PUNCH DRUNK'S

TWO CHORD WORKSHOP FOR NOREAST'R

2026



AND
EVART
ODPC

https://punchdrunkband.com/bunchOsongs/TwoChordSongs2026NorEast.pdf

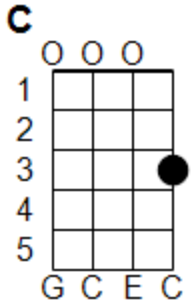
Drivin' Nails in My Coffin

Written by Jerry Irby 1945

Ernest Tubb 1946

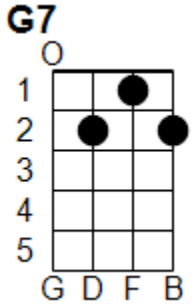
[C] My sweetheart has gone and I'm so lonely
She said that she and I were **[G7]** through
So **[C]** I started out drinking for a pastime
Driving nails in my **[G7]** coffin over **[C]** you

[C] I'm just driving nails in my coffin
Every time I drink a bottle of **[G7]** booze
I'm just **[C]** driving nails in my coffin
Lordy, driving those **[G7]** nails over **[C]** you



Ever since the day that we parted
I've been so sad and so **[G7]** blue
I'm **[C]** always thinking about you love
And I just can't quit **[G7]** drinking that old **[C]** booze

{Chorus}



[C] Now you've turned me down, you don't want me
There's nothing now I can **[G7]** lose
I'm **[C]** just driving those nails in my coffin,
and worryin' my **[G7]** darlin over **[C]** you. *{Chorus}*

96 TEARS

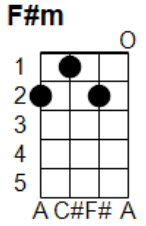
? AND THE MYSTERIANS

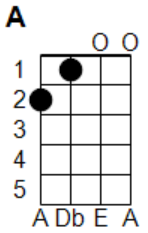
{bounce between these two chords} **[A] [D7]**

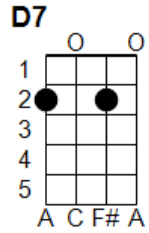
Too many teardrops, For one heart, to be crying
Too many teardrops, For one heart, to carry on
You're way on top now, since you left me
You're always laughing, way down at me
But watch out now, I'm gonna get there
We`ll be together for just a little while
And then I'm gonna put you way down here
And you'll start crying ninety-six tears. Cry, cry

[F#m]
And when the sun comes up, I`ll be on top. You`ll be right down there,
looking up, and I might wave, come up here. But I don`t see you, waving now.
I`m way down here, wondering how, I`m gonna get you, but I know now
[A] [D7] I`ll just cry, cry, I`ll just cry

Too many teardrops, For one heart, to be crying
Too many teardrops, For one heart, to carry on
You're gonna cry ninety-six tears, You're gonna cry ninety-six tears
You're gonna cry, cry, cry, cry now, You're gonna cry, cry, cry, cry
Ninety-six tears, Come on and lemme hear you cry, now
Ninety-six tears, woo, I wanna hear you cry
Night and day, yeah, all night long, Uh, ninety-six tears, cry cry cry
Come on, baby, Let me hear you cry now, all night long
Uh, ninety-six tears, yeah, come on now, Uh, ninety-six tears





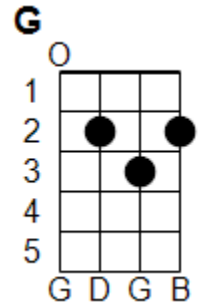


[G] Sometimes I'm right and **[C]** I can be **[G]** wrong.
My own beliefs are **[C]** in my **[G]** song
The butcher, the banker, the **[C]** drummer and **[G]** then
Makes no difference what **[C]** group I'm **[G]** in.
I... am everyday people, **[C]** yeah, **[G]** yeah

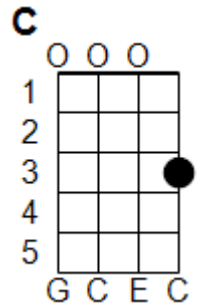
Everyday People

Sly and the Family Stone
1968

[G] There is a blue one who can't accept the green one,
For living with a fat one, trying to be a skinny one.
Different strokes for **[C]** different **[G]** folks.
And so on and so on and **[C]** Scooby dooby **[G]** doo-bee.
Oh, **[C]** sha **[G]** sha, We got to live to-**[C]**-ge-**[G]**-ther



