

# **PUNK ROCK UKULELE WITH RAZORCAKE**

Disclaimer:

The following chords are given to you with the hope that you're simply a the kind of person who wants to play goofy punk rock songs on ukulele in the privacy of your own home or around friends who are willing to either sing along or make fun of you. Either way.

What kind of person is that exactly? I don't know. I'll let you do your own soul searching.

The letters above the words correspond to chords. The chord changes may or may not occur exactly when you sing that word. Usually they do. Usually, they're the right chords at the right time. By "right," I mean the chords that I play when I play goofy punk rock songs on the ukulele among people who either sing along or make fun of me. If you want to play the song differently, that's okay. Play music however you want to.

If you use this chord sheet to make money, please share some of that money with the bands who wrote the songs.

If you want to learn the easiest song possible to play on the ukulele, start with "Oh, Susquehanna" and change every G to F and every D to C.

If you want a chord chart for the ukulele, you can find one here:

<http://www.kiwiukulele.co.nz/Kiwi-Ukulele-Chord-Chart.pdf>

“What Do I Get?”  
by Buzzcocks

Intro: C F G C x2

C                                  F G                                  C  
I just want a lover like any other, what do I get?  
C                                  F G                                  C  
I only want a friend who'll stay to the end, what do I get?

G#  
What do I get?  
G                                  C  
Whoa-oh, what do I get?

G#  
What do I get?  
G                                  C  
Whoa-oh, what do I get?

I'm in distress, I need a caress, what do I get?  
I'm not on the make, I just need a break what do I get?

What do I get?  
Whoa-oh, what do I get?  
What do I get?  
Whoa-oh, what do I get?

Bridge:  
F                                  G  
I only get sleepless nights  
G F                                  C                                  D  
Alone here in my half empty bed  
F                                  G  
For others things turn out right  
G F                                  C                                  D  
I wish they'd only happen to me instead

Chorus

Solo: C F G C x2, G# G C x2

Bridge

Chorus

Repeat first verse

Well let me tell you now,

D F G C

What do I get?

D F G C

What do I get?

D F G C

What do I get?

D F G C

What do I get? No love

D F G C

What do I get? No sleep at night

D F G C

What do I get? Nothing that's nice

D F G C

What do I get? Nothing at all, at all, at all...

D C

Cause I don't get you

“Folk Song Chords”  
by Dillinger Four

D G D  
B A G A

          D                          G D  
It’s like picking up the pieces is a daily chore  
D                                  A G  
Thinking of your time card forms a habit  
          B                          G D  
Watching rich folks on T.V.’s like picking a sore  
A  
Fuck it all, they can have it  
          D                          G D  
And now I’m loaded like a gun again  
          D                          A G  
Like a plague of locusts heaven sent  
          B                          G D  
Just a ball of dissension with a death perception  
          G          A D  
I won’t sweat the definition of content

          G                          D  
They said “better safe than sorry” and “look out for #1”  
          G          F# E  
I heard “only play the cards your shown”  
D          E  
Fuck what they say  
          D          B  
It doesn’t matter anyway  
G          A D  
Only in your grave are you alone

D G D  
B A G A

          D                          G D  
Like grown men staring with little boy’s eyes  
          D                          A G  
And actresses speaking with conviction  
          B                          G D  
These people should demand a Pulitzer prize  
          G          A D  
For various works of fiction

G  
"Judge a book by it's cover"  
D  
And "keep one eye on your back"  
G F# E  
I heard "only play the cards your shown"  
D E  
I say fuck what they say  
D B  
It doesn't matter anyway  
G A D  
Only in your grave are you alone

So many people with so much to show

Rotting away in their own little holes

D G D

One can only wonder why

D A

I'll celebrate my home

G

But know that I'm not alone

A D G D

Only fools are "along for the ride"

D A G

In thinking of the size of the world that's right outside

A D G D

Please don't waste it trying to hide

G D

G D

A D

A D

“Basket Case”

Green Day

G D Em Bm  
Do you have the time to listen to me whine  
C G D  
About nothing and everything all at once  
G D  
I am one of those  
Em Bm  
Melodramatic fools  
C G  
Neurotic to the bone  
D  
No doubt about it

C D G  
Sometimes I give myself the creeps  
C D G  
Sometimes my mind plays tricks on me  
C D  
It all keeps adding up  
G F Em  
I think I'm cracking up  
C D  
Am I just paranoid?

