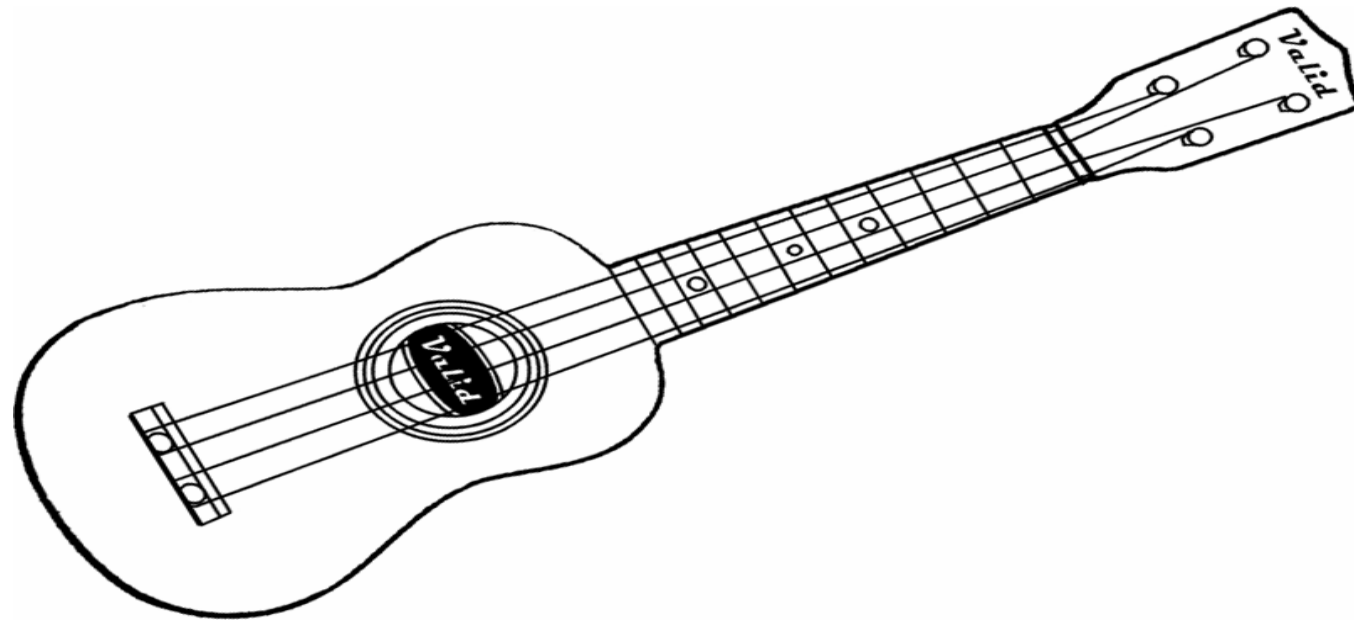


A MILLION UKELELES



MJ HIBBETT



A MILLION UKELELES

Aware of student safety he left three prefects in charge
Of the bonfire of recorders which he'd lit in the school yard
He strode into the staff room to applause
They knew today's the day that he had finally been and bought

Fifteen ukeleles for the school, fifteen untried music teaching tools
Fifteen chances he could get the sack, fifteen ukeleles and a match

The children, they all loved it 'cause it's easy and it's fun
The other teachers opened their doors so that they could sing along
The parents made a fuss at the PTA
Until the classicist Headmaster found himself begrudged to say

We need thirty ukeleles urgently, thirty ukeleles to fulfil forecasted needs
If it carries on like this we'll end up cancelling PE, bring me thirty ukeleles ASAP

Schools in the same authority were soon following their lead
Music shops ran out of stocks as it spread through families
But their appeal was by no means unanimous
There were a lot of strong letters in the local press
From concerned music buffs

Saying Ban these ukeleles right away
They're not a proper instrument, they're too easy to play
They're too portable, affordable, open to anyone - ban these ukeleles,
They look like fun

