CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>AS YOU SAID</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>BADGE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>BLUE CONDITION</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>BORN UNDER A BAD SIGN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>CAT'S SQUIRREL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>DANCE THE NIGHT AWAY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>DESERTED CITIES OF THE HEART</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>DOIN' THAT SCRAPYARD THING</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>DREAMING</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>I FEEL FREE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>I'M SO GLAD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>N.S.U.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49</td>
<td>PASSING THE TIME</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>POLITICIAN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52</td>
<td>PRESSED RAT AND WARTHOG</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>54</td>
<td>SLEEPY TIME TIME</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td>SUNSHINE OF YOUR LOVE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>S.W.L.A.B.R.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58</td>
<td>SWEET WINE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66</td>
<td>TAKE IT BACK</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>63</td>
<td>TALES OF BRAVE ULYSSES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68</td>
<td>THOSE WERE THE DAYS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70</td>
<td>TOAD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72</td>
<td>WE'RE GOING WRONG</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>76</td>
<td>WHAT A BRINGDOWN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>74</td>
<td>WHITE ROOM</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Acknowledgments

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Badge.

EAST/MEMPHIS MUSIC CORP.

Born Under A Bad Sign.

CASSEROLE MUSIC CORP.

All of the other selections in this book.
GINGER BAKER (drums/vocals) is undoubtedly one of the greatest drummers in Europe today. He has played or recorded with most 'name' groups and for three years was the driving force behind the Graham Bond Organisation. His unique rhythmic patterns and remarkable technique make him Britain's most outstanding drummer.

JACK BRUCE (bass guitar/harmonica/vocals) was featured bassist/vocalist with Manfred Mann, and previously played with Graham Bond and John Mayall. Jack is a fiery musician of great feeling and the sounds he produces from his six-string bass and harmonica are quite revolutionary.

ERIC CLAPTON (guitar/vocals) epitomises all that is 'blues'. From far shores he is hailed as brilliant, and he is truly a great guitarist and personality. Originally a rustic, Eric pursued his musical ideals and became a figurehead with The Yardbirds and John Mayall.

Without doubt CREAM is the most explosive ballroom, club and university act in the U.K. It comprises three musical giants nationally established as individual names now combined into one compact and highly original unit, featuring four instruments, three voices and a host of compositions and arrangements by Jack, Eric and Ginger. The original Baker/Bruce combination with the Graham Bond Organisation proved to be the most powerful surging rhythm section of recent years: add exalted Eric Clapton and the most dynamic blues phenomenon is born.
AS YOU SAID

Words and Music by
JACK BRUCE and
PETE BROWN

Brightly

Let's go down to where it's clean,

see what time it might have been.

waves have carried off the beach.

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let's go back to now that's bad,

see what time we might have had;

The rails have carried off the trains,
never come again,
cresc. again,
again, again, oo.
poco cresc.
Thinkin' 'bout the times you drove in my car,
I told you not to wander 'round in the dark,
Talkin' 'bout a girl that looks quite like you.

Thinkin' that I might have drove you too far,
I told you 'bout the swans, that they live in the park,
She didn't have the time to wait in the queue.

And I'm thinkin' 'bout the love that you lain on my table,
Then I told you 'bout our kid, now he's married to Marybel,
She cried away her life since she fell off the cradle.
you that the light goes up and down. Don't you notice that the wheel goes round?
And you better pick yourself up from the ground. Before they bring the curtain down; Yes, before.
BLUE CONDITION

Moderato

Don't take the wrong
Ear - di - ly

re - c - tion pass - ing through,
In - stead of deep

re - flec - tion of what's true,
In - stead of deep

For it's a com - bi - na - tion of judge - ments made by you
For you will hear

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that cause a deep dejection
Life will be one disaster

all the way through.
No relaxation.

variation in the very dark blue,

Blue Condition.
BORN UNDER A BAD SIGN

Words and Music by
BOOKER T. JONES and
WILLIAM BELL

Moderately

CHORUS

Born Under A Bad Sign, I've been down since I began to crawl.

If it wasn't for bad luck, I wouldn't have no luck at all.

VERSE

1. Bad luck and trouble's my only friend, I've been down ever since.
2. You know, wine and women is all I crave, A big bad woman's a-gon-na-car-ry me.

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CHORUS

I've been down since I began to—
—
—

If it wasn't for bad luck, I wouldn't have no luck. If it wasn't for real bad luck, I wouldn't have no luck at all.

