

# Folk—Post 1960—Major

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# A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall

 by Bob Dylan (1962)

G G G G G  
Oh, where have you been, my blue eyed son?  
G G G D D  
Oh, where have you been, my darling young one?  
C C D G G  
I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains  
C C D G G  
I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways  
C C D G G  
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests  
C C D G G  
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans  
C C D G G  
I've been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard  
G G D D G G C C  
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard  
G G D D G C G G  
And it's a hard rain's ..... gonna fall

Oh, what did you see, my blue eyed son?  
Oh, what did you see, my darling young one?  
I saw a newborn baby with wolves all around it  
I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it  
I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin'  
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a bleedin'  
I saw a white ladder all covered with water  
I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken  
I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children  
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard  
And it's a hard rain's a gonna fall

And what did you hear, my blue eyed son?  
And what did you hear, my darling young one?  
I heard the sound of a thunder, it roared out a warnin'  
Heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world  
Heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a blazin'  
Heard ten thousand whisperin' and nobody listenin'  
Heard one person starve, I heard many people laughin'  
Heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter  
Heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley  
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard  
And it's a hard rain's a gonna fall

Oh, who did you meet, my blue eyed son?  
Who did you meet, my darling young one?  
I met a young child beside a dead pony  
I met a white man who walked a black dog  
I met a young woman whose body was burning  
I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow  
I met one man who was wounded in love  
I met another man who was wounded with hatred  
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard  
It's a hard rain's a gonna fall

Oh, what'll you do now, my blue eyed son?  
Oh, what'll you do now, my darling young one?  
I'm a goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a fallin'  
I'll walk to the depths of the deepest black forest  
Where the people are many and their hands are all empty  
Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters  
Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison  
Where the executioner's face is always well hidden  
Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten  
Where black is the color, where none is the number  
And I'll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it  
And reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it  
Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin'  
But I'll know my song well before I start singin'  
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard  
It's a hard rain's a gonna fall

# Across the Great Divide

by Kate Wolf (1980)

A      A<sub>(½)</sub>    D<sub>(½)</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>(½)</sub>    D<sub>(½)</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>(½)</sub>      E7<sub>(½)</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.

# Alice's Restaurant

by Arlo Guthrie (1967)

C              A7              D9<sub>(½)</sub> G6<sub>(½)</sub> C  
You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant  
C              A7              D9              G  
You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant  
C              C              F              D9  
Walk right in it's around the back Just a half a mile from the railroad track  
C              A7              D9<sub>(½)</sub> G6<sub>(½)</sub> C  
You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant

This song is called Alice's Restaurant, and it's about Alice, and the restaurant, but Alice's Restaurant is not the name of the restaurant, that's just the name of the song, and that's why I called the song Alice's Restaurant.

You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant Walk right in it's around the back Just a half a mile from the railroad track You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant

Now it all started two Thanksgivings ago, was on - two years ago on Thanksgiving, when my friend and I went up to visit Alice at the restaurant, but Alice doesn't live in the restaurant, she lives in the church nearby the restaurant, in the bell-tower, with her husband Ray and Fasha the dog. And livin' in the bell tower like that, they got a lot of room downstairs where the pews used to be in. Havin' all that room, seein' as how they took out all the pews, they decided that they didn't have to take out their garbage for a long time.

We got up there, we found all the garbage in there, and we decided it'd be a friendly gesture for us to take the garbage down to the city dump. So we took the half a ton of garbage, put it in the back of a red VW microbus, took shovels and rakes and implements of destruction and headed on toward the city dump.

Well we got there and there was a big sign and a chain across across the dump saying, "Closed on Thanksgiving." And we had never heard of a dump closed on Thanksgiving before, and with tears in our eyes we drove off into the sunset looking for another place to put the garbage.

We didn't find one. Until we came to a side road, and off the side of the side road there was another fifteen foot cliff and at the bottom of the cliff there was another pile of garbage. And we decided that one big pile is better than two little piles, and rather than bring that one up we decided to throw our's down.

That's what we did, and drove back to the church, had a thanksgiving dinner that couldn't be beat, went to sleep and didn't get up until the next morning, when we got a phone call from officer Obie. He said, "Kid, we found your name on an envelope at the bottom of a half a ton of garbage, and just wanted to know if you had any information about it." And I said, "Yes, sir, Officer Obie, I cannot tell a lie, I put that envelope under that garbage."

After speaking to Obie for about forty-five minutes on the telephone we finally arrived at the truth of the matter and said that we had to go down and pick up the garbage, and also had to go down and speak to him at the police officer's station. So we got in the red VW microbus with the shovels and rakes and implements of destruction and headed on toward the police officer's station.

Now friends, there was only one or two things that Obie coulda done at the police station, and the first was he could have given us a medal for being so brave and honest on the telephone, which wasn't very likely, and we didn't expect it, and the other thing was he could have bawled us out and told us never to be seen driving garbage around the vicinity again, which is what we expected, but when we got to the police officer's station there was a third possibility that we hadn't even counted upon, and we was both immediately arrested. Handcuffed. And I said "Obie, I don't think I can pick up the garbage with these handcuffs on." He said, "Shut up, kid. Get in the back of the patrol car."

And that's what we did, sat in the back of the patrol car and drove to the quote Scene of the Crime unquote. I want tell you about the town of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where this happened here, they got three stop signs, two police officers, and one police car, but when we got to the Scene of the Crime there was five police officers and three police cars, being the biggest crime of the last fifty years, and everybody wanted to get in the newspaper story about it. And they was using up all kinds of cop equipment that they had hanging around the police officer's station. They was taking plaster tire tracks, foot prints, dog smelling prints, and they took twenty seven eight-by-ten colour glossy photographs with circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one explaining what each one was to be used as evidence against us. Took

pictures of the approach, the getaway, the northwest corner the southwest corner and that's not to mention the aerial photography.

After the ordeal, we went back to the jail. Obie said he was going to put us in the cell. Said, "Kid, I'm going to put you in the cell, I want your wallet and your belt." And I said, "Obie, I can understand you wanting my wallet so I don't have any money to spend in the cell, but what do you want my belt for?" And he said, "Kid, we don't want any hangings." I said, "Obie, did you think I was going to hang myself for littering?" Obie said he was making sure, and friends Obie was, cause he took out the toilet seat so I couldn't hit myself over the head and drown, and he took out the toilet paper so I couldn't bend the bars roll out the - roll the toilet paper out the window, slide down the roll and have an escape. Obie was making sure, and it was about four or five hours later that Alice (remember Alice? It's a song about Alice), Alice came by and with a few nasty words to Obie on the side, bailed us out of jail, and we went back to the church, had a another thanksgiving dinner that couldn't be beat, and didn't get up until the next morning, when we all had to go to court.

We walked in, sat down, Obie came in with the twenty seven eight-by-ten colour glossy pictures with circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one, sat down. Man came in said, "All rise." We all stood up, and Obie stood up with the twenty seven eight-by-ten colour glossy pictures, and the judge walked in sat down with a seeing eye dog, and he sat down, we sat down. Obie looked at the seeing eye dog, and then at the twenty seven eight-by-ten colour glossy pictures with circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one, and looked at the seeing eye dog. And then at twenty seven eight-by-ten colour glossy pictures with circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one and began to cry, 'cause Obie came to the realization that it was a typical case of American blind justice, and there wasn't nothing he could do about it, and the judge wasn't going to look at the twenty seven eight-by-ten colour glossy pictures with the circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one explaining what each one was to be used as evidence against us. And we was fined \$50 and had to pick up the garbage in the snow, but that's not what I came to tell you about.

Came to talk about the draft.

They got a building down New York City, it's called Whitehall Street, where you walk in, you get injected, inspected, detected, infected, neglected and selected. I went down to get my physical examination one day, and I walked in, I sat down, got good and drunk the night before, so I looked and felt my best when I went in that morning. 'Cause I wanted to look like the all-American kid from New York City, man I wanted, I wanted to feel like the all-, I wanted to be the all American kid from New York, and I walked in, sat down, I was hung down, brung down, hung up, and all kinds o' mean nasty ugly things. And I waked in and sat down and they gave me a piece of paper, said, "Kid, see the psychiatrist, room 604."

And I went up there, I said, "Shrink, I want to kill. I mean, I wanna, I wanna kill. Kill. I wanna, I wanna see, I wanna see blood and gore and guts and veins in my teeth. Eat dead burnt bodies. I mean kill, Kill, KILL, KILL." And I started jumpin up and down yelling, "KILL, KILL," and he started jumpin up and down with me and we was both jumping up and down yelling, "KILL, KILL." And the sargent came over, pinned a medal on me, sent me down the hall, said, "You're our boy."

Didn't feel too good about it.

Proceeded on down the hall gettin more injections, inspections, detections, neglections and all kinds of stuff that they was doin' to me at the thing there, and I was there for two hours, three hours, four hours, I was there for a long time going through all kinds of mean nasty ugly things and I was just having a tough time there, and they was inspecting, injecting every single part of me, and they was leaving no part untouched. Proceeded through, and when I finally came to the see the last man, I walked in, walked in sat down after a whole big thing there, and I walked up and said, "What do you want?" He said, "Kid, we only got one question. Have you ever been arrested?"

And I proceeded to tell him the story of the Alice's Restaurant Massacre, with full orchestration and five part harmony and stuff like that and all the phenome... - and he stopped me right there and said, "Kid, did you ever go to court?"

And I proceeded to tell him the story of the twenty seven eight-by-ten colour glossy pictures with the circles and arrows and the paragraph on the back of each one, and he stopped me right there and said, "Kid, I want you to go and sit down on that bench that says Group W .... NOW kid!"

And I, I walked over to the, to the bench there, and there is, Group W's where they put you if you may not be moral enough to join the army after committing your special crime, and there was all kinds of mean nasty ugly looking people on the bench there. Mother rapers. Father stabbers. Father rapers! Father rapers sitting right there on the bench next to me! And they was mean and nasty and ugly and horrible crime-type guys sitting on the bench next to me. And the meanest, ugliest, nastiest one, the meanest father raper of them all, was coming over to me and he was mean 'n' ugly 'n' nasty 'n' horrible and all kind of things and he sat down next to me and said, "Kid, whad'ya get?" I said, "I didn't get nothing, I had to pay \$50 and pick up the garbage." He said, "What were you arrested for, kid?" And I said, "Littering." And they all moved away from me on the bench there, and the hairy eyeball and all kinds of mean nasty things, till I said, "And creating a nuisance." And they all came back, shook my hand, and we had a great time on the bench, talkin about crime, mother stabbing, father raping, all kinds of groovy things that we was talking about on the bench. And everything was fine, we was smoking cigarettes and all kinds of things, until the Sargeant came over, had some paper in his hand, held it up and said.

&quot;Kids, this-piece-of-paper's-got-47-words-37-sentences-58-words-we-wanna- know-details-of-the-crime-time-of-the-crime-and-any-other-kind-of-thing- you-gotta-say-pertaining-to-and-about-the-crime-I-want-to-know-arresting- officer's-name-and-any-other-kind-of-thing-you-gotta-say&quot;, and talked for forty-five minutes and nobody understood a word that he said, but we had fun filling out the forms and playing with the pencils on the bench there, and I filled out the massacre with the four part harmony, and wrote it down there, just like it was, and everything was fine and I put down the pencil, and I turned over the piece of paper, and there, there on the other side, in the middle of the other side, away from everything else on the other side, in parentheses, capital letters, quoted, read the following words:

"KID, HAVE YOU REHABILITATED YOURSELF?" ;)

I went over to the sargent, said, &quot;Sargeant, you got a lot a damn gall to ask me if I've rehabilitated myself, I mean, I mean, I mean that just, I'm sittin' here on the bench, I mean I'm sittin here on the Group W bench 'cause you want to know if I'm moral enough join the army, burn women, kids, houses and villages after bein' a litterbug.&quot; He looked at me and said, &quot;Kid, we don't like your kind, and we're gonna send you fingerprints off to Washington.&quot;

And friends, somewhere in Washington enshrined in some little folder, is a study in black and white of my fingerprints. And the only reason I'm singing you this song now is cause you may know somebody in a similar situation, or you may be in a similar situation, and if your in a situation like that there's only one thing you can do and that's walk into the shrink wherever you are ,just walk in say &quot;Shrink, You can get anything you want, at Alice's restaurant.&quot;. And walk out. You know, if one person, just one person does it they may think he's really sick and they won't take him. And if two people, two people do it, in harmony, they may think they're both faggots and they won't take either of them. And three people do it, three, can you imagine, three people walking in singin a bar of Alice's Restaurant and walking out. They may think it's an organization. And can you, can you imagine fifty people a day,I said fifty people a day walking in singin a bar of Alice's Restaurant and walking out. And friends they may thinks it's a movement.

And that's what it is , the Alice's Restaurant Anti-Massacre Movement, and all you got to do to join is sing it the next time it come's around on the guitar.

With feeling. So we'll wait for it to come around on the guitar, here and sing it when it does. Here it comes.

You can get anything you want, at Alice's Restaurant You can get anything you want, at Alice's Restaurant Walk right in it's around the back Just a half a mile from the railroad track You can get anything you want, at Alice's Restaurant

That was horrible. If you want to end war and stuff you got to sing loud. I've been singing this song now for twenty five minutes. I could sing it for another twenty five minutes. I'm not proud... or tired.

So we'll wait till it comes around again, and this time with four part harmony and feeling.

We're just waitin' for it to come around is what we're doing.

All right now.

You can get anything you want, at Alice's Restaurant Excepting Alice You can get anything you want, at Alice's Restaurant Walk right in it's around the back Just a half a mile from the railroad track You can get anything you want, at Alice's Restaurant

Da da da da da dum At Alice's Restaurant

# Alices Restaurant

(by Arlo Guthrie)

Guitar tablature for "Alices Restaurant" by Arlo Guthrie. The tabs are arranged in four staves, each starting with a chord box and a measure number.

**Staff 1:** Starts with C major (x o o). Chords: C, A7, D9, G6, C. Measures 1-5: You can get any thing you want at alice's res taur ant. Bass line below.

**Staff 2:** Starts with C major (x o o). Chords: A7, D9, G. Measures 6-10: You can get any thing you want at alice's res taur ant. Bass line below.

**Staff 3:** Starts with C major (x o o). Chords: F, D9, C. Measures 10-14: Walk right in it's a round the back Just half mile from the rail road track You can get any. Bass line below.

**Staff 4:** Starts with A major (x o o). Chords: A, D9, G6, C. Measures 15-19: thing you want at alice's res taur ant. Bass line below.

# All I Really Want to Do

by Bob Dylan (1964)

*A<sub>(2)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> A<sub>(2)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> A<sub>(2)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> A<sub>(3)</sub>*

*D A E A*

I ain't lookin' to compete with you

*D A E7 A*

Beat or cheat or mistreat you

*D A E A*

Simplify you, classify you

*D A E A*

Deny, defy or crucify you

*A A D D A D*

All I really want to do

*A A C#m<sub>(2)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> A D A<sub>(2)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> A<sub>(2)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> A*

Is, baby, be friends with you.

No, and I ain't lookin' to fight with you  
Frighten you or uptighten you  
Drag you down or drain you down  
Chain you down or bring you down  
All I really want to do  
Is, baby, be friends with you.

I ain't lookin' to block you up  
Shock or knock or lock you up  
Analyze you, categorize you  
Finalize you or advertise you  
All I really want to do  
Is, baby, be friends with you.

I don't want to straight-face you  
Race or chase you, track or trace you  
Or disgrace you or displace you  
Or define you or confine you  
All I really want to do  
Is, baby, be friends with you.

I don't want to meet your kin  
Make you spin or do you in  
Or select you or dissect you  
Or inspect you or reject you  
All I really want to do  
Is, baby, be friends with you.

I don't want to fake you out  
Take or shake or forsake you out  
I ain't lookin' for you to feel like me  
See like me or be like me  
All I really want to do  
Is, baby, be friends with you.

# Annie's Song

by John Denver (1974)

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

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

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

# Autumn To May

by Paul Stookey and Peter Yarrow (1962)

C Bm C D

Oh, once I had a little dog, his color it was brown.

C Bm C D

I taught him for to whistle, to sing and dance and run.

G Em(½) Bm(½) G Em

His legs they were fourteen yards long, his ears so very wide.

G Em(½) Bm(½) C D

Around the world in half a day upon him I could ride.

G(½) C(½) D Em C D D

Sing tarry-o-day, sing autumn to May.

Once I had a little frog, he wore a vest of red.

He'd lean upon a silver cane, top hat on his head.

He'd speak of far-off places, of things to see and do,

And all the kings and queens he'd met while sailing in a shoe.

Sing tarry-o-day, sing autumn to May.

Once I had a flock of sheep, they grazed upon a feather.

I'd keep them in a music box from wind or rainy weather.

And every day the sun would shine they'd fly all through the town

To bring me back some golden rings, candy by the pound.

Sing tarry-o-day, sing autumn to May.

Once I had a downy swan, she was so very frail.

She sat upon an oyster shell and hatched me out a snail.

The snail it turned into a bird, the bird to butterfly,

And he who tells a bigger tale would have to tell a lie.

Sing tarry-o-day, sing autumn to May.

# Back Home Again

by John Denver (1974)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It's the sweetest thing I know of, just spending time with you,  
It's the little things that make a house a home.  
Like a fire softly burnin', supper on the stove,  
The light in your eyes that makes me warm.

# Back Roads

by Kate Wolf (1975)

*Am G Am*

*G D Am7 D7*

I'll take the back roads home through the open country side.

*Am Bm C D7*

Letting things slip by..... in drawn out time..

*G Em Bm C*

I'll take the long way home on the back roads of this life

*Am7 D 7 G(½) C(½)*

..taking time to see what goes by.

*Bdim A A7 D*

Coming and going, there's no dividing line.

*E B C D7*

What you're headed for, someone's left behind

*G Em Bm C*

And the shortest road ain't always the best.

*Am7 D7 G*

Sometimes let a back road take you home

A back road is so easy, it just rambles on and on.

Take it or leave it, as rolls along.

Drifts through things it cannot change, and doesn't even try

Wouldn't that be something for you and I.

Anyplace you're bound, you'll get there someday.

You're the one who chooses...what you see along the way.

And when the heartaches seem too much for you to bear.

There's a back road winding everywhere.

# Bartender's Blues

by James Taylor (1977)

walkup (E F#m7 E/G#)

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

E            E            A A            walkup (E F#m7 E/G#)  
But I don't mind the money at all

A            A7            D            Bm7  
I see lots of sad faces and lots of bad cases  
E            E            A A            walkup (E F#m7 E/G#)

Of folks with their backs to the wall

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

E            E            A A  
To keep me from going a-stray

A            A7            D            Bm7  
And a honky-tonk angel to hold me tight  
E            E            A A  
To keep me from slipping away

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

E            E            A A  
I can watch you fall down on your knees

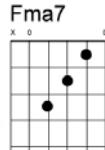
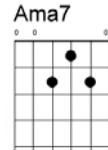
A            A7            D            Bm7  
I can close down this bar, I can gas up my car  
E            E            A A  
I can pack up and mail in my key

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

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

A            A7            D            Bm7  
But I burned all my bridges, I sank all my ships  
E            E            A A  
And I'm stranded at the edge of the sea

# **Beautiful** by Gordon Lightfoot (1972)



*Amaj7 Ama7 Fmaj7 Fma7 Amaj7 Ama7 Fmaj7 Fma7*

*Amaj7 Ama7 Am7 Am7 Dmaj7*

At times I just don't know , how you could be anything but beautiful

*Dma7 Dm7 Dm7 Ama7 Ama7*

I think that I was made for you and you were made for me

*Am7 Am7 D*

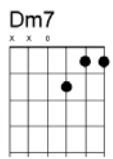
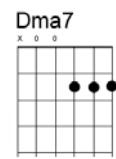
And I know that I will never change

*Dma7 Dm7*

'Cause we've been friends through rain or shine

*Dm7 Amaj7 Ama7 Fma7 Fmaj7*

For such a long time



*Amaj7 Ama7 Am7 Am7 Dmaj7*

Laughing eyes and smiling face, it seems so lucky just to have the right

*Dma7 Dm7 Dm7 Ama7 Ama7*

Of telling you with all my might, you're beautiful tonight

*Am7 Am7 D*

And I know that you will never stray

*Dma7 Dm7*

'Cause you've been that way, from day to day

*Dm7 Amaj7 Ama7 Fma7 Fmaj7*

For such a long time

And when you hold me tight, how could life be anything but beautiful?

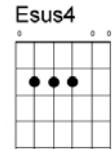
I think that I was made for you and you were made for me

And I know that I will never change

'Cause we've been friends through rain or shine

*Dm7 Amaj7 Ama7 Am Am*

For such a long time



*Dmaj7 Dma7 Amaj7 Ama7 D/A*

And I must say it means so much to me, to be the one

*D/A Esus4 Esus4 Esus4 Esus4*

That's telling you, I'm telling you, that you're

*Amaj7 Ama7 Fma7 Fmaj7 Amaj7 Ama7 Fma7 Fmaj7 Ama7*

*(hold)*  
beautiful

# Big Yellow Taxi

by Joni Mitchell (1970)

*E Emaj7 A/C# B/D#*

*E Emaj7 A/C# B/D#*

*E Esus4(1/4) E5(1/4) Esus4(1/4) E(1/4)*

*E Esus4(1/4) E5(1/4) Esus4(1/4) E(1/4)*

*A(1/2) Asus4(1/2) A(1/2) Asus4(1/2) E E*

They paved paradise and put up a parking lot

*A(1/2) Asus4(1/2) B(1/2) Bsus(1/2) E E*

With a pink hotel, a boutique, and a swinging hot spot

*E Emaj7*

Don't it always seem to go

*A/C# B/D#(1/2) E(1/2)*

That you don't know what you've got till it's gone

*A(1/2) Asus4(1/2) B(1/2) Bsus(1/2) E E*

They paved paradise and put up a parking lot

*E Esus4(1/4) E5(1/4) Esus4(1/4) E(1/4) E Shoo bop bop bop Shoo bop bop bop E(1/4) bop*

They took all the trees and put 'em in a tree museum

And they charged all the people twenty-five bucks just to see 'em

Hey farmer, farmer, put away your DDT now

Give me spots on my apples but leave me the birds and the bees, please

Late last night I heard the screen door slam

And a big yellow taxi carried off my old man

# Bird on a Wire

by Leonard Cohen (1968)

Fma7 (¾) (½) (¼) (1) (2) Gm7 Fma7

A E A D

Like a bird on the wire, like a drunk in some old midnight choir

A E A(½) Asus4(½) A(½) E(½)..

