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NOTE: All songs and chords assume a GCEA tuned ukulele. These song sheets are my best attempt at transcribing the songs, but may not be totally accurate.

DISCLAIMER: All song sheets in this book are intended for private, educational, and research purposes only and not for financial gain in any form. It is acknowledged that all song copyrights belong to their respective parties.

1979 : In Retrospect

In his book "1971 - Never A Dull Moment", the music journalist and writer David Hepworth makes the case for that year being *"the most febrile and creative time in the entire history of popular music"*, rock music's Annus Mirabilis. And whilst he may very well have a point (any year that included the release of Tapestry, Led Zepplin IV, Sticky Fingers, Every Picture Tells A Story, Blue, There's A Riot Goin' On, and Hunky Dory has to have something going for it), I'm here to make the argument that - even as founder of Q magazine and Smash Hits, writer for the NME and Sounds, presenter of The Old Grey Whistle Test, and anchor for Live Aid - he may very well have got this one wrong. For I'm here to make the incontrovertible claim that this accolade actually belongs to the other end of that turbulent decade. Yes, it is 1979, for sure, that must go down as the most satisfyingly disparate smorgasbord of rock and pop, the richest collision of sounds and influences, the time when anything was possible, when the rule book was well and truly trashed, when the foundations of whole future genres were being laid.

Now I'm going to lay all my cards on the table here upfront. In 1979 I was 14, and it is widely recognised that is an age where music has the biggest impact on your life. In fact, in a recent pseudo-scientific study carried out by the New York Times using Spotify listening habits[1], it concluded that the peak influence on listening habits is between the ages of 13 and 16, with men's favourite song being released – on average – when they are 14 (for women it is 13). So clearly I'm less than objective on this one. But this is my party, and I'm not going to let any scientific evidence get in the way of a good story.

Admittedly in the outside world the claims for 1979 being a classic year feel somewhat wide of the mark. You'd think that a year that started with the country slowly grinding to an ignominious halt as the Winter of Discontent stretched on and on, rubbish stacking up on every street corner, bodies going unburied, with continued comparisons of the UK to third-world nations, could only get better. Yet the fall-out from those events saw one of the most divisive prime-ministers of all time enter Downing Street, somewhat ironically quoting the unifying words St Francis of Assisi, sending prices and unemployment spiralling, making changes to the country that it is still reeling from 40 years later. Alongside the continuing Irish "troubles", the tension was palpable, the country was perched on a knife-edge. And yet maybe it was just this kind of background that provided the catalyst for what was to come in musical terms.

It's probably true that the foundations were being laid throughout the years that preceded it. Disco had emerged from the underground gay clubs of New York in the early 1970s to become a ubiquitous cultural phenomenon by the end of the decade. The pub rock scene of the mid-1970s had collided with an art-school mind-set; been ignited by a huge sense of dissatisfaction with the escapist, irrelevant sounds of prog, soft rock and pop-pap; mixed in a healthy dose of boredom and disillusionment with a world of bleak inner cities, zero prospects, and the continued threat of nuclear annihilation; and in parallel with a nascent scene out of New York, had spawned the lightning bolt that was punk. Initial avant-garde experimentation with electronic sound creation had been channelled across Europe into more accessible forms by bands such as Kraftwerk, and was starting to bleed into the

[1] https://www.nytimes.com/2018/02/10/opinion/sunday/favorite-songs.html

mainstream, thanks in no small parts to the attentions of that chameleon scene-setter, David Bowie. And the influx of migrants from Jamaica, the so-called Windrush generation, had brought with it the mutant rhythm and blues that had evolved into ska, reggae and rocksteady, sounds that were at once both exotic and familiar. Even that stalwart of unchangeability, hard rock, was being inspired by the energy and aggression of punk to evolve, including the tougher, leaner New Wave Of British Heavy Metal.

Out of this melting pot of influences emerged the shining beacon of popular music that was 1979. Admittedly it started somewhat inauspiciously. The number 1 single in the UK at the beginning of the year? Yes, that was YMCA by The Village People. Beloved of office parties and wedding discos ever since, it wasn't exactly a beacon of quality, credibility and originality. The best-selling album during January? Well that will be Showaddywaddy's Greatest Hits, re-hashed, watered down and popped-up rock and roll nostalgia. So does the case breakdown before it's even had a chance to be heard? Certainly not.

Look behind the headlines, and you'll see the signs were there. January saw the release of two albums of classic (what was to become) new wave singer-songwriters - Elvis Costello's Armed Forces (which would spawn Oliver's Army amongst others) and Joe Jackson's Look Sharp! (likewise giving us Is She Really Going Out With Him?). Taking the energy, rawness and urgency of punk, but marrying it to more complex song structures, more literate and varied lyrical themes, and more diverse and original musical arrangements, these artists were there to move punk in new directions, to stretch it, grow it, evolve it and take it to new places. Clearly children of the punk ethos, they weren't constrained by what had become for some a formulaic, rule-bound approach that was the antithesis of the spirit of punk.

Others were continuing a similar journey. Buzzcocks, The Undertones, The Jam and The Clash were all maturing their sounds - still driven by that original punk spirit, but marrying it to classic pop formats, sixties mod stylings, and classic rock themes. And from across the Atlantic one of the seminal punk-inspired pop/new wave bands, Blondie, horrified many by "going disco" with Heart of Glass. Yet it was this transforming spirit, this desire to meld disparate sounds and not to be constrained by the ghetto that many felt punk had become, that sparked new directions, new sounds and new careers.

Bands were also emerging under the banner of what would – only retrospectively – come to be described as post-punk; bands who stretched things even further. Definitely inspired by the spirit of punk, if not so obviously by its sounds, the likes of XTC and The Cure in the UK, and Talking Heads in the US, were pushing the boundaries. Angular, spiky, abrasive music that was born of a singular vision, this explosion of imagination was to take music in myriad directions - Talking Heads marrying their art-rock abstractness to African-inspired polyrhythmic sounds, The Cure almost inventing a new genre (Goth) alongside the likes of Siouxsie and the Banshees and Bauhaus (who's awesome debut single, Bela Lugosi's Dead, was like nothing anybody had ever heard in 1979). And then there was Joy Division. Inspired by a Sex Pistols gig in Manchester, the band's classic debut, Unknown Pleasures, was the archetypal post-punk record, inspiring generations to come, and the source of continuing t-shirt sales with *that* cover!

But it wasn't all doom and gloom, as some are want to characterise those bands. Disco was in its heyday, and was everywhere. In fact it's sheer ever-present-ness,

and maybe also its ever-so-blatantly in-your-face non-macho-ness, led rise to the "Disco Sucks" movement in the US, a backlash that saw disco records being ceremoniously blown-up at a baseball game. Yet 1979 saw more classic disco songs that have outlived all their critics and continue to flourish on dance-floors across the world. Lost In Music, Good Times, Boogie Wonderland, Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough, I Will Survive, Ain't No Stopping Us Now. Disco may not get the critical plaudits that white rock bands get, yet it changed the musical landscape forever, and most importantly has brought - and continues to bring - untold joy to millions.

In a very different way, the desire to dance was at the heart of another musical break-out during 1979. Marrying the energy and spirit of punk with infectious rhythms inspired by Jamaican ska music, the Two-Tone movement combined this with a sharp look and an up-front, in-yer-face multiculturalism and political awareness that was born of the inner-city. The Specials, Madness, The Beat, Selecter and others emerged in the year as flag-bearers for this new sound which was embraced in particular by the young across the country.

1979 was also the year that electronic music went over-ground. Inspired by the mid-70s albums of German band Kraftwerk, and the relative affordability of the basic instruments, a number of bands were experimenting with all-electronic formats. The early Human League were the critics darlings in this respect, and so when Gary Numan beat them to it and scored two number ones, firstly with his band Tubeway Army, and then solo, he was seen as something of a pretender, an upstart who wasn't deserving of the privilege. Yet history and career longevity has shown Numan as a genuine innovator and talent. But those electronic sounds were bursting out all over during 1979, from OMD's debut, Electricity, to the revitalised US mavericks Sparks, whose collaboration with legendary Italian producer Giorgio Moroder gave them with multiple hits. Even the Trevor Horn-led geek-band The Buggles were able to have a huge hit with the iconic Video Killed The Radio Star.

It wasn't all just about the new kids on the block, though. Many established bands were at a commercial peak during 1979. A re-launched Roxy Music returned with Manifesto, a somewhat smoother version of their original sound, but one which was a clear continuation of their journey. Fleetwood Mac followed the enormous Rumours with Tusk - a less consistent record that still had some gorgeous peaks. Electric Light Orchestra followed the massive Out Of The Blue with the equally massive, hit spawning Discovery. Abba dominated the singles charts with multiple cuts from Voulez-Vous. And Pink Floyd finally gave in and released a single … and it was huge! Another Brick In The Wall, along with the haunting Gerald Scarfe video, was a somewhat unlikely and chilling Christmas number one. Prog-meets-confessional-singer-songwriter Kate Bush hit again with the stunning Wow (alongside the only full-scale tour of her career). Even heavy rock was propping up the top of the charts with the likes of Rainbow's riff-tastic Since You've Been Gone.

So was this the best year ever? Clearly there is no objective way to answer that question. And that's the great thing about those kind of questions - the fun is in the arguments, not in the answer. On a purely personal level the songs in this book represent a wonderfully diverse selection of totally classic songs that have - without exception - stood the test of time and, for the most part (certainly in my mind, at least) established themselves as bona fide classics. Whether you agree or not is not really the point. But I hope that you'll concede that there was definitely something in the musical waters at the end of the decade that taste forgot.

Ian James, December 2018

Another Brick In The Wall (by Pink Floyd)

written by Roger Waters

Intro : [Dm] [Dm] [Dm] [Dm]

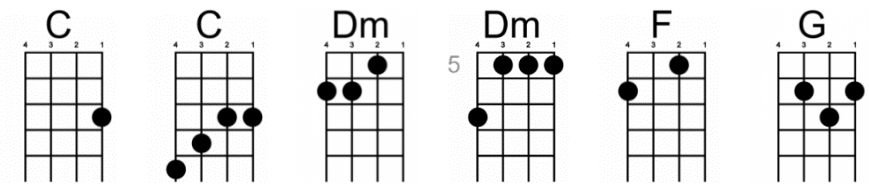
[Dm] We don't need no education [Dm]
[Dm] We don't need no thought control [Dm]
No [Dm] dark sarcasm in the classroom [Dm]
[Dm] Teacher, leave them kids alone
[G] [G] [G] Hey! Teacher, leave them kids a-[Dm]-lone / / [C] | [Dm] / [C] / | *(riff)*

[F] All in all it's just a - [C] nother brick in the [Dm] wall [Dm]
[F] All in all you're just a - [C] nother brick in the [Dm] wall [Dm]

[Dm] We don't need no education [Dm]
[Dm] We don't need no thought control [Dm]
No [Dm] dark sarcasm in the classroom [Dm]
[Dm] Teacher, leave them kids alone
[G] [G] [G] Hey! Teacher, leave them kids a-[Dm]-lone / / [C] | [Dm] / [C] / | *(riff)*

[F] All in all it's just a - [C] nother brick in the [Dm] wall [Dm]
[F] All in all you're just a - [C] nother brick in the [Dm] wall [Dm]

[Dm] [Dm] [Dm] [Dm] <Dm>



Riff = | [Dm] / / [C] | [Dm] / [C] [G]-[F] |

Are "Friends" Electric? (by Tubeway Army)

written by Gary Numan

Intro : [C] / [Bb] / *(x4)* *(riff 1)*

[C] It's cold out-[Bb]-side [C] [Bb]
[C] And the paint's peeling [Bb] off of my walls [C] [Bb]
[C] There's a man out-[Bb]-side [C] [Bb]
[C] In a long coat, [Bb] grey hat, smoking a [C] cigarette [Bb]

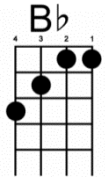
[F] / / / *(x4)* *(riff 2)* [C] / [Bb] / *(x4)* *(riff 1)*

[C] Now the light fades [Bb] out [C] [Bb]
[C] And I wondering what I'm [Bb] doing in a room like [C] this [Bb]
[C] There's a knock on the [Bb] door [C] [Bb]
[C] And just for a [Bb] second I thought I re-[C]-membered you [Bb]

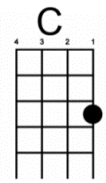
[F] / / / *(x4)* *(riff 2)* [G] / [Dm] / [F] / [C] / *(x2)* *(riff 3)*

[G] So now I'm a-[Dm]-lone, now I can [F] think for myself [C]
[G] About little [Dm] deals and issues, [F] and things that I just [C] don't understand
[G] Like a white lie that [Dm] night, [F] or a slight touch at times [C]
[G] [Dm] [F] I don't think I meant any-[C]-thing to you

[G] / [F] / [C] / / / [G] / [F] / [C] / / / [G] / [F] / [C] / / / [G] / [F] / *(riff 4)*
[C] / [Bb] / *(x4)* *(riff 1)*

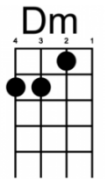


[C] So I open the [Bb] door [C] [Bb]
[C] It's the “friend” that I'd [Bb] left in the hallway [C] [Bb]
[C] Please sit [Bb] down [C] [Bb]
[C] A candle lit [Bb] shadow on a wall near the [C] bed [Bb]

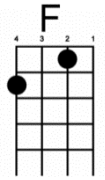


[F] / / / *(x4)* *(riff 2)* [C] / [Bb] / *(x4)* *(riff 1)*

[C] You know I hate to [Bb] ask [C] [Bb]
[C] But are [Bb] “friends” electric? [C] [Bb] Are they?
[C] Only mine's broke [Bb] down [C] [Bb]
[C] [Bb] And now I've [C] no one to love [Bb]

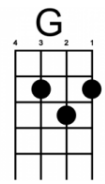


[F] / / / *(x4)* *(riff 2)* [C] / [Bb] / *(x2)* *(riff 1)*
[F] / / / *(x4)* *(riff 2)* [G] / [Dm] / [F] / [C] / *(x2)* *(riff 3)*



[G] So I find out your [Dm] reason for the phone [F] calls and smiles [C]
[G] And it hurts and I'm [Dm] lonely, [F] and I should never have tried [C]
[G] And I missed you to-[Dm]-night, [F] so it's time to leave [C]
[G] [Dm] [F] You see it meant every-[C]-thing to me

