**Todd Snider**

**Guitar Tab Bible**

**May 2005**

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To reduce the size everywhere I could, I did not leave individual names or signatures on tabs when I found them on the web somewhere. That said, all of the following contributed tabs one way or another: Kirk Lockhart, Bobby Showers, Marc Steczyk, Larry Mofle, mammycc\_05@yahoo.com, Kris Atha, , Matt Reynolds, Ryan Furer, Shawn Z., Michelle Boswell, Kent Finlay, Dave, John Warren and countless others. Thanks to everyone for helping this come together.

-Christopher Thomasson

The songs are listed alphabetically.

**Songs from the Daily Planet:**

My Generation, Part II

Easy Money

That Was Me

This Land is Our Land

Alright Guy

I Spoke as a Child

Trouble

A Whole Lot More

You Think You Know Somebody

Somebody’s Coming

Talkin’ Seattle Grunge Blues

**Step Right Up:**

I Believe You

Sideshow Blues

Enough

T.V. Guide

Hey Hey

Moondawg’s Tavern

Prison Walls

Horseshoe Lake

Tension

Late Last Night

24 Hours a Day

Better Than Ever Blues, Pt. II

**Viva Satellite:**

Rocket Fuel

Can’t Complain

Once He Finds Us

Godsend

Never Let Me Down

Comin’ Down

Doublewide Blues

**Happy to Be Here:**

Happy to be Here

45 Miles

Long Year

D.B. Cooper

Lonely Girl

Keep off the Grass

All My Life

Betty was Black (Willie was White)

Ballad of the Devil’s Backbone Tavern

Just In Case

What’s Wrong With You

Missing You

Back to the Crossroads

**New Connection:**

New Connection

Vinyl Records

B-e-e-r Run

Rose City

Crooked Piece of Time

Stuck All Night

Broke

Statistician’s Blues

Waco Moon

**East Nashville Skyline:**

Age Like Wine

Tillamook County Jail

Play a Train Song

Alcohol and Pills

Good News Blues

Ballad of the Kingsmen

Iron Mike

CCRWRSWAM

Sunshine

Enjoy Yourself

**The Devil You Know:**

Happy New Year  
Just Like Old Times  
You Got Away With It

**Unreleased and others:**

I Can Drink any Woman Pretty

A Very Short Time

Country When it Rocks

Fine Tune

Plastic Girl

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**Age Like Wine**

D G D A

Old timer, old timer, too late to die young now

D G D A D

Old timer, five and dimer tryin' to find a way to age like wine somehow

D G

My new stuff is nothin' like my old stuff was

D A

and neither one is much when compared to the show

D G

which will not be as good as some other one you saw

D A D

so help me I know I know I know I am an

D G D A

old timer, old timer it's too late to die young now

D G D A D

old timer, five and dimer trying to find a way to age like wine somehow

A D

I met every fool who ever signed their name upon these walls

A D

in the backs of all these beer joints and concert halls

A D

I've been thru 7 managers 5 labels 1000 picks and patch cables

G

3 vans a band a bunch of guitar stands

A

and cans and cans and cans of beer

G

and bottles of booze and bags of pot

A

and a thousand other things I forgot

E7

I thought that I'd be dead by now . . . but I'm not . . .

**Alcohol and Pills**

Intro Gm F Bb C Dm

Dm Bb

Hank Williams, he came up from Montgomery

C Dm

with a heart full of hard luck country songs

Dm Bb

But Nashville, Tennessee, they didn't understand him

C Dm

'cause he did things differently than the way that they were done

Bb

But when he finally made it to The Grand Ol' Opry

Dm C Dm

He made it stand still, he ended up on alcohol and pills.

Elvis Presley, he came up from Jackson

with a brand new way of singin', a brand new way of dancin'

And even from the waist up, he gave the world a thrill

he ended up on alcohol and pills

Chorus:

F

Alcohol and pills

C

it's a cryin' shame

Gm

You'd think they mighta been happy

Bb

with the glory and the fame

F

but fame don't take away the pain

C

it just pays the bills,

Gm Bb Dm

and ya wind up on alcohol and pills

Janis Joplin

She was wild and reckless

Then, there was Graham Parsons

Then, there was Jimi Hendrix

The story just goes on and on

I guess it always will

they ended up on alcohol and pills

Chorus:

Sometime

somebody

Won’t wake up one day

Sometimes it’s a heart attack

Sometimes they won’t say

When they pulled poor ol’ hank Williams

Out of that Cadillac coupe de ville

He ended up on alcohol and pills

Chorus:

**All of My Life**   
  
Capo 2nd Fret  
  
Intro:  G   D   G   C  
        G   D   G C G  
  
G                  D  
Driving all day we both said nothing  
G                        C  
You threw your face in a magazine  
G                   D  
I tuned in to the oldies station  
C                 D     
Flew away in a time machine  
C                D  
This world is so amazing  
G                      C    
The sun is shining and it's raining too  
G             D           G  C  G  
I waited all my life for you  
  
  
I don't mind sometimes not talking  
Sometimes there ain't a thing to say  
Anyway I know what you're thinking  
And I kinda like it when you think that way  
I think I'll just keep on driving  
Anywhere will do  
I waited all my life for you  
  
C G  
All this time I knew you were out there

C Am D

All this time I knew someday I'd find you somewhere  
  
Some people tell you everything they think of  
Say yes I will and then they never do  
Sometimes I gotta ask you to speak up  
Everything you say is true  
Say you'll be mine forever  
Never leave me blue  
I waited all my life for you  
I waited all my life for you

**Alright Guy**  
  
C    F    C    F C (x2)  
  
         C  
You know just the other morning  
      F                    C        F C  
I was hanging around in my house  
           C                           F  
I had that new book with pictures of Madonna naked  
      C                  F C  
I was checkin' it out  
G                          F  
Just then a friend of mine came through the door  
G                                F  
Said she'd never pegged me for a scumbag before  
G                                F  
She said she didn't ever want to see me any more  
      C                G  
And I still don't know why  
  
               C          F  
I think I'm an alright guy  
               C          F  
I think I'm an alright guy  
  G                   G  
I just want to live until I've got to die  
  F                        F  
I know I ain't perfect but God knows I try  
  C                    F  
I think I'm an alright guy  
              C         F C  
I think I'm alright  
   
Now maybe I'm dirty   
And maybe I smoke a little dope   
Hey it ain't like I'm going on TV   
And tearing up pictures of the pope   
I know I get wild and I know I get drunk   
But it ain't like I got a bunch of bodies in my trunk   
My old man used to call me a no-good punk   
And I still don't know why  
  
  (Chorus)  
  
SOLO (over verse; skip final G)  
   
You know just the other night   
These cops pulled me over outside a bar   
They turned on their lights   
And they ordered me out of my car   
Man I was only kidding when I called 'em a couple of dicks

But still they made me do the stupid human tricks   
Now I'm stuck in this jail with a bunch of dumb hicks   
And I still don't know why  
  
  
  (Chorus)  
  
  (Outro)

**A Whole Lot More**  
   
 G  
 Some guys are looking for diamonds  
 C  
 some guys just wanna pay there bills  
 D  
 some guys are climbing up mountains  
                     G  
 while others are digging for thrills  
 G  
 some guys just wanna win trophies  
 C  
 some guys just wanna get girls  
 A  
 and some guys swear they won't stop working  
                    D  
 til they own everything in the world  
  
 C                                     D  
 well good luck at the end of that rainbow.  
 G                                 Em  
 if you think thats what your here for.  
 C                             D  
 but make no mistake about it baby,  
 C  
 i want a whole lot more  
 C                    G  
 i want a whole lot more  
  
 sometimes i see people out here  
 playing every single one of there cards  
 for bigger this or better that,  
 or greener grass around the pools in there yard  
 they work and they slave just so they  
 can save up a whole lot to leave behind  
 yeah some guys are just so certain success  
 is the key to there piece of mind  
   
 C                              G  
 i want a whole lot more than treasures  
             D                  G  
 that i can store down here on earth  
  C                           G  
 price 'em any way that you want to  
         A                     D  
 hey buddy i know what there worth  
  
 yeah some guys want attention  
 some guys want girls  
 and some dig kickin down doors  
 some guys will want everything in this whole wide world  
 i want a whole lot more  
 i want a whole lot more  
  
 Repeat Bridge  
  
 Repeat 2nd Chorus

Back to the Crossroads

I've been (A)lost for a while  
I think I (D)may be off by a million miles  
But I'm gonna (A)find my (E)way  
Back to the (A)crossroads some(D)day  
And I'm gonna (A)lay my (E)soul in His (A)hands  
  
I asked (D)directions back at the station  
(A)I had a feeling I could trust that guy  
I was (D)mistaken, now I got a feeling  
That I'll be (E)driving down this highway till the (E7)day that I die  
(A)Still I don't care even if I got to crawl  
(D)'Til I ain't got any knees at all  
(A)I'm gonna find my (E)way  
Back to the (A)crossroads some(D)day  
And I'm gonna (A)lay my (E)soul in His (A)hands   
  
In His (A)hands, in His hands  
I'm gonna (D)lay my soul in His hands oh Lord  
And gonna (A)find my (E)way some(A)day  
  
In His (A)hands, in His hands  
I'm gonna (D)lay my soul in His hands oh Lord

And gonna (A)find my (E)way back to the (A)crossroads some(D)day  
And I'm gonna (A)lay my (E)soul in His (A)hands

**Ballad of the Devil's Backbone Tavern**

C A D G C

Old Miss Virgy tended bar at this shack out in the hills

A D7 G

It never made her any money boys but paid of all her bills

C F

Now she must have been 80 years old but her heart was warm

D7

And her beer was cold

C A

She gave away more than she ever sold

D G C

Smiling all the time

I used to sing off in the corner every Friday night

To a loud crowd of cowboys, bikers and bar room fights

They were drinking beer, carrying on, not a one of them listening to one of my songs

But old Miss Virgy sang along

She said she knew 'em all by heart

And then one night after closing she poured me another beer

She said "Come on over and sit down you little shit

I got something you need to hear"

She said "Life ain't easy getting through everybody's gonna make things tough on you

But I can tell you right now if you dig what you do, they will never get you down"

Chorus:

C A

She said life's too short to worry

D G C

Life's too long to wait

C A

Too short not to love everybody

D7 G

Life's too long to hate

C

I meet a lot of men who haggle and finagle all the time

F D7

Trying to save a nickel maybe make a dime

C A D G C

Not me, no sireee, I ain't got the time

Now I ain't seen Ol' Virgy in must have been about ten years

I've been bumming around this country singing my songs for tips and beers

Now the nights are long

The driving's tough

Hotels stink, and the pay sucks

But I can't dig what I do enough, so it never gets be down

Chorus:

I say life's too short to worry

Life's too long to wait

Too short not to love everybody

Life's too long to hate

I meet a lot of men who haggle and finagle all the time

Trying to save a nickel maybe make a dime

Not me, no sireee, I ain't got the time

**Ballad of the Kingsmen**

Capo 2nd fret

G D C

G D C

The Kingsmen came together in a garage, they could hardly even play

But they practiced night and day pretty soon they got to where they could really play that song Louie, Louie

So, they saved up all the money from the shows, went in to one of them studios and gave their version of the song a try

Now, I don't know the words to that song Louie, Louie and I'm pretty sure the singer for the

Kingsmen didn't know ‘em either, if he did know ‘em he didn't get ‘em right on the record

cause on the record they sound jumbled in his jaw? It says, me think of me girl oh so constantly

Ahmayaaah makaaaah aahh ooohoooh aaaaah

Well, that last part scared everybody from the PTA to the FBI

You see, the kids had been going kind of crazy lately and it seemed like nobody could figure out why,

So they decided to form a coalition, launch an investigation, you know for the children, they at least had to try

To figure out the words to Louie, Louie

Chorus:

It's the feel good hit of this endless summer

A7

It gets these kids out of control

Singin along to that star spangled bummer,

Hail, hail rock and roll

Marilyn Manson’s real name isn't even Marilyn Manson, he's a skinny public high school

Kid from Florida, not some monster from out of this world and like of a lot other skinny long hair public

High school kids he was sick of getting beaten up by the pulling guard all week only to go out on the weekend, and watch the

Quarterback get all the girls so, he formed a band man

Now' he gets all the girls, a few years later a couple of latchkey kids go tragically

mad and everybody's standing around the television store at the mall trying to figure out what went wrong, this guy says,

you think the life of a kid going to high school could've gotten so bad this other guy says nah, It's just the words to one of them goddamn Marilyn Manson songs, you know the one

Chorus:

You know, every ten years or so our country and some other little country, we start firing all of our newest weapons

At each other for some reason or another, right or wrong, like it or not, it happens, and when it happens

People get shot and when people get shot, they show it on tv a lot every night at six o clock

And you don't even have to be eighteen to see it you don't even have to be in first grade,

first grade where they teach the kid pride

They tell him he'll need to thrive, in a world where only the strong will survive, so he's taught the art of more

To compare to and to keep score Monday thru Friday while he stares at the floor til' Sunday they make him go to

School once more only this time they make him wear a suit and a tie and listen to some guy who claims to know where people go

When they die tell him that only the meek are gonna inherit the earth Well shit, by this time the kid doesn't know what anything

Is worth, now brothers and sisters I am only one guy and I don't even know the words to that song Louie, Louie

but I can tell you right now without batting an eye that the next time some latchkey kid goes wrong

It aint gonna be cause that Eminem gets to say the word Fag in his song

And I'm not trying to preach to ya either, I'm just trying to sing to ya too, you know string a few words together

Hey kids...

