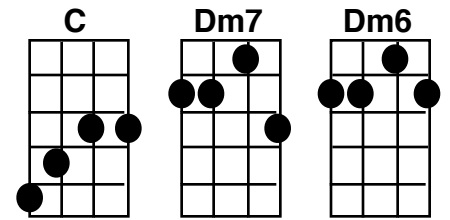


Playin' At The Yuba

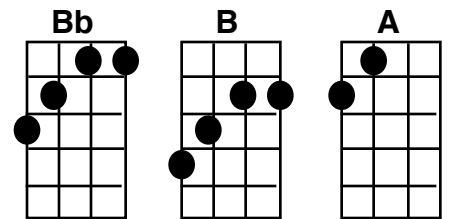
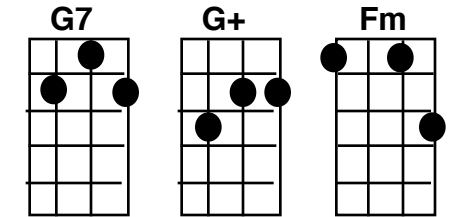
© 1983 Dan Scanlan

Ukulele

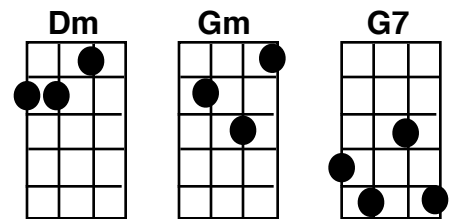
C Dm7 Dm6
 Jump in the Volvo and shut the door,
 G7 G+ C Fm C
 Throw that bag fruit down on the floor
 C Dm7 Dm6
 Don't leave just yet, I think there's one more
 G7 G+ C Fm C
 Who's gonna play at the Yuba.



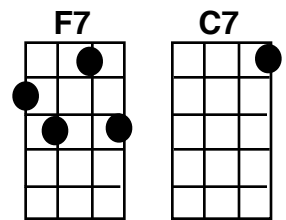
C Dm7 Dm6
 Over the hill toward North Bloomfi - i -eld,
 G7 G+ C Fm C
 Down the canyon where the bridge is revealed,
 C Dm7 Dm6
 Park off the road where the woods yield
 G7 G+ C Bb B C B Bb A
 We're gonna play at the Yuba.



A Dm
 Scramble down the steep hillside
 A Dm
 Gettin' here is worth the ride
 A Dm
 Don't you like the way you feel inside
 Gm G7 C Gm G7 C
 Playin' at the Yuba?

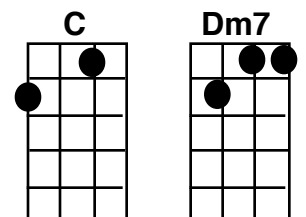


C
 Unicorns will play with me, hide and seek behind at tree
 F7 C G7 F7 C G7
 At the Yuba, at the Yuba, play - in' at the Yuba.



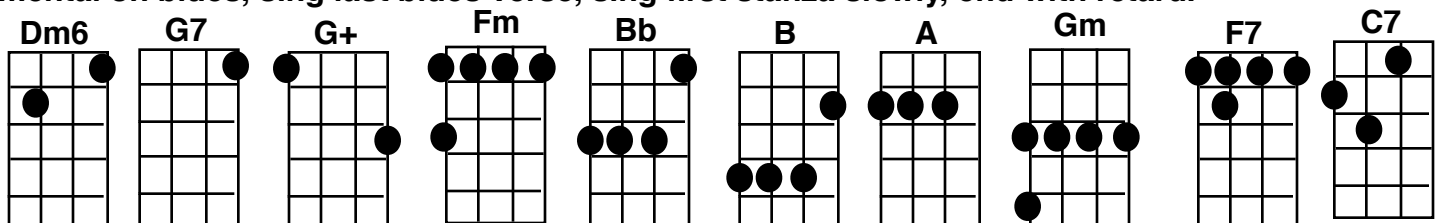
C
 The serpentine shines so green, gotta' be the brightest I've ever seen
 F7 C G7 F7 C G7
 At the Yuba, at the Yuba, play - in' at the Yuba.

Baritone



C
 The most penetrating sunshine doesn't even leave you with a tan line
 F7 C G7 F7 C G7
 At the Yuba, at the Yuba, play - in' at the Yuba.