[G] / [F] / [C] / / / [G] / [F] / [C] / / / [G] / [F] / [C] / / / [G] / [F] / *(riff 4)*
[C] / [Bb] / *(repeat to end)* *(riff 1 + 5)*



Riff 1 (Intro)

```
xE|-----6-0-|
```

Riff 2 (During F's)

```
xA|----------------------|
xE|-0-----1-----3-----5---|
xC|---0-----0-----0-----0-|
xG|----------------------|
```

Riff 3 (During [G] / [Dm] / [F] / [C] /)

```
xA|-----10--------5-------8-------3-2-|
xE|---7----10---5---5---5---8---3-----|
xC|-7---------2-------5-------0-------|
xG|-----------------------------------|
```

Riff 4 (During [G] / [F] / [C] / / /)

```
xA|-----10-8----8--7----------------|
xE|---7-----------------8-7-8-7-8-7-|
xC|-7---------9-------7-------------|
xG|---------------------------------|
```

Riff 5 (During outro)

```
xA|-------------|
xE|-6-0-1-0-----|
xC|---------0---|
xG|-----------0-|
```

Boys Don’t Cry (by The Cure)

written by Robert Smith, Lol Tolhurst, Michael Dempsey

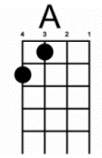
Intro : <A> / / / <Bm> / / / <C#m> / / / <D> / <D-C#m-Bm>
[A] / / / [Bm] / / / [C#m] / / / [D] / <D-C#m-Bm> *(x3)*

[A] I would say I'm [Bm] sorry if I [C#m] thought that it would [D] change your mind
[A] But I know that [Bm] this time I have [C#m] said too much, been [D] too unkind

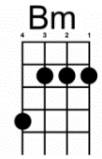
[C#m] I tried to [Bm] laugh about it
[C#m] Cover it all up with [Bm] lies
[C#m] I tried to [Bm] laugh about it
[C#m] Hiding the tears in my [Bm] eyes

‘Cos [A] boys [Bm] don't [C#m] cry [D] <D-C#m-Bm>
[A] Boys [Bm] don't [C#m] cry [D] <D-C#m-Bm>

[A] I would break down [Bm] at your feet and [C#m] beg forgiveness, [D] plead with you
[A] But I know that [Bm] it's too late and [C#m] now there's nothing [D] I can do

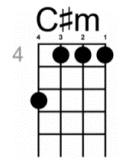


[C#m] So I tried to [Bm] laugh about it
[C#m] Cover it all up with [Bm] lies
[C#m] I tried to [Bm] laugh about it
[C#m] Hiding the tears in my [Bm] eyes

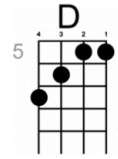


‘Cos [A] boys [Bm] don't [C#m] cry [D] <D-C#m-Bm>
[A] Boys [Bm] don't [C#m] cry [D] <D-C#m-Bm>

[A] I would tell you [Bm] that I loved you, [C#m] if I thought that [D] you would stay
[A] But I know that [Bm] it's no use and [C#m] you've already [D] gone away

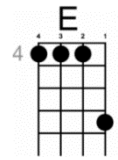


[E] Misjudged your [F#m] limits
[E] Pushed you too [F#m] far
[E] Took you for [F#m] granted
[D] Thought that you needed me [E] more, more, more, now

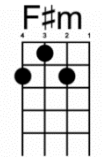


[A] I would do most [Bm] anything to [C#m] get you back by my [D] side
[A] But I just [Bm] keep on laughing [C#m] hiding my tears in my [D] eyes

‘Cos [A] boys [Bm] don't [C#m] cry [D] <D-C#m-Bm>
[A] Boys [Bm] don't [C#m] cry [D] <D-C#m-Bm>
[A] [Bm] .. Boys don’t [C#m] cry [D] <D-C#m-Bm>
<A> <Bm> <C#m> <D> <D-C#m-Bm> <A>




```
xA|------------|------------|------------|-----------||-----|
xE|----------0-|----------0-|-0---0--2-4-|-5---2-0---||-----|
xC|-1---1--2---|-1---1--2---|------------|---------2-||-(1)-|
xG|------------|------------|------------|-----------||-----|
```



Bright Side Of The Road *(by Van Morrison)*

written by Van Morrison

Intro: [C] [Em] [F] [G] [C] [F] [C] [G]

[C] From the [Em] dark end of the [F] street [G]
[C] To the [Em] bright side of the [F] road [G]
[C] We'll be [Em] lovers once [F] again
On the [G] bright side of the [C] road [F] [C] [G]

[C] Little [Em] darling come with [F] me [G]
[C] And [Em] help me share my [F] load [G]
[C] From the [Em] dark end of the [F] street
To the [G] bright side of the [C] road [F] [C] [C7]

And in[F]-to this life we're born [Fm]
Baby, [C] sometimes, sometimes we don't know [C7] why
[F] And time seems to go by so [Fm] fast
[D] In the twinkling of an [G] eye [G7]

[C] Let's en[Em]-joy it while we [F] can [G] *(Let's enjoy it while we can)*
[C] [Em] Help me share my [F] load [G] *(Help me share my load)*
[C] From the [Em] dark end of the [F] street
To the [G] bright side of the [C] road [F] [C] [G]

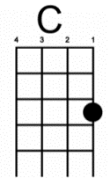
[C] [Em] [F] [G] [C] [Em] [F] [G]
[C] [Em] [F] [G] [C] [F] [C] [C7]

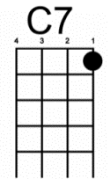
And in[F]-to this life we're born [Fm]
Baby, [C] sometimes, sometimes we don't know [C7] why
[F] And time seems to go by so [Fm] fast
[D] In the twinkling of an [G] eye [G7]

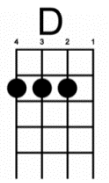
[C] Let's en[Em]-joy it while we [F] can [G] *(Let's enjoy it while we can)*
[C] And [Em] help me sing my [F] song [G] *(Help me sing my song)*
[C] Little [Em] darling come a[F]-long
To the [G] bright side of the [C] road [F] [C] [G]

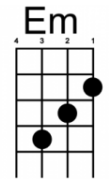
[C] From the [Em] dark end of the [F] street [G] *(From the dark end of the street)*
[C] To the [Em] bright side of the [F] road [G] *(To the bright side of the road)*
[C] Little [Em] darling come with [F] me
To the [G] bright side of the [C] road [F] [C] [G]

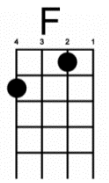
[C] On the [Em] dark end of the [F] street [G] *(On the dark end of the street)*
[C] To the [Em] bright side of the [F] road [G] *(To the bright side of the road)*
[C] We'll be [Em] lovers once [F] again
On the [G] bright side of the [C] road [F] [C]
[G] We'll be [C] [Em] lovers once [F] again
On the [G] bright side of the [C] road [F] [C] [G] <C>

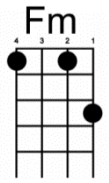


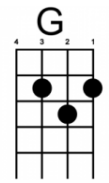


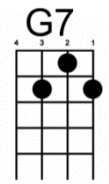












Crazy Little Thing Called Love (by Queen)

written by Freddie Mercury

Intro : | [D] [Dsus4] [D] / | *(x4)*

This [D] thing called love, I [G] just can't [C] handle [G] it
This [D] thing called love, I [G] must get [C] round to [G] it
I ain't [D] ready, [Bb] crazy little [C] thing called [D] love <D>

This [D] thing *(this thing)* called love *(called love)*
It [G] cries *(like a baby)* in a [C] cradle all [G] night
It [D] swings *(oo-ooh)*, it jives *(oo-ooh)*, it [G] shakes all over like a [C] jelly [G] fish
I kinda [D] like it, [Bb] crazy little [C] thing called [D] love <D>

> There goes my [G] baby … she [C] knows how to rock and [G] roll
> She drives me [Bb] crazy … she gives me [E] hot and cold [A] fever
> Then she <F> leaves me in a cool, cool sweat
>
> ```
> xA|-5-4-3----|----------|
> xE|----------|-5-4-3----|
> ```
>
> <E><E><E><E><E><E> [A] / / /

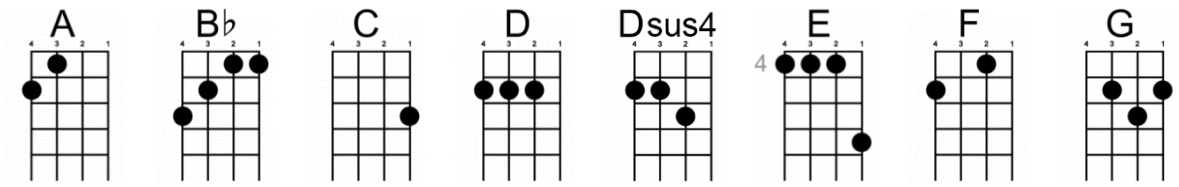
I gotta be [D] cool, relax, get [G] hip, get [C] on my [G] tracks
Take a [D] back seat, hitch-hike, and [G] take a long ride on my [C] motor [G] bike
Until I'm [D] ready, [Bb] crazy little [C] thing called [D] love <D>

> [Bb] / / / | / / / / | [D] / / / | / / / / | [Bb] / / / | / / / / | [E] / / / | <A> / / / |
>
> ```
> xA|-5-4-3----|----------|
> xE|----------|-5-4-3----|
> ```
>
> <E><E><E><E><E><E> <A> *(A Capella)*

I gotta be cool, relax, get hip, get on my tracks
Take a back seat, hitch-hike, and take a long ride on my motor bike
Until I'm ready *(ready, Freddie)*, crazy little thing called [D] love <D>

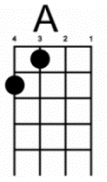
This [D] thing called love, I [G] just can't [C] handle [G] it
This [D] thing called love, I [G] must get [C] round to [G] it
I ain't [D] ready, [Bb] crazy little [C] thing called [D] love

[Bb] Crazy little [C] thing called [D] love, *(yeh, yeh)* [Bb] crazy little [C] thing called [D] love, *(yeh, yeh)*
[Bb] Crazy little [C] thing called [D] love, *(yeh, yeh)* [Bb] crazy little [C] thing called [D] love, *(yeh, yeh)*
[Bb] Crazy little [C] thing called [D] love, *(yeh, yeh)* [Bb] crazy little [C] thing called <D> love *(yeh, yeh)*

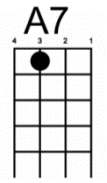


Cruel To Be Kind (by Nick Lowe)

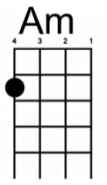
written by Nick Lowe, Ian Gomm



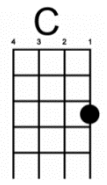
Intro : [C] [Em] [F] [G] [C] [Em] [F] [G] [G]



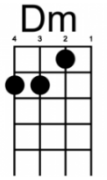
Oh, [C] I can't take another [Em] heartache
Though you [F] say you're my friend, [G] I'm at my wit's end
[C] You say your love is [Em] bonafide,
But that don't [F] coin-[Em]-cide
[Dm] With the things that you [F] do and when I [Em] ask you to be [F] nice
You [G] say you've got to be...



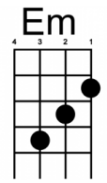
[F] Cruel to be [G] kind [Em] in the right [Am] measure
[F] Cruel to be [G] kind it's a [Em] very good [Am] sign
[F] Cruel to be [G] kind [Em] means that I [Am] love you
[G7sus2] Baby, got to be cruel, you got to be cruel to be [C] kind [G] [F] [G]



Well I [C] do my best to under-[Em]-stand dear
But you [F] still mystify and [G] I want to know why
[C] I pick myself up [Em] off the ground
To have you [F] knock me [Em] back down
[Dm] Again and a-[F]-gain and when I [Em] ask you to ex-[F]-plain
You [G] say, you've got to be...

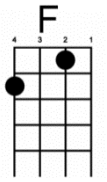


[F] Cruel to be [G] kind [Em] in the right [Am] measure
[F] Cruel to be [G] kind it's a [Em] very good [Am] sign
[F] Cruel to be [G] kind [Em] means that I [Am] love you
[G7sus2] Baby, got to be cruel, you got to be cruel to be [C] kind
[C] Ooh ooh ooh [A] ooh, ooh, [A7] ooh

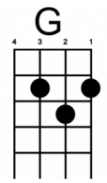


[F] / [G] / [Em] / [Am] / [F] / [G] / [Em] / [Am] /
[F] / [G] / [Em] / [Am] / [G7sus2] / / / | / / / / | / / / / |

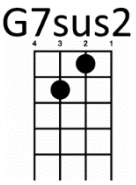
Well I [C] do my best to under-[Em]-stand dear
But you [F] still mystify and [G] I want to know why
[C] I pick myself up [Em] off the ground
To have you [F] knock me [Em] back down
[Dm] Again and a-[F]-gain and when I [Em] ask you to ex-[F]-plain
You [G] say, you've got to be...



[F] Cruel to be [G] kind [Em] in the right [Am] measure
[F] Cruel to be [G] kind it's a [Em] very good [Am] sign
[F] Cruel to be [G] kind [Em] means that I [Am] love you
[G7sus2] Baby, got to be cruel, you got to be cruel to be kind



[F] Cruel to be [G] kind [Em] in the right [Am] measure
[F] Cruel to be [G] kind it's a [Em] very good [Am] sign
[F] Cruel to be [G] kind [Em] means that I [Am] love you
[G7sus2] Baby, got to be cruel, you got to be cruel to be <C> kind



Dance Away (by Roxy Music)

{Capo 3 - original in Eb}

written by Bryan Ferry

Intro : [G] / / / | [G] / / / | [Em7] / / / | <D> / / [D]

[C] Yesterday … well, it [Am] seemed so cool,
When I [F] walked you home, [G] kissed goodnight,
[F] I said, "It's love", you [G] said, "Alright"
It's [C] funny how ... I could [Am] never cry,
Un-[F]-til tonight, when [G] you passed by,
[F] Hand in hand with a-[G]-nother guy,
[F] You're dressed to kill, and [G] guess who's dying?