Lets get it on,

Lets get it on

**B-e-e-r Run**

Intro Riff (also used several times throughout the song as a lead in to the chorus):  
  
E---0---2---4--------  
A----------------0--- leads into A chord  
  
Chorus  
(A)B double E double R - U - N beer run  
(A)B double E double R - U - N (E)beer run  
(A)All we need is a ten and a fiver  
(D)A car, and a key, and a sober driver  
(A)B double E double (E)R - U - N (A)beer run  
  
(A)A couple of frat guys from Abilene  
Drove (E)out all night to see Robert Earl Keen  
At the (F#m)KPIG Swine and Soiree dance  
They wore (D)baseball caps and khaki pants  
They (A)needed cigs so to (E)save a little money  
They (A)bought one off a hippie that (D)smelled kinda funny  
The (A)next thing they knew they was (E)both really hungry and. . .  
(Bm)Pretty thirsty (E)too  
  
Chorus  
  
(A)Found a store with a sign said their beer was coldest  
(E)Sent in Brad 'cuz he looked the oldest  
He got a (F#m)case of beer and a candybar  
Walked (D)over to where the registers are  
Laid his (A)fake I.D. on the (E)countertop  
The clerk (A)looked and turned, and looked (D)back and stopped  
He said,(A) "Boy, I ain't gonna (E)call the cops . . . but (Bm)I am gonna keep your (E)card."  
The (Bm)guys took it pretty (E)hard  
  
Chorus (with "better fake ID" part)  
  
(A)We met another old hippie named Sleepy John  
(E)Claimed to be the one from the Robert Earl song  
So they (F#m) gave 'em their cash, he bought 'em some brews  
(D)It was a beautiful day in Santa Cruz  
(A)Feelin' so good, (E)shoulda been a crime  
(A)Crowd was cool and the(D)band was primed  
(A)They made it back up to their seats (E)just in time to (Bm)sing with all their (E)friends  
"The (Bm)road goes on forever and the (E)party never ends"

**Better Than Ever Blues, Pt. II**

C                   E

nowhere to go, no one to call

F                           D7

nothin' to do, except nothin' at all

      C     walk down to      A7

the same old climb up the same old walls

      D7               G     G7

i've fallen down before

                  C                        C7

you see, i've been so down and so depressed

             F                      D7

i've been over worked and over stressed

      C  walk down to   A7

but deep down here, i know i'm blessed

  D7           G        C

i aint gonna cry no more

No I ain’t gonna cry

I ain’t gonna scream

I ain’t gonna let ‘em kick no holes in my dreams.

I won’t be fallin’ apart at the seams

Like I’ve always done before.

You know I’ve used my fist and I’ve used my voice,

Hell I’ve used myself like a cheap Rolls-Royce

I never knew I could just use my choice.

I ain’t gonna cry no more (ain’t gonna cry)

(solo)

You see people talk behind peoples’ backs,

They scheme and plot an’ plan attacks.

But someday soon we’ll be switching tracks

In a way the world can’t ignore.

So call your buddies, call all your friends,

Call all your enemies - make amends.

We’re formin’ a club and lettin’ everyone in.

We ain’t gonna cry no more.

I said I ain’t gonna cry

No I ain’t gonna cry

I don’t wanna cry anymore

So we’re formin’ a club and lettin’ everyone in

We ain’t gonna cry no more. !

**Betty Was Black (And Willie Was White)**

Use full bar chords on this to get the sound

A

Betty was black and Willie was white

A

Betty and Willie got it on one night

A

They climbed in a bottle of Tanqueray

A

Fell in love that very day

C B

They sat by the fire and listened to jazz

Bb A

Had pretty little dreams like every couple has

C B

But they had to be careful where they went out at night

Bb A

'Cause Betty was black and Willie was white

Willie's old man cut him out of the will

He hired a lawyer and sent Willie the bill

He said "Do what you want boy, anything's fine

'"'Cause from now on you ain't no son of mine"

And Betty's momma, she tried to understand

But her Daddy just gave her the back of his hand

Said "Get out of this house, girl, don't you ever come back"

You see Willie was white and Betty was black

The next few years were difficult ones

They put up with sneers and social shuns

And one fine year she bore a son

They named him Tad and they dreamed of a year a little less bad

When Tad could stand in a skin of brown

A valedictorian's cap and gown

And dream of a day when the future's bright

And you could be proud to be black and proud to be white

And dream of a day

When it's all right

That Betty was black and Willie was white

**Broke**

Capo 5 (g formation)

C                                        Am

Credit complications on the checkout line

C                                        Am

Its an awkward situation almost every time

                        F

they leave your card behind and they

               G           C

take your groceries too

                 G

Yeah they  do

           Em      |      |       |   | G    |    |      |

You try telling everybody its a terrible mistake

            C     |   |       |      |           |      F        |  |

but you can tell they don't believe thats true

                  C         G                       C

 they see it all over you when you're  broke

I hung my head down as I walked out the door

I ain't ever going back into that store

they treated me like a bum in front of everyone

behind me in line

it was all my friends and neighbors staring at me

as if i committed some kind of crime

i guess you an't worth a dime

when your broke

 /\   |   |

D D eb E

          F |     |               C      |  |    |

Now if I had money like i did in my day

F     |       |                      C      |  |    |

just out of spite i think i'd throw it away

   F         |           |          C          |     |    |

I thought it never really mattered any way and

      F                           G                     sus4   G

the more i thought the madder i got

by the time i got home

i was feeling mighty red

so i grabbed a gun out from under my bed

i put a sock on my head

and into the night i flew

night i flew

the next thing you know i had blood on my hands

but i had money in my pockets too

You never know what you'll do until you do what you do

when your broke

          F |     |               C      |  |    |

Now if I had money like i did in my day

I'd buy a car and drive us far away

I guess you know i have this debt to pay to society

honey wait for me

with good behavior i'll be out in seven years

don't cry over me or shed any tears i learned a lot in here and i know what a chance I blew  chance I blew

The next time i won’t make the same mistake

I'll shoot the camere out too

I'm learning all kinds of things you can do

when your broke

when your broke

when your broke

Australian Version:

(see above, add)

C                     am

don't use guns Don't be violent

C                     am

don't use guns Don't be violent

C                                  G          C

don't use guns Don't be vio        lent

**Can't Complain**

Riff:  
This is much easier than it might look. On a 7th fret capo this is just a D  
followed by switched back and forth between a G9 and C9 and hitting each string  
in the chord. It's really easy and sounds really cool. Do this between the "cruisin'  
that passing lane" and "I can't complain" during the chorus.   
  
e------9-----------------------------------------10     
B----10------10----10-----10----10-----10----10--10  
G---9-------7-----7------7-----7------7-----7-----7  
D--7-------9-----7------9-----7------9-----7------9  
A--------10-----9-----10-----9-----10-----9------10  
E--------------------------------------------------  
  
  
Capo 7th Fret  
  
  
G  
A little out of place  
A little out of tune  
               D  
Sorta lost in space  
             G  
Racin' that moon  
              C  
Climbin' the walls  
            G  
Of this hurricane  
          D  
Still overall  
            G  
I can't complain  
  
All I wanted was one chance  
To let freedom ring  
They said I had to get a permit  
Tags and everything  
I never made it through that red tape  
I've got this paper hat  
I got a job workin' weekdays  
You want fries with that?  
   
                  C  
I've got nothing to lose  
            G  
Nothing to gain  
             C        G          C           G        D  
It's like a one way ticket to cruisin' that passing lane  
           G  
I can't complain  
  
  
I was talkin' with my girlfriend  
I told her I was stressed  
I said I'm goin' off the deep end  
She said give it a rest  
We're all waitin' in the dugout  
Wishin' we could pitch  
How are you gonna throw a shutout  
If all you do is bitch?  
  
I've got nothing to lose  
Nothing to gain  
It's like a one way ticket to cruisin' that passing lane  
I can't complain  
  
So now I've got a brand new dance  
I need one more shot  
Gonna take my last chance  
You know I won't get caught  
Gonna make my last stand  
This time I can't be bought  
Then again on the other hand  
How much have you got?  
  
I've got nothing to lose  
Nothing to gain  
It's like a one way ticket to cruisin' that passing lane  
I can't complain  
  
A little out of place  
A little out of tune  
Sorta lost in space  
Chasin' that moon  
Climbin' the walls  
Of this hurricane  
Still overall  
I can't complain

**Conservative Christian Right-Wing Republican Straight White American Males**

Capo 1st fret  
  
G D  
Conservative christian, right wing republican, straight white, american male.  
D G  
Gay bashing, black fearing, poor fighting, tree killing, regional leaders of sales.  
G C  
Frat housing and keg tapping and shirt tucking back slapping, haters of hippies like me.  
C G D G  
Tree hugging, peace loving, pot smoking, porn watching,lazy ass hippies like me.  
  
   
Tree hugging, love making, pro choicing, gay wedding, wide spread digging hippies like me.   
skin color blinded, conspiracy minded, protesters of corporate greed   
We who have nothing and most likely will, till we all end up locked up in jails   
by Conservative christian, right wing republican, straight white american males.  
  
C G  
Diamonds and dogs, boys and girls living together in 2 sperate worlds.  
D D.......   
following leaders up mountians of shame, looking for someone to blame.  
  
SOLO  
  
G D C G D G  
   
Diamonds and dogs, boys and girls. living together in 2 seperate worlds   
following leaders up mountians of shame, looking for someone to blame.   
I know who I like to blame.  
  
Conservative christian, right wing republican, straight white. american males   
soul saving, flag waving, Rush loving, land paving, personal friends to the Quales  
quite diligently, working so hard to keep, the free reigns of this democracy   
from tree hugging, peace loving, pot smoking, bare footing, folk singing hippies like me.   
tree hugging, peace loving, pot smoking, porn watching, lazy ass hippies like me.  
  
C G D G D G

**Country When It Rocks**   
  
Chorus:  
(E)I like country when it rocks  
(E)I like country when it's (A)real  
(A)When it's sung for the (E)school of the hardest knocks  
(E)And not for mass ap(B7)peal  
  
(B7)I like country when it's (E)loud  
(E)And ringing out for (A)blocks  
(A)I like country when it's (E)real  
(B7)I like country when it (E)rocks  
  
[verse 1]  
(E)Play a little Johnny (A)Cash for me  
(A)And make me feel it down (E)home  
(E)When old Waylon's on the (B7)backbeat honey  
(B7)He sounds better than the (E)Stones  
  
(E)Somebody help me make it (A)through the night  
(A)I'm seeing double through (E)the neon light  
(E)Play it loud and play it (B7)right  
(B7)All night I don't wanna go (E)home  
  
Chorus  
  
[verse 2]  
Little something with a twang to it  
Like they used to do  
The kind of song that kept glued to it  
Because you knew it was true  
  
I like the sound of a steel guitar  
I like the feel of a roadside bar  
I only listen to the country stars  
Who know what I go through  
  
Chorus 3x

**Crooked Piece of Time**

Intro:

[G] [C] [G] [A7]

[D] [C] [D] [G]

[G]Things got rough, things got tough,

Thin[C]gs got h[G]arder than [A7]hard

W[D7]e were just tryin' to make a living

In o[C]ur ba[D]ck ya[G]rd

We were born to late, died too soon.

Anx[C]iety's a [G]terrible c[A7]rime

If you [D7]can't come now, don't come at all

'Cause it's a cr[C]ooked pi[D]ece of ti[G]me

Chorus:

It's a [G]crooked piece of time that we live in [C] [G] [A7]

A[D7]ll in all and all in all, it was a cr[C]ooked p[D]iece of t[G]ime

Instrumental

[G] [C] [G] [A7]

[D] [C] [D] [G]

[G]Yesterday morning, an i[C]ll wi[G]nd c[A7]ame

[D7]Blew your picture right out[C] of the [D]picture [G]frame

Even blew the candle out from un[C]derne[G]ath the [A7]flame

[D7]Yesterday morning an i[C]ll wi[D]nd c[G]ame

Chorus

Instrumental

[G] [C] [G] [A7]

[D] [C] [D] [G]

[G]Things got rough, things got tough,

Thin[C]gs got h[G]arder than [A7]hard

W[D7]e were just tryin' to make a living

In o[C]ur ba[D]ck ya[G]rd

We were born to late, died too soon.

Anx[C]iety's a [G]terrible c[A7]rime

If you [D7]can't come now, don't come at all

'Cause it's a cr[C]ooked pi[D]ece of ti[G]me

Chorus

It's a cr[C]ooked [D]piece of [G]time

It's a cr[C]ooked [D]piece of [G]time

**D.B. Cooper**

G D C G

D.B. Cooper was 43 when we first heard his name.

G D C D

47 miles away from where he fell down to his fame.

C D G C

But he told me that the hardest part wasn't really jumping out of the plane.

G C D G

It was spending the night, watching them lights shine through the pouring rain.

They had a manhunt that next morning like nothing I had ever seen.

I was only 8 years old at the time, watching on the tv screen.

They were saying he was never gonna make it now, now that daylight had set in.

But later that night they were shining a light down on the mountain again.

Chorus:

C G C G C Amin D

Not far away, from the city of roses, they all watched those lights up through the rain.

C G C G C

For D.B. Cooper.

