

# Folk — Post 1980 to current

|  |    |
|--|----|
| Across the Great Divide .....          | 3  |
| All the Good People .....              | 4  |
| Another New World .....                | 5  |
| Band Played Waltzing Matilda.....      | 7  |
| Blind Willie McTell .....              | 9  |
| California Stars.....                  | 10 |
| Charlie.....                           | 11 |
| Christmas in the Trenches .....        | 13 |
| City.....                              | 14 |
| Come on Up to the House.....           | 15 |
| Coming Back to You.....                | 16 |
| Curra Road.....                        | 17 |
| Dance Me to the End of Love.....       | 19 |
| Dark Turn of Mind.....                 | 20 |
| De Camino a la Vereda .....            | 21 |
| Didn't Leave Nobody but the Baby ..... | 22 |
| Django's Lullaby .....                 | 23 |
| Don't Dream It's Over.....             | 24 |
| Don't Go Down to the Quarry .....      | 25 |
| Don't Mess with My Toot Toot.....      | 26 |
| El Salvador.....                       | 27 |
| Everybody Knows.....                   | 28 |
| Falling Slowly .....                   | 29 |
| Far Away .....                         | 30 |
| Fisherman's Blues.....                 | 31 |
| Galway Girl.....                       | 32 |
| Georgia Lee .....                      | 33 |
| Give Yourself to Love .....            | 34 |
| Hallelujah .....                       | 35 |
| Happy Birthday.....                    | 36 |
| Here in California .....               | 37 |
| I Shall Be Released.....               | 38 |
| I Wave Bye Bye.....                    | 39 |
| I'd Rather Be in Love .....            | 40 |
| In Spite of Ourselves .....            | 41 |
| Is It Like Today? .....                | 42 |
| Lady Come Down.....                    | 43 |
| Let the Mystery Be .....               | 44 |
| Light One Candle .....                 | 45 |
| Moon Glow, Lamp Low.....               | 46 |
| Orphan Train.....                      | 47 |
| Our Town .....                         | 48 |

|   |    |
|---|----|
| Place in the Choir .....                        | 49 |
| Red Clay Halo .....                             | 50 |
| Rich Man's War .....                            | 51 |
| Right Field .....                               | 52 |
| Ring Them Bells .....                           | 54 |
| Somos El Barco .....                            | 55 |
| Speed of the Sound of Loneliness .....          | 56 |
| Sweet Is the Melody .....                       | 57 |
| Sweet Survivor .....                            | 58 |
| Traffic in the Sky .....                        | 61 |
| Train Carrying Jimmie Rodgers Home .....        | 62 |
| Upward Over the Mountain .....                  | 63 |
| Wagon Wheel.....                                | 64 |
| Wasteland of the Free .....                     | 65 |
| Way Down in the Hole.....                       | 67 |
| Why Don't You Just Go Home? .....               | 68 |
| Wonderwall .....                                | 69 |
| You Got Me Singing .....                        | 70 |
| You're the One Who I Want When I'm Lonely ..... | 71 |

# Across the Great Divide

by Kate Wolf (1980)

A A<sub>(1/2)</sub> D<sub>(1/2)</sub> A  
I've been walking in my sleep  
A F#m F#m D  
Counting troubles 'stead of counting sheep  
D A A F#m  
Where the years went I can't say  
F#m D E A  
I just turned around and they've gone away  
A A A<sub>(1/2)</sub> D<sub>(1/2)</sub> A  
It's gone away in yesterday  
A F#m F#m D  
Now I find myself on the mountainside  
D A F#m  
Where the rivers change direction  
D<sub>(1/2)</sub> E7<sub>(1/2)</sub> A A  
Across the Great Divide

I've been sifting through the layers  
Of dusty books and faded papers  
They tell a story I used to know  
And it was one that happened so long ago

Now, I heard the owl a-callin'  
Softly as the night was fallin'  
With a question and I replied  
But he's gone across the borderline

The finest hour that I have seen  
Is the one that comes between  
The edge of night and the break of day  
It's when the darkness rolls away.

# All the Good People

by Ken Hicks (1987)

This is a song for all the good people,  
All the good people who touched up my life.  
This is a song for all the good people,  
People I'm thanking my stars for tonight.

This is a song for all the good women  
Who knew what I needed was something they had:  
Food on the table and a heart that was able,  
Able to keep me just this side of sad.

This is a song for all the good fellows  
Who shared of their time, some good and some bad.  
We drank in the kitchen, held no competition,  
Each knowing the other was a good friend to have.

And this is a song for all the good travelers  
Who passed through my life as they moved along:  
Gypsies and tinkers, rambler and thinkers—  
Each took the time to sing me a song.

This is a song for all the good people,  
All the good people who touched up my life.  
Some helped in all ways; some helped in small ways.  
Some always told me "you're doing all right."

This is a song I sing for my lady,  
I sing for my lady, who puts up with me,  
My ramblin', my roamin', my late-night come homin';  
She is the sunshine that flows down on me.

This is a song for the pickers and singers  
Whose tunes and whose voices have blended with mine  
On back steps and stages, for love and for wages,  
It's one kind of givin', and some kinda fine

This is a song for the friends who are leaving  
Smiling and crying we hold them farewell  
We pray for their safety until our next meeting  
When that shall happen time only will tell

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of three staves of music. The first staff has five measures with chords G, D, C, G, and C above it. The second staff has five measures with chords G, C, D7, G, and D above it. The third staff has six measures with chords C, G, C, G, D7, and G above it. The lyrics are: "This is a song\_\_ for all the good peo- ple,\_\_\_ All the good peo- ple who touched up my life;\_\_\_\_\_ This is a song\_\_ for all the good peo- ple,\_\_\_ Peo- ple I'm thank-in' my stars for to - night.\_\_\_\_"



*Em Em Em Em*  
colder, and the world got quiet. It was  
never quite day or quite night. And the  
sea turned the color of sky turned the color of  
sea turned the color of ice. After  
last all around us was vastness, one vast glassy  
desert of arsenic white. And the  
waves that once lifted us, shifted instead into  
drifts against Annabelle's sides, and the crew gathered

*Em Em Em Em*  
closer, at first for the comfort, but each  
morning would bring a new set, of  
tracks in the snow leading over the edge of the  
world, 'til I was the only one left. After  
that it gets cloudy, I feel like I lay there, for  
days, and maybe for months. Oh the  
Annabel held me, the two of us happy, just to  
think back on all we had done. *break*

But I  
told her of other other new worlds we'd discover, as she  
gave up her body to me. As I  
chopped up her mainmast for timber, I told her of  
all that we still had to see. As the  
frost turned her moorings to nine-tails, and the  
wind lashed her sides in the cold, and I  
burned her to keep me alive every night in the  
lover's embrace of her hold. I can't call it

*Em Em Em Em*  
rescue, what brought me back here, to this  
old world to drink and decline,  
pretend that the search for another new world was  
well worth the burning of mine But  
sometimes at night, in my dreams comes the singing, of  
some unheard tropical bird. And I  
smile in my sleep, thinking Annabelle Lee's finally  
made it another new world

sometimes at night, in my dreams comes the singing, of  
some unheard tropical bird. And I  
smile in my sleep, thinking Annabelle Lee's finally  
made it another new world. *Break to end*

# Band Played Waltzing Matilda By Eric Bogle (1980))

*G C G Em*  
When I was a young man I carried a pack  
*G D7 G G*  
and I lived the free life of a rover.  
*G C G Em*  
From the Murray's green banks to the dusty outback  
*G D7 G G*  
I waltzed my Matilda all over.  
*D D G G*  
Then in nineteen fifteen my country said "son",  
*D D G G*  
There's no time for rovin' there's work to be done!  
*G C G Em*  
And they gave me a tin hat and gave me a gun  
*G D7 G G*  
And they sent me away to the war.

*G C G G*  
And the band played Waltzing Matilda  
*G G D7 D7*  
As the ship pulled away from the quay,  
*C C G Em*  
and 'midst all the cheers, the flag waving and tears,  
*G D7 G G*  
We sailed off for Gallipoli

How well I remember that terrible day  
How our blood stained the sand and the water  
And how in that hell they called Suvla Bay  
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter  
Johnny Turk he was waiting, he'd primed himself well  
He showered us with bullets, and rained us with shell,  
And in five minutes flat, he'd blown us to hell  
Nearly blew us right back to Australia

And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda  
As we stopped to bury the slain  
We buried ours and the Turks buried theirs,  
Then we started all over again

They collected the crippled, the wounded and maimed  
And they shipped us back home to Australia  
The armless the legless, the blind and insane,  
All the brave heroes of Suvla  
And when our ship pulled in to Circular Quay,  
I looked at the place where my legs used to be,  
And thanked Christ there was nobody waiting for me -  
To grieve, to mourn and to pity.

And the band played Waltzing Matilda,  
As they carried us down the gangway,  
But nobody cheered, they just stood and stared -  
And they turned all their faces away.

And so now every April I sit on my porch,  
And I watch the parade pass before me,  
And I see my old comrades how proudly they march,  
Reviving old dreams and past glories,  
But the old men march slowly their bones stiff and sore,  
Tired old men from a tired old war,  
And the young people ask what are they marching for,  
And I ask myself the same question.

But the band played Waltzing Matilda  
And the old men still answer the call,  
But year by year more old men disappear  
Soon no one will march there at all.



# Blind Willie McTell

by Bob Dylan (1983)

*Em D Em D*

*Em B7 Em Em*  
Seen the arrow on the doorpost  
*Em B7 Em Em*  
Saying, "This land is condemned  
*Em B7 D A*  
All the way from New Orleans  
*C D Em Em*  
To Jerusalem.  
*Em B7 Em Em*  
I traveled through East Texas  
*Em B7 Em Em*  
Where many martyrs fell  
*Em B D A*  
And I know no one can sing the blues like  
*C D Em Em*  
Blind Willie McTell

Well, I heard the hoot owl singing  
As they were taking down the tents  
The stars above the barren trees  
Were his only audience  
Them charcoal gypsy maidens  
Can strut their feathers well  
But nobody can sing the blues  
Like Blind Willie McTell

See them big plantations burning  
Hear the cracking of the whips  
Smell that sweet magnolia blooming  
(And) see the ghosts of slavery ships  
I can hear them tribes a-moaning  
(I can) hear the undertaker's bell  
(Yeah), nobody can sing the blues  
Like Blind Willie McTell

There's a woman by the river  
With some fine young handsome man  
He's dressed up like a squire  
Bootlegged whiskey in his hand

There's a chain gang on the highway  
I can hear them rebels yell  
And I know no one can sing the blues  
Like Blind Willie McTell  
Well, God is in heaven  
And we all want what's his  
But power and greed and corruptible seed  
Seem to be all that there is  
I'm gazing out the window  
Of the St. James Hotel  
And I know no one can sing the blues  
Like Blind Willie McTell

Seen the arrow on the doorpost  
Saying, "This land is condemned  
All the way from New Orleans  
To Jerusalem."  
I traveled through East Texas  
Where many martyrs fell  
And I know no one can sing the blues  
Like Blind Willie McTell

# California Stars

lyrics by Woodie Guthrie (1930) and music by Billie Bragg (1997)

G                    G                    D                    D  
 I'd like to rest my heavy head tonight on a bed of California stars  
C                    C                    G                    G  
 I'd like to lay my weary bones tonight on a bed of California stars  
G                    G                    D                    D  
 I'd love to feel your hand touching mine and tell me why I must keep working on  
C                    C                    G                    G  
 Yes, I'd give my life to lay my head tonight on a bed of California stars

G   G   D   D  
C   C   G   G

G                    G                    D                    D  
 I'd like to dream my troubles all away on a bed of California stars  
C                    C                    G                    G  
 Jump up from my starbed and make another day underneath my California Stars  
G                    G                    D                    D  
 They hang like grapes on vines that shine and warm the lover's glass like friendly wine  
C                    C                    G                    G  
 So, I'd give this world just to dream a dream with you, on our bed of California stars

The musical score is presented in two systems. The first system covers the first two lines of lyrics and includes a guitar tablature section labeled 'TAB' with fret numbers and a '3-3' triplet marking. The second system covers the last two lines of lyrics and includes a guitar tablature section with a '3' marking. Chord changes are indicated by letters G, C, and D above the staff lines.

