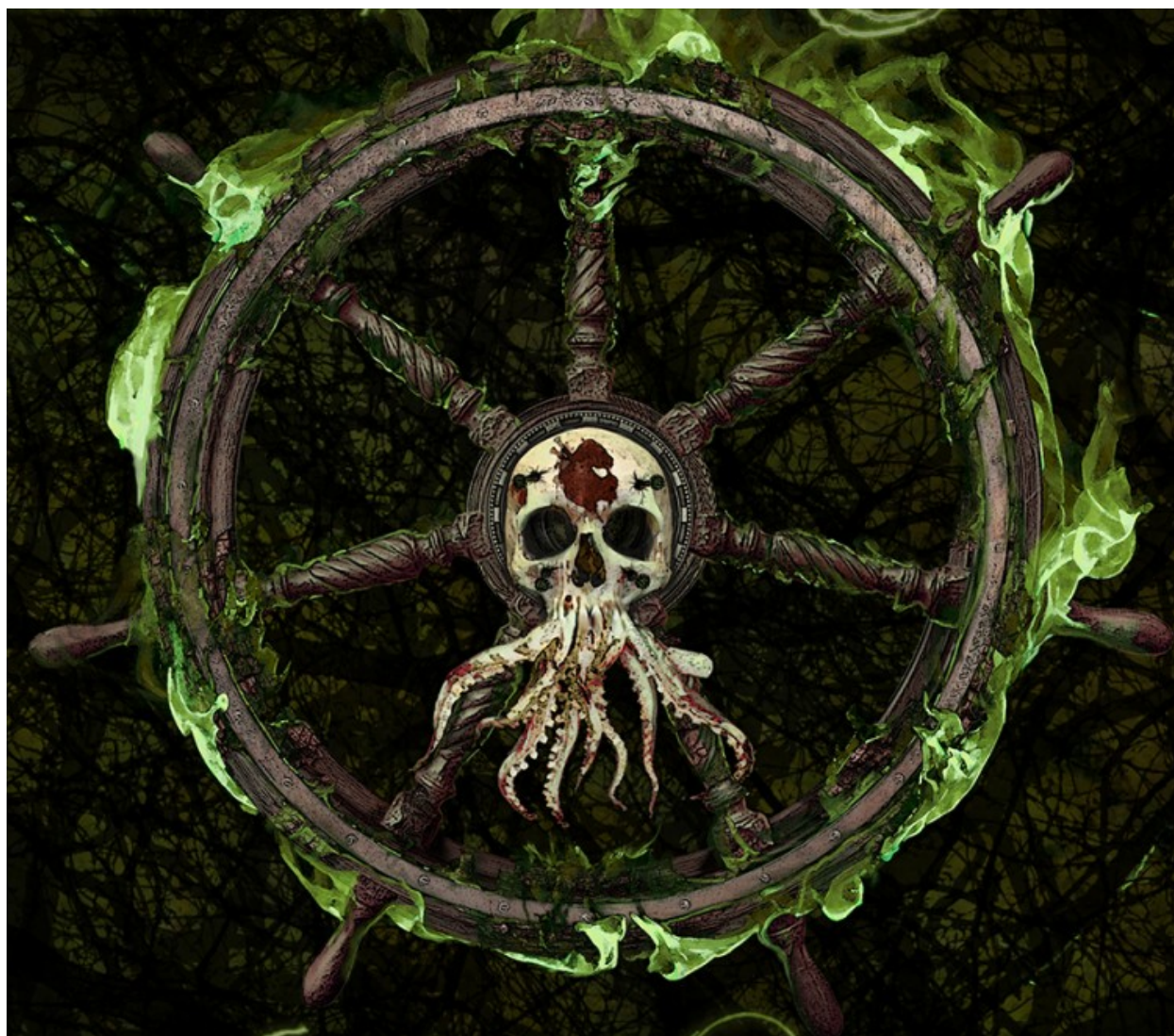


Absolem's Treasure Chest



July 5, 2017

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Aequitas

1 He's a Pirate

Intro

Cm A^b G Cm

A^b E^b B^b Cm

Cm A^b Fm Cm

A^b Cm G

- Cm A^b* He es-caped from the island
G Cm Our strong captain Jack
A^b Eb He bound turtles to-gether
B^b Cm With hair from his back
Cm A^b Left alone with a gun
Fm Cm To look death in the eye
A^b Cm But Red Bull gave him wings
G And he learned how to fly