I have tried in my way to be free

A E A D

Like a worm on a hook, like a knight in some old-fashioned book.

(Like a worm on a hook, like a monk bending over the book)

A E Asus4(½) A(½) A7(½)

I've saved, all my ribbons, for thee

(It was the shape, the shape of our love twisted me)

D A F#m A

If I, if I have been unkind, I hope that you can just let it go right on by

D A Bm E(½) E/D(½) E/C#(½) E/B(½)

If I, if I have been untrue, I hope you know, it was not to you

(It's just that I thought a lover had to be some kind of liar too)

Like a little baby, stillborn, like a beast with his horn

I have torn everyone who reached out for me

But I swear, I swear by this song, I swear by all that I have done wrong

I will make it all up to thee

I saw a beggar, he was standing there on his wooden crutch

He cries out to me, "Hey, you must learn not to ask for so much."

Another pretty woman, waiting there in her darkened door

She cries out to me, "Hey, why not ask for more?"

(She cries out to me, "Hey, why not ask for just a little bit more?")

Like a bird on the wire

Like a drunk in some old midnight choir

A E D A

I have tried in my way to be free

# 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

# Blowin' in the Wind

by Bob Dylan (1962)

G A D<sub>(1/2)</sub> Dma7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Bm<sub>(1/2)</sub> Bm/A<sub>(1/2)</sub> G A D D

D G D D

How many roads must a man walk down

D G D A7

Before you call him a man?

D G D D

Yes, and how many seas must a white dove sail

D G A Asus4

Before she sleeps in the sand?

D G D D

Yes, and how many times must the cannon balls fly

D G A Asus4

Before they're forever banned?

G A D<sub>(1/2)</sub> Dma7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Bm<sub>(1/2)</sub> Bm/A<sub>(1/2)</sub>

The answer, my friend, is blowin in the wind,

G A D D

The answer is blowin in the wind.

G A D<sub>(1/2)</sub> Dma7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Bm<sub>(1/2)</sub> Bm/A<sub>(1/2)</sub> G A D D

How many times must a man look up

Before he can see the sky?

Yes, and how many ears must one man have

Before he can hear people cry?

Yes, and how many deaths will it take till he knows

That too many people have died?

The answer, my friend, is blowin in the wind,

The answer is blowin in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist

Before its washed to the sea?

Yes, and how many years can some people exist

Before they're allowed to be free?

Yes, ann how many times can a man turn his head,

Pretending he just doesnt see?

The answer, my friend, is blowin in the wind,

The answer is blowin in the wind.

# Bob Dylan's Dream

by Bob Dylan (1962)

G G Am Am Am Am Am Am

While riding on a train goin' west,

Am Am<sub>(½)</sub> C<sub>(½)</sub> D D D7 D7

I fell asleep for to take my rest.

G Gma7<sub>(½)</sub> G7<sub>(½)</sub> C<sub>(½)</sub> D7<sub>(½)</sub> G G G

I dreamed a dream that made me sad,

Em Am Am Am Eb<sub>(½)</sub> Eb7<sub>(½)</sub> Cm<sub>(½)</sub> Eb7<sub>(½)</sub> G C G Ddim7<sub>(½)</sub> D7<sub>(½)</sub>

Concerning myself and the first few friends I had.

With half damp eyes I stared into the room,  
Where my friends and I spent many an afternoon.  
Where we together weathered many a storm,  
Laughin' and singin' 'til the early hours of the morn.

By the old wooden stove where our hats were hung,  
Our words were told and our songs were sung.  
Where we longed for nothing and were quite satisfied  
Talkin' and jokin' about the wicked world outside.

With haunted hearts through the heat and cold  
we never thought we could get very old.  
We thought we could sit forever in fun,  
But our chances really were a million to one.

As easy it was to tell black from white,  
it was all that easy to tell wrong from right.  
Our choices were few and the thought never hit  
That the one road we travelled would ever shatter and split.

How many a year has passed and gone  
and many a gamble has been lost and won  
And many a road taken by many a friend,  
And each one of them I'll never see again.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain  
that we could sit simply in that room once again,  
Ten thousand dollars at the drop of a hat,  
I'd give it all gladly if our lives could be like that.

# Boney Fingers

by Hoyt Axton and Renee Armand (1974)

*D*                    *D*  
See the rain comin' down and the roof won't hold 'er  
*G*                    *G*  
Lost my job and I feel a little older  
*A7*                    *A7*  
Car won't run and our love's grown colder  
*A7*                    *D*  
But maybe things'll get a little better, in the mornin'  
*A7*                    *D*  
Maybe things'll get a little better.

*D*                    *A7*                    *A7*                    *G*  
Work your fingers to the bone - whadda ya get? Whoo!-  
*G*                    *D*                    *A7*                    *D*  
Whoo! Boney Fingers        Boney Fing-gers.

Oh! the clothes need washin' and the fire won't start  
Kids all cryin' and you're breakin' my heart  
Whole darn place is fallin' apart  
Maybe things'll get a little better, in the mornin'  
Maybe things'll get a little better.

Yea! I've been broke as long as I remember  
Get a little money and I gotta run and spend 'er  
When I try to save it, pretty woman come and take it  
Sayin' maybe things'll get a little better, in the mornin'  
Maybe things'll get a little better.

Yea! the grass won't grow and the sun's too hot  
The whole darn world is goin' to pot  
Might as well like it 'cause you're all that I've got  
But, maybe things'll get a little better, in the mornin'  
Maybe things'll get a little better.

# Bottle Of Wine

by Tom Paxton (1963)

A A A E<sub>(1/2)</sub> A<sub>(1/2)</sub>

A A

Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine,

A E<sub>(1/2)</sub> A<sub>(1/2)</sub>

When you gonna let me get so ber?

A A

Leave me alone, let me go home,

A E<sub>(1/2)</sub> A<sub>(1/2)</sub> A E<sub>(1/2)</sub> A<sub>(1/2)</sub>

Let me go home and start o ver.

A<sub>(1/2)</sub> E<sub>(1/2)</sub> D<sub>(1/2)</sub> A<sub>(1/2)</sub>

Ramblin' round this dirty old town,

A<sub>(1/2)</sub> E<sub>(1/2)</sub> A<sub>(1/2)</sub> E<sub>(1/2)</sub>

Singin' for nickels and dimes,

A<sub>(1/2)</sub> E<sub>(1/2)</sub> D<sub>(1/2)</sub> A<sub>(1/2)</sub>

Time's gettin' rough, I ain't got enough

A<sub>(1/2)</sub> E<sub>(1/2)</sub> A

To buy me a bottle of wine.

Little hotel, older than hell,

Dark as the coal in a mine.

Blankets are thin, I lay there and grin,

Cause I got a little bottle of wine.

A<sub>(1/2)</sub> E<sub>(1/2)</sub> D<sub>(1/2)</sub> A<sub>(1/2)</sub> A E<sub>(1/2)</sub> A

A<sub>(1/2)</sub> E<sub>(1/2)</sub> D<sub>(1/2)</sub> A<sub>(1/2)</sub> A<sub>(1/2)</sub> E<sub>(1/2)</sub> A

It's a pain in my head, bugs in my bed,

And my pants are so old that they shine.

Out on the street, tell the people I meet

To buy me a bottle of wine.

Preacher will preach, teacher will teach,

Miner will dig in the mine.

I ride the rods, trusting in God

Huggin' my bottle of wine.

# Calypso

by John Denver (1975)

*E*                    *E6*

To sail on a dream on a crystal clear ocean,  
*Ema7*                    *E<sub>(1/2)</sub>*            *F#m7*    *F#m7*

to ride on the crest of a wild raging storm

*E*                    *E6*

To work in the service of life and living,  
*Ema7<sub>(1/2)</sub>*    *E<sub>(1/2)</sub>*    *E<sub>(1/2)</sub>*    *F#m7*    *F#m7*

In search of the answers of questions unknown

*E*                    *E6*

To be part of the movement and part of the growing,  
*Ema7<sub>(1/2)</sub>*    *E<sub>(1/2)</sub>*    *E<sub>(1/2)</sub>*    *Bm7/E*    *Bm7/E*

Part of beginning to understand,

*A*                    *E*

Aye Calypso the places you've been to,

*A<sub>(1/2)</sub>*                    *E<sub>(1/2)</sub>*            *B<sub>(1/2)</sub>*            *E<sub>(1/2)</sub>*

The things that you've shown us, the stories you tell

*A*                    *E*

Aye Calypso, I sing to your spirit,

*A<sub>(1/2)</sub>*                    *E<sub>(1/2)</sub>*            *B7<sub>(1/2)</sub>*            *E<sub>(1/2)</sub>*

The men who have served you so long and so well

*B*    *A<sub>(1/2)</sub>*    *E<sub>(1/2)</sub>*    *B*    *A<sub>(1/2)</sub>*    *E<sub>(1/2)</sub>*

Hi dee ay-ee ooo      doodle oh ooo do do do do do doodle

*B*    *A<sub>(1/2)</sub>*    *E<sub>(1/2)</sub>*    *B*

ay yee,                doodle ay ee

*Asus4*    *A*    *E*    *E*    *A/E*    *A/E*    *E+2*    *E+2*    *A/E*    *A/E*

*E*                    *E6*

Like the dolphin who guides you, you bring us beside you,

*Ema7*                    *E<sub>(1/2)</sub>*            *F#m7*    *F#m7*

To light up the darkness and show us the way,

*E*                    *E6*

For though we are strangers in your silent world,

*Ema7<sub>(1/2)</sub>*    *E<sub>(1/2)</sub>*    *E<sub>(1/2)</sub>*    *F#m7*    *F#m7*

To live on the land we must learn from the sea,

*E*                    *E6*

To be true as the tide and free as a wind swell,

*Ema7<sub>(1/2)</sub>*    *E<sub>(1/2)</sub>*    *E<sub>(1/2)</sub>*    *Bm7/E*    *Bm7/E*

Joyful and loving in letting it be

# Can't Help But Wonder Where I'm Bound

by Tom Paxton (1964)

C C F<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am<sub>(1/2)</sub> Dm

It's a long and dusty road, it's a hot and heavy load

G G7 C C

And the folks I meet ain't always kind

C C F<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am<sub>(1/2)</sub> Dm

Some are bad and some are good 'n some have done the best they could

G G7 C C

Some have tried to ease my troublin' mind

Dm G7 C<sub>(1/2)</sub> C/B<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am/G<sub>(1/2)</sub>

And I can't help but wonder where I'm bound, where I'm bound

Dm G C C

I can't help but wonder where I'm bound

I've been wandering through this land

Just doin' the best I can

Trying to find what I was meant to do

And the people that I see

Look as worried as can be

And it looks like they are wand'rin' too

But I had me a buddy back home

And he started off to roam

Now he's out, gone to Frisco Bay

And sometimes when I've had a few

His old voice comes ringin' through

And yes I'm goin' out to see him some old day

If you see me passin' by

And you sit and you wonder why

And you wish that you were a rambler, too

Nail your shoes to the kitchen floor

Lace'em up and bar the door

Thank your stars for the roof that's over you

# Carefree Highway

 by Gordon Lightfoot (1974)

intro.... *D*(½) *C*(½) *G*(½) *Asus4*(½) *A A*

*D A F# Bm*(½) *A*(½)

Pickin up the pieces of my sweet shattered dream

*G*(½) *D*(½) *Asus4 A A*

I wonder how the old folks are tonight

*D A F# Bm*

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

*G A D*

She left me not knowing what to do.

*C G A D*

Carefree Highway let me slip away on you

*C G A*

Carefree highway you've seen better days

*Bm A G*(½) *D/F#*(½) *Esus4 E*

The morning after blues from my head down to my shoes

*D C G Asus4 A D*

Carefree Highway let me slip away slip away on you

*C(½) G(½) A(½) D(½) C(½) G(½) Asus4(½) A(½)*

Turnin back the pages to the times I love best

I wonder if she'll ever do the same

Now the thing that I call living is just being satisfied

With knowin I got no one left to blame

Carefree Highway I got to see you my old flame

Carefree highway you've seen better days

The morning after blues from my head down to my shoes

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

Searchin thru the fragments of my dream shattered sleep

I wonder if the years have closed her mind

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

From the good old faithful feeling we once knew

Carefree Highway let me slip away on you

Carefree highway you've seen better days

The morning after blues from my head down to my shoes

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

Carefree Highway I got to see you my old flame

Carefree highway you've seen better days

The morning after blues from my head down to my shoes

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

# Cat's in the Cradle

music by Harry Chapin and lyrics by Sandra

Chapin (1974)

*E5 E5 Bm7 Bm7 E5 E5 E5 Bm7 E5 E5*

*E5 G5 Asus2*

A child arrived just the other day He came into the world in the usual way

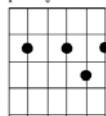
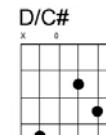
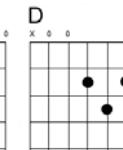
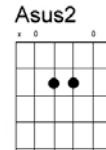
*E5 G5 Asus2 E*

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

*D(½) D/C#(½) D/B(½) D/A(½)*

He was talking 'fore I knew it and when he could, he said

*Gsus2(½) D/F#(½) E Gsus2(½) D/F#(½) E, or use Bm and Bm7/A  
"I'm gonna be like you, Dad. You know I'm gonna be like you." for D/B and D/A*



*E D G A*

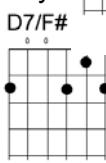
And the cat's in the cradle and the silver spoon, little boy blue and the man in the moon, sayin'

*E D Gsus2(½) G/F#(½) E*

When you comin' home son, I don't know when, but we'll get together then, yeah,

*G(½) G/F#(½) E5 E5 Bm7 Bm7 E5*

You know we'll have a good time then



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

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

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

*D(½) D/C#(½) Bm(½) Bm/A(½)*

And as I hung up the phone is occurred to me,

*Gsus2(½) D/F#(½) E*

He'd grown up just like me, yeah

*Gsus2(½) D/F#(½) E*

My boy was just like me.

# Chelsea Hotel #2

by Leonard Cohen (1974)

F C Bb F

I remember you well in the Chelsea Hotel,

F C Dm Dm

You were talking so brave and so sweet.

F C Bb F

Giving me head on the unmade bed

Bb Bb C C

While the limousines wait in the street

Dm Dm Bb Bb

Those were the reasons and that was New York,

F F/E Dm Dm

We were running for the money and the flesh

Bb6 Bb6 F F

And that was called love for the workers in song,

Bb Bb C C

Probably still is for those of them left.

Bb Bb F F

And then you got away, didn't you, baby?

F F/E Dm Dm

You just turned your back on the crowd.

Bb Bb F F

You got away, I never once heard you say,

Bb Bb F F Bb F F F

"I need you, I don't need you, I need you, I don't need you,"

Bb Bb Dm Dm C C C C (To lead into next verse)

And all of that jiving around.

I remember you well in the Chelsea Hotel,

You were famous, your heart was a legend.

You told me again you preferred handsome men,

But for me you would make an exception.

And clenching your fist for the ones like us

Who are oppressed by the figures of beauty,

You fixed yourself, you said, "Well, never mind,

We are ugly but we have the music."

I don't mean to suggest that I loved you the best

I can't keep track of each fallen robin.

I remember you well in the Chelsea Hotel,

That all, I don't think of you that often.

# Christmas Dinner

by Paul Stookey (1963)

*Em D C G*

And it .. came to pass on a Christmas evening

*Am7 G A B*

While all the doors were shuttered tight

*Em D C G*

Outside standing, lonely boy-child

*Am7 G B B Em Em Em Em*

Cold and shivering in the night

On the street every window

Save but one, was gleaming bright

And to this window walked the boychild

Peeking in saw, candlelight

Through other windows he had looked at turkeys

Ducks and geese, cherry pies

But through this window saw a grey-haired lady

Table bare and tears in her eyes

Into his coat reached the boy-child

Knowing well there was little there

He took from his pocket, his own Christmas dinner

A bit of cheese, some bread ... to share

His outstretched hands held the food and they trembled

As the door, it opened wide

Said he, "Would you share with me Christmas dinner"

Gently said she, "Come inside."

The grey-haired lady brought forth to the table

Glasses two and her last drop of wine

Said she, "Here's a toast to everyone's Christmas

and especially, yours and mine"

And it came to pass on that Christmas evening

While all the doors were shuttered tight

That in that town, the happiest Christmas

Was shared by candle light

# Circle

by Harry Chapin (1971)

*C<sub>(1/2)</sub> Cma7<sub>(1/2)</sub> C6<sub>(1/2)</sub> Cma7<sub>(1/2)</sub>*

*C<sub>(1/2)</sub> Cma7<sub>(1/2)</sub> C6<sub>(1/2)</sub> Cma7<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> Cma7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Dm*

All my life's a circle, sunrise and sundown

*Dm<sub>(1/2)</sub> Dm7<sub>(1/2)</sub> G<sub>(1/2)</sub> Dm7/G<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> Cma7<sub>(1/2)</sub> C6<sub>(1/2)</sub> Cma7<sub>(1/2)</sub>*  
the moon moves through the night time 'til the daybreak comes around

*C<sub>(1/2)</sub> Cma7<sub>(1/2)</sub> C6<sub>(1/2)</sub> Cma7<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> Cma7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Dm*

all my life's a circle, but I can't tell you why

*F G F<sub>(1/2)</sub> G<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> Cma7<sub>(1/2)</sub> C6<sub>(1/2)</sub> Cma7<sub>(1/2)</sub>*  
The seasons spinning round again, the years keep rolling by.

*Last time F Dm7 G G C F C C*  
years keep roll.....rolling by.

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

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

*C<sub>(1/2)</sub> Cma7<sub>(1/2)</sub> C6<sub>(1/2)</sub> Cma7<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> Cma7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Dm*

All my life's a circle, sunrise and sundown

*Dm<sub>(1/2)</sub> Dm7<sub>(1/2)</sub> G<sub>(1/2)</sub> Dm7/G<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> Cma7<sub>(1/2)</sub> C6<sub>(1/2)</sub> Cma7<sub>(1/2)</sub>*  
the moon moves through the night time 'til the daybreak comes around

*C<sub>(1/2)</sub> Cma7<sub>(1/2)</sub> C6<sub>(1/2)</sub> Cma7<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> Cma7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Dm*

all my life's a circle, but I can't tell you why

*F G F Dm7 G G C F C C*  
The seasons spinning round again, the years keep roll.....rolling by.

# Circle Game

by Joni Mitchell (1966)

C F C C

Yesterday a child came out to wonder,

C F G7 G7sus

Caught a dragonfly inside a jar.

C F(½) C(½) Em

Fearful when the sky was full of thunder,

F C(½) G6(½) C(½) F(½) C

And tearful at the falling of a star.

C C(½) G7sus(½) C(½)  
and the seasons they go round and round,

C C(½) G7sus(½) C(½)  
and the painted ponies go up and down.

F F C C

we're captive on the carousel of time.

F F Em F

We can't return we can only look behind from where we came

C C6(½) Fma7(½) C(½) F(½) C  
and go round and round and round in the circle game.

Then the child moved ten times round the seasons,  
Skated over ten clear frozen streams.

Words like, when you're older, must appease him,  
And promises of someday make his dreams.

Sixteen springs and sixteen summers gone now,  
Cartwheels turn to car wheels thru the town.  
And they tell him, take your time, it won't be long now,  
Till you drag your feet to slow the circles down.

# Coming Back to You

by Leonard Cohen (1984)

*E C#m F#m (½) B7 (½) E*

Maybe I'm still hurting I can't turn the other cheek

*E C#m F#m (½) B7 (½) E*

But you know that I still love you it's just that I can't speak

*A G#m G#7 C#m (½) F#m (½)*

I looked for you in everyone and they called me on that too

*E C#m F#m (½) B7 (½) 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 (½) B7 (½) 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 (½) F#m7 (½)*

And springtime starts but then it stops in the name of something new

*E C#m F#m (½) B7 (½) 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

# Dance Me to the End of Love

by Leonard Cohen (1984)

*Am Am Em Em B7 B7 Em Em*

*Am Am Em Em*

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

# Day Is Done

by Peter Yarrow (1969)

*A*                   *Bm*  
Tell me why you're crying my son,  
*E*                   *A*  
I know you're frightened like everyone?  
*F#m*               *Bm*  
Is it the thunder in the distance you fear?  
*C#m*              *D*           *Bm*    *E7*  
Will it help if I stay very near?  
    *A*    *A*  
I am here.

*D*                   *A*  
And if you take my hand my son,  
    *E*                   *A*  
All will be well when the day is done.  
        *D*                   *A*  
And if you take my hand my son,  
    *E*                   *A*  
All will be well when the day is done.  
        *E*    *E*            *A*    *A*  
Day is done,    day is done,  
    *E*    *E*            *A*    *A*  
Day is done,    day is done.

Do you ask why I'm sighing my son?  
You shall inherit what mankind has done.  
In a world filled with sorrow and woe,  
If you ask me why this is so,  
I really don't know.

Tell me why you're smiling my son.  
Is there a secret you can tell everyone?  
Do you know more than men that are wise?  
Can you see what we all must disguise,  
Through your loving eyes?

# Donald and Lydia

by John Prine (1971)

C C F C

Small town bright lights Saturday night,

C C D7 G7

Pin balls and pool halls flashing their lights

C C F C

Making change behind a counter in a penny arcade,

C C G7 C F C F

Sat the fat girl daughter of Virginia and Ray Lydia (spoken)

C C F C

Lydia hid her thoughts like a cat,

C C G7 C

behind her small eyes sunk deep in her fat

C C F C

She read a romance magazine up in her room

C C G7 C C7

And felt just like Sunday on Saturday afternoon

F F C C G7 G7 C C7

But dreaming just comes natural like the first breath from a baby

F F C C G7 G7 C F C F

Like sunshine feeding daisies, Like the love hidden deep in your heart

Bunk beds, shaved heads Saturday night

A warehouse of strangers with sixty-watt lights

Staring though the ceiling just wanting to be,

lay a one of too many a young PFC Donald (spoken)

There were spaces between Donald and whatever he said

Strangers had forced him to live in his head

He envisioned the details of romantic scenes after

midnight in the stillness of the barrack's latrine

Hot love, cold love, no love at all,

a portrait of guilt is hung on the wall

Nothing is wrong, nothing is right,

Donald and Lydia made love that night Love (spoken)

They made love in the mountains, they made love in the streams

They made love in the valleys, they made love in their dreams

But when they were finished, there was nothing to say

'Cause mostly they made love from ten miles away

# Don't Go Down to the Quarry

by Peter Yarrow (1981)

G

G

Don't go down to the quarry in the *middle* of the night,

Em

Em

'Cause you'll *never* come back, you'll *never* be right.