# Charlie

by Kenneth Pattengale and Joey Ryan (The Milk Carton Kids) (2011)

*C* *Am* *F* *C*  
Charlie, I'll make a deal with you  
*G/C* *G/C* *C* *C7*  
after which you can do anything you want to  
*F* *G/C* *Am* *C*  
I know I've got the leg up, as you're still only made up  
*F* *G/C* *C* *C*  
but baby you know I wrote this song for you

*C* *Am* *F* *C*  
Don't go kissing boys, don't make a lot of noise  
*G/C* *G/C* *C* *C7*  
let daddy sing his songs, and be real good  
*F* *G/C* *Am* *C*  
just treat your teachers nice and find a healthy appetite  
*F* *G/C* *C* *C*  
for what you really, really want to do

*C* *Am* *F* *C*  
And if in fact your married before the day I'm buried  
*E7* *E7* *Am* *Am*  
follow just my one and only rule  
*F* *G/C* *Am* *C*  
for everything you do just remember through and through  
*F* *G/C* *C* *C*  
to be my best friend 'cause i'll be one for you

*F* *F* *C/G* *C/G*  
Charlie, you'll be strong Charlie, you'll be smart  
*Am* *Am* *F* *F*  
Charlie, you'll be anything you want to from the start  
*Fmaj7* *G/C* *E7* *Am*  
Charlie, oh my baby, you'll be every bit the lady  
*F* *G/C* *C* *C*  
that'll go on breaking this old lonely heart

*C* *Am* *F* *C*  
I know just how you'll be cause you'll be just like me  
*G/C* *G/C* *C* *C7*  
charming, so alarming and a little crazy

*F* *G/C* *Am* *C*

the queen of some sand castle, an abrasive, rowdy hassle  
but kind and loving, fresh and bright, I know

C Am F C  
Come to me with problems, I swear, I won't go try to solve 'em  
G/C G/C C C7  
I'll only tell you everything I know  
F G/C Am C  
like standing tall was all I had, like boys are bad and love's a fad  
F G/C C C  
that no one ever learns to just let go

F F C/G C/G  
Charlie, you'll be strong Charlie, you'll be smart  
Am Am F F  
Charlie, you'll be anything you want to from the start  
Fmaj7 G/C E7 Am  
Charlie, oh my baby, you'll be every bit the lady  
F G/C C C  
that'll go on breaking this old lonely heart

C Am F C  
Charlie, there's just one little thing before we meet some lovely spring  
E7 E7 Am Am  
I have to go and you find you a nice momma  
F G/C Am C  
she'll be just like me and you, perfect in just what we do  
F G/C Am Am  
a love as strong as father and his daughter

F F C/G C/G  
Charlie, you'll be strong Charlie, you'll be smart  
Am Am F F  
Charlie, you'll be anything you want to from the start  
Fmaj7 G/C E7 Am  
Charlie, oh my baby, you'll be every bit the lady  
F G/C C C  
that'll go on breaking this old lonely heart

F G/C  
Oh, darling, Charlie  
C/G G/C C G/C C

# Christmas in the Trenches by John McCutcheon (1984)

*D D/C# Bm Bm7 G D/F# Em D C# B A G F# E*  
My name is Francis Toliver, I come from Liverpool.  
*A7 A7 G/B A7/C# G D/F# D D A B C# G F# D*  
Two years ago the war was waiting for me after school.  
*D D/C# Bm Bm7 G D/F# Em Em*  
To Belgium and to Flanders, Germany to here.  
*A7 A7 G/B A7/C# D D D D*  
I fought for King and country I love dear.

*A7 A7 G/B A7/C# G D/F# D D*  
'Twas Christmas in the trenches, where the frost so bitter hung.  
*Bm Bm Bm/A Bm/A G D/F# A7sus A7*  
The frozen fields of France were still, no Christmas song was sung.  
*D D/C# Bm Bm/A G D/F# Em*  
Our families back in England were toasting us that day,  
*A7 A7 G/B A7/C# D D D D*  
Their brave and glorious lads so far away.

I was lying with my mess mate on the cold and rocky ground.  
When across the lines of battle came a most peculiar sound.  
Says I, "now listen up me boys." Each soldier strained to hear  
As one young German voice sang out so clear.  
"He's singing bloody well y'know," my partner says to me.  
Soon one by one each German voice joined in in harmony.  
The cannons rested silent, and the gas clouds rolled no more.  
As Christmas brought us respite from the war.

As soon as they were finished, and a reverent pause was spent,  
"God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" struck up some lads from Ghent.  
Oh the next they sang was "Stille Nacht", 'tis Silent Night says I.  
And in two tongues one song filled up that sky.  
"There's someone coming towards us", the front line sentry cried.  
All sights were fixed on one lone figure trudging from their side.  
His truce flag like a Christmas star shone on that plain so bright  
As he bravely strolled unarmed into the night.

Then one by one on either side walked into no-man's land.  
With neither gun nor bayonet we met there hand to hand.  
We shared some secret brandy and we wished each other well.  
And in a flare-lit soccer game we gave 'em hell.  
We traded chocolates, cigarettes and photographs from home.  
These sons and fathers far away from families of their own.  
Young Sanders played the squeezebox and they had a violin.  
This curious and unlikely band of men.

Soon daylight stole upon us and France was France once more.  
With sad farewells we each began to settle back to war.  
But the question haunted every heart that lived that wondrous night.  
"Whose family have I fixed within my sights?"  
'Twas Christmas in the trenches, where the frost so bitter hung.  
The frozen fields of France were warmed as songs of peace were sung.  
For the walls they kept between us to exact the work of war  
Had been crumbled and were gone forever more.

My name is Francis Toliver, in Liverpool I dwell.  
Each Christmas comes since World War I, I've learned its lessons well.  
For the ones who call the shots won't be among the dead and lame,  
And on each end of the rifle we're the same.

# City by Steve Earle (2011)

*D* *D*<sup>(¼)</sup> *G*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(½)</sup>  
This city won't wash a way  
*(slide into)* *D* *A*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(¾)</sup>  
This city won't ever drown  
*(slide into)* *D*<sup>(¾)</sup> *G*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*  
Blood in the water, and Hell to pay  
*(slide into)* *D* *A*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(¾)</sup>  
Sky tear open and pain rain down

*G* *D*  
Doesn't matter let come what may  
*Em* *A7*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(¼)</sup> *A7*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(¼)</sup>  
I ain't ever gonna leave this town  
*D* *G*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*<sup>(½)</sup>  
This city won't wash away  
*D* *A*<sup>(¼)</sup> *D*<sup>(¾)</sup>  
This city won't ever drown

Ain't the river or the wind to blame  
As everybody around here knows  
Nothing holding back Pontchartrain  
'cept a prayer and a promise's ghost

This town's digging our graves  
In solid marble above the ground  
Maybe our bones will wash away  
But this city won't ever drown

This city won't ever die  
Just as long as our heart beats strong  
Like a second line steppin' high  
Raisin' hell as we roll along

Gentile to Vieux Carre  
Lower 9, Central City, Uptown  
Singing jockamo fee nané  
This city won't ever drown

Doesn't matter 'cause there ain't no way  
I'm ever gonna leave this town  
This city won't wash away  
This city won't ever drown.

# Come on Up to the House

by Tom Waits (1999)

*A F#m D A*  
Well the moon is broken and the sky is cracked.

*A A F#m F#m*  
Come on up to the house. The only  
*A F#m D A*  
things that you can see, is all that you lack, you gotta

*A E7 A A*  
Come on up to the house  
All your cryin' don't do no good.  
Come on up to the house.  
Come down off the cross, we can use the wood.  
Come on up to the house.

*A A A A*  
Come on up to the house  
*A A F#m F#m*  
Come on up to the house The world is  
*A F#m D A*  
not my home I'm just passin' thru', you gotta  
*A E7 A A*  
Come on up to the house

There's no light in the tunnel, no irons in the fire,  
come on up to the house. And you're singin'  
lead soprano in a junkman's choir. You gotta  
come on up to the house. Does  
life seem nasty, brutish and short?  
Come on up to the house.  
The seas are stormy and you can't find no port.  
Come on up to the house

There's nothin' in the world that you can do. You gotta  
come on up to the house. And you've been  
whipped by the forces that are inside you.  
Come on up to the house. Well you're  
high on top of your mountain of woe.  
Come on up to the house. Well, you know you  
should surrender but you can't let go. You gotta  
come on up to the house.

# Coming Back to You

by Leonard Cohen (1984)

*E* *C#m* *F#m* ( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *B7* ( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *E*  
Maybe I'm still hurting I can't turn the other cheek  
*E* *C#m* *F#m* ( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *B7* ( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *E*  
But you know that I still love you it's just that I can't speak  
*A* *G#m* *G#7* *C#m* ( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *F#m* ( $\frac{1}{2}$ )  
I looked for you in everyone and they called me on that too  
*E* *C#m* *F#m* ( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *B7* ( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *E*  
I lived alone but I was only coming back to you  
*Descending bass on first line E D# C# B F# B E*

*E* *C#m* *F#m* ( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *B7* ( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *E*  
They're shutting down the factory now just when all the bills are due  
*E* *C#m* *F#m* *B7*  
And the fields they're under lock and key though the rain and the sun come through  
*A* *G#m* *G#7* *C#m* ( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *F#m7* ( $\frac{1}{2}$ )  
And springtime starts but then it stops in the name of something new  
*E* *C#m* *F#m* ( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *B7* ( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) *E*  
And all the senses rise against this coming back to you

*A* *G#m* *A* *G#m*  
And they're handing down my sentence now and I know what I must do  
*G#7* *C#m* *F#7* *B7*  
Another mile of silence while I'm coming back to you

There are many in your life and many still to be  
Since you are a shining light there's many that you'll see  
But I have to deal with envy when you choose the precious few  
Who've left their pride on the other side of coming back to you

Even in your arms, I know I'll never get it right  
Even when you bend to give me comfort in the night  
I've got to have your word on this or none of it is true  
And all I've said was just instead of coming back to you



# Curra Road

by Ger Wolfe (1998)

*C F C C*  
In the summer we'll go walking, way down to the  
*Am7 Am7 C F*  
river, down the Curra Road.

*C F C C*  
There's a blue sky we'll walk under, listen to the  
*F F C C*  
humming bees and on we'll go  
*F G F G*  
We won't worry about the winter, worry about it  
*F G C C(½) F(½)*  
raining, worry about the snow.

*C F C C*  
In the summer we'll go walking, way down to the  
*F F C C*  
river, down the Curra Road.

Past the cattle at their grazing, through the woods of  
hazel, holly, birch and oak.

Past the robin on the gatepost, singing to the  
bluebells, sunlight is their host.

We won't worry about the traffic, worry about the radio,  
worry about the phone

In the summer we'll go waltzing, hand in hand to-  
gether, down the Curra Road.

There is music in the river, listen to it  
dancing underneath the bridge

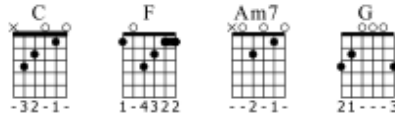
And the wind is hardly breathing words unto the  
willow, branches overhead

We won't worry about the government, worry about the video,  
Worry about the day,

In the summer we'll go laughing, way down to the  
river, down the dusty way.

# Curra Road

by Ger Wwolfe



Standard tuning

♩ = 120

N-Gt

1. C F C C Am7

*mf*  
In the summer we'll go walk ing, way down to the ri ver,  
There's a blue sky we'll walk un der, lis ten to the hum ming,

TAB

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 2 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 3 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|

1. Am7 C C F 2. F C

6 down the Cur ra Road. bees and on we'll go

TAB

|   |   |   |     |   |     |   |   |   |   |   |     |   |
|---|---|---|-----|---|-----|---|---|---|---|---|-----|---|
| 0 | 3 | 0 | (0) | 2 | (2) | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 3 | (3) | 3 |
|---|---|---|-----|---|-----|---|---|---|---|---|-----|---|

2. C F G F G

11 We won't wo rry about the wi nter, wor ry about it

TAB

|     |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|-----|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| (3) | 2 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 1 |
|-----|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|

16 F G C C F

rain ing, wo rry about the snow...