- So he traveled with the guy
 From the Lord of the Rings
 To the islands of Tortuga
 Where he had a few flings
 He drafted a crew
 To find the Isla de Muerta
 And with blood from a bootstrap
 He got rid of the curse

Cm G Fm

G

Cm A^b
 Oh Yeah
E^b B^b
 He is a Pirate
Fm Cm
 Yo Ho
G Cm
 King of the sea

x2

Cm B^b
 And the pearl with its crew
E^b B^b
 Sails the ocean tonight
E^b G
 And the darkness re-veals
Cm G Cm
 Every wound can be healed
Cm B^b
 And the moonlight dis-plays
E^b A^b
 What may hide from your sight
Cm Fm
 When your eyes are blinded
G
 By daylight

Chorus

Oh Yeah
 He is a Virus
 Yo Ho
 King of Disease
 Oh Yeah
 He is a Virus
 Yo Ho
 He makes you sneeze

Tim Minchin

1 The Good Book

^{B♭}Life is like an ocean voyage and our ^Fbodies are the ships
 And with-out a ^Cmoral compass we would all be cast ^A
^{Dm}a-drift ^{Dm/C}
^{B♭}So to keep us on our bearings, the ^FLord gave us a gift
^{C7}And like most gifts you get, it was a ^Cbook

1. ^FI only read one book, but it's a ^{B♭}good book, don't you
 know
^{C7}I act the way I act because the Good Book tells me so ^F
^FIf I wanna known how to ^{F/E♭}be good, it's to ^{B♭/D}the
^{B♭m/D♭}Good Book that I go
^{C7}'Cos the Good Book is a book and it is good and it's a
^Fbook

2. I know the Good Book's good because the Good Book
 says it's good
 I know the Good Book knows it's good because a really
 good book would
 You wouldn't cook without a cookbook and I think it's
 understood
 You can't be good without a Good Book 'cos it's good
 and it's a book
 And it is good for cookin'

^{Dm}I tried to read some other books, but I soon gave up on ^A
 that
^{B♭}The paragraphs ain't numbered and they complicate the ^F
^Cfacts
^AI can't read Harry Potter 'cos they're ^{Dm}worshipping false
 gods and that
^GAnd Dumbledore's a poofter and that's ^Cbad, 'cos it's not
 good

3. Morality is written there in simple white and black
 I feel sorry for you heathens, got to think about all that
 Good is good and evil's bad and goats are good and pigs
 are crap
 You'll find which one is which in the Good Book, 'cos
 it's good
 And it's a book, and it's a book

I had a cat, she gave birth to a litter
 The kittens were adorable and they made my family
 laugh
 But as they grew they started misbehavin'
 So I drowned the little fuckers in the bath
 When the creatures in your care start being menaces
 The answers can be found right there in Genesis!
 Chapter ^D6, Verse 5-7! Yee-haw!

^GSwing your partner by the hand, ^Chave a baby if you can
^DBut if the voices in your head say to sacrifice your kid
^GTo satiate your loving God's ^Cfetish for dead baby blood
^DIt's simple faith, the Book demands, so raise that knife
 up in your hand!

4. Before the Good Book made us good, there was no good
 way to know
 If a thing was good or not that good or kind of touch
 and go
 So God decided he'd give writing allegoric prose a go
 And so he wrote a book and it was generally
 well-received

^{B^b}
 The Telegraph said, "This God is remi-niscent of the
^C
 Norse."
^{B^b} ^F
 The Times said, "Kind of turgid, but I liked the bit with
^C
 horses."
^A ^{Dm}
 The Mail said, "Lots of massacres, a violent tour de
 force.
^G ^C
 If you only read one book this year, then this one is a
 book
^D
 And it is good, and it's a book!"

 Swing your daughter by the hand, but if she gets raped
 by a man
 And refuses then to marry him, stone her to death!