Well, the cops blocked off all the exit roads and turned out all of the hounds.

They even dragged the river up a couple of times to see if he hit ground.

With all of those men working overtime well they swore they would bring him down.

But a parachute and a few hundred dollars is all that they've ever found.

Chorus:

Not far away, from the city of roses, they all watched those lights up through the rain.

Now some people say that he died up there, somewhere in the rain and the wind.

Other people say that he got away, but then his girlfriend did him in.

The lawmen say if he is out there, someday they're gonna drag him in.

As for me, I hope they never see, D.B. Cooper again.

Chorus

Not far away, from the city of roses, a light shines from a house out in the rain.

C G C G C

It was D.B. Cooper, drinking champagne. Drinking Champagne.

**Doublewide Blues**  
   
D  
V-neck t-shirt, with a mustard stain  
G  
Holdin' up a hose, outside in the rain  
A                                                   A7  
He's been my neighbor since '79  
D  
'Course he was in prison most of that time

ever since then he just ain't been right

his old lady works days and they fight most night

laid off and blown off...pissed off on booze

double wide blues

metallica song blasting out from two trailers down

it's them cut off t-shirt and numbchuck kids comin' around

tonight they'll get drunk...try to get laid

end up in a fight out behind the arcade

you know one a them little shits broke my window last spring

i told his mamma but she didn't do anything

she works two jobs...he runs loose

double wide blues

double wide blues

i got the blues

double wide

my buddy jimmy now his trailers cool

he got him a deck with one a them blue plastic pools

he works in construction...builds speck homes

his old lady left him..now he's down there alone

my friend anita she loves him but he don't know

he's to busy chasing my neighbors wife flo

soap opera heaven without all the clues

double wide blues

double wide blues

i got the blues

double wide

wild bill the manager...he keeps to himself

the war took his smile like them pills took his health

to old to run with the klan anymore

u.s. flag hangin up outside his door

i sit here watchin' all this nothin' go on

i don't get out much since mammas been gone

sometimes it's nice havin' nothin' to lose

double wide blues

double wide blues

i got the blues

double wide

take me home.....i think i'm drunk

The progression is the same throughout, but it sounds better if you can   
transition between the chords (walk the D up to G by hitting the open D, open A and   
then G basenote; and the A-A7-D transition sounds good too).

**Easy Money**

G  
He tried to look like he had a little bit of money   
C  
A grifter with a southern drawl  
G  
Well I could tell right away by the way he was runnin'   
D  
That the boy was just a beggin' to crawl.   
G  
At least a junkie knows what he needs  
C  
You get a man all strung out on green  
G  
He'll give up everything he's got  
 D G  
For just a one shot at havin' it all.  
  
  
He took every last cent of his savings  
On a trip to the local track  
He had a tip from a friend, bet it all down to win On a horse a named heart attack.  
  
Well now he ain't no fool boys, he didn't bet it all

So everything was cool when that horse took a fall

But then he turned around and blew

the rest Trying to win it back  
  
Chorus:  
C  
He wanted easy money  
G  
It's sad but it's true  
D  
Everybody wants the most they can possibly get   
G  
For the least they can possibly do  
  
C  
They want that easy money  
G  
I don't understand.  
D  
God they scheme and they plan  
G  
But they can't get their hands on no easy money.   
  
Now she'd been watching him from her table

Not too soft but not too tough  
Well she figured by the money he'd been throwing around

That he was damn sure good-looking enough   
  
And so she worked her way over  
She shot him a wink  
He took his last five bucks  
He bought her a drink  
By the time they hit the Motel 6  
They figured they was in love (love love love...)

Chorus:  
She loved that easy money  
It's sad but it's true  
Everybody wants the most they can possible get For the least they can possibly do  
  
They want that easy money  
I don't understand.  
Lord God they scheme and they plan  
But they can't get their hands on that easy money.   
  
  
Tell it like it is, all right...(Solo)  
  
It must have been about two weeks later  
He got a call from a business friend  
Who'd found a sure-fire steal of an investment deal And honey guess what? He's gonna let both of us in   
  
And so they took all their savings

out of the bank

And on the way home they stopped to gas up the tank

She stepped in for some cigs  
And she never saw the fucker again

Chorus:  
He got that easy money  
It's sad but it's true  
Everybody wants the most they can possible get A for the least they can possibly do  
He thinks it's easy money  
He don't understand.  
And you scheme and you plan  
You ain't got your hands on no easy money. You scheme and you plan

You ain't got your hands on no easy money.

**Enjoy Yourself**

Capo 2nd fret

G D7

Enjoy yourself it's later than you think,

G

Enjoy yourself while your still in the pink,

C

The years's go by as quickly as a wink,

G D7 G

Enjoy yourself enjoy yourself it's later than you think.

You work and work for years and years you’re always on the go,

You never take a minute off you're too busy making dough,

Some day you say you'll have your fun when you’re a millionaire,

Imagine all the fun you'll have in some old rocking chair.

Enjoy yourself it's later than you think,

Enjoy yourself while your still in the pink,

The years's go by as quickly as a wink,

Enjoy yourself enjoy yourself it's later than you think.

Your gonna take that ocean trip no matter come or what may,

You've got your reservations but you just can't get away,

next year for sure you'll see the world you'll really get around,

But how far can you travel when your six feet under ground?

Enjoy yourself it's later than you think,

Enjoy yourself while your still in the pink,

The years's go by as quickly as a wink,

Enjoy yourself enjoy yourself it's later than you think.

(get out and see the world)

You worry when the weathers cold you worry when it's hot,

You worry when your doing well you worry when your not,

It's worry worry all the time you don't know how to laugh,

They'll think of something funny when thay write your epitaph.

Enjoy yourself it's later than you think,

Enjoy yourself while your still in the pink,

The years's go by as quickly as a wink,

Enjoy yourself enjoy yourself it's later than you think.

Enjoy yourself enjoy yourself it's later than you think.

**Enough**

Throw this in after all C G D progressions (after 2nd line on chorus and  
after first verse)  
  
D/D7/Dsus thing:  
e|--2--o--2--3--2--2--o--o--2--  
B|--3--3--3--3--3--3--3--3--3--  
G|--2--2--2--2--2--2--2--2--2--  
D|--o--o--o--o--o--o--o--o--o--  
A|--x--x--x--x--x--x--x--x--x--  
E|--x--x--x--x--x--x--x--x--x--  
  
  
Intro:  
G     C  D  
G     C  D  
  
G             C                 G  
Baby we were out behind the pool hall   
G                   C           G       
Somewhere in that gravel parking lot   
C                 D                G           Em  
Back then when we hung out til everything was over   
        C            G              D  
And no one cared if we came home or not   
  
G                       C                     G  
Then again it could have been that night in Nashville   
G                       C                 G  
When I came up and crashed out on your floor   
  C         D              G                     C  
I can't remember where it was that we stopped talking   
           G             D         G  
Well I can't take this silence anymore   
  
               C       D           G  
It's hard enough to keep from shakin'   
             C              G                     D  
It's hard enough without you keepin' things from me   
               C                      D            G         C  
I don't know why you tried to make things so confusing   
           G      D       G     C   D  
Can't you see it's hard enough

We can't seem to find what we've been missin'   
I've looked everywhere we used to be   
I've walked up and down this highland strip a hundred times   
Wondering why you left this whole mess up to me   
  
It's hard enough to keep from shakin'   
It's hard enough without you keepin' things from me   
I don't know why you tried to make things so confusing   
Can't you see it's hard enough  
  
[harmonica solo]   
  
It's hard enough to keep from shakin'   
It's hard enough without you keepin' things from me   
I don't know why you tried to make things so confusing   
Can't you see it's hard enough  
  
It's hard enough to keep from shakin'   
It's hard enough without you keepin' things from me   
I don't know why you tried to make things so confusing   
Can't you see it's hard enough  
  
It's hard enough

**Fine Tune**  
   
[verse 1]  
(G)Pull down that (C)shade  
(C)Unplug the (G)phone  
(G)Turn off that (D)TV  
(D)Let's get (G)stoned  
  
[verse 2]  
Burn out brightly  
Fade away  
Rock out nightly  
And sleep all day  
  
Chorus:  
(G)I've been working on my (C)fine tune  
(C)I've been saving up the (G)night life  
(G)I've been waiting on a (D)green light  
(D)Further up the (G)road  
(G7)Gotta lay a bit (C)low now  
(C)I'll be better off (G)some(Em)how  
(Em)Let me work a few (C)kinks out  
(D)And I'll be ready to (G)go  
  
[verse 3]  
That sun's so bright  
My skin's so pale  
It's just too hot outside  
To go and check my mail  
  
[verse 4]  
So much to sleep for  
So much to prove  
I'm gearing up for  
My next big move  
  
Chorus:  
   
[verse 5]  
One throbbing headache  
Two Tylenol  
Gonna win this rat race  
Once and for all  
  
Chorus:

**45 Miles**

The same all the way through…

e ------------------------------------

a ------------------------------------

g 2---2---2---2---2---2---2---2

d 2---2---2---2---2---2---2---2

b -----3-----------------3---------

e --------------3------------------3

There’s a truck turned over on the highway

Flares burning out of the snow

Freezing rain in the passing lane

I got 45 miles to go

45 miles 45 miles

That’s gonna take me all night

Should-a known right away that something was wrong,

when I started thinking things were all right

things was not alright

My old man’s sick, My sister’s gone broke

There closing down my favorite bar

I got this smokers cough and now to top it all off

I think I’m gonna wreck my car

I’m gonna wreck my car

They say life goes in phases like seasons

I say something About all of them sucks

It’s as hard to be hot, as it is to be cold

You’re either out of control or you’re stuck

You’re either out of control or you’re stuck

So take whatever road that you want to, careful of the ice and the snow

I ain’t got time to change my mind

I got 45 miles to go

45 miles 45 miles

It’ss gonna take me all night

I should-a known right qway that something was wrong,

When I started thinking things was alright

Things was not alright

Things was not alright

**Godsend**

G D C G

Trailer door drink one more

C G

Life goes on

G D C G

Hotel walls wakeup calls

C G

Another sleepless dawn

Em D

First day's smoke

Em D

The waitress jokes

G C D

And more coffee

Chorus:

G D

Godsend

C G

Godsend

Em D G

Send me an angel to love

Bachelor life ,You got two ex-wives

And a beer can pile

Nightclub world, Ashtray girl

She's got a crooked smile

Forty years

No lost tears

I'm still waiting

Chorus 2x

Red beer sign, fools in line

It's the weekend crowd

So drain your cup and loosen up

I wanna hear you laugh out loud

I survive

Stay alive

I keep praying

Up Above

Chorus:

**Good News Blues**

E                                              E

Well, my woman left me and I'm so glad she did

                     A                                                  E

You know my old gal left and I'm glad she took the kid

                      B                                                  E

Now I got less mouths to feed and more room to sleep in my bed

Chorus:  E A B E

I got the good news blues

I’m smiling on a rainy day

I got the good news blues

I sung all my troubles away

Ain’t got no aching bones

Ain’t got no bills to pay

You see these politicians they just tell us what they think we want to hear

You know its here one day and then its right out that other ear

You know they promised us whiskey, but they won’t even give us no beer

Chorus

Bridge

Chorus

Ain’t go aching bones

And I ain’t got no bills I’m gonna pay

**Happy New Year**   
  
Capo 2 - Live  
Capo 5 - Album  
()-live version only  
  
  
C G  
Happy New Year everybody  
D G  
(Happy birthday Country Joe  
C G D  
I resolve to do like I always do)  
  
G   
Theres an overweight man with an overweight woman on a sofa watching TV  
C  
He's yelling his opinion at the television she looks up from her food and agrees  
D  
They got two bumper stickers on their pick up truck  
D  
They keep the pick up parked outside  
G  
One sticker says "What would Jesus do?"  
G  
The other bumper sticker says "Power of Pride"  
G  
I was thumbing through the stations on my own television  
C  
When I come across a guy on this religous station  
D G  
Singing "Somebody's Coming", he sounded whiter than me somehow - wow  
G  
It took me back in time through dwindling joy  
C  
To when i was such a guilt ridden Catholic boy  
D G  
I'm Evangelical Agnostic now  
  
C D  
I dont know what we're doing here  
D G  
You don't know what were doing here  
  
G  
Now Christians dont walk out on me just yet  
C  
You know whose name I'm yelling as I'm clutching my chest  
D  
The one my Dad told me to, and his told him to   
G  
And I probably pray as much or more than you do  
G  
Believe? Shit, every word I sing  
C  
But believing and knowing, those are two different things  
D  
And if your trying to change the way a strangers life will have to go  
G  
I believe this is where I wanna stick to what I know  
C   
Which is nothing you know, nothing for sure, so  
D   
Just chill 'til the next episode  
  
G  
Now back to the lecture at hand  
C  
Seems like my neighbor wants to kill what he can't understand  
D  
I say we cant just kill what we dont understand   
G  
But I turn on my TV and see that oh yes we can  
G  
We can, and we have since the dawn of man  
C  
For countless gods whose only real seeming plan  
D  
Was to see to it that clinging to life was our fate  
G  
And you gotta admit life's pretty great,   
C D G  
But - can we deny that its killing us?  
  
