

Jay's Céilidh Book

Vol 2 – The Other Stuff

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*If Music be the Food of Love,
Play On...*

Songs

All I Want for Christmas is my Two Front Teeth	26
Always Look on the Bright Side of Life	12
Big River	8
Black Fly Song, The	19
Dr. Bernice	17
El Paso	22
Eurotrash Girl	13
Everybody Knows	20
Fever	14
Fiddler's Green	24
Folsom Prison Blues	5
Happy XMAS (War is Over)	27
Heroes	10
House of the Rising Sun, The	7
Long Black Veil	11
Me and My Uncle	16
Monkey and the Engineer	4
Piano Man	6
Requiem For My Youth	21
Santa Baby	25
Wheat Kings	18
Wondering Where the Lions Are	15
Ziggy Stardust	9

Monkey and the Engineer

- [1] G C G
Once upon a time there was an engineer
A7 D
Drove a locomotive both far and near
G C
Accompanied by a monkey who would sit on a stool
G A7 D G
Watching everything the engineer would move
- [2] One day the engineer wanted a bite to eat G C G
He left the monkey sitting on the driver's seat G A7 D
The monkey pulled the throttle, locomotive jumped the gun G C
And went ninety miles an hour down the mainline run G A7 D G
- Chorus:**
Big locomotive right on time G C G
Big locomotive coming down the line G A7 D
Big locomotive number ninety nine G C
Left the engineer with a worried mind G A7 D G
- [3] The engineer called up the dispatcher on the phone G C G
Tell him all about his locomotive was gone G A7 D
Get on the wire, switch operator to right G C
'Cause the monkey's got the mainline sewed up tight G A7 D G
- [4] Switch operator got the message in time G C G
Said there's a northbound limited on the same mainline G A7 D
Open up the switch, I'm gonna let it through the hole G C
'Cause the monkey's got the locomotive under control G A7 D G

Chorus

Background: Written by Jesse "Lone Cat" Fuller, a once well-known American one-man-band musician, best known for his song "San Francisco Bay Blues". Fuller's instruments included 12-string guitar, harmonica, kazoo, cymbal (high-hat) and fotdella, several of which could be played simultaneously. The fotdella, an instrument entirely of Mr. Fuller's creation and construction, was a foot-operated percussion bass consisting of a large upright wood box, shaped like the top of a double bass. Attached to a short neck at the top of this box were six bass strings, stretched over the body. And finally, there was the means to play those strings: six foot pedals, each connected to a padded hammer which struck the string, in a homemade wooden contraption.

Piano Man

[1] C Em Am C
It's nine o'clock on a Saturday
F C D G
The regular crowd shuffles in
 C Em Am C
There's an old man sitting next to me
 F Dm7 C G
Makin' love to his tonic and gin
 C Em Am C
He says, son, can you play me a memory?
 F C D G
I'm not really sure how it goes
 C Em Am C
But it's sad and it's sweet and I knew it complete
 F Dm7 C
When I wore a younger man's clothes
Am D F
La la la, de de da
Am D G (C F)
La la, de de da da da

Chorus:

Sing us a song, you're the piano man
Sing us a song tonight
Well, we're all in the mood for a melody
And you've got us feelin' alright

C Em am C
F C D G
C Em Am C
F Dm7 C (F C+g FCFC)

[2] Now John at the bar is a friend of mine
He gets me my drinks for free
And he's quick with a joke or a light up your smoke
But there's someplace that he'd rather be
He says, Bill, I believe this is killing me.
As the smile ran away from his face
Well I'm sure that I could be a movie star
If I could get out of this place
Oh, la la la, de de da
La la, de de da da da

C Em Am C
F C D G
C Em Am C
F Dm7 C G
C Em Am C
F C D G
C Em Am C
F Dm7 C
Am D F
Am D G (C F)

Chorus

[3] Now Paul is a real estate novelist
Who never had time for a wife
And he's talkin' with Davy who's still in the navy
And probably will be for life
And the waitress is practicing politics
As the businessmen slowly get stoned
Yes, they're sharing a drink they call loneliness
But it's better than drinkin' alone
Oh, la la la, de de da
La la, de de da da da

C Em Am C
F C D G
C Em Am C
F Dm7 C G
C Em Am C
F C D G
C Em Am C
F Dm7 C
Am D F
Am D G (C F)

Chorus

[4] It's a pretty good crowd for a Saturday	C Em Am C
And the manager gives me a smile	F C D G
cause he knows that it's me they've been comin' to see	C Em Am C
To forget about life for a while	F Dm7 C G
And the piano, it sounds like a carnival	C Em Am C
And the microphone smells like a beer	F C D G
And they sit at the bar and put bread in my jar	C Em Am C
And say, man, what are you doin' here?	F Dm7 C
Oh, la la la, de de da	Am D F
La la, de de da da da	Am D G (C F)

Chorus

Background: "Piano Man" was Billy Joel's first major hit, and is considered his signature song. It was first released as the second track on Joel's Piano Man album. The song is a fictionalized retelling of Joel's days as a lounge singer in Los Angeles (where he moved after the failure of his first album, "Cold Spring Harbor.") based on real people who could have done things with their lives, but did not.

