-de-hi-de-ho ^G

^G Where we both can hide, ^G side by side, ^{G7} hi-de-hi-de-ho ^C

^C ^C ^C ^G
Hooray! Hooray! It's a holi-holiday

^G ^G ^{G7} ^C
What a world of fun, for everyone, holi-holiday

^C ^C ^C ^G
Hooray! Hooray! It's a holi-holiday

^G ^G ^{G7} ^C ^{G7} ^C ^{G7} ^C
Sing a summer song, skip along, holi-holiday, it's a holi-holiday

^C There's a country fair, ^C not far from there, ^C hi-de-hi-de-ho ^G

^G On a carousel, ^G the ding-dong bell, ^{G7} hi-de-hi-de-ho ^C

^C On the loop di loop, ^C we swing and swoop, ^C hi-de-hi-de-ho ^G

^G And what else we'll do, ^G is up to you, ^{G7} hi-de-hi-de-ho ^C

[CHORUS] [ORIGINAL SONG GOES UP 1 SEMITONE]

C, C G, G G7 C [x2]

C, C,

^C ^G ^F ^C
Well, I'm game, fun is the thing I'm after

^C ^F ^G ^C
Now let's a-live it up today, get set for love and laughter

^C ^G ^F ^C
Well, let's go, time isn't here for wasting

^C ^F ^G ^C
Life is so full of sweet, sweet things, I'd like to do some tasting

[CHORUS] [ORIGINAL SONG GOES UP 1 SEMITONE]

^C ^C ^C ^G
Hooray! Hooray! It's a holi-holiday

^G ^G ^{G7} ^C ^{G7} ^C ^{G7} ^C
Sing a summer song, skip along, holi-holiday, it's a holi-holiday

I Love (Icona Pop)

(2011, m. w. Charlotte Aitchison, Patrik Berger, Linus Eklöw)

[ORIGINAL KEY G#, CAPO 1]

G, C,

G G
I got this feeling on the summer day when you were gone
C C
I crashed my car into the bridge, I watched, I let it burn
G G
I threw your shit into a bag and pushed it down the stairs
C
I crashed my car into the bridge

G G C C
I don't care, I love it, I don't care

[VERSE 1]

[CHORUS]

Am A#
You're on a different road, I'm in the Milky Way
C C
You want me down on Earth, but I am up in space
Am A#
You're so damn hard to please, we gotta kill this switch
C C
You're from the '70s, but I'm a '90s bitch

G G C C G G C C
I love it, I love it

[VERSE 1]

G G C C
I don't care, I love it. I don't care, I love it, I love it
G G C C
I don't care, I love it. I don't care

[BRIDGE]

G G C C
I don't care, I love it. I don't care, I love it, I love it
G G C C
I don't care, I love it. I don't care, I love it, I love it
G G C C [NC]
I don't care, I love it

In the Summertime (Mungo Jerry)

(1970, m. w. Ray Dorset)

[INTRUMENTAL VERSE]

E **E**
In the summertime, when the weather is high
E7 **E7**
You can stretch right up, and touch the sky
A **A** **E** **E**
When the weather's fine, you got women, you got women on your mind
B7 **A** **E** **E**
Have a drink, have a drive, go out and see what you can find

E **E**
If her daddy's rich, take her out for a meal
E7 **E7**
If her daddy's poor, just do what you feel
A **A** **E** **E**
Speed along the lane, do a ton, or a ton and twenty-five
B7 **A** **E** **E**
When the sun goes down, you can make it, make it good in a lay-by

E **E**
We're not grey people, we're not dirty, we're not mean
E7 **E7**
We love everybody, but we do as we please
A **A** **E** **E**
When the weather's fine, we go fishing or go swimming in the sea
B7 **A** **E** **E**
We're always happy, life's for living, yeah, that's our philosophy

E **E**
Sing along with us, dee-dee-dee dee-dee
E7 **E7**
Da-da-da da-da, yeah we're hap-happy
A **A** **E** **E**
Da da-da, dee-da-da dee-da-da da-da-da, yeah
B7 **A** **E** **E**
Da-da-da da-da, da-da-da, do da-da, alright

[INTRUMENTAL VERSE]

E **E**
When the winter's here, yeah it's party time
E7 **E7**
Bring your bottle, wear your bright clothes, it'll soon be summertime
A **A** **E** **E**
And we'll sing again, we'll go driving or maybe we'll settle down
B7 **A** **E** **E**
If she's rich, if she's nice, bring your friends, and we'll all go into town

[REPEAT SONG UNTIL BEFORE SECOND INTRO]

Islands in the Stream (Dolly Parton & Kenny Rogers)

(1983, m. w. Barry Gibb, Robin Gibb, Maurice Gibb)

C, F-C; C, F-C; C

Baby, when I met you, there was peace unknown

C

I set out to get you, with a fine-tooth comb

F

C

F-C

I was soft inside, there was something going on

C

You do something to me, that I can't explain

C

F

Hold me closer and I feel no pain, every beat of my heart

C

We got something going on

F

Tender love is blind, it requires a dedication

Fm

All this love we feel, needs no conversation

C

C

We ride it together, ah-ha, making love with each other, ah-ha

C

F

Islands in the stream, that is what we are

Dm

Dm

No one in between, how can we be wrong?

C

F

Sail away with me, to another world

C

C

Dm

C

And we rely on each other, ah-ha, from one lover to another, ah-ha

[ORIGINAL SONG GOES UP TO G#]

C

I can't live without you, if the love was gone

C

Everything is nothing, if you got no one

F

C

F-C

And you just walk in the night, slowly losing sight of the real thing

C

But that won't happen to us, and we got no doubt

C

F

Too deep in love and we got no way out, and the message is clear

C

This could be the year for the real thing

F

No more will you cry, baby, I will hurt you never

Fm

We start and end as one, in love forever

C

C

We can ride it together, ah-ha, making love with each other, ah-ha

[CHORUS]

F G# C

F

C

F

G#

C

C

Sail away!

Ooh, come sail away, y---y with me

[CHORUS x2]

Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polkadot Bikini

(Brian Hyland)

(1960, m. w. Paul Vance, Lee Pockriss)

D **G** **A**
(Bop, bop, bop, bop, bo-bop bop bop bop bop)

D **A**
She was afraid to come out of the locker

A7 **D**
She was as nervous as she could be

D7 **G**
She was afraid to come out of the locker

D **A** **D** [NC]
She was afraid that somebody would see

(Two, three, four. Tell the people what she wore)

A **D**
It was an itsy, bitsy, teenie, weenie, yellow, polka dot bikini

A **D**
That she wore for the first time today

A **D**
An itsy, bitsy, teenie, weenie, yellow, polka dot bikini

A **G** **D** [NC]
So, in the locker, she wanted to stay

(Two, three, four. Stick around we'll tell you more)

[INTRO]

D **A**
She was afraid to come out in the open (bop-o-bop)

A7 **D**
And so a blanket around her she wore (bop-o-bop)

D7 **G**
She was afraid to come out in the open (bop-o-bop)

D **A** **D** [NC]
And so she sat, bundled up on the shore

(Two, three, four. Tell the people what she wore)

[CHORUS]

(Two, three, four. Stick around we'll tell you more)

[ORIGINAL SONG GOES UP 1 SEMITONE] [INTRO]

D **A**
Now she's afraid to come out of the water (bop-o-bop)

A7 **D**
And I wonder what she's gonna do (bop-o-bop)

D7 **G**
Now she's afraid to come out of the water (bop-o-bop)

D **A** **D** [NC]
And the poor little girl's turning blue

(Two, three, four. Tell the people what she wore)

[CHORUS]

A **A7** **D** **D**
(From the locker to the blanket. From the blanket to the shore)

A **A7** **D**
(From the shore to the water) Guess there isn't any more

Kokomo (The Beach Boys)

(1988, m. w. John Phillips, Scott McKenzie, Mike Love, Terry Melcher)

C **C**
Aruba, Jamaica, ooh, I wanna take ya
F **F**
Bermuda, Bahama, come on, pretty mama
C **C** **F**
Key Largo, Montego, baby, why don't we go? Jamaica
C **C** **Gm** **F**
Off the Florida Ke---ys, there's a place called Kokomo
Fm **C** **D7** **G7**
That's where you wanna go, to get away from it all
C **C** **Gm** **F**
Bodies in the sand, tropical drink melting in your hand
Fm **C** **D7**
We'll be falling in love, to the rhythm of a steel drum band
G7
Down in Kokomo

C **C**
Aruba, Jamaica, ooh, I wanna take you
F **F**
To Bermuda, Bahama, come on, pretty mama
C **C7** **F**
Key Largo, Montego, ooh, I wanna take you down to Kokomo
Fm **C**
We'll get there fast, and then we'll take it slow
Am **Dm** **G7**
That's where we wanna go, way down in Kokomo

C **C**
Ma-Martinique, that Montserrat mystique
C **C** **Gm** **F**
We'll put out to sea, and we'll perfect our chemistry
Fm **C** **D7** **G7**
By and by, we'll defy, a little bit of gravity
C **C** **Gm** **F**
Afternoon delight, cocktails and moonlit nights
Fm **C** **D7**
That dreamy look in your eye, give me a tropical contact high
G7
Way down in Kokomo

[CHORUS]

C **C**
Port au Prince, I wanna catch a glimpse
C, C, Gm, F, Fm, C, D7, G7
C **C** **Gm** **F**
Everybody knows, a little place like Kokomo
Fm **C** **D7** **G7**
Now if you wanna go, and get away from it all, go down to Kokomo

[CHORUS x2]

La Isla Bonita (Madonna)

(1987, m. w. Madonna, Patrick Leonard, Bruce Gaitsch)

[ORIGINAL KEY C#m, CAPO 2]

Bm A Bm; Bm A Bm; Bm A Bm; Bm A Bm;
¿Cómo puede ser verdad?