TAB

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |     |   |     |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|---|-----|
| 2 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 2 | 0 | (0) | 0 | (0) |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|---|-----|

# Dance Me to the End of Love

by Leonard Cohen  
(1984)

*Am Am Em Em B7 B7 Em Em*

*Am* Dance me to your beauty with a burning violin  
*Am Am Em Em*  
Dance me through the panic 'til I'm gathered safely in  
*Am Am Em Em*  
Lift me like an olive branch and be my homeward dove  
*B7/F# B7 Em Em*  
Dance me to the end of love  
*B7/F# B7 Em Em*  
Dance me to the end of love

Oh let me see your beauty when the witnesses are gone  
Let me feel you moving like they do in Babylon  
Show me slowly what I only know the limits of  
Dance me to the end of love  
Dance me to the end of love

Dance me to the wedding now, dance me on and on  
Dance me very tenderly and dance me very long  
We're both of us beneath our love, we're both of us above  
Dance me to the end of love  
Dance me to the end of love

Dance me to the children who are asking to be born  
Dance me through the curtains that our kisses have outworn  
Raise a tent of shelter now, though every thread is torn  
Dance me to the end of love  
Dance me to the end of love

Dance me to your beauty with a burning violin  
Dance me through the panic till I'm gathered safely in  
Touch me with your naked hand or touch me with your glove  
Dance me to the end of love  
Dance me to the end of love  
Dance me to the end of love

# Dark Turn of Mind

by Gillian Welch and David Rawlins (2011)

*F*            *Dm7*            *G7sus2/B*    *G7sus2/B*  
Take me and love me if you want me  
*Bb*            *Bbm*            *A7*    *A7*  
Don't ever treat me unkind  
              *F*            *F7/Eb*    *Bb*    *Bbm*  
'Cause I had that trouble already  
              *F*            *C7*            *F*    *F*  
And it left me with a dark turn of mind

Now I see the bones in the river  
And I feel the wind through the pine  
And I hear the shadows a-calling  
To a girl with a dark turn of mind

*F*    *Dm7*    *G7sus2/B*    *G7sus2/B*  
*Bb*    *Bbm*    *A7*            *A7*  
*F*    *F7/Eb*    *Bb*            *Bbm*  
*F*    *C7*        *F*                *F*

*Bb*            *Bbm(6)*    *Dm*    *Dm7/C*  
But oh ain't the nighttime so lovely to see?  
*Bb*            *Bbm(6)*    *Dm7*    *F*  
Don't all the nightbirds sing sweetly?  
*Bb*            *Bbm*        *F*            *F*  
you'll never know how happy I'll be  
*G7sus2/B*    *G7sus2/B*    *C7*    *C7*  
When the sun is going down

And leave me if I'm feeling too lonely  
Full as the fruit on the vine  
You know some girls are bright as the morning  
And some have a dark turn of mind

*F*        *Dm7*        *G7sus2/B*        *G7sus2/B*  
*Bb*        *Bbm*        *A7*                *A7*  
              *F*                *F7/Eb*        *Bb*                *Bbm*  
You know some girls are bright as the morning  
              *F*                                *C7*                *F*    *F*  
And some girls are blessed with a dark turn of mind

# De Camino a la Vereda

lyric by Ibrahim Ferrer (written 1950s  
and recorded 1996)

*Eb*                      *Ab*                      *Bb*                      *Eb*  
¡Oígame compay! No deje el camino por coger la vereda.  
*Eb*                      *Ab*                      *Bb*                      *Eb*  
¡Oígame compay! No deje el camino por coger la vereda.

¡Oígame compay! No deje el camino por coger la vereda.

Ay, pero yo como soy tan sencillo pongo en claro esta trovada  
Yo como soy tan sencillo pongo en claro esta trovada  
Compay, yo no dejo el trillo pPara meterme en cañada.

¡Oígame compay! No deje el camino por coger la vereda.

Ay, pero estabamo' comentando pPor qué ha abandonado a Andrea  
Estabamo' comentando por qué ha abandonado a Andrea  
Compadre uste' 'ta cambiando de camino por vereda.

¡Oígame compay! No deje el camino por coger la vereda.

Pero mire compadrito, uste' ha 'dejao' a la  
Pobre Geraldina para meterse con Dorotea.

¡Oígame compay! No deje el camino por coger la vereda.

No hables de tu marido mujer. Mujer de malos sentimientos,  
Todo se te ha vuelto un cuento porque no ha llegado la hora fatal.

¡Oígame compay! No deje el camino por coger la vereda.

Ay ay ay ay, canta y no llore' Eliade'  
Porque cantando se alegran, cielito mío  
Los corazones.

No hables de tu marido mujer.  
Mujer de malos sentimientos,  
Todo se te ha vuelto un cuento porque no ha llegado la hora fatal.

Ay, huyanle, huyanle, huyanle al mayoral.

Pero ese señor está en el paso  
Y no me deja pasar.

A la man... a la man... a la mancunchévere,  
Camina como chévere ha matao su madre, mamá

# Didn't Leave Nobody but the Baby

traditional,  
version by Gillian Welch for "Oh Brother Where Art Thou?", (2000)

*Single major chord throughout the song*

Go to sleep you little babe  
Go to sleep you little babe  
Your mama's gone away and your daddy's gonna stay  
Didn't leave nobody but the baby

Go to sleep you little babe  
Go to sleep you little babe  
Everybody's gone in the cotton and the corn  
Didn't leave nobody but the baby

You're sweet little babe  
You're sweet little babe  
Honey in the rock and the sugar don't stop  
Gonna' bring a bottle to the baby

Don't you weep pretty babe  
Don't you weep pretty babe  
She's long gone with her red shoes on  
Gonna' need another lovin' baby

Go to sleep you little babe  
Go to sleep you little babe  
You and me and the Devil makes three  
Don't need no other lovin' baby

Go to sleep you little babe  
Go to sleep you little babe  
Come and lay your bones on the alabaster stones  
And be my ever-lovin' baby

# Django's Lullaby

by Jerry Jeff Walker (1990)

*G* *G* *G* *Am* *Am*  
Most of the best music I'll ever play, comes out of being late at night  
*D* *Am* *D* *G* *G*  
When I'm singing the children to sleep in their bed, trying to get myself right

*G* *G* *G* *Am* *Am*  
The music that I do in my little Django's room, music that just rolls off the heart  
*D* *Am* *D* *G* *G* *G* *G*  
Where it's free and it's easy, made up to soothe him and always feels like a love song

*G* *G* *G* *Am* *Am*  
And the music that I play makes him feel warm and safe so watch him drift off on his way  
*D* *Am* *D* *G* *G*  
Now I hope the music that I play while he's dreaming stays with him, all the rest of his days

*C*<sup>(½)</sup> *C/B*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am/G*<sup>(½)</sup>  
Cause you got to have something, that makes us believe that the  
*D* *G* *G*  
world that we live in is right  
*C*<sup>(½)</sup> *C/B*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am/G*<sup>(½)</sup>  
Watching the future asleep with the baby, could  
*D* *C*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *G* *G*  
brighten my outlook, and make me play all through the night

*G* *G* *G* *Am* *Am*  
Say a man in his time, affects all mankind, if he does what he sees must be done  
*D* *Am* *D* *G* *G*  
Though I humbly ask for all your age little man, make a world that is safe for my son

*C*<sup>(½)</sup> *C/B*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am/G*<sup>(½)</sup>  
Cause we've got to have something, that makes us believe that the  
*D* *G* *G*  
world that we live in is right  
*C*<sup>(½)</sup> *C/B*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am*<sup>(½)</sup> *Am/G*<sup>(½)</sup>  
Watching the future asleep with the children,  
*D* *C*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *G* *G*  
brightens your outlook, and makes you play all through the night

# Don't Dream It's Over

by Neil Finn (1986)

*Dadd2 Dadd2 Bm Bm*  
There is freedom within, there is freedom without  
*G G F# F#*  
Try to catch the deluge in a paper cup  
*D D Bm Bm*  
There's a battle ahead, many battles are lost  
*G G F# F#*  
But you'll never see the end of the road while you're travelling with me

*G A Dma7 Bm*  
Hey now, hey now, don't dream it's over  
*G A Dma7 Bm*  
Hey now, hey now, when the world comes in  
*G A Dma7 Bm*  
They come, they come to build a wall between us  
*G G G A*  
We know they won't win

Now I'm towing my car, there's a hole in the roof  
My possessions are causing me suspicion but there's no proof  
In the paper today tales of war and of waste  
But you turn right over to the T.V. page

Now I'm walking again to the beat of a drum  
And I'm counting the steps to the door of your heart  
Only the shadows ahead barely clearing the roof  
Get to know the feeling of liberation and relief

Hey now, hey now. don't dream it's over  
Hey now, hey now, when the world comes in  
They come, they come to build a wall between us  
| Don't ever let them win



# Don't Go Down to the Quarry

by Peter Yarrow (1981)

Don't go down to the quarry in the middle of the night,  
'Cause you'll never come back, you'll never be right.  
We lost Maggie there just last spring,  
And Big Ben Johnson, he couldn't do a thing.

Big Ben Johnson made a bet with Mad Man Mike  
That he could cross the quarry in the middle of the night.  
He got there about half way across,  
He started sinking down in the red clay moss.

Nearby standing on the tracks where the trains used to come  
Was Mad Man Mike, beatin' on his drum,  
Laughing out loud, eyes rolling in his head,  
Standing on the tracks in Lucifer's stead.

With a long red cape and fire in his eyes,  
He lifted up his hands to the midnight skies,  
And the thunder start to roll, and the lightning flash wild,  
And Big Ben Johnson started crying like a child.

Don't go down to the quarry, don't don't go down,  
Don't go down to the quarry, don't don't go down,  
Don't go down to the quarry, don't don't go down,  
Down, down, down, down.

Then the earth gave a shudder and the quarry start to split,  
Screaming down on Johnson to the fiery pit.  
With a laugh that shivered the center of the bone,  
Mad Man Mike just standing there alone.

He's calling all the people to take their turn  
And fall into the pit and eternally burn.  
Down, down, don't don't go down,  
Down, down, down, down.

Lucifer's caught on the railroad track,  
He's howling at the moon, 'cause he can't come back.  
In the evening when we're sitting there in front of the fire,  
We laugh at old Lucifer before we retire.

Don't go down to the quarry in the middle of the night,  
'Cause you'll never come back, you'll never be right.  
We lost Maggie there just last spring,  
And Big Ben Johnson, he couldn't do a thing.

# Don't Mess with My Toot Toot

by Count Rockin'

Sidney (Sidney Simien ). 1984 Zydeco hit: it contains both a drug and sex connotation while its real meaning is a Cajun term of endearment meaning sweet heart, as in 'mà chere tout-tout.'

G G  
Don't mess with my toot toot  
G G  
Don't mess with my toot toot  
G D  
Well you could have the other woman  
D G  
But don't mess with my toot toot

Well, she was born in her birth suit  
The doctor slap her behind  
He said, 'You're gonna be special  
A-you gonna be fine

A-you can look as much  
But if you much as touch  
You're gonna have yourself a case  
I'm gonna break your face

G G  
Don't mess with my toot toot  
G G  
Don't mess with my toot toot  
G D  
Well you could have the other woman  
D G  
But don't mess with my toot toot

Whoa, mama was the same way too,  
All the fellas didn't know what to do,  
And papa never had a chance,  
With a sweet little toot toot.

She was born in her birth suit,  
The doctor slap her behind, (slap!)  
Said you're gonna to be special,  
You sweet little toot toot.

# El Salvador

by Noel Paul Stookey and Jim Wallis (1982)

A B G#m C#m A B E E

*E* *E* *F#7* *F#7*  
There's a sunny little country south of Mexico, where the winds are gentle and the waters flow.  
*A* *Am* *E* *E*  
But breezes aren't the only things that blow in El Salvador.  
*E* *E* *F#7* *F#7*  
If you took the little lady for a moonlight drive, odds are still good you'd come back alive  
*A* *Am* *E* *E*  
But everyone is innocent until they arrive in El Salvador

*A* *B* *G#m* *C#m*  
If the rebels take a bus on the grand highway the government destroys a village miles away  
*A* *B* *E* *E7*  
The man on the radio says; "now we'll play South of the Border."  
*A* *B* *G#m* *C#m*  
And in the morning the natives say, we're happy you have lived another day  
*A* *B* *E* *E* *C#m* *C#m* *B* *B*  
Last night a thousand more passed away in El Salvador

There's a television crew here from ABC, filming Rio Lempe and the refugees  
Calling murdered children the 'tragedy' of El Salvador  
Before the government cameras 20 feet away, another man is asking for continued aid  
Food and medicine and hand grenades for El Salvador  
There's a thump, a rumble, and the buildings sway, a soldier fires the acid spray  
The public address system starts to play South of the Border  
You run for cover and hide your eyes, you hear the screams from paradise  
*A* *B* *C#m* *C#m* *A* *A* *F#7* *F#7* *B* *B*  
They've fallen further than you realize in El Salvador

Just like Poland is 'protected' by her Russian friends, the junta is 'assisted' by Americans  
And if 60 million dollars seems too much to spend in El Salvador  
They say for half a billion they could do it right, bomb all day, burn all night  
Until there's not a living thing upright in El Salvador  
They'll continue training troops in the USA, and watch the nuns that got away  
And teach the military bands to play South of the Border  
And kill the people to set them free, who put this price on their liberty?  
*A* *B* *A* *A* *G#m* *G#m* *A* *B* *C#m*<sub>(hold)</sub>  
Don't you think it's time to leave El Salvador?