[G] I am no better and **[C]** neither are **[G]** you.
We are the same what **[C]** ever we **[G]** do
You love me, you hate me, You **[C]** know me and **[G]** then,
You can't figure out the **[C]** bag I'm **[G]** in.
I... am everyday people, **[C]** yeah, **[G]** yeah



[G] There is a long hair that doesn't like the short hair
For being such a rich one, that will not help the poor one
Different strokes for **[C]** different **[G]** folks.
And so on and so on and **[C]** Scooby dooby **[G]** doo-bee.
Oh, **[C]** sha **[G]** sha, We got to live to-**[C]**-ge-**[G]**-ther

[G] There is a yellow one that won't accept the black one
That won't accept the red one, that won't accept the white one
Different strokes for **[C]** different **[G]** folks.
And so on and so on and **[C]** Scooby dooby **[G]** doo-bee.
Oh, **[C]** sha **[G]** sha, We got to live to-**[C]**-ge-**[G]**-ther
I... am everyday people, **[C]** yeah, **[G]** yeah

Tulsa Time

Don Williams

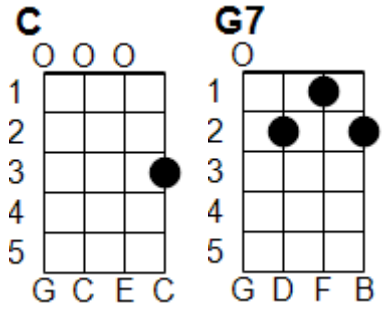
[C] I left Oklahoma, driving in a Pontiac, just about to lose my **[G7]** mind.
I was going to Arizona, maybe on to California. Where the people all live so **[C]** fine.

My baby said I'm crazy, my momma called me lazy. I was gonna show 'em all this **[G7]** time.
'Cause you know I ain't no fool and I don't need no more schooling.
I was born to just walk the **[C]** line.

Living on Tulsa time. Living on Tulsa **[G7]** time.
Well you know I've been through it. When I set my watch back to it.
Living on Tulsa **[C]** time.

Well there I was in Hollywood, wishing I was doing good. Talking on the telephone **[G7]** line.
But they don't need me in the movies, and nobody sings my songs.
Guess I'm just wasting **[C]** time.

Well then I got to thinking, man I'm really sinking. And I really had a flash this **[G7]** time.
I had no business leaving and nobody would be grieving.
If I went on back to Tulsa **[C]** time.



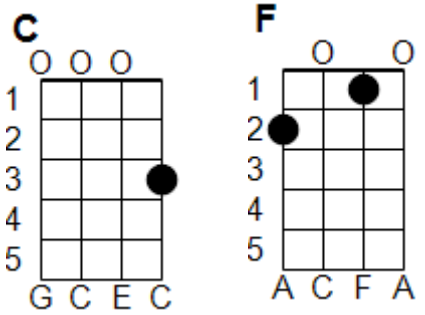
Living on Tulsa time. Living on Tulsa **[G7]** time.
Going to set my watch back to it. Cause you know I've been through it.
Living on Tulsa **[C]** time.

Living on Tulsa time. Living on Tulsa **[G7]** time.
Going to set my watch back to it. Cause you know I've been through it.
Living on Tulsa **[C]** time.

Born in the U.S.A.

Bruce Springsteen

[C] Born down in a dead man's town. The first kick I took was when I hit the ground
[F] End up like a dog that's been beat too much
Till you **[C]** spend half your life just covering up



[C] Born in the U.S.A., I was born in the U.S.A.
I was **[F]** born in the U.S.A., **[C]** born in the U.S.A.

[C] Got in a little hometown jam. So they put a rifle in my hand
[F] Sent me off to a foreign land. **[C]** To go and kill the yellow man

[C] Born in the U.S.A., I was born in the U.S.A.
I was **[F]** born in the U.S.A., **[C]** born in the U.S.A.

[C] Come back home to the refinery. Hiring man said "Son if it was up to me"
[F] Went down to see my V.A. man. He said **[C]** "Son, don't you understand"

[C] I had a brother at Khe Sahn. Fighting off the Viet Cong
[F] They're still there, he's all gone. **/[C] ///**

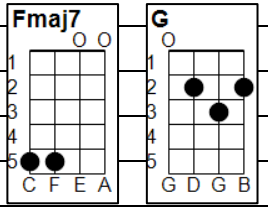
[C] He had a woman he loved in Saigon. I got a picture of him in her arms now
[F] //// . /[C] ///
[C] Down in the shadow of the penitentiary. Out by the gas fires of the refinery.
[F] I'm ten years burning down the road. **[C]** Nowhere to run ain't got nowhere to go

[C] Born in the U.S.A., I was born in the U.S.A.
I was **[F]** born in the U.S.A., **[C]** born in the U.S.A. now…….