Well of course nobody listened to this miserable elite
Before too long the sound of strumming rang through every street
And though I woke to find it was a dream
It could become reality, the only thing we need

Verse: G Em C D x 2,
Am C G D, Am C D D

Is a single ukelele to begin
To see why ukelele players wear such silly grins
Then a hundred then a thousand until suddenly we find
We've got a million ukeleles and a million smiles

Chorus: G C G D,
G C D D,
G C G D ,
G C Am Bm C D ,
G Em D

Oh a million ukeleles play in time
A million ukeleles from Isle Of Wight to Isle Of Skye
We need a million signatures, a million letters to MPS
Saying a million ukeleles - we'd like them, please



PASS IT ON

I got myself some yellow and a little bit of blue
I found a slice of orange that you said belonged to you
We put it all together and we wrapped it in a song
Then we sealed it with a smile to pass it on

Pass it on, pass it on
If you want to make a rainbow, pass it on

Your Nan gave us some violet she'd kept in her top drawer
The green came from a football team my mates used to play for
The shirt sponsors had indigo, I do not know where from
But they popped it the post to pass it on

Pass it on, pass it on
If you want to make a rainbow, pass it on
Pass it on, pass it on

All that I was missing was a little bit of red
I found it in a heart-shaped box I hid under the bed
Well now we've got our rainbow it's time to pass it on
Pass it on, pass it on, pass it on

Verse: C C F C, C C G G
C C F C, C G C C

Chorus: F F C C, F F G? G?



PROGRAMMING IS A POETRY FOR OUR TIME

Take a complicated idea
And make the underlying point of it clear
Compress it down to fit in memory
Now tell me what's the difference
Between programming and poetry?

Programming is a poetry for our...
Programming is a poetry for our time

Indenting every line
Sorted into stanzas so that you can find
Selected lines to quote or just a phrase to paste
Into the epics that live underneath
The Web and Word and Databases

Programming is a poetry for our time
It's a poetry for our time

I wonder would Wordsworth have written in Perl?
Would Keats have used Notepad for HTML?
I reckon Byron would see
The irony
Of writing words to change the world that we
Can't live without but no-one ever sees

Programming is a poetry for our...
Programming is a poetry for our time

And even though it doesn't rhyme
The syntax of a JavaScript will often be sublime
And though the poets now don't have the glamorous style
Of the poets of the past they didn't either when alive

Programming is a poetry for our time
It's a poetry for our time
The river running beneath our lives
Is a poetry for our time

Verse: C G x 3 , C D

Chorus: G A C D x 2

Middle: Em Am x 3 , C D D



DOWN THE NARBOROUGH ROAD

I had a flat on Mere Road
It never really felt like home
I left my heart cross town in the West End
Bury me there when I'm gone
On a thoroughfare to the M1
A row of shops that feels more like a friend

Where I want to go is down the Narborough Road
Carry me on home To the Narborough Road

Sonpal's, Spot-Cash, Secondhand Star
The Library and the Dolphin Fish Bar
The paper shop opposite the launderette
Mac'n'Tuck for veggie burgers
The bank machine that gave out fivers
The twenty four hour garage for your
Late-night post-pub jazz cigarettes

It's where I want to go, down the Narborough Road
Carry me on home to the Narborough Road

The Western and the Pump & Tap
Luigi's and the old Mousetrap
The telephones beneath the railway bridge
Eastleigh Road and Paton Street
Kirby Road and Walton Street
Surely this is where I learnt to live?