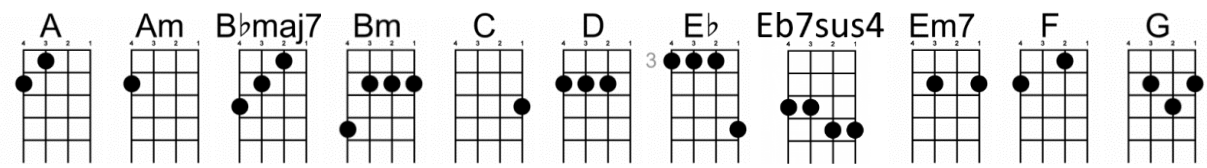
[D] Dance away the [Bm] heartache, [G] dance away the [A] tears,
[D] Dance away the [Bm] heartache, [G] dance away the [A] tears,
[G] Dance away [G]

[C] Loneliness ... is a [Am] crowded room,
Full of [F] open hearts, [G] turned to stone,
[F] All together, [G] all alone,
[C] All at once ... my whole [Am] world had changed,
Now I'm [F] in the dark, [G] off the wall, [F] let the stobe light [G] up them all,
[F] I close my eyes, and [G] dance till dawn!

[D] Dance away the [Bm] heartache, [G] dance away the [A] tears,
[D] Dance away the [Bm] heartache, [G] dance away the [A] tears,
[D] Dance away, [Bbmaj7] [D] Dance away, [Bbmaj7]
[Eb] Dance away [Eb7sus4] / / / | / / / / | / / / / | / / / / |

[C] Now I know ... I must [Am] walk the line,
Un-[F]-til I find an [G] open door,
[F] Off the street, on-[G]-to the floor,
[C] There was I ... many [Am] times a fool,
I [F] hope and pray, but [G] not too much,
[F] Out of reach is [G] out of touch,
[F] All the way is [G] far enough!

[D] Dance away the [Bm] heartache, [G] dance away the [A] tears,
[D] Dance away the [Bm] heartache, [G] dance away the [A] tears,
[D] Dance away the [Bm] heartache, [G] dance away the [A] tears,
[D] Dance away the [Bm] heartache, [G] dance away the [A] tears,
[D] Dance away, [Bbmaj7] [D] Dance away, [Bbmaj7]
[Eb] Dance away [Eb7sus4] / / / | / / / / | <Eb7sus4>



Don’t Bring Me Down (by Electric Light Orchestra)

written by Jeff Lynne

Intro : [A] [A] [A] [A] *(x4)*

[A] You got me runnin' goin' out of my mind,
You got me thinkin' that I'm wastin' my time,
Don't bring me [D] down, no, no, no, no, [A] no, ooo-woo-hoo
I'll [C] tell you once more before I [G] get off the [D] floor, Don't bring me [A] down

[A] You wanna stay out with your fancy friends
I'm tellin' you it's got to be the end,
Don't bring me [D] down, no, no, no, no, [A] no, ooo-woo-hoo
I'll [C] tell you once more before I [G] get off the [D] floor, Don't bring me [A] down

Don't bring me [F#m] down, [A] Grroosss, Don't bring me [F#m] dow-ow-own, [A] Grroosss
Don't bring me [F#m] down, [A] Grroosss, Don't bring me [E] down-ow-ow-own

[A] What happened to the girl I used to know,
You let your mind out somewhere down the road,
Don't bring me [D] down, no, no, no, no, [A] no, ooo-woo-hoo
I'll [C] tell you once more before I [G] get off the [D] floor, Don't bring me [A] down

[A] You're always talkin' 'bout your crazy nights,
One of these days you're gonna get it right,
Don't bring me [D] down, no, no, no, no, [A] no, ooo-woo-hoo
I'll [C] tell you once more before I [G] get off the [D] floor, Don't bring me [A] down

Don't bring me [F#m] down, [A] Grroosss, Don't bring me [F#m] dow-ow-own, [A] Grroosss
Don't bring me [F#m] down, [A] Grroosss, Don't bring me [E] down-ow-ow-own

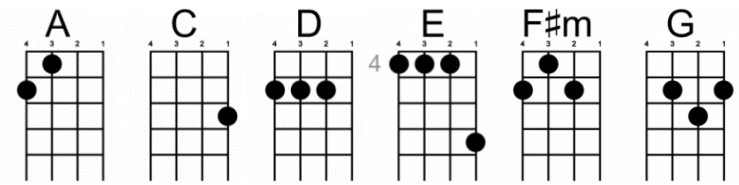
[A] You're lookin' good just like a snake in the grass,
One of these days you're gonna break your glass
Don't bring me [D] down, no-no, no-no, no-no, no-no, [A] no, ooo-woo-hoo
I'll [C] tell you once more before I [G] get off the [D] floor, Don't bring me [A] down

[F#m] [A] [F#m] [A] [F#m] [A] [E] [E]

[A] You got me shakin' got me runnin' away
You get me crawlin' up to you everyday,
Don't bring me [D] down, no, no, no, no, [A] no, ooo-woo-hoo
I'll [C] tell you once more before I [G] get off the [D] floor, Don't bring me [A] down,
Down, down, down, down, down

[A] [A] [A] [A] [D] [D] [A] [A]

I'll [C] tell you once more before I [G] get off the [D] floor, Don't bring me <A> down



Duchess (by The Stranglers)

written by The Stranglers

Intro : <A> <E> <D> <A>

[A] Duch of the terrace [E] never grew up,
I [D] hope she never [A] will
[A] Broken down TV [E] sits in the corner,
[D] Pictures standing [A] still, standing [E] still [E]

[A] Duch of the terrace [E] knows all her heri-[D]-tage, says she's Henry's [A] kid
[A] Knows all the histor-[E]-y in the family,
[D] Needs a man, God for-[A]-bid, God for-[E]-bid [E]

And it [D] sounds like an empty [A] house, standing [E] still, [E]
And it's [D] quieter than a [A] mouse, standing [E] still [E]

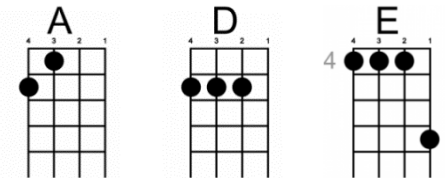
[A] Duch of the terrace [E] never grew up,
I [D] hope she never [A] will
[A] Says she's an heiress, [E] sits in her terrace,
[D] Says she's got time to [A] kill, time to [E] kill [E]

And the [D] Rodney's are queuing [A] up, God for-[E]-bid, [E]
And they [D] all want to win the [A] cup, God for-[E]-bid [E]

[A] [E] [D] [A] [A] [E] [D] [A] [E] [E]

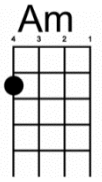
[E] Duch-ess, Duch-ess, Duch-ess, Duch-ess, Duch-ess, Duch-ess

And the [D] Rodney's are queuing [A] up, God for-[E]-bid, [E]
And the [D] Rodney's are queuing [A] up, God for-[E]-bid, [E]
And the <D> Rodney's are queuing <A> up, God for-<E>-bid



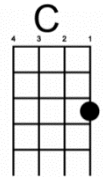
The Eton Rifles (by The Jam)

written by Paul Weller

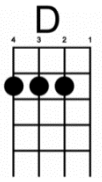


Intro : [Am] [Am] [Am] [Am] [Am] [Am] [Am] [Am] [Am] [Am] [F] [G]

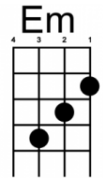
[C] Sup up your beer and col-[D]-lect your fags,
There's a [C] row going on [D] down near Slough,
[C] Get out your mat and [D] pray to the West,
[C] I'll get out mine and [D] pray for myself [F] [G]



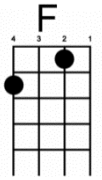
[C] Thought you were smart when you [D] took them on,
But you [C] didn't take a peep in their ar-[D]-tillery room,
[C] All that rugby puts [D] hairs on your chest,
What [C] chance have you got against a [D] tie and a crest? [F] [G]



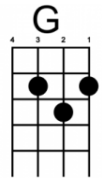
[F] Hello, hur-[G]-ray, [C] what a [G] nice [Am] day,
For the [Am] Eton Rifles, Eton Rifles
[F] Hello, hur-[G]-ray, I hope [C] rain [G] stops [Am] play,
With the [Am] Eton Rifles, Eton Rifles [Am] [Am]



[C] Thought you were clever when you [D] lit the fuse,
Tore [C] down the House of Commons in your [D] brand new shoes,
Com-[C]-posed a revolutionary [D] symphony,
Then [C] went to bed with a [D] charming young thing [F] [G]



[F] Hello, hur-[G]-ray, [C] cheers [G] then [Am] mate,
It's the [Am] Eton Rifles, Eton Rifles,
[F] Hello, hur-[G]-ray, an ex-[C]-trem-[G]-ist [Am] scrape
With the [Am] Eton Rifles, Eton Rifles [Am] [Am]



[Em] What a catalyst [F] you turned out to be,
[Em] Loaded the guns then you [F] ran off home for your [G] tea,
<G> Left me standing, like a <G> guilty schoolboy <G> <G> <G><G><G><G>

[C] [D] [C] [D] <C> <D> <C> <D> [Am] [Am] [Am] [Am]

[Em] What a catalyst [F] you turned out to be,
[Em] Loaded the guns then you [F] ran off home for your [G] tea,
<G> Left me standing, like a <G> naughty schoolboy <G> <G> <G><G><G><G>

[C] We came out of it [D] naturally the worst,
[C] Beaten and bloody and I was [D] sick down my shirt,
[C] We were no match for their [D] untamed wit,
Though [C] some of the lads said they'll be [D] back next week [F] [G]

[F] Hello, hur-[G]-ray, there's a [C] price [G] to [Am] pay
To the [Am] Eton Rifles, Eton Rifles
[F] Hello, hur-[G]-ray, I'd pre-[C]-fer [G] the [Am] plague
To the [Am] Eton Rifles, Eton Rifles
[F] Hello, hur-[G]-ray, there's a [C] price [G] to [Am] pay
To the [Am] Eton Rifles, Eton Rifles
[F] Hello, hur-[G]-ray, I'd pre-[C]-fer [G] the [Am] plague
To the [Am] Eton Rifles, Eton Rifles, Eton Rifles, Eton Rifles <Am><Am>

Gimme! Gimme! Gimme! (by Abba)

written by Benny Andersson, Björn Ulvaeus

Intro: <Dm> / <Bb> / <C> / <Dm> / <Bb> / <Dm> / <C> / <Dm> / *(x2)*
[Dm] [F] [Am] [Dm] [Dm] [F] [Am] [Dm] [Dm]

<Dm> Half past twelve, and I'm [Gm] watching the late show in my flat all alone
How I hate to spend the evening on my [Dm] own
Autumn winds, blowing [Gm] outside the window as I look around the room
And it makes me so depressed to see the [Dm] gloom
[Bb] There's not a soul out there [Bb]
[Gm] No one to hear my prayer [Gm] [Dm] [A7]

[Dm] Gimme gimme [Bb] gimme a [C] man after [Dm] midnight
[Bb] Won't somebody [Dm] help me chase these [C] shadows a[Dm]-way
[Dm] Gimme gimme [Bb] gimme a [C] man after [Dm] midnight
[Bb] Take me through the [Dm] darkness to the [C] break of the [Dm] day

[Dm] [F] [Am] [Dm] [Dm] [F] [Am] [Dm] [Dm] [Dm]

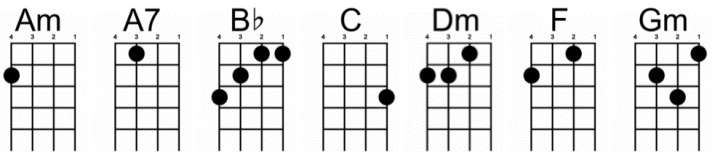
<Dm> Movie stars, find the [Gm] end of the rainbow, with that fortune to win
It's so different from the world I'm living [Dm] in
Tired of TV, I [Gm] open the window and I gaze into the night
But there's nothing there to see, no one in [Dm] sight
[Bb] There's not a soul out there [Bb]
[Gm] No one to hear my prayer [Gm] [Dm] [A7]

[Dm] Gimme gimme [Bb] gimme a [C] man after [Dm] midnight
[Bb] Won't somebody [Dm] help me chase these [C] shadows a[Dm]-way
[Dm] Gimme gimme [Bb] gimme a [C] man after [Dm] midnight
[Bb] Take me through the [Dm] darkness to the [C] break of the [Dm] day
[Dm] Gimme gimme [Bb] gimme a [C] man after [Dm] midnight [Bb] [Dm] [C] [Dm]
[Dm] Gimme gimme [Bb] gimme a [C] man after [Dm] midnight [Bb] [Dm] [C] [Dm] [Dm]
[Dm] [Dm] [Dm] [Dm] [Dm] [Dm] [Dm] [Dm]

[Bb] There's not a soul out there [Bb]
[Gm] No one to hear my prayer [Gm] [Dm] [A7]

[Dm] Gimme gimme [Bb] gimme a [C] man after [Dm] midnight
[Bb] Won't somebody [Dm] help me chase these [C] shadows a[Dm]-way
[Dm] Gimme gimme [Bb] gimme a [C] man after [Dm] midnight
[Bb] Take me through the [Dm] darkness to the [C] break of the [Dm] day
(x2)

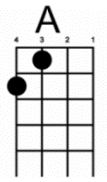
[Dm] [F] [Am] [Dm] [Dm] [F] [Am] <Dm>



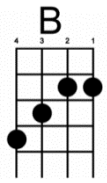
Heart Of Glass (by Blondie)

written by Debbie Harry; Chris Stein

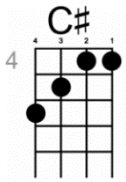
Intro: [E] [E] [E] [E]



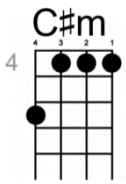
[E] Once I had a love and it was a [C#] gas
[C#m] Soon turned out had a heart of [E] glass
Seemed like the real thing, only to [C#] find
[C#m] Mucho mistrust, love's gone behind
[E] [E] [E] [E]



[E] Once I had a love and it was di-[C#]-vine
[C#m] Soon found out I was losing my [E] mind
[E] Seemed like the real thing, but I was so [C#] blind
[C#m] Mucho mistrust, love's gone [E] behind [E]

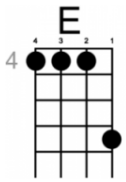


[A] In between, what I find is pleasing and I'm [E] feeling fine
Love is so confusing, there's no [A] peace of mind
If I fear I'm losing you, it's [F#] just no good
You [B] teasing like you do
[E] [E] [E] [E]



