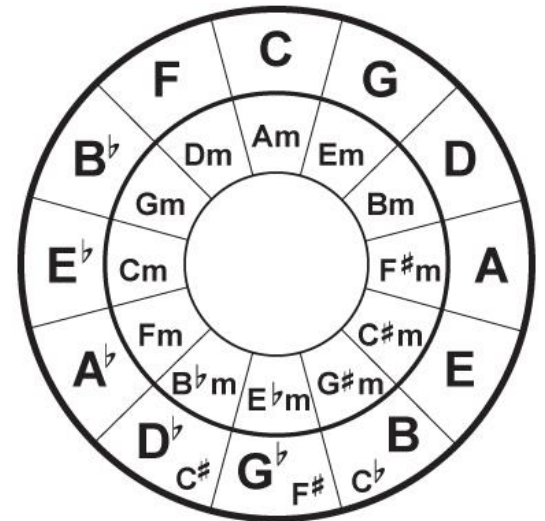


Two Chord Song Workshop



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Cornbread and Butterbeans

Carolina Chocolate Drops

[G] Cornbread and butterbeans and you across the table

[D] Eating them beans and making love as long as I am **[G]** able

Growing corn and cotton too and when the day is over

[D] Ride the mule and cut the fool and love again all **[G]** over

Goodbye, don't you cry I'm going to Louisiana

[D] Buy a coon dog and a big fat hog and marry **[G]** Suzianna.

Same song, ding dong I'll take a trip to China

[D] Cornbread and butterbeans and back to North **[G]** Carolina.

Wearing shoes and drinking booze goes against the Bible.

[D] A necktie will make you die and cause you lots of **[G]** trouble

Streetcars and whiskey bars and kissing pretty women

[D] Women yeah, that's the end, of a terrible **[G]** beginning

I can't read and don't care and education is awful

[D] Raising heck and writing checks it ought to be **[G]** unlawful

Silk hose and frilly clothes is just a waste of money

[D] Come with me and stay with me and say you'll be my **[G]** honey

Cocaine Blues

Recorded by Johnny Cash Written by T.J. Arnall

[C] Early one morning while making the rounds.
I took a shot of cocaine and I [G7] shot my woman
down. I went right home and I went to bed.
I [C] stuck that loving 44 beneath my head

Got up next morning and I grabbed that gun.
Took a shot of cocaine and [G7] away I run.
Made a good run but I run too slow .
They [C] overtook me down in Juarez Mexico.

Late in the hot joints taking the pills.
In walked the sheriff from [G7] Jericho Hill.
He said Willy Lee your name is not Jack Brown.
[C] You're the dirty hack that shot your woman down

Said yes oh yes my name is Willy Lee
If you've got the warrant just [G7] a-read it to me
Shot her down because she made me slow
I [C] thought I was her daddy but she had five more

When I was arrested I was dressed in black
They put me on a train and they [G7] took me back
Had no friend for to go my bail
They [C] slapped my dried up carcass in that country
jail

Early next morning bout a half past nine
I spied the sheriff coming [G7] down the line
Talked and he coughed as he cleared his throat
He [C] said come on you dirty heck into that district
court

Into the courtroom my trial began
Where I was handled by twelve [G7] honest men
Just before the jury started out
I [C] saw the little judge commence to look about

In about five minutes in walked the man
Holding the verdict in his [G7] right hand
The verdict read in the first degree
I [C] hollered Lordy Lordy have a mercy on me

The judge he smiled as he picked up his pen
99 years in the [G7] Folsom pen
99 years underneath that ground
I [C] can't forget the day I shot that bad bitch down

Come on you've gotta listen unto me
[G7] Lay off that whiskey and let that [C] cocaine be

Draggin The Line

Tommy James (Bob King)

Original key: F#

[D] Making a living the old hard way. Taking and giving by day by day
I dig snow and rain and bright sun-**[C]**-shine.
Draggin' the **[D]** line (draggin' the line)

