Transcribed by Jeff Jacobson

Album design by Metallica
Cover illustrations by Pushead
Album production design by Brad Klausen
Photography by Anton Corbijn
St. Anger illustrations by Matt Mahurin
James image by Matt Mahurin
Lars image by Forhelvads Productions
Kirk image by Matt Mahurin
Robert image by Pascal Brun & Comenius Röthlisberger (Team Switzerland)
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INTRODUCTION

When you’re able to brandish the kind of musical firepower that Metallica has unleashed for more than two decades—ten uncompromising albums, marking an unprecedented reign as the greatest hard rock band in history—you learn a thing or two about where to aim. But curiously enough, the making of their first studio album since 1997’s Reload, the primal, raptorial, St. Anger, found Metallica not behind the turrets this time, but in the firing line itself.

The trials and tribulations leading up to St. Anger are well documented. The fissures in what the band members themselves describe as the well-oiled “Metallica machine” were beginning to show. Bassist Jason Newsted’s nefarious exit from the group, James Hetfield’s voluntary sojourn into rehab and much-longed-for sobriety. Public squabbles over the illegal downloading quantum. All of these issues revealed the kind of seismic fault lines that even the Metallica juggernaut could not navigate—could not negotiate away.

At stake? Nothing less than the very existence of the band itself. Metallica’s three principals, James Hetfield, Lars Ulrich, and Kirk Hammett, along with their frequent producer collaborator Bob Rock, found themselves at the kind of crossroads worthy of the themes in many a Metallica song—the kind of foreboding scenario Ulrich and Hetfield could write in their sleep.

The irony was, if this was Metallica’s oft-predicted meltdown, each member would have to face it in his own way. And from the inside out this time, without the Metallica heat shield to fend off all the bullshit that tends to fumigate when you’re a member of the most exclusive rock club in the world for 20-odd years. With James on an indefinite hiatus, the group admitted to becoming “professional speculators” themselves as to whether Metallica was headed for a rebirth or would wither away on life support.

“It has been a very interesting three years,” Lars Ulrich begins, with atypical understatement. “A very different three years for us. Difficult, awkward. It’s been a ride that’s taken us to places inside ourselves, inside the band, inside the potential of human beings and their music and everything else that we could not imagine existed. But if you asked me then, I would say for the first time in my life with Metallica, I was starting to prepare myself that maybe the ride was over.”

If it sounds like the tenets of a heretical struggle, who else but Metallica to apply for the job. The result of the “ride” Lars refers to can indeed be found in the sweat and blood and grooves of St. Anger. From the album’s crushing title song and its bombarded heaps of magnified guitar and drums, to the colossal time and tempo changes of “Frantic,” to the chugging slabs and staccato exchanges of the excelling confessional “My World,” Metallica has once again, in the boldest strokes imaginable, made music its most viable currency.

The three band members, who gingerly refer to themselves as brothers—and mean it—emerged from the other side of their journey with their musical compass intact. St. Anger is an album that inescapably will draw comparisons to their best work, to Metallica’s Baker’s Dozen, to Expert of the Century, to the classic 1983 Ragnarök and Kill ‘Em All, and 1986’s Master of Puppets. Monumental in scope, the new album also recalls—by its sheer wildness—the group’s 15-million-selling masterpiece known as the Black album. But this is clearly a work that couldn’t have been made 20 years ago. Not even a decade ago, though it fits the Metallica canon like a glove.

According to producer Rock (the Black album was his first collaboration with Metallica) St. Anger completes the circular creative cycle that only the greatest artists are able to sustain. “It’s been my experience that only the big artists know how to achieve a goal in their career, like Metallica did with the Black album. Fewer still could have gone through what they experienced with all their personal journeys, threw away the rule book, and try to capture the soul and truth of Metallica again. I think the real vision was to almost take them back to where they were first getting together, when three or four guys got together and say: This is the kind of music we like; let’s write some songs.”

For James, whose own personal quest may have been the tipping point for Metallica’s inspirational sea change, the album was an
important step in their evolution not just as band members, but also as friends. "The early days of Metallica were about brotherhood, just survival mode, relying on each other and stuff. As the machine got bigger, you tend to forget about the friendship part and start worrying about where the machine is going. You get a little more protective, a little more isolated. Certain factors ignited the need to look around again and just get to be friends. Now we're stronger than ever because we know what we're doing and we have experience on our side too."

Part of the familial equation the group had to deal with was the departure of Newsted and the search for a new bassist. Enter Rob Trujillo. A former member of Suicidal Tendencies and one of the masterminds behind the '80s cult band Infectious Grooves, the accomplished bassist has also played with none other than Ozzy Osbourne.

All three band members immediately hit it off with the respected Trujillo, and the hole in Metallica's musical armor was filled. Trujillo came aboard too late to appear on St. Anger. The band members did not seem to be in any rush to hire a bass player. Bob Rock, in addition to being the co-producer and co-songwriter on St. Anger, was considered the fourth member of the band. Bob even filled in (quite masterfully) at a few live events with the guys. But, as Metallica guitarist Kirk Hammett points out, Trujillo's chemistry with the band is undeniable. "From the first rehearsal, Rob was just mind-blowing, because he had such a huge sound and he pulled with his fingers, which is very reminiscent of Cliff Burton, and we really liked that sound. He delivered on all fronts. He had a big sound and on top of that he's really great, solid guy," adds James. "He pounds. The power that comes through his fingers. He's a ball of energy and he's so calm and able and balanced. He's got great stuff to offer but his personality is just right. He's on fire, he's ready, he's plugged right into the strength of Metallica and helping it shine."

Another aspect of Metallica's rejuvenated approach on this album is Hammett's joining in on the lyric writing, territory previously exclusive to James and Lars. "At first I was like, I don't want anything to do with this; this is James' job. But Bob was very adamant. I looked at James and I said, 'Well, how do I do this?' James said 'stream of consciousness.' I would scribble down some times and James would single out the good ones. It was a great experience and I think it's all in line with the theme of the album, if there is an underlying theme, which is just being true to yourself and how important that is to the overall picture."

Which leads to what is sure to be another topic of discussion among Metallica-watchers when poring over the epic arrangements and knife-edged nuances of St. Anger. For a band that is in the throes of introspection, and in a target sense, collective healing, they sure have laid down some motherfucking aggressive music. For hardcore fans who patiently waited through their all-covers release, 1998's Garage Inc., a sly homage to the songs that shaped their early career, and the symphonic wanderlust of S&M, a stirring experiment that showcased Metallica with noted producer/writer/arranger Michael Kamen and the San Francisco Symphony, St. Anger is a thorn-quencher. But one that offers nothing but fire this time around.

Lars says there was no conscious-effort to make this album louder or longer. "I think the great thing about Metallica is that we can pretty much chart where we want to chart. Playing other people's material (like on Garage Inc.) was something we talked about for years. It was the music the band was basically founded on. With the symphony stuff we got a call from Michael Kamen who wanted to do it and the band was excited by the challenge—something Metallica has always embraced. "But now that we are back playing the stuff that people think is the parent, it is the most natural, it is the most effortless. The other thing I think we're challenging here is the perception most people have that in order for things to be really, really energetic, they can only come from negative energy. Metallica was fueled by negative energy for 20 years. Now we've spent a lot of time working on ourselves and on our relationships, and we've turned that around. Now Metallica is fueled by positive energy that has manifested itself so it sounds like the album we've made."

Case in point: "Some Kind of Monster," with its bristling, time bomb refrain, and yet, underneath, a hint of affirmation: "This is the voice of silence no more." You begin to understand the complex dynamics required for a world-renowned construct like Metallica even to be able to conceive of an intensely personal triumph like St. Anger. For James the process obviously begins in a much quieter place than a recording studio. "It comes from us realizing the world doesn't revolve around Metallica. For me it began with 'my name is James Hetfield.' St. Anger means to me that now that we've found our serenity we're capable of making this monster of an album going full throttle at the time. Anger is an energy. It's a feeling, it's gotten a bad reputation, but it's what you do with it after that gives it its reputation. I could squeeze out sideways with rage and stuff the shit down, yet it can be such a source of strength. Metallica has always been about invading places where we don't belong. We just took down the barbed wire, that's all.
DISCOGRAPHY

KILL 'EM ALL July 1983
RIDE THE LIGHTNING August 1984
MASTER OF PUPPETS February 1986
GARAGE DAYS RE-REVISITED August 1987
...AND JUSTICE FOR ALL August 1988
METALLICA August 1991
LIVE SH!T: BINGE & PURGE December 1993
LOAD June 1996
RELOAD November 1997
GARAGE INC. November 1998
S&M November 1999
ST. ANGER June 2003

Metallica Web Site: www.metallica.com
Metallica Fan Club: www.metclub.com
Metallica Fan Club mailing address:
The Metallica Club
366-B Third St.
PMB #194
San Rafael, CA 94901
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103 guitar notation legend
Verse:

I could have warned you all the days back, would I use them to get back on track, I've made you think I was sitting at the furnace, burning or... Look ahead, but keep on turning, don't turn away. Do I have the strength to...
Can I find it inside to deal with what I should - n't know?

End half-time feel

Could I have my wants days back? Would I use them to get back on track?

Went out always being a fraud, endless stream of fear that I've made I

You live it or lie it! You live it or lie it! You live it or lie it!

live it or lie it! (You live it or lie it! You live it or lie it!)

My
Life-style determines my death-style. My life-style determines my death-style.

Pre-Chorus
Half-time feel

Keep searching... keep on searching...

Chorus:

This search goes on... 1, 2, this search goes on... 3, on and on...

Keep searching... keep on searching...
Life is pain, that pushes to the other side. My

D.S. at Coda

click, tick, tick, tick!
Pre-Chorus

D5

He never gets respect.

Saint, anger 'round my neck.

*Chord symbols refer to overall harmony.

Chorus

D5

You flush it out, you flush it out.

D5

You flush it out, Saint you flush it out.

D5

You flush it out, you flush it out.

D5

You flush it out, you flush it out.

D5

You flush it out, you flush it out.

D5

You flush it out, you flush it out.

You flush it out, you flush it out.

You flush it out, you flush it out.

You flush it out, you flush it out.

You flush it out, you flush it out.

You flush it out, you flush it out.

D5

He never gets respect.
Interlude

NC

Gr. 1, w/ Riff A

NC

Gr. 1, w/ Riff B

ES Eb5 Es Eb5 Es Eb5 Es Eb5 NC.

Gr. 1, w/ Riff C

ES Eb5 Es Eb5 NC.

Bridge

NC

And I want my anger to be healthy.

And I want my anger just for me.

And I need my anger not to control.

Yeah... and I want my anger to be me.
SOME KIND OF MONSTER

Words and Music by
James Hetfield, Lars Ulrich,
Kirk Hammett and Bob Rock

Intro

Moderately slow Rock \( \times 1 \text{66} \)

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These are the boots that kick you around,
these are the claws that scratch these wounds.
This is the tongue that speaks on the inside.
This is the part that never leaves.

Gr. 1-4: RIFF B

These are the can that ring with hate,
this is the face that'll never change.
This is the tongue that strips you down,
this is the burden of every man.

End RIFF B

This is the fist that grinds you down,
this is the voice of violence, no more.

NC.

more.
Verse
(C4) 2 x Riff II
(C4) 2 x Riff II B (4 times)
D5

1. You never
Yeah!
Yeah!
Yeah!
Yeah!
Yeah!
Yeah!

[Music notation]

2. These are the legs of flesh and soul,
This is the womb
that you'll never know.
These are the lips that taste no evil,
These are the eyes that see no evil,
These are the looks that chill to the bone.
This is the face you'll never change,
These are the fears that swing a never-end,
This is the god that ain't so pure,
This is the end that will never end,
This is the voice of silence... no

D5
E5
D5
D5
E5
Gtr. 1
End Riff: Fig. 4A
End Riff: Fig. 4

Pre-Chorus

We the people
are we the peo-

Gtr. 1
2nd time: Gtr. 1 exact or best 1.

N.C.
We the people.

Chorus

Some kind of monster.

Interlude

This monster lives.

27
A tempo

Double-time feel

(Chorus)

N.C.

3 3 3 3

F/A

C5

NC.

Gm. 3 (close)

F/A

End Riff D

C5

NC.

I'm judge and... I'm jury and I'm executioner...
D.S. al Coda
End double-time feel

Coda

Interlude
Double-time feel

Interlude
Double-time feel

Interlude
Double-time feel

Interlude
Double-time feel

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Interlude
Double-time feel

Interlude
Double-time feel
INVISIBLE KID

Words and Music by James Hetfield, Lars Ulrich, Kirk Hammett and Bob Rock

Intro
Moderately fast Rock - 164

Chords: Gm, Dm, A, E, Bb, F, G7, D, A7, Dm
Tempo: 164

Verse
Moderately fast Rock - 164

Chords: Gm, Dm, A, E, Bb, F, G7, D, A7, Dm
Tempo: 164

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Verse

G5
B5
G5
B5
G5
B5
G5
B5
C5
B5
C5
B5
G5
B5
C5
B5
P.M. | P.M. | P.M.

Chor. 1

G5
B5
C5
G5

Chor. 2

G5
B5
C5
G5

Chor. 2 inst.

N.C.

P.M. | P.M. | P.M.

G5
B5
C5
G5

P.M. | P.M. | P.M.

End Riff B

Chor. 1, 2 Riff A

Riff Fig. 1

Chor. 2

G5/D4

End Riff Fig. 1

(GIDEON, BY DAVEED)

1. In

Verse

G5
B5
G5
B5
G5
B5
G5
B5
(F5)
(E5)
(F5)
(E5)

sir - i - ble kid
neve - r see what he did
got

P.M. | P.M. | P.M.
Verse

2. In-visible kid, stuck in the mud from the bone where the sun and the sky shine, MTV.

of your touch, don’t own no copy, but it’s all too much.

Play place of his own where he’ll never be known, in ward he’s grown.

39
Go a way.

In to distance let me fade.

I'm o-kay, just go a way.

I'm o-kay but please don't stray too far.

Chorus

Open your heart, I'm being right here.
Open your mind, I'm being...

(I'm o-kay, I'm...)

Please don't stray too far.)
Verse

NC

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>D5</th>
<th>F5</th>
<th>G5</th>
<th>F5</th>
<th>D5</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

moth - er - fack - ers got in my head

3. Who's in charge of my head to - day?

Try 's to

make me some one else in stead.

Danc - in' dev - ils in an - girls' way.

NC

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>D5</th>
<th>F5</th>
<th>G5</th>
<th>F5</th>
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</table>

It's

It's
Half-time feel

Verse

N.C.

My world
now
It's my world
now
It's

My time
now
It's my time
now
It's

F/S

my world
Yeah, it's my world

my time

dot, on

F/S

N.C.

2. Ma - ma, why's it rain - ing in my room?
4. Look out, moth - er - back - es, here I come.

I'm

Cheer up, boy; clouds will move on soon.
The

heav - y

suns of - hitch - ers try 'n' to take my head.

I'm gon - na

Try it to

N.C.

sit right back

en - joy
this ride

Ooh!
Not only do I not know the answer, I don't even know what the question is.

Suck - er!

Out of my head,
Verse
Gs. 1 & 2 w/Riffs B & C (2 times)
D5

Interlude
Gs. 1 & 2 w/Riffs Figs. 1 & 1A
D5  Eb5  D5  D5  Eb5  D5  Eb5  D5  E5  D5  Eb5  D5  E5  D5  Eb5  D5  E5  D5  Eb5  D5

w/ Riff A
D5

Psst... Right.

right here... I'll stay.

Psst...
Pre-Chorus
NC

Shoot me a-gain, I ain't dead yet. (Played by Gr. 2 only)

NC

*Come on.*

Go on.*

NC

Shoot me a-gain, I ain't dead yet. nah.

Come on.

NC

Shoot me a-gain, I ain't dead yet, nah.

Come on.

Gr.

Shoot me a-gain. Shoot me a-gain. (shoot me) Shoot me a-gain, shoot me a-gain, come on!

Gr.

RIH D

End Riff D

58
Chorus
D5

 Shoot me a - gain, shoot me a - gain, shoot me. Shoot me a - gain, shoot me a - gain.

(Oh!)

All the shots I take.

Riff
D5
E♭5
D5 E♭5
D5 E♭5
D5 E♭5

I spit back at you.

End Riff

Cres. 1 & 2 or Riff

D5

All the shots you take comes back to haunt you.

End Riff, Fig. 3

(Continue on following page)

All the shots...

All the shots...

D5
F5

All the shots 1 take.

All the shots 1 take.

(Dots)

Hey, what

59
Verse
Gtrs. 1 & 2 w/ Rhy. B & C (2 times)
D5

3. I won't go away... (with a bullet in my back.)

Verse
Gtrs. 1 & 2 w/ Rhy. B & C (2 times)
D5

4. I'll stand on my own... (with a bullet in my back.)

Coda
Gtrs. 1 w/ Rhy. A (last time)
D5 NC.

Gtrs. 2 Rhy. Fill I

End Rhy. Fill I

Gtrs. 1 & 2
heart won't pump the other way.

let ring- let ring- let ring- let ring- let ring- let ring-

E7

PM.

Chorus

All the shots I take

Rhy. Fig. 6
Gvs. 1 & 2
All the shit you fake comes back to haunt you.

All the shots I take hey, what difference did I make?

Yeah, All the shots I take

Outro
SWEET AMBER

Words and Music by
James Hetfield, Lars Ulrich,
Kirk Hammett and Bob Rock

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65
D3       F3       G5       D5       NC.       D5       NC.

How sweet does it go?

D5       F5       G5       D5       NC.       D5       NC.

How sweet are you?

D5

Interlude
C5/D      D5

To Coda 1

D5       NC.

go?

To Coda 2

C5/D      D5

grad. bend
for ring

P.M.

C5/D      D5      F5

P.M.       P.M.

C5/D      D5      C5/D

P.M.       P.M.       P.M.

C5/D      D5

P.M.

70
It's never as sweet as it seems.

Coda 2
C/D D5 F5
A5 G5 F5 A5 G5 F5 D5
THE UNNAMED FEELING

Words and Music by James Hetfield, Lars Ulrich, Kirk Hammett and Bob Rock

Drop D tuning, down 1 step
(Get in right: G-C-F-A-D)

Intro
Moderately fast Rock, = 144

Ch. 1

Gr. 1

D5

End Rhy. Fig. 1

Gr. 2 (right hand)

Fm2/D

End Rhy. Fig. 2

Gr. 1

D5

Fm2/D

End Rhy. Fig. 2

Gr. 1 (left)

D5

Fm2/D

End Rky. A

End Rky. A

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74
do not sleep in this down world.

I've found...

safety is this lone li-ness, but I can't not stand it on.

more...?

the cold air. Take the chill off my life. And

if I could... I'd turn my eyes to see...

what's coming... It comes a-live. It

comes a-live... (and I could) die a little room.

comes a-live... It comes a-live. It comes a-live... each mo-

must here... I die a little more...

Ooh, I die, I die, I die...
yeah... yeah. Then the un-named feeling.

E5

F5

G5

takes me... away... yeah. takes me... away...

Interlude

NC

shh!
Bridge
Chn. 2 w/ Rhy. 2 (2 times)
**Chord symbols reflect guitar harmony.


Get the fuck out of here, I just wanna get the fuck away from me...


I rage, I grieve, I hurt, I hate, I hate it, all. Why? Why? Why me?


I cannot sleep, with a head like this. I wanna cry, I wanna scream.


I rage, I grieve, I hurt, I hate, I wanna hate it all away!
Deep Don't ring, don't I sing
(but in your - high) E-G-C#-A-G

Intro
Fast Rock = 216

Verse
1. Tear it down, strip the back, the skin. My ac
2. Truth and dare, Old white, paint old clean boxes

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Bridge

Half-time feel

A

G5
D5
N.C.

I can find the dirt on anything

Rhy. Fig. 3

G5
D5
N.C.

I can find the dirt on anything

End Rhy. Fig. 5

End Rhy. Fig. 5A

G5
D5
N.C.

I can find the dirt on anything

End half-time feel

Rhy. Fig. 6
All with in my hands

Hold it dear

Let you run

Hold them I can't trust

Pull your cloth

Ah, All

with

Next 9 rows

Whispered hands
Interlude
Half time \( \times = 100 \)

\[ \text{G5 answer} \]

Chorus

\[ \text{G5 answer} \]

NC.
**Interlude**

Tempo 1

```
G75 A5 D5
```

*Using a guitar with Les Paul style electronics, set both volume and tone to 10. Pull the strings while the pickup-selector switch is in the lead position, then randomly flip the switch back and forth between the two positions.*

```
F5 G5 A5 G5 F5 G5 A5 D5
```

```
G75 A5 D5
```

```
F5 G5 A5 G5 F5
```

```
F5 G5 A5 G5 F5
```

```
G75 A5 D5
```

```
F5 G5 A5 G5 F5
```

References:

- **G77 A5 D5**: 97
Half-time feel

F5  G5  A5  G5  A5  F5  G5  A5  D5

F5  G5  A5  G5  F5  A5  D5

I will only let you breathe my

air that you receive

Then we'll see if I
frantic
St. anger
some kind of monster
dirty window
invisible kid
my world
shoot me again
sweet amber
the unnamed feeling
purify
all within my hands