The House of the Rising Sun

[1]	Am C D F	There is a house in New Orleans	
	Am C E	They call the Rising Sun	
	Am C D F	And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy	
	Am E Am	Dear God I know I'm one	
[2]	Am C D F	My mother was a tailor	Am C D F
	Am C E	She sewed my new blue jeans	Am C E
	Am C D F	My father was a gamblin' man	Am C D F
	Am E Am	Way down in New Orlean	Am E Am
[3]	Am C D F	Now the only thing a gambler needs	Am C D F
	Am C E	Is a suitcase and his trunk	Am C E
	Am C D F	And the only time he's satisfied	Am C D F
	Am E Am	Is when he's on a drunk	Am E Am
[4]	Am C D F	So mothers tell your children	Am C D F
	Am C E	Not to do what I have done	Am C E
	Am C D F	Not to spend your life in sin and misery	Am C D F
	Am E Am	In the House of the Rising Sun	Am E Am
[5]	Am C D F	I got one foot on the platform	Am C D F
	Am C E	And the other's on the train	Am C E
	Am C D F	'Cause I'm goin' back to New Orleans	Am C D F
	Am E Am	To wear that ball and chain	Am E Am
[6]	Am C D F	Well, there is a house in New Orleans	Am C D F
	Am C E	They call the Rising Sun	Am C E
	Am C D F	And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy	Am C D F
	Am E Am	Dear God I know I'm one	Am E Am

Background: "The House of the Rising Sun" is a folk song from the United States. Also called "House of the Rising Sun" or occasionally "Rising Sun Blues", it tells of a life gone wrong in New Orleans. The best-known rendition of the song is by the English group The Animals in 1964, which was a number one hit in both the United States and United Kingdom. Like many classic folk ballads, the authorship of "The House of the Rising Sun" is uncertain.

Big River

- [1] **E**
Now I taught the weeping willow how to cry
And I showed the clouds how to cover up a clear blue sky **F# B7**
And the tears that I cried for that woman are gonna flood you Big River **A7**
Then I'm gonna sit right here until I die **E B7 E**
- [2] I met her accidentally in St. Paul (Minnesota) **E**
And it tore me up every time I heard her drawl, Southern drawl **E F# B7**
Then I heard my dream was back Downstream cavortin' in Davenport **E A7**
And I followed you, Big River, when you called **E B7 E**
- [3] Then you took me to St. Louis later on (down the river). **E**
A freighter said she's been here but she's gone, boy, she's gone **E F# B7**
I found her trail in Memphis, but she just walked up the block **E A7**
She raised a few eyebrows and then she went on down alone **E B7 E**
- [4] Now, won't you batter down by Baton Rouge, River Queen, roll it on **E**
Take that woman on down to New Orleans, New Orleans **E F# B7**
Go on, I've had enough; dump my blues down in the gulf **E A7**
She loves you, Big River, more than me **E B7 E**
- [5] Now I taught the weeping willow how to cry, cry, cry **E**
And I showed the clouds how to cover up a clear blue sky **E F# B7**
And the tears that I cried for that woman are gonna flood **E A7**
you Big River
Then I'm gonna sit right here until I die **E B7 E**

Background: Another great Johnny Cash tune, covered by the Grateful Dead.

Ziggy Stardust

Intro: G D-Dsus4-D-Dsus4-D C/G B/G A/G

[1] G

Ziggy played guitar

Bm Jamming good with Weird and Gilly **C**

And the Spiders from Mars **D**

He played it left hand **G**

But made it too far **Em**

Became the special man **Am**

Then we were Ziggy's band **C**

[2]

Ziggy really sang
Screwed up eyes and screwed down hairdo
Like some cat from Japan
He could lick 'em by smiling
He could leave 'em to hang
Came on so loaded, man
Well hung and snow-white tan

G
Bm C
D
G
Em
Am
C

Bridge:

A5 G5 So where were the Spiders **F5 (E) ... G5**
A5 G5 While the fly tried to break our balls **F5 (E) ... G5**
A5 G5 With just the beer light to guide us **F5 (E) ...**