It's down the Narborough Road where I long to go
Carry me on home to the Narborough Road
Verse: (C D G C, Am D G G7) x 2

Chorus: Narborough Road, please Am D G C

Middle: (Em Am D G, C Am D D) x2



I DID A GIG IN NEW YORK

I did a gig in New York - It didn't really work out like I thought it would
I saw no Spiderman in action nor indeed Fantastic Four
When I did a gig in New York

We were heading to a wedding as far off as you can go
On the way we thought we'd try and circumnavigate the globe
With stop-offs in Oahu, San Francisco, Singapore but first of all in New York
Well we set off mid-November and I realised mid-flight
A festival we'd only seen on Friends was happening in real life
US Citizens see Thanksgiving as mostly family time not for ROCK
Not even in New York
And so I couldn't get a booking no matter how hard I tried
The only gig still going was a poet's Open Mic
So I met with Gregg and Mrs Gregg, some friends, on the East Side
And off we went to a gig in New York

I did a gig in New York - It didn't really work out like I thought it would
I didn't meet Madonna or get showered with applause when I did a gig in New York

The other acts were angry poets or stand-ups who would all say
God*** you mother*****s, also Happy Holidays
Poets don't use ukeleles, stand-ups do not have guitars so nor did I
Not in New York

So I stood up, acapella, and I shouted out two tunes
Then told a joke about the founding fathers they all thought was rude
After me two ladies waved vaginas, dancing round the room
That's how it rolls, in New York

I did a gig in New York
I had a funny feeling I'd supported someone quite like them before
But anyway, we finished off our beers and headed for the door and that was that
For my gig in New York

Well I took a Yellow Cab back to the hotel, in a daze
Next day got up to go and watch the Macy's Day Parade
As Charlie Brown pursued that football all the way down thirty fourth I thought Hang on, I'm in
New York!

And I did a gig in New York, OK it didn't work out like I thought it would
But it's a story I will tell a million times and not get bored
About the gig I did in New York

So if you do a gig in New York
Don't get upset if it don't work out exactly as you thought
Just remember you'll remember one simple FACT for ever more:
That you did a gig in New York

Verse: G Em C D x 2, G G7 C D, G C D G C D



HEY WILLIAM

Hey William don't worry
About the things you haven't done today
You'll have all that time again tomorrow
And tomorrow's just a close your eyes away

There'll be thirty thousand mornings more
That'll you'll have to explore
The dreams you might start to dream tonight
So William don't worry
It's way past time for turning out the lights

Hey William imagine
The wonders of the world you'll grow into
Who knows what will happen
In all the time you've got coming to you

You'll see things we've never seen
In places we have never been
And do things no-one's even thought of yet
So William imagine
It could happen if you get back into bed

Maybe you'll live on the moon and fly to work on Mars
Play songs beyond the Milky Way on alien guitars
Take taxis to Atlantis and then stranger still by far
Find out not all girls are boring and hand over your heart

Hey William remember
To take with you and keep for all your life
On all your adventures
A little of the way you feel tonight

As time passes you'll find that it's
Easier to act as if it's
All been done and all been seen before
But William remember
There's always time to try and find out more

Hey William please wake up
My mind's alive with loads of things to do
And William I hope that
I get to share a few of them with you

Verse: (C Em Am G₇ F G C G₇) x2

Chorus: F G Am Dm₇ Bb C F Em₇
C Em Am G₇ F G C G₇)

Middle: Am Em Am Em x3
Am Em C G₇



SPECIAL GUESTS

MR CHARLIE FLOWERS

Bodhran and other percussion on I Did A Gig In New York,
bodhran on Save A Meadow

MR GEORGE GARGAN

Electric guitar and backing vocals on Down The Narborough Road,
electric guitar on Save A Meadow

MR PETE GREEN

Backing vocals on Born Yesterday

MRS CHARLIE MOOS

Additional vocals on Control Alt Delete

MR TOM MCCLURE

Violins on Hey William and Save A Meadow, violins and backing
vocals on Chips And Cheese, Pint Of Wine

MRS EMMA PATTISON

Backing vocals on Born Yesterday, lead vocals on Programming Is
A Poetry For Our Time

MR TIM PATTISON

Drums on Down The Narborough Road and Control Alt Delete

MISS CHARLOTTE WADSWORTH

Backing vocals and percussion on Pass It On

MR PHIL WILSON

Mandolin and banjo on A Million Ukeleles and Hey William



All other material recorded by Mr MJ Hibbett on a Boss Micro BR Digital four track then mixed using Acid Pro Sonic Foundry.

