

# Folk 1970-1979

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# Annie's Song

by John Denver (1974)

*Dsus4 G A Bm G D D/C# D/B*  
You fill up my senses like a night in a forest,  
*D/A G F#m Em G A7 A7 A7*  
Like the mountains in springtime, like a walk in the rain.  
*A7 G A Bm G D D/C# D/B*  
Like a storm on the desert, like a sleepy blue ocean,  
*D/A G F#m Em A7 D Dsus4 D Dsus4*  
You fill up my senses, come fill me again.

*Dsus4 G A Bm G D D/C# D/B*  
Come let me love you, let me give my life to you.  
*D/A G F#m Em G A7 A7 A7*  
Let me drown in your laughter, let me die in your arms.  
*A7 G A Bm G D D/C# D/B*  
Let me lay down beside you, let me always be with you.  
*D/A G F#m Em A7 D Dsus4 D Dsus4*  
Come let me love you, come love me again.

*Dsus4 G A Bm G D D/C# D/B*  
You fill up my senses like a night in a forest,  
*D/A G F#m Em G A7 A7 A7*  
Like the mountains in springtime, like a walk in the rain.  
*A7 G A Bm G D D/C# D/B*  
Like a storm on the desert, like a sleepy blue ocean,  
*D/A G F#m Em A7 D Dsus4 D Dsus4*  
You fill up my senses, come fill me again.

# Back Home Again

by John Denver (1974)

*E* *E7* *A* *A*  
There's a storm across the valley, clouds are rollin' in.

*B7* *B7* *E* *E*  
The afternoon is heavy on your shoulders.

*E* *E7* *A* *A*  
There's a truck out on the four lane, a mile or more away.

*B7* *B7* *E* *E*  
The whinin' of his wheels just makes it colder.

He's an hour away from ridin' on your prayers up in the sky,  
And ten days on the road are barely gone.

There's a fire softly burnin', supper's on the stove,  
But it's the light in your eyes that makes him warm.

*A* *B7* *E* *E7*  
Hey, it's good to be back home again.

*A* *B7* *E* *A*  
Sometimes this old farm feels like a long-lost friend.

*B7* *B7* *E* *E*  
Yes, and hey it's good to be back home again.

There's all the news to tell him, how'd you spend your time,  
What's the latest thing the neighbors say?  
And your mother called last Friday, "Sunshine" made her cry,  
You felt the baby move just yesterday.

*A* *B7* *E* *A*  
And oh, the time that I can lay this tired old body down,

*F#m* *B7* *E* *E7*  
Feel your fingers feather soft upon me.

*A* *B7* *E* *A*  
The kisses that I live for, the love that lights my way,

*F#m* *A* *B7* *B7*  
The happiness that livin' with you brings me.

It's the sweetest thing I know of, just spending time with you,  
It's the little things that make a house a home.

Like a fire softly burnin', supper on the stove,  
The light in your eyes that makes me warm.

# Back Roads

by Kate Wolf (1975)

*Am G Am*

*G D Am7 D7*  
I'll take the back roads home through the open country side.  
*Am Bm C D7*  
Letting things slip by..... in drawn out time..  
*G Em Bm C*  
I'll take the long way home on the back roads of this life  
*Am7 D 7 G(½) C(½)*  
..taking time to see what goes by.

*Bdim A A7 D*  
Coming and going, there's no dividing line.  
*E B C D7*  
What you're headed for, someone's left behind  
*G Em Bm C*  
And the shortest road ain't always the best.  
*Am7 D7 G*  
Sometimes let a back road take you home

A back road is so easy, it just rambles on and on.  
Take it or leave it, as rolls along.  
Drifts through things it cannot change, and doesn't even try  
Wouldn't that be something for you and I.

Anyplace you're bound, you'll get there someday.  
You're the one who chooses...what you see along the way.  
And when the heartaches seem too much for you to bear.  
There's a back road winding everywhere.

# Bartender's Blues

by James Taylor (1977)

walkup (E F#m7 E/G#)

*A* *A7* *D* *Bm7*  
Now I'm just a bartender and I don't like my work  
*E* *E* *A* *A*

walkup (E F#m7 E/G#)

But I don't mind the money at all

*A* *A7* *D* *Bm7*  
I see lots of sad faces and lots of bad cases  
*E* *E* *A* *A*

walkup (E F#m7 E/G#)

Of folks with their backs to the wall

*A* *A7* *D* *Bm7*  
But I need four walls around me to hold my life  
*E* *E* *A* *A*

To keep me from going a-stray

*A* *A7* *D* *Bm7*  
And a honky-tonk angel to hold me tight  
*E* *E* *A* *A*

To keep me from slipping away

*A* *A7* *D* *Bm7*  
I can light up your smokes, I can laugh at your jokes  
*E* *E* *A* *A*

I can watch you fall down on your knees

*A* *A7* *D* *Bm7*  
I can close down this bar, I can gas up my car  
*E* *E* *A* *A*

I can pack up and mail in my key

*A* *A7* *D* *Bm7*  
Now, the smoke fills the air, in this honky-tonk bar  
*E* *E* *A* *A*

And I'm thinking 'bout where I'd rather be

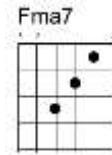
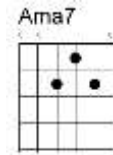
*A* *A7* *D* *Bm7*  
But I burned all my bridges, I sank all my ships  
*E* *E* *A* *A*

And I'm stranded at the edge of the sea

# Beautiful

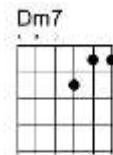
by Gordon Lightfoot (1972)

*Amaj7 Ama7 Fmaj7 Fma7 Amaj7 Ama7 Fmaj7 Fma7*



*Amaj7 Ama7 Am7 Am7 Dmaj7*  
 At times I just don't know , how you could be anything but beautiful  
*Dma7 Dm7 Dm7 Ama7 Ama7*  
 I think that I was made for you and you were made for me  
*Am7 Am7 D*

And I know that I will never change  
*Dma7 Dm7*  
 'Cause we've been friends through rain or shine  
*Dm7 Amaj7 Ama7 Fma7 Fmaj7*  
 For such a long time



*Amaj7 Ama7 Am7 Am7 Dmaj7*  
 Laughing eyes and smiling face, it seems so lucky just to have the right  
*Dma7 Dm7 Dm7 Ama7 Ama7*  
 Of telling you with all my might, you're beautiful tonight  
*Am7 Am7 D*

And I know that you will never stray  
*Dma7 Dm7*  
 'Cause you've been that way, from day to day  
*Dm7 Amaj7 Ama7 Fma7 Fmaj7*  
 For such a long time

And when you hold me tight, how could life be anything but beautiful?  
 I think that I was made for you and you were made for me  
 And I know that I will never change  
 'Cause we've been friends through rain or shine  
*Dm7 Amaj7 Ama7 Am Am*  
 For such a long time

*Dmaj7 Dma7 Amaj7 Ama7 D/A*  
 And I must say it means so much to me, to be the one  
*D/A Esus4 Esus4 Esus4 Esus4*  
 That's telling you, I'm telling you, that you're  
*Amaj7 Ama7 Fmaj7 Fmaj7 Amaj7 Ama7 Fma7 Fmaj7 Ama7(hold)*  
 beautiful





# Big Yellow Taxi

by Joni Mitchell (1970)

*E Emaj7 A/C# B/D#*  
*E Emaj7 A/C# B/D#*  
*E Esus4(¼) E5(¼) Esus4(¼) E(¼)*  
*E Esus4(¼) E5(¼) Esus4(¼) E(¼)*

*A(½) Asus4(½) A(½) Asus4(½) E E*  
They paved paradise and put up a parking lot  
*A(½) Asus4(½) B(½) Bsus(½) E E*  
With a pink hotel, a boutique, and a swinging hot spot

*E Emaj7*  
Don't it always seem to go  
*A/C# B/D#(½) E(½)*  
That you don't know what you've got till it's gone  
*A(½) Asus4(½) B(½) Bsus(½) E E*  
They paved paradise and put up a parking lot

*E Esus4(¼) E5(¼) Esus4(¼) E(¼) E Esus4(¼) E5(¼) Esus4(¼) E(¼)*  
Shoo bop bop bop bop Shoo bop bop bop bop

They took all the trees and put 'em in a tree museum  
And they charged all the people twenty-five bucks just to see 'em

Hey farmer, farmer, put away your DDT now  
Give me spots on my apples but leave me the birds and the bees, please

Late last night I heard the screen door slam  
And a big yellow taxi carried off my old man

# Boa Constrictor

by Shel Silverstein (1974)

*G*        *G*                *D*        *D*  
I'm being swallowed by a Boa Constrictor

*D*        *D*                *G*        *G*  
I'm being swallowed by a Boa Constrictor

*C*    *C*                *G*        *G*  
I'm being swallowed by a Boa Constrictor

*D*                *D7* *G*    *G*  
and I don't like it very much

*D*    *D*                                *G*                                *G*  
Oh no! Oh no! He swallowed my toe! He swallowed my toe!

*D*    *D*                                *G*                                *G*  
Oh gee! Oh gee! He's up to my knee! He's up to my knee!

*D*    *D*                                *G*                                *G*  
Oh fiddle! Oh fiddle! He's reached my middle! He's reached my middle!

*D*    *D*                                *G*                                *G*  
Oh heck! Oh heck! He's up to my neck!. He's up to my neck!

*D*    *D*                                *G*  
Oh dread! Oh dread! He's swallowed my (gulp!)



# Calypso

by John Denver (1975)

*E* *E6*  
To sail on a dream on a crystal clear ocean,  
*Ema7* *E(½)* *F#m7* *F#m7*  
to ride on the crest of a wild raging storm  
*E* *E6*  
To work in the service of life and living,  
*Ema7(½)* *E(½)* *E(½)* *F#m7* *F#m7*  
In search of the answers of questions unknown  
*E* *E6*  
To be part of the movement and part of the growing,  
*Ema7(½)* *E(½)* *E(½)* *Bm7/E* *Bm7/E*  
Part of beginning to understand,

*A* *E*  
Aye Calypso the places you've been to,  
*A(½)* *E(½)* *B(½)* *E(½)*  
The things that you've shown us, the stories you tell  
*A* *E*  
Aye Calypso, I sing to your spirit,  
*A(½)* *E(½)* *B7(½)* *E(½)*  
The men who have served you so long and so well  
*B* *A(½)* *E(½)* *B* *A(½)* *E(½)*  
Hi dee ay-ee ooo doodle oh ooo do do do do do doodle  
*B* *A(½)* *E(½)* *B*  
ay yee, doodle ay ee  
*Asus4* *A* *E* *E* *A/E* *A/E* *E+2* *E+2* *A/E* *A/E*

*E* *E6*  
Like the dolphin who guides you, you bring us beside you,  
*Ema7* *E(½)* *F#m7* *F#m7*  
To light up the darkness and show us the way,  
*E* *E6*  
For though we are strangers in your silent world,  
*Ema7(½)* *E(½)* *E(½)* *F#m7* *F#m7*  
To live on the land we must learn from the sea,  
*E* *E6*  
To be true as the tide and free as a wind swell,  
*Ema7(½)* *E(½)* *E(½)* *Bm7/E* *Bm7/E*  
Joyful and loving in letting it be

# Carefree Highway

by Gordon Lightfoot (1974)

intro....  $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Asus4_{(\frac{1}{2})}$  A A

$D$  A  $F\#$   $Bm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$

Pickin up the pieces of my sweet shattered dream

$G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Asus4$  A A

I wonder how the old folks are tonight

$D$  A  $F\#$   $Bm$

Her name was Ann & I'll be damned if I recall her face

$G$  A  $D$

She left me not knowing what to do.

$C$   $G$  A  $D$   
Carefree Highway let me slip away on you

$C$   $G$  A  
Carefree highway you've seen better days

$Bm$  A  $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D/F\#_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Esus4$  E

The morning after blues from my head down to my shoes

$D$   $C$   $G$   $Asus4$  A  $D$

Carefree Highway let me slip away slip away on you

$C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Asus4_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$

Turnin back the pages to the times I love best

I wonder if she'll ever do the same

Now the thing that I call living is just being satisfied

With knowin I got no one left to blame

Carefree Highway I got to see you my old flame

Carefree highway you've seen better days

The morning after blues from my head down to my shoes

Carefree Highway let me slip away let me slip away on you

Searchin thru the fragments of my dream shattered sleep

I wonder if the years have closed her mind

Well I guess it must be wander lust or trying to get free

From the good old faithful feeling we once knew

Carefree Highway let me slip away on you

Carefree highway you've seen better days

The morning after blues from my head down to my shoes

Carefree Highway let me slip away let me slip away on you

Carefree Highway I got to see you my old flame

Carefree highway you've seen better days

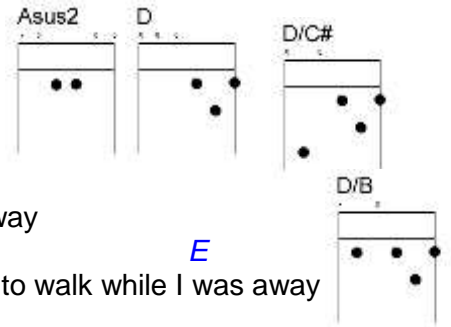
The morning after blues from my head down to my shoes

Carefree Highway let me slip away let me slip away on you

# Cat's in the Cradle

music by Harry Chapin and lyrics by Sandra Chapin (1974)

E5 E5 Bm7 Bm7 E5 E5 E5 Bm7 E5 E5



E5 G5 Asus2 E  
 A child arrived just the other day He came into the world in the usual way

E5 G5 Asus2 E  
 There were planes to catch and there were bills to pay; he learned to walk while I was away

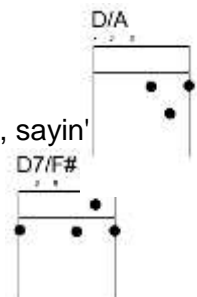
D(1/2) D/C#(1/2) D/B(1/2) D/A(1/2)  
 He was talking 'fore I knew it and when he could, he said  
 Gsus2(1/2) D/F#(1/2) E Gsus2(1/2) D/F#(1/2) E,  
 "I'm gonna be like you, Dad. You know I'm gonna be like you."

or use Bm and Bm7/A  
 for D/B and D/A

E D G A  
 And the cat's in the cradle and the silver spoon, little boy blue and the man in the moon, sayin'

E D G(1/2) G/F#(1/2) E  
 When you comin' home son, I don't know when, but we'll get together then, yeah,

G(1/2) G/F#(1/2) E5 E5 Bm7 Bm7 E5  
 You know we'll have a good time then



My son turned ten just the other day  
 He said, "Thanks for the ball dad, come on, let's play.  
 Could you teach me to throw?", I said "Not today.  
 I got a lot to do," he said "That's OK."  
 He walked away with a smile on his face, he said  
 "I'm gonna be like him, yeah, you know I'm gonna be like him"

I've long since retired, my son moved away  
 I called him up just the other day, said,  
 "I'd like to see you, if you don't mind."  
 He said, "I'd love to, Dad, if I could find the time.  
 You see, my new job's hassle and the kids got the flu,  
 but it's sure nice talking to you, Dad, it was sure nice talking to  
 you."

Well he came from college just the other day  
 So much like a man I just had to say:  
 "Son, I'm proud of you, could you sit for a while?"  
 He shook his head and he said with a smile,  
 "What I'd really like, Dad, is to borrow the car keys.  
 see you later, can I have them please?"

D(1/2) D/C#(1/2) Bm(1/2) Bm/A(1/2)  
 And as I hung up the phone is occurred to me,  
 Gsus2(1/2) D/F#(1/2) E  
 He'd grown up just like me, yeah  
 Gsus2(1/2) D/F#(1/2) E  
 My boy was just like me.

# Chelsea Hotel #2 by Leonard Cohen (1974)

*F* *C* *Bb* *F*  
I remember you well in the Chelsea Hotel,  
*F* *C* *Dm* *Dm*  
You were talking so brave and so sweet.  
*F* *C* *Bb* *F*  
Giving me head on the unmade bed  
*Bb* *Bb* *C* *C*  
While the limousines wait in the street  
*Dm* *Dm* *Bb* *Bb*  
Those were the reasons and that was New York,  
*F* *F/E* *Dm* *Dm*  
We were running for the money and the flesh  
*Bb6* *Bb6* *F* *F*  
And that was called love for the workers in song,  
*Bb* *Bb* *C* *C*  
Probably still is for those of them left.  
*Bb* *Bb* *F* *F*  
And then you got away, didn't you, baby?  
*F* *F/E* *Dm* *Dm*  
You just turned your back on the crowd.  
*Bb* *Bb* *F* *F*  
You got away, I never once heard you say,  
*Bb* *Bb* *F* *F* *Bb* *Bb* *F* *F*  
"I need you, I don't need you, I need you, I don't need you,"  
*Bb* *Bb* *Dm* *Dm* *C* *C* *C* *C* (To lead into next verse)  
And all of that jiving around.

I remember you well in the Chelsea Hotel,  
You were famous, your heart was a legend.  
You told me again you preferred handsome men,  
But for me you would make an exception.  
And clenching your fist for the ones like us  
Who are oppressed by the figures of beauty,  
You fixed yourself, you said, "Well, never mind,  
We are ugly but we have the music."

I don't mean to suggest that I loved you the best  
I can't keep track of each fallen robin.  
I remember you well in the Chelsea Hotel,  
That all, I don't think of you that often.

# Circle by Harry Chapin (1971)

$C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$

$C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Dm$   
 All my life's a circle, sunrise and sundown  
 $Dm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Dm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Dm7/G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 the moon moves through the night time 'til the daybreak comes around  
 $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Dm$   
 all my life's a circle, but I can't tell you why  
 $F$   $G$   $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 The seasons spinning round again, the years keep rolling by.  
*Last time*  $F$   $Dm7$   $G$   $G$   $C$   $F$   $C$   $C$   
 years keep roll.....rolling by.

It seems like I've been this way before, I can't remember when  
 but I got this funny feeling, that we'll all be together again  
 There's no straight lines make up my life, and all my roads have bends  
 There's no clear cut beginnings, and so far there's no dead ends

I found you a thousand times, I guess you've done the same  
 But then we lose each other, it's just like a children's game  
 But as I find you here again, the thought runs through my mind  
 Our love is like a circle, let's go 'round one more time.