G  
I'll be here all week  
  
C G  
Happy New Year everybody  
C G  
Happy birthday Country Joe  
C G  
I resolve to do like I always do  
D  
I ain't hurtin' you  
  
Instrumental same as verse GCDG-GCDG  
  
G  
If life is anything its embarrassing  
C  
A rusty nail through a careless shoe  
D  
You cant help but sit around and wonder sometimes  
G  
Why there's never anything the nail can do  
G  
Or think about how unfair it is   
C  
That the shoe is always going where it's got to too  
D  
If you ain't the dumb kid out running around  
G  
You kinda gotta do what your born to do, hey  
  
  
C G  
Happy New Year everybody  
C G  
Specifically Happy Birthday to you Country Joe  
C G  
I resolve to do what I always do  
D G   
And I only ever make it a day or two

**Happy to Be Here**   
  
G                 
All of my neighbors are all up in arms  
      C                     G  
About something they saw on TV.  
      G                   Em  
Seems some politician got busted for something  
     A                          D    
That won't make any difference to me.  
          G                          G7  
Well, I'm sure it's all true and I'm tired of this too  
       C                        A  
But I can't pray for someone to fall  
      G                      Em  
I say let all the people do what people do  
         C          D         G      D       G  
I'm just happy to be here at all  
  
I'm happy to be here to vote randomly  
On who ought to take the next dive  
Eager to see what the downfall will be  
And all the hilarity on Saturday Night Live  
Mostly it's all scandal t.v. these days  
That's where the real money must fall  
Down from the smog of some Hollywood haze  
I'm just happy to be here at all  
  
             C  
I'm happy to be here  
         G  
Happy to be  
        G  D  C  
Happy  
  
HARP SOLO  
  
Happy to be here to see how it goes  
When everything blows into space  
I've been walking my tennis shoes right through my toes  
Trying to keep up with the rest of the race.  
Mostly I stare out my window these days  
Watching my dog chase her ball  
I'll do my job here whatever it pays  
I'm just happy to be here at all  
Just happy to be here at all.

**Hey Hey**   
  
Intro:   
C G F C   
C G F G  
C G F C  
C G F C G C  
  
     C            G       
Got a girl in the Georgia hills   
     F            C  
Saves my money so I pay my bills   
     C            G  
Broke a bottle, took my pills   
   F     G  
Got me to sleep   
   
She makes a thing out of me   
Knows the world that I want to see   
Heaven knows she needs to be    
One promise I keep   
   
Golden haired, halo-eyed   
Walkin' like she ain't satisfied   
Sayin' things that most girls hide   
Sometimes she's rude   
   
Two Bloody Mary's she's full of grace   
Laughin' all over her pillow case

Man the girl can rock the place   
When she's in the mood   
  
    G                 C  F  C  F  
Hey Hey Hey Hey Hey   
    G                 C   
Hey Hey Hey Hey Hey   
  
  
She don't talk down to me   
She takes my temper patiently   
She listens to me constantly   
I'm always falling apart   
  
She don't like it when I'm not home   
I hate it when I got to leave her alone   
The girl was born with a jealous bone   
And a runaway heart   
  
Hey Hey Hey Hey Hey   
Hey Hey Hey Hey Hey   
  
[solo]   
  
Hey Hey Hey Hey Hey   
Hey Hey Hey Hey Hey   
  
Got a girl in the Georgia hills   
Saves my money so I pay my bills   
Broke a bottle, took my pills   
Got me to sleep   
  
She makes a thing out of me   
Knows the world that I want to see   
Heaven knows she needs to be   
One promise I keep   
  
  
Hey Hey Hey Hey Hey   
Hey Hey Hey Hey Hey

**Horseshoe Lake**

       D  
       Won't work this morning   
                      A  
       I can't punch in   
       A  
       There's too many questions   
       G          D  
       Under my skin   
                  
                D  
       My back is achin'   
                  A  
       I'm so confused   
        A  
       I can't help feeling   
        G          D  
       I'm being used   
         D   
       I did like they told me   
                  A  
       I settled down   
         A  
       Now I'm going crazy   
        G             D  
       Workin' down town   
  
       D  
       What do I do here   
                 G  
       Why do I stay   
                       D  
       Who are these people   
                A             D  
       I check in with every day   
  
       Chorus:   
       ---   
               G                  D  
       I need room to think this over   
                G                     A  
       I need a ride out to Horseshoe Lake   
               G                       D  
       I wanna feel like it makes a difference   
               A                D  
       What difference one man makes   
  
       They say that one man makes the money   
       One man makes the time   
       I need time to think this over   
       I've got to make up my own mind   
       \_\_\_   
  
       Don't need a psychic   
       Don't need a shrink   
       I need time away from all of this   
       I need a drink   
  
        D  
       How did I get here   
                     G  
       Where will I go   
                     D  
       Why am I so haunted   
                A                 D  
       By anything that I don't know   
  
       \*chorus   
  
       \*chorus

       For the verses, the chords alternate as follows:  
         
       G 320033  
         
       D xx0230  
         xx0232  
         xx0233 <-- throw this in somewhere  
         
       A x02200  
         x02220  
         x02230 <-- occasionally

**I Believe You**

G                      FC

I believe in karma

G                    FC

I believe in soul

G                      FC

I believe in heaven

G                         FC

I believe in rock n roll

G                        FC

I believe in wrestling

G                   FC

I believe in sleep

G                             FC

I know I ought a quit now

G                                   FC

But I believe I'm in too deep

G                           FC

I believe in gangster rap

G                                  FC

Gays and Geeks and Ghosts

G                        FC             G                                  FC

I believe that we die of all the things that we hate the most

G                  FC                G                           FC

I believe that we all learn to love before we get through

G                FC        G                          FC

I believe in letting people do what people do

   D

I believe in everything

C

Yes I do

   G                              FC  (X2)

I believe in everything

                      D                C               D

I believe in everything, everyone, everybody

(hang D)

Man, hey, hey, hey  
(back to GFC pattern)

I believe that all my friends

Really are my friends

I believe that Jesus Christ

Died for all of my sins

I believe that the devil gets

Exactly what he’s due

I believe in the Beatles

I believe in my girlfriend too

People I believe in everything

(I Believe You)

Yes I do

I believe in everything

I believe in everything, everyone, everybody hey, hey, hey

(I Believe You)

Tell me what you want...

I believe you

[solo]

I believe in people

White and black and blue

I believe in people

Who don’t believe the same way I do

Because I know some day

Love is going to shine its own way through

I believe in letting people

Do what people do

I believe in everything

(I Believe You)

Yes I do

I believe in everything

I believe in everything, everyone, everybody hey, hey, hey

(I Believe You)

Tell me what you want...

I believe it

**I Can Drink Any Woman Pretty**

D G

She was the worst looking woman to ever grace this county.

A D

And I's the loneliest man in the whole damn world.

G A D G

But I had me a fool proof plan, that I'd learned from my old man.

D A D

Yeah, I knew right soon she'd be my kind of girl.

Bmin A

Now I admit at first I didn't even want that woman near me.

Bmin A

Hell, she looked like she'd been beaten up with a rake.

G A D Bmin

But as I gulped down another round, I said, hey woman hand around.

G A D

Yer gettin better looking with every drink I take.

[Chorus]

G A D

Cause I can drink any woman pretty.

G A D

Just give me a bottle and a little time.

G A D Bmin

She may look like an ugly ole heifer right now,

G A D G A D

but one more round and that womans gonna look just fine.

She was worse than Oprah Winfrey when I first met her.

She had floppy ears and this big ole busted nose.

And it was kinda hard to ignore that woman's crooked and yellow teeth,

and them sloppy ole smelly mismatched dimestore clothes.

But Johnny Walker spiced up her wardrobe.

Yeah, and bourbon straightened out that busted nose.

Well a couple of vodka shots, add in a little bit of dental work.

Next thing you know I'm sitting next to Marylin Monroe, oh no.

[Chorus]

She may look like an ugly ole heifer right now,

but one more round and that woman's gonna look just fine.

------------------------

After listening to the recording more closely, I think this should be played capoed at the 2nd fret. Making the capoed chords :

D = C

G = F

A = G

Bmin = Amin

It should be easy to transpose the intro to the capoed position. To me it sounds more accurate capoed.

**Iron Mike’s Main Man’s Last Request**

Intro C F C G C-F-C

C

Hey little buddy

F

Don't even worry

C G

Everything is going to be OK

C F

I could have told you when you started makin' money

C G

that the world was going to treat you this way

F C

Forget your 1st wife she was no good for you

F C G

she was a gold diggin' bitch and her mom was too

F G C-F-C

Hey Iron Mike, don't let them get you down

Hey little buddy

Don’t look uneasy

You just keep your eyes fixed on this fight

If that mean old don king don’t give you

back all of your money

I say you and I we go take it back some night

You’re still the champion and everybody knows you are

Come on Iron Mike let’s take the Porsche to the titty bar

Come on, champ

Come on, champ

All I’m asking for is

three hundred dollars

And that’s only till my brother straightens out

I would do this for you

If I could and you needed me to

Ain’t that what friendship’s all about

Hey little buddy

Don’t get angry

God, at least please not at me

You know that I am right behind you

all the way oh compadre

You just say whatever you want to and I’ll agree

Who washed every car in this ten car garage

Who carries the boombox in the entourage

Me mike Goddammit Me! Me!

**I Spoke as a Child**  
   
When changing from G to Em, walk the base line down from the  
G note (3rd fret low E or 1st string), to F# (2nd fret 1st string)  
to open 1st string (E note)  
  
G       Bm    C      G  
Everyone has days like I'm having  
C G       D  
Holdin on to anything that I can  
G     Bm C     G  
To keep myself from anything but laughing  
C          G        D  
Looking back as far as I can stand  
C D G  
Out my window winter is almost over  
      Em       C G D  
I can almost see the sun behind these clouds  
C   D G    Em  
Lookin' back on where I was one year ago today  
C   D       G  
Laughing at the shape I'm in now.  
  
Chorus:  
D        C   G        
When I was a child I spoke as a child  
     C      G       D  
But all I heard was how I should get ahead,  
     C   D       G  
Now growing up it ain't anything but all  
Em      C  
This indecision with these debts and doubts  
    D    
And worries hanging over my head  
     C       D       G Em  
When I was a child I spoke as a child  
   C D G  
I wish I could remember what I said  
  
I'd like to find that old time feelin'  
Somewhere in between what I've become  
Somewhere down the line it must have seemed appealing  
So I suppose that it must work for some  
But I wanna go back to going crazy  
Believing every word that I was told  
You know sometimes growing up I think I'm getting wiser  
And then other times I think I'm getting old

Chorus:  
When I was a child I spoke as a child  
But all I heard was how I should get ahead  
Now growing up it ain't anything but all this  
Indecision with these debts and doubts and  
Worries hangin' over my head  
When I was a child I spoke as a child  
I wish I could remember what I said  
  
When I was a child I spoke as a child  
God I wish I could remember what I said

**Just in Case**

           D                G                D  
You oughta know by now this love of mine is real  
       G          F#/G      Em              A  
Honey, words just can't describe the way I feel  
G               A                
And even though we just met  
D               G  
I'm so glad the date is set  
     G              Em               G            A  
And years from now, I would bet, we'd be together still  
            G         A  
But just in case  
         D        G  
Just in case  
      G    F#/G    Em               A  
This morning I went by my lawyer's place  
G                   A  
I didn't think that you would mind  
       D               G  
Here honey, sign this dotted line  
        G                  Em  
What's yours is yours and what it mine  
       G        A  
Will always be mine  
         D  
Just in Case  
  
HARP SOLO  
  
Well you know I can't love you enough  
But I also can't afford to lose half of my stuff  
There's no doubt in my mind  
These ties that we're about to bind  
Will hold us both together any time it gets too tough  
But just in case  
Just in case

This morning I went by my lawyer's place  
I didn't think that you would mind  
Here dumplin', sign this dotted line  
What's yours is yours and what it mine  
Will always be mine  
Just in Case

**Just Like Old Times**

CAPO 2  
  
C  
Coke machine glowin' through the parking lot  
F  
Call it a room with a view  
C C7  
This was the best night of pool that I ever shot  
F  
I made a lot of money too  
G  
Looking for some company  
F  
In the Weekly Scene  
G F  
I Seen an ad it just had to be you  
G  
I hadn't seen you since New Orleans  
G  
I never did figure out where you ran off to  
C C7  
I know I looked bad the last time I saw you  
F  
But lately I been doin' all right  
C C7  
I won a tournament last week in Oklahoma City  
F  
Hustled half of this town tonight  
G F  
I got some cocaine if you want some  
G F  
It's the best that I could find  
G  
Hey we could just sit here and talk all night  
G  
If that big ol' guy out in the car don't mind  
  
F C   
Like old times  
G C  
Screw off the top on a bottle of wine  
F C G   
Living out our own kind of American dream  
F C  
Old times  
G C  
Your goal was always the same as mine   
F C G C  
You didn't want to throw a fishing line in that old main stream  
  
C C7  
No I ain't expecting anybody but you  
F  
I don't know who this could be at the door  
C C7  
But I'm pretty sure that you got a clue  
F  
And I bet that you've been to this hotel before  
G F  
Put the you know what in the bathroom but  
G F  
Don't flush it down just yet  
G  
Put your pager in my suitcase  
G  
I'll get the window  
G  
You light a cigarette  
G  
It'll be like...  
  