D So we bitched about his fans
E
And should we crush his sweet hands

Replay intro

[3]

Ziggy played for time
Jiving us that we were voodoo
And the kids were just crass
He was the nazz
With God-given ass
He took it all too far
But boy could he play guitar

G
Bm C
D
G
Em
Am
C

Bridge:

Making love with his ego
Ziggy sucked up into his mind
Like a leper messiah
When the kids had killed the man
I had to break up the band

A5 G5 F5 (E) ... G5
A5 G5 F5 (E) ... G5
A4 G5 F5 (E) ...
D
E

Replay intro

C

Ziggy played guitar **G**

Heroes

Intro: D G D G

- [1] **D** **G**
I, I will be king
D **G**
And you, you will be queen
C **D**
Though nothing will drive them away
Am **G** **D**
We can beat them ... just for one day
Am **G** **D**
We can be heroes ... just for one day
- [2] And you, you can be mean D G
And I, I'll drink all the time D G
'Cause we're lovers and that is a fact D G
Yes we're lovers and that is that D G
Though nothing will keep us together C D
We could steal time just for one day Am G D
We can be heroes for ever and ever (what d'you say) Am G D
- Break: D G D G**
- [3] I, I wish you could swim D G
Like the dolphins, like dolphins can swim D G
Though nothing, nothing will keep us together C D
We can beat them for ever and ever Am G D
Oh we can be heroes just for one day Am G D
- Break: D G D G**
- [4] I, I will be king D G
And you, you will be queen D G
Though nothing will drive them away C D
We can be heroes just for one day Am G D
We can be us just for one day Am G D
- [5] I, I can remember (*I remember*) D G
Standing by the wall (*by the wall*) D G
And the guns shot above our heads (*over our heads*) D G
And we kissed as though nothing could fall (*nothing could fall*) D G
And the shame was on the other side C D
Oh we can beat them for ever and ever Am G D
Then we can be heroes just for one day Am G D
- [6] We can be heroes D G
We can be heroes D G
We can be heroes, just for one day D G
We can be heroes D G
We're nothing and nothing will help us C D
Maybe we're lying, then you better not stay Am G D
But we could be safer just for one day Am G D

Background: David Bowie

Always Look on the Bright Side of Life

- [1] **Am** **D** **G** **Em**
 Some things in life are bad, they can really make you mad
Am **D** **G**
 Other things just make you swear and curse
Am **D** **G** **Em**
 When you're chewing on life's gristle, don't grumble give a whistle
Am **D7**
 And this'll help things turn out for the best
G **Em** **Am** **D7** **G** **Em Am D7**
 And always look on the bright side of life (whistle)
G **Em** **Am** **D7** **G** **Em Am D7**
 Always look on the light side of life (whistle)
- [2] If life seems jolly rotten there's something you've forgotten **Am D G Em**
 And that's to laugh and smile and dance and sing **Am D G**
 When you're feeling in the dumps, don't be silly chumps **Am D G Em**
 Just purse your lips and whistle, that's the thing **Am D7**
 And always look on the bright side of life (whistle) **G Em Am D7 G Em Am D7**
 (Come on) Always look on the bright side of life (whistle) **G Em Am D7 G Em Am D7**
- [3] For life is quite absurd and death's the final word **Am D G Em**
 You must always face the curtain with a bow **Am D G**
 Forget about your sin, give the audience a grin **Am D G Em**
 Enjoy it, it's your last chance anyhow **Am D7**
 So always look on the bright side of death (whistle) **G Em Am D7 G Em Am D7**
 Just before you draw your terminal breath (whistle) **G Em Am D7 G Em Am D7**
- [4] Life's a piece of shit when you look at it **Am D G Em**
 Life's a laugh and death's a joke, it's true **Am D G**
 You'll see it's all a show, keep 'em laughing as you go **Am D G Em**
 Just remember that the last laugh is on you **Am D7**
 And always look on the bright side of life (whistle) **G Em Am D7 G Em Am D7**
 Always look on the bright side of life (whistle) **G Em Am D7 G Em Am D7**
 (Come on guys, cheer up)
A F#7 Bm7 E7 A F#7 Bm7 E7
 Always look on the bright side of life (whistle)
A F#7 Bm7 E7 A F#7 Bm7 E7
 Always look on the bright side of life

Background: While filming the last scene of Monty Python's Life of Brian, the cast were bored and hot sitting up on their crucifixes. So Eric Idle started singing a little ditty. Everyone (but Eric) liked it so much that they decided to use it. It has since become one of their most popular songs.