$C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Dm$   
 All my life's a circle, sunrise and sundown  
 $Dm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Dm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Dm7/G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 the moon moves through the night time 'til the daybreak comes around  
 $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Dm$   
 all my life's a circle, but I can't tell you why  
 $F$   $G$   $F$   $Dm7$   $G$   $G$   $C$   $F$   $C$   $C$   
 The seasons spinning round again, the years keep roll.....rolling by.



# City of New Orleans

by Steve Goldman (1971)

*G*            *D*            *G*            *G*  
Riding on the City of New Orleans  
*Em*            *C*                    *G*    *D* *D7*  
Illinois Central Monday morning rail  
*G*                    *D*                    *G*            *G*  
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders  
                  *Em*            *D*                            *G*            *G*  
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.

*Em*                            *Em*            *Bm*                    *Bm*  
All along the south bound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kankakee  
                  *D*                            *D*                            *A*            *A*  
And rolls along past houses farms and fields  
*Em*                            *Em*                            *Bm*                            *Bm*  
Passing trains that have no name, freight yards full of old black men  
                  *D*                            *D7*                            *G*            *G*  
And graveyards of rusted automobiles.

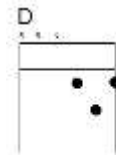
*C*                            *D7*                            *G*            *G*  
Good morning America, how are you?  
                  *Em*                            *C*                            *G*                            *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*<sup>(½)</sup> (D9 for a train sound\_  
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.  
                  *G*                            *D*                            *Em*<sup>(½)</sup>    *Em7*<sup>(½)</sup>    *A7*  
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  
                  *Bb*<sup>(½)</sup>    *C*<sup>(½)</sup>                    *D*<sup>(½)</sup>                            *D7*<sup>(½)</sup> *G*            *G*  
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

Dealing card games with the old men in the club car  
Penny a point ain't no one keeping score  
Pass the paper bag but hold the bottle  
Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor  
    And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers  
    Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel  
    Mothers with their babes asleep rocking to the gentle beat  
    And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.  
Night time on the City of New Orleans  
Changing cars in Memphis Tennessee  
Half way home and we'll be there by morning  
through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea.  
    But all the towns and people seem to fade into a dark dream  
    And the steel rail still ain't heard the news  
    The conductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please refrain  
    This train's got the disappearing railroad blues.  
    Good morning America, how are you?  
    Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.  
    I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  
    I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

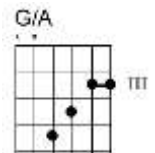
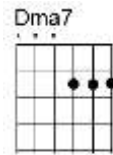
# Cook with Honey by Valerie Carter (1973)

*Dma7*                      *G/A*                      *Dma7*                      *G/A*  
 Muffin warm and basket brown,    smiling faces gathered 'round our dinner  
*Dma7* *G/A*                      *D*                      *G/A*    *D(1/2)*                      *G/A(1/2)*  
 table,    close together, hand in hand                      I'll always

*D*                      *G/A*    *D*                      *G/A*  
 cook with hon    ey to sweeten up the night  
*D(1/2)*    *G/A(1/2)* *D*                      *G/A*                      *D*  
 We always    cook with hon    ey, tell me, how's your appetite  
*G/A*                      *D* *G/A* *D*    *G/A*  
 For some sweet love                      Finding  
    Well our



*D*                      *G/A*    *D*                      *G/A*  
 Finding favor with your neighbor, well, it can be so fine.    It's  
*D*                      *G/A*    *D*    *G/A*  
 easier than pie to be kind    We've been  
*D*                      *G/A* *D*                      *G/A*  
 searching for so long    Now our house is turned into a  
*D*    *G/A* *D(1/2)*                      *G/A(1/2)*  
 home                      Cause I'll always



*D*                      *G/A*                      *D*                      *G/A*  
 Well, our door is always open and there's surely room for more  
*D*                      *G/A*                      *D*                      *G/A* *D*    *G/A*  
 Cooking where there's good love is    never any chore                      So  
*D*                      *G/A*                      *D*                      *G/A*  
 come to get to know us, there'll be a place set just for you  
*D*                      *G/A*                      *D*                      *G/A*    *D* *D(1/2)* *G/A(1/2)*  
 Sweet wine before dinner, that is surely bound to soothe                      I always

# Delta Momma Blues

by Townes Van Zandt (1971)

*E* *E7* *A* *A*  
Come away with me, my little delta boy  
*B7* *B7* *E7* *B7*  
I wanna be your delta mama for awhile  
*E* *E7* *A* *A*  
And if you stay, well you'll see that I can bring you lots of joy  
*B7* *B7* *E(½)* *A(½)* *E(½)* *B7(½)*  
I can turn those little teardrops to a smile

Well, if you're blue don't cry just wander right downtown  
You can find your delta mama waitin' there  
Well, I thought you knew that I would never let you down  
I can ease your mind and take away your cares

Come away with me, my little delta boy  
I wanna be your delta mama for awhile  
And if you stay you'll see that I bring you lots of joy  
I turn those little teardrops to a smile

Well, if the grass goes brown don't you hang your head too low  
Well, there ain't no need for you to sit and pine  
If you'll just ask around I'm sure someone will know  
just exactly what it takes to get you back to feelin' fine

Well, if you don't know by now what I've been tryin' so hard to say  
Well my delta boy I'm afraid you're up to tight  
but you take it slow and somehow you come meandering out my way  
and I'll take you in my arms and make it right

Ah, come away with me, my little delta boy  
I wanna be your delta mama for awhile  
And if you stay you'll see that I bring you lots of joy  
I turn those little teardrops to a smile

# Donald and Lydia

by John Prine (1971)

*C*        *C*        *F*        *C*  
Small town bright lights Saturday night,  
*C*        *C*        *D7*        *G7*  
Pin balls and pool halls flashing their lights  
      *C*                *C*                *F*                *C*  
Making change behind a counter in a penny arcade,  
      *C*    *C*                *G7*                *C*    *F*    *C*    *F*  
Sat the fat girl daughter of Virginia and Ray        Lydia (spoken)  
      *C*    *C*        *F*                *C*  
Lydia hid her thoughts like a cat,  
      *C*                *C*                *D7*                *G7*  
behind her small eyes sunk deep in her fat  
                      *C*        *C*                *F*                *C*  
She read a romance magazine up in her room  
      *C*        *C*                *G7*                *C*        *C7*  
And felt just like Sunday on Saturday afternoon

*F*        *F*                *C*    *C*                *G7*                *G7*        *C*    *C7*  
But dreaming just comes natural like the first breath from a baby  
      *F*        *F*                *C*    *C*                *G7*                *G7*        *C*    *F*    *C*    *F*  
Like sunshine feeding daisies, like the love hidden deep in your heart

Bunk beds, shaved heads Saturday night  
A warehouse of strangers with sixty-watt lights  
Staring though the ceiling just wanting to be,  
lay a one of too many a young PFC        Donald (spoken)  
      There were spaces between Donald and whatever he said  
      Strangers had forced him to live in his head  
      He envisioned the details of romantic scenes after  
      midnight in the stillness of the barrack's latrine

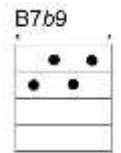
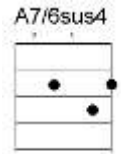
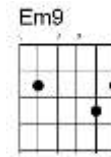
Hot love, cold love, no love at all,  
a portrait of guilt is hung on the wall  
Nothing is wrong, nothing is right,  
Donald and Lydia made love that night        Love (spoken)

They made love in the mountains, they made love in the streams  
They made love in the valleys, they made love in their dreams  
But when they were finished, there was nothing to say  
'Cause mostly they made love from ten miles away

# Don't Let Me Be Lonely Tonight by James Taylor

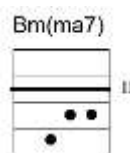
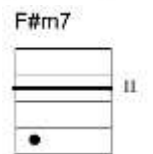
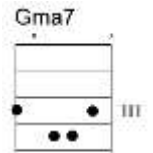
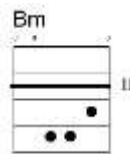
(1972)

*Em9 A7/6sus4 Dma9 B7-9*  
 Do me wrong - do me right  
*Em9 A7/6sus4 F#m7 B7*  
 Tell me lies but hold me tight  
*Gmaj7 F#m7 Bm7 E7*  
 Save your goodbyes for the morning light  
*Em9 A7/6sus4 Dmaj9 B7-9*  
 But don't let me be lonely tonight

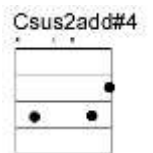
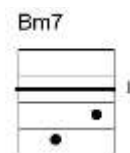


*Em9 A7/6sus4 Dma9 B7-9*  
 Say goodbye and say hello  
*Em9 A7/6sus4 F#m7 B7*  
 Sure 'nuf good to see you but it's time to go  
*Gmaj7 F#m7 Bm7 E7*  
 Don't say yes but please don't say no  
*Em9 A7/6sus4 Dmaj9 D*  
 I don't want to be lonely tonight

*Bm Bm(ma7) Bm7 E7*  
 Go away then damn ya, go on and do as you please  
*Em9 A(7/4) C(7/4) G(7/4) D(7/4)*  
 Yeah, you ain't gonna see me getting down on my knees  
*Bm Bm(ma7) Bm7 E7*  
 I'm undecided and your heart's been divided  
*Em9 A(7/4) C(7/4) G G G G*  
 You've been turning my world upside down



*Em9 A7/6sus4 Dmaj9 B7-9*  
 Do me wrong do me right, right now baby  
*Em9 A7/6sus4 F#m7 B7*  
 Go on and tell me lies but hold me tight  
*Gma7 F#m7 Bm7 E7*  
 Save your goodbyes for the morning light  
*Em9 A7/6sus4 Csus2add#4 Csus2add#4*  
 But don't let me be lonely tonight



*G D Bm E7*  
 I don't want to be lonely tonight, oh no...  
*Em9 A7/6sus4 Dmaj9 Csus2add#4*  
 I don't want to be lonely tonight.

# Dreams Go By

by Harry Chapin (1975)

*C* *G* *Am* *G*  
There you stand in your dungarees, lookin all grown up and so very pleased. When you  
*C* *G* *Am* *G*  
write your poems, they have so much to say, when I hear your dreams, it takes my breath away.  
*F* *F* *C(½)* *C/B(½)* *Am(½)* *Am/G(½)*  
You know I want to be a ballplayer, a regular sluggin fool  
*F* *G* *F(½)* *G(½)* *C*  
But I guess our dreams must wait awhile, until we finish school.  
*C+2* *C* *F+6* *F*  
And so you and I, we watch our years go by,  
*G* *G7* *Am* *Em(½)* *Dm(½)*  
We watch our sweet dreams fly, far away, but maybe someday,  
*C+2* *C* *F+6* *F*  
I don't know when, But we can dream again, and we'll be  
*G* *G7* *Am* *Em(½)* *Dm(½)* *G* *G7*  
happy then, till our time, just drifts away.

There you stand in your wedding dress, you're so beautiful that I must confess  
I'm so proud you have chosen me, when a doctor is what you want to be  
You know I want to be a painter, girl, a real artistic snob.  
But I guess we'll have our children first, you'll find a home, I'll get a job.  
*C+2* *C* *F+6* *F*  
And so you and I, we watch our years go by,  
*G* *G7* *Am* *Em(½)* *Dm(½)*  
We watch our sweet dreams fly, far away, but maybe someday,  
*C+2* *C* *F+6* *F*  
I don't know when, But we can dream again, and we'll be  
*G* *G7* *Am* *Em(½)* *Dm(½)* *G* *G7*  
happy then, till our time, just drifts away.

*Am* *Am/G* *Am/F#* *Fma7* *Fma7*  
Listen to the seasons passing, listen to the winds blow,  
*Am* *Am/G* *Am/F#* *Fma7* *G(hold)*  
Listen to the children laughing, where do broken dreams go?

There you stand in your tailored suit, so many years go by, but you're still so cute.  
You take the car to go and meet the bus, when the grandchildren come to visit us.  
You say you should have been a ballerina, girl, there are songs I should have sung.  
But I guess our dreams have come and gone, you're supposed to dream when you are young.

*Repeat chorus and end*

# Durham Town (The Leavin')

by Roger Whittaker (1971)

*D* *A* *G* *A*  
I've gotta leave old Durham Town  
*D* *G* *A* *D*  
I've gotta leave old Durham Town  
*D* *F#m* *Bm* *Gm*  
I've gotta leave old Durham Town  
*D* *A* *D* *D*  
and that leavin''s gonna get me down

*D* *A* *G* *A*  
Back in nineteen forty four  
*Bm* *F#m* *Bm* *F#m*  
I remember Daddy walkin out the door  
*D* *A* *G* *A*  
momma told me he was goin to the war, he was  
*Bm* *Bm* *F#m* *F#m* *A* *A* *A* *A*  
leavin' leavin' leavin' leavin' leavin' me

*D* *A* *G* *A*  
When I was a boy I spent my time  
*Bm* *F#m* *Bm* *F#m*  
sittin on the banks of the river Tyne  
*D* *A* *G* *A*  
whatchin' all the ships goin down the line, they were  
*Bm* *Bm* *F#m* *F#m* *A* *A* *A* *A*  
leavin' leavin' leavin' leavin' leavin' me

*D* *A* *G* *A*  
Last week momma passed away  
*Bm* *F#m* *Bm* *F#m*  
"good bye son" is all she'd say  
*D* *A* *G* *A*  
"there's no call for me to stay so I'm  
*Bm* *Bm* *F#m* *F#m* *A* *A* *A* *A*  
leavin' leavin' leavin' leavin' leavin' me

# Evangelina

by Hoyt Axton (1976)

And I dream in the morning, she brings me water, and I dream in the  
evening, she brings me wine. Just a poor man's  
daughter, from Puerto Penasco.  
Evangelina in old Mexico.

There's a great hot desert, south of Mexicali. And if you don't have  
water, boy you better not go. Tequila won't  
get you, across that desert.  
To Evangelina in old Mexico.

And the fire I feel for the woman I love, is driving me insane.  
Knowing she's waiting, and I can't get there.  
And God only knows that I've racked my brain, to try to find a way,  
To reach that woman in old Mexico.

Break: Em D G G A A D D G C G G D D G G

And I met a kind man, he guarded the border. He said "You don't need papers,  
papers, I'll let you go. I can tell that you  
love her, by the look in your eyes now. She's the rose of the  
desert, in old Mexico.

And I dream in the morning, she brings me water, and I dream in the  
evening, she brings me wine. Just a poor man's  
daughter, from Puerto Penasco.  
Evangelina in old Mexico.  
Evangelina I miss you so, I miss you so



# Famous Blue Raincoat

by Leonard Cohen (1971)

*Am Am F F Dm7 Dm7 Em Em*

*Am Am F F*  
It's four in the morning, the end of December

*Dm7 Dm7 Em Em*  
I'm writing you now just to see if you're better

*Am Am F F*  
New York is cold, but I like where I'm living

*Dm7 Dm7 Em Em*  
There's music on Clinton Street all through the evening

*Am Am Bm Bm7 Am Am Bm Bm7*

I hear that you're building your little house deep in the desert

*Am Am G G Am Am G G*

You're living for nothing now, I hope you're keeping some kind of record

*C C C C G G*  
Yes, and Jane came by with a lock of your hair

*G G Am Am*

She said that you gave it to her

*Am Am Bm Bm7 G G*

That night that you planned to go clear

*F F Em Em Am Am F F Dm7 Dm7 Em Em*

Did you ever go clear?

Ah, the last time we saw you, you looked so much older

Your famous blue raincoat was torn at the shoulder

You'd been to the station to meet every train

And you came home without Lili Marlene

And you treated my woman to a flake of your life

And when she came back she was nobody's wife

Well I see you there with the rose in your teeth

One more thin gypsy thief

Well I see Jane's awake

She sends her regards

And what can I tell you my brother, my killer

What can I possibly say?

I guess that I miss you, I guess I forgive you

I'm glad you stood in my way.

If you ever come by here, for Jane or for me

Your enemy is sleeping, and his woman is free.

Yes, and thanks, for the trouble you took from her eyes

I thought it was there for good so I never tried.

And Jane came by with a lock of your hair

She said that you gave it to her

That night that you planned to go clear

-- sincerely, L. Cohen

# Father and Son

by Cat Stevens (1970)

## Father

*G* *D* *C* *Am*  
It's not time to make a change, just relax and take it easy you're still  
*G* *Em* *Am* *D*  
young that's your fault, there's so much you have to know Find a  
*G* *D* *C* *Am7*  
girl, settle down, if you want to, you can marry look at  
*G* *Em* *Am* *D*  
me, I am old, but I'm happy  
*G* *Bm7* *C* *Am7*  
I was once like you are now, and I know that its not easy to be  
*G* *Em* *Am* *D*  
calm, when you've found something going on but take your  
*G* *Bm7* *C* *Am7*  
time, think a lot, why think of ev' rything you've got for you will  
*G* *Em* *D*<sub>(1 beat only)</sub> *G-C riff* *G-C riff*  
still be here tomorrow, but your dreams may not

## Son

*G* *Bm* *C* *Am7*  
How can I try to explain? when I do he turns away again  
*G* *Em* *Am* *D*  
it's always been the same, same old story  
*G* *Bm* *C* *Am7*  
From the moment I could talk I was ordered to listen now there's a  
*G* *Em* *D*<sub>(1 beat only)</sub> *G*<sub>(3 beats)</sub>  
way and I know I have to go away  
*D*<sub>(2 beats)</sub> *C*<sub>(1 beat only)</sub> *G-C riff* *G-C riff*  
and I know I have to go

## Father

It's not time to make a change, just sit down, take it slowly.  
You're still young, that's your fault, there's so much you have to go through.  
Find a girl, settle down, if you want you can marry.  
Look at me, I am old, but I'm happy.  
(son-- away away away, I know I have to make this decision alone - no)

## Son

All the times that I cried, keeping all the things I knew inside,  
Its hard, but its harder to ignore it.  
If they were right, I'd agree, but it's them you know not me.  
Now there's a way and I know that I have to go away.  
I know I have to go.  
(father-- stay stay stay, why must you go and make this decision alone? )

# Fisherman Song

words and music by Judy Collins (1973)

$C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$

$C$   $C$   
The fisherman are pitching pennies  
 $G$   $G$   
In the sand be side the sea  
 $F$   $C$  /  
The sunrise hits their oilskin boots  
 $G$   $G$  /  
And their painted boats and me  
 $Am$   $G$   
They seem to know the ocean  
 $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Em_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Dm$   
Like a man knows a woman  
 $C$   $G$   
She makes him wait a round for half the morning  
 $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
For the tide to turn

$F$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G$   $C$   
Pull on the ropes, seine haul fisherman  
 $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G$   $G$   
Never catches more than he knows he can sell in a day.....ay.....  
 $F$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G$   $C$   
Pull in the nets, seine haul fisherman  
 $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
Day's for work.and night's the time to go  
 $G$   $C$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
danc ing

They're drinking beer and laughing  
And squinting at the sun  
Waiting for the gulls to tell them  
When the fish will come  
Their faces brown and weathered  
From all the nets they've run  
They've learned to wait  
They always know that the tide will turn

Way out on the ocean  
The big ships hunt for whales  
The Japanese have caught so many  
That now they hunt for snails  
My fisherman's not greedy  
He seems content to live  
With the sun and the sand  
And a net full of fish when the tide turns

# For Baby, For Bobby

by John Denver (1972)

*D* *G* *D* *D7*  
I'll walk in the rain by your side,  
*G* *A7* *D* *D7*  
I'll cling to the warmth of your tiny hand.  
*G* *A7* *D*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Em*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Bm*  
I'll do anything to help you un der stand,  
*D*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *A* *D* *D7*  
I'll love you more than anybody can.