# Everybody Knows

by Leonard Cohen and Sharon Robinson (1995)

*Bb E7 Am Am*

*Am Am F F*  
Everybody knows that the dice are loaded. Everybody rolls with their fingers crossed.

*Am Am F F*  
Everybody knows the war is over. Everybody knows the good guys lost

*Dm E7 G Am*  
Everybody knows that the fight was fixed. The poor stay poor, the rich get rich

*Bb E7 Am*  
That's how it goes. Everybody knows

Everybody knows that the boat is leaking. Everybody knows that the captain lied.  
Everybody got this broken feeling like their father or their dog just died.  
Everybody talking to their pockets. Everybody wants a box of chocolates  
and a long stem rose. Everybody knows.

Everybody knows that you love me, baby. Everybody knows that you really do.  
And everybody knows that you've been faithful, give or take a night or two.  
Everybody knows that you've been discreet but there were so many people you just had to meet  
without your clothes. Everybody knows

*C G Am G(½) F(½) C C*  
Everybody knows, everybody knows. That's how it goes. Everybody knows  
*C G Am G(½) F(½) C C*  
Everybody knows, everybody knows. That's how it goes. Everybody knows

And everybody knows that it's now or never. Everybody knows that it's me or you  
Everybody knows that you live forever when you've done a line or two  
Everybody knows the deal is rotten; Old Black Joe's still picking cotton  
For your riF ons and bows and everybody knows

Everybody knows that the Plague is coming. Everybody knows that it's moving fast  
Everybody knows that your naked man and woman are just a shining artifact of the past  
Everybody knows the scene is dead but there's gonnE be a meter on your bed  
That will disclose what everybody knows

And everybody knows you're in trouble. Everybody knows what you've been through  
From the bloody cross on top of Calvary to the beach of Malibu  
Everybody knows it's coming apart; take one last look at this Mighty Heart  
before it blows and everybody knows

# Falling Slowly

by Glen Hansard and Marketa Irglova (2007)

*C* *Fsus2* *C* *Fsus2*  
I don't know you, but I want you all the more for that  
*C* *F* *C* *F*  
Words fall through me and always fool me, and I can't react

*Am7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Fadd2*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
And games that never amount to more than they're  
*Am7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Fsus9* *Fsus2*  
meant will play themselves out

*C* *Fsus2* *Am7* *Fsus2*  
Take this sinking boat and point it home. We've still got time.  
*C* *Fsus2* *Am7* *Fsus2* *Fsus2*  
Raise your hopeful voice, you have a choice, you've made it now

*C* *Fsus2* *C* *Fsus2*  
Falling slowly, eyes that know me, and I can't go back  
*C* *Fsus2* *C* *Fsus2*  
Moods that take me and erase me, and I'm painted black

*Am7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Em/G*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Fadd2*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
You have suffered enough, and warred with your  
*Am7*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Em/G*<sup>(1/2)</sup> *Fsus9* *Fsus2*  
self; it's time that you won

*C* *Fsus2* *Am7* *Fsus2*  
Take this sinking boat and point it home. We've still got time.  
*C* *Fsus2* *Am7* *Fsus2* *Fsus2*  
Raise your hopeful voice, you have a choice, you've made it now

*C* *Fsus2* *C* *Fsus2*  
Falling slowly sing your melody and I'll sing aloud  
*C* *Fsus2* *Am7* *Fsus2*  
and I'll sing along.

# Far Away

by Ingrid Michaelson (2006)

A E A7

I will live my life as a lobsterman's wife on an island in the blue bay. He will  
take care of me, he will smell like the sea, and close to my heart he'll always stay.

I will bear three girls all with strawberry curls, little Ella and Nelly and Faye.  
While I'm combing their hair, I will catch his warm stare on our island in the blue bay.

Far away far away, I want to go far away, to a new life on a new shoreline. Where the  
water is blue and the people are new, to another island, in another life.

There's a boy next to me, and he never will be anything but a boy at the bar.  
And I think he's the tops, he's where everything stops. How I love to love him from afar.

When he walks right past me then I finally see on this bar stool I can't stay.  
So I'm taking my frown to a far distant town, on an island in the blue bay.

I want to go far away, away, away. I want to go far away, away,  
ay ay, ay, uh, ay, uh, ay Where the  
water is blue and the people are new, to another island, in another life.

# Fisherman's Blues

by Waterboys (1988)

G G F F Am Am C C

G G F F  
I wish I was a fisherman, tumbling on the seas  
Am Am C C  
Far away from dry land, and it's bitter memories  
G G F F  
Casting you my sweet light with abandonment and love  
Am Am C C  
No ceiling staring down on me, just the starry sky above  
G G F F Am Am C C  
With light in my hair, you in my arms, woo woo ooh

G G F F  
I wish I was the brake man, on a Hartland diesel train  
Am Am C C  
Crashing headlong into the heartland, like a cannon in the rain  
G G F F  
With the beating of the sleepers, and the burning of the coal  
Am Am C C  
Counting towns flashing by me, in a night that's full of soul  
G G F F Am Am C C  
With light in my hair, you in my arms, woo woo ooh

G G F F  
Oh I know I will be loosened, from bonds that hold me fast  
Am Am C C  
And the chains all hung around me will fall away at last  
G G F F  
And on that fine and fateful day I will take thee in my arms  
Am Am C C  
I will ride the night train, and I will be the fisherman  
G G F F Am Am C C  
With light in my hair, you in my arms, woo woo ooh  
G G F F Am Am C C  
With light in my hair, you in my arms, woo woo ooh

# Galway Girl by Steve Earle (2000)

Well, I took a stroll on the old long walk on a day i ay i ay  
 I met a little girl and we stopped to talk on a grand soft day i ay. And I ask you

friend, what's a fella to do? 'Cause her  
 hair was black and her eyes were blue. And I knew right then  
 I'd be takin' a whirl 'round the Salthill Prom with a Galway girl

We were halfway there when the rain came down on a day i ay i ay  
 And she took me up to her flat downtown of a fine soft day i ay And I ask you,  
 friend, what's a fella to do? If her  
 hair was black and her eyes were blue. So I took her hand  
 and I gave her a twirl and I lost my heart to a Galway girl

When I woke up I was all alone  
 with a broken heart and a ticket home. And I ask you  
 now, tell me what would you do, if her  
 hair was black and her eyes were blue? I've traveled a round,  
 I've been all over this world; boys I ain't never seen nothin' like a Galway girl

The musical notation consists of four staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The second staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature, containing a bass line of eighth and quarter notes. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature, containing a bass line of eighth and quarter notes. The fourth staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature, containing a melody of eighth and quarter notes. Chords are indicated by letters G, D, Bm, and A below the staves.



# Georgia Lee

by Tom Waits and Kathleen Brennan (1999) (3/4 time)

C G7sus4 G7 C

C<sub>(2)</sub> F<sub>(1)</sub> C Am<sub>(2)</sub> F<sub>(1)</sub> C F C Gsus4 G7  
Cold was the night, hard was the ground. They found her in a small grove of trees

C<sub>(2)</sub> F<sub>(1)</sub> C Am<sub>(2)</sub> F<sub>(1)</sub> C  
And lonesome was the place where Georgia was found. She's too

F C G7sus4 G7  
young to be out on the street. Why wasn't God

C F G7 C F  
watching? Why wasn't God listening? Why

G7 C G7 C C  
wasn't God there for Georgia Lee? Ida said she

C<sub>(2)</sub> F<sub>(1)</sub> C Am<sub>(2)</sub> F<sub>(1)</sub> C F C Gsus4 G7  
couldn't keep Georgia from dropping out of school. I was was doing the best that I could

C<sub>(2)</sub> F<sub>(1)</sub> C Am<sub>(2)</sub> F<sub>(1)</sub> C  
But she just kept runnin away from this world. These

F C G7sus4 G7  
children are so hard to raise good. Why wasn't God

C F G7 C F  
watching? Why wasn't God listening? Why

G7 C G7 C C  
wasn't God there for Georgia Lee?

Gsus4<sub>(2)</sub> G7<sub>(1)</sub> C F C G7sus4<sub>(2)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> C F G7sus4<sub>(2)</sub> G7<sub>(1)</sub>  
Close your eyes and count to ten. I will go and hide but then

Cma7 A7 Dm G7 C F  
Be sure to find me. I want you to find me. And we'll play all over, we'll

C F C F C G7sus4<sub>(2)</sub> G7<sub>(1)</sub>  
play all over, we will play all over again. There's a

C<sub>(2)</sub> F<sub>(1)</sub> C Am<sub>(2)</sub> F<sub>(1)</sub> C F C Gsus4 G7  
toad in the witch grass. There's a crow in the corn. Wild flowers on a cross by the road. And

C<sub>(2)</sub> F<sub>(1)</sub> C Am<sub>(2)</sub> F<sub>(1)</sub> C  
somewhere a baby is crying for her mom as the

F C G7sus4  
hills turn from green back to gold. Why wasn't God

watching? Why wasn't God listening? Why wasn't God there for Georgia Lee?  
Why wasn't God watching? Why wasn't God listening?

C F C G7sus4 G7 C C  
Why wasn't God there for Georgia Lee?

# Give Yourself to Love

by Kate Wolf (1982)

*G* *Em* *C* *G*  
Kind friends all gathered 'round, there's something I would say  
*G* *Em* *C* *D* *D*  
That what brings us together here has blessed us all today.  
*G* *D* *C* *G*  
Love has made a circle that holds us all inside.  
*G* *Em* *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *C*  
Where strangers are as family, loneliness can't hide.

*C*<sub>ma7</sub> *G* *Em* *C* *G*  
You must give yourself to love if love is what you're after;  
*G* *Em* *D* *D*  
Open up your heart to the tears and laughter  
*G* *Em* *C*<sub>(½)</sub> *D*<sub>(½)</sub> *G* *G*<sub>sus4(add9)</sub> *G* *G*<sub>sus4(add 9)</sub>  
And give yourself to love, give yourself to love.

I've walked these mountains in the rain and learned to love the wind;  
I've been up before the sunrise to watch the day begin.  
I've always knew I'd find you, though I never did know how;  
Like sunshine on a cloudy day stand before me now.

So give yourself to love if love is what you're after;  
Open up your hearts to the tears and laughter  
And give yourself to love, give yourself to love.

Love is born in fire; it's planted like a seed.  
Love can't give you everything, but it gives you what you need.  
And love comes when you're ready, love comes when you're afraid;  
It'll be your greatest teacher, the best friend you have made.

So give yourself to love if love is what you're after;  
Open up your hearts to the tears and laughter  
And give yourself to love, give yourself to love.

Give yourself to love if love is what you're after;  
Open up your hearts to the tears and laughter  
And give yourself to love, give yourself to love

# Hallelujah Leonard Cohen (1984)

*G* *Em* *G* *Em*  
I heard there was a secret chord that David played and it pleased the Lord,  
*C* *D* *G* *D*  
but you don't really care for music, do ya?  
*G* *C* *D* *Em* *C*  
It goes like this, the fourth, the fifth the minor fall and the major lift,  
*D* *B7* *Em* *Em*  
the baffled king composing hallelujah  
*C* *C* *Em* *Em*  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
*C* *C* *G* *D* *G* *Em* *G* *Em*  
Hallelujah, Hallelu jah

Your faith was strong but you needed proof; you saw her bathing on the roof.  
Her beauty and the moonlight overthrew ya.  
She tied you to a kitchen chair, she broke your throne, and she cut your hair,  
And from your lips she drew the hallelujah.

