Up-tempo with double time strum


Now, every boy’s got a crazy notion of their own—


Some like to mix up with a crowd, some like to be alone—


It’s no one else’s business as far as I can see—


But every time that I go out the people stare at me.

With my little uke—le-le in my hand—

| Bb . F .

Of course the people do not understand—

| C7 . F .

Some say, “Why don’t you be a scamp? Why don’t you read a book?”


But I get lots more pleasure when I’m playing with my uke!


Of course, I take no notice, you can tell—

| Bb . A7 .

For Mother’s sound advice will always stand—


She said “My boy, do what I say and you’ll never go astray—

| F . C7 . |

If you keep your uke—lele in your hand, yes, son,


Keep your uke—lele in your hand—

While walking down the prom last night as peaceful as can be—


When some young girl said “What about a stroll down by the sea?”

| Bb . F .

She said her name was Jen and that she’d just come for the day—

| G7 . C7 |

She looked so young and harmless that I could not turn a way.
I made up my mind that I'd get wed some eighteen months ago----
I also bought a book about the things you want to know----

I had to get dressed quickly in the middle of the night.

And with my little ukelele in my hand----
I ran along the road to Doctor Brand----
It didn't take him long to get his little bag of tools----
I held his hat and coat and let him have my book of rules----

Out of the bedroom door he looked and smiled----
"Come inside and see your wife and child----"
My heart, it jumped with joy, I could see it was a boy.
For he had my ukelele in his hand, oh ba-by----!
He had my ukelele in his hand----

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v2b - 8/19/16)