THE MANHATTAN TRANSFER SONGBOOK

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BOY FROM NEW YORK CITY

Moderate and very steady

Words and Music by JOHN TAYLOR

(Bkg.) Oo-wah oo-wah cool, cool Kit-ty, Tell us a-bout The Boy From New York City.

1. Oo-wah oo-wah, come on, Kit-ty, Tell us a-bout The Boy From New York City.
   He's kind-a
tell
down
dance.
   He's real-ly
And he's no
and make ro-
mance,
   Some
He has the
And that's

2. He's real-ly
   He's the fine.
   And make ro-
   Some
   He had the
   And that's

3. He can
day I hope to make him mine, all mine.
   And he's the
day I hope to make him mine, all mine.
   And he's the
   He was
Every time he says he loves me,

Chills run down my spine.

Every time he wants to kiss me, ooh, He

makes me feel so fine.

Yeah!

Oo-wah, oo-wah, come on, Kit-ty, Tell us a-bout The Boy From New York Ci-ty.

(lead vocal ad lib)
A NIGHTINGALE SANG IN
BERKELEY SQUARE

Lyric by ERIC MASCHWITZ
Music by MANNING SHERWIN

Moderately

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{certain night,} & \quad \text{The night we met,} \\
\text{strange it was,} & \quad \text{How sweet and strange.}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{There was magic abroad in the} & \quad \text{There was never a dream to com-} \\
\text{air} & \quad \text{pare}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{There were angels dining at the} & \quad \text{With that hazy, crazy night we met.}
\text{Ritz.} & \quad \text{When A}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Night in Gale Sang in Ber-} & \quad \text{This}
\text{kley Square} & \quad \text{Pronounced (Ber- kley)}
\end{align*} \]
may be right I may be wrong. But I'm perfectly willing to
heart of mine beat loud and fast. Like a merry-go-round in a

sweat fair
For we were dancing cheek to cheek And A

Night In Gale Sang In Berkey Square
(Bar kley)

The moon that lingered over London town,
When down came stealing up all gold and blue
To interrupt our

woe a frown.
re dez vous.
How could he know we two were so in love
the was
TUXEDO JUNCTION

Words by BUDDY FEYNS
Music by ERSKINE HAWKINS
WILLIAM JOHNSON and JULIAN DAVIS

Way down south in Birmingham, I mean south in Alabama's an old place where people go to dance the night away. They all drive or walk...

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for miles to get jive, that southern style, slow jive
that makes you want to dance

'til break of day. It's a junction where the town folk meet.

At each function, in their tux they greet you. Come on

down, forget your care. Come on down, you'll find me there. So long town! I'm head-
in' for Tuxedo Junction now.
Moderately fast

Words by JON HENDRICKS
Music by JOSEF ZAWINUL

Five thousand light years from Birdland, but I'm still preachin', the rhythm. I'm still feelin' the spirit.

Five thousand light years from Birdland, but I know people can hear it.

Bird named it, Bird made it.
heard it then played it. Well stated! Birdland,

it happened down in Birdland.

Guitar Tab

In the middle of that hub, I remember that they named

-ber one jazz club. Where we went to put feet and swirled, down on Fif-
Corner of the Street. Everybo-

world. And the cats, they giggled in

there were beyond compare. Bird-

land, I'm singin' Birdland.

Birdland, ol' swingin' Birdland.

Down them stairs, lose them cares. Where?

Bird would cook, May would look. Where?
Down in Birdland. To tal swing, bop was king there.

Down in Birdland. Miles came through, Tran e came, too. Where?

Down in Birdland. Bas ie blew, Blak ey, too.

Down in Birdland. Cannon ball played that hall. There,

Down in Birdland. Yeah.

Vocal ad lib (Repeat as needed)

There may never be nothin' such as that no mo', no mo'. Down in Birdland, that's where it was at. I know, I know. Back in them days bop was ridin' high. Hello! 'n' goodbye!
How well those cats remember their first Birdland gig. To play in Birdland is an honor we still dig. Yeah, that club was like— in another world sure enough— Yeah, baby, all o’ the cats had the cookin’ on. People just sat on they was steady lookin’ on. Then Bird, he came ‘n spread the word. Bird—land.

Yes, in-deed he did, yes, in-deed he did, yes, in-deed he did.

Yes, in-deed he real—ly did, yes, in-deed he did. Pork—er played at Bird—land.

Yes, in-deed he did. Charlie Park—
Down them stairs, lose them cares. Yeah, down in Bird-land. To-
Bird would cook, May would look. Yeah, down in Bird-land. Miles
Ba-sie blew, Blak-ey, too. Yeah, down in Bird-land. Can-

tal swing, Trane came, too. Yeah, down in Bird-land. down in Bird-land.
came through, non-ball played that hall. Yeah, down in Bird-land. down in Bird-land.