Instrumental on blues, sing last blues verse, sing first stanza slowly, end with retard.



I'm a Politician
1996 by Dan Scanlan

Chorus 1

F **Bb** **C7** **F**
I'm a politician, yes I am, kissin' the babies and shakin' the hands.
F **Bb** **C7** **F**
I'm a politician, oh I'm glad I am, I get to love* like a congress man.

F **Bb**
Playing between the sheets with a pretty young aide
C7 **F**
Showin' her how family value legislation is made
F **Bb**
In a quiet and discreet little bungalow
C7 **F**
A place whose name I don't even know
F **Bb**
Thanks to a lobbyist who knows my kinks
C7 **F** **C7**
And all I've got to do is vote like he thinks. And I will 'cause...(Chorus 1)

Chorus 2

Bb **F**
Yeah, I'm a politician everywhere I go, gotta let my colors show
C7 **F** **F7**
Scramble them all around to fit the scene
Bb **F**
It's incumbent upon me to rewrite history
C7 **F** **Bb** **F** **C7**
And tell the truth the way I want it seen. (chorus 1)

F **Bb**
Sittin' all around the dinner table
C7 **F**
Family's gonna eat everything it's able
F **Bb**
Peas and squash and chicken fried steak
C7 **F**
Why there ain't nothin' our domestic can't make.
F **Bb**
Then she says "I cannot lie"
C7 **F**
I have burned your apple pie.
F **Bb**
And I say, "Rosita, it's not as bad as it may seem
C7.....
Just bring me two more helpings of that premium ice cream,

My cigar, a snifter of brandy, my slippers, put the dog out

And bring me the paper. Rosita, you're such a member of the family."

Chorus 2, End F Bb F C7 F

*"eat" third time

Spring Sing Sierra
©2003 Dan Scanlan

(Verse) 3/4

D Dmaj7 G D
A lavish of lupins Of poppies and mustard

Dmaj7 G A..
The bloom of the broom Hop scotch up the hills

D Dmaj7 G D
Lilac and orchids Yerba Santa and dills

G D A D..
The free flowing Yuba frolics and swirls

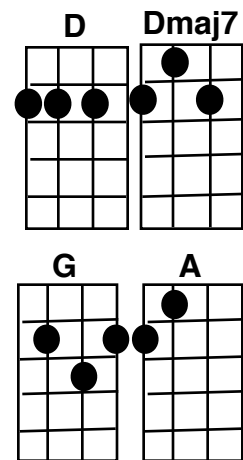
D Dmaj7 G D
Flea markets and yard sales Big hopes for the bargain

Dmaj7 G A..
A flirt with no shirt Pops up over night

D Dmaj7 G D
Car shows and bikers And Women in Black

G D A D..
The fast flowing Yuba bares her free back.

Ukulele



(Chorus) 4/4

Tacet G D G D
Oh the ring, oh the ring of Winter's hopes

G D A A
Sings the Sierra on the Western slopes.

G D G D
Oh the ring, oh the ring of Winter's hopes

G D A! Dmaj7 D
Sierra Spring on the West - ern slopes

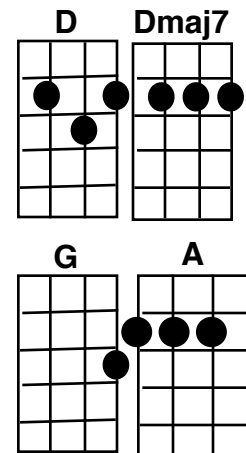
D Dmaj7 G D
A cubit of compost, New seeds in the ground

Dmaj7 G A..
Dirt's awake on the rake, A drag on the hoe

D Dmaj7 G D
Pinch back the grape vine, Let loose the berries

G D A D..
Good folks awake to take back the sweet land.

Baritone



Chorus and end demurely.

The Children of the Last of the Middle Class
©2014 Dan Scanlan (3/4 time)

D D7 G D
Oh, the children of the last of the middle class

A7
Live in a ghetto all their own

D D7 G D
Reluctant to bring babes into this world

A7 D
Babes into a world well known

D D7 G D
A world of war that never ends

A7
A world where truth has no hold

D D7 G D
A world where sunshine is engineered

A7 D
And the falling rain is sold.