Am

Am

We lost Maggie there just last spring,

D

D

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 Let Me Be Lonely Tonight

by James Taylor (1972)

*Em9 A7/6sus4 Dmaj9 B7-9*

Do me wrong - do me right

*Em9 A7/6sus4 F#m7 B7*

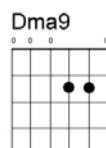
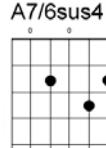
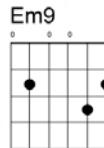
Tell me lies but hold me tight

*Gmaj7 F#m7 Bm7 E7*

Save your goodbyes for the morning light

*Em9 A7/6sus4 Dmaj9 B7-9*

But don't let me be lonely tonight



*Em9 A7/6sus4 Dmaj9 B7-9*

Say goodbye and say hello

*Em9 A7/6sus4 F#m7 B7*

Sure 'nuf good to see you but it's time to go

*Gmaj7 F#m7 Bm7 E7*

Don't say yes but please don't say no

*Em9 A7/6sus4 Dmaj9 D*

I don't want to be lonely tonight

*Bm Bm(ma7) Bm7 E7*

Go away then damn ya, go on and do as you please

*Em9 A(1/4) C(1/4) G(1/2) D(1/2)*

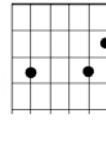
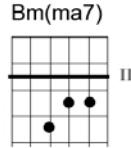
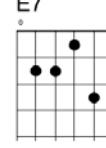
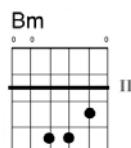
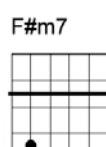
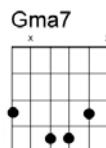
Yeah, you ain't gonna see me getting down on my knees

*Bm Bm(ma7) Bm7 E7*

I'm undecided and your heart's been divided

*Em9 A(1/4) C(1/4) G G G G G*

You've been turning my world upside down



*Em9 A7/6sus4 Dmaj9 B7-9*

Do me wrong do me right, right now baby

*Em9 A7/6sus4 F#m7 B7*

Go on and tell me lies but hold me tight

*Gmaj7 F#m7 Bm7 E7*

Save your goodbyes for the morning light

*Em9 A7/6sus4 Csus2add #4 Csus2add #4*

But don't let me be lonely tonight

*G D Bm E7*

I don't want to be lonely tonight, oh no...

*Em9 A7/6sus4 Dmaj9 Csus2add#4*

I don't want to be lonely tonight.

# Don't Think Twice It's Alright

by Bob Dylan (1963)

D A Bm Bm

It ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe

G G D A7

It don't matter, anyhow

D A Bm Bm

An' it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe

E7 E7 A A7

If you don't know by now

D D D D7

When your rooster crows at the break of dawn

G G E E9 or E7

Look out your window and I'll be gone

D A Bm G

You're the reason I'm trav'lin' on

D A7 D D

Don't think twice, it's alright

And it ain't no use in turning on your light babe  
That light I never knowed  
And it ain't no use in turning on your light babe  
I'm on the dark side of the road  
I wish there was something you would do or say  
To try and make me change my mind and stay  
But we never did too much talking anyway  
So don't think twice it's alright

And it ain't no use in calling out my name babe  
Like you never did before  
Ain't no use in calling out my name babe  
I can't hear you any more  
I'm thinking and a-wondering, away down the road  
I once loved a woman, a child I'm told  
I gave her my heart but she wanted my soul  
But don't think twice it's alright

I'm walking down that long lonesome road babe  
Where I'm bound I can't tell  
But goodbye is too good a word babe  
So I'll just say fare thee well  
I ain't saying you treated me unkind  
You could have done better but I don't mind  
You just kinda wasted my precious time  
But don't think twice it's alright

# Dreams Go By

by Harry Chapin (1975)

C G

There you stand in your dungarees

Am G

Lookin all grown up and so very pleased.

C G

When you write your poems, they have so much to say

Am G

When I hear your dreams, it takes my breath away.

F F C(½) C/B(½) Am(½) Am/G(½)

You know I want to be a ballplayer, a regular sluggin fool

F G F(½) G(½) C

But I guess our dreams must wait awhile, until we finish school.

C+2 C F+6 F

And so you and I, we watch our years go by,

G G7 Am Em(½) Dm(½)

We watch our sweet dreams fly, far away, but maybe someday,

C+2 C F+6 F

I don't know when, But we can dream again, and we'll be

G G7 Am Em(½) Dm(½) G G7

happy then, till our time, just drifts away.

There you stand in your wedding dress,

You're so beautiful that I must confess

I'm so proud you have chosen me, when a doctor is what you want to be

You know I want to be a painter, girl, a real artistic snob.

But I guess we'll have our children first, you'll find a home, I'll get a job.

Am Am/G Am/F# Fma7 Fma7

Listen to the seasons passing, listen to the winds blow,

Am Am/G Am/F# Fma7 G<sub>(hold)</sub>

Listen to the children laughing, where do broken dreams go?

There you stand in your tailored suit,

So many years go by, but you're still so cute.

You take the car to go and meet the bus,

When the grandchildren come to visit us.

You say you should have been a ballerina, girl,

There are songs I should have sung.

But I guess our dreams have come and gone,

You're supposed to dream when you are young.

# Early Morning Rain

by Gordon Lightfoot (1966)

G G Bm Bm

In the early morning rain

C D G G

With a dollar in my hand

G G Am Am

With an achin' in my heart

D D G G

And my pockets full of sand

G G Am Am

I'm a long way from home

D D G G

And I miss my loved ones so

G G Bm Bm

In the early morning rain

C D7 G G

With no place to go

Out on runway number nine  
Big seven-o-seven set to go  
But I'm stuck here in the grass  
Where the cold wind blows

Now the liquor tasted good  
And the women all were fast  
Well there she goes my friend  
Well she's rollin' down at last

Hear the mighty engines roar  
See the silver bird on high  
She's away and westward bound  
Far above the clouds she'll fly

Where the mornin' rain don't fall  
And the sun always shines  
She'll be flyin' o'er my home  
In about three hours time

This old airport's got me down  
It's no earthly good to me  
'cause I'm stuck here on the ground  
As cold and drunk as I can be

You can't jump a jet plane  
Like you can a freight train  
So I'd best be on my way  
In the early morning rain.

# 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?

# Evangelina

by Hoyt Axton (1976)

*Em D G G*  
And I dream in the morning, she brings me water,

*A A D D*  
And I dream in evening, she brings me wine.

*G C G G*  
Just a poor man's daughter, From Puerto Penasco.

*D D G G*  
Evangelina in old Mexico.

*Em D G G*  
There's a great hot desert, south of Mexicali.

*A A D D*  
And if you don't have water, boy you better not go.

*G C G G*  
Tequila won't get you, Across that desert.

*D D G G*  
To Evangelina in old Mexico.

*Chorus Bm F C G*  
And the fire I feel for the woman I love, Is driving me insane.

*D C G G*  
Knowing she's waiting, And I can't get there.

*Bm F C G*  
And God only knows that I've racked my brain, To try to find a way,

*D D G G*  
To reach that woman in old Mexico.

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

*Em D G G*  
And I met a kind man, he guarded the border.

*A A D D*  
He said 'You don't need papers, I'll let you go'.

*G C G G*  
I can tell that you love her, By the look in your eyes now.

*D D G G*  
She's the rose of the desert, In old Mexico.

*Repeat Chorus*

*Em D G G*  
And I dream in the morning, she brings me water,

*A A D D*  
And I dream in evening, she brings me wine.

*G C G G*  
Just a poor man's daughter, From Puerto Penasco.

*D D C C G*  
Evangelina in old Mexico.

*D D C C G*  
Evangelina I miss you so, I miss you so.

# Famous Blue Raincoat

by Leonard Cohen (1971)

*Am Am F F Dm7 Dm7 Em Em*

*Am Am F F*

It's four in the morning, the end of December

*Dm7 Dm7 Em Em*

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

*Am Am F F*

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

*Dm7 Dm7 Em Em*

There's music on Clinton Street all through the evening

*Am Am Bm Bm7 Am Am Bm Bm7*

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

*Am Am G G Am Am G G*

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

*C C C C G G*

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

*G G Am Am*

She said that you gave it to her

*Am Am Bm Bm7 G G*

That night that you planned to go clear

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

Did you ever go clear?

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

Your famous blue raincoat was torn at the shoulder

You'd been to the station to meet every train

And you came home without Lili Marlene

And you treated my woman to a flake of your life

And when she came back she was nobody's wife

Well I see you there with the rose in your teeth

One more thin gypsy thief

Well I see Jane's awake

She sends her regards

And what can I tell you my brother, my killer

What can I possibly say?

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

I'm glad you stood in my way.

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

Your enemy is sleeping, and his woman is free.

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

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

And Jane came by with a lock of your hair

She said that you gave it to her

That night that you planned to go clear

-- sincerely, L. Cohen

# Farewell Angelina

by Bob Dylan (1965)

C C F C Csus4

Farewell Angelina, the bells of the crown

C C F C Csus4

Are being stolen by bandits, I must follow the sound

C C F G Csus4

The triangle tingles, the trumpet plays slow

Am Em Am Em F<sub>(1)</sub> C<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> C Csus4 C Csus4

Am Em Am Em F C Csus4 C Csus4

But farewell Angelina, the sky is on fire, and I must go

There is no use in anger and no use for blame

There is nothing to prove, every thing's still the same

Just a table stands empty by the edge of the sea

Means farewell Angelina, the sky is trembling and I must leave

The jacks and the queens they have forsaken the courtyard

And fifty-two gypsies now file past the guards

In the space where the duece and the ace once ran wild

Farewell Angelina, the sky is changing color, I'll see you in a while

See the cross-eyed pirates sitting perched in the sun

Shooting tin cans with a sawed-off shot gun

And the neighbors they clap and they cheer with each blast

But farewell Angelina, the sky is trembling, and I must leave fast

King Kong, little elves in the rooftops they dance

Valentino-type tangos while the make-up man's hands

Shut the eyes of the dead not to embarrass anyone

Farewell Angelina, the sky is embarrassed and I must be gone

The camouflaged parrot, he flutters from fear

When something he doesn't know about suddenly appears

What cannot be imitated perfect must die

Farewell Angelina, the sky's flooding over, and I must go where it's dry

Machine guns are roaring, and the puppets heave rocks

The fiends nail time bombs to the hands of the clocks

Call me any name you like, I will never deny it

But farewell Angelina, the sky is erupting, I must go where it's quiet

# Father and Son

by Cat Stevens (1970)

## Father

G D C Am  
It's not time to make a change, just relax and take it easy you're still  
G Em Am D  
young that's your fault, there's so much you have to know Find a  
G D C Am7  
girl, settle down, if you want to, you can marry look at  
G Em Am D  
me, I am old, but I'm happy

G Bm7 C Am7  
I was once like you are now, and I know that its not easy to be  
G Em Am D  
calm, when you've found something going on but take your  
G Bm7 C Am7  
time, think a lot, why think of ev' rything you've got for you will  
G Em D<sub>(1 beat only)</sub> G-C riff G-C riff  
still be here tomorrow, but your dreams may not

## Son

G Bm C Am7  
How can I try to explain? when I do he turns away again  
G Em Am D  
it's always been the same, same old story

G Bm C Am7  
From the moment I could talk I was ordered to listen now there's a  
G Em D<sub>(1 beat only)</sub> G<sub>(3 beats)</sub>  
way and I know I have to go away  
D<sub>(2 beats)</sub> C<sub>(1 beat only)</sub> G-C riff G-C riff  
and I know I have to go

## Father

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

## Son

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

# Fire and Rain

by James Taylor (1969)

A Em7 D A A E Gmaj7 Gmaj7

A Em7 D A

Just yesterday morning they let me know you were gone

A E Gmaj7 Gmaj7

Susan, the plans they made put an end to you

A Em7 D A

I walked out this morning and I wrote down this song

A E Gmaj7 Gmaj7

I just can't remember who to send it to

D<sub>(1/2)</sub> D/C#<sub>(1/2)</sub> Bm7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Bm7/E<sub>(1/2)</sub> A A

I've seen fire and I've seen rain

D<sub>(1/2)</sub> D/C#<sub>(1/2)</sub> Bm7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Bm7/E<sub>(1/2)</sub> A A

I've seen sunny days that I thought would never end

D<sub>(1/2)</sub> D/C#<sub>(1/2)</sub> Bm7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Bm7/E<sub>(1/2)</sub> A A

I've seen lonely times when I could not find a friend

G<sub>(1/2)</sub> D6/F#<sub>(1/2)</sub> E7sus/B<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Asus A9

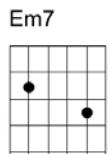
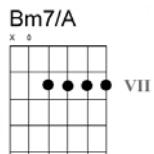
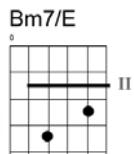
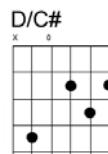
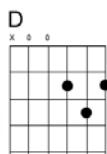
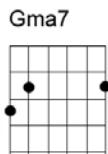
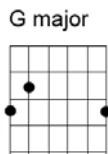
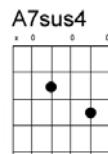
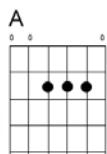
But I always thought that I'd see you a gain

Won't you look down upon me Jesus. You've got to help me make a stand  
You've just got to see me through another day

My body's aching and my time is at hand

And I won't make it any other way

Been walking my mind to an easy time, my back turned towards the sun  
Lord knows when the cold wind blows it'll turn you head around  
Well, there's hours of time on the telephone line to talk about things to come  
Sweet dreams and flying machines in pieces on the ground



# Fisherman Song

words and music by Judy Collins (1973)

C<sub>(½)</sub> G<sub>(¼)</sub> F<sub>(¼)</sub>

C C  
The fisherman are pitching pennies  
G G

In the sand be side the sea

F C /  
The sunrise hits their oilskin boots  
G G /

And their painted boats and me

Am G  
They seem to know the ocean

F<sub>(½)</sub> Em<sub>(¼)</sub> Dm  
Like a man knows a woman

C G  
She makes him wait a round for half the morning

F<sub>(½)</sub> C<sub>(¼)</sub> C<sub>(½)</sub> G<sub>(¼)</sub> C<sub>(¼)</sub>  
For the tide to turn

F C<sub>(½)</sub> G<sub>(¼)</sub> C<sub>(¼)</sub> G C  
Pull on the ropes, seine haul fisherman  
F<sub>(¼)</sub> G<sub>(¼)</sub> C<sub>(½)</sub> F<sub>(¼)</sub> G<sub>(¼)</sub> C<sub>(½)</sub> G G  
Never catches more than he knows he can sell in a day.....ay.....  
F C<sub>(½)</sub> G<sub>(¼)</sub> C<sub>(¼)</sub> G C  
Pull in the nets, seine haul fisherman  
F<sub>(¼)</sub> G<sub>(¼)</sub> C<sub>(½)</sub> F<sub>(¼)</sub> G<sub>(¼)</sub> C<sub>(½)</sub>  
Day's for work and night's the time to go  
G C C<sub>(½)</sub> G<sub>(¼)</sub> F<sub>(¼)</sub> C C<sub>(½)</sub> G<sub>(¼)</sub> F<sub>(¼)</sub>  
danc ing

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

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

# For Baby, For Bobby

by John Denver (1972)

D G D D7

I'll walk in the rain by your side,

G A7 D D7

I'll cling to the warmth of your tiny hand.

G A7 D<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em<sub>(1/2)</sub> Bm

I'll do anything to help you un der stand,

D<sub>(1/2)</sub> G<sub>(1/2)</sub> A D D7

I'll love you more than anybody can.

G A7 D D7

And the wind will whisper your name to me,

Em A7 D D7

Little birds will sing along in time.

G A7 G<sub>(1/2)</sub> F#m<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em

The leaves will bow down when you walk by,

D<sub>(1/2)</sub> G<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em7<sub>(1/2)</sub> A7<sub>(1/2)</sub> D D

And morn ing bells will chime.

D G D D7

I'll be there when you're feeling down,

G A7 D D7

To kiss away the tears that you cry.

G A7 D<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em<sub>(1/2)</sub> Bm

I'll share with you all the happi ness I've found,

D<sub>(1/2)</sub> G<sub>(1/2)</sub> A D D7

A reflection of the love in your eyes.

G A7 D D7

And I'll sing you the songs of the rainbow,

Em A7 D D7

Whisper of the joy that is mine.

G A7 G<sub>(1/2)</sub> F#m<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em

The leaves will bow down when you walk by,

D<sub>(1/2)</sub> G<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em<sub>(1/2)</sub>7 A7<sub>(1/2)</sub> D D

And morn ing bells will chime.

# Follow Me

by John Denver (1969)

D A D D

It's by far the hardest thing I've ever done  
G<sub>(½)</sub> G/F#<sub>(½)</sub> G/E A A7  
to be so in love with you and so a-lone

D G/E D G

Follow me where I go what I do and who I know

D G/E A A7

make it part of you to be a part of me

D G/E D G

follow me up and down all the way and all around

D G<sub>(½)</sub> A7<sub>(½)</sub> D D

take my hand and say you'll follow me

D A G D

It's long been on my mind you know it's been a long, long time,

Bm A G A

I'll try to find the way that I can make you understand

G D G D

the way I feel about you and just how much I need you

G/F#<sub>(½)</sub> G/F#<sub>(½)</sub> G/E<sub>(½)</sub> G/D<sub>(½)</sub> G A A7

to be there where I can talk to you when there's no one else around.

You see, I'd like to share my life with you and show you things I've seen,  
places that I'm going to places where I've been  
to have you there beside me and never be alone  
and all the time that you're with me then we will be at home.

# Give Peace a Chance

lyric by John Lennon, and music by Pete Seeger and Brother Fred Kilpatrick (1969)

G D7 D7 G G

All we are saying is give peace a chance

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is a treble clef staff with four measures. The first measure has a 'G' above it. The second measure has a 'D' below it. The third measure has a 'D7' above it. The fourth measure has a 'G' above it. The bottom staff is a bass staff with three horizontal lines. It shows tablature for three strings: T (Thick string), A (Middle string), and B (Thin string). The first measure has a '0' above it, with '2-0' written below the staff. The second measure has a '2' above it, with '0' written below the staff. The third measure has a '1-0' above it, with '0' written below the staff. The fourth measure has a '2' above it, with '0' written below the staff.

# 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(½) D(½) C  
Where strangers are as family, loneliness can't hide.

Cma7 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(½) D(½) G Gsus4(add9) G Gsus4(add 9)  
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

# Goodbye Again

 by John Denver (1972)

*G<sub>(1/2)</sub> G/F#<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em C G*

It's five o'clock this morning and the sun is on the rise.

*G<sub>(1/2)</sub> G/F#<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em Am D7*

There's frosting on the window pane and sorrow in your eyes.

*G<sub>(1/2)</sub> G/F#<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em C G*

The stars are fading quietly, the night is nearly gone,

*G<sub>(1/2)</sub> G/F#<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em Am D7*

And so you turn a way from me and tears begin to come.

*Am D7 G<sub>(1/2)</sub> G/F#<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em*

And it's goodbye again, I'm sorry to be leaving you.

*Am D7 G<sub>(1/2)</sub> G/F#<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em*

Goodbye a gain, as if you didn't know,

*Am D7 G<sub>(1/2)</sub> G/F#<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em*

It's goodbye a gain, and I wish you could tell me.

*Am Am D7 D7*

Why do we always fight when I have to go?

It seems a shame to leave you now, your lace is soft and warm.

I long to lay me down again and hold you in my arms.

I long to kiss the tears away, give you back the smile,

But other voices beckon me, and for a little while.

*Bm C G<sub>(1/2)</sub> G/F#<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em*

I have to go and see some friends of mine, some that I don't know,

*Am D7 G G*

And some that aren't familiar with my name.

*Bm C G<sub>(1/2)</sub> G/F#<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em*

It's something that's inside of me, not hard to understand,

*Am Am D7 D7*

It's anyone who'll listen to me sing.

And if your hours are empty now, who am I to blame?

You think if I were always here, our love would be the same.

As it is the time we have is worth the time alone,

Lying by your side, the greatest peace I've ever known.

# Good Times We Had

by Noel Paul Stookey(1966)

C G

Times have changed.

C Am D7 D7 G7 G7

All the good times that we had . . . are gone now.

C G

Passed this way,

C Am D7 D7 G7 G7

Only memories will remain . . . tomorrow.

G G7 Am Am

I thought my dreams would be enough for awhile,

G G7 Am Am

And all the plans that we made.

G G7 Am Am

Hey, we had love, that was all that we had,

Dm D7 G7 G7

And even that don't seem the same.

C G

Peace of mind.

C F D7 D7 G7 G7

Where's the happiness we should . . . be having?

C G

We can't find,

C Am D7 G7 C C

Any answers in the good times that we had.

(repeat "Peace of mind ...")

# Great Mandella

by Peter Yarrow, Albert Grossman, and Mary Travers  
 (1967)

*F#m(½) /D(½) /E(½) /A(½)      F#m/A(½) /D(½) /E(½) /A(½)      (2X)*

*F#m(½) /D(½) /E(½) /A(½)      F#m/A(½) /D(½) /E(½) /A(½)      C      C      G      G*  
 So, I told him that he'd bet ter shut his mouth and do his job like a man.  
*E      E      A      A*

And he answered, "Listen, father, I will

*F#m(½) /D(½) /E(½) /A(½)      F#m/A(½) /D(½) /E(½) /A(½)      Dsus4(½) D7(½) D7      G      G*  
 Ne ver kill a no ther. "He thinks he's bet ter than his brother that died.  
*F#      F#      G      G      E      E      A      A*

What the hell does he think he's doing to his father who brought him up right?

*Em      Em      Am      Am*  
 Take your place on the Great Mandella as it  
*Am11      Am9      Em      Em*

moves through your brief moment of time.

*C      C      Em      Em*  
 Win or lose, now, you must choose, now.

*Am11      Am9      Am6/9      Am6/9*  
 And, if you lose, you're only losing your life.

Tell the jailer not to bother with his meal of bread and water today.

He is fasting 'til the killing's over.

He's a martyr. He thinks he's a prophet

But, he's a coward. He's just playing a game.

He can't do it. He can't change it.

