Babylon

Words and Music by Taime Downe and Greg Steele

Intro
(Drums)

Bright Rock \( \text{B}_{60} \)

1st, 2nd, 3rd Verses

1. Liv' in' in L. A. is so much fun!

2. See additional lyrics

Rhy. Fig. 2

Boy, you is ugly and your girlfriend weighs a ton...

We were
w/Rhy. Fig. 2

E5

sit - tin' in our car in a traf - fic jam,

A5 B5 A5

and the
tour - ist starts scream - in', "Ain't you that guy in Wham?" (Wake me up be - fore you go go,

E5 E5

A5

ba - by.)

No, we

Chorus

D5

B5

won't shut up, we're just Bab - y - lon on_ and on_

w/Riff A

N.C.(E5)

B5 C5 C5

D5

B5

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (2 times)

E5 A5 B5 A5

Bab - y - lon on_ Bab - y - lon on_ and on_

E5 G5 G#5 F5 E5 A5 B5 A5

Shut up!

Guitar solo

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (4 times)

E5 A5 B5

2nd time to Coda

G5 G#5 F5

Shut up!

Bab - y - lon on_ and on_

Full

Full

Full

Riff A

Full

Full

Full

Full

Full
Additional Lyrics

2. Met a hoochie-koochie named Dizzy Cowabunga.  
   I said, "Shut your face and take off what you got under."  
   Went outside, I said, "Your place, not mine,  
   'Cause my granny's on the couch and it smells like she might die." (To Chorus)  

3. Party in Bel-Air with Buffy and Biffy,  
   Some home boy says, "Hey guys, you want some sniffy?"  
   On the table was some punch and we put a Spanish fly.  
   Biffy's with dog Spot and Buffy's on my thigh. (To Chorus)
1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th Verses

G5

I saw a num-ber writ-ten on the wall,

E5 F5 F#5 G5

said —— "For a good_

A5 A#5 B5 C5

_— time call..." Dial-in' two eight one one sev-en six six eight._
Hey baby, I can't wait... I got your number off the bathroom wall.

Chorus

Got your number off the bathroom wall.

And I de-
Guitar solo I

Guitar solo II

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (2 times)

Coda I

w/Rhy. Figs. 3 & 3A

G5

3rd time to Coda II

2nd time to Coda I
Coda II (cont. Rhy. Figs. 3 & 3A) w/Rhy. Figs. 3 & 3A (both 1½ times)

Yeah, I got your number off the bathroom wall.

And boy am I lucky that I didn't use the other stall.

Additional Lyrics

2. Pick up the phone and I start to think.
   I get excited when it starts to ring.
   What will she look like, what will she say?
   If it's good I'll call her every day.
   I got your number off the bathroom wall. (To Chorus)

3. You answered the phone in a sexy voice.
   I got excited and I have no choice
   To put another dime in the telephone
   'Cause my number's alone at home.
   I got your number off the bathroom wall. (To Chorus)

4. Repeat 1st Verse (To Chorus)
BOTTLE IN FRONT OF ME

Words and Music by
Brent Muscat and Taime Downe

Medium Rock \( \frac{J}{ \text{tempo}} = 136 \)

Intro
Gr. 1
N.C.(E5)
Rhy. Fig. 1

(Gr. 1)
N.C.(E5)
Rhy. Fig. 1

(end Riff A (Gr. II))

1st, 2nd Verses
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (2 times)
N.C.(E5)

1. Juic-in' it up 'till I can't see what's in front of me.
2. My mornings are pure misery, ice pack on my head.

Can you
It's an-

help me make it up the stairs so I can hit the sack and may-be get some sleep?
other Blood-y Mar-y morn-ing and I'm feeling pretty sore, wish I was dead...

Chorus

w/Fill 2

Fill 1

Fill 2

A bottle in front of me is like a frontal lo-

Harm...

Harm...

Fill 1

Fill 2

Full

Full
N.C.