(Solo Scat Sing ad lib during Repeat and fade)

Pay the gate, don't be late. It's a date. What lay' know,
If y' dig, then you'll dig it's a groove. Quite a groove,
'Cause y' t' move. Come in twos, pay your dues. What can you lose?
Just your blues! So lose them! The band swingin' one and all and
what a ball! Yeah! Music is good, music is better than good. Pretty good,
very nice, really very good. Things are being like they should. Very good,
very good, very good. All y' gotta do is lend an ear an' listen to it.
Then you dig a little sooner than soon. You'll be diggin' everything - diggin' all the music. What a ball!
How y' gonna figure out a way t' bring it all about amid a
lot o' other music on the set'n on the scene, know what I mean?
How y' gonna separate the music from the scene?
Gonna have t' keep the memory clean. Y' gonna hear
a lotta' sound - a lotta sound'...
JAVA JIVE

Lightly, with an easy beat

Words by MILTON DRAKE
Music by BEN OAKLAND

I love coffee, I love tea,
I love the java jive and it loves me.

Coffee and tea and the jivin' and me,
a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup!

I love java, sweet and hot,
Whoops! Mister Mo-to, I'm a coffee pot.
Shoot me the pot and I'll pour me a shot, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup! Oh, slip me a slug from that wonderful mug, and I'll cut a rug 'til I'm snug in the jug. A

Guitar Tab

slice of onion and a raw one. Draw one. Waiter, waiter, per-co-la-tor!

e

I love coffee, I love tea, I love the java jive and it loves me.
Coffee and tea and the jivin' and me, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup.

Boston bean, soy bean, lima bean, string bean:

I'm not keen for a bean unless it is a cheery coffee bean:

jivin' and me, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup.
BODY AND SOUL

Moderately, smoothly

Words by EDWARD HEYMAN,
ROBERT SOUR and FRANK EYTON
Music by JOHN GREEN

My heart is sad and lonely:
for you I sigh, for you, dear, only.

Why haven't you seen it?
I'm all for you, Body And Soul.

I spend my days in longing,
and wondering why it's me you're wronging.

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I tell you I mean it, I'm all for you, Body And Soul.
I can't believe it, it's hard to conceive it
that you'd turn away romance.
Are you pretending?
It looks like the ending unless I could have one more chance to prove, dear.
My life a wreck you're making.
You know I'm yours for just the taking.
I'd gladly surrender myself to you, Body And Soul.
CANDY

Words and Music by MACK DAVID, JOAN WHITNEY and ALEX KRAMER

Moderately slow

"Candy," I call my sugar "Candy" because I'm sweet on

"Candy" and "Candy's" sweet on me. (He) under

stands me, my understanding "Candy" and "Candy's" always

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handy when I need sympathy.

I wish that there were four of them so I could love much more of them.

He has taken my complete heart, got a sweet tooth for my sweet heart.

"Candy", it's gonna be just dandy, The day I take my

"Candy" and make him mine all mine.
The Ra-Da-Da-Da Song

CHANSON D'AMOUR
(Song Of Love)

Words and Music by WAYNE SHANKLIN

Moderately

Smoothly

F

G9

Gm7

C7

C+

Gm

C7

C+

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GLORIA

By ESTHER NAVARRO

Moderate Rock

Guitar Facet

Glo - ria Glo - ria

it's not Ma - rie...

Glo - ria it's not Che - rie. Glo - ria But she's not in love with...

Glo - ria me. Can't Glo - ria you see it's not Ma - rie. Glo - ri - a

Glo - ria it's not Che - rie Glo - ria But she's not in love with...
me.

And maybe she'll want me, but

who am I to know. And maybe she'll want me, but

Oh she's not in love with

me.

Spoken: Well I love you Gloria And I want you to be my favorite. And every night when I go to bed alone I always dream of you.