Thanks to Mr Frankie Machine and Mr Tim Pattison for Sonic Consultancy.

Final mastering by Mr Robbie Newman at Snug Studios, Derby.

All songs written by Mr MJ Hibbett and published by Wipe Out Music.

Please visit the website for in depth notes about the writing and recording of all of these songs, as well as further information about other releases, gigs, and loads more.

www.mjhibbett.net

Dedicated with love to Herbert Evans, Mary Evans, Harold Hibbett and Irene Hibbett.



SHE TASTES LIKE SUGAR

She walks with a sugar beat
She talks with a silver tongue
She was born in a silver spoon
She was wise when the world was young
She's a dispenser shaking, sachet breaking
Sugar bag of fun

She tastes like sugar, sweet to me
I love her with a cup of tea
She makes me smile so much I'll need
To get an extra set of teeth

She tastes like sugar, sweet to me
She fills me up with calories
We'll work them off athletically
She tastes like sugar, sweet to me

She tastes like sugar, sweet to me
I love her with a cup of tea
She makes me smile so much I'll need

~~Verse~~ an extra set of teeth G#m A B7

Chorus: (E G#m (C#m E, A E A B7) x 2



SAVE A MEADOW

There's a field with not much in it, when I say not much I mean
It's full of grass and birds and people, fresh air
Dogs and paths and trees
But there's nothing makes a profit and that must be wrong because
It means there's really not much in it except for all of us

Because it's just somewhere that's good
It's just a meadow but a meadow that we love
Well it might not be suitable for a visit from the Queen
But let's be honest, if we're honest nor are we

There is no conservation order, none of its species are unique
It's merely used by working people to break up the working week
It makes no claims to be important in terms of history because
All it needs to be important is what it means to all of us

Because it's just somewhere that's good
It's just a meadow but a meadow that we love
It's not a shining pure example of Great British Scenery
But let's be honest, if we're honest nor are we

And oh, they could build us yet another car park
Goodness knows we'd love loads more of them
Oh, or an office block or shops
Or something else that we've already got

Well a city's like a lifetime in that what it's all about
Is not the landmarks or the money or awards that really count
Making other people happier's what matters in the end
And a meadow is a smile from a friend

Because it's just somewhere that's good
It's just a meadow but a meadow that we love
Therefore, in conclusion
What we're singing this song for
Is a for meadow, save the meadow, save us all
Save a meadow, save the meadow, save us all

Verse: G G C G₇ G G C D₇
G G C G₇ G C D G

Chorus: C C G G₇ C C D D₇
G G C G₇ G C D G

Middle: Em Em G G₇ Em Em D D₇
Em Em G G₇ Am C D D



HELL ON EARTH

I went into Birmingham, it doesn't matter why
And I had to pass through a place that made me want to cry
When Pinochet had passed away his soul was sent to fester
In Birmingham New Street Station, it makes Hades look like Leicester

It's hell on earth to be there, it's really really bad
It's hell on earth to go there and I wish I never had

It smells of sweat and desperation, it's dark and dank and ghastly
It's staffed by souls who've lost all hope and the decor's frankly nasty
The taxi rank is poorly placed, the shops are really boring
The pub is crap, the loos cost cash and the signage is appalling

It's hell on earth to be there, it's really really bad
It's hell on earth to go there and I wish I never had

It doesn't have to be this way, just look at York or Bristol
Where the grandeur, for the traveller, makes changing almost blissful
But New Street is a station of which nobody is proud
Is it any wonder that the planners has it buried underground?

