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Transcribed by KENN CHIPKIN and DANNY BEGELMAN

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AQUALUNG

Words and Music by IAN ANDERSON and JENNIE ANDERSON

Gtr. 2 Capo 3rd fret:

\[ \text{Db} E_b F G_b A_b E B D G_m G_m7\]

\[ F F_{sus} C C_9 C_m C_{add9} G_m7^1 E_b D_b E_b^1\]

Rhy. Fig. 1

N.C.

\[ \text{Db} \quad \text{Eb} \]

Allegro \( (\text{d} = 120) \)

\[ \text{Gr. 2} \]

\[ \text{Gr. 1 (no capo)} \]

Sitting on a park bench, eyeing little girls with bad intent.

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Shots running down his nose, greasy fingers smearing shabby clothes.

Dry-ing in the cold sun.

Watching as the frilly panties run.

Feeling like a dead duck, spitting out pieces of his broken luck.

(2nd time) hey...
(Vocals Filtered) Sun streaking cold, an old man wand'ring lonely. Taking time the only way he knows.

Leg hurting bad, as he bends to pick a dog-end,* he goes down to the bog and warms his feet.

* Cigarette butt
army's up the road
salvation à la mode and a cup of

w/Rhy. Fig. 2

tea.
Aquaplaning my friend don't you

start away uneasy.
You poor old sod you

see it's only me.

\[=176\text{ Presto}\]

Do you still remember December's foggy freeze.
when the ice that clings on
to your beard was screaming agony? (sans filter) Hey! Then you

Aquaplaning 11-4
snatch your rattling last breaths with deep sea diver sounds and the

flowers bloom like madness in the spring.

Sun streaking cold, an

old man wandering lonely, taking time the

only way he knows.

Leg hurting bad, as he bends to pick a dog-end, he
Cm        Gm        Gm7   F        Gm7   F  Fsus  F  Gm7
goes down to the bog and warms his feet.

F        Gm7        F  Fsus  F  Gm7  Gm        F  Gm7
w/Rhy. Fig. 4

Woo hoo hoo. Feeling alone, the

F        C        C(9)        Cm  Gm
army's up the road, salvation a la mode.

Gm7        F  Gm7        F  Fsus  F  Gm7  Gm
w/Rhy. Fig. 4

and a cup of tea. Aqualung my

F        Gm7        F  C        C(9)        Cm  Gm
friend, don't you start away uneasy. You poor old sod, you

Gm7        F  Gm7        F  Fsus  F  Gm7  F  Gm7
see it's only me. oh whoa.

Aqualung – 11 – 6
Guitar Solo:

Gtr. 2 cont. simile

Gm

Eb

Feedback

Gm

F

Gm

Eb

F

Gm

Aquabung - 11 - 8
Aquahung - 11 - 9
Allegro \( (d=120) \)

w/Rhy. Fig. 2

Gm    Gm7    F    Gm7    F    Gm7    F    Fsus    F    Gm7

Dee    dee    dee    dee,    dee    dee    dee    dee    dee    dee.

C    C9    C    C9    Cm    C(9)    Gm    (Gm7)    Gm

Dee    dee    dee    dee    dee    dee    dee    dee    dee    dee    dee.

w/Rhy. Fig. 2

F    Gm7    F    Gm7    F    Fsus    F    Gm7    Gm

Aqu - a - lung    my

F    Gm7    F    Gm7    F    Fsus    F    Gm7    C    C9    C    C9

friend,    don't    you    s - start    a - way    un - eas - y.    You

Aqu - a - lung - 11 - 10
poor old sod, you see it's only me, yeah.

Hmm.

Acoustic Tacet

w/Riff A

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

Acoustic Tacet

w/Riff A

(Drum fill)

Oh oh

oh, Aqualung

Acoustic and Electric guitar:

\( \frac{3}{4} = 86 \)

w/Riff A

(Drum fill)

Riff D
Gtr. 2

Cm

Gm

Gm7
BOURÉE

Words and Music by IAN ANDERSON

Tempo \( \dot{\text{J}} = 126 \) \( \left( \dot{\text{J}} = \frac{3}{4} \right) \)

*Flute (Dm) (A) (E) (Dm) (F) (C)

Bass

*2 Flute parts are represented by opposite stem directions

Gr. 1 (Electric)

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Dm
A
C
Dm
C
Dm
A
Dm

\( \text{Flute Break: (ad lib.)} \)
Dm

Bourée - 7.3
Bass Solo: (ad lib.)