D D7 G D
A world where buildings fall in their shoes

A7
And friends are judged by their car

D D7 G D
A world where flowers lead to jail

A7 D
And predators drone from afar

D D7 G D
A yearning to learn is urged to sign

A7
On Uncle Sam's dotted line

D D7 G D
And those who survive to come home alive

A7 D
Find their hopes dashed by design.

D D7 G D
When the children of the last of the middle class

A7
Speak their thoughts to each other

D D7 G D
There's a ghost in the mix with dirty tricks

A7 D
And the long ears of Big Brother

Lucky Me

©2014 Dan Scanlan

C
Drivin' down the highway just the other day

G7

Watchin' the scenery goin' by

When a big ol' truck was comin' my way

C

Ridin' in the same lane as I

But I'm lucky, I'm plucky, oh yeah, I'm lucky

G7

Lady Fortune smilin' on me

With a tiny twist of luck

I slipped right past that truck

Dm7 G7 G+ C

'Cause Lady Fortune smilin' on me.

C

Lucky lucky me, lucky lucky me

G7

Lady Fortune shining on me

It isn't hard to see, It's not relativity.

Dm7 G7 C

It's a simple bit of lucky lucky me.

C

I was sittin' in the cafe sippin' on a brew

G7

Talking to the foam on top my beer

When I heard the question, the one that came from you

C

"Is anybody sitting here?"

Oh I'm lucky, I'm plucky, oh yeah, I'm lucky

G7

Lady Fortune smilin' on me

With the luck of a heart beat

You sat down in that seat

Dm7 G7 G+ C

'Cause Lady Fortune smilin' on me.

Chem Trails

2014 Dan Scanlan and Pat Sauer (with a tip o' the cap to Irving Berlin)

Em (**B7+** **B7**) **Em**
 Chem trails shadowing me
A7 **G** **D7** **G** **B7**
 More and more chem trails do I see

Em (**B7+** **B7**) **Em**
 Airplanes painting the sky
A7 **G** **D7** **G** **G**
 Gas guzzling airplanes, Woe am I.

G (**Cm** **G**)
 Now where is the sun shining so bright
(Cm **G**) **(Cm** **G**)
 Hard to see the moon shining at night
G (**Cm** **G**)
 We all see the planes poison the sky
Cm **G** (**D7** **G** **B7**)
 Who said they could? Who'll tell us why?

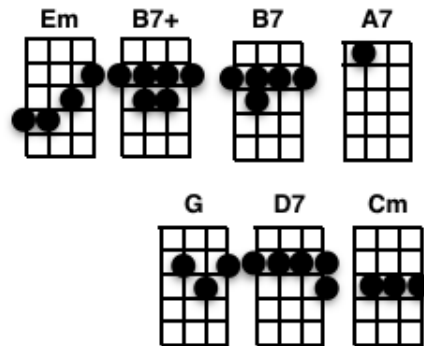
Em (**B7+** **B7**) **Em**
 Clear days, where have they gone?
A7 **G** **D7** **G** **B7**
 Can't expect clear days from now on.

(Instrumental on first two stanzas)

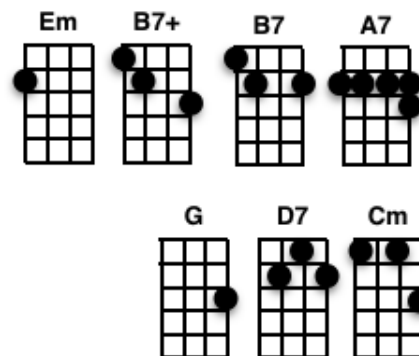
G (**Cm** **G**)
 Used to watch the clouds naturally
(Cm **G**) **(Cm** **G**)
 Blown to my own sky fantasy
G (**Cm** **G**)
 Now they get a hard-edge start from a plane
Cm **G** (**D7** **G** **B7**)
 Breaking my heart, robbing my brain

Em (**B7+** **B7**) **Em**
 Chem trails, oh how I long
A7 **G** **D7** **G**
 For all of them trails to be gone.

Ukulele



Baritone



Then Jode, Now John
© 1993 Dan Scanlan

A **D** **A**
Ken and Bob, Steve and Jay, then Jode, now John
E7
Each made his own segue before he moved along
A **D** **A**
Each gave in his own way some truth in word and song
E7 C A
Ken and Bob, Steve and Jay, then Jode, now John.