Dreams

Fleetwood Mac

[Fmaj7]	[G]	[Fmaj7]	[G]
Now here you	go again you say	you want your free	dom
well who am	I to keep you	Down.	
It's only	right that you should	play the way you	feel it, But
listen care-	fully to the	sound of your	Loneliness. Like a
heartbeat drives you	mad In the	stillness of	Remembering, what you
had	and what you	lost.	what you
had	and what you	lost	
Thunder only	happens when it's	raining	
Players only	love you when they're	playing	
say women they will	come and they will	go	
when the rain	washes you clean you'll	know,	you'll
know			
Now here I	go again I see	the crystal	vision
I keep my	Visions to	myself	
It's only	me who wants to	wrap around your	dreams And
have you any	dreams you'd like to	Sell. Dreams of	Loneliness. Like a
heartbeat drives you	Mad. In the	stillness of re	membering what you
had	and what you	lost	what you
had	and what you	lost	
Thunder only	happens when it's	raining	
Players only	love you when they're	playing	
say women they will	come and they will	go	
when the rain	washes you clean you'll	know,	you'll
know			



Rockin' Pneumonia & the Boogie Woogie Flu.

Huey 'Piano' Smith in 1957
Johnny Rivers 1972

I wanna **[C]** jump but I'm afraid I'll fall.
I wanna holler but the joint's too small.
[G7] Young man rhythm's got a hold of me too.
I got the **[C]** rockin' pneumonia and the boogie woogie flu.

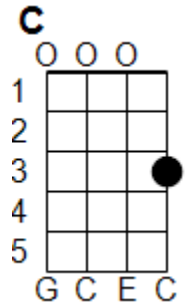
[G7] Call some **[C]** others baby, that ain't all.
I wanna kiss her but she's way too tall.
[G7] Young man rhythm's got a hold of me too.
I got the **[C]** rockin' pneumonia and the boogie woogie flu.

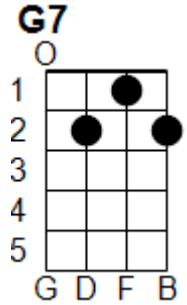
[G7] I wanna **[C]** squeeze her but I'm way too low.
I would be running but my feets too slow.
[G7] Young man rhythm's got a hold of me too.
I got the **[C]** rockin' pneumonia and the boogie woogie flu.

{break}

I wanna **[C]** squeeze her but I'm way too low.
I would be running but my feets too slow.
[G7] Young man rhythm's got a hold of me too.
I got the **[C]** rockin' pneumonia and the boogie woogie flu.

[G7] Baby **[C]** coming now, I'm hurrying home.
I know she's leaving cause I'm taking too long.
[G7] Young man rhythm's got a hold of me too.
I got the **[C]** rockin' pneumonia and the boogie woogie flu.





Pay Me My Money Down

[C] I thought I heard our captain say
Tomorrow is our sailing day
Pay me, pay me
Pay me or go to jail

Pay me my **[G7]** money down
Pay me my **[C]** money down
Pay me my **[G7]** money down
Pay me my **[C]** money down

Soon as the boat was clear of the bar
He knocked me down with the end of a spar
Pay me, pay me
Pay me or go to jail

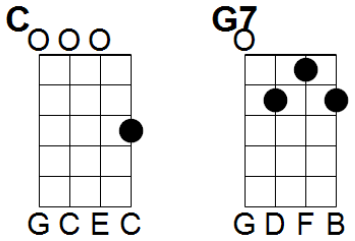
Pay me **[G7]** money down
Pay me my **[C]** money down
Pay me my **[G7]** money down
Pay me my **[C]** money down

If I'd been a rich man's son,
I'd sit on the river and watch it run,
Pay me, pay me
Pay me or go to jail

Pay me my **[G7]** money down,
Pay me my **[C]** money down
Pay me my **[G7]** money down
Pay me my **[C]** money down

Well, 40 nights out at sea
Captain worked every last dollar out of me,
Pay me, pay me
Pay me or go to jail

Pay me my **[G7]** money down,
Pay me my **[C]** money down
Pay me my **[G7]** money down
Pay me my **[C]** money down