Brian Cohen (played by Graham Chapman) has been sentenced to death by crucifixion for his part in a kidnap plot. After a succession of apparent rescue opportunities all come to nothing, a character on a nearby cross (played by Eric Idle) attempts to cheer him up by singing "Always Look on the Bright Side of Life" to him. As the song progresses, many of the other crucifixion victims (140 in all, according to the script, though fewer than that are actually seen on screen) begin to dance in a very limited way and join in with the song's whistled hook. The song continues as the scene changes to a long-shot of the crosses and the credits begin to roll. An instrumental version plays over the second half of the credits.

"Always Look on the Bright Side of Life" was conceived as a parody of the style of song often featured in Disney films.

Eurotrash Girl

- [1] **C** **G** **C**
 Well I've been up to Paris, and I've slept in a park.
G **C**
 Went down to Barcelona, someone broke in my car.
F **C**
 And I'll search the world over for my angel in black.
G **C**
 Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Euro-trash Girl.
- [2] Took the train down to Athens, and I slept in a fountain. G C
 Some Swiss junkie in Turin ripped me off for my cash. G C
 Yeah, I'll search the world over for my angel in black. F C
 Yeah, search the world over for a Eurotrash Girl. G C
- [3] The CRS on the metro shook me down for a bribe. G C
 On my knees for the sergeant when my passport arrived. G C
 Yeah, I'll search the world over for my angel in black. F C
 Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Euro-trash Girl G C
 Euro-trash Girl, Euro-trash girl. G C
 Euro-trash Girl, Euro-trash girl. G C
- [4] Called my mom from a payphone I said "I'm down to my last." G C
 She said "I sent you to college... now go call your dad." G C
 And the waitress that he married, well she hung up the phone. F C
F **C**
 You know she never did like me, but I can stand on my own. F C
- [5] Sold my plasma in Amsterdam. Spent it all in a night, G C
 Buying drinks at the Melk Weg for a soldier in drag. G C
 And I'll search the world over for my angel in black. F C
 Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Eurotrash Girl G C
 Euro-trash Girl, Euro-trash girl. G C
 Euro-trash Girl, (I'm a) Euro-trash girl. G C
 Yeah, I'll search the world over for my angel in black. F C
 Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Eurotrash Girl G C
- [6] Got a tattoo in Berlin (and a case of the crabs). G C
 A rose and a dagger on the palm of my hand. G C
 And I'll search the world over for my angel in black. F C
 Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Eurotrash Girl. G C
 Euro-trash Girl, Euro-trash girl. G C
 Euro-trash Girl, (I'm a) Euro-trash girl. G C
 Yeah, I'll search the world over for my angel in black. F C
 Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Eurotrash Girl G C

Background: Eurotrash Girl was secret track #69 on the Kerosene Hat CD by Cracker

Wondering Where the Lions Are

- [1] **D**
Sun's up, uh huh, looks okay
G6
The world survives into another day
D
And I'm thinking 'bout eternity
G6 **D G6**
Some kinda ecstasy got a hold on me
- [2] Had another dream about lions at the door
They weren't half as fright'ning as they were before
But I'm thinking 'bout eternity
Some kinda ecstasy got a hold on me
- [3] Walls windows trees, waves coming through
You be in me and I'll be in you
Together in eternity
Some kinda ecstasy got a hold on me
- [4] Up among the firs where it smells so sweet
Or down in the valley where the river used to be
I got my mind on eternity
Some kinda ecstasy got a hold on me

Chorus:

Em7
And I'm wondering where the lions are
Dadd9
I'm wondering where the lions are
Em7
I'm wondering where the lions are
Dadd9
I'm wondering where the lions are
Em7
I'm wondering where the lions are, m-hm
Dadd9 **Em7** **Dadd9**
wondering where the lions are

- [5] Huge orange flying boat rises off a lake
Thousand year old petroglyphs doing a double take
Pointing a finger at eternity
I'm sitting in the middle of this ecstasy
- [6] Young men marching, helmets shining in the sun
Polished and precise like the brain behind the gun
(should be!) They got me thinking 'bout eternity
Some kinda ecstasy got a hold on me

Chorus

- [7] Freighters on the nod on the surface of the bay
One of these days they're gonna sail away
Gonna sail into eternity
Some kinda ecstasy got a hold on me

Chorus, repeat, and fade.

