

# All of me

CM7 E7  
All of me. Why not take all of me?  
Am Dm7  
Can't you see I'm useless without you?  
E7 Am7  
take my arms I want to lose them  
Dm G Aug  
Take my lips I'll never use them oh  
CM7 E7  
your goodbye left me with eyes that cry  
Am Dm7  
how can I go on without you?  
F B7  
Cause you took the part that  
C A7  
once was my heart  
Dm G CM7  
why not take all of me

# Fisherman's Blues

<sup>G</sup> Well I wish I was a fisherman <sup>F</sup> tumblin in the seas  
<sup>Am</sup> far away from dry land and its <sup>C</sup> bitter memories

<sup>G</sup> Casting out my sweet line with abandonment and love  
<sup>Am</sup> No ceiling bearing down on me save the <sup>C</sup> starry sky above

| <sup>G</sup> With light in my head and you in my arms  
<sup>Am</sup> Woohooohoo . . . . .

<sup>G</sup> Well I wish I was the brakeman on a <sup>F</sup> hurtlin' fevered train  
<sup>G</sup> crashing headlong into the heartland like a <sup>C</sup> cannon in the rain

<sup>G</sup> With the beating of the sleepers and the <sup>F</sup> burning of the coal  
<sup>Am</sup> Counting towns flashing by me on a <sup>C</sup> night that's full of soul

| <sup>G</sup> With light in my head and you in my arms  
<sup>Am</sup> Woohooohoo . . . . .

Yeah I <sup>G</sup> know I will be loosened from the <sup>F</sup> bonds that hold me fast  
and the <sup>Am</sup> chains all hung around me will <sup>C</sup> fall away at last

<sup>G</sup> And on that fine and fateful day I will <sup>F</sup> take you in my hands  
<sup>Am</sup> I will ... ride the night train, I will <sup>C</sup> be a fisherman

| <sup>G</sup> With light in my head and you in my arms  
<sup>Am</sup> Woohooohoo . . . . .

# Folsom Prison Blues

<sup>E</sup>  
I hear that train a comin' It's rolling round the bend  
and I ain't seen the sunshine since <sup>E7</sup> I don't know when  
I'm <sup>A</sup> stuck in Folsom Prison and time keeps dragging <sup>E</sup> on  
But that <sup>B7</sup> train keeps a rolling  
<sup>A</sup>  
on down to san Antone

When I was just a baby My Mama told me, "Son  
Always be a good boy Don't ever play with guns"  
But I shot a man in Reno Just to watch him die  
When I hear that whistle blowin' I hang my head and cry

I bet there's rich folks eatin' In a fancy dining car  
They're probably drinkin' coffee And smokin' big cigars  
But I know I had it comin' I know I can't be free  
But those people keep a-movin' And that's what tortures me

Well, if they freed me from this prison If that railroad train was mine  
I bet I'd move it on a little Farther down the line  
Far from Folsom Prison That's where I want to stay  
And I'd let that lonesome whistle Blow my blues away

# In Spite of Ourselves

## Capo to D

<sup>D</sup>  
she don't like her eggs all runny  
<sup>D</sup>  
she thinks crossing her legs is funny  
<sup>G</sup>  
she looks down her nose at money  
<sup>D</sup>  
but she gets it on like the easter bunny  
<sup>A</sup>  
she's my baby, and I'm her honey  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
never gonna let her go . . . . .

<sup>D</sup>  
well he ain't got laid in a month of sundays  
<sup>D</sup>  
I caught him once and he was sniffing my undies  
<sup>G</sup>  
he ain't too sharp but he gets things done  
<sup>D</sup>  
and he drinks his beer like it's oxygen  
<sup>A</sup>  
But he's my baby, I don't mean maybe  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
never gonna let him go . . . . .

<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
in spite of ourselves, we'll end up sitting on a rainbow  
<sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
against all odds, honey we're the big door prize  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
and we're gonna spite our noses right off of our faces  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
there won't be nothing but big old hearts dancing in our eyes . . . . .

## instrumental

<sup>D</sup>  
well she thinks all my jokes are corny  
<sup>D</sup>  
convict movies make her horny  
<sup>G</sup>  
she likes ketchup on her scrambled eggs and she  
<sup>D</sup>  
swears like a sailor when she shaves her legs  
<sup>A</sup>  
but she's my baby, and I'm her honey  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
never gonna let her go . . . . .