A **D** **A**
Ol' Ken was a workin' crow on the Jack Daniels Line
E7
Sunday morning gospel, blues and grass gave Saturday shine
A **D** **A**
He was a rough cut diamond, set in rust
E7 A
But his heart was set at 89 5, for the rest of us.

Those folks up in Redding drove to the top of the hill
Sat on the tailgate Sunday nights to hear Bob Bione's tale
He had magic in his voice, a voice that grew on ya'
There was no one could his place when he died of pneumonia.

Chorus

Steve Cole was man who laughed at the political scene
He loved that rock and roll on his Music Magazine
A spirit of the sixties with a free and easy pace
A darkness in the woods one night put a bullet in his face.

Did anyone love radio as much as Jay Cottrell?
He poured the wake-up morning show and subbed at night as well
He had a gentle way but his music had that flash
Driving back to Sac one night, he died in an auto crash.

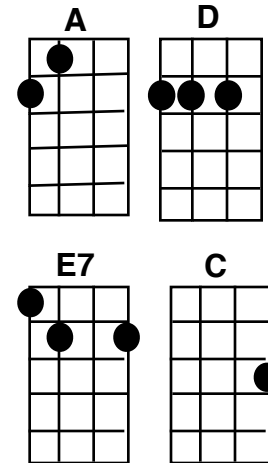
Chorus

No one knew folk music like Jode Fenimore
That's because like Jode, it's honest at its core
Some visions stick around even when the picture fades
And I still hear him on the radio even though he died of AIDS.

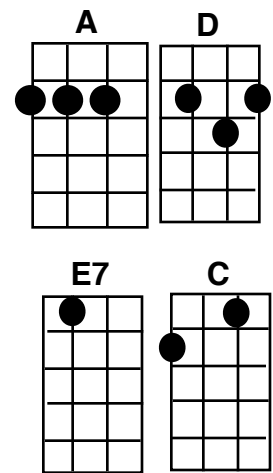
And now we mourn not just for John but for what we have lost:
Mister John Nichols on the Wireless regardless of the cost
Disease took away his sight but not his point of view
No matter how hard it was on him, he stayed a friend and true.

Chorus

Ukulele



Baritone

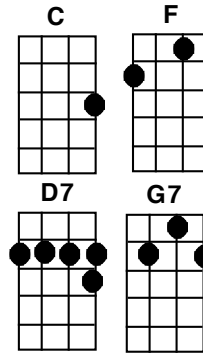


Privatize

©1999, 2007 Dan Scanlan

They would privatize the air, they would privatize the sea
 They would privatize the very love there is 'tween you and me.
 They would privatize all space, they would privatize all time
 They would privatize your private thought and charge a dollar just to be.
 They would privatize the vote, they would privatize the courts
 They would privatize the jails, they would privatize the forts.
 They would privatize the park, they would privatize the school
 They would privatize the Senate, and privatize the cool...

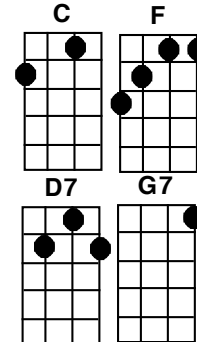
Ukulele



Oh, the banker loans money he doesn't have
 But creates with the stroke of a pen.
 But the worker pays it back, trouble and toil, sweating all week
 And again and again and again and again and again and again and again.
 And again and again and again and again and again and again and again.

The public good is made by all in the interest of survival
 But the corporados steal at night by morning your friend is a rival.
 You know it's obvious what they do and yet it is not clear,
 For the corporados own the tools: The mainstream news we see and hear

Baritone chords



They have privatized the air waves, they have privatized the trees
 They would privatize the sweat you seep, and charge for the cool of the breeze.
 They have privatized the garden seed, China privatized oolong;
 They have privatized our health care, but they're not gonna' get this song!

Repeat Chorus and first stanza (hold G7 chord...)

END: SPOKEN

j'ais pense donc j'ais suis: *I think there I am*
 Cogito ergo spud: *I think therefore I yam. ..*

They would privatize your private thought and charge a dollar just to be.

10,000 Ukuleles

Lyrics ©1998 R. Bruce, Dan Scanlan; Music ©1998 Dan Scanlan

C **F** **C**
They had gathered on the hillside, in the soft light of the moon.

