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Your ever-last-in' summer, you can see it fad-in' fast, so you
tell-in' me you're a genius since you were seven-teen; in
spent a lot of money and I spent a lot of time; the

grab a piece of some-thin' that you think is gonna last. Well, you
all the time I've known you I still don't know what you mean. The
trip we made to Holly-wood is etched up-on my mind. Af-ter

Reelin' In The Years

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

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wouldn't even know a diamond if you held it in your hand; week-end at the college didn't turn out like you planned; all the things we've done and seen you find another man; things you think are precious I can't understand; things that pass for knowledge I can't understand; things you think are useless I can't understand; Are you reel-in' in the years, stow-in' away time? Are you gather-in' up the tears,
have you had e-nough of mine?
Are you reel-in’ in the

Gmaj9

years,
stow-in’ a-way the time?

Are you gath-er-in’ up the tears,
have you had e-nough of

F#m7

1. 2. A D

3. A D.S. § (instrumental) and fade

mine?

You been
Everything You Did

Moderate

Am7

D

B7

D

D7

Em7

A7

1. Where did the bass

tard run,
is he still a-round?
Now you gotta tell me everything you did—baby.
I'm gonna get my gun,
shoot the lover down.
Are you gonna

tell me everything you did—baby.
I never knew you, you were a roller skater.
You gonna show me later.

Turn up the Eagles the neighbors are list-\'ning.
2nd time Instrumental

Everytime You Did 4:3
2. Traces are everywhere
   In our happy home.
   Now you better tell me everything
   You did baby.
   I jump out of my easy chair
   It was not my own.
   Now I wanna hear about everything
   You did baby.

3. You know how people talk,
   I wonder what they say.
   I think you better tell me everything
   You did baby.

4. You never came to me
   When you were so inclined.
   Yes, you could have told me everything
   You did baby.
   I know where baby's at
   I know your filthy mind
   Now you're gonna do me everything
   You did baby.
Turn That Heartbeat Over Again

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

Moderately

Tacet

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{Eb} & \text{Ab/Eb} \\
\text{Eb} & \text{Ab} \\
\text{Eb} & \text{Db} \\
\text{Db} \\
\text{Cm7} \\
\text{Cm7} \\
\end{array} \]

With stock-ing pol-son's
warned the face
I
named you
corpse
of

bought a
know my
gun,
brand,
the plan was set,
so
not to
mine,
and

Wil-liam
Wright

Looked at my watch
Stir it up nice,
and
Tick-et in hand,
we

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started for the door, now the food here ain't
saw him laid to rest; oh, but zombie see

good no more and they closed the package
guay and I've just come all the way
zombie do,

Love your ma-ma, love your brother

love 'em till they run for cover. Turn the light of
keep your shirt on, cry a jag on me. Oh,

Michael, oh, Jesus, you know I'm not to blame.

You know my reputation for

playing a good clean game. Oh, Mi-

En That Heartbeat Over Again · 3
chael, oh, Jesus, I'll keep my promise when you turn that heart-beat over again.

Turn my heart-beat over again that heart-beat over again.
Black Cow

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN

Moderate

In the corner of my eye, I saw you in Rudy's. You were so outrageous and they were very high. You should know. It was a cryin' disgrace. They told you so.

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saw your face on the counter, by your keys was a
change your name like a gangster on the run you will

book of numbers and your remedies. One of these surely will
stagger home-ward to your precious one. I'm the one who must ma

screen out the sorrow but where are you to morrow? 1 2 3. I can't
everything right talk it out till daylight. I don't
cry

an-y-more

care

an-y-more

while you

why you

run a-round.

run a-round.

Break a-way,

just when it

seems so clear

that it's

o-ver now

drink you

big black cow

and get out of here.

Down to Green—
ad lib solo

N.C.  E9  D9  Play 4 times  E9
end solo  ad lib solo

N.C.  E9  F9

D.S. al Coda

I can

Coda

out of here...

Black Cow - 4 : 4
The Fez

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER
DONALD FAGEN and
PAUL L. GRIFFIN

Moderate

To Code

1. 2. 3. 5.) No, I'm never gonna do it without the fez on,
4.) Ain't never gonna do it without the fez on,
6.) Don't make me do it without the fez on,

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Oh no. no. That's what I am; please understand. I wanna be your holy man.

On 6th ending D.S. al Coda

Repeat and Fade

The Fes - 2 - 2
Your Gold Teeth

Moderately fast

Tacet

Got a feeling I've been here before,
I have seen your iron and your brass,
Got a feeling I've been here before;

watching as you cross the killing floor,
can't you see it shine behind the glass?
won't you let me help you find the door?

You know you'll have to
Your fortune is your
All you got to

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pay it all, you'll pay today or pay tomorrow.
roving eye, your mouth and legs, your gift for the run-around.
do is use, your silver shoes, a gift for the run-around.

You fasten up your beaded gown.
Torture is the main attraction;
Use your knack, darling;

then you try to tie me down.
I don't need that kind of action.
Do you work it out?
You don't have to
There ain't nothin' in Chi-

one by one, or played in comedy
dance for me, I've seen your dance before.
ca-go for, a monkey woman to do.
You throw out your gold teeth,
Do you throw out your gold teeth?
Do you throw out your gold teeth?
Do you throw out your gold teeth?

see how they roll?
see how they roll?
see how they roll?

Tobacco they grow in Peking.

In the Year of the Locust you'll see a
sad thing.