F C  
Old times  
G C  
Just like the old times  
F C G C  
Living out our own kind of American dream  
F C  
Old times  
G C  
Your goal was always the same as mine  
F C G C  
You didn't want to throw a fishing line in that old main stream  
  
D  
No sir officer you don't understand  
G  
We're just two old friends drinkin' wine  
D  
I'm sure she is but that's not all she is  
G  
She is also an old friend of mine  
D  
I got her high school picture right here in my wallet  
G  
Nineteen eighty-two  
D  
No sir officer no offense taken  
n/c  
You have a good night too...  
  
Instrumental same as chorus F C G C x4  
  
C C7  
Good thing we didn't throw this away,   
F  
Baby turn up the radio  
C C7  
I'm pretty sure that cop knew what we were up to  
F  
I guess he just decided to let us go  
G F  
Aw, don't make such a thing about that picture  
G F  
That was just something I kept  
G  
Don't get all sentimental on me now girl  
G  
You haven't even told me what your new name is yet  
  
F C  
Old times  
G C  
Just like the old times  
F C G C  
Living out our own kind of American dream  
F C  
Old times  
G C  
Your goal was always the same as mine  
F C G C  
You didn't want to throw a fishing line in that old main stream   
  
OUTRO C C7 F C C7 F F G C**Keep off the Grass**  
  
G                                          D  
It keeps on gettin' harder to keep on keepin' on  
        C                               D                 G  
with everybody screamin' orders in my ear  
G                                         D  
I want to be my own man, I want to walk alone  
               C                                D                 G  
but everytime I leave my home this is what I hear  
  
  
                 C  
Keep your nose clean, your head above water  
 G                                                                
Keep your feet on the ground, keep your hands off my daughter  
                  D                                    
Keep your back to the wind, your thoughts to yourself  
  C   
an eye on the clock and an eye on your health                                                                    
  D                                                                                                         
G  
I wish they would let me just  keep to myself, cause I'd do fine on my own

They say keep up with the times

Keep up with the Jones

Keep up with the rest of your class

I try to keep an open mind

In this close minded world

That’s always telling me

To keep off the grass

Keep you nose clean

Keep your head above water

Keep your feet on the ground

Keep your hands off my daughter

Keep your back to the wind

Keep your thoughts to yourself

Keep an eye on the clock

Keep an eye on your health

I wish they’d just let me keep to myself

And I’d do fine on my own

Keep an open mind

It’s a closed minded world

Always telling me to keep off the grass

**Late Last Night**  
  
 G  
 Well could you try to keep it down  
  
 I was up kinda late late night  
  
 Now i'm feeling like i usually feel  
                D  
 After i feel alright  
 C  
 I don't wanna hear another word about mornin  
 G                 C  
 I can't take the light  
 G  
 Well could you try to keep it down  
       D                    G  
 I was up kinda late late night  
  
   
 You see there is something inside  
 this world that's gone so wrong  
 there is a gap between the rich and the poor   
 a million miles long   
 I dig the fact that you and your friends are

gonna stand up and make it right   
 But could you try to keep it down   
 i was up kinda late last night  
  
 Chorus:  
 C  
 i was down at the bar like the fool i am  
 G  
 dancing on the table to son of slam  
     C  
 i met a whole lot of people i still don't know  
    D  
 i just rolled in an hour ago  
 C  
 could you try to keep it down?  
 G  
 try to keep it down...  
                           D                     G  
 try to keep it down i was up kinda late last night  
  
 Solo  
  
 i don't wanna hear about this lollapalooza tour  
 man i just woke up and where i am i can't say for sure  
 i ain't the kinda guy to come and break all your records  
 but then again i might...  
 well could you try to keep it down i was up kinda late last night  
  
 Repeat Chorus  
  
 try to keep it down....  
 try to keep it down....  
 try to keep it down i was up kinda late last night

**Lonely Girl**   
  
Capo 4th Fret  
  
Intro: G D Am C  
       G D C  
  
(Either walk bass note between intro chords or play "B" key harmonica along with it)  
  
G          D  Am           C  
There you sit   all by yourself  
G          D   C   
Trying to quit   like everybody else  
G    D      Am       C  
Cigarette smoke in your eyes  
G              D             C  
I see a few regrets in there too  
G  
Hey there lonely girl  
D                             G   C  
Have I got a lonely boy for you  
  
Like a sunny day somewhere else  
The music plays but it don't help  
Through the haze you roll your eyes  
Every day I wonder what you see  
Hey there lonely girl  
I think you're the only girl for me  
  
C                 G                           Am  
You're the only girl in this whole wide world  
                         D  
Only throw your pearls at me  
  
Here I sit all by myself  
Trying to quit something else  
Cigarette smoke in my eyes  
I've got a bunch of regrets too  
Hey there lonely girl  
Have I got a lonely boy for you

**Long Year**

chords

D : xx0232

D/C# : x40232

D/B : x20032

A7 : x02020 or x02030 (Asus-somthing?)

A : x02220 or x0222x (some of the A's may be A7.)

G : 3x0003

G/F# : 2x0003

Em : 022000

[intro] Harmonica tabbed for guitar

D D/C# D/B A7 D D/C# D/B

e|-5(hold)---7--5----------|-5(hold)---7--5(hold)-|

B|-----------------7-----7-|----------------------|

G|--------------------7----|----------------------|

[verse]

D D/C#

I came in off a dead end street

D/B A7

Walked in slow and took a back row seat

D D/C# D/B A7

I knew I had nothing new to say

D D/C#

So many people looking so burned out

D/B A G A

I couldn't help feeling bad about just having to be there anyway

[verse]

A friend of a friend from work came in

I never have known what to make of him

He'd always seemed to be so insincere to me

You know I've always been afraid of a 12 step crowd

They laugh too much and talk too loud

Like they all know where everyone should be

[chorus]

D D/C# D/B

It's been a l---o---n---g

A G

A long long year

D D/C# D/B

Its been a l---o---n---g

A G

A long long year

A

How did I get here

[verse]

They were talking in a circle I was by myself

Everyone was telling everyone how they felt

It felt like so long since I'd been young

As the circle kept moving its way to the back

I was wondering what I was going to say in fact

I still didn't know, as it rolled off my tongue

[chorus]

[harmonica solo] (Not positive of the last two measures. It definitely sounds lower.)

D D/C# D/B A7 G G/F# Em A7 G G/F# Em A7

e|-5(hold)---7--5----------|-5(hold)---7--5-----|------------------------|

B|-----------------7-----7-|--------------------|-7--8--7-----7--8--7--5-|

G|--------------------7----|--------------------|----------7-------------|

[verse]

I didn't say a word all the way to my car

But a little later on that night at the bar

I was telling everyone how strange my day had been

They say brother all you need is another shot

So I threw one down and said thanks a lot

As I thought to myself, well here we go again

----------------------------------------------------

The song could also be played using a capo at 2, then the chords would be

capo at 2 chords

| original chord | New chord | fingering |

| D | C | x32010 |

| D/C# | C/B | x20010 |

| D/B | C/A | x02010 |

| A | G | 3x0003 |

| G | F | 133211 |

| G/F# | F/E | 033211 |

| Em | Dm | xx0231 |

**Missing You (Partial)**

The intro is out of D with one of the notes (second note of intro) on the 1st string 5th fret I think (maybe 4th) .  
  
Verses are:  
  
D     G    D  
D     G    D  
D              D susp  
D     G    A    
(may be something slightly different with the A chord – I’m still trying to figure it out)  
Don’t have the chorus yet.

I feel like missing you today

Sometimes I just get this way

Seems like everything I see

Brings back another memory

I must feel like missing you today

You’re never too far from my mind

I feel like crying sometimes

It’s always been so hard to do

Especially when it comes to you

You’re never too far from my mind

I know someday I’ll see your smiling face again

I don’t know when but I know it’s true

One other thing I know

No matter where we go

You love me and I love you

I can’t help wondering out loud

If we’d have ever worked things out

I wish I could make amends

For anything I might have said back then

I can’t help wondering out loud

I feel like missing you today

I ain’t lettin’ nobody stand in my way

I’m gonna pull down these shades

And play some old songs

**Moondawg’s Tavern**  
   
 Chorus:  
 E  
 Moondawgs Tavern  
 A                        E  
 Thats where i'm a gonna go  
  
 Moondawgs Tavern  
 B  
 That's the only place i know  
 E  
 Moondawgs got everything  
      A  
 i'm ever gonna need  
 E                    B         E  
 Moondawgs Tavern in Frazier Tennessee  
  
                       A  
 He'll sit down and he'll tell you  
                             E  
 About all the freinds he's made  
                            B  
 About all the nights that he walked the line  
                             E  
 And all the mornings that he paid  
                            A  
 How they threw him out of so many bars  
                           E  
 he finally built one in his own backyard  
                            B  
 he ain't been thrown out once so far  
          A              E  
 And his tab is always paid  
  
 Repeat Chorus  
  
 Solo  
  
 Repeat Chorus  
  
 Solo 2

**My Generation Part II**

G                           C            G  
 well my old man says the woodstock generation  
           C                   G                Em  
 found a way to make this nation open up it's eyes  
 A                  D        C                 D  
 and take a look around. and he says my generation,  
 G               Em  
 aint good for nothin,  
 C                      G  
 well i cold think of something  
        D                     G  
 so i thought i would jot it down  
  
 Chorus:  
               C  
 So here's to hair gel  
                 G  
 hangin out at the health spa  
          D  
 using condom sense  
              C    D  
 and watching la law,  
          C  
 here's to drum machines  
 D  
 stonewashed jeans  
 G                  Em  
 credit cards and fax machines  
 A                            D  
 big bow headed chicks with frat guys  
        C  
 wearin 40 dollar tye-dyed t-shirts  
      D  
 and big bold pasley ties  
     C                      D  
 here's to livin off dad as long as you can  
      G                   Em  
 and blending in with a crowd  
 C               D  
 oh my generation  
 C             D  
 my generation  
 C            D              G  
 my generation should be proud  
  
 we were raised up in the hallowed halls  
 half a million shopping malls  
 and there ain't any price were to proud to pay  
 we'll buy anything from diet sprite  
 to 1000 points of light  
 well i admit were not that bright  
 but i'm proud anyway  
  
 Repeat Chorus

**Never Let Me Down**

AE D

thanks again for everything

AE D

for everything i know

AE D

for everything that i have seen

AE D

between these places that i go

D E

down that highway

D E

up that street

D A D E

in your love i know i'll never lose my feet

A E D

in all these years that i have moved around

you never let me down

AED

thanks again for all you do

to see us through this mess

without you this sky of blue clouds up

with loneliness

up that mountain

down that stream

through that night mare

into that dream

in all these tragic wonders i have found

you never let me down

when i think of who we are

and who we'll be behind these stars

i say "oh... thank god"

you know lately i've been feeling kinda lonely

everybody seems so afraid

i clench my teeth together so tightly sometimes

that i forget that promise you made

knock and you will open

seek and you will answer

in your own perfect time

in all these years that i've been losing ground

in all these tragic wonders i have found

in all of these years that i have moved around

you never let me down

you never let me down

**New Connection**  
  
D  
Running out of gas   
        G                     D  
where a gas station's hard to find  
D  
These East Coast toll roads   
G                 D  
drive me outta my mind  
D         G  
You can't go any faster   
G                         D  
than the guy you gotta go behind  
D              A  
I need a new connection  
  
There ain't nothin I hate   
more than waiting in an airport line   
Except a $9 glass   
of some cheap ass airport wine   
I never do have enough room to move   
When I'm riding that jet airline   
That jet airline  
  
(CHORUS)  
D        A  
I need a new connection  
G        D  
I need a new direction  
   G                           D  
I'm so tired of looking at the same reflection  
      A  
in my rearview mirror when I'm passing through  
G     A             D  
A new connection to you  
  
  
I was ridin' in a cab around a town I'd never been  
Cab driver's chain smokin' tryin' to get a station in  
Twenty minutes in the ride the guy asked where I was goin' again  
Where was I goin' again?  
  