Background: Bruce Cockburn

Dr. Bernice

- [1] **Dm** **A**
 Baby don't you drive around with Dr. Bernice
Dm
 She's not a lady doctor at all
A
 She's got hands like a man with hair on the back
Dm
 She'll crush you in her embrace
F C F A
 Though the wind may whisper and moan sometimes
Dm Gm A7 Dm
 We all need a kind place to live
F C F A
 Though the wind may whisper and howl at your door
Dm Gm A7 Dm
 We all need the comfort of friends
- [2] Baby don't you drive around with Dr. Bernice **Dm A**
 That ain't a real Cadillac **Dm**
 It's a Delta Eighty-Eight spray painted black **A**
 With fake leather seats from Juarez **Dm**
 Though the wind may whisper and moan sometimes **F C F A**
 On a hot desert night it is still **Dm Gm A7 Dm**
 Though the world may whisper and howl at your door **F C F A**
 You're not obliged to let them all in **Dm Gm A7 Dm**
- [3] Baby don't you ride in that faux Cadillac **Dm A**
 If you must please ride in the back **Dm**
 If you sing while you ride you'll be a siren tonight **A**
 Spare this poor sailor's life from the rocks **Dm**
 Though the wind may whisper a melody now **F C F A**
 We can't find a tune of our own **Dm Gm A7 Dm**
 Though the world may whisper and blow in your face **F C F A**
 And tangle the hair on your head **Dm Gm A7 Dm**
- [4] On a hot desert night we can drive down the road **Dm A**
 And the stars will spell out your name **Dm**
 On a hot desert night with the windows down wide **A**
 The sirens will sing me their song **Dm**
 And the ghosts of the sailors who died on the rocks **F C F A**
 Feel not a twinge of regret **Dm Gm A7 Dm**
 Though the wind may tangle the hair on your head **F C F A**
 You sing like a siren to me **Dm Gm A7 Dm**
- [5] On a hot desert night the caravan stops **Dm A**
 At the oasis next to your heart **Dm**
 The soundtrack is played by some aged British queen **A**
 On BBC Radio One **Dm**
 Though the wind may whisper an epic sometimes **F C F A**
 The cast must include Karen Black **Dm Gm A7 Dm**
 Though the symphony strings shift with the sands **F C F A**
 You sing like a siren to me **Dm Gm A7 Dm**
 You sing like a siren to me **Gm A7 Dm**
 You sing like a siren ... to me **Gm A7 Dm**

Background: Song #12 off Cracker's self-titled album

Wheat Kings

- [1] G C G C
 Sundown in the Paris of the prairies
 G C G C
 Wheat kings have all their treasures buried
 G C G C
 And all you hear are the rusty breezes
 G C G C G C
 Pushing around the weather vane Jesus
- [2] In his Zippo lighter, he sees the killer's face G C G C
 Maybe it's someone standing in a killer's place G C G C
 Twenty years for nothing, well that's nothing new, besides G C G C
 No one's interested in something you didn't do G C G C G C
- D G C G C
 Wheat kings and pretty things
 D G C G C
 Let's just see what the morning brings
- [3] There's a dream he dreams where the high school is dead and stark G C G C
 It's a museum and we're all locked up in it after dark G C G C
 Where the walls are lined all yellow, grey and sinister G C G C
 Hung with pictures of our parents' prime ministers G C G C G C
- Wheat kings and pretty things
 Wait and see what tomorrow brings
- [4] Late breaking story on the CBC G C G C
 a nation whispers, "We always knew that he'd go free" G C G C
 they add, "you can't be fond of living in the past G C G C
 'cause if you are then there's no way that you're gonna last" G C G C G C
- D G C G C
 Wheat kings and pretty things
 D G C G C
 Let's just see what tomorrow brings
 D C
 Wheat kings and pretty things
 C D C D C D C G
 Oh, that's what tomorrow brings

Background: This song by the Tragically Hip (from the album Fully Completely) is about David Milgaard, a Canadian man who served 23 years in prison for a crime he did not commit.

Milgaard was convicted of raping and murdering a woman named Gail Miller when he was 16 and sentenced to life in prison. It was a travesty of justice, as the case against him was built on flimsy evidence.

Milgaard's family believed he was innocent and fought for him while he was in jail. His case was overturned and he was released on April 16, 1992, prompting the band to write "Wheat Kings."

The Black Fly Song

Capo 5, play as C Am Em – Am C Dm F C Em Am

[1] F

'Twas early in the spring when I decided to go
For to work up in the woods in North Ontar-i-o
And the unemployment office said they'd send me through
To the Little Abitibi with the survey crew

Chorus: (after every verse)

And the blackflies, the little blackflies
Always the blackfly, no matter where you go
I'll die with the blackfly picking my bones
In North Ontar-i-o-i-o, in North Ontar-i-o

[2] The man Black Toby was the captain of the crew
And he said, "I'm gonna tell you boys what we're gonna do.
They want to build a power dam and we must find a way
For to make the little Ab flow around the other way"

[3] So we surveyed to the east and we surveyed to the west
And we couldn't make our minds up how to do it best
Little Ab, little Ab, what shall I do?
For I'm all but goin' crazy on the survey crew