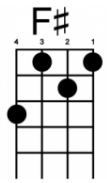
[E] Once I had a love and it was a [C#] gas
[C#m] Soon turned out had a heart of [E] glass
[E] Seemed like the real thing, only to [C#] find
[C#m] Mucho mistrust, love's gone [E] behind [E]

[A] Lost inside, adorable illusion and I [E] cannot hide
I'm the one you're using, please don't [A] push me aside
We could've made it cruising, yeah [E] [E]



[A] [A] [E] [E]
[A] [A] [E] [E]

[A] La-la-la, la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-[E]-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-[A]-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la-la, yeah, [F#] riding high
On [B] love's true bluish lie



[E] Ooh-ooh, oh-oh *(x4)*

[E] Once I had a love and it was a [C#] gas
[C#m] Soon turned out to be a pain in the [E] ass
[E] Seemed like the real thing, only to [C#] find
[C#m] Mucho mistrust, love's gone [E] behind

[E] Ooh-ooh, oh-oh *(x4)*
[E] [E] [E] [E]

Heaven (by Talking Heads)

written by David Byrne, Jerry Harrison

Intro: [D] [D] [Em] [Em] [A] [G] [G] [D]

[D] Everyone is trying, [Em] to get to the bar
[A] The name of the [G] bar, … the bar is called [D] Heaven
[D] The band in Heaven … they play my [Em] favourite song
[A] Play it, once a[G]-gain … play it all night [D] long

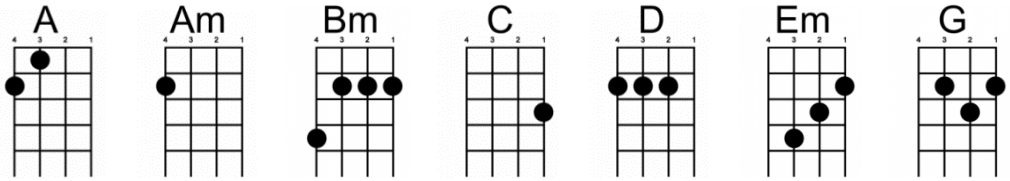
[Bm] Heaven, Heaven is a [Am] place,
A place where [C] nothing, nothing ever [G] happens
[Bm] Heaven, Heaven is a [Am] place,
A place where [C] nothing, nothing ever [G] happens

[D] There is a party, [Em] everyone is there
[A] Everyone will [G] leave, at exactly, the same [D] time
[D] It's hard to imagine, that, [Em] nothing at all
[A] Could be so ex[G]-citing, … could be so much [D] fun

[Bm] Heaven, Heaven is a [Am] place,
A place where [C] nothing, nothing ever [G] happens
[Bm] Heaven, Heaven is a [Am] place,
A place where [C] nothing, nothing ever [G] happens

[D] When this kiss is over, [Em] it will start again
[A] It will not be any [G] different, … it will be exactly the [D] same
[D] It's hard to imagine, [Em] that nothing at all
[A] Could be so ex[G]-citing, … could be this much [D] fun

[Bm] Heaven, Heaven is a [Am] place,
A place where [C] nothing, nothing ever [G] happens
[Bm] Heaven, Heaven is a [Am] place,
A place where [C] nothing, nothing ever <G> happens



Hot Stuff (by Donna Summer)

written by Pete Bellotte, Harold Faltermeyer, Keith Forsey

Intro : [Gm] [Gm] [F] [Gm] *(x4)*

[Gm] Sittin' here eatin' my heart out waiting
[F] Waitin' for some lover to [Gm] call
[Gm] Dialed about a thousand numbers lately,
[F] Almost rang the phone off the [Gm] wall

Lookin' for some [Cm] hot stuff, [D7] baby, this [Gm] evening
I need some [Cm] hot stuff, [D7] baby, to-[Gm]-night
I want some [Cm] hot stuff, [D7] baby, this [Gm] evening
[Cm] Gotta have some hot stuff, [D7] gotta have some lovin' tonight [Gm] / / [Bb]-[Cm] [D7]
I need [Gm] hot stuff [Bb]-[Cm] [D7]
I want [Gm] hot stuff [Bb]-[Cm] [D7]
I need some [Gm] hot stuff [Bb]-[Cm] [D7]
[Gm] [Gm] [F] [Gm] [Gm] [Gm] [F] [Gm]

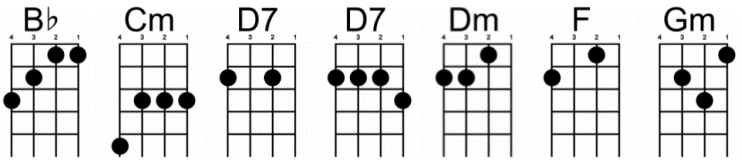
[Gm] Lookin' for a lover who needs another,
Don't [F] want another night on my [Gm] own
[Gm] Want to share my love with a warm blooded lover,
[F] Want to bring a wild man back [Gm] home

Gotta have some [Cm] hot stuff, [D7] baby, this [Gm] evening
I need some [Cm] hot stuff, [D7] baby, to-[Gm]-night
I want some [Cm] hot stuff, [D7] baby, this [Gm] evening
[Cm] Gotta have some lovin', [D7] gotta have a love tonight [Gm] / / [Bb]-[Cm] [D7]
I need [Gm] hot stuff [Bb]-[Cm] [D7]
[Gm] Hot love [Bb]-[Cm] [D7]
Looking for [Gm] hot love [Bb]-[Cm] [D7]

[Gm] [Gm] [Cm] [Cm] [Dm] [Dm] [Gm] [Gm]
[Gm] [Gm] [Cm] [Cm] [Dm] [Dm] [Gm] [Gm]

[Gm] Hot, hot, hot, hot .. stu-ff, [F] hot, hot, hot [Gm]
[Gm] Hot, hot, hot, hot .. stu-ff, [F] hot, hot, hot [Gm]

How's about some [Cm] hot stuff, [D7] baby, this [Gm] evening
I need some [Cm] hot stuff, [D7] baby, to-[Gm]-night
Looking for the [Cm] hot stuff, [D7] baby, this [Gm] evening
I need [Cm] hot stuff, [D7] baby, to-[Gm]-night
I want some [Cm] hot stuff, [D7] baby, this [Gm] evening
I want some [Cm] hot stuff, [D7] baby, to-[Gm]-night
[Cm] Hot stuff, [D7] baby, this [Gm] evening
[Cm] Gotta have some lovin', [D7] gotta have a love tonight [Gm] / / [Bb]-[Cm] [D7]
[Gm] / / [Bb]-[Cm] [D7] [Gm] / / [Bb]-[Cm] [D7] <Gm>



{Capo 1 - original in Ebm}

I Don’t Like Mondays (by Boomtown Rats)

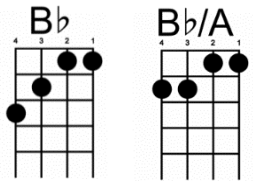
written by Bob Geldof

Intro : [Dm] [Dm] [Eb] <F><F> <Eb><Eb>

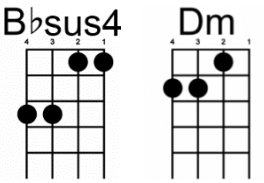
The [Bb] silicon chip in-[Dm]-side her head gets [Eb] switched to over-[F]-load,
And [Bb] nobody's gonna go to [Dm] school today, she’s gonna [Eb] make them stay at [F] home,
And [Eb] daddy doesn't under-[F]-stand it, he always [Bb] said she was good as [Eb] gold
And he can [Eb] see no reasons, cos there [Eb] are no reasons,
What [Eb] reasons do you need to be [F] show-ow-[F7]-ow-ow-own?

(Tell me [Bb] why) I don't like [Bb/A] Mondays,
(Tell me [Eb] why) I don't like [F] Mondays,
(Tell me [Bb] why) I don't like [Bb/A] Mondays,
I wanna [Eb] shoot oo-oo-oo-oo-[F]-ooh <F>
The whole day [Bb] down [Dm] [Eb] <F><F> <Eb><Eb>

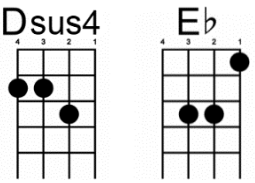
The [Bb] Telex machine is [Dm] kept so clean, and it [Eb] types to a waiting [F] world,
And Mother [Bb] feels so shocked; Father's [Dm] world is rocked,
And their [Eb] thoughts turn to their [F] own little girl.
[Eb] Sweet sixteen ain't that [F] peachy keen, no, it [Bb] ain't so neat to ad-[Eb]-mit defeat,
They can [Eb] see no reasons cos there [Eb] are no reasons
What [Eb] rea-sons do you [F] need, oo [F7] oo-oo-oo



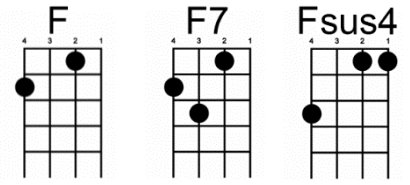
(Tell me [Bb] why) I don't like [Bb/A] Mondays,
(Tell me [Eb] why) I don't like [F] Mondays,
(Tell me [Bb] why) I don't like [Bb/A] Mondays,
I wanna [Eb] shoot oo-oo-oo-oo-[F]-ooh <F>
The whole day [Dsus4] down, [Dm] down, [Dsus4] down,
[Dm] Shoot it all [Bb] down / / [Bbsus4] [Bb] / / /
[Dsus4] / [Dm] / [Dsus4] / [Dm] / [Eb] / / / [F] / / /
[Bb] / / / [Bb] / / / [Bb] / / / [Bb] / / /



And all the [Bb] playing’s stopped in the [Dm] playground now,
She [Eb] wants to play with her <F> toys <F> a <F> while
And [Bb] school's out early and [Dm] soon we'll be learning
And the [Eb] lesson today is <F> how <F> to <F> die
And then the [Eb] bullhorn crackles, and the [Fsus4] captain tackles,
With the [Bb] problems and the how's and [Eb] why's
And he can <Eb> see no reasons, cos there <Eb> are no reasons
What <Eb> reason do you need to [F] die, die [F7] oh-oh-oh



(Tell me [Bb] why) I don't like [Bb/A] Mondays,
(Tell me [Eb] why) I don't like [F] Mondays,
(Tell me [Bb] why) I don't like, [Bb/A] .. I don’t like,
(Tell me [Eb] why) I don't like [F] Mondays,
(Tell me [Bb] why) I don't like, [Bb/A] .. I don’t like,
(Tell me [Eb] why) I don't like [F] Mondays,
(Tell me [Bb] why) I don't like [Bb/A] Mondays,
I wanna [Eb] shoot oo-oo-oo-oo-[F]-ooh <F>
The … whole … day … [Bb] down
[Dm] Ooo-oo-oo [Eb] Ooo-oo-oo [F] Ooo-oo-oo [Bb] Ooo <Bb>



Is She Really Going Out With Him?

(by Joe Jackson)
written by Joe Jackson

{Capo 3 - original in Bb}

Intro : [Bm7] [C] [Am7] [Am7] [G] [D] [F] [C] [G] [D] [F] [C]

[G] Pretty [D] women out [F] walking with go-[C]-rillas down [G] my street [D] [F] [C]
[G] From my [D] window I'm [F] staring while my [C] coffee grows [G] cold [D] [F] [C]
[G] Look over [D] there *(Where?)* there [F] there's a [C] lady that I [G] used to [D] know [F] [C]
[G] She's married [D] now or en-[F]-gaged or something [C] So I'm [G] told [D] [F] [C]

[C] Is she really going [D] out with [G] him
[C] Is she really gonna [Bm7] take him [Em] home to-[C]-night
[C] Is she really going [D] out with [G] him
Cause if my [C] eyes don't deceive me
There's [D] something going wrong around [G] here [D] [F] [C] [G] [D] [F] [C]

[G] Tonight's the [D] night when I [F] go to all the [C] parties down [G] my street [D] [F] [C]
[G] I wash my [D] hair and I [F] kid myself I [C] look real [G] smooth [D] [F] [C]
[G] Look over [D] there *(Where?)* there [F] here comes [C] Jeanie with her [G] new boy-[D]-friend [F] [C]
[G] They say that [D] looks don't count for [F] much, if so there [C] goes your [G] proof [D] [F] [C]

[C] Is she really going [D] out with [G] him
[C] Is she really gonna [Bm7] take him [Em] home to-[C]-night
[C] Is she really going [D] out with [G] him
Cause if my [C] eyes don't deceive me
There's [D] something going wrong around [G] here [D] [F] [C] [G] [D] [F] [C]

[Bm7] But if looks could [C] kill there's a [D7sus4] man there
Who's [E7sus4] marked down as [Bm7] dead cause I've had my [C] fill
Listen [D7sus4] you take your [E7sus4] hands off her [Bm7] head
I get so [C] mean around this [D7sus4] scene
[E7sus4] Hey, hey [D7sus4] hey [E7sus4] [D7sus4] [E7sus4]

[G] [D] [F] [C] [G] [D] [F] [C]

[C] Is she really going [D] out with [G] him
[C] Is she really gonna [Bm7] take him [Em] home to-[C]-night
[C] Is she really going [D] out with [G] him
Cause if my [C] eyes don't deceive me
There's [D] something going wrong around [G] here [D] [F]

[C] Around [G] here [D] [F] something going [C] wrong around [G] here [D]
[F] Something going [C] wrong around [G] here [D]
[F] Something going [C] wrong around [G] here [D]
[F] Something going [C] wrong around … <G>

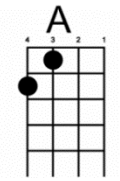


Jimmy Jimmy (by The Undertones)

written by John O'Neill

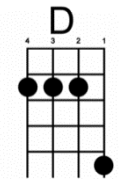
Intro : [D] / [E] / | [A] / / / | [D] / [E] / | [A] / / / | [D] / [E] / | [A] / / / |
[G] / / / | [E] / / / | [G] / / / | [E] / / / |

[A] Little mummy's [E] boy, he [D] wasn't very [E] old
[A] Though he was very [E] small, he [D] did what he was [E] told



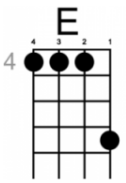
[D] Jimmy [E] Jimmy [A],
[D] Jimmy [E] Jimmy [A] oh,
[D] Jimmy [E] Jimmy [A]
[G] Poor little Jimmy [E] wouldn't let go [G] [E]