Bm A Bm Bm G Bm D
Last night I dreamt of San Pedro, just like I'd never gone
A Bm A Bm Bm
I knew the song. A young girl with eyes like the desert
G Bm D A F#
It all seems like yesterday, not far away

Bm A Em D
Tropical the island breeze, all of nature wild and free
A Em Em Bm
This is where I long to be, La isla bonita
Bm A Em D
And when the samba played, the sun would set so high
A Em Em A Bm
Ring through my ears and sting my eyes, your Spanish lullaby

Bm A Bm; Bm A Bm;

Bm A Bm Bm G Bm D
I fell in love with San Pedro, warm wind carried on the sea
A Bm A Bm Bm
He called to me. Te dijo: "Te amo"
G Bm D A F#
I prayed that the days would last, they went so fast

[CHORUS]

Bm A Bm; Bm A Bm;

Em C D Em
I want to be where the sun warms the sky
Em C D D
When it's time for siesta, you can watch them go by
Em C D Em
Beautiful faces, no cares in this world
Em C D D F# Bm A Bm; G Bm D A
Where a girl loves a boy, and a boy loves a girl

Bm A Bm Bm
Last night I dreamt of San Pedro
G Bm D A F#
It all seems like yesterday, not far away

[CHORUS x2]

Em A Bm A Em D A Em Em Bm
La-la-la la-la-la-la, te dijo: "Te amo"
Bm A Em D A Em Em A Bm
La-la-la la-la-la El dijo que te ama
Em A Bm A Em D A Em Em A Bm
Pa-pa-ra, pa-pa, pa-pa-pa-pa, ah-ah, ah-ah, La isla bonita

Let the River Run (Carly Simon)

(1988, m. w. Carly Simon)

A D A F#m E
Let the river run, let all the dreamers wake the na---tion
D F#m E A A
Come, the New Jeru-----sa-----lem

A D A F#m E
Silver cities rise, the morning lights the streets that lead them
D F#m E A A
And sirens call them on with a song

F#m B7 D A
It's as---king for the taking, trembling, shaking
F#m G E
Oh, my heart is aching, we're coming to the edge
E7
Running on the water, coming through the fog, your sons and daughters

C F C
We the great and small, stand on a star
Am G F Am G C C
And blaze a trail of desire, through the darke---ning dawn

Am D F
It's as---king for the taking, come run with me now
C
The sky is the colour of blue, you've never even seen
Am A#
In the eyes of your lover my heart is aching
(Oh!)

G
We're coming to the edge, running on the water
G7
Coming through the fog, your sons and daughters

C, F, C, Am G F, Am G C, C,

Am D F C
It's as---king for the taking, trembling, shaking
Am A# G
Oh, my heart is aching, we're coming to the edge
G7
Running on the water, coming through the fog, your sons and daughters

C F C
Let the river run, let all the drea-----mers
(Let the river run, let all the dreamers)
Am G F Am G C C
Wake the na-----tion, come, the New Jeru-----sa---lem
(Wake the nation)

C [x4]

Margaritaville (Jimmy Buffett)

(1976, m. w. Jimmy Buffett)

D G A D D

D Nibbling on sponge cake, D watching the sun bake, D7 all of those
A A Tourists covered with oil. A Strumming my six-string, A on my front porch
A7 Swing, D D7 smell those shrimp they're beginning to boil

G A D D7
Wasting away again in Margaritaville
G A D D7
Searching for my---y lost shaker of salt
G A D A G
Some people claim that there's a wo---man to blame
A D D
But I know, it's nobody's fault

D D D7
Don't know the reason, stayed here all season, nothing to show
A A But this brand-new tattoo. A But it's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie
A7 D D7
How it got here I haven't a clue

G A D D7
Wasting away again in Margaritaville
G A D D7
Searching for my---y lost shaker of salt
G A D A G
Some people claim that there's a wo---man to blame
A D D
But I think, hell it could be my fault

D, D, D7, A; G A D-A-G; A, D,

D D D7
I blew out my flip-flop, stepped on a pop-top, cut my heel had to
A A Cruise on back home. A But there's booze in the blender, and soon
A7 D D7
It will render. That frozen concoction that helps me hang on

G A D D7
Wasting away again in Margaritaville
G A D D7
Searching for my---y lost shaker of salt
G A D A G
Some people claim that there's a wo---man to blame
A D D7
But I know, it's my own damn fault
G A D A G
Yes and some people claim that there's a wo---man to blame
A D G A D
And I know, it's my own damn fault

On My Way in L.A (Phil Carmen)

(1985, m. w. Phil Carmen, S. Dale Sanders)

C;

Gm, C, Gm, Gm; [x3]

 Gm C Gm Gm
Took a trip down to L.A. for the weekend
 Gm C Gm Gm
Let my hair flow, an' my inspiration grow

 Dm C# Cm Gm Gm
On my way----y----y to L.A.

Gm C Gm D;
Touched down through the smog cloud, L.A. runway

 Gm C Gm Gm
Visit Sandy in Marina, swingin' easy
 Gm C Gm Gm
Make a beach scene, such a sweet dream, nice an' breezy

[CHORUS]

 Gm C Gm D;
In the meantime, on the fault line, California

Gm, C, Gm, Gm; [x4]

D

 Gm C Gm Gm
Get a notion, by the ocean, what an i---dea
 Gm C Gm Gm
Move on over, little lover, gonna stay here

[CHORUS x2]

[BRIDGE 2]

Gm, C, Gm, Gm; [x8]

[CHORUS x2]

On the Beach (Chris Rea)

(1986, m. w. Chris Rea)

[ORIGINAL KEY Fm, CAPO 1]

Em, C; Em, C; Em, C; Em, C; B7;

Em, C B7; [x2]

Em C B7 Em C B7
Between the eyes of love I call your name
Em C B7 Em C B7
Behind those guarded walls I used to go
Em C B7 Em C B7
Upon a summer wind, there's a certain melody

Am Bm C D
Takes me back to the place that I know
Em Em C B7
On the beach, yeah yeah
Em Em C B7
Down on the beach, yeah yeah

Em C B7 Em C B7
The secrets of the summer I will keep
Em C B7 Em C B7
The sands of time will blow a mystery
Em C B7 Em C B7
No-one but you and I, underneath that moonlit sky---y

Am Bm C D
Takes me back to the place that I know
Em Em C B7
On the beach, yeah yeah
Em Em C B7
Down on the beach, yeah down on the beach---each
Em C B7 Em Em C B7
On the beach, yeah yeah. On the beach

Cm, Gm; Cm, Gm; Cm, Gm; Cm, Am Bm

Em C B7 Em C B7
Forever in my dreams my heart will be
Em Dm G C B7
Hanging on to this sweet memory
Em C B7 Em C B7
A day of strange desire, and a night that burned like fire

[CHORUS 2]

Em, C B7; [x2]

River of Dreams (Billy Joel)

(1993, m. w. Billy Joel, Danny Kortchmar, Joe Nicolo, David Thoener)

G G C D
Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh, ah-ah-ah-ah---ah
G G
(In the middle of the, I go walking in my... In the middle of the, I go walking in my...)
C D
(In the middle of the, I go walking in my... In the middle of the, I go walking in my...)

G G C
In the middle of the night, I go walking in my sleep. From the mountains of faith
D G G
To the river so deep. I must be looking for something, something sacred I lost
C D
But the river is wide, and it's too hard to cross

Em D C
Even though I know the river is wide, I walk down every evening
Bm C Bm
And I stand on the shore. I try to cross to the opposite side
A D
So I can finally find what I've been looking for

G G C
In the middle of the night, I go walking in my sleep. Through the valley of fear
D G G
To a river so deep. I've been searching for something, taken out of my soul
C D
Something I'd never lose, something somebody stole

Em D C
I don't know why I go walking at night. But now I'm tired and I don't want
Bm C Bm
To walk anymore. I hope it doesn't take the rest of my life.
A D
Until I find what it is that I've been looking for

G G C
In the middle of the night, I go walking in my sleep. Through the jungle of doubt
D G G
To a river so deep. I know I'm searching for something, something so undefined
C D G
That it can only be seen, by the eyes of the blind. In the middle of the night

G G
(I go walking in my, in the middle of the... I go walking in my, in the middle of the)
C D
(I go walking in my, in the middle of the... I go walking in my, in the middle of the)
[x2]

Em D C Bm
I'm not sure about a life after this, God knows I've never been a spiritual man
C Bm A D
Baptized by the fire, I wade into the river that runs to the promised land

G G C
In the middle of the night, I go walking in my sleep. Through the desert of truth
D G G
To the river so deep. We all end in the ocean, we all start in the streams
C D G
We're all carried along, by the river of dreams. In the middle of the night

[BRIDGE 2 x2 DECRESCENDO]

Rockaway Beach (Ramones)

(1977, m. w. Dee Dee Ramone)

[NC]

Hey! We're the Ramones, this one's called "Rockaway Beach"

One, two, three, four

D, D,

A **A**
Chewin' out a rhythm on my bubble gum, the sun is out and I want some

D **E**
It's not hard, not far to reach, we can hitch a ride to Rockaway Beach

A **A**
Up on the roof, out on the Street, down in the playground, the hot concrete

D **E**
Bus ride is too slow, they blast out the disco on the radio

A **D**
Rock-rock, Rockaway Beach, rock-rock, Rockaway Beach

A **E**
Rock-rock, Rockaway Beach, we can hitch a ride to Rockaway Beach

[CHORUS]

G D F-C; G D F-C;

F# **A**
It's not hard, not far to reach, we can hitch a ride to Rockaway Beach

F# **D** **E**
It's not hard, not far to reach, we can hitch a ride to Rockaway Beach

[VERSE 1]

[VERSE 2]

[CHORUS]

G D F-C; G D F-C; D-A [NC]

[CHORUS x2]

D-A

Sailing (Rod Stewart)

(1972, m. w. Gavin Sutherland)

[ORIGINAL KEY 2 , CAPO B]

G, A, G, A E

A F#m D A
I am sailing, I am sailing, home again 'cross the sea
B7 F#m Bm A E
I am sailing stormy waters, to be near you, to be free

A F#m D A
I am flying, I am flying, like a bird 'cross the sky
B7 F#m Bm A E
I am flying, passing high clouds, to be with you, to be free

A F#m
Can you hear me, can you hear me
D A
Thro' the dark night, far away
B7 F#m
I am dying, forever crying
Bm A E
To be with you, who can say

[CHORUS]

E7; D, F#m, E, F#m; D, F#m, E, E7;

A F#m D A
We are sailing, we are sailing, home again 'cross the sea
B7 F#m Bm A
We are sailing stormy waters, to be near you, to be free

E Bm A
Oh lord! To be near you, to be free [x3]

E G, A E
Oh lord!