Dm  A  E  Dm  F  C  A  Dm

(Cont. rhy. simile)

N.C. (Solo continues)

Flute

C5  Dm  (C)  (F/C)  (C/G)  Dm

a tempo

(Dm)  (A)  (E)  (Dm)  (F)

(C)  (A)  (Dm)

Bourée - 7 : 5
Flute cadenza
N.C.
BUNGLE IN THE JUNGLE

Words and Music by
IAN ANDERSON

Moderately \( \frac{d}{d} = 96 \)

Intro:

* N.C.(Bm) (G\(\#\)m7(b5)) (Bm) (A)

Flute

Gtr. 1

* Chords implied by Gtr., Flute & Bass gtr.

Verse:

(Bm) (D) (Em) (F\(\#\)) (Bm) (D)

1. Walking through forests of palm-tree apartments, scoff at the monkeys who
2. 3. See additional lyrics.

* Gtr. 2 doubles Gtr. 1

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(Em)  (F#7)  (Bm)  F#  A  Bm  **A/C#**

live in their dark tents. Down by the water hole, drunk ev'ry Friday.

* Gtr. 2 doubles Gtr. 1.

** Bass Gtr. plays C**

F#  A  Bm  A/C#  F#  A

w/Fill 1 (Gtr. 2)  Gtr. 3 (Acoustic)

eating their nuts, saving their raisins for Sunday. Lions and tigers who

wait in the shadows; they're fast but they're lazy, and sleep in green meadows.

---

Fill I
Gtr. 2

---
Chorus:
Rhy. Fig. 1
To Coda

G

A
D

Well, let's bungle in the jungle; well, that's

Rhy. Fig. 1A

T
A

B

w/Fill 2 (Gtr. 2, 2nd time)

G
A
B

A
B
G

A
D

alright by me, yes. Well, I'm a tiger when I want.

G
A

B

A

love; I'm a snake if we dis...

G
A

B

Gtr. 2

Fill 2

T
A

B

12-10-12

12-10

9 (9) 7

Bungle in the Jungle – 6 – 3
Interlude:

Gtr. 3
(Acoustic)

*Chords implied by Gtr. voicings & Bass Gtr.

Gtr. 4 (Acoustic)

*Bm/F#
Coda

Chorus: with Rhy. Figs. 1 (Gtr. 3) & 1A (Gtr. 1) both until end.

\[ \text{G} \quad \text{A} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{A} \quad \text{B} \]

\[ \text{bungle in the jungle; well, that's alright by me.} \]

\[ \text{A} \quad \text{B} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{A} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{A} \quad \text{D} \]

\[ \text{yes. I'm a tiger when I want love, and I'm a} \]

\[ \text{G} \quad \text{A} \quad \text{B} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{A} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{A} \quad \text{D} \]

\[ \text{snake when we disagree, yeah. Let's bungle in the jun-} \]

Bungle in the Jungle – 6 – 5
Verse 2:

Just say a word and the boys will be right there,
With claws at your back to send a chill through the night air.
Is it so frightening to have me at your shoulder?
Thunder and lightenin’ couldn’t be bolder.
I’ll write on your tombstone, “I thank you for dinner.”
This game that we animals play is a winner.

(To Chorus:)

Verse 3:

The rivers are full of crocodile nasties,
And he who made kittens put snakes in the grass.
He’s a lover of life but a player of pawns.
Yes, the king on his sun seat waits waiting for dawn
To light up his jungle as play is resumed;
The monkeys seem willing to strike up the tune.

(To Chorus:)

6-6
Verse 1:
Rhy. Fig. 1A
Em

1. Who would be a poor man, a

Rhy. Fig. 1
Gtr. 1 (elec. gtr.)

(w/ heavy distortion)

F

G

beggar man, a thief, if he had a rich man in his hand?

D

D\textsuperscript{xxv}

D\textsuperscript{xxx}

(end Rhy. Fig. 1)

w/ Rhy. Figs. 1 & 1A

Em

F

G

And who would steal the candy from a laughing baby's mouth if he could take it from the money

\textit{Chorus:}

D

D\textsuperscript{xxv}

D\textsuperscript{xxx}

N.C.(Am)

G5

N.C.(Am)

G5

man?

Cross-eyed Mary, a- goes jumping in again. She

* Gtr. 1 & 2

Cross-Eyed Mary - 7-3

* Piano & gtr.
N.C. (Am) G5 N.C. (Am) G5 N.C. (Bbm) Ab5

signs no con-tract, but she always plays the game. She dines in Hamp-stead Vil-lage on ex-

N.C. (Bbm) Ab5 N.C. (Bbm) Ab5

penes ac-counted gruel. And the jack knife bar-ber drops her off at school.

Rhy. Fig. 2A

Rhy. Fig. 2B

2nd time to Coda Verse 2:
(end Rhy. Fig. 2A) w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (2 times)

D C B A B Em F

Hey! 2. Laugh-ing in the play-ground, gets no kicks from lit-tle boys, would

Rhy. Fig. 3

Gtr. 2 (piano)

Cross-Eyed Mary - 7 - 4
rather make it with a lingering cry. (end Rhy. Fig. 3) Or maybe her attention is drawn,

by Aqualung, who watches through the railings as they play. Hey!

