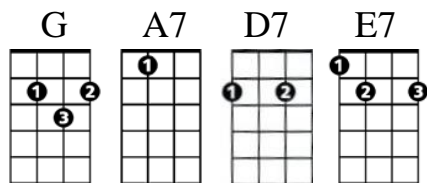


Strumming My Cares Away



Moderately, with a swing feel

Words and Music by
Steve Boisen

G A7 D7

I'm gon-na strum my cares a-way, watching the sun sink

G A7 D7

into the bay. It's too hot to work, so here I'll stay. Strum-ming my cares a way.

G D7 G D7

1. You could spend your whole life punch-ing a clock and maybe get the third best
2.-3. See additional lyrics

G E7 A7 D7

house on the block. Spending all your free time mowing the yard. Who wants to work that

G

hard?

Additional Lyrics

2. Grab your ukulelc and head for the shore.
Tell your boss you just can't take any more.
If he tries to stop you play him a song.
He might want to tag along.

3. Maybe you're afraid that somebody will hear.
Take it from a pro, you've got nothing to fear.
Maybe you're afraid you'll forget all the words.
Hmm-hmm-hmm-hmm-hmm-hmm

Chorus ("ooh-la-la-la" background vocals)

Chorus (Repeat and Fade)