Even Cath - y Ber-

ber - i - an knows there’s one rou - lade she can’t sing.

Dumb

luck, my friend, won’t suck me in this time.

Repeat and fade

Your Gold Teeth - 4
Medium Rock beat
Tacet

Savoy Sides presents a
riding by
Bring your horn along and you can

new saxophone sensation;
bare-back on your armadillo;
add to the pure confection;

it's you'll be and if

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Par-ker's band with a smooth style of syn-co-pan-
tion.
groov-in' high or re-lax-in' at Cam-a-ri-lo.
you can't fly you'll have to move in with the rhy-thm sec-
tion.

Kan-sas Cit-y born and grow-in', you won't be-
Sud-den-ly the mu-sic hits you; it's a
Eith-er way you're bound to func-tion.

lieve what the boys are blow-in'.
bird in flight that just can't quit you,
Fif-ty Sec-ond Street's the junct-ion.
You got to come on, man, and take a

piece of Mis-ter Par-ker's band.
You'll be
We will spend a dizzy weekend smacked into a trance.

Me and you will listen to a little bit of what made

the preacher dance.

piece of Mister Parker's,
clap your hands and take a piece of Mister Parker's,

come on, man and take a piece of Mister Parker's band.

No chord

Parker's Band: 4
Charlie Freak

Moderately ($\frac{3}{4}$)

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

Charlie Freak had
On the street he
New-found cash soon
When I heard I

but one thing to call his own:
three weight ounce pure
spied my face, I heard him hail;
in our plot of
begs to smash a state of mind;
close in spec- tion
grabbed a cab to where he lay;
'round his arm the
gold-en ring, no precious stone.
frozen space he told his tale.
fast revealed his fa-v'rite kind.
plastic tag read D. O. A.

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Five nights without a bite,
Poor man, he showed his hand,
Poor kid, he over did,
Yes, Jack, I gave it back,

No place to lay his head,
And if nobody takes him in he'll need.
And me so wise, I bought his prize for haze.
And while he sighed his own.

Now come, my friend, I'll take your hand and own.

1. 2. 3.

Soon be dead,
chicken feed,

Fifteen ways.

lead you home.

Charlie Freak - 2
Now they lay his body down,
While he plundered far and wide,
Sad old men who run this town,
All his starving children cried.
I still recall the way he led
And though we sung his fame we all

the charge and saved the day;
went hungry just the same.
He meant to shine

I can hear the bugle playin'
to the end of the line.

We seen the last
of good King Richard;
Dm7       G       Am

ring out the past,  his name lives on and on.

Em7       F    C

Roll out the bones and raise up your pitcher,

G       C/G       Dm7       G

raise up your glass to good King

1. F

John.  Uh    huh.
John.

Raise up your glass to good King John.

John;

raise up your glass

No chord

to good King John.

Repeat and fade

N.C.
I've seen your picture
your name in lights above it.

This is your big debut,

it's like a
dream come true.

So won't you smile for the camera?

I know they're gonna love it, Peg.
I got your

better.
love it.

Peg, it will come back to you.

Peg, it will come back to you.
Then the shutter falls you see it all in "Three-D."

It's your favorite foreign movie.

I've seen your

(movie) It will come back to you.
Peg, it will come back to you. Then the shutter

falls you see it all in "Three D." It's your favorite foreign movie.

2. I got your pin shot
   I keep it with your letter.
   Done up in a blueprint blue,
   It sure looks good on you.
   So won't you smile for the camera,
   I know I'll love you better.

3. Instrumental

4. Repeat Verse 1.
Moderately (♩♩ ′ = ♩♩ ♩′)

Tacet

Some turn-out, a hundred grand;
Hush brother, we cross the square;

get with it, we'll shake his hand;
act natural, like you don't care.

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Don't bother to understand;
Turn slowly and comb your hair;

don't question the little man,
don't trouble the midnight air.

Be part of the brotherhood;
We're standing just where he stood;

chain lightning, it feels so good.
chain lightning, it feels so good.
Geebera Tha Pwa

Moderate

NC

1. Babs and Clean Wil-ly were in love they said,

so in love the preach-ers face turned red.
Soon ev'rybody knew the thing was dead.

She shouts, she bites, they wrangle through the night, oh.

She goes crazy, got to make a getaway Papa say,

Haitian Divorce - 6.2
"Oh, no hesitation, no tears and no hearts break-in', no remorse.
con-grat-u-la-tions here is your Haitian divorce."
At the Grot - to in the greasy chair sits the
Char-lie with the lo-tion and the kink-y hair. When she

smiled she said it all. The band was hot so they
danced the famous merango now we dolly back now we

fade to black...

Coda

D.C. at Coda
2. She takes the taxi to the good hotel,
    Bon marche as far as she can tell.
    She drinks the zombie from the coco shell,
    She feels alright, she get it on tonight.
    Mister driver, take me where the music play,
    Papa say.

3. Tearful reunion in the U. S. A.
    Day by day those memories fade away,
    Some babies grow in a peculiar way,
    It changed, it grew, and everybody knew,
    Semi-mojo, who's this kinky so and so.
    Papa go.
Through With Buzz

Moderately
Tacet

He takes all my money;
He's not very funny;
Maybe he's a fairy;
you know, I'm

through with Buzz. Yes, I'm through with Buzz... all

right, oh yeah, uh huh.

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I remember when he stole my girl,

drug her all around the world...

You know I'm cool, yes, I

feel all right 'cept when I'm in my room and it's late at night.