^{Em} ^B
 If you just close your eyes and block your ears
^C ^G
 To the ac-cumulated knowledge of the last two thousand
^D
 years
^B ^{Em}
 Then morally, guess what? You're off the hook
^A ^D
 And thank Christ you only have to read one book

^{Dm} ^A
 Just because the book's contents were written
 generations hence
^{Dm} ^A
 By hairy desert-dwelling gents squatting in their dusty
 tents
^{Em} ^B
 Just because what Heaven said was said before they'd
 leavened bread
^{Em} ^B
 Just 'cos Jesus couldn't read doesn't mean that we
 should need
^C ^G
 When ma-nipulating human genes to al-leviate pain and
 fight disease
^C ^G
 When de-ciding whether it's wrong or right to help the
 dyin' let go of life
^D
 Or stop a pregnancy when it's just a tiny blastocyst
^B ^{Em}
 There's no reason why we should take a look
^D ^C ^{G/B}
 At any other book but the Good Book
^A
 'Cause it's good and it's a book
^D
 And it's a book and it's quite good!

^G ^{G/F}
 Good is good and evil's bad
^{C/E} ^{Cm/E}
 And kids get killed when God gets mad
^D ^G ^D ^G
 You'd better take a good look at the Good Book

2 Inflatable You

1. Your love for me is not de-batable ^{E^b6}
^{C7} Your sexual appetite's in-satiable ^{Fm7}
^{B^b7} You never ever make me waitable ^{Fm7}
^{B^b7} De-lectable, inflatable you. ^{E^b6 B^b7}

2. You don't have problems with your weight at all
 You never steal food off my plate at all
 I never have to masturbate at all
 Unstoppable, inflatable you.

3. You never seem to menstruate at all
 So you're not angry when I'm late at all
 I feel permanently felatable
 Unpoppable, inflatable you. ^{E^b6}

With you ^{Ej7} in my arms I feel ^{C#m7} we could just fly a-way ^{G#m7}
 With the ^A right kind of gas I might ^{F#m7} even try it some
^{G#m7 C#7 F#m7 B7} day
 In this ^{Ej7} ocean of life I'm never ^{C#m7} afraid we might drown ^{G#m7}
 We could just float forever what-ever ^{F#m7} the weather
^{G#m7 C#7 F#m7 B7 B^b7} When-ever my in-flatable lover's a-round.

4. Your thighs and buttocks are so holdable
 You always do what you are toldable
 And if we argue you just foldable
 Controllable consolable you.

5. My mates all reckon you are suitable
 I took you 'round to watch the foodtable
 And Steve and Gary said you're rootable
 Commutable, refutable you.

6. You're never sensitive or tickley
 When I rub you my skin goes prickerly
 It's know an static electricity
 Felicity when I'm kissing you.

Your skin is so smooth, I couldn't afford you with hair
 You have all the holes real girls have got plus one for the air
 Your problems are simple, I don't need my Masters in Psych
 To know if you get down I just perk you right up
 With a couple of squirts from the pump off my bike.

7. You never wake up when I snore at all
 A trait which I find quite adorable
 You have a box and you are storable
 Ignorable, back-doorable you.

8. Any sexual position's feasible
 Although you don't bend at the knees at all
 Your hooters are so firm and squeezable
 Increasable, un-creasable you.

9. You don't complain about my hairy back
 Or 'bout the inches that downstairs I lack
 You're not disgusted by my furry crack
 Burt Bacharach, Jack Kerouac ooo.

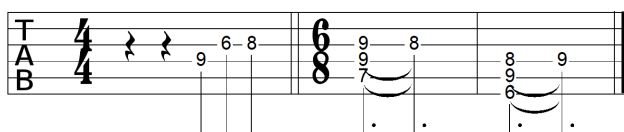
10. Now birth control is not an issue
 I clean it all up with a tissue
 I bet my jealous friend all wish you
 Were insatiably inflatably theirs.

Don't let me down.
 Don't let me down.
 Don't let me down.
 And I won't let you down.

