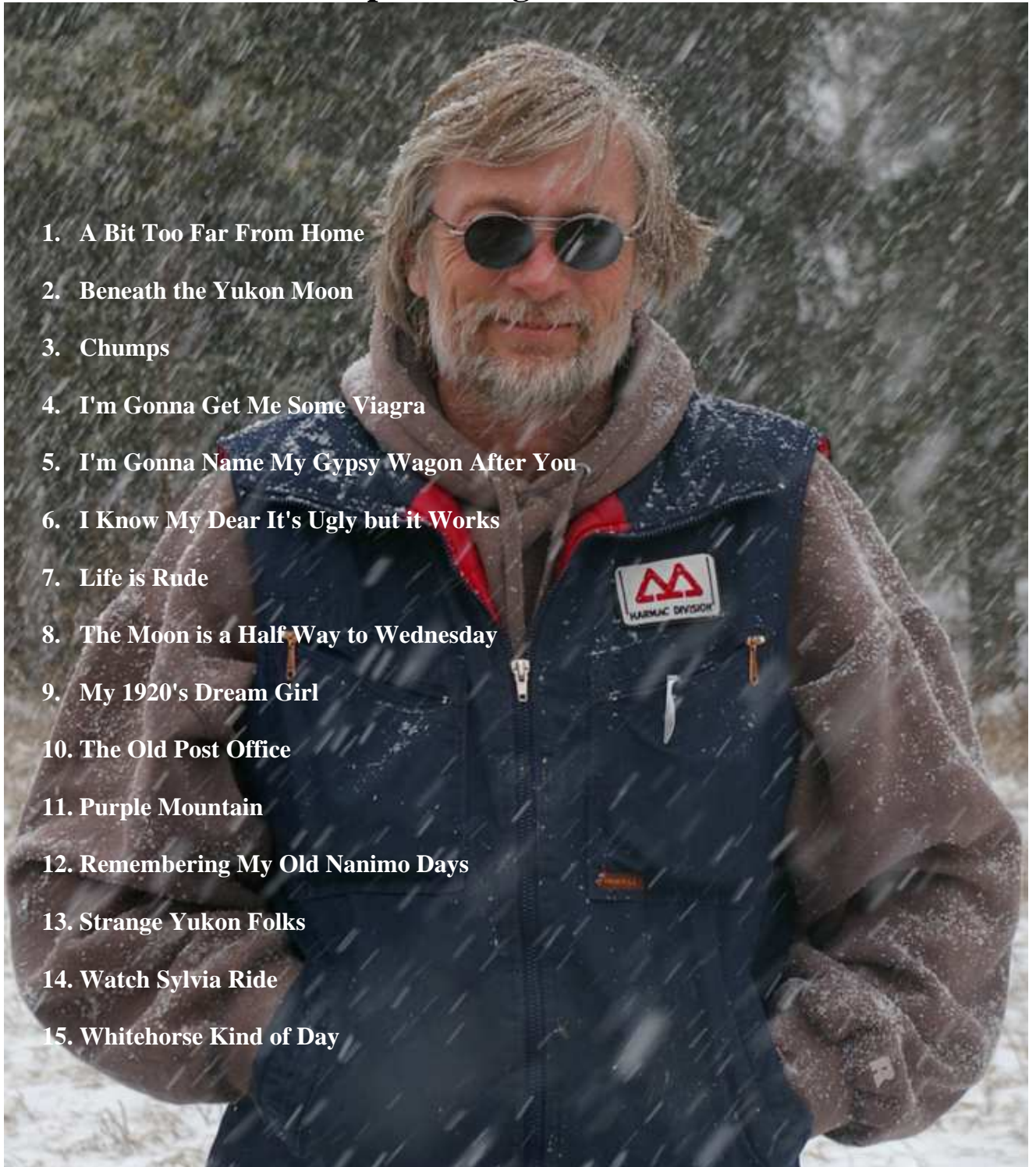


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SOCAN

Contact: Grant Simpson 867-668-3401 or Email: grantsimpsonmusic@gmail.com
Mail: Box 30043 Whitehorse, Yukon. Canada. Y1A 5M2

Hello and thanks for having a look at this music.

All of these are original songs of mine and compiled in this book for people who want to play them with me or on their own. I've included three different formats for each song and I hope that one of them is the best one to help you understand the music. There's a lyric sheet with chords and then there's a straight ahead chord sheet and finally a lead-sheet for each tune.

I'd love to hear any versions of these tunes you come up with and I look forward to playing them with you one day!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Grant Simpson". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large loop at the end.

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SOCAN

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Mail: Box 30043 Whitehorse, Yukon. Canada. Y1A 5M2

A Bit Too Far From Home

Words and Music by Grant Simpson

Cmaj9
He headed South
Fm6
He slammed the door
Gm7 C7
Leavin' for those notions
F Fm
That don't matter anymore
F/G G6
Now he's stuck in some apartment
Gm7 C7 F Fm
Dreaming of the midnight dome
F/G G6 Cmaj9 Fm Cmaj9 Fm
That Yukon boy's a bit too far from home

She broke the mold
And headed North
Now her family's far away
That she's travelin' back and forth
And she sits inside her cabin
With an urgent need to roam
That Yukon girl's a bit too far from home