It's hell on earth to be there, it's really really bad
It's hell on earth to go there and I wish I never had

Verse: C Dm F G x 3, C Dm F G C , G7

Chorus: C G F G x 2, C G7



CONTROL ALT DELETE

Control Alt and Delete
They're the only buttons that you need
If you get blue screen of death
Stretch your hands apart and press
Control Alt and Delete

It's a secret known to a small lucky few
For looking clever when you haven't got a clue
Say "I see your problem" then
Apply the Helpdesk's brand of ZEN
Control Alt Delete

If machines receive malign intelligence
We've one last way of mounting a defence
If they act like they're above us
And start acting silly buggers
Control Alt and Delete

Control Alt and Delete
They're the only buttons that you need
If your screen should ever freeze
The de-icer that you need is
Control Alt and Delete

Control Alt and Delete
They're the only buttons that you need
If you get blue screen of death
Stretch your hands apart and press
Control Alt and Delete

Verse:
D G D D₁
D G A A₁
G A D G₁
D G A D G A



BORN YESTERDAY

I live every day as if it's my last
 A bloke on the bus said but I think that's daft
 I said Then why did you iron that shirt?
 If it was my last day on earth I'm pretty sure I wouldn't go to work

Come on then - tell me, where is the love
 If the only thing you're thinking of
 Is the pleasures you can contain in a day?
 I'd rather try and live my life as if I was born yesterday

I was born yesterday
 With my heart on my sleeve
 At least that's what I believe
 Oh yeah yeah yeah yeah
 I was born yesterday

If I can only look one way I'm not gonna look back
 If have to lose one tense I'll dispense with the past
 Cast off the shackles of doubt, and say I want it, yes,
 I want to find out how it ends, I want to see what's gonna happen next

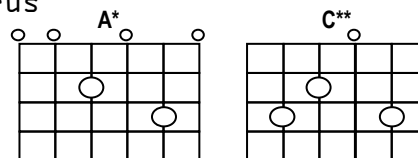
And though there may be no future, it's a pretty good bet
 That there's plenty to come that hasn't happened yet
 It's not exactly existential - what I mean to say
 Is that I'm gonna try and live my life like I was born yesterday

I was born yesterday
 With my heart on my sleeve
 At least that's what I believe
 Oh yeah yeah yeah yeah
 I was born yesterday

How would we ever know
 If ten seconds ago
 The whole world began for us, halfway through that chorus
 And everything we knew was wrong
 Our memories never existed and I've spent
 My whole life singing this song

I was born yesterday

Verse: D A* C** D x lots
Chorus: Em A D Bm, Em A D D?
 Em A D Bm, Em A
Middle: Bm Bm Am Am x2
 Em Em C Am, Em Em C A
Ending: D D A A x lots



CHIPS AND CHEESE, PINT OF WINE

Chips and cheese, pint of wine
At the Poly Bop on a Friday night
Stone Roses, Nirvana and Vanilla Ice
Chips and cheese, pint of wine

The tights are all stripey, the shoes are all Docs
We've rips in our jeans and holes in our socks
We're all bobbed and quiffed and our shirts are tie-died
Chips and cheese, pint of wine

The Berlin Wall's come down and Thatcher's just gone
And we might dare to dream we'll not die by the bomb
It'll soon be the future, but in the meantime
Chips and cheese, pint of wine

The arena's been knocked down, the kitchens have closed
We've shortened our haircuts and widened our clothes
We're annual dancers who've drifted apart
But if you saw us now you'd say we're not that far from

Chips and cheese, pint of wine
At the Poly Bop on a Friday night
Playing Daydream Believer as they turn on the lights
Chips and cheese, pint of wine

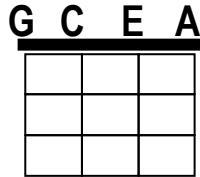
Verse: G C D G x 4

Middle: Am Am G G x 3, Am Am D D?



LET'S PLAY UKELELE

Ukeleles are cheap, easy to play, and fun.
Here's how to tune one:



- The G string is tuned higher than than the C and E, which feels a bit weird at first if you play guitar, but you'll soon get used to it.
- If you find your ukelele goes out of tune quickly just get a screwdriver and tighten the nuts up a bit.

Here are most of the chords used on this album - any not listed below were too hard to play, so I either did it on guitar instead or took the following advice, which I got from a Japanese ukelele website:

If a chord is too hard, play one that's easier. If you can't find one that fits, stop playing and sing louder.

This is excellent advice, and not just for ukeleles.

