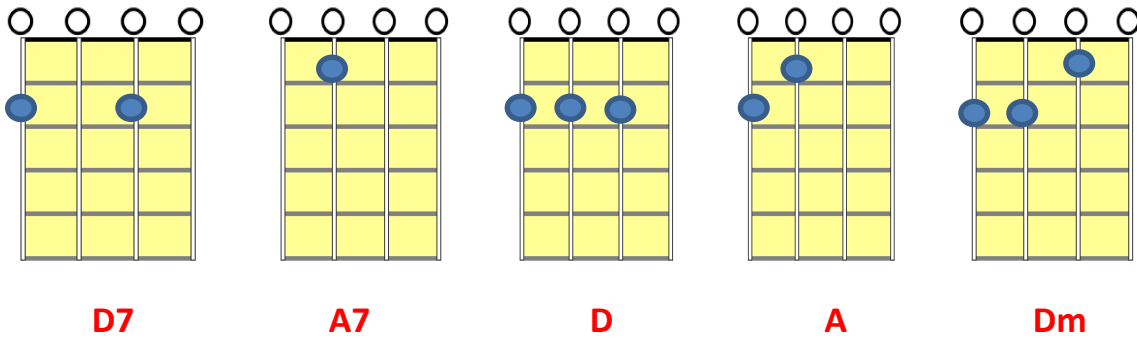


● NEW CHORDS ●



PUTTING ON THE STYLE 2 / 4

Sweet sixteen goes to church Just to see the boys
 Laughs and screams and giggles At every little noise
 Turns her face a little And turns her head awhile
 But everybody knows she's Only putting on the style

C | C | C | G7 |
 G7 | G7 | G7 | C |
 C | C | C7 | F |
 G7 | G7 | G7 | C |

She's putting on the agony Putting on the style
 That's what all the young folks Are doing all the while
 And as I look around me I sometimes have to smile
 Seeing all the young folks Putting on the style

Repeat as above

Roses are Red my Love 2/4

F **C**
 "Roses are red, my love Violets are blue
G7 **C F C**
 Sugar is sweet, my love But not as sweet as you"

{C} | F | F | F | F | C | C | C |
 | G7 | G7 | G7 | G7 | C | F | C |

C **G7** **C**
 A long, long time ago On graduation day
G7 **C**
 You handed me your book I signed this way

Look up words to **Tie me Kangaroo Down Sport** 4/4

In Key of **G**

In Key of **C**

In key of **D**

G | C | D7 | G | Repeat.

C | F | G7 | C |

D | G | A7 | D |

LOVELY BUNCH OF COCONUTS 2/4

I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts C | C | C | C |
 There they are, all standing in a row C | C | Dm | Dm |
 Big ones, small ones, some as big as your head G7|G7|G7 | G7 |
 Give them a twist a flick of the wrist That's what the showman said F | F | G | G |
 I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts
 Every ball you throw will make me rich
 There stands my wife, the idol of me life
 Singing roll up bowl or ball a penny a pitch

Roll up bowl or ball, a penny a pitch
 Roll up bowl or ball, a penny a pitch
 Roll up bowl or ball, roll up bowl or ball
 Singing roll up bowl or ball, a penny a pitch

LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY 4/4

Em *PLAY G*

It's a long way to Tipperary, It's a long way to go. G | G | C | G |
 It's a long way to Tipperary To the sweetest girl I know! G | G | A7 | D7 |
 Goodbye Piccadilly, Farewell Leicester Square! G | G | C | Em |
 It's a long long way to Tipperary, But my heart's right there. G | C : G | G : D7 | G |

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag, And smile, smile, smile,
 While you've a lucifer to light your fag, Smile, boys, that's the style.
 What's the use of worrying? It never was worth while, so
 Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag, And smile, smile, smile.

BYE BYE LOVE 4/4

<p>G D Bye bye love</p> <p>G D Bye bye love</p> <p>D A7 Bye bye my love,</p>	<p>G D Bye bye happiness</p> <p>G D Bye bye sweet caress</p> <p>D goodbye</p>	<p>G D D A7 D Hello loneliness I think I'm gonna cry</p> <p>G D D A7 D Hello emptiness I feel like I could die</p>
<p>A7 There goes my baby</p> <p>A7 She sure looks happy</p> <p>A7 Goodbye to romance</p>	<p>D With someone new</p> <p>D G A7 I sure am blue She was my baby Till he stepped in</p> <p>D - G - D That might have been</p>	