

Got a Ukulele

Loudon Wainwright III

Got a ukulele now I'm not a fraidy
Cat in case I get a bout of blues
In the event I get 'em
There's no way that I'll let 'em
Bring me down no way I'll just refuse (believe me)

'Cause a ukulele's like a little baby
You cradle it in your arms and you sing
A lullaby or ditty
When you're feeling shitty
It will cheer you up
It's just the thing

Life should be bright and breezy
Winds could be light and easy
There's nothing hard or heavy 'bout a uke
I don't play bull fiddle
No mystery no riddle
Schleppin' that thing you look like a kook

4 strings made of nylon
Always put a smile on
Anybody's face who's feelin' blue
When your mind starts slummin'
Start a little strummin' on your uke
And you're gonna feel brand new (you gotta believe me)

Even though it's rainin'
Quit all your complainin'
Your roof's not leakin' nothin's gettin' in
This axe is a hatchet there's magic you can catch it
On your uke you can't lose you just win

Life should be bright and breezy
Winds could be light and easy
There's nothin' hard or heavy 'bout a uke
I don't play the tuba tuba's do it to ya
Just the thought of tubas makes me puke

Kind sirs and gentle ladies grab your ukuleles
I suspect by now you know my song
And the next time that I do it
Get down and get into it
I trust you all will sing and strum along (you gotta believe me
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