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Alabama Song

Kurt Weill

Capo: 5

Am Dm Am Dm Am E Am E Am

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

Dm Am
Oh don't ask why
Dm Am
Oh don't ask why

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

Am
I tell you we must die
E7 Am
I tell you we must die

C D7
Oh, moon of Alabama
F E Am
It's time to say goodbye
C D7
We've lost our good old mama
F E Am
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
movie scene

Dm Am D

I said, "Don't mind, but what do you mean, I
am the one

Dm

Who will dance on the floor in the round?"

Gm7

She said I am the one

Dm

Who will dance on the floor in the round

Am Dm Am

Dm Am Dm

She told me her name was Billie Jean as she
caused a scene

Dm Am Dm

Then every head turned with eyes that
dreamed of bein' the one

Dm

Who will dance on the floor in the round

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
But the kid is not my son

Dm

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

People Are Strange

The Doors

Em Am Em
People are strange when you're a stranger
Am Em B7 Em
Faces look ugly when you're alone
Am Em
Women seem wicked when you're unwanted
Am Em B7 Em
Streets are uneven when you're down

B7
When you're strange
G B7
Faces come out of the rain
B7
When you're strange
G B7
No one remembers your name
B7
When you're strange
B7
When you're strange
B7
When you're strange

People are strange when you're a stranger
Faces look ugly when you're alone
Women seem wicked when you're unwanted
Streets are uneven when you're down

B7 Em B7 Em B7 Em

When you're strange
Faces come out of the rain
When you're strange
No one remembers your name
When you're strange
When you're strange
When you're strange

Em Am Em Am Em B7 Em
Em Am Em Am Em B7 Em

B7 G B7 G B7 B7 B7 B7

Em6

Personal Jesus

Depeche Mode

Capo: 2

Em
Your own personal Jesus
Em
Someone to hear your prayers
 Am G D/F# Em
Someone who cares
Em
Your own personal Jesus
Em
Someone to hear your prayers
 Am G D/F# Em
Someone who's there

Em
Feeling unknown
Em
And you're all alone
G
Flesh and bone
 D/F#
By the telephone
Am
Lift up the receiver
 C **Em**
I'll make you a believer

Em
Take second best
Em
Put me to the test
G
Things on your chest
 D/F#
You need to confess
Am
I will deliver
 C **Em**
You know I'm a forgiver

F# F **Em**
Reach out and touch faith
F# F **Em**
Reach out and touch faith

Your own personal Jesus
Someone to hear your prayers
Someone who cares
Your own personal Jesus
Someone to hear your prayers
Someone who's there

Feeling unknown
And you're all alone
Flesh and bone
By the telephone
Lift up the receiver
I'll make you a believer
Am
I will deliver
 C **Em**
You know I'm a forgiver

Reach out and touch faith
Reach out and touch faith
Reach out and touch faith
Reach out and touch faith

Seven Nation Army

The White Stripes

Capo: 4

Em C B Em C D C B

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

Summertime

George Gershwin

Em F#m6 Gm6 F#m6 Em F#m6 Gm6 F#m6
Em F#m6 Gm6 F#m6 Em F#m6 Gm6 F#m6
Am C D7 B7 Cmaj13 B7
Em F#m6 Gm6 F#m6 Em F#m6 Gm6
G Em Am Cm6 Em F#m6 Gm6 F#m6

Em F#m6 Gm6

Summertime

F#m6 Em F#m6 Gm6 F#m6

And the living is easy,

Am C B7 Cmaj13 B7

Catfish are jumpin' and the cotton is high

Em F#m6 Gm6 F#m6 Em F#m6 Gm6

Your daddy's rich and your momma's good looking

G Em Am C6 Em F#m6 Gm6 F#m6

Hush, little baby, don't you cry

One of these mornings,

You gonna rise up singing

Spread out your wings and take to the sky

But till that morning there ain't nothing can harm you

With mammy and daddy standing by

Em F#m6 Gm6 F#m6 Em F#m6 Gm6 F#m6

Am C D7 B7 Cmaj13 B7

Em F#m6 Gm6 F#m6 Em F#m6 Gm6

G Em Am Cm6 Em F#m6 Gm6 F#m6

Summertime

And the living is easy

Catfish are jumping and that ole cotton is high

Your daddy's rich and your momma's good looking

Hush, little baby, don't you cry

The Man Who Sold The World

David Bowie

Capo: 2

E Am C Am

We passed upon the stair^E
And spoke of was and when^{Am}
Although I wasn't there^E
He said I was his friend^C
Which came as a surprise^G
I spoke into his eyes^E
I thought you died alone^{Am}
A long long time ago^G

Oh no, not me^C
I never lost control^{G# C}
You're face to face^{G C}
With the man who sold the world^{G# E}

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