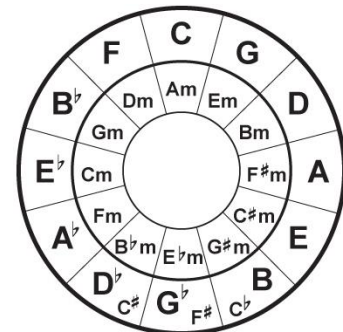
My dog Sam eats purple flowers. We ain't got much but what we got's ours
We dig snow and rain and bright sun-**[C]**-shine.
Draggin' the **[D]** line (draggin' the line) Draggin' the line (draggin' the line)

I **[C]** feel **[D]** fine. I'm **[C]** talking about **[D]** peace **[C]** of **[D]** mind
[C] I'm gonna **[D]** take **[C]** my **[D]** time. I'm getting the **[C]** good sign
Draggin' the **[D]** line (draggin' the line). Draggin' the line (draggin' the line)

Loving the free and feeling spirit. Of hugging a tree when you get near it
Digging the snow and rain and bright sun-**[C]**-shine
Draggin' the **[D]** line (draggin' the line) Draggin' the line (draggin' the line)

I **[C]** feel **[D]** fine. I'm **[C]** talking about **[D]** peace **[C]** of **[D]** mind
[C] I'm gonna **[D]** take **[C]** my **[D]** time. I'm getting the **[C]** good sign
Draggin' the **[D]** line (draggin' the line). Draggin' the line (draggin' the line)

La la la la la la **[C]** la.
draggin' the **[D]** line
draggin' the line
draggin' the line.



Dream Baby (How Long Must I Dream)

recorded by Roy Orbison written by Cindy Walker

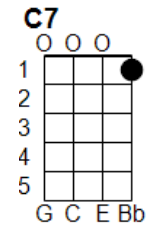
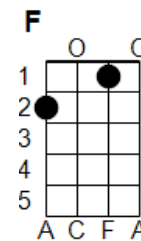
[C7] Sweet dream baby. Sweet dream baby

[F] Sweet dream baby. **[C7]** How long must I **[F]** dream?

[C7] Dream-baby got me dreaming sweet dreams,
the whole day through.

Dream-baby got me dreaming sweet dreams,
nighttime too.

[F] I love you and I'm dreaming of you,
But that won't do.



[C7] Dream-baby make me stop my dreaming.
You can make my dreams come **[F]** true.

Dreams

Fleetwood Mac

[Fmaj7]	[G]	[Fmaj7]	[G]
Now here you	go again you say	you want your free	dom
well who am	I to keep you	Down.	
It's only	right that you should	play the way you	feel it, But
listen care-	fully to the	sound of your	Loneliness. Like a
heartbeat drives you	mad In the	stillness of	Remembering, what you
had	and what you	lost.	what you
had	and what you	lost	
Thunder only	happens when it's	raining	
Players only	love you when they're	playing	
say women they will	come and they will	go	
when the rain	washes you clean you'll	know,	you'll
know			
Now here I	go again I see	the crystal	vision
I keep my	Visions to	myself	
It's only	me who wants to	wrap around your	dreams And
have you any	dreams you'd like to	Sell. Dreams of	Loneliness. Like a
heartbeat drives you	Mad. In the	stillness of re	membering what you
had	and what you	lost	what you
had	and what you	lost	
Thunder only	happens when it's	raining	
Players only	love you when they're	playing	
say women they will	come and they will	go	
when the rain	washes you clean you'll	know,	you'll
know			

Eleanor Rigby

[C] Ah, look at all the lonely **[Em]** people.

[C] Ah, look at all the lonely **[Em]** people.

Eleanor Rigby, picks up the rice in the church
where a wedding has **[C]** been, lives in a dream.

[Em] Waits at the window, wearing the face
that she keeps in a jar by the **[C]** door, who is it for?

