

# Ukulele

(With apologies to Leonard Cohen's "Hallelujah")

Intro: C Am C Am

Now I'd heard there was a list of chords

That I should play 'til I got bored

My teacher told me I must practice daily

It goes like this, cee, eff, gee-seven

I'll never play the harp in heaven

I'm going to hell to play my uku-lele

Chorus: Uku-lele, uku-lele, uku-lele, uku-le ...le ...le

On X-Factor they sang this song

But I believe they got it wrong

The vocals sounded shrill and far to wailey

But sometimes when the spirit moves

I'm sure that lovely Len approves

I'll play his song upon my uku-lele

Chorus: Uku-lele, uku-lele, uku-lele, uku-le ...le ...le

It doesn't matter who you are

Or where you come from, near or far

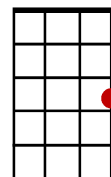
You could be Greek, Brazilian or Israeli

No-one will want to be your friend

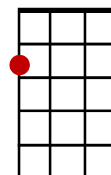
Because you drive them round the bend

And irritate them with your uku-lele

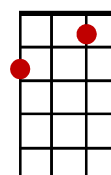
C



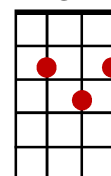
Am



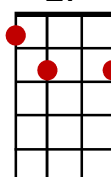
F



G



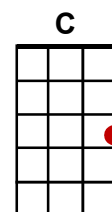
E7



Cont'd

# Ukulele (Cont'd)

**Chorus:** F Am F C G C Am C Am  
 Uku-lele, uku-lele, uku-lele, uku-le ...le ...le



C Am  
 So armed with my half-dozen chords

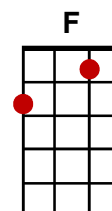
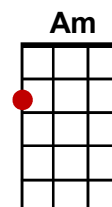
C Am  
 I'm setting out to tread the boards

F G C G  
 At folk-club sessions, open mic or ceilidh

C F G  
 From jazz, thrash-metal, country, pop

Am F  
 To "Little Stick Of Blackpool Rock"

G E7 Am [Stop]  
 You'll hear them all upon my uku-lele



**Chorus:** F Am F C G C Am C Am  
 Uku-lele, uku-lele, uku-lele, uku-le ...le ...le

F Am F C G C  
 Uku-lele, uku-lele, uku-lele, uku-le ...le ...le