And I don't dream of Marie. And I don't dream of Cherie, I only dream of——Gloria——
SCOTCH AND SODA

Moderately Slow – like Blues

Words and Music by DAVE GUARD

Abmaj7

Scotch and soda,

Db7

mud in your eye,

Eb6

baby, do I feel

Gm7

high, oh me, oh

F7

my,

Fm7

do. I feel

Bb7

high.__________________

Dm

Dry mar-tin-i,

Abm

G7

Abmaj7


Db7

jigger of gin,

Eb6

oh, what a spell you've

Gm7

got me in, oh

C9

my,
do I feel high.
People won't believe me.
They'll

think that I'm just singin'. But I could feel the way I feel and still be on the

wagon.
All I need is one of your smiles, sunshine of your eyes.

oh me, oh my, do I feel higher than a kite can

fly!
Give me lovin', baby, I feel high.
YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME

Fast "4"

Words and Music by CHARLES CARPENTER, LOUIS DUNLAP and EARL HINES

(On repeat, ad lib "scat singing")

Am7 A9 Gmaj7 G6 Gmaj7 Am7 Am7-5

you say we're through, I'll always love you, And You Can De -

D7 G6 D11 Am7 A9

pend On Me. Though some one you've met, Has

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made you forget, You know you can count on me.

I wish you success, Loads of happiness,
But

I must confess, I'll be lonely;
if

you need a friend, I'm yours to the end, And You Can Depend On Me.

Though me.
ON A LITTLE STREET IN SINGAPORE

Light Swing beat

Words by BILLY HILL
Music by PETER De ROSE

A Little Street In Singapore we'd meet beside a lotus covered door.
A veil of moonlight on her lovely face.
G

how pale the hands that held me in embrace. My

Fmaj7

sails tonight are filled with perfume of Shalimar, with

Fmaj7

temple bells to guide me to the shore. And then I'll hold her in my

C6

arms and love the way I loved before. On

C Am C Dm7 G7 C

A Little Street In Singapore.
Moderately

Down on the corner there's a reason to smile when those
Caught in the madness of a summer romance at a
evenin' shadows fall;
some kind of feelin', that it's lost in the spirit of a

hard to deny once the neon lights start to call.

People out there searchin' for action;
All you need's a night to remember;

right on by. Tonight,
high est high. Tonight,
the spice of life. A keep it sweet
the spice of life; a little music

until the mornin' light. Watch fan
and some candlelight. Put passion

in unfold, and and

tasky

let the lovin' flow. let the lovin' flow. I want you to know.
Could be the start of a

million dreams we share.

So lay back in the feelin' let the evenin' take you there.

Instrumental solo
All we need's a night to remember; flying together on the highest high. Tonight, let's taste — we'll taste —
BLUE CHAMPAGNE

By FRANK RYERSON & JIMMY EATON

Slowly

F D9 Gm7 C7
Three A. M. no-where else to go. It's three A. M. and I miss you so.

Fdim C7 Eb9 D9 Gm7
Coup-les are de-part-ing, soon they'll all be gone, now an-o-th-er day is start-ing still I lin-ger on with

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Renewed 1967
Blue Champagne, purple shadows and Blue Champagne, with the echoes that still remain.
I keep a blue rendezvous.

Bubbles rise like a fountain before my eyes and they suddenly crystallize to form a vision of you.
All of the plans we started,
all the songs we sang, each little dream we knew

seems to over-take me like a boom-er-ang. Blue is the spar-kle, gone is the tang, each

old re-frain keeps re-turn-ing as I re-main with my mem-ories and

Blue Champagne to toast the dream that was you
LOVE FOR SALE

Smooth "Country" beat

Words and Music by COLE PORTER

Love For

Sale, appetizing young Love For

Sale. Love that's fresh and still unspoiled,
love that's only slightly soiled, Love For Sale.

Who will buy? Love For Sale.

Who would like to sample my supply? Who's prepared to If you want to

pay the price for a trip to paradise? Love For

let the poets pipe of love in their childish
way, I know ev’ry type of love better far than they.

If you want the thrill of love, I’ve been through the mill of love; Old love,

new love, ev’ry love but true.

Love For Sale.

Love For Sale.
A GAL IN CALICO

Moderately

Words by LEE RUBIN
Music by ARTHUR SCHWARTZ

\[ Fm7 \quad Bb9 \quad Eb \quad Edim \]

Met a gal in Cal-i-co,

Take my gal in Cal-i-co,

down in Santa Fe;

guess I bet-ter let her know,

'til I rode away.

Do I want her, do I want her

Is she wait-in', is she wait-in?

\[ Fm7 \quad Bb9 \quad Eb \quad Edim \]
Quickly, with a light bounce

Take a seat an' cool it 'cause unless you over-rule it we are ready to show you some blow-in'

Our

Dm7 Em7 A7 Dm7 G7 C6

Rom-pin' an' our stompin' is a lot of fun. Four Brothers who are blowin' our horns.

So

D9 Dm7 G7 C A7

Settle down an' listen 'cause you don't know what you're missin' an' we're ready to give you a show-in'

Our
movin' it and groovin' it has just begun. Four Brothers who are blowin' our horns.