[Em] All the lonely people, where **[C]** do they all come **[Em]** from?
All the lonely people, where **[C]** do they all be**[Em]**long?

Father McKenzie, writing the words
of a sermon that no one will **[C]** hear, no-one comes near.

[Em] Look at him working, darning his socks
in the night when there's nobody **[C]** there, what does he care?

[Em] All the lonely people, where **[C]** do they all come **[Em]** from?
All the lonely people, where **[C]** do they all be**[Em]**long?

[C] Ah, look at all the lonely **[Em]** people.

[C] Ah, look at all the lonely **[Em]** people.

Eleanor Rigby died in the church
and was buried along with her **[C]** name, nobody came.

[Em] Father McKenzie, wiping the dirt
from his hands as he walks from the **[C]** grave, no-one was saved.

[Em] All the lonely people, where **[C]** do they all come **[Em]** from?
All the lonely people, where **[C]** do they all be**[Em]**long?

Escape (The Pina Colada Song)

Jack Johnson's version

(Just play [A] [D] [A] over and over)

[A]

You know I love my lady,
Like a worn out recording
So while she lay there sleepin'
And in the personal columns,

If you like piña coladas
If you're not into yoga,
If you like making love at midnight
Then I'm the love that you've looked for,

I didn't think about my lady,
But me and my old lady
So I wrote to the paper,
And though I'm nobody's poet,

Yes, I like piña coladas
I'm not much into health food,
I've got to meet you by tomorrow
At a bar called O'Malley's

So I waited with high hopes
I knew her smile in an instant,
It was my own lovely lady
Then we laughed for a moment

"I never knew" That you like piña coladas
And the feel of the ocean
If you like making love at midnight
You're the lady I've looked for,

[D]

but we've been together to long
of a favorite song
I read the paper in bed
there was this letter I read

and getting caught in the rain
if you have half a brain
in the dunes of the cape
write to me and escape

I know that sounds kind of mean
had fallen into the same old dull routine
took out a personal ad
I thought it wasn't half bad

and getting caught in the rain
I am into champagne
and cut through all this red tape
where we'll plan our escape

and she walked in the place
I knew the curve of her face
and she said, "Aw, it's you."
and I said, "I never knew."

and gettin' caught in the rain
and the taste of champagne
in the dunes on the cape
come with me and escape

[A]

Give Peace a Chance

John Lennon, 1969

[C] Everybody's talking about Bag-ism, Shag-ism, Drag-ism, Mad-ism, Rag-ism, Tag-ism, This-ism, That-ism, Isn't it the most

All we are [G] saying is give peace [C] a chance

All we are [G] saying is give peace [C] a chance

Everybody's talking about Ministers, Sinisters, Banisters and Canisters, Bishops and Fishops, Rabbis and Popeyes Bye bye bye bye

All we are [G] saying is give peace [C] a chance

All we are [G] saying is give peace [C] a chance

Everybody's talking about revolution, Evolution, Mastication, Flagelation, Regulations, Integrations, Meditations, United Nations, Congratulations

All we are [G] saying is give peace [C] a chance

All we are [G] saying is give peace [C] a chance

Everybody's talking about John and Yoko, Timmy Leary, Rosemary, Tommy Smothers, Bobby Dylan, Tommy Cooper, Derek Taylor, Norman Mailer, Alan Ginsberg, Hare Krishna, Hare, Hare Krishna

All we are [G] saying is give peace [C] a chance

All we are [G] saying is give peace [C] a chance {x14}

Iko Iko

[D] My grandma and your grandma were sittin' by the [A] fire
My grandma told your grandma, "I'm gonna set your flag on [D] fire"

[D] Talkin' 'bout hey now (hey now) hey now Iko iko un [A] day
jockamo feeno i na nay jockamo fee na [D] nay