Chorus:

w/Rhy. Fig. 2

Cross-eyed Mary finds it hard to get along. She’s a poor man’s rich girl and she’ll

N.C. (Am) A♭5 N.C. (B♭m) A♭5 N.C. (B♭m) A♭5

do it for a song. She’s a rich man’s stealer, but her favour’s good and strong. She’s the

w/Rhy. Figs. 2A & 2B
N.C. (B♭m) A♭5 C D C B A B

Robin Hood of Highgate, helps the poor man get along. ah! Hey!

Flute solo: (arr. for gtr.)

w/Rhy. Fig. 2
N.C. (Am) G5 N.C. (Am) G5

(steady gliss)

* These notes are sung through the flute.
Verse 3:

Rhy. Fig. 1A (2 times)

Em

Laugh in the play ground, gets no kicks from little boys, would

Gtr. 1

rather make it with a itching grey.

Or maybe her attention is drawn.

F

by Aqualung, who watches through the railings as they play.

Hey!
LIFE IS A LONG SONG

Words and Music by IAN ANDERSON

Intro: Moderately \( \dot{J} = 56 \)

*Gtr. 1 (Acoustic)

 mf hold throughout to form chords

*Capo at 7th fret: All frets shown as 7 are played open due to capo.

Verse:

1. When you're fall - ing a - wake

2.3.4. See additional lyrics.

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w/Fill 1 (Gtr. 2, Verses 2 & 3)

stock of the new day.

And you hear your voice

w/Fill 2 (Gtr. 2, Verses 2 & 3)

croak as you choke on what you need to say.

Fill 1

*Gtr. 2 (12 st. Acoustic)

Fill 2

Gtr. 2

Life Is A Long Song – 5 – 2
Well don't you fret, don't you fear, I will give you good cheer.

Chorus:

w/Fill 3 (Gtr. 2, 3 times, Chorus 2 & 3)
w/Fill 6 (Gtr. 2, 3 times, Chorus 4)

Life's a long song,

1. Life's a long song,

2. See additional lyrics.

---

Fill 3
Gtr. 2

Fill 6
Gtr. 2

Life Is A Long Song – 5 – 3
Life Is A Long Song

life's a long song, life's a long song,

w/Fill 4 (Gtr. 2, Chorus 2)
w/Fill 5 (Gtr. 2, Chorus 3 & 4)
Verse 2:
As the verses unfold and your soul
Suffers the long day.
And the twelve o'clock gloom spins the room,
You struggle on your way,
Well don't you sigh, don't you cry
Lick dust from your eye.
(To Chorus)

Chorus 2:
Life's a long song,
Life's a long song,
Life's a long song.
We will meet in the sweet light of dawn.
(To Verse 3)

Verse 3:
As the Baker street train
Spills your pain all over your new dress,
And the symphony sounds under ground
Put you under duress,
Well don't you squeal
As the heel grinds you under the wheels.
(To Chorus)

Chorus 3:
Life's a long song,
Life's a long song,
Life's a long song.
But the tune ends too soon for us all.
(To Verse 4)

Verse 4:
Instrumental
(To Chorus)

Chorus 4:
Instrumental (con't.)
But the tune ends too soon for us all.
LIVING IN THE PAST

Words and Music by IAN ANDERSON

Moderately fast \( \text{\textit{d}} = 138 \)

Intro: N.C. (Bass Gr.)

Gtr. 1 (Flute)

(Cont. rhy. simile)

To Coda \( \text{\textit{\bigcirc}} \)

(Cont. rhy. simile)

Verses 1 & 2:

1. Happy and I'm smiling, walk a mile to drink your water. You

2. See additional lyrics.

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Living In The Past – 2 – 1 All rights for the U.S.A. and Canada controlled by RARE BLUE MUSIC, INC. (ASCAP)
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Verse 2:

Once I used to join in,
Every boy and girl was my friend.
Now there's revolution
But they don't know what they're fighting.
Let us close our eyes;
Outside their lives go on much faster.
Oh, we won't give in,
We'll keep living in the past.

(To Intro:)

We'll go walking out while others shout of war's disaster.
Oh, we won't give in, let's go living in the past.
Oh, no, we won't give in, let's go living in the past.

Repeat and fade
LOCOMOTIVE BREATHE

Intro:
Freely
N.C.
(with pedal)

* All chords w/capo at 7th fret.

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Locomotive Breath - 12 - 1

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Tempo II: \( \frac{d}{d} = 120 \) \( \text{([ ] } \text{[ ]}) \)

(Band enters)

* Gtr. 2 \( \gamma \)  
(Acoustic)  
Gtr. 1

* Gtr. 2 w/capo at 7th fret.

