

C
 Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake;
 G
 All of those tourists covered with oil.
 Strummin' my ~~six~~^{four} string on my front porch swing.
 C
 Smell those shrimp--They're beginnin' to boil.

F G C C7
 Wasted away again in Margaritaville,
 F G C C7
 Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.
 F G C G F
 Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
 G C
 But I know it's nobody's fault.

C
 Don't know the reason, stayed here all season
 G
 With nothing to show but this brand new tatoo.
 But it's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie
 C
 How it got here I haven't a clue.

F G C C7
 Wasted away again in Margaritaville,
 F G C C7
 Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.
 F G C G F
 Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
 G C
 Now I think,-- hell it could be my fault.

C
 I blew out my flip flop, stepped on a pop top;
 G
 Cut my heel, had to cruise on back home.

But there's booze in the blender, and soon it will render
 C
 That frozen concoction that helps me hang on.

F G C C7
 Wasted away again in Margaritaville
 F G C C7
 Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.
 F G C G F
 Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
 G C
 But I know; it's my own damn fault.

F G C G F
 Yes, and some people claim that there's a woman to blame
 G C
 And I know it's my own damn fault



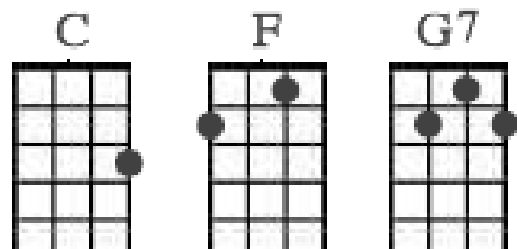
Jamaica Farewell

by Lord Burgess

Irving Burgle (Lord Burgess)

Irving Burgle was born in Brooklyn in 1924. His mother was from Barbados, and he grew up surrounded by people from the Caribbean. After serving in the Army during World War II, Burgle studied music at Julliard, the University of Arizona and the University of Southern California. He was influenced by the folk music revival that was sweeping the country and began performing and writing songs. During the early 1960s, he appeared at the Blue Angel in Chicago and the Village Vanguard in New York, where he worked for a period with Louise Bennett, a writer and interpreter of Jamaican folk traditions. It was during this period that he assumed the name "Lord Burgess."

Burgle is best known as a songwriter. Some of his compositions, such as "Jamaica Farewell" and "Day-O," were based, in part, on Jamaican folk traditions. In 1955 he met Harry Belafonte and provided him with "Day-O" and other songs for a performance in "Holiday in Trinidad," a segment on NBC's Colgate Comedy Hour. The next year, Belafonte included "Day-O," "Jamaica Farewell" and other Burgle compositions in his immensely successful album titled Calypso. Burgle went on to write other songs for Belafonte, such as "Island in the Sun," which was the title song for a 1957 movie that starred Belafonte. He also wrote the music for an Off-Broadway musical titled Bailed for Elminshire (1963) and composed the national anthem for Barbados, which gained independence from Britain in 1966.



Ukulele Club of Santa Cruz August 2004

^C Down the way, where the nights are ^Fgay
 And the ^{G7}sun shines daily on the ^Cmountain top
 I took a trip on a sailing ^Fship
 And when I reached ^{G7}Jamaica, I made a ^Cstop

Chorus

But I'm ^Csad to say, I'm on ^Fmy way,
 Won't be back for many a ^{G7}day,
 My heart is down, my head is ^Fturning around
 I had to leave a little ^{G7}girl in ^CKingston town

^C Sounds of laughter ^Feverywhere
 And the ^{G7}dancing girls ^Csway to and fro,
 I must declare, my ^Fheart is there,
 "Though I've been ^{G7}from ^CMaine to Mexico

Repeat Chorus

^C Down at the market, you can ^Fhear
^{G7} Ladies cry out while on their ^Cheads they bear,
 Ackee, rice, salt ^Ffish are nice,
 And the ^{G7}rum is fine any ^Ctime of year

Repeat Chorus

Let's Talk Dirty In Hawaiian

John Prine/Fred Koller

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zJxehS0wJrU>

Intro: [C]

[C]Well, I packed my bags and bought myself a ticket
For the land of the tall palm [G]tree
Aloha Old Milwaukee Rochester, Hello Waiki[C]ki
I just stepped down from the airplane
W[C7]hen I heard her [F]say
Waka waka nuka licka, [C]waka waka nuka licka
[G]Would you like a [C]lei? [G]Eh?

Chorus:

[C]Let's talk dirty in Hawaiian
Whisper in my [G]ear
Kicka pooka mok a wa wahini
Are the words I long to [C]hear
Lay your coconut on my tiki
What the hecka mooka mooka [F]dear
Let's talk dirty in Ha[C]waiian [A]
Say the [D]words I l[G]ong to [C]hear
[F] [C] [A] [D] [G] [C]



[C]It's a ukelele Honolulu sunset
Listen to the grass skirts [G]sway
Drinking rum from a pineapple
Out on Honolulu [C]Bay
The steel guitars all playing
While she's ta[C7]lking with her [F]hands
Gimme gimme oka doka [C]make a wish and wanta polka
[G]Words I under[C]stand [G]Hey!

Repeat Chorus

[C]Well, I boughta lota junka with my moola
And sent it to the folks back [G]home
I never had the chance to dance the hula
Well, I guess I should have [C]known
When you start talking to the sweet wahini
Wa[C7]lking in the pale moon[F]light
Ohka noka whatta setta [C]knocka-rocka-sis-boom-boccas
[G]Hope I said it [C]right [G]Oh!

Repeat Chorus

Ending:

[F]Let's talk dirty in Ha[C]waiian [A]
Say the [D]words I l[G]ong to h[C]ear [G] [C]
spoken: Aloha