It's been going on for ten thousand years.

Tell the people they are safe, now.

Hunger stopped him. He lies still in his cell.

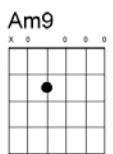
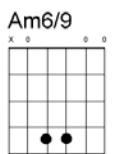
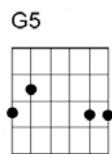
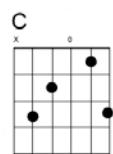
Death has gagged his accusations.

We are free now. We can kill now.

We can hate now. Now, we can end the world.

We're not guilty. He was crazy.

And it's been going on for ten thousand years.



# Greenback Dollar

by Hoyt Axton (1962)

*Em G G Em*

Some people say I'm a no count, others say I'm no good,

*C G*

But I'm just a natural born travelin man,

*D Em*

Doin what I think I should, Oh yeah,

*D Em Em*

Doin what I think I should.

*G(½) C(½) G(½) Em(½)*

And I don't give a damn about a greenback dollar,

*G(½) C(½) G(½) Em(½)*

Spend it fast as I can,

*G(½) C(½) G(½) Em(½)*

For a wailing song, and a good guitar,

*D Em*

The only thing that I understand, Poor boy,

*D Em*

The only thing that I understand.

When I was a little babe, my mama said; " Hey son,"

"Travel where you will, and grow to be a man,

And sing what must be sung, poor boy,

Sing what must be sung."

Now that I'm a grown man, I've travelled here and there,

I've learned that a bottle of brandy and a song,

The only ones who ever cared, poor boy,

The only ones who ever cared

# Hallelujah

Leonard Cohen (1984)

G Em  
I heard there was a secret chord  
G Em  
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 . .  
It goes like this, the fourth, the fifth  
Em C  
the minor fall and the major lift

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  
End 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

D B7 Em  
The baffled king composing hallelujah  
C C Em Em  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
C C G D G Em G G  
Em  
Hallelujah, Hallelu jah

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

*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<sub>(hold)</sub>*  
Yes, it's the love light in your eyes, where'er you go.

# Happy Birthday by Tom Chapin (1989)

**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**

bles, one will sta- -ay a- glow--- It's the love light

**D      Bm      G      A7      D**

in your eyes where- 'ere you---- go----

# Hey, That's No Way to Say Goodbye

Leonard Cohen (1967)

E E E E

A A A A

Oh yes I loved you in the morning, our kisses deep and warm  
F#m F#m F#m F#m

Oh your hair upon the pillow like a sleepy golden storm

D D D D

Yes, many loved before us, I know we are not new

A A A A

In city and in forest they smiled like me and you

F#m F#m F#m F#m

Oh but now it's come to distances and both of us must try

D D E E

Your eyes are soft with sorrow, hey, hey

E E E A E E E E

that's no way to say goodbye

No I'm not looking for another as I wander in my time  
Walk me to the corner now, our steps will always rhyme  
You know my love goes with you as your love stays with me  
It's just the way it changes, like the shoreline and the sea  
Oh but let's not talk of love or chains and things we can't untie  
Your eyes are soft with sorrow  
Hey, that's no way to say goodbye

Yes I loved you in the morning, our kisses deep and warm

Oh your hair upon the pillow like a sleepy golden storm

Many loved before us, I know that we are not new

In city and in forest they smiled like me and you

Oh but now it's come to distances and both of us must try

Your eyes are soft with sorrow

Hey that's no way to say goodbye

# Highway in the Wind

by Arlo Guthrie (1966)

*E Ema7 A E E Ema7*

*E Ema7 A E*

Sail with me into the unknown void that has no end,

*E Ema7 A E*

Swept a-long the open road that don't seem to begin.

*Ema7 A F#m7(½) B7(½) E*

Come with me and love me, Babe, I may be back again.

*E(½) Ema7(½) C#m F#m(¼) G#m(¼) A(½) E*

Meantime I'll keep sailing down my high way in the wind.

Evenings just begin the days and follows with the night,  
To love you and to be with you, and to say that it's all right.  
Love me while you have me, Babe, I may be back again.  
Meantime I'll keep sailing down this highway in the wind.

There's times I feel like going and there's times I want to stay.  
Times that I ain't feeling well, and times I feel OK.  
Now you have time to love me, Babe, and I may have time again.  
Meantime I'll keep sailing down this highway in the wind.

The fortune-teller tells me that I have somewhere to go.  
Look and try to understand, and wonder how she knows.  
So I must be going now, I'm losing time my friend,  
Looking for a rainbow down this highway in the wind.

# Hold on to Me Babe

by Tom Paxton (1965)

A A D A  
As my achin' head keeps begging, for a sleep that will not come

A A E E  
I rise and walk the morning streets again

A A D A  
I keep wond'r'in how you're doin', and I wonder where you are

A E A A  
And I know I'll be all right but I don't know when

A D A E  
Hold on to me babe, wherever you may be

A D A E<sub>(1/2)</sub> A<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
Hold on to me babe, I'm with you al ways

There was something locked inside you, like a secret burning pain  
In a prison where you would not let me go  
I was sure we'd find the answer, 'till I woke and found you gone  
Now just what it was I guess I'll never know

I keep holding on to something, though I don't know what it is  
But at least I know the sound of my own name  
And I work as hard as ever, and I see the same old friends  
But there's something deep inside , that ain't the same

# House Song

by Noel Paul Stookey and Robert H. Bannard (1967)

C Csus2 C Csus2

C Csus2 G(¼) C(¼) G

This house goes on sale ev'ry Wednes day morning

Cmaj7 Cma7 G(¼) C(¼) G

And taken off the market in the afternoon.

Am D7 G(¼) C(¼) G

You can buy a piece of it if you want to

C D7 G(¼) C(¼) G

It's been good to me if it's been good for you.

Take the grand look now the fire is burning  
Is that your reflection on the wall?

I can show you this room and some others  
If you came to see the house at all.

Careful up the stairs, a few are missing

I haven't had the time to make repairs

First step is the hardest one to master

Last one I'm not really sure is there.

This room here once had childish laughter  
And I come back to hear it now and again

I can't say that I'm certain what you're after

But in this room, a part of you will remain.

Second floor, the lady sleeps in waiting

Past the lantern, tiptoe in its glance

In the room the soft brown arms of shadow

This room the hardest one to pass.

How much will you pay to live in the attic?

The shavings off your mind are the only rent

I left some would there if you thought you couldn't

Or if the shouldn't that you've bought has been spent.

# If I Had Wings

by Peter Yarrow and Sue Yardley (1967)

G Am7 G Am7

G Am7 G Am7

If I had wings no one would ask me should I fly

G G7 C D

The bird sings, no one asks why.

G Bm Am Bm

I can see in myself wings as I feel them

Am Bm Am D

If you see something else, keep your thoughts to yourself, I'll fly free then.

G Am7 G Am7

Yesterday's eyes see their colors fading away

G G7 C D

They see their sun turning to grey

G Bm Am Bm

You can't share in a dream, that you don't believe in

Am Bm Am D

If you say that you see and pretend to be me, you won't be then.

G Am7 G Am7

How can you ask if I'm happy goin' my way?

G G7 C D

You might as well ask a child at play!

G Bm Am Bm

There's no need to discuss or understand me

Am Bm Am D

I won't ask of myself to become something else, I'll just be me!

If I had wings no one would ask me should I fly

The bird sings, and no one asks her why.

I can see in myself wings as I feel them

If you see something else, keep your thoughts to yourself, I'll fly free then.

# If You Could Read My Mind

 by Gordon Lightfoot (1969)

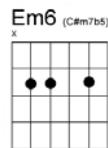
A A G G If you could read my mind, love, what a tale my thoughts could tell

A A Em6/G Em6/G Just like an old time movie 'bout a ghost from a wishing-well

A A7 D E F#m In a castle dark or a fortress strong with chains upon my feet

D A D A/C# You know that ghost is me and I will never be set free as

Bm7sus4 E A A long as I'm a ghost that you can't see



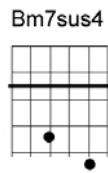
If I could read your mind, love, what a tale your thoughts could tell

Just like a paperback novel, the kind that drugstores sell

When you reach the part where the heartaches come the hero would be me

And heroes often fail and you won't read that book again be-

cause the ending's just too hard to take A A G G A A Em6/G Em6/G



A A7 D E F#m I'd walk away like a movie star who gets burned in a three-way script

D A D A/C# And enter number two, a movie queen to play the scene of

Bm7sus4 E F#m D A bringing all the good things out in me but for now, love, let's be real

D A/C# Bm7sus4 E I never thought I could act this way and I've got to say that I just don't get it

D A/C# Bm7sus4 E A G A G I don't know where we went wrong but the feeling's gone and I just can't get it back

A A G G If you could read my mind, love, what a tale my thoughts could tell

A A Em6/G Em6/G Just like an old time movie 'bout a ghost from a wishing-well

A A7 D E F#m In a castle dark or a fortress strong with chains upon my feet,

D A D A/C# Bm7sus4 but stories always end. And if you read between the lines, you'll know that I'm just

E F#m D A D Try'n' to understand the feelings that you lack. I never thought I could

A/C# Bm7sus4 E D feel this way, and I've got to say that I just don't get it. I don't know where

A/C# Bm7sus4 E A G A we went wrong but the feeling's gone and I just can't get it back

# I'll Be Your Baby Tonight

by Bob Dylan (1968)

*F F F F*  
Close your eyes, close the door You don't have to  
*G G G G7*  
worry any more  
*Bb Bb C C F F C C*  
I'll be your baby tonight

*F F F F*  
Shut the light, shut the shade You don't  
*G G G G7*  
have to be afraid  
*Bb Bb C C F F F F*  
I'll be your baby tonight

*Bb Bb*  
Well, that mockingbird's gonna sail away  
*F F*  
We're gonna forget it  
*G G*  
That big, fat moon is gonna shine like a spoon  
*C C*  
But we're gonna let it, you won't regret it

*F F F F*  
Kick your shoes off, do not fear Bring that  
*G G G G7*  
bottle over here  
*Bb Bb C C F F F F*  
I'll be your baby tonight

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

by Jim

Croce (1973)

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

(E7) A<sub>(½)</sub> Ama7<sub>(½)</sub> C#m7 Bm E7

Well, I know it's kind of late, I hope I didn't wake you,

A<sub>(½)</sub> Ama7<sub>(½)</sub> C#m7 Bm E7

But what I got to say can't wait I know you'd understand

D D#dim C#7 F#m

Every time I tried to tell you the words just came out wrong

(D) A E7 D A

So I'll have to say I love you in a song.

Yeah, I know it's kind of strange, but every time I'm near you,

I just run out of things to say, I know you'd understand

Every time I tried to tell you the words just came out wrong

So I'll have to say I love you in a song.

A<sub>(½)</sub> Ama7<sub>(½)</sub> C#m7 Bm E7

A<sub>(½)</sub> Ama7<sub>(½)</sub> C#m7 Bm E7

Every time the time was right all the words just came out wrong

So I'll have to say I love you in a song.

Yeah, I know it's kind of late, I hope I didn't wake you,

But there's something that I just got to say, I know you'd understand.

Every time I tried to tell you the words just came out wrong,

So I'll have to say I love you in a song.

# I Shall Be Released

by Bob Dylan (1991)

A                              Bm  
They say everything can be replaced  
C#m<sub>(½)</sub>    Bm<sub>(½)</sub>    A<sub>(½)</sub>    E7<sub>(½)</sub>  
Yet every distance is not near

A                              Bm  
So I remember every face  
C#m<sub>(½)</sub>    Bm<sub>(½)</sub>    A<sub>(½)</sub>    E7<sub>(½)</sub>  
Of every man who put me here.

A                              Bm  
I see my light come shining  
C#m<sub>(½)</sub>    Bm<sub>(½)</sub>    A<sub>(½)</sub>    E7<sub>(½)</sub>  
From the west unto the east.

A                              Bm  
Any day now, any day now,  
C#m<sub>(½)</sub>    Bm<sub>(½)</sub>    A  
I shall be released

A                              Bm  
They say every man needs protection.  
C#m<sub>(½)</sub>    Bm<sub>(½)</sub>    A<sub>(½)</sub>    E7<sub>(½)</sub>  
They every man must fall.

A                              Bm  
Yet I swear I see my reflection,  
C#m<sub>(½)</sub>    Bm<sub>(½)</sub>    A  
Somewhere so high above the wall.

A                              Bm  
Standing next to me in this lonely crowd  
C#m<sub>(½)</sub>    Bm<sub>(½)</sub>    A<sub>(½)</sub>    E7<sub>(½)</sub>  
Is a man who swears he not to blame.

A                              Bm  
All day long I hear him shout so loud,  
C#m<sub>(½)</sub>    Bm<sub>(½)</sub>    A  
Calling out that he was framed.

# I Guess He'd Rather Be in Colorado

by John Denver (1971)

A G D D

I guess he'd rather be in Colorado

A G D A Bm Bm

He'd rather spend his time out where the sky looks like a pearl after a rain

D D A A

Once again I see him walking once again I hear him talking

Bm7 G D D

To the stars he makes and asking them for bus fare

A G D D

I guess he'd rather be in Colorado

A G D A Bm Bm

He'd rather play his banjo in the morning when the moon is scarcely gone

D D A A

In the dawn the subway's coming in the dawn I hear him humming

Bm7 G D D

Some old song he wrote of love in Boulder Canyon

A G D D

I guess he'd rather be in Colorado

A G D A Bm Bm

I guess he'd rather work out where the only thing you earn is what you spend

D D A A

In the end up in his office in the end a quiet cough is

Bm7 G D D

All he has to show he lives in New York City

# Illegal Smile

by John Prine (1971)

*C Am*

*C G/B F/A C/G*

When I woke up this morning, things were lookin' bad

*F C C/G(½) G7(½) C*

seems like total silence is the only friend I have

*G F C(¼) F(¼) C*

a bowl of oatmeal tried to stare me down...and won

*G F C(¼) F(¼) C*  
and it was twelve o'clock before I realized that I was havin' no fun

*G C F(½) G7(½) C*

but fortunately I have the key to escape reali ty

*slow and change to ¾ time F F C C*

and you may see me tonight with an illegal smile

*G7 G7 C C*

it don't cost very much, but it lasts a long while

*F F C C*

won't you please tell the man I didn't kill anyone

*G F C<sub>(2)</sub> F<sub>(1)</sub> (repeat 4X)*

no I was just tryin' to have me some fun

*last time* some fun, well done, hot dog fun, my sister's a nun.

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

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

# I'm Sorry

by John Denver (1975)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# It Ain't Me Babe

by Bob Dylan (1964)

G D7 G<sub>(1/2)</sub> D7<sub>(1/2)</sub> G  
Go 'way from my window leave at your own chosen speed

G D7 D7 G  
I'm not the one you want, Babe, I'm not the one you need.

G(Bm) D7(Am) G(Bm) D7(Am)  
You say you're looking for someone never weak but always strong

G(Bm) D7 Am) G(Bm) D7(Am)  
To protect you and defend you whether you are right or wrong

C (G C) D  
Someone to open each and every door

G  
But it ain't me, Babe,

G  
No, no, no, it ain't me, Babe,

(C) C<sub>(1/4)</sub> G<sub>(1/4)</sub> D<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/4)</sub> G<sub>(1/4)</sub> Am7<sub>(1/4)</sub> G<sub>(1/4)</sub> C<sub>(1/4)</sub> G<sub>(1/4)</sub> Am7<sub>(1/4)</sub> G<sub>(1/4)</sub>  
It ain't me you're looking for, Babe.

Go lightly from the ledge, Babe, go lightly on the ground,  
I'm not the one you want, Babe, I will only let you down.

You say you're looking for someone who will promise never to part  
Someone to close his eyes for you, someone to close his heart  
Someone who will die for you and more

But it ain't me, Babe,  
No, no, no, it ain't me, Babe,  
It ain't me you're looking for, Babe.

Go melt back in the night, Babe, everything inside is made of stone,  
There's nothing in here moving and anyway I'm not alone  
You say you're looking for someone, who'll pick you up each time you fall,  
To gather flowers constantly and to come each time you call  
A lover for your life and nothing more

But it ain't me, Babe,  
No, no, no, it ain't me, Babe,  
It ain't me you're looking for, Babe.  
It ain't me you're looking for.

# It's Raining

by Peter Yarrow, Paul Stookey, and Len Chandler (1962)

D Em7 D Em7 D Em7 D Em7

It's raining, its pouring, The old man is snoring

D Em7 D Em7 D Em7 D D7

Bumped his head and he went to bed and he couldn't get up in the morning

G D G D G D A A7 D Em7 D Em7

Rain rain, go away, come again some other day.

*Spoken bridge* D Em7 D Em7 D Em7 D Em7

Hey I got an idea ... we could all play hide and go seek inside,  
Now everybody hide and I'll be it!

Dm Am Dm Am Dm Am Dm Am

Star light, star bright, First star I see tonight,

Dm Am Dm Am A A A7 A7 D Em7 D Em7

Wish I may, wish I might, have the wish I wish tonight.

*Sung bridge*

D Em7 D Em7 D Em7 D Em7

Five ten fifteen twenty twenty-five thirty thirty-five forty.

Dm Am Dm Am Dm Am Dm Am

Lady bug, lady bug, fly away home.

Dm Am Dm Am A A A7 A7 D Em7 D Em7

Your house is on fire, and your children, they will burn, (they will burn.)

*Sung bridge*

D Em7 D Em7 D Em7 D Em7

Forty-five fifty. fifty-five sixty sixty-five seventy. seventy-five eighty.

Dm Am Dm Am Dm Am Dm Am

Won't be my father's Jack, no I won't be my mother's Jill,

Dm Am Dm Am A A A7 A7 D Em7 D Em7

I'll be a fiddler's wife and fiddle when I will. (when I will)

*Sung and spoken bridge to end*

D Em7 D Em7

Eighty-five, ninety. ninety-five, a hundred.

(spoken) anyone round my base is it! ready or not, here I come! allee allee in free

# Joy to the World

by Hoyt Axton (1971)

*D D D C<sub>(1/2)</sub> C#<sub>(1/2)</sub>*

Jeremiah was a bull frog

*D D D C<sub>(1/2)</sub> C#<sub>(1/2)</sub>*

Was a good friend of mine

*D D7 G7 Bb (Gm7)*

I never understood a single word he said

*D Em D D*

But I helped him a-drinkin' his wine

*G7 Em7 D D*

And he always had some mighty fine wine. Singin'

*D D D D*

Joy to the world

*A A D D*

All the boys and girls

*D D7 G7 Bb (Gm7)*

Joy to the fishes in the deep blue sea

*D A7 D C<sub>(1/2)</sub> C#<sub>(1/2)</sub>*

Joy to you and me

If I were the king of the world

Tell you what I'd do

I'd throw away the cars and the bars and the wars

And make sweet love to you. Sing it now

You know I love the ladies

Love to have my fun

I'm a high night flier and a rainbow rider

And a straight-shootin' son of a gun

I said a straight-shootin' son of a gun

# Last Thing On My Mind

by Tom Paxton (1964)

A D A A(½) D(½)  
It's a lesson too late for the learning, Made of  
A A(½) E7(½) A A  
sand, made of sand.

A D A A(½) D(½)  
In the wink of an eye my soul is turning, In your  
A A(½) E7(½) A A  
hand in your hand.

E E7 D A  
Are you going away with no word of farewell?

D A E E7  
Will there be not a trace left behind?

A D A D  
Well, I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind,  
A Bm7(½) E7(½) A A  
You know, that was the last thing on my mind.

You've got reasons a-plenty for goin'.  
This I know, this I know.  
For the weeds have been steadily growin'.  
Please don't go, please don't go.

As we walk on, my thoughts are a-tumblin',  
Round and round, round and round.  
Underneath our feet the subways rumblin',  
Underground, underground.

As I lie in my bed in the mornin',  
Without you, without you.  
Each song in my breast dies a bornin',  
Without you, without you.

# Lay Down Your Weary Tune by Bob Dylan (1963)

C F<sub>(½)</sub> C<sub>(½)</sub> C  
Lay down your weary tune lay down  
C Am<sub>(¼)</sub> G<sub>(¾)</sub> G  
lay down the song you strum  
G F C C  
And rest yourself neath the strength of strings no voice can  
C<sub>(¾)</sub> G<sub>(¼)</sub> C<sub>(½)</sub> F<sub>(½)</sub> C<sub>(½)</sub> F<sub>(½)</sub> C  
hope to hum. Struck by the

Struck by the sounds before the sun  
I knew the night had gone  
The morning breeze like a bugle blew  
Against the drums of dawn

The ocean wild like an organ played  
The seaweed's wave its strands  
The crashin' waves like cymbals clashed  
Against the rocks and sands

I stood unwound beneath the skies  
And clouds unbound by laws  
The cryin' rain like a trumpet sang  
And asked for no applause

The last of leaves fell from the trees  
And clung to a new love's breast  
The branches bare like a banjo played  
To the winds that listened best

I gazed down in the river's mirror  
And watched its winding strum  
The water smooth ran like a hymn  
And like a harp did hum

Lay down your weary tune, lay down  
Lay down the song you strum  
And rest yourself 'neath the strength of strings  
No voice can hope to hum

# Lay Me Down Easy

by Kate Wolf (1974)

G Em C D7  
Sitting in the sunshine, trying to sing the blues away

G G C D7  
Wondering why they came and how long they'll stay

G Em C D7  
Picking out a little tune I never heard before

D7 Bm C D7  
Yes and wishing you were here at the door

D7 G C D7  
Won't you lay me down easy

D7 G C D7  
Lay me down easy in my mind

D7 G Em C  
'Cause babe, I've got the blues and there's something you can .

D7 Bm C D7  
do You can lay me down easy in my mind

D7 G G G  
In my mind.

