

Chords and Words for

# Pete's Simple Song Session 18

Friday 18<sup>th</sup> January 2019

Everyone join in!!

1. It doesn't matter any more - Holly
2. Going down that old dusty road - Guthrie
3. Clementine - Trad
4. All the tunes in the world - Ewan McVicar
5. Gilgarra Mountain Trad
6. Stay with me - Faces(if time)

Practice Session 7:30 – 8:30 pm

After the Break Session – 10:00pm approx

Pete Thompson – [gigs@northwichfolk.co.uk](mailto:gigs@northwichfolk.co.uk)



Northwich Folk  
Club



No Capo

# It Doesn't Matter Any More

by Buddy Holly

1 <sup>C</sup>  
There you go and baby here am I  
<sup>G</sup>  
Well you left me here so I could sit and cry  
<sup>C</sup>  
Well -Golly gee what have you done to me  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Well I guess It Doesn't Matter Any More

2 <sup>C</sup>  
Do you remember baby last September  
<sup>G</sup>  
How you held me tight each and every night  
<sup>C</sup>  
Well whoops a daisy how you drove me crazy  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
But I guess It Doesn't Matter Any More

Bridge Am. <sup>C</sup>  
There's no use me a crying  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
I've done every thing and now I'm sick of trying  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>D7</sup>  
I've thrown away my nights and wasted all my days  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>G6</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Over you

3 Well you go your way and I'll go mine  
Gone forever till the end of time  
I'll find somebody new and baby  
We'll say we're through  
And you Won't Matter Any More

Bridge

V3 repeat last line x 2

# Going down this old dusty road - Woody Guthrie

No Capo

I'm blowin' down this old dusty road <sup>G7</sup>

I'm a-blowin' down this old dusty road <sup>G</sup>

I'm a-blowin' down this old dusty road, Lord, Lord <sup>G</sup>

An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way <sup>D</sup>

I'm a-goin' where the water tastes like wine

I'm a-goin' where the water tastes like wine

I'm a-goin' where the water tastes like wine, Lord

An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way <sup>G</sup>

I'm a-goin' where the dust storms never blow

I'm a-goin' where them dust storms never blow

I'm a-goin' where them dust storms never blow, blow, blow

An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way

They say I'm a dust bowl refugee

Yes, they say I'm a dust bowl refugee

They say I'm a dust bowl refugee, Lord, Lord

An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way

I'm a-lookin' for a job at honest pay

I'm a-lookin' for a job at honest pay

I'm a-lookin' for a job at honest pay, Lord, Lord

An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way

My children need three square meals a day

Now, my children need three square meals a day

My children need three square meals a day, Lord

An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way

It takes a ten-dollar shoe to fit my feet

It takes a ten-dollar shoe to fit my feet

It takes a ten-dollar shoe to fit my feet, Lord, Lord

An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way

Your a-two-dollar shoe hurts my feet

Your two-dollar shoe hurts my feet

Yes, your two-dollar shoe hurts my feet, Lord, Lord

An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way

Verse 1

# Oh My Darling Clementine

No Capo  
3/4

<sup>C</sup>  
In a cavern, in a canyon,  
Excavating for a mine,  
<sup>G</sup>  
Lived a miner, forty-niner,  
<sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
And his daughter Clementine

Chorus

<sup>C</sup>  
Oh my Darling, Oh my Darling,  
<sup>G</sup>  
Oh my Darling Clementine.  
<sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
You are lost and gone forever,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was as any fairy,  
And her shoes were number nine  
Herring boxes without topses  
Sandals were for Clementine.

CHORUS:

Drove she ducklings to the water  
Every morning just at nine  
Hit her foot against a splinter  
Fell into the foaming brine  
CHORUS:

Ruby lips above the water  
Blowing bubbles soft and fine,  
But alas, I was no swimmer  
So I lost my Clementine.

CHORUS:

CHORUS:

Then the miner, forty-niner,  
Soon began to peak and pine,  
Thought he oughta join his daughter,  
Now he's with his Clementine.



**All the tunes in the world**  
**Words by Ewan McVicar, tune traditional**

No Capo  
3/4

Lay down the borrowed guitar  
Lay down the fiddle and bow  
You'd like one more drink at the bar  
But the manager says you must go

*Chorus:*

And all the tunes in the world  
Are dancing around in your head  
But the clock on the gantry says play-time is done  
You'll just have to sing them instead

Lay down the jig and the reel  
Lay down the planxty and slide  
Everyone knows how you feel  
But there's no time to take one more ride

The barmaid has put on her coat  
And the barman has emptied the slops  
And the manager's friends are afraid  
That the music will bring in the cops  
Everyone here knows how you feel  
Oh yes you deserve one more tune  
but you know the rules of the game,  
It's time to go howl at the moon

Chorus x 2

# Gilgarra Mountain – Peter, Paul and Mary

No Capo

As I was a goin' over Gilgarra Mountain  
I spied Colonel Farrell and his money he was countin'  
First I drew me pistols, and then I drew me rapier, sayin'  
"Stand and deliver for I am your bold deceiver"

Mush-a-ring-um duram da  
Whack fol the daddy o  
Whack fol the daddy o  
There's whiskey in the jar.

He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny  
I put in me pocket to take home to darlin' Jenny  
She sighed and swore she loved me  
And never would deceive me  
But the devil take the women for they always lie so easy

I went into me chamber all for to take a slumber  
To dream of gold and girls and o'course it was no wonder  
Me Jenny took me charges and she filled them up with water  
Called on Colonel Farrell to get ready for the slaughter

Next mornin' early before I rose to travel  
A' came a band o' footmen and likewise Colonel Farrell  
I goes to draw me pistol for she'd stole away me rapier  
But a prisoner I was taken, I couldn't shoot the water

They put me into jail with the judge all a-writin'  
For robbin' Colonel Farrell on Gilgarra Mountain  
But they didn't take me fists so I knocked the jailer down  
And bid a farewell to this tight-fisted town

I'd like to find me brother, the one that's in the army  
I don't know where he's stationed, in Cork or in Killarney  
Together we'd go roamin' o'er the hills of Kilkenny  
And I swear he'd treat me better than me darlin' sportin' Jenny

There's some takes delight in the carriages and rollin'  
And some takes delight in the hurley or the bollin'  
But I takes delight in the juice of the barley  
Courtin' pretty maids in the mornin' oh so early

# Stay with me - Rod Stewart - The Faces *Capo 2.*

<sup>G</sup>  
In the morning <sup>A</sup>  
Don't say you love me <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Cause I'll only kick you out of the door  
<sup>G</sup>  
I know your name is Rita  
Cause your perfume smelling sweeter <sup>A</sup>  
Since when I saw you down on the floor <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>

<sup>G</sup>  
Won't need too much persuading  
<sup>A</sup>  
I don't mean to sound degrading  
<sup>C</sup>  
But with a face like that <sup>G</sup>  
You got nothing to laugh about  
<sup>G</sup>  
Red lips hair and fingernails  
<sup>A</sup>  
I hear you're a mean old jezebel <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Let's go upstairs and read my tarot cards

## CHORUS

<sup>G</sup>  
Stay with me  
<sup>A</sup>  
Stay with me <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
For tonight you better stay with me  
<sup>G</sup>  
Stay with me  
<sup>A</sup>  
Stay with me <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
For tonight you better stay with me

So in the morning  
Please don't say you love me  
Cause you know I'll only kick you out the door  
Yea I'll pay your cab fare home  
You can even use my best cologne  
Just don't be here in the morning when I wake up  
Chorus x 2