[D] Look at my king all dressed in red iko iko un [A] day
I betcha five dollars he'll kill you dead jockamo fee na [D] nay

[D] Talkin' 'bout hey now (hey now) hey now now Iko iko un [A] day
jockamo feeno i na nay jockamo fee na [D] nay

[D] My flag boy and your flag boy were sittin' by the [A] fire.
My flag boy told your flag boy, "I'm gonna set your flag on [D] fire"

[D] Talkin' 'bout hey now (hey now) hey now now Iko iko un [A] day
jockamo feeno i na nay jockamo fee na [D] nay

[D] See that guy all dressed in green iko iko un [A] day
He's not a man he's a lovin' machine. jockamo fee na [D] nay

[D] Talkin' 'bout hey now (hey now) hey now now Iko iko un [A] day
jockamo feeno i na nay jockamo fee na [D] nay

[D] Talkin' 'bout hey now (hey now) hey now
Iko iko un[A]day jockamo feeno i na nay jockamo fee na [D] nay

[A] Jockamo fee na [D] nay [A] jockamo fee na [D] nay

Jambalaya (On the Bayou) Hank Williams Sr. 1952

[C] Goodbye, Joe, me gotta go, me oh my [G7] oh.
Me gotta go, pole the pirogue down the [C] bayou.
My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh [G7] my oh.
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the [C] bayou.

Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and a fillet [G7] gumbo
Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma chaz ami- [C] o.
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be [G7] gayo,
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the [C] bayou.

Thibodaux, Fontaineaux, the place is [G7] buzzin',
Kinfolk come to see Yvonne by the [C] dozen.
We dress in style and go hog wild, me oh [G7] my oh.
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the [C] bayou.

Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and a fillet [G7] gumbo
Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma chaz ami- [C] o.
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be [G7] gayo,
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the [C] bayou.

Memphis Tennessee

Chuck Berry

[E7] [A7]

Long [E7] distance information give me Memphis, Tennessee.
Help me find the party trying to get in touch with me.
She [A7] could not leave her number but I know who placed the call.
Cause my [E7] uncle took a message and he wrote it on the [A7] wall.

[E7] Help me information get in touch with my Marie.
She's the only one who'd phone me here from Memphis, Tennessee.
Her [A7] home is on the southside, high upon a ridge,
[E7] just a half-a-mile from the Mississippi [A7] bridge.

[E7] Help me information more than that I cannot add.
Only that I miss her, and all the fun we had.
But [A7] we were pulled apart because her mom did not agree.
[E7] It tore apart our happy-home in Memphis, Tennes-[A7]-see.

[E7] Last time I saw Marie she was waving me goodbye.
Hurry-home-drops on her cheeks that trickled from her eyes.
[A7] Marie is only six-years old, information please.
[E7] Try to put me through to her in Memphis, Tennes-[A7]-see.

Okie From Muskogee

Roy Burris and Merle Haggard

[A] We don't smoke marijuana in Muskogee

We don't take our trips on LS [E7] D

We don't burn our draft cards down on Main Street

We like living right and being [A] free

We don't make a party out of loving

We like holding hands and pitching [E7] woo

We don't let our hair grow long and shaggy

Like the hippies out in San Francisco [A] do

And I'm proud to be an Okie from Muskogee

A place where even squares can have a [E7] ball

We still wave Old Glory down at the courthouse

And white lightning's still the biggest thrill of [A] all

Leather boots are still in style for manly footwear

Beads and Roman sandals won't be [E7] seen

Football's still the roughest thing on campus

And the kids here still respect the college [A] dean

And I'm proud to be an Okie from Muskogee

A place where even squares can have a [E7] ball

We still wave Old Glory down at the courthouse

And white lightning's still the biggest thrill of [A] all

[E7] We still wave Old Glory down at the courthouse,

In Muskogee, Oklahoma, US[A] A.

Paperback Writer

Beatles

Paperback writer, paperback writer,

Dear **[G7]** Sir or Madam, Will you read my book?