[INSTRUMENTAL CHORUS]

San Francisco (Scott McKenzie)

(1967, m. w. John Phillips)

G, G,

Em C G D
If you're going to San Francisco
Em C G D
Be sure to wear some flowers in your hair
Em G C G
If you're going to San Francisco
G Bm Em D D
You're gonna meet, some gentle people the---re

Em C G D
For those who come to San Francisco
Em C G D
Summertime will be a love-in there
Em G C G
In the streets of San Francisco
G Bm Em D D
Gentle people, with flowers in their hai---air

F F
All across the nation, such a strange vibration
G G
People in motion
F F
There's a whole generation, with a new explanation
G D
People in motion, people in motion

Em Am C G Bm D
For those who co---me to San Francisco
Em C G D
Be sure to wear some flowers in your hair
Em G C G
If you come to San Francisco
G Bm Em D G G
Summertime will be a love-in the---re

Em F#m A D A
If you come to San Francisco
A C#m F#m A A
Summertime will be a love-in the---re
F#m A D A
Mm---mm---mm, mm---mm---mm

School's Out (Alice Cooper)

(1972, m. w. Alice Cooper, Michael Bruce, Glen Buxton, Dennis Dunaway, Neal Smith)

Em A Em G-Em; [x5]

Em A Em G-Em Em A Em

Well, we got no choice

G-Em Em A Em

All the girls and boys

G-Em Em A Em G-Em Em A Em

Making all that noise 'cause they found new toys

G-Em C C

Well we can't salute ya, can't find a flag

C#----D# D#

If that don't suit ya, that's a drag

Gm A# C Gm Gm Gm A# C Gm Gm
School's out for summer, school's out for - ever
 Gm A# C Gm Gm
School's been blown to pieces

A, G, F;

C D C D C D C D
No more pencils, no more boo---ooks
 Am D Am D Am D Am D
No more tea---chers, dir---ty loo---ooks

Em A Em G-Em; [x4]

G-Em Em A Em G-Em Em A Em

Well, we got no class, and we got no principals

G-Em Em A Em

And we got no innocence

G-Em Em A Em G

We can't even think of a word that rhymes

Gm A# C Gm Gm Gm A# C Gm Gm
School's out for summer, school's out for - ever
 Gm A# C
School's been blown to pieces

C D C D C D C D
No more pencils, no more boo---ooks
 C D C D C D C D
No more tea---chers, dir---ty loo---ooks
 Am D Am D Am D Am D
Out for sum---mer, out 'til fa---all
 Am D Am D Am D Am D
We might not come back at a---all

Gm A# C Gm Gm Gm A# C Gm Gm
School's out for - ever, school's out for summer
 Gm A# C Gm Gm Gm F C
School's out with fever, school's out completely

Sea of Love (Phil Phillips)

(1959, m. w. Phil Phillips, George Khoury)

G, B7, C, A; G C G,

G **B7**
Come with me, my love

C **A**
To the sea, the sea of love

G **A** **G C G G**
I want to tell you, how much I love you

G **B7**
Do you remember, when we met?

C **A**
That's the day, I knew you were my pet

G **A** **G C G G**
I want to tell you, how much I love you

D **C D C**
Come with me, to the sea

B7 D
Oh, love

[VERSE 2]

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 2]

(1962; 1960. m. w. Peter Udell and Gary Geld, *The Four Voices*)

Em E7 Am, D; Em, Em D-Em

-31-

Sloop John B (The Beach Boys)

(1916, 'The John B. Sails', m. w. Traditional Bahamian folk song from Nassau; 1965 m. w. arranged by Brian Wilson)

[ORIGINAL KEY G#, CAPO 1]

G **G**
We come on the sloop John B, my grandfather and me
G **D** **G** **C** **Am**
Around Nassau town we did roam, drinkin' all night, got into a fight
G **D** **G**
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home

G **G**
So hoist up the John B's sail, see how the mainsail sets
G **D** **G**
Call for the captain ashore, let me go home, let me go home
C **Am** **G** **D** **G**
I wanna go home, yeah, yeah, well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home

G **G**
The first mate, he got drunk, and broke in the captain's trunk
G **D** **G**
The constable had to come and take him away, Sheriff John Stone
C **Am**
Why don't you leave me alone? Yeah, yeah
G **D** **G**
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home

G
So hoist up the John B's sail (Hoist up the John B's sail)
G
See how the mainsail sets (See how the mainsail sets)
G **D**
Call for the captain ashore, let me go home (Let me go home)
G
I wanna go home (Let me go home)
C
Why don't you let me go home (Hoist up the John B's sail)
Am **G**
Hoist up the John B, I feel so broke up
D **G**
I wanna go home, let me go home (Hoist up the John B)

G **G**
The poor cook, he caught the fits, and threw away all my grits
G **D** **G**
And then he took and he ate up all of my corn, let me go home
C **Am**
Why don't they let me go ho----o---me?
G **D** **G**
This is the worst trip I've ever been on

[CHORUS 2]

Soak Up the Sun (Sheryl Crow)

(2002, m. w. Sheryl Crow, Jeff Trott)

E, B7 A [x2]

E B7 A E B7 A
My friend the communist, holds meetings in his RV
E B7 A E B7 A
I can't afford his gas, so I'm stuck here watching TV

E, B7 A

E B7 A E B7 A
I don't have digital, I don't have diddly-squat
E B7 A E B7 A
It's not having what you want, it's wanting what you've got

E B7 F#m A B7
I'm gonna soak up the sun, I'm gonna tell everyone to lighten up
 E B7
I'm gonna tell 'em that I've got no one to blame
 F#m A B7
For every time I feel lame, I'm lookin' up

 E B7 A E B7 A
I'm gonna soak up the sun, I'm gonna soak up the sun

E B7 A E B7 A
I've got a crummy job, it don't pay near enough
E B7 A E B7 A
To buy the things it'd take, to win me some of your love

E B7 D A
Every time I turn around, I'm lookin' up, you're lookin' down
E B7 G A
Maybe something's wrong with you, that makes you act the way you do

[CHORUS]

 E B7 A E B7 A
I'm gonna soak up the sun, while it's still free

E B7 A E B7 A
Don't have no master suite, but I'm still the king of me
E B7 A E B7 A
You have a fancy ride, but, baby, I'm the one who has the key

E B7 D A
Every time I turn around, I'm lookin' up, you're lookin' down
E B7 G A
Maybe something's wrong with you, that makes you act the way you do
G A
Maybe I am crazy too

[CHORUS]

 E B7 F#m A B7
(I'm lookin' up) I'm gonna soak up the sun, I got my 45 on, so I can rock on

(1961, m. w. John Phillips)

Em A
Lord, we marched those dusty roads
Em B7
To Gettysburg that day
Em A
Jamie right there by my side, oh, Lord
Em B7 Em
Every step of the way

Em A
As we marched them last few miles
Em B7
Our heads are hangin' down
Em A
Told me 'bout his darlin' bride
Em B7 Em
Turned him a Sally Brown

Em A
Yes, I marched beside him
Em B7
Give him water when he was dry
Em A
But I could not hide him
Em B7 Em
When it came his turn to die

Em B7 Em Em B7 Em Em
Sally, don't you cry. Uh, uh, uh
 Em Bm Bm
Soft blow the summer winds (Summer winds) Summer winds
 Bm
 (Summer winds) Summer winds (Summer winds)

Song of Sand (Suzanne Vega)

(1992, m. w. Suzanne Vega, Nils Petter Molvær)

Am, Am, F, F; E F E F B7 A# Am, B7 A# Am,

Am

If sand waves were sound waves

Am

F

F

What song would be in the air now?

E

F

What stinging tune

E

F

Could split this endless noon

B7

A#

Am

And make the sky swell with rain?

B7 A# Am,

Am

Am

If war were a game that a man or a child

F

F

Could think of winning

E

F

What kind of rule

E

F

Can overthrow a fool

B7

A#

Am

And leave the land with no stain?

B7 A# Am,

Am, E, Am, E;

F, E, F, E;

Am, Am, F, F;

[VERSE 1]

B7 A# Am,

Summer Holiday (Cliff Richard & The Shadows)

(1962, m. w. Bruce Welch, Brian Bennett)

[ORIGINAL KEY E, CAPO 2]

D Bm Em A [x2]

D Bm Em A
We're all going on a summer holiday
D Bm Em A
No more working for a week or two
D Bm Em A
Fun and laughter on our summer holiday
Em A D Bm
No more worries for me or you
Em A D Bm
For a week or two

Em A D D
We're going where the sun shines brightly
Em A D D
We're going where the sea is blue
F#m F#m
We've seen it in the movies
E A A7
Now let's see if it's true---ue

D Bm Em A
Everybody has a summer holiday
D Bm Em A
Doing things they always wanted to
D Bm Em A
So we're going on a summer holiday
Em A D Bm
To make our dreams come true---ue
Em A D D
For me and you---ou

[INTRO]

D Bm Em A; Em A D Bm; Em A D D;

[CHORUS]

[ORIGINAL SONG GOES UP 1 SEMITONE]

[VERSE 2]

Em A D Bm Em A D Bm
Mm-mm mm-mm-mm. Mm-mm mm-mm-mm...

