

Chords and Words for

## Pete's Simple Song Session 13

Friday 20<sup>th</sup> May 2016

Everyone join in!!

1. Deportees – Woody Guthrie
2. 13 Question Method – Chuck Berry
3. Heart of Gold – Neil Young
4. As Tears go by – Marianne Faithful
5. Seven Drunken Nights – Dubliners
6. Black Velvet Band – Dubliners

Practice Session 7:30 – 8:30 pm

After the Break Session – 10:00pm approx

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**Northwich Folk  
Club**



# Deportees (Plane wreck at Los Gatos) Woody Guthrie

          D  G                  D  
The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting  
          (D)  A7          D  
The oranges piled in their creosote dumps  
          G  D  
You're flying them back to the Mexican border  
          (D)  A7          D  
To pay all their money, to wade back again

CHORUS: (After each verse)

          G  D  
Goodbye to my Juan, good-bye Rosalita  
          A7  D  
Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria  
          G  D  
You won't have your names when you ride the big airplane  
          D  A7          D  
All they will call you will be deportees

2. My Father's own father, he waded that river  
They took all the money he made in his life  
My brothers and sisters came working the fruit trees  
And they rode the truck till they took down and died
3. Some of us are illegal, and some are not wanted  
Our work contract's out and we have to move on  
Six hundred miles to the Mexican border  
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like thieves
4. We died in your hills, we died in your deserts  
We died in your valleys, and died on your plains  
We died 'neath your trees, and we died in your bushes  
Both sides of the river, we died just the same
5. That sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos canyon  
A fireball of lightning, and shook all our hills  
Who are all these friends, all scattered like dry leaves?  
The radio says they are just deportees
6. Is this the best way we can grow our big orchards?  
Is this the best way we can grow our good fruit?  
To fall just like dry leaves, and to rot on the topsoil  
And be called by no name, except deportees.

## 13 Question Method – Chuck Berry (Ry Cooder Version)

G

Now, the thirteen question method is the one to use - Listen to me!

G

D

Thirteen question method is the one to use

G

G7

C

I'm saying that the thirteen question method is the one you gotta use

A7

If you wanna have some fun

G

D

G

'Cause the thirteen question method is the one to use

Question number one: you wanna have fun, uh hun

Question number two: what to do? - Let's see!

Question number three: wanna go out and eat burger with me? God Almighty!

For the thirteen question method is the one to use

Chorus

Now the question number five: don't give me no jive, this morning

Question number six: don't try no tricks, this evening

Question number seven: I'll pick you up at a quarter to eleven, baby

And question number eight: it's a date -

Chorus

That's question number nine: where to dine, this evening?

Question number ten: ah, can we get in?

Question number eleven: gonna be just like heaven? God Almighty!

Question number twelve: we get by ourselves?

Chorus x 2

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gJMVsrPcRtg>

# Heart of Gold – Neil Young

Em C D G  
I wanna live I wanna give  
Em C D G  
I've been a miner for a heart of gold.  
Em C D G  
It's these expressions I never give  
Em G  
That keep me searchin for a heart of gold  
C G  
And I'm gettin old.  
Em G  
That keep me searchin for a heart of gold  
C G Em  
And I'm gettin old.

I've been to Hollywood  
I've been to Redwood  
I crossed the ocean for a heart of gold  
I've been in my mind, it's such a fine line  
That keeps me searching for a Heart of Gold  
And I'm getting old.  
That keeps me searching for a Heart of Gold  
And I'm getting old.

verse:

Em D Em  
Keep me searchin for a heart of gold  
D Em  
You keep me searchin and I'm growin old  
D Em  
Keep me searchin for a heart of gold  
G  
I've been a miner for a heart of gold.  
C G (hold)

# As tears go by – Marianne Faithful

C D F G  
It is the evening of the day,  
C D F G  
I sit and watch the children play.  
F G C Am F F G G  
Smiling faces I can see, but not for me, I sit and watch as tears go by.  
C D F G  
My riches can't buy everything,  
C D F G  
I want to hear the children sing.  
F G C Am  
All I hear is the sound of rain falling on the ground,  
F F G G  
I sit and watch as tears go by.