It took me years to write, will you take a look?

It's based on a novel by a man named Lear.

and I need a job so I want to be a paperback **[C]** writer.

paper back **[G7]** writer.

It's the dirty story of a dirty man and his clinging wife

doesn't understand. His son is working for the Daily Mail.

It's a steady job but he wants to be a paperback **[C]** writer.

paper back **[G7]** writer.

It's a thousand pages give or take a few, I'll be writing more

in a week or two. I can make longer if you like the style,

I can change it round and I want to be a paperback **[C]** writer.

paper back **[G7]** writer.

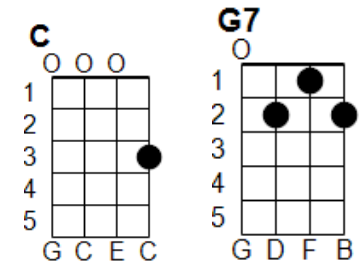
If you really like it you can have the rights,

it could make a million for you overnight.

If you must return it you can send it here,

But I need a break and I want to be a paperback **[C]** writer.

paper back **[G7]** writer.



Pistol Packin' Mama

Al Dexter 1943

Adapted from "Boil Them Cabbage Down"

Refrain:

[F] Lay that pistol down, babe - lay that pistol **[C7]** down
Pistol Packin' Mama, lay that pistol **[F]** down.

[F] Drinking beer in a cabaret and was I having **[C7]** fun
Until one night she caught me right and now I'm on the **[F]** run.

She kicked out my windshield - she hit me over the head
She cussed and cried and said I'd lied and wished that I was dead.

Drinking beer in a cabaret and dancing with a blond
Until one night she shot out the light - Bang! that blond was gone.

I'll see you every night, babe - I'll woo you every day
I'll be your regular daddy - if you'll put that gun away.

Now there was old Al Dexter - he always had his fun
But with some lead, she shot him dead - his honkin' days are done.

Summer

By WAR

[G] Ridin' round town [C] with all the windows [G] down
Eight track playin' [C] all your favorite [G] sounds
The rhythm of the [C] bongos fill the [G] park
The street musicians [C] tryin' to get a [G] start [C]

Cause it's [G] summer, [C] Summer time is [G] here [C]
Yes it's [G] summer, [C] My time of [G] year [C]
Yes it's [G] summer, [C] My time of [G] year [C]

Stretched out on a blanket in the sand
Kids of all ages diggin' Disneyland
Rappin' on the C.B. radio in your van
We'll give a big "10-4" to the truckin' man

Young boys playin' stick ball in the street
Fire hydrants help to beat the heat
Old man feeding pigeons in the square
Nighttime finds young lovers walking there

In Atlantic City or out in Malibu
Or anywhere in between, I'm telling you
When you feel those balmy breezes on your face
Summertime is the best time any place

25 Minutes To Go

Recorded by Johnny Cash

Written by Shel Silverstein

[G] Well they're building a gallows outside my cell
I've got 25 minutes to [D7] go

And the whole town's waiting just to hear me yell
I got 24 minutes to [G] go

Well they gave me some beans for my last meal
I got 23 minutes to [D7] go

But nobody ask me how I feel
I got 22 minutes to [G] go

Well I sent for the governor and the whole darn
bunch With 21 minutes to [D7] go

And I called up the mayor but he's out to lunch
I got 20 more minutes to [G] go

Then the sheriff said boy I'm gonna watch you die
With 19 minutes to [D7] go

So I laughed in his face and I spit in his eye
With 18 minutes to [G] go

Now here comes the preacher for to save my soul
With 13 minutes to [D7] go

And he's talking bout burning but I'm so cold
And I got 12 more minutes to [G] go

Now they're testing the trap and it chills my spine
With 11 more minutes to [D7] go