He'd [A] stay awake at [E] night, [D] lying in his [E] bed
[A] No one ever [E] listened to a [D] single word he [E] said

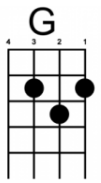


[D] Jimmy [E] Jimmy [A],
[D] Jimmy [E] Jimmy [A] oh,
[D] Jimmy [E] Jimmy [A]
[G] Poor little Jimmy [E] wouldn't let go

[A] [E] [D] [E] | [A] [E] [D] [E] Silly [A] boy [E] [D] [E] Silly [A] boy [E] [D] [E] Silly
[A] boy [E] [D] Such a [E] silly [A] boy [E] [D] [E]



[D] Jimmy [E] Jimmy [A],
[D] Jimmy [E] Jimmy [A] oh,
[D] Jimmy [E] Jimmy [A]
[G] Poor little Jimmy [E] wouldn't let go



[A] Now little Jimmy's [E] gone, he [D] disappeared one [E] day
But [A] no one saw the [E] ambulance that [D] took little Jim a-[E]-way

[D] Jimmy [E] Jimmy [A],
[D] Jimmy [E] Jimmy [A] oh,
[D] Jimmy [E] Jimmy [A]
[G] Poor little Jimmy [E] wouldn't let go
[G] Poor little Jimmy [E] wouldn't let go

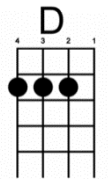
[D] Jimmy [E] Jimmy [A],
[D] Jimmy [E] Jimmy [A] oh,
[D] Jimmy [E] Jimmy [A]
[G] Poor little Jimmy [E] wouldn't let go
[G] Poor little Jimmy [E] wouldn't let go

[D] Jimmy [E] Jimmy [A],
[D] Jimmy [E] Jimmy [A] oh,
[D] Jimmy [E] Jimmy [A]
[D] Jimmy [E] Jimmy <A>

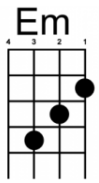
London Calling (by The Clash)

written by Joe Strummer, Mick Jones

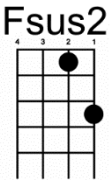
Intro : [Em] [Fsus2] [Em] [Fsus2] *(x3)*



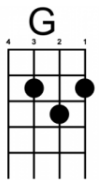
[Em] London calling to the [Fsus2] faraway towns
Now [G] war is declared, and battle come down
[Em] London calling to the [Fsus2] underworld
[G] Come out of the cupboard, you boys and girls
[Em] London calling, now [Fsus2] don't look to us
[G] Phoney Beatlemania has bitten the dust
[Em] London calling, see we [Fsus2] ain't got no swing
Ex-[G]-cept for the ring of that truncheon thing



[Em] The ice age is coming, the [G] sun's zooming in
[Em] Meltdown expected, the [G] wheat is growing thin
[Em] Engines stop running, but [G] I have no fear
'Cause [Em] London is drowning, and [D] I, live by the river



[Em] London calling to the [Fsus2] imitation zone
For-[G]-get it, brother, you can go it alone
[Em] London calling to the [Fsus2] zombies of death
[G] Quit holding out, and draw another breath
[Em] London calling, and I [Fsus2] don't wanna shout
But [Em] while we were talking, I saw you nodding out
[Em] London calling, see we [Fsus2] ain't got no high
Ex-[G]-cept for that one with the yellowy eyes



[Em] The ice age is coming, the [G] sun's zooming in
[Em] Engines stop running, the [G] wheat is growing thin
A [Em] nuclear error, but [G] I have no fear
'Cause [Em] London is drowning, and [D] I, I live by the river

[Em] [Fsus2] [G] [G] *(x4)*

[Em] The ice age is coming, the [G] sun's zooming in
[Em] Engines stop running, the [G] wheat is growing thin
A [Em] nuclear error, but [G] I have no fear
'Cause [Em] London is drowning, and [D] I, I live by the river

[Em] [Fsus2] Oh, oh, oh, ooo [Em] [Fsus2] Oh, oh, ooo [Em] [Fsus2] [Em] [Fsus2] (Now get this)

[Em] London calling, yes, [Fsus2] I was there, too
And you [Em] know what they said? Well, [Fsus2] some of it was true!
[Em] London calling at the [Fsus2] top of the dial
[Em] After all this, won't you [Fsus2] give me a smile?
[Em] London calling [Fsus2] [Em] [Fsus2]
I <Em> never felt so much alike *[fading]* alike alike alike

Making Plans For Nigel (by XTC)

written by Colin Moulding

Intro: [G] [Em] [Bm] [Bm] [G] [Em] [Bm] [Bm]

[G] We're only [Em] making plans for [Bm] Nigel,
[G] We only [Em] want what's best for [Bm] him,
[G] We're only [Em] making plans for [Bm] Nigel,
[G] Nigel just [Em] needs that helping [Bm] hand
[Am] And if young Nigel says he's [G] happy, he must be [F] happy,
He must be [Em] happy, he must be [Em7] happy in his [D] work [D4] / [D5] / / /

[G] [Em] [Bm] [Bm]

[G] We're only [Em] making plans for [Bm] Nigel,
[G] He has his [Em] future in a-British [Bm] Steel,
[G] We're only [Em] making plans for [Bm] Nigel,
[G] Nigel's whole [Em] future is as good as [Bm] sealed, yeah
[Am] And if young Nigel says he's [G] happy, he must be [F] happy,
He must be [Em] happy, he must be [Em7] happy in his [D] work [D4] / [D5] / / /

[E] Nigel is not outspoken, but he [F] likes to speak,
And he [C] loves to be spoken [G] to (in his work)
[F] Nigel is [C] happy in his [G] work, (in his work)
[F] Nigel is [C] happy in his [G] work, (it's his world)

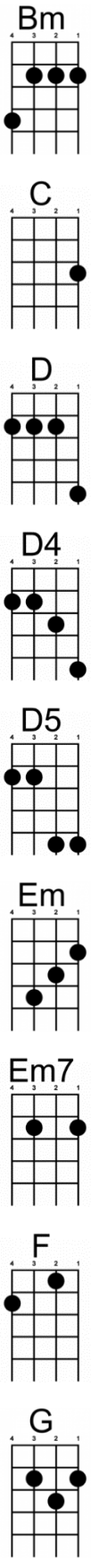
[G] We're only [Em] making plans for [Bm] Nigel
[G] We only [Em] want what's best for [Bm] him
[G] We're only [Em] making plans for [Bm] Nigel
[G] Nigel just [Em] needs this helping [Bm] hand
[Am] And if young Nigel says he's [G] happy, he must be [F] happy,
He must be [Em] happy, he must be [Em7] happy in his [D] work [D4] / [D5] / / /

[G] [Em] [Bm] [Bm] [G] [Em] [Bm] [Bm]

[G] We're only [Em] making plans for [Bm] Nigel, (Oo - oo - oo)
[G] We only [Em] want what's best for [Bm] him, (Oo - oo - oo)
[G] We're only [Em] making plans for [Bm] Nigel, (Oo - oo - oo)
[G] Nigel just [Em] needs this helping [Bm] hand, (Oo - oo - oo)
[G] We're only [Em] making plans for [Bm] Nigel, (Oo - oo - oo)
[G] He has his [Em] future in a-British [Bm] Steel

[Bm] Steel, [Bm] Steel, [Bm] Steel, [Bm] Steel, [Bm] Steel, yeah

[G] We're only [Em] making plans for [Bm] Nigel, Nigel,
[G] Nigel, [Em] Nigel, [Bm] Nigel, Nigel, <G> Nigel



Message In A Bottle (by The Police)

{Capo 2 - original in C#m}

written by Sting

Intro : [Bm] [G] [A] [Em] *(x2)*

[Bm] [G] Just a [A] casta-[Em]-way, an [Bm] island [G] lost at [A] sea [Em] oh
[Bm] An-[G]-other [A] lonely [Em] day [Bm] no one [G] here but [A] me [Em] oh
[Bm] [G] More [A] loneli-[Em]-ness than [Bm] any [G] man could [A] be-[Em]-ar
[Bm] [G] Rescue [A] me be-[Em]-fore I [Bm] fall in-[G]-to des-[A]-pair [Em] oh

[G] I'll send an [C] S.O.[D] S. to the world
[G] I'll send an [C] S.O.[D] S. to the world
[Em] I hope that [C] someone gets my,
[Em] I hope that [C] someone gets my,
[Em] I hope that [C] someone gets my,
[Bm] Message in a [G] bottle, yeah [Bm] [G]
[Bm] Message in a [G] bottle, yeah [Em] [Em]

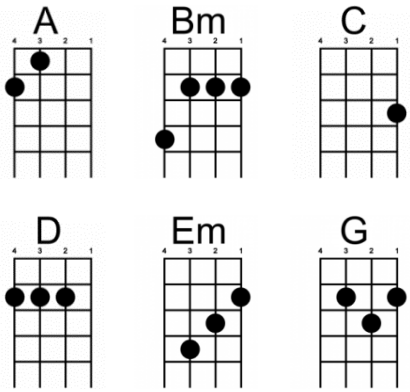
[Bm] [G] A [A] year has [Em] passed since I [Bm] wrote my [G] note [A] [Em]
[Bm] [G] I should have [A] known this [Em] right from the [Bm] start [G] [A] [Em]
[Bm] [G] Only [A] hope can [Em] keep me to-[Bm]-ge-[G]-ther [A] [Em]
[Bm] [G] Love can [A] mend your [Em] life but [Bm] love can [G] break your [A] heart [Em]

[G] I'll send an [C] S.O.[D] S. to the world
[G] I'll send an [C] S.O.[D] S. to the world
[Em] I hope that [C] someone gets my,
[Em] I hope that [C] someone gets my,
[Em] I hope that [C] someone gets my,
[Bm] Message in a [G] bottle, yeah [Bm] [G]
[Bm] Message in a [G] bottle, yeah [Em] [Em] [Em] [Em]

[Bm] [G] Walked out this [A] morn-[Em]-ing, [Bm] don't be-[G]-lieve what I [A] saw [Em]
[Bm] A [G] hundred [A] billion [Em] bottles [Bm] washed up [G] on the [A] shor-[Em]-re
[Bm] [G] Seems I'm not [A] alone at [Em] being a-[Bm]-lone [G] [A] [Em]
A [Bm] hundred [G] billion [A] casta-[Em]-ways [Bm] looking [G] for a [A] home [Em]

[G] I'll send an [C] S.O.[D] S. to the world
[G] I'll send an [C] S.O.[D] S. to the world
[Em] I hope that [C] someone gets my,
[Em] I hope that [C] someone gets my,
[Em] I hope that [C] someone gets my,
[Bm] Message in a [G] bottle, yeah [Bm] [G]
[Bm] Message in a [G] bottle, yeah [Bm] [G]
[Bm] Message in a [G] bottle, oh [Bm] [G]
[Bm] Message in a [G] bottle, yeah [Em] [Em]

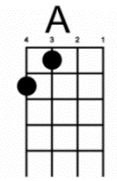
[Bm] [G] [A] [Em] *(x2)*
[Bm] Sending [G] out an [A] S.O. [Em] S. *(repeat to fade)*



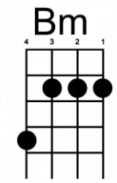
My Girl (by Madness)

written by Mike Barson

{Capo 2 - original in C#m}

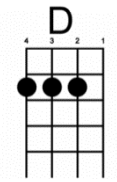


Intro : <Bm> <G> <Em> <F#m><A><Bm>
<G> <Em> <F#m><A><Bm>
<G> <Em> <F#m><A>

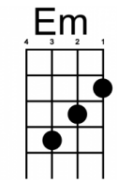


[Bm] My girl's mad at [G] me
[Bm] I didn't wanna [Em] see the film tonight
[Bm] I found it hard to [G] say
[Bm] She thought I'd had e-[Em]-nough of her

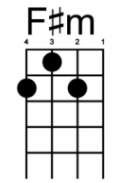
[D] Why [A] can't she [Bm] see,
[Em] She's [G] lovely to [A] me?
[D] But I [A] like to stay [Bm] in,
And [D] watch T. [G] V. [D] on my [Em] own
Every [G] now and [A] then [A]



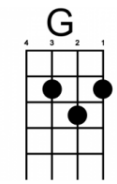
[Bm] My girl's mad at [G] me
[Bm] Been on the tele-[Em]-phone for an hour
[Bm] We hardly said a [G] word
[Bm] I tried and tried, but [Em] I could not be heard



[D] Why [A] can't I ex-[Bm]-plain?
[Em] Why do I [G] feel this [A] pain?
[D] 'Cos every-[A]-thing I [Bm] say,
She doesn't [D] under-[G]-stand,
She doesn't [D] rea-[Em]-lise.
She takes it [G] all the wrong [A] way [A]



[Bm] / / / | [G] / / / | [Bm] / / / | [Em] / / / |
[Bm] / / / | [G] / / / | [Bm] / / / | [Em] / / / |



[Bm] My girl's mad at [G] me
[Bm] We argued just the [Em] other night.
[Bm] I thought we'd got it [G] straight,
[Bm] We talked and talked un-[Em]-til it was light

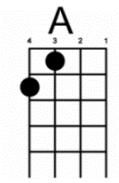
[D] I [A] thought we'd a-[Bm]-greed,
[Em] I thought we'd [G] talked it [A] out
[D] Now when I [A] try to [Bm] speak,
She says that [D] I don't [G] care,
She says I'm [D] una-[Em]-ware,
And now she [G] says I'm [A] weak [A]

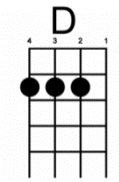
<Bm> <G> <Em> <F#m><A><Bm>

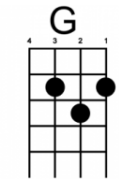
{Capo 1 - original in Eb}

The Number One Song In Heaven (by Sparks)

written by Giorgio Moroder, Ronald D Mael, Russell Craig Mael







Intro : [D] [D] [G] [G] *(x4)*

[A] It's number one all over heaven
It's number one all over heaven
It's number one all over heaven
The <A> number one song all over heaven

[D] If you should [A] die before you [G] awake
[D] If you should [A] die while crossing the [G] street
[D] The song that you'll [A] hear, I guaran-[G]-tee

[A] It's number one all over heaven
It's number one all over heaven
It's number one all over heaven
The <A> number one song all over heaven

