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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
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?"

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
Am
caused a scene

Dm Am Dm
Then every head turned with eyes that
Gm7
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

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

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

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"