Pay me, pay me
Pay me or go to jail

Pay me my **[G7]** money down
Pay me my **[C]** money down

Draggin The Line

Tommy James (Bob King) Original key: F#

[D] Making a living the old hard way. Taking and giving by day by day
I dig snow and rain and bright sun-**[C]**-shine.
Draggin' the **[D]** line (draggin' the line)

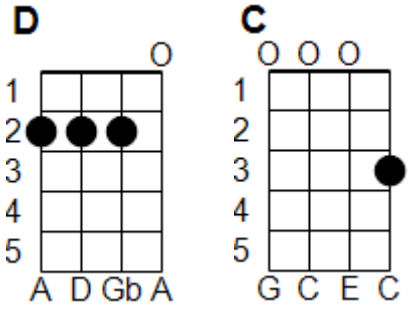
My dog Sam eats purple flowers. We ain't got much but what we got's ours
We dig snow and rain and bright sun-**[C]**-shine.
Draggin' the **[D]** line (draggin' the line) Draggin' the line (draggin' the line)

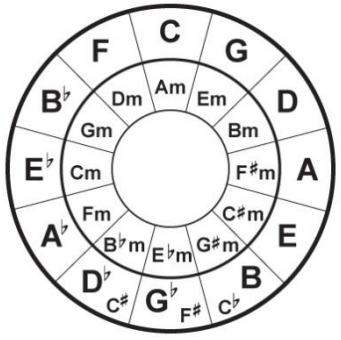
I **[C]** feel **[D]** fine. I'm **[C]** talking about **[D]** peace **[C]** of **[D]** mind
[C] I'm gonna **[D]** take **[C]** my **[D]** time. I'm getting the **[C]** good sign
Draggin' the **[D]** line (draggin' the line). Draggin' the line (draggin' the line)

Loving the free and feeling spirit. Of hugging a tree when you get near it
Digging the snow and rain and bright sun-**[C]**-shine
Draggin' the **[D]** line (draggin' the line) Draggin' the line (draggin' the line)

I **[C]** feel **[D]** fine. I'm **[C]** talking about **[D]** peace **[C]** of **[D]** mind
[C] I'm gonna **[D]** take **[C]** my **[D]** time. I'm getting the **[C]** good sign
Draggin' the **[D]** line (draggin' the line). Draggin' the line (draggin' the line)

La la la la la la la **[C]** la.
draggin' the **[D]** line
draggin' the line
draggin' the line.

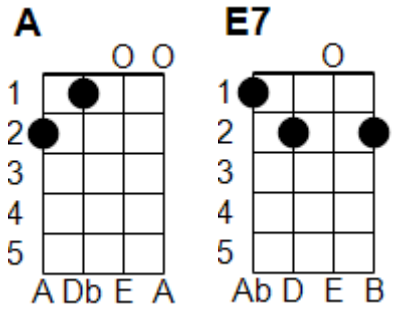




Okie From Muskogee

Roy Burris and Merle Haggard

[A] We don't smoke marijuana in Muskogee
We don't take our trips on LS **[E7]** D
We don't burn our draft cards down on Main Street
We like living right and being **[A]** free



We don't make a party out of loving
We like holding hands and pitching **[E7]** woo
We don't let our hair grow long and shaggy
Like the hippies out in San Francisco **[A]** do

And I'm proud to be an Okie from Muskogee
A place where even squares can have a **[E7]** ball
We still wave Old Glory down at the courthouse
And white lightning's still the biggest thrill of **[A]** all

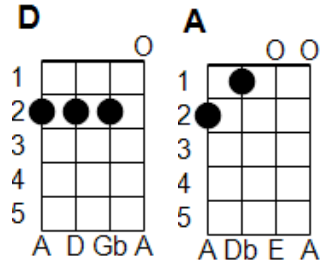
Leather boots are still in style for manly footwear
Beads and Roman sandals won't be **[E7]** seen
Football's still the roughest thing on campus
And the kids here still respect the college **[A]** dean

And I'm proud to be an Okie from Muskogee
A place where even squares can have a **[E7]** ball
We still wave Old Glory down at the courthouse
And white lightning's still the biggest thrill of **[A]** all

[E7] We still wave Old Glory down at the courthouse,
In Muskogee, Oklahoma, US**[A]** A.

When My Blue Moon Turns To Gold Again

[D] When my blue moon turns to gold **[A]** again.
When the rainbow turns the clouds **[D]** away.
When my blue moon turns to gold **[A]** again.
You'll be back in my arms to **[D]** stay.