Gm7 C7
Leaving's only one way
F
To leave behind the past
Fm
It seemed too good to last
Cmaj9
Anyway
Gm7 C7
Believing maybe one day
F
it will all be crystal clear
Fm
Like the mournful I hear
F/G
When you play

She settled down
On the coast
Living life romantic
Doin what she loves the most
And he finally got the meaning
Of that Robert Service Poem
That Yukon Boy is headed back for home

(Solo on “B” Section)

They keep in touch
Once in a while
When she thinks of him and he thinks of her
It’s enough to make them smile
And there’s much anticipation
Every time they hear the phone
F/G G6
That Yukon Boy and that Roaming Girl
F6 G6 C Fm C Fm Cmaj9
Spend too much time alone

A Bit Too Far From Home

Words and Music by Grant Simpson

Cmaj9		Fm6	
Gm7	C7	F	Fm
F/G	G6	Gm7 C7	F
Fm		F/G	G6
Cmaj9		Fm6	
Cmaj9		Fm6	
Cmaj9		Fm6	
Gm7	C7	F	Fm
F/G	G6	Gm7 C7	F
Fm		F/G	G6
Cmaj9		Fm6	
Cmaj9		Fm6	
Gm7	C7	F	
Fm6		Cmaj9	
Gm7	C7	F	
Fm6		F/G	
G6	G9		
Cmaj9		Fm6	
Gm7	C7	F	Fm
F/G	G6	Gm7 C7	F
Fm		F/G	G6
Cmaj9		Fm6	
Cmaj9		Fm6	

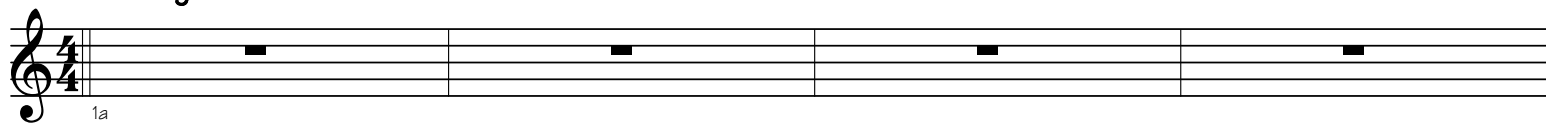
SOLO ON "B" COME BACK IN USING THIS FOR LAST CHORUS

Cmaj9		Fm6	
Gm7	C7	F	Fm
F/G	G6	Gm7 C7	F
Fm		F/G	G6
F6 G6	Cmaj9		Fm6
Fm6	Cmaj9		Fm6 - C

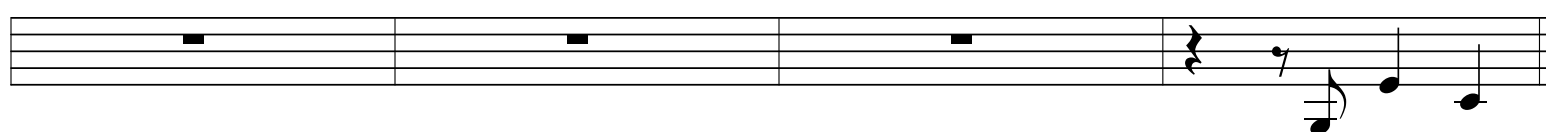
A Bit Too Far From Home

Grant Simpson

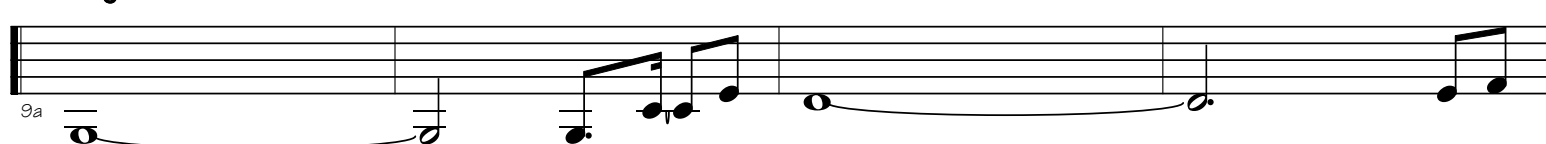
CMaj9 Fm6




CMaj9 Fm6




CMaj9 Fm6



Gm7 C7 F Fm



Gsus G7 Gm7 C7 F



Fm7 Gsus G7 CMaj9



CMaj9 Fm6 CMaj9



CMaj9 Fm6 Gsus



Beneath the Yukon Moon

Words and Music by Grant Simpson

(this is only for the fancy rabato bit at the start – then just use the chords below)

Am AmMaj7
And there you are
Am6 AmMaj7
Beneath the Yukon Moon
Am E7
Shining big and bright across the lake
E7 F7 E7 F7 – E7
The night is clear as you draw near
E7 Am
The trees are watching every move we make
Am AmMaj7 Am6 AmMaj7
The wind wisps by and blows your hair
A7 Dm
Singing in the night's a lonely loon
Dm
Anything can happen
Am F7
It happens all the time
E7 Am
Love is here beneath the Yukon Moon

(the vamp we use is Am Am/C F7 E7 – to set it all up)

Am
And there you are

Beneath the Yukon Moon
Am E7
Shining big and bright across the lake
E7
The night is clear as you draw near
E7 Am
The trees are watching every move we make
Am
The wind wisps by and blows your hair
A7 Dm
Singing in the night's a lonely loon
Dm Am F7
Anything can happen - It happens all the time
F7 E7 Am (*Am Am/C F7 E7*)
Love is here beneath the Yukon Moon