Summer In The City (Lovin' Spoonful)

(1966, m. w. John Sebastian, Mark Sebastian, Steve Boone)

[ORIGINAL KEY Cm, CAPO 3]

F E; F E; F E;

Am **C** **D** **F**
Hot town, summer in the city, back of my neck getting' dirt' and gritty

Am **C** **D** **F**
Been down, isn't it a pity? Doesn't seem to be a shadow in the city

E **E7**
All around, people looking half-dead

Am **A**
Walkin' on the sidewalk, hotter than a match head

D **G** **D** **G**
But at night it's a different world, go out and find a girl

D **G** **D** **G**
Come on, come on and dance all night, despite the heat it'll be alright

Bm **E**
And babe, don't you know it's a pity

Bm **E**
That the days can't be like the nights

Bm **E**
In the summer, in the city

Bm **E**
In the summer, in the city

Am **C** **D** **F**
Cool town, evenin' in the city, dress so fine and lookin' so pretty

Am **C** **D** **F**
Cool cat lookin' for a kitty, gonna look in every corner of the city

E **E7**
'Til I'm wheezin' like a bus stop

Am **A**
Runnin' up the stairs, gonna meet you on the rooftop

[BRIDGE]

[CHORUS]

Am, F, Am, F;

Am, C, D, F; Am, C, D, F;

[VERSE 1]

[BRIDGE]

[CHORUS]

Am, F, Am, F;

Am, C, D, F; Am, C, D, F;

[INSTRUMENTAL SONG]

Summer Means Fun (Bruce & Terry)

(1964, m. w. P. F. Sloan, Steve Barri)

[ORIGINAL KEY A#, CAPO 1]

A **A**
Surfin' every day down at Malibu, 'Neath the warm California sun
D **Bm**
No more books, no more homework to do, now
A
'Cause summer means fun

Bm **G** **E**
Summer means fun (Fun fun, summer means fun)
A
Summer means fun (And the girls are two to one)
Bm **G** **E**
The girls are two to one (Lots of fun for everyone)
A
Yes, summer means fun (Fun fun, summer means fun, now)

A **A**
Drive-in movies every night, stayin' out 'til half past one
D **Bm** **A**
Sleepin' late and living right now, 'cause summer means fun

[CHORUS]

D, G, C, F E

[BRIDGE]

A
Yeah, summer means fun (Fun, fun, summer means fun, now)
F#m
Summer means fun (And the girls are two-to-one, now)
G **E**
Summer means fun (Lots of fun por everyone, now)

[ORIGINAL SONG GOES TO A#]

E **E7**
Ooh---ooh

A **A**
So c'mon, everybody get your bags and bikinis, 'cause it's only just begun
D **Bm** **A**
We're gonna have a ball until the fall, now, 'cause summer means fun

[CHORUS]

[ORIGINAL SONG GOES TO F#]

[BRIDGE x3]

Summer Nights (John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John)

(1978, m. w. Jim Jacobs, Warren Casey)

D G A G D G A G
Summer loving had me a blast, summer loving happened so fast
D G A B7 E A E A
I met a girl crazy for me, met a boy cute as can be
D G A B7 Em A D
Summer days drifting away, to-ah! Oh those summer nights

G A D G E A D
Well-a, well-a, well-a, huh! Tell me more, tell me more, did you get very far?

G E A D
Tell me more, tell me more, like does he have a car?

G A G D
Uh huh (doo doo), Uh huh (doo doo), Uh huh (doo doo doo doo doo)

G A G D G A G
She swam by me, she got a cramp, he ran by me, got my suit damp
D G A B7 E A E A
I saved her life, she nearly drowned, he showed off, splashing around
D G A B7 Em A D
Summer sun, something's begun, but ah! Oh those summer nights

G A D G E A D
Well-a, well-a, well-a, huh! Tell me more, tell me more, was it love at first sight?

G E A D
Tell me more, tell me more, did she put up a fight?

G A G
Doobie do, doobie do, doobie, doobie, doobie

D G A G D
Dow, doobie do, doobie do, doobie, doobie, doobie, dow

G A G D G A G
Took her bowling in the Arcade, we went strolling, drank lemonade
D G A B7 E A E A
We made out under the dock, we stayed up 'til ten o'clock
D G A B7 Em A D [UP 1 ST]
Summer fling, don't mean a thing, but ah! Oh those summer nights

A D G E A D
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Tell me more, tell me more, but you don't gotta brag

G E A D G
Tell me more, tell me more, 'cause he sounds like a drag

D G A G
(Shoo) bop bop, (shoo) bop bop, (shoo) bop bop, (shoo) bop bop

D G A G
(Shoo) bop bop, (shoo) bop bop, (shoo) bop bop, yeah!

D G A G D G A G
He got friendly, holding my hand, well, she got friendly down in the sand
D G A B7 E A E A
He was sweet, just turned 18, well, she was good, you know what I mean
D G A B7 Em A D [UP 1 ST]
Summer heat, boy and girl meet, but ah! Oh those summer nights

A D G E A D
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Tell me more, tell me more, how much dough did he spend?

G E A D G
Tell me more, tell me more, could she get me a friend?

D G A G D G A G D
It turned colder, that's where it ends, so I told her we'd still be friends
G A B7 E A E A D
Then we made our true love vow... Wonder what she's doing now. Summer
G A B7 Em A A7 D D G G D A D
Dreams ripped at the seams, but, oh, those summer, ni---i---i---i---i---i---ights!

Summer of '69 (Bryan Adams)

(1984, m. w. Bryan Adams, Jim Vallance)

D

D I got my first real six-string, A bought it at the Five and Dime

D Played it 'til my fingers bled, A was the summer of '69

D Me and some guys from school, A had a band and we tried real hard

D Jimmy quit, Jody got married, A should've known we'd never get far

Bm Oh, when I look back now, A D that summer seemed to last forever G

Bm And if I had the choice, A D yeah, I'd always wanna be there G

Bm Those were the best days of my life, A D A hey!

D Ain't no use in complainin', A when you got a job to do

D Spent my evenings down at the drive-in, A and that's when I met you, yeah

Bm Standin' on your mama's porch, A D you told me that you'd wait forever G

Bm Oh, and when you held my hand, A D I knew that it was now or never G

Bm Those were the best days of my life A D

A D A
Oh yeah! Back in the summer of '69, oh

F A# C A#
Man, we were killin' time, we were young and restless, we needed to unwind

F A# C C D A D A
I guess nothing can last forever. Forever, no! Yeah!

D A
And now the times are changin', look at everything that's come and gone

D Sometimes, when I play that old six-string

A Think about you, wonder what went wrong

[CHORUS 2]

A D A
Oh, yeah! Back in the summer of '69, uh-huh

D A D A
It was the summer of '69. Oh, yeah! Me and my baby in '69, oh!

D A D A D
It was the summer, summer, summer of '69, yeah

Summer Son (Texas)

(1999, m. w. Johnny McElhone, Sharleen Spiteri, Eddie Campbell, Robert Hodgins)

[ORIGINAL KEY Fm, CAPO 1]

Em; Em, Am, D B7; Em,

C **D** **C** **D**
I'm tired of telling the story, tired of telling it your way

Bm **Em**
Yeh, I know what I saw, I know that I found the floor

G **C**
Before you take my heart, reconsider

G **Am**
Before you take my heart, reconsider

C **D**
I've opened the door, I've opened the door

Em **Am**
Here comes the summer's son, he burns my skin

D **B7** **Em**
I ache again, I'm over you

C **D** **C** **D**
I thought I had a dream to hold, maybe that has gone

Bm **Em**
Your hands reach out and touch me still, but this feels so wrong

[BRIDGE]

Em **Am**
Here comes the summer's son, he burns my skin

D **B7** **Em**
I ache again, I'm over you

Em **Am**
Here comes the winter's rain, to cleanse my skin

D **B7** **Em**
I wake again, I'm over you

Bm, Am, Bm, Am,

[BRIDGE]

[CHORUS 2]

Em **Am**
Here comes the summer's son, he burns my skin
(I'm over you. I'm over you)

D **B7** **Em**
I ache again, I'm over you

Em **Am**
Here comes the winter's rain, to cleanse my skin
(I'm over you. I'm over you)

D **B7** **Em**
I wake again, I'm over you
(I'm over you. I'm over you)

Summer Song (Remy Bond)

(2024, m. w. Remy Bond, Jules Apollinaire, Natalie Findlay, Olivia Bond?)

[ORIGINAL KEY C#]

D E A A; D C D C D C D C

D C
In the summertime, driving up the west coast

D C
Me and my valentine, we ain't got no place
D C D C
To go, nothing ahead but the open road

D C
They're in the bad lands looking for me

D C
We're in the city getting high with the freaks

D C D D D
Out the juke box back on Lou Reed, I'm free---ee---ee

D C D C D C D F Am C
Hey, it's my life, hold on tight, it's my life

D Am C G
I---I---I, I know what to do, now that I've got a man like you

D Am C G
In the sum---mertime, it can be so cruel, baby don't be cruel

[CHORUS 1]

D Am C G D Am C G
Uh! Baby don't be cruel, baby you're so coo---ooo---ool

D C D C
I need real love, fucking in the backseat, real love, just like Sid and Nancy

D C D C D C D C
Real love, nothing more than you and me---e---e---e---e

D C D C
6 foot angel, love of my life, Ima make it out of here dead or alive

D C D D
Ima gonna make this boy my wife, I'm free---ee---ee

D C D C D C D F Am C
Hey, it's my life, hold on tight, it's my life

D Am C G
Real love is a dangerous game but it's one that I wanna play

D Am C G
Real love is a gun to my brain but I'm drawn like a moth to the flame

D Am C G
In the summertime---ime, in the summertime---ime

D Am C G
In the summertime---ime

[CHORUS 1]

D Am C G D Am C G
Uh! Baby don't be cruel, baby you're so coo---ooo---ool

[POST-CHORUS x2]

Summer Wind (Frank Sinatra)

(1965, "Der Sommerwind", m. Heinz Meier, w. Hans Bradtke; t. Johnny Mercer)

[ORIGINAL KEY C#, CAPO 1]

F, F G; F, F G; C, C, C, C;

C **C** **Dm** **G**
The summer wind, came blowin' in from across the sea
Dm **G** **C** **C**
It lingered there to touch your hair and walk with me
Gm **C** **F** **A#**
All summer long we sang a song and then we strolled that golden sand
Dm-C **A** **Dm** **G** **C** **C** **Em** **A**
Two sweethearts and the summer wind

D **D** **Em** **A**
Like painted kites, those days and nights, they went flyin' by
Em **A** **D** **D**
The world was new beneath a blue umbrella sky
Am **D** **G** **C**
Then softer than a piper man one day it called to you
Em-D **B7** **Em** **A** **D** **D** **F#m** **B7**
I lost you, I lost you to the summer wind

E **E** **F#m** **B7**
The autumn wind and the winter winds, they have come and gone
F#m **B7** **E** **E**
And still the days, those lonely days, they go on and on
Bm **E** **A** **D**
And guess who sighs his lullabies through nights that never end
F#m-E **C#** **F#m** **B7** **E** **C#** **F#m** **B7**
My fickle friend, the summer wind
E **E** **E** **E** **E** **E** **E**
The summer wind, warm summer wind. Mmm, the summer wind