I'm just stoned

G D C D x2

G D  
I went to a shrink  
Em Bm  
To analyze my dreams  
C G D  
She says it's lack of sex that's bringing me down  
G D  
I went to a whore  
Em Bm  
who said my life's a bore  
C G D  
And quit my whining cause it's bringing her down

C D G  
Sometimes I give myself the creeps

C D G  
Sometimes my mind plays tricks on me  
C D  
It all keeps adding up  
G F Em  
I think I'm cracking up  
C D  
Am I just paranoid?

Ee Ya ya ya.

G D C D x4

C D  
Grasping to control  
G D  
So you better hold on

Em Bm C G D

G D Em Bm C G D

C D G  
Sometimes I give myself the creeps  
C D G  
Sometimes my mind plays tricks on me  
C D  
It all keeps adding up  
G F Em  
I think I'm cracking up  
C D  
Am I just paranoid?

Am I just stoned?

G D C D x2

“Watching Scotty Die”  
Dead Milkmen

Intro: G Bm C D Em C G D Em D C

Verse:

G Bm  
I've got a kid, his name is Scott  
C D Em  
He's going blind and his blood just will not clot  
C G  
The doctors line in rows  
D Em D C  
To stick tubes up Scotty's nose  
G Bm C  
There is a field where Scotty used to play  
D Em  
Until Ortho Orange Number 42  
C G D C  
Was dumped in it one day

Chorus:

D  
I think it's so funny  
  
I laugh until I cry  
G Em  
Just me and God  
C D  
Watching Scotty die  
Em C G C  
Just me and God  
Em C G  
Watching Scotty die

Verse:

G Bm  
The chemical plant across the street  
C D Em  
Leaves off steam that colors our white sheets  
C G  
It's been happening for years  
D Em D C  
Now I'm crying rainbow tears  
G Bm  
One day our dog went out to play



C                    D                    Em  
Instead of gray he came back colored yellow

C                    G  
The chemical men said stay mellow

C                    G  
It happens all the time  
D                    Em    D    C

Now Scotty's skin is lime

Chorus:

D  
I think it's so funny

I laugh until I cry

                  G    Em  
Just me and God

C                    D  
Watching Scotty die  
Em            C    G    C

                  Just me and God  
Em C                    G  
                  Watching Scotty die



“Punk Rock Girls”

The Queers

Intro:

GCD x2

G

Leather jackets, stupid boyfriends,

C D  
poor report cards, life is just a ball

G C

Hi-top Chucks and bubble gum and oh my gosh I'd

D

love to love 'em all

C D G

They're so cool, their style's never cramped

C D G

Too much of everything and everyone is amped

C D

Well, don't get hot and bothered

G E

listen, I know I got problems

C D

I also know just what this goofy world needs

CHORUS:

G C D

Yummy yummy punk rock girls (4x)

G C D

I wish they all were punk rock girls

G

C

The smartest of the smartest and the sweetest of

D

The sweetest, they're the most

G C

Me and Dr. Frank have both decided that we love

D

Them more than toast

C D G  
I wish they'd let me share their bubblegum  
C D G  
And let me hang with them and life would be so fun  
C D  
I should be sedated  
G E  
'cause my heart is all inflated  
C D  
I guess I gotta get me one or two

CHORUS:

G C D  
Yummy yummy punk rock girls (4x)  
I wish they all were punk rock girls

Bridge

C G  
I don't know where I'm going, but I know just where I'd like to be  
E C D  
With my punk rock girlfriend kissing me

Let's go!

C D G  
They're so cool, their style's never cramped  
C D G  
Too much of everything and everyone is amped  
C D  
Well, don't get hot and bothered  
G E  
listen, I know I got problems  
C D  
I also know just what this goofy world needs

CHORUS:

G C D  
Yummy yummy punk rock girls (4x)  
G C D  
I wish they all were punk rock girl

"Born with a Tail"  
The Supersuckers

Intro: A

A  
I'd rather choose my soul to lose  
A  
Than leave around just one confused  
D  
And loose desire  
Bm  
Don't know if I'll ever learn  
Bm  
Can't wait 'til I get my turn  
D E A  
To burn in the infernal hell fire

A  
I'm waiting for my last drive  
A  
While the bugle of my backside  
D  
Blows a losing beat  
Bm  
Hope I don't run out of gas  
Bm  
Bet my sacrilegious ass  
D E A  
Ain't nothing down there that scares me

Oh yeah!  
A  
And you know!  
A  
I'm in league with Satan  
A  
And you know  
A  
There can't be no debatin'  
D Bm  
My hell-bound trail  
A  
I was born with a tail!