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

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

# Lay Lady Lay

A C#m G Bm A C#m G Bm

A C#m/G# G Bm/F# A C#m G Bm  
Lay, lady, lay lay across my big brass bed  
A C#m/G# G Bm/F# A C#m G Bm  
Lay, lady, lay lay across my big brass bed  
E F#m A A  
Whatever colours you have in your mind  
E F#m A A  
I'll show them to you and you'll see them shine  
A C#m/G# G Bm/F# A C#m G Bm  
Lay, lady, lay lay across my big brass bed

Stay, lady, stay, stay with your man awhile  
Until the break of day, let me see you make him smile  
His clothes are dirty but his hands are clean  
And you're the best thing that he's ever seen  
Stay, lady, stay, stay with your man awhile

C#m C#m E(½) F#m(½) A  
Why wait any longer for the world to be gin  
C#m C#m(½) Bm(½) A A  
You can have your cake and eat it to o  
C#m C#m E(½) F#m(½) A  
Why wait any longer for the one you love  
C#m C#m Bm Bm  
When he's standing in front of you

Lay, lady, lay, lay across my big brass bed  
Stay, lady, stay, stay while the night is still ahead  
I long to see you in the morning light  
I long to reach for you in the night  
Stay, lady, stay, stay while the night is still ahead

A C#m G Bm A Bm C#m D A

# Leaving On A Jet Plane

by John Denver (1966)

*Asus4 Bm*

All my bags are packed, I'm ready to go

*Asus4 Bm*

Standin' here beside your door,

*A<sub>(1/2)</sub> Ama7<sub>(1/2)</sub> F#m Bm E7*

I hate to wake you up, to say good-bye.

*Asus4 Bm*

But the dawn is breakin', it's early morn

*Asus4 Bm*

The taxi 's waitin', he's blowin' his horn.

*A<sub>(1/2)</sub> Ama7<sub>(1/2)</sub> F#m Bm E7*

Already I'm so lonesome I could cry

*A D*

So kiss me and cry for me

*A D*

Tell me that you'll wait for me

*A F#m Bm E7*

Hold me like you'll never let me go

*A D*

Cause I'm leavin', on a jet plane

*A D*

Don't know when I'll be back again

*A F#m Bm E7*

Oh babe, I hate to go

There's so many times I've let you down,  
So many times I've played around,  
I tell you now, they don't mean a thing.  
Ev'ry place I go I'll think of you  
Ev'ry song I sing I'll sing for you.  
When I come back I'll bring your wedding ring.

Now the time has come to leave you,  
One more time let me kiss you,  
Then close your eyes, I'll be on my way.  
Dream about the days to come,  
When I won't have to leave alone,  
About the times I won't have to say

# Lightning Bar Blues

by Hoyt Axton (1973)

*D                  Bm*

I don't need no diamond ring

*D                  Bm*

I don't need no Cadillac car

*D                  Bm*

Just want to drink my Ripple wine

*A                  D*

Down in the Lightnin' Bar

*A                  D*

Down in the Lightnin' Bar

Some people value fortune and fame

I don't care about 'em none

Just want to drink my Ripple wine

I want to have my good time fun

Have my good time fun

When I die don't cry for me

Don't bury me at all

Place my livin', laughin', lovin' bones

In a jar of alcohol

Hundred proof alcohol

# Lover's Cross

by Jim Croce (1973)

C Am Dm G7 G Am Dm G7

C Am Dm G7 C Am Dm G7

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

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

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

F G Am Am/G F C Dm G7

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

C C/B Am Dm G7 C Am Dm G7

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

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

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

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

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

F G Am Em

'Cause tables are meant for turn in'

F C Dm G7

and people are bound to change

F G Am Em

And bridges are meant for burn in'

F C Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Maggie's Farm

by Bob Dylan (1965)

*Em Em Em Em Em*  
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
*Em Em Em Em Em Em*  
No I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
*Em Em Em Em Em Em*  
Well, I wake up in the morning, fold my hands and pray for rain  
*Em Em Em Em*  
I got a head full of ideas that are driving me insane  
*B B B B*  
It's a shame the way she makes me scrub the floor  
*Em Em Em(1/4) D(1/4) Em(1/4) Em Em(1/4) D(1/4) Em(1/4) D(1/4) Em*  
I-- ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more

I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more  
No I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more  
Well he hands you a nickel, he hands you a dime  
He asks you with a grin if you're having a good time  
Then he fines you every time you slam the door  
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more

I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more  
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more  
Well he puts his cigar out in your face just for kicks  
His bedroom window, it is made out of bricks  
The National Guard stands around his door  
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more

I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more  
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more  
Well she talks to all the servants about Man and God and Law  
Everybody says she's the brains behind Pa  
She's sixty-eight, but she says she's fifty-four  
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more

I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
Well I try my best to be just like I am  
But everybody wants you to be just like them  
They say sing while you slave, but I just get bored  
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more

# Marvelous Little Toy

by Tom Paxton (1961)

D A7 D A7  
When I was just a wee little lad, full of health and joy,  
G D E7 A7  
My father homeward came one night and gave to me a toy.  
D A7 D G  
A wonder to behold it was, with many colors bright,  
G D E7 A7  
And the moment I laid eyes on it, it became my heart's delight.

D A  
It went zip when it moved and pop when it stopped,  
D G  
Whir when it stood still,  
G D A7 D  
I never knew just what it was, and I guess I never will.

The first time that I picked it up, I had a big surprise,  
'Cause right on the bottom were two big buttons that looked like big green eyes.  
I first pushed one and then the other, then I twisted its lid,  
And when I put it down again, this is what it did.

It first marched left and then marched right, and then marched under a chair  
And when I looked where it had gone, it wasn't even there.  
I started to cry, but my daddy laughed 'cause he knew that I would find  
When I turned around my marvelous toy would be chugging from behind.

The years have gone by too quickly it seems, I have my own little boy,  
And yesterday I gave to him my marvelous little toy.  
His eyes nearly popped right out of his head and he gave a squeal of glee.  
Neither one of us know just what it is, but he loves it just like me.  
It still goes

# Mexico

 by James Taylor (1976)

D A D Bm A      Bm C G

Dsus4 D            A            G

Way down here        you need a reason to move

Dsus4 D            A            G

Feel a fool          running your stateside games

Dsus4 D            A            G

Lose your load,        leave your mind behind, Baby James

E C#m B A

Oh, Mexico

C#m B A E

It sounds so simple I just got to go

C#m B A C#m

The sun's so hot I forgot to go home

Em7 A E E

Guess I'll have to go now

Dsus4 D            A            G

"Ameri cano" got the sleepy eye

Dsus4 D            A            G

But his body's still shaking like a live wire

Dsus4 D            A            G

Sleepy "Senorita" with the eyes on fire

E C#m B A

Oh, Mexico

C#m B A E

It sounds so sweet with the sun sinking low

C#m B A C#m

Moon's so bright like to light up the night

Em7 A E E

Make everything all right

Bm A E X4

Dsus4 D            A            G

Baby's hungry and the money's all gon

Dsus4 D            A            G

The folks back home don't want to talk on the phone

Dsus4 D            A            G

She gets a long letter, sends back a postcard; times are hard

E C#m B A

Oh, down in Mexico

E C#m B A

I never really been so I don't really know

E C#m B A

Oh, Mexico

E C#m B A

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

E C#m B A

Oh, Mexico

G D/F# E

E C#m B A

Oh, Mexico

G D/F# E

I guess I'll have to go

I guess I'll have to go now

# Michael from Mountains

by Joni Mitchell (1967)

*D D*  
Michael wakes you up with sweets, he takes you up  
*Gm6 D*  
streets, and the rain comes down.  
*D D*  
Sidewalk markets locked up tight and umbrellas  
*Gm6 D*  
bright on a gray background.  
*C C B B*  
There's oil in the puddles in taffeta patterns that run down the drain  
*Bb A*  
In colored arrangements that Michael will change with a  
*D(½) Em7(¼) D(¼) D(½) Em7(¼) D(¼)*  
stick that he found.

*Am Am*  
Michael from mountains,  
*G G*  
Go where you will go to,  
*F#m F#m*  
Know that I will know you.  
*G(½) Bm(½) Em7(½) F6(½) D D D D*  
Some day I may know you very well.

Michael brings you to a park, he sings and it's dark when the clouds come by.  
Yellow slickers up on swings, like puppets on strings hanging in the sky.  
They'll splash home to suppers in wall-papered kitchens; their mothers will scold.  
But Michael will hold you to keep away cold, till the sidewalks are dry.

Michael leads you up the stairs, he needs you to care, and you know you do.  
Cats come crying to the key, and dry you will be in a towel or two.  
There's rain in the window and sun in the painting that smiles on the wall,  
You want to know all, but his mountains have called, so you never do.

# Mon Vrai Destin

by Peter Yarrow, Paul Stookey, Mary Travers, and  
Milton Okun (1966)

*D C<sub>(½)</sub> Em7<sub>(½)</sub> D D G A D D*  
La la la.....

*D C<sub>(½)</sub> Em7<sub>(½)</sub> D D*  
Dans mes rêves j'entends une voix, qui me dit "Ne pleure pas",

*G A D D*  
Quel dommage mes yeux sont des source claires.

*D C<sub>(½)</sub> Em7<sub>(½)</sub> D D*  
Dans mes rêves j'entends une voix qui me dit "Ne souffre pas!"

*G A D D*  
Quel dommage mon âme n'est pas de pierre.

*G A D Bm*  
Mais les voix de mes fantômes ne connaissent pas la douleur de l'homme

*G C A A*  
Pourtant les cloches m'annoncent toujours mon vrai destin.

*D C<sub>(½)</sub> Em7<sub>(½)</sub> D D G A D D*

La la la.....

*G A D Bm G C A A*

La la la.....

*D C<sub>(½)</sub> Em7<sub>(½)</sub> D D*  
Dans notre maison fragile et grise, nous partageons le rêve de la vie

*G A D D*  
Et la lune souriait sur l'innocence.

*D C<sub>(½)</sub> Em7<sub>(½)</sub> D D*  
Dans un monde plain de néant même les promesses sont du vent

*G A D D*  
Et le soleil parfois se perd dans les nuages

*G A D Bm*  
Ne me quitte pas encore, ne me laisse pas partir

*G C A A*  
Pourtant les cloches m'annoncent toujours mon vrai destin.

*D C<sub>(½)</sub> Em7<sub>(½)</sub> D D G A D D*

La la la.....

# Moonshadow by Cat Stevens (1970)

*D A7(½) D(½) G(½) G(¼) A7(¼)) D*  
Oh, I'm bein' followed by a moon shadow, moon shadow, moon shadow

*D A7(½) D(½) G(½) G(¼) A7(¼) D*  
Leapin and hoppin' on a moon shadow, moon shadow, moon shadow

*G(½) D(½) G(½) D(½)*  
And if I ever lose my hands,

*G(½) D(½) Em(½) A7(½)*  
lose my plough, lose my land,

*G(½) D(½) G(½) D(½)*  
Oh if I ever lose my hands,

*Em(½) A7(½) D(¼) F#m(¼) Bm(½) Em(½) A(½) D*  
Oh if----- I won't have to work no more.

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

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

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

*E7 A E A*  
Did it take long to find me? I asked the faithful light.

*E A A A7*  
Did it take long to find me? And are you gonna stay the night?

# Morning Has Broken

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

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

(No chord) C Dm G F C

Morning has broken, like the first morn ing

C Em Am D7sus G

Blackbird has spo ken, like the first bird

C F F C Am D

Praise for the sing ing, praise for the morn ing

G C F G7 C

Praise for the spring ing fresh from the world

F G E Am G C G7sus *-bridge--*

(No chord) C Dm G F C

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from hea ven

C Em Am D7sus G

Like the first dew fall, on the first grass

C F F C Am D

Praise for the sweet ness of the wet gar den

G C F G7 C

Sprung in completeness where his feet pass

F G E Am F# Bm G D A7 D *bridge & change key--*

(No chord) D Em A G D

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning

D F#m Bm E7 A

Born of the one light, Eden saw play

D G G D Bm E

Praise with elation, praise every morning

A D G A7 D

God's recrea tion of the new day

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

# Mr. Tambourine Man

by Bob Dylan (1965)

G A D G  
Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,

D G<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em<sub>(1/2)</sub> A Asus4  
I'm not sleepy and there ain't no place I'm going to.

G A D G  
Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,

D G<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em<sub>(1/2)</sub> A D  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come following you.

G A D G  
Though I know that evening's empire has returned into sand,

D G D G<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em<sub>(1/2)</sub> A A  
Vanished from my hand, left me blindly here to stand but still not sleeping.

G A D G  
My weariness amazes me, I'm branded on my feet,

D G D G<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em<sub>(1/2)</sub> A Asus4  
I have no one to meet, And the ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming.

Take me on a trip upon your magic swirling ship.

My senses have been stripped, my hands can't feel to grip,  
my toes too numb to step,

Wait only for my boot heels to be wandering.

I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to fade, into my own parade.

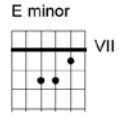
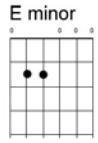
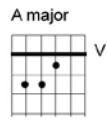
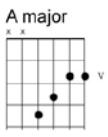
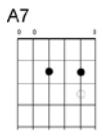
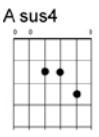
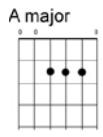
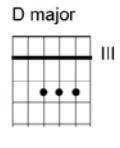
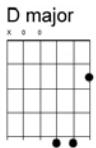
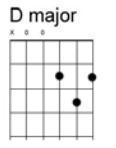
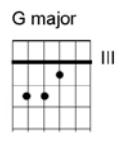
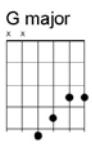
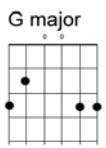
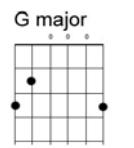
Cast your dancing spell my way, I promise to go under it.

Though you might hear laughing, spinning, swinging madly across the sun,  
It's not aimed at anyone, it's just escaping on the run,  
And but for the sky there are no fences facing.

And if you hear vague traces of skipping reels of rhyme,  
To your tambourine in time, it's just a ragged clown behind,  
I wouldn't pay it any mind,  
It's just a shadow you're seeing that he's chasing.

Take me disappearing through the smoke rings of my mind.

Down the foggy ruins of time, far past the frozen leaves,  
the haunted frightened trees, out to the windy bench,  
Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow.  
Yes to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free,  
Silhouetted by the sea, circled deep beneath the waves,  
Let me forget about today until tomorrow.



### *Introduction / Interlude*

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for guitar and the bottom staff is for bass. The score includes four measures of chords (D5, Em7, D5, Em7) with corresponding fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4) above the strings. The bottom staff shows bass notes with slurs and rests. The score concludes with a single measure of G major on the bass staff.

# My Back Pages

by Bob Dylan (1964)

A Asus4 A Asus4 A Asus4 A Asus4

A F#m C#m C#m

Crimson flames tied through my ears

D E7 Bm E7

Rollin' high and mighty traps

A F#m C#m C#m

Pounced with fire on flaming roads

D A Bm7 E7

Using ideas as my maps

A F#m C#m C#m

"We'll meet on edges, soon," said I

D D Bm7 E7

Proud 'neath heated brow.

A A7 D A

Ah, but I was so much older then,

Bm E7 A A (*intro riff twice*)

I'm younger than that now.

Half-wracked prejudice leaped forth

"Rip down all hate," I screamed

Lies that life is black and white

Spoke from my skull. I dreamed

Romantic facts [flanks] of musketeers

Foundationed deep, somehow.

Ah, but I was so much older then,

I'm younger than that now.

Girls' faces formed the forward path

From phony jealousy

To memorizing politics

Of ancient history

Flung down by corpse evangelists

Unthought of, though, somehow.

Ah, but I was so much older then,

I'm younger than that now.

A self-ordained professor's tongue

Too serious to fool

Spouted out that liberty

Is just equality in school

"Equality," I spoke the word

As if a wedding vow.

Ah, but I was so much older then,

I'm younger than that now.

In a soldier's stance, I aimed my hand

At the mongrel dogs who teach

Fearing not that I'd become my enemy

In the instant that I preach

My pathway led by confusion boats

Mutiny from stern to bow.

Ah, but I was so much older then,

I'm younger than that now.

Yes, my guard stood hard when abstract threats

Too noble to neglect

Deceived me into thinking

I had something to protect

Good and bad, I define these terms

Quite clear, no doubt, somehow.

Ah, but I was so much older then,

I'm younger than that now.

# My Father

by Judy Collins (1972)

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

A Ama7 F#m A/E D Bm7 A A

My father always promised us that we would live in France

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

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

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

We lived in Ohio then, he worked in the mines

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

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

D A/C# Bm7 A E E      connect verses with this

All my sisters soon were gone to Denver and Cheyenne

Marrying their grownup dreams the lilacs and the man

I stayed behind the youngest still, only danced alone

The colors of my father's dreams faded without a sigh

And I live in Paris now, my children dance and dream

Hearing the ways of a miner's life in words they've never seen

I sail my memories afar like boats across the Seine

And watch the Paris sun as it sets in my father's eyes again

My father always promised us that we would live in France

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

I sail my memories afar like boats across the Seine

And watch the Paris sun as it sets in my father's eyes again

# My Sweet Lady

by John Denver (1970)

Dma7 Em/D D<sub>(1/2)</sub> Dma7<sub>(1/2)</sub> G/D<sub>(1/2)</sub> Gm/D<sub>(1/2)</sub>

Lady, are you crying, do the tears belong to me

D<sub>(1/2)</sub> Dma7<sub>(1/2)</sub> D+9<sub>(1/2)</sub> Dma<sub>(1/2)</sub> Em A

Did you think our time together was all gone

Dma7 Em/D D<sub>(1/2)</sub> Dma7<sub>(1/2)</sub> G/D<sub>(1/2)</sub> Gm/D<sub>(1/2)</sub>

Lady, youve been dreaming, I'm as close as I can be

Dma7 Em<sub>(1/2)</sub> A<sub>(1/2)</sub> D D7

I swear to you our time has just begun

G A D D7

Close your eyes and rest your weary mind

G A D D7

I promise I will stay right here beside you

G A D D7

Today our lives were joined, became entwined

Bm Bm/A Em A

I wish you could know how much I love you

Lady, are you happy, do you feel the way I do

Are there meanings that youve never seen before

Lady, my sweet lady, I just cant believe its true

And its like Ive never ever loved before

Close your eyes and rest your weary mind

I promise I will stay right here beside you

Today our lives were joined, became entwined

I wish you could know how much I love you

Lady, are you crying, do the tears belong to me

Did you think our time together was all gone

Lady, my sweet lady, Im as close as I can be

I swear to you our time has just begun

# New York's Not My Home

by Jim Croce (1971)

Bb Bbma7 Bb7 Gm7 Cm Cdim7 Bbma7 F7

Bb Dm7 Fm6 G7

well things are spinning round me and all my thoughts were cloudy

Cm7 Cdim Bb F7

and I had begun to doubt all the things that were me

Bb Dm7 Fm6 G7

been in so many places you know I've run so many races

Cm7 Cdim Bb Gm7

I've looked into the empty faces of the people of the night - something is just not right

Bb Gm

Cause I know that I've got to get out of here

Bb Gm

I'm so alone

Bb Gm

don't you know that I got to get out of here

Eb Bb F7 Bb F7

Cause New York's not my home

Though all the streets are crowded there's something strange about it

I've lived there about a year and I never once felt at home

I thought I make the big time, I learned a lot of lessons awful quick and now I'm

Telling you that they were not the nice kind. It's been so long since I have felt fine

That's the reason that I've got to get out of here

I'm so alone

Don't you know that I got to get out of here

Cause New York's not my home

# No Other Name

by Noel Paul Stookey (1966)

*A                  Ama7    F#m            F#m7*

Know me by the light of a fire shinin' bright,

*D                  C#m            Bm    E*

Know me by your bed where I've lain

*A                  Ama7    F#m            F#m7*

Know me, and you might, if just for a night

*B                  E            A            A7*

You'll know me by no other name.

*D                  D            A            A*

Some girls will bring you silver

*D                  D            A            A*

Some will bring you fine Spanish lace

*D                  D    A<sub>(1/2)</sub>    Ama7<sub>(1/2)</sub>    F#m<sub>(1/2)</sub>    F#7<sub>(1/2)</sub>*

Some will say "I love you,"

*B                  B            E            E*

Some will have my face.

Some will bring you gold, babies to hold,

I'll bring you only pain.

You can know me, if you will, by the wind on the hill

You'll know me by no other name.

Some girls will die for money,

Some will die as they're born,

Some will swear they'd die for love,

Some die ev'ry morn.

I'll die alone, away from my home

Nobody knows where I came.

The stone at my head will say I am dead,

*B                  E    A<sub>(1/2)</sub>    Ama7<sub>(1/2)</sub>    F#m<sub>(1/2)</sub>    F#m7<sub>(1/2)</sub>*

It knows me by no other name.

*B                  E            A            A*

It knows me by no other name.