We got a little message that you're gonna enjoy. Ain't no sense in doggin' the facts.

So settle in your easy chair an' if you ever had a care forget it, it's time to relax.

You might as well admit we're the best that ever did it but in case you ain't too sure of knowin'.

We're gonna let you listen to us one by one. Four Brothers who are blowin' our horns.
TWILIGHT TONE

Moderate Disco Feel $= 126$

Lyrics by ALAN PAUL
Music by ALAN PAUL and JAY GRAYDON

1. When I hear this melody, this strange illusion takes over me.
2. Unpretentious, girl from Memphis saw the future through her third eye.
3. (Inst. solo) 4. (see additional lyrics)

Through a tunnel of the mind, perhaps a present or future time,
People came with skepticism, picking, testing her precision,

Out of nowhere comes this sound, this melody that keeps spinning round.
Suddenly they heard this sound, this melody that keeps spinning round.

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Dm7
G(add 9)/B
G9
Gm7
A7+5
Dm7

and 'round
and 'round

A
pyr-a-mid-al lo-co-mo-tion
sign-post up a-head is call-ing
from this mystic un-known zone.
from this mystic un-known zone.

To Coda

Chorus

Bb6

Hear-in' the twi-light,
hear-in' the twi-

Gm9
A7(#9)
Dm11

light,
twi-light, tone.

2
A7
Am7

Abmaj7
Gsus
G

hear-in' the twi-light,
hear-in' the twi-


Verse 4:

On a cold and rainy night,
One Mister Miller had a rare flight.
Glen was up there boppin' a rhythm,
Then the engine stopped to listen with him
Play that beat, oh, oh.
Suddenly he heard this sound,
This melody that keeps spinning 'round and 'round.
Now he resides and plays trombone
In the mystic unknown zone. (To Chorus:)

D.S. (3rd verse, 3rd ending, 4th verse)
CODA

Repeat ad lib and fade
TRICKLE, TRICKLE

Words and Music by CLARENCE BASSETT

Bright Shuffle

Dup de do do dup;  Trickle, Trickle; splash, splash; tell

--- me how long will this rain last. The rain keeps dropping; there ain't

--- no stopping; tell me how long will this rain last.

Trickle, Trickle; slop, slop; just got to see my sweet

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C6

_ gum-drop._

She's there wait-ing, and I'm hes-i-tat-ing; tell_

F6

G6

Dm/G

C6

Repeat for Instr. solo
2nd time only
To Coda

me._

just when the rain will stop."

Ron-nie, dig my clothes here, boy;

2. (see additional lyrics)

just when
the rain
will stop.

F7

C6

E7

A7

a one button roll._

Well, you know I'm sharp as a tack;

can you

D7

G7

G7

C6

lend me your Cad-il-lac?

Got to go, got to go to the par-
Verse 2: Ronnie, she's sweet, she's fine, yeah boy;  
And I love her so.  
Well, if I can't make this party,  
Man, she's sure to blow.  
Got to go, got to go to the party, yeah;  
Please lend me your short.  
Well, a-if I can't take it, you know I can't make it;  
I won't see my baby no more. (To Chorus:)
THAT CAT IS HIGH

Fast Swing

Words and Music by J. MAYO WILLIAMS

F6
That Cat Is High,
look at that
You

D7
That Cat Is High,
look in his eye.

G7
Oh, man he's high,
know I wouldn't lie,
That Cat Is High

C7
yes, the cat's
Boy is he high

F6
higher than a kite.
higher than a kite.
Man, I would n't lie, the cat ' s

Man, I would n't lie, the cat ' s

Oh, oh, my, oh my, my, oh my, the cat ' s

When you see him stum blin' up and down the street,

When you see him stum blin' up and down the street,

When you see him tip ping round and round the block.

When you see him tip ping round and round the block.

you know that cat ' s been drink in' got no shoes up on his feet.

you know that cat ' s been drink in' got no shoes up on his feet.

oh, you know that cat is ver y beat good clean down to his socks.

oh, you know that cat is ver y beat good clean down to his socks.

Man, he ' s high. I said That Cat Is High.

Man, he ' s high. I said That Cat Is High.

That Cat Is High look at that look in his eye. Yes, he ' s high.

That Cat Is High look at that look in his eye. Yes, he ' s high.

Yes, he ' s high. Oh my, oh

Yes, he ' s high. Oh my, oh

Yes, he ' s high. Oh my, oh

man, he ' s high er than a kite.

man, he ' s high er than a kite.

man, he ' s high er than a kite.

the cat ' s high er than the sky.

the cat ' s high er than the sky.

the cat ' s high er than the sky.
OPERATOR

By WILLIAM SPIVEREY

D    G7    Gdim
Rubato Freely

Operator, give me information; information, give me long distance;

D    Bm7    D    D7    G7    Gdim    D

distance, give me heaven, Oh, Operator,
information, tell me Jesus on the line.