Memories that linger in my **[A]** heart.
Memories that make my heart grow **[D]** cold.
But someday they'll live again sweet **[A]** heart.
And my blue moon again will turn to **[D]** gold.

{chorus}
The lips that used to thrill me **[A]** so.
Your kisses were meant for only **[D]** me.
In my dreams they live again sweet **[A]** heart.
But my blue moon is just a **[D]** memory.

{chorus}
The castles we used to build **[A]** together.
Were the sweetest stories ever **[D]** told.
Maybe we will live them all **[A]** again.
And my blue moon again will turn to **[D]** gold.

Written by
Wiley Walker and
Gene Sullivan
1940

Covered by:

Cindy Walker

Elvis Presley

Hank Snow
and Anita Carter

Merle Haggard

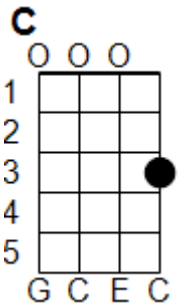
Jerry Reed

and more

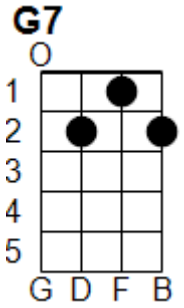
You Never Can Tell

[G7]
[C] It was a teenage wedding, and the old folks wished them well. Chuck Berry
You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoi**[G7]**selle.
And now the young monsieur and madame have rung the chapel bell,
'C'est la vie', say the old folks, it goes-to-show you never can **[C]** tell.

They furnished off an apartment with a two room Roebuck sale.
The coolerator was crammed with TV dinners and ginger **[G7]** ale.
But when Pierre found work, the little money comin' worked out well.
'C'est la vie', say the old folks, it goes-to-show you never can **[C]** tell.



They had a hi-fi phono, oh boy, did they let it blast.
Seven hundred little records, all rock, rhythm and **[G7]** jazz.
But when the sun went down, the rapid tempo of the music fell.
'C'est la vie', say the old folks, it goes-to-show you never can **[C]** tell.

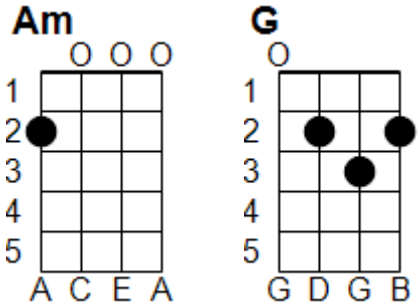


They bought a souped-up jitney, was a cherry red '53.
They drove it down to Orleans to celebrate their anniver**[G7]**sary.
It was there that Pierre was married to the lovely madamoiselle.
'C'est la vie', say the old folks, it goes-to-show you never can **[C]** tell.

It was a teenage wedding, and the old folks wished them well.
You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoi**[G7]**selle.
And now the young monsieur and madame have rung the chapel bell,
'C'est la vie', say the old folks, it goes-to-show you never can **[C]** tell.

Drunken Sailor

[Am] Oh, what shall we do with the drunken sailor? **[G]** What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
[Am] What shall we do with the drunken sailor, **[G]** earlye in the **[Am]** morning?



[Am] Way, hey and up she rises,
[G] way, hey and up she rises,
[Am] Way, hey and up she rises,
[G] earlye in the **[Am]** morning!

[Am] Sling him in the long boat till he's sober,
[G] Sling him in the long boat till he's sober,
[Am] Sling him in the long boat till he's sober,
[G] Earlye in the **[Am]** morning!

[Am] Give 'em a dose of salt and water,
[G] Give 'em a dose of salt and water,
[Am] Give 'em a dose of salt and water,
[G] Earlye in the **[Am]** morning!

[Am] Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
[G] Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
[Am] Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
[G] Earlye in the morning!

That's what ya do with a drunken sailor!

Alternate Verses:

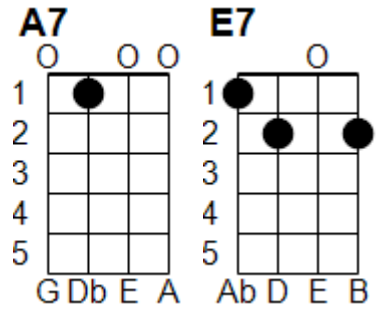
- Put him in bed with the captain's daughter.
- Pull out the plug and wet him over.
- Stick him in a barrel with a hosepipe on him
- Take 'em and shake 'em, try an' wake 'em.
- Put him in the bilge and make him drink it.
- Give 'em a dose of salt and water.
- Put him in the guardroom till he gets sober.
- Send him up the crow's nest all buck naked.
- Soak 'em in oil till he sprouts flippers.