# On a Desert Island (With You in My Dreams)

by Noel Paul Stookey and Richard L. Kniss (1965)

One and a-two and a-three

C            Cdim7    C            F<sub>(½)</sub>    C<sub>(½)</sub>    C            Cdim7    Dm7    G7  
Ya-ty-a-da-ta-----a ty-a-daty-a ty    a    da-ty-a-ta    dee-da-dum

C            Cdim7    C            F<sub>(½)</sub>    C<sub>(½)</sub>  
On a desert island,    magic yours and my    land

C            Cdim7    Dm7    G7

Everyday's a holiday with you

C            Cdim7    C            F<sub>(½)</sub>    C<sub>(½)</sub>  
Under a blue sky dear we could get an I    dea

C            Cdim7            G7    G7#5

Of what our two lips were meant to do

C<sub>(½)</sub>    G7<sub>(½)</sub>    C            F<sub>(½)</sub>    Gm7<sub>(¼)</sub>    G#dim7<sub>(¼)</sub>    F  
Strolling beside you hand in hand    we'll    go

D7                    D7            G7<sub>(½)</sub>    Am7<sub>(¼)</sub>    Bbdim7<sub>(¼)</sub>    G7<sub>(¼)</sub>    G7<sub>(hold)</sub>    Dm<sub>(¼)</sub>    G7<sub>(¼)</sub>  
Through love's promised land dear, all our lives    I            know    be    lieve    me

C            Cdim7    C            F<sub>(½)</sub>    C<sub>(½)</sub>  
Happiness would be ours if for only three hours,

C            G7            C<sub>(½)</sub>    Cdim7<sub>(½)</sub>    Dm7<sub>(½)</sub>    Gm7<sub>(½)</sub>  
on a desert island near my dreams

Ya-tya-da ty a ty da ty a ty da ty a Ta dee-da-dum  
Ya-tya-da ty a ty da ty a ty da ty a Ta dee-da-dum

Strolling beside you hand in hand we'll go

Through love's promise land dear, all our lives I know sincerely

Happiness would be ours if for only three hours,

on a desert island near my dreams

Every gal and guy can have a desert island  
If they are in love as much as we are  
Happiness will be ours if for only three hours  
On a desert island in my dreams...  
On a desert island in my dreams

# On the Path of Glory

music by Petula Clark and Guy Magenta,  
French lyric by Pierre Delanoe (la Colline au Whisky 1965) and English lyric by Kris Ife  
and Hal Shaper (1967)

G      Bm      Em      Em/D

Blessed are the meek they say

C      D      Am      D

They shall win where others lose

G      Bm      Em      Em/D

But when man is forced to slay

C      D      Am      D

He is never asked to choose

C      G/B      Em      D

He must fight for his country

C      D      F      D

Fight for what he thinks is right

G      F      C      G

He'll defend his wife and children

C      G      D      G      G      G/F#      G/E      G/D      C      G/D(½)      D(½)      G      G

On the path of glo ry

Red or yellow, white or brown

All alike, one thought in mind

Who will wear the victor's crown

Never mind the lame and blind

In the pride of their country

Good will triumph in the end

Evil will be brought to justice

On the path of glory

Big or little, fat or thin

All are heroes in the end

Unforgivable the sin

To submit, they don't pretend

They will die for their country

They will die for you and me

Amid the pungent smell of death

That's on the path of glory

Why should man be forced to kill

Why should they be made to die

Shattered on some peaceful hill

Torn and bleeding where they lie

Far away from their country

Ask yourself the question now

C      D      F      D

Why should they be forced to set out

C      G/B      Am      D      G      G/F#      G/E      G/D      D/A      D/A      G(hold)

# One More Night

by Bob Dylan (1969)

C C C C

One more night, the stars are in sight

C F(½) G(½) C

but tonight I'm as lonesome as can be

C F(½) G(½) C F(½) G(½) G

Oh the moon is shinin' bright, lighting everything in sight

C F(½) G(½) C C

But tonight, no light will shine on me

Oh it's shameful and it's sad, I lost the only pal I had

I just could not be what she wanted me to be

I will turn my head up high, to that dark and rollin' sky

But tonight, no light will shine on me

G F C Dm

I was so mistaken when I thought that she'd be true

C Em F G G

I had no idea what a woman in love would do

One more night the moon is shinin' bright

and the wind blows high above the trees

Oh, I mis my darlin' so, I did'nt mean to see her go

but tonight, no light will shine on me

One more night the moon is shinin' bright

and the wind blows high above the trees

Oh, I miss that woman so, I did'nt mean to see her go

But tonight, no light will shine on me

# Paradise

by John Prine (1971)

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

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

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

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

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

# Pause of Mr. Claus

by Arlo Guthrie (1968)

D D D D

*¾ time*

D G D A7

Why do you sit there so strange?

D G Em7 A7

Is it because you are beautiful?

D G D A7

You must think you are deranged

D Bm F#m Bm G Em+9 A7

*single beats*

Why do police guys beat on peace guys?

You must think Santa Clause weird

He has long hair and a beard

Giving his presents for free

Why do police guys mess with peace guys?

B7 E7 A7

Let's get Santa Clause 'cause;

D D D D

Santa Claus has a red suit he's a communist

D D(2) Ddim7(2) A7 A7

And a beard, and long hair must be a pacifist

Bm Bm G G A A7

What's in the pipe that he's smoking?

D D D D

Mister Claus sneaks in your house at night.

D D A7 A7

He must be a dope fiend, to put you up tight

D Bm F#m Bm G Em+9 A7 D

Why do police guys beat on peace guys?

## The Pause of Mr. Claus words and music by Arlo Guthrie

This next song we're going to dedicate to a great American organization. Tonight I'd like to dedicate this to our boys in the FBI.

Well, wait a minute. It's hard to be an FBI man. I mean, first of all, being an FBI man, you have to be over 40 years old. And the reason is that it takes at least 25 years with the organization to be that much of a bastard. It's true. You just can't join, you know. It needs an atmosphere where your natural bastardness can grow and develop and take a meaningful shape in today's complex society. But that's not why I want to dedicate the song to the FBI. I mean, the job that they have to do is a drag. I mean, they have to follow people around, you know. That's part of their job. Follow me around.

I'm out on the highway and I'm drivin' down the road and I run out of gasoline. I pull over to the side of the road. They gotta pull over too - make believe that they ran out, you know. I go to get some gasoline. They have to figure out whether they should stick with the car or follow me. Suppose I don't come back and they're stayin' with the car.

Or if I fly on the airplanes, I could fly half fare because I'm 12 to 22. And they gotta pay the full fare. But the thing is that when you pay the full fare, you have to get on the airplane first, so that they know how many seats are left over for the half fare kids. Right? And sometimes there aren't any seats left over, and sometimes there are, but that doesn't mean that you have to go. Suppose that he gets on and fills up the last seat, so you can't get on. Then he gets off then you can get on. What's he gonna do? Well, it's a drag for him. But that's not why I want to dedicate the song to the FBI.

During these hard days and hard weeks, everybody always has it bad once in a while. You know, you have a bad time of it, and you always have a friend who says "Hey man, you ain't got it that bad. Look at that guy." And you at that guy, and he's got it worse than you. And it makes you feel better that there's somebody that's got it worse than you.

But think of the last guy. For one minute, think of the last guy. Nobody's got it worse than that guy. Nobody in the whole world. That guy...he's so alone in the world that he doesn't even have a street to lay in for a truck to run him over. He's out there with nothin'. Nothin's happenin' for that cat.

And all that he has to do to create a little excitement in his own life is to bum a dime from somewhere, call up the FBI. Say "FBI?", they say "Yes", say "I think Uncle Ho and Chair-man Mao and their friends are comin' over for dinner" (click) Hang up the phone. And within two minutes, and not two minutes from when he hangs up the phone, but two minutes from when he first put the dime in, they got 30,000 feet of tape rollin'; files on tape; pictures, movies, dramas, actions on tape. But then they send out a half a million people all over the entire world, the globe, they find out all they can about this guy.

'Cause there's a number of questions involved in the guy. I mean, if he was the last guy in the world, how'd he get a dime to call the FBI? There are plenty of people that aren't the last guys that can't get dimes. He comes along and he gets a dime. I mean, if he had to bum a dime to call the FBI, how was he gonna serve dinner for all of those people? How could the last guy make dinner for all those people. And if he could make dinner, and was gonna make dinner, then why did he call the FBI?

They find out all of those questions within two minutes. And that's a great thing about America. I mean, this is the only country in the world...I mean, well, it's not the only country in the world that could find stuff out in two minutes, but it's the only country in the world that would take two minutes for that guy. Other countries would say "Hey, he's the last guy...screw him", you know? But in America, there is no discrimination, and there is no hypocrisy,'cause they'll get anybody. And that's a wonderful thing about America.

And that's why tonight I'd like to dedicate it to every FBI man in the audience. I know you can't say nothin', you know, you can't get up and say "Hi!" cause then everybody knows that you're an FBI man and that's a drag for you and your friends. They're not really your friends, are they? I mean, so you can't get up and say nothin' 'cause other wise, you gotta get sent back to the factory and that's a drag for you and it's an expense for the government, and that's a drag for you.

We're gonna sing you this Christmas carol. It's for all you bastards out there in the audience tonight. It's called "The Pause of Mr. Claus".

Why do you sit there so strange?  
Is it because you are beautiful?  
You must think you are deranged  
Why do police guys beat on peace guys?

You must think Santa Clause weird  
He has long hair and a beard  
Giving his presents for free  
Why do police guys mess with peace guys?

Let's get Santa Clause 'cause;  
Santa Clause has a red suit  
He's a communist  
And a beard, and long hair  
Must be a pacifist  
What's in the pipe that he's smoking?

Mister Clause sneaks in your home at night.  
He must be a dope fiend, to put you up tight  
Why do police guys beat on peace guys?

# Peggy Day

by Bob Dylan (1969)

F D7 Gm C7

F D7 Gm C7 F D7 Gm C7  
Peggy Day stole my poor heart away, by golly, what more can I say  
F D7 Gm7 C7 F Bb F C  
Say Love to spend the night with Peggy Day.

Peggy night makes my future look so bright, man, that girl is out of sight,  
Love to spend the day with Peggy night. F Bb F F

A7 A7 A7 A7  
Well, you know that even before I learned her name, You know I  
D7 D7 D7 D7  
loved her just the same.  
Gm7 Gm7 Gm Gm/  
An' I tell 'em all, wherever I may go, Just so they'll know,  
C7 C7 C7 C7  
that she's my little lady And I love her so.

Peggy Day stole my poor heart away, Turned my skies to blue from gray,  
Love to spend the night with Peggy Day.

Peggy Day stole my poor heart away, By golly, what more can I say,  
Love to spend the night with Peggy Day. F D7

Switch to barrelhouse tempo

G7 G7 C7 C7 F(1/4) F7(1/4) Bb(1/4) Db7(1/4) F(1/4) Gb9(1/4) F11(hold)  
Love to spend the night with Peggy Day.

F	D7	Gm	C7
- - -   - - - - 1 - - - -	- - -   - - - - 3 - - - -	- - -   - - - - 3 - - - -	- - -   - - - - 1 - - - -
- - -   - - - - 2 - - - -	- - -   - - - - 5 - - - -	- - -   - - - - 3 - - - -	- - -   - - - - 3 - - - -
-- 2   - - - - 3 - - - -	- - -   - - - - 4 - - - -	- - -   - - - - 5 - - - -	- - -   - - - - 2 - - - -
- - -   - - - - 4 - - - -	- - -   - - - - 4 - - - -	- - -   - - - - 0 - - - -	- - -   - - - - 3 - - - -
- - -   - - - -	- - -   - - - -	- - -   - - - -	- - -   - - - -

# Positively Fourth Street

by Bob Dylan (1965)

G C Cm G

You got a lotta nerve to say you are my friend

G<sub>(1/2)</sub> D<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> G<sub>(1/2)</sub> D D

When I was down you just stood there grinning

G C Cm G

You got a lotta nerve to say you got a helping hand to lend

G<sub>(1/2)</sub> D<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> G<sub>(1/2)</sub> D D

You just want to be on the side that's winning

You say I let you down you know it's not like that

If you're so hurt why then don't you show it

You say you lost your faith but that's not where it's at

You had no faith to lose and you know it

I know the reason that you talk behind my back

I used to be among the crowd you're in with

Do you take me for such a fool to think I'd make contact

With the one who tries to hide what he don't know to begin with

You see me on the street you always act surprised

You say, "How are you?" "Good luck" but you don't mean it

When you know as well as me you'd rather see me paralyzed

Why don't you just come out once and scream it

No, I do not feel that good when I see the heartbreaks you embrace

If I was a master thief perhaps I'd rob them

And now I know you're dissatisfied with your position and your place

Don't you understand it's not my problem

I wish that for just one time you could stand inside my shoes

And just for that one moment I could be you

Yes, I wish that for just one time you could stand inside my shoes

You'd know what a drag it is to see you

# Priests

by Leonard Cohen (1967)

Bm Bm C C  
And who will write love songs for you  
Bm Bm C C  
when I am lord at last  
Bm Bm C C  
and your body is some little highway shrine  
Bm Bm Am Am  
that all my priests have passed,  
Am Am Bm Bm  
that all my priests have passed?

My priests they will put flowers there,  
they will stand before the glass,  
but they'll wear away your little window, love,  
they will trample on the grass,  
they will trample on the grass.

And who will aim the arrow  
that men will follow through your grace  
when I am lord of memory  
and all your armour has turned to lace,  
and all your armour has turned to lace?

The simple life of heroes,  
and the twisted life of saints,  
they just confuse the sunny calendar  
with their red and golden paints,  
with their red and golden paints.

And all of you have seen the dance,  
that God has kept from me,  
but he has seen me watching you  
when all your minds were free  
when all your minds were free.

And who will write love songs for you ...

My priests they will put flowers there ...

# Puff the Magic Dragon

by Peter Yarrow and Eric Lipton  
(1968)

*C Em F C*  
Puff the magic dragon, lived by the sea And  
*Dm7<sub>(1/2)</sub> G7<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am<sub>(1/2)</sub> D<sub>(1/2)</sub> D7<sub>(1/2)</sub> G<sub>(1/2)</sub> G7<sub>(1/2)</sub>*  
Frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honaloo Lee  
*C Em F C*  
Little Jackie Paper, loved that rascal Puff And  
*Dm7<sub>(1/2)</sub> G7<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am<sub>(1/2)</sub> D7<sub>(1/2)</sub> bG7<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> G7<sub>(1/2)</sub>*  
brought her strings and sealing wax and other fancy stuff, Oh

Together they would travel, on a boat with billowed sail  
Jackie kept a lookout perched on Puff's gigantic tail  
Noble kings and princes, would bow whenever they came  
Pirate ships would lower their flag when Puff roared out her name

A dragon lives forever, but not so little girls  
Painted rings and giant rings made way for other pearls  
One grey night it happened, Jackie Paper came no more,  
And Puff that mighty dragon sadly ceased her fearful roar

Her head was bent in sorrow, green scales fell like rain  
Puff no longer went to roam, along the bounding main  
For without her lifelong friend, Puff could not be brave,  
And Puff that mighty dragon sadly slipped into her cave

# Rainy Day People

by Gordon Lightfoot (1974)

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

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

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

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

# Ramblin' Boy

by Tom Paxton (1963)

*A<sub>(1/2)</sub> D<sub>(1/2)</sub> A*  
So here's to you my Rambling Boy,  
*E7 A*

May all your rambling bring you joy.

*A<sub>(1/2)</sub> D<sub>(1/2)</sub> A*  
So here's to you my Rambling Boy,  
*E7 A*

May all your rambling bring you joy.

*E<sub>(1/2)</sub> E7<sub>(1/2)</sub> A*  
He was a man and a friend always.

*E<sub>(1/2)</sub> E7<sub>(1/2)</sub> A*  
He stuck with me in the bad old days.

*A<sub>(1/2)</sub> D<sub>(1/2)</sub> A*  
He never cared if I had no dough,

*E<sub>(1/2)</sub> E7<sub>(1/2)</sub> A*  
We rambled round in the rain and snow.

In Tulsa town we chanced to stray,  
We thought we'd try to work one day.  
The boss said he had room for one,  
Said my old pal we'd rather bum.

Late one night in a jungle camp,  
The weather it was cold and damp.  
He got the chills and he got 'em bad.  
They took the only friend I had.

He left me here to ramble on,  
My rambling pal is dead and gone.  
If when we die we go somewhere,  
I bet you a dollar that he's rambling there

# **Red Rubber Ball** by Paul Simon and Bruce Woodley (1965)

A A F#m7 F#m Dma7sus2 Dma7 E7 E7  
 A C#m D A  
 I should have known you'd bid me farewell



I should have known you'd bid me farewell

## A C#m D E7 E7

There's a lesson to be learned from this and I learn

Now I know you're not the only starfish in the sea

If I never hear your name again it's all the same to me

*F#m*      *F#m*      *Bm*      *Bm*  
And I think it's gonna be all right; yeah, the worst is over now.

And I think it's gonna be all right, yeah, the worst is over now  
E E D A E<sup>#</sup>m E7

The morning sun is shining like a red rubber ball.

The morning sun is shining like a red rubber ball.

You never cared for secrets I'd confide  
To you all the time, you never took a ride

For you I'm just an ornament, something for your pride  
Always running my own racing, that's the life you live

Always running, never caring, that's the life you live  
Stop me if you've seen one, we all could be a size

Stolen minutes of your time were all you had to give

The story's in the past with nothing to recall

I've got my life to live and I don't need you at all

The roller coaster ride we took is nearly at an end

I bought my ticket with my tears, that's all I'm gonna spend

*F#m*      *F#m*      *Bm*      *Bm*  
And I think it's gonna be all right; yeah, the worst is over now.

And I think it's gonna be all right, yeah, the worst is over now  
*E E D A E#m*

*E E D A(½) F#III(½)*  
The morning sun is shining like a red rubber ball.

The morning sun is shining like a red rubber ball.

*E E D A<sub>(hold)</sub>*  
Yeah the morning sun is shining like a red rubber ball

The morning sun is shining like a red rubber ball.

# Rich Man, Poor Man

by Peter Yarrow and Peter Zimmel (1968)

*Dm G7 C C*

*Dm G C Am*

I need a bride, but the dolphins are runnin',  
*F G C A7*  
A woman who'd cry, But the sea must provide  
*Dm G C Am*  
A child to unravel The snarled nets of lovin';  
*Dm D9 G7 G7*  
First things first when you get to the sea.

*F Em Dm G*

Rich man eats when he wishes  
*Dm Am G G7*  
A poor man whenever he can.

I need a home, but my boots keep goin',  
Healing and peace that a fire would provide.  
A place to unburden my brain of its sorrow;  
First things first when you get to the fire.

Rich man eats when he wishes  
A poor man whenever he can.

I need a song, but the spring is for sowing,  
A word to the wise that the Earth must provide  
A tune to untangle the riddle of growing;  
First things first when you get to the land.  
Rich man eats when he wishes  
A poor man whenever he can.

I need the moon, but the landlord needs money,  
A field of wild flowers that the stars could provide.  
A bird for my shoulder to fly through the rainbow;  
First things first when you get to the sky.

Rich man eats when he wishes  
A poor man whenever he can.

# 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

# Rocky Mountain High

by John Denver (1972)

C C Dm7 Bb(½) G(½)

He was born in the summer of his twenty-seventh year,

C C Dm7 F(½) G(½)

Comin' home to a place he'd never been before.

C C Dm7 Bb(½) G(½)

He left yesterday behind him, you might say he was born again,

C C Dm7 G

You might say he found a key for every door.

When he first came to the mountain his life was far away,

On the road and hangin' by a song,

But the string's already broken and he doesn't really care,

It keeps changin' fast and it don't last for long.

F G C C F G C C

But the Colorado Rocky Mountain high, I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky.

F G C(½) Dm7(½) Cma7(½) F F F F

The shadow from the starlight is softer than a lull a by.

C C Dm7 F(½) G(½) C C Dm7 F(½) G(½)  
Rocky Mountain high, in Colorado, Rocky Mountain high, Colorado.

He climbed cathedral mountains, he saw silver clouds below,

He saw everything as far as you can see.

And they say that he got crazy once and he tried to touch the sun,

And he lost a friend, but kept his memory.

Now he walks in quiet solitude the forests and the streams,

Seeking grace in every step he takes.

His sight has turned inside himself to try and understand

The serenity of a clear blue mountain lake.

And the Colorado Rocky Mountain high, I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky.

You can talk to God and listen to the casual reply.

Rocky Mountain high, in Colorado, Rocky Mountain high, in Colorado.

Now his life is full of wonder, but his heart still know some fear

Of a simple thing he cannot comprehend.

Why they try to tear the mountain down to bring in a couple more,

More people, more scars upon the land.

And the Colorado Rocky Mountain high, I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky.

I know he'd be a poorer man if he never saw an eagle fly.

Rocky Mountain high, it's a Colorado, Rocky Mountain high, in Colorado

Oh that Colorado Rocky Mountain high, I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky

I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky, friends around the campfire and everybody's high,

Rocky Mountain high, in Colorado, Rocky Mountain high, in Colorado.

# Sailing Down the Golden River

by Pete Seeger  
(1971)

*D*                   *Bm*  
Sailing down my golden river,  
*Em*                   *A*  
Sun and water all my own,  
*D<sub>(1/2)</sub>*    *Em<sub>(1/2)</sub>*    *A<sub>(1/2)</sub>*    *D*  
Yet I was ne ver a lone.

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

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

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

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

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

# Sara

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Saturday Morning

 by Harry Chapin (1975)

A A D A

Saturday morning and it's growing light.

A Ama7 Bm7 E

I look out my window and remember the night.

A Ama7 C#7 F#m

The story is starting and this story ends

D Bm<sub>(1)</sub> C#m<sub>(1)</sub> E<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> C#m<sub>(1)</sub> Bm<sub>(1)</sub> A<sub>(1)</sub>

And I feel like I need you a gain.

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

A A D A

Time used to move softly when I was at home.

A Ama7 Bm7 E

It went on with out me, and left me a lone.

A Ama7 C#7 F#m

Now it's sits at my shoulder and claws at my hand

D Bm<sub>(1)</sub> C#m<sub>(1)</sub> E<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> C#m<sub>(1)</sub> Bm<sub>(1)</sub> A<sub>(1)</sub>

And I feel like I need you a gain.

F#m F#m E E

Oooh...

D E A A

A song needs a reason and rhyme.

F#m F#m E E

Oooh...

D E A A

My love needs a little more time.

A A D A

Well, I recall September, and leaves turned brown

A Ama7 Bm7 E

Remember October, left leaves on the ground.

A Ama7 C#7 F#m

And here comes December like an elderly friend.

D Bm<sub>(1)</sub> C#m<sub>(1)</sub> E<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> C#m<sub>(1)</sub> Bm<sub>(1)</sub> A<sub>(1)</sub>

And I feel like I need you a gain.

# Scarborough Fair Canticle

traditional

*Am Am G Am Am*  
Are you going to Scarborough Fair  
*C Am C<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am Am Am*  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
*Am C C<sub>(1)</sub> Bm<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G G*  
Remember me to one who lives there  
*Am G<sub>(2)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am Am Am*  
She once was a true love of mine

*Am Am G<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am<sub>(2)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub>*  
Tell her to make me a cambric shirt  
On the side of a hill in the deep forest  
*C Am C<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am Am<sub>(2)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub>*  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
green Tracing a sparrow on snow-crested  
*Am Am C C<sub>(1)</sub> Bm<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G G*  
Without no seam nor neeidle work  
Brown Blankets and bedclothes a child of the  
*Am G<sub>(2)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am Am Am*  
Then she'll be a true love of mine  
mountain Sleeps unaware of the clarion call

*Am Am G<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am<sub>(2)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub>*  
Tell her to find me an acre of land  
On the side of a hill, a sprinkling of  
*C Am C<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am Am<sub>(2)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub>*  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
leaves Washes the ground with silver y  
*Am Am C C<sub>(1)</sub> Bm<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G G*  
Between the salt water and the sea strand  
tears A solder cleans and polishes a  
*Am G<sub>(2)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am Am Am*  
Then she'll be a true love of mine  
gun Sleeps unaware of the clarion call

*Am Am G<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am<sub>(2)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub>*  
Tell her to reap it in a sickle of leather  
War belts blows, blazing in scarlet bat

*C Am C<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am Am<sub>(2)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub>*  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme

talions Generals order their soldiers to

*Am Am C C<sub>(1)</sub> Bm<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G G*  
And to gather it all in a bunch of heather

kill And to fight for a cause they've long ago for

*Am G<sub>(2)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am Am Am*  
Then she'll be a true love of mine  
gotten

*Am Am G Am Am*  
Are you going to Scarborough Fair

*C Am C<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> D<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am Am Am*  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme

*Am C C<sub>(1)</sub> Bm<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G G*  
Remember me to one who lives there

*Am G<sub>(2)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(1)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am Am Am Am*  
She once was a true love of mine

# Shelter from the Storm

by Bob Dylan (1975)

D A G D

'Twas in another lifetime, one of toil and blood

D A G G

When blackness was a virtue and the road was full of mud

D A G G

I came in from the wilderness, a creature void of form.