Baby I've been here before, I've seen this room I've walked this floor,  
I used to live alone before I knew ya.  
I've seen your flag on the marble arch; love is not a victory march.  
It's a cold it's a broken hallelujah

Well there was a time when you let me know what's real and going on below;  
ah, but now you never show that to me, do ya?  
I remember, yeah, when I moved in you; the holy dove was moving too  
and every breath we drew was hallelujah

Maybe there's a god above but all I ever learned from love  
was how to shoot somebody who outdrew ya  
It's not a cry you hear at night; it's not somebody who's seen the light.  
It's a cold and it's a broken hallelujah

You say I took the name in vain; I don't even know the name;  
but if I did, well really, what's it to ya?  
There's a blaze of light in every word, it doesn't matter which you heard,  
the holy or the broken Hallelujah

I did my best, it wasn't much; I couldn't feel, so I tried to touch;  
I've told the truth, I didn't come to fool ya.  
Yeah and even though it all went wrong, I'll stand before the Lord of Song  
with nothing on my tongue but Hallelujah

*C* *C* *Em* *Em*  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
*C* *C* *G* *D* *G* *Em* *G* *Em*  
Hallelujah, Hallelu jah  
*G* *Em* *C* *C* *G* *D* *Em* *Em* *G* *D* *Em* *Em*  
halleluja hallelujah hallelu jah hallelu jah

# Happy Birthday

music by Franz Lehar (1905) and lyrics by Tom Chapin (1989)

*F F F F C7 F C7 C7*  
 Happy birthday, Happy Birthday, We love you.  
*C7 C7 C7 C7 F C7 F F*  
 Happy birthday and may all your dreams come true.  
*Bb C7 F Dm Gm Gm6 A7 A7*  
 When you blow out the candles, one light stays aglow.  
*C7 C7 F Bb Gm7 C7 F F*  
 It's the love light in your eyes, where'er you go.  
*C7 C7 F Bb Gm7 C7 F<sup>(hold)</sup>*  
 Yes, it's the love light in your eyes, where'er you go.

## Happy Birthday by Tom Chapin (1989)

D G D  
 Ha- py birth- day Ha- py birth- day We, love  
 A7  
 you— Ha- py birth- day and may all your  
 D G D D7 G A D  
 dreams come true----- When you blow out the can-  
 Bm Em A7 F# Em A7  
 dles, one will sta- -ay a- glow--- It's the love light  
 D Bm G A7 D  
 in your eyes where- 'ere you--- go-----

# Here in California

by Kate Wolf (1980)

A A<sup>(1/2)</sup> Bm<sup>(1/2)</sup> A A E E F#m F#m  
When I was young my mamma told me. She said child take your time.  
D D A A Bm Bm D D  
Don't fall in love too quickly, before you know your mind  
A A<sup>(1/2)</sup> Bm<sup>(1/2)</sup> A A E E F#m F#m  
She held me round the shoulders in a voice so soft and kind  
D D A A Bm Bm D D  
She said love can make you happy and love can rob you blind

Bm E A A Bm E7 F#m  
Here in California the fruit hangs heavy on the vine  
D D A A  
And there's no gold I thought I'd warn ya  
Bm E A A  
and the hills turn brown in the summer time

A A<sup>(1/2)</sup> Bm<sup>(1/2)</sup> A A E E F#m F#m  
Now I may learn to love you, but I can't say when  
D D A A Bm Bm D D  
This morning we were strangers and tonight we're only friends  
A A<sup>(1/2)</sup> Bm<sup>(1/2)</sup> A A E E F#m F#m  
I'll take my time to know you, I'll take my time to see  
D D A A Bm Bm D D  
There's nothing I won't show you, if you take your time with me

A A<sup>(1/2)</sup> Bm<sup>(1/2)</sup> A A E E F#m F#m  
There's an old familiar story, an old familiar rhyme  
D D A A Bm Bm D D  
To everything there is a season, to every purpose there's a time  
D D A A Bm Bm D  
A time to love and come together, a time when love longs a name  
C G  
A time for questions we can't answer though we ask them just the same

# I Shall Be Released

by Bob Dylan (1991)

*A* *Bm*  
They say everything can be replaced  
*C#m(½)* *Bm(½)* *A(½)* *E7(½)*  
Yet every distance is not near  
*A* *Bm*  
So I remember every face  
*C#m(½)* *Bm(½)* *A(½)* *E7(½)*  
Of every man who put me here.

*A* *Bm*  
I see my light come shining  
*C#m(½)* *Bm(½)* *A(½)* *E7(½)*  
From the west unto the east.  
*A* *Bm*  
Any day now, any day now,  
*C#m(½)* *Bm(½)* *A*  
I shall be released

*A* *Bm*  
They say every man needs protection.  
*C#m(½)* *Bm(½)* *A(½)* *E7(½)*  
They every man must fall.  
*A* *Bm*  
Yet I swear I see my reflection,  
*C#m(½)* *Bm(½)* *A*  
Somewhere so high above the wall.

*A* *Bm*  
Standing next to me in this lonely crowd  
*C#m(½)* *Bm(½)* *A(½)* *E7(½)*  
Is a man who swears he not to blame.  
*A* *Bm*  
All day long I hear him shout so loud,  
*C#m(½)* *Bm(½)* *A*  
Calling out that he was framed.

# I Wave Bye Bye

by Jesse Winchester (1999)

*A* *F#m*  
Just out in the harbor, all the ships asleep  
*Bm* *E*  
Maybe one cold watchman walks a lonely beat  
*A* *F#m*  
Way out on the water a ship is under sail  
*Bm* *E*  
Leaving wavy starlight and a dreamer in her trail

*A* *F#m* *Bm* *E*  
I wave bye bye, I pray God speed  
*A* *F#m* *Bm* *E*  
I wish lovely weather and more luck than you need  
*A*<sup>(½)</sup> *E/G#*<sup>(½)</sup> *F#m*<sup>(½)</sup> *A*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *C#m7*<sup>(½)</sup> *Bm7*<sup>(½)</sup> *E*<sup>(½)</sup>  
You'll only sail in circles, so there's no need to cry  
*A*<sup>(½)</sup> *D*<sup>(½)</sup> *A*<sup>(½)</sup> *F#m*<sup>(½)</sup> *Bm*<sup>(½)</sup> *E*<sup>(½)</sup> *A*  
No, I'll see you again one day and then I waved bye bye

*A* *F#m*  
The sailing ship reminds me of a certain girl  
*Bm* *E*  
Who left a certain dreamer to sail into the world  
*A* *F#m*  
I've very friendly post-cards from very far away  
*Bm* *E*  
But they just remind me of a certain day

# I'd Rather Be in Love

by Patrick Alger and Walter Carter-(1986)

*C* *Em*  
Ocean breeze, rum on ice  
*F* *C*  
Lazy days and party nights  
*F* *D*  
Here I am in paradise  
*F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*  
I'd rather be in love

*C* *Em*  
Golden sun, silver sand  
*F* *C*  
Careless touch of a stranger's hand  
*F* *D*  
I'll be rested, I'll be tanned  
*F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G7*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*  
I'd rather be in love

*Am* *Em*  
I've had more fun on one rainy night When  
*Dm* *F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *C*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
You were there to call my name and hold me tight  
*Em* *Am*  
Spent a lifetime in this postcard scene Just  
*D* *F*<sub>(1/2)</sub> *G7*<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
Wishin' you were here with me

Miles and miles of clear blue skies  
Not a cloud in paradise  
Except the ones here in my eyes  
I'd rather be in love.

I remember those winter storms  
When you were all I needed to keep me warm  
Now those summer winds they blow so cold  
Make me wish I'd you here to hold



# In Spite of Ourselves

by John Prine (1999)

C C C C  
She don't like her eggs all runny, She thinks crossin' her legs is funny  
F F C C  
She looks down her nose at money, She gets it on like the Easter Bunny,  
G G C C  
She's my baby, I'm her honey, I ain't never gonna let her go.

C C C C  
He ain't got laid in a month of Sundays, caught him once he was sniffing my undies  
F F C C  
He ain't too sharp but he gets things done, drinks his beer like its oxygen  
G G C C C  
He's my baby, and I'm his honey, Never gonna let him go. In spite of our

F F C C  
ourselves, we'll end up sittin' on a rainbow. Against all  
G G C C  
odds, honey we're the big door prize, We're gonna  
F F C C  
spite, our noses right off of our faces. There won't be  
G G C C  
nothing but big old hearts dancing in our eyes.

C C C C  
She thinks all my jokes are corny, Convict movies make her horny,  
F F C C  
She likes ketchup on her scrambled eggs, swears like a sailor when she shaves her leg  
s.  
G G C C  
She takes a lickin', and keeps on tickin', Never gonna let her go

C C C C  
He's got more balls than a big brass monkey, He's a whacked out weirdo and a lovebug  
junkie  
F F C C  
Sly as a fox, crazy as a loon, payday comes and he's a-howling at the moon,  
G G C C  
He's my baby, I don't mean maybe, Never gonna let him go

# Is It Like Today? by Karl Wallinger (1993)

Many years ago he looked out through a glassless window  
All that he could see was Babylon  
Beautiful green fields and dreams and learn to measure the stars  
But there was a worry in his heart.. He said,

How could it come to this? I'm really worried about living  
How could it come to this? Yeah I really want to know about  
this . Then there came a

time, ehh, it moved out 'cross the Mediterranean.  
Came to western isles and the Greek young men.  
And with their silver beards they laughed at the unknown of the universe.  
They could sit and guess God's name. But they said

Then there came a time of kings, empires and revolutions.  
Blood just looks the same when you open the veins.  
But sometimes it was faith, power or reason as the cornerstone.  
But the furrowed brow has never left his face. He said

Then there came a day, man packed up, flew off from the planet.  
He went to the moon, to the moon,  
Now he's out in space, hey, fixing all the problems.  
He comes face to face with God. He said

How could it come to this? I'm really worried 'bout my creation.  
How did it come to this? Yeah I really want to know about this

Is it like today? eeeh, ohhh. Is it like today? heey, heeeey  
Is it like today? wooh, woo. Is it like today? Oh, ooh

# Lady Come Down

lyric by Oscar Wilde (Serenade 1881) music by Charlie Mole (2002)

G A7 C D7 G A7 C D7  
 The western wind is blowing fair, across the dark Aegean Sea  
G A7 C D7 G A7 C D7  
 And at the secret marble stair, my Tyrian galley waits for thee

B7 B7 Em Em  
 Come down the purple sail is spread  
C C D D  
 The watchman sleeps within the town  
B7 B7 Em Em C C D7 D7  
 Oh leave thy lily flowerbed. Oh lady mine,

G A7 C D7 G A7 C D7  
 Come down Lady come down  
G A7 C D7 G A7 C D7  
 Come down Lady come down  
D7 G A7 C  
 Lady come down

The western wind is blowing fair  
 Across the dark Aegean sea,  
 And at the secret marble stair  
 My Tyrian galley waits for thee.  
 Come down! the purple sail is spread,  
 The watchman sleeps within the town,  
 O leave thy lily-flowered bed,  
 O Lady mine come down, come down!

She will not come, I know her well,  
 Of lover's vows she hath no care,  
 And little good a man can tell  
 Of one so cruel and so fair.  
 True love is but a woman's toy,  
 They never know the lover's pain,  
 And I who loved as loves a boy  
 Must love in vain, must love in vain.

O noble pilot tell me true  
 Is that the sheen of golden hair?  
 Or is it but the tangled dew  
 That binds the passion-flowers there?

Good sailor come and tell me now  
 Is that my Lady's lily hand?  
 Or is it but the gleaming prow,  
 Or is it but the silver sand?

No! no! 'tis not the tangled dew,  
 'Tis not the silver-fretted sand,  
 It is my own dear Lady true  
 With golden hair and lily hand!  
 O noble pilot steer for Troy,  
 Good sailor ply the labouring oar,  
 This is the Queen of life and joy  
 Whom we must bear from Grecian shore!

The waning sky grows faint and blue,  
 It wants an hour still of day,  
 Aboard! aboard! my gallant crew,  
 O Lady mine away! away!  
 O noble pilot steer for Troy,  
 Good sailor ply the labouring oar,  
 O loved as only loves a boy!  
 O loved for ever evermore!

# Let the Mystery Be

by Iris Dement (1992)

*D Dsus4 D Dsus2*

*D G A D*  
Everybody is wonderin' what and where they all came from  
*D G A D*  
Everybody is worryin' 'bout where they're gonna go when the whole thing's done  
*D G D G*  
But no one knows for certain, and so it's all the same to me  
*D A D D*  
I think I'll just let the mystery be.