I'm evil!  
Yeah, and I run free  
There's molten lead in me  
So let's get the hell  
Got the goods  
Brother bring it on  
My mother done brought me up wrong  
And you can use my dick  
As a walkin' stick as well

(Chorus)

It's time to fly the finger  
Yeah, that middle digit brings your point  
And it drives it home  
On my head there's no crown of thorns  
This evil scalp has earned its horns  
I'm on a highflying time with your mom before I go

(Chorus)

"Linda Linda"  
The Blue Hearts

D

D  
Do-bun ne zu-mi Mita-ini

D            G   A  
Utsukushiku nari-tai

D  
Sya-shi-n-niwa utsuranai

E            G F# E D  
Utsuku-shisa-ga aru-kara

D  
Linda Linda

G            A  
Linda Linda Linda  
x2

          D        Bm    G  
\*Moshi-mo Boku-ga itsuka

          A    G        A  
Kimi-to deai hanshi aunara

          D        Bm    G    A  
Sonna tokiwa do-ka Ai no

          G        A        D  
Imi-(w)o Shit-te kuda-sai

D  
Linda Linda

G            A  
Linda Linda Linda  
x2

D Bm G A x2

D            Bm  
Do-bun ne zu-mi Mita-ini

D            G    A  
Dare-yorimo yasa-shii

D            Bm  
Do-bun ne zu-mi Mita-ini

G        A    G F# E D  
Na-niyouimo Ata-ta-kaku

D  
Linda Linda  
G A  
Linda Linda Linda  
x2

D Bm G  
\*Moshi-mo Boku-ga itsuka  
A G A  
Kimi-to deai hanshi aunara  
D Bm G A  
Sonna tokiwa do-ka Ai no  
G A D  
Imi-(w)o Shit-te kuda-sai

D Bm G A  
Aija na-kutemo Koja na-kutemo  
G A  
Kimi-(w)o hanashi-wa-shi-na-i  
D Bm  
Keshite makenai  
G A  
Tsuyoi chikara-(w)o  
G A D  
Boku-wa hito-su-dake motsu

D  
Linda Linda  
G A  
Linda Linda Linda  
x7?

D Bm G A  
Finish on A D



“Sheena Is a Punk Rocker”  
The Ramones

Intro: C

C  
Well the kids are all hopped up and ready to go, they're ready to go now  
G C  
They've got their surfboards and they're going to the discotheque a go go  
A F  
But she just couldn't stay  
A F  
She had to break away  
C G  
Well New York City really has it all, oh yeah oh yeah

C F G  
Sheena is a punk rocker  
C F G  
Sheena is a punk rocker  
C F G  
Sheena is a punk rocker  
C F G  
now

Sheena is a punk rocker...

F  
She's a punk punk, a punk rocker  
C  
Punk punk, a punk rocker  
G  
Punk punk, a punk rocker  
Bb  
Punk punk, a punk rocker

( repeat everything )

"White Man in Hammersmith Palais"  
The Clash

Intro: A E C#m D x2

A E C#m D  
Midnight to six, man  
A E C#m D  
for the first time from Jamaica  
A E C#m D  
Dillinger and Leroy Smart  
A E A  
Delroy Wilson, cool operator

A E C#m D  
Ken Boothe, U.K. pop reggae  
A E C#m D  
with backing bands sound systems.  
A E C#m D  
If they got anything to say,  
A E A  
there's many black ears here to listen

A  
But it was Four Tops all night  
E  
With encores from stage right,  
G A  
charges from the base knives to the treble  
G A  
But on stage they ain't got no roots, rock, rebel.  
G A  
On stage they ain't got no roots, rock, rebel.

'Cause it won't get you anywhere  
Foolin' with your guns.  
The British Army is waiting out there  
An' it weighs fifteen hundred tons.