[4] 'Twas blackfly, blackfly everywhere
A-crawlin' in your whiskers, a-crawlin' in your hair
Swimmin' in the soup, and swimmin' in the tea
The Devil take the blackfly, let me be

Bridge - fiddle solo and "Blackfly, little blackfly"

[5] Black Toby fell to swearin', the work went slow
And the state of our morale was a-gettin' pretty low
And the flies swarmed heavy, it was hard to catch a breath
As you staggered up and down the trail talkin' to yourself

[6] Well, now the bull cook's name was Blind River Joe
If it hadn't been for him we'd have never pulled through
For he bound up our bruises, and he kidded us for fun
And he lathered us with bacon grease and balsam gum

[7] At last the job was over, Black Toby said "We're through
With the Little Abitibi and the survey crew."
'Twas a wonderful experience and this I know
I'll never go again to North Ontar-i-o

Background: "The Black Fly Song" is a song by Wade Hemsworth, written in 1949, about working in the wilds of Northern Ontario. It is an enduring classic of Canadian folk music, covered by a variety of other artists. A new version of the song (with accompanying vocals by Kate & Anna McGarrigle) which had a completely different tempo than the original, was made into an animated short film entitled Blackfly by Christopher Hinton and the National Film Board in 1991, and was nominated for Best Animated Short Film at the 64th Academy Awards in 1992.

Everybody Knows

Intro: Dm Am Dm Am

- [1] **Dm**
Everybody knows that the dice are loaded
Bb
Everybody rolls with their fingers crossed
Dm
Everybody knows the war is over
Bb
Everybody knows the good guys lost
Gm Am
Everybody knows the fight was fixed
C Dm
The poor stay poor, the rich get rich
Eb A
That's how it goes
Dm
Everybody knows
- [2] Everybody knows that the boat is leaking **Dm**
Everybody knows that the captain lied **Bb**
Everybody got this broken feeling **Dm**
Like their father or their dog just died **Bb**
Everybody talking to their pockets **Gm Am**
Everybody wants a box of chocolates **C Dm**
And a long-stem rose **Eb A**
Everybody knows **Dm**
- [3] Everybody knows that you love me baby **Dm**
Everybody knows that you really do **Bb**
Everybody knows that you've been faithful **Dm**
Ah, give or take a night or two **Bb**
Everybody knows you've been discreet **Gm Am**
But there were so many people you just had to meet **C Dm**
Without your clothes **Eb A**
And everybody knows **Dm**
- Chorus: (two times)**
F C
Everybody knows, everybody knows
Dm C Bb F
That's how it goes ... everybody knows
- [4] And everybody knows that it's now or never **C**
Everybody knows that it's me or you **Am Em**
And everybody knows that you live forever **C**
Ah, when you've done a line or two **Am Em**
Everybody knows the deal is rotten **Gm Am**
Old Black Joe's still pickin' cotton **C Dm**
For your ribbons and bows **Eb A**
And everybody knows **Dm**
- [5] And everybody knows that the Plague is coming **Dm**
Everybody knows that it's moving fast **Bb**
Everybody knows that the naked man and woman **Dm**
Are just a shining artifact of the past **Bb**
Everybody knows the scene is dead **Gm Am**
But there's gonna be a meter on your bed **C Dm**
That will disclose **Eb A**
What everybody knows **Dm**

[6] And everybody knows that you're in trouble Dm
 Everybody knows what you've been through Bb
 From the bloody cross on top of Calvary Dm
 To the beach of Malibu Bb
 Everybody knows it's coming apart Gm Am
 Take one last look at this Sacred Heart C Dm
 Before it blows Eb A
 And everybody knows Dm

Chorus (three times)

Background: One of Leonard Cohen's best :)

Requiem For My Youth

[1] D
 I was waitin' for my bro' at a Jerry Band show
 A
 When I ran into this trippy hippy chick I know
 G D A
 And we danced for a while, and everything seemed all right
 D
 She asked me what I had in my Guatemala bag
 A
 Let's see, a bag o' Doritos and a couple o' fags
 G D A
 And hey, what's this? A film can full of green (I heard her sing)

Chorus:

D A
 We're gonna get high, we're gonna laugh and cry
 G D A
 We're gonna fuck all night, if we don't fall asleep first
 D A
 We're gonna watch TV, 'cause television's free
 G D A
 You can play with me, if we don't fall asleep first

[2] So I took her on back to my mattress flat D
 Where I loaded up a bong and we partied like that A
 Then we sat on the couch and laughed at MTV G D A
 She got up to stand, she took me by the hand D
 I thought, "Oh yeah she's gonna take me off to wonder land" A
 And I lay back my head, and that's when I closed my eyes (I heard G D A
 her sigh)