D D G D

"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

And if I pass this way again, you can rest assured

I'll always do my best for her, on that I give my word

In a world of steel-eyed death, and men who are fighting to be warm.

"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

Not a word was spoke between us, there was little risk involved

Everything up to that point had been left unresolved.

Try imagining a place where it's always safe and warm.

"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

I was burned out from exhaustion, buried in the hail,

Poisoned in the bushes an' blown out on the trail,

Hunted like a crocodile, ravaged in the corn.

"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

Suddenly I turned around and she was standin' there

With silver bracelets on her wrists and flowers in her hair.

She walked up to me so gracefully and took my crown of thorns.

"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

Now there's a wall between us, somethin' there's been lost

I took too much for granted, got my signals crossed.

Just to think that it all began on a long-forgotten morn.

"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

Well, the deputy walks on hard nails and the preacher rides a mount

But nothing really matters much, it's doom alone that counts

And the one-eyed undertaker, he blows a futile horn.

"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

I've heard newborn babies wailin' like a mournin' dove

And old men with broken teeth stranded without love.

Do I understand your question, man, is it hopeless and forlorn?

"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

In a little hilltop village, they gambled for my clothes

I bargained for salvation an' they gave me a lethal dose.

I offered up my innocence and got repaid with scorn.

"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

Well, I'm livin' in a foreign country but I'm bound to cross the line

Beauty walks a razor's edge, someday I'll make it mine.

If I could only turn back the clock to when God and her were born.

"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

# Since You've Asked

by Judy Collins (1967)

*Em Bm C Fma7 Esus4 Esus4*

*Em Bsus4(½) Bm(½) G Asus4(½) A(½)*

What I'll give you since you've asked, is all my time together.

*Em Bsus4(½) Bm(½) G Asus4(½) A(½)*

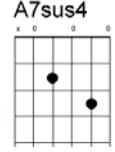
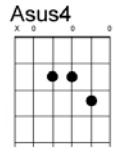
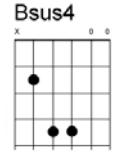
Take the rugged sunny days, the warm and rocky weather.

*Am7 D9 Am7 D9 B*

Take the roads that I have walked along, looking for tomorrow's time.

*Gsus2 Gsus2*

Peace of mind.



*Em Bsus4(½) Bm(½) G Asus4(½) A(½)*

As my life spills into yours, changing with the hours.

*Em Bsus4(½) Bm(½) G Asus4(½) A(½)*

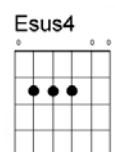
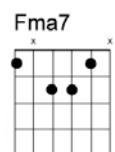
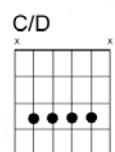
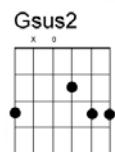
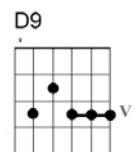
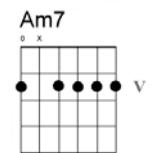
Filling up the world with time, turning time to flowers.

*Am7 D9 Am7 D9 B(½) Gsus2(½)*

I can show you all the songs that I never sang to one man,

*Gsus2 Gsus2*

before.



*G G A7sus4 A(½)*

We have seen a million stones lying by the water.

*G G A7sus4 A(½)*

You have climbed the hills with me to the mountain shelter.

*Am7 Am7 C/D*

Taking off the days one by one,

*Am7 Am7 Fma7 Fma7 Esus4 Esus4*

setting them to breathe in the sun.

*Em Bsus4(½) Bm(½) G Asus4(½) A(½)*

Take the lilies and the lakes, from the days of childhood.

*Em Bsus4(½) Bm(½) G Asus4(½) A(½)*

All the willow-winding paths, leading up and outward.

*Am7 D9 Am7 D9 B*

This is what I give, this is what I ask you for,

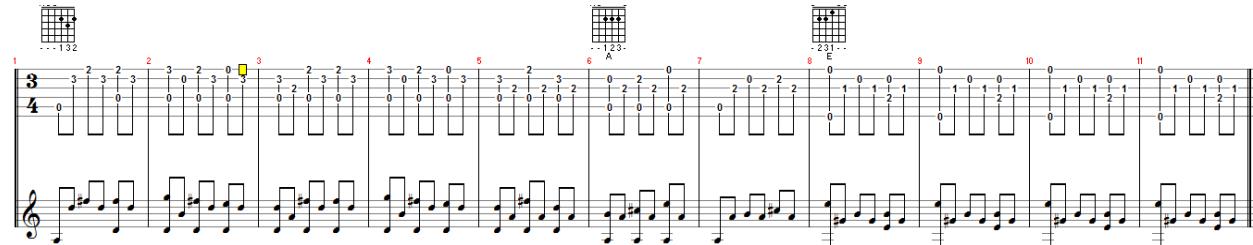
*Gsus2 G*

Nothing more

# Sisters of Mercy

by Leonard Cohen (1967)

*Play as an introduction and between verses*



A D A E

Oh the Sisters of Mercy, they are not departed

A D A<sub>(2)</sub> Asus2<sub>(1)</sub> A

gone

C#m G#m C#m G#m

They were waiting for me when I thought that I just can't go

E Esus4 E E

on

D A G F#m

And they brought me their comfort and later they brought me this

E Esus4 E<sub>(2)</sub> Esus4<sub>(1)</sub> A

song

A D A E A intro

Oh I hope you run into them, you who've been traveling so long

Yes you who must leave everything that you cannot control

It begins with your family, but soon it comes around to your soul

Well I've been where you're hanging, I think I can see how you're pinned

When you're not feeling holy, your loneliness says that you've sinned

Well they lay down beside me, I made my confession to them

They touched both my eyes and I touched the dew on their hem

If your life is a leaf that the seasons tear off and condemn

They will bind you with love that is graceful and green as a stem

When I left they were sleeping, I hope you run into them soon

Don't turn on the lights, you can read their address by the moon

And you won't make me jealous if I hear that they've sweetened your night

We weren't lovers like that and besides it would still be all right

We weren't lovers like that and besides it would still be all right

# So Long, Marianne

by Leonard Cohen (1967)

*A<sub>(1/2)</sub> Asus4<sub>(1/2)</sub> A<sub>(1/2)</sub> Asus4<sub>(1/2)</sub> A<sub>(1/2)</sub> Asus4<sub>(1/2)</sub> A<sub>(1/2)</sub> A<sub>(1/2)</sub>*

*A A Bm Bm*

Come over to the window, my little darling

*D D A A*

I'd like to try to read your palm

*G G D D*

I used to think I was some kind of Gypsy boy

*F#m F#m E<sub>(1/2)</sub> Esus4<sub>(1/2)</sub> E<sub>(1/2)</sub> E7<sub>(1/2)</sub>*

Before I let you take me home

*A A F#m F#m*

Now so long, Marianne, it's time that we began

*E<sub>(1/2)</sub> Esus4<sub>(1/2)</sub> E<sub>(1/2)</sub> E7<sub>(1/2)</sub> E<sub>(1/2)</sub> Esus4<sub>(1/2)</sub> E<sub>(1/2)</sub> E7<sub>(1/2)</sub>*

To laugh and cry and cry and laugh about it

*A<sub>(1/2)</sub> Asus4<sub>(1/2)</sub> A<sub>(1/2)</sub> Asus4<sub>(1/2)</sub> A<sub>(1/2)</sub> Asus4<sub>(1/2)</sub> A<sub>(1/2)</sub> A<sub>(1/2)</sub>*

all again

Well you know that I love to live with you

But you make me forget so very much

I forgot to pray for the angels

And then the angels forgot to pray for us

Now so long, Marianne, it's time that we began

To laugh and cry and cry and laugh about it all again

We met when we were almost young

Deep in the green lilac park

You held on to me like I was a crucifix

As we went kneeling through the dark

Now so long, Marianne, it's time that we began

To laugh and cry and cry and laugh about it all again

Your letters they all say that you're beside me now

Then why do I feel alone?

I'm standing on a ledge and your fine spider web

Is fastening my ankle to a stone

Now so long, Marianne, it's time that we began

To laugh and cry and cry and laugh about it all again

For now I need your hidden love

I'm cold as a new razor blade

You left when I told you I was curious

I never said that I was brave

Now so long, Marianne, it's time that we began

To laugh and cry and cry and laugh about it all again

Oh, you are really such a pretty one

I see you've gone and changed your name again

And just when I climbed this whole mountainside

To wash my eyelids in the rain

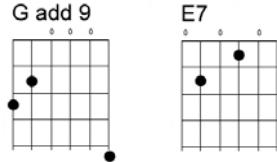
Now so long, Marianne, it's time that we began

To laugh and cry and cry and laugh about it all again

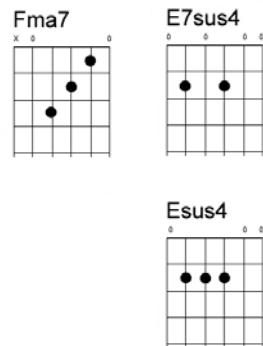
# Song Is Love

by Paul Stookey, Peter Yarrow, Mary Travers, Dave Dixon, and Richard L. Kniss (1967)

A            A Gadd9            Gadd9            F#m            F#m  
First of all,      I would like to say a word or two,  
G<sub>(1/2)</sub>      G/F#<sub>(1/2)</sub>      G/E            D            D  
I know you won't be thinking this applies to you,  
Fma7      Fma7      Esus4      E7  
But it's true,      and it do.



A            A Gadd9            Gadd9            F#m            F#m  
All your life      you have had to sing your song alone,  
G<sub>(1/2)</sub>      G/F#<sub>(1/2)</sub>      G/E            D            D  
Not believing any      body could have known  
Fma7      Fma7      Esus4      E7      Bm/E      E  
But your wrong      and you know



A            A/G#            A/G            D<sub>(1/2)</sub>            E<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
I've got a song let me sing it with you, let me say it now while the meaning is new  
D<sub>(1/2)</sub>      D/C#<sub>(1/2)</sub>      Bm7            E7sus4      E7  
But wouldn't it be good if we could say it togeth      er!

A            A/G#            A/G            D<sub>(1/2)</sub>            E<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
Don't be afraid to sing me your mind, sing about the joy that I know we can find.

D<sub>(1/2)</sub>      D/C#<sub>(1/2)</sub>      Bm7            E7sus4      E7  
Wind them around and see what they sound like togeth      er.

A      A/G#      A/G      D<sub>(1/2)</sub>      E<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
The song is love,      the song is love,      the song is  
D<sub>(1/2)</sub>      D/C#<sub>(1/2)</sub>      Bm7            E7sus4      E7sus4      E7(hold)      A      A  
love,            the song is love.

A            A Gadd9            Gadd9            F#m            F#m  
Last of all,      I would like to thank you for the word or two,  
G<sub>(1/2)</sub>      G/F#<sub>(1/2)</sub>      G/E            D            D  
Spoken in the      moments when I needed you  
Fma7      Fma7      Esus4      E7      Bm/E      E  
To see me through      and they do.

# 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

# Story of Isaac

by Leonard Cohen (1967)

*Am<sub>(3)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> F<sub>(3)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(3)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> F<sub>(3)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub>*

*Am<sub>(3)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> F<sub>(3)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(3)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> F*  
The door it opened slowly, my father he came in,

*G<sub>(2)</sub> F<sub>(2)</sub> E E*  
I was nine years old.

*Am<sub>(3)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> F<sub>(3)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(3)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> F*  
And he stood so tall a bove me, his blue eyes they were shining  
*G<sub>(2)</sub> F<sub>(2)</sub> E E*  
and his voice was very cold.

*C C C C*  
He said, "I've had a vision and you know I'm strong and holy,  
*D<sub>(2)</sub> C<sub>(2)</sub> B B*  
I must do what I've been told."

*F Bb, F Bb*  
So he started up the mountain, I was running, he was walking, and his  
*F G A A*  
axe was made of gold.  
*Am<sub>(3)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> F<sub>(3)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> Am<sub>(3)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub> F<sub>(3)</sub> G<sub>(1)</sub>*

Well, the trees they got much smaller, the lake a lady's mirror,  
we stopped to drink some wine.

Then he threw the bottle over, broke a minute later  
and he put his hand on mine.

Thought I saw an eagle but it might have been a vulture,  
I never could decide.  
Then my father built an altar, he looked once behind his shoulder,  
he knew I would not hide.

You who build these altars now, to sacrifice these children,  
you must not do it anymore.  
A scheme is not a vision and you never have been tempted  
by a demon or a god.

You who stand above them now, your hatchets blunt and bloody,  
you were not there before,  
when I lay upon a mountain and my father's hand was trembling  
with the beauty of the word.

And if you call me brother now, forgive me if I inquire,  
"Just according to whose plan?"  
When it all comes down to dust, I will kill you if I must,  
I will help you if I can.

And may I never learn to scorn, the body out of chaos born;  
The woman and the man.  
Have mercy on our uniform, man of peace or man of war,  
the peacock spreads his fan.

# Sundown

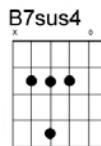
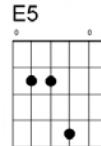
 by Gordon Lightfoot (1973)

*E*                    *E5*

I can see her lyin' back in her satin dress

*B7sus4*              *E7*

In a room where ya do what ya don't confess



*E5*                    *Aadd9/C#*

Sundown ya better take care

*Dadd9/A*              *E5*

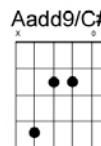
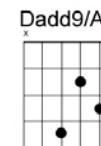
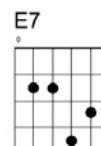
If I find you bin creepin' 'round my back stairs

*E5*                    *Aadd9/C#*

Sundown ya better take care

*Dadd9/A*              *E5*

If I find you bin creepin' 'round my back stairs



She's bin lookin' like a queen in a sailor's dream

And she don't always say what she really means

Sometimes I think it's a shame

When I get feelin' better when I'm feelin' no pain

Sometimes I think it's a shame

When I get feelin' better when I'm feelin' no pain

I can picture every move that a man could make

Getting lost in her lovin' is your first mistake

Sundown ya better take care

If I find you bin creepin' 'round my back stairs

Sometimes I think it's a sin

When I feel like I'm winnin' when I'm losin' again

I can see her lookin' fast in her faded jeans

She's a hard lovin' woman, got me feelin' mean

Sometimes I think it's a shame

When I get feelin' better when I'm feelin' no pain

Sundown ya better take care

If I find you bin creepin' 'round my back stairs

Sundown ya better take care

If I find you bin creepin' 'round my back stairs

Sometimes I think it's a sin

When I feel like I'm winnin' when I'm losin' again

# Suzanne

by Leonard Cohen (1967)

G G G G

Suzanne takes you down by her place near the river,

Am Am Am Am

You can hear the boats go by, you can spend the night beside her,

G G G G

And you know that she's half crazy but that's why you want to be there,

Bm Bm C C

And she feeds you tea and oranges that come all the way from China.

G G G G

And just when you mean to tell her that you have no love to give her,

Am Am Am Am

She gets you on her wavelength and she lets the river answer

G G

That you've always been her lover. And

Bm Bm C C

And you want to travel with her, and you want to travel blind,

G G

And you know that you can trust her,

Am Am G G

For you've touched her perfect body with your mind.

And Jesus was a sailor when he walked upon the water,

And he spent a long time watching from his lonely wooden tower.

And when he knew for certain only drowning men could see him,

He said, "All men will be sailors then until the sea shall free them."

But he himself was broken long before the sky would open,

Forsaken almost human, he sank beneath your wisdom like a stone.

And you want to travel with him, and you want to travel blind,

And you think maybe you'll trust him,

For he's touched your perfect body with his mind.

Now Suzanne takes your hand and she leads you to the river,

She is wearing rags and feathers from Salvation Army counters.

And the sun pours down like honey on your lady of the harbor,

And she shows you where to look among the garbage and the flowers.

There are heroes in the seaweed; there are children in the morning

They are leaning out for love and they will lean that way forever,

While Suzanne hold the mirror.

And you want to travel with her, and you want to travel blind,

And you think maybe you'll trust her,

For you've touched her perfect body with your mind.

# Sweet Baby James

by James Taylor (1970)

D A G F#m F#m

There is a young cowboy he lives on the range.

Bm G D F#m F#m

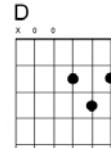
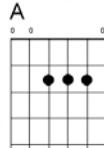
His horse and his cattle are his only companion.

Bm G D F#m

He works in the saddle and he sleeps in the canyon.

G D A Em7 Em7 A A

Waiting for summer, his pastures to change.



G G A D

And as the moon rises he sits by his fire.

Bm G D A

Thinkin' about women and glasses of beer.

G G A D

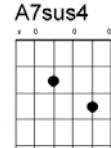
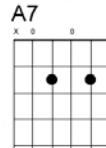
Closing his eyes as the doggies retire

Bm G D D

He sings out a song which is soft but it's clear

E7sus4 E7 A7sus4 A7sus4 A A

As if maybe someone could hear.



D G A D

Goodnight you moonlight la dies.

Bm G D D

Rock-a-bye sweet baby James.

Bm G D D

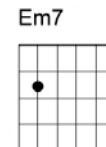
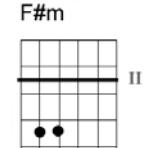
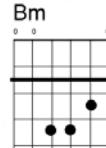
Deep greens and blues are the colors I choose.

E7sus4 E7 A7sus4 A

Won't you let me go down in my dreams.

G A D D

And rock-a-bye sweet baby James.



Now the first of December was covered with snow.

And so was the turnpike from Stockridge to Boston.

Lord the Berkshires seemed dreamlike on account of that frosting.

With ten miles behind me and ten thousand more to go.

There's a song that they sing when they take to the highway.

A song that they sing when they take to the sea.

A song that they sing of they're home in the sky.

Maybe you can believe it if it helps you to sleep.

But singing works just fine for me.

# Take Me Home, Country Roads

by John Denver (1971)

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

A    A      E      E  
Country roads, take me home,  
F#m    F#m    D    D  
To the place I belong.  
A    A      E      E  
West Virginia, mountain momma,  
D    D    A    A  
Take me home, country roads.

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

F#m      E      A      A  
I hear her voice, in the mornin' hour she calls me,  
D      A      E      E  
The radio reminds me of my home far away.  
F#m      G      D      A  
And drivin' down the road I get the feelin' that I should have been  
home  
E      E      E7      E7  
Yesterday,    yesterday.

# Taxi

 by Harry Chapin (1972)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ebma7 Ebma7 Ebma7 Bbma7 Bbma7 F F

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

D Am/D D Am/D

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

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

D+2 D+2 D+2 D+2 D+2 D+2 D+2 D+2  
Well another man might have been angry, and another man might have been hurt  
D+2 D+2 D+2 D+2 C Bb D Am/D D Am/D  
But another man never would have let her go... I stashed the bill in my shirt

G G D D C G D D  
And she walked away in silence, it's strange, how you never know  
G G D Bm Em7 Em7 Em/A Em/A D Am/D D Am/D  
But we'd both gotten what we'd asked for such a long, long time ago

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

G G Em Em D D D Bm Bm  
And here, she's acting happy, inside her handsome home  
G G D D C Bb D D D Am/D  
And me, I'm flying in my taxi, taking tips, and getting stoned  
Em Em Em A A A A D Am/D D Am/D D Am/D  
I go fly ing so high, when I'm stoned

# Tennessee Waltz

by Pee Wee King and Redd Stewart (1968)  
additional lyric by Leonard Cohen

A E (walkup E F# G# ) A A

A A A7 D  
I was dancin' with my darlin' to the Tennessee Waltz

A A E E  
When an old friend I happened to see.

A A A7 D  
I introduced him to my darlin' and while they were dancin'

A E7 A A  
my friend stole my sweetheart from me.

A C#7 D A  
I remember the night and the Tennessee Waltz

A A E7 E7  
'cause I know just how much I have lost

A A A7 D  
Yes I lost my little darlin' the night they were playin'

A E7 A A  
That beautiful Tennessee Waltz

Now I wonder how a dance like the Tennessee Waltze  
Could have broken my heart so complete  
Well I couldn't blame my darlin', and who could help fallin'  
In love with my darlin' so sweet

Well it must be the fault of the Tennessee Waltz  
Wish I'd known just how much it would cost  
But I didn't see it commin', it's all over but the cryin'  
Blame it all on the Tennessee Waltz

## Cohen Verse

She goes dancin' with the darkness to the Tennessee Waltz  
and I feel like I'm falling apart  
and it's stronger than drink and it's deeper than sorrow  
this darkness she left in my heart

# Thirsty Boots

by Eric Anderson (1965)

*A D Esus4(½) E7(½) A*

*A A D E*

You've long been on the open road, you've been sleeping in the rain,

*A A D E7*

From dirty words and muddy cells, your clothes are smeared and stained,

*A A D E*

But the dirty words and muddy cells, will soon be judged in shame

*A A D(½) Bm(½) E7 E7*

So only stop to rest yourself till you are off again

*A D A D*

So take off your thirsty boots and stay for a while,

*A F#m Bm E*

Your feet are hot and weary, from a dusty mile,

*A D A D*

And maybe I can make you laugh, maybe I can try,

*A F#m Bm E7 A*

I'm just looking for the evening, for the morning in your eye.

*A D Esus4(½) E7(½) A A*

So tell me of the ones you saw as far as you could see

Across the plain from field to town, a-marching to be free

And of the rusted prison gates that tumbled by degree

Like laughing children, one by one, they look like you and me

I know you are no stranger down the crooked rainbow trails

From dancing cliff-edged shattered sills of slandered, shackled jails

For the voices drift up from below, as the walls they're being scaled

Yes, all of this, and more, my friend, your song shall not be failed.

# This Old Guitar

by John Denver (1974)

D            A            Bm    F#m

This old guitar taught me to sing a love song,

G                      A7sus4              D(½)    D/C#(½)    Bm(½)    Bm/A(½)

It showed me how to laugh and how to cry.

G                      A                      D(½)              D/C#(½)    Bm(½)    Bm/A(½)

It introduced me to some friends of mine and brightened up some days.