D7 **G7**
Ten thousand ukuleles together and in tune.

C **F** **C**
They echoed from the mountain tops, and rolled across the sea.

F **A7** **D7** **G7** **C** **A7** **D7** **G7** **C**
Ten thousand ukuleles in perfect harmony.....perfect harmony

Chorus

F **C**
Ten thousand ukuleles, forty thousand strings

D7 **G7** **G#7** **G7**
And a hundred thousand fingers, made the heavens ring.

C **F** **C**
In every house and dwelling, every woman, man and child,

F! **A7** **D7** **G7** **C**
Stopped what they were doing and everybody smiled.

C **F** **C**
Their smiles spread out across the land, touching every living thing.

D7 **G7**
And the cold and fearful winter, blossomed into spring.

C **F** **C**
With peace and love and harmony every heart was filled,

F **A7** **D7** **G7** **C** **A7** **D7** **G7** **C**
By ten thousand ukuleles playing on a hill.....playing on a hill..

Chorus

F **C**
Ten thousand ukuleles, forty thousand strings

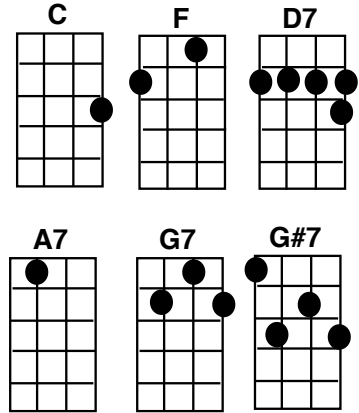
D7 **G7** **G#7** **G7**
And a hundred thousand fingers, made the heavens ring.

C **F** **C**
In every house and dwelling, every woman, man and child,

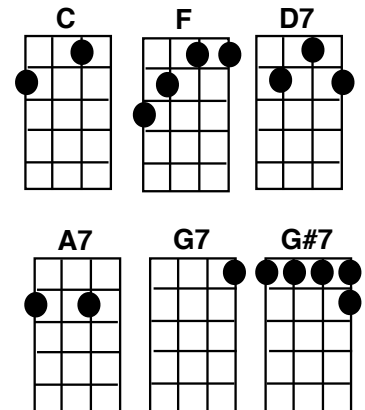
F! **A7** **D7** **G7** **C** **A7**
Stopped what they were doing and everybody smi-i-i-i-i-ied.

D7 **G7** **C** **F** **F** **F** **C**
Everybody smiled -- my dog has fleas

Uke chords



Baritone chords



I Think I'll Stay Home And Get Centered

©1991, 1993, 2001, 2015 Dan Scanlan

C

There's a disgrace to his race in the White House telling the people lies

F

C

He aims his drones on Tuesday morning and decides who lives and dies.

G7

And the newsman on the corner thinks he's Little Jack Horner

F

G7

C

Spreading around the plums he gets from lying conniving spies

F

C

F

G7!

I think I'll stay home, I think I'll stay home, I think I'll stay home

tacet C

And get centered.

C

Warplanes are flyin' over my home, dumpin' crap in my ozone

F

C

Nazis are tracking the words I speak into my own phone

G7

Cops on the street killin' blacks on their beat

F

G7

C

And the rich man's government flippin' the world the bone.

F

C

F

G7!

I think I'll stay home, I think I'll stay home, I think I'll stay home

tacet C

And get centered.

C

The Kuwaiti emir cried a big tear when his gold bathroom faucet was plunder

F

C

I know how he feels, I had a few bucks in an S&L that went under

G7

My dad's pension plan went belly-up on the whim of a legislative dolt

F

G7

C

While army storm troopers dropped from the sky in Panama Iraq & Humbolt.

F

C

F

G7!

I think I'll stay home, I think I'll stay home, I think I'll stay home

tacet C

And get centered.

C

I'll hide my head in the sand to my fill and in private take stock of my Karma

F

C

I'll stall my demise with a homeopath pill and stake out a plot in Nirvana

G7

A couch potato huggin' a joint in my hand, numb in my new world confusion

F

G7

C

Though I've taken workshops all over this land, and got a good hold on illusion

F

C

F

G7!

