Oh, I like ukuleles, they always make you smile.

What-ever trouble comes your way, it'll be O--K in a little while.

Just pick a little tune now, it's easy if you try.

Just a couple of chords and a flick of the wrist, and you start to wonder why.

You've never tried this before. It'll open a door,

To something that you thought you couldn't do. . .

And take it from me, that little jumping flea.

Will cheer you up and chase away your blues. . .

So give me a uke. . . I want a u-ku-le-le. It speaks to me saying please, please play me.

All through the day, and all on my own. I'll be strumming away 'til the cows come home

So play your ukulele. Don't keep it to yourself.

Your moans and groans will fade away. They should stick'em on the national health.

I love my ukulele. It's always been a friend.

I'll hold it tight and keep it close, right to the very end.

Oh, give me a uke. . . I want a u-ku-le-le. It speaks to me saying please, please play me.

All through the day, and all on my own. I'll be strumming away 'til the cows come home.