Verse 1:

Rhy. Em  

Fig. 1

Gtr. 1

Rhy. Fig. 1A

Gtr. 3

In the shuffling madness of the locomotive breath.
runs the all time los - er.

head - long to his death. Oh, he feels the pis - ton scrap -
Locomotive Breath – 12 – 5
going, no way to slow down.

(end Rhy. Fig. 1)

Oh!

(end Rhy. Fig. 1A)
Verse 2:

w/Rhy. Figs. 1 (Gr. 2) & 1A (Gr. 1)

He sees his children jumping off

at stations, one by one;

His woman and his best friend,

in bed and having fun.

Oh, he's crawling down the corridor

on his hands and knees.

Old Locomotive Breast - 12 - 7
Charlie stole the handle, and the train it won't stop going; no way to slow.

Em

G    D    Em

down. Hey, hey.

Fill 3
Gtr. 4

Fill 3A
Gtr. 5

Locomotive Breath – 12 – 8
Verse 3:

w/Rhy. Figs. 1 (Gtr. 2) & 1A (Gtr. 1)

Em

G D Em

He hears the silence howling, catches angels as they

G D Em

fall, and the all-time winner

G D

has got him by the balls. Oh, he picks up Gideon's Bible,

G D Em

ble, open at page one. I thank

G D

Locomotive Breath - 12 - 10
God he stole the handle, and the train it won't stop

going; no way to slow down. No way to slow down.

Em

Loosewire Breath - 12 - 11
No way to slow down.
Verses I & 3:

Esus  E

1. The min - strel in________________ the gal - lery ______

Rhy. Fig. 1

3. See additional lyrics.

G5  D

looked down up - on the smil - ing fac - es.________

(end Rhy. Fig. 1)

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1, 2 times)

E  A5  B

He met the gazes,  observed the spa - ces,____ in - be-tween the old

Esus

E  A5  B

men's cack - le.________ And he bowed a song____ of love and ha -
trod, oblique suggestions and he waited. He polarized.

the pumpkin eaters, static humming.

panel beaters.

Chorus:

The minstrel in the gallery looked down on the rabbit.

Minstrel In The Gallery - 9 - 3
A5  F#5  D  E

look - ing glass,
and saw his face in ev -

run.
And he drew a - way his.

A 11 9 11 9 11 9 7 7

T 10
A 7
B 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2

Musetel In The Gallery - 9 - 4
Verse 2:
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr.1)

Esus

He titillated men of action,

belly warming, hands still rubbing

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1st 3 bars only)

on the parts they never mention, salaried and
Interlude:

N.C.(B5)

col - lar scrubs - ing, yeah.

Gtr. 1

(TAB)

(B5)

hold...

(D.S. Ss al Coda)

Chorus:

w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtr.1)

Coda

Bm

E

A5

F45

The min - ster in the gal - ler - y

Gtr. 2

Minstrel In The Gallery - 9 - 6
looked down on the rab-bit run.

Then he threw a-way his look-ing glass.

and saw his face in ev’ry-one.

Hey.

Outro: N.C.(B5)
Minuet in The Gallery - 9 - 8
Verse 3:
He pacified the nappy suffering, infant-bleating one-line jokers,  
T.V. documentary makers (overfed and undertakers).  
Sunday paper backgammon players, family scared and women haters.  
Then he called the band down to the stage,  
And he looked at all the friends he’d made.  
(To Chorus:)

Minstrel In The Gallery – 9 – 9
MOTHER GOOSE

Words and Music by IAN ANDERSON

Intro: Moderately \( \frac{4}{4} = 96 \)

*Gtr. 1 (Acoustic)

Dsus2

C5 Am Dsus2 C5 Am

f hold throughout to form chords

Dsus2 Flute Riff A C5 Am Dsus2 C5 Am

Verse:

D9(3)

1. As I did walk by Hampstead Fair I came upon

2. See additional lyrics.

Mother Goose, so I turned her loose, she was screaming.

Mother Goose $5.1

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And the foreign student said to me, "Was it really true, that there are elephants, lions too in Piccadilly..."
w/Flute Riff A (3 times, Verses 1 & 2)
w/Fill 2 (Gtr. 2, Verse 3)

Dsus2  C5  Am  Deus2  C5  Am  Dsus2  C5  Am

Cir-cus."

D5  Dsus2  G  G/F#  C/E  G/D
Walk down by the bathing pond to try and catch some sun.

D  C6/D  D  C6/D  G  G/F#
Saw at least a hundred school girls sobbing into hand.

Fill 2
Gtr. 2  D5

Mother Goose - 5 - 3
w/Flute Riff A (3 times, Verses 1 & 2)
w/Fill 2 (Gtr. 2, Verse 3)

Dm Dm7
C5 Am

Don't believe they knew I was a school boy.