I think I'll stay home, I think I'll stay home, I think I'll stay home

tacet C

F

C

And get centered. (x2) I think I'll say "o-o-o-o-mm"

Sweet Peach
©2014 Dan Scanlan

D **G** **D** **A7**
I used to think you were out of reach and had no time for me

G **D** **G** **A7** **D**
A wave that does not kiss the beach, it's so far out at sea

D **G** **D** **A7**
I did not think that you could teach a man so wild and free

G **B°** **E7** **A7+** **D**
But baby you're the sweetest peach, the sweetest on the tree.

G
Baby, you're the sweetest peach

D **A7**
So sweet and so high,

G **D**
Sweet sweet peach that fills my heart

Eb9 **A7** **D**
Cobbler, tart and pie.

D **G** **D** **A7**
Remember that sunny day in the dirt and the soggy ice cream cones?

G **D** **G** **A7** **D**
The chocolate ran all down your shirt and messed up both our phones.

D **G** **D** **A7**
Should have been a good time to be alert and jump at the clever ring tones

G **B°** **E7** **A7+** **D**
But, Baby, you're a peach of a flirt who rattles this bag of bones.

G
Baby, you're the sweetest peach

D **A7**
So sweet and so high,

G **D**
Sweet sweet peach that fills my heart


Eb9 **A7** **D**
Cobbler, tart and pie.

It's A Shame, It's a Crime

Dan Scanlan, Lyrics, Music

CHORUS


Voice



It's a shame, it's a crime, they should all be do - ing time. It's a

6


Vo.



shame, it's a crime, they should all be do - ing time. They're steal - ing from your

11


Vo.



grand child - ren, your great grand child - ren, too. They're steal - ing from your

15

Vo.



cous - in, hell, they're steal - ing from you. It's a

They're stealing from the plumber and robbing the corner store
They're stealing from the homeless, they're rotten to the core

The dollar that they loan you, It isn't even fact
But they'll throw you in the street, If you don't pay it back.

They're stealing from your embryo, and the kids that it might bear
They're stealing grandpa's nest egg, they're robbing the cupboard bare

They're sneaking the last sip of the last cold glass of beer
And stealing all the chips in their poker game of fear

They're stealing your decisions and filling you with lies
They're killing off your children in a war that never dies

They search us at the airport when we fly to see our Moms
They make us take our clothes off, but they've got all the bombs

They open all our emails and listen to our phones,
While they slaughter little children with predator drones.

When we occupy the street and fight to keep our rights
They pepper the day with bullets and terrorize the nights

Impeachment isn't good enough for their evil plague
They should to be in shackles kneeling at The Hague

Going Home
©2015 Dan Scanlan

C

I have divvied up my time,

G7

'Tween the on-ramps and the road

C

My body is the truck, my mind the load

Through hot days and nights so cold

G7

Sleeping bag beside the road

G6 C

Has been my sweet abode

C6 Em Ebm G7

Going home, go - ing home

C

Rail, wing, road or trail

C6 Em Ebm G7

No yearn to roam, the whim has flown

G6 C

Going home, going home.

C

Oh, I feel a growing force

G7

Wanderlust has flowed it's course

C

And dried the ramble at its source.

Not a monk who sings an "om"

G7

My days whistled on the roam

G6 C

So my song is "Going Home"

C6 Em Ebm G7

Going home, go - ing home

C

Rail, wing, road or trail

C6 Em Ebm G7

No yearn to roam, the whim has flown

G6 C

Going home, going home.

Prayer for Aisha Rashid
 ©2015 Dan Scanlan

Part A (Legato, freely)

Em Emsus4 Em Emsus4 / Em Emsus4 Em Emsus4 / B7 B7+ B7/6 B7+ / B7 Em /

Em Emsus4 Em Emsus4 / Em Emsus4 Em Emsus4 / B7 B7+ B7/6 B7+ / B7 Em /

Em / Gm / Bbm / C#m / Em / B7 / Em

Em / Gm / Bbm / C#m / Em / B7 / Em

Part B (Legato, freely, sadly)

Em / Em / Em Gm6 / Em / Em / Em Gm6 /

A7 A7+ A7/6 A7+ / A7 / Amsus4 / Amsus/

Em / Em / Em Gm6 / Em / Em / Em Gm6 /

A7 A7+ A7/6 A7+ / A7 / Amsus4 / Amsus/