I need a new connection  
I need a new direction  
I'm so tired of lookin' at the same reflection in my rear view mirror  
When I'm passin' through  
I need a new inspiration  
Another kind of conversation  
Anything but this situation that we've all been through and through and through  
A new connection to you  
  
I got a hand full of car keys jinglin' on a ring  
I got a head full of worries doin' the same damn thing  
I got a lot more songs than I've got words to sing  
Sometimes you just gotta sing  
  
I need a new connection  
I need a new direction  
I'm so tired of lookin' at the same reflection in the rear view mirror  
That I always do  
I need a new inspiration  
Another kind of conversation  
Anything but this situation that we've all been through and through and through  
A new connection to you

**Once He Finds Us**

G - C - G - C - G - D - G - G

I don't (G)know how (C)I found (G)Jesus

I (C)don't even (G)care now,(D) He's in my (G)heart

Once He (G)finds us He'll (C)never (G)leave us

No (C)matter (G)how far (D) we fall (G)apart

I used to (C)wonder what I was (G)missin'

I used to (D)think that I was missin' (G)faith

Now the (C)words of calmer (G)voices

They sound like (Am)angels bowing (D)strings

G - C - G - C - G - D - G - G

He was (G)there when (C)nobody (G)else was

He was (C)there (G)when (D) the work was (G)thin

He was (G)there when my (C)father (G)left us

(C)I am (G)hear now (D) to work for (G)Him

I don't (C)know how I found (G)Jesus

I don't even (D)care because He's in my (G)heart

Once He (C)finds us He'll never (G)leave us

No matter (D)how far we fall (G)apart

**Plastic Girl**

D

Well I knew I had to have her when I sent off in the mail

D A

When I saw her picture in that magazine

A

And when the postman brought her, I thrilled as I blew up

A D

The prettiest plastic girl you’d ever seen

D

I called the new girl Wendy and Wendy blew my mind

D G

I figured that I’d keep her around

G D

Her plug kept her inflated and when I it in

A D

But when I pulled it out she’d go down

Chorus:

G D

She’s a life sized, wife sized, full grown blow up plastic girl, and nothin’s missin’

G D A

She never had a headache and she ain’t got bad breath when we’re kissin’

G

She’s there when you need her, she’s more than just a friend

D G

And her skin is as smooth as a pearl

D A D

She’s my life sized, wife sized, full grown blow up plastic girl

Well I didn’t tell anybody except my best friend Earl

Cause you can’t trust just anyone you see

And when I’d come home late at night all tired from makin’ pizzas

Wendy, she’d be waitin’ there for me

One night I came home anxious with Wendy on my mind

And it broke my heart in two when I walked in

And I found the one I’d always thought would always be just mine

Layin’ there with Earl, my best friend

Now I never dreamed that Wendy would be the cheatin’ kind

And I never figured Earl would let me down

But you don’t know what can happen in these modern mixed up times

Cause there’s a lot of fuckin’ wierdos runnin’ around

**PLAY A TRAIN SONG**

C G

A SMOKIN' OLD BLACK CADILLAC, THE ENGINE WINDING DOWN

Am F

HE'D PARK IT UP ON THE SIDEWALK LIKE HE OWNED THE WHOLE DAMN TOWN

C G Am F

I'D HEAR HIM TALKIN' TO SOME CHICK THROUGH A THICK GHOST OF SMOKE

C G

THROUGH A THICKER HAZE OF SOUTHERN COMFORT AND COKE

HE'D SAY, "GIRL, YOU ARE HOTTER THAN THE HINGES HANGIN' OFF THE GATES OF HELL

DON'T BE AFRAID TO TURN TO ME, BABY, IF HE DON'T TREAT YOU WELL

AND BY "HE," HE MEANT ME, SO I LAUGHED AND I SHOOK HIS HAND

HE'D LAUGH A LITTLE BIT LOUDER AS HE'D YELL UP AT THE BAND

CHORUS:

C G

PLAY A TRAIN SONG....POUR ME ONE MORE ROUND

Am F

MAKE 'EM LEAVE MY BOOTS ON ON THE DAY THEY LAY ME DOWN

C G Am F

I AM A RUNAWAY LOCOMOTIVE, OUT OF MY ONE-TRACK MIND

C G F

AND I'M LOOKIN' FOR ANY KIND OF TROUBLE THAT I CAN FIND

I GOT THIS OLD, BLACK LEATHER JACKET, I GOT THIS PACK OF MARLBORO REDS

I GOT THIS STASH HERE IN MY POCKET, I GOT THESE THOUGHTS IN MY OWN HEAD

THE RIGHT TO RUN UNTIL I GOTTA WALK UNTIL I GOTTA CRAWL

IT'S THIS MOMENT THAT I'M IN RIGHT NOW AND NOTHIN' ELSE AT ALL

CHORUS:

SO PLAY A TRAIN SONG....POUR ME ONE MORE ROUND

MAKE 'EM LEAVE MY BOOTS ON WHEN THEY LAY ME IN THE GROUND

I AM A RUNAWAY LOCOMOTIVE, OUT OF MY ONE-TRACK MIND

(INSTRUMENTAL...sounds like one whole chorus)

BY THE TELEVISION BLIZZARD LIGHT WE LOOKED AROUND HIS PLACE

WE FOUND HIM COLD THERE ON HIS SOFA, HE HAD A LITTLE SMILE ACROSS HIS FACE

AND THOUGH I TRIED TO TALK OF MY SADNESS, SOMEHOW I JUST COULD NOT WEEP

FOR A MAN WHO LOOKED TO ME LIKE HE DIED LAUGHING IN HIS SLEEP

CHORUS:

SINGIN' A TRAIN SONG....DRINK HIM ONE LAST ROUND

WE MADE 'EM LEAVE HIS BOOTS ON ON THE DAY LAID HIM DOWN

HE WAS A RUNAWAY LOCOMOTIVE, OUT OF HIS ONE-TRACK MIND

C F

PLAY A TRAIN SONG

C F

PLAY A TRAIN SONG

C - G C

PLAY A TRAIN SONG

**Prison Walls**

G

These prison walls there cold and hard

C G

The fences tall across the yard

C G

Locked away and what’s so strange

C D G

That I feel god I feel like nothings changed

G

The floor is cold and blankets itch

C G

Three meals today thou god to some that’s rich

C G

So some still dream of an open door

D G

Me I know that I was never free before

D G D G

I was never free to fly away never free to disappear

C G

There’s always someone so far away

D G

Well I will always be in here

Late at night you think thighs through

I try to think of way to get to you

I never can what’s so strange

Is that I feel god I feel like nothings changed?

Ten more months they say im free

But it makes know difference to me

Locked you out so long ago

D G

Prison walls prison walls there all I know

D G

Prison walls prison walls there all I know

**Rocket Fuel**

(G)Rocket fuel, rocket fuel buddy I'm runnin (C)Rocket (G)fuel

(G)Flyin high (C)feelin (Em) cool (D) buddy I'm runnin (G)

my mom works

my dads gone

i skip school here all day long

burn my brains out singin' this song

doors wide open with the tv on

Chorus:

(C)Rocket fuel (G) rocket fuel (D)one more shot of that (G) rocket fuel

(C)Don't need work and I (G) don't need (Em) school

cause I'm (D) burnin' like a (G)rocket.

down the road

way out there

no one waits because no one cares

red neck bottom of the corporate stairs

i'm gonna get my kicks while i still don't care.

Chorus:

rock and roll rock and roll

you don't care if i sell my soul

but you move me like a holy roll

running on rocket fuel

rocket fuel rocket fuel

**Rose City**

C G

We wrote our names in the tunnel back when

F Dm

Coos Bay was as far away as we’d ever been

F Dm

Pine trees climbing up winding hills

F G

Fishing boats and paper mills

C G

Multnomah County’s where I come from

F Dm

Hometown to Bigfoot and the Burnside bums

F Dm

Rain clouds hangin’ down low and grey

F G

God knows I wish it would have rained today

Chorus:

C C/B Am Am/G F G

Tonight I’ve got those old Rose City blues

C C/B Am Am/G F G

Tonight I’ve got those old Rose City blues

Tonight I’m drivin’ through some other town

Radio on with the windows down

Old song comes on from a long time ago

How on earth did that DJ know

Chorus

Bridge:

C C/B Am

Rain rain rain

C C/B Am C

Pouring rain doesn’t bother me

We wrote our names in the tunnel back then

And last night we went down and did it again

One sip too many from that old loving cup

Rose City people never do grow up

Chorus

**Sideshow Blues**

Occasionally on the A chord he does this:

e--0--------0----

b--2--------3---- He just hammers on the second part

g--2---to---2---- so don’t hold on to it. Hope that

d--2--------4---- explains it.

a--0--------0----

E--0--------0----

A

My landlady treats me like I don't pay my rent

A

Gave my car to my mechanic, I ain't seen it since

A

My phone is always ringing, when I want to be alone

A

They try and sell me everything from Heaven to cologne

D A

Everybody's got an offer I can't refuse

E A

It's a circus out here mama, Your baby's got the sideshow blues

It's all a big commercial; It's a video of a man

It's a plot to put an end to my attention span

They make up all these issues, I never understood

If I thought I could change things I'd run out to Hollywood

But it's hard to kick the door down wearing seven dollar shoes

It's a circus out here mama, Your baby's got the sideshow blues

Chorus:

D

I've got them sideshow blues

D

I want to tame the lions

A

These center ring rich kids ain't even trying

D

From college to the big top they take the best positions

E

While I'm out in this tent with these freaks and musicians

E

While I'm out in this tent with these freaks and musicians

A

I'm moaning them sideshow blues

[solo]

I try to tell my girlfriend she's the only one that I've got

This chick I hardly knows keeps on telling her she's not

She got a loaded pistol, she waves it all the time

Says some times you gotta kill a boy to keep his ass in line

Well that's the way she sees it, she says she saw it on the news

It's a circus out here mama, Your baby's got the sideshow blues

See people play satanic records, and you don't know when they'll freak

From quiet kid to maniac to movie of the week

We're killing over cocaine, dying over sex

We're bowing down and praying to who'll ever cuts the check

When I go to church on Sunday, I can't help sleep in the pews (that's what I do)

It's a circus out here mama, Your baby's got the sideshow blues

It's a circus out here mama, Your baby's got the sideshow blues

It's a circus out here mama, Your baby's got the sideshow blues

It's a circus people...Step Right Up

**Somebody's Coming**   
   
Intro:  C  F  C  G  
        C  F  C  G  
  
C                  F               C  
Tell anybody that ain't got nobody   
            G  
Somebody's coming   
C                            F                   C  
Tell all these people who think they need money   
            G  
Somebody's coming   
    C                         C7  
Tell everybody walkin' tall and proud   
        F                             D  
That their money talks, but it talks so loud   
     C              Am  
That there's somebody coming   
    F        G         C        F   C   G  
That's gonna change everything   
  
Tell all these people makin' all these decisions   
Somebody's coming   
Tell all these people with their hateful opinions   
Somebody's coming   
Tell everybody in the KKK, in the FBI, in the CIA   
That there's somebody coming   
That's gonna change everything   
  
     Am                      Em  
Somebody's coming to change your mind   
     F                       C  
Sneak up on all you believe from behind   
     Am                      Em  
Somebody's coming who won't let you down   
        F                                   D  
Who'll turn everything you thought was right around   
   C              Am  
Well somebody's coming   
   F         G          C       F   C   G  
That's gonna change everything   
  
Tell all these people at the end of the line   
Somebody's coming   
Tell all these people holding "I'll work for food" signs   
Somebody's coming   
Somebody's coming, been here before   
If you think you're outta chances, well you've got one more   
'Cause somebody's coming   
That's gonna change everything   
Somebody's coming that don't need your vote   
Gonna rattle your cage and rock your boat   
Somebody' coming like a thief in the night   
Gonna stand by his people when we're took weak to fight   
Well somebody's coming   
It's gonna change everything   
Somebody's coming   
Somebody's coming   
Look out!   
Somebody's coming   
Yes it's somebody coming   
That's gonna to change everything

**Statistician's Blues**

Capo 2nd fret  
  
Intro:  
  
G C G A D    
  
  
They say (G)3 percent of the people use 5 to (C)6 percent of their (G)brain  
  
97 percent use 3 percent and the (A)rest goes down the (D)drain  
  
now (G)I don't know which one I am, but I'll (C)bet you my last (G)dime  
  
(C)99 percent think we're (G)3 percent (D)100 percent of the (G)time   
  
They say (G)64 percent of the world's statistics are (C)made up right there on the (G)spot  
  
82.4 percent of the people believe them whether they are (A)accurate statistics or (D)not  
  
Now (G)I don't know what you believe but I (C)do know there's no (G)doubt  
  
I need (C)another shot of something (G)90 proof I got (D)too much to think (G)about   
  
  
chorus  
  
(C)too much to (G)think about  
  
(C)too much to (G)figure out  
  
(C)stuck (D)between (Em)hope and (C)doubt  
  
its (G)too much to (D)think (G)about   
  
  
Interlude: verse progression   
  
  
(G)97 percent of everything you learned in school was just (C)bullshit you'll never (G)need  
  
81 percent of everything you got you (A)bought to satisfy your (D)greed  
  
because (G)86 percent of the world's population links (C)possessions to (G)success  
  
even though (C)80 percent of the wealthiest (G)one percent of the population (D)drinks to an alarming (G)excess  
  
(D)more money more (G)stress   
  
  
chorus   
  
  
(G)84 percent of all statisticians (C)truly hate their (G)jobs  
  
they say that the average bank robber lives within 20 (A)miles of the bank that he (D)robs  
  
there's a (G)little bank not far from here I've been (C)watching now for a (G)while  
  
lately (C)all I can think (G)about is how bad I (D)want to go out in (G)style   
  
  
chorus   
  
  
   
  
Notes: The song is in the key of E and sounds good if you play it without the capo and bump all of the chords up one; ie play A instead of G, D instead of C, B instead of A, F#m instead of Em. This gives it a little deeper sound if you are playing it without a bass.

**Stuck All Night**

I think A7sus4 is the correct name...but if not here is how I play it:

EADGBE

002030

D A7sus4

Stuck all night in a hotel room

G D

Stuck on rock and roll time

D A7sus4

Tryin' to make something of a crossword puzzle

G D

Cause I can't think of nothing to rhyme

G D

Watching these trucks leave Birmingham

A7sus4 D

Drinkin' wine from a paper cup

D E

I've been callin' my house all night long

G D

Ain't nobody pickin' up

G D

Where could my baby be?

G D

Where could my baby be?

G D

Where could my baby be?

E A7sus4

I feel so lonely by myself

Been stuck all night in a hotel room

Stuck inside my head

The world outside's flyin' high and wide

While I'm sittin' here on this bed

I oughta be walkin' around somewhere

Not starin' at a telephone

But I've been callin' my house all night long

And there's still nobody home

Where could my baby be?

Where could my baby be?

Where could my baby be?

