

Chords and Words for

Pete's Simple Song Session 12

Friday 5th February 2016

Everyone join in!!

- 1.All by Myself – Fats Domino
- 2.The Games people play – Joe South
- 3.She belongs to me – Bob Dylan
- 4.Wild Colonial Boy
- 5.Leavin on a jet plane – John Denver
- 6.Ramblin Boy – Tom Paxton

Practice Session 7:30 – 8:30 pm

After the Break Session – 10:00pm approx

Pete Thompson – gigs@northwichfolk.co.uk



**Northwich Folk
Club**



All by myself – Fats Domino

G. No capo
Busker Style

^GHey, Little girl, don't you understand?

I want to be your lover man

^CAll by myself ^GAll by myself

^DI don't need no one to love you, I'm gonna ^Clove you all by ^Gmyself

You'll find, little girl, you know it too

Don't you know I'm in love with you

All by myself All by myself

I don't want no one to love you, I want to love you all by myself

Meet me in the parlor 'bout half past one

We'll go on down and have some fun

All by ourselves All by ourselves

We don't need nobody with us, we gonna do it all by ourselves

Meet me in the parlor 'bout half past one

We'll go on down and have some fun

All by ourselves All by ourselves

We don't need nobody with us, we gonna do it all by ourselves

Hey, Little girl, don't you understand?

I want to be your lover man

All by myself All by myself

We don't need no one to love you, we gon' love you all by myself

The games people play – Joe South

G No capo

Oh the games people play now

Every night and every day now

Never meaning what they say now

Never saying what they mean

While they wile away the hours

In their ivory towers

Till they're covered up with flowers

In the back of a black limousine

Chorus

La-da da da da da da

La-da da da da da de

Talking 'bout you and me

And the games people play

Oh we make one another cry

Break a heart then we say goodbye

Cross our hearts and we hope to die That the other was to blame

But neither one ever will give in

So we gaze at an eight by ten

Thinking 'bout the things that might have been

and It's a dirty rotten shame

Chorus

People walking up to you

Singing glory hallelujah

And they try to sock it to you

In the name of the Lord

They're gonna teach you how to meditate

Read your horoscope, cheat your fate

And further more to hell with hate

Come on and get on board

Chorus

Look around tell me what you see

What's happening to you and me

God grant me the serenity

To remember who I am

Cause you've given up your sanity

For your pride and your vanity

Turned your back on humanity

And you don't give a da da da da

Chorus x 2

She belongs to me – Bob Dylan

G. Capo 5

She's got everything she needs She's an artist, she don't look back
She's got everything she needs She's an artist, she don't look back
She can take the dark out of night time And paint the daytime black.

You will start out standing Proud to steal her anything she sees
You will start out standing Proud to steal her anything she sees
But you will wind up peeking through her keyhole Down upon your knees.

She never stumbles She's got no place to fall
She never stumbles She's got no place to fall
She's nobody's child The Law can't touch her at all.

She wears an Egyptian ring That sparkles before she speaks
She wears an Egyptian ring That sparkles before she speaks
She's a hypnotist collector You are a walking antique.

Bow down to her on Sunday Salute her when her birthday comes
Bow down to her on Sunday Salute her when her birthday comes
For Halloween buy her a trumpet And for Christmas, give her a drum.

Verse 1,

The Wild Colonial Boy

C Capo 2

CHORUS

C F C G C
Come all my hearties, We'll roam the mountains high,
F C G
Together we will plunder, Together we will ride.
C F
We'll wander through the valleys, And gallop o'er the plains,
G C
And scorn to live in slavery, bound down by iron chains.

C F C
It's of a wild Colonial Boy, Jack Doolan was his name,
C G7
Born of honest parents, in the town of Castlemaine.
C F
He was his father's only hope, His mother's pride and joy,
G C
And so dearly did his parents love Their wild Colonial Boy.
C F C
He was just sixteen years of age, when he left his father's home,
C G7
And through Australia's sunny clime a bushranger did roam.
C F
He robbed the wealthy squatters, their stock he would destroy,
G C
A terror to Australia was the wild Colonial Boy. CHORUS

In sixty-one this daring youth commenced his wild career,
With a heart that knew no danger, no stranger did he fear.
He stuck up the Beechworth mail-coach, and robbed Judge MacEvoy,
Who trembling cold, gave up his gold to the wild Colonial Boy.
He bade the judge "Good morning," and told him to beware,
He'd never rob an honest man who acted on the square,
But a man who'd rob a mother of her son and only joy
He could expect no mercy from the Wild Colonial Boy CHORUS

One day as he was riding the mountainside along
Listening to the Kookaburra's pleasant laughing song
Three mounted troopers came in sight, Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy,
With a warrant for the capture of the wild Colonial Boy.
"Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you see we're three to one.
Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you daring highwayman."
He drew a pistol from his belt, and fired the wicked toy,
"I'll fight, but I won't surrender," said the wild Colonial Boy. CHORUS

He fired at Trooper Kelly, and brought him to the ground,
And in return from Davis, received his mortal wound.
All shattered through the jaws he lay, still firing at Fitzroy,
And that's the way they captured him – The wild Colonial Boy CHORUS

Leavin On A Jet Plane John Denver

 C F
All my bags are packed, I'm ready to go.
 C F
I'm standing here out-side your door
 C Am G G7
I hate to wake you up to say good-bye.
G7 C F
But the dawn is breaking, it's early morn,
 C F
The taxi's waiting, he's blowing his horn
 C Am G G7
Al-ready I'm so lonesome I could cry.

CHORUS

G7 C F
So kiss me and smile for me
C F
Tell me that you'll wait for me
C Dm G7
Hold me like you'll never let me go.
 C F
I'm leaving on a jet plane
C F
Don't know when I'll be back again
 Am G7
Oh babe I hate to go

There's so many times I've let you down
So many times I've played around
I tell you now they don't mean a thing
Every place I go I'll think of you
Every song I sing I'll sing for you
When I come back I'll wear your wedding ring.
CHORUS

Now the time has come to leave you
One more time let me kiss you
Then close your eyes I'll be on my way
Dream about the days to come
When I won't have to leave alone
A-bout the times I won't have to say.
CHORUS

Ramblin' Boy - Tom Paxton

G Capo 2

G. D G
He was a man and a friend always.
D G
He stuck with me in the bad old days.
G C G
He never cared if I had no dough,
D G
We rambled round in the rain and snow.

CHORUS

G. C D G
So here's to you my Rambling Boy,
D G
May all your rambling bring you joy.
G C G
So here's to you my Rambling Boy,
D G
May all your rambling bring you joy.

In Tulsa town we chanced to stray,
We thought we'd try to work one day.
The boss said he had room for one,
Said my old pal we'd rather bum.

Late one night in a jungle camp,
The weather it was cold and damp.
He got the chills and he got 'em bad.
Try took the only friend I had.

He left here to ramble on,
My rambling pal is dead and gone.
If when we die we go somewhere,
I bet you a dollar that he's rambling there.