3 You Grew on me

B D#m Em x2

1. B You grew on me D#m like a E tumour
 And you spread through me like ma-lignant mela-noma D#m E
 And now you're in my B heart
 E Should've cut you out back at the start
 B



G#m F# E
 Now I'm a-fraid there's no cure for me
 G#m F# E
 No dose of e-motional chemotherapy
 D#7 G#m
 Can halt my pathetic de-cline
 D#7 G#m
 Should've had you removed back when you were
 A#
 be-nign
 D# D#/C# D#/B D#/A#

2. I picked you up like a virus
 Like meningococcal meningitis
 Now I can't feel my legs
 When you're around I can't get out of bed
 I've left it too late to risk an operation
 I know there's no hope for a clean amputation
 The successful removal of you
 Would probably kill me too

3. You grew on me like carcinoma Em
 Crept up on me like untreated glaucoma
 Now I find Em it hard to see
 This untreated dose of you has blinded me
 I should've consulted my local physician
 I'm stuck now forever with this tunnel vision
 My periphery is screwed
 Wherever I look now, all I see is you
 D# F

4. Bb Ab Gb
 When we first met you seemed fickle and shallow
 But my armour was no match for your poison arrow
 You are wedged inside my breast
 If I tried to pull you out now I think I'd bleed to death
 I'm feeling short of breath
 You grew on me like a tumour
 And you spread through me like malignant melanoma
 I guess I never knew
 F#m C#
 How fast a little mole can grow on you

William Morningwood

1 *I placed my hand upon her toe*

Capo IIIrd fret

1. *Am*
I placed my hand upon her toe
G
Yo-ho, yo-ho
Am
I placed my hand upon her toe
C
Yo-ho, yo-ho
C placed my hand u-pon *G/B* her toe
Am She said "Phi Psi you're way too low"
C Shove it in shove it out *G/B* quit fuckin' a-bout *C* *G/B*
Am Yo-ho, *G* yo-ho, *Am* yo-ho
2. I placed my hand upon her thigh
Yo-ho, yo-ho
I placed my hand upon her thigh
Yo-ho, yo-ho
I place my hand upon her thigh
She said "Phi Psi you're way too sly"
Get in get out quit fuckin' about
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho
3. I placed my hand upon her tit
Yo-ho, yo-ho
I placed my hand upon her tit
Yo-ho, yo-ho
I place my hand upon her tit
She said "Phi Psi go for the clit"
Get in, get out quit fucking' about
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho

4. I placed my hand upon her snatch
Yo-ho, yo-ho
I placed my hand upon her snatch
Yo-ho, yo-ho
I place my hand upon her snatch
She said "Phi Psi go for the hatch"
get it in get out quit fuckin' about
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho
5. I placed my cock inside her mouth
Yo-ho, yo-ho
I placed my cock inside her mouth
Yo-ho, yo-ho
I placed my cock inside her mouth
She said "Phi Psi AGH-AAAAAA!!!"
Get in get out quit fuckin' about
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho
6. And now shes in a wooden box
Yo-ho, yo-ho
And now shes in a wooden box
Yo-ho, yo-ho
We laid her out in a wooden box
She died from sucking a Phi Psi cock
Get in get out quit fucking' about
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho

7. We dig her up every now and then

Yo-ho, yo-ho

We dig her up every now and then

Yo-ho, yo-ho

We dig her up every now and then

We fucked her once we'll fuck her again

Get in get out quit fuckin' about

Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho

8. And for my sins i'll go to hell

Yo-ho, yo-ho

And for my sins i'll go to hell

yo-ho, yo-ho

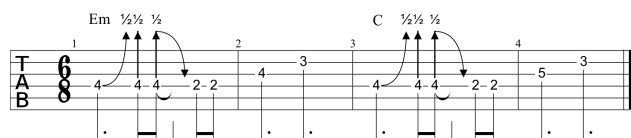
and for my sins i'll go to hell

But hey i'll fuck the devil aswell

Get in get out quit fucking about

yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho

Pain of Salvation

1 *Meaningless*

1. *B/D#* *Em* *Cm*
I still smell of sweat
B/D# *Em* *Cm*
Still the scent of my giving in
B/D# *Em* *Cm*
Try to feel re-gret
B/D# *Em* *Cm*
But I want it to stay on my skin
B/D# *Em* *Cm*
I still fanta-size
B/D# *Em* *Cm*
Close my eyes to be wrong again
B/D# *Em* *Cm*
Still those fuck-me eyes
B/D# *Em* *Db*
As I'm licking the palm of my hand