*D G A D*  
Some say once gone you're gone forever and some say you're gonna come back  
*D G A D*  
Some say you rest in the arms of the Saviour if in sinful ways you lack  
*D G D G*  
Some say that they're comin' back in a garden bunch of carrots and little sweet peas  
*D A D D*  
And I think I'll just let the mystery be.

*D G A D*  
Some say they're goin' to a place called Glory and I ain't sayin' it ain't a fact  
*D G A D*  
But I've heard that I'm on the road to purgatory and I don't like the sound of that  
*D G D G*  
Cause I believe in love and I live my life accordingly  
*D A D D*  
But I choose to let the mystery be.

# Light One Candle

by Peter Yarrow (1981) (I, V)

*G*                                    *G*                                    *G*                                    *Em*  
 Light one candle for the Macabe children with thanks their light didn't die.  
*C*                                    *C*                                    *C*                                    *B7*  
 Light one candle for the pain they endured when their right to exist was denied  
*Em*                                    *Em*                                    *C*                                    *A*  
 Light on candle for the terrible sacrifice, justice and freedom demand.  
*G*<sup>(1/2)</sup>                    *Em*<sup>(1/2)</sup>                    *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup>                    *Em*<sup>(1/2)</sup>                    *C*<sup>(1/2)</sup>                    *D*<sup>(1/2)</sup>                    *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup>                    *B7*<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
 Light one candle for the wisdom to know when the peace makers time is at hand.

*E*                    *Am*                    *D*                    *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup>                    *B7*<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
 Don't let the light go out. It's lasted for so many years.  
*E*                    *Am*                    *D*<sup>(1/2)</sup>                    *G*<sup>(1/4)</sup>                    *B7*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *Em*<sup>(1/2)</sup>*Em9*<sup>(1/2)</sup>*Em*<sup>(1/2)</sup>*Em9*<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
 Don't let the light go out. Let it shine through our love and our tears.

Light one candle for the strength that we need to never became our own foe.  
 And light one candle for those who are suffering, pain we learned so long ago.  
 Light one candle for all we believe in, let anger not tear us a-part.  
 And light one candle to bind us together with peace as the song in our hearts.

And what is the memory that's valued so highly that we keep it alive in the flame?  
 What's the commitment for those who have died, we cry out they have not died in vain?  
 We have come this far, always believing that justice will somehow prevail.  
 This is the burden! This is the promise! and this is why we will not fail!

*E*                    *Am*                    *D*                    *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup>                    *B7*<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
 Don't let the light go out. It's lasted for so many years.  
*E*                    *Am*                    *D*                    *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup>                    *B7*<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
 Don't let the light go out. Let it shine through our love and our tears.  
*E*                    *Am*                    *D*                    *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup>                    *B7*<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
 Don't let the light go out. It's lasted for so many years.  
*E*                    *Am*                    *D*                    *G*<sup>(1/2)</sup>                    *B7*<sup>(1/2)</sup>  
 Don't let the light go out. Let it shine through our love and our tears.  
*Em*                    *Am*                    *Em*                    *Am*  
                   Don't let the light go out!                    Don't let the light go out!  
*Em*                    *Am*  
                   Don't let the light go out!

# Moon Glow, Lamp Low

by Ellen Mandell (2007)

*E*      *Adim*      *E*      *A*  
Moonglow,    lamp low,    All I need is a rainbow----and  
*E*      *A(½)*    *B7(½)*      *E*    *B7*  
True love, just like sugar,    in my coffee

*E*      *Adim*      *E*      *A*  
Moonbeam,    sleeping,    all I need is a sweet dream----and  
*E*      *A(½)*    *B7(½)*      *E*    *E7*  
True love just like honey    in my tea

*A*      *E*  
The sky says goodbye with the wink of an eye  
*A(½)*      *B7(½)*      *E(½)*      *E7(½)*  
Bright blue yawning to the west  
*A*      *E*  
As the sun goes down fighting, windows are shining  
*B7*      *B7*  
And the houses on the hill are getting undressed

*E*      *Adim*      *E*      *A*  
Moonshine    dreamtime    all I need is a goldmine, and  
*E*      *A(½)*    *B7(½)*      *E*    *B7*  
True love, just like sugar    in my coffee

*E*      *Adim*      *E*      *A*  
Moonglow,    lamp low,    all I need is a rainbow, and  
*E*      *A*  
True love, just like sugar  
*E*      *B7sus2*  
True love, just like honey  
*E*      *A(½)*    *B7(½)*  
True love, just like sugar,    in my  
*E*    *B7*    *E*    *E*  
Coffee, coffee, coffee

# Orphan Train

by Utah Phillips (2005)

C C G7 G7  
Once I had a darling mother, though I can't recall her name  
G7 G7 C C  
I had a baby brother who I'll never see again  
C C F F  
For the Children's Home is sending us out on the Orphan Train  
C G7 C C  
To try to find someone to take us in

C C C C  
Take us in, we have rode the Orphan Train  
G7 G7 G7 G7  
Take us in, we need a home, we need a name  
C C F F  
Take us in, oh won't you be our kin  
C G7 C C  
We are looking for someone to take us in

I have stolen from the poorbox, I've begged the city streets  
I've swabbed the bars and poolrooms for a little bite to eat  
In my daddy's old green jacket and these rags upon my feet  
I've been looking for someone to take me in

The Children's Home they gathered us, me and all the rest  
They taught us to sit quietly until the food was blest  
Then they put us on the Orphan Train and sent us way out West  
To try to find someone to take us in.

The farmers and their families they came from miles around  
We lined up on the platform of the station in each town  
And one by one we parted like some living lost-and-found  
And one by one we all were taken in

Now there's many a fine doctor or a teacher in your school  
There's many a good preacher who can teach the Golden Rule  
Who started out an orphan sleeping in the freezing rain  
Whose life began out on the Orphan Train.

# Our Town

by Iris Dement (1992)

G C G D  
And you know the sun's setting fast and just like they say, nothing good ever lasts  
G C G D  
Go on now, and kiss it goodbye, but hold on to your lover, 'cause your heart's bound to die  
G C G D  
Go on now, and say goodbye to our town, to our town  
G C G D  
Can't you see the sun setting down on our town, on our town, goodnight

Up the street beside the red neon light that's where I met my baby on one hot summer night  
He was the tender and I ordered a beer, it's been forty years and I'm still sitting here

But you know the sun's setting fast, and just like they say, nothing good ever lasts  
Go on now, and kiss it goodbye, but hold on to your lover, 'cause your heart's bound to die  
Go on now, and say goodbye to our town, to our town  
Can't you see the sun setting down on our town, on our town, goodnight

It's here I had my babies and I had my first kiss; I've walked down Main Street on the cold  
morning mist  
Over there is where I bought my first car, it turned over once, but then it never went far

And I can see the sun setting fast, and just like they say, nothing good ever lasts  
Well go on now, and kiss it goodbye, but hold on to your lover, 'cause your heart's bound to die  
Go on now, and say goodbye to our town, to our town  
Can't you see the sun setting down on our town, on our town, goodnight

I buried my Mama and I buried my Pa, they sleep up the street beside the pretty brick wall  
I bring 'em flowers about every day, but I just gotta cry when I think what they'd say

If they could see how the sun's setting fast, and just like they say, nothing good ever lasts  
Go on now, and kiss it goodbye, but hold on to your lover, 'cause your heart's bound to die  
Go on now, and say goodbye to our town, to our town  
Can't you see the sun setting down on our town, on our town, goodnight

Now I set on the porch and watch the lightning bugs fly, but I can't see too good, I got tears  
in my eyes  
I'm leaving tomorrow, but I don't wanna go, I love you, my town, you'll always live in my soul

But I can see the sun setting fast, and just like they say, nothing good ever lasts, well  
Go on now, I gotta kiss you goodbye, but I'll hold to my lover, 'cause my heart's bound to die  
Go on now, and say goodbye to my town, to my town  
I can see the sun has gone down on my town, on my town, goodnight  
Goodnight



# Place in the Choir

by Bill Staines (1983)

G G  
All God's critters got a place in the choir  
D7 G  
Some sing low, some sing higher  
C C(½) G(½)  
Some sing out loud on the telephone wire  
D7 G G  
And some just clap their hands or paws or anything they got, now ..

G G  
Listen to the bass, it's the one on the bottom  
D7 G  
Where the bullfrog croaks and the hippopotamus  
C C(½) G(½)  
Moans and groans with a big t'- do  
D7 G  
And the old cow just goes moo

The dogs and the cats, they take up the middle  
While the honeybee hums and the cricket fiddles  
The donkey brays and the pony neighs  
And the old coyote howls

Listen to the top where the little birds sing  
On the melody with the high notes ringing  
The hoot owl hollers over every-thing  
And the jay bird disa-grees

Singing in the night time, singing in the day  
The little duck quacks, then he's on his way  
The 'possum ain't got much to say  
And the porcupine talks to himself

It's a simple song of living sung everywhere  
By the ox and the fox and the grizzly bear  
The grumpy alligator and the hawk above  
The sly raccoon and the turtle dove

# Red Clay Halo by Gillian Welch and David Rawlings (2001)

Oh the girls all dance with the boys from the city

And they don't care to dance with me.

Now it ain't my fault that the fields are muddy

And the red clay stains my feet.

And it's *under* my nails and it's *under* my collar

And it shows on my Sunday clothes.

I *do* my best with soap and water

But the *d*amned old *d*irt won't *go*.

But when I pass through the Pearly Gates, will my gown be gold instead?

Or just a red clay robe with red clay wings And a red clay halo for my head?

Now it's *mud* in the spring and it's *dust* in the summer

When it *blows* in a crimson *tide*,

Until the *trees* and the leaves and the cows are the color

Of the *dirt* on the *mountain* side.

Now *Jordan's* banks, they're *red* and muddy

And the *rolling* water is *wide*,

But I got no *boat* so I'll be *good* and muddy

When I get to the *other* side.

But when I pass through the Pearly Gates, will my gown be gold instead?

Or just a red clay robe with red clay wings and a red clay halo for my heart?

I'll take a red clay robe with red clay wings and a red clay halo for my head.

# Rich Man's War

by Steve Earle (2004)

*D* Jimmy joined the army 'cause he had no place to go  
*D* *A7* *D* *D*  
There ain't nobody hirin' 'round here since all the jobs went down to Mexico  
*D/C#* *Em* *Em*  
*G* Reckoned that he'd learn himself a trade maybe see the world  
*Em* *A* *A7*  
*G* Move to the city someday and marry a black-haired girl  
*G* *D* *G* *D*  
Somebody somewhere had another plan. Now he's got a rifle in his hand  
*D* *A* *Bm* *G*  
Rollin' into Baghdad wonderin' how he got this far  
*D* *A7* *D* *G* *D* *A7*  
Just another poor boy off to fight a rich man's war

Bobby had an eagle and a flag tattooed on his arm  
Red white and blue to the bone when he landed in Kandahar  
Left behind a pretty young wife and a baby girl. A  
stack of overdue bills and went off to save the world  
Been a year now and he's still there; chasin' ghosts in the thin dry air  
Meanwhile back at home the finance company took his car  
Just another poor boy off to fight a rich man's war

*Bm* *G* *D* *A*  
When will we ever learn? When will we ever see  
*Bm* *G* *D* *A* *A*  
We stand up and take our turn and tellin' ourselves we're free

Ali was the second son of a second son  
Grew up in Gaza throwing bottles and rocks when the tanks would come  
Ain't nothin' else to do around here just a game children play  
Somethin' 'bout livin' in fear all your life makes you hard that way  
He answered when he got the call; wrapped himself in death and praised Allah  
A fat man in a new Mercedes drove him to the door  
Just another poor boy off to fight a rich man's war

# Right Field

by Noel Paul Stookey (1992)

*G* *G/F#* *Em* *Em7*  
Saturday summers when I was a kid  
*C* *C/B* *Am7* *D7/F#*  
We'd run to the school yard and here's what we did  
*C* *D* *C* *D*  
We'd pick out the captain and we'd choose up the teams  
*G* *G/F#* *Em* *Em7*  
It was always a measure of my self-esteem  
*C* *C* *Am7* *Am7*  
Cause the fastest, the strongest, played shortstop and first  
*Am7/G* *Am7/G* *D/F#* *D/F#*  
And the last ones they picked were the worst  
*F* *F* *F* *F*  
Oh I never needed to ask it was sealed, I just  
*D7* *D7* *G5* *G5*  
I just took up my place in right field

*G* *G/F#* *Em* *Em7*  
Playing right field, it's easy you know  
*C* *C/B* *Am7* *Am7*  
You can be awkward, you can be slow, that's why  
*C* *D* *C* *D* *G* *C* *G* *G*  
I'm here in right field, just watching the dandelions grow

Playing right field can be lonely and dull  
Little leagues never have lefties that pull  
I dream of the day, they hit one my way  
They never did but still I would say  
That I'd make a fantastic catch on the run  
And not lose the ball in the sun  
And then I'd awake from this long reverie  
And pray that the ball never came out to me

Off in the distance the game's dragging on  
There's strikes on the batter the runners are on  
I don't know the inning I've forgotten the score  
The whole team is yelling and I don't know what for  
Then suddenly everyone's looking at me  
My mind has been wandering what could it be  
They point to the sky and I look up above  
And a baseball falls into my glove

Here in right field it's important you know  
You gotta know how to catch, you gotta know how to throw  
That's why I'm here in right field , just watching the dandelions grow

# Ring Them Bells

by Bob Dylan (1989)

*B*                    *B*                    *E*                    *B*  
Ring them bells ye heathen from the city that dreams  
*B*                    *B*                    *F#*                    *F#*  
Ring them bells from the sanctuaries cross the valleys and streams  
*E*                    *B*                    *G#m7*                    *E*  
For they're deep and they're wide and the world on its side  
*B*                    *E*                    *F#*                    *B*  
And time is running backwards and so is the bride.