Memphis Tennessee

Chuck Berry

[E7]
[A7] Long **[E7]** distance information give me Memphis, Tennessee.
Help me find the party trying to get in touch with me.
She **[A7]** could not leave her number but I know who placed the call.
Cause my **[E7]** uncle took a message and he wrote it on the **[A7]** wall.

[E7] Help me information get in touch with my Marie.
She's the only one who'd phone me here from Memphis, Tennessee.
Her **[A7]** home is on the southside, high upon a ridge,
[E7] just a half-a-mile from the Mississippi **[A7]** bridge.

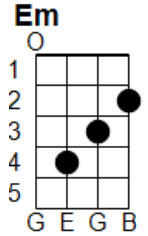


[E7] Help me information more than that I cannot add.
Only that I miss her, and all the fun we had.
But **[A7]** we were pulled apart because her mom did not agree.
[E7] It tore apart our happy-home in Memphis, Tennes-**[A7]**-see.

[E7] Last time I saw Marie she was waving me goodbye.
Hurry-home-drops on her cheeks that trickled from her eyes.
[A7] Marie is only six-years old, information please.
[E7] Try to put me through to her in Memphis, Tennes-**[A7]**-see.

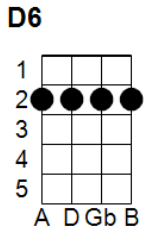
Horse With No Name – America 1971

Intro: **[Em] [D6] [Em] [D6]**



On the **[Em]** first part of the **[D6]** journey I was **[Em]** lookin at all the **[D6]** life
There were **[Em]** plants and birds and **[D6]** rocks and things.
There were **[Em]** sand and hills and **[D6]** rings

The **[Em]** first thing I met was a **[D6]** fly with a buzz and the **[Em]** sky , with no **[D6]** clouds
the **[Em]** heat was hot and the **[D6]** ground was dry but the **[Em]** air was full of **[D6]** sound



I've **[Em]** been through the desert on a **[D6]** horse with no name.
it felt **[Em]** good to be out of the **[D6]** rain. In the **[Em]** desert you can
[D6] remember your name. Cause there **[Em]** ain't no one for to **[D6]** give you no pain.

La **[Em]** la la **[D6]** la lalala la la **[Em]** la la **[D6]** la

After **[Em]** two days in the **[D6]** desert sun My **[Em]** skin began to turn **[D6]** red
After **[Em]** three days in the **[D6]** desert fun I was **[Em]** looking at a river **[D6]** bed
And the **[Em]** story it told of a **[D6]** river that flowed made me **[Em]** sad to think it was **[D6]** dead

I've **[Em]** been through the desert on a **[D6]** horse with no name.
it felt **[Em]** good to be out of the **[D6]** rain. In the **[Em]** desert you can
[D6] remember your name. Cause there **[Em]** ain't no one for to **[D6]** give you no pain.

La **[Em]** la la **[D6]** la lalala la la **[Em]** la la **[D6]** la

After **[Em]** nine days I let the horse run **[D6]** free. 'cause the **[Em]** desert had turned to **[D6]** sea
there were **[Em]** plants and birds and **[D6]** rocks and things. there were **[Em]** sand and hills and **[D6]** rings
The **[Em]** ocean is a desert with its **[D6]** life underground .and the **[Em]** perfect disguise **[D6]** above
Under the **[Em]** cities lies a **[D6]** heart made of ground. but the **[Em]** humans will give no **[D6]** love

You see I've **[Em]** been through the desert on a **[D6]** horse with no name
it felt **[Em]** good to be out of the **[D6]** rain. in the **[Em]** desert you can **[D6]** remember your name
'cause there **[Em]** ain't no one for to give **[D6]** you no pain
La **[Em]** la la **[D6]** la lalala la la **[Em]** la la **[D6]** la *....[Repeat & Fade out]*

25 Minutes To Go

Recorded by Johnny Cash
Written by Shel Silverstein

[G] Well they're building a gallows outside my cell
I've got 25 minutes to **[D7]** go