Dms2 C5 Am Dms2 C5 Am Dms2

Interlude:

To Coda

Mother Goose - 5-4
Verse 2:
And the bearded lady said to me
"If you start your raving and your misbehaving
You'll be sorry."
And the chicken fancier came to play
With his long red beard and his sister's weird,
She drove a lorry.
Laughed down by the putting green,
I popped them in their holes.
Four and twenty labourers were laboring
And digging up their gold.
I don't believe they knew that I was Long John Silver.

(To Interlude:)

Verse 3:
Saw Johnny's scarecrow make his rounds
In his jet black mac'
Which he won't give back,
Stole it from a snowman.
As I did walk by past Hampstead Fair
I came upon Mother Gootee,
So I turned her loose,
She was screaming.
Walked down by the bathing pond
To try and catch some sun.
Must have been at least a hundred school girls
Sobbing into handkerchiefs as one.
I don't believe they knew I was a school boy.
A NEW DAY YESTERDAY

Words and Music by IAN ANDERSON

Intro: Moderately slow \( \cdot \cdot \cdot = 60 \)

N.C.(ES)

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A New Day Yesterday – 5 – 1

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Verse:

1. My first and last time with you
and we had some fun.

2.3. See additional lyrics

Went walking through the trees, yeah.
and then I kissed you once.

Oh, I wanna see you soon.
But I wonder how.

It was a new day yesterday,
but it's an old day now.

To Coda

A New Day Yesterday – 5 – 2
1. w/Riff A1 (Gtr. 2, 2 times)

Guitar Solo:
Gtr. 2  N.C.(ES)

A New Day Yesterday – 5 - 3
Coda

It was a new day—yesterday.

Freely

It was a new day—yesterday, but it's an old day now.

Verses 2 & 3:

Spent a long time looking for a game to play,
My luck should be so bad now, it turns out this way.
I had to leave today, just when I thought I'd found you.
It was a new day yesterday, but it's an old day now.

(To Guitar Solo)
TO CRY YOU A SONG

Words and Music by IAN ANDERSON

Moderately $j = 88$

Intro: Fade in
N.C. (Gm)

Gtr. 1
Riff A

Gtr. 2
Riff A1

Play 4 times
Riff B

Gtr. 1 & 2
F

C

G5

Verses 1 & 2:

1. Flying so high, trying to remember

2. See additional lyrics.

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(Cm)

how many cigarettes did I bring a

Gtr. 2

Gtrs. 1 & 2

Gtr. 1

w/Riffs A (Gtr. 1) & A1 (Gtr. 2), both 2 times

(Gm)        (Bb)          (Gm)        (Bb)       (Gm)

long.

G5

When I get down I jump in a taxi cab,

Gtrs. 1 & 2

(Cm)

driving through London town to cry you a

Gtr. 2

Gtrs. 1 & 2

Gtr. 1

hold

To Cry You A Song - 11 - 2
w/Riffs A (Gtr. 1) & A1 (Gtr. 2), both 2 times

song.

F
C
G5

Gtrs. 1 & 2
It's been a

Chorus:
C

long - time,
still shak - in' my wings.
Well, I'm a

C

glad
bird.
I got chang - es to ring.

To Cry You A Song – 11 – 3
w/Riffs A (Gtr. 1) & A1 (Gtr. 2), both 2 times

D.S. $^{5/8}$ al Coda

Coda

Guitar Solo II

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 3)

E5 D5
Guitar Solo III:
wriffs A (Gtr. 1) & A1 (Gtr. 2), both 8 times

Ch 4

(Bb) (Gm)

*Ch 4 played through Leslie speaker cabinet.
Verses 3 & 4:

3. Lights in the street, peeping through curtains drawn.

4. See additional lyrics.

Verse 2:
Closing my dream inside this paperback,
Thought I saw angels but I could have been wrong,
Search in my case, can't find what they're looking for,
Waving me through to cry you a song.
(To Bridge:)

Verse 4:
The smile in your eyes was never so sweet before,
I came down from the skies to cry you a song.

To Cry You A Song - 11 - 11
NOTHING IS EASY

Moderately fast \( \frac{q}{4} = 136 \) (\( \frac{q}{4} = 1.5 \))

Intro:
Gtr. 1 (w/Flute improvisation)

Verse:
Dm
C
F
C

1. Nothing is easy, though time gets you worrying, my
2. See additional lyrics.

*Use Rhy. Fig. 1 as a model for improvisation.

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w/Fill 1 (Gtr. 2)

friend it's o - kay.

Just

(end Rhy. Fig. 1)

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1, 3 times)

Dm C

F C Bb Gm

take your life eas - y and stop all that hur-ry'ing, be hap - py my way.