I feel so lonely by myself

G E D

Please don't let her be with somebody else

Stuck all night in a hotel room

Stuck up wide awake

Tryin' to get over this sinking feeling

That I can't seem to shake

Flipping through the TV news

Losing all my cool

Calling my house all night long

Feeling like a fool

Where could my baby be?

Where could my baby be?

Where could my baby be?

I feel so lonely by myself

Where could my baby be?

Where could my baby be?

Where could my baby be?

I feel so lonely by myself

Please don't let her be with somebody else

Don't let her be with somebody

Hmmmmm

**Sunshine**

Drop D

verses

e----------------------------------------------------------------

b----------------------------------------------------------------

g----------------------------------------------------------------

d----------------------------------------------------------------

a--7-7-7-7---9-----7-7-7-7---9---7-7-7-7---2-2------------

d--0-0-0-0---0-----0-0-0-0---0---0-0-0-0---0-0------------

                                           (   2 times    )

chorus

e-------------------------------------------------------

b-------------------------------------------------------

g-------------------------------------------------------

d-------------------------------------------------------

a--5-5-5-5-5--7-7-7-7-7----5-5-5-5--7---------------

d--0-0-0-0-0--0-0-0-0-0----0-0-0-0--0---------------

   (       3 times           )

Standing out on the edge of a building

Watching the traffic below

Drinking a beer and thinking of jumpin

Not far from ready to go

Below me the crowd slowly gathers around

Cop cars with news cameras too

I just cant get out of t his pain Im in

And I don’t know what else to do

Sometimes I feel like I’m so uninvited

Like something so out of touch

They tell me depression runs in the family well that doesn’t help me much

The crowds yelling jump over cop on the bullhorn

Making him harder to hear

He’s saying something about having so much to live for

I’m almost through with my beer

Squintin’ my eyes to see thru the sunlight

The crowds even bigger now

There’s no point in wondering what afterlife’s like

Don’t matter anyhow

We’re already in hell as far as I can tell

Just listen to these people scream

This feels like a rally in a high school field house

I feel like the captain of the team

Well, here goes he captain of the team

Follow the light to the garden of eden

You stand at the pearly gate

St Peter comes over his hand on my shoulder

He’s telling me I’ve gotta wait

He says you know you can’t kill yourself and still get in here kid,

But you look like a victim of circumstance

So, I’m just gonna break every one in your body

And give you another chance

Waking up slowly, lookin’ around me

Alone in a colored room

But closin’ my eyes I can see the new sunrise

Over acres of flowers in bloom

I don’t know when it will be but next time you see me

I’ll be tappin’ to a whole new beat

Walkin’ soles into, the holes in my shoes

Down the sunny side of the street

sunshine

**Talkin' Seattle Grunge Blues**  
   
Intro and Chorus  
  
G            C         G                           C  
Hey Hey My My Rock and Roll will never die  
      G                              D                                  G  
just hang your hair down in your eyes and you'll make a million dollars  
  
  
All of the verses are the same, just repeat the chords   
  
G                                  C  
I was in this band goin' nowhere fast  
       G                                      D  
We handed out our demo but everybody past  
G                                   C  
One day we decided to take the plunge   
G                                    D  
Move out to Seattle and play some grunge  
G  
Washington state that is  
C                                 D  
Space needle...          Eddie Vedder...          Mudhoney  
  
G      C        D      G (i'm not sure if this is what Todd plays between the   
verses but it is what I play and it sounds fine)  
  
Now to fit in fast we wear flannel shirts

We turn our amps up until it hurts

We’ve got bad attitudes and what’s more

When we play we stare straight down at the floor

Woweee! Pretty scary

How pensive

How totally alternative

Now to fit in on the Seattle scene

You’ve got to do something they ain’t never seen

So thinkin’ up a gimmick one day

We decided to be the only band that wouldn’t play a note

Under any circumstances

Silence...

Music’s original alternative

Root’s grunge

Well we spread the word through the underground

That we were the hottest new thing in town

The record guy came out to see us one day

And just like always we didn’t play

It knocked him out

He said he loved our work

He said he loved our work, but he wasn’t sure if he could

Sell a record with nothing on it

I said tell ‘em we’re from Seattle

He advanced us two and half million dollars

Hey, hey, my, my

Rock n’ roll will never die

Just hang your hair down in your eyes

You’ll make a million dollars

Well they made us do a video but that wasn’t tough

Cause we just filmed ourselves smashing stuff

It was kind of weird ‘cause there was no music

But MTV said they’d love to use it

The kids went wild, the kids went nuts

Rolling Stone gave us a five star review

Said we played with guts

We’re scoring chicks, taking drugs

Then we got asked to play MTV Unplugged

You should have seen it

We went right out there and refused to do acoustical versions

of the electrical songs that we had refused to record in the first place

Then we smashed our shit

Well we blew ‘em away at the Grammys show

By refusing to play and refusing to go

And then just when we thought fame would last forever

Along come this band that wasn’t even together

Now that’s alternative

Now that’s alternative to alternative

feel stupid...and contagious

Well our band got dropped and that ain’t funny

Cause we’re all hooked on drugs but we’re outta money

So the other day I called up the band

said boys I’ve taken all I can

Shave off your goatees, pack the van

We’re going back to Athens...

**Tension**

A

Tension

D

Tension

A E

Tension it's all that I know

A

I got tension out in traffic

D

I got tension in my office

A E A

I got tension and it's everywhere that I go

(Spoken)

A E

After the bad guy killed off all the underdeveloped characters

F#m A

The good guy put a bullet right through his head

E

The screenwriter stood up and told us that all the loose ends had been

F#m

tied, justice is irrelevant

D

Violent problems need violent solutions

A E

'Cause in America we like our bad guys dead

It's called box office, baby

A D E A

It's bigger than the damn Stones

Well they roped off all of my problems and pointed their fingers at addiction

'Cause they know if you're doin' the pointin' no one's lookin' at you

But you know this war on drugs it's funded by the Tobacco and Alcohol Commissions

It's not what drugs you're strung out on they care about as much as whose

You see people....people still love drugs

It’s bigger than, hell, it’s bigger than Rush Limbauh

Tension

Tension

Tension it's all that I know

I got tension in my classroom

I got tension in my courtroom

I got tension and it's everywhere that I go

When rock and roll first came around the preachers all went crazy

But soon that wasn't enough to bring people in the door

So now they jump on any scandal that they can to try and save me

'Cause they know I don't buy that crap about the Devil's music anymore

Abortion, That's what scares people these days

And fear, hell, fear is bigger than Elvis Aron Presley

(Chorus)

**That Was Me**  
  
G C  
Remember back about five years ago  
Drivin' down the highway  
Saw a kid there by the road  
Long blonde dirty hair  
His thumb out in the air  
That was me  
That was me  
  
Remember the kid that walked into your store  
The one you told you were sorry  
You weren't hiring anymore  
So he walked out your door  
His head hung toward the floor  
That was me  
That was me   
  
      D                    C              G  
Well I'm the face you've seen a million times  
      D          C              G                D  
The one who never seems to fit in between those lines  
     C             D  
I'm every broken dream  
        G             C  
This world has left behind  
          G           D             G  
I'm the face you've seen a million times  
  
Remember the kid you saw that night downtown  
Singing on the sidewalk  
Guitar case on the ground  
He looked down on his luck  
So you threw him a buck  
That was me  
That was me  
  
Remember back about five years ago  
Drivin' down the highway  
Saw a kid there by the road  
Long blonde dirty hair  
His thumb out in the air  
That was me  
That was me

**This Land Is Our Land**   
  
Opening acoustic guitar riff: ho=hammer-on; po=Pull-off; string is given as  
letter (i.e. E, A, D, etc.); number is the fret. Let's see if I can do this.  
  
|---Dmaj position----|-----Cmaj position-----|Dmaj==and repeat  
| hoG2 D hoG2 hoD3 G | G2 hoA3 hoD2 hopoD2 A3| G   
  
What you're really doing is :  
Hammering on a Dmaj position, changing to a Cmaj position, and doing the   
pulloffs from those positions. The third note from the end, I'm showing   
as a hammer-on-pull-off is just and open D string note with a quick finger   
down and up on the 2nd fret, and immediate return to Dmaj (open G string  
is the first note in the chord).  
  
When performing this tune on an acoustic guitar, you use the Dmaj position  
part of the above riff, and then pick the top three strings (A,D,G), hammer-  
on the 2nd fret D string of the Cmaj, then go to Gmaj and do the same hammer-  
on on the 2nd fret A string of the Gmaj, as you sing the verse lines.  
  
Dmaj  
Freeway through a reservation,  
Cmaj        Gmaj  
Make way for a brand new nation,  
Dmaj  
Big ideas, we got brand new plans,  
Cmaj Gmaj  
Heaven knows we need this land,  
Dmaj  
We're gonna build big, high and wide   
Cmaj      Gmaj  
City streets through countrysides,  
Dmaj  
Chemicals, and pesticides.  
Cmaj Gmaj C C C G   
This land is our land.  
  
Hey, redman don't waste our time,  
We're young and strong, we got hills to climb,  
There's a lot of room but we need it all  
For slave trade and shopping malls,  
Gonna build big factories with paper plates and plastic trees  
Styrofoam and antifreeze.  
This land is our land.  
  
Chorus:  
G      D F  C  G  
This land is our land,  
This land is our land,  
This land is our land,  
This land is our land.  
  
Well we came out of a ragin' sea,  
To claim someplace whre we'd be free,  
We got hopeful hearts, workin hands and  
Heaven knows we need this land  
Cause the world needs land fills, diet pills and papermills  
We need country clubs and oil spills.  
This land is our land.  
  
Chorus:  
This land is our land,  
This land is our land,  
This land is our land,  
This land is our land.  
  
Freeway through a reservation,  
Make way for a brand new nation,  
Big ideas, we got brand new plans,  
Heaven knows we need this land for super bowls,  
Subway rides, remote controls, and pesticides.  
Gang related homicides.  
This land is our land.  
  
This land is our land,  
This land is our land,  
This land is our land,  
Our land  
Our land  
  
This land is our land,  
This land is our land.

**Tillamook County Jail**

Capo 2

D A D

I'm sittin’ here waiting in the Tillamook County Jail

D E7 A

I'm hoping that she's not so mad now that she doesn't even pay my bail

D D7 G E7

If I was her, I'm not so sure, I wouldn't keep on moving down the trail

D A D

Sittin’ here waiting in the Tillamook County Jail

Got a lump on my head, and a boot print on my chest

From what the guys in here call the Tillamook County lie detector test

Well I did my best but as you might-a guessed it's a tough test not to fail

I'm sittin’ here waiting in the Tillamook County Jail

Chorus:

G D

One phone call, two Tylenol

G D A

Four cold grey walls closing in

G D G

If I ever do get out on that highway again

D A D

I aint ever going back to Tillamook County

D A D

No, I aint ever going back to Tillamook County

It all started when I had a little trouble with a guy on a highway crew

And that lying son of gun he told ‘em I done some things that I didn't do

They came a runnin’ for me down 101, lights flashing on my tail

And now I'm a sittin’ here waiting in the Tillamook County Jail

Chorus:

I'm sittin here waiting in the Tillamook County Jail

And I'm still hoping that she's not so mad now that she doesn't even pay my bail

We coming down on vacation, gonna leave on probation

Have to send all my money through the mail

I'm gonna send all my money through the Tillamook County Jail

Yes, I'm gonna send all my money to the tillamook county Jail

Hey, I'm gonna send all my money to the tillamook county Jail

**Trouble**

(E)you're gonna get me into trouble  
i knew it right off the bat  
you're gonna get me into trouble  
if you keep lookin like that  
(A)i may be alone but there's someone at home i just  
(E)know i'm makin a mistake

(A)a woman like you walks into a place like  
this and you can (B)almost hear the promises break

B A G E  
  
You’re gonna make me need an alibi,

You’re gonna make me have to watch my back,

You’re gonna make me have to tell a bunch of lies,

You’re gonna make me have to cover my tracks.

Well I told her I wouldn’t, I thought that I couldn’t,

Now I am so ashamed,

When I look at you it’s all that I can do,

To think about what’s her name.

You’re gonna get me into trouble,

I knew it right off the bat.

You’re gonna get me in trouble,

If you keep looking like that.

Don’t look like that baby.

No, no, no, no.

You’re gonna mix my emotions,

You’re gonna tangle my net,

You’re gonna make me do something,

That I’m afraid I won’t regret.

Well I may be alone but there’s someone at home,

I just know I’m making a mistake.

A woman like you walks in a place like this,

You can almost hear the promises break.

You’re gonna get me into trouble,

You’re gonna get me into trouble,

You know you’re gonna get me,

You know you’re gonna get me,

You know that you’re gonna get me into trouble.

                   the riffs..