And the whole town's waiting just to hear me yell
I got 24 minutes to **[G]** go

Well they gave me some beans for my last meal
I got 23 minutes to **[D7]** go

But nobody ask me how I feel
I got 22 minutes to **[G]** go

Well I sent for the governor and the whole darn
bunch With 21 minutes to **[D7]** go

And I called up the mayor but he's out to lunch
I got 20 more minutes to **[G]** go

Then the sheriff said boy I'm gonna watch you die
With 19 minutes to **[D7]** go

So I laughed in his face and I spit in his eye
With 18 minutes to **[G]** go

Now here comes the preacher for to save my soul
With 13 minutes to **[D7]** go

And he's talking bout burning but I'm so cold
And I got 12 more minutes to **[G]** go

Now they're testing the trap and it chills my spine
With 11 more minutes to **[D7]** go

And the trap and the rope oh they work just fine
Got 10 more minutes to **[G]** go

Well I'm waiting for the pardon that'll set me free
With 9 more minutes to **[D7]** go

But this ain't the movies so forget about me
Got 8 more minutes to **[G]** go

With my feet on the trap and my head in the noose
5 more minutes to **[D7]** go

Won't somebody come and cut me loose
Got 4 more minutes to **[G]** go

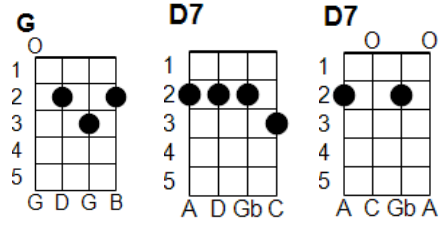
I can see the mountains I can see the sky
3 more minutes to **[D7]** go

And it's too darn pretty for a man to wanna die
I got 2 more minutes to **[G]** go

I can see the buzzards I can hear the crows
1 more minute to **[D7]** go

And now I'm swinging

And here I go-o-o-o

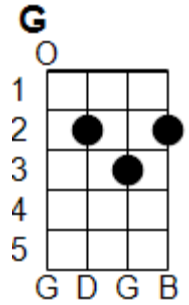


Waltz Across Texas

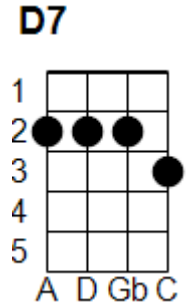
recorded by Ernest Tubb. written by Talmadge Tubb

{3/4 time}

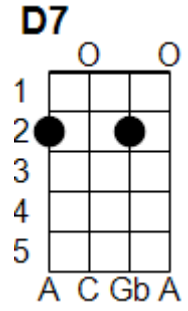
[G] When we dance together my **[D7]** world's in disguise
It's a fairy-land tale that's come **[G]** true
And when you look at me with those **[D7]** stars in your eyes
I could waltz across Texas with **[G]** you



Waltz across Texas with **[D7]** you in my arms
Waltz across Texas with **[G]** you
Like a story-book ending I'm **[D7]** lost in your charms
And I could waltz across Texas with **[G]** you



My heartaches and troubles are **[D7]** just up and gone
The moment that you come in **[G]** view
And with your hand in mine dear I could **[D7]** dance on and on
I could waltz across Texas with **[G]** you

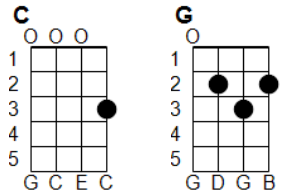


Waltz across Texas with **[D7]** you in my arms
Waltz across Texas with **[G]** you
Like a story-book ending I'm **[D7]** lost in your charms
And I could waltz across Texas with **[G]** you

Give Peace a Chance

John Lennon, 1969

[C] Everybody's talking about Bag-ism, Shag-ism, Drag-ism, Mad-ism, Rag-ism, Tag-ism, This-ism, That-ism, Isn't it the most



All we are **[G]** saying is give peace **[C]** a chance
All we are **[G]** saying is give peace **[C]** a chance

Everybody's talking about Ministers, Sinisters, Banisters and Canisters, Bishops and Fishops, Rabbis and Popeyes Bye bye bye bye

All we are **[G]** saying is give peace **[C]** a chance
All we are **[G]** saying is give peace **[C]** a chance

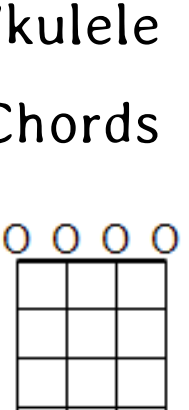
Everybody's talking about revolution, Evolution, Mastication, Flagelation, Regulations, Integrations, Meditations, United Nations, Congratulations