<sup>D</sup>  
yeah he's got more balls than a big brass monkey  
<sup>D</sup>  
a wacked out weirdo and a lovebug junkie

<sup>G</sup>  
 sly as a fox, and crazy as a loon  
<sup>D</sup>  
 payday comes and he's a howlin at the moon  
<sup>A</sup>  
 but he's my baby, and I'm his honey  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 never gonna let him go . . . . .

<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 in spite of ourselves, we'll end up sitting on a rainbow  
<sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 against all odds, honey we're the big door prize  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 and we're gonna spite our noses right off of our faces  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 there won't be nothing but big old hearts dancing in our eyes . . . . .  
 slow to ending  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 there won't be nothing but big old hearts dancing in our eyes . . . . .

# I Walk the Line

C F C G  
.....  
C  
.....

I keep a close watch on this heart of mine  
I keep my eyes wide open all the time  
I keep the ends out for the tie that binds  
Because you're mine, I walk the line

I find it very, very easy to be true  
I find myself alone when each day is through  
Yes, I'll admit that I'm a fool for you  
Because you're mine, I walk the line

As sure as night is dark and day is light  
I keep you on my mind both day and night  
And happiness I've known proves that it's right  
Because you're mine, I walk the line

You've got a way to keep me on your side  
You give me cause for love that I can't hide  
For you I know I'd even try to turn the tide  
Because you're mine, I walk the line

I keep a close watch on this heart of mine  
I keep my eyes wide open all the time  
I keep the ends out for the tie that binds  
Because you're mine, I walk the line

# I Will Survive

Oh, at first I was afraid, I was petrified  
I kept thinking I could never live without you by my side  
But then I spent so many nights just thinking how you done me wrong  
And I grew strong... I learned how to get along

But now you're back, from outer space  
I just walked in to find you here with that sad look upon your face  
I should have changed that stupid lock I should have made you leave your key  
If I'd have known for just one second you'd be back to bother me

Go on now go, walk out the door  
Just turn around now, you're not welcome anymore  
Weren't you the one who tried to hurt me with desire  
Did you think I'd crumble, did you think I'd lay down and die?

Oh no, not I, I will survive  
Yea, just as long as I know how to love, I know I'll be alive  
Cause I've got all my life to live and I've got all my love to give  
And I'll survive, I will survive...

## Instrumental

Well, it took all the strength I had just not to fall apart  
I'm trying hard to mend the pieces of my broken heart  
And I spent oh so many nights just feeling sorry for myself  
I used to cry, but now I hold my head up high

And you'll see me with somebody new  
I'm not that stupid little person still in love with you  
And so you thought you'd just drop by and you expect me to be free  
But now I'm saving all my loving for someone who's loving me

Go on now <sup>Am</sup> go, walk out the <sup>Dm7</sup> door  
Just turn <sup>G</sup> around now, you're not <sup>CM7</sup> welcome anymore  
<sup>FM7</sup> Weren't you the one who tried to <sup>Bm7b5</sup> hurt me with desire  
Did you think I'd <sup>E</sup> crumble, did you think I'd <sup>E7</sup> lay down and die?

Oh no, not <sup>Am</sup> I, I will <sup>Dm7</sup> survive  
Yea, just as <sup>G</sup> long as I know how to love, I <sup>CM7</sup> know I'll be alive  
Cause I've got <sup>FM7</sup> all my life to live and I've got <sup>Bm7b5</sup> all my love to give  
And I'll <sup>E</sup> survive, I will <sup>E7</sup> survive...



# I Wanna Be Like You

<sup>Em</sup> Oh I'm the king of the swingers the <sup>B7</sup> jungle VIP  
I've reached the top and had to stop and that's what been botherin' <sup>Em</sup> me  
Yeah, I <sup>Em</sup> wanna be a man, mancub and walk right into town <sup>B7</sup>  
And be just like the other men I'm tired of monkeyin' around! <sup>Em</sup> <sup>D</sup> Oh

<sup>G</sup> Ooobi doo, I wanna be like <sup>E7</sup> you-ooo-oo  
I wanna <sup>A7</sup> walk like you, <sup>D7</sup> talk like you, <sup>G</sup> too-ooo-oo <sup>D</sup>  
It's plain to <sup>G</sup> seeee-ee-ee that an ape like <sup>E7</sup> mee-ee-ee  
Can <sup>A7</sup> learn to be <sup>D7</sup> huu-uu-uuman <sup>G</sup> too-oo-oo

