

90

(MED.)

## FEVER

- JOHN DAVENPORT/EDDIE COOLEY

(BASS) **INTRO** N.C.(F-) (C7) (F-)

1. Nev - er know how much I love\_ you,      nev - er know how much\_ I care\_ -  
 2. Sun\_ lights\_ up the day - time,      moon\_ lights\_ up\_ the night..  
 3.-5. See additional lyrics

When you put your arms a - round\_ me, I get a fe - ver that's so hard\_ to bear\_ - } You give me fe - ver  
 I light up when you call my\_ name, and you know I'm gon - na treat\_ you right\_ - }

when you kiss me,      fe - ver when you hold\_ me tight\_ -

Fe - ver      in the morn - ing,      fe - ver all      through\_ the night\_ -

what a love - ly way\_ to burn\_ -

3. Romeo loved Juliet,  
 Juliet she felt the  
 same.  
 When he put his arms  
 around her, he said,  
 "Julie, baby, you're my  
 flame."

Thou givest fever, when  
 we kisseth,  
 Fever with thy flaming  
 youth.  
 Fever - I'm a fire,  
 Fever, yes I burn  
 forsooth.

4. Captain Smith and  
 Pocahontas  
 Had a very mad affair.  
 When her daddy tried to  
 kill him, she said,  
 "Daddy-o don't you  
 dare."

Give me fever, with his  
 kisses,  
 Fever when he holds me  
 tight.  
 Fever - I'm his missus,  
 Oh Daddy won't you treat  
 him right.

5. Now you've listened to  
 my story,  
 Here's the point that I  
 have made.  
 Chicks were born to give  
 you fever,  
 Be it Fahrenheit or  
 Centigrade.

They give you fever,  
 when you kiss them,  
 Fever if you live and  
 learn.  
 Fever - till you sizzle,  
 What a lovely way to  
 burn.

# PICK YOURSELF UP

(MED. VP) - JEROME KERN / DOROTHY FIELDS

G-7 C7 Fmaj7 Bbmaj7 E-7b5 A7b9 D-7 G7

Noth-ing's im-pos-si-ble, I have found, for when my chin is on the ground, I

C7sus4 C7 A-7 D7 G-7 C7 F6

pick my-self up, dust my-self off, start all o-ver a - gain.

A-7 D7 Gmaj7 Cmaj7 F#7b5 B7b9 E-7 A7

Don't lose your con-fi-dence: if you slip, be grate-ful for a pleas-ant trip, and

D7sus4 D7 B-7 E7 A-7 D7 G6

pick your-self up, dust your-self off, start all o-ver a - gain.

Abmaj7 Ab6 Eb-7 Ab7

Work like a soul in - spired\_ till the bat-tle of the day is won.

Cmaj7 C6 A-7 D7 G-7 C7

You may be sick and tired, - but you'll be a man, my son!

G-7 C7 Fmaj7 Bbmaj7 E-7b5 A7b9 D-7 G7

Will you re-mem-ber the fa-mous men who had to fall to rise a-gain? So

C7sus4 C7 A-7 D7 G-7 C7 F6

pick your-self up, dust your-self off, start all o-ver a - gain.