And the trap and the rope oh they work just fine
Got 10 more minutes to [G] go

Well I'm waiting for the pardon that'll set me free
With 9 more minutes to [D7] go

But this ain't the movies so forget about me
Got 8 more minutes to [G] go

With my feet on the trap and my head in the noose
5 more minutes to [D7] go

Won't somebody come and cut me loose
Got 4 more minutes to [G] go

I can see the mountains I can see the sky
3 more minutes to [D7] go

And it's too darn pretty for a man to wanna die
I got 2 more minutes to [G] go

I can see the buzzards I can hear the crows
1 more minute to [D7] go

And now I'm swinging

And here I go-o-o-o

Tulsa Time

Don Williams

[C] I left Oklahoma, driving in a Pontiac, just about to lose my [G7] mind.
I was going to Arizona, maybe on to California. Where the people all live so [C] fine.

My baby said I'm crazy, my momma called me lazy. I was gonna show 'em all this [G7] time.
'Cause you know I ain't no fool and I don't need no more schooling.
I was born to just walk the [C] line.

Living on Tulsa time. Living on Tulsa [G7] time.
Well you know I've been through it. When I set my watch back to it.
Living on Tulsa [C] time.

Well there I was in Hollywood, wishing I was doing good. Talking on the telephone [G7] line.
But they don't need me in the movies, and nobody sings my songs.
Guess I'm just wasting [C] time.

Well then I got to thinking, man I'm really sinking. And I really had a flash this [G7] time.
I had no business leaving and nobody would be grieving.
If I went on back to Tulsa [C] time.

Living on Tulsa time. Living on Tulsa [G7] time.
Going to set my watch back to it. Cause you know I've been through it.
Living on Tulsa [C] time.

Living on Tulsa time. Living on Tulsa [G7] time.
Going to set my watch back to it. Cause you know I've been through it.
Living on Tulsa [C] time.

Waltz Across Texas

recorded by Ernest Tubb. written by Talmadge Tubb

[G] When we dance together my [D7] world's in disguise
It's a fairy-land tale that's come [G] true
And when you look at me with those [D7] stars in your eyes
I could waltz across Texas with [G] you

Waltz across Texas with [D7] you in my arms
Waltz across Texas with [G] you
Like a story-book ending I'm [D7] lost in your charms
And I could waltz across Texas with [G] you

My heartaches and troubles are [D7] just up and gone
The moment that you come in [G] view
And with your hand in mine dear I could [D7] dance on and on
I could waltz across Texas with [G] you

Waltz across Texas with [D7] you in my arms
Waltz across Texas with [G] you
Like a story-book ending I'm [D7] lost in your charms
And I could waltz across Texas with [G] you

You Never Can Tell

Chuck Berry

[C] It was a teenage wedding, and the old folks wished them well.
You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoi[G7]selle.
And now the young monsieur and madame have rung the chapel bell,
'C'est la vie', say the old folks, it goes-to-show you never can [C] tell.

They furnished off an apartment with a two room Roebuck sale.
The coolerator was crammed with TV dinners and ginger [G7] ale.
But when Pierre found work, the little money comin' worked out well.
'C'est la vie', say the old folks, it goes-to-show you never can [C] tell.

They had a hi-fi phono, oh boy, did they let it blast.
Seven hundred little records, all rock, rhythm and [G7] jazz.
But when the sun went down, the rapid tempo of the music fell.
'C'est la vie', say the old folks, it goes-to-show you never can [C] tell.

They bought a souped-up jitney, was a cherry red '53.
They drove it down to Orleans to celebrate their anniver[G7]sary.
It was there that Pierre was married to the lovely mademoiselle.
'C'est la vie', say the old folks, it goes-to-show you never can [C] tell.

break

It was a teenage wedding, and the old folks wished them well.
You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoi[G7]selle.
And now the young monsieur and madame have rung the chapel bell,
'C'est la vie', say the old folks, it goes-to-show you never can [C] tell.