

Blame It On The Ukulele – *(Blame It On The Bossa Nova)*

C G7 C C

I was on my own feeling sad and blue,

When I met a friend who knew just what to do

On her little uke she began to play,

And then I knew I'd buy a uke that day

Blame it on the uku-lele, with its magic spell,

Blame it on the uku-lele, that she played so well

Oh, it all began with just one little chord,

But soon it was a sound we all adored,

Blame it on the uku-lele, the sound of love.

Is it a gui-tar?

No, no, a uku-lele (*shake head*)

Or a mando-lin?

No, no, a uku-lele (*shake head*)

So, was it the sound?

Yeah, yeah, the ukulele (*nod head*)

The sound of love.