Em
How the hell am I supposed to
C
keep myself when you are so damn
Em
far away, and everything feels
C
meaningless, and I am not mine(×2)

2. I still smell of sex
Still her taste on my fingertips
Try to feel remorse
But it's hard with her wet on my lips

How the hell am I supposed to
keep myself, when you are so damn
far away, and everything feels
meaningless, and I am not mine
How the hell am I supposed to
keep myself, when you are so damn
far away, and all I do seems
meaningless, and I am not mine

I need something of my own

Something with a locked door

A room just for me alone

Something that I can control

Em I need something of my own

C I need something cutting to the

Am bone, I need something that is

Am mine - *Bm* *C* If that must be *D* guilt, then

Em fine! I wanted something nice, but

C fine, this guilt is a hole but it's

Am mine, I wanted something

Am *Bm* *C* *D*
nice, this guilt is a hole but it's

mine!

2 Undertow

Drop D

1. Let me go, let me go
Let me seek the answer that I need to know
Let me find a way, let me walk away
Through the Undertow
Please let me go
2. Let me fly, let me fly
Let me rise against that blood-red velvet sky
Let me chase it all, break my wings and fall
Probably survive
So let me fly
Let me fly
3. Let me run, let me run
Let me ride the crest of chance into the sun
You were always there, but you may lose me here
Now love me if you dare
And let me run

Interlude: *G Dm C B^bsus2*

Vm V/I9 Vm IV
I'm a-live and I am true to my

II9
heart now, I am

VIm V/I9 VIm
I, but why must truth always

IV9
make me die?

4. Let me *D* break! Let me bleed!
Let me tear *G (V)* myself apart I need to breathe! *B^b*
Let me lose my *G* way! Let me walk a-stray! *E^b*
Maybe to pro-ceed... *Dm*
Just let me *E^b* bleed!

5. Let me drain! Let me die!
Let me break the things I love I need to cry!
Let me burn it all! Let me take my fall!
Through the cleansing fire!
Now let me die!
Let me die

Let me out
Let me fade into that pitch-black velvet night
-

Periphery

1 The Way the News Goes

C
Wake up as I stumble into a

D
blinding light

C
Deeper breaths enough to

Em *G*
kill the highest highs

C
Take one good look I'm

at the lowest *D* low again

C *Em* *G*
Down at the bottom, but I'm fine

Am Tears march to lullabies and

beat *Dsus2* *F* me like a drum

Am *C* *F*
It's not your a-verage fucking mi-sery

Am This heart has chords, but not a

Dsus2 *F*
single one sounds new or fun

Am *C*
Hit strings in dissonance

F
Pick on, and on, and on

Am *C*
Show them how to fly away

Em *D*
when this world is torn

Am *C*
If you feel like dying, lose that

G *D*
fore-ver, you're shining and it shows

C *D*
You're shining and it

C *Em* *D*
shows, living through the highest highs

C *D*
You're shining and it

C *Em* *G*
shows, down at the bottom, but I'm fine

Am I try to feed it, but it still wants more

Give me that feeling that I'm

C *G*
looking for

Chorus

C
Wake up

As I stumble into a

D
blinding light

C
Deeper breaths enough to

Em *D*
kill the highest highs

C
Take one look and I'm

at the lowest *D* *C* low a-gain

Em *G*
At the bottom, but I'm

Em *G*
fine, at the bottom, but it's

Am *G/B*
all so wrong

C *D*
Wake up, at the bottom, but it's

Am
all so wrong

E5 Tears march to lullabies and

beat me like a drum *F#5* *C5*

A5 It's not your average fucking misery

B5 *F#-A*

C5 This heart as chords, but not a

single one sounds new or fun

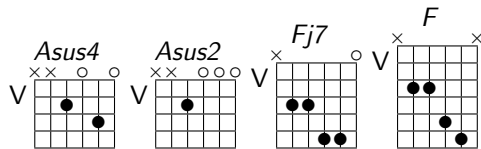
A5 - G5 - A5
So long to sanity

For now that's how it goes *B5* *D5* (×2)