D. S. % al Coda

huh, all right.
Doctor Wu

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

Moderately
Tacet

\[\text{Em} \quad \text{D/E} \quad \text{C}\]

Katy tried;
Don't seem right;
I was halfway crucified.
I've been strung out here all night.

\[\text{D/E} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Em7}\]

I was on the other side of no tomorrow.
I've been waiting for the taste you said you'd bring.

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You walked in Biscayne Bay,

and my life began again where the Cuban gentlemen sleep all day,

just when I'd spent the last pias ter I could borrow,

I went searching for the song you used to sing to me.

All night long we would sing Katy lies; you can see
or just an ordinary guy? Have you done—
and you're an ordinary guy. Has she fi—

all you can do? Are you with me, Doctor?
ailly got to you? Can you

D. S. al Coda

hear me, Doctor? Are you with me, Doctor? Can you

Repeat and fade
Any Major Dude Will Tell You

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

Moderately slow, in 2
Tacet

I nev - er seen you
Have you ev - er
Instrumental

look - in' so bad, my
seen a squonk's tears? Well, look at mine.

A/C♯

A/C♯ 12 fr.

you tell me that your sup - er - fine mind has come un - done.
The peo - ple on the street have all seen bet - ter times.

A

A/C♯

G

Any Major Dude Will Tell You - I

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Any major dude with half a heart surely will tell you my friend; any minor world that breaks apart falls together again.

When the demon is at your door, in the mornin' it won't be there...
no more. Any major dude will tell you:

any major dude will tell you.

I can tell you all I know: the where to go, the what
to do.
You can try to run but you can't
hide from what's inside of you,
D. S. & al Coda
Coda

tell you;

any major dude will
tell you.
Show Biz Kids

Moderately
Tacet

Dm7 (throughout)

Go to Las Wages,

Las Wages, go to Las Wages.

While the

poor people sleep-in' with the shade on the light, while the poor people sleep-in' all the

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stars come out at night, while the poor people sleep-in' with the shade on the light, while the

poor people sleep-in' all the stars come out at night.

To Coda

After closing time
They got the house on the corner

at the Guernsey Fair,
with the rug inside;
they got the
tect the El, Su-prem-o from the room at the top of the stairs.
booze they need, all that money can buy.

Well, I've been around the world, and I've
They got the shape-ly bod-ies, they got the

I.

been in the Wash-ing-ton Zoo;
Steel-y Dan T-shirts;

and in all my trav-els as the
and for the

facts un-rav-el, I've found this to be true.

While the
coup de grâce.

they're outrageous.

D. S. al Coda

Honey, let me tell you, While the

Show business kids makin'

movies of themselves; you know they don't give a fuck about anybody else. You know you

Repeat and fade

go to Las Vegas, Las Vegas, go to Las Vegas.
Brooklyn
(Orives The Chaemeu Under Me)

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

Moderately

Tacet

\[ \text{Fmaj7} \]

A race of angels bound with one another

\[ \text{Em7} \]

lady's aching to bring a body down:

\[ \text{Dm7} \]

case of acres done up loose for deal-

\[ \text{C} \]

er,

\[ \text{F} \]

a dish of dollars laid

\[ \text{C} \]

ing,

\[ \text{Fmaj7} \]

she daily preaches on

\[ \text{Fmaj7} \]

a piece of island

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Em7  Dm7  G  C  G  Em7
out for all to see. A tower room at
where she wants to be. An evening with a
cooling in the sea. The whole of time we

Gm7  C  Fm  Bb  A7  Bb/C
Eden Rock, his golf at noon for free. Brooklyn owes the
movie queen, a face we all have seen. Brooklyn owes the
gain or lose, and power enough to choose. Brooklyn owes the

F/C  Am7  D  Bb/C
charmer under me. Brooklyn owes the

F/C  C  F
charmer under me. His

D.S. & (instrumental) and fade
Home At Last

Moderate Funky Tempo

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Who wrote that tired season, set on this peaceful shore.

You think you've heard this one before.

Well, the danger on the rocks is surely past.

Still I remain tied to the mast. Could it
be that I have found my home at last?    Home at last.

To Coda

Home At Last
2. She serves the smooth retsina,
   She keeps me safe and warm.
   It's just the calm before the storm.
   Call in my reservation,
   So long, hey thanks my friend,
   I guess I'll try my luck again.

3. Instrumental
King Of The World

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

Moderately bright
Tacet

Hello, one and all;
I won't take your bread;
When you come around,

Can't you hear me call,
I can't be no savior,
Watch the sun go brown,

was it you I used to know?
I don't need no helping hand,
no more pain and no regrets,

on this old ham radio?
I can't be no highwayman,
smoking cobalt cigarettes,

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King Of The World - 1
All I've got to say,
Show me where you are:
There's no need to hide,

I'm alive and feel-
you and I can spend-

ing fine,
Should you come my way,
If I stay inside,

you can share my poison wine,
through the ruins of Santa Fé,
I might live till Saturday,

No marigolds in the promised land;
there's a hole in the ground where they
used to grow.

Any man left on the Rio Grande is the

king of the world as far as I know.

I'm reading last year's papers, although I don't

know why.

Assassins, cons and rappers

King Of The World 3
might as well die.

king of the world, as far as I know.

Repeat and fade

King Of The World - 4
Your Gold Teeth II

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN

Moderately slow, in 2

Tacet

Who are these children who scheme and run wild, who
Who are these strangers who pass through the door, who

B

speak with their wings and the way that they smile?
cover your action and go you one more?

