Garden Party
by Ricky Nelson (1972)

Intro: D A | G A | D . . | . .

I went to a gar-den par-ty, to remi-nis-ce with my old friends
A chance to share old mem-o-ries and play our songs a—gain
When I got to the gar-den pa-ry they all knew my name
But no one re—cog—nized me I didn’t look the same

Chorus: But it’s all right—now I learned my less-on well
You see, you can’t please—ev-ery one so you gotta please your-self

People came from miles a—round. Ev-ery one was there
Yo-ko brought her wal—rus. There was mag-ic in the air
And o—ver in the cor-ner much to my sur-prize
Mis-ter Hughes hid in Dy-lan’s shoes wearing his dis—guise

Chorus: But it’s all right—now I learned my less-on well
You see, you can’t please—ev-ery one so you got-ta please your-self

I played them all the old songs. I thought that’s why they came
No one heard the mu—sic. We didn’t look the same
I said he—Ilo to Ma-ry Lou. She be—longs to me
When I sang a song a-bout a honk-y—tonk it was time to leave
Chorus: But it’s all right—now I learned my lesson well

You see, you can’t please—ev’ry one so you gotta please your-self

Some-one opened up a clo-set door and out stepped Johnny B. Goode

Playin’ gui—tar like a ringin’ a bell and lookin’ like he should

If you gotta play at gar-den par-ties I wish you a lot—ta luck

But if mem-o—ries were all I sang I’d rather drive a truck

Chorus: But it’s all right—now I learned my lesson well

You see, you can’t please—ev’ry one so you gotta please your-self

But it’s all right—now I learned my lesson well

You see, you can’t please—ev’ry one so you gotta please your-self

San Jose Ukulele Club
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