Summer Wine (Nancy Sinatra & Lee Hazlewood)

(1966, m. w. Lee Hazlewood)

Am G
Strawberries, cherries and an angel's kiss in spring
Am G
My summer wine is really made from all these things

Am G
I walked in town on silver spurs that jingled to
Am G
A song that I had only sang to just a few
Dm Am
She saw my silver spurs and said, "Let's pass some time
Dm Am Dm G Am
And I will give to you, summer wine". Oh, oh summer wine

Am G
Strawberries, cherries and an angel's kiss in spring
Am G
My summer wine is really made from all these things
Dm Am
Take off your silver spurs and help me pass the time
Dm Am Dm G Am
And I will give to you summer wine. Oh, summer wine

Am G
My eyes grew heavy and my lips, they could not speak
Am G
I tried to get up but I couldn't find my feet
Dm Am
She reassured me with an unfamiliar line
Dm Am
And then she gave to me more summer wine
Dm G Am
Oh, oh summer wine

[CHORUS]

Am G
When I woke up the sun was shining in my eyes
Am G
My silver spurs were gone, my head felt twice its size
Dm Am
She took my silver spurs, a dollar and a dime
Dm Am
And left me cravin' for more summer wine
Dm G Am
Oh, oh summer wine

[CHORUS]

Summertime (Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong)

(1935, m. George Gershwin, w. DuBose Heyward)

[INSTRUMENTAL SONG]

Bm F# Bm F# Bm F# Bm
Su---umerti---ime, and the livi---in' is ea---ea---sy---y
F#-D Em G Em G G7 F# C# F# F#
Fi---ish are jumpin', and the cotton is hi---i---igh

Bm F# Bm F# Bm F#
Oh---oh, your daddy's rich, and your ma i---is good lookin'
Bm E D Bm E Em Bm E Bm
So hush, little baby, do---on't you cry---y---y

B7; Em, B7, Em, B7,

Em B7 Em B7 Em B7
One of these morning---s, you gonna ri---se up singi---ing
Em B7--G Am C
Yes, you'll spread your wi---ings
Am C C7 B7 F# B7 B7
And you'll take to the skies

Em B7
Mmm, but 'til that morni---ing
Em B7 Em B7
There's nothin---n' can harm you
Em A G Em A Am Em A
Ye---es, with daddy and mammy sta---andin' by---y

F#, F#; Bm, F#, Bm, F#,

Bm F# Bm F# Bm F# Bm
Sumerti---ime---ime, a---and the livin' is ea---ea---sy---y
F#-D Em G Em G G7 F# C# F# F#
Fish a---are jumpin', a---and the cotton is hi---igh---igh

Bm F# Bm F# Bm F# Bm
Oh---oh, your dad---dy's rich, and your ma is good looki---in'
E D Bm E Em Bm Bm E
So hush, little baby, ba---baby, do---on't you cry---y---y
G Bm E G Em Bm Bm
Don't you cry---y---y

Summertime Blues (Eddie Cochran)

(1958, m. w. Eddie Cochran, Jerry Capehart)

E, E; E A B7 E; E A B7 E

^E I'm a-gonna raise a fuss, ^E I'm a-gonna raise a holler ^{E A B7 E}
^E About working all summer, ^E just to try to earn a dollar ^{E A B7 E}

^A Every time I call my baby, ^A try to get a date
^{E [NC]} My boss says "No dice, son, you gotta work late"

^A Sometimes I wonder, what ^A I'm a-gonna do
^{E [NC]} But there ain't no cure, ^E for the summertime blues ^E

E A B7 E; E A B7 E

^E Well, my mama and papa told me:
^E "Son, you gotta make some money ^{E A B7 E}
^E If you wanna use the car, ^E to go a-riding next Sunday" ^{E A B7 E}

^A Well, I didn't go to work, ^A told the boss I was sick
^{E [NC]} "Now you can't use the car 'cause you didn't work a lick"

[CHORUS]

E A B7 E; E A B7 E

^E I'm gonna take two weeks, ^E gonna have a fine vacation ^{E A B7 E}
^E I'm gonna take my problem, ^E to the United Nations ^{E A B7 E}

^A Well, I called my congressman, ^A and he said, quote:
^{E [NC]} "I'd like to help you, son, but you're too young to vote"

[CHORUS]

E A B7 E; E A B7 E [x2]

Summertime Friends (Bonny Doon)

(2017, m. w. Bill Lennox and Bobby Colombo?)

E, A, [x4]

E A E A
You and all your summertime frie---iends

E A E A
You and all your summertime frie---iends

E C#m E A
You talk, you talk, all you ever do is talk

[CHORUS]

E C#m E A
You look so very good. But how, how do you feel?

[CHORUS]

E C#m E A
When they all disappear. I'll buy you a beer

[CHORUS ½]

E A E A E
How do you fee---eel? How do you fee---eel?
A E A
How do you fee---eel? How do you feel?

E, A, [x16]

Summertime Sadness (Lana Del Rey)

(2012, m. w. Lana Del Rey, Rick Nowels)

A, C#m, B7, F#m [x2]

A **C#m B7** **F#m**
Kiss me hard before you go, summertime sadness

A **C#m B7** **F#m**
I just wanted you to know, that, baby, you the best

A **C#m B7** **F#m**
I got my red dress on tonight, dancin' in the dark, in the pale moonlight

A **C#m**
Done my hair up real big beauty queen style

B7 **F#m A** **C#m**
High heels off, I'm feelin' alive. Oh my God, I feel it in the air

B7 **F#m**
Telephone wires above are sizzlin' like a snare

A **C#m B7** **F#m**
Honey, I'm on fire, I feel it everywhere, nothin' scares me anymore

[PRE-CHORUS]

A **C#m**
I got that summertime, summertime sadness

B7 **F#m**
Su-su-summertime, summertime sadness

A **C#m B7** **F#m**
Got that summertime, summertime sadness. Oh, oh--oh--oh, oh--oh

A **C#m B7** **F#m**
I'm feelin' electric tonight, cruisin' down the coast, goin' 'bout 99

A **C#m B7** **F#m**
Got my bad baby by my heavenly side, I know if I go, I'll die happy tonight

A **C#m**
Oh my God, I feel it in the air

B7 **F#m**
Telephone wires above are sizzlin' like a snare

A **C#m B7** **F#m**
Honey, I'm on fire, I feel it everywhere, nothin' scares me anymore

[PRE-CHORUS]

[CHORUS]

G#m **C#m** **A**
Think I'll miss you forever, like the stars miss the sun

F#m **G#m** **C#m**
In the morning sky. Later's better than never

F#m **B7** **F#m** **B7**
Even if you're gone, I'm gonna drive (drive), drive

[CHORUS]

[PRE-CHORUS]

[CHORUS]

[INSTRUMENTAL BRIDGE]

Sunny (Bobby Hebb)

(1963, m. w. Bobby Hebb)

Em G C F#m B7
Sunny, yesterday my life was filled with rain
Em G C F#m B7
Sunny, you smiled at me and really eased the pain

Em G
Now the dark days are gone, and the bright days are here
C F F#m B7 Em Em
My Sunny one shines so sincere. Sunny one so true, I love you

Em G C F#m B7
Sunny, thank you for the sunshine bouquet
Em G C F#m B7
Sunny, thank you for the love you brought my way

Em G C F
You gave to me your all and all, and now I feel ten feet tall
F#m B7 Em C
Sunny one so true, I love you

Fm G# C# Gm C
Sunny, thank you for the truth you let me see
Fm G# C# Gm C
Sunny, thank you for the facts from A to Z

Fm G#
My life was torn like a wind-blown sand
C# F#
Then a rock was formed when we held hands
Gm C Fm C#
(Sunny) Sunny one so true, I love you

F#m A D G#m C#
Sunny, thank you for the smile upon your face
F#m A D G#m C#
Sunny, thank you, thank you, for that gleam that shows its grace

F#m A D G
You're my spark of nature's fire. You're my sweet complete desire
G#m C# F#m D
Sunny one so true, yes, I love you

Gm A# D# Am D
Sunny, yesterday oh my life was filled with rain
Gm A# D# Am D
Sunny, you smiled at me and really, really eased the pain

Gm A#
Now the dark days are done, and the bright days are here
D# G# Am D Gm
My Sunny one shines so sincere. (Sunny) Sunny one so true, I love you
D# D Gm D# D Gm D Gm
I love you. I love you. Yes, I love you
(Sunny) (Sunny) (Sunny)

Sunny Afternoon (The Kinks)

(1966, m. w. Ray Davies)

Dm, Dm7, A, A7; Dm, Dm7 A, A7;

Dm C F C
The tax man's taken all my dough, and left me in my stately home
A A7 Dm
Lazin' on a sunny afternoon

C F C
And I can't sail my yacht, he's taken everything I got
A A7 Dm Dm
All I've got's this sunny afternoon

D D7 G G7
Save me, save me, save me from this squeeze
C C7 F A
I got a big fat mama tryna break me
Dm G Dm G C
And I love to live so pleasantly, live this life of luxury
F A Dm Dm7 A A7
Lazin' on a sunny afternoon, in the summertime
Dm Dm7 A A7
In the summertime, in the summertime

Dm C F C
My girlfriend's run off with my car, and gone back to her ma and pa
A A7 Dm
Tellin' tales of drunkenness and cruelty

C F C
Now I'm sittin' here, sippin' at my ice cold beer
A A7 Dm Dm
Lazin' on a sunny afternoon

D D7 G G7
Help me, help me, help me sail away
C C7 F A
Well, give me two good reasons why I oughta stay
Dm G Dm G C
'Cause I love to live so pleasantly, live this life of luxury
F A Dm Dm7 A A7
Lazin' on a sunny afternoon, in the summertime
Dm Dm7 A A7
In the summertime, in the summertime

[CHORUS 1]

Dm Dm7 A A7
In the summertime, in the summertime

Dm

Surf City (Jan & Dean)

(1963, m. w. Brian Wilson, Jan Berry)

[ORIGINAL KEY B]