A

What are the secrets they trace in the sky, and
you're feeling lucky you best not refuse; it's

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why do you trem-ble each
time they ride
by?
your game, the rules are your
own, win or
lose.

Throw out your gold teeth and see how they roll:

the an-swer

they re-veal: life is un-real.

Repeat and fade
Bodhisattva

Moderately fast

G

Bo-dhi-satt-va, would you take me by the hand;
I'm gonna sell my house in town;
Bo-dhi-satt-va, would you take me by the hand?
Can you show me how to sell my house in town.

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me there, the shine in your Japan.

Dm7 F6

the sparkle of your

Ebmaj7 F6

China? Can you show me, Bodhi-
China. Yes, I'll be there, Bodhi-

G x000

sattva, Bodhi sattva?
sattva, Bodhi sattva.
Moderate

Cmaj\(^6\)

Up on the hill people never stare, they just don't care.

Cmaj\(^7\)

Chinese music under banyan trees here at the
dude ranch above the sea.

A - ja,
when all my dime dancin' is through I run to you.

Play 8 times
Play 3 times

ad lib solo —

D.S. al Coda

Play 3 times
2. Upon the hill they've got time to burn.
There's no return
Double Helix in the sky tonight.
Throw out the hardware
Let's do it right.

3. Upon the hill they think I'm okay.
Okay so they say.
Chinese music always sets me free.
Angular banjoes sound good to me.
Fire In The Hole

Moderately
Tacet

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DONALD FAGEN

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-ver; it's happened once before.

I myself or just another freak. You know there's

I'd love to run out now; there's nowhere left to turn.
Sign In Stranger

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN

Have you heard about the boom on Miz-ar Five?

People got to shout to stay alive.

They don't even
have policeman one.

Doesn't matter where you been or what you've done.

You zombie be born again my friend won't you sign in stranger?

Sign In Stranger - 4 - 2
You zombie be born again my friend won’t you sign in stranger?

Love or leave her, yellow fever

sure it’s all in the game. And who are you?
2. Do you have a dark spot on your past?
   Leave it to my man he'll fix it fast.
   Pepe has a scar from ear to ear.
   He will make your mug shots disappear.

3. Do you like to take a yo-yo for a ride?
   Zombie I can see you're qualified.
   Walk around collecting Turkish Union Dues.
   They will call you sir and shine your shoes.

4. Or maybe you would like to see the show.
   You'll enjoy the Cafe D'Escargot.
   Folks are in a line around the block.
   Just to see her do the conch-con-Jacques.

5. Instrumental
Green Earrings

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN

Moderate

Play 4 times

Cold, Greek

daring,

no

sparkles when you smile.

Sorry

I must take what I

angel

hungry

like a
Green earrings I remember the rings of rare design.

I remember the look in your eyes, I don't mind.

I don't mind...
Monkey In Your Soul  

Words and Music by  
WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN

Moderately  

Fm  

B

Tacet  

I got one and you want  

Won't you turn that be-bop

D  

Fm  

B

four; it's so hard to help you.  

down; I can't hear my heart-beat.  

I can't keep up with you no

D  

A7  

D7

more; and you treat me like it's a sin  

found; hon-ey, don't you think it was wrong.  

but you can't look me to in-terrupt my

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Rikki Don't Lose That Number

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

Moderately
Tacet

We hear you're leaving, that's O.K.
I have a friend in town, he's heard your name.

I thought our little wild time had just begun.
We can go out driving on Slow Hand Row.
I guess you kind of scared yourself, you turn and run.
We could stay inside and play games I don't know.

But if you have a change of heart,
And you could have a change of heart.

Rikki, don't lose that number; you don't wanna call nobody else.
Send it off in a

Rikki Don't Lose That Number: 2
letter to your self.

Rikki, don't lose that number; it's the only one you own.

You might use it if you feel better

Tacet

when you get home.
You tell yourself you're not my kind,

but you don't even know your mind.

And you could have a change of heart.

Rikki, don't lose that number.
Rikki, don't lose that number.
I Got The News

Moderate

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

You in your lark, you're a mark, you're a screamer you know how to hustle.
Take it in your hand, all the sirens and the band get to bend-in' my ear.

Daddy is a rare millionaire, I don't care, yeah,
How was I to know about the warm, soulful secret you been

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you got the muscle.  
keep-in' for years.  
I got the ___(1, 3)___ news.  
I got the ___(2)___ news.  

Yes, dear.  
Slow down.  

how did you know?  
I'll tell you when.  
Can't you see our love will grow.  
I may never walk again.  

I Got The News - 4:2
To Coda

1. E♭maj7  A♭maj7  D♭9

2. D♭9  Play 6 times  B♭m7  Play 4 times  B♭m7

1. Broadway
2. Instrumental

duchess darling, if you only knew.

Half as much as everybody thinks you do.

N.C.
Josie

Moderate

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN

We're gonna break out the hats and hooves when Josie comes home.

We're gonna
rev-up the motor scooters when Josie comes home
to stay we're gonna park in the street sleep on the beach and make it.

Throw down the jam 'til the girls say "when".

Lay down the law and break it, when Josie comes home.
Chorus:
Fm7    G7(9)
(Cb Bb)  G7$

1. When Josie comes home, so good.
2. When Josie comes home, so bad.
   She's the pride
   She's the best

of the neighborhood.
friend we never had.
She's the raw flame, the

live wire, she prays like a Roman with her eyes on fire.