When ten - sion starts mount - ing and you've lost count of the

w/Fill 1 (Gtr. 2)

Bb Gm

Dm C

pen - nies you've missed,

just try hard and see why they're

w/Fill 1 (Gtr. 2)

F C Bb Gm

not wor - ry'ing me, the're last on my list.

Nothing's

Fill 1
Gtr. 2

Nothing Is Easy - 8 - 2
Interlude I:

Gtr. 2

Rhy. Fig. 2

Gtr. 1

w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtr. 1, 3 times)

C Bb G5

C Bb G5

C Bb G5

Nothing Is Easy – 8 – 3
Verse 2:
Nothing is easy you’ll find that,
The squeeze won’t turn out so bad,
Your fingers may freeze, worse things
Happen at sea, there’s good times to be had.
So if you’re alone and you’re down to the bone
Just give us a play,
You’ll smile in a while and discover that
I’ll get you happy my way.
Nothing’s easy.

(To Interlude II:)

Nothing Is Easy – 8 – 8
SKATING AWAY
(ON THE THIN ICE OF THE NEW DAY)

Words and Music by
IAN ANDERSON

Freely (′ = 112)

Verse 1:

Mean-while back in the year one,
when you belonged to no one,

you didn’t stand a chance, son.
if your pants were undone.

′Cause you were bred
for hu-

Skating Away On The Thin Ice - 6 - I

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Having sold to society,
One day you'll wake up in the present day,
a million generations removed,
from expectations of a being who you really want to be.
Chorus:
w/Rhy. Fill 1 (Gtr. 2, 3 times)

Skating away, skat-ing a-way,

Rhy. Fig. 1

Skating away on the thin ice of the new day,

Bb

Feas F

Feas F

Feas2 F

(End Rhy. Fig. 1)

Rhy. Fill 1
Gtr. 2

Skating Away On The Thin Ice – 6 – 3
2. So as you push off from the shore, won't you turn your head once more,

3. See additional lyrics.

... (end Rhy. Fig. 2) Bb6

w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gr. 1)

For those who choose to stay a will live just one more day
to do the things they should have done.

And as you cross the wilderness, spinning in your emptiness, you feel you have...
Looking for a sign that the universal mind
has written you into the passion play.

Chorus:

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. I) & Rhy. Fill 1 (Gtr. 2, 3 times)

Skating away, skating away,
Verse 3:
And as you cross the circle line,
Well, the ice wall creaks behind,
You're a rabbit on the run.
And silver splinters fly in the corner of your eye,
Shining in the setting sun.
Well, do you ever get the feeling that the
Story's too damn real and in the present tense?
Or that everybody's on the stage and it seems
Like you're the only person sitting in the audience?
(To Chorus:)

Skating Away On The Thin Ice – 6 – 6
SOSSITY, YOU’RE A WOMAN

Words and Music by IAN ANDERSON

Moderately \( j = 112 \)

Intro:

Gtr. 1 (Acoustic)

Verse: a tempo

N.C.

1. Hello, you straight-laced lady, dressed in white, but your shoes aren’t clean.

2. See additional lyrics

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hope we can't see where you've been.
The smiling face.

that you've worn to greet me rising at morning.

Sent me out to work for my score.

To Coda

Please me and say what it's for.

Soully, You're A Woman – 4 – 2
Society, You're A Woman - 4 - 3
Verse 2:
Give me the straight-laced promise
And not the pathetic lie.
Tie me down with your ribbons,
And ask when I ask you why.
Your Sunday-paper voice cries
Demanding truths I deny.
The bitter-sweet kiss you pretended
Is offered, our affair mended.
(To Chorus:)

Verse 3:
All of the tears you’re wasting
Are for yourself and not for me.
It’s sad to know you’re aging,
Sadder still to admit I’m free.
Your immature physical toy
Has grown too young to enjoy.
At last your straight-laced agreement
Woman, you were too old for me.
(To Chorus:)

Susie, You’re A Woman – 4 – 4
TEACHER

Words and music by IAN ANDERSON

Moderately $d = 116$

Intro: A5 G D

Verse 1:

w/ Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1, 7 times)

$A(9)$

(play 4 times)

(Enter 4th time) Well, the dawn was coming; heard him

Rhy. Fig. 1

Gtr. 1

A(9)

Rhy. Fig. 2

Gtr. 2

吴 Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtr. 2, 6 times)

$A(9)$

ringing on my bell. He said, "My name's the teacher.

G D A(9)

oh, that is what I call myself. And I

$A(9)$

have a lesson that I must impart to you.

G D A(9)

It's an old expression, but I

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Teacher - 6 - 1

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w/ Rhy. Fig. 3A (Gtr. 2)

A(9)  

must insist it's true. Jump up, look around, find.