White youth, black youth,  
Better find another solution.  
Why not phone up Robin Hood  
And ask him for some wealth distribution.

Punk rockers of the U.K.,  
They won't notice anyway.  
They're all too busy fighting

For a good place under the lighting.

The new groups are not concerned  
With what there is to be learned.  
They got Burton suits. Huh, you think it's funny  
Turning rebellion into money.

All over people changing their votes  
Along with their overcoats.  
If Adolf Hitler flew in today  
They'd send a limousine anyway.

I'm the all-night, drug prowling wolf  
Who looks so sick in the sun.  
I'm the white man in the Palais  
Who goes looking for fun

A E A  
I'm only looking for fun  
A E A  
Oh, please mister, just leave me alone  
A E A  
Cause I'm only looking for fun

A E A

“Between Planets”  
The Jesus and Mary Chain

Intro: G//C/D/ x2

Verse 1:

G                    C                    D  
Suicide standing, sucking in her cheeks  
G    C                    D  
Too much lips and too much eyes, hasn't slept for weeks  
C            D    C                    D  
She don't know just where it goes

G//C/D/ x2

Verse 2:

G    C                    D  
Jackie T said she saw death, she's done it fifty ways  
G    C                    D  
She's been off that medicine, for almost fifteen days  
C            D    C                    D  
She don't know just where it goes

Chorus:

    G    C  
So turn around and run back where you're from  
    D    G    C  
You can't get on, don't shake those hips, don't bat those lids  
    D  
Just keep it hid

Bridge:

G  
Come on now you gave it away  
    C    D  
And all the friends you had got paid  
G  
Come on you were never that shy  
    C    D    G  
And that's no way for you to say bye bye

Solo

G//C/D/ x2

C/D/ x2

Repeat Chorus

G                    C  
Baby, you drive me crazy  
      D                    G  
Don't come around here no more  
                         C  
You drive me crazy  
      D                    G  
Don't come around here no more

“Silver Lining”  
Stiff Little Fingers

Intro:

C Em F G x2

Am F G C x2

C Em F G  
They tell you not to worry, they say they're terribly sorry  
C Em F G  
But that's the way it has to be, for the likes of you and me  
Am F  
Just be good and know your station  
G C  
Always look on the bright side  
Am F  
Keep you faith and keep your patience  
G G  
Your reward is after you've died

(Chorus:)

C Em F G F  
So don't be told, don't be consoled  
C Em F G  
Things are so bad, you can never make do  
F G  
And there's always someone better off than you

C Em F G F  
They tell you that's your future, it's all down to human nature  
C Em F G  
Simply settle for what you got, that's destiny and that's your  
lot  
Am F G C  
All of us cannot come first, yes what you have is second best  
Am F  
But it might be a good deal worse  
G G  
Third world peasants get even less

(Chorus)

C Em F G F  
So don't be told, don't be consoled  
C Em F G  
Things are so bad, you can never make do  
F G  
And there's always someone better off than you

Dm C  
Do you care that it's not fair?  
Dm C  
Is this the way we have to live?  
Dm C Dm C  
I know I care, and I want an equal share  
F G  
Even if it mean I have to give

C Em  
The people who are on top  
F G  
Say that you should keep your chin up and  
C Em F G  
They are keen to show you, the unhappy ones below you  
Am F G C  
But I want to more of that stuff, that's looking at it upside  
down  
Am F G  
And the world has got money enough for us to make it go around  
so

C Em F G F  
So don't be told, don't be consoled  
C Em F G  
Don't be ruled, don't be fooled  
F G  
Things are so bad, you can never make do  
F G  
And there's always someone better off than you

"Good Girls Don't"  
The Chubbies

Intro: D A D A G A D

                  G                  A  
She's your adolescent dream,  
G                                  A                                  D  
Schoolboy stuff, a sticky sweet romance.

                  G                                  A  
And she makes you want to scream,  
G                                  A                                  D  
Wishing you could get inside her pants.

G                                  A  
So, you fantasize away...

                  G  
While you're squeezing her,  
                  A  
You thought you heard her saying...

D                  A                  D                  A  
"Good Girls Don't, Good Girls Don't", but she'll be tellin' you  
G                  A                  D  
"Good Girls Don't, but I do..."

