

Uke Park Leaf Blowin' Blues

Part 1. *con indifferenza incapace*
(To melody of "The Garden Song")

(D) Turf and water, (G) Miracle (D) Grow
(G) Helps to (A7) feed the (D) grass I mow
(G) Every (A7) spring, but (D) then I (Bm7) know
When the (G) last of the leaves drift (A7) down,

It's (D) time to call the (G) lawn care (D) crew
(G) Blowing (A7) leaves is (D) what they do
(G) Off my (A7) lawn, and (D) when they're (Bm7) through
I don't (G) care where the (A7) litter has (D) gone.

Now (D) Monday, Wednesday, (G) Friday (D) too
(G) Even (A7) Satur- (D) day won't do
(G) Has to (A7) be when the (D) park is (Bm7) filled
With the (G) ukulele (A7) songs.

(D) Aircraft pass, (G) busses (D) too
(G) Garbage (A7) trucks come (D) rumbling through
(G) But only (A7) blowers (D) stay and (Bm7) stay
Till the (G) ukers (A7) drift a- (D) way.

Part 2. *molto raunchy*
(Standard 12-bar blues in E)

(E) Leaf blowers came and blew my song away.
(A) Leaf blowers came and blew my song a- (E) way.
Can't (B7) sing in time, can't hear a note we (A) play. (B7)

(E) Like angry hornets, buzzing all the time
(A) Engines whine and turn us into (E) mimes
(B7) Makes me crazy, feels like it's a (E) crime. (B7)

(E) They're quiet while we pick a song
And all through our roadmap
(E) But when we start to sing, oh man
It (E7) seems just like some trap.

(A) Leaf blowers came and blew my song a- (E) way.
Can't (B7) sing in time, can't (A) hear a note we (E) play. (B7)