Rhy. Fig. 4

Gtr. 1 & 2

F D C  

your self some fun, no sense in sitting there hating ev'ry one.

D F D C

No man's an island and his castle isn't home, the nest is full of nothing when the bird has (end Rhy. Fig. 4)

Fill 1

Rhy. Fig. 3A

Gtr. 2

hold...

Teacher - 6 - 2
*Interlude:
N.C. (B5) (E5) (A5) (B5) (E5) (A5) (B5)

flown.

Riff A

Grtr. 1

Riff A1

Grtr. 2

* w/out vocal on repeat

(E5) (A5) (B5) (E5) (A5)

2. So,
3. See additional lyrics.
(end Riff A)

(end Riff A1)

Teacher - 6 - 3
Verses 2 & 3:

with Rythms, Figs. 1 (Gtr. 1) & 2 (Gtr. 2), both 3 times

I took a journey, threw my world into the sea.

With me went the teacher who found

Pre-chorus:

fun instead of me. Hey man, what's the plan, what.

was that you said? Sun tanned, drink in hand, lying there in bed.

I try to socialize, but I can't seem to find what I was looking for, got

Interlude:

To Coda

something on my mind.

Flute Solo:

Rhythm Fig. 5

Teacher 6-4
Verse 3:
Then the teacher told me it had been a lot of fun.
Thanked me for his ticket and all that I had done.

(To Pre-Chorus:)

Teacher – 6 – 6
Too Old To Rock ‘N’ Roll:
TOO YOUNG TO DIE

Words and Music by
IAN ANDERSON

Intro:
Cm

Moderately slow \( \frac{d}{2} = 72 \)

Verses 1 & 5:
Rhy. Fig. 1

1. The old rock-er wore his hair too long,

6. See additional lyrics.

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2. Death's head belt buckle, yesterday's dreams.

7. See additional lyrics.

the transport cat' prophet of doom.

Ringing no change in his double sewn seams, in his
To Coda
(end Rhy. Fig. 2)
Now he's
And he was
(end Rhy. Fig. 2A)

Chorus:
Rhy. Fig. 3
Bb

C
Bb
F
Bb
F

too old to rock 'n' roll,

Rhy. Fig. 3A

Eb
A
Dm
Eb

but he's too young to die.

Yes, he's

Too Old To Rock 'N' Roll: Too Young To Die - 10 - 4
Verse 3:

w/Rhy. Figs. 1 (Gtr. 4) & 1A (Gtr. 3)

He once owned a Harley Davidson

and a Triumph Bonneville.

Counted his friends in
Verse 4:

w/Rhy. Figs. 2 (Gtr. 4) & 2A (Gtr. 3), 1st 4 bars only, both 2 times.

Verse 5:

w/Rhy. Figs. 2 (Gtr. 4) & 2A (Gtr. 3)

They've thrown - a - way - their blue - suede - shoes.  

Now they're
Chorus:

w/Rhy. Flgs. 3 (Gtr. 4) & 3A (Gtr. 3)

Too old to rock 'n' roll

Riff A

Gtr. 1

and they're too young to die.

Yes, they're

Too old to rock 'n' roll

D.C. al Coda

and they're too young to die.

(end Riff A)
Coda

w/Rhy. Figs. 3 (Gtr. 4) & 3A (Gtr. 3), 1st 7 bars only, & w/Riff A (Gtr. 1)

bb

\[ \text{too old to rock 'n' roll} \]

\[ \text{and he was too young to die. Oh, he was} \]

\[ \text{too old to rock 'n' roll} \]

w/Rhy. Fills 1 (Gtr. 4) & 1A (Gtr. 3)

\[ \text{and he was too young to die. Now you're} \]

Double Time ($J = 144$)

\[ \text{ah, never too old to rock 'n' roll,} \]

Rhy. Fill 1

Gtr. 4

Rhy. Fill 1A

Gtr. 3

Too Old To Rock 'N' Roll: Too Young To Die - 10 - 8
if you're too young to die.

And now you're

ah, never too old to rock 'n' roll.

But he was too young to

Too Old To Rock 'N' Roll: Too Young To Die - 10 - 9
Outro: (a tempo: $\text{d} = 72$

Verse 6:
So the old rocker gets out his bike
To make a ton before he takes his leave.
Up on the A1, by Scotch Corner,
Just like it used to be.

Verse 7:
And as he flies, tears in his eyes.
His wind-whipped words echo the final take.
As he hits the trunk road, doing around one-hundred twenty,
With no room left to brake.
THICK AS A BRICK

Words and Music by
IAN ANDERSON
and GERALD BOSTOCK

Intro: Moderately fast $\frac{4}{4} = 224$ ($J = 112$)

Verses 1 & 2:

*Capo at 3rd fret: In tab, all strings indicated at 3rd fret are played open.

