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RAM ON

Guitar chords used in this composition

Words and Music by PAUL McCARTNEY

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TOO MANY PEOPLE

Words and Music by PAUL McCARTNEY

Too many people going underground,
Too many people sharing party lines,
Too many reaching for a piece of cake,
Too many people ever sleeping late,

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Too many people pulled and pushed around,
Too many people paying parking fines.

Too many waiting for that lucky break,
Too many hungry people losing weight.

That was your first mistake,

You took your lucky break and broke it in two.
Now what can be done for you?  You broke it in two...

(3) Too many people preaching practices,
Don’t let ‘em tell you what you wanna be,
Too many people holding back,
This is crazy, baby, it’s not like me.
That was your last mistake,
I find my love awake and waiting to be,
Now what can be done for you?
She’s waiting for me.
THE BACK SEAT OF MY CAR

Words and Music by
PAUL McCARTNEY

Slowly (24 bars per minute)

Cm F7 H7 Bb F Ab Cm

SPEED-ing a-long the high-way

Cm Cm F7

hon-ey I want it my way but lis-ten to__ her dad_ dy's song__ don't stay out __

Cm F7 Bb7

too long__ Oh we're__ just bu-sy hid__ it__, all-tin' in the back-seat of my__

Cm

(Look-in' all round and all__ a-bout__ Oo__ Look-in' all round and all__ a-bout__

Bb Ab (Bb bass)

Lookin' all round and all about, go
Lookin' all round and all about,
The maze of lights are pretty, we may end up in Mexico City,
But listen to her daddy's song, making love is wrong,
But we're just busy ridin',
Sit-tin' in the back seat of my-

F7  Cm7  F7
oo oo oo oo oo oo oo oo oo oo

Eb Ab (Bb base) Bb

Oo Oo

Ab (Bb base) Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7

Oo Pah pah pah pah pah pah

Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7 Bb7

--pah pah pa pa pah pah pah pah For we was only hid'in'

Eb Bb Cm7 F7
Sittin' in the back seat of my car.

And when we've finished drivin' free we can say we were late in arrivin' and

Listen to her daddy's song. We believe that we
can't be wrong.  (Hey!)  Ab  we believe that we can't be wrong.

Ab  we believe that we can't be wrong.  We can make it to Mexico City.

Sit tin' in the back seat of my car.

Faster

Ab

3 Times
Ah... we believe that we can't be wrong.

Ah... we believe that we can't be wrong.
can't be wrong
No no no
Cm Cm7 Ab Eb Fm

No we believe that we can't be wrong.
Eb Bb Cm7 Eb6

No No No
Ab Eb Fm Eb Dm Ab

No No no no
Bbm Ab Eb Fm Bb7 Eb
MONKBERRY MOON DELIGHT

Guitar chords used in this composition

Words and Music by PAUL & LINDA McCARTNEY

So I sat in the static a pill-up my nose
Know no banana is older than the rest

and the wind played a dreadful can-ta-ta)

in my hair is a tangled burretta) (ret-ta)

So was I bound to crack my head in this hole
And would I leave my pajamas to Phyllis Bud-a-Pest

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When I rustled the brane I'd a-woken

The sinews the nerves and the veins

My pi-

a-no was boldely outspoken

Had a chance to repeat

it's refrain

So I stood with a knot in my

Cm Cm Cm7
stom - ach

Then I gazed at that ter - ri - ble - sight

Cm6  Abmaj7  Cm  G  E5

What do your stars con - ceal in a bar - rel

Sucking

G7  Cm  Fm

Monk - ber - ry moon de - light

Monk - ber - ry moon de - light

Ab7  G7  Cm  Fm

Monk - ber - ry moon de - light

Cm  Cm7
Moon de-light

D.S. al Coda

Cm

Well

Cm6

Aimaj 7

Cm

Monk-berry moon de-light

Ab G7 G+ Cm Fmix

Monk-berry moon de-light

Repeat till fade
Lyrics ad lib

Cm
SMILE AWAY

Words and Music by
PAUL McCARTNEY

Guitar chords used in this composition

"I was walking down the street the other day."
“Ah, who did you meet?”

“I met a friend of mine
and he did say—”

1

“Man, I can smell your feet
a mile away!”

Smile a-way.

2

Smile away.

3

“Man, I can smell your breath
a mile away!”

Smile a-way, smile a-way, smile a-

way— yeah— smile a-way.

Spoken ad lib.

Smile away. “Oh, smile away
sweetly, now.”
patter (4 times)

1. "Come on now—oooh, sweetly, smile away."
2. "Yes sir—smile away"
3. "Now smile away quietly now"
4. "Smile away, horribly now"

CODA

"Man, I can smell your teeth
a mile away.
Smile a-way... ad lib patter

repeat ad lib fine
DEAR BOY

Words and Music by
PAUL & LINDA McCARTNEY

I guess you nev-er knew Dear... Boy what you have
I guess you nev-er saw Dear... Boy that love was

round, end less,

I guess you nev-er knew Dear... Boy
And leave you when you love too long...

- that she was just the cut-est thing a - round, I guess you nev-er
- Dear Boy, and nev-er give it all a - way, I guess you nev-er

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Verse 3

I hope you never know, dear Boy
How much you missed;
And even when you fall in love, dear Boy
It won't be half as good as this.
Hope you never know how much you missed, dear Boy
How much you missed dear Boy.
LONG HAIRED LADY

Words and Music by
PAUL & LINDA McCARTNEY

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Sweet liltie lass you know, my long-haired

Who's the lady that makes that
Who'll be taking her home when
Who's your favourite person,

brief occasional laugh-ter? She's the lady who wears those
all the dancing is over? I'm the lucky man she will
sweet delectable lady, Birds are humming about their
dear Phenomenal lady I belong to the girl with the

flash ing eyes

Long haired

Long haired

D7 Gm Ebma7
My love is long,
Fill your song,
And when you're young,
When your lips lead into song

My love is long,
Your love is long.
Bring the love that you feel for me, see in line with the love I see.
And in the morning you bring to me, see.

Love ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

D.S. (3rd lyric) al Coda
D.S. (3rd lyric) al Coda

Do that to to to to to to.
Well, when I walk, when I walk, when I thought,

park my horse... up on the hill (When I walk my horse up -
when I thought, you was my friend, when I thought that"

on a hill)... When I walk, walk, walk,
call you my friend). When I thought, when I thought,

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park my horse... up... on the hill (When I walk my horse up... when I thought... you was my friend (When I thought that I could

on... a hill). And I lay... me down will my lover love... me call you my friend; but you let... me down put my heart... a round the

3rd time

(But you know it's not alowed) still? A doggie is here... (A doggie is here... bend. A fly flies in... (A fly flies in...
A doggie is there
(A doggie is there)

A fly flies out
(A fly flies out)

My dog he got
Most flies they got
three legs,
three legs,
well he can't run,
but mine got one.

Well, when I thought
(3 times)
you was my friend.

Well, when I thought
(3 times)
you was my friend.
3rd Chorus.

When I fly, when I fly, when I fly upon the crowd;
(When I fly upon the maddening crowd)
(repeat these two lines)
You can knock me down - with a feather, but you know it's not allowed.
(but you know it's not allowed)
A dog is here, (a dog is here) A dog is there, (a dog is there)
My dog he got three legs, but he can't run.
A looking for a home

Living in a home

Heart of the country where the holy people grow

Heart of the country smell the grass in the meadow

Whoa whoa whoa whoa (Re Coda)
We're so sorry, Uncle Albert,
we're so sorry if we caused you any pain,

Am7/D bass
D

Uncle Albert, but there's no one left at home and I believe it's going to rain.

D Gm7 C C# D

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We're so sorry, but we haven't heard a thing all day; we're so sorry.

... Un-cle Albert, but if anything should happen we'll be sure to give a ring...
(spoken) We're so sorry.  Uncle

Gm7    C    C#7    D    C    D    Am7/D bass

Albert, but we have-a' done a bloody thing all day; we're so

D    Am7/D bass    D

sorry.  Uncle Albert, but the bettle's on to lost and we're so

Am7/D bass    D    Gm7    C    C#

easily called away.

D    Gm7    C    Gm7    C    Gm7    C
Hands across the water, (water)

Hands across the sky.

Hands across the water, (water)
heads a-cross the sky,  
Ad-mir-al Hal-say re-ti-red me, he

G7   C   Am   C

had to have a berth or he couldn't go to sea, I had another look and I had a cup of tea and a

Am   C   Am   C

but-ter pie.  
Hands a-cross the wa-ter, (wa-ter)

Em   C   Am   Dm

heads a-cross the sky,  
Hands a-cross the wa-ter, (wa-ter)

G7   F   Ab   Bb   C   C   Am   Dm
Faster

heads across the sky. Live a little, be a gypsy.

G7 C

get a-round, (get a-round) get your feet up off the ground, Live a little, get a-

G7

round. Live a little, be a gypsy, get a-round, (get a-round)

C

get your feet up off the ground, Live a little, get a-round.

G7 C
Hands across the water, (water) heads across the sky.
Hands across the water, (water) heads across the sky.

Faster

Repeat and Fade

C                          C

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by

PAUL AND LINDA McCARTNEY

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