Guitar Tabet

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Spirited Gospel beat
I'd like to speak to a friend of mine. Oh, pray-er is the num-ber.

faith is the ex-change, heaven is the street and Je-sus is his name. Oh, Op-er-a-tor.

please give me Je-sus on the line. f Op-er-a-tor,
Ab7

hurry if you can. Operator, information please connect me with the man. Oh, don't worry 'bout the money, I will pay the charge; just get me on the line, I'm callin' from the heart. Operator, information, please give me Jesus on the line.
POINCIANA
(Song Of The Tree)

Moderately, with a light rhythmic feel

Words by BUDDY BERNIER
Music by NAT SIMON

Fmaj9

Fmaj9

Bbm7

Bbm7/Eb

Fmaj9

Eb/F

F

C7

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Incorporated in U.S.A. Printed in the U.S.A.
somehow I feel the jungle heat,

in me there grows a rhythmic savage beat.

Love is everywhere, its magic perfume fills the air;

to and fro you sway; my heart's in time, I've learned to care.

though skies may turn from blue to gray.
my love will live forever and a day.

day.

Blow,

wind,
sing a song

thru the

tree.

Tree,
sigh to me,

soon my love I will see...
POPSICLE TOES

Moderately (♩= 80)

By MICHAEL FRANKS

Am/G#  C/G  Fm7-5

Guitar Tab

Am/G#  C/G

Fm7-5

Guitar Tab

E7

And

when God gave out rhythm,
been Miss Pennsylvania
nicest North America
He sure was good to you.

You can add,
Home come you.

You can add,
Home come you.

You can add,
Home come you.

When I'm in the nude?
When I'm in the nude?
When I'm in the nude?

We ought to
But your Ti-

Always load your warm Brazil and touch your Pan.
know today's your birthday, and I didn't buy no rose. But I wrote
have a birthday party, and you can wear your birthday clothes. Then we can.
er-ra de! Fu-ge-gos... are near-ly always froze. We gotta

||| |
this song in stead, and I call it "Popsicle Toes."
hit the floor and go... explore those Popsicle Toes,
see saw until we... unfreeze those Popsicle Toes,

||| |

Am7 D9 Gmaj7

Popsicle Toes,
Popsicle Toes are always froze,
S.O.S.

Moderately, with strong rhythm

Lyrics and Music by PHILLIP SWERN and GERRY SHURY

Cm7

I'm going under,
My ship was sinking.
I'm slipping fast.
my hope has gone.

Cm7

Just like a drowning woman I keep turning over my past
This is my third time down and I don't have the strength to go on

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I need a touch of some tender sweet love, the kind to pull me through.
I need affection, a new direction, to guide me to the shore.

I'm like a ship that's lost on the ocean, I'm calling out to you.
The kind of love that just can't be broken, the way it was before.

I'm sending out an S.O.S. Some body save me, throw me a love line.

Please.
I'm sending out an S.O.S. Some body save me, some-

-bod-y re-scue me._
Coda
Ab G7 Cm7 F7

Bod-y res-cue me... An S. O. S. Oh... yeah...

Ab G7 Cm Cm7

Some-bod-y res-cue. Oh... my good-ness. An S. O. S. Some-

F7 Ab G7 Cm

Bod-y save me, throw me a love-line. Save me, save me. An
ROUTE 66

Medium Jazz 4

By BOBBY TROUP

If you ever plan to motor west:

travel my way, take the highway that's the best.

Get your kicks on Route Sixty-Six!

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winds from Chicago to L.A.

more than

two thousand miles all the way.

Get your kicks on

Route Sixty-Six!

Now you go thru Saint Louis,

Joplin, Missouri and Oklahoma City is mighty pretty. You'll see

Amarillo,

Gal​​-​lu​p, New Mexico;

Flagstaff, Arizona;
Gm7  C7  Dm7/C  Cdim  C9sus  C7

don't for-get  Wi-no-na,  King-man,  Bar-stow,  San Ber-nar-din-o.  Won't

F6  Bb9  E  F6

you get hip to this time-ly tip:

Bb9  F6

make that Cal-i-for-nia trip.

Gm7  C13  F  D7  C7  F  Gm7  Gdim

kicks on Route Six-ty-Six!

F  Gm7  C13  F  E13  F13

Get your kicks on Route Six-ty-Six!