C F G E E
Two girls for e---very boy

A F#m A A
I bought a '30 Ford wagon, and we call it a woody (Surf City, here we come)
A F#m A F#m
You know it's not very cherry, it's an oldie but a goody (Surf City, here we come)

D Bm G E
Well, it ain't got a back seat or a rear window, but it still gets me where I wanna go

A A
Yeah, we're gonna Surf City, 'cause it's two to one
A7 A7
You know we're gonna Surf City, gonna have some fun
D D
You know we're gonna Surf City, 'cause it's two to one
A A
You know we're gonna Surf City, gonna have some fun, now

[POSTCHORUS]

A F#m
They say, they never roll the streets up 'cause there's always somethin' goin'
A A
(Surf City, here we come)
A F#m
You know they're either out surfin' or they got a party growin'
A F#m
(Surf City, here we come)

D Bm
Well, with two swingin' honeys for every guy
G E
And all you gotta do is just wink your eye

[CHORUS]

[POSTCHORUS]

A F#m
And if my woody breaks down I'll be somewhere on the surf route
A A
(Surf City, here we come)
A F#m
I'll strap my board to my back and hitch a ride in my wetsuit
A F#m
(Surf City, here we come)

D Bm
And when I get to Surf City, I'll be shootin' the curl
G E
And checkin' out the parties for a surfer girl

[CHORUS]

C F G C# F# G# C# G# C# G# C#
Two girls for e---very, two girls for e---very boy, uh---uh, uh---uh

(1963, m. Chuck Berry 'Sweet Little Sixteen' 1957, w. Brian Wilson)

D; A D
If everybody had an ocean, across the U.S.A
 A D
Then everybody'd be surfin', like Californ-I-A
 G D
You'd see 'em wearing their baggies, huarache sandals too
 A G D
A bushy bushy blonde hairdo, surfin' U.S.A

A
D
 We'll all be planning out a route, we're gonna take real soon
A
D
 We're waxing down our surfboards, we can't wait for June
G
D
 We'll all be gone for the summer, we're on safari to stay
A
G
D
 Tell the teacher we're surfin', surfin' U.S.A

A, D, A, D; G, D;

-52-

Sweet Home Alabama (Lynyrd Skynyrd)

(1973, m. w. Ed King, Gary Rossington, Ronnie Van Zant)

D C G, [x4]

D C G D C G
Big wheels keep on turnin', carry me home to see my kin
D C G D C G
Singin' songs about the Southland, I miss ol' 'Bamy once again
G D C G, D C G,

And I think it's a sin, yes

D C G D C G
Well, I heard Mr. Young sing about her, well, I heard ol' Neil put her down
D C G
Well, I hope Neil Young will remember
D C G

A Southern man don't need him around, anyhow

D C G D C G
Sweet home Alabama, where the skies are so blue
D C G D C G
Sweet home Alabama, lord, I'm coming home to you

F C; D C G, D C G,

D C G F C D
In Birmingham, they loved the governor, boo, boo, boo
C G D C G
Now we all did what we could do, now, Watergate does not bother me
D C G
Does your conscience bother you? Tell the truth

[CHORUS]

G D C G, D C G, D C G, D C G,
Here I come,..... Alabama
D C G D C G
Ah, ah, ah, Alabama, ah, ah, ah, Alabama
D C G D C G D C G, D C G,
Ah, ah, ah, Alabama, ah, ah, ah, Alabama

D C G
Now Muscle Shoals has got the Swampers
D C G
And they've been known to pick a song or two (yes, they do)
D C G D C G
Lord, they get me off so much, they pick me up when I'm feelin' blue
G
Well, now, how 'bout you?

[CHORUS]

F C D C G
Sweet home Alabama (Oh, sweet home, baby)
D C G
Where the skies are so blue (And the governor's true)
D C G D C G
Sweet home Alabama, (lord), lord I'm coming home to you

D C G D C G,
Yeah, yeah! My Montgomery's got the answer

D C G, [x4]

The Boys of Summer (Don Henley)

(1984, m. w. Don Henley, Mike Campbell)

[ORIGINAL KEY F#, CAPO 1]

Dm, Dm, A#, A#, C, C, A#, A#;

Dm Nobody on the road, **Dm** nobody on the beach. **A#** I feel it in the air
A# The summer's out of reach. **C** Empty lake, empty streets, **C** the sun goes down
A# Alone. **A#** I'm drivin' by your house, though I know you're not at home

F But I can see you, **C** your brown skin shinin' in the sun. **C** You got your hair
A# Combed back and your **F** sunglasses on, baby. **A#** And I can tell you
C My love for you will still be strong. **C** After the boys of summer have gone

[INTRO]

Dm I never will forget those nights, **Dm** I wonder if it was a dream **A#**
A# Remember how you made me crazy? **A#** Remember how I made you scream
C Now I don't understand what happened to our love **C**
A# But babe, I'm gonna get you back, **A#** I'm gonna show you what I'm made of

F I can see you, **C** your brown skin shinin' in the sun **C** I see you walkin' real
A# Slow and **F** smilin' at everyone. **A#** I can tell you
C My love for you will still be strong. **C** After the boys of **A#** summer have gone

A#, A#; A#, C-A#; A#, C-Gm; A#, C-A#; Dm, Dm, A#, A#, C, C, A#, A#;

Dm Out on the road today, I saw a deadhead sticker on a Cadillac **A#**
A# A little voice inside my head said, "Don't look back. You can never look back" **C**
C I thought I knew what love was, **A#** what did I know?
A# Those days are gone forever, I should just let them go but

F I can see you, **C** your brown skin shinin' in the sun. **C** You got that top pulled
A# Down and that **F** radio on, baby. **C** And I can tell you my love for you
C Will still be strong. **A#** After the boys of summer have gone

F I can see you, **C** your brown skin shinin' in the sun. **C** You got that hair
A# Slicked back and those **F** Wayfarers on, baby. **C** I can tell you my love for you
C Will still be strong. **A#** After the boys of summer have gone

The Green Leaves of Summer (The Brothers Four)

(1960, m. w. Dimitri Tiomkin)

[ORIGINAL KEY D#m, CAPO 1]

Dm, D; Dm, D; Dm D Dm D
Woo, woo! Woo, woo!

Dm A Dm C
A time to be reaping, a time to be sowing
F Gm E A
The green leaves of summer, are calling me home

D Gm C F
Twas so good to be young then, in the season of plenty
Dm E Dm A
When the catfish were jumping, as high as the sky

Dm A Dm C
A time just for planting, a time just for ploughing
F Gm E A
A time to be courting, a girl of your own

D Gm C F
Twas so good to be young then, to be close to the earth
Dm E Dm A Dm D
And to stand by your wife, at the mo---ment of bi----irth

Dm D Dm, D;
Woo, woo!

Dm A Dm C
A time to be reaping, a time to be sowing
F Gm E A
A time just for living, a place for to die

D Gm C F
Twas so good to be young then, to be close to the earth
Dm E Dm A Dm
Now the green leaves of summer, are cal---ling me home

D Gm C F
Twas so good to be young then, to be close to the earth
Dm E Dm A Dm D
Now the green leaves of summer, are cal---ling me ho---ome

Dm D Dm D
Woo, woo! Woo, woo!

The Things We Did Last Summer (Jo Stafford)

(1946, m. Jule Styne, w. Sammy Cahn)

[ORIGINAL KEY E, CAPO 2]

D, Bm, Em, A; [x2]

 D Bm Em A
The boat rides we would take, the moonlight on the lake
 D D7 C B7
The way we danced and hummed our favorite so---ong

 Em Gm D Bm
The things we did last summe---er
 Em A D Em-A
I'll remember all winter long

 D Bm Em A
The midway and the fun, the Kewpie dolls we won
 D D7 C B7
The bell you rang to prove that you were stro---ong

[CHORUS]

 Am D Am D
The early morning hike, the rented tandem bike
 G D7 G
The lunches that we used to pack
 Bm E Bm E
We never could explain, that sudden summer rain
 A Bm A A7
The looks we got when we got ba---ack

 D Bm Em A
The leaves began to fade, li---ke promises we made
 D D7 C B7
How could a love that seemed so right go wro---ong?

[CHORUS]

D, Bm, Em, A,

 D D7 C B7
How could a love that seemed so right go wro---ong?

 Em Gm D Bm
The things we did last summe---er
 Em A Gm D
I'll remember, all winter lo---ong

The Tide Is High (Blondie)

(1967, m. w. John Holt performed by The Paragons; 1980 cover version by Blondie)

[ORIGINAL KEY B, CAPO 2]

A, D E [x6]

A D E A D E
The tide is high, but I'm holdin' on, I'm gonna be your number one

A D E A D E
I'm not the kind-a girl who gives up just like that, oh no---o

A D E
It's not the things you do that tease and hurt me bad

A D E
But it's the way you do the things you do to me

[BRIDGE]

A D E A D E
The tide is high, but I'm holdin' on, I'm gonna be your number one

D E D E E7
Number one, number one

A D E A D E
Every girl wants you to be her man, but I'll wait my dear 'till it's my turn

[BRIDGE]

[CHORUS 2]

A, D E [x4]

[VERSE 2]

[BRIDGE]

A D E A D E
The tide is high, but I'm holdin' on, I'm gonna be your number one

D E D E D E E7
Number one, number one, number one

A D E A D E
The tide is high, but I'm holdin' on, I'm gonna be your number one

[x4]

A, D E [x6]

The Warmth of the Sun (The Beach Boys)

(1964, m. w. Brian Wilson, Mike Love)

C Am D# Cm Dm Dm G G7
Ah, ah, ah, ah-ah-ah-ah, ah, uh-uh-uh-uh, uh-uh

C Am D# Cm Dm Dm G G7
What good is the dawn--awn, that grows into day---ay---ay---ay?