*G* *A7* *D* *D7*  
And the wind will whisper your name to me,  
*Em* *A7* *D* *D7*  
Little birds will sing along in time.  
*G* *A7* *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *F#m*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Em*  
The leaves will bow down when you walk by,  
*D*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Em7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *A7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *D* *D*  
And morn ing bells will chime.

*D* *G* *D* *D7*  
I'll be there when you're feeling down,  
*G* *A7* *D* *D7*  
To kiss away the tears that you cry.  
*G* *A7* *D*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Em*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Bm*  
I'll share with you all the happi ness I've found,  
*D*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *A* *D* *D7*  
A reflection of the love in your eyes.

*G* *A7* *D* *D7*  
And I'll sing you the songs of the rainbow,  
*Em* *A7* *D* *D7*  
Whisper of the joy that is mine.  
*G* *A7* *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *F#m*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Em*  
The leaves will bow down when you walk by,  
*D*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Em*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *A7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *D* *D*  
And morn ing bells will chime.

# Forever Young

by Bob Dylan (1973)

May God bless and keep you always, may your wishes all come true.  
*G* *Bm/F#*  
 May you always do for others and let others do for you..  
*Am/E* *C(½)* *G* *G*  
 May you build a ladder to the stars and climb on every rung.  
*G* *Bm/F#*  
 May you stay forever young  
*Am7/G* *Dsus4* *G* *G*  
 Forever young, forever young. May you stay forever young.  
*D7* *D7* *Em* *Em* *G* *D* *G* *G*

May you grow up to be righteous, may you grow up to be true  
*G* *Bm/F#*  
 May you always know the truth and see the lights surrounding you  
*Am/E* *C(½)* *G* *G*  
 May you always be courageous, stand upright and be strong.  
*G* *Bm/F#*  
 May you stay forever young  
*Am7/G* *Dsus4* *G* *G*  
 Forever young, forever young. May you stay forever young.  
*D7* *D7* *Em* *Em* *G* *D* *G* *G*

May your hands always be busy, may your feet always be swift  
*G* *Bm/F#*  
 May you have a strong foundation when the winds of changes shift  
*Am/E* *C(½)* *G* *G*  
 May your heart always be joyful and may your song always be sung  
*G* *Bm/F#*  
 May you stay forever young  
*Am7/G* *Dsus4* *G* *G*  
 Forever young, forever young. May you stay forever young.  
*D7* *D7* *Em* *Em* *G* *D* *G* *G(½)* *Em(½)*  
*G* *D* *C* *G*  
 May you stay forever young.

# Garbage

by Bill Steele(1969) (fourth verse by by Pete Seeger and Mike Agranoff (1977))

*Dm*                      *Dm*                      *Dm*                      *Dm*  
 Mister Thompson calls the waiter, orders steak and baked potato  
*Dm*                      *Dm*                      *A7*    *A7*    *A7*    *A7*  
 Then he leaves the bone and gristle and he never eats the skin  
*A7*                      *A7*                      *A7*                      *A7*  
 The busboy comes and takes it, with a cough contaminates it  
*A7*                      *A7*                      *Dm*                      *Dm*    *Dm*    *Dm*  
 And he puts it in a can with coffee grinds and sardine tins  
*A7*                      *A7*                      *Dm*                      *Dm*  
 Till the truck comes by on Friday and carts it all away  
*Gm*                      *Gm*                      *C*                      *C*  
 And a thousand trucks just like it are converging on the Bay

*Dm*    *Dm*    *Dm*    *Dm*                      *(add alternating Bb bass note*  
 Garbage,                      garbage!                      *to Dm and A7 chords)*  
                     *Dm*                      *Dm*                      *A7*    *A7*  
 They're filling up the street with garbage.  
*A7*                      *A7*                      *A7*                      *A7*  
 What will we do when there's no place left to put all the  
*Dm*    *A7*    *Dm*    *Dm*  
 Garbage?

Mr. Thompson starts his Cadillac and winds it up the freeway track  
 Leaving friends and neighbors in a hydrocarbon haze  
 He's joined by lots of smaller cars all sending gases to the stars  
 There to form a seething cloud that hangs for thirty days  
 While the sun looks down upon it with its ultraviolet tongues  
 Till it turns to smog and settles down and ends up in our lungs

Garbage, garbage!  
 We're filling up the air with garbage  
 Garbage, garbage  
 What will we do  
 When there's nothing left to breathe but garbage?

# Garden Song

by Dave Mallet (1975)

D                    G<sup>(1/2)</sup>    D<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
Inch by inch, row by row  
G<sup>(1/2)</sup>    A<sup>(1/2)</sup>            D  
Gonna make this garden grow  
G<sup>(1/2)</sup> A<sup>(1/2)</sup>            D                    Bm  
All it takes is a rake and a hoe  
                  Em7                    A7  
And a piece of fertile ground.

D                    G<sup>(1/2)</sup>    D<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
Inch by inch, row by row  
G<sup>(1/2)</sup>            A<sup>(1/2)</sup>                    D  
Someone bless these seeds I sow,  
G<sup>(1/2)</sup>            A<sup>(1/2)</sup>                    D  
Someone warm them from below  
                  G<sup>(1/2)</sup>                    A7<sup>(1/2)</sup>            D            G<sup>(1/2)</sup>    D<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
'Till the rain comes tumbling down

Pullin' weeds and pickin' stones,  
Man is made of dreams and bones,  
Feel the need to grow my own,  
'Cause the time is close at hand.

Grain for grain, sun and rain,  
Find my way in Nature's chain,  
Tune my body and my brain  
To the music from the land.

Plant your rows straight and long,  
Temper them with prayer and song,  
Mother Earth will make you strong  
If you give her loving care.

An old crow watching hungrily  
From his perch in yonder tree,  
In my garden I'm as free  
As that feathered thief up there.

# Goodbye Again

by John Denver (1972)

$G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G/F\#^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Em$   $C$   $G$   
It's five o'clock this morning and the sun is on the rise.  
 $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G/F\#^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Em$   $Am$   $D7$   
There's frosting on the window pane and sorrow in your eyes.  
 $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G/F\#^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Em$   $C$   $G$   
The stars are fading quietly, the night is nearly gone,  
 $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G/F\#^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Em$   $Am$   $D7$   
And so you turn a way from me and tears begin to come.

$Am$   $D7$   $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G/F\#^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Em$   
And it's goodbye again, I'm sorry to be leaving you.  
 $Am$   $D7$   $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G/F\#^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Em$   
Goodbye a gain, as if you didn't know,  
 $Am$   $D7$   $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G/F^{(\frac{1}{2})}\#$   $Em$   
It's goodbye a gain, and I wish you could tell me.  
 $Am$   $Am$   $D7$   $D7$   
Why do we always fight when I have to go?

It seems a shame to leave you now, your lace is soft and warm.  
I long to lay me down again and hold you in my arms.  
I long to kiss the tears away, give you back the smile,  
But other voices beckon me, and for a little while.

$Bm$   $C$   $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G/F\#^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Em$   
I have to go and see some friends of mine, some that I don't know,  
 $Am$   $D7$   $G$   $G$   
And some that aren't familiar with my name.  
 $Bm$   $C$   $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G/F\#^{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Em$   
It's something that's inside of me, not hard to understand,  
 $Am$   $Am$   $D7$   $D7$   
It's anyone who'll listen to me sing.

And if your hours are empty now, who am I to blame?  
You think if I were always here, our love would be the same.  
As it is the time we have is worth the time alone,  
Lying by your side, the greatest peace I've ever known.



# Grandpa Was a Carpenter

by John Prine (1976)

<sup>G</sup> Oh, <sup>G</sup> Grandpa <sup>C</sup> wore <sup>C</sup> his suit to dinner nearly every day  
<sup>C</sup> No particular <sup>G</sup> reason, <sup>G</sup> he just <sup>D</sup> dressed that way  
<sup>G</sup> Brown necktie <sup>G</sup> with a matching <sup>C</sup> vest and both <sup>C</sup> his wingtip shoes  
<sup>C</sup> He built a closet <sup>G</sup> on our back porch and put <sup>D</sup> a penny in a <sup>G</sup> burned-out fuse

<sup>C</sup> Grandpa was a <sup>C</sup> carpenter, he built <sup>C</sup> houses, stores and <sup>G</sup> banks  
<sup>C</sup> Chain-smoked <sup>G</sup> Camel cigarettes and <sup>G</sup> hammered <sup>D</sup> nails in planks  
<sup>G</sup> He was <sup>G</sup> level on the level, he shaved <sup>G</sup> even every <sup>C</sup> door  
<sup>C</sup> And voted <sup>G</sup> for Eisenhower, 'cause <sup>D</sup> Lincoln <sup>G</sup> won the war

<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup>

Well, he used to sing me "Blood on the Saddle" and rock me on his knee  
And let me listen to the radio before we got TV  
Well, he'd drive to church on Sunday and he'd take me with him too  
Stained glass in every window, hearing aids in every pew

Well, my Grandma was a teacher, she went to school in Bowling Green  
Traded in a milking cow for a Singer sewing machine  
Well, she called her husband "Mister," and she walked real tall in pride  
She used to buy me comic books after Grandpa died

# Hay Una Mujer Desaparecida by Holly Near (1978)

(3/4 time)

*Cm Cm Cm Cm Cm Cm Cm G G*  
 Michelle Peña Herrera Nalvia Rosa Meña Alvarado Ce  
*Cm G Cm G G Fm/G F/G(2) G7(1) Cm Cm*  
 Cecilia Castro Salvador es Ida Amelia Almar za Hay

*Cm Cm Ab(1) Fm(2) Cm/G(1/2) G(1/2) Cm(2)*  
 Hay una mujer des a pare ci da Hay  
*Cm Cm Ab(1) Fm(2) Cm/G(1/2) G(1/2) Cm(2)*  
 una mujer des a pare ci da en  
*Fm(2) Cm(1) Fm(2) Cm(1) F/G(2) G7(1) Cm*  
 Chile, en Chile, en Chi le. And the

*G G Gm(2) Fm(1) Fm*  
 Junta, and the junta knows, and the  
*G G(1) G7(2) G7*  
 junta knows where she is, and the  
*G G(2) G7(2) G7/F(1) Cm/Eb(2) Cm/D(1)*  
 junta knows where she is hiding and dying. Hay

*Cm Cm Ab(1) Fm(2) Cm/G(1/2) G(1/2) Cm(2)*  
 Hay una mujer des a pare ci da  
*Cm Cm Ab(1) Fm(2) Cm/G(1/2) G(1/2) Cm(2)*  
 Hay una mujer des a pare ci da in  
*Fm(2) Cm(1) Fm(2) Cm(1) F/G(2) G7(1) Cm*  
 Chile, en Chile, en Chi le.

*Cm Cm Cm Cm Cm Cm Cm G G*  
 Clara Elena Cantero Elisa del Carmen Escobar Eli  
*Cm G Cm G G Fm/G F/G(2) G7(1) Cm Cm*  
 Eliana Maria Espino sa Rosa Elena Moral es Hay

# Hello in There

by John Prine (1971)

*C*            *Dm*            *G*   *G*  
We had an apartment in the city,  
*C*            *Dm*            *G*   *G*  
Me and Loretta liked living there.  
*Cmaj7*      *C*            *F*            *F*  
It'd been years since the kids had grown,      a life  
*Csus*      *C*            *G*   *G*  
of their own      and left us alone.

*C*            *Dm*            *G*   *G*  
John and Linda live in Omaha,  
*C*            *Dm*            *G*   *G*  
And Joe is somewhere on the road.  
*Cmaj7*      *C*            *F*      *F*  
We lost Davy in the Korean war,      and I still don't  
*Csus*      *C*            *G*      *G*  
know what for,      don't matter anymore.

*Bb*            *Bb*            *Cadd2*   *C*  
Ya know old trees just grow stronger,      and old  
*Bb*            *Bb*            *C*   *C*  
rivers grow wilder ev'ry day.  
*Em*   *Em*            *F*      *F*  
Old people just grow lonesome      waiting for  
*Csus*      *C*      *G*            *G*   *C*   *C*   *Dm*   *G*   *G*  
someone to say,      "Hello in there, hello."

Me and Loretta, we don't talk much more,  
She sits and stares through the back door screen.  
And all the news just repeats itself like some forgot  
Ten dream that we've both seen.

Someday I'll go and call up Rudy,  
We worked together at the factory.  
But what could I say if asks "What's new?" N orthin' qhT'S  
with you? Nothing much to do.

Ya know old trees just grow stronger,  
And old rivers grow wilder ev'ry day.  
Old people just grow lonesome  
Waiting for someone to say, "Hello in there, hello."

So if you're walking down the street sometime  
And spot some hollow ancient eyes,  
Please don't just pass 'em by and stare  
As if you didn't care, say, "Hello in there, hello."

# High on a Mountain

by Ola Belle Reed (1973)

$G_{(1/2)}$   $F_{(1/2)}$   $G_{(1/2)}$   $C_{(1/2)}$   
High on a mountain top, wind blowin' free,

$G_{(1/2)}$   $D_{(1/2)}$   $G$   
Thinkin' 'bout the days that used to be.

$G_{(1/2)}$   $F_{(1/2)}$   $G_{(1/2)}$   $C_{(1/2)}$   
High on a mountain top, standing all alone,

$G_{(1/2)}$   $D_{(1/2)}$   $G$   
Wonderin' where the years of my life have flown.

$G_{(1/2)}$   $D_{(1/2)}$   $G$   
As I looked at the valleys down below,

$G_{(1/2)}$   $D_{(1/2)}$   $G$   
They were green just as far as I could see.

$G_{(1/2)}$   $F_{(1/2)}$   $G_{(1/2)}$   $C_{(1/2)}$   
As my memory turned, oh how my heart did yearn,

$G_{(1/2)}$   $D_{(1/2)}$   $G$   
For you and the days that used to be.

High on a mountain top, wind blowin' free,  
Thinkin' 'bout the days that used to be.  
High on a mountain top, standing all alone,  
Wonderin' where the years of my life have flown.

$G_{(1/2)}$   $D_{(1/2)}$   $G$   
Oh I wonder if you ever think of me,

$G_{(1/2)}$   $D_{(1/2)}$   $G$   
Or if time has blotted out your memory

$G_{(1/2)}$   $F_{(1/2)}$   $G_{(1/2)}$   $C_{(1/2)}$   
As I listen to that breeze whisper gently through the trees,

$G_{(1/2)}$   $D_{(1/2)}$   $G$   
I'll always cherish what you meant to me.

High on a mountain top, wind blowin' free,  
Thinkin' 'bout the days that used to be.  
High on a mountain top, standing all alone,  
Wonderin' where the years of my life have flown.

Oh I wonder if you ever think of me.