Instrumental: C D F G X2 F G C Am F F G G

C D F G  
It is the evening of the day,  
C D F G  
I sit and watch the children play.  
F G C Am  
Doing things I used to do, they think are new,  
F F G G  
I sit and watch as tears go by.  
C D F G  
Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm  
C D F G  
Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm  
C D F G  
Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm

...Fade

# Seven Drunken Nights - Dubliners

G  
As I went home on Monday night as drunk as drunk could be,  
C  
I saw a horse outside the door where my old horse should be,  
G C  
Well I called me wife and said to her, will you kindly tell to me,  
G C G  
Who owns that horse outside the door where my old horse should be,  
G G C G  
Ha you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool, still you cannot see,  
G C G D G  
That's a lovey sow that me mother sent to me,  
G G C G  
Well its many a day I travelled, a hundred miles or more,  
G C G D G  
But a saddle on a sow I never saw before.

[2]

And as I went home on Tuesday night as drunk as drunk could be,  
I saw a coat behind the door where my old coat should be,  
Well I called me wife and said to her will you kindly tell to me,  
Who owns that coat behind the door where my old coat should be,  
'Ha you're drunk you're drunk you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,  
That's a woollen blanket that me mother sent to me,  
'Well its many a day I travelled, a hundred miles or more,  
But buttons in a blanket sure I never saw before.

[3]

And as I came home on a Wednesday night as drunk as drunk could be,  
I saw a pipe upon the chair, where my old pipe should be,  
'Well I called me wife and said to her would you kindly tell to me,  
Who owns that pipe upon the chair where my old pipe should be,  
'Ha you're drunk you're drunk you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,  
That's a lovely tin whistle that me mother sent to me,  
'Well its many a day I travelled, a hundred miles or more,  
But tobacco in a tin whistle sure I never saw before.

[4]

And as I went home on a Thursday night as drunk as drunk could be,  
I saw two boots beneath the bed where my old boots should be,  
Well I called me wife and said to her will you kindly tell to me,  
Who owns them boots beneath the bed where my old boots should be,  
'Ha you're drunk you're drunk you silly old fool still you cannot see,  
That's two lovely geranium pots me mother gave to me,  
'Well its many a day I travelled, a hundred miles or more,  
But laces in geranium pots sure I never saw before,

[5]

And as I went home on a Friday night as drunk as drunk could be,  
I saw a head inside the bed where my old head should be,  
Well I called me wife and said to her will you kindly tell to me,  
Who owns that head with you in the bed where my old head should be,  
'Ha you're drunk you're drunk you silly old fool and still you cannot see,  
That's a baby boy that me mother sent to me,  
Well its many a day I travelled, a hundred miles or more,  
But a baby boy with whiskers sure I never saw before.

## Black Velvet Band

G Em G D  
In a neat little town they call Belfast, Apprenticed to trade I was bound  
G D G C D G  
And many an hour's sweet happiness, Have I spent in that neat little town  
G Em G D  
A sad misfortune came over me, which caused me to stray from me land  
G D G C D G  
Far away from me friends and companions, Betrayed by the black velvet band

### CHORUS

G Em G D  
Her eyes they shone like diamonds, I thought her the queen of the land  
G D G C D G  
And her hair, it hair hung over her shoulder, tied up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll down Broadway meaning not long for to stay  
When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid, Come a-traipsing along the highway  
She was both fair and handsome, Her neck it was white like a swan  
And her hair, it hair hung over her shoulder, tied up with a black velvet band  
CHORUS

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid, when a gentleman passing us by  
Well, I knew she meant the doing of him By the look in her roguish black eye  
A gold watch she took from his pocket And placed it right into my hand  
And the very first thing that I said was "Bad Luck" to the black velvet band  
CHORUS

Before the Judge and the Jury, Next morning I had to appear  
The judge he says to me "Young man, your case it is proven clear  
I'll give you seven years penal servitude To be spent far away from the land  
Far away from your friends and companions Betrayed by the black velvet band  
CHORUS

So come all you jolly young fellows, A warning take from me  
When you are out on the town, me boys, Beware of the pretty Colleens  
They'll feed you with strong drink, my lads, 'Til you are unable to stand  
And the very first thing that you'll know is You've landed in Van Dieman's Land  
CHORUS