(We also sometimes jump into Cm for the last chorus)

.....In Cm

Cm
And there you are

Beneath the Yukon Moon

Cm G7
Shining big and bright across the lake
G7

The night is clear as you draw near
G7 Cm

The trees are watching every move we make
Cm

The wind wisps by and blows your hair
C7 Fm

Singing in the night's a lonely loon
Fm Cm Ab7
Anything can happen - It happens all the time
Ab7 G7 Cm
Love is here beneath the Yukon Moon

Ab7 G7 Cm
Love is here beneath the Yukon Moon

(pause pause hold)
Ab7 G7 Cm
Love is here beneath the Yukon Moon

Beneath the Yukon Moon

Words and Music by Grant Simpson

This is only for the Rabato first-chorus fancy stuff - then go to regular changes below)

Am	AmMaj7	Am6	AmMaj7
Am		E7 Eb7	E7
E7	F7	E7	F7
E7		Am	F7 E7
Am	AmMaj7	Am6	AmMaj7
A7		Dm	
Dm		Am	F7
E7		Am	

The Vamp we us to set it up is:

Am	Am/C	Bmb5	E7

Use these changes for regular choruses

Am			
		E7	
E7			
		Am	
Am			
A7		Dm	
Dm		Am	F7
E7		Am (Am/C	Bmb5 E7)

We sometimes modulate to Cm for the last chorus - so here it is - the transition I use is Am - Abm - G7)

Cm			
		G7	
G7			
		Cm	
Cm			
C7		Fm	
Fm		Cm	Ab7
G7		Cm	(TAG LAST 4 x 3)

Beneath the Yukon Moon

Grant Simpson

Am F7 E7 Am F7 E7

Am E7 Am E7

Am E7

E7

E7 Am F7 E7

Am E7 Am E7

A7 Dm

Dm Am F7

E7 Am F7 E7

1b 5a 33a

Beneath the Yukon Moon - Cm

Grant Simpson

The musical score is written in C minor (Cm) and 4/4 time. It consists of ten staves of music. The first staff begins with a first ending bracket labeled '1a' that spans the first two measures. The chords for each staff are as follows:

- Staff 1: Cm, G7, Cm, G7
- Staff 2: Cm, G7
- Staff 3: G7
- Staff 4: G7, Cm, Ab7, G7
- Staff 5: Cm, G7, Cm, G7
- Staff 6: C7, Fm
- Staff 7: Fm, Cm, Ab7
- Staff 8: G7, Cm, Ab7, G7

The score concludes with a final double bar line at the end of the eighth measure of the tenth staff.

Chumps

Words and Music by Grant Simpson

Cm G7+ Bb7 Eb7
Every time I sit and start to reminisce
Ab7 Db7 Gb
About the things you said were true
Dm7b5 G7+ Cm Ab7
I was not like the other guys
Dm7b5 G7+ Cm7 G7+
You told me that your search was through

Every time I hear that song you used to sing
The words meant something else to you
The other guys sang the harmony
Of what it was to be with you

Bb7 Eb
I guess that's why they laughed
Ab7 Db7
When it all went down the drain
Fm7 Bb7 Eb
And how you always start a-new
Bb7 Eb
They shake their heads and smile
Ab7 Db7
Knowing all the while
Dm7b5 G7 G7+
Of what it is to be so blue

The game is finally over
Yes you win again
But then again you had the trumps
The others all folded long ago
Knowing that we're all just chumps

Chumps

Words and Music by Grant Simpson

Cm7 G7+	Bb7 Eb7	Ab7 Db7	Gb
Dm7b5 G7+	Cm Ab7	Dm7b5 G7+	Cm G7+
Cm7 G7+	Bb7 Eb7	Ab7 Db7	Gb
Dm7b5 G7+	Cm Ab7	Dm7b5 G7+	Cm G7+
Bb7 Eb7	Ab7 Db7	Fm7 Bb7	Ebmaj7
Bb7 Eb7	Ab7 Db7	Dm7b5	G7 G7+
Cm7 G7+	Bb7 Eb7	Ab7 Db7	Gb
Dm7b5 G7+	Cm Ab7	Dm7b5 G7+	Cm G7+

Chumps

Grant Simpson

Cm G7+ Bb7 Eb7 Ab7 Db7 GbMaj

Dm7b5 G7 Cm Ab7 Dm7b5 G7+ Cm G7+

Cm G7+ Bb7 Eb7 Ab7 Db7 GbMaj

Dm7b5 G7 Cm Ab7 Dm7b5 G7+ Cm G7+

Bb7 Eb7 Ab7 Db7 Fm7 Bb7 EbMaj

Bb7 Eb7 Ab7 Db7 Fm7 Bb7 G7+

Cm G7+ Bb7 Eb7 Ab7 Db7 GbMaj

Dm7b5 G7 Cm Ab7 Dm7b5 G7+ Cm G7+

I'm Gonna Get Me Some Viagra

Words and Music by Grant Simpson

C D7
I ran into my Doctor on the street the other day
Dm7 G7 C
He smiled as he gave me a brochure
E7 Am7
He said, "Here's a little gift – to give you back your lift
D7 G7
Read it through – I think you'll have your cure
D7 G7
He said, "My friend you'll soon be on the mend"
D7 G7
It's just the thing to straighten out that bend