# Home

by Karla Bonoff (1976)

*D* *Em7* *G* *D*  
Traveling at night the headlights were bright  
*D* *D* *A* *A7*  
And we'd been up many an hour  
*D* *Em7* *G* *D*  
All thru my brain came the refrain  
*D* *Bm7* *A* *A7*  
Of Home and its warming fire

*Em or Em7*

*D* *D* *G* *D*  
And Home sings me of sweet things  
*D* *D* *A* *A7*  
My life there has its own wings  
*D* *D/F#* *G* *D*  
Fly over the mountain  
*F/C* *Em7* *A* *A7*  
Tho I'm standin still

*D* *Em7* *G* *D*  
The people I've seen they come in between  
*D* *D* *A* *A7*  
The cities of tiring light  
*D* *Em7* *G* *D*  
and the trains come and go but inside you know  
*D* *Bm7* *A* *A7*  
the struggle'll soon be a fight

*D* *Em7* *G* *D*  
Traveling at night the headlights were bright  
*D* *D* *A* *A7*  
And soon the sun came thru the trees  
*D* *Em7* *G* *D*  
Around the next bend the flowers will send  
*D* *Bm7* *A* *A7*  
The sweet smell of home in the breeze

# HowCan I Tell You? by Cat Stevens (1971)

*Em A D/A G Em9 A D G<sup>(1/2)</sup> G<sup>(1/4)</sup> G/F#<sup>(1/4)</sup>*  
Woh woh Woh woh woh Woh woh Woh woh woh

*Em A<sup>(1/2)</sup> A7<sup>(1/2)</sup> D<sup>(1/2)</sup> D<sup>(1/4)</sup> Em/D<sup>(1/4)</sup> G*  
How can I tell you, that I love you,  
*Em7 A7/C# D<sup>(1/2)</sup> D<sup>(1/4)</sup> Em/D<sup>(1/4)</sup> G<sup>(1/2)</sup> G<sup>(1/4)</sup> G/F#<sup>(1/4)</sup>*  
that I love you? But I can't think of right words to say  
*Em A7/C# D<sup>(1/2)</sup> D<sup>(1/4)</sup> Em/D<sup>(1/4)</sup> G<sup>(1/2)</sup> G<sup>(1/4)</sup> G/F#<sup>(1/4)</sup>*  
I long to tell you, that I'm always think ing of you,  
*Em A D<sup>(1/2)</sup> D<sup>(1/4)</sup> Em/D<sup>(1/4)</sup> G*  
I'm always thinking of you but my words just blow away,  
*D<sup>(1/4)</sup> Dsus4<sup>(1/4)</sup> D<sup>(1/4)</sup> Dus2<sup>(1/4)</sup> G<sup>(1/2)</sup> G<sup>(1/4)</sup> G/F#<sup>(1/4)</sup>*  
Just blow away It  
*Em A7/C# D<sup>(1/2)</sup> D<sup>(1/4)</sup> Em/D<sup>(1/4)</sup> G<sup>(1/2)</sup> G<sup>(1/4)</sup> G/F#<sup>(1/4)</sup>*  
always adds up to one thing, honey and I can't think of right words to say  
*Em A D/A G Em9 A D G<sup>(1/2)</sup> G<sup>(1/4)</sup> G/F#<sup>(1/4)</sup>*  
Woh woh Woh woh woh Woh woh Woh woh woh

Wherever I am girl, I'm always walking with you,  
I'm always walking with you but I look and you're not there  
Whoever I'm with, I'm always, always talking to you,  
I'm always talking to you but I'm sad that you can't hear,  
sad that you can't hear. It  
always adds up to one thing, honey when I look and you're not there

I need to know you, I need to feel my arms around you,  
feel my arms surround you like sea around a shore  
Each night and day I pray, in hope that I might find you,  
in hope that I might find you because hearts can do no more,  
*D<sup>(1/4)</sup> Dsus4<sup>(1/4)</sup> D<sup>(1/4)</sup> Dus2<sup>(1/4)</sup> G<sup>(1/2)</sup> G<sup>(1/4)</sup> G/F#<sup>(1/4)</sup>*  
can do no more. It  
*Em A7/C# D<sup>(1/4)</sup> Dsus4<sup>(1/4)</sup> D<sup>(1/4)</sup> Dus2<sup>(1/4)</sup> G<sup>(1/2)</sup> G/F#<sup>(1/2)</sup>*  
always adds up to one thing, honey, still I kneel up on the floor  
*Em9 A D G<sup>(1/2)</sup> G<sup>(1/4)</sup> G/F#<sup>(1/4)</sup>*  
Woh woh Woh woh woh

# I Got a Name

words by Norma Gimbel and music by Charles Fox (1973)

*D* Like the pine trees lining the winding road *A* *Bm* *Bm7*

*G* *A* *D* *D*  
I've got a name, I've got a name

*D* like the singing bird and the croaking toad *A* *Bm* *Bm*

*E7* *E7* *A* *A*  
I've got a name, I've got a name

*F#m* *G* *D* *F#*  
And I carry it with me like my daddy did but I'm living the

*Bm* *E7* *A* *A*  
dream that he kept hid

*F#m* *G* *F#m* *B7*  
Moving me down the highway, rolling me down the highway

*G* *A* *D* *D*  
moving ahead so life won't pass me by

Like the North wind whistling down the sky

I've got a song, I've got a song

like the whip-poor-will and the babies crying

I've got a song, I've got a song

And I carry it with me and I sing it proud

if it gets me nowhere, I'll go there proud

Moving me down the highway, rolling me down the highway

moving ahead so life won't pass me by

*instrumental (four lines followed by*

*A* *A7* *A7* *A7*

And I'm gonna go there free

Like the fool I am and I'll always be

I've got a dream, I've got a dream

They can change their minds but they can't change me

I've got a dream, I've got a dream

I know I could share it if you want me to

if your going my way I'll go with you

Moving me down the highway, rolling me down the highway

moving ahead so life won't pass me by



# I Guess He'd Rather Be in Colorado

by John Denver (1971)

I guess he'd rather be in Colorado  
He'd rather spend his time out where the sky looks like a pearl after a rain  
Once again I see him walking once again I hear him talking  
To the stars he makes and asking them for bus fare

I guess he'd rather be in Colorado  
He'd rather play his banjo in the morning when the moon is scarcely gone  
In the dawn the subway's coming in the dawn I hear him humming  
Some old song he wrote of love in Boulder Canyon

I guess he'd rather be in Colorado  
I guess he'd rather work out where the only thing you earn is what you spend  
In the end up in his office in the end a quiet cough is  
All he has to show he lives in New York City

# If I Needed You

by Townes Van Zandt (1973)

<sup>C</sup>        <sup>C</sup>  
If I needed you, would you  
<sup>C</sup>        <sup>C</sup>  
Come to me? Would you  
<sup>C</sup>        <sup>F</sup>  
come to me, for to  
<sup>G</sup>        <sup>C</sup>  
ease my pain?

If you needed me, I would  
come to you. I would  
swim the seas, for to  
ease your pain

Well the night's forelorn, and the  
morning's born. And the  
morning shines, with the  
lights of love

And you'll miss sunrise, if you  
close your eyes. And  
that would break  
my heart in two.

If I needed you, would you  
Come to me? Would you  
come to me, for to  
ease my pain?

If you needed me, I would  
come to you. I would  
swim the seas, for to  
ease your pain

*solos*

Baby's with me now, since i  
showed her how, to  
lay her lilly  
Hand in mine

Who would ill agree? She's a  
sight to see. A  
treasure for the  
poor to find

If I needed you, would you  
Come to me? Would you  
come to me, for to  
ease my pain?

If you needed me, I would  
come to you. I would  
swim the seas, for to  
ease your pain

# I'll Have to Say I Love You in a Song

by Jim Croce (1973)

A C#m Bm Dm E7<sub>(hold)</sub>

(E7) A<sub>(½)</sub> Ama7<sub>(½)</sub> C#m7 Bm E7  
Well, I know it's kind of late, I hope I didn't wake you,  
A<sub>(½)</sub> Ama7<sub>(½)</sub> C#m7 Bm E7  
But what I got to say can't wait I know you'd understand  
D D#dim C#7 F#m  
Every time I tried to tell you the words just came out wrong  
(D) A E7 D A  
So I'll have to say I love you in a song.

Yeah, I know it's kind of strange, but every time I'm near you,  
I just run out of things to say, I know you'd understand  
Every time I tried to tell you the words just came out wrong  
So I'll have to say I love you in a song.

A<sub>(½)</sub> Ama7<sub>(½)</sub> C#m7 Bm E7  
A<sub>(½)</sub> Ama7<sub>(½)</sub> C#m7 Bm E7  
Every time the time was right all the words just came out wrong  
So I'll have to say I love you in a song.

Yeah, I know it's kind of late, I hope I didn't wake you,  
But there's something that I just got to say, I know you'd understand.  
Every time I tried to tell you the words just came out wrong,  
So I'll have to say I love you in a song.

# Illegal Smile

by John Prine (1971)

*C Am*

*C*                      *G/B* *F/A*                      *C/G*  
 When I woke up this morning, things were lookin' bad  
*F*                      *C*                      *C/G(1/2)* *G7(1/2)* *C*  
 seems like total silence is the only friend I have  
*G*                      *F*                      *C(3/4)* *F(1/4)* *C*  
 a bowl of oatmeal tried to stare me down...and won  
                                  *G*                      *F*                      *C(3/4)* *F(1/4)* *C*  
 and it was twelve o'clock before I realized that I was havin' no fun  
                          *G*                      *C*                      *F(1/2)* *G7(1/2)* *C*  
 but fortunately I have the key to escape reality

*slow and change to 3/4 time*    *F*                      *F*                      *C*    *C*  
 and you may see me tonight with an illegal smile  
                          *G7*                      *G7*                      *C*                      *C*  
 it don't cost very much, but it lasts a long while  
                          *F*                      *F*                      *C*                      *C*  
 won't you please tell the man I didn't kill anyone  
                          *G*                      *F*                      *C(2)* *F(1)* (*repeat 4X*)  
 no I was just tryin' to have me some fun  
                          *last time*                      some fun, well done, hot dog fun, my sister's a nun.

last time I checked my bankroll, well it was gettin' thin  
 sometimes it seems like the bottom is the only place I've been  
 chased a rainbow down a one-way street... dead end  
 and all my friends turned out to be insurance salesmen  
 but fortunately I have the key to escape reality

I sat down in my closet with all my overalls  
 just tryin' to get away from all the ears inside these walls  
 dreamed the police heard everything I thought... what then?  
 well I went to court and the judge's name was Hoffman  
 but fortunately I have the key to escape reality

# I'm Gonna Be an Engineer

by Peggy Seeger (1976)

*G*  
When I was a little girl, I wished I was a boy  
*G* *C*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *G*<sup>(3/4)</sup>  
*G* *C*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *D*<sup>(3/4)</sup>  
I tagged along behind the gang and wore my corduroys  
*G* *C*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *G*<sup>(3/4)</sup>  
Everybody said I only did it to annoy  
*A7* *D7*  
But I was gonna be an engineer.

*G* *A*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *B*<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
Momma told me, Can't you be a lady?  
*C*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Am*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *D7*<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
Your duty is to make me the mother of a pearl  
*G* *B7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *C7*<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
Wait until you're older, dear, and may be  
*G*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *D7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G*  
You'll be glad that you're a girl

*Em*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Bm*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Em*  
Dainty as a Dresden statue  
*Em* *Bm*  
Gentle as a Jersey cow  
*Cm* *G*  
Smooth as silk, gives creamy milk  
*C* *G*  
Learn to coo, learn to moo  
*Bm* *Bm*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Am*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *D7*  
That's what you do to be a lady now

When I went to school I learned to write and how to read  
Some history, geography and home economy  
And typing is a skill that every girl is sure to need  
To while away the extra time until the time to breed  
And then they had the nerve to say, What would you like to be?  
I says, I'm gonna be an engineer

No, you only need to learn to be a lady  
The duty isn't yours, for to try and run the world  
An engineer could never have a baby  
Remember, dear, that you're a girl

So I become a typist and I study on the sly  
Working out the day and night so I can qualify  
And every time the boss come in he pinched me on the thigh  
Says, I've never had an engineer

You owe it to the job to be a lady  
It's the duty of the staff for to give the boss a whirl  
The wages that you get are crummy, maybe  
But it's all you get cos' you're a girl

She's smart (for a woman)  
I wonder how she got that way  
You get no choice, you get no voice  
Just stay mum, pretend you're dumb  
That's how you come to be a lady today

Then Jimmy come along and we set up a conjugation  
We were busy every night with loving recreation  
I spent my day at work so he could get his education  
And now he's an engineer

He says, I know you'll always be a lady  
It's the duty of my darling to love me all her life  
How could an engineer look after or obey me  
Remember, dear, that you're my wife

As soon as Jimmy got a job I began again  
Then, happy at my turret-lathe a year or so, and then  
The morning that the twins were born, Jimmy says to them  
Kids, your mother was an engineer

You owe it to the kids to be a lady  
Dainty as a dish rag, faithful as a chow  
Stay at home, you've got to mind the baby  
Remember you're a mother now

Every time I turn around there's something else to do  
It's cook a meal or mend a sock or sweep a floor or two  
I listen in to Jimmy Young, it makes me want to spew  
I was gonna be an engineer

Now I really wish that I could be a lady  
I could do the lovely things that a lady's s'posed to do  
I wouldn't nearly mind if only they would pay me  
And I could be a person too  
What price - for a woman  
You can buy her for a ring of gold  
To love and obey (without any pay)  
You get a cook and a nurse, for better or worse  
No you don't need a purse when a lady is sold

But now that times are harder, and my Jimmy's got the sack  
I went down to Vickers, they were glad to have me back  
But I'm a third-class citizen, my wages tell me that  
And I'm a first-class engineer

The boss he says, We pay you as a lady  
You only got the job cos' I can't afford a man  
With you I keep the profits high as may be  
You're just a cheaper pair of hands  
You've got one fault, you're a woman  
You're not worth the equal pay  
A bitch or a tart, you're nothing but heart  
Shallow and vain, you got no brain  
You even go down the drain like a lady today

I listened to my mother and I joined a typing pool  
I listened to my lover and I put him through his school  
But if I listen to the boss, I'm just a bloody fool  
And an underpaid engineer

I've been a sucker ever since I was a baby  
As a daughter, as a wife, as a mother and a dear  
But I'll fight them as a woman, not a lady  
I'll fight them as an engineer

# I'm Sorry

by John Denver (1975)

*F* *F* *Gm* *Gm*  
It's cold here in the city, it always seems that way  
*C7* *C7* *F* *F*  
And I've been thinking about you almost every day.  
*F* *F* *Gm* *Gm*  
Thinking about the good times, thinking about the rain,  
*C7* *C7* *F* *F*  
Thinking about how bad it feels alone again.

*Bb* *C7* *F* *F*  
I'm sorry for the way things are in China,  
*Bb* *C7* *F* *F*  
I'm sorry things ain't what they used to be.  
*Bb* *C7* *F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Dm*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Dm/C*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
But more than anything else, I'm sorry for my self  
*Bb*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Bb/A*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Gm*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *F* *F*  
'Cause you're not here with me.

Our friends all ask about you, and I say you're doin' fine.  
I expect to hear from you almost any time.  
They all know I'm crying, I can't sleep at night,  
They all know I'm dying down deep inside.

I'm sorry for all the lies I told you,  
I'm sorry for the things I didn't say.  
More than anything else, I'm sorry for myself.  
I can't believe you anyway.

*F* *F* *Gm* *Gm* *C7* *C7* *F* *F*  
M-m-m-m-m . . .

I'm sorry if I took some things for granted,  
I'm sorry for the things I put on you.  
More than anything else, I'm sorry for myself,  
Living without you.

More than anything else, I'm sorry for myself,  
Living without you

# Isn't It Nice to Be Home Again? by James Taylor

(1971)

*Em9 Em9 Em9 Em9*

*A Em9*  
Late last night so far away

*Em9 Em9(½) A(½)*  
I dreamed myself a

*A A E7sus2 E7sus2*  
dream. Well I dreamed I was so all alone

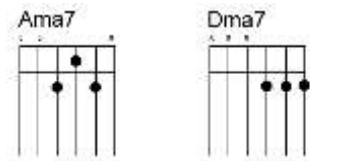
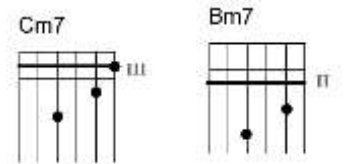
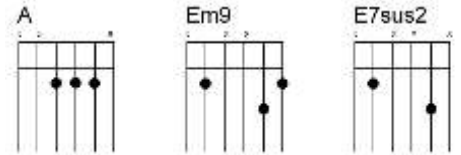
*E7sus2 (3 beats) A(½) E7sus2(½) A*  
Isn't it nice to be home again? I said

*C#m7 C#m7 (3 beats) F#m7*  
welcome home. Didn't we miss your smiling face? Well the

*F#m7 B7 Bm7(½) E7(½)*  
sun was nice in L.A. Sunshine

*E7sus2 (3 beats) A(½) E7sus2(½) A*  
Isn't it nice to be home again? but I said

*Dmaj7(½) C#m(½) Bm7(½) D/E(¼) Amaj7(½)*  
isn't it nice to be home a gain?



JAMES TAYLOR

Musical score for the piano accompaniment of 'Isn't It Nice to Be Home Again?'. The score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Chord diagrams for Em9(5) and A are provided above the staff. The piece starts with a piano (*mp*) dynamic.



# Joy to the World

by Hoyt Axton (1971)

*D* *D* *D* *C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*<sub>♯(1/2)</sub>  
Jeremiah was a bull frog  
*D* *D* *D* *C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*<sub>♯(1/2)</sub>  
Was a good friend of mine  
*D* *D7* *G7* *Bb (Gm7)*  
I never understood a single word he said  
*D* *Em* *D* *D*  
But I helped him a-drinkin' his wine  
*G7* *Em7* *D* *D*  
And he always had some mighty fine wine. Singin'

*D* *D* *D* *D*  
Joy to the world  
*A* *A* *D* *D*  
All the boys and girls  
*D* *D7* *G7* *Bb (Gm7)*  
Joy to the fishes in the deep blue sea  
*D* *A7* *D* *C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*<sub>♯(1/2)</sub>  
Joy to you and me

If I were the king of the world  
Tell you what I'd do  
I'd throw away the cars and the bars and the wars  
And make sweet love to you. Sing it now

You know I love the ladies  
Love to have my fun  
I'm a high night flier and a rainbow rider  
And a straight-shootin' son of a gun  
I said a straight-shootin' son of a gun

# Killing the Blues

by Rowland Salley (1977)

*E<sup>(3/4)</sup> Esus4<sup>(1/4)</sup> E<sup>(3/4)</sup> Esus4<sup>(1/4)</sup> E<sup>(3/4)</sup> Esus4<sup>(1/4)</sup> E<sup>(3/4)</sup> Esus4<sup>(1/4)</sup>*

*E<sup>(3/4)</sup> Esus4<sup>(1/4)</sup> E<sup>(3/4)</sup> Esus4<sup>(1/4)</sup>*  
Leaves were falling, just like embers,  
*E E7 A*

In colors; red and gold, they set us on fire  
*Asus2 E<sup>(3/4)</sup> Esus4<sup>(1/4)</sup> E<sup>(3/4)</sup> Esus4<sup>(1/4)</sup> E<sup>(1/2)</sup> Esus4<sup>(1/2)</sup>*  
Burning just like moonbeams in our eyes

*B7 B7 E A<sup>(1/2)</sup> Asus2<sup>(1/2)</sup>*  
Somebody said they saw me, swinging the world by the tail. bouncing over a  
*E B7 E<sup>(1/2)</sup> Esus4<sup>(1/2)</sup> E<sup>(1/2)</sup> Esus4<sup>(1/2)</sup>*  
white cloud, killing the blues.

Now I am guilty of something...  
I hope you never do, because there is nothing  
Any sadder than losing yourself in love

*B7 B7 E A<sup>(1/2)</sup> Asus2<sup>(1/2)</sup> E B7 E<sup>(1/2)</sup> Esus4<sup>(1/2)</sup> E<sup>(1/2)</sup> Esus4<sup>(1/2)</sup>*

And then you've asked me...just to leave you  
To set out on my own, and get what I needed.  
You want me to find what I've already had.