C Am D# Cm Dm Dm G
The sunset at ni---ight, or living this way---ay---ay

E A A Am
For I have the warmth of the sun (warmth of the sun)
D G G G7 G7

Within me at night (within me at night)

C Am D# Cm Dm Dm G G7
The love of my li---fe, she left me one day---ay---ay---ay
C Am D# Cm Dm Dm G
I cried when she sai---aid, "I don't feel the same way---ay---ay"

E A A Am
Still I have the warmth of the sun (warmth of the sun)
D G G G7 G7

Within me tonight (within me tonight)

[ORIGINAL SONG GOES UP 1 SEMITONE]

C Am D#
I'll dreams of her ar---arms
Cm Dm Dm G G7
And though they're not rea---ea---ea---eal
C Am D# Cm Dm Dm G
Just like she's still the---re, the way that I fee---ee---eel

E A A Am
My love's like the warmth of the sun (warmth of the sun)
D G G G7 G7

It won't ever die (it won't ever die)

[PRECHORUS x2]

Under the Boardwalk (The Drifters)

(1964, m. w. Kenny Young, Arthur Resnick)

G, G; G, G;

G **D**
Oh, when the sun beats down and burns the tar up on the roof
D7 **G**
& your shoes get so hot you wish your tired feet were fire proof

C **G**
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea, yeah
G **D** **G**
On a blanket with my baby is where I'll be

Em
(Under the boardwalk) Out of the sun
D
(Under the boardwalk) We'll be havin' some fun
Em
(Under the boardwalk) People walking above
D
(Under the boardwalk) We'll be fallin' in love
Em **Em**
Under the boardwalk, boardwalk!

G **D**
From the park you hear the happy sound of the carousel
D7 **G**
You can almost taste the hot dogs and french fries they sell

[BRIDGE]

[CHORUS]

G, D, D7, G;

[BRIDGE]

[CHORUS]

Vacation (Connie Francis)

(1962, m. w. Connie Francis, Hank Hunter, Gary Weston)

F F7 D G C F C
V--A--C--A--T--I--O--N, in the summer sun

F A
 Put away the books, we're out of school
 A# G
 The weather's warm but we'll play it cool
 F F7 D G C F C
 We're on vacation, havin' lots of fun

[CHORUS 1]

F A
 We're gonna grab a bite at the pizza stand
 A# G
 Write love letters in the sand
 F F7 D G C F C
 We're on vacation, and the world is ours

F F7 D G C F F
V--A--C--A--T--I--O--N, under summer stars

A
 Yeah, we'll hop in a jalopy to a drive-in movie
 Dm
 And never look at the show
 G G G7 C
 We're gonna hug and kiss just like this and I can't wait to go go go

F A
 We're gonna mashed potato to a jukebox tune
 A# G
 A-park your car 'neath an August moon
 F F7 D G C F C
 We're on vacation, till the start of the fall

F F7 D G C F C
V--A--C--A--T--I--O--N, we're gonna have a ball, go

[INSTRUMENTAL VERSE]

F F7 D G C F
V--A--C--A--T--I--O--N, gonna have a ball

[BRIDGE]

[LAST VERSE]

F F7 D G C F C
V--A--C--A--T--I--O--N, we're gonna have a ball, yeah
 F F7 D G C F
V--A--C--A--T--I--O--N, (yeah) gonna have a ball

Wake Me Up When September Ends (Green Day)

(2005, m. w. Billie Joe Armstrong)

G, G, G, G;

G **G** **G7** **G7**
Summer has come and passed, the innocent can never last
C **Cm** **G** **G**
Wake me up when September ends

G **G** **G7** **G7**
Like my father's come to pass, seven years has gone so fast
C **Cm** **G** **G** **B7**
Wake me up when September ends

Em **Bm** **C** **G** **B7**
Here comes the rain again, falling from the stars
Em **Bm** **C** **D**
Drenched in my pain again, becoming who we are

G **G** **G7** **G7**
As my memory rests, but never forgets what I lost
C **Cm** **G** **G**
Wake me up when September ends

[INTRO] **G, G;**

[VERSE 1]

G **G** **G7** **G7**
Ring out the bells again, like we did when spring began
C **Cm** **G** **G** **B7**
Wake me up when September ends

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

B7 [INSTRUMENTAL CHORUS] **D, D7, D7;**

[INTRO]

[VERSE 1]

G **G** **G7** **G7**
Like my father's come to pass, twenty years has gone so fast
C **Cm** **G** **G**
Wake me up when September ends

C **Cm** **G** **G**
Wake me up when September ends
[x2]

How to use this songbook

The songs are arranged **alphabetically** by title (in parentheses, an alternative name by which the song is known). They are numbered according to the page number in the 'Songs List' section.

In parentheses below the title you have information about the song and the songwriters, with these abbreviations:

m. -> music

w. -> words

t. -> translation

The songs are presented with the chords in bold to make it easier to see exactly where to strike the guitar or ukulele. Sometimes the same chord is repeated to make it easier to follow the rhythm.

The chords of the musical introduction, if there are any, are written separately with no lyrics below. Similarly, if there is an instrumental part elsewhere in the song, or a transition to another chord, there will be no lyrics underneath. If it is repeated, the note is put in square brackets [INTRO] to indicate that this is the instrumental part without lyrics. As the instrumental part is sometimes complicated to know or follow, don't worry if you skip these parts, the important thing is to enjoy singing. If the chords of the instrumental part coincide with a verse or chorus, it is indicated as follows:

[INSTRUMENTAL CHORUS].

Sometimes chords are written in **parentheses**. This means that the chord is not played in the song itself, but it is the chord that gives the song its sound, so you know how it starts or what the sound would be:

(C) F C G C

The abbreviation **NC** stands for 'No Chord', indicating that you do not play your instrument during this section of the song.

The chords have been extracted trying to **avoid complicated positions** such as sharps (#). Sometimes this was not possible, but their use has been limited as much as possible. This means that some songs are not in their original key, but it makes it easier for anyone to play them. If the song has a known original version and the key has been changed, this is indicated in square brackets, e.g.: [ORIGINAL KEY G#, CAPO 1], meaning that to play it in the original key you need to place a capo on the first fret (if the capo is not indicated, it means that it is in a higher key than the original song). In some songs the key hasn't been raised in the last part to make them easier to play, but in others the key has been changed (in which case you can repeat an earlier chorus if you find it easier). Regarding the chords that include the 7th (for example, F7), if you don't know the finger placement, simply play the chord without the 7 (F).

The **regular verses** are written in plain text. If a verse is repeated, this is indicated in square brackets with the number, e.g.: [VERSE 1] means that the first verse of the song is repeated. In some songs, due to their length, the last verses and chorus don't have chords to fit within one page. You can skip those verses while singing or try to play them using the previous chord references.

The **chorus** has a solid underline to make it easier to identify. As the refrain usually has the same chords and words, when it is repeated, the note is put in brackets [CHORUS], which makes the lyrics easier to read. To continue the song, all you have to do is remember which verse you were on, which is easy since the chorus of each song is usually repeated only a few times at most. In the songs where the lyrics of the chorus vary considerably, the different choruses are written in italics, and if one of them is repeated, it is indicated in brackets with the number, e.g.: [CHORUS 1], which means the first refrain of the song is repeated.

The **pre/post chorus** is marked with a dotted underline.

The **bridges** are written in *italic*.

If an element is repeated, it is indicated by square brackets and **the number of repetitions**, e.g.: [x2]. If it is next to a sentence, it means that the line is repeated, and if it is below a paragraph, it means that the whole verse is repeated.

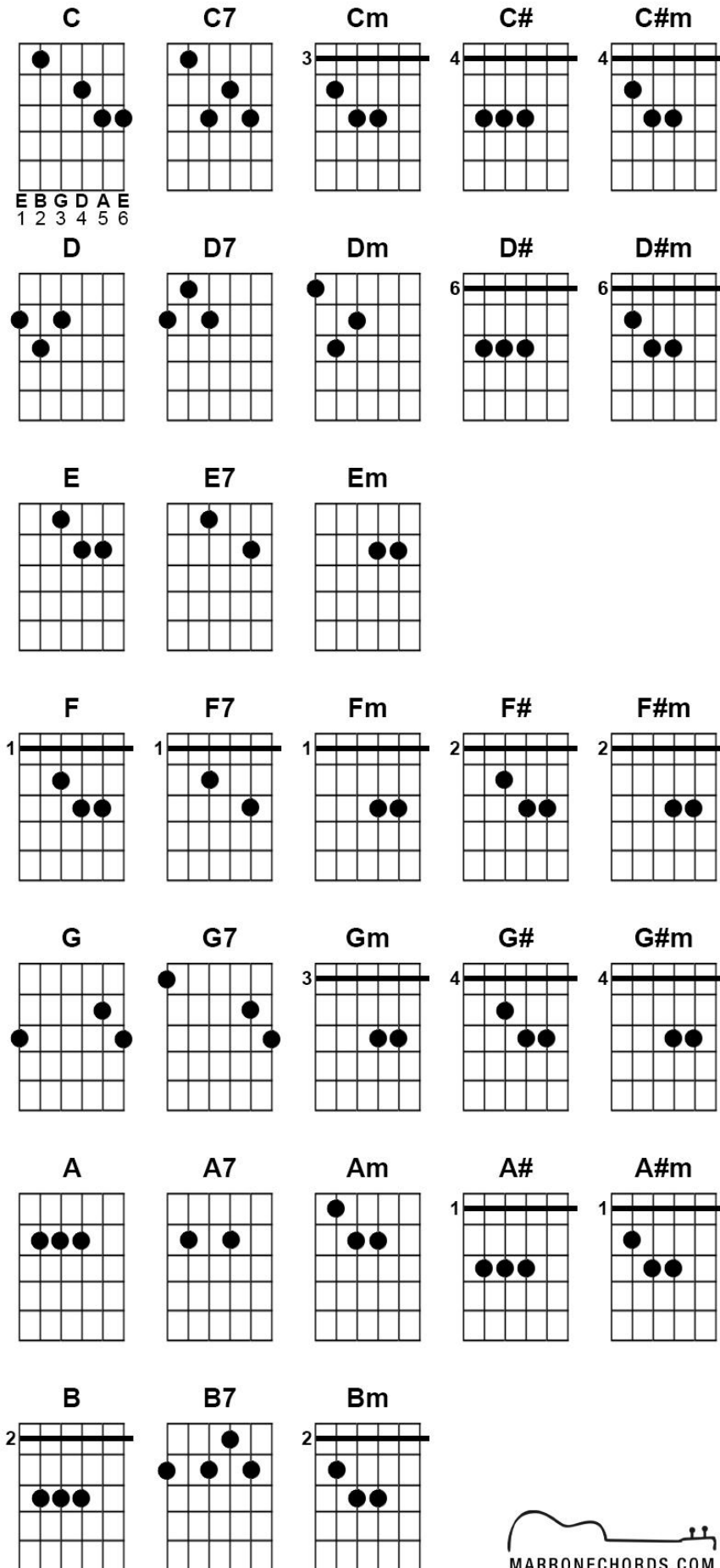
Guitar for right-handed players

basic chords

C E A D G B E 6 5 4 3 2 1	C7 	Cm 	C# 	C#m
D 	D7 	Dm 	D# 	D#m
E 	E7 	Em 		
F 	F7 	Fm 	F# 	F#m
G 	G7 	Gm 	G# 	G#m
A 	A7 	Am 	A# 	A#m
B 	B7 	Bm 		