*B*                    *B*                    *E*                    *B*  
Ring them bells Saint Peter where the four winds blow  
*B*                    *B*                    *F#*                    *F#*  
Ring them bells with an iron hand so the people will know  
*E*                    *B*                    *G#m7*                    *E*  
For it's rush hour now on the wheel and the plow  
*B*                    *E*                    *F#*                    *B*  
And the sun is going down upon the sacred cow.

*B*                    *B*                    *E*                    *B*  
Ring them bells Sweet Martha for the poor man's son  
*B*                    *B*                    *F#*                    *F#*  
Ring them bells so the world will know that our God is one  
*E*                    *B*                    *G#m7*                    *E*  
Oh the shepherd is asleep where the willows weep  
*B*                    *E*                    *F#*                    *B*  
And the mountains are filled with lost sheep

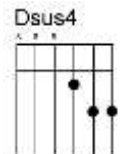
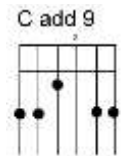
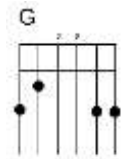
*G#m* *G#m*                    *B* *B*                    *G#m* *G#m*                    *B* *B*  
Ring them bells for the blind and the deaf      Ring them bells for all of us who are left  
*G#m* *G#m*                    *Gaug* *Gaug*                    *B/F#* *B/F#*                    *G#m7/F* *G#m7/F*  
Ring them bells for the chosen few      who will judge the many      when the game is through  
*E* *E*                    *B* *B*                    *E* *E*                    *F#* *F#*  
Ring them bells for the time that flies,      for the child that cries      when the innocence dies.

*B*                    *B*                    *E*                    *B*  
Ring them bells Saint Catherine from the top of the room  
*B*                    *B*                    *F#*                    *F#*  
Ring them from the fortress for the lilies that bloom  
*E*                    *B*                    *G#m7*                    *E*  
Oh the lines are long and the fighting is strong  
*B*                    *E*                    *F#*                    *B*  
And they're breaking down the distance between right and wrong.

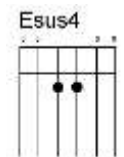
# Ring Them Bells

by Bob Dylan (1989)

G G Cadd9 G  
 Ring them bells ye heathen from the city that dreams  
 G G Dsus4 Dsus4  
 Ring them bells from the sanctuaries cross the valleys and streams  
 Cadd9 G Em7 Cadd9  
 For they're deep and they're wide and the world on its side  
 G Cadd9 Dsus4 G  
 And time is running backwards and so is the bride.



G G Cadd9 G  
 Ring them bells Saint Peter where the four winds blow  
 G G Dsus4 Dsus4  
 Ring them bells with an iron hand so the people will know  
 Cadd9 G Em7 Cadd9  
 For it's rush hour now on the wheel and the plow  
 G Cadd9 Dsus4 G  
 And the sun is going down upon the sacred cow.



G G Cadd9 G  
 Ring them bells sweet Martha for the poor man's son  
 G G Dsus4 Dsus4  
 Ring them bells so the world will know that our God is one  
 Cadd9 G Em7 Cadd9  
 Oh the shepherd is asleep where the willows weep  
 G Cadd9 Dsus4 G  
 And the mountains are filled with lost sheep

Em Em G G Em Em G G  
 Ring them bells for the blind and the deaf. Ring them bells for all of us who are left  
 Em Em Gaug Gaug G/D G/D Esus4 Esus4  
 Ring them bells for the chosen few who will judge the many when the game is through  
 Cadd9 Cadd9 G G Cadd9 Cadd9 Dsus4 Dsus4  
 Ring them bells for the time that flies, for the child that cries when the innocence dies.  
*E D# D A G walkdown on second line*

G G Cadd9 G  
 Ring them bells Saint Catherine from the top of the room  
 G G Dsus4 Dsus4  
 Ring them from the fortress for the lilies that bloom  
 Cadd9 G Em7 Cadd9  
 Oh the lines are long and the fighting is strong  
 G Cadd9 Dsus4 G  
 And they're breaking down the distance between right and wrong.

# Somos El Barco

by Lorre Wyatt (1983)

*F*                      *G*  
The stream sings it to the river,  
*C*                      *Am*  
The river sings it to the sea,  
*Dm7*              *G7*  
The sea sings it to the boat  
*C*                      *C7*  
That carries you and me.

*F*      *G*              *C*      *Am*  
Somos el barco, somos el mar, yo navego en  
*Dm*   *G*                      *C*      *C7*  
ti, Tu navegas en mi. We are the  
*F*   *G*                      *C*      *Am*  
boat, We are the sea, I sail in  
*Dm7*   *G*                      *C*      *C7*  
you, You sail in me.

*F*                      *G*  
Now the boat we are sailing in  
*C*                      *Am*  
Was built by many hands,  
*Dm7*              *G7*  
And the sea we are sailing on  
*C*                      *C7*  
Touches every land.

*F*                      *G*  
So with our hopes, we raise the sails  
*C*                      *Am*  
To face the winds once more,  
*Dm7*              *G7*  
And with our hearts we chart the waters,  
*C*                      *C7*  
Never sailed before.

# Speed of the Sound of Loneliness

by John Prine  
(1986)

G G C C D D G G

G G C C  
You come home late and you come home early  
D D G G  
You come on big when you're feeling small  
G G C C  
You come home straight and you come home curly  
D D G G  
Sometimes you don't come home at all

G G C C  
So what in the world's come over you  
D D G G  
And what in heaven's name have you done  
G G C C  
You've broken the speed of the sound of loneliness  
D D G G  
You're out there running just to be on the run

Well I got a heart that burns with a fever  
And I got a worried and a jealous mind  
How can a love that'll last forever  
Get left so far behind

It's a mighty mean and a dreadful sorrow  
It's crossed the evil line today  
How can you ask about tomorrow  
When we ain't got one word to say



# Sweet Is the Melody by Iris Dement (1992)

*D* *A* *Bm* *G*  
Sweet is the melody, so hard to come by  
*D* *D* *AD* *A7*  
it's so hard to make every note bend just right  
*D* *A* *Bm* *G*  
You lay down the hours and leave not one trace  
*D* *D* *A* *D* *D*  
But a tune for the dancing is there in its place

*D* *A* *Bm* *G*  
The dance floor's for gliding not jumping over ponies  
*D* *Bm* *A* *A7*  
Where boots and gold bracelets come and meet as they should  
*D* *A* *Bm* *G*  
It's for celebrating a Friday night romance  
*D* *D* *A* *D* *D*  
Forgetting the bad stuff and just feeling good

*E* *B*

*E* *B* *C#m* *A*  
An arms just an arm till it's wrapped round a shoulder  
*E* *C#m* *B* *B7*  
Looped side by side they go stepping out together  
*E* *B* *C#m* *A*  
A note's just a note till you wake from your slumber  
*E* *E* *B* *E* *E*  
And dare to discover the new melody

*E* *B* *C#m* *A*  
Sweet is the melody, so hard to come by  
*E* *C#m* *B* *B7*  
it's so hard to make every note bend just right  
*E* *B* *C#m* *A*  
You lay down the hours and leave not one trace  
*E* *E* *B* *E*  
But a tune for the dancing is there in its place

# Sweet Survivor

by Peter Yarrow, Cynthia Weil, and Silver Dawn  
(2013)

*G* *G* *C* *C*  
You have asked me why the days fly by so quickly  
*Am* *D* *G* *G*  
And why each one feels no different from the last  
*Em7* *Em* *Am* *Am*  
And you say that you are fearful for the future  
*Cma7* *Em* *D* *D*  
And you have grown suspicious of the past

*G* *G* *C* *C*  
And you wonder if the dreams we shared together  
*Am* *D* *Em* *Em*  
Have abandoned us or we abandoned them  
*Am* *D* *Bm* *Em*  
And you cast about and try to find new meaning  
*G* *G* *D* *D*  
So that you can feel that closeness once again.

*Am* *D* *G* *C*  
Carry on my sweet survivor, carry on my lonely friend  
*Am* *D* *C* *D*  
Don't give up on the dream, and don't you let it end.  
*Am* *D* *G* *C*  
Carry on my sweet survivor, though you know that something's gone  
*Am* *D* *G* *G* *Am* *D* *G* *Em* *Am* *D* *G* *G*  
For everything that matters carry on.

You remember when you felt each person mattered  
When we all had to care or all was lost  
But now you see believers turn to cynics  
And you wonder was the struggle worth the cost

Then you see someone too young to know the difference  
And a veil of isolation in their eyes  
And inside you know you've got to leave them something  
Or the hope for something better slowly dies.

Carry on my sweet survivor, carry on my lonely friend  
Don't give up on the dream, and don't you let it end.  
Carry on my sweet survivor, you've carried it so long  
*Am* *D* *G* *Em* *Am* *D* *G* *G*

So it may come again, carry on, carry on, so it may come again, carry on

## Sweet Survivor by Peter Yarrow, Cynthia Weil, and Silver Dawn (2013)

*C* *C* *F* *F*  
You have asked me why the days fly by so quickly  
*Dm* *G* *C* *C*  
And why each one feels no different from the last  
*Am7* *Am* *Dm* *Dm*  
And you say that you are fearful for the future  
*Fma7* *Am* *G* *G*  
And you have grown suspicious of the past

*C* *C* *F* *F*  
And you wonder if the dreams we shared together  
*Dm* *G* *Am* *Am*  
Have abandoned us or we abandoned them  
*Dm* *G* *Em* *Am*  
And you cast about and try to find new meaning  
*C* *C* *G* *G*  
So that you can feel that closeness once again.

*Dm* *G* *C* *F*  
Carry on my sweet survivor, carry on my lonely friend  
*Dm* *G* *F* *G*  
Don't give up on the dream, and don't you let it end.  
*Dm* *G* *C* *F*  
Carry on my sweet survivor, though you know that something's gone  
*Dm* *G* *C* *C* *Dm* *G* *C* *Am* *Dm* *G* *C* *C*  
For everything that matters carry on.

You remember when you felt each person mattered  
When we all had to care or all was lost  
But now you see believers turn to cynics  
And you wonder was the struggle worth the cost

Then you see someone too young to know the difference  
And a veil of isolation in their eyes  
And inside you know you've got to leave them something  
Or the hope for something better slowly dies.