[D] The one that's the [A] rage up here in the [G] clouds
[D] Loud as a [A] crowd or soft as a [G] doubt
[D] Lyrically [A] weak, but the music's the [G] thing

[A] Gabriel plays it, God how he plays it
Gabriel plays it, God how he plays it
Gabriel plays it, God how he plays it
<A> Gabriel plays it, let's hear him play it

[X] [X] [X] [X] [X] [X] [X] [X]

[A] It's number one all over heaven
It's number one all over heaven
It's number one all over heaven
The <A> number one song all over heaven

[D] The song filters [A] down, down through the [G] clouds
[D] It reaches the [A] earth and winds all a-[G]-round
[D] And then it breaks [A] up in millions of [G] ways

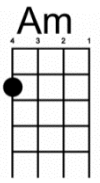
It goes [A] la la la-la, la, la-la la la
La la la-la, la, la-la la la
La la la la, la, la-la, la, la
<A> La la la, la, la-la, la la

[D] Ooh, in [A] cars it be-[G]-comes a hit
[D] And in your [A] homes it becomes ad-[G]-vertisements
[D] And in the [A] streets it becomes [G] children .. singing

[D] Ooh, [A] la la la la, [G] la-la, la *(x4)* <D>

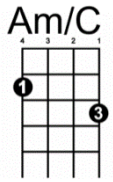
Sara (by Fleetwood Mac)

written by Stevie Nicks



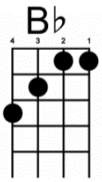
Intro : [F] [G] [Am/C] [G] *(x2)*

[F] Wait a minute, baby [G] … [Am/C] stay with me awhile [G]
[F] Said you'd give me light [G] … but you never [Am/C] told me about the fire [G]
[F] [G] [Am/C] [G]

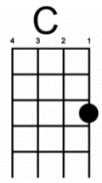


[F] [F] [Dm] [Dm] [Bb] [Bb] [C] [C]
[F] Drowning … in the [Dm] sea of love
Where [Bb] everyone … would love to [C] drown
But [F] now its gone … it doesn't [Dm] matter what for
When you [Bb] build your house … then [C] call me … home

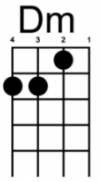
[F] / [G] / [Am/C] / / / [F] / [G] / [Am/C] / / /
[F] / [G] / [Am] / / / [F] / [G] / [Am] / / /



And he was [F] just like … a great dark wing …
Within the [G] wings of a storm …
I think I had [Am/C] met my match …
He was [G] singing … and un-[F]-doing …
And un-[G]-doing …
Ooh, the [F] laces …
Undoing the [G] laces …

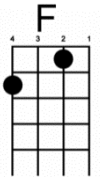


[F] [F] [Dm] [Dm] Ooo-[Bb]-hoo [Bb] Ooo-[C]-hoo [C]
Said [F] Sara … you're the [Dm] poet in my heart
[Bb] Never change … [C] never stop
But [F] now it's gone … it doesn't [Dm] matter what for
But when you [Bb] build your house … you better [C] call me .. home

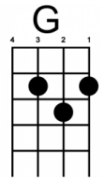


[F] / [G] / [Am/C] / / / [F] / [G] / [Am/C] / / /
[F] / [G] / [Am] / / / [F] / [G] / [Am] / / /

[F] Hold on … the night is [F] .. coming
And the [G] starling flew for days …
I'd stay [F] home at night … all the time
I'd go [G] anywhere … anywhere … anywhere
Ask me and [F] I'm there … yeah
Ask me and [G] I'm there … I care



[F] … In the [Dm] sea of love, … where [Bb] everyone would love to [C] drown
But [F] now it's gone … they say it [Dm] doesn't matter anymore
If you [Bb] build your house … then please [C] call me, call!



[F] Sara, you're the [Dm] poet in my heart
[Bb] Never change, and don't you [C] ever stop

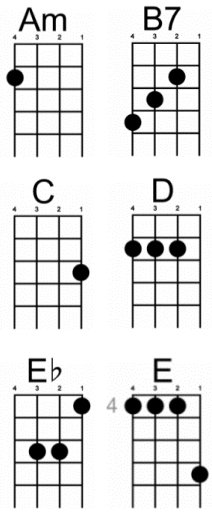
Well, [F] now it's gone … no, it doesn't [Dm] matter anymore
When you [Bb] build your house … I'll come [C] by

[F] [F] [Dm] Sara [Dm] [Bb] Aah [Bb] [C] [C]
[F] [F] [Dm] Sara [Dm] [Bb] Aah [Bb] [C] [C] <F>

Since You've Been Gone (by Rainbow)

written by Russ Ballard

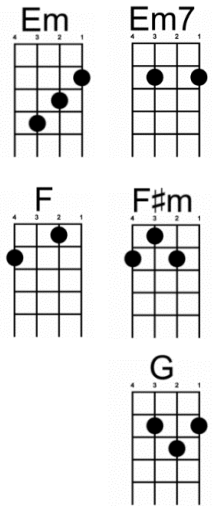
Intro : ‹G›‹G›‹G› .. ‹D›‹D› | ‹Em›‹Em›‹Em› .. ‹C›‹C› | ‹G›‹G›‹G› .. ‹D› ‹Em› ‹C› ‹C›‹C› ‹D›
‹G›‹G›‹G› .. ‹D›‹D› | ‹Em›‹Em›‹Em› .. ‹C›‹C› | ‹G›‹G›‹G› .. ‹D› ‹Em› ‹C› ‹C›‹D›
Woah-oh-oh-woah-oh-oh, Woah-oh-oh oh-oh-oh



[G] I get the [D] same old dreams, [Em] same time [D] every night
[C] Fall to the [G] ground and I [Am] wake up [D]
[G] So I get [D] out of bed, [Em] put on my shoes, and [D] in my head
[C] Thoughts fly [G] back to the [Am] break-up [D]
[Eb] These four walls are [F] closing in
[Eb] Look at the fix you've [F] put me [D] in

[G] Since you been gone, [D] [Em] since you been gone [C]
I'm [G] outta my head, [D] can't [Em] take [C] it [C] [D]
[G] Could I be wrong, [D] [Em] but since you been gone [C]
[G] You cast the spell, [D] so [Em] break [C] it [C] [D]
[G] Oh-oh-oh-oh [D] [Em] Woah-oh-oh-oh [C]
[G] Oh-oh-oh-oh [D] [Em] [C] Since you been [D] gone

[G] So in the [D] night I stand, [Em] be-neath the [D] back street light
[C] I read the [G] words that you [Am] sent to me [D]
[G] I can take the [D] afternoon, the [Em] night-time comes a-[D]-round too soon
[C] You can't [G] know what you [Am] mean to me [D]
[Eb] Your poisoned letter, your [F] telegram
[Eb] Just goes to show you don't [F] give a [D] damn



[G] Since you been gone, [D] [Em] since you been gone [C]
I'm [G] outta my head, [D] can't [Em] take [C] it [C] [D]
[G] Could I be wrong, [D] [Em] but since you been gone [C]
[G] You cast the spell, [D] so [Em] break [C] it [C] [D]
[G] Oh-oh-oh-oh [D] [Em] Woah-oh-oh-oh [C]
[G] Oh-oh-oh-oh [D] [Em] [C] Since you been [D] gone

Instrumental: [G] / [Am] / [G] / [C] / [G] / [B7] / [Em] / [Em7] / [C] / [Am]

[G] If you [Am] will come [G] back
[C] Baby you [G] know you'll [B7] never do [Em] wro-[Em7][C][Am]-ong
‹D›‹D›‹D› Uh! ‹D›‹D›

[A] Since you been gone, [E] [F#m] Since you been gone [D]
I'm [A] outta my head, [E] can't [F#m] take [D] it [D] [E]
[A] Could I be wrong, [E] [F#m] but since you been gone [D]
[A] You cast the spell, [E] so [F#m] break [D] it [D] [E]
[A] Oh-oh-oh-oh [E] [F#m] Oh-oh-oh-oh [F]
[A] Oh-oh-oh-oh [E] [F#m] Oh-oh-oh-oh [F]
[A] Ever since [E] you been ‹A› gone *2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4*

LAST CHORUS

‹A›‹A›‹A› .. ‹E›‹E› | ‹F#m›‹F#m›‹F#m› .. ‹D›‹D› | ‹A›‹A›‹A› .. ‹E› ‹F#m› ‹D› ‹D›‹D› ‹E› *(x2)*

(Repeat LAST CHORUS, ending on ‹A›)

The Sound Of The Suburbs (by The Members)

written by Jean Marie Carroll and Nicky Tesco

Intro : [G] [G] [G] <G> *(see intro riff)*

[C5] Same old boring Sunday morning, old man's out washing the [G] car
[C5] Mum's in the kitchen cooking Sunday dinner, her best meal, moaning while it [G] lasts
[Am] And Johnny's [C] upstairs in his [G] bedroom sitting in the dark
[Am] Annoying the [C] neighbours with his [G] punk rock electric gui-[D]-tar /// [D] /// [D] /// <D>

This is the [G] sound, this is the [B] sound of the [A] suburbs
[G] This is the [B] sound of the [A] suburbs [C] / [E] [D]

[C5] Every lousy Monday morning, Heathrow jets go crashing over our [G] home
[C5] Ten o'clock, Broadmoor siren, driving me mad, won't leave me a-[G]-lone
[Am] The woman [C] next door just [G] sits there and stares outside
[Am] She hasn't [C] come out once ever [G] since her husband <D> died

This is the [G] sound, this is the [B] sound of the [A] suburbs
[G] This is the [B] sound of the [A] suburbs [C] / [E] [D]

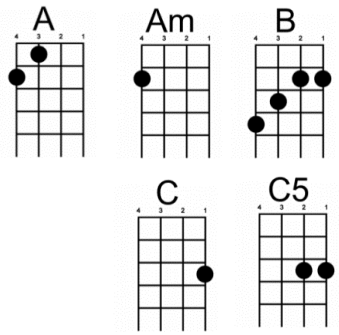
[E] /// [E] /// [G] /// [G] /// [E] /// [E] /// [G] /// [G] /// [C] /// [C] /// [B] /// [B] /// [C] /// [C] ///
[D]-[D#]-[E]-[F]-[F#]-[G] [G#]-[A]-[A#]-[B]-[C] *(slide D-bar up the fretboard)*

[G] Youth Club groups used to [B] wanna be free, [G] now they want [D] anarchy!
They [G] play too fast, they [B] play out of tune, [G] practice in the [D] singers bedroom
[C] Drums quite good, the bass is too loud, and [B] I … can't hear … the [A] words <A>

This is the [G] sound, this is the [B] sound of the [A] suburbs
[G] This is the [B] sound of the [A] suburbs [C] / [E] [D]

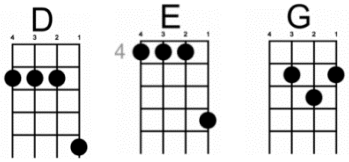
[C5] Saturday morning family shoppers, crowding out … the centre of [G] town
[C5] Young .. blokes, sitting on the benches, shouting at the young girls, walking a-[G]-round
[Am] And Johnny [C] stands there at his [G] window looking at the night
I said [Am] 'Hey what you [C] listening to? There's [G] nothing there!' <D> That's right.

[G] This is the [B] sound of the [A] suburbs
[G] This is the [B] sound of the [A] suburbs
[G] [B] [A] [A] [G] [B] [A] [A]



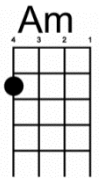
This is the [G] sound … [B] … this is the [A] sound
This is the [G] sound … [B] … THIS is the [A] sound
This is the [G] sound … [B] … this is THE [A] sound
This is the [G] sound … [B] … this is the [A] sou-ou-ou-ou-ou-ou-ound

[G] This is the [B] sound of the [A] suburbs [A] *(Can you hear?)*
[G] This is the [B] sound of the [A] suburbs [A] *(Yeah,yeah,yeah,yeah,yeah,yeah,yeah)*
[G] This is the [B] sound of the [A] suburbs [A] *(The one that I want)*
[G] This is the [B] sound of the [A] suburbs [C] / [E] [D]
[D] /// [D] /// [D] /// <G>



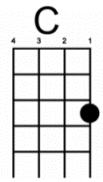
Spacer (by Sheila B. Devotion)

written by Bernard Edwards, Nile Rodgers



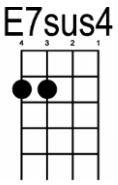
Intro: [Am] / / / / [F] / / [Am] / / [G] / / / / [E7sus4] / / [Em7] / / *(x4)*

[Am] **He's a** [F] **spa–**[Am]**–a–**[G]**–cer**
A [E7sus4] **star** [Em7] **cha–**[Am]**–ser**
A [F] **spa–**[Am]**–a–**[G]**–cer** [E7sus4] [Em7]



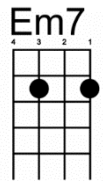
[Am] / / / / [F] / / / / [C] / / [G] / /

[Am] He's a ladies [F] man
Always [C] greets with a [G] kiss on the [Am] hand
He protects us [F] all
At the [C] ready to [G] answer our [Am] call

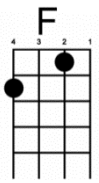


[F] In his own special [G] way [F] he is gentle and [G] kind
Oppression he [F] hates
Love in his [G] eyes
My heart [F] skips a beat when I'm [G] by his side

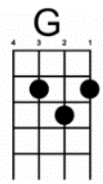
[Am] **He's a** [F] **spa–**[Am]**–a–**[G]**–cer**
A [E7sus4] **star** [Em7] **cha–**[Am]**–ser**
A [F] **spa–**[Am]**–a–**[G]**–cer** [E7sus4] [Em7]
[Am] **He's a** [F] **spa–**[Am]**–a–**[G]**–cer**
A [E7sus4] **star** [Em7] **cha–**[Am]**–ser**
A [F] **spa–**[Am]**–a–**[G]**–cer** [E7sus4] [Em7]



[Am] / / / / [F] / / / / [C] / / [G] / /



[Am] In our galax[F]-y
You can't [C] trust every[G]-one that you [Am] meet
I'm so [F] lucky
He's the [C] only one [G] I'll ever [Am] need



[F] He will blast off to[G]-night
[F] He puts his life on the [G] line ever time he's in [F] flight
A man you can't [G] trace
But our [F] love will last beyond [G] time and space