Guitar for left-handed players

basic chords



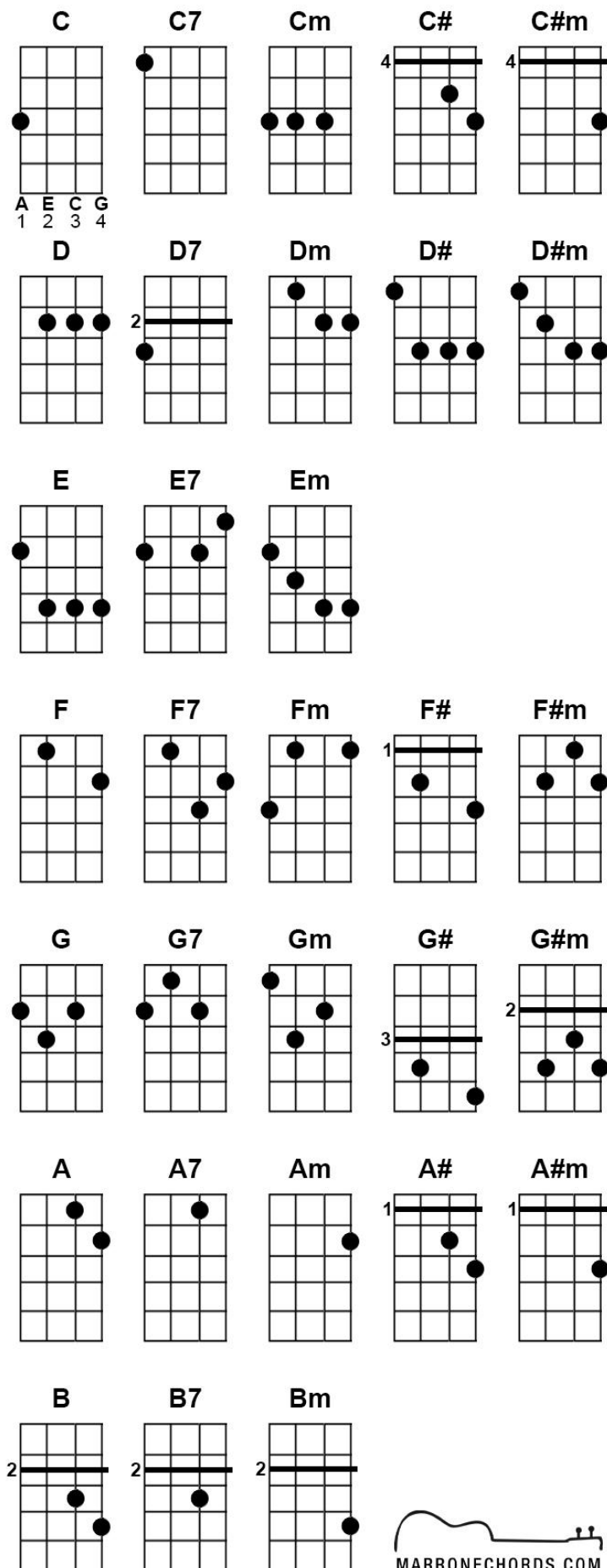
Ukulele for right-handed players

basic chords

C G C E A 4 3 2 1	C7 	Cm 	C# 	C#m
D 	D7 	Dm 	D# 	D#m
E 	E7 	Em 		
F 	F7 	Fm 	F# 	F#m
G 	G7 	Gm 	G# 	G#m
A 	A7 	Am 	A# 	A#m
B 	B7 	Bm 		

Ukulele for left-handed players

basic chords



Thank you (for the music)

To websites like Ultimate-Guitar.com, which provide free access to numerous songs with chords, SheetMusicSinger.com/, for offering original lyrics along with videos demonstrating how they are played, and Apronus.com, an online guitar tool that allowed me to extract the chords without disturbing my neighbours at 5:00 am while creating this songbook

To my friend Luis Carneiro, who helped in the creation of the cover and back cover of this songbook.

To the readers, I hope you have enjoyed these songs

To my wife for her love, and to my parents and family for their support.

About MarroneChords.com

The mission of MarroneChords.com is to preserve the timeless essence of songs through their chords.

- **Songbooks with simple chords and full lyrics:** are designed with simplicity in mind, offering easy-to-follow chords accompanied by full lyrics. No more deciphering complicated tablature or sheet music!
- **Each song on a single page:** each song in our physical books or eBooks occupies a single page. No more interrupting your music to turn the page or scroll!
- **For guitar and ukulele:** you don't have to be a virtuoso to play your favourite instrument, the songbooks are easy to understand.

Don't hesitate to contact me if you have any questions, complaints, suggestions, corrections or compliments. I welcome your comments and will respond to them: info@marronechords.com

About the author

Jesús Marrone learned to play the guitar on his own in the 1990s, before the internet connected the world. Marrone tuned the radio to record tapes of his favourite songs, transcribe the lyrics and extract the chords. With no formal musical training, he devised a system for creating songbooks with simple chords and summary information, so that each song took up only one page.

Over the years he has learnt to sing more than 1,000 songs and, realising that songbooks often have complex chords and take up several pages per song, he decided to publish his compilations to help other musicians.

Today you can find Marrone playing ukulele or guitar anywhere in the world. He will love to sing with you 😊.

SONGBOOK OF SUMMER

Each song on one page

- Simplified chords, avoiding complex notation and the excessive use of sharps (#)
- No tablatures or sheet music (*no need to know music notation*)
- Songbook in letter size (A4)
- Full lyrics

61 summer hits

- (Sittin' on) The Dock of the Bay (Otis Redding)
- A Summer Place (The Lettermen)
- A Summer Song (Chad & Jeremy)
- Bus Stop (The Hollies)
- California Girls (The Beach Boys)
- California Sun (The Rivas)
- Copacabana (Barry Manilow)
- Cruel Summer (Bananarama)
- Dancing in the Streets (Martha and the Vandellas)
- Escape - The Piña Colada Song (Rupert Holmes)
- Fields of Gold (Sting)
- Here Comes the Sun (The Beatles)
- Holiday Road (Lindsey Buckingham)
- Hooray! Hooray! It's a Holi-Holiday (Boney M.)
- I Love (Icona Pop)
- In the Summertime (Mungo Jerry)
- Islands in the Stream (Dolly Parton & Kenny Rogers)
- Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polkadot Bikini (Brian Hyland)
- Kokomo (The Beach Boys)
- La Isla Bonita (Madonna)
- Let the River Run (Carly Simon)
- Margaritaville (Jimmy Buffett)
- On My Way in L.A (Phil Carmen)
- On the Beach (Chris Rea)
- River of Dreams (Billy Joel)
- Rockaway Beach (Ramones)
- Sailing (Rod Stewart)
- San Francisco (Scott McKenzie)
- School's Out (Alice Cooper)
- Sea of Love (Phil Phillips)
- Sealed with a Kiss (Brian Hyland)
- Sloop John B (The Beach Boys)
- Soak Up the Sun (Sheryl Crow)
- Soft Blow the Summer Winds (The Journeymen)
- Song of Sand (Suzanne Vega)
- Summer Holiday (Cliff Richard & The Shadows)
- Summer in the City (Lovin' Spoonful)
- Summer Means Fun (Bruce & Terry)
- Summer Nights (John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John)
- Summer of '69 (Bryan Adams)
- Summer Son (Texas)
- Summer Song (Remy Bond)
- Summer Wind (Frank Sinatra)
- Summer Wine (Nancy Sinatra & Lee Hazlewood)
- Summertime (Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong)
- Summertime Blues (Eddie Cochran)
- Summertime Friends (Bonny Doon)
- Summertime Sadness (Lana Del Rey)
- Sunny (Bobby Hebb)
- Sunny Afternoon (The Kinks)
- Surf City (Jan & Dean)
- Surfin' USA (The Beach Boys)
- Sweet Home Alabama (Lynyrd Skynyrd)
- The Boys of Summer (Don Henley)
- The Green Leaves of Summer (The Brothers Four)
- The Things We Did Last Summer (Jo Stafford)
- The Tide Is High (Blondie)
- The Warmth of the Sun (The Beach Boys)
- Under the Boardwalk (The Drifters)
- Vacation (Connie Francis)
- Wake Me Up When September Ends (Green Day)

In the Summertime (Mungo Jerry)

(1970, m. w. Ray Dorset)

[INSTRUMENTAL VERSE]

In the summertime, when the weather is high
You can stretch right up, and touch the sky
When the weather's fine, you got women, you got women on your mind
Have a drink, have a drive, go out and see what you can find

If her daddy's rich, take her out for a meal
If her daddy's poor, just do what you feel
Speed along the lane, do a ton, or a ton and twenty-five
When the sun goes down, you can make it, make it good in a lay-by

We're not grey people, we're not dirty, we're not mean
We love everybody, but we do as we please
When the weather's fine, we go fishing or go swimming in the sea
We're always happy, life's for living, yeah, that's our philosophy

Sing along with us, dee-dee-dee dee-dee
Da-da-da da-da, yeah we're hap-happy
Da da-da, dee-da-da dee-da-da da-da-da, yeah
Da-da-da da-da, da-da-da, do da-da, alright

[INSTRUMENTAL VERSE]

When the winter's here, yeah it's party time
Bring your bottle, wear your bright clothes, it'll soon be summertime
And we'll sing again, we'll go driving or maybe we'll settle down
If she's rich, if she's nice, bring your friends, and we'll all go into town

[REPEAT SONG UNTIL BEFORE SECOND INTRO]