Additional Verse

I can't read, I didn't learn to write, My whole life has been one big fight.
All right, all right, all right, all right, all right, all right, all right, all right, all right, all right.
DANCE THE NIGHT AWAY

By

JACK BRUCE and

PETE BROWN

Moderately

Gon'er build myself a castle
find myself an ocean
dance myself to nothing

High up in the clouds
Sail into the blue
Vanish from this place

There'll be skies out
Live with Gon'er
turn my-

side my window

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Dance the streets and of crowds, you, Dance the
night away, night away.

Dance the Coda
D. S. al Coda

see your face, Dance the
night away.
DESERTED CITIES OF THE HEART

Words and Music by
JACK BRUCE and
PETE BROWN

Brightly (in four)

Up-on this street
The street is cold,
where time has died,
its trees are gone,
The gold-en treat you nev-er tried.
The stor-y's told the dark has won.

In times of old,
Once we set sail
in days gone by,
to catch a star,
If I could catch a danc-ing eye,
He had to fail, it was too far.

It was on the way,
On the road to dreams, yes!
It was on the way,
On the road to dreams, yes!

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Now, my heart's drowned in no love streams yes

I felt the wind shout like a drum; you said "My friend love's end has come."

It could-n't last, had to stop, We drained it all to the last drop.

On this dark street, the sun is black. The winter life is coming back.

It's cold in-side, There's no retreat from time that's died.
It was on the way,  
On the road to dreams, yes!

Now, my heart's drowned in no love streams yes!

Now, my heart's drowned in no love streams yes!

Now, my heart's drowned in no love streams yes!

Now, my heart's drowned in no love streams yes!
DOIN' THAT SCRAPYARD THING

Moderately

When I was young they gave me a mongrel piano.
When I was old they gave me a model factory.

Spent all my time inventing the cup of tea.
And empty salads; auto motor way.

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Phon-ing your home from McRees;
Call-ing your name in the zoo;

Drink-ing my fav-'rite love,
Blow-ing my fav-'rite mind,

rit.
Dreaming

By

JACK BRUCE

Dream

about my love

you bring me joy and hours of happiness.

More or less

I dream my life away.

1. Wait
2. Dream

for you to come, changing my

where are you

life now for you to

when will you come to me

life for you now and

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Minutes just drifting
I dream my life on
don't care

If I get nowhere.

I can just dream and you'll be there.

What else is there to do?

Way ay ay ay ay ay ay ay ay

Dream
I'M SO GLAD

By
NEHEMIAH "SKIP" JAMES

Moderately

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad.

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad.

I don't know what to do,
Tired of weep-in',

Don't know what to do,
Tired of moan-in',

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tired of weep-in',
Don't know what to do.

Tired of moan-in',
I don't know what to do.

Tired of cry-in' for you.
N. S. U.

By

JACK BRUCE

Moderato

Driv-ing in my car, smok-ing my ci-gar, The on-ly times I'm hap-py's when I play my gui-tar.
I've been in and out, I've been up and down, I don't want to go un-till I've been all a-round.

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, Ah, ah, ah, ah,

Sing-ing in my yacht, what a lot I got!
What's it all a-bout? An-y one in doubt?
Happiness is something that just cannot be bought. I don't want to go until I've found it all out. Ah, ah, ah, ah,
POLITICIAN

Words and Music by
JACK BRUCE and
PETE BROWN

Moderately

Hey! now ba-by, — get in - to my big, black car.

I wan-na just show you — what my pol-i-ties are!

I'm a pol-it - i-cal man, — And I prac-tice what I preach...

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I'm a political man,
And I practice what I preach.
So don't deny me baby,
Not while you're in my reach!

ADDITIONAL LYRIC
I support the left,
So, I'm leanin', leanin' to the right!
I support the left,
Tho' I'm leanin' to the right!
But I'm just not there
When it's coming to a fight!
Words and Music by
JACK BRUCE and
PETE BROWN

Moderately

Ah

I feel free,

ah ah ah ah ah ah ah

Ah

I feel free,

Ah

I feel free,

Ah

I feel free,

Ah

I feel free,
Feel free.

Dance when I floor is

dance like with you

We Cell

move like the

sea. You're the You, sun you're all I

sky. and as you

want to know. I feel

shine on me,
walk down the street, there's no one there, tho' the pavements are one huge crowd;

drive down the road, my eyes don't see, tho' my mind wants to call out loud.
PASSING THE TIME

Words and Music by
GINGER BAKER and
MIKE TAYLOR

Moderato

It is a cold winter,
The snowflakes are falling,
It is a long winter,
A-way is the song-bird,

And gone is her traveler;
There's ice on the window pane;
She waits for her traveler,
She waits at home.

The sun is on holiday,
She sits by the fireside,
No leaves on the trees;
The room is so warm;

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The animals sleep, while cold north wind blows.
Her children are sleeping; She waits in their home.
There's ice on the window; She's home.