[Am] **He's a** [F] **spa–**[Am]**–a–**[G]**–cer**
A [E7sus4] **star** [Em7] **cha–**[Am]**–ser**
A [F] **spa–**[Am]**–a–**[G]**–cer** [E7sus4] [Em7]
[Am] **He's a** [F] **spa–**[Am]**–a–**[G]**–cer**
A [E7sus4] **star** [Em7] **cha–**[Am]**–ser**
A [F] **spa–**[Am]**–a–**[G]**–cer** [E7sus4] [Em7]

[Am] / / / / [F] / / [Am] / / [G] / / / / [E7sus4] / / [Em7] / / *(x4)*

<Am>

Stop Your Sobbing (by The Pretenders)

written by Ray Davies

It is time for you to stop all of ‹C› your [F] sobbing
Yes it's [C] time for you to stop all of your [G] sobbing, woah-oh
There's [F] one thing that you gotta [G] do
To [F] make me still want ‹G› you ‹G›

Gotta stop sobbing now-[C]-ow
Yeah, [F] *(Yeah)* stop it, stop it, [C] *(stop it, stop it)* … [G]

It is [C] time ‹C› for you to laugh instead of [F] crying
Yes it's [C] time for you to laugh, so keep on [G] trying, woah-oh
There's [F] one thing that you gotta [G] do
To [F] make me still want ‹G› you ‹G›

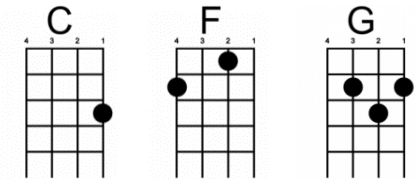
Gotta stop sobbing now-[C]-ow
Yeah, [F] *(Yeah)* stop it, stop it, [C] *(stop it, stop it)* … [C]

[G] Each, little tear … that [F] falls from your [G] eye
Makes, makes me want … to [F] take you in my arms
and tell you to stop all your ‹G› sobbing

[C] [C] [F] Uh-uh-uh-uh [F] Uh-uh-uh-uh
[C] Uh-uh-uh [C] Uh-uh-uh-uh [G] Uh-uh-uh-uh [G] Uh-uh-uh-uh

There's [F] one thing you gotta [G] do
To [F] make me still want [G] you
And there's [F] one thing you gotta [G] know
To [F] make me want you ‹G› so ‹G›

Gotta stop sobbing [C] now .. yeah [F] *yeah*, stop it, stop it,
[C] … Gotta stop sobbing now-[F]-ow, … stop it, stop it,
[C] … Gotta stop sobbing now-[F]-ow, … stop it, stop it,
[C] … Gotta stop sobbing now-[F]-ow, … stop it, stop it,
[C] … Don't wait, [F] *(don't wait)* … stop it, stop it,
[C] … Stop sobbing, [F] *(stop sobbing)* … stop it, stop it,
[C] … Gotta stop sobbing [F] ... stop it, stop it,
[C] … Gotta stop sobbing now-[F]-ow, … stop it, stop it,
[C] … Gotta stop sobbing now-[F]-ow, … stop it, stop it <C>



{Original in B}

They Don’t Know (by Kirsty MacColl)

written by Kirsty MacColl

Intro : [C] [F] [C] [F]

[C] You've been around for such a [F] long time now,
Or maybe [Dm] I could leave you, but I [G] don't know how
[C] And why should I be lonely [F] every night,
When I can [Dm] be with you, oh yes, you [G] make it right

And I [F] don't listen to the [G] guys who say,
That you're [C] bad for me, and I should [F] turn away
'Cos [C] they don't [Dm] know about [Em] us, [G]
And [F] they've never [Bb] heard of [C] love

[C] I get a feeling when I [F] look at you,
Wherever [Dm] you go now, I wanna [G] be there too
[C] They say we're crazy, but I [F] just don't care,
And if they [Dm] keep on talking, still they [G] get nowhere

So I [F] don't mind if they don't [G] understand,
When I [C] look at you, and you [F] hold my hand.
'Cos, [C] they don't [Dm] know about [Em] us, [G]
And [F] they've never [Bb] heard of [C] love

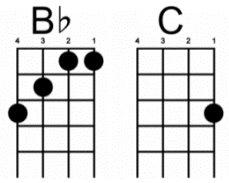
[Am] Why should it [Bb] matter to us if [F] they don't ap-[G]-prove?
[Am] .. We should just [Bb] take our chances while [F] we've got nothing to <G>lose<G>
<G><G> <G><G> … <G> <G>

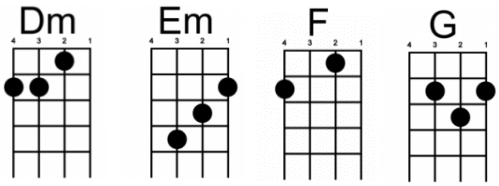
[C] [F] [C] [F] [C] [F] <G><G> <G><G> <G><G> Baby!

[C] There's no need for living [F] in the past,
Now I [Dm] found good loving, gonna [G] make it last
[C] I tell the others, don't [F] bother me,
'Cos when they [Dm] look at you, they don't see [G] what I see

No, I [F] don't listen to their [G] wasted lines,
Got my [C] eyes wide open, and I [F] see the signs
But [C] they don't [Dm] know about [Em] us, [G]
And [F] they've never [Bb] heard of [C] love

No, I [F] don't listen to their [G] wasted lines,
Got my [C] eyes wide open, and I [F] see the signs
But [C] they don't [Dm] know about [Em] us, [G]
And [F] they've never [Bb] heard of [C] love
[F] / [Bb] / [C] / / /
[F] / <Bb><Bb><Bb> <C>





Tears Of A Clown (by The Beat)

written by Stevie Wonder, Hank Cosby, Smokey Robinson

Intro: [A] [D] [G] Say [D] oh yeah [A] baby [D] baby [G]

Now [D] if there's a [A] smile [D] on my [G] face,
[D] It's only [A] there trying to [D] fool the [G] public
[D] But when it [A] comes down to [D] fooling [G] you,
Well [D] now honey [A] that's quite a [D] different [G] subject [D]

So don't [A] let my [D] glad ex-[G]-pression [D]
Give [A] you the [D] wrong im-[G]-pression
[D] 'Cos really I'm [A] sad, [D] [G]
Oh I'm [D] sadder than [A] sad [D]
Well I'm [G] hurt and I [D] want you so [A] bad [D]
Like a [G] clown I a-[D]-ppear to be [A] glad [D]
[G] Ooh [D] yeah

> Now there's some [E] sad things known to [C#] man
> But ain't [F#m] too much sadder [D] than
> The tears of a [A] clown [D] [G]
> When there's [D] no one a-[A]-round [D] [G]
> Say [D] oh yeah [A] baby [D] baby [G] baby
> [D] Oh yeah [A] baby [D] baby [G] baby

[D] If I a[A]-ppear to [D] be care[G]-free
[D] It's only to [A] camou-[D]-flage my [G] sadness
And [D] honey to [A] shield my [D] pride I [G] try
To [D] cover this [A] hurt with a [D] show of [G] gladness [D]

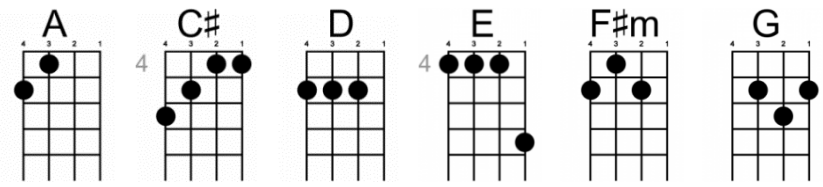
So don't [A] let my [D] show con-[G]-vince you [D]
That [A] I've been [D] happy [G] since you [D]
Decided to [A] go, [D] [G] oh I [D] need you [A] so [D]
Look I'm [G] hurt and I [D] want you to [A] know, [D]
Just for [G] others I [D] put on a [A] show [D]
[G] Ooh [D] yeah

> Now there's some [E] sad things known to [C#] man
> But ain't [F#m] too much sadder [D] than
> The tears of a [A] clown [D] [G]
> When there's [D] no one a-[A]-round [D] [G] [D]

[A] Just [D] like Pagli-[G]-acci [D] did
[A] I'm gonna [D] keep my [G] surface [D] hid
[A] Hiding in my [D] room I [G] try [D]
But in this [A] lonely [D] room I [G] cry
The [D] tears of a [A] clown [D] [G]
When there's [D] no one a-[A]-round [D] [G] [D]

[A] [D] [G] [D] [A] [D] [G] [D]
[A] [D] [G] [D] [A] [D] [G]

Now [D] if there's a [A] smile [D] on my [G] face [D]
Don't [A] let my [D] glad ex-[G]-pression [D]
Give [A] you the [D] wrong im-[G]-pression [D]
Don't [A] let this [D] smile I [G] wear [D]
Make [A] you feel that [D] I don't [G] care
The [D] tears of a [A] clown *(the tears of a* [D] *clown)* [G]
The [D] tears of a [A] clown *(the tears of a* [D] *clown)* [G]
The [D] tears of a [A] clown *(I'm going down de* [D] *town)* [G]
The [D] tears of a [A] clown *(I'm going down-*[D]*-town)* [G] [D] <A>



Riff:

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xA|-0---7---7h9-10-9-7---------|
xE|---9----------------10-9-7---|
xC|----------------------------|
xG|----------------------------|
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Transmission (by Joy Division)

written by Ian Curtis, Peter Hook, Stephen Morris, Bernard Sumner

Intro : [D] / / / | / / / / | [C] / / / | / / / / | *(x4)*

[D] Radio … live trans-[C]-mission
[D] Radio … live trans-[C]-mission

[D] / / / | / / / / | [C] / / / | / / / / | *(x2)*

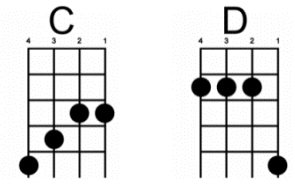
[D] Listen to the silence, let it ring on [C]
Eyes, dark grey lenses frightened of the [D] sun
We would have a fine time living in the [C] night
Left to blind destruction, waiting for our [D] sight [D] [C] [C] [D] [D] [C] [C]

[D] And we would go on as though nothing was [C] wrong
And hide from these days we remained all a-[D]-lone
Staying in the same place, just staying out the [C] time
Touching from a distance, further all the [D] time [D] [C] [C] [D] [D] [C] [C]
[D] [D] [C] [C] [D] [D] [C] [C]

[D] Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance, to the [C] radio
[D] Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance, to the [C] radio
[D] Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance, to the [C] radio
[D] Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance, to the [C] radio

[D] Well I could call out when the going gets [C] tough
The things that we've learnt are no longer e-[D]-nough.
No language, just sound, that's all we need [C] know,
To synchronise love to the beat of the [D] show [D] … and we could [C] dance [C]

[D] Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance, to the [C] radio
[D] Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance, to the [C] radio
[D] Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance, to the [C] radio
[D] Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance, to the [C] radio
[D] [D] [D] [D] <D>

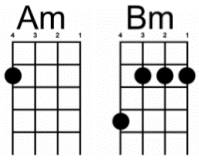


Up The Junction (by Squeeze)

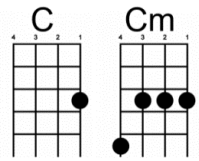
written by Chris Difford, Glenn Tilbrook

{Capo 2 - original in E}

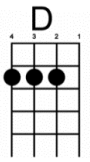
Intro : [D] / / / | [G] / / / | [D] / / / | [G] / / / | <D> / / /



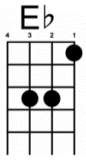
[D] I never thought it would [G] happen with me and the girl from [D] Clapham
Out on the windy [Bm] common that night I ain't for-[D]-gotten
Where she dealt out the [G] rations with some or other [D] passions
"I said you are a [Bm] lady", "Perhaps" she said, [D] .. "I may be" [D]



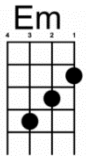
[D] We moved into a [G] basement with talks of our en-[D]-gagement
We stayed in by the [Bm] telly although the room was [D] smelly
We spent our time just [G] kissin', The Railway Arms we're [D] missin'
But love had got us [Bm] hooked up and all our time [D] .. it took up [D]



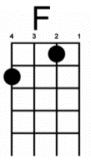
[D] I got a job with [G] Stanley, he said I'd come in [D] handy
And he started me on [Bm] Monday, so I had a bath on [D] Sunday
I worked eleven [G] hours, and bought the girl some [D] flowers
She said she'd seen a [Bm] doctor, and nothing now [D] .. could stop her [D]



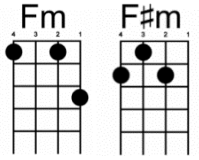
[Bm] I worked all through the [F#m] winter, the weather brass and [Em] bitter
I put away a [Am] tenner each week to make her [Cm] better
And when the time was [Gm] ready, we had to sell the [Fm] telly
Late evenings by the [Eb] fire, and little kicks [G] .. inside her [G]



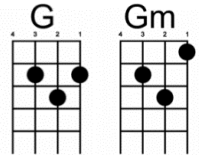
[C] This morning at four [F] fifty I took her rather [C] nifty
Down to an incu-[Am]-bator, where thirty minutes [C] later
She gave birth to a [F] daughter, within a year a [C] walker
She looked just like her [Am] mother, if there could be [C] .. another [C] / / [G]



[D] And now she's two years [G] older, her mother's with a [D] soldier
She left me when my [Bm] drinking became a proper [D] stinging
The devil came and [G] took me, from bar to street to [D] bookie
No more nights by the [Bm] telly, no more nights nappies [D] smelling [D]



[D] Alone here in the [G] kitchen, I feel there's something [D] missing
I beg for some for-[Bm]-giveness, but begging's not my [D] business
And she won't write a [G] letter, although I always [D] tell her
And so it's my a-[Bm]-ssumption I'm really up the [D] .. junction [D]