So, you call her on the phone,  
To talk about the teachers that you hate.  
And she says she's all alone,  
And her parents won't be coming home 'til late.  
There's a ringing in your brain,  
'Cause you coulda swore you though you heard her saying...

"Good Girls Don't, Good Girls Don't.", but she'll be tellin' you  
"Good Girls Don't, but I do..."

                  A  
And it's a teenage sadness,  
                  G  
Everyone has got to taste.  
                  A  
An in-between age madness that  
                  G  
You know you can't erase  
                  C                                  D                  A  
Til she's sitting on your face.



Solo: D A D A G A D

You're alone with her at last,  
And you're waiting 'til you think the time is right.  
Cause you've heard she's pretty fast,  
And you're hoping that she'll give you some tonight.  
So, you start to make your play,  
'Cause you coulda swore you thought you heard her saying...

"Good Girls Don't, Good Girls Don't.", but she'll be tellin' you  
"Good Girls Don't, but I do..."

And it's a teenage sadness  
Everyone has got to taste.  
An in-between age madness that  
You know you can't erase  
'Til she's sitting on your face.

"Good Girls Don't, Good Girls Don't.", but she'll be tellin' you  
"Good Girls Don't, but I do..."

D A D A  
"Good Girls Don't, Good Girls Don't.", but she'll be tellin' you  
G A D A  
"Good Girls Don't, but I do..."  
D A  
"But I do... "  
D A  
"But I do... "  
D G A D  
"But I do..."

"If Only You Were Lonely"

Timversion

G

I walked out of work

G7

I was tired as hell

C

A

Another day come and gone oh well

G

D

And somewhere there's a drink

G

D7

with my name on it

Well I ordered a scotch  
as I bust through them doors  
Spilled half on my jeans  
the other half on the floor  
When I saw you standing by  
that video game

Well I ain't very good  
but I get practice by myself  
forgot my one-lines  
so I just said what I felt

Chorus:

G

D

If only you were lonely

G

D7

If only you was lonely, too

G

D

If only you were lonely

G

C

G

I'd go home with you

Twenty push-ups this morning  
that was half of my goal  
Tonight I'll be doin' pullups  
on the toilet bowl  
And somewhere there's somebody  
throwin' up

Well I broke the seal on my door  
poured myself to bed

A whirlpool spinnin' around in my head  
There was liquor on my breath

G7

You were on my mind

C

And I'll be dreamin' of that smile

G

A7 (E7)

without a care in the world

(repeat chorus)

I walked out of the kitchen

I was tired as hell

Another day's here oh well

Somewhere there's a smile

with my name on it.

"Oh Susquehanna"  
Defiance, Ohio

Intro:  
D G x2

D G  
We walk the paths of the banks of the mighty Susquehanna  
D  
With our feet made muddy by your tributaries  
G  
That trickle their way to the Chesapeake  
D  
It's like we follow I-83 down to the harbor cities  
G  
Strip malls and the tar-mac  
D  
People swirling and teaming  
G  
It seemed so exciting, but now it seems like such a blight

D G x2

D G  
I grew up near Kentucky's Mt. Zion Road  
D G  
All that was there was some old cemetery  
D G  
I wanted nothing more than to be able to walk to the store  
D  
Now I don't live there but there's too many stores  
G  
Some apartments and a Sunoco

D G  
And I wonder what did they do with the bodies?  
D G  
And I wonder what did they do with the bodies?

D  
Oh!  
G  
Susquehanna (repeat this four times)

D G x2

D  
And I miss that place behind my house where I  
G  
Hiked and climbed and played  
D  
Where I'd ditch this noisy century or just  
G  
Hid out from the decade  
D G  
M-I homes thought it could stand to be updated  
D G  
Forced it all into a grid until it looks like the funny pages  
D G  
With every trace of light that seems confined within a frame  
D G  
The faces move from day to day but the strips all look the same  
D G  
And the punchlines are resoundingly unfunny  
D G  
For those trapped in this architecture of easy money  
D G  
And I feel like this all come to no good  
D G  
This kids who populate these cul-de-sacs will never know what  
stood  
D G  
Beneath their cookie-cutter houses, fields and streams and woods  
D  
They'll sit in cars and wait for mom to drive them  
G  
Out of this boring neighborhood  
  
D  
Oh!  
G  
Susquehanna (x4)  
  
D G  
And I wonder, what did they do with the bodies? (x2)