Chorus

[3] When I woke there was a note, on my yellow pad she wrote D
 "Hey, it's cold outside I had to borrow a coat A
 Here's my number, call me up and we can try it again." G D A
 When I picked up the phone there was no dial tone D
 I forgot to pay the bill I guess I'm better off alone A
 So I sat on the couch and laughed at MTV (she sang to me) G D A

Chorus (twice)

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El Paso

- [1] **C** **Dm**
Out in the West Texas town of El Paso
G7 **C**
I fell in love with a Mexican girl.
C **Dm**
Night time would find me in Rosa's Cantina,
G7 **C**
Music would play and Felina would whirl.
- [2] Blacker than night were the eyes of Felina, **C Dm**
Wicked and evil while casting a spell. **G7 C**
My love was deep for this Mexican maiden, **C Dm**
I was in love, but in vain I could tell. **G7 C**
- [3] **F** **C** **F**
One night a wild young cowboy came in,
F **C** **C7**
Wild as the West Texas wind.
C7
Dashing and daring, a drink he was sharing,
C7 **F**
With wicked Felina, the girl that I love.
G7
So in anger
- [4] I challenged his right for the love of this maiden; **C Dm**
Down went his hand for the gun that he wore. **G7 C**
My challenge was answered in less than a heartbeat **C Dm**
The handsome young stranger lay dead on the floor. **G7 C**
- [5] Just for a moment I stood there in silence, **C Dm**
Shocked by the foul evil deed I had done. **G7 C**
Many thoughts raced through my mind as I stood there; **C Dm**
I had but one chance and that was to run. **G7 C**
- [6] Out through the back door of Rosa's I ran, **F C F**
Out where the horses were tied. **F C C7**
I caught a good one; it looked like it could run, **C7**
Up on its back and away I did ride. **C7 F**
Just as fast as I **G7**
- [7] could from the West Texas town of El Paso, **C Dm**
Out to the badlands of New Mexico. **G7 C**
Back in El Paso my life would be worthless; **C Dm**
Everything's gone in life nothing is left. **G7 C**
- [8] It's been so long since I've seen the young maiden, **C Dm**
My love is stronger than my fear of death. **G7 C**
- [9] I saddled up and away I did go, **F C F**
Riding alone in the dark. **F C C7**
Maybe tomorrow a bullet may find me, **C7**
Tonight nothing's worse than this pain in my heart. **C7 F**
And at last here **G7**
- [10] I am on the hill overlooking El Paso, **C Dm**
I can see Rosa's Cantina below. **G7 C**
My love is strong and it pushes me onward, **C Dm**
Down off the hill to Felina I go. **G7 C**

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------|
| <p>[11] Off to my right I see five mounted cowboys,
 Off to my left ride a dozen and more.
 Shouting and shooting; I can't let them catch me,
 I have to make it to Rosa's back door.</p> | <p>C Dm
 G7 C
 C Dm
 G7 C</p> |
| <p>[12] Something is dreadfully wrong for I feel
 A deep burning pain in my side.
 Though I am trying to stay in the saddle.
 I'm getting weary, unable to ride.
 But my love for</p> | <p>F C F
 F C C7
 C7
 C7 F
 G7</p> |
| <p>[13] Felina is strong and I rise where I've fallen;
 Though I am weary, I can't stop to rest.
 I see the white puff of smoke from the rifle,
 I feel the bullet go deep in my chest.</p> | <p>C Dm
 G7 C
 C Dm
 G7 C</p> |
| <p>[14] From out of nowhere, Felina has found me,
 Kissing my cheek as she kneels by my side.
 Cradled by two loving arms that I'll die for
 One little kiss and Felina goodbye.</p> | <p>C Dm
 G7 C
 C Dm
 G7 C</p> |

Background: "El Paso" is a country and western ballad written and originally recorded by Marty Robbins, and first released on "Gunfighter Ballads and Trail Songs" in September 1959. It was released as a single the following month, and became a major hit on both the country and pop music charts, reaching number one in both at the start of 1960. It won the Grammy Award for Best Country & Western Recording in 1961, and remains Robbins' best-known song. It is widely considered a genre classic for its gripping narrative which ends in the death of its protagonist and its shift from past to present tense. The name of the character Felina was based upon a schoolmate of Robbins in the fifth grade—Fidelina Martinez. The song was often performed by the Grateful Dead in concert and is said to be their most requested song to play.