José 4-3
2. Jo, would you love to scrap?  
She'll never say no.  
Shine up the battle apple.  
We'll shake 'em all down tonight,  
We're gonna mix in the street  
Strike at the stroke of midnight  
Dance on the bones 'till the girls say "when".  
Pick up what's left by daylight  
When Josie comes home.

3. Instrumental
Daddy Don't Live In That New York City No More

Moderate Rock beat

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

Daddy don't live in that New York City no more...
Daddy don't drive in that El - do - ra - do no more...
Daddy don't live in that New York City no more...

He don't celebrate Sun-day on a Sat - ur - day night no
He don't travel on down to the neigh - bor - hood li - quo - r
He can't get tight ev - 'ry night, pass out on the bar - room

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Bm7

more... 
store...
floor...

Am7

Dad-dy don't need no lock.
Lucy still loves her Coke.
Dad-dy can't get no fine.

Gmaj7

and key for the piece he stowed out on
and rum, but she sits alone 'cause her
cligar, but we know you're smoking when

Fmaj7

Av-e-mee D.,
dad-dy can't come.
ev-er you are.

E9

Dad-dy don't live in that
Dad-dy don't drive in that
Dad-dy don't live in that

No chord

New York Cit-y no more._
El-do-ra-do no more._
New York Cit-y no more._

Daddy Don't Live - 2
Cmaj7

No more...

E9

Driving like a fool down to

C#m7

Hackensack, drinking his dinner from a paper sack, he says, "I
Got-to-see-a-joker-and-I'll-be-right-back.

Am7 G6 F#7 Fmaj7 Coda Am7

D.S. 8 al Coda

No more.

Repeat and fade

Daddy Don't Live - 4
Barry Town

Moderately
Tacet

I'm not one to look behind. I know.
Don't believe I'm taken in by sto-
Leave me or I'll be just like the oth-

that times must change;
ries I have heard;
ners you will meet;

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-ry town they do things very strange.
-ly News and swear by every word.
-ly if they see you on the street.

though you're not my enemy, I like things like they used
don't think that I'm out of line for speaking out for what
don't you scream or make a shout, it's nothing you can do

Bm7 D E11 A Bm7

to be; and though you'd like some company I'm standing
is mine; I'd like to see you do just fine, but looking
about; it was there where you came out, it's a special

D C#m 4fr. Bm7 D C#m 4fr.

ing by myself, go play with someone else.
at what you wear, and the way you cut your hair.
- cial lack of grace, I can see it in your face.
I can see by what you carry that you came from Barry-town.

In the beginning we recall that the
Bbmaj9

word was hurled;  Barry-town

Am7    Bbmaj9

people got to be from another world.

D. S. ♫ al Coda ♦

Coda ♦

Repeat and fade
The Caves Of Altamira

Moderate

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

I recall when I was small how I spent my days alone.

The busy world was not for me so I went and found my own.

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I would climb the garden wall with a candle in my hand. I'd hide inside a hall of rock and sand.

Every man and beast appeared a friend as real as I. Before the fall when they wrote it on the wall when there wasn't even any Hollywood. They
heard the call and they wrote it on the wall for you and me we understood.

1st time D.S. al Coda
2nd time To Coda II

To Coda

Coda

The Caves Of Alkamia - 4 - 3
2. On a stone an ancient hand,
   In a faded yellow green,
   Made alive a worldly wonder
   Often told but never seen.
   Now and ever bound to labor
   On the sea and in the sky.
   Every man and beast appeared,
   A friend as real as I.

3. Can it be this sad design
   Could be the very same?
   A wooly man without a face
   And a beast without a name.
   Nothing here but history
   Can you see what has been done?
   Memory rush over me
   Now I step into the sun.
Pretzel Logic

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN

Moderately \( \text{\( \frac{4}{4} \) = \( \frac{4}{4} \)} \)

Tacet

Am\text{7}

F maj\text{7}

I would love to tour the South-land,
in a trav’ling min-strel
never met Napoleon,
but I plan to find the

Am\text{7}

Dm\text{7}

show:

time:
yes, I'd love to tour the South-land
I have never met Napoleon,

Pretzel Logic - 1

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in a traveling minstrel show,
but I plan to find the time.
Yes, I'm 'Cause he
dy 'n' to be a star
looks so fine
and make them laugh
up on that hill; they
sound just like a record on the phonograph.
tell me he was lonely, he's lonely still.
Those days are gone forever,
Those days are gone forever,
over a long time ago,
over a long time ago,
oh, yeah.
1. I have

2. I stepped up on the platform, a man gave me the news. He

Am7 Tacet Fmaj7

said, "You must be joking, son; where did you get those shoes?"

Where did you get those shoes?"

Well, I
seen him on the TV, the movie show; they say the times are changin' but I
just don't know. These things are gone forever, over a long time ago,

oh, yeah.

Repeat and fade

Repeat and fade
Deacon Blues

Moderate

WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN

1. This is the day of the expanding man.

That shape is my shade, there where I used to stand.

It seems like only yesterday I gazed thru the glass at

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ramblers wild gamblers. That's all in the past.

You call me a fool you say it's a crazy scheme.

This one's for real I al-ready bought the dream.

So useless to ask me why throw a kiss and say.

Deacon Blues - 5 - 2
"Good-bye,"
I'll make it this time,
I'm ready to cross that fine line.
I'll learn to work the saxophone.

I'll play just what I feel.
Drink Scotch whiskey all night long.

and die behind the wheel.
They got a name for the
winners in the world, I want a name when I lose, They call Al-a-bam-a the Crimson Tide, Call me Deacon Blues.

ad lib solo
2. My back to the wall
A victim of laughing chance.
This is for me the essence of true romance.
Sharing the things we know and love
With those of my kind
Libations, sensations,
That stagger the mind.
I crawl like a viper
Through these suburban streets
Make love to these women,
Languid and bitter sweet.
I'll rise when the sun goes down.
Cover ev'ry game in town.
A world of my own
I'll make it my home, sweet home.

3. This is the night of the expanding man.
I take one last drag
As I approach the stand.
I cried when I wrote this song.
Sue me if I play too long.
This brother is free.
I'll be what I want to be.

Deacon Blues - 5 - 5
Black Friday

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN

Medium Rock beat (\( \frac{3}{4} \) = \( \frac{2}{4} \))

When Black Friday comes I'll fly
When Black Friday comes I'm gonna
When Black Friday comes I'll fly
When Black Friday comes I'm gonna

stand down by the door and catch the gray men when they
down to Muswellbrook, gonna strike all the big red
dig myself a hole, gonna lay down in it till I

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dive from the fourteenth floor,
words from my little black book,
sat - is - fy my soul.

When
Gon-na
Gon-na

Black Fri-day comes,
do just what I please,
let the world pass by me,
and before my friends find out I'll be on the road,
and if he don't come across I'm gon-na let it roll.

Black Fri-day falls,
Black Fri-day comes,
Black Fri-day comes.
you know it's got to be,  
I'll be on that hill,  
I'm gon-na stake my claim,  

don't let it fall on me.  
you know I will.  
I guess I'll change my name.  

Repeat and fade

When

Repeat and fade

Black Friday - 3
Throw Back The Little Ones

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

Moderately slow, in 2
Tacet

Lost in the Bar - ri - o
Hot licks and rhet - or - ic
Done like a mat - a - dor

I walk like an In -
don't count much for noth -
I pray for the week -

jun so Car - lo won't sus -pect
be glad if you can use
end and hope the lit - tle girls

some - thing's wrong here.
what you bor - row.
still throw ros - es.

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I dance in place and paint my face and act like
town and buy it back to long here...
state before the season closes.

Throw back the little ones and
pan fry the big ones; use tact, poise and reason and

Throw Back The Little Ones - 2
G#m7  F#m7  E  B  A  B

Tacet
gently squeeze them.
decresc.

1.  2.  D. S. \(\frac{3}{4}\) al Coda

Coda

Tacet

L.H.

Ped.
Night By Night

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN

Moderately fast
Tacet

"It's a beggar's life," said the Queen of Spades, "but don't tell it to a poor man—
joker tried to tell me I could cut it in this rube town—
Instrumental

'cause he's got to kill for every thrill the
when he tried to hang that sign on me, I said.

Night By Night - 1

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best he can."
"Take it down."
When the
dawn patrol got to
round me
tell you twice,

I see jeal-ous-y and may-hem

because
yes, I'm

no men have all their peace of mind
cash-in' in this ten-cent life

for an-other one.

Well, I don't rea-ly
Well, I ain't got the
Well, I don't rea-ly
care if it's
care if it's
care if it's

Night By Night - 2
wrong or if it's right, but until my ship comes in. I live
lose another fight, so until my ship comes in. I live
wrong or if it's right, but until my ship comes in. I live

night by night,
night by night,
night by night,

Repeat and fade

Night by night.
Midnite Cruiser

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

Moderately

Tacet

Dm
C/D

Felonius, my old friend,
The world that we used to know,

Bb
F/A
G

step on people in and let me it don't turn no more;

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Dm
so glad that you're here again
the plac-es we used to go

C/D
for fa-

F/A
one more time let your madness run with mine
mil-iar fac-es that aint smil-in' like before

Gm7

C
The Streets still un-seen we'll find some how;
the time of our time has come and gone;

Gm7

F
no time is bet-ter than now.
I fear we been wait-in' too long.

Tell me
where are you driv'in', mid-nite cruiser; where is your bounty of fortune and fame?

I am another gentleman loser; drive me to Harlem or somewhere the same.

Tell me
Pearl Of The Quarter

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

Moderately

Tacet

C G F Em7

On the wa-ter down in
I walked a- lone down the
New Or-leans,
Mir-a-cle Mile:

C G F Em7

I met my ba- by's the pearl of the quar- ter.

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She's a charmer like you
never seen
singing, "Voulez, voulez, voulez vous?"
She stole my heart
with her
Car- jun smile
singing, "Voulez, voulez, voulez vous?"

Where the sailor spends his
hard-earned pay,
She loved the million-dollar
words I say;

red beans and rice
for a quarter.
You can see her almost
she loved the candy and the flowers that I bought her.
She said she loved me and was

any day,
singing, "Voulez, voulez, voulez vous?"
on her way,
singing, "Voulez, voulez, voulez vous?"
And if you hear from my Louise, won't you tell her I say hello, love her so.
Please make it clear when her day is done, she got a place to go.
Bad Sneakers

Words and Music by DONALD FAGAN and WALTER BECKER

Five names—that I can hardly stand to hear in—
You, fell—la, you tear—in! up the street, you

chud-ing yours and mine and one more champ who is—n't here. I can see the la—dies talk—in' how the
wear that white tux—e—do, how you gon—na beat the heat?— Do you take me for a fool,— do you

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times are get-tin' hard and that fear-some ex-pla-na-tion on Mag-no- lia Bou-le-vard; And I'm, I think that I don't see that ditch out in the val-ley that they're dig-gin' just for me, yes I'm.

go-in' in-sane, and I'm laugh-in' at the fro-zen rain. And I'm

so a lone, hon-ey, when they gon-na send me home?
Bad sneakers and the piña colada my friend, stompin' on the Avenue by Radio City, with a transistor and a large sum of money to spend.

Repeat 2 times

Bad Sneakers - 3
Change Of The Guard

Moderate Rock beat
Tacet

If you listen you can hear it; it's the laughter boys and your neighbors, can you swallow it in the street.

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Razor Boy

Moderately

F\#m

I hear you are singing a song of the past;
You know that the coming is so close at hand;
you

Em7

sec no tears.
feel all right.

F\#m

I know that you know it may be the

E/F# D

I guess only women in cages can

A Em7 D/F# G

last stand for many years.
You'd gamble or

A Em7 D/F# G

stand for this kind of night.
I guess only
give anything to be in with the better half,

women in cages can play down the things they lose;

but how many friends must I have to begin with to lay down to you

make you laugh...
can't refuse...

Will you still have a
song to sing when the razor boy comes and takes your fancy

things away? Will you still be singing it on that
cold and windy day?

Razor Boy
With A Gun

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

Moderately, in 2
Tacet

Am          G           F             G            Am
3—          3—          3—          3—

I could be wrong, but I have seen your face before;
You were the founders of the clinic on the hill;
I understood that you will soon be leavin' town;

G          C            Dm
3—          3—          3—

you were the man that I saw running from his door,
until he caught you with your fingers in the till,
don't try to call me when they finally run you down.

C          Bb
3—          3—

You owed him money, but you gave him something more
He slapped your hand so you settled up your bill
Just give fair warning any time you come around

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Tacet

with a gun... With a gun... you will

be what you are just the same. Did you pay the other

man with the piece in your hand and leave him

Iy'n' in the rain? rain? When you're

With A Gun - 2
born to play the fool and you've seen all the western movies,

woe to the one who does you wrong. You'll hide in the

bushes, murder the man with lugger in hand.

D.S. al Coda

With A Gun - 3
Dirty Work

Moderately

Tacet

Am7
Dm7

Times are hard, you're a-
Light the candle, put the

G7
Cmaj7
F

afraid to pay the fee, so you find your-
lock up on the door; you have sent the maid some-

Bb
C
G/B
Am7

body who can do the job for free.
early like a thousand times before.
When you need a bit of love 'cause your
Like the castle in his corner in a

man is out of town, that's the time you get me
medieval game I foresee terrible

runnin' and you know I'll be around.
trouble and I stay here just the same.

I'm a fool to do your dirty work, oh yeah:

Duty Work: 2
I don't wanna do your dirty work no more.
I'm a fool to do your dirty work, oh yeah.
I don't wanna do your dirty work, no more.
Only A Fool Would Say That

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN

Medium Latin style

A world become one of salads and sun,

Don't wanna hear the bad news.
A boy with a plan,
Imagine your face
Imag...
telling a lie.
man with a dream.

I heard it was you

talkin' bout a world where

all is free. It just couldn't be, and only a fool

To Coda [1]

would say that.
The man in the street
Anybody on the street has murder in his eyes. You feel no pain and you're younger than you realize.

Only a fool would say that,
Only a fool would say that.
The Boston Rag

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

Moderately slow

Tacet

Em 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
F

An - y news was good...
You were La - dy Bay -

C 0 0 0
Dm 0 0 0
Em 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
F

news,
side,
and the feeling was bad at home;

G 0 0 0
F

there was nothing that I could do;

Am 0 0 0

G 0 0 0

I was out of my mind and down

so I pointed my car down

The Boston Rag - 1

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you were on the phone.

Seventh Avenue.

Lonnie was the kingpin back in
Lonnie swept the playroom

nineteen sixty-five;
I was
swallowed up all he found;
it was

singing this song when Lonnie came alive.
for-y-eight hours till Lonnie came around.

The Boston Rag - 2
Bring back the Boston Rag,

tell all your buddies that it ain't no drag,

Bring back the Boston Rag,

1. Dm/F  E  Bb/F  F  Bb/F  F  E  fade

The Boston Rag - 3
The Royal Scam

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

Moderate

Play 7 times

And they wandered in...from the city of St. John...without a dime.

Wearing coats that shine...both red and green colors from their sunny island.
boats of iron— they looked up— on— the promised land— where surely life was sweet.

ris— ing tide— to New York City— did— they ride in— to the street.
See the glory, (see the glory of) of the royal
scam.

They are

ad lib solo
By the
See the glo-
ry (See the glo-
ry of) of the royal scam.

The Royal Scam 5-4
2. They are hounded down to the bottom
Of a bad town amid the ruins.
Where they learn to fear an angry race
Of fallen kings their dark companions
While the memory of their southern sky
Was clouded by a savage winter.
Every patron saint hung on the wall
Shared the room with twenty sinners.

3. By the blackened wall he does it all.
He thinks he's died and gone to heaven.
Now the tale is told by the old man
Back home he reads the letter.
How they are paid in gold just to babble
In the back room all night and waste the time.
And they wandered in from the city
Of St. John without a dime.

The Royal Scam - 5 - 5
Do It Again

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

Moderately
Tacet

Gm7

In the morn-in' you go gunnin' for the man
know she's no high climber then you find
swear and kick and beg us that you're not

who stole your wa-ter, and you fire till he is done
your on-ly friend in a room with your two tim-
a gam-bl'in' man; then you find you're back in Ve-

Do It Again - 1

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You go back, Jack, do it again.

wheel turnin' round and round. You go back, Jack,

do it again.

[1.2.]

1. D7sus4
2. D7sus4 and fade

D.S. 4 (instrumental)

When you
Now you
My Old School

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN

Moderately fast

Tacet

G
Em

I re-mem-ber_ the thir-ty-five sweet good-byes_
O le-an-ders_ growing out-side her door_
Cal-i-for-nia_ tum-bles in-to the sea_

C
D
G

when you put me on the Wol-ver-ine up in Ann-an-dale.
soon they're gon-na be in bloom up in Ann-an-dale.
that'll be the day I go back to Ann-an-dale.

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It was still September when your daddy was quite surprised.
I can't stand her doing what she did before.
Tried to warn you about Chi-no and Buddy Gee.

To find you with the working girls in the country jail.
Living like a gypsy queen in a fairy tale.
But I can't seem to get to you through the U.S. mail.

I was smoking with the boys upstairs when I
Well, I hear the whistle but I can't go; I'm gonna
Well, I hear the whistle but I can't go; I'm gonna

Heard about the whole affair. I said, "Oh, no,"
Take her down to Mexico. She said, "Oh, no,"
Take her down to Mexico. She said, "Oh, no,"

My Old School - 2
William and Mary won't do...
Guadalajara won't do...
Well, I didn't think the girl could be so cruel, and I'm never going back to my old school.

Repeat and fade

My Old School - 3
throw in her night or raise her sleeping head.
unless you could be wrong.

All I must ask of you is
Oh, honey, can't you see?

make my wildest dreams come true;

no one you won't
is on the wind tonight;

you won't why not

sees and no one feel it till it grows,

chase it where it goes?
Rose darling, my friend,
with only you and what I've found,
we'll wear the weary hours down.
luck-less ped-es-tri-an.
The lies and the laugh-ter. I know you're I
out there with rage in your eyes and your meg-a-phones.
in-sides the mech-an-ized hum of an-
other world.

Say-ing all is for-giv-en
Where no sun is shin-ing,
mad dog sur-
render.
flash-ing.

How can I an-swer?
Here in this dark-ness
A

Don't Take Me Alive - 5 - 2
man of my mind can do
know what I've done — I
know all at once who I am.
I'm a book-

- keeper's son — I don't want — to shoot no one.

Well I crossed my old man back in Oregon don't take me alive.

Got a case — of dynamite.
I could hold out here all night.

Yes I crossed my old man back in Oregon, don't take me alive.

Can you hear the

2.
N.C.
I'm a book -

Don't take me a-live.

Don't Take Me Alive - 5 - 5
Kid Charlemagne

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

While the music played you worked by candlelight.
On the hill the stuff was laced with kerosene.

Those San Francisco nights.
But yours was kitchen clean.

In town to stare at your technicolor motor home.

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you crossed the diamond with the pearl,
frame had your number on the wall.

You

turned it on the world;
must have had it all;
you'd go to L.A. on a dare;

and you'd go it alone.

Did you feel like Jesus?
Could you live forever?

Did you realize that you were a champion?
Could you see the day?
plow in their eyes?

world fall apart and fade away?

Get along,

get along — Kid Charlemagne.

Get along — Kid Charlemagne.

to Coda
Am

| Now the patrons have all left you in the red. |
| Clean this mess up or else we'll all end up in jail. |
| Your Those |

low-rent friends are dead; test-tubes and the scale just get them all out of here.

life can be very strange.

All those day glow freaks who

is there gas in the car?

used to paint the face; Yes, there's gas in the car.

They've joined the human race.
Some things will never change.
I think the people down the hall know who you are.

Son, you were mistaken,
you are obsolete;
Careful what you carry,
'cause the man is wise;

look at all the white men on the street,
you are still an outlaw in their eyes.
Any World  
(That I'm Welcome To)  

Words and Music by  
WALTER BECKER and  
DONALD FAGEN  

Moderately  
Tacet  

If I had my way...  

I would move when you speak  
of what you are...  
and have seen;  

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I'd quit my job, ride the train through the night.
I can see your hand reaching out for me.
Perhaps I'll find what my heart desires.

I'll be ready when my feet touch the ground.
Where the days and nights are the same.
A vision of a child returning.

Wherever I come down, captured happy in a kingdom where the sky is burning.

And if the folks will have me, then they'll have honey, I will be there,
yes, I'll be there, yes, I'll be there,
Any world that I'm welcome to, an any world that I'm

me there, {Any world that I'm welcome to,

wel come to, an any world that I'm welcome to is

To Coda ♩

No chord

better than the one I come from

1. I can hear your words

Any World 5
I got this thing inside me
that's got to find a place to hide me.
I only know I must obey this feeling
I can't explain away.
I think I'll go...
showing his films in the den. Come on, come on.

teach you a new game to play. Come on, come on.

Soon you will be eighteen.

Soon it will be too late.

Kids, if you want some fun,

I think you know what I mean;
don't tell your ma-ma, your

bobbing for apples can wait;
I know you're used to
take off your cheat-ers and

see what you never have seen;

Everyone's Gone To The Movies -?
Every-one's gone to the mov-ies, now we're a-lone at last;

Every-one's gone to the mov-ies, now we're a-lone at last.