Passing the time,
everything fine

Passing the time, drinking red wine,
Passing the time, drinking red wine.
Passing the time, everything fine, Passing the time, drinking red wine,
Passing the time, everything fine, Passing the time, wine and time rhyme.
Passing the time.

Tempo Primo

Coda

D.S. al Coda

lonely, alone.
PRESSSED RAT AND WARTHOG

Words and Music by
GINGER BAKER and
MIKE TAYLOR

Moderately

(Recitative)

1. Pressed Rat And Warthog have closed down their shop.
2. Pressed Rat And Warthog have closed down their shop. The
3. Pressed Rat And Warthog have closed down their shop.

They didn't want to, 'twas all they had got, Selling A-tonal apples and
bad Captain Madman told them to stop. Selling A-tonal apples and
They didn't want to, 'twas all they had got, Selling A-tonal apples and

amplified heat and Pressed Rat's collection of dog legs and feet.
amplified heat and Pressed Rat's collection of dog legs and feet.
amplified heat and Pressed Rat's collection of dog legs and feet.

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Sadly they left, telling no one "Good - bye." Pressed Rat wore red jodphurs bad Captain Madman had ordered their fate; He laughed and stopped off at the

Warthog, his striped tie. Be - tween them, they carried a three legged sack; Went Nautical Gate. The Gate turned into a "De - rog - a - tree," And his

straight 'round the corner and never came back. peg - leg got wood- worm, and broke into three.

D. S. a Coda
SLEEPY TIME TIME!

Words and Music by
JANET GODFREY and
JACK BRUCE

Slowly

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Sleep-y time time,
Sleep-y time time all the time.

I have my Sun-day, That ain't no lie,
But on Mon-day morn-ing Comes my fav'rite cry We'll have a
Sleep-y time time, We'll have a sleep-y time time, We'll have a
Sleep-y time time, We'll have a sleep-y time time,
Sleep-y time time, Sleep-y time time all the time.
SUNSHINE OF YOUR LOVE

Medium Rock Tempo

Words and Music by
JACK BRUCE, PETER BROWN
and ERIC CLAPTON

1. It's gettin' near dawn
   when lights close a tired
   eye
   I'll soon be with you, my love,
   give you my dull surprise

(2.) with you my love
   the light shining through
   you.
   Yes, I'm with you, my love,
   it's the mornin' and just we

I'll be with you darlin', soon.
I'll stay with you darlin', now.
I'll
be with you when the stars start falling.
stay with you till my seeds are dried up.

I've been waiting so long
to be where I'm going,

In the sunshine of Your Love.

2. I'm Repeat and Fade-out
SWEET WINE

Moderately

Words and Music by
PETER BAKER and
JANET GODFREY

Who wants the
worry, the hurry of city life?
Money, nothing funny,

Sweet wine, hay making, sunshine, day breaking.

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We can wait till tomorrow; Car speed, road calling, bird free, leaf falling,

We can bide time. Who wants the worry, the hurry of city life?

Money, nothing funny, Wasting the best of our life.

Baba ba du la ba ba du la ba la ba du la, Baba ba du la ba ba du la ba la ba du la.
S.W.L.A.B.R.

Moderately

1. Coming to me in the morning,
Leaving me at night;

2. Running to me a cryin',
When he throws you out;

Com'ing to me in the morn'ing,
Leav'ing me a lone;

Run'ning to me a cryin',
On your own a gain;

You've got that rainbow feel,
But the rainbow has a beard.

Words and Music by
JACK BRUCE and
PETE BROWN

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Such good responses, but the picture has a mustache.

Coming to me with that soulful look on your face,

Coming looking like you never ever done one wrong thing,

Coming to me with that soulful look on your face,
Coming looking like you never ever done one wrong thing.

Many fantastic colors I feel in a wonderland;

You've got that pure feel,

Such good responses, But that rainbow feel,

But the rainbow has a beard.
TALES OF BRAVE ULYSSES

Words and Music by
ERIC CLAPTON and
SHARP

Moderately

You thought the lead-en winter would bring you down for-ev-er,
But you rode up-on a steam-er to the

vi-ence of the sun...

And the
col-or of the sea bind your eyes with trem-bling mer-maids
And you touch the dis-tant beach-es with
see a girl’s brown bod-y
danc-ing thru the tur-quoise
And her foot-prints make you fol-low where the
Tales Of Brave Ulysses,
How his naked ears were tortured by the sirens sweetly singing,
For the sky loves the sea,
And when your fingers find her, she drowns you in her body,

For the sparkling waves are calling you to kiss their white laced lips.
Carving deep blue ripples in the tissues of your mind.

And you tiny purple fishes run laughing thru your fingers, And you
want to take her with you to the hard land of the winter.
Her name is Aphrodite and she rode a crimson shell. And you
know you cannot leave her, for you touched the distant sands
with Tales of Great Ulysses, how his
naked ears were tortured by the sirens sweetly singing.

Tiny purple fishes run laughing thru your fingers. And you
want to take her with you to the hard land of the winter.

Repeat and fade out
TAKE IT BACK

Moderately

Words and Music by
JACK BRUCE and
PETE BROWN

Take it back, take it back, Take that thing right out of here. Right a-

way, far a-way, Take that thing right out of here.

Don't let them take me where streets are red. I want to stay here and sleep in my own bed.

I got this great need to stay a-live. Not ashamed of my creed; I've got to survive.

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Need all your lovin',
long blond hair.

So come on, baby,
don't go away.

Don't let them take me 'cos I easily scare.
Just let them take me for a rainy day.

I've got this thing, got to keep it sharp.
Don't go to places where it won't shine in the dark.

So come on, baby,
don't go away.

Just let them save me for a rainy day.

Take it back, take it back,
Take that thing right out of here.
THOSE WERE THE DAYS

Words and Music by
GINGER BAKER and
MIKE TAYLOR

Moderately

1. When the city of Atlantis stood serene above the sea, Longtime before our time,
2. Golden cymbals flying on ocarina sounds, Before wild Medusa's serpents
3. Tie your painted shoes, and dance; blue daylight in your hair, Overhead, a noiseless eagle,

when the world was free; Those were the days.
gave birth to Hell, disguised as Heaven.
fans of flame, Wonder everywhere.

Those were the days, yes, they were; Those were the days.

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Those were their ways, miracles everywhere; are they now? They're gone!

Those were their ways, yes, they were;

Those were their ways. Those Were The Days, yes, they were;

Those Were The Days.
WE'RE GOING WRONG

Words and Music by
JACK BRUCE

Moderately

Please

Please open your eyes,

Please open your mind,

Try

See

to realize.

what you will find.

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I've found out today we're going wrong.
**WHITE ROOM**

Words and Music by
JACK BRUCE and
PETE BROWN

1. In a white room, with black curtains, near the station.
   no strings could secure you, At the station,
   party she was kindness, In the hard crowd.

Black roof country, No gold pavements, tiring starlings.
Platform ticket, restless diesels, goodbye window.
Consolation from the old wound, now forgotten.

Silver horses, rundown moon-beams, in your dark eyes.
I walked into such a sad time, at the station.
Yellow tigers, crouched in jungles, in her dark eyes.

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Dawn light smiles on your leaving, my contentment.
As I walked out felt my own need just beginning.
She's just dressing Good-bye windows tired starlings.

(Falsetto) I'll wait in this place where the sun never shines.
I'll wait in the queue when the train's come back. I'll
I'll sleep in this place with the lonely crowd.

Wait in this place where the shadows run from them-
Wait for you where the shadows run from them-
Lie in the dark where the shadows run from them-

2. You said selves.
3. At the selves. Repeat ad lib. till fade-out
Dawn light smiles on your leaving, my contentment.
As I walked out, felt my own need just beginning.
She's just dressing Good-bye windows tired starlings.

(Falsetto) I'll wait in this place where the sun never shines.
I'll wait in the queue when the train's come back. I'll
I'll sleep in this place with the lonely crowd.

Wait in this place where the shadows run from them-
for you where the shadows run from them-
in the dark where the shadows run from them-

1, 2, 3. tacet

selves. selves. selves.
2. You said 3. At the selves. Repeat ad lib, till fade-out
What a Bringdown

Words and Music by

Ginger Baker

Fairly Bright

Gm

Dan-ger's in a jam jar, par-son's col- lar in the sky.
Lit-tle Lead-er Lou is grow-ing ab-stracts in the north.
Taka a butch-er's at the dod-gie min-ces of Old Bill.

Dm

Wat-er in a foun-tain does-n't get me ver-y high.
Bet-ty Bee's been wear-ing dai-sies since the twen-ty fourth.
Aris-tot-le's or-ches-tra are liv-ing on the pill.

Dm

Mo-by Dick and Al- bert mak-ing out with Cap-tain Bligh.
Where's it going to end, there's one more com-ing forth.
One of them gets ver-y prick- ly when he's ill,

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A. n — m g r
know what you know in your head; Will you, won't you, do you,
know what you know in your head; Will you, won't you, do you,
know what you know in your head; Will you, won't you, do you,

don't you know when a head's...dead? What A Bring-down!
don't you want to go to bed...? What A Bring-down!
don't you want to make...more bread? What A Bring-down!

There's a tea-leaf about in the family Who'll end up in the
Goodbye
CREAM