Rhy. Fig. 1
1. Really don't mind
   if you sit... this one out;
2. See additional lyrics.

Rhy. Fig. 2

w/Rhy. Riff 1 (Gtr. 2, 2 times, Verse 2)

*Verse 1 only

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1)

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w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtr. 1)
w/Rhy. Riff 1 (Gtr. 2, 2 times, Verse 2)

F5
C(4)

Verse 1 only

* Verse 1 only

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1)

Rhy. Riff 1

(end Rhy. Riff 1)

w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtr. 1) & Rhy. Riff 1
(Gtr. 2, 2 times, Verse 2)

Cm
Bb
F5
C(4)

* Flute

but I can't make you think.

Bb
Fsus
Eb sus 2

* Verse 1 only

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1)

F
Cm
Bb

sperm's in the gut-ter,

w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtr. 1) & Rhy. Riff 1 (Gtr. 2, 2 times, Verse 2)

F5
C(4)
Bb
Fsus
Eb sus 2

* Flute

1. So you

Thick As A Brick – 7 – 2
Chorus:

Bb  C  Csus2  F  Fsus2  F  Fsus2

ride yourselves over the fields.

2. See additional lyrics

Gtr. 2

F  Fsus  F  Fsus2  Bb  C  Csus2

and you make all your animal deals,

F  Fsus2  F  Fsus2  F  Fsus  Fsus2  Bb  C  Csus2

and your wise men don't know how it feels.

F  Fsus2  F  Fsus2  F  Fsus  Fsus2  C  Csus  C  Csus2  C  Csus  C

Thick As A Brick - 7 - 3
to be thick as a brick.

1. w/Rhy. Riff 1 (Both gtr. 2 times)
F  Eb6  Bb  F  Eb6  Bb

2. F7(3)  Eb sus2  F sus2  F7(3)  Eb sus2  F7 sus

Bridge:
F
Gtr. 1

Gtr. 2
And the love that I feel

Thick As A Brick – 7 – 4
is so far away.

I'm a bad dream that I just had today.

And you shake your head, humm,

and said it's a shame.
Verse 3:

Spin me back down the years and the days.

w/Rhy. Fig. 3 (Gtr. 1, 10 times)

of my youth.
Verse 2:
And the sandcastle virtues are all swept away
In the tidal destruction, the moral melee.
The elastic retreat rings the close of play,
As the last wave uncovers the new-fangled way.
(To Chorus 2:)

Chorus 2:
But your new shoes are worn at the heels.
And your suntan does rapidly peel.
And your wisemen don’t know how it feels,
To be thick as a brick.
WITCH'S PROMISE

Words and Music by
IAN ANDERSON

Intro: Moderately \( \frac{\text{d.}}{\text{d.}} = 56 \)

w/Flute Solo A5
Gtr. 1 (Acoustic)

N.C. (A)

Verse:
substitute w/Rhy. Fill 1 (Gtr. 1, Verse 3)

N.C. (A5)

Verse:
lend me your ear while I call you a

2.3. See additional lyrics.

Rhy. Fill 1
Gtr. 1

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C    G(4)    Asus2
foo    ool

A5  Asus2  N.C. (A5)
you were kissed by a witch one

C    G(4)    Asus2
night in the wood

A5  Asus2  N.C. (A5)
and later insisted your feelings were

Witch's Promise - 5 - 2
Chorus:

A5 C D A B

1. The witch's promise was coming.

2.3. See additional lyrics.

(N.C.) A5 Asus2 G D Asus2 D

lieving he listened, while laughing you flew.

N.C. (A)

1.

2. He's

Witch's Promise - 5 - 3
Interlude:

Gtr. 1

Gtr. 2 (Acoustic)

Asus2

G6

mf

B A

Asus2

G6

mf

B A

Keep

Witch's Promise - 5 - 4
Bridge:

looking, keep looking for some place to be. Well you're

wasting your time, they're not stupid like he is. Meanwhile

leaves are still falling you're too blind to see. 3. You

\[\text{Coda}\]

Gr. 1 N.C.(A)

\[\text{w/Flute Solo}\]

\[\text{Asus2}\]

Repeat & fade

Verse 2:
Leaves falling, red, yellow, brown
All look the same,
And the love you had found lay
Outside in the rain.
Washed clean by the water
But nursing its pain.

Chorus 2:
The witch's promise was coming.
And you're looking elsewhere for your own selfish gain.
(To Interlude:)

Verse 3:
You won't find it easy now,
It's only fair.
He was willing to give to you,
You didn't care.
You're waiting for more,
But you've already had your share.

Chorus 3:
The witch's promise is turning,
So don't you wait up for him,
He's going to be late.
(To Coda)