Fiddler's Green

- [1] (NC) E
 September seventeen
 E A
 For a girl I know, it's Mother's Day
 A E
 Her son has gone alee
 E B
 And that's where he will stay
 (NC) E
 Wind on the weather vane
 E A
 Tearing blue eyes sailor-mean
 A E D
 As Falstaff sings a sorrowful refrain
 D E
 For a boy in Fiddler's Green
- [2] His tiny knotted heart (NC) E
 Well I guess it never worked too good E A
 The timber tore apart A E
 And the water gorged the wood E B
 You can hear her whispered prayer (NC) E
 For men at masts that always lean E A
 The same wind that moves her hair A E D
 Moves her boy through Fiddler's Green D E
- Bridge:**
 A B A
 Oooh, nothing's changed anyway
 B A
 Nothing's changed anyway
 B E
 Any time today
- [3] He doesn't know a soul (NC) E
 There's nowhere that he's really been E A
 But he won't travel long alone A E
 No, not in Fiddler's Green E B
 Balloons all filled with rain (NC) E
 As children's eyes turn sleepy-mean E A
 And Falstaff sings a sorrowful refrain A E D
 For a boy in Fiddler's Green D E

Background: In 1990 singer/songwriter Gord Downie of the band The Tragically Hip wrote Fiddler's Green in memory of his five year old nephew, Charles, who had died of a heart condition. He incorporated the legend of Fiddler's Green into the song to help ease his sister's fear of having to let her small son go on his way to the afterlife alone without her.

In the old Irish legend, Fiddler's Green was as a place where old sailors would go when they wearied of seafaring life. They would leave their ship with an oar over their shoulder and walk inland until they reached a village where people, unfamiliar with the sea, would ask them what it was that they carried over their shoulders. Sailors would be given a seat in the sun, a mug of grog that never ran out, and could relax while the fiddlers played and maidens danced in the sunlight.

Santa Baby

- [1] **A F# B E A F#**
 Santa baby, slip a sable under the tree, for me
B E
 I've been an awful good girl
A F# B E A F# B E
 Santa baby, and hurry down the chimney tonight
- [2] Santa baby, an out-of-space convertible too, light blue **A F# B E A F#**
 I'll wait up for you dear **B E**
 Santa baby, and hurry down the chimney tonight **A F# B E A F# B E**
- A**
 Think of all the fun I've missed
F#
 Think of all the fellas that I haven't kissed
B
 Next year I could be oh so good
E
 If you'd check off my Christmas list
A F# B E
 Boo doo bee doo
- [3] Santa honey, I wanna yacht and really that's not a lot **A F# B E A F#**
 I've been an angel all year **B E**
 Santa baby, and hurry down the chimney tonight **A F# B E A F# B E**
- [4] Santa cutie, there's one thing I really do need, the deed **A F# B E A F#**
 To a platinum mine **B E**
 Santa cutie, and hurry down the chimney tonight **A F# B E A F# B E**
- [5] Santa baby, I'm filling my stocking with a duplex, and checks **A F# B E A F#**
 Sign your 'X' on the line **B E**
 Santa baby, and hurry down the chimney tonight **A F# B E A F# B E**
- Come and trim my Christmas tree **A**
 With some decorations bought at Tiffany's **F#**
 I really do believe in you **B**
 Let's see if you believe in me **E**
 Boo doo bee doo **A F# B E A F# B E**
- [6] Santa baby, forgot to mention one little thing, a ring **A F# B E A F#**
 I don't mean a phone **B E**
 Santa baby, and hurry down the chimney tonight **A F# B E A F# B E**
 Hurry down the chimney tonight **A F# B E**
 Hurry down the chimney tonight **A F# B E**

All I Want for Christmas is my Two Front Teeth

[1] C D7
 All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth,
 G7 C
 My two front teeth, my two front teeth.

D7
 Gee, if I could only have my two front teeth,
 G7 C
 Then I could wish you Merry Christmas.

F
 It seems so long since I could say,
 C G7 C E7
 "Sister Susie sitting on a thistle."
 Am
 Gosh, oh gee, how happy I'd be,
 D7 G7
 If I could only whistle. (thhh)

[2] All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth,
 My two front teeth, see my two front teeth.
 Gee, if I could only have my two front teeth,
 Then I could wish you Merry Christmas.

C D7
 G7 C
 C D7
 G7 C

It seems so long since I could say,
 "Sister Susie sitting on a thistle."
 Gosh, oh gee, how happy I'd be,
 If I could only whistle. (thhh)

F
 C G7 C E7
 Am
 D7 G7

[3] All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth,
 My two front teeth, see my two front teeth.
 Gee, if I could only have my two front teeth,
 Then I could wish you Merry Christmas.

C D7
 G7 C
 C D7
 G7 C