# Lay Me Down Easy

by Kate Wolf (1974)

*G* *Em* *C* *D7*  
Sitting in the sunshine, trying to sing the blues away  
*G* *G* *C* *D7*  
Wondering why they came and how long they'll stay  
*G* *Em* *C* *D7*  
Picking out a little tune I never heard before  
*D7* *Bm* *C* *D7*  
Yes and wishing you were here at the door

*D7* *G* *C* *D7*  
Won't you lay me down easy  
*D7* *G* *C* *D7*  
Lay me down easy in my mind  
*D7* *G* *Em* *C*  
'Cause babe, I've got the blues and there's something you can .  
*D7* *Bm* *C* *D7*  
do You can lay me down easy in my mind  
*D7* *G* *G* *G*  
In my mind.

Well babe, you know how it is when you wake up feeling old.  
You wonder if you're doing what you should  
And everyone around you – they can't read what's on your mind  
And they might not want to if they could.

Now the seasons of my life they go turning through the days.  
I've seen bitter winters come and go.  
And here I am in sunny times not feeling like I could.  
And wondering when the winds will start to blow.

# Lightning Bar Blues

by Hoyt Axton (1973)

*D* *Bm*  
I don't need no diamond ring  
*D* *Bm*  
I don't need no Cadillac car  
*D* *Bm*  
Just want to drink my Ripple wine  
*A* *D*  
Down in the Lightnin' Bar  
*A* *D*  
Down in the Lightnin' Bar

Some people value fortune and fame  
I don't care about 'em none  
Just want to drink my Ripple wine  
I want to have my good time fun  
Have my good time fun

When I die don't cry for me  
Don't bury me at all  
Place my livin', laughin', lovin' bones  
In a jar of alcohol  
Hundred proof alcohol

# Lover's Cross

by Jim Croce (1973)

*C Am Dm G7 G Am Dm G7*

*C Am Dm G7 C Am Dm G7*

Guess that it was bound to happen, was just a matter of time

*C Am Dm G7 C C/B Am Am/G*

But now I come to my decision and it's a one of the painful kind

*F G Am Am/G F C Dm G7*

'Cause now it seems that you wanted a martyr just a regular guy wouldn't do

*C C/B Am Dm G7 C Am Dm G7*

But baby I can't hang upon no lover's cross for you

Yes I really got to hand it to you 'cause girl, you really tried

But for every time that we spend laughin' there was two times that I cried

And you were tryin' to make me your martyr and that's the one thing I just couldn't do

'Cause baby I can't hang upon no lover's cross for you *C C C7 C7*

*F G Am Em*  
'Cause tables are meant for turn in'

*F C Dm G7*

and people are bound to change

*F G Am Em*

And bridges are meant for burn in'

*F C Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7*

when the people and memories they join aren't the same

Still I hope that you can find another who can take what I could not

He'll have to be a super guy or maybe a super god

'Cause I never was much of a martyr before and I ain't 'bout to start nothin' new

And baby I can't hang upon no lover's cross for you *C C C7 C7*

Cause tables are meant for turnin' and people are bound to change

And bridges are meant for burnin' when the people and memories they join aren't  
the same

But I hope that you can find another who can take what I could not

He'll have to be a super guy or maybe a super god 'Cause I never was much of a martyr  
before and I ain't 'bout to start nothin' new

And baby I can't hang upon no lover's cross for you



# Mexico

by James Taylor (1976)

D A D Bm A Bm C G

Way down here you need a reason to move  
Feel a fool running your stateside games  
Lose your load, leave your mind behind, Baby James

E C#m B A

Oh, Mexico

It sounds so simple I just got to go  
The sun's so hot I forgot to go home  
Guess I'll have to go now

"Americano" got the sleepy eye  
But his body's still shaking like a live wire  
Sleepy "Senorita" with the eyes on fire

E C#m B A

Oh, Mexico

It sounds so sweet with the sun sinking low  
Moon's so bright like to light up the night  
Make everything all right

Bm A EX4

Dsus4 D A G

Baby's hungry and the money's all gon

The folks back home don't want to talk on the phone  
She gets a long letter, sends back a postcard; times are hard

E C#m B A

Oh, down in Mexico

I never really been so I don't really know

E C#m B A

Oh, Mexico

I never really been but I'd sure like to go

E C#m B A

Oh, Mexico

I guess I'll have to go

G D/F# E

I guess I'll have to go now

# Moonshadow

by Cat Stevens (1970)

*D* *A7<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *D<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *G<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *G<sup>(1/4)</sup>* *A7<sup>(1/4)</sup>* *D*  
Oh, I'm bein' followed by a moon shadow, moon shadow, moon shadow  
*D* *A7<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *D<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *G<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *G<sup>(1/4)</sup>* *A7<sup>(1/4)</sup>* *D*  
Leapin and hoppin' on a moon shadow, moon shadow, moon shadow

*G<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *D<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *G<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *D<sup>(1/2)</sup>*  
And if I ever lose my hands,  
*G<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *D<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *Em<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *A7<sup>(1/2)</sup>*  
lose my plough, lose my land,  
*G<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *D<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *G<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *D<sup>(1/2)</sup>*  
Oh if I ever lose my hands,  
*Em<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *A7<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *D<sup>(1/4)</sup>* *F#m<sup>(1/4)</sup>* *Bm<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *Em<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *A<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *D*  
Oh if----- I won't have to work no more.

And if I ever lose my eyes,  
if my colours all run dry,  
Yes if I ever lose my eyes,  
Oh if----- I won't have to cry no more.

And if I ever lose my legs,  
I won't moan, and I won't beg,  
Yes if I ever lose my legs,  
Oh if----- I won't have to walk no more.

And if I ever lose my mouth,  
all my teeth, north and south,  
Yes if I ever lose my mouth,  
Oh if----- I won't have to talk...

*E7* *A* *E* *A*  
Did it take long to find me? I asked the faithful light.  
*E* *A* *A* *A7*  
Did it take long to find me? And are you gonna stay the night?



# Morning Has Broken

Gaelic melody for a traditional hymn and a hit by Cat Stevens (1971)

*D G A F# Bm G7 C F C*

*intro*

*((No chord) C Dm G F C*  
Morning has broken, like the first morn ing  
*C Em Am D7sus G*  
Blackbird has spo ken, like the first bird  
*C F F C Am D*  
Praise for the sing ing, praise for the morn ing  
*G C F G7 C*  
Praise for the spring ing fresh from the world

*F G E Am G C G7sus*

*-bridge--*

*(No chord) C Dm G F C*  
Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from hea ven  
*C Em Am D7sus G*  
Like the first dew fall, on the first grass  
*C F F C Am D*  
Praise for the sweet ness of the wet gar den  
*G C F G7 C*  
Sprung in completeness where his feet pass

*F G E Am F# Bm G D A7 D*

*bridge & change key--*

*(No chord) D Em A G D*  
Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning  
*D F#m Bm E7 A*  
Born of the one light, Eden saw play  
*D G G D Bm E*  
Praise with ela tion, praise every morning  
*A DG A7 D*  
God's recrea tion of the new day

*G A F# Bm G7 C F C*

*ending*

A E/G# F#m A/E Bm/D A/C# Esus4 E

A G# F# E D B A walkdown

A Ama7 F#m A/E D Bm7 A A  
My father always promised us that we would live in France

A E F#m A/E D Bm7 Esus4 E

We'd go boating on the Seine and I would learn to dance

F#m F#m B7 B7 E Ema7 E6 E E D# C# B walkdown

We lived in Ohio then, he worked in the mines

Em G/D A7/C# A7 D C A A

On his streams like boats we knew we'd sail in time

D A/C# Bm7 A E E

connect verses with this

All my sisters soon were gone to Denver and Cheyenne  
Marrying their grownup dreams the lilacs and the man  
I stayed behind the youngest still, only danced alone  
The colors of my father's dreams faded without a sigh

And I live in Paris now, my children dance and dream  
Hearing the ways of a miner's life in words they've never seen  
I sail my memories afar like boats across the Seine  
And watch the Paris sun as it sets in my father's eyes again

My father always promised us that we would live in France  
We'd go boating on the Seine and I would learn to dance  
I sail my memories afar like boats across the Seine  
And watch the Paris sun as it sets in my father's eyes again

# My Sweet Lady

by John Denver (1970)

*Dma7*      *Em/D*      *D<sup>(1/2)</sup>*      *Dma7<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *G/D<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *Gm/D<sup>(1/2)</sup>*  
Lady, are you crying, do the tears belong to me  
*D<sup>(1/2)</sup>*      *Dma7<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *D+9<sup>(1/2)</sup>*      *Dma<sup>(1/2)</sup>*      *Em*      *A*  
Did you think our time together was all gone  
*Dma7*      *Em/D*      *D<sup>(1/2)</sup>*      *Dma7<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *G/D<sup>(1/2)</sup>* *Gm/D<sup>(1/2)</sup>*  
Lady, youve been dreaming, I'm as close as I can be  
*Dma7*      *Em<sup>(1/2)</sup>*      *A<sup>(1/2)</sup>*      *D*      *D7*  
I swear to you our time has just begun

*G*      *A*      *D*      *D7*  
Close your eyes and rest your weary mind  
*G*      *A*      *D*      *D7*  
I promise I will stay right here beside you  
*G*      *A*      *D*      *D7*  
Today our lives were joined, became entwined  
*Bm*      *Bm/A*      *Em*      *A*  
I wish you could know how much I love you

Lady, are you happy, do you feel the way I do  
Are there meanings that youve never seen before  
Lady, my sweet lady, I just cant believe its true  
And its like Ive never ever loved before

Close your eyes and rest your weary mind  
I promise I will stay right here beside you  
Today our lives were joined, became entwined  
I wish you could know how much I love you

Lady, are you crying, do the tears belong to me  
Did you think our time together was all gone  
Lady, my sweet lady, Im as close as I can be  
I swear to you our time has just begun

# New York's Not My Home

by Jim Croce (1971)

*Bb Bbma7 Bb7 Gm7 Cm Cdim7 Bbma7 F7*

*Bb* well things are spinning round me *Dm7* and all my thoughts were cloudy *Fm6*  
*Cm7* and I had begun to doubt all the things that were me *Bb* *F7*  
*Bb* been in so many places *Dm7* you know I've run so many races *Fm6* *G7*  
*Cm7* I've looked into the empty faces of the people of the night - something is just not right *Bb* *Gm7*

*Bb* Cause I know that I've got to get out of here *Gm*  
*Bb* I'm so alone *Gm*  
*Bb* don't you know that I got to get out of here *Gm*  
*Eb* Cause New York's not my home *Bb F7 Bb F7*

Though all the streets are crowded there's something strange about it  
I've lived there about a year and I never once felt at home  
I thought I make the big time, I learned a lot of lessons awful quick and now I'm  
Telling you that they were not the nice kind. It's been so long since I have felt fine

That's the reason that I've got to get out of here  
I'm so alone  
Don't you know that I got to get out of here  
Cause New York's not my home

# No Man's Land

by Eric Bogle, (1975)

*G* *G* *C* *Am*  
Well, how do you do, Private William Mc-Bride  
*D* *D* *G* *D*  
Do you mind if I sit here, down by your grave-side  
*G* *G* *C* *Am*  
And I'll rest for a while in the warm summer sun  
*D* *D* *C* *G*  
I've been walking all day; Lord, and I'm nearly done  
*G* *G* *Am* *Am*  
And I see by your gravestone, you were only nine-teen  
*D7* *D7* *G* *D*  
When you joined the glorious fallen in nineteen six-teen  
*G* *G* \* *Am* *Am*  
Well I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean  
*D* *D* *C* *G*  
Or Willie Mc-Bride, was it slow and ob-scene

*D* *D* *C* *G*  
Did they beat the drum slowly, did they sound the fife lowly  
*D* *D* *C* *G*  
Did the rifles fire o'er you as they lowered you down  
*C* *C* *D* *D*  
Did the bugles play the 'last post' in chorus  
*G* *G* *D* *G*  
Did the pipes play the "Flooers of the For-est"?

And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart be-hind  
In some faithful heart is your memory en-shrined  
And though you died back in nineteen-six-teen  
To that loyal heart are you always nine-teen  
Or are you a stranger without even a name  
Enshrined for-ever be-hind a glass pane  
In an old photo-graph, torn and tattered and stained  
And fading to yellow in a brown leather frame

The sun's shining now on these green fields of France  
The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies dance  
The trenches have vanished, long under the plough  
No gas and no barbed-wire, no guns firing now  
But here in this graveyard, it's still No Man's Land  
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand  
To man's blind in-difference to his fellow man  
To a whole gener-ation who were butchered and damned

And I can't help but wonder now, Willie Mc-Bride  
Do all those who lie here know why they died  
Did you really be-lieve them when they told you the cause  
Did you really be-lieve that this war would end wars  
Well the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame  
The killing, the dying, it was all done in vain  
For Willie Mc-Bride, it's all happened a-gain  
And a-gain and a-gain and a-gain and a-gain

# Oh Very Young

by Cat Stevens (born Steven Demetre Georgiou, stage name Cat Stevens, chosen name Yusuf Islam)(1974)

D E F#m(¼) D(¼) E(½)  
 Oh very young what will you leave us this time. You're only  
E(¼) E7(¼) A(½) D  
 dancing on this earth for a short while. And though your  
D(½) E(½) E A(½) D(½)  
 dreams may toss and turn you now, they will vanish away like your  
A D(½) A(½) D  
 Dad's best jeans demin blue, fading up to the sky and though you  
A(½) A7/C#(½) D(¼) B(¼) E(½) E  
 want him to last forever you know he never will, you know he never will,  
E E7(½) A E A(½) E(½) A  
 and the patches make the goodbye harder still. Oh very

D E F#m(¼) D(¼) E(½)  
 Oh very young what will you leave us this time. There'll never  
E(¼) E7(¼) A(½) D  
 be a better chance to change your mind. And if you  
D(½) E(½) E A(½) D(½) A  
 want this world to see a better day will you carry the words of love with you will you ride  
D(½) A(½) D  
 the great white bird into heaven and though you  
A(½) A7/C#(½) D(¼) B(¼) E(½) E  
 want to last forever you know you never will, you know you never will,  
E E7(½) A E A(½) E(½) A  
 and the goodbye makes the journey harder still.  
D(½) E(½) D(½) E(½) E(½) A(½) D D(½) E(½) E

A(½) D(½) A D D  
 will you carry the words of love with you? Will you ride?  
A(½) A7(½) D(¼) B(¼) E(¼) A(¼) Bm(½) E(½) E E(½) A E A(½) E(½) A  
 Oh

D E F#m(¼) D(¼) E(½)  
 Oh very young what will you leave us this time. You're only  
E(¼) E7(¼) A(½) D  
 dancing on this earth for a short while. Oh very  
D(½) E(½) A A  
 young what will you leave us this time?

# Ol' 55 by Tom Waits (1973)

*C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Em7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Am*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Am7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G9*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
*C* *Em7* *F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *F/G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G9*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
 Well my time went so quickly I went lickety splitly, out to my ol' fifty - five  
*C* *Em7* *F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *F/G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G7*  
 As I pulled away slowly feelin so holy, God knows I was feelin alive

*C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Em7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *F/G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G7*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
 And now the sun's comin up  
*C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Em7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *F/G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G7*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
 I'm ridin' with lady luck  
*C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Em7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *F/G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G7*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
 Freeway cars and trucks  
*Dm*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Em7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Am*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
 Stars beginning to fade  
*Dm*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Am*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
 And I lead the parade  
*Dm*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *Am*  
 Just a-wishin' I'd stayed a little longer  
*D* *F/G* *G7*  
 Lord, don't you know the feelin's gettin' stronger

Six in the morning gave me no warning, I had to be on my way  
 Now the cars are all passin' me, trucks are all flashin' me,  
 I'm headin' home from your place

Well my time went so quickly, I went lickety splitly, out to my old fifty-five  
 As I pulled away slowly, feelin' so holy, God knows I was feelin' alive

And now the sun's comin up (yes it is)	Freeway cars and trucks
I'm ridin' with lady luck	Ridin' with lady luck
Freeway cars and trucks	Freeway cars and trucks
Freeway cars and trucks	Ridin' with lady luck
Ridin' with lady luck	Freeway cars and trucks

# Operator

by Jim Croce (1971)

*G* *Bm* *C*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Am7*<sup>(¼)</sup> *G*  
Operator, well could you help me place this call?  
*Am* *D* *Em* *D*  
See the number on the matchbook is old an faded  
*G* *Bm* *C* *G*  
She's living in L.A with my best old ex-friend Ray  
*Am* *D7* *Em* *D*  
A guy she said she knew well and sometimes hated

*G* *C* *G* *C*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(¼)</sup>  
But isn't that the way they say it goes but let's forget all that  
*G* *Am*  
And give me the number if you can find it  
*C*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Em*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Bm*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am7*  
So I can call just to tell them I'm fine and to show  
*D* *C* *G*  
I've overcome the blow. I've learned to take it well, I only wish my  
*Am7* *C* *D*  
words could just convince myself that it just wasn't real, but  
*C* *G* *Bm* *Am7* *D*  
that's not the way it feels

Operator, well could you help me place this call  
Cause I can't read the number that you just gave me  
There's something in my eyes, you know it happens every time  
I think about the love that I thought would save me

Operator, let's forget about this call,  
there's no one there I really wanted to talk to  
Thank you for your time, Oh you've been so much more than kind  
You can keep the dime



# Pancho and Lefty

written by Townes Van Zandt (1972)

C C G G  
 Living on the road my friend is gonna keep you free and clean  
 F F C G  
 Now you wear your skin like iron your breath as hard as kerosene  
 F F C F  
 Weren't your mama's only boy but her favorite one it seems  
 C F(½) C(½) G G F Am Am(½) G(¼) F(¼)  
 She began to cry when you said good bye and sank into your dreams

C C G G  
 Pancho was a bandit boys his horse was fast as polished steel  
 F F C G  
 He wore his gun outside his pants for all the honest world to feel  
 F F C F  
 Pancho met his match you know on the deserts down in Mexico  
 C F(½) C(½) G G F Am Am(½) G(¼) F(¼)  
 Nobody heard his dy ing words ah but that's the way it goes

F F C F  
 All the Federales say they could have had him any day  
 C F(½) C(½) G G F Am Am(½) G(¼) F(¼)  
 They only let him slip a way out of kindness I suppose

C C G G  
 Lefty he can't sing the blues all night long like he used to  
 F F C G  
 The dust that Pancho bit down south ended up in Lefty's mouth  
 F F C F  
 The day they laid poor Pancho low Lefty split for Ohio  
 C F(½) C(½) G G F Am Am(½) G(¼) F(¼)  
 Where he got the bread to go there ain't nobody knows

F F C F  
 All the Federales say they could have had him any day  
 C F(½) C(½) G G F Am Am(½) G(¼) F(¼)  
 They only let him slip a way out of kindness I suppose

C C G G  
 Poets tell how Pancho fell and Lefty's living in a cheap hotel  
 F F C G  
 The desert's quiet and Cleveland's cold, And so the story ends we're told  
 F F C F  
 Pancho needs your prayers it's true but save a few for Lefty too  
 C F(½) C(½) G G F Am Am(½) G(¼) F(¼)  
 He only did what he had to do and now he's growing old

F F C F  
 A few gray Federales say could have had him any day  
 C F(½) C(½) G G F Am Am(½) G(¼) F(¼)  
 We only let him go so wrong out of kindness I suppose.

# Paradise

by John Prine (1971)

*C*                    *C*        *F*                    *C*  
When I was a child my family would travel  
                  *C*                    *C*                    *G7*                    *C*  
Down to Western Kentucky where my parents were born  
*C*                    *C*                    *C*                    *F*                    *C*  
And there's a backwards old town that's often remembered  
*C*                    *C*                    *G7*                    *C*  
So many times that my memories are worn.

*C*                    *C*                    *F*                    *C*  
And daddy won't you take me back to Muhlenberg County  
                  *C*                    *C*                    *G7*                    *C*  
Down by the Green River where Paradise lay  
*C*                    *C*                    *C*                    *F*                    *C*  
Well, I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in asking  
*C*                    *C*                    *C*                    *G7*                    *C* *F* *C* *F*  
Mister Peabody's coal train has hauled it away

Well sometimes we'd travel right down the Green River  
To the abandoned old prison down by Adrie Hill  
Where the air smelled like snakes and we'd shoot with our pistols  
But empty pop bottles was all we would kill.

Then the coal company came with the world's largest shovel  
And they tortured the timber and stripped all the land  
Well, they dug for their coal till the land was forsaken  
Then they wrote it all down as the progress of man.

When I die let my ashes float down the Green River  
Let my soul roll on up to the Rochester dam  
I'll be halfway to Heaven with Paradise waiting  
Just five miles away from wherever I am.

# Peace Train

by Cat Stevens (1971)

$C^{(3/8)}$   $G^{(3/8)}$   $C^{(1/4)}$   $C$   $F^{(3/8)}$   $C^{(3/8)}$   $F^{(1/4)}$   $F$   
 Now I've been happy lately thinking about the good things to come  
 $F^{(3/8)}$   $G^{(3/8)}$   $Am^{(1/4)}$   $Am$   $F^{(3/8)}$   $G^{(3/8)}$   $F^{(1/4)}$   $F$   
 and I believe it could be Something good has begun

$C^{(3/8)}$   $G^{(3/8)}$   $C^{(1/4)}$   $C$   $F^{(3/8)}$   $C^{(3/8)}$   $F^{(1/4)}$   $F$   
 Oh I've been smiling lately dreaming about the world as one  
 $F^{(3/8)}$   $G^{(3/8)}$   $Am^{(1/4)}$   $Am$   $F^{(3/8)}$   $G^{(3/8)}$   $F^{(1/4)}$   $F$   
 and I believe it could be. Someday it's going to come

$C^{(3/8)}$   $G^{(3/8)}$   $C^{(1/4)}$   $C$   $F^{(3/8)}$   $C^{(3/8)}$   $F^{(1/4)}$   $F$   
 Cause out on the edge of darkness there rides a Peace Train  
 $F^{(3/8)}$   $G^{(3/8)}$   $Am^{(1/4)}$   $Am$   $F^{(3/8)}$   $G^{(3/8)}$   $F^{(1/4)}$   $F$   
 Oh Peace Train take this country come take me home again

$C^{(3/8)}$   $G^{(3/8)}$   $C^{(1/4)}$   $C$   $F^{(3/8)}$   $C^{(3/8)}$   $F^{(1/4)}$   $F$   
 Now I've been smiling lately thinking about the good things to come  
 $F^{(3/8)}$   $G^{(3/8)}$   $Am^{(1/4)}$   $Am$   $F^{(3/8)}$   $G^{(3/8)}$   $F^{(1/4)}$   $F$   
 and I believe it could be Something good has begun

$C^{(3/8)}$   $G^{(3/8)}$   $C^{(1/4)}$   $C^{(1/2)}$   $G^{(1/4)}$   $C^{(1/4)}$   $F^{(3/8)}$   $C^{(3/8)}$   $F^{(1/4)}$   $F$   
 Oh Peace Train sound in' louder glide on the Peace Train  
 $F^{(1/2)}$   $G^{(1/2)}$   $Am^{(1/4)}$   $Am$   $F^{(1/2)}$   $G^{(1/2)}$   $F$   
 Oooo Come on the Peace Train, Peace Train  
 $C^{(3/8)}$   $G^{(3/8)}$   $C^{(1/4)}$   $C^{(1/2)}$   $G^{(1/4)}$   $C^{(1/4)}$   $F^{(3/8)}$   $C^{(3/8)}$   $F^{(1/4)}$   $F$   
 Peace train Holy Roller everyone jump on the Peace Train  
 $F^{(1/2)}$   $G^{(1/2)}$   $Am^{(1/4)}$   $Am$   $F^{(1/2)}$   $G^{(1/2)}$   $F$   
 Oooo Come on now Peace Train

Get your bags together go bring your good friends too  
'Cause it's getting nearing it soon will be with you

Oh come and join the living, it's not so far from you  
And it's getting nearer soon it will all be true

Oh Peace Train sound ing lou der glide on the Peace Train  
Oooo Come on now Peace Train, Peace Train

Now I've been crying lately thinking about the world as it is  
why must we go on hating why can't we live in bliss

Cause out on the edge of darkness there rides a Peace Train  
Oh Peace Train take this country come take me home again

Oh Peace Train sound ing lou der glide on the Peace Train  
Oooo Come on now Peace Train, Peace Train  
Peace train Holy Roller everyone jump on the Peace Train  
Oooo (Come on Come on Come on)

Come on Peace Train Yes it's the Peace Train  
Come on Peace Train Peace Train

# Peaceful Easy Feeling

by Jack Tempchin (1972)

*E* *A* *E* *A*  
I like the way your sparklin' earrings lay  
*E* *A* *B7* *B7*  
against your skin so brown

*E* *A* *E* *A*  
And I want to sleep with you in the desert tonight

*E* *A* *B7* *B7*  
with a billion stars all around.

*A* *A* *E* *E*  
Cause I got a peaceful, easy feeling  
*A* *A* *B7* *B7*  
and I know you won't let me down  
*E* *F#m* *A* *B7*  
'cause I'm all ready standing on the  
*E* *Esus4* *E* *Esus4*  
ground.

I found out a long time ago  
what a woman can do to your soul.  
Ah, but she can't take you any way  
you don't already know how to go.

I got this feeling I may know you  
As a lover and a friend.  
But this voice keeps whispering in my other ear  
tells me I may never see you again

# Power

by John and Joanna Hall (1979)

Just give me the warm power of the sun  
Give me the steady flow of a waterfall  
Give me the spirit of living things as they return to clay.  
Just give me the restless power of the wind  
Give me the comforting glow of a wood fire  
But please take all of your atomic poison power away.

Everybody needs some power I'm told  
To shield them from the darkness and the cold  
Some may see a way to take control when it's bought and sold.

I know that lives are at stake  
Yours and mine and our descendants in time.  
There's so much to gain, so much to lose Everyone of us has to choose.

We are only now beginning to see  
How delicate the balance of nature can be  
The limits of her ways have been defined and we've crossed that line.  
Some don't even care or know that we'll pay  
But we have seen the face of death in our day.  
There's so little time to change our ways, if only we together can say

Please take all of your atomic poison power  
Just take all of your atomic poison power  
Won't you take all of your atomic poison power ...Away.

# Rainy Day People

by Gordon Lightfoot (1974)

*C* *C* *Dm* *Dm*  
Rainy day people always seem to know when it's time to call,  
*F* *G* *C* *C*  
Rainy day people don't talk they just listen till they've heard it all,  
*F* *G* *F* *C*  
Rainy day lovers don't lie when they tell you, they've been down like you,  
*F* *G* *F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C* *C*  
Rainy day people don't mind if you cry a tear or two,

*C* *C* *Dm* *Dm*  
If you get lonely all you really need is that rainy day love,  
*F* *G* *C* *C*  
Rainy day people all know there's no sorrow they can't rise above,  
*F* *G* *F* *C*  
Rainy day lovers don't love any others, that would not be kind,  
*F* *G* *F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C* *C*  
Rainy day people all know how it hangs on your peace of mind,

*C* *C* *Dm* *Dm*  
*F* *G* *C* *C*  
*F* *G* *F* *C*  
Rainy day lovers don't lie when they tell you, they've been down like you,  
*F* *G* *F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C* *C*  
Rainy day people don't mind if you cry a tear or two,

*C* *C* *Dm* *Dm*  
Rainy day people always seem to know when you're feeling blue,  
*F* *G* *C* *C*  
High-stepping strutters who land in the gutters sometimes need one too,  
*F* *G* *F* *C*  
Take it or leave it, or try to believe it, if you've been down too long,  
*F* *G* *F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C* *C*  
Rainy day lovers don't hide love inside they just pass it on,  
*F* *G* *F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C* *C*  
Rainy day lovers don't hide love inside they just pass it on,

# Redtail Hawk

by George A. Schroder (1975)

*Am G Am*

*Am G Am Am*  
The redtail hawk writes songs across the sky,  
*Am G Am Am*  
There's music in the waters flowing by,  
*Am G Am Am*  
And you can hear a song each time the wind sighs,  
*G G Am Am*  
In the golden rolling hills of California.  
*G G Am Am*  
In the golden rolling hills of California.

It's been so long love since you said goodbye,  
My cabin's been as lonesome as a cry,  
There's comfort in the clouds drifting by,  
In the golden rolling hills of California.

A neighbour came today to lend a hand,  
As I fixed the road as best as I can,  
It's just something that needs a man's hand,  
In the golden rolling hills of California,

The redtail hawk writes songs across the sky,  
There's music in the waters flowing by,  
And you can hear a song each time the wind sighs,  
In the golden rolling hills of California.  
In the golden rolling hills of California.



# Rocky Mountain High

by John Denver (1972)

*C* *C* *Dm7* *Bb(½)* *G(½)*  
He was born in the summer of his twenty-seventh year,  
*C* *C* *Dm7* *F(½)* *G(½)*  
Comin' home to a place he'd never been before.  
*C* *C* *Dm7* *Bb(½)* *G(½)*  
He left yesterday behind him, you might say he was born again,  
*C* *C* *Dm7* *G*  
You might say he found a key for every door.

When he first came to the mountain his life was far away,  
On the road and hangin' by a song,  
But the string's already broken and he doesn't really care,  
It keeps changin' fast and it don't last for long.

*F* *G* *C* *C* *F* *G* *C* *C*  
But the Colorado Rocky Mountain high, I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky.  
*F* *G* *C(½)* *Dm7(¼)* *Cma7(¼)* *F* *F* *F* *F*  
The shadow from the starlight is softer than a lull a by.  
*C* *C* *Dm7* *F(½)* *G(½)* *C* *C* *Dm7* *F(½)* *G(½)*  
Rocky Mountain high, in Colorado, Rocky Mountain high, Colorado.

He climbed cathedral mountains, he saw silver clouds below,  
He saw everything as far as you can see.  
And they say that he got crazy once and he tried to touch the sun,  
And he lost a friend, but kept his memory.

Now he walks in quiet solitude the forests and the streams,  
Seeking grace in every step he takes.  
His sight has turned inside himself to try and understand  
The serenity of a clear blue mountain lake.

And the Colorado Rocky Mountain high, I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky.  
You can talk to God and listen to the casual reply.  
Rocky Mountain high, in Colorado, Rocky Mountain high, in Colorado.

Now his life is full of wonder, but his heart still know some fear  
Of a simple thing he cannot comprehend.  
Why they try to tear the mountain down to bring in a couple more,  
More people, more scars upon the land.

And the Colorado Rocky Mountain high, I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky.  
I know he'd be a poorer man if he never saw an eagle fly.  
Rocky Mountain high, it's a Colorado, Rocky Mountain high, in Colorado

Oh that Colorado Rocky Mountain high, I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky  
I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky, friends around the campfire and everybody's high,  
Rocky Mountain high, in Colorado, Rocky Mountain high, in Colorado.

# Sailing Down the Golden River

by Pete Seeger  
(1971)

*D* *Bm*  
Sailing down my golden river,  
*Em* *A*  
Sun and water all my own,  
*D*<sub>(½)</sub> *Em*<sub>(½)</sub> *A*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*  
Yet I was ne ver a lone.

Sun and water, old life givers,  
I'll have them where e'er I roam,  
And I was not far from home.

Sunlight glancing on the water,  
Life and death are all my own,  
Yet I was never alone.

Life to raise my sons and daughters,  
Golden sparkles in the foam,  
And I was not far from home.

Sailing down this winding highway,  
Travelers from near and far,  
Yet I was never alone.

Exploring all the little by-ways,  
Sighting all the distant stars,  
And I was not far from home.

# Sara

by Bob Dylan (1975) (6/8 time)

*Em*                      *Am*  
I laid on a dune I looked at the sky  
*D*    *Em*  
When the children were babies And played on the beach  
*Em*    *Am*  
You came up to behind me I saw you go by  
*D*    *Em*  
You were always so close and still within' reach

*G<sub>(½)</sub>* *Bm<sub>(½)</sub>* *C*  
Sa ra, Sara  
*D*    *C<sub>(½)</sub>* *Em<sub>(½)</sub>*  
Whatever made you want to change your mind  
*G<sub>(½)</sub>* *Bm<sub>(½)</sub>* *C*  
Sa ra, Sara  
*D*    *C<sub>(½)</sub>* *Em<sub>(½)</sub>*  
So easy to look at, so hard to define.

I can still see them playin' with their pails in the sand  
They run to the water, their buckets to fill  
I can still see the shells fallin' out of their hands  
As they follow each other back up the hill

Sara, Sara, sweet virgin angel, sweet love of my life  
Sara, Sara, radiant jewel, mystical wife

Sleepin' in the woods by a fire in the night  
Drinkin' white rum in a Portugal bar  
Then playin' leap-frog and hearin' about Snow White  
You in the market place in Savanna-la-Mar

Sara, Sara, it's all so clear, I could never forget  
Sara, Sara, lovin' you is the one thing I'll never regret

I can still hear the sounds of those Methodist bells  
I'd taken the cure and had just gotten flu  
Stayin' up for days in the Chelsea Hotel  
Writin' "Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands" for you

Sara, Sara, wherever we travel we're never apart  
Sara, oh Sara, beautiful lady, so dear to my heart  
How did I meet you? I don't know  
A messenger sent me in a tropical storm  
You were there in the winter moonlight on the snow  
And on Lily Pond Lane when the weather was warm

Sara, oh Sara, Scorpio Sphinx in a calico dress  
Sara, Sara, you must forgive me my unworthiness

Now the beach is deserted except for some kelp  
And a piece of an old ship that lies on the shore  
You always responded when I needed your help  
You gimme a map and a key to your door

Sara, oh Sara, glamorous nymph with an arrow and bow  
Sara, oh Sara, don't ever leave me, don't ever go

# Saturday Morning

by Harry Chapin (1975)

A A D A  
Saturday morning and it's growing light.

A Ama7 Bm7 E  
I look out my window and remember the night.

A Ama7 C#7 F#m  
The story is starting and this story ends

D Bm(1) C#m(1) E(1) D(1) C#m(1) Bm(1) A(1)  
And I feel like I need you a gain.

*play one beat chords as ascending and descending barre chords*

A A D A  
Time used to move softly when I was at home.

A Ama7 Bm7 E  
It went on with out me, and left me a lone.

A Ama7 C#7 F#m  
Now it's sits at my shoulder and claws at my hand

D Bm(1) C#m(1) E(1) D(1) C#m(1) Bm(1) A(1)  
And I feel like I need you a gain.

F#m F#m E E

Ooh...

D E A A

A song needs a reason and rhyme.

F#m F#m E E

Ooh...

D E A A

My love needs a little more time.

A A D A  
Well, I recall September, and leaves turned brown

A Ama7 Bm7 E  
Remember October, left leaves on the ground.

A Ama7 C#7 F#m  
And here comes December like an elderly friend.

D Bm(1) C#m(1) E(1) D(1) C#m(1) Bm(1) A(1)  
And I feel like I need you a gain.