Porcupine Tree

1 Time Flies

Capo Vth fret



1. I was born in '67

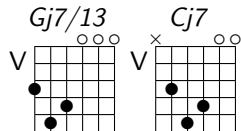
The year of Sgt. Pepper

And are you experienced

Into a suburban heaven

Yeah it should've been forever

It all seems to make so much sense



But after a while

You realize time flies

And the best thing that you can do

Is take whatever comes to you

'Cause time flies

2. She said luck is what you make it

You just reach out and take it

Now let's dance a while

She said nothing ever happens

If you don't make it happen

And if you can't laugh and smile

Chorus

And laughing in the summer showers

That's still the way I see you now

How does time break down

With no marker, things slow down.

A conference of the strange

And your family is deranged

3. I could tell you what I'm thinking

While we sit here drinking

But I'm not sure where to start

You see there's something wrong here

I'm sorry if I'm not clear

Can you stop smoking your cigar

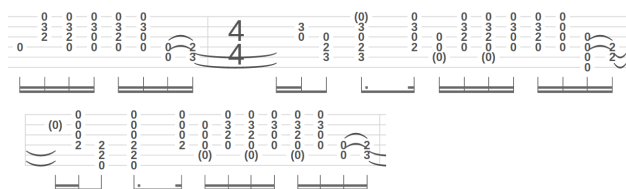
Chorus

And the coat you wore to Alton Towers

Is still the way I see you now

2 *Trains*

Capo Vth fret



1. Train set and match spied under the blind

Shiny and contoured the railway winds

And I've heard the sound from my cousin's bed

The hiss of the train at the railway head

A - Am C/G Cj7/G
A - a - always the sum-mers
are slipping a-way A C/G Cj7/G

2. A 60 ton angel falls to the earth

A pile of old metal, a radiant blur

Scars in the country, the summer and her

Always the summers are slipping away
Find me a way for making it stay

When I hear the engine pass

I'm kissing you wide

The hissing subsides

I'm in luck

When the evening reaches here

You're tying me up

I'm dying of love

It's OK

Rage

1 *Straight to Hell*

Drop D

1. Hear me, what I've got to say

I know you and get you anyway

See me walking by your side

I'm with you forever day and night

I look like the easy way

The truth to be found

I seem to be innocent

I'm coming around, I'm coming around

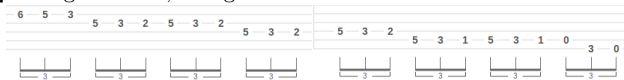
Chorus

Dm
Hey man, I'm your *C/D* worst choice
Dmsus4 don't *D* know, I want *Csus4* *C* it so

Hey man, I'm your dark voice

You don't know where we will go

Straight to hell, straight to hell

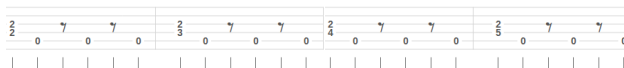


2. Listen, listen what you say

I've taught you and you have learned your lesson

Feel me, when you feel the pain

I want you and I am going to get you.. anyway



C I look like the easy *A^b/C* way

F5 (III) The truth to be *G (V)* found

C I seem to be innocent

A^b (VI) I'm coming a-round, *B^b (VIII)* I'm coming around

I'm your worst choice

You don't know, I want it so

Hey man, I'm your dark voice

You don't know where we will go

You don't know where we will go

Straight to hell, straight to hell

Subway to Sally

1 *Kleid aus Rosen*

Chorus

1. Ein gutes Mädchen lief einst fort,
Verließ der Kindheit schönen Ort;
Verließ die Eltern und sogar
Den Mann, dem sie versprochen war.
Vor einem Haus da blieb sie steh'n,
Darinnen war ein Mann zu sehn
Der Bilder stach in nackte Haut,
Da rief das gute Mädchen laut:

Meister, Meister gib mir Rosen,
Rosen auf mein weißes Kleid,
Stech die Blumen in den bloßen
Unberührten Mädchenleib

2. "Diese Rosen kosten Blut",
So sprach der Meister sanft und gut,
"Enden früh dein junges Leben,
Will dir lieber keine geben."
Doch das Mädchen war vernarrt,
Hat auf Knien ausgeharrt
Bis er nicht mehr widerstand
Und die Nadeln nahm zur Hand.