[D] [G] *(x8)* <D>

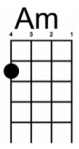
Main riff:

```
xA|-----5-7-5-|-9-7-9-7-5----|-----5-7-5-|-------------||---------|
xE|-5-7-------|-----------7--|-5-7-------|-7-5-7-5-----||---------|
xC|-----------|--------------|-----------|---------6-4-||-2-------|
xG|-----------|--------------|-----------|-------------||---------|
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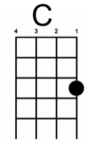
{Capo 1 - original in B}

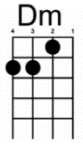
Video Killed The Radio Star (by The Buggles)

written by Geoff Downes, Trevor Horn, Bruce Woolley

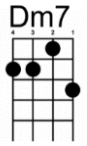


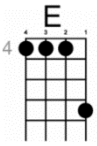
Intro : <Dm> / / / <C> / / / <Dm7> / / / <Am> / / / <Dm> / / / <C> / / / <Dm7> / / / <G>



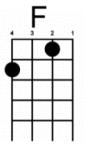


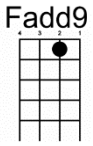
[C] I heard you [Dm] on the wireless [Gsus4] back in Fifty [G] Two
[C] Lying a-[Dm]-wake intent at [Gsus4] tuning in on [G] you
[C] If I was [Dm] young it didn't [Gsus4] stop you coming [G] through
[C] Ow-a-[Dm]-ow-a [Gsus4] [G]





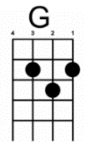
[C] They took the [Dm] credit for your [Gsus4] second sympho-[G]-ny
[C] Rewritten [Dm] by machine on [Gsus4] new technolo-[G]-gy
[C] And now I [Dm] understand the [Gsus4] problems you can [G] see
[C] Ow-a-[Dm]-ow-a, [Gsus4] I met your [G] children
[C] Ow-a-[Dm]-ow-a, [Gsus4] what did you [G] tell them?

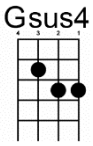




[C] Video killed the ra-[F]-dio star, [C] video killed the ra-[F]-dio star
[C] Pictures [G] came and [F] broke your heart
[Gsus4] Ow a-a-a-[Am]-ow

[C] And now we [Dm] meet in an a-[Gsus4]-bandoned studi-[G]-o
[C] We hear the [Dm] playback and it [Gsus4] seems so long a-[G]-go
[C] And you re-[Dm]-member the [Gsus4] jingles used to [G] go
[C] Ow-a-[Dm]-ow-a, [Gsus4] you were the [G] first one
[C] Ow-a-[Dm]-ow-a, [Gsus4] you were the [G] last one





[C] Video killed the ra-[F]-dio star, [C] video killed the ra-[F]-dio star
[C] In my [G] mind and [F] in my car, we [C] can't re-[G]-wind we've [F] gone too far
[Gsus4] Ow a-a-a-[Am]-ow
[Gsus4] Ow a-a-a-[Am]-ow

[Dm] / [G] / [C] / [F] / [Dm] / [G] / [C] / [F] /
[Dm] / [G] / [E] / [Am] /
<Dm> / / / <C> / / / <Dm7> / / / <G> <Am> <F> <Am> <F><G>

[C] Video killed the ra-[F]-dio star, [C] video killed the ra-[F]-dio star
[C] In my [G] mind and [F] in my car, we [C] can't re-[G]-wind we've [F] gone too far
[C] Pictures [G] came and [F] broke your heart
[C] Put the [G] blame on <F> V <Fadd9> T <Fadd9> R

You [C] a-[Dm]-[Gsus4]-re a [G] radio [C] sta-ah-ah-[Dm]-ah-ah-ah-ah-[Gsus4]-ar [G]
You [C] a-[Dm]-[Gsus4]-re a [G] radio [C] sta-ah-ah-[Dm]-ah-ah-ah-ah-[Gsus4]-ar [G]

[C] Video killed the ra-[F]-dio star, [C] Video killed the ra-[F]-dio star
[C] Video killed the ra-[F]-dio star, [C] Video killed the ra-[F]-dio star
(You a----------re a radio sta----------r)
[C] Video killed the ra-[F]-dio star, [C] Video killed the ra-[F]-dio star
(You a----------re a radio sta----------r)
[C] Video killed the ra-[F]-dio star, [C] Video killed the ra-[F]-dio star <C>

We Are Family (by Sister Sledge)

written by Bernard Edwards, Nile Rodgers

Intro : [A] / / / [G] / / / [D] / / / [F] / [G] / *(x4)*

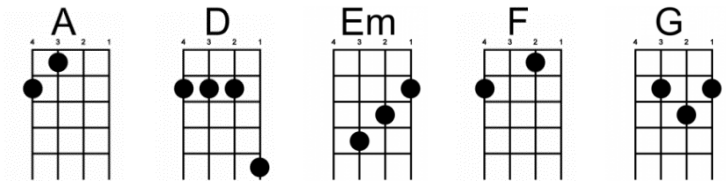
[A] We are fami-[G]-ly … [D] I got all my sisters with [F] me [G]
[A] We are fami-[G]-ly … [D] Get up everybody and [F] sing [G]
[A] We are fami-[G]-ly … [D] I got all my sisters with [F] me [G]
[A] We are fami-[G]-ly … [D] Get up everybody and [F] sing [G]

[A] … Every-[Em]-one can [D] see we're to-[A]-gether
As we [Em] walk on [D] by
[A] *(Hey)* .. And we [Em] fly just like [D] birds of a [A] feather
I won't [Em] tell no [D] lie
[A] *(All)* .. All of the [Em] people a-[D]-round us, they [A] say
Can they [Em] be that [D] close
[A] Just let me state for the [Em] record [D]
[A] We're giving love in a [Em] family dose [D]

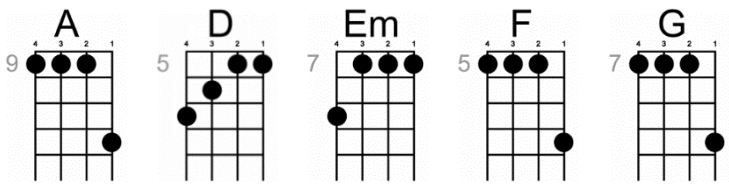
[A] We are fami-[G]-ly … [D] I got all my sisters with [F] me [G] *(Oh-huh, Oh-huh)*
[A] We are fami-[G]-ly … [D] Get up everybody and [F] sing [G] *(Sing it to me!)*
[A] We are fami-[G]-ly … [D] I got all my sisters with [F] me [G]
[A] We are fami-[G]-ly … [D] Get up everybody and [F] sing [G]

[A] Living life is fun and we've [Em] just begun [D] to get our [A] share
Of this [Em] world's delights [D]
[A] *(High)* High hopes we [Em] have [D]
For the [A] future and our [Em] goal's in sight [D]
[A] *(We)* No, we don't get de-[Em]-pressed, [D] here's what we [A] call
Our [Em] golden rule [D]
[A] Have faith in you and the [Em] things you do, [D] you won't go [A] wrong,
This is our [Em] family jewel [D]

[A] We are fami-[G]-ly … [D] I got all my sisters with [F] me [G]
[A] We are fami-[G]-ly … [D] Get up everybody and [F] sing [G]
[A] We are fami-[G]-ly … [D] I got all my sisters with [F] me [G]
[A] We are fami-[G]-ly … [D] Get up everybody and [F] sing [G] <A>



OR



Wow (by Kate Bush)

written by Kate Bush

Intro : [Am9] / / / | / / / / | [F6] / / / | / / / / | [Am9] / / / | / / / / | [F6] / / / | / / / / |

[Am9] We're all alone on the [F6] stage tonight
[Am9] We've been told we're not a-[D]-fraid of [Am7] you [Bm7]
[Am9] We know all our lines [F6] so well, ah-[G]-ha
We've said them so many [D] times

[Am] Time and time a-[Bm]-gain [Dm]
[Am] Line and line a-[Bm]-gain
[Bb] "Ooh yeah, you're a-[Gm7]-mazing,
[Ab] we think you're in-[Fm]-credible"
[Bb] You say we're fan-[Gm7]-tastic
[Ab] But still we don't [Fm] head the bill

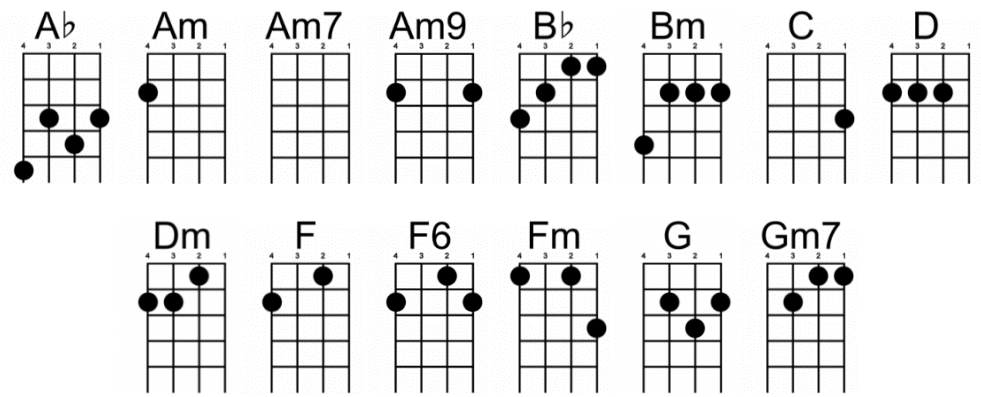
[C] Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow, wow, [G] unbelie-[D]-vable [D]-[C]-[G]
[C] Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow, wow, [G] unbelie-[D]-vable [D]-[C]-[G]

[Am9] When the actor reaches [F6] his death
You know [G] it's not for real, he just [D] holds his [Am7] breath [Bm7]
[Am9] But he always dives [F6] too soon, too fast [G] to save himself
He'll never make the [D] screen

[Am] He'll never make "The [Bm] Sweeney" [Dm]
[Am] Be that movie [Bm] queen [Dm]
[Am] He's too busy [Bm] hitting the Vaseline
[Bb] "Ooh yeah, you're a-[Gm7]-mazing,
[Ab] we think you are [Fm] really cool"
[Bb] We'd give you a [Gm] part, my love
[Ab] But you'd have to [Fm] play the fool

[C] Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow, wow, [G] unbelie-[D]-vable [D]-[C]-[G]
[C] Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow, [G] unbelie-[D]-vable [D]-[C]-[G]

[Am] We're all alone on the [F] stage tonight
[Am] We're all alone .. [F] on the stage … [Am] .. to-night [G] / / / | [D] / / / | [Am9] / / / | / / / / |
[G] / / / | [D] / / / | [Am9] / / / | / / / / |
<Ab> Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-<Am>-oo



You Say You Don’t Love Me (by Buzzcocks)

written by Pete Shelley

You say you don't [F] love me
Well [Bb] that's alright with [F] me 'cos I'm in [F] .. love with you
And I [Bb] wouldn't want you [F] doing things you [F] .. don't want to do
Oh you [Bb] know I've always [Dm] wanted you .. to [C] be in love with me [C]
And it [Bb] took so long to [Dm] realize the [C] way things have to be [C]
I [Eb] wanted to live in a [Bb] dream that couldn't be [Dm] real [Dm]
And I'm [Eb] starting to under-[Bb]-stand now the way that you [C] feel

[C] .. You say, you don't [C]
[C] .. You say, you don't [C]

[C] You say you don't [F] love me
Well [Bb] that's alright with [F] me 'cos I have [F] .. got the time
To [Bb] wait in case some-[F]-day, you maybe [F] .. change your mind
I've de-[Bb]-cided not to [Dm] make the same mis-[C]-takes this time around [C]
As I'm [Bb] tired of having [Dm] heartaches, I've been [C] thinking and I've found [C]
I don't [Eb] want to live in a [Bb] dream, I want something [Dm] real [Dm]
And I [Eb] think I under-[Bb]-stand now the way that you [C] feel

[C] .. You say, you don't [C]
[C] .. You say, you don't [C]
[C] .. You say, you don't

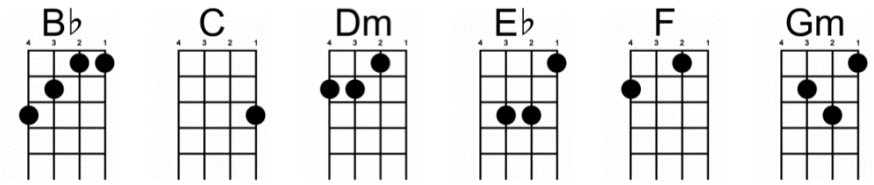
[F] [F] [Bb] [F] [F] [F] [Bb] [F] [F] [F] [C]

[C] .. You say, you don't [C]
[C] .. You say, you don't [C]

[C] You say you don't [F] love me
Well [Bb] that's alright with [F] me, I'm not in [F] .. love with you
I [Bb] just want us to [F] do the things, we [F] .. both want to do
Though I've [Bb] got this special [Dm] feeling, I'd be [C] wrong to call it love [C]
For the [Bb] word entails a [Dm] few things that I [C] would be well rid of [C]
I've no [Eb] need to live in a [Bb] dream, it's finally [Dm] real [Dm]
And I [Eb] hope you now under-[Bb]-stand this feeling I [C] feel

[C] .. You say, you don't [C]
[C] .. You say, you don't [C]

[C] You say you don't [F] love me
You say you don't [Eb] love me
You say you don't [Gm] love … [C] me … <F> Hmm



1979

Another Brick In The Wall – Pink Floyd
Are "Friends" Electric – Tubeway Army
Boys Don't Cry – The Cure
Bright Side Of The Road – Van Morrison
Crazy Little Thing Called Love – Queen
Cruel To Be Kind – Nick Lowe
Dance Away – Roxy Music
Don't Bring Me Down – Electric Light Orchestra
Duchess – The Stranglers
The Eton Rifles – The Jam
Gimme! Gimme! Gimme! – Abba
Heart Of Glass – Blondie
Heaven – Talking Heads
Hot Stuff – Donna Summer
I Don't Like Mondays – Boomtown Rats
Is She Really Going Out With Him? – Joe Jackson
Jimmy Jimmy – The Undertones
London Calling – The Clash
Making Plans For Nigel – XTC
Message In A Bottle – The Police
My Girl - Madness
The Number One Song In Heaven – Sparks
Sara – Fleetwood Mac
Since You've Been Gone – Rainbow
The Sound Of The Suburbs – The Members
Spacer – Sheila B. Devotion
Stop Your Sobbing – The Pretenders
Tears Of A Clown – The Beat
They Don't Know – Kirsty MacColl
Transmission – Joy Division
Up The Junction – Squeeze
Video Killed The Radio Star – The Buggles
We Are Family – Sister Sledge
Wow – Kate Bush
You Say You Don't Love Me - Buzzcocks