5{ -----2---4-------2---------  
6{  ---0---0---0-3h4---0-------  
  
                   from the E to A chord.  5{     --------------00-----------  
6{    --00-22-33-44-----------

**TV Guide**  
  
  
Intro  
C F  C  
C F  C  G  
  
        C  
More tough news on the late night TV  
News lady tells me that it's cold outside  
F C  
Man gets his carjacked, graveyard gets ransacked  
Everybody knows that there ain't no place to hide  
                        Am                        Em  
Late night drive-by, there's blood on the sidewalk  
                        F                           G  
Rain's gonna wash out that stain someday  
                        Am                            Em  
        That stupid kid should have known this ain't no cakewalk  
F                          G  
You can't just wear your bandana that way  
  
F                     G  
        Ain't that freedom for you  
                C              Am         F  
                Ain't that freedom for you  
                                G                  C   F   C   G  
                                Freedom American style  
  
Hot car rollin' down an empty highway  
The keys were in it man it serves the owner right  
The youg girl attacked in the woods  
off the parkway  
She should have known not to jog alone at night  
Drugs rule downtown, gangs rule midtown  
You're on your own when they both collide  
I keep my doors locked with bars on my window Got an alarm in my car, keep  
my kids inside  
                                Ain't that freedom for you  
                                Ain't that freedom for you  
                                Freedom American style  
                                [solo]  
                                C F C C F C  
                                F G C Am F G  
                        C  
                                More tough news on the late night TV  
News lady tells me that it's cold outside  
Man gets his carjacked, graveyard gets ransacked Everybody knows that there  
ain't no place to hide  
                                I keep my arms around whatever I've got  
It's an alright world but you know I watch myself I'm virtually free to do  
whatever I want, but I try to remember so is everybody else  
                                Ain't that freedom for you  
                                Ain't that freedom for you  
                                Freedom American style  
                                Ain't that freedom for you  
                                Freedom American style

**24 Hours a Day**  
  
 C  
 Skinny young man  
  
 with born again eyes  
        F                   C  
 and a jesus tattoo on his arm  
  
 leans on the wall  
  
 while the trafic goes by  
                               G  
 the gas mart at Fairveiw and Farm  
 C  
 A rap song pounds from an 83 caddy  
           F                        C  
 While he waits on a pay phone to ring  
        F                       C          F  
 been standing around since a quater past nine  
 C             G      C  
 still hasn't heard thing  
  
 Chorus:  
 F    G      C  
 24 hours a day  
 F     G      C  
 24 hours a day  
 F                G       C       F  
 sign says were open the man says you pay  
 F    G      C  
 24 hours a day  
  
 backed up on Farm  
 car horns are screaming  
 cause some guys suburban is stalled  
 he guesses her daddy  
 must be back home  
 otherwise she'd have called  
 he thinks to himself  
 i guess i can't blame him  
 it wasn't so smart what we did  
 a uniformed cop gets in line with his coffee  
 some woman yells at her kid  
  
 Repeat Chorus  
  
 [harmonica solo]  
  
 carload of drunks  
 pulls up in a hurry  
 for a six pack before it's too late  
 he starts to dial  
 to leave one moe message  
 stops and decides just to wait  
 could have been diffrent  
 and maybe it coudn't  
 with some things it's too late to learn  
 fumes from the gasoline hang in the air  
 world just continues to turn  
  
 Repeat Chorus  
  
 The skinny young man  
 with born again eyes  
 and a jesus tattoo on his arm  
 leans on the wall  
 while the traffic goes by  
 a gas mart at farveiw and farm  
 hmmmmmm hmmmmmm hmmmmm

**A Very Short Time**

G                            C                                 G  
It’s easy to see that we’ve just a very short time  
G                               C                       G  
So why don’t we just go to the hill and climb  
C                          D                          G  
Up just as high as John T Booker got low  
C                            G  
Singing a song that don’t rhyme  
  
C                               G  
Carrying a penny that does shine  
C                                       D  
Laughing at the minutes that fall behind  
                        G  
In a very short time

A tadpole’s cooler than the top water ever could be

Still I betcha neither one ever had a lifeguard like me

there ain’t nobody drown since I got here lord

I been lookin after tadpoles

Watchin their legs that will grow

Wonderin where they’re goin to go

In a very short time

It’s easy to see that we’ve just a very short time

But nobody thinks about it until they’re far behind

Then they want to know where the second’s gone

Missing a song that don’t rhyme

Losing a penny that used to shine

Crying for the minutes that fell behind

In a very short time

**Vinyl Records**

chords : low to high

C: x32010

F: 133211

G: 320003

C/B: x2x010

Amin: x02210

D7: xx0212

A7: x02020

C F C

I've got a dusty old pile of vinyl records sittin' on my floor

C C/B Amin D7 G

I've played each one of 'em over and over a dozen times or more

F C C/B A7

All I've got is a beat up chair a mattress a fork and another to spare

D7 G C

And that dusty old pile of records on my floor

Chorus:

F

I got Willie, Waylon and Woody Guthrie

C

Jimmy Buffett, Lyle Lovett and Bobby Gentry

D7

Jerry Jeff, Bob Dylan, Donnie Fritts,

G

The Dead, The Doors, Patsy Cline, John Prine and more

F C

I got Jackson Browne, Townes Van Zandt, Zeppelin, Lynyrd Skynyrd

A7

Harry Chapin, Guy Clark and Van Halen

D7 G

I got Rita, Kris, Keith Sykes and Country Joe when he was singin' with the Fish you know

F C A7 D7

I got Emmylou, U2 and Arlo, James Taylor, Jimmie Rodgers, Hank Williams, Mojo Nixon,

G

Hendrix, Haggard and a whole lot more

F C G C F C F C FC

In that dusty old pile of vinyl records I got sittin' on my floor

One time in San Francisco I was standin' in an airport line

In one bag I had all my clothes the other was all them ol' records of mine

The lady said I could only bring one bag

I had two, Oh what a drag

I had to jump on the plane and leave all my clothes behind

Chorus:

But I got Willie, Waylon and Woody Guthrie

Jimmy Buffett, Lyle Lovett and Bobby Gentry

Jerry Jeff, Bob Dylan, Donnie Fritts,

The Dead, The Doors, Patsy Cline, John Prine and more

I got Jackson Browne, Townes Van Zandt, Zeppelin, Lynyrd Skynyrd

Harry Chapin, Guy Clark and Van Halen

I got Rita, Kris, Keith Sykes and Country Joe when he was singin' with the Fish you know

I got Emmylou, U2 and Arlo, James Taylor, Jimmie Rodgers, Hank Williams, Mojo Nixon,

Hendrix, Haggard and a whole lot more

F

I got all of Booker T's, Tom T. Hall's,

C A7

Bobby Bare, Belafonte and the New York Dolls,

D7 G

Billy Joe, Jimmy Croce, Kiss, Crosby Stills and Nash,

John, June and Roseanne Cash

F

I got Forbert, Fromholtz, Stevie Ray,

C A7

T-Birds, Yardbirds, Sam and Dave,

D7

And as some of y'all mighta guessed already

G G G

I got piles and piles and piles of Tom Petty

F C G C F C F CFC

In that dusty old pile of vinyl records I got sittin' on my floor

**Waco Moon**

G

Yellow Rose

Waco Moon

C G

Quit too late you're gonna die too soon

C G

Woman with a needle and a silver spoon

D D7

Holed up singin' the devil's tune

C D

Playin' the blues, payin' your dues

G D/F# Em

Speedin' your young life away

G Em

I never will get over what I heard about you

C D G

The first thing New Year's Day

I can't say I felt so sad

The truth is I think I'm mad

At the selfish way you left your dad

When you know what a hard luck time he's had

Sleepin' through a dream come true

You just threw all that talent away

I never will get over what I heard about you

The first thing New Year's Day

D C G

Ooooo hoooooo

D

Slippin' away

C G

Ooooo hoooooo

D D/C D/B D/A G D C G C G D G

New Year's Day

I threw the phone against the wall

Falling apart when I got the call

I went out walkin' with the weight of it all

That's when it hit me like a waterfall

I'm playin' the blues, payin' my dues

Speedin' my young life away

I never will get over what I heard about you

The first thing New Year's Day

Ooooo hoooooo

Slippin' away

Ooooo hoooooo

New Year's Day

Yellow Rose

Waco Moon

Quit too late, you died too soon

To the bitter end tried and true

Goodbye old friend

We'll be missing you.

**What’s Wrong With You**     
Capo first fret  
  
[E] You got one shot left I guess  But you messed up so bad last time  
I’m about to lose my mind  Keepin up it’s [B] true  
You go one way one thing turn around mood swing  
making up a melodrama  mama whats am I gonna [E] do?  
  
  
You know I heard you the tenth time tellin me again and again  
About men making everything harder than it ought to be and baby you know that  
isnt [A] true  
You know how [B] hard I’ve tried to keep you satisfied mama

What’s wrong with [E] you?  
  
Whats wrong with [A] you  
What did I [E] do?  
You think I want to be with every other woman in the world but [B] you  
Well I [E] tell you all the time how I’m walkin the line for you  
[A ]Everytime I see you though you treat me like I’m cheating on you  
  
[E] Hey hey hey  
[B] Mama what’s wrong with [E] you?  
  
  
You took one bad blow I know but you go so far out sometimes  
I’m afraid of making that climb out there to [B] you  
You get so high sink lowthe next thing I know a whole new soap opera mama  
What am I gonna [E] do?  
  
  
I even saw you last night thumbing through my personal phone book  
Looking into cooking up something you could look at till  
You wound up angry and baby you know that isnt [A]cool  
[B]All this jelousy is just killing me mama  
  
  
Whats wrong with [E]you  
Whats wrong with [A]you  
What did I [E] do?  
  
      
You think I want to be with every other girl in the world but [B] you  
Well I [E] tell you all the time how I’m walkin the line for you  
[A] Every time I see you though you treat me like I’m cheating on you  
  
[E] Hey hey hey  
[B] Mama whats wrong with [E] you  
  
E  A  E  B  E  
  
Whats wrong with [A] you  
What did I [E] do  
You think i want to be with every other woman in the world but [B] you  
We got ‘em [E] all by the balls all the way to the ribbon cuttin  
[A] You’d rather sit here with your finger on the panic button  
  
[E] Hey hey hey   
[B] Mama whats wrong with [E]you  
[E] I said hey hey hey  
[B] Mama whats wrong with [E] you.

# You Got Away With It

# (A Tale of Two Fraternity Brothers) Todd Snider

## **Capo at 2nd**

Intro: C G D

A tale of two frat brothers

G

A memoir

C

Remember that kid we beat up back in college.

G

Me you and Thompson out in front of the Frat.

A

And that Hippy ran home crying to his parents.

D

I can’t believe you got us out of that.

C

How sweet was that? God we were drunk.

G

Drove around all night after with that keg in the trunk.

D

And when the cop pulled us over you talked us out of

G

that to.

C G

You got away with it. You got away

D G

You got away with the things that you say.

C

I had to quit partying about a year and a half after you did.

G

I don’t regret it though. I think it was fun

A

Besides it was the seventies, we were a couple of rich kids

D

And aside from that one Hippy we never realy hurt anyone.

C

Well, there’s that other thing that I won’t even say.

G

As God is my witness I’ll take that to my grave.

D

**Cause that was an accident and you did what you had**

G

to do.

C G

You got away with it. You got away

D G

You got away with the things that you say.

C G

I’ll worry forever but never for you.

D G

You’ll get away with it. You always do.

Break

D G A D

G

You never did tell me what happened with you and your brother down there in Florida.

C

I heard they gave you a hell of a time.

D

Everybody around here was afraid you might lose

G

I told them not to worry cause I knew you’d be fine.

C

You had me out here to Camp David a few times over the years

G

I think the first time we were teenagers sneaking beers

D

Look at you now you old son-of-a-bitch

G

You got the run of this place. Unbelievable.

C G

You got away with it. You got away

D G

You got away with the things that you say.

C G

I’ll worry forever but never for you.

D G

You’ll get away with it. You always do

D G

You’ll get away with this new thing too.

**You Think You Know Somebody**   
  
Asus2 (x02200)

GaddA (32023x)

(the song is 6\8 or 3\4)

Intro:  Bm       
Chorus:  
     Bm             GaddA  
You think you know somebody.  
     Bm        GaddA  
You think they know you.  
     Bm        GaddA  
You think you know somebody.  
     A  
But man you never do.  
  
     D  
Jackie used to live three blocks away from me.  
     D  
We used to throw a baseball and climb his old oak tree.  
     GaddA  
We would smoke his daddy's cigarettes behind the picket fence.  
     D                   A  
We swore that  we would always be the best of friends.  
     Bm                  F#m  
We would sit on the curb and talk on summer nights,  
     GaddA                    A  
'Til Jackie's daddy called him, and he took off like a light.  
  
  
Fridays were all the same our high school senior year.  
We hung out by the river and drank Black Label beer.  
We listened to the stories with all our old friends.  
And sometimes took a toke or two down by the river bend.  
I remember I promised Jackie I'd drive him home on Friday night.  
He said, "Go on without me. Buddy, I'll be alright."  
  
We went off to college to start our Freshman year.  
I went to a school about an hour away from here.  
But you know Jackie, He took off, went to college out of state.  
He used to call me all the time and tell me it was great.  
He said, "I'm coming home for Christmas.  I hope you'll do the same."  
He said that he would come, but Jackie never came.  
  
Chorus:  
  
When Jackie got married, I was his best man.  
He moved back to town.  We were neighbors again.  
I met a woman.  I got married, too.  
Our families got together every Sunday afternoon.  
His boy and my boy they would talk on summer nights.  
'Til Jackie called his boy home, and he took off like a light.  
  
Last night I saw the flashing lights, and I quickly rushed outside.  
A neighbor lady told me Jackie's youngest boy had died.  
I was shocked to see the police had Jackie handcuffed in the car.  
Until this morning's paper told me Jackie'd gone too far.  
Now they say Jackie's not the only one to blame.  
Battered children almost always grow up to do the same.  
  
Chorus: