CONTENTS

10 Angel - 1972
4 Baby Jane - 1983
13 Country Comforts - 1970
26 Crazy About Her - 1988
20 Cut Across Shorty - 1970
33 Do Ya Think I’m Sexy? - 1978
38 Downtown Train - 1989
44 Drinking Again (aka I’ve Been Drinking) - 1967
54 Every Beat Of My Heart - 1986
51 Every Picture Tells A Story - 1971
58 First Cut Is The Deepest - 1976
60 Forever Young - 1988
67 Gasoline Alley - 1970
72 Get Back - 1976
74 Good Morning Little Schoolgirl - 1964
107 Had Me A Real Good Time - 1971
78 Handbags & Gladrags - 1969
84 Hot Legs - 1977
89 I Ain’t Superstitious - 1967
92 I Don’t Want To Talk About It - 1975, 1989
95 (I Know) I’m Losing You - 1971
102 I Was Only Joking - 1977
112 I’d Rather Go Blind - 1972
116 Infatuation - 1984
122  Killing of Georgie, The (Part I and II) - 1976
130  Let Me Be Your Car - 1974
125  Little Miss Understood - 1968
140  Lost In You - 1988
134  Love Touch - 1986
147  Maggie May - 1971
150  Mandolin Wind - 1971
154  My Heart Can't Tell You No - 1988
158  Oh God, I Wish I Was Home Tonight - 1980
161  Oh No, Not My Baby - 1973
164  Passion - 1980
169  People Get Ready - 1985
172  Pinball Wizard - 1972
175  Reason To Believe - 1971
180  Sailing - 1975
183  Shapes Of Things - 1967
188  So Much To Say - 1968
191  Some Guys Have All The Luck - 1984
198  Stay With Me - 1971
203  Stone Cold Sober - 1975
206  Sweet Lady Mary - 1971
212  This Old Heart Of Mine - 1989
216  To Love Somebody - 1975
219  Tonight I'm Yours - 1981
224  Tonight's The Night - 1976
232  True Blue - 1972
227  What Am I Gonna Do (I'm So In Love With You) - 1983
236  You Can Make Me Dance, Sing Or Anything - 1976
241  You Wear It Well - 1972
246  You're In My Heart - 1977
251  Young Turks - 1981
BABY JANE

Words and Music by ROD STEWART and JAY DAVIS

Medium Rock (played as)

Am7

Ba - by Jane, don't leave me hangin' on
Ba - by Jane, don't make you feel
Ba - by Jane, I've said all I want to

line... I knew you when
sad... Just when I
say... your own... you had thought that

way, don't

Copyright © 1963 by Petersong, U.S.A., Inc., and Asprey Music International, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Unauthorized copying, adapting, recording or public performance is an infringement of copyright and is under the Penalty Laws.
no one to talk to. Now you're
we were winning. You and I
think twice about me. 'Cause I've got

moving in high society. I had
ideas and plans of my own.

Don't forget, I know secrets a
Don't time fly when your love ain't a
So long darling, I'll miss you, be
bought you.
I used to think you were on my side, but

live thing.
I've said goodbye so many times the

love it.
The lesson learned was so hard to swallow, but

Gm9
now I'm no longer sure.
I wish I knew what I

situation ain't all that new.
Optimism's my best

I know that I survived.
I'm gonna take a good

F/A
know now, I'll
before.

look at myself, I'll get through with-out you.
Yeah.

C
When I give my heart again, I know it's gonna last forever. No one tells me where or when I know it's gonna last forever.
I won't be that dumb a-gain, I know it's gon-na last
When I fall in love next time, I know it's gon-na last

for-ev-er. When I fall in love a-gain, I know
for-ev-er. I won't be that dumb a-gain, I know

it's gon-na last it'll last for-ev-er.
And she told me her story yesterday.
And my angel, she said unto me:

About the sweet love between the moon and the deep blue sea.
Today's the day for you to rise.

Then she spread her wings high over me—
She says she's going now come back tomorrow.

Take my hand, you're gonna be my man, you're gonna rise—
Then she took me high over wonder.

I said,
"Fly on, my sweet angel, fly on thru the sky.

Fly on, my sweet angel, to forever

morrow gonna be by your side.
Fly away.

high away, fly away!"
One night goes roaring down the creek,
As the son Lee,
Me if some time I'd fix the barn,
Poor old girl,
Natch,"rall", old man Clayson says,
'Cause he's a horse-
just an old-fashioned feelin' in my bones,

country comforts and the road that's goin' home.

Ooh.
D.S. al Coda

Down at the mill
days.

And it's

just the

good old country comforts in my bones:"
sweetest sound my ears have ever known, just an old-

- fashioned feelin' in my bones
fashioned feelin' in my bones,

no chord
country comforts and the road that's goin' home.
country comforts and the road that's goin' home.

And it's
And it's good old country comforts in my bones:
just the sweet-est sound my ears have ever known,
just an old-fashioned feeling in my bones,
no chord
country com
CUT ACROSS SHORTY

Words and Music by MARJOHN WILKIN and WAYNE WALKER

Now a country boy named Short-
Dan had been in train-
and a city boy named Dan had to
He
prove who could run the fastest, to win Miss Lucy's hand.

made up his mind, old Shorty, would end in second place.

Now Dan had all the money and he
You know Dan with his long legs flyin' he left about the

also had the looks, But Shorty must of had that
Shorty far behind, But Shorty heard him
turtle and the hare, when Dan crossed over the
some thin', boys that can't be found in the books
hol-ler out Miss Lu-cy that you'll soon be mine.
fin-ish line he found Short-y wait-in' there.

no chord
Cut a-cross Short-y, Short-y out a-cross.
That's

what Miss Lu-cy said.
Cut a-cross Short-y, Short-y cut a-

You know it's you that I wan-na wed.

You know it's
But Shorty wasn't worried. There was a smile upon his face 'cause old Lucy had fixed the race.
D.S. al Coda

And just

CODA

It's

you that I wanna wed, oh, oh.

Repeat ad lib. and Fade
CRAZY ABOUT HER

Moderately steady beat

Gm

F7sus

Gm

I walk the streets at night un-till the morn-ing light comes
off my mind. I'm drink-ing too much wine. I'm burn-ing
ev'-ry day in rush hour or sub-way, in a
longed to me I'd give her ev'-ry thing. I'd nev'-er
Can't get a good night's sleep, ain't been to
up inside.
If I could touch her face or take her
grocery store.
She don't notice me, I might as
cheat or lie.
I'd treat her with respect, not just a

work in weeks. What am I gonna do? Help me.
out some place I'd be satisfied.
well just be a cock-roach on the floor.
sex object, ain't that kind of guy.
Can't get her
If she be - Hey, I'm a load-ed gun - I'm
cra - zy a - bout _ her, cra - zy a - bout _ her. Hey, I'm a
love-sick son _ I'm cra - zy a - bout _ her.

see her jog - ging in Cen - tral Park with one of them Walk-man's on her head. She was stand-ing out - side the Met _ one day when she drove by in a black Cor-vette. I said
hot, young, beau-ti-ful and I said to my-self she's
"Hey, ba-by." I could've died, she looked straight through me. But I know she's
des-tined to be mine.
des-tined to be mine.

Gm

CODA

Gm

D.S. al Coda

I see her

F7sus

Gm
no chord

Spoken: Every night I stand outside her door and wait for her to come by.

She lives in one of those brown-stones they guard outside and the limousines and the Rolls Royces comin' and goin'.

My friends all say she’s way outta my class but I know if she’d just get to know me I could give her something all those rich guys ain’t got.
Ain’t gon’na hide my time, ain’t gon’na stand in line. Some-body gon’na get burned. But, oh, the problem is I think my love’s at risk. She’s the boss’s girl. Oh
Hey, I'm a loaded gun. I'm crazy about her, crazy about her. Hey, I'm a
love-sick son. I'm crazy about her.
DO YA THINK I'M SEXY

Medium Disco beat

Words and Music by ROD STEWART
and CARMINE APPICE

She sits alone, waiting for suggestions.

He's so nervous; avoiding all the questions.
His lips are dry
Her heart is gently pounding.

Don't you just know exactly what they're thinking?

you want my body and you think I'm sexy, come on, sugar, let me know.

If you really need me, just reach out and touch me. Come
on, honey, tell me so.

He's acting shy.

They wake at dawn, 'cause

looking for an answer.

"Come on, honey, let's

all the birds are singing.

Two total strangers.

But

spend the night together.

that ain't what they're thinking! Outside it's cold;

fore we go much further.

misty and it's raining. They got each other.

Neither one's complaining.
They catch a cab to his high-rise apartment. At last— he can tell her exactly what his heart meant.

"Never mind, sugar. We can watch the early movie. If you want my body and—"

you think I'm sexy, come on, sugar, let me know. If—

you really need me, just reach out and touch me. Come on, honey, tell me so—"
His heart's beating like a drum, cause at

last he's got this girl home.

Relax, baby.

Now we're all alone.

Repeat and fade
Dm7

Repeat and fade
DOWNTOWN TRAIN

Words and Music by TOM WAITS

Moderate beat

Verse:

G   Asus4
D   
G   Asus4

1. Outside another yellow moon,

D  D/F#  G  Asus4  D

has punched a hole in the night-time, yes —

G   Asus4  D   D/F#

climb through the window and down to the street.

Copyright © 1985 Island Music
All rights controlled by Arista Music, Inc.
1520 West Olive Avenue, Suite 200, Burbank, CA 91505
International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved
Shin-ing like a new dime,
The down-town trains are full

With all those Brook-lyn girls,
They try so hard to

Break out of their lit-tle worlds.

2. You wave your hand

... and they scat-ter... like crows...
They have
nothing that will ever capture your heart. They’re just thorns without the rose.

Be careful of them in the dark. Oh, if I was the one, You chose to be your only one. Oh, baby, can’t you hear me now, can’t you hear me now— Will I see you tonight.
G       D       G       D       D/F#

on a down-town train. Ev'ry night it's just the same,

You leave me lonesome now. 3. I know your win-dow and I know it's late. I know your stairs and your door-way.

I walk down your street and past your gate. I stand by the
light at the four-way—you watch them as they fall.
Oh

ha·by, they all have heart at·tacks.
They stay at the car·ni·val,
But they'll

ne·ver win— you back.
Will I see you to·night

on a down·town train.
Where ev·ry night,
ev'ry night it's just the same. Oh baby,

will I see you tonight on a down-town train?

All of my dreams just fall like rain...

oh baby, on a down-town train.
DRINKING AGAIN
(aka "I'VE BEEN DRINKING")

Words by JOHNNY MERCER
Music by DORIS TAUBER

Bluesy, in one

I'm drink-in' again, I've been drinkin' the rounds

think-in' of when

left me, and that this all weren't so long ago

Copyright © 1932 WARNER BROS. INC.
All Rights Reserved. Used by Permission.
stranger to myself, of when you left me, and that weren't

"I'm just mak-in' a fool of my self."

I've been hav... I'm just
hop in' that you'll come right back once, some day,

in' a few, you know that you know,

and wish in' that you know, I know, I

but I

and wish in' that you know, I know, I

know

that there's no right by my

were right here

second time around,
Well, I'm
one time!
I know,
I know, I
know.
Sure, I know

I can borrow a smoke

or sit here all night long and tell a joke.
But after all is said and done,

who's gonna laugh, who's gonna laugh at a broken heart?

I've been drinkin' again.
I've been drinkin' again.

Sometimes I can't help myself.

Hmm.
EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY

Words and Music by ROD STEWART
and RON WOOD

Moderate Boogie-Rock

I spent some time feelin' inferior
standin' in front of my mirror;
Combed my hair in a

Copyright © 1971 by Unchained Music, Inc. and Warner-Tamerlane Publishing Corp.
International Copyright Secured - All Rights Reserved.
Unauthorized copying, arranging, adapting, recording or public performance is an infringement of copyright.
Infringers are liable under the law.
thou-sand ways___
but I came out look-in' just the same___

Dad-dy said, 'Son, you bet-ter see the world___

I would-n't blame you if you want-ed to leave___

mem-ber one thing, don't lose your head___

to a
3. Paris was a place you could hide away, if you felt you didn't fit in.
   French police wouldn't give me no peace, they claimed I was a nasty person.
   Down along the Left Bank, minding my own, was knocked down by a human stampede;
   Got arrested for inciting a peaceful riot, when all I wanted was a cup of tea.
   I was accused.

4. I moved on.
   Down in Rome I wasn't getting enough of the things that keep a young man alive.
   My body stunk, but I kept my funk at a time when I was right out of luck.
   Getting desperate, indeed I was looking like a tourist attraction,
   Oh, my dear, I better get out of here for the Vatican don't give no sanction.
   I wasn't ready for that, no, no.

5. I moved right out East, yeah!
   On the Peking ferry I was feeling merry, sailing on my way back here,
   I fell in love with a slant-eyed lady by the light of an eastern moon,
   Shanghai Lil never used the pill, she claimed that it just ain't natural.
   She took me up on deck and bit my neck, Oh, people, I was glad I found her,
   Oh, yeah, I was glad I found her.

6. I firmly believed that I didn't need anyone but me,
   I sincerely thought I was so complete. Look how wrong you can be.
   The woman I've known I wouldn't let tie my shoe. They wouldn't give you the time of day,
   But the slant-eyed lady knocked me off my feet, God, I was glad I found her.

7. And if they had the words I could tell to you to help you on your way down the road,
   I couldn't quote you no Dickens, Shelley or Keats, 'cause it's all been said before.
   Make the best out of the bad, just laugh it off.
   You didn't have to come here anyway. So remember: [To final ending]
EVERY BEAT OF MY HEART

Words and Music by ROD STEWART
and KEVIN SAVIGAR

Through those misty eyes, I see lonely skies, lonely road to Baby-

lon. Where's my family and my country? Heaven knows where I be-

long.
Pack my bags to-night. Here’s one Jako-bite.

just for auld lang syne.

who must... and the...

drink a toast... to the blood red rose.

cheer a...

leave or surely die. Put me on a train.

girl I left behind. How I miss her now.

while the Emerald Isle. And to the north-em lights.

in the in my

pouring rain... say farewell.

dark-oat hour... and the way.

swirling pipes... how they make.

but don’t say good-bye.

our arms entwine.

a grown man cry.


See gull carry me... over land and sea to my own folk that's where I want to be.

Every beat of my heart tears me further apart.
I'm lost and alone in the dark.
I'm going home.

One more
And we'll
Every beat of my
home. ([Intro on repeat])

heart tears me further apart. I'm lost and alone in the dark.

I'm going home.

I'm going
THE FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST

Slowly, with a beat

Words and Music by
CAT STEVENS

I would have
given you all of my heart,
but there's someone who's torn it apart.
want you by my side
just to help me dry the tears that I've cried.

And she's taken just all that I had,
but if you want, I'll
And I'm sure gonna give you a try,
and if you want, I'll

try to love again.

ba-by, I'll try to love again but I know.

All Rights Reserved. United Music Corporation of America, Inc.,
1711 Broadway, New York, NY 10019
The first cut is the deep-est, baby. I know, the first cut is the deep-est.

When it comes to be-in' luck-y she's cursed. When it comes to lovin' me she's worse.

I still

Repeat and fade

Repeat and fade
FOREVER YOUNG

Words and Music by ROD STEWART, JIM CREGAN
KEVIN SAVIGAR and BOB DYLAN

Driving beat

E

May the good Lord be with you down every road you roam.

And may sunshine and happiness surround you.
round you when you're far from home.

And may you
grow to be proud,

for tune fly a way, I'll be hoping that I served you well.

And do unto others as

build a star-way to heaven with a

For all the wisdom of a lifetime,
you'd have or a done vag - a bond.

no one can ev - er tell.

And Be cou - ra - geous and be brave.

But what ev - er road you choose.

And in my heart you'll al - ways stay...

And in my heart you will re - main...

I'm right be - hind you win or lose.
And when you

For ever

young
GASOLINE ALLEY

Words and Music by ROD STEWART
and RON WOOD

Moderate Country Rock

Bm  F#m7/B  E/B

Bm7  F#m7/B  E/B  1,2

3  E/B

E

I think I'm go-in' mad and it's mak-in' me sad, it's a
When the weather's bet-ter and the rails un-freeze, and the
yearn-in' for my old back door.
wind won't whistle 'round my knees,
I realize may-be I was
I'll put on my weather suit and

Copyright © 1970 by Unichappell Music, Inc. and Rightsong Music, Inc.
International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved
Unauthorized copying, arranging, adapting, recording or public performance is an infringement of copyright.
Infringers are liable under the law.
born to lead, better swallow all my silly country pride.

catch you in the train. I'll be home before the milk's up on the door.

Go-

Bm7  F#m7/B  E

in' home, runnin' home, down the Gas-o-line Al-ley where I started from.

Go-in' home, and I'm runnin' home, down the

Gas-o-line Al-ley where I was born.
anything should happen and my plans go wrong, should I stray to the house on the hill, let it be known that my intentions were good, I'd be just one favor I'd be askin' of you, don't singin' in my alley if I could. And bury me here it's too cold. Take me back carry me back down to Gas-o-line Alley where I
GET BACK

Words and Music by JOHN LENNON
and PAUL McCARTNEY

Moderately

Jo Jo was a man who thought he was a lon-er, But
Sweet Lor-et-ta Mar-tin thought she was a wom-an, But

he knew it couldn't last
she was another man

Jo Jo left his home in Tuc-
All the girls a-round her say

son Ar-i-zo-na, for some Cal-i-fornia grass
She's got it coming, But she gets it while she can

Get back!

Copyright © 1969 NORTHERN SONGS LIMITED
All Rights for the U.S., Canada and Mexico Controlled and Administered by MPL COMMUNICATIONS LIMITED
under license from ATV MUSIC MACUL LTD
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured. Used with Permission.
Get back! Get back... to where you once belonged. Get back!

(Get back, Jo Jo)

Spoken ad lib:

Get back, Loretta, your momma's waitin' for you.
Wearin' her high heel shoes and a low neck sweater.
Get back home, Loretta.
GOOD MORNING LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL

By SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON

Bright, bouncy tempo

Dm

Good mornin', little schoolgirl. I'm gonna buy me an airplane.

Can I come in the world, home with you.

Copyright © 1964 Art Music Corporation
Can I come home with you?
Fly right over the town.

Tell your mother and your papa
I once was a baby

What in the world to do.

Tell your mother and your papa
I once was a baby

Tell your mother and your papa
I once was a baby
school - boy too.
mad at you.
put my airplane down.

Sometimes I don't

Instrumental Solo

To Coda
HANDBAGS AND GLADRAGS

Medium Ballad Tempo

Bb  Bb(no3rd)/Ab  Eb/G  F7  Bb(no3rd)  Bb(no3rd)/Ab

1. Ever seen a blind man cross the road
   tryin' to make the other side?

2. Once I was a young man,
   and all I thought I had to do was smile.

Rights Assigned to BMI CATALOGUE PARTNERSHIP
All Rights Reserved and Administered by BMI UNART CATALOG INC.
International Copyright Secured All Rights Reserved
Ever seen a young girl grow in old
You are still a young girl,

tryin' to make her self a bride.
and you bought ev'ry thing in_

style.

So what becomes of you my love,
And once you think you're in you're out,

when they have fin - ly stripped you of_
'cause you don't mean a sin gle thing with out _
the
cresc.
hand-bags and the glad-rags that you burned—
that I had to sweat so you could buy... 

Sing a song of six-pence for your sake
and take a bottle full of rye...
Four-and-twenty blackbirds in a cake
and bake them all in a pie.

They told me you missed school today,
so what I suggest is just
C7

throw them all away,

the handbags and the glad rags that you

Eb

F7sus

covered and that I had to sweat to buy

Ebmaj7/F

Eb/Br Bb

Oh

Eb Bb Bb/Ab

CODA

F7sus

pour over and that I had to sweat to buy
HOT LEGS

Moderate Rock beat

Who's that knockin' on my door? It's you

It's gotta be a quarter to four. But what you don't understand.

Is it you again, promise all kinds of fun.
com'in round for more?
I'm a work-ing man.
Well, you can
I'm gonna

love me to-night; if you want,
need a shot of vi-ta-min E.
but in the
by the

morning make sure you're gone.
time you're fin-ished with me.
I'm talk-in' to you:
I'm talk-in' to you:

Hot legs, you're wear-in' me out.
Hot legs, you're an al-ley cat.
Hot legs, you can
Hot legs, you
scream and shout...  Hot legs, are you still in school?
scratch my back...  Hot legs, bring your mother too.

1.
I love you, honey.
You

2.
I love you, honey.

mag - ine how my dad - dy felt...  in your jet - black suspend - er belt...

Sev - en - teen years old...  he's trudging sixty - four...
You got legs right up to your neck.
You're mak'in' me a physical wreck.
I'm talkin' to you:

Hot legs, in your satin shoes.
Hot legs, you're mak'in' your mark.
Hot legs, you're wearin' me out.
Hot legs, are you Hot legs, keep my
Hot legs, you can
still in school?  

pencil sharp.

scream and shout.

Hot legs, you're mak-in' me a fool.

Hot legs, keep your hands to your self.

Hot legs, you're still in school.

1, 2. Tacet N.C.

3. Tacet N.C.

I love you, honey.

I love you, honey.

I love you, honey.

Hot legs.

Hot legs.

Hot legs.

Tacet

I love you, honey.

Tacet
Moderately no chord

Well, I ain't superstitious,
right hand is itch-in'.

black cat just crossed my trail,
I get money for sure,

well, I ain't superstitious,
when my right hand is itch-in'.

Words and Music by
WILLIE DIXON

© 1966 Hoochie Coochie Music (BMI)
Administered by Big Music (Inc.) and ASCAP Music Corp.
but a black cat just crossed my trail.
I got money for sure.

Don’t sweep me with no broom,
But when my left starts jumpin’.

I’ll probably get put in jail.
Somebody’s got to go.

Well, my
Well, the dogs are all howlin’,
all over the neighborhood.

Well, the

dogs are all howlin',

all over the neighborhood.

That is a true sign of death,

Baby, that ain't no good.
I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT

Words and Music by DANNY WHITTEN

Slowly
Tacet

Guitar: Am7 (capo 3rd fret)
Piano: Cm7

with pedal throughout

D7
C

Copyright © 1971 by Cape House Music
International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved.
I don't want to talk about it, how you broke my heart.
If I stay here just a little bit longer, if I stay here, won't you listen to my heart.
heart?__  If I stand all a-lone, will the

shadow hide the color of my heart; blue for the tears, black for the night's fears. The

stars in the sky don't mean nothin' to you, they're a mirror.
feel your love fad'lin'.
Woman, it's fad'lin' a-
way from me.
'Cause your bashful touch has grown
cold.
as if someone else controlled your ver-
y soul.
I fooled myself long as I can.
I can
I feel the presence of another man. It's there when you speak my name, it's just not the same.

Oh honey, I'm losing you. I can feel it in the air, it's there everywhere.
Oh, honey I’m losing you.

I can feel it in my bones.

And you’ll be up and gone.

Look into your eyes,

Any reflection of a face I see.

Ooh, Lord.

Oh, I’m losing you.

It’s all I’m over your face,

Someone’s takin’ my place.
be that I'm losing you. When I hurt, downhearted and worried, girl, 'cause that

face doesn't belong to me. Ooh Hm hm hm

no chord hm hm hm
D

your love is fadin', I can feel it fadin'.

G/D

Oh away from me. I can

D

feel it in the air. It's there everywhere,
I don't wanna lose you, but I know I'm gonna groove you.

G/D

G

ooh, Oh, Lord I'm losing you.
Instrumental solo ad lib.

Play 16 times

Your love is fadin', I can feel it fadin'

Oh Lord, I'm los...
I WAS ONLY JOkokING

Words and Music by ROD STEWART
and GARY GRAINCI

Moderately slow

With pedal throughout

Ever since I was a kid in school,
In and out of jobs,
running free,
I messed around with all
waging war with so

the rules.

A pol-o-gized, then
Dumb, blank fac-es stared
real-ized I'm not
back at me,
but

dif-f'rent after all.

Me and the boys thought we
Prom-is-es made in the

Copyright ©1962 by Brunswick-U.S.A., Inc. and Rics Music Ltd.
International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved
Unauthorized copying, arranging, adapting, recording or public performance is an infringement of copyright

"Music Sales Limited, 290 Regent Street, London, W1."
had it sussed;  
heat of the night,  
Val- en- ti - no's,  
creep-in' home be-fore it got too light.

My dad said we looked ri- dic-u-lous. but boy, we broke some hearts.
I wasted all that pre-cious time and blamed it on the wine.

I was on-ly jok-ing, my dear, look-ing for a

way to hide my fear. What kind of fool was I?
I could never win.

Never found a compromise.

Butterflies.

Illusions of that grand first prize are slowly wearing thin.

Susie, baby, you were
good to me, giving love unselfishly,

but you took it all too seriously, I guess it had to end.

I was only

Now you ask me if I'm sincere,
what I'm doing must be wrong.

That's the question that I always fear.
Pouring my heart out in a song,
Verse seven is owning up for pros -
never clear, per- i - ly
but I'll tell you what you want to hear.

I try to give you all you want, but giv - ing love is not my
Qui - et - ly now while I turn a page, Act One is o - ver with - out

strong-est point, cos - tume change. If that's the case, it's point- less
The prin - ci - pal would like to go - ing on. I'd

rather be a - lone. 'Cause crowd don't un - der - stand.
HAD ME A REAL GOOD TIME

Words and Music by ROD STEWART,
RONNIE LANE and RONALD WOOD

Moderately

C7sus

G5

D

G/D

D

G

C

© 1971 EMI APRIL MUSIC INC., ROD STEWART and IRV MUSIC CORP.
All Rights for ROD STEWART Controlled and Administered by EMI APRIL MUSIC INC.
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured. Used by Permission
Thought I was looking good,
'round the room,

so I cycled 'cross the

neighborhood.

Was invited by a

out of tune.

Was escorted by a

skinny girl

friendly slag

up to a high-class world

'round your bedroom out
Left my bicycle un
But the cuckoo

(1.)—der the stairs,
(2.)—ver- y keen,
(D.S.)—clock struck four,

laid my coat across the
so I turned on a
missed my step and then I

Ko-sher chairs.
friendly grin.
fell on the floor.

Made my way across the
Stood on the table with my
Said one word and I was

crowded room.
glass of gin.
asked to leave.

I had nothing to lose.
and came straight to the point.
Kinda wish I was dead.
My reception wasn't.I was glad to come.
I was glad to come.

I'll be sad and I'll be so sad to go.
So while
But while

To Coda

I'm here I had me a real good time.
I had me a real good time.

I was glad to come. I'll be sad to go.
So while I'm here I had me a real good time. Dancing madly

D.S. al Coda (take 2nd ending)

CODA

G
c

G
c

rit.
I’D RATHER GO BLIND

By ELLINGTON JORDAN
and BILLY FOSTER

Slow Blues

Some-thing told me it was o-ver

When I saw you and him talking

Some-thing deep down in my soul said, “Cry, boy.”

Copyright © 1947 Art Music Corporation
All Rights Reserved
When I saw you and him walking,

I would rather, I would rather go blind, girl,

than to see you walk away from me,

So you see I love you so much and I don't wanna see you leave me, baby.
but most of all I don't wan-na be free.

I was just, I was just, I was just sitting here think-ing

of your kiss and your warm-ways.

When the re-flec-tion in the glass that I held to my lips, ba-by,
revealed the tears
tears I had on my
face.

I would rather
go blind, child.

than to see you walk away
from me.
INFATUATION

Words and Music by ROD STEWART
DUANE HITCHINGS and ROWLAND ROBINSON

Solid rock tempo

F(no3rd)

Ear-ly in the mor-nin’ I can’t sleep.
Caught me down like a kill-er shark...
Heart beats sil-ly like a big bass drum.

It’s like a

Copyright © 1965 by Rod Stewart, Hitchen Music and Rowland Robinson Music
All Rights on behalf of Rod Stewart administered by Icongroup, L.L.C.
International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved
Unauthorized copying, arranging, adapting, recording or public performance is an infringement of copyright.
Producers are liable under the law.
I can't work and I can't eat.
I feel
rail-road runnin' right through my heart.
Loss-ing all equilibri-um.

* drunk all day, can't con-cen-trate.
Je-kyl and Hyde, the way I be-have.
It's so hard in the mid-dle of the week.

* May-be I'm mak-in' a big mis-take.
Feel like I'm run-nin' on an em-py gauge.
May-be this wom-an's just all I need.
Oh, no, not again!

It hurts so good,

I don't understand.

Infatuation.
Maybe this woman's just all I need.

Oh, no, not again!

It hurts so good, I don't understand.

Infatuation

Repeat ad lib. and fade
THE KILLING OF GEORGIE
(PART I AND II)

Words and Music by
ROD STEWART

Moderately slow, in 2

1. In these days of changing ways, so-called liber-

ated days, a story comes to mind of a friend of mine.

Georgie boy was gay, I guess.

Nothin' more or nothin' less, the kindest guy.
2. His mother’s tears fell in vain
   The afternoon George tried to explain
   That he needed love like all the rest.
   Pa said, “There must be a mistake.
   How can my son not be straight
   After all I’ve said and done for him?”

3. Leavin’ home on a Greyhound bus,
   Cast out by the ones he loves,
   A victim of these gay days it seems.
   Georgie went to New York town
   Where he quickly settled down
   And soon became the toast of the Great White Way.

4. Accepted by Manhattan’s elite
   In all the places that were chic,
   No party was complete without George.
   Along the boulevards he’d cruise
   And all the old queens blew a fuse.
   Everybody loved Georgie boy.

5. The last time I saw George alive
   Was in the summer of ’75.
   He said he was in love; I said, “I’m pleased.”
   George attended the opening night
   Of another Broadway hype,
   But split before the final curtain fell.

6. Deciding to take a shortcut home,
   Arm in arm, they meant no wrong;
   A gentle breeze blew down Fifth Avenue.
   Out of a darkened side street came
   A New Jersey gang with just one aim:
   To roll some innocent passerby.

7. There ensued a fearful fight;
   Screams rung out in the night.
   Georgie’s head hit a sidewalk cornerstone.
   A leather kid, a switchblade knife,
   He did not intend to take his life;
   He just pushed his luck a little too far that night.

8. The sight of blood dispersed the gang;
   A crowd gathered, the police came,
   An ambulance screamed to a halt on Fifty-third and Third.
   Georgie’s life ended there,
   But I ask, who really cares?
   George once said to me, and I quote:

9. He said, “Never wait or hesitate.
   Get in, kid, before it’s too late;
   You may never get another chance,
   Cause youth’s a mask, but it don’t last.
   Live it long and live it fast.”
   Georgie was a friend of mine.
LITTLE MISS UNDERSTOOD

Expressively, slow

G      A7    Am7/B

Hoo

G      Bm   G/B  A7/C#

There has to be _a_ rea-son_

D      C    D/C    G/B

when ev-ry-one _speaks bad_ of my ba-by. I think I know _that_

A/C#   A    F    C    D

rea-son, _and_ it is _oh, so_ sad.
They say she walks the streets, but that's not strictly true.

She's got a lot to eat,

She's not as rich as you.

She's just a little Miss Understood, that's all.
Stronger

Hoo

Ev -

'ry-one needs some-bod-y to get them through that time. You may not love that some-one as much as I -

love mine. But if she walks the
F/C#  Bm7b5  Dm/A  E/G#

streets, does that condemn her soul?

Am    Am/G  D/F#  D7  G  G/F#

Or is heaven so complete, it rejects a heart of gold?

Em    G7  C  C/B  Am

She's just a little Miss Understood,

D    D/C  Bm7b5  E7  Am?

a little Miss Understood, a little Miss Under-
stood, that's all

D7       G       A7/G

D D7/C G Em D G/D A

F C D B7/B9 B7 CODA G

that's all.

A7 Am7/B5

Hoo
LET ME BE YOUR CAR

Words and Music by ELTON JOHN
and BERNIE TAUPIN

Fast driving Rock
no chord

C Bb

may not seem your ideal when you look into my eyes.

2.3. can't dance, I don't dig it, I can't see it at all.

F Bb F Eb Bb

I don't smoke, I don't tell jokes, I'm not the

They see I'm just a special man and baby

F C

custom made size.

Woh, baby let me take

I give all my physique just don't look
you out on the highway for a ride
the way a physique really should.

But

show you where I got an engine underneath my hood.
then again I'm cruisin' in a fast lane,

When I'm cuttin' up the road stuck behind the

It's cruisin' in a fast lane, with a sports car on my

wheel. tail.

Woh, Je-kyl and Hyde goin' round.
Frank-enstein is inside._
in side when I'm and the wheel's
my mind

your au to mo 

in side my self

bile

Let me be your car

for a while child

Shift me into gear, I'll be there.
Fill me up with Five Star gasoline.

I'll be your car. I'll take you anywhere.

Don't you know that I
LOVE TOUCH

Moderate Island beat

Bb

Cm7

Ooh

baby I don't know why

Assus

Fm7

Bb

but somehow I always seem to get tangled up in my pride

Cm7

Assus

baby, we're not that blind

Deep down inside you know this

Words and Music by MIKE CHAPMAN, HOLLY KNIGHT and GENE BLACK

© 1986 MIKE CHAPMAN PUBLISHING ENTERPRISES
All Rights Reserved. Used by Permission.
love's worth one more try... Don't push it all a-side, 'cause I want to be
good for you... I didn't mean to be bad. But dar - lin' I'm still the best... that you
ever had... Just give me a chance... to let me show you how
much. I want to give you my love... touch...
I want to give you my love—touch.

Why can’t I climb your walls and find some place to hide?

Can’t I knock down your door and drag myself inside?

I’ll light your candles, and baby, maybe I’ll light your life.
I wanna feel the breathless end
That you come to every night.

Let you get away... no they won't let you get away... 'cause I want to be

Ooh, you're gonna get a, ooh, you're gonna get a big love touch...
Ooh, you're gonna get a, ooh... you're gonna get a big... love... touch...

(Vocal ad lib)

who's right or who's wrong.

Guess we're gonna

find out if this love... is strong.

Just give me a chance... give me a chance...

to let me show you how much... to win back your trust.

I want to give you my
love... touch...
love... touch...
love... touch...
You know... it don't

i want to give you my
love... touch...

Ooh, you're gon-na get a,
ooh... you're gon-na get a big...

Repeat ad lib.

Optional ending

love... touch...
love... touch...
Ooh...
LOST IN YOU

Words and Music by ROD STEWART
and ANDY TAYLOR

Bright Rock tempo

Hey! Baby, you’ve been
Hey! Baby, been a
Hey! Baby, you don’t

on my mind to-night,
long time since we made
know what you’ve done for

I’m so low, I just had to sit down and write.
I’m stone cold, the bed’s hard, and the work gets tough.
I’m so happy as any man can deserve to be.

© 1988 APEX MUSIC INC. (POSSIBLE MUSIC LTD) STEWART MUSIC
Rights by POSSIBLE MUSIC Controlled and Administered by JMI APEX MUSIC INC.
International Copyright Secured. Used by Permission.
I spent all yesterday.
I'm never gonna leave you again.
I was livin' a life of sin.

tryin' to figure out what I'm gonna say.
This job ain't worth the pain.
God knows what a mess I was in.
Sure glad you found me, I ain't

hard to start, baby. How's your momma, how's the weather, how's that son of mine?
beatin' a way from you. Ooh, baby I don't try to get any younger.
Hey! Baby, I just hope it ain't all a dream.

One letter from the heart is so
No money in the world ain't worth
Sure glad you found me, I ain't

Listen!
Yeah!

love with you, woman, it's a common known, natural fact.

And I found what I'm lookin' for, but
Bb

so much more than that. I'm lost in

Ab

you. (I'm lost in you.) I'm lost in you. (I'm lost in you.)

Eb

I'm lost in you. (I'm lost in you.) I'm lost in you.

Ab

To Coda (Coda)

D.S. al Coda

(I'm lost in you.)
CODA

Hey!

(Spoken first time:) I miss you, baby. (I miss you, too.)

I miss your laugh-win’ eyes. I miss our baby cryin’.
I want to lay you out and kiss you all over. I'm com-in' home real soon.

Be rea-dy, 'cause when I do, I'm gon-na make love to you—like fifteen men!

I'm lost in you, and I love it.
I'm lost in, I'm lost in, I'm lost in you,

and I just love it.

I'm lost in, I'm lost in you.

Hey baby I love it.

Child, I love baby I love you.
MAGGIE MAY

Medium Rock beat

Words and Music by ROD STEWART
and MARTIN QUITTENTON

I Wake up, Maggie, I think I got something to say to you. It's
late September and I really should be back at school.

Copyright © 1971 by J.M. Guiguet Music, Inc. and N.G. Music Ltd.
All Rights Reserved.
Unauthorized copying, arranging, adapting, recording or public performance is an infringement of copyright.
Infringers are liable under the law.
I know I keep you amused, but I feel I'm being used.
Oh, Maggie, I couldn't have tried any more.
You led me away from home just to save you from being alone.
You stole my heart, and that's...
2. The morning sun, when it's in your face,
   Really shoos your age.
   But that don't worry me none.
   In my eyes, you're everything.
   I laughed at all of your jokes.
   My love you didn't need to coax.
   Oh, Maggie, I couldn't have tried any more.
   You led me away from home
   Just to save you from being alone.
   You stole my soul, and that's a pain I can do without.

3. All I needed was a friend
   To lend a guiding hand.
   But you turned into a lover, and, mother, what a lover!
   You wore me out.
   All you did was wreck my bed,
   And, in the morning, kick me in the head.
   Oh, Maggie, I couldn't have tried any more.
   You led me away from home
   'Cause you didn't want to be alone.
   You stole my heart. I couldn't leave you if I tried.

4. I suppose I could collect my books
   And go an back to school.
   Or steal my daddy's cue
   And make a living out of playing pool.
   Or find myself a rock 'n' roll band
   That needs a helping hand.
   Oh, Maggie, I wish I'd never seen your face.
   You made a first-class fool out of me.
   But I'm as blind as a fool can be.
   You stole my heart, but I love you anyway.
MANDOLIN WIND

Moderate country-rock

Words and Music by
ROD STEWART

When the rain came I thought you'd leave, 'cause I knew how much you loved the sun; But you chose to stay stay and keep me warm through the
2. Oh, the snow fell without a break,
   Buffaloes died in the frozen fields, you know,
   Through the coldest winter in almost fourteen years
   I couldn’t believe you kept a smile.
   Now I can rest assured, knowing that we’ve seen the worst,
   And I know I love ya.

3. Oh, I never was good with romantic words,
   So the next few lines come really hard,
   Don’t have much, but what I’ve got is yours,
   Except, of course, my steel guitar.
   Ha, ’cause I know you don’t play
   But I’ll teach you one day
   Because I love ya.

4. I recall the night we knelt and prayed,
   Noticing your face was thin and pale,
   I found it hard to hide my tears,
   I felt ashamed. I felt I’d let ya down,
   No mandolin wind couldn’t change a thing,
   Couldn’t change a thing, no, no.
After last verse

La da da da la da la da da da da

F#m

la da da da la da da

B

da... The coldest winter

A

in almost fourteen years.
Never, never change your mind.

And I love ya, Yes, indeed I love ya.

And I love ya, glory, I love ya.

Repeat and fade
MY HEART CAN'T TELL YOU NO

Words and Music by SIMON CUMIE
and DENNIS MORGAN

Moderate Rock

1. D.S. I don't want you to come 'round here no more; I beg you for mercy.
   2. I don't want you to call me up no more, saying you need me.

You don't know how strong my weakness is or how much it hurts.
You're crazy if you think just half your love could ever

'Cause when you say it's over with him, please me.
Still I want to touch you.
D    C     Em7
  I want to believe it's true,
You, when you look at me that way.
So I let you
There's only one so-

Em    D    C
in knowing tomorrow I know of,
I'm gonna wake up missing you,
you got-to stay away from me.

D    G     Em
wake up missing you.
When the one you love's in love with

Am7    Am7/D  D  Am7/D  D  G     Em
someone else,
don't you know it's torture? I mean it's a
living hell. No matter how I try to con-
vince myself, this time I won't lose control. One look in your
blue sad eyes, and suddenly my heart can't tell you no.
can't tell you no, my heart can't tell you no.
When the one you love's in love with someone else,
don't you know it's torture?
I mean it's a living hell.
OH GOD, I WISH I WAS HOME TONIGHT

Words and Music by ROD STEWART, PHIL CHEN, KEVIN SAVIGAR, JIM CREGAN and GARY GRAINGER

Copyright © 1990 Wili Music Corp. All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved.
Unauthorized copying, arranging, adapting, recording or public performance is an infringement of copyright.
Infringers are liable under the law.
VERSE 2: I would have wrote you a letter but telephone calls are free

‘Cos the boys in the next apartment are working all day
They’re a great bunch of guys but I think they’re all gay
What am I doing avoiding what I’m trying to say.
CHORUS

C    Am    G     D
Oh God I wish I was home tonight with you in my arms
But

C    Am    G    A
Oh God I wish I was home tonight

VERSE 3: Send me a naked picture by the U.S. mail,
Write a pornographic letter you know I won't tell,
Keep your legs closed tight keep your body under lock and key,
Stay home at night and save all the best parts for me.
Yeah baby.

CHORUS 2: Oh God I wish I was home tonight, yes I do baby
Oh God I wish I was home tonight, oh

VERSE: (Instrumental)

VERSE 4: I could be home in time for Christmas if you want me to be
There's a plane leaves here at midnight arriving at three
But I'm a bit financially embarrassed I must admit
To tell you the truth my honey I haven't a cent.

CHORUS: Oh God I wish I was home tonight, tonight baby
Oh God I wish I was home tonight.

VERSE 5: Guess I'd better ring off before the boys get home,
My regards to all your family and everyone at home
There's a lamp comes in my throat and a tear I can't hide
'Cos I want to see you so badly I just may die.

CHORUS: Oh God I wish I was home tonight (with the ones that I love)
Oh God I wish I was home tonight.
Oh God I wish I was home tonight.
Oh my God I wish I was home tonight.

VERSE 6: I've been hearing voices out on the street,
They say you've found someone else who's really quite neat,
But he doesn't move you like I do
Tell me what I wanna hear that it just ain't true. (fading)
OH NO, NOT MY BABY

Words and Music by GERRY COFFIN
and CAROLE KING

Moderate Rock
Gmaj7  Fmaj7  Gmaj7

When my friends
told me you had
some-one new,
rumors spread that there is
I did-n't be-lieve a sin-gle
word was true. ___ But I sure
did-n't lis-ten ___ I had to

© 1964 SCREEN GSMS-TMI MUSIC, INC.
All Rights Reserved. Used by Permission.
faith in you, what she said, don't you know! I kept a-right on say-in':

Oh, no, not my baby, oh, no, not my sweet baby. You're not like all those other girls who play with the men hearts. Like they were toys. Tell you lies. No,
VERSE 2: Tonight in the city
You won’t find any pity
Hearts are being twisted
Another lover cheated, cheated.

*Instrumental: 8 bars of Em7*
(3) In the bars and the cafes, passion in the streets and the alleys,

D

passion a lot of pretending passion everybody

Em7

searching passion. Once in love you're never out a danger

Am7

one hot night spent with a stranger all you wanted was some body to hold on

C
VERSE 1: New York, Moscow, passion, Hong Kong, Tokyo, passion
Paris and Bangkok, passion, a lotta people ain't got, passion.

VERSE 5: Hear it on the radio, passion, read it in the paper, passion,
Hear it in the churches, passion, see it in the school yards,
Passion.

MIDDLE: (Repeat) – 2 times
VERSE 6: Alone in your bed at night, passion, 'tis half past midnight, passion
As you turn out your sidelight, passion, something ain't right, passion.

ENDING (Cont.) Passion, I need passion, you need passion.
We need passion, can't live without
Passion, won't live without passion,
Even the president needs passion,
Everybody I know needs some passion,
Some people die and kill for passion,
Nobody admits they need passion,
Some people are scared of passion,
Yeah passion.
PEOPLE GET READY

Words and Music by
CURTIS MAYFIELD

Moderately

Words of the song:

People get ready, there's a train a-coming. You
People get ready, there's a train to Jordan.

Don't need no baggage, you just get on board... All you need is faith to hear the
Pick-up passengers from coast to coast... Faith is key, o-open the
doors and 
har-
ning them. Don’t need to 
tick-
et, you just thank the Lord.

There’s hope for all ______ among the loved the most ______

There ain’t no room ______ for the ______

hope-less sin-ner ______ who would hurt all man-kind ______ just to save his own ______ Have
in to me... who the f*** is growing thinner so there's no hiding place from the kingdom's throne...

I'm getting ready...

I'm getting ready...

I'm getting ready...

this time I'm ready...
PINBALL WIZARD

Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND

1. Ever since I was a young boy—I
stands—like a statue—becomes
Ain’t got no disc-trasc-tions, can’t
4. He’s been on my fa-vorite tab- le,——
played the all-ver ball;  From So-ho down to Brixton
part of the ma-chine,  I
hear no buzz-ers and bells,  Don't
He can beat my best, His dis-ci-ples lead him in___
And
must have played 'em all  But I ain't seen noth-in' like him in
always play-in' clean,  Plays by in-tu-i-tion, the
plays by sense of smell,  Always gets a re-play
he just does the rest,  He's got cru-sy flip-pin' flas-ers,

an-y a-muse-ment ball.  That deal, dumb__ and blind__ kid
dig-it coun-ters fall.  never seem him fall.
never seem him fall.

To Code

sure plays a mean pin-ball.
1.2. He's a pin-ball wizard
3. I thought I was the holy-able King.
5. But

Pin-ball wizard, got my pin-ball crown to him.

How do you think he does it?

What makes him so good?

D.S. at Coda

ball.
REASON TO BELIEVE

Words and Music by
TIM HARDIN

If I listened long enough to you
I'd find a way to believe that it's all true.

Knowing
that you lied straight-faced while I cried.

Still I look to find a reason to believe.

Some-one like you makes it hard to live without

2. Violin solo
some-body else. Someone like you makes it easy to give, never think about myself.

D(add9)

If I gave you time to change my mind.

Solo ends
If I listened long enough to you I'd find a way just to leave.

I'd find a way to believe.
the past behind.
that its all true.

Knowing that you lied straight

faced while I cried.
Still I

look to find a reason to believe.
- son to believe

[Music notation]

Slowly

A tempo

Someone like you makes it hard easy to live with

[Music notation]

Out never think about my self. Someone like
sailing, stormy waters to be
dying, forever crying to be

near you, to be free.
with you, who can say.
I am
We are

flying, I am flying like a bird across the
sailing, we are sailing home again across the

sky, I am flying passing high clouds to be
sea, We are sailing salt-y waters to be
With you, to be free. Can you near you, to be free. Oh, Lord to be near you, to be free. Oh, Lord to be near you, to be free. Oh, Lord to be near you, to be free. Oh, Lord to be near you, to be free, oh, Lord.
SHAPES OF THINGS

By PAUL SAMWELL-SMITH,
JAMES McCARTY and KEITH RELF

Medium Rock

Copyright © 1968 W. FELDMAN and CO. LTD.
Rights for U.S. and Canada Assigned to EMI CATALOGUE PARTNERSHIP and Connected and Administered by EMI-UNART CATALOG INC.
International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved.
than to-day.
SO MUCH TO SAY

By MICHAEL D' ABO and ROD STEWART

Moderate Blues (\(\text{D7}\) = \(\text{\textbullet\textbullet\textbullet\textbullet\textbullet\textbullet}\))

\[\text{G} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{Bbdim} \quad \text{F9(no3rd)} \quad \text{Fdim} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{G7}\]

So much to say, Piano solo - ad lib.

and so little time to say it in.

I've got so much to say, baby, but so little time to say...
But what- ever I tell you I hope
that you hear one babe. Now listen.

Piano solo ends What I've said so many times.

Say your prayers, ev'ry night.

And be so good while I'm away. Now listen here.

Say your prayers ev'ry night
So much to say and so
SOME GUYS HAVE ALL THE LUCK

With a steady beat

With a steady beat

With a steady beat

With a steady beat

With a steady beat

With a steady beat

With a steady beat

With a steady beat

With a steady beat

With a steady beat

With a steady beat

With a steady beat

With a steady beat

With a steady beat

With a steady beat

With a steady beat

With a steady beat

With a steady beat

With a steady beat

© 1972, 1986 EMI APRIL MUSIC INC.-BROADWAY SONGS
All Rights Controlled and Administered by EMI APRIL MUSIC INC.
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured. Used by Permission
How does it feel when the car overheated, I know I would die if I ever found out she was foolin' me.

Seems so unfair when there's love ev'rywhere but there's none for me. Some guys have all the luck.
Some guys have all the pain. Some guys get all the breaks. Some guys do nothing but complain.

Woo woo woo. Woo woo
CODA

But if you were here with me,

I'd feel so happy, I could cry.

You are so dear to me, I just can't...
let you say good-bye.  Woo woo

A7

D

Bm

G

Repeat and Fade
STAY WITH ME

Words and Music by ROD STEWART
and RON WOOD

Moderate Rock

In the morn—need too—much per-suad-

please don’t say you love me, to sound... de-grad-

© 1971, 1972 ROD STEWART and WB MUSIC CORP.
All Rights for ROD STEWART Controlled and Administered by SONY/ATV MUSIC INC.
All Rights Reserved International Copyright Secured Used by Permission
'cause I'll be on you
'cause you know

I'll only

out of the door.

I Red

kick you out the door.

know your name is Rita
'cause your

Yeah, I'll pay your cab fare home, you can e-

per-fume's smellin' sweet ever since

hear you're a mean old bitch, let's just don't

ven use my best cologne,
when I saw you down on the floor.

when I go up be here in the morn' when I wake up.

cards.
You won’t

Stay with me, stay with me, for to-night.

you’d better stay with me.

Stay with me, stay with me, for to-night.
you're gonna stay with me.

So, in the morn-
STONE COLD SOBER

Words and Music by ROD STEWART
and STEVE CROPPER

Moderately

Tacet

Never get to bed before sun-up,
always found a dime in a gutter.

G

ways get caught in the rain;
sometimes I might get in

C

ways get my best friends drunk.

F

day you can make up for that.

Copyright © 1975 by Islandin' U.S.A., Inc., Wynos-Tempele Publishing Corp.,
and Midnight Hour Music Publishing Inc.
International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved.
Unauthorized copying, adapting, retransmitting, recording or public
performance is an infringement of copyright.
trouble,
call me.
dinner,
say, say, "Rodney, come on over for lunch," if you're all right spend it in bed...

Now gentlemen, you must agree.
I'd say, "Gentlemen, excuse me, please..."

Don't it ain't but I'm and let

worth it when you're out on cloud thirty-three to be
busied with my buddies up on cloud thirty-three."

Yeah, Friday disappear into Saturday morning when you're
SWEET LADY MARY

Moderately no chord

F

C

Sweet Lady

Over the

Slide Guitar solo

Mar - _
y has to rest her poor head.

Mar - _ stones a - long the dust - y old road.

wakes in the morn - ing with her break - fast in bed.

With ev - _

step one more tale is told.

Copyright © 1971 by Island Songs U.S.A., Inc., and WB Music Corp.
International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved.
Unauthorized copying, arranging, adapting, recording or public performance is an infringement of copyright.
Infringers are liable under the law.
I tried to help her but I
With every turning one more
did not know how.
sight to see.
I tried to
See Lady

love her but it's all over now.
Mary's seen the last of me.

Nothing's left to comfort me except a sunny day.
A lesson is learned.
I'll never come this way again.
I think I'll go back home and Her Spanish habits are so hard to forget.

start all again.

The lady's Where the Gulf Stream lied with every breath, I accept.

waters tend to ease the pain.

Was a matter of time before my face did not fit. And on a new day when I've mended the wound.
I knew all along I'd have to
Sweet Lady Mary's gate I quit.
swear I'll be bound.

Anyway now
But before I sit down again and waste any more of your time.

And I'll I better not waste any more of your time.

Steal away, steal a way.
Steal away.
THIS OLD HEART OF MINE

By BRIAN HOLLAND, LAMONT DOZIER, EDDIE HOLLAND and SYLVIA MOY

Moderately

This old heart of mine
been broke a thou-
sand times. Each time you break

Instrumental

my heart in side. This old heart-

a way, feel you're gone to stay. Lonely

way of mine always keeps me crying. The way you
love hundred times
love

cause each day
I'm yours

that
when

pass by you
got me never knowing
never knowing if I'm

pass by you

you want me

I was about about in

coming or going

I love you

yes, I do.

this old heart weeps for you.
I love you, yes, I love you, this old heart weeps for you.

I try hard do.

Coming or going, but I love you, yes, I do. This old heart weeps for you.

Repeat and fade

Repeat and fade
TO LOVE SOMEBODY

Words and Music by BARRY and ROBIN GIBB

Moderately

There's a light, brain

a certain kind of light
I see your face again;

that never shone on me.
I know my frame of mind.

Copyright © 1967 GIBB BROTHERS MUSIC
Administrated in the U.S.A. and Canada by Carrere Music, Inc.
International Copyright Secured - All Rights Reserved
I want my life to be lived with you. You ain't got to be so blind and I'm blind.

Ev'rybody say, can't you see what I am? I live and I breathe for you.

But what does it bring if I ain't got

But what good does it do if I ain't got
Ain't got? Ain't got? You don't know what it's like.

Baby, you don't know what it's like
to love somebody

to love somebody

the way I love you.
In my love you.
TONIGHT I'M YOURS

Medium beat

Words and Music by ROD STEWART,
JIM CREGAN and KEVIN SAVIGAR

I can tell by the look in your eyes,
I don't really want to challenge you,
And tomorrow morning we won't cry,
you've been bored for a long, long time.

Members you,
I'll go mine.

You need love and so do I___ let's
I just wanna make love to you___ for

I'm the one who didn't waste your time___ re-
I don't want an ever
mem - ber me... this way... (or more)

I'm on - ly look - ing for a
And if you nev - er see my

last - ing thing... I don't care if I see you a - gain
fan - ta - sy... an in - ter -lude from re - al - ity
face a - gain... think of me as a per - man - ent friend...

so grab your coat and hon - ey tell your friends... you
don't want no - bod - y tryin' to res - cue me... so
the one who loved you like a hur - ri - cane... then

won't be home... you won't be home... you won't be home...
rock me, babe... rock me, rock me... rock me...
dis - ap - peared... dis - ap - peared... dis - ap - peared...
CHORUS

night I'm yours, do any-thing that you want me to (Don't hurt me, don't hurt me). To-

night I'm yours, do any-thing 'cos I want you to.

(I want you to)

Just don't hurt me, ba-by.) want you to (Don't hurt me, don't hurt me.) To-

night I'm yours, do any-thing 'cos I want you to (Don't
hurt me, don't hurt me) To-night you're mine, to-night you're mine do

an-y-thing, do an-y-thing To-night you're mine, to-

ight you're mine to-night, al-ways to-night you're mine

Do an-y-thing that you, do an-y-thing that you, do an-y-thing that you
want me, want me, want me,
just do any thing...
(speaked) any thing your heart desires, babe...

Repeat to Fade
TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT

Words and Music by:
ROD STEWART

Moderately slow rock beat (\( \text{4} \) = \( \frac{4}{4} \))

C

Fmaj7

C

Fmaj7

C

Fmaj7

Stay a-way from my win-dow;

C

Fmaj7

C

Fmaj7

stay a-way from my back door too.

C

Fmaj7

C

Fmaj7

tel-e-phone line;

C

Fmaj7

re-lax, ba-by, and draw that blind.
Kick off your shoes and
Come on, angel, my
Don't say a word, my

sit right down and loosen up that pretty French gown.
heart's on fire; don't deny your man's desire.

Let me pour you a good long drink;
You'd be a fool to stop this tide;
The secret is about to unfold.
WHAT AM I GONNA DO
(I'm So In Love With You)

Words and Music by ROD STEWART,
TONY BROCK and JAY DAVIS

Moderately, driving

Can I tell you what you mean to me?
You're as central as the air I breathe.

Million oh so rare.
Almost impossible to believe.

Sweet one of a kind.
And difficult to define.

A something Berkeley Square.
And, baby, I ain't goin' nowhere.

I could drape that kiss on you...

International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved.
Unauthorized copying, arranging, adapting, recording or public performance is an infringement of copyright.
Infringers are liable under the law.
You're like mine. Without you, anytime.

You're like me.

Week-ends all year long, goal that wins the game.

Chap i lan at the top, under a hot Jamaica sun.

You are the winner at a hundred to one.

You're like rock and roll and champagne.

To-morrow's fash-ion and now I've found you. I'm com-

are. one. Stuff that you've got is stuff that I need. right
Now.

1. You don't have to prove it no more.
2. Let's not mess around anymore.

I'm down on my bended knees, honey.

What am I gonna do?

I'm so in love with you.
What am I gonna say if ever you go away?

One in a

What am I gonna do?
What am I gonna say?

If ever you go away

I'm so in love with you

I'll be your
CODA

I'm like a school-boy
visibly quite
unique.

I wanna get up and sing and dance.
You really swept me off my feet.

You see one hell of a happy man.
And, baby, you look, oh, so neat.

Standing here.
with nothing on.

Repeat ad lib, and Fade

Indi-
La-la,
TRUE BLUE

Words and Music by ROD STEWART
and RON WOOD

Moderately

Never been a millionaire,

and I tell you, momma, I don't care.

Sit-tin' in the moon-light glow,

excuse me if my feelings show.

Never gonna own a racehorse

or a fast dream.

Watchin' all the trucks roll by,

back, mid-engine Porsche.

Don't think I'll own a private jet,
in' up an alibi.

You see, back home I'm considered the fool.
on the stock exchange, I've no prayer.

but may be they're right, I don't know.

won't you help me make up my mind,

Don't you think I'd better get myself back home?

Daddy says he'll buy me a car to drive. Just ask for
it as I need.__ He wants me back at any expense__ he's got a
lot more money than sense.__
Funny, but now that I've grown,

they all wanna be concerned__
Oh, please can you make up my mind__,
Don't you think__ I'd
Better get myself back home?
Just don't know what to do...

Maybe I'll walk, maybe I'll ride,
Maybe I'll never ever decide... faster

Repeat and fade
YOU CAN MAKE ME DANCE, SING OR ANYTHING

Moderately funky

Yeah, ba- by, I wan-na say some-thing to you.

Sometimes when I get
out of my head and I say all the wrong things...

Copyright © 1974 Wally Music Corp., Irvington, N.Y., and Island Music
International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved.
Unauthorized copying, adapting, adopting, recording or public performance is an infringement of copyright.
Sometimes, I know, I stay
Summer's gone and before long
Out late at night and I get back fighting,
North wind's gonna bring the snow.
I'll keep us warm, girl.

And somehow all my plans keep
My schemes, it seems, are
Slippin' through my hands and I end up cryin',
Mere dreams fading with each mornin'.
But this old heart of mine is
honey, when you're standing there, you're so exciting.

'Cause you can make me dance, you can make me sing, you can make me do just any old thing — and I love it.
thing.  Yeah, ba-hy.  

Guitar solo-ad lib.

Solo ends  So, lit-tle bird, don't fly a-way. I want you here ev-ry day don't.

_ ev-er leave_ me.  I'd rath-er loose both my eyes than
never see your smilin’ face again, girl.
’Cause you can make me dance, you can make me sing, you can make me do just any old thing.
Yeah, baby.

Just keep on loving me, baby. Just keep on lovin’ me, baby.
YOU WEAR IT WELL

Medium Rock beat

Words and Music by ROD STEWART
and MARTIN QUITTENTON

D

Em7

D7

G

Am

A7

I had

G

nothing to do on this hot afternoon but to sit down and write you a line.

Instrumental
I’ve been meaning to phone you, but from Minnesota,

Well, I suppose you’re thinkin’ how
Betty is sinkin’, or he

hell, it’s been a very long time. You wear it well;

little old-fashioned, but that’s all right.

Since you’ve been gone, it’s hard to carry on.

I’m gonna write about the birthday gown that I bought in town, and you
wouldn't get in touch with me,

set down and cried on the stairs.

Though I ain't begin' or

You knew it didn't cost the earth, but, for

I sure do want you to know that you wear it well.

Last in my head, you made me feel a millionaire.

And you wear it well.

Oh, my,

Madame O-nas-sis got moth-in' on you. No, no.

Remember their basement parties, your broth-er's cav-ort- ing, the

And when my coffee is cold and I'm get-tin' cold that i
A         D         G
all-day rock-and-roll show. The home-sick blues and the
G         D         F
get to get back to work, so when the sun goes low and you're
G         D         F
radical views haven't left a mark on you. You wear it well;
A         Em7          D/F#          Em7
home all alone, think of me and try not to laugh. And I'll wear it well.
A         Em7          D/F#          Em7

A         Em7          D/F#          Em7
a little out of time, but I don't object if you I call col-
A         D         G         D
mind. But I ain't for-gettin' that you were once mine, but I'll be-
A         Em7          D/F#          Em7
G          D          G
lieve it without e-ven try'n'. Now I'm eat-in' my heart out.
feel it without e-ven try'n'. Now I'm eat-in' my heart out.

1. A          D          2. A
try'n' to get a letter through. try'n' to get back to you.

Repeat and fade
D
E m7

D/F#  G  Asus4  A
YOU’RE IN MY HEART

Words and Music by
ROD STEWART

I didn’t know what day it was when you walked...
I took all those habits of yours that in the be-
- in to the room. 

Your fashion sense, for

didn't compute; you said goodbye too soon.

Beardsley prints I put down to experience.

Breezin' through the eloquent spinning yarns that were so

big-bosomed lady with the Dutch accent who tried to change my point of

lyrical view, her ad lib lines were well rehearsed, but my
traction was purely physical.

You're in my heart,

you're in my soul. You'd be my breath should I grow old.

You're my lover; you're my best friend. You're in my soul.
My love for you is immeasurable; my re-
You're an essay in glamour. Please pardon the grammar, but you're

spect for you immense.
You're ageless, timeless,
every schoolboy's dream.
You're Celtic united,

lace and fineness, you're beauty and elegance.
You're a
but baby, I've decided you're the best team I've ever seen. And

chap-so-dy, a comedy, you're a symphony and a play.
there have been, many affairs and many times, I've thought to
You're every love song ever written, but honey, what leave.

But I bite my lip and turn around, 'cause you're the warm-

do you see in me? You're in my heart; you're in my heart; you're in my soul. You'd be my breath should I grow old. You are my lover, you're my best friend. You're in my soul.
YOUNG TURKS

Words and Music by ROD STEWART, CARMINE APPICE, KEVIN SAVIGAR and DUANE HITCHINGS

Copyright © 1983 bytnemc-U.S.A., Inc., Blue Music Ltd. and Hitchings Publishing
International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved.
Unauthorized copying, adapting, recording or public performance is an infringement of copyright.
Bil-ly left his home with a dol-lar in his pock-et and a head full of dreams... He said

some-how, some way, it's got to get bet-ter than this....

Patti packed her bags, left a note for her momma, she was just seventeen... there were

tears in her eyes when she kissed her lit-tle sis-ter good-bye.... (1) They
(1) held each other tight as they drove on through the night they were so excited.
(2) disc was closed so they headed for the coast in a blissful manner.
(3) They took a
(4) Billy wrote a letter back home to Pat - ti's parents tryin' to explain.
He said we're

one shot of life, let's take it while we're still not afraid.
Because two-room apartment that wasjumping every night of the week.
both real sor - ry that it had to turn out this way.
But there

life is so brief and time is a thief when you're undecid ed.
And like a Happiness was found in each oth- er's arms as expected.
ain't no point in talkin' when there's no - bo - dy list 'ning so we just ran a way.

fist - ful of sand, it can slip right through your hands.
Billy pierced his ear, drove a pick-up like a hun - a - tic.

Pat-ti gave birth to a ten pound ba - by boy.
3rd vocal ad lib.

hearts be free tonight

Time is on your side

Don't let them put you down, don't let 'em push you around

don't let 'em ever change your point of view
(2) Par-
(3) [Sp.] Come on now!

CODA

hearts be free to-night.

Ad lib. to FADE
time is on your side.

Young