# Shelter from the Storm

by Bob Dylan (1975)

*D*                    *A*            *G*                    *D*  
'Twas in another lifetime,    one of toil and blood  
*D*                    *A*                    *G*                    *G*  
When blackness was a virtue and the road was full of mud  
*D*                    *A*                    *G*                    *G*  
I came in from the wilderness, a creature void of form.  
*D*                    *D*                    *G*                    *D*  
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

And if I pass this way again, you can rest assured  
I'll always do my best for her, on that I give my word  
In a world of steel-eyed death, and men who are fighting to be warm.  
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

Not a word was spoke between us, there was little risk involved  
Everything up to that point had been left unresolved.  
Try imagining a place where it's always safe and warm.  
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

I was burned out from exhaustion, buried in the hail,  
Poisoned in the bushes an' blown out on the trail,  
Hunted like a crocodile, ravaged in the corn.  
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

Suddenly I turned around and she was standin' there  
With silver bracelets on her wrists and flowers in her hair.  
She walked up to me so gracefully and took my crown of thorns.  
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

Now there's a wall between us, somethin' there's been lost  
I took too much for granted, got my signals crossed.  
Just to think that it all began on a long-forgotten morn.  
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

Well, the deputy walks on hard nails and the preacher rides a mount  
But nothing really matters much, it's doom alone that counts  
And the one-eyed undertaker, he blows a futile horn.  
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

I've heard newborn babies wailin' like a mournin' dove  
And old men with broken teeth stranded without love.  
Do I understand your question, man, is it hopeless and forlorn?  
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

In a little hilltop village, they gambled for my clothes  
I bargained for salvation an' they gave me a lethal dose.  
I offered up my innocence and got repaid with scorn.  
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

Well, I'm livin' in a foreign country but I'm bound to cross the line  
Beauty walks a razor's edge, someday I'll make it mine.  
If I could only turn back the clock to when God and her were born.  
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

# Singing for Our Lives

by Holly Near (1979)

*D* *G*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(¼)</sup> *A*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *G*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*  
We are a gen tle, an gry peo ple, and we are  
*G/A* *A7* *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *Bm*<sup>(½)</sup> *Em*<sup>(½)</sup> *A*<sup>(½)</sup>  
singing, singing for our lives

*D* *G*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(¼)</sup> *A*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *G*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*  
We are a gen tle, an gry peo ple, and we are  
*G/A* *A7* *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *G*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*  
singing, singing for our lives

*D* *G*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(¼)</sup> *A*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *G*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*  
We are a land of man y col ors, and we are  
*G/A* *A7* *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *Bm*<sup>(½)</sup> *Em*<sup>(½)</sup> *A*<sup>(½)</sup>  
singing, singing for our lives

*D* *G*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(¼)</sup> *A*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *G*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*  
We are a land of man y col ors, and we are  
*G/A* *A7* *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *G*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*  
singing, singing for our lives

*D* *G*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(¼)</sup> *A*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *G*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*  
We are gay and straight to geth er, and we are  
*G/A* *A7* *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *Bm*<sup>(½)</sup> *Em*<sup>(½)</sup> *A*<sup>(½)</sup>  
singing, singing for our lives

*D* *G*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(¼)</sup> *A*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *G*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*  
We are gay and straight to geth er, and we are  
*G/A* *A7* *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *G*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*  
singing, singing for our lives

*D* *G*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(¼)</sup> *A*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *G*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*  
We are a peaceful, lov ing peo ple, and we are  
*G/A* *A7* *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *Bm*<sup>(½)</sup> *Em*<sup>(½)</sup> *A*<sup>(½)</sup>  
singing, singing for our lives

*D* *G*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(¼)</sup> *A*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *G*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*  
We are a peaceful, lov ing peo ple, and we are  
*G/A* *A7* *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *G*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*  
singing, singing for our lives



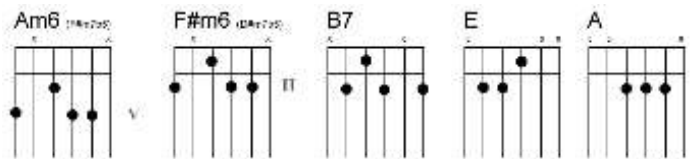
# St. Judy's Comet by Paul Simon (1973)

*E9* Oo, little sleepy girl, do you know what time it is?

*E9* Well the hour of your bedtime's long been past

*Am6(1/2)* And though I know you're fighting it, I can tell when you rub your eyes you're fadin'

*A* fast, oh fading fast *E9* Won't you

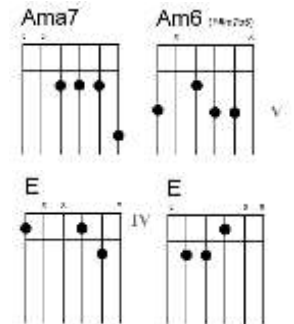


*E9* run come see St. Judy's Comet roll across the skies

*E9* And leave a spray of diamonds in its wake?

*Am6(1/2)* I long to see St. Judy's Comet sparkle in your eyes when you a

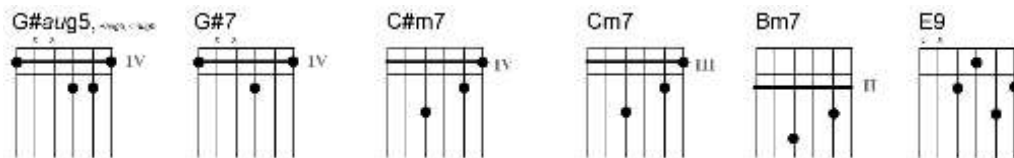
*A* wake, Oh, when you wake, wake



*Amaj7* Little girl *Am6(1/2)* Won't you lay your body down *E9* *E9*

*Amaj7* Little girl *Am6(1/2)* Won't you close your weary eyes *E9*

*G#aug5(1/2)* Ain't nothing flashing but the fireflies *G#7(1/2)* *C#m7(1/2)* *Cm7(1/4)* *Bm7(1/4)* *Bbm7(1/4)* *A* *E9* *E9*



Well I sang it once and I sang it twice, I'm going to sing it three times more  
I'm going to stay 'til your resistance is overcome  
'Cause if I can't sing my girl to sleep, well it makes your loving daddy look so  
dumb look so dumb

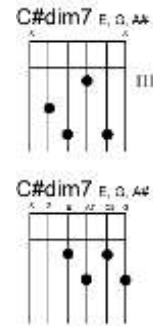
Oo, little sleepy boy, do you know what time it is?  
Well the hour of your bedtime's long been past  
And though I know you're fighting it, I can tell when you rub your eyes tha you're fadin'  
fast, oh fading fast



# Still Crazy After All these Years by Paul

Simon (1973)

*G6 G7 C Cm6*  
 I met my old lover on the street last night  
*G F#dim7 Bm(2) B7(1) Em(2) Ebm(1)*  
 She seemed so glad to see me I just smiled. And we  
*Dm(add4) G7/B (Gm) C C#dim7*  
 talked about some old times and we drank ourselves some beers  
*G D7 Em C#dim7*  
 Still crazy after all these years Oh...  
*G D7 Cm Cm6 D6(2) D7(1) G(2) C(1) G*  
 Still crazy after all these years



*G G7 C Cm6*  
 I'm not the kind of man who tends to socialize  
*G F#dim7 Bm(2) B7(1) Em(2) Ebm(1)*  
 I seem to lean on old familiar ways. And I  
*Dm(add4) G7/B (Gm) C C#dim7*  
 ain't no fool for love songs that whisper in my ears  
*G D7 Em C#dim7*  
 Still crazy after all these years Oh...  
*G D7 G9 G7 G9*  
 Still crazy after all these years

*Amaj7 Ama7 Ema7(1) E7(2) Em(ma7)(2) Em(2)*  
 Four in the morning crapped out yawn ing  
*G#m7 C#sus4(2) C#(1) F#maj7 F#*  
 Longing my life a way  
*Em7 B(1) C(2) B(1) C(2) G*  
 I'll never worry. Why should I?  
*G7 Cma7 B C B C B(2) Am7(1) G*  
 It's all gonna fade

*G G7 C Cm6*  
 Now I sit by my window and I watch the cars  
*G F#dim7 B E(2) D(1)*  
 I fear I'll do some damage one fine day  
*A A7/C# D D#dim7*  
 But I would not be convicted by a jury of my peers  
*A E(2) E#dim7(1) F#m D#dim7*  
 Still crazy after all these years, Oh  
*A A Dsus4 D*  
 Still crazy Still crazy  
*A/E E7 A(2) D(1) A*  
 Still crazy after all these years

# Sundown

by Gordon Lightfoot (1973)

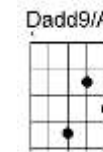
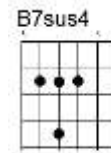
*E* *E5*  
I can see her lyin' back in her satin dress  
*B7sus4* *E7*  
In a room where ya do what ya don't confess

*E5* *Aadd9/C#*  
Sundown ya better take care  
*Dadd9/A* *E5*  
If I find you bin creepin' 'round my back stairs  
*E5* *Aadd9/C#*  
Sundown ya better take care  
*Dadd9/A* *E5*  
If I find you bin creepin' 'round my back stairs

She's bin lookin' like a queen in a sailor's dream  
And she don't always say what she really means  
Sometimes I think it's a shame  
When I get feelin' better when I'm feelin' no pain  
Sometimes I think it's a shame  
When I get feelin' better when I'm feelin' no pain

I can picture every move that a man could make  
Getting lost in her lovin' is your first mistake  
Sundown ya better take care  
If I find you bin creepin' 'round my back stairs  
Sometimes I think it's a sin  
When I feel like I'm winnin' when I'm losin' again

I can see her lookin' fast in her faded jeans  
She's a hard lovin' woman, got me feelin' mean  
Sometimes I think it's a shame  
When I get feelin' better when I'm feelin' no pain  
Sundown ya better take care  
If I find you bin creepin' 'round my back stairs  
Sundown ya better take care  
If I find you bin creepin' 'round my back stairs  
Sometimes I think it's a sin  
When I feel like I'm winnin' when I'm losin' again



# Sweet Baby James

by James Taylor (1970)

*D* *A* *G* *F#m* *F#m*  
There is a young cowboy he lives on the range.

*Bm* *G* *D* *F#m* *F#m*  
His horse and his cattle are his only companion.

*Bm* *G* *D* *F#m*  
He works in the saddle and he sleeps in the canyon.

*G* *D* *A* *Em7* *Em7* *A* *A*  
Waiting for summer, his pastures to change.

*G* *G* *A* *D*  
And as the moon rises he sits by his fire.

*Bm* *G* *D* *A*  
Thinkin' about women and glasses of beer.

*G* *G* *A* *D*  
Closing his eyes as the doggies retire

*Bm* *G* *D* *D*  
He sings out a song which is soft but it's clear

*E7sus4* *E7* *A7sus4* *A7sus4* *A* *A*  
As if maybe someone could hear.

*D* *G* *A* *D*  
Goodnight you moonlight la dies.

*Bm* *G* *D* *D*  
Rock-a-bye sweet baby James.

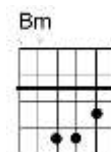
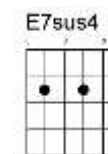
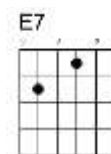
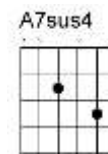
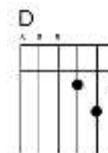
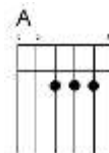
*Bm* *G* *D* *D*  
Deep greens and blues are the colors I choose.

*E7sus4* *E7* *A7sus4* *A*  
Won't you let me go down in my dreams.

*G* *A* *D* *D*  
And rock-a-bye sweet baby James.

Now the first of December was covered with snow.  
And so was the turnpike from Stockridge to Boston.  
Lord the Berkshires seemed dreamlike on account of that frosting.  
With ten miles behind me and ten thousand more to go.

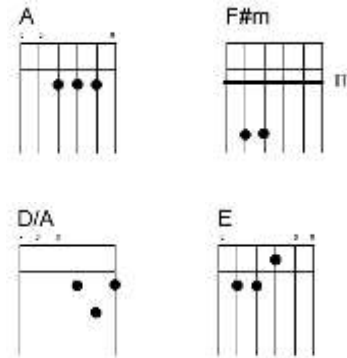
There's a song that they sing when they take to the highway.  
A song that they sing when they take to the sea.  
A song that they sing of they're home in the sky.  
Maybe you can believe it if it helps you to sleep.  
But singing works just fine for me.



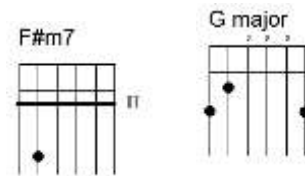
# Take Me Home, Country Roads

by John Denver  
(1971)

Almost heaven, West Virginia,  
 Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River.  
 Life is old there, older than the trees,  
 Younger than the mountains, growin' like a breeze.



Country roads, take me home,  
 To the place I belong.  
 West Virginia, mountain momma,  
 Take me home, country roads.



All my mem'ries gather 'round her,  
 Miner's lady, stranger to blue water.  
 Dark and dusty, painted on the sky,  
 Misty taste of moonshine, tear drop in my eye.

I hear her voice, in the mornin' hour she calls me,  
 The radio reminds me of my home far away.  
 And drivin' down the road I get the feelin' that I should have been home  
 yesterday, yesterday.

# Taxi by Harry Chapin (1972)

*D Am D Am D Am D Am*  
 It was raining hard in 'Frisco I needed one more fare to make my night  
*D Am D Am C Bb D Am/D D Am/D*  
 A lady up ahead waved to flag me down, she got in at the light

*D Am/D D Am/D D Am/D D Am/D D Am/D*  
 Oh, where you going to, my lady blue? It's a shame you ruined your gown in the rain.  
*D Am/D D Am/D C Bb D Am/D D Am/D C(3) D C(3) D*  
 She just looked out the window, she said: "Sixteen Parkside Lane."

*D Am/D D Am/D D Am/D D Am/D*  
 Something about her was familiar, I could swear I'd seen her face before,  
*D Am/D D Am/D C Bb D Am/D D Am/D*  
 But she said: "I'm sure you're mistaken," and she didn't say anything more.

*D Am/D D Am/D D Am/D D Am/D*  
 It took a while, but she looked in the mirror, then she glanced at the license for my name  
*D Am/D D Am/D C Bb D Am/D D Am/D*  
 A smile seemed to come to her slowly, it was a sad smile, just the same

*G G D D C G D D*  
 And she said: "How are you Harry?" I said, "How are you Sue?"  
*G G D Bm Em7 Em7 Em/A Em/A D Am/D*  
 Through the too many miles and the too little smiles, I still remember you"

*D Am/D D Am/D D Am/D D Am/D D Am/D C Bb D Am/D D Am/D*

*D Am/D D Am/D D Am/D D Am/D*  
 It was somewhere in a fairy tale, I used to take her home in my car  
*D Am/D D Am/D C Bb D Am/D D Am/D*  
 We learned about love in the back of a Dodge but the lesson hadn't gone too far

*G G Em Em D D Bm Bm*  
 You see, she was gonna be an actress and I was gonna learn to fly  
*G D D C Bb D Am/D*  
 She took off to find the footlights and I took off to find the sky

*D Am/D D Am/D C C C C C C C*

*C C C C Bm Bm E7 E7*  
 Oh, I've got something inside me to drive a princess blind  
*Am Am Am Am Am D D Em Em Em Em*  
 There's a wild man, wizard, he's hiding in me illuminating my mind  
*C C C C Bm Bm E7 E7*  
 Oh, I've got something inside me, not what my life's about  
*Am Am Am Am Am Bbma7 Bbma7 Bbma7 Bbma7 Ebma7 Ebma7*  
 'Cause I've been letting my outside tide me over 'til my time runs out

*Ebma7 Ebma7 Ebma7 Bbma7 Bbma7 F F*

*F F F F Cma7 Cma7 Cma7 Cma7 Gm7 Gm7 Gm7 Gma7 C7 C7 C7 C7*  
 Baby's so high that she's sky ing, yes she's fly ing, a afraid to fall  
*F F G F Em Em Em Em Am9 Am9 Am9 Am9 Gm9 Gm9 Gm9 Gm9*  
 I'll tell you why baby's cry ing, 'Cause she's dy ing, aren't we all

D Am/D D Am/D

There was not much more for us to talk about, Whatever we had once was gone  
So I turned my cab into the driveway past the gate and the fine trimmed lawns

And she said, we must get together but I knew it'd never be arranged.  
And she hand me twenty dollars for a two-fifty fare. She said: "Harry, keep the change"

Well another man might have been angry, and another man might have been hurt  
But another man never would have let her go... I stashed the bill in my shirt

And she walked away in silence, it's strange, how you never know  
But we'd both gotten what we'd asked for such a long, long time a go

You see, she was gonna be an actress and I was gonna learn to fly  
She took off to find the footlights and I took off for the sky

And here, she's acting happy, inside her handsome home  
And me, I'm flying in my taxi, taking tips, and getting stoned  
I go fly ing so high, when I'm stoned

# This Old Guitar

by John Denver (1974)

*D* *A* *Bm* *F#m*  
This old guitar taught me to sing a love song,  
*G* *A7sus4* *D(½)* *D/C#(½)* *Bm(½)* *Bm/A(½)*  
It showed me how to laugh and how to cry.  
*G* *A* *D(½)* *D/C#(½)* *Bm(½)* *Bm/A(½)*  
It introduced me to some friends of mine and brightened up some days.  
*G* *A7sus4* *D* *D/C#* *Bm* *Bm/A*  
And it helped me make it through some lonely nights. Oh  
*G* *A7*  
What a friend to have on a cold and lonely  
*D(½)* *D/C#(½)* *Bm(½)* *Bm/A(½)* *G(½)* *G/F#(½)* *A7sus4(½)* *A7(½)*  
night

This old guitar gave me my lovely lady,  
it opened up her eyes and ears to me.  
it brought us close together and I guess it broke her heart,  
it opened up the space for us to be,  
what a lovely place and a lovely space to be.

This old guitar gave me my life my living  
All the things you know I love to do  
To serenade the stars that shine from a sunny mountainside,  
And most of all, to sing my songs for you,  
I love to sing, to my songs for you,  
Yes I do, you know,  
I love to sing, to my songs for you.

# Time in a Bottle by Jim Croce (1971)

*Am Am/G# Am/G D/F#*  
*Dm/F(1) E/B(1) Am/C(1) Dm/D(1) Am/C(1) E/B(1)*  
*E/G#(1) Am/C(1) E/B(1) E/D(1) Am/C(1) E/B(1)*

*Am Am/G# Am7/G Am/F##*  
If I could save time in a bottle  
*Dm7/F Dm(1) E7(1) Dm(1) E/G#m(1) Am/A(1) E/B(1) E7/D(1) Am/C(1) E/B(1)*  
The first thing that I'd like to do )  
*Am Am/G Dm7/F Dm7*  
Is to save every day till eternity passes  
*Am/C Dm E/G#m(1) Am/A(1) E/B(1) E7/G#(1) Dm/F(1) E/G#(1)*  
away Just to spend them with you

If I could make days last forever  
If words could make wishes come true  
I'd save every day like a treasure and then,  
Again, I would spend them with you

*A Ama7/G#*  
But there never seems to be enough time  
*A6/F# A/E*  
To do the things you want to do  
*D A/C# Bm7 E7*  
Once you find them  
*A Ama7/G#*  
I've looked around enough to know  
*A/F# A/E*  
That you're the one I want to go  
*D A/C# Bm7 E7*  
Through time with

If I had a box just for wishes  
And dreams that had never come true  
The box would be empty except for the memory  
Of how they were answered by you

*End with Am9*



# Trumpet Vine

by Kate Wolf (1977)

*A* *A* *D* *D*  
The trumpet vine grew in the kitchen window

*E* *E* *A* *A*  
And bloomed bright orange on the wall

*A* *A* *D* *D*  
You sat in the morning light, holding a guitar

*E* *E* *A* *A*  
As the first summer rain began to fall

*D* *D* *A* *A*  
Like the gentle raindrops, your words fell in the air

*D* *D* *A* *E* *E*  
Making things so clear, as we quietly sat there

*A* *A* *Bm* *Bm7*  
It reminded me of other times you had come before

*E7* *E7* *E7* *A* *A*  
And brought a song or just walked in through the kitchen door

Now it seems the truest words I ever heard from you  
Were said at kitchen tables we have known.  
'Cause somehow in the warm room, with coffee on the stove,  
Our hearts were really most at home.