G                      A7sus4              D    D/C#    Bm    Bm/A

And it helped me make it through some lonely nights.      Oh

G                      A7

What a friend to have on a cold and lonely

D(½)    D/C#(½)    Bm(½)    Bm/A(½)    G(½)    G/F#(½)    A7sus4(½)    A7(½)  
night

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

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

# Times Are Getting Hard

by Joe "Red" Hayes (1964)

F F7 Bb<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> F F F7 Bb<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> F

F F7 Bb<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> F

Times are getting hard boys, money's getting scarce

F F7 Bb<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> F

If times don't get no better boys, gonna leave this place

F F7 Bb<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> F

Take my true love by her hand, lead her through the town

F F7 Bb<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> F

Say goodbye to everyone, goodbye to everyone.

Had a job a year ago, had a little home  
Now I've got no place to go, guess I'll have to roam

Every wind that blows boys, every wind that blows  
Carries me to some new place, heaven only knows

Times are getting hard boys, mMoney's getting scarce  
Times don't get no better boys, gonna leave this place

F F7 Bb<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> F

Take my true love by her hand, lead her through the town

F F7 Bb<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> F

Say goodbye to everyone, goodbye to everyone.

F<sub>(1/2)</sub> F7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Bb

Say goodbye to everyone

N.C. F

Goodbye to everyone

# Time in a Bottle

by Jim Croce (1971)

*Am Am/G# Am/G D/F#*

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

*Am Am/G# Am7/G Am/F#*  
If I could save time in a bottle

*Dm7/F Dm<sub>(1)</sub> E7<sub>(1)</sub> Dm<sub>(1)</sub> E/G#m<sub>(1)</sub> Am/A<sub>(1)</sub> E/B<sub>(1)</sub> E7/D<sub>(1)</sub> Am/C<sub>(1)</sub> E/B<sub>(1)</sub>*  
The first thing that I'd like to do )

*Am Am/G Dm7/F Dm7*  
Is to save every day till eternity passes

*Am/C Dm E/G#m<sub>(1)</sub> Am/A<sub>(1)</sub> E/B<sub>(1)</sub> E7/G#<sub>(1)</sub> Dm/F<sub>(1)</sub> E/G#<sub>(1)</sub>*  
away Just to spend them with you

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

*A Ama7/G#*

But there never seems to be enough time

*A6/F# A/E*

To do the things you want to do

*D A/C# Bm7 E7*

Once you find them

*A Ama7/G#*

I've looked around enough to know

*A/F# A/E*

That you're the one I want to go

*D A/C# Bm7 E7*

Through time with

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

*End with Am9*

# Times Are Getting Hard

by Joe "Red" Hayes (1964)

F F7 Bb<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> F F F7 Bb<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> F

F F7 Bb<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> F

Times are getting hard boys, money's getting scarce

F F7 Bb<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> F

If times don't get no better boys, gonna leave this place

F F7 Bb<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> F

Take my true love by her hand, lead her through the town

F F7 Bb<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> F

Say goodbye to everyone, goodbye to everyone.

Had a job a year ago, had a little home  
Now I've got no place to go, guess I'll have to roam

Every wind that blows boys, every wind that blows  
Carries me to some new place, heaven only knows

Times are getting hard boys, mMoney's getting scarce  
Times don't get no better boys, gonna leave this place

F F7 Bb<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> F

Take my true love by her hand, lead her through the town

F F7 Bb<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> F

Say goodbye to everyone, goodbye to everyone.

F<sub>(1/2)</sub> F7<sub>(1/2)</sub> Bb

Say goodbye to everyone

N.C. F

Goodbye to everyone

# Times They Are A-Changing

by Bob Dylan (1964)

G Em C G G

Come gather 'round people where ever you roam,

G Am C D7

And admit that the waters around you have grown,

G Em C G G

And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the bone.

G Am D D7

If your time to you is worth saving,

D D7 Gma7 D

Then you'd better start swimming or you'll sink like a stone,

G G C D7 G Em Am D7

For the times they are a-chang ing.

Come writers and critics who prophesy with your pen.

And keep your eyes wide the chance won't come again.

And don't speak too soon, for the wheel's still in spin,

And there's no telling who that it's naming,

For the loser now will be later to win,

For the times they are a-changing.

Come senators, congressmen, please heed the call.

Don't stand in the doorway, don't block up the hall,

For he that gets hurt will be he who has stalled.

There's a battle outside and it's raging,

It'll soon shake you windows and rattle your walls,

For the times they ar a-changing.

Come mothers and fathers throughout the land,

And don't criticize if you can't understand,

Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command,

Your old road is rapidly aging,

Please get out of the new one if you can't lend your hand,

For the times they are a-changing.

The line it is drawn, the curse it is cast,

The slow one now will later be fast.

As the present now will later be past.

The order is rapidly fading.

And the first one now will later be last,

For the times they are a-changing.

# Tomorrow Is a Long Time

by Bob Dylan (1963)

G C/G G C/G<sub>(½)</sub> G<sub>(½)</sub>  
If today was not an endless highway,

G C/G G G  
If tonight was not a crooked trail,

C/G D/F# C/G G  
If tomorrow wasn't such a long time,

C/G D/F# C/G G  
Then lonesome would mean nothing to you at all.

C/G D/F# C/G G  
Yes, and only if my own true love was waitin',

C/G D/F# C/G G  
if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin',

C/G D/F# C/G G  
Yes, and only if she was lyin' by me,

C/G C/G D7/F# D/F# C/G<sub>(½)</sub> G<sub>(½)</sub> C/G<sub>(½)</sub> G<sub>(½)</sub> C/G<sub>(½)</sub> G<sub>(½)</sub> G  
I'd lie in my bed once again.

I can't see my reflection in the waters,  
I can't speak the sounds that show no pain,  
I can't hear the echo of my footsteps,  
Or can't remember the sound of my own name.

Yes, and only if my own true love was waitin',  
Yes, and if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin',  
Only if she was lyin' by me,  
Then I'd lie in my bed once again.

There's beauty in the silver, singin' river,  
There's beauty in the sunrise in the sky,  
But none of these and nothing else can touch the beauty  
That I remember in my true love's eyes.

Yes, and only if my own true love was waitin',  
Yes, and if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin',  
Only if she was lyin' by me,  
Then I'd lie in my bed once again.

# Trumpet Vine

by Kate Wolf (1977)

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

E E A A  
And bloomed bright orange on the wall

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

As the first summer rain began to fall

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# 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

thumin' 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

# Walkin' Down the Line

by Bob Dylan (1963)

G G<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
Well, I'm walkin' down the line,

G C  
I'm walkin' down the line

C G  
An' I'm walkin' down the line.

G  
My feet'll be a-flyin'  
G<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> G<sub>(1/4)</sub> C<sub>(1/4)</sub> G<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
To tell about my troubled mind.

I got a heavy-headed gal  
I got a heavy-headed gal  
I got a heavy-headed gal  
She ain't feelin' well  
When she's better only time will tell

My money comes and goes  
My money comes and goes  
My money comes and goes  
And rolls and flows and rolls and flows  
Through the holes in the pockets in my clothes

I see the morning light  
I see the morning light  
Well it's not because  
I'm an early riser  
I didn't go to sleep last night

I got my walkin' shoes  
I got my walkin' shoes  
I got my walkin' shoes  
An' I ain't a-gonna lose  
I believe I got the walkin' blues

# Weep for Jamie

by Peter Yarrow (1967)

A      Dm      G      C

The other side of Jamie's door is

F      Bb      E      A

aching loneliness, one, two, three, four.

A      Dm      G      C

she dances with the ancient fears,

F      Bb      E      A

with porcelain smiles and wetless tears,

Dm      Dm7      Gm      Gm

Weep for Jamie, for the bones, that tear at her

Asus4      A      Dm      Dm7

Flesh, inside. Weep for Jamie

Gm      Gm      Asus4      A

She lives in the land where her father died.

Dm      Dm7      Gm      Asus4      Dm      Dm7      Gm      Asus4

Don't try to answer her helpless call,

She can't hear your words she feels nothing at all.

With no tomorrow promised by today.

She's the child of emptiness and yesterday.

I'll sing you one of a song without an end,

I'll sing you two of a tree that cannot bend,

I'll sing you three of a womb that never filled,

And the fourth deepest wound and the love that it killed.

Dm      Dm7      Gm      Gm      A      Dm      Dm7      Gm      Gm      A

# Whatshername

by Noel Paul Stookey, Dave Dixon, and  
Richard Kniss (1967)

*Ebm7 Ab7 Dbma7 Db6 Ebm7 Ab7 Dbma7 Dbma7*  
Jimmy McGregor, hey, Jimmy, come here! Jimmy you son of a gun!  
*Am7 D7 Bm7 Em7 Am7 D7 Dm7 G7*  
What 'cha been doin'? How long has it been? Hell, seven years if it's been one. How's the

*Dm7 G7 Cma7 C6 Dm7 G7 Cma7 Cma7*  
preacher? How's Don, did he go back to school? No kidding, I thought he was gay!  
*G#m7 C#7 F#ma7 F#6 G#m7 C#7 C#m7 F#7*  
Who me? Oh, I'm great! I'm a father you know. Yeah, two of 'em and one on the way.

*C#m7 F#7 Bma7 B6 C#m7 F#7 Bma7 B6*  
Oh, well, she couldn't make it, she gets pretty tired, she started her last month today.  
*Gm7 C7 Am7 Dm7 G7 C7 Cm7 F7*  
I only came up for a couple of minutes, believe me, I wish I could stay.

*Cm7 F7 Bbma7 Bb6 Cm7 F7 Bbma7 Bb6*  
Oh, and yeah while I think of it, do you remember, not for myself, for a friend.  
*F#m7 B7 Ema7 E6 F#m7 B7 Gm7 E7*  
A girl that I brought here, before I got married a couple of times at the end.

*Ama7 Ama7 Am7 D7b5 Gma7 Gma7 Gm7*  
*C7b5*  
Whatshername? She hardly knew me; now her name means something to me.  
*Fma7 Db7 Gm7 Caug7*  
I wonder if she ever got over me?  
*Ama7 Am7 D7b5 Gma7 Gm7 C7b5*  
Anyway I should be flattered for yesterday at least I mattered.  
*Fma7 Fma7 Db7 Db7*  
Where did it go?

*Ama7 Ama7 Am7 D7b5 Gma7 Gm7 Fma7 Db7*

*Gm7 C7 Fma7 Fma7 Fm7 Bb7 Ebma7 Ebma7*  
Jimmy I tell you we're two lucky guys. You've got everything that you've planned.  
*Ebm7 Ab7 Dbma7 Dbma7*

And all things considered I've done fairly well.

*Em A7 Cm7 F7 Bm7 E7*  
I mean God's honest truth, man, I love Ruth and

*Ama7 Ama7 Am7 D7b5 Gma7 Gma7 Am7 C7b5*  
Whatshername? I thought I knew her, Whatshername? What happened to her,  
*Fma7 Fma7 Db7 Db7 Gm7 C7 Fma7 Fma7*  
I don't know why I'll never forget Whatshername?

# When The Ship Comes In

by Bob Dylan(1964)

O the time will come up when the wind will stop,  
G G C G

And the breeze will cease to be breathin'.  
G G G G

Like a stillness in the wind 'fore the hurricane begins.  
G D7 G G C G

The hour that the ship comes in.  
G G C G

O the seas will split and the ship will hit,  
G G G G

And the sand on the shoreline will be shaking,  
G G C G

And the tide will sound and the waves will pound,  
G C(1/2) G(1/2) D7(1/2) Am(1/2) G C G G

And the morning will be break ing.  
G C(1/2) G(1/2) D7(1/2) Am(1/2) G C G G

O the fishes will laugh as they swim out of the path,  
And the sea gulls, they'll be smiling.

And the rocks on the sand will proudly stand,  
The hour that the ship comes in.

And the words that are used for to get the ship confused,  
Will not be understood as they're spoken.

For the chains of the sea will be busted in the night,  
And be buried in the bottom of the ocean.

O a song will lift as the main sail shifts,  
And the boat drifts on to the shoreline.  
And the sun will respect every face on the deck,  
The hour that the ship comes in.

And the sand will roll out a carpet of gold,  
For your weary toes to be a-touchin'.

And the ship's wise men will remind you once again,  
That the whole wide world is watchin'.

O the foes will rise with asleep set in their eyes,  
And they'll jerk from their beds and think they're dreamin'.  
But they'll pinch themselves and squeal and they'll know that it's for real,  
The hour that the ship comes in.

And they'll raise their hands sayin', "We'll meet all you demands."  
But will shout from the bow, "Your days are numbered."  
And like Pharaoh's tribe they'll be found in the tide,  
And like Goliath, they'll be conquered.

# Who by the Fire?

by Leonard Cohen (1974)

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

*Am G Am Am*

And who by fire

*Am G Am Am*

Who by water

*C G C C*

Who in the sunshine

*C G C C*

Who in the night time

*Am G Am Am*

Who by high ordeal

*Am G Am Am*

Who by common trial

*C G C C*

Who in your merry merry month of may

*C G C C*

Who by various slow decay

*Am Am Fma7 Fma7 E E E E*

And who shall I say is calling?

And who in her lonely slip

Who by barbiturate

Who in these realms of love

Who by something blunt

And who by avalanche

Who by powder

Who for his greed

Who for his hunger

And who shall I say is calling?

And who by brave assent

Who by accident

Who in solitude

Who in this mirror

Who by his lady's command

Who by his own hand

Who in mortal chains

Who in power

And who shall I say is calling?

# Workin' at the Carwash Blues

by Jim Croce  
(1973)

G G D7 D7  
Well, I had just got out from the county prison doin' ninety days for non-support  
D7 D7 D7

Tried to find me an executive position but no matter how smooth I talked

G G G  
They wouldn't listen to the fact that I was a genius, The man say, "We  
C A7 G<sub>(1/2)</sub> B7<sub>(1/4)</sub> Em<sub>(1/4)</sub>  
got all that we can use." Now I got them steadily depressin', low  
Em<sub>(1/2)</sub> G7<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> D7<sub>(1/4)</sub> G<sub>(1/4)</sub> G<sub>(1/2)</sub> D7+9<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
down mind messin' working at the car wash blues

G G D7+9 D7+9  
Well, I should be sittin' in an air conditioned office in a swivel chair  
D7+9 D7+9 G G

Talkin' some trash to the secretaries, sayin', "Hey, now mama, come on over here"

G G  
Instead, I'm stuck here rubbin' these fenders with a rag and  
C A7 G<sub>(1/2)</sub> B7<sub>(1/4)</sub> Em<sub>(1/4)</sub>  
walkin' home in soggy old shoes." Now I got them steadily depressin', low  
Em<sub>(1/2)</sub> G7<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> D7<sub>(1/4)</sub> G<sub>(1/4)</sub> G<sub>(1/2)</sub> D7+9<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
down mind messin' working at the car wash blues

C C C G  
You know a man of my ability, he should be smokin' on a big cigar But till I  
C C A7 D7+9  
get myself straight I guess I'll just have to wait in my rubber suit a-rubbin' these cars  
D7+9 G G D7+9 D7  
Well, all I can do is a shake my head, you might not believe that it's true  
D7 D7 G G

For workin' at this indoor Niagara Falls is an un discovered Howard Hughes. So baby  
G G C A7  
don't expect to see me with no double martini in any high-brow society news,

A7 G<sub>(1/2)</sub> B7<sub>(1/4)</sub> Em<sub>(1/4)</sub>  
'Cause I got them steadily depressin', low  
Em<sub>(1/2)</sub> G7<sub>(1/2)</sub> C<sub>(1/2)</sub> D7<sub>(1/4)</sub> G<sub>(1/4)</sub> G<sub>(1/2)</sub> D7+9<sub>(1/2)</sub>  
down mind messin' working at the car wash blues

# Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

by Gordon Lightfoot (1976)

*Asus2      Asus2      Em      Em*

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down, of the

*G      D      Asus2      Asus2*

big lake they call they call "Gitche Gumee,"

*Asus2      Asus2      Em      Em*

The lake it is said never gives up its dead when the

*G      D      Asus2      Asus2*

skies of November turn gloomy,

*Asus2      Asus2      Em      Em*

With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand tons more,

*G      D      Asus2      Asus2*

Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty,

*Asus2      Asus2      Em      Em*

that good ship and true, was a bone to be chewed,

*G      D      Asus2      Asus2*

when the gales of November came early.

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

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

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

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

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

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

# You Ain't Goin' Nowhere

by Bob Dylan (1967)

D

Em

Clouds so swift, rain fallin' in

G

D

Gonna see a movie called Gunga Din.

D

Em

Pack up your money, put up your tent in the wind,

G

D

You ain't a-goin' nowhere.

D Em

Ooo-ee! Ride me high

G

D

Tomorrow's the day my bride's a-gonna come.

D Em

Oh, oh, are we gonna fly

G

D

Down into the easy chair.

Clouds so swift  
Rain won't lift  
Gate won't close  
Railings froze  
Get your mind off wintertime  
You ain't goin' nowhere

Buy me a flute  
And a gun that shoots  
Tailgates and substitutes  
Strap yourself  
To the tree with roots  
You ain't goin' nowhere

I don't care  
How many letters they sent  
Morning came and morning went  
Pick up your money  
And pack up your tent  
You ain't goin' nowhere

Genghis Khan  
He could not keep  
All his kings  
Supplied with sleep  
Well climb that hill no matter how steep  
When we get up to it

# You're Gonna Make Me Lonesome When You Go

by Bob Dylan (1974)

D              D/C#              Bm              Gsus2

I've seen love go by my door, it's never been this close before

D              D/C#              Asus2      A7

Never been so easy or so slow

D              D/C#              Bm              Gsus2

I've been shooting in the dark too long,    when something's not right, it's wrong

D              A 2              D      D

You're gonna make me lonesome when you go

Dragon clouds so high above, I've only known careless love

It always has hit me from below

But this time 'round it's more correct, right on target, so direct

You're gonna make me lonesome when you go

Purple clover, Queen Anne Lace, crimson hair across your face

You could make me cry if you don't know

Can't remember what I was thinking of, you might be spoiling me too much, love

You're gonna make me lonesome when you go

A              A              D      D

Flowers on the hillside blooming crazy

A              A              D      D

Crickets talking back and forth in rhyme

E              E              E      E

Blue river running slow and lazy

Gsus2              Gsus2              A      A

I could stay with you forever, and never realize the time

Situations have ended sad, relationships have all been bad

Mine have been like Verlaine's and Rimbaud

But there's no way I can compare all those scenes to this affair

You're gonna make me lonesome when you go

You're gonna make me wonder what I'm doing

Staying far behind without you

You're gonna make me wonder what I'm saying

You're gonna make me give myself a good talking to

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

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

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

You're gonna make me lonesome when you go

# Your Smiling Face

by James Taylor (1977)

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

D A/C# Bm7 D/A G D/F# Em7 G/A

Whenever I see your smiling face, I have to smile myself, because I love

D D Bm7 Bm7 Em7 Em7 A7sus4 A

you.

D A/C# Bm7 D/A G D/F# Em7 G/A

And when you give me that pretty little pout it turns me inside out there's somethin'

D D Bm7 Bm7 Em7 Em7 A7sus4 A#dim7

about you baby, I don't know.

Bm F#m G G#dim7 D/A A#dim7 Bm A

Isn't it amazing a man like me can feel this way?

G G D D Em7 D/A G G

Oh, tell me how much longer. It can grow stronger every day

A A F#m7 F#m7 B7sus4 A

Ohhh....how much longer

D A/C# Bm7 D/A G D/F# Em7 G/A

I thought I was in love a couple of times before with the girl next door but that was

D D Bm7 Bm7 Em7 Em7 A7sus4 A

long before I met you. Now I'm sure that I won't forget you

D A/C# Bm7 D/A G D/F# Em7 G/A

And I thank my lucky stars that you are who you are and not just

D D Bm7 Bm7 Em7 Em7 A7sus4 A#dim7

Another lovely lady sent down to break my heart

D A/C# Bm7 D/A G D/F# Em7 G D D

No one can tell me that I'm doin' wrong to day

Bm7 Bm7 Em7 Em7 A7sus4 A

Whenever I see you smile at me

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

Whenever I see your smiling face, I have to smile myself, because I love you

# You've Got A Friend

by Carole King (1971)

G C<sub>(½)</sub> G<sub>(½)</sub> G F#m<sub>(½)</sub> Em<sub>(¼)</sub> B7<sub>(¼)</sub>

Em B7/F# Em<sub>(¼)</sub> B7<sub>(½)</sub> Em7

When you're down and troubled and you need a helping hand,

Am7 D7sus4 G<sub>(½)</sub> Gsus4<sub>(½)</sub> G

and nothing, oh, nothing is going right,

F#m7 B7 Em<sub>(½)</sub> B7<sub>(½)</sub> Em7

close your eyes and think of me and soon I will be there

Am7 Bm7 D7sus4 D7

to brighten up even your darkest night.

G Gmaj7 Cmaj7 Am7<sub>(½)</sub> D7sus4<sub>(½)</sub>

You just call out my name, and you know wherever I am, I'll come

Gmaj7 G5 D7sus4 Dsus4

running to see you again.

G Gmaj7 C Em7

Winter, spring, summer, or fall, all you got to do is call

Cmaj7<sub>(½)</sub> Bm7<sub>(½)</sub> Csus2<sub>(½)</sub> D7sus4<sub>(½)</sub> G C G F#m7<sub>(½)</sub> B7<sub>(½)</sub>

and I'll be there, yes I will You've got a friend

yeah, yeah, yeah. 2nd time\*)

Em B7/F# Em<sub>(¼)</sub> B7<sub>(½)</sub> Em7

If the sky above you should turn dark and full of clouds,

Am7 D7sus4 G<sub>(½)</sub> Gsus4<sub>(½)</sub> G

and that old north wind should begin to blow,

F#m7 B7 Em<sub>(½)</sub> B7<sub>(½)</sub> Em7

keep your head together and call my name out loud.

Am7 Bm7 D7sus4 D7

Soon I'll be knocking upon your door.

C<sub>(½)</sub> F<sub>(½)</sub> C

Now ain't it good to know that you've got a friend when

G<sub>(½)</sub> Gsus4<sub>(½)</sub> Gmaj7 C Fma7

people can be so cold. They'll hurt you and desert you.

Em7 A7<sub>(½)</sub> A9<sub>(½)</sub>

Well, they'll take your soul if you let them.

D7sus4 D13

Oh yeah, but don't you let them.

