
Now, ever-y bod-y's got a craz-y no-tion of their own
Some like to mix up with a crowd, some like to be a lone.
It's no-one else's busi-ness, as far as I can see,
G7 . . | . . . | . . . | C7 . .
But ever-y time that I go out, the peo-ple stare at me.

With my lit-tle u-ku-le-le in my hand,
of course the peo-ple do not un-der-stand.
C7 . . | . . . | F . . . . . . .
Some say, "Why don't you be a scamp? Why don't you read a book?"
G7 . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | C7 . .
But I get lots more plea-sure when I'm play-ing with my uke!

Of course, I take no no-tice, you can tell.
For Mo-ther's sound ad-vice will al-ways stand.
She said "My boy, do what I say and you'll ne-ver go a stray"
If you keep your u-ku-le-le in your hand, yes, son,
Keep your u-ku-le-le in your hand.

While walk-ing down the prom last night as peace-ful as can be,
When some young girl said "What a bout a stroll down by the sea?"
She said her name was Jen and that she'd just come for the day.
G7 . . | . . . | . . . | C7 .
She looked so young and harm-less that I could-n't turn a way.
So with my lit-tle u-ku-le-le in my hand,

Bb . . . . . . . . . . | F . . . . | F
I took a stroll with Jen a-long the sand.

C7 . . . . . . . . . . | F . . . . | F
We walked a-long for miles with-out a sin-gle care or frown,

G7 . . . . . . . . . . | C7 . . . | C7
But when we reached the sand hills, she said "Come on let's sit down."

I felt so shy and bash-ful sit-ting there

Bb . . . . . . . . . . | A7 . . . |
'tcuz the things she said I did-n't un-der-stand.

She said, Your love just turns me diz-zy, come on, big boy, let's get bu----sy!"

But I kept my u-ku-le-le in my hand, yes sir,

I kept my u-ku-le-le in my hand!

F . . . . | C7 . . . . . . . . | F
Made up my mind that I'd get wed some eigh-teen months a-go.

I al-so bought a book a-bout the things you want to know.

Bb . . . . . . . . | F . . . . . . . . .
But just a-bout a week a-go I got an aw-ful fright.

G7 . . . . . . . . . . | . . . . | C7 . .
I had to get dressed quick-ly in the mid-dle of the night.

. . . | F . . . . . . . . | . . . . . . . . .
And with my lit-tle u-ku-le-le in my hand,

Bb . . . . . . . . | F . . . . . . . .
I ran a-long the road to Doc-tor Brand.

C7 . . . . . . . . . . | F . . . . . . .
It did-n't take him long to get his lit-tle bag of tools.

G7 . . . . . . . . . . | . . . . | C7 . .
I held his hat and coat and let him have my book of rules.

. . . | A7 . . . . | Dm . . . | F7 . . . | F
Out of the bed-room door he looked and smiled.

Bb . . . . . . . . | A7 . . . . |
"Come in-side and see your wife and child!"

My heart, it jumped with joy, I could see it was a boy,

For he had the u-ku-le-le in his hand, oh ba- by!

G7 . . . . | C7 . . . | F . . . . | F
He had the u-ku-le-le in his hand!