Last call for alcohol; it's the end of my night. Bought me a case of Tylenol just to

make me feel alright, right, right.

I gotta feel alright.

Yeah, I said, "Hey Riki, wanna take me down to the store to buy another bottle?"
Chorus
w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (2 times)

Bottle in front of me is

like a frontal lobotomy.

One more swig will alter my psychology.

Got a bottle in front of me. It's like a frontal lobotomy.
CATHOUSE

Words and Music by Taije Downs

Fast Rock \( j = 172 \)

Intro
G5  F5  C5
Rhy. Fig. 1

w/Rhy. Fig. 1
G5  F5  C5
Rhy. Fig. 1A

1st, 2nd Verses
G5  C

Let's go down 'cross the tracks... where a pus- sy ain't no fe- line.
Let's go to the house... where bus'-ness is a pleas- sure.

Rhy. Fig. 2
Rev up my Chev'y, I'm gonna pay to play.
Per-\-ver-\-sion, is an a-\-ver-\-sion that won't go a\-\-way.

lick\-\-it\-\-y split\_\_ I like\_\_ that taste\_, I push a\-\-head and fall be\-\-hind.

hard, hard act\_\_ to swal\-\-low, and she's my bur\-\-ied trea\-\-sure.

And such a good, good time\_, we just wan\-\-na stay.
It\_'ll be a long, long time\_ be-\-\-fore I'm on my way.

Chorus

Just got back from the best cat\-\-house in town\_ and had the

Rhy. Fig. 3

(best piece of Mona Lisa ever found*)
G5  D5  C5 w/Fill 2

now I'm go-in' back to the best cat house in town

G5  D5  C5 *w/Fill 3A

to get some more of that cheap little tramp right by now

To Coda

1. w/Rhy. Figs. 1 & 1A (both 2 times)
2. (Cont. Fill 3A)

Guitar solo

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (4 times)

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill

G5  F5  C5

w/Fill
Bridge
G5

Ooh, I won't get a movin'.

Gas up my Chev-y, headed down the way, sayin',

just get, get me back, get me a back I say.

D.S. al Coda

sl.
Coda (Cont. Fill 3A)

Chorus
A5  E5
Now I'm go-in' back to the
Now I'm go-in' back to the
Rhy. Fig. 4

w/Fill 4

best cat-house in town...
best cat-house in town...

And that's the to get some
(end Rhy. Fig. 4)

w/Rhy. Fig. 4  *w/Fill 5

A5  E5  D5
Repeat and fade

best piece of Mona Lisa I ever found...
more of that cheap little tramp right by now.

*After 1st time, play Fill 5
an octave (12 frets) lower.
CITY HAS NO HEART

Words and Music by Taime Downe and Brent Muscat

Bright Rock \( \text{M} = 160 \)

Intro

Rhy. Fig. 1

Play 4 times

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (4 times)

1st, 2nd, 3rd Verses

(1.) Sun's com'in' up in the west... I've got my pearl and my steel...
(2. 3.) Face it, this place is a mess... It's got a hole in the ceil'in'.

An'

The

Rhy. Fig. 2

Rhy. Fig. 2A

(end Rhy. Fig. 2)

(end Rhy. Fig. 2A)
with Rhy. Figs. 2 & 2A

Bennie takes a look at Stacy, says, "Boy, is this for real?"

(1.3.) The heat is comin' down and I'm not laughin'.

(2.) And Jackie's feelin' numb, face down on the table. Greg is

pulled my trigger, I'm blastin' for action. I jump into the saddle, I'm

not walkin'. I'm sick of this town and all its talk.

This city, yeah, has no heart.

It's got a mouth that keeps a-runnin', and baby, it won't stop.

This city has no heart.

It's got a mouth that keeps a-runnin', and baby, it won't stop.

To Coda
I said hey, this city has no heart.

(Whispered:) has no heart.

Gypsy junkie baby, you're

sittin' in the sun, and there's no use tryin', