

# Epleband 19/1-2013

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# 1 Proud Mary

intro, vers, refreng, intro, vers, refreng, intro, vers m/solo, refreng, intro, vers, refreng, refreng, ...

**Chords:** *intro:* G E G E G E D C C6 C D A; *vers:* A E F#,,; *refreng:* A (med to ganger *rollin' on a river*)

Left a good job in the city  
Workin' for the man ev'ry night and day  
And I never lost one minute of sleepin'  
Worryin' 'bout the way things might have been

Big wheel keep on turnin'  
Proud Mary keep on burnin'  
Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river

Cleaned a lot of plates in Memphis  
Pumped a lot of pain down in New Orleans  
But I never saw the good side of the city  
'Til I hitched a ride on a river boat queen

Big wheel keep on turnin'  
Proud Mary keep on burnin'  
Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river  
Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river

If you come down to the river  
Bet you gonna find some people who live  
You don't have to worry 'cause you have [if you got] no money  
People on the river are happy to give

Big wheel keep on turnin'  
Proud Mary keep on burnin'  
Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river  
Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river

## 2 Kokken Tor

4x vers, refreng, 2x vers, refreng, 2x vers, refreng, refreng m/solo

**Chords:** vers: D Bm D Bm A D F#m A; *refreng*: 3x A E F#m D, A E F#m A

[D]Dette hendte [Bm]meg en gang  
[D]Jeg var p? en slags [Bm]resturant  
[A]Sammen med min [D]kjæreste og hennes far, han var [F#m]sjømann [A]

Fra samme båt kom kokken Tor  
Og satte seg ned ved vårt bord  
Og denne historien den handler mest om ham

Da far og datter begynte å snakke privat  
Ble jeg sittende som Tors kamerat  
Og det virket som han ikke tålte å være på land

For plutselig viste han neven sin  
Og sa "Du trenger mere disiplin"  
Og jeg mislikte sterkt hans engasjement

Og Tor sa: [A]"Hei du jeg [E]elsker deg din [F#m]jæv[D]el.  
[A]Du har så mye [E]sensuali[F#m]tet [D]  
[A]Men snart skal du [E]få deg en på [F#m]try[D]net  
[A]For stygge gutter er det [E]verste som jeg [F#m]vet" [A]

Tor sa at han elsket meg  
Og Tor sa at han hatet meg  
Og jeg prøvde å slippe unna øynene hans

Min kjæreste hadde nok et dårlig instinkt  
Jeg prøvde å gi henne hint og vink  
Men hun og faren snakket stadig vekk uten stans

Og Tor sa: "Hei du jeg elsker deg din jævel.  
Du har så mye sensualitet  
Men snart skal du få deg en på trynet  
For stygge gutter er det verste som jeg vet"

Men endelig snudde faren seg og sa  
"Hvordan går det med dere 'a?  
Tor, du må'kke plage guttungen med preiket ditt"

Men kokken sa at vi hygget oss  
Men nå måtte han kaste loss  
Og takk for praten det var jaggu hyggelig gitt

Og jeg sa: "Hei Tor jeg synes du er en jævel  
Du har'kke mye sensualitet  
Du burde faen meg hatt deg en på trynet  
Men det er vel allerede alt for sent"

### 3 I Saw Her Standing There

intro, 2x vers, bridge, vers, solo, bridge, vers

**Chords:** vers: C7 F7 C7 G7 C C7 F7 Fm7/Ab C7 G7 C7; bridge: F7 G7 F7

Well she was just seventeen and you know what I mean

And the way she looked was way beyond compare

So how could I dance with another oh,

when I saw her standing there

Well she looked at me and I, I could see

That before too long I'd fall in love with her

She wouldn't dance with another

Oh, when I saw her standing there

Well my heart went boom when I crossed that room

and I held her hand in mine

Well we danced through the night

and we held each other tight

And before too long I fell in love with her

Now I'll never dance with another

Oh, since I saw her standing there

Well my heart went boom when I crossed that room

and I held her hand in mine

Well we danced through the night

and we held each other tight

And before too long I fell in love with her

Now I'll never dance with another

Oh, since I saw her standing there

Since I saw her standing there

Yeah, Well since I saw her standing there

## 4 Black Magick Woman

intro, vers m/solo, 2x vers m/sang, vers m/solo, vers m/sang, solo gitar, solo trompet, solo gitar, solo trompet, 2x solo gitar.

**Chords:** Dm Am Dm Gm Dm A Dm

Intro: Dm7 (4bars)  
Gm/D (4bars)

[Dm7] I got a black magic woman,

I got a black magic [Am7]woman.

Yes, I got a [Dm7]blac magic woman,

she's got me so blind I cant [Gm7]see

But she's a [Dm7]black magic woman and she's

[A7]tryin' to make a devil out of [Dm7]me.

[Dm7]Don't turn your back on me, baby.

Don't turn your back on me, ba[Am7]by

Yes, don't turn your [Dm7]back on me, baby,

Don't mess around with your [Gm7]tricks.

Don't turn your [Dm7]back on me, baby, cause you

[A7]might just wake up my magic [Dm7]sticks

solo

You got your spell on me, baby.

You got your spell on me, ba[Am7]by.

Yes, you got your [Dm7]spell on me, baby

Turnin' my heart into [Gm7]stone

I [Dm7]need you so bad,

[A7]magic woman I can't leave you a [Dm7]lone...

## 5 Wish You Were Here

1x intro, 1x intro m/solo (Joakim), 2x vers, 2x intro m/solo (Joakim), refreng, gjenta intro med div solo (HP)

**Chords:** *intro:* 2x Em7 G, 2x Em7 A, G; *vers:* C D Am G D C Am G; *refreng:* C D Am G C Am G

C D  
So, so you think you can tell  
Heaven from Hell

G  
Blue Skies from pain  
D  
Can you tell a green field  
C  
From a cold steel rail  
AM  
A smile from a veil  
G  
So you think you can tell

C  
Did they get you to trade  
D  
Your heroes for ghosts  
AM  
Hot Ashes for trees  
G  
Hot air for a cool breeze  
D  
Cold comfort for change  
C  
Did you exchange?  
AM  
A walk on part in the war  
G  
For a lead role in a cage

C D  
How I wish, how I wish you were here  
Am G  
We're just two lost souls swimming in a fish bowl  
D  
Year after year.  
C  
Running over the same old ground.  
AM  
What have we found the same old fears  
G  
Wish you were here...

## 6 Johnny B Goode

intro v/Joakim, vers, refreng, vers, refreng, vers m/solo (HP), refreng, vers, refreng.

**Chords:** *vers/refreng*: A D A E A

Husk: tighte gitarer som følger trommene.

Way down in Louisiana down to New Orleans  
Way back up in the woods among the evergreens  
There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood  
Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode  
Who never ever learned to read or write so well  
But he could play a guitar just like he's ringin' a bell

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack  
And sit beneath the trees by the railroad track  
The engineers would see him sittin' in the shade  
Strummin' to the rhythm that the driver made  
When people passed him by they would stop and say  
Oh my that little country boy sure can play

Well his mama told him one day you will be a man  
You will be the leader of a big old band  
People gonna come from miles around  
To listen to your playin' till the sun goes down  
And one day maybe your name gonna be in lights  
Sayin' Johnny B Goode tonight

## 7 Wonderful Tonight

2x intro gitar, vers, 2x intro gitar, vers, bro, 2x intro trompet, vers m/solo gitar, 2x intro trompet, vers

**Chords:** *intro:* G D/F# C D G D/F# C D; *vers:* C D G D/F# C, D C D G Bm/F# Em C D G; *bro:* C D G Bm/F# Em C D C D G

G D/F# C D G D/F# C D

G D/F#  
It's late in the evening  
C D  
She's wondering what clothes to wear  
G D/F#  
She puts on her make up  
C D  
And brushes her long blonde hair  
C D  
And then she asks me  
G Bm/F# Em  
Do I look alright  
C D G D/F# C D  
And I say yes, you look wonderful tonight

G D/F#  
We go a party  
C D  
And everyone turns to see  
G D/F#  
This beautiful lady  
C D  
That's walking around with me  
C D  
And then she asks me  
G Bm/F# Em  
Do you feel alright  
C D G  
And I say yes, I feel wonderful tonight

C  
I feel wonderful  
D G Bm/F# Em  
Because I see the love light in your eyes  
C D  
And the wonder of it all  
C D  
Is that you just don't realize  
G D/F# C D G D/F# C D  
How much I love you

G D/F#  
It's time to go home now  
C D  
And I've got an aching head  
G D/F#  
So I give her the car keys  
C D  
She helps me to bed  
C D  
And then I tell her  
G Bm/F# Em  
As I turn out the light  
C D G Bm/F# Em Em/D  
I say my darling, you were wonderful tonight



Oh my darling, you were wonderful tonight

C

D

G

D/F#

C

D

G

D/F#

C

D

G

## 8 Wild Horses

1x intro, vers, refreng, vers, refreng, vers m/solo, refreng

**Chords:** *intro:* G Am7 G Gsus Am7 G; *vers:* Bm G Gsus, Bm G Gsus, Am G C-D, G Gsus G D Dsus2 D C; *refreng:* Am G C-D G F G-C, Bm, Am G C-D G F G-C (NB: ingen bro etter 2.refreng!)

Bm G Gsus Bm G Gsus  
Childhood living is easy to do

Am G C D G Gsus G D Dsus2 D C  
The things you wanted I brought them for you

Bm G Gsus Bm G Gsus  
Graceless lady you know who I am

Am G C D G Gsus G D Dsus2 D  
You know I can't let you slide through my hands

Am G C D G F G C Bm  
wild horses couldn't drag me a- way

Am G C D G F G C  
wild wild horses couldn't drag me a- way

Bm G Bm G  
I watched you suffer a dull aching pain

Am C D G Dsus2 C  
now you decided to show me the same

Bm G Bm G  
no sweet thing exits or of stage lines

Am C D G Dsus2 C  
could make me feel better or treat you unkind

Am G C D G F G C Bm  
wild horses couldn't drag me a- way

Am G C D G F G C  
wild wild horses couldn't drag me a- way

solo

Bm G Bm G  
I know I've dreamed you a sin and a lie

Am C D G D C  
I have my freedom but I don't have much time

Bm G Bm G  
Faith has been broken tears must be cried

Am C D G D C  
Lets do some living after we died

Am C D G F C  
wild horses couldn't drag me away

Am C D G F C  
wild wild horses we'll ride them some day

Am C D G F C

wild horses      couldn't drag me away  
Am            C            D   G            F            C            G  
wild wild horses      we'll ride them some day

## 9 Hey Joe

Intro |E Em7 C#4/E | E

Verse 1 C G D A E E  
 Hey Joe, where you goin' with that gun of yours?  
 C G D A E E  
 Hey Joe, I said where you goin' with that gun in your hand,  
 C G  
 I'm goin' down to shoot my lady,  
 D A E  
 E  
 You know I caught her messin' 'round with a - nother man.  
 C G  
 Yeah, I'm goin' down to shoot my lady  
 D A E  
 You know I caught her messin' 'round with another man  
 E  
 Huh! And that ain't cool.

Verse 2 C G D A E  
 A hey Joe, I heard you shot your woman down,  
 E  
 You shot her down now,  
 C G D A E  
 A hey Joe, I heard you shot your old lady down,  
 E  
 You shot her down in the ground, Yeah"  
 C G  
 Yes, I did, I shot her,  
 D A E  
 E  
 You know I caught her messin' 'round, messin' 'round town,  
 C G  
 Uh, yes I did, I shot her.  
 D A E  
 You Know I caught my old Lady messin' 'round town,  
 E  
 And have her the gun,  
 And I shot her.

Guitar solo C G D A E  
 Alright, shoot her one more time again baby!  
 C G D A E  
 Yeah! Dig it.  
 C G D A E E  
 Oh alright.

Verse 3 C G  
 Hey Joe  
 D A E E  
 Where you gonna run to now, where you gonna go?  
 C G  
 Hey Joe, I said  
 D A E E  
 Where you gonna run to now, where you gonna go?  
 C G  
 I'm goin' way down south,  
 D A E E  
 Way down to Mexico way.  
 C G  
 I'm goin' way down south,  
 D A E  
 Way down where I can be free,  
 E  
 Ain't no one gonna find me.

Outro      C            G  
          Ain't no hang-man gonna,  
          D            A            E  
          He ain't gonna put a rope around me,  
                          E  
          You better believe it right now,

I gotta go now,  
C            G  
          Hey Joe,  
D            A            E  
          You better run on down  
                          E  
          Goodbye everybody. Ow!

## 10 Sensitive Kind

intro, 2x vers, solo, vers.

**Chords:** *intro:* Gm Cm D7 Cm, *vers:* Gm Cm D#7-D7 Gm

Don't take her for granted, she had  
a hard time

Don't misunderstand her or play  
with her mind

Treat her so gently, it will pay you  
in time

You've gotta know she's the  
sensitive kind

(repeat the same chords & keep the same rythm)  
Tell her you love her each and  
every night  
You will discover she will treat  
you right  
If you believe, I know you will find  
There ain't nothin' like the  
sensitive kind

Solo

Chords used: Gm/Gm/Cm/Gm/Gm/Cm/D#7-D7/Gm (repeat twice)

( again repeat the same chords)  
She gets so lonely waitin' for you  
You are the only thing to help  
her through  
Don't take her for granted  
She has a hard time  
You got to know she's the  
sensitive kind  
You got to know she's the  
sensitive kind

## 11 Fortunate Son

**Chords:** *vers:* F# E B F# E B F#; *refreng:* 2x F# C# B F#

Verse

[F#]Some folks are born, [E]made to wave the flag  
[B]Ooh they're red white and [F#]blue  
[F#]And when the band plays [E]hail to the chief  
[B]Ooh they point the cannons at [F#]you, y'all

Chorus

[F#]It aint me, [C#]It aint me, [B]I aint no senators [F#]son y'all  
[F#]It aint me, [C#]It aint me, [B]I aint no fortunate [F#]one, no

[F#]Some folks are born, [E]silver spoon in hand  
[B]Lord they don't help [F#]themselves, y'all  
[F#]But when the tax man [E]comes to the door  
[B]Lord the house looks like a rummage [F#]sale yeah

[F#]It aint me, [C#]It aint me [B]I aint no millionaires [F#]son, no  
[F#]It aint me, [C#]It aint me [B]I aint no fortunate [F#]one, no

[F#]Some folks inherit [E]star spangled eyes  
[B]Ooh they send you down to [F#]war y'all  
[F#]It aint me, [E]It aint me  
[F#]I'm no fortunate [F#]one no

## 12 Brown Sugar

4x intro1, 2x intro2, vers, refreng, 2x intro2, vers, refreng, 4x intro2 (Eb-C...) m/solo, refreng, vers, refreng, deretter gjentakelse av chords i refrenget (G C).

**Chords:** *intro1:* C-G C-Csus; *intro2:* Eb-Eb9-Eb, C-Csus, Ab Bb C; *vers:* C F C Bb C (Bb); *refreng:* G C G C

Husk: tichte gitarer som følger trommene.

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C   C*   C   C*   C       C   C*   C
Gold coast slave ship bound for cotton fields
F   F*   F   F*   F   F*   F
Sold in a market down in New Orleans
C   C*   C   C*   C       C   C*   C
Scarred old slaver know he's doin alright
Bb          C          Bb          G
Hear him whip the women just around midnight
G          C   C*       C   C*   C
Ah brown sugar how come you taste so good
G          C   C*       C   C*   C
Ah brown sugar, just like a young girl should

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C   C*   C   C*   C       C   C*   C
Drums beating cold English blood runs hot
F   F*   F   F*   F   F*   F
Lady of the house wondrin where its gonna stop
C   C*   C   C*   C       C   C*   C
House boy knows that he's doin alright
Bb          C          Bb          G
You should a heard him just around midnight
G          C   C*       C   C*   C
Ah brown sugar how come you taste so good
G          C   C*       C   C*   C
Ah brown sugar, just like a black girl should

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4x intro2 m/solo

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C   C*   C   C*   C       C   C*   C
I bet your mama was a tent show queen
F   F*   F   F*   F   F*   F
And all her boyfriends were sweet sixteen
C   C*   C   C*   C       C   C*   C
I'm no schoolboy but I know what I like
Bb          C          Bb          G
You should have heard them just around midnight
G          C   C*       C   C*   C
Ah brown sugar how come you taste so good
G          C   C*       C   C*   C
Ah brown sugar, just like a young girl should

```



## 13 Back In The USSR

intro, 2x vers+refreng, bridge, solo (vers), refreng, bridge, vers, refreng.

**Chords:** *vers:* A D C D; *refreng:* A C D A D-Eb-E, *bridge:* D A D D/C# D/C D/B E D A D-Eb-E

E E7

A D  
Flew in from Miami Beach B. O. A. C.  
C D  
Didn't get to bed last night  
A D  
On the way the paperback was on my knee  
C D  
Man I had a dreadful flight

A  
I'm back in the U.S.S.R.  
C D  
You don't know how lucky you are boy  
A D Eb E  
Back in the U.S.S.R.

A D  
Been away so long I hardly knew the place  
C D  
Gee it's good to be back home  
A D  
Leave it till tomorrow to unpack my case  
C D  
Honey disconnect the phone

A  
I'm back in the U.S.S.R.  
C D  
You don't know how lucky you are boy  
Gadd9  
Back in the U.S.

Back in the U.S.  
A  
Back in the U.S.S.R.

D  
Well the Ukraine girls really knock me out  
A  
They leave the West behind  
D D/C# D/C D/B  
And Moscow girls make me sing and shout  
E D A D Eb E  
That Georgia's always on my mi mi mi mi mi mi mind [Oh come on!]

[solo]

A  
I'm back in the U.S.S.R.  
C D  
You don't know how lucky you are boy  
A  
Back in the U.S.S.R.

D  
Well the Ukraine girls really knock me out  
A  
They leave the West behind  
D D/C# D/C D/B  
And Moscow girls make me sing and shout

That Georgia's always on my mi mi mi mi mi mi mind

Oh, show me 'round your snow-peaked mountains way down south

Take me to your daddy's farm

Let me hear your balalaikais ringing out

Come and keep your comrade warm

I'm back in the U.S.S.R.

You don't know how lucky you are boy

Back in the U.S.S.R.

## 14 Slave

3x vers+refreng, bridge, vers+refreng.

**Chords:** vers: Em; *refreng:* Am Em-Am-Em

Em  
Du kan rive meg opp med lange negler  
gi meg navn på dyr som kryper  
du kan ringe meg opp fra en anne seng  
og kaste glass og flasker når jeg kommer hjem

Am  
Men det er en ting lille pike  
kanskje du tror det men jeg blir aldri slaven din

Em  
Hvis du vil kan du ligge øverst  
du er så søt du tør og prøver  
hvis du har kan jeg godt få litt  
for jeg blir en zombie uten kjærlighet

Am  
Men det er en ting lille pike  
kanskje du tror det men jeg blir aldri slaven din

Em  
Jeg har sett det før  
lat man har mot det man får  
bolter dører og vinduer  
fader ut i grått og forsvinner

Am  
Men det er en ting lille pike  
kanskje du tror det men jeg blir aldri slaven din

Am  
Jeg har ikke sett sånn før  
fatter hvor du vil men jeg gjør det bare aldri

Am  
Men det er en ting lille pike  
kanskje du tror det men jeg blir aldri slaven din