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Alabama Song

Kurt Weill

Dm Gm Dm Gm Dm A Dm A Dm

Dm
Oh, show us the way
To the next whiskey bar

Gm Dm
Oh don't ask why
Gm Dm
Oh don't ask why

C
For if we don't find
F A#
The next whiskey bar

Dm
I tell you we must die
A7 Dm
I tell you we must die

F G7
Oh, moon of Alabama
A# A Dm
It's time to say goodbye
F G7
We've lost our good old mama
A# A Dm
And must have whiskey, you know why

Oh, show us the way
To the next little dollar
Oh, don't ask why
Oh, don't ask why
For if we don't find
The next little dollar
I tell you we must die
I tell you we must die

Oh, moon of Alabama
It's time to say goodbye
We've lost our good old mama
And must have whiskey, you know why

Oh, show us the way
To the next little girl
Oh, don't ask why
Oh, don't ask why
For if we don't find
The next little girl
I tell you we must die
I tell you we must die

Oh, moon of Alabama
It's time to say goodbye
We've lost our good old mama
And must have whiskey, you know why

Billie Jean

Michael Jackson

Dm Am Dm Am

Dm Am Dm
She was more like a beauty queen from a
Am
movie scene
Dm Am D
I said, "Don't mind, but what do you mean, I
Gm7
am the one

Who will dance on the floor in the round?"
Dm
Gm7
She said I am the one

Who will dance on the floor in the round
Dm

Am Dm Am

Dm Am Dm
She told me her name was Billie Jean as she
Am
caused a scene
Dm Am Dm
Then every head turned with eyes that
Gm7
dreamed of bein' the one

Who will dance on the floor in the round
Dm

Bb Dm
People always told me, "Be careful of what
you do

Bb Am Dm
Don't go around breakin' young girls' hearts"

Bb Dm
And mother always told me, "Be careful of
who you love

Bb
And be careful of what you do

A7b13
'Cause the lie becomes the truth"

Dm Am Dm Am
Billie Jean is not my lover
Dm Am Dm Gm7
She's just a girl who claims that I am the one
Dm
But the kid is not my son
Gm7
She says I am the one
Dm
But the kid is not my son

For forty days and for forty nights, law was on
her side
But who can stand when she's in demand?
Her schemes and plans
'Cause we danced on the floor in the round
So take my strong advice
Just remember to always think twice

She told my baby we'd danced 'til three, then
she looked at me
Then showed a photo of a baby cryin', his
eyes were like mine
Go and dance on the floor in the round

People always told me, "Be careful of what
you do
And don't go around breakin' young girls'
hearts"
But she came and stood right by me
Just the smell of sweet perfume
This happened much too soon
She called me to her room

Billie Jean is not my lover
She's just a girl who claims that I am the one
But the kid is not my son
She says I am the one
But the kid is not my son

Am Dm Am Dm Am Dm G#mb6 Amb6 Gmadd7 Dm Am Dm Gm7 Dm Am Dm Am

The Man Who Sold The World

David Bowie

F# Bm D Bm

We passed upon the stair **F#**
And spoke of was and when **Bm**
Although I wasn't there **F#**
He said I was his friend **D**
Which came as a surprise **A**
I spoke into his eyes **F#**
I thought you died alone **Bm**
A long long time ago **A**

Oh no, not me **D**
I never lost control **A# D**
You're face to face **A D**
With the man who sold the world **A# F#**

I laughed and shook his hand
And made my way back home
I searched for form and land
For years and years I roamed
I gazed a gazeless stare
At all the millions here
I must have died alone
A long, long time ago

Who knows? Not me
We never lost control
You're face to face
With the man who sold the world

Seven Nation Army

The White Stripes

F#m D C# F#m D E D C#

F#m D C#
I'm gonna fight 'em off
F#m A C#7
A seven nation army couldn't hold me back
F#m D C#
They're gonna rip it off
F#m A C#7
Takin' their time right behind my back
F#m D
And I'm talkin' to myself at night
C#7 F#m A D C#7
Because I can't forget
F#m A D
Back and forth through my mind
C#7 F#m A D C#7
Behind a cigarette
A C#7
And the message comin' from my eyes
D B7
Says, "Leave it alone"

Don't wanna hear about it
Every single one's got a story to tell
Everyone knows about it
From the Queen of England to the Hounds of Hell
And if it's comin' back my way
I'm gonna serve it to you
And that ain't what you want to hear
But that's what I'll do
And the message comin' from my bones
Says, "Find a home"

I'm goin' to Wichita
Far from this opera forevermore
I'm gonna work the straw
Make the sweat drip out of every pore
And I'm bleedin', and I'm bleedin', and I'm bleedin'
Right before the Lord
All the words are gonna bleed from me
And I will think no more
And the message comin' from my blood
Says, "Go back home"