<sup>Em</sup> Now, don't try to fool me mancub, cause I made a deal with <sup>B7</sup> you  
What I desire is man's red fire so I can be like <sup>Em</sup> you  
<sup>Em</sup> Give me the secret, mancub, clue me what to <sup>B7</sup> do  
Give me the power of man's red flower and make my dreams come <sup>B7</sup> <sup>D</sup> true! Oh

<sup>G</sup> Ooobi doo, I wanna be like <sup>E7</sup> you-ooo-oo  
I wanna <sup>A7</sup> walk like you, <sup>D7</sup> talk like you, <sup>G</sup> too-ooo-oo <sup>D</sup>  
It's plain to <sup>G</sup> seeee-ee-ee that an ape like <sup>E7</sup> mee-ee-ee  
Can <sup>A7</sup> learn to be <sup>D7</sup> huu-uu-uuman <sup>G</sup> too-oo-oo

# Mary Jane's Last Dance

<sup>Dm</sup> She <sup>C</sup>grew up in an <sup>G</sup>indiana town  
with a <sup>Dm</sup>good looking mama who <sup>Dm</sup>never was around  
but she <sup>Dm</sup>grew up tall and she <sup>C</sup>grew up right  
with them <sup>G</sup>indiana boys in that <sup>Dm</sup>indiana night

She moved down here at the age of eighteen  
she blew the boys away it was more than they'd seen  
I was introduced and we both started grooving  
she said I dig ya baby but I gotta keep moving... on

<sup>G</sup>  
Last dance with mary jane, one more time to kill the pain  
<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Dm</sup>  
.....  
<sup>G</sup>  
And I feel summer creeping in and I'm tired of this town again  
<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Dm</sup>  
whoaa whoaa whoaa whoaa

Well I don't know what I been told  
you never slow down you never grow old  
tired of screwing up tired of being down  
tired of myself, I'm tired of this town

Oh my my, oh hell yes  
You gotta put on that party dress  
Buy me a drink, sing me a song  
Take me as I am cause I can't stay long

<sup>G</sup>  
Last dance with mary jane, one more time to kill the pain  
<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Dm</sup>  
.....  
<sup>G</sup>  
And I feel summer creeping in and I'm tired of this town again  
<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Dm</sup>  
whoaa whoaa whoaa whoaa

Well there's pigeons down in Market square  
she's standing in her underwear

looking out from a hotel room

Nightfall will be coming soon

Oh my my, oh hell yes

You got to put on that party dress

It was too cold to cry when I woke up alone

I hit the last number, then walked to the road

G

Last dance with mary jane, one more time to kill the pain

Dm C G Dm

.....

G

And I feel summer creeping in and I'm tired of this town again

Dm C G Dm

whoaa whoaa whoaa whoaa

# Mexico

C E7/G Am Am/G  
I had a match, but she had a lighter  
F G  
I had a flame, but she had a fire  
C E7/G Am Am/G  
I was bright, but she was much brighter  
F  
I was high, but she was the sky

F G C E7/G C  
Oh baby, I was bound for Mexico . . . . .  
F G C E7/G Am Am/G F  
Oh baby, I was bound to let you go . . . . .  
F G  
laaaa laaa laaaaa da da  
C E7/G Am Am/G  
dum . . . . .  
F G  
. . . . .

C E7/G Am Am/G  
I don't know much about Cinco De Mayo  
F G  
I'm never sure, what it's all about  
C E7/G Am Am/G  
But I say I want you and you don't believe me  
F  
You say you want me but I've got my doubts . . .

F G C E7/G C  
Oh baby, I was bound for Mexico . . . . .  
F G C E7/G Am Am/G F  
Oh baby, I was bound to let you go . . . . .  
F G  
laaaa laaa laaaaa da da  
C E7/G Am Am/G  
dum . . . . .  
F G  
. . . . .

repeat first verse

# Ring of Fire

## Introduction

C F C F C  
Love is a burning thing . . . . .  
C G C F C  
And it makes a fiery ring . . . . .  
C F C F C  
Bound by wild desire . . . . .  
C G C  
I fell into a ring of fire

G F C  
I fell into a burning ring of fire  
G F C  
I went down, down, down and the flames went higher  
C F C  
And it burns, burns, burns, the ring of fire  
G C  
The ring of fire

## Instrumental

G F C  
I fell into a burning ring of fire  
G F C  
I went down, down, down and the flames went higher  
C F C  
And it burns, burns, burns, the ring of fire  
G C  
The ring of fire

C F C F C  
The taste of love is sweet . . . . .  
C G C F C  
When hearts like ours meet . . . . .  
C F C F C  
I fell for you like a child . . . . .  
C G C  
Oh, but the fire went wild . . .

G F C  
I fell into a burning ring of fire  
G F C  
I went down, down, down and the flames went higher  
C F C  
And it burns, burns, burns, the ring of fire  
G C  
The ring of fire

## Instrumental

G F C  
I fell into a burning ring of fire  
G F C  
I went down, down, down and the flames went higher

And it <sup>C</sup>burns, <sup>F</sup>burns, <sup>C</sup>burns, the ring of fire

The <sup>G</sup>ring of <sup>C</sup>fire

The <sup>G</sup>ring of <sup>C</sup>fire

The <sup>G</sup>ring of <sup>C</sup>fire

The <sup>G</sup>ring of <sup>C</sup>fire <sup>F</sup> . . . . <sup>C</sup>

# Rose Room

## Part One

G7 C7 F F  
/.../.../.../...  
Cm7 F7 Bb Bb  
/.../.../.../...  
Bbm Bbm F D7  
/.../.../.../...  
G7 G7 C7 C7  
/.../.../.../...

## Part Two

G7 C7 F F  
/.../.../.../...  
Cm7 F7 Bb Bb  
/.../.../.../...  
Bbm Bbm F D7  
/.../.../.../...  
G7 C7 F F  
/.../.../.../...

# Sad Songs And Waltzes

## introduction

A E A  
.....  
D A  
.....  
D A D  
.....  
A E A  
.....

i'm<sup>A</sup> writing<sup>E</sup> a song all about you.<sup>A</sup>  
a<sup>D</sup> true song as real as my tears.<sup>A</sup>  
but you've<sup>D</sup> no need to fear it  
cause no one will hear it.<sup>A D</sup>  
sad songs and waltzes aren't selling this year.<sup>E A</sup>

i'll<sup>A</sup> tell all about how you cheated.<sup>E A</sup>  
i'd like for the whole world to hear.<sup>D A</sup>  
i'd like to get even<sup>D</sup>  
with you cause you're leavin'.<sup>A D</sup>  
but sad songs and waltzes aren't selling this year.<sup>A E A</sup>

it's a good thing that i'm not a star.<sup>E A</sup>  
you don't know how lucky you are.<sup>B7 E E7</sup>  
though my record may say it,<sup>A</sup>  
no one will play it.<sup>D</sup>  
sad songs and waltzes aren't selling this year.<sup>A E A</sup>



# Stickshifts and Safetybelts

## introduction

E A E B7 E

.....

E B7  
Stick shifts and safety belts  
A E  
bucket seats have all got to go  
E B7  
When I'm driving in the car  
A E  
it makes my baby seem so far

E A  
I need you here with me  
E B7  
not way over in that bucket seat  
E E7 A  
I need you to be here with me  
E B7 E  
not way over in that bucket seat

E B7  
but when we're driving in my malibu,  
A E  
it's easy to get right next to you.  
E B7  
i say, "baby, scoot over, please."  
A E  
and then she's right there next to me.

E A  
i need you here with me,  
E B7  
not way over in a bucket seat.  
E E7 A  
i need you to be here with me,  
E B7 E  
not way over in a bucket seat.

## Bridge

A E  
well a lot of good cars are japanese.  
A  
but when we're driving far,  
B  
i need my baby,  
i need my baby next to  
E A E B E  
me. ....

E                      B7  
 Stick shifts and safety belts  
 A                      E  
 bucket seats have all got to go  
                     E                      B7  
 When I'm driving in the car  
 A                      E  
 it makes my baby seem so far

E                      A  
 i need you here with me,  
 E                      B7  
 not way over in a bucket seat.  
 E                      E7                      A  
 i need you to be here with me,  
 E                      B7                      E  
 not way over in a bucket seat.  
 E                      E7                      A  
 i need you to be here with me,  
 E                      B7                      E  
 not way over in a bucket seat.  
 E                      E7                      A  
 i need you to be here with me,  
 E                      B7  
 not way over in a bucket  
 E                      A                      E                      B                      E  
 seat. . . . .

# Wagon Wheel

<sup>G</sup>Headed down south to the <sup>D</sup>land of the pines  
<sup>Em</sup>Thumbin my way to <sup>C</sup>North Caroline'  
<sup>G</sup>Staring down the road and <sup>D</sup>pray to God I see <sup>C</sup>headlights

<sup>G</sup>Well I made it down the coast in <sup>D</sup>seventeen hours  
and I'm <sup>Em</sup>picking me a bouquet of <sup>C</sup>dogwood flowers  
And I'mma <sup>G</sup>hoping for Raleigh so I can <sup>D</sup>see my baby tonight <sup>C</sup>

<sup>G</sup>So, rock me mama like a <sup>D</sup>wagon wheel,  
<sup>Em</sup>rock me mama any <sup>C</sup>way you feel  
<sup>G</sup>hey hey - Mama <sup>D</sup>rock me <sup>C</sup>

<sup>G</sup>Yeah, rock me mama like the <sup>D</sup>wind and the rain  
<sup>Em</sup>rock me mama like a <sup>C</sup>southbound train  
<sup>G</sup>hey hey - Mama <sup>D</sup>rock me <sup>C</sup>

<sup>G</sup>Yeah I'm running from the cold <sup>D</sup>up in New England  
<sup>Em</sup>I was born to be a fiddler in an <sup>C</sup>old time string band  
<sup>G</sup>my baby plays the guitar, <sup>D</sup>I pick the banjo now <sup>C</sup>

<sup>G</sup>Yeah them north country winters keep'a <sup>D</sup>getting me low  
<sup>Em</sup>lost my money playing poker so I <sup>C</sup>had to up and leave  
<sup>G</sup>and I ain't going back to <sup>D</sup>livin that old life <sup>C</sup>no more

<sup>G</sup>So, rock me mama like a <sup>D</sup>wagon wheel,  
<sup>Em</sup>rock me mama any <sup>C</sup>way you feel  
<sup>G</sup>hey hey - Mama <sup>D</sup>rock me <sup>C</sup>

<sup>G</sup>Yeah, rock me mama like the <sup>D</sup>wind and the rain  
<sup>Em</sup>rock me mama like a <sup>C</sup>southbound train  
<sup>G</sup>hey hey - Mama <sup>D</sup>rock me <sup>C</sup>

## instrumental

let chords ring next two, single hits on bass

<sup>G</sup> headed down south <sup>D</sup> out of Roanoke  
I caught a <sup>Em</sup> trucker out of Philly had a <sup>C</sup> nice long toke  
But <sup>G</sup> he's a headed west from the <sup>D</sup> Cumberland Gap  
to <sup>C</sup> Johnson City, Tennessee

and I <sup>G</sup> gotta get a move on <sup>D</sup> before the sun  
hear my <sup>Em</sup> baby calling my name and I <sup>C</sup> know that she's the only one  
and <sup>G</sup> if I die in Raleigh, at <sup>D</sup> least I will die <sup>C</sup> free

<sup>G</sup> So, rock me mama like a <sup>D</sup> wagon wheel,  
<sup>Em</sup> rock me mama any <sup>C</sup> way you feel  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> hey hey - Mama <sup>C</sup> rock me

<sup>G</sup> Yeah, rock me mama like the <sup>D</sup> wind and the rain  
<sup>Em</sup> rock me mama like a <sup>C</sup> southbound train  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> hey hey - Mama <sup>C</sup> rock me

# Wake Up Time

## Intro

F C F C

F C Am G

## Repeat

F C F C  
You follow your feelings, you follow your dreams

F C Am G  
You follow the leader into the trees . . . . .

F C F C  
And what's in there waiting, neither one of us knows

F C Am G  
You gotta keep one eye open the further you go

F Am G C  
You never dreamed you'd go down on one knee, but now . . .

F Am G  
Who could have seen, you'd be so hard to please somehow . .

G  
You feel like a poor boy, a long way from home

G F C  
You're just a poor boy, a long way from hoooooome . . .

G  
And it's wake up time

F C G  
. . . Time to open your eyes

F C G  
And rise . . and shine

## Hold G for 12 beats

F C F C  
You spend your life dreaming, running 'round in a trance

F C Am G  
You hang out forever and still miss the dance . . . . .

F C F C  
And if you get lucky, you might find someone

F C Am G  
To help you get over the pain that will come . . . . .

F Am G C  
Yeah, you were so cool back in high school, what happened . . .

F Am G  
You were so sure not to have your spirits dampened

G  
But you're just a poor boy alone in this world

G F C  
You're just a poor boy alone in this woooooooorld

G  
And it's wake up time

F C G  
. . . Time to open your eyes

F C G  
And rise . . and shine

Well, if he gets lucky, a boy finds a girl  
 To help him to shoulder the pain in this world  
 And if you follow your feelings  
 And you follow your dreams  
 You might find the forest there in the trees  
 Yeah, you'll be alright, it's just gonna take time, but now . . .  
 Who could have seen you'd be so hard to please somehow  
 You're just a poor boy a long way from home  
 You're just a poor boy, a long way from hooooooooome . . .

And it's wake up time  
 . . . Time to open your eyes  
 . . .  
 And rise . . and shine

# When the Man Comes Around

<sup>C</sup>  
There's a man goin' 'round takin' names,  
<sup>C</sup>  
And he decides who to free and who to blame.  
<sup>C</sup>  
Everybody won't be treated all the same,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
There'll be a golden ladder reachin' down.  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
When the man comes around.

<sup>C</sup>  
The hairs on your arm will stand up,  
<sup>C</sup>  
At the terror in each sip and in each sup.  
<sup>C</sup>  
Will you partake of that last offered cup,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
Or disappear into the potter's ground?  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
When the man comes around.

<sup>C</sup>  
Hear the trumpets hear the pipers.  
<sup>C</sup>  
One hundred million angels singin'.  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Multitudes are marchin' to the big kettledrum.  
<sup>G</sup>  
Voices callin', voices cryin'.  
<sup>G</sup>  
Some are born and some are dyin'.  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
It's alpha and omega's kingdom come,  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
And the whirlwind is in the thorn tree.  
<sup>C</sup>  
The virgins are all trimming their wicks,  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
The whirlwind is in the thorn tree.  
<sup>C</sup>  
It's hard for thee to kick against the pricks,

<sup>C</sup>  
Till Armageddon no shalam, no shalom.  
<sup>C</sup>  
Then the father hen will call his chickens home,  
<sup>C</sup>  
The wise man will bow down before the throne.  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
And at his feet they'll cast their golden crowns,  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
When the man comes around.

<sup>C</sup>  
Whoever is unjust let him be unjust still.  
<sup>C</sup>  
Whoever is righteous let him be righteous still.

<sup>C</sup>

Whoever is filthy let him be filthy still.  
C Listen to the words long written down, Am  
F G C  
When the man comes around.

C  
Hear the trumpets hear the pipers.  
C  
One hundred million angels singin'.  
C F Am G  
Multitudes are marchin' to the big kettledrum.  
G  
Voices callin', voices cryin'.  
G  
Some are born and some are dyin'.  
G C  
It's alpha and omega's kingdom come,  
F C  
And the whirlwind is in the thorn tree.  
C  
The virgins are all trimming their wicks,  
F C  
The whirlwind is in the thorn tree.  
C  
It's hard for thee to kick against the pricks,  
C Am  
In measured hundredweight and penny pound,  
F G C  
When the man comes around.



# Whiskey in the Jar

As <sup>C</sup> I was going over the <sup>F</sup> far famed Kerry <sup>C</sup> mountains  
I <sup>F</sup> met with captain Farrell and his <sup>C</sup> money he was counting  
I first produced my pistol and <sup>F</sup> then produced my <sup>C</sup> rapier  
Said <sup>F</sup> "Stand and deliver" for I <sup>C</sup> am your bold deciever

<sup>G</sup>  
Mursha ringum dorum da  
<sup>C</sup>  
wack fol the dary o  
<sup>F</sup>  
wack fol the dary o  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
There's whiskey in the jar

Well I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny  
I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny  
she sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me  
But the devil's in that woman so you know you can't believe em

chorus

I went up to my chamber all for to take a slumber  
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder  
But Jenny stole my charges and she filled them up with water  
And sent for captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter

chorus

Twas early in the morning before I rose to travel  
up came a band of footmen and likewise captain farrell  
I first produced my pistol for she'd stolen away my rapier  
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken

chorus

If there's anyone can save me it's my brother in the army  
if I can learn his station in Cork or in Killarney

And if he'll come and join me we'll go roving in Kilkenny  
I'd be sure he'd treat me fairer than my darling sporting Jenny

chorus

Some men take delight in the carraiges a'rollin  
And some men take delight in the hurling and the bowling  
But I take delight in the juice of the barley  
And courtin' pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

chorus

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