

## Iko Iko (Jock-A-Mo) F, C7

Iko.....Iko .....Iko ,Iko un-day  
 Jock-a-mo fee-no ai na-né, jock-a-mo fee na-né

My grandma and your grand-ma were sit-tin' by the fire  
 My grandma told your grand-ma "I'm gon-na set your flag on fire

Talk-in' 'bout, hey now hey now I-ko, I-ko, un-day  
 Jock-a-mo fee-no ai na-né, jock-a-mo fee na-né

Look at my king all dressed in red I-ko, I-ko, un-day  
 I bet-cha five dol-lars he'll kill you dead, jock-a-mo fee na-né

My flag boy and your flag boy were sit-tin' by the fire  
 My flag boy told your flag boy "I'm gon-na set your flag on fire

See that guy all dressed in green I-ko, I-ko, un-day  
 He's not a man, he's a lov-in' ma-chine jock-a mo fee na-né

### Hey Good Looking

C				D7	G7	C	G7
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### Chorus

F	C	F	C	F	C	D7	G7
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Hey Good Lookin'.....hey sweet baby.....

I got a hot rod ford...I know that spot...The soda pop... wanna have fun...

I'm free and ready.....no more looking.....

I'm gonna throw.....keep it 'til it's covered.....

### I Wanna Be Like You

Am			E7				Am
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Now I'm the king.....i wanna be a man, mancub.....

Solo (Chorus)

C		A7		D7	G7	C	G7
C		A7		D7	G7	C	E7

*(oobe we) (pop ba oobe do wah) (choo) (choo) (weba debe de oo)*  
*(scoobie do) (scoobee doobee doee)*

I'll ape your mannerisms..... And when I eat bananas.....

Now don't try to kid me, mancub..... Give me the secret, mancub, clue..

## My Blue heaven

D				E7	A7	D	
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When whippoorwills call.....a turn to the right.....

G	B7	Em		A7		D Eb°	A7
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You'll see a smiling face.....a little nest.....

Just Molly and me.....we're happy in my.....

Em Dance me to the end of love Leonard Cohen

La La

Am		Em		B7		Em	
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Am		Em		B7		Em	
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Verses

Am		Em		Am		Em	
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Am		Em		B7		Em	
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B7		Em					
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Dance me to your beauty with a burning violin.....

let me see your beauty when the witnesses are gone.....

Dance me to the wedding now, dance me on and on.....

La la - solo

Dance me to the children who are asking to be born.....

Dance me to your beauty with a burning violin.....

## Boulevard of Broken Dreams

Intro B7 C7 B7(stop)

Em		B7				Em B7	Em
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I walk along the streets of sorrow, The boulevard of broken dreams

Where gigolo and gigolette, can take a kiss without regret

As they forget their broken dreams

You laugh tonight and cry tomorrow, as U 4get your shattered schemes

And gigolo and gigolette, wake up to find their eyes are wet

With tears that tell of broken dreams

Dm		Am		C°		B7 C7	B7
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Here is where you'll always find us

Always strumming up and down

But we left our soul behind us

In that old cathedral town

The joy that you find here you borrow, You cannot keep it long it seems

And gigolo and gigolette , still sing a song and dance along

The boulevard of broken dreams

## Last train to Clarkesville

Take the last train to Clarksville, and Ill meet you at the station.  
You can be there by four thirty, cause I made your reservation.  
Dont be slow, oh, no, no, no! Oh, no, no, no!

Cause I'm leaving in the morning and I won't see you again  
we'll have one more night together, til the morning brings my train and  
I must go, oh, no, no, no Oh, no, no, no and I don't know if I'm ever coming  
home

Take the last train to Clarksville. I'll be waiting at the station.  
Well have time for coffee flavoured kisses,- and a bit of,- conversation  
Oh... oh, no, no, no! Oh, no, no, no!

Dit ah dit ah do do do do, Do da do do do do do do Do da do do do do do do Doo

Take the last train to Clarksville, now I must hang up the phone.  
I can't hear you in this noisy, railroad station all alone. I'm feelin'  
Low. oh, no, no, no! Oh, no, no, no! And I don't know if I'm ever  
coming

Repeat 1<sup>st</sup> verse

### Down Waterloo Road

C	E7	Am	C7	F	C	D7	G7
C	E7	Am	C7	F	C	Dm G7	C

Walking down the street today I saw a girl across the way  
I asked her where she's going And she said, "Come with me"  
She took me down this avenue Where I met the folks she knew  
And there we stopped and chatted And passed the time away

Down Waterloo Road .....

Lower down this cellar where We met this happy feller  
Playing cake-walks on his guitar All night long  
His pickin' sounded scratchy But his music was so catchy  
That we all got up and joined him And we sang this song

Chorus - solo

Now the birds are cheeping And we all feel kind of sleepy  
The morning tide is rising And the moon has gone  
But still the feeling lingers And still I hear the singers  
As I walk along the avenue And I sing this song