Carry on my sweet survivor, carry on my lonely friend  
Don't give up on the dream, and don't you let it end.  
Carry on my sweet survivor, you've carried it so long  
*Dm* *G* *C* *Am* *Dm* *G* *C* *C*

So it may come again, carry on, carry on, so it may come again, carry on

# Traffic in the Sky

by Jack Johnson (2003)

*D F#m C Em*

*D* There's traffic in the sky and it doesn't  
*F#m*  
*C* seem to be getting much better. There's kids playing  
*Em*  
*D* games on the pavement, drawing waves on the pavement mm-  
*F#m*  
*C* hm, Shadows of the planes on the pavement mm-

*D* hm , it's enough to make me cry but that don't  
*F#m*  
*C* seem like it would make it feel better, maybe it's a  
*Em*  
*D* dream and if i scream it will burst at the seams. This  
*F#m*  
*C* whole place will fall into pieces and then they'd  
*Em*  
*A G#(1/2) G(1/2)*  
Say Well, how could we have

*G(1/2)* Well how could we have known, I'll tell them it's not so hard to tell  
*A*  
*D* Nah nah nah You keep adding stones  
*Bm*  
*G* Soon the water will be lost in the well  
*A*  
*G* Mmmm mmmm

\_ Puzzle pieces in the ground but *no* one ever seems to be *digging*, instead they're looking *up* towards the heavens with their eyes on the heavens \_ Shadows on the way to the heavens, it's \_ enough to make me cry But that don't seem like it would make it feel *better* . the answers could be found we could learn from digging *down* but *no* one ever seems to be *digging* Instead they'll say

\_ Words of wisdom all *around* but *no* one ever seems to *listen*. They're talking about their *plans* on the paper Building *up* from the pavement . Shadows from the scrapers on the *pavement* \_ Its enough to make me sigh but that don't seem like it would make it feel *better*. The words are all *around* but the words are only sounds and *no* one ever seems to *listen* Instead they'll say

*Ending Chords: G A D*

# Train Carrying Jimmie Rodgers Home

by Greg Brown (1981)

*G* *G7* *C* *G*  
Come along my dear the time is growing near  
*Em* *A7* *D* *D7*  
I want you to walk down to where the field is over grown  
*G* *G7* *C* *G*  
Consumption's claimed his life and we dare not miss the sight  
*Em* *D* *G* *G*  
Of the train carrying Jimmie Rodgers home

*G* *G7* *C* *G*  
Well we've had some hard times these last few years  
*Em* *A7* *D* *D7*  
Lost our farm - almost lost our spirits, too  
*G* *G7* *C* *G*  
But it is the strangest thing when we hear that brakeman sing  
*Em* *D* *G* *G*  
we knew some how we'd make it through.

*C* *C* *G* *G*  
I can hear that whistle blow, that old train is rollin' slow  
*Em* *A7* *D* *D7*  
Sounds like its crying for the singing brakeman too  
*G* *G7* *C* *G*  
Down to the sunny south he'll go and he'll never roam no more  
*Em* *D* *G* *G*  
Here comes the train oh hold me close oh sweetheart, do

*G* *G7* *C* *G*  
Come my little son and let me hold you up  
*Em* *A7* *D* *D7*  
I want you to remember this day when you're grown  
*G* *G7* *C* *G*  
How your mama and your dad were so proud and so sad  
*Em* *D* *G* *G*  
Watching the train carrying Jimmie Rodgers home  
*Em* *D* *G* *G*  
There goes the train carrying Jimmie Rodgers home  
*Yodel away here ... C C G G D D D7 D7 G<sub>hold</sub>*

# Upward Over the Mountain

by Samuel Beam (2002)

Em                    C                    G                    D  
Mother don't worry, I killed the last snake that lived in the creek bed  
Em                    C                    G                    D  
Mother don't worry, I've got some money I save for the weekend  
Em                    C                    G                    D  
Mother remember being so stern with that girl who was with me?  
Em                    C                    G                    D  
Mother remember the blink of an eye when I breathed through your body?

Em                    C                    G                    D  
So may the sunrise bring hope where it once was forgotten  
Em                    C                    G                    D  
Sons are like birds flying upward over the mountain

Mother I *made* it up from the *bruise* of a floor of this *prison*  
Mother I *lost* it, all of the *fear* of the Lord I was *given*  
Mother forget me now that the creek drank the cradle you sang to  
Mother forgive me, I sold your car for the shoes that I gave you

Mother don't worry, i've got a coat & some friends on the corner  
Mother don't worry, she's got a garden we're planting together  
Mother remember the night that the dog had her pups in the pantry?  
blood on the floor & the fleas on their paws  
and you cried 'til the morning

# Wagon Wheel

by Jay Secor and Bob Dylan (2001)

G D Em C G D C C

G D  
Headed down south to the land of the pines and I'm  
Em C  
thumbin' my way into North Caroline  
G D C C  
Starin' up the road and I pray to God I see headlights  
G D  
I made down the coast in seventeen hours,  
Em C  
pickin' me a bouquet of dogwood flowers and I'm  
G D C C  
Hopin' for Raleigh I can see my baby tonight

G D Em C  
So rock me mamma like a wagon wheel. Rock me mamma any way you feel  
G D C C  
Hey mamma rock me  
G D Em C  
Rock me mamma like the wind and the rain. Rock me mamma like a south bound train  
G D C C  
Hey mamma rock me

Runnin from the cold *up* in New England,  
I was *born* to be a fiddler in an old time string band  
My *baby* plays the guitar \_ I pick the banjo *now*  
Oh, the *north* country winters keep a *getting'* me now,  
lost my *money* playin' poker so I *had* to up and leave  
But I ain't a turnin' back to *livin'* that old life *no* more

Walkin' to the south out of Roanoke,  
I caught a *trucker* out of Philly had a *nice* long toke  
But *he's* a headed west from the Cumberland Gap to Johnson City, Tennessee  
I gotta get a move on *fit* for the sun,  
I hear my *baby* callin' my name and I *know* that she's the only one  
And *if* I die in Rayleigh at *least* I will die *free*



# Wasteland of the Free

by Iris Dement (1996)

C Am G C C  
Living in the wasteland of the free

C G C C  
We got preachers dealin' in politics and diamond mines  
C G C C  
And their speech is growing increasingly unkind

Am Am F F  
They say they are Christ's disciples But they don't look like Jesus to me  
C G C C  
And it feels like I am living in the wasteland of the free

We got politicians runnin' races on corporate cash  
Now don't tell me they don't turn around and kiss them people's ass  
Now you may call me old-fashioned but that don't fit my picture of a true democracy  
And it feels like I am living in the wasteland of the free

We got C E O's makin' two hundred times the workers pay  
But they'll fight like hell against raising the minimum wage  
And if you don't like it mister They'll ship your job 'cross the sea  
And it feels like I am living in the wasteland of free

F G C C  
Living in the wasteland of the free  
E E Am Am  
Where the poor people are treated like the enemy  
F C E Am  
Let's blame our troubles on the weak ones Sounds like some kind of Hitler  
F G C C  
remedy Living in the wasteland of the free

We got little kids with guns fighting inner-city wars  
So, what do we do, we put these little kids behind prison doors  
And we call ourselves the advanced civilisation  
But that sounds like crap to me  
And it feels like I am living in the wasteland of the free

We got high school kids runnin' 'round in Calvin Klein and Guess  
Who cannot pass a sixth grade reading test  
But if you ask them, they can tell you the name of every crotch on MTV  
And it feels like I am living in the wasteland of the free

We kill for oil then throw a party when we win  
Some guy refuses to fight and we call that the sin  
But he's standin' up for what he believes in  
And that seems pretty damned American to me  
And it feels like I am living in the wasteland of the free

Living in the wasteland of the free  
Where the poor have now become the enemy  
Let's blame our troubles on the weak ones  
Sounds like some kind of Hitler remedy  
Living in the wasteland of the free

*F*                    *G*                    *C*   *C*  
Whilst we sit gloating in our greatness  
Justice is sinking to the bottom of the sea  
*Am*                    *G*                    *C*   *C*

Living in the wasteland of the free  
Living in the wasteland of the free  
Living in the wasteland of the free

# Way Down in the Hole

by Tom Waits (1987)

If you walk through the garden, you gotta watch your back.  
Well I beg your pardon; walk the straight and narrow track.  
If you walk with Jesus, he's gonna save your soul.  
You gotta keep the devil way down in the hole

He's got the fire and the fury, at his command  
Well you don't have to worry, if you hold on to Jesus' hand  
We'll all be safe from Satan, when the thunder rolls  
Just gotta help me keep the devil way down in the hole

All the angels sing about Jesus' mighty sword  
And they'll shield you with their wings, n' keep you close to the Lord  
Don't pay heed to temptation for his hands are so cold  
You gotta help me keep the devil way down in the hole

# Why Don't You Just Go Home?

by Greg Brown  
(1997)

There's a whippoorwill in the rolling hills,  
It'll drive you crazy, give you the chills.

There's a barn that got smaller, and the blowed out cars,  
Beans climb up to the falling stars.

Why don't you just go home?  
Why don't you just go home?  
You've had enough wine and it's lamp lighting time,  
Why don't you just go home?

It's always too hot except when it's too cold,  
The dogs is all rascals and the chickens are old.  
God hung the moon way too low in the sky,  
You're always laughing except when you cry.

Company for supper when the day is through,  
People talk funny, just like you.  
New vines from the old dirt, now ain't that sweet,  
New songs from the old tunes, to tap our feet.

Why don't you just go home?  
Why don't you just go home?  
The trip has been fine, now it's lamp lighting time,  
Why don't you just go home?

# Wonderwall

by Noel Gallagher (1995)

*Dm* *F* *C* *Bb*  
Today is gonna be the day that they're gonna throw it back to you  
*Dm* *F* *C* *Bb*  
By now, you should've somehow realized what you gotta do  
*Dm* *F* *C* *Bb* *Dm* *F* *C* *Bb*  
I don't believe that anybody feels the way I do about you now

*Dm* *F* *C* *Bb*  
Backbeat the word is on the street that the fire in your heart is out  
*Dm* *F* *C* *Bb*  
I'm sure you've heard it all before but you never really had a doubt  
*Dm* *F* *C* *Bb* *Dm* *F* *C* *Bb*  
I don't believe that anybody feels the way I do about you now

*Dm* *F* *C* *Bb*  
Today was gonna be the day but they'll never throw it back to you  
*Dm* *F* *C* *Bb*  
By now you should've somehow realized what you'e not to do  
*Dm* *F* *C* *Bb* *Dm* *F* *C* *Bb*  
I don't believe that anybody feels the way I do about you now

*Dm* *F* *C* *Bb*  
I said maybe you're gonna be the one who saves me after  
*Dm* *F* *C* *Bb* *Dm* *F* *C* *Bb* *Dm* *F* *C* *Bb* *Dm*  
all you're my wonder wall

# You Got Me Singing

by Leonard Cohen (2014)

*C C F C*  
You got me singing even tho' the news is bad,  
*C C G G*  
you got me singing the only song I ever had.  
*C C F F*  
You got me singing ever since the river died,  
*C G C C*  
you got me thinking of the places we could hide.

*Am Am G F*  
You got me singing even though the world is gone,  
*C C G G*  
you got me thinking I'd like to carry on.  
*Am Am G F*  
You got me singing even tho' it all looks grim,  
*F G C C*  
you got me singing the Hallelujah hymn.

*C C F C C C G G C C F F C G C C*

You got me singing like a prisoner in a jail,  
you got me singing like my pardon's in the mail.  
You got me wishing our little love would last,  
you got me thinking like those people of the past.

You got me singing even though the world is gone,  
you got me thinking I'd like to carry on.  
You got me singing even tho' it all went wrong,  
you got me singing the Hallelujah song.

# You're the One Who I Want When I'm Lonely

by Odessa Jorgensen (2008)

*D D G G*  
I sit alone on an empty street corner

*D D A A*  
The sky is a fiery glow

*D D G G*  
I thought of you many miles at home

*D A D D*  
I thought how you were alone

*D D G G*  
You're the one who I want when I'm lonely.

*D D A A*  
You're the one who I want when I'm blue

*D D G G*  
You're the one who I want when I'm lonely.

*D A D D*  
And at the end of the day, dear, it's you.

*D D G G*  
Well, it's all mixed up, I don't know where it's goin'

*D D A A*  
There doesn't seem to be a way

*D D G G*  
I know that I want you near me.

*D A D D*  
And I wish that you'd come home to day.

*D D G G*  
You're the one I want when I'm lonely.

*D D A A*  
You're the one I want when I'm blue

*D D G G*  
You're the one I want when I'm lonely.

*D A D D*  
And at the end of the day, dear, it's you.

*G G D D*  
I know that it won't be easy,

*A A D D*  
But the best things come through toil and pain

*G G D D*  
And I don't want to live life without you

*D A D D*  
When I know that you love me this way.

