



Table of Contents

Seven Nation Army	1
Alabama Song	2
Billie Jean	3
The Man Who Sold The World	4

**Contents by Title**

Alabama Song	2
Billie Jean	3
Seven Nation Army	1
The Man Who Sold The World	4

# Seven Nation Army

The White Stripes

Capo: 2

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 I catch it 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 feelin' 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 stains comin' from my blood  
Tell me, "Go back home"

# 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  
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, baby

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

Capo: 2

E Am C Am

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

Oh no, not me<sup>C</sup>  
I never lost control<sup>G# C</sup>  
You're face to face<sup>G C</sup>  
With the man who sold the world<sup>G# E</sup>

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