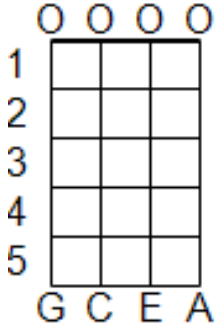
All we are **[G]** saying is give peace **[C]** a chance
All we are **[G]** saying is give peace **[C]** a chance

Everybody's talking about John and Yoko, Timmy Leary, Rosemary, Tommy Smothers, Bobby Dylan, Tommy Cooper, Derek Taylor, Norman Mailer, Alan Ginsberg, Hare Krishna, Hare, Hare Krishna

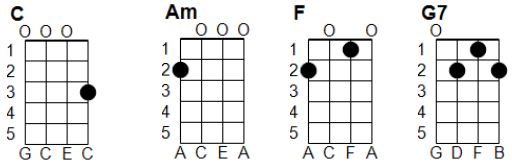
All we are **[G]** saying is give peace **[C]** a chance
All we are **[G]** saying is give peace **[C]** a chance *{x14}*

Right Handed Ukulele Chords

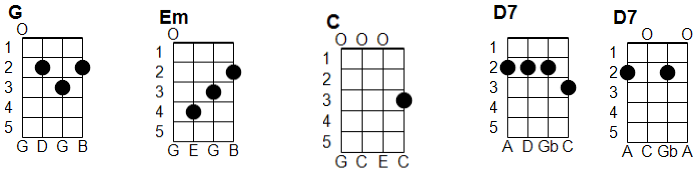




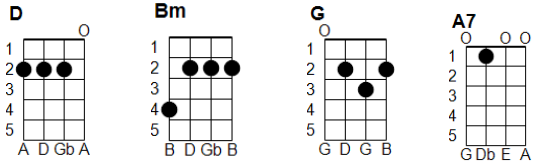
Key C



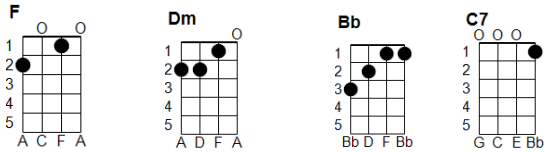
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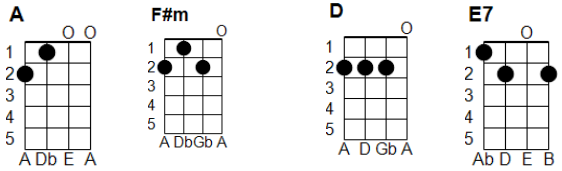
Key D



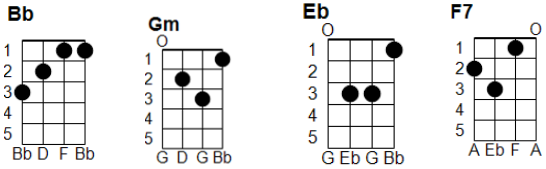
Key F



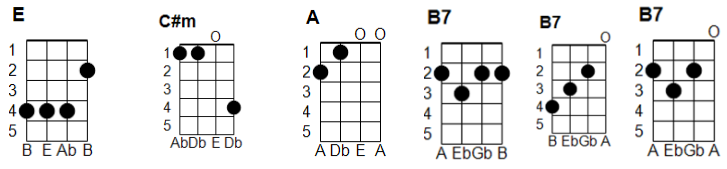
Key A



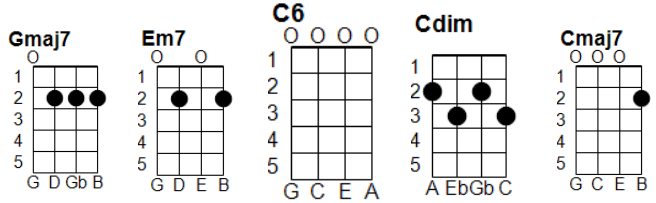
Key B♭

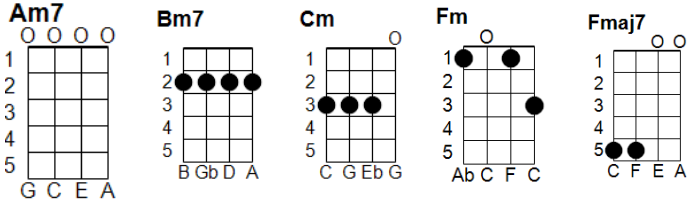


Key E









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