Chorus

Und aus seinen tiefen Stichen
Wuchsen Blätter, wuchsen Blüten,
Wuchsen unbekannte Schmerzen
In dem jungen Mädchenherzen
Später hat man sie gesehen
Einsam an den Wassern stehen
Niemals hat man je erfahren
welchen Preis der Meister nahm

Tangerine Kitty

1 Dumb Ways to Die

- Cj7 Fj7 Cj7 Fj7*
 Set fire to your hair
Cj7 Fj7 Cj7 Fj7
 Poke a stick at a grizzly bear
Cj7 Fj7 Cj7 Fj7
 Eat medi-cine that's out of date
Cj7 Fj7 Cj7 Fj7
 Use your private parts as pi-ranha bait

Cj7 G/B Am7 Gm7 C9
 Dumb ways to die, so
F7 D7 G7/13-13-5
 many dumb ways to die
Cj7 G/B Am7 A^b7 G7sus4 C9
 Dumb ways to di - ie - ie, so
F7 G7
 many dumb ways to die
Cj7 Fj7 Cj7 Fj7

- Get your toast out with a fork
 Do your own electrical work
 Teach yourself how to fly
 Eat a two-week-old un-refrigerated pie

Chorus

- Invite a psycho-killer inside
 Scratch a drug dealer's brand new ride
 Take your helmet off in outer space
 Use a clothes dryer as a hiding place

Chorus

- Keep a rattlesnake as a pet
 Sell both your kidneys on the Internet
 Eat a tube of superglue
 I wonder, what's this red button do?

Chorus

Am7 G/B Cj9 Em7
 Dress up like a moose during hunting
Fj7 G7
 season
Am7 G/B Cj9 Em7
 Dis-turb a nest of wasps for no good
Fj7
 reason
G7 Am7
 Stand on the edge of a train station platform
Em7 Fj7
 Drive around the boom gates at a level crossing
G7 Am7 Em7
 Run across the tracks between the platforms
Fj7 G7
 They may not rhyme but they're quite possibly

Cj7 G/B Am7 D9 G7
 The dumbest ways to die
Cj7 G/B Am7 D9 G7
 The dumbest ways to die
Cj7 G/B Am7 A^b7 G7sus4 Em7
 The dumbest ways to di - ie - ie - ie
F7
 So many dumb
G7
 So many dumb ways to
Cj7 G/B Am7 A^b7 G7 C9 F7 G7 Cj9
 die

Tenacious D

1 Fuck Her Gently

D You don't always have *F#m* to fuck her hard,
Em In fact, sometimes that's not *A* right to do
D Sometimes you gotta make *F#m* some love
Em And fucking give her some *A* smooches too

Bm Sometimes you got to *G* squeeze
Bm Sometimes you got to say *G* please
D Sometimes you got to say *A* hey:

D I'm gonna fuck you... *F#m* softly
Em I'm gonna screw you *A* gently
D I'm gonna hump you... *F#m* sweetly
Em I'm gonna ball you... *A* dis-cretely

Bm And then you say, *G* Hey I brought you flowers
D And then you say, *A* Wait a minute sally!
Bm I think I got something in my teeth,
Em could you get it out for me? *A* That's fuckin' Teamwork!

D What's your favorite *F#m* po-sish'?
Em That's cool with me it's not my *A* favorite but I'll do it for
D you - What's your favorite *F#m* dish?
Em I'm not gonna cook it but I'll order it from *A* Zanzibar!

Bm And then I'm gonna love you *G* com-pletely
D And then I'll fuckin' fuck you *A* dis-cretely
Bm And then I'll fuckin bone you *G* com-pletely
D But then... I'm gonna *Em* fuuck *A* yooou
C *G* *D*
 ha-aaaa-aaaa-aard
Bb7 *C* *D*
 haaa-aaaa-aard