C D7
I'm gonna get me some Viagra, book a room on the Niagara
Dm G7 C
And try to have a second honeymoon
F C
We'll stay in bed until the afternoon
D7 G7
But until this little pill – I just didn't have the will
C A7
We'll have a weekend celebration made for three
D7 G7 C
You – Viagra – and me

And so my dear I'll show you that I love you
And for you I shall truly do my best
We'll even save a little dough, I thought I'd let you know
Let the Energizer Bunny take a rest
Leave your books and video card at home
I'm you're entertainment dear alone

I'll go and pick up my Viagra, book a room on the Niagara
And before you know we'll be in total bliss
Remind me so I don't forget to kiss
I'm saying this with pride – it's all erectified
So pack your bag - we'll head off merrily
To Niagara with Viagra, you and me

So drop whatever you are doin' cuz honey soon we will be cooing
Viagra, Niagra me and you

Copyright by Grant Simpson, 2006

Socan

I'm Gonna Get Me Some Viagra

WORDS AND MUSIC BY GRANT SIMPSON

C	C	D7	D7
Dm7	G7	C	C
E7		Am	
D7		G7	
D7		G7	
D7		G7	
C		F	
D7	G7	C	C7
F		C	
D7		G7	
C		A7	
D7	G7	C	(C7 TO TAG)
F	F#dim	C	A7
D7	G7	C	

I'm Gonna Get Me Some Viagra

Grant Simpson

C F D7 G7 C C7

1a

F C D7 G7

C A7 D7 G7 C G7

C Dm7 G7 C

13b

E7 Am7 D7 G7

D7 G7 D7 G7 G7 Eb^{dim} G7

I'm Gonna Name My Gypsy Wagon After You

Words and Music by Grant Simpson

Cm
I'm gonna paint my Gypsy wagon
G7 Ab7 G7
The color of your hair
Dmb5 G7
And the trim around the windows
Cm Bm Cm
Like the purple dress you wear
Fm
And the stairs up to the doorway
Cm Bm Gm
Will be like your eyes so blue
Ab7 G7 Cm C7
I'm gonna name my Gypsy wagon after you

Fm
And we'll ride upon that paradise
Cm
Pulled by a sturdy mare
Dmb5 G7 Cm - C7
We'll live the life of Riley just we two
Fm
And roll right through the valley
Cm Bm Cm
Just soaking up the view
Ab7 G7 Cm
And I'll name my Gypsy wagon after you

(Solo on A)

Fm
And at night we'll just play music
Cm Bm Cm
You can dance around the fire
G7
The sound of your sweet singing
Cm Bm Cm - C7
Make the flame go higher
Fm
And when the dance is over
Cm Bm Cm
Then our dreams will all be true
Ab7 G7 Cm
Cuz I named my Gypsy wagon over you

I'm Gonna Name My Gypsy Wagon Over You

Words and Music by Grant Simpson

Cm		G7 Ab7	G7
Dm7b5	G7	Cm Bm	Cm C7
Fm		Cm Bm	Cm
Ab7	G7	Cm	Cm C7
Fm		Cm Bm	Cm
Ab7	G7	Cm Bm	Cm C7
Fm		Cm Bm	Cm
Ab7	G7	Cm	

BASSO (INTERLUDE - BACK TO THE "B" ABOVE)

Dm		Am	
E7		Am	A7
Dm		Am	
E7		Am	(REPEAT)
G		C	
E7		Am	
G		C	
E7		Am	

I'm Gonna Name My Gypsy Wagon After You

Grant Simpson

Cm G7 Ab⁷ G7

1a

Dm7 G7 Cm Bm Cm C7

Fm Cm Bm Cm

Ab7 G7 Cm C7

Fm Cm Bm Cm

17b

Ab7 G7 Cm C7

Fm Cm Bm Cm

Ab7 G7 Cm

I Know My Dear it's Ugly but it Works

Words and music by Grant Simpson

C7 C#dim
I know it's showing signs of age
G7
I know it's in its final stage
A7 D7 G G7
But it's renowned for all its little quirks
C7 C#dim
I know that it's seen better days
G7 E7
It might look broke – but it still plays
A7 D7 G7 C7 G7
I know my dear it's ugly but it works

Dm7 G7 C Dm D#dim C/E
I know that there are newer ones that are easy to obtain
Em7 A7 D Db D D7
There are more obscure ones – and this one's rather plain
C C#dim
I know that this one's rusty
G E7
It's stubborn, old and musty
A7 D7 G C7 G
I know my dear it's ugly but it works

(Solo)

Dm7 G7 C Dm D#dim C/E
There are many other slick ones with lots of fancy stuff
Em7 A7 D Db D D7
But this one is a quick one and that's usually good enough
C C#dim
And this one dear has grown on me
G E7
And if you look it's plain to see
A7 D7 G Gb7 F7 E7
That this one comes with quirky little perks

I Know My Dear it's Ugly - But it Works

Words and Music by Grant Simpson

C7	C7	G	E7
A7	D7	G	G7
C7	C7	G	E7
A7	D7	G C7	G7
Dm7	G7	C Dm7	D#m7 C/E
Em7	A7	D Db	D
C	C#dim	G	E7
A7	D7	G	E7
A7	D7	G	

I Know My Dear It's Ugly But It Works

Grant Simpson

Chord progression for the first system:

C7 C#dim G E7

Chord progression for the second system:

A7^{1a} D7 G E7 A7 D7

Chord progression for the third system:

C7 G7

Chord progression for the fourth system:

A7^{9a} D7 G G7

Chord progression for the fifth system:

C7 G E7

Chord progression for the sixth system:

A7 D7 G C7 G

Chord progression for the seventh system:

Dm7 G7 C

Chord progression for the eighth system:

Em7^{25b} A7 D9 Db7 D7 Db7

Chord progression for the ninth system:

C7 C#dim G E7

Chord progression for the tenth system:

A7^{33a} D7 G F6 Eb7 E7

Chord progression for the eleventh system:

A7 D7 G C7 G D7 Db7

Life is Rude

Words and Music by Grant Simpson
Saturday, January 24, 2009

G7 C7
I get up on the wrong side
G7 C7
Of a cold and lonely bed
G7 C7
My energy is on the ground
G7 C7
My batteries are dead
C7
There's just no doubt about it
G7 Gb7 F7 E7
It's not my attitude
A7
Life is Rude
Eb7 D7 G7 D7
It's not co-operating with my mood

I try to make some coffee
But there's not enough to grind
I'm looking for a cigarette
But there isn't one of find
There just no use denying
It's not my attitude
Life is Rude
Eb D7 G7 C7 G7 Eb7 D7 Db7 C7
It's not co-operating with my mood

C7
I try to lift my spirits up
G7
They're lying on the ground
C7
I'm looking for some hope
G7
But there's no hope to be found
C7
I'm searching for solutions
G7 E7
There's no writing on the wall
A7
Northwestel has cut my lines
D7
So there's just no way to call

I want to drive and see my lady
But there isn't any gas
I'd like to finish school
But I don't have any class
There's just no use debating
It's not my attitude
Life is Rude
It's not co-operating with my mood

Yes life is rude
It's not Co-operating with my mood

Life is Rude

Words and Music by Grant Simpson

G7 C7	G7 C7	G7 C7	G7
C7	C7	G7 G7 Gb7 F7	E7 Eb7 E7 D7
A7	Eb7 D7	G7 E7	A7 D7
G7 C7	G7 C7	G7 C7	G7
C7	C7	G7 G7 Gb7 F7	E7 Eb7 E7 D7
A7	Eb7 D7	G7 C7	G7 Eb7 D7 Db7
C7	G7	C7	G7
C7	G7 E7	A7	D7
G7 C7	G7 C7	G7 C7	G7
C7	C7	G7 G7 Gb7 F7	E7 Eb7 E7 D7
A7	Eb7 D7	G7 (E7	A7 D7)

Life is Rude

Grant Simpson

Chord progression for the first system (measures 1-7):

1a: C7, C7, G7, C7, G7, C7, G7

Chord progression for the second system (measures 8-14):

13a: G7, C7, G7, C7, G7, C7, G7

Chord progression for the third system (measures 15-21):

25b: C7, G7, C7, G7

Chord progression for the fourth system (measures 22-28):

33a: G7, C7, G7, C7, G7, C7, G7

The Moon is Half Way to Wednesday

Words and music by Grant Simpson

Ab Gb
Little tiny logging town
Ab Gb
Nestled in the bay
Ab Gb
Sailing ships from other worlds
Ab Gb
Visit every day
Ab
Friday night
Gb
Dance tonight
Ab Gb
She met him that day
Ab Gb
Spinning round and round the hall
Ab Gm7sus
Years fade away
F7 Bb
And the moon is a half way to Wednesday
F7 Bb
As I stand at the top of the hill
A7 Dm
And the moon looks the same as it did on that night
Gm7sus C7 Ab Gb Ab Gb
And yes, I am missing you still

Poppy's red so many dead
And many survive
Never thought he'd be the one
That would still be alive
Heading home on a sailing ship
Docks at the bay
Friday night a dance tonight
He met her that day
And the moon is a half way to Wednesday
As I stand at the top of the hill
And the moon looks the same as it did on that night
And yes, I am missing you still

Children come and go away
Years passing by
Every year on Friday night
She tries not to cry
Standing at that special place
Looking o're the bay
So long ago she stood with him
Hear the band play
 The moon is a half way to Wednesday
 As I stand at the top of the hill
 And the moon looks the same as it did on that night
 And yes, I am missing you still

The Moon is a Half Way to Wednesday

Words and Music by Grant Simpson

Ab	Gb	Ab	Gb
Ab	Gb	Ab	Gb
Ab	Gb	Ab	Gb
Ab	Gb	Ab	Gm7sus
Gm7sus	C7	C7	
F7		Bb	
F7		Bb	
A7		Dm7	G7
Gm7sus	C7	Ab	Gb
Ab	Gb		

The Moon is a Half Way to Wednesday

Grant Simpson

Ab6 Gb6 Ab6 Gb6

1a

Ab6 Gb6 Ab6 Gb6

5

Ab6 Gb6 Ab6 Gb6

Ab6 Gb6 Ab6 Gb6

Ab6 Gb6 Ab6 Db7 C7

C7 F7 F7 Bb

Bb

22b

Bb F7 F7 Bb

Bb A7 A7 Dm7

G7 Gm7 C7 Ab6

Gb6 Ab6 Gb6 Ab6

My 1920's Dream Has Come True

Words & music by Grant Simpson

C B7
When you dance and you sing
C A7
It makes winter feel like spring
D7 G7 C A7 D7 G7
My 1920's dream has come true

C B7
You sparkle and glimmer
C A7
You shake and shimmer
D7 G7 C
My 1920's wish has come through

Gm7 C7
While flappers flap – I take a nap
F Gm7 Abdim F6
I find that dance a boor
Am D7 Am D7
But you're unique – you sweep my feet
G7 F#dim G7 G7+
Right off from the floor

C B7
So Charleston around me
C A7
Let your voice surround me
D7 G7 C A7
My 1920's dream has come true
D7 G7 C
My 1920's dreamgirl is you

(Charleston Break)

Gm7
You realize
C7 F Gm7 Abdim F6
You hypnotize me every time you dance
Am7
When you come near
D7
it's very clear
G7 Gbdim G7
I don't stand a chance

C B7
So what more can I say
C A7
Lindy-hop all through the day
D7 G7 C - A7
My 1920's dream has come true
D7 G7 C
My 1920's dreamgirl is you

My 1920's Dream Girl

Words and Music by Grant Simpson

C	B7	C	A7
D7	G7	C	G7+
C	B7	C	A7
D7	G7	C F7	C
Gm7 C7	Gm7 C7	F Gm7	Abdim F6
Am7 D7	Am7 D7	G7 Gb _{dim}	G7 G7+
C	B7	C C B7 Bb7	A7
D7	G7	C C B7 Bb7	A7
D7	G7	C (A7	D7 G7)

My 1920's Dream Girl

Grant Simpson

C B7 C A7

D7 G7 C A7 D7 G7

C B7 C A7

D7 G7 C F7 C

Gm7 C7 F G^{m7} Ab^{dim} F6

Am7 D7 G Gbdim G7 G7+

C B7 C A7

D7 G7 C B7 Bb7 A7

D7 G7 C F7 C

The Old Post Office

Words and Music by Grant Simpson

C C/B C/A F G7
The old post office stands so tall and proud
C C/B C/A F - G7
She's lost some of her youth along the way
Am Dm F#dim
Many many lives have walked upon her floor
C G7 Fm G7
On the shores of Union Bay

And the old man of the sea comes to visit her each night
Arriving in a salty ocean spray
He's come since time began and he'll come forever more
To the shores of Union Bay

Am Dm Am Dm
Now the old post office is my families pride and joy
Am Dm Am
Connecting generations on the way
G7 C Am
She welcomes and embraces us as we walk into her doors
Bm E7 Am - G7
On the shores of Union Bay

My mother takes me down the little streets around
The stories come alive along the way
And the old Post Office is where she used to play
On the shores of Union Bay

The old post office stands so tall and proud
She's lost some of her youth along the way
Many many lives have walked upon her floor
On the shores of Union Bay

The Old Post Office

Words and Music by Grant Simpson

C	C/B	C/A	C/G	F	C
C	C/B	C/A	C/G	F	G7
Am		Dm		Adim	
C		G7		F	C
C	C/B	C/A	C/G	F	C
C	C/B	C/A	C/G	F	G7
Am		Dm		Adim	
C		G7		F	C
Am		Dm		Am	Dm
Am		Dm		Am	
G7				C	Am
Bm		E7		Am	G7
				E7	
C	C/B	C/A	C/G	F	C
C	C/B	C/A	C/G	F	G7
Am		Dm		Adim	
C		G7		F	C
C		G7		C	

The Old Post Office

Grant Simpson

1a

C C/B C/A C/G F C

C C/B C/A C/G F G7

Am Dm F#dim

C G7 Fm C

C C/B C/A C/G F C

17a

C C/B C/A C/G F G7

Am Dm F#dim Adim

C G7 Fm C

Am Dm Am Dm

38b

Am Dm Am Am

G7 C Am

Bm7 E7 Am G7

C C/B C/A C/G F C

49a C C/B C/A C/G F G7

Am Dm F#dim Adim

C G7 Fm C

Purple Mountain

Words and Music by Grant Simpson

Intro - Cm Ab7 Cm Ab7

Cm
Purple Mountain
Ab7 G7 Cm Ab7 Cm Ab7
Rising High above the skyline of the City
Ab7 G7
And together stand the people from the
Cm Fm G7
City that was trampled on and not so long ago
Ab7 G7 Ab7 Cm
Captured by another race destroying everything
Ab7 G7 Cm Ab7 Cm Ab7
couldn't break the spirit of Nanjing

There's a chairlift
And it climbs right to the top of Purple Mountain
And the people ride and stare down on a
City that was trampled on and not so long ago
Captured by another race destroying everything
couldn't break the spirit of Nanjing

There's a forest
And a maze of winding trails up Purple Mountain
And they wind right to the top above the
City that was trampled and not so long ago
Captured watching other men destroying everything
couldn't break the spirit of Nanjing

Cm Ab7 Cm Ab7
Purple Mountain
Ab7 G7 Cm Ab7 Cm Ab7
I have many many friends on Purple Mountain
Ab7 G7 Cm
And they drive me round the bend taking pictures
Fm G7
as I try to climb my way up to the top where I
G7 Cm Ab7 Cm Ab7
stand with the people of the City
Cm Ab7 Cm Ab7
Purple Mountain
Ab7 G7 Cm Ab7
I have many many friends on Purple Mountain
Ab7 G7 Cm
I have many many friends on Purple Mountain.

Purple Mountain

Words and Music by Grant Simpson

Cm	Ab7	Cm	Ab7
Ab7	G7	Cm	Ab7
Cm	Ab7	Ab7	G7
Cm	Fm	G7	G7
Ab7	G7	Ab7	G7
Ab7	G7	Cm	Ab7
Cm	Ab7	(REPEAT FOR VERSE 2 AND 3 - THEN GO TO CHART BELOW)	

VERSE 4 - "PURPLE MOUNTAIN - I HAVE MANY MANY FRIENDS ON PURPLE MOUNTIAN"

Cm	Ab7	Cm	Ab7
Ab7	G7	Cm	Ab7
Cm	Ab7	Ab7	G7
Cm	Fm	G7	G7
G7	G7	G7	G7
Cm	Ab7	Cm	Ab7
Ab7	G7	Cm	Ab7
Ab7	G7	Cm	Cm

Purple Mountain

Grant Simpson

Tempo = 84

Cm Ab7 Cm Ab7 Ab7 G7 Cm Ab7

Cm7 Ab7 Ab7 G7 Cm Fm G7

G7 G7 Ab7 G7 Ab7 G7 Ab7

Cm Ab7 Cm Ab7 Cm Ab7 Cm Ab7

Cm Ab7 Cm Ab7 Ab7 G7 Cm Ab7

Cm7 Ab7 Ab7 G7 Cm Fm G7

G7 G7 Cm Ab7 Cm Ab7

Cm Ab7 Cm Ab7 Ab7 G7 Cm Ab7

Cm7 Ab7 Ab7 G7 Cm

Remembering my old Nanaimo days

Words and music by Grant Simpson

Cmaj7 Fmaj7
Apple trees and cherry trees

Cmaj7 Fmaj7
Down a little lane

 Cmaj7 Fmaj7
The fence is barely standin'

 Cmaj7 Fmaj7
The gate fell off again

 F G7
The grass is getting long and

 C E7 Am
There's laundry on the line

 F G7
The basement door is open

 F Fm C C7
The room through there is mine

 F G7 C C/B Am
We can walk down ol Fitzwilliam Street to the Bastion in the town

 F G7 C C7
You can see New Castle Island through the haze

 F G7 C C/B Am
Walk along the Millstream up Machleary Street again

 F G7 C
Remembering those old Nanaimo days

What ever happened
To the gang at Chez Michelle
Ol' Spiro and the stories
He would tell
Yamas and Metaxa
Tell me about your home
The Glory that was Greece
The Grandeur that was Rome

Where we walked along Commercial Street to all our favorite haunts
Stumbling in an alcoholic daze
Well the kid that played piano isn't drinking anymore
He's remembering his old Nanaimo days

Let's go to the Westwood
And have a look inside
It never was the same for me
After Foxy died
And all those crazy parties
While he entertained us all
Seems foolish now – but then we had a ball

Sometimes I sit and play piano, playing songs from way back then
And if I'm in a reminiscing phase
Then I'll play a song for Foxy, and all those bygone friends
Remembering my old Nanaimo days

Remembering My Old Nanaimo Days

Words and Music by Grant Simpson

Cmaj7	Fmaj7	Cmaj7	Fmaj7
Cmaj7	Fmaj7	Cmaj7	Fmaj7
F	G7	C C/B	C/A C/G
F	G7	F Fm	C
C7	F	G7	C C/B
Am Am/G	Fmaj7	G7	C
C7	F	G7	C C/B
Am Am/G	F	G7	C

Remembering My Old Nanaimo Days

Grant Simpson

CMaj FMaj CMaj FMaj

1a

CMaj FMaj CMaj FMaj

5a

CMaj FMaj CMaj FMaj

F G7 C E7 Am Am/G

F Fm C C7

F G7 C E7 Am Am/G

21b

F G7 C Gm7 C7

F G7 C E7 Am Am/G

F G7 CMaj FMaj

35a

CMaj FMaj

Strange Yukon Folks

Words and Music by Grant Simpson

G7 C
They seem quite intrigued when they meet you
G7 C
Amazed at the size of our crows
A7 Dm
And they ask if the bears really eat you
D7 G7
And the tough life up there really shows
G7 C
And the wonder how we manage to live here
A7 Dm
In a land that's perpetually froze
Dm
And they say in the end
C A7
You're just a weird friend
D7 G7 C
I guess you really are one of those

C7 F G7 C
One of those strange Yukon folks
G7 C
Gussied up in our mackinaw coats
F G7 C
One of those strange Yukon folks
G7 C
Hear the jokes 'bout us strange Yukon folks

Isn't it cold in the winter?
Does it really get dark through the day?
I guess the cars in the south are much minter
And you force a fake smile as they say
Maybe they'll come up one summer
They'll be sure to bring all their warm cloths
Are you really that weird?
Is that why you grew a beard?
I guess you really are one of those

After that all the talk usually dwindles
And the parties go on like before
But the Yukon it often rekindles
As they laugh rolling 'round on the floor
The struggles we have seem amusing
They want more as they crinkle their nose
You seem quite content
And a little bit bent
I guess you really are one of those

Strange Yukon Folks

Words and Music by Grant Simpson

G7	C	G7	C
A7	Dm	D7	G7
G7	C	A7	Dm
Dm	G7	C	A7
D7	G7	C	C7
F	G7	C	
F	G7	C	C7
F	G7	C	
F	G7	C	

Strange Yukon Folks

Grant Simpson

C

1a

G7 C

5a

G7 C

A7 Dm

D7 G7

G7 C

A7 Dm

Dm C A7

D7 G7 C C7

F G7 C

37a

G7 C

F G7 C

G7 C

Watch Sylvia Ride

Words and music by Grant Simpson

C C7
In a Little Covered Wagon
 F F#dim
She came from Bella Coola
 C7
With fierce determination
 D7 G7
And a double dose of pride
 C C7
She rode all the way to Whitehorse
 F F#dim
With her children by her side
 C G7 C
Whoa – Whoa watch Sylvia Ride

She built a little cabin
And lived there with her kids
All cozy'd up together
By the Yukon River side
They all hung out together
And mostly played outside
 C G7 C E7
Whoa – Whoa watch Sylvia Ride

A F#m
Hunkered down near Fish Lake
 Bm E7
Built a ranch along the creek
 A F#m
What more could a cowgirl want
 Bm E7
To make her life complete
 Am D7
She met her handsome cowboy
 G Am Bm Bbm
On a lovely Whitehorse day
 Am
And from that point on
 D7 G7
Together they would stay that way

You can see her in the distance
Headin' out to Primrose
A cowgirl with
a cowboy by her side – by her side
She was rough and tough as nails
With a heart she couldn't hide
Whoa – Whoa watch Sylvia ride

(instrumental)

 C C7
In a Little Covered Wagon
 F F#dim
She came from Bella Coola
 C7
With fierce determination
 D7 G7
And a double dose of pride
 C C7
She rode all the way to Whitehorse
 F F#dim
With her children by her side
 C G7 C F F G7 C
Whoa – Whoa - Whoa – Whoa – Whoa – Whoa - watch Sylvia Ride

Watch Sylvia Ride

Words and Music by Grant Simpson

C	C7	F	F#dim
C		D7	G7
C	C7	F	F#dim
C	G7	C	C G7
C	C7	F	F#dim
C		D7	G7
C	C7	F	F#dim
C	G7	C	C G7
A	F#m	Bm	E7
A	F#m	Bm	E7
Am	D7	G Am	Bm Bbm
Am		D7	G7
C	C7	F	F#dim
C		D7	G7
C	C7	F	F#dim
C	G7	C	(G7)
Tag at End			
C	G7	C	F
F	G7	C	C

Watch Sylvia Ride

Grant Simpson

C C7 F F#dim

C D7 G7

C C7 F F#dim

C G7 C

C C7 F F#dim

C D7 G7

C C7 F F#dim

C G7 C E7

A F#m Bm E7

33b

A F#m Bm E7

Am D7 G Am Bm Bbm

Am D7 G7

C C7 F F#dim

49a

C D7 G7

C C7 F F#dim

C G7 C

Whitehorse Kind of Day

Words and music by Grant Simpson

E7 A7 Dm7 G7
Let's walk around our little Northern Town
Gm7 C7 F
So much to see and do - along the way
Fm Bb Eb
Howard's blowing tenor down on Main Street
Ebm7 Ab7 Dbmaj7 G7+
McBean is on the scene with lots to say
E7 A7 Dm7 G7
Take a seat at a table on the street
Gm7 C7 F
Jim Robb stops by the old Gold Rush café
F Fm
I hear Steve Slade at the park
C A7
Introducing Keitha Clarke
Dm7 G7 C
It's just another Whitehorse kind of day

Walk the trail – across to Riverdale
See the SS Klondike on the way
Take the trolley ride down to the ship-yards
Watch the locals soaking up the rays
Stroll on past – the Frantic Follies cast
The can can girls are glittering away
The Yukon River's in plain view
There's Kate Weekes in a canoe
It's just another Whitehorse kind of day

Day is done – we'll just stop in for one
Listen to that lonely fiddles play
Joe Louchin's on the stage just like a champion
Rusty's right beside him all the way
Later we'll head on up the hill
The Done Gone String Band's at a Barn Dance in McRae
Jump on board that city bus
Hank Karr will sing for us
It's just another Whitehorse kind of day

Whitehorse Kind of Day

Words and Music by Grant Simpson

E7	A7	Dm7	G7
C	Gm7 C7	F	
Fm7	Bb7	Eb	
Ebm7	Ab7	Dbmaj7	G7+
E7	A7	Dm7	G7
C	Gm7 C7	F	
F	Fm	C C B7 Bb7	A7
Dm7	G7	C A7	Dm7 G7

Whitehorse Kind of Day

Fast Swing
Tempo = 150

Grant Simpson

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of eight staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a 4/4 time signature, and a first ending bracket labeled '1a' under the first measure. The chords for each staff are as follows:

- Staff 1: E7, A7, Dm7, G7
- Staff 2: Em7, A7, Dm9, G7
- Staff 3: Gm7, C7, FMaj
- Staff 4: Fm7, Bb7, EbMaj, G7
- Staff 5: E7, A7, Dm7, G7
- Staff 6: Em7, A7, Gm9, C13
- Staff 7: F, Fm7, Em7, A7
- Staff 8: Dm7, G7, CMaj