Sitting at the table, looking hard at you  
Catching up on stories of the things we'd tried to do  
It seems we really said the most when we didn't talk at all  
Let the songs speak for us like the sunlight on the wall.

Now as we come and go, in sunshine and in rain,  
Some years are seen more clearly than the rest.  
And if it weren't for kitchen songs and mornings spent with friends  
We all might lose the things we love the best.

I can see you sitting there, beneath the trumpet vine.  
The sunlight through the window in the kitchen in my mind.  
You came when you were needed, I could not ask for more.  
Than to turn to find you walking, through the kitchen door.

# Watching the River Run

by Kenny Loggins and Jim Messina  
(1973)

G G Dm Dm C C Am D7

G G C C  
If you've been thinkin' you were all that you've got  
D D G D7  
then don't feel alone anymore.

G G C C  
'Cause when we're together then you've got a lot  
D D7 D7 G C G G7  
'cause I am the river and you are the shore.

C C D D G D Em7 G  
And it goes on and on, watching the river run  
C C/B Am D  
further and further from things that we've done,  
G G G7 G7  
leaving them one by one.

C C D D G Dm E7 E7  
And we have just be gun watching the river run,  
Am Am7 D D7 G (repeat intro)  
listening and learning and yearning to run river run.

G G C C  
Winding and swirling and dancing along,  
D D G D7  
we passed by the old willow tree  
G G C C  
where lovers caress as we sing them our song,  
D7 D7 D7 G C G G7  
rejoicing together when we greet the sea.



The musical score is presented in a standard format with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is 3/4. The score consists of two staves: a guitar staff at the top and a vocal staff at the bottom. The guitar staff includes fret numbers and chord diagrams for G, Dm/A, C, Am, and D7. The vocal staff contains the lyrics with corresponding chord changes indicated by letters above the notes. The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines, with some measures containing multiple chords or complex rhythmic patterns.

# Well May the World Go (Que Vaya Bien) by

Pete Seeger (1973)

*C*                    *F*                    *C*                    *G7*  
Well may the world go, the world go, the world go.  
*C*                    *F*                    *C*<sub>(½)</sub>                    *G7*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*  
Well may the world go, when I'm far away.

Well may the skiers turn, the swimmers churn, the lovers burn  
Peace, may the generals learn, when I'm far away.

Sweet may the fiddle sound, the banjo play the old hoe down  
Dancers swing round and round, when I'm far away.

Fresh may the breezes blow, clear may the streams flow  
Blue above, green below, when I'm far away.

*C*                    *F*                    *C*                    *G7*  
Cuando yo me vaya que vaya bien el mundo.  
*C*                    *F*                    *C*<sub>(½)</sub>                    *G7*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*  
Cuando yo me vaya que el mundo bien esté.

Que corran los caminos, que amen los amantes,  
que no hayan más heridos cuando yo no esté.

Qué rico suena el cuatro, el güiro y el son.  
Que baile bien mi patria cuando yo no esté.

Que ya no haya prisa, que fluyan los ríos,  
que caigan las fronteras cuando yo no esté.

# Who by the Fire? by Leonard Cohen (1974)

*Am/E Am/E Am/F Am/F E E E E*

*Am G Am Am*  
And who by fire  
*Am G Am Am*  
Who by water  
*C G C C*  
Who in the sunshine  
*C G C C*  
Who in the night time  
*Am G Am Am*  
Who by high ordeal  
*Am G Am Am*  
Who by common trial  
*C G C C*  
Who in your merry merry month of may  
*C G C C*  
Who by various slow decay  
*Am Am Fma7 Fma7 E E E E*  
And who shall I say is calling?

And who in her lonely slip  
Who by barbiturate  
Who in these realms of love  
Who by something blunt  
And who by avalanche  
Who by powder  
Who for his greed  
Who for his hunger  
And who shall I say is calling?

And who by brave assent  
Who by accident  
Who in solitude  
Who in this mirror  
Who by his lady's command  
Who by his own hand  
Who in mortal chains  
Who in power  
And who shall I say is calling?

# Whole Wide World

Eric Goulden (1974)

*E*            *A*            *E*            *A*  
When I was a young boy my mama said to me,  
*E*                            *A*                            *E*                            *A*  
"There's only one girl in the world for you, she probably lives in Tahiti."

*E,*    *E*    *A*            *E*            *A*  
I'd go the whole wide world; I'd go the whole wide world just to find her.

*E*    *A*    *E*    *A*  
Or maybe she's in the Bahamas, where the Caribbean Sea is blue,  
*E*    *A*    *E*    *A*  
Weeping in the tropical moonlit night 'cause nobody's talking about you.

*E*    *E*  
I'd go the whole wide world; I'd go the whole wide world just to  
*A*    *E*    *E*  
find her. I'd go the whole wide world; I'd go the whole wide world to find  
*E*<sub>(1/2)</sub>    *A*    *E*  
out where they hide her. I'd go the whole wide world; I'd go the  
*E*    *A*            *E*            *A*            *E*            *A*  
whole wide world just to find her.

Why am I hanging around in the rain out here, trying to pick up a girl?  
Why are my eyes filling up with these lonely tears. when there're girls all over the world?

Is she lying on a tropical beach somewhere, underneath the tropical sun?  
Pining away in a heatwave there, hoping that I won't be long?

I should be lying on that sun-soaked beach with her, caressing her warm brown skin  
And then in a year or maybe not quite, we'll be sharing the same next of kin

# Wild World

by Cat Stevens (1970)

*Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *D7*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *Cmaj7*<sub>(½)</sub> *F*<sub>(½)</sub> *Dm*<sub>(½)</sub> *E*<sub>(½)</sub> *E*<sub>(½)</sub>  
La la la ...

*Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *D7*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *Cmaj7*<sub>(½)</sub>  
Now that I've lost everything to you, you say you wanna start something  
*F*<sub>(½)</sub> *Dm*<sub>(½)</sub> *E*  
new and it's breakin' my heart you're leavin'. Baby, I'm grievin'

*Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *D7*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *Cmaj7*<sub>(½)</sub>  
But if you wanna leave, take good care, hope you have a lot of nice things to  
*F*<sub>(½)</sub> *Dm*<sub>(½)</sub> *E*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub>  
wear but then a lot of nice things turn bad out there

*C*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *F* *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *F*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*  
Oh, baby, baby, it's a wild world. It's hard to get by just upon a smile  
*C*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *F* *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *F*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *Dm*<sub>(¼)</sub> *E*<sub>(¼)</sub>  
Oh, baby, baby, it's a wild world. I'll always remember you like a child, girl

*Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *D7*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *Cmaj7*<sub>(½)</sub>  
You know I've seen a lot of what the world can do and it's breakin' my heart in  
*F*<sub>(½)</sub> *Dm*<sub>(½)</sub> *E*  
two, because I never wanna see you a sad, girl. Don't be a bad girl

*Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *D7*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *Cmaj7*<sub>(½)</sub>  
But if you wanna leave, take good care. Hope you have a lot of nice friends out  
*F*<sub>(½)</sub> *Dm*<sub>(½)</sub> *E*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub>  
there, but just remember there's a lot of bad and beware

*C*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *F* *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *F*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*  
Oh, baby, baby, it's a wild world. It's hard to get by just upon a smile  
*C*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *F* *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *F*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *Dm*<sub>(¼)</sub>  
*E*<sub>(¼)</sub>  
Oh, baby, baby, it's a wild world. I'll always remember you like a child, girl

*Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *D7*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *Cmaj7*<sub>(½)</sub> *F*<sub>(½)</sub> *Dm*<sub>(½)</sub> *E*  
La la la ... Baby I love you

*Am*<sub>(½)</sub> *D7*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *Cmaj7*<sub>(½)</sub>  
But if you wanna leave, take good care. Hope you have a lot of nice friends out  
*F*<sub>(½)</sub> *Dm*<sub>(½)</sub> *E*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub> *G*<sub>(½)</sub>  
there, but just remember there's a lot of bad and beware

# Workin' at the Carwash Blues

by Jim Croce (1973)

Well, I had just got out from the county prison doin' ninety days for non-support  
 Tried to find me an executive position but no matter how smooth I talked  
 They wouldn't listen to the fact that I was a genius, The man say, "We  
 got all that we can use." Now I got them steadily depressin', low  
 down mind messin' working at the car wash blues

Well, I should be sittin' in an air conditioned office in a swivel chair  
 Talkin' some trash to the secretaries, sayin', "Hey, now mama, come on over here"  
 Instead, I'm stuck here rubbin' these fenders with a rag and  
 walkin' home in soggy old shoes." Now I got them steadily depressin', low  
 down mind messin' working at the car wash blues

You know a man of my ability, he should be smokin' on a big cigar But till I  
 get myself straight I guess I'll just have to wait in my rubber suit a-rubbin' these cars  
 Well, all I can do is a shake my head, you might not believe that it's true  
 For workin' at this indoor Niagara Falls is an undiscovered Howard Hughes. So baby  
 don't expect to see me with no double martini in any high-brow society news,

'Cause I got them steadily depressin', low  
 down mind messin' working at the car wash blues

# Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald by Gordon Lightfoot (1976)

*Asus2*      *Asus2*      *Em*      *Em*  
The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down, of the  
*G*              *D*                      *Asus2* *Asus2*  
big lake they call they call "Gitche Gumee, "  
*Asus2* *Asus2*      *Em*              *Em*  
The lake it is said never gives up its dead when the  
*G*              *D*                      *Asus2*      *Asus2*  
skies of November turn gloomy,

*Asus2*              *Asus2* *Em*              *Em*  
With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand tons more,  
*G*              *D*                      *Asus2* *Asus2*  
Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty,  
*Asus2*              *Asus2* *Em*              *Em*  
that good ship and true, was a bone to be chewed,  
*G*              *D*                      *Asus2* *Asus2*  
when the gales of November came early.

The ship was the pride of the American side coming back from some mill in Wisconsin,  
As the big freighters go it was bigger than most, with a crew and good captain well seasoned,  
concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms, when they left fully loaded for Cleveland,  
and later that night when the ships bell rang, could it be the north wind they'd been feeling?

The wind in the wires made a tattle-tale sound, and a wave broke over the railing,  
and every man knew as the captain did too, 'twas the witch of November come stealin',  
the dawn came late and breakfast had to wait, when the gales of November came slashin',  
when the afternoon came it was freezin' rain, in the face of a hurricane west wind.

When suppertime came the old cook came on deck, sayin', "Fellas its too rough to feed ya."  
at seven p.m. a main hatch way caved in; he said, "Fellas its been good to know ya."  
the captain wired in, he had water comin' in, and the good ship and crew were in peril,  
and later that night when his lights went outta sight, came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.

Does anyone know where the love of God goes, when the waves turn the minutes to hours?  
the searchers all say they'd have made Whitefish Bay, if they'd put fifteen more miles behind 'er,  
they might have split up, or they might have capsized; they may have broke deep and took water,  
all that remains is the faces and names of the wives and the sons and the daughters.

Lake Huron rolls, Superior swings, in the rooms of her ice water mansions,  
old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams, the islands and bays are for sportsmen,  
and farther below Lake Ontario takes in what Lake Erie can send her,  
and the iron boats go as the mariners all know, with the gales of November remembered.

In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed, in the Maritime Sailors Cathedral,  
the church bell chimed 'til it rang twenty-nine times, for each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald,  
The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down, of the big lake they call "Gitche Gumee,"  
"Superior," they said, "never gives up its dead when the gales of November come early!"



# Yankee Lady

by Jesse Winchester (1970)

A                    A                    D                    A  
I lived with the decent folks in the hills of old Vermont  
A                    A                    E                    E  
Where what you do all day depends on what you want. And I,  
A                    A                    D                    A  
I took up with a woman there though I was still a kid  
A                    A                    E                    A                    A                    A  
And I smile like the sun to think of all the loving that we did

She rose each morning and went to work and she kept me with her pay  
I was making love all night and playing guitar all day And I got me  
apple cider and homemade bread to make a man say grace  
And clean linens on our bed and a warm feet fireplace.

D                    A                    E                    A  
Yankee lady so good to me Yankee lady just a memory  
D                    A                    E                    A                    A                    A  
Yankee lady so good to me; your memory that's enough for me

An autumn walk on a country road and a million flaming trees  
I was feeling uneasy cause there was winter in the breeze and she said  
"Oh Jesse, look over there, the birds they're southward bound  
Oh Jesse, I'm so afraid to lose the love that we've found ."

D                    A                    E                    A  
Yankee lady so good to me Yankee lady just a memory  
D                    A                    E                    A                    A                    A                    D                    A  
Yankee lady so good to me; your memory that's enough for me

I don't know what called to me but I know that I had to go  
I left that Vermont town with a lift to Mexico and now  
and now when I see myself as a stranger by my birth  
The Yankee lady's memory reminds me of my worth.

# You're Gonna Make Me Lonesome When You Go

by Bob Dylan (1974)

*D* *D/C#* *Bm* *Gsus2*  
I've seen love go by my door, it's never been this close before  
*D* *D/C#* *Asus2* *A7*  
Never been so easy or so slow  
*D* *D/C#* *Bm* *Gsus2*  
I've been shooting in the dark too long, when something's not right, it must be wrong  
*D* *Asus2* *D* *D*  
You're gonna make me lonesome when you go

Dragon clouds so high above, I've only known about careless love  
It always has hit me from below  
But this time 'round it's more correct, right on target, so direct  
You're gonna make me lonesome when you go

Purple clover, Queen Anne Lace, crimson hair across your face  
You could make me cry if you don't know  
Can't remember what I was thinking of, you might be spoiling me too much, love  
You're gonna make me lonesome when you go

*A* *A* *D* *D*  
Flowers on the hillside blooming crazy  
*A* *A* *D* *D*  
Crickets talking back and forth in rhyme  
*E* *E* *E* *E*  
Blue river running slow and lazy  
*Gsus2* *Gsus2* *Gsus2* *A* *A* *Asus4*  
I could stay with you forever, and never realize the time

Situations have ended sad, relationships have all been bad  
Mine have been like Verlaine's and Rimbaud  
But there's no way I can compare all those scenes to this affair  
You're gonna make me lonesome when you go

You're gonna make me wonder what I'm doing  
Staying far behind without you  
You're gonna make me wonder what I'm saying  
You're gonna make me give myself a good talking to

I look for you in old Honolulu, San Francisco, Ashtabula  
You're gonna have to leave me now, I know  
But I'll see you in the sky above, in the tall grass and the ones I love  
You're gonna make me lonesome when you go

# You're Gonna Make Me Lonesome When You Go

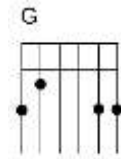
by Bob Dylan (1974)

*G* *G/F#* *Em7* *Csus2*  
 I've seen love go by my door, it's never been this close before

*G* *G/F#* *Dsus2* *D*  
 Never been so easy or so slow

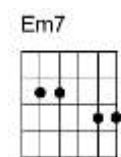
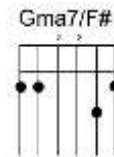
*G* *G/F#* *Em7* *Csus2*  
 I've been shooting in the dark too long, when something's not right, it must be wrong

*G* *D* *G* *G*  
 You're gonna make me lonesome when you go



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 It always has hit me from below

But this time 'round it's more correct, right on target, so direct  
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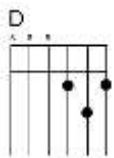
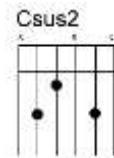
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 You're gonna make me lonesome when you go

*D* *D* *G* *G*  
 Flowers on the hillside blooming crazy

*D* *D* *G* *G*  
 Crickets talking back and forth in rhyme

*A* *A* *A* *A*  
 Blue river running slow and lazy

*Csus2* *Csus2* *Csus2* *D* *D* *Dsus4*  
 I could stay with you forever, and never realize the time

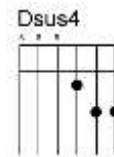
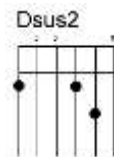


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 You're gonna make me lonesome when you go

You're gonna make me wonder what I'm doing  
 Staying far behind without you

You're gonna make me wonder what I'm saying  
 You're gonna make me give myself a good talking to



I look for you in old Honolulu, San Francisco, Ashtabula

You're gonna have to leave me now, I know

But I'll see you in the sky above, in the tall grass and the ones I love

You're gonna make me lonesome when you go

# Your Smiling Face

by James Taylor (1977)

D A/C# Bm7 D/A G D/F# Em7 G/A D<sub>(hold)</sub>

D A/C# Bm7 D/A G D/F# Em7 G/A  
Whenever I see your smiling face, I have to smile myself, because I love  
D D Bm7 Bm7 Em7 Em7 A7sus4 A  
you.

D A/C# Bm7 D/A G D/F# Em7 G/A  
And when you give me that pretty little pout it turns me inside out there's somethin'  
D D Bm7 Bm7 Em7 Em7 A7sus4 A#dim7  
about you baby, I don't know.

Bm F#m G G#dim7 D/A A#dim7 Bm A  
Isn't it amazing a man like me can feel this way?  
G G D D Em7 D/A G G  
Oh, tell me how much longer. It can grow stronger every day  
A A F#m7 F#m7 B7sus4 A  
Ohhh....how much longer

D A/C# Bm7 D/A G D/F# Em7 G/A  
I thought I was in love a couple of times before with the girl next door but that was  
D D Bm7 Bm7 Em7 Em7 A7sus4 A  
long before I met you. Now I'm sure that I won't forget you  
D A/C# Bm7 D/A G D/F# Em7 G/A  
And I thank my lucky stars that you are who you are and not just  
D D Bm7 Bm7 Em7 Em7 A7sus4 A#dim7  
Another lovely lady sent down to break my heart

D A/C# Bm7 D/A G D/F# Em7 G D D  
No one can tell me that I'm doin' wrong to day  
Bm7 Bm7 Em7 Em7 A7sus4 A  
Whenever I see you smile at me

D A/C# Bm7 D/A G D/F# Em7 G/A D<sub>(hold)</sub>  
Whenever I see your smiling face, I have to smile myself, because I love you

