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BAD BLOOD

Gtr. tuned down 1 whole step:

1  = D  2  = F
3  = G  4  = A
5  = C

Words and Music by
ALIEN JOURGENSEN and PAUL BARKER

Fast \( J = 178 \)

Piano → E5 E\#5 A5 B\#5 D5 E\#5 E5

Guitar → F\#5 F5 B5 C5 E5 F5 F\#5

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Verse:
1. Wild skies,
2. full moon and thoughts collide...
3. We look for answers in those catatonnic, blood-shot eyes.

See additional lyrics
The eyes that vom - it are the ones that are in love.

Those are n't tears, they're just bad, bad blood.

Just bad, bad
blood.

Chorus:

Do you remember the strain? Do you remember the pain? Do you remember the cause or the blame?

2.3.

blood.
Bad blood. Do you remember the need?

Do you remember the lust? Do you surrender your greed or your trust?

Bad blood. (Guitar solo ad lib. ...
Verse 2:
Wild lives, the big surprise.
We get our clues from what
The funhouse mirrors authorize.
A ray of thought turns happy
Endings into mud.
Where there's denial, there's bad blood.
(To Chorus)

Verse 3:
Wild eyes, he's finally come alive.
How'd all things mediocre
Wind up all things, all the time?
A steady stream of madness
Rises to a flood.
The clock is ticking
For bad blood.
(To Chorus)
LEAVE YOU FAR BEHIND

Words and Music by
SIMON SHACKLETON and
HOWARD SAUNDERS

Moderately $j = 126$

N.C.

I want to take you on a

roll - er coast - er.

I want to tell you that I'm feeling clos - er.

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I want to push you right over the line.

I want to push you right over the line, the line that you draw when you draw me near.
Chorus:

I want, I want, I want, I want, I want, I want, I want, I want to leave you far behind.

I want, I want, I want, I want, I want, I want, I want, I want to leave you far behind.

1.

I want to take you on a roller coaster.
I want to tell you that I'm feeling closer.

I want to leave you far behind.
I want to leave you far behind.

I want to leave you.
I want to leave you far behind.

I want, I want, I want, I want, I want, I want, I want,

I want to leave you far behind.
DRAGULA

Moderate rock  \( j = 126 \)

Words by ROB ZOMBIE
and SCOTT HUMPHREY
Music by ROB ZOMBIE

Verse 1:
N.C.

1. Dead, I am the one, exterminating son. Slipping through the trees, strangling in the breeze.

Dragula - 9 - 1
PF9914
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N.C.

Dead, I am the sky, watching angels cry while they slowly turn, conquering the worm.

Chorus:

Dig through the ditches and burn through the witches and slam in the back of my Dragula.

Dig through the ditches and burn through the witches and slam in the back of my Dragula.
Verse 2:

D₅

C₅

2. Dead, I am the pool spreading from the fool. Weak and want you need, no-where as you bleed.

Dead, I am the rat.
feast upon the cat. Tender is the fur, dying as you purr.

Chorus:

Dig through the ditches and burn through the witches and slam in the back of my

Dragula

Dig through the ditches and burn through the witches and slam

in the back of my Dragula

So
Bridge:

C

Bb

D5

F5

do it, ba - by. Do it, ba - by.

So

C

Bb

D5

F5

do it, ba - by. Do it, ba - by. Burn like an an - i - mal

Verse 3:

3. Dead, I am the dog, hound of hell, you cry. Dev-il on your back. I can nev-er die.
Play 5 times

I can never die. I can never die. I can never die.

So
Bridge:

\[ C \quad B^b \quad D5 \quad C5 \]

\[
\text{do it, ba-by. Do it, ba-by.}
\]

\[ F5 \quad C \quad E\flat5 \quad B^b \]

\[
\text{So do it, ba-by. Do it, ba-by.}
\]

\[ D5 \quad C5 \quad F5 \quad E\flat5 \]

\[
\text{Burn like an an-i-mal.}
\]

Chorus:

\[
\text{Dig through the ditch-es and burn through the witch-es and slam in the back of my}
\]
Dragu-la

Dig through the ditches and burn through the witches and slam

in the back of my Dragu-la

D5
C5
E♭5
D♭5
D5
C5
B♭5
C5
E♭5
C5
D♭5
C5
B♭5
G5
F5
G5
A5
A5
D5
E♭5
D5
C5
B♭5
C5
E♭5
C5
D♭5
Dig through the ditches and burn
through the witches and slam in the back of my Dracula.
MY OWN SUMMER
(Shove It)

Words and Music by
CAMILLO "CHINO" MORENO, CHI CHENG,
STEPHAN CARPENTER and ABE CUNNINGHAM

Moderately fast $j = 138$

N.C.

Verse 1:

1. Hey you,...

big star,...
tell me...
when it's over

Hey you

big mood

guide me

My Own Summer - 8 - 2
PF9014
to shelter. 'Cause I'm through...

when the two____  hits the six____

and it's summer____ Cloud

Chorus:

come,  (Shove it, shove it, shove it.) shove  (Shove it, shove it, shove it.) the sun,
(Shove it, shove it, shove it) the sun, the sun a side.

Bridge:
Adim

I think God is moving its tongue.

F♯5 A5 C♯5 F♯5 A5 C♯5 Adim

There's no crowd in the streets, and no sun.
My own summer.

Verse 2:

N.C.

is the tool, a device,
a savior. See, I try

and look up to the sky,
but my eyes burn.

Chorus:

(Shove it, shove it, shove it.) shove
(Shove it, shove it, shove it.) the sun,

(Shove it, shove it, shove it.) the sun aside.

Bridge:

I think God is moving its tongue.
There's no crowd

in the streets and no sun

My Own Summer - B - 7
PF9914
Chorus:

Come,
(Shove it, shove it, shove it.)

shove
(Shove it, shove it, shove it.) the sun,
(Shove it,

___ shove it, shove it.) the sun, the sun a-side.
LOOK TO YOUR ORB FOR THE WARNING

Gr. tuned down 1/2 step:

\( \text{G} = \text{Eb} \quad \text{Bb} = \text{Gb} \)
\( \text{A} = \text{Ab} \quad \text{Bb} = \text{Gb} \)

Moderately fast \( j = 144 \)

By DAVE WYNDORF

Go-in' down now.

Look to Your Orb for the Warning - 8 - 1
PF9914

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1. The
Verse:
mountain screamed three times today.

2. See additional lyrics

guess it thought I'd like to play.

How much does one have to pay to
fly a peak and melt away?

Hold chin tight, then slip on by.

sweating measure lands on time.

And the

N.C.

old man is down by the river where he

Look to Your Orb for the Warning - 8 - 3
PF9014
gets some, then he walks down, back to the
space-ship that's parked at your door-step, and it's
wait-ing to take you away down. Go-in' down now.
E5
E5
D5
E5
D5
E5

D5
D5
D5
D5
D5
D5
D5
E5
D5
E5
D5
D5
D5
D5
E5

Guitar solo ad lib...

A5
G5

A5
G5

A5
G5

A5
G5

A5
G5

N.C.

...end solo) And the last one is down by the...
river
where he gets some, then he floats on

down to the spaceship that's parked at your doorstep, and it's waiting to take you away

[1.]

now. Goin' down now.
Go - in' down now.
Verse 2:
Looking for the rag doll toy,
He's hooked up down in Mexico.
Slide my nerve now, gimme more.
It's my disaster, friend, I know.
WAKE UP

Written and Arranged by
RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE

Moderate rock \( j = 72 \)

D(\#5)  

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{D5} \\
\text{D(\#5)} \\
\text{D5} \\
\text{D(\#5)} \\
\text{D5} \\
\end{array} \]

\( \text{ff} \)

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{D(\#5)} \\
\text{D(\#5)} \\
\text{D5} \\
\text{D(\#5)} \\
\text{D5} \\
\end{array} \]
Verse:
N.C.

credit, ya still never edit. The needle, I'll thread it. Radically, poetic. Standin' with the

1. Although you try to dis-

2. See additional lyrics

Wake Up · 11 · 3
PF9914
fury that they had in sixty-six. And like e-double, I'm mad. Still knee-deep in the system's shit.

Hoover, he was a body remover. I'll give you a dose, but it'll never come close to the rage built up inside of me. Fist in the air in the land of hypocrisy.

Movements come and movements go. Leaders speak, movements cease when their heads are flown.
‘Cause all these punks got bullets in their heads. Departments of police, no judges, the feds.

N.C.

Networks at work, keepin’ people calm. You know they went after King when he spoke out on Vietnam.

He turned the power to the have-nots and then came the shot.
What was the price on his head?

What was the price on his head?

I think I heard a shot.
I think I heard a shot.

cresc.

I think I heard a shot.

f

I think I heard a shot!

cresc.

fff

D(5)

D5
I think I heard a shot.

I think I heard, I think I heard a shot.

N.C.
Verse 2:
Wit' poetry, my mind I flex Flip-like,
Wilson, vocals never lackin' dat finesse.
Whadda I have to do to wake ya up,
To shake ya up, to break the structure up?
'Cause this blood still flows in the gutter.
I'm like takin' photos,
Mad boy kicks open the shutter.
Set the groove,
Then I stick and move like I was Cassius.
Rep the stutter step.
Then bomb a left upon the facists.
Yea, the several federal men
Who pulled schemes on the dream
And put it on an end,
Ya betta beware
Of retribution with mind war,
20/20 visions, and murals with metaphors.
The networks at work, keepin' people calm.
Ya know they murdered X
And tried to blame it on Islam.
He turned the power to the have-nots
And then came the shot.
spybreak! (short one)
bad blood
leave you far behind
dragula (hot rod herman remix)
my own summer (shove it)
look to your orb for the warning
wake up

propellerheads
ministry
lunatic calm
rob zombie
deftones
monster magnet
rage against the machine