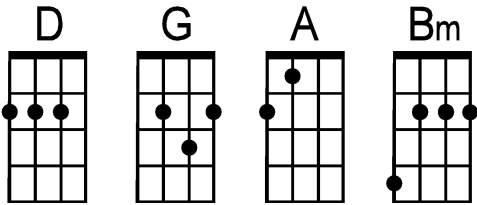


# Garden Party

by Ricky Nelson (1972)



**Intro:** D . A . | G . A . . | D . . . | . . . .  
(oo oo oo oo oooooo)

| D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . . |  
I went to a gar-den par-ty, to remi-nisce with my old friends

D . A . | D . Bm . | G . A . | D . . .  
A chance to share old mem-o—ries and play our songs a—gain

| D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . .  
When I got to the gar-den pa-rty they all knew my name

| D . A . | D . Bm . | G . A . D .  
But no one re—cog—nized me I didn't look the same

| G . A . | D . . . | G . A . | D . . . |  
**Chorus:** But it's all right— now I learned my less-on well  
| G . . . | D . . . | G . A . | D . . . |  
You see, you can't please— ev-ery one so you gotta please your-self

D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . . |  
Peo-ple came from miles a—round. Ev-ery one was there

D . A . | D . Bm . | G . A . | D . . .  
Yo-ko brought her wal—rus. There was mag-ic in the air

| D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . . |  
And o—ver in the cor-ner much to my sur-prise

D . A . D . Bm . | G . A . | D . . .  
Mis-ter Hughes hid in Dy-lan's shoes wearing his dis—guise

| G . A . | D . . . | G . A . | D . . . |  
**Chorus:** But it's all right— now I learned my less-on well  
| G . . . | D . . . | G . A . | D . . . |  
You see, you can't please— ev-ery one so you got-ta please your-self

| D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . . |  
I played them all the old songs. I thought that's why they came

D . A . | D . Bm . | G . A . | D . . .  
No one heard the mu—sic. We didn't look the same

| D . . . | G . . . | D . . . | G . . . |  
I said he—llo to Ma-ry Lou. She be—longs to me

| D . A . | D . Bm . | G . A . | D . . .  
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 less-on well  
You see, you can't please— ev-ery 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 less-on well  
You see, you can't please— ev-ery one so you got-ta please your-self

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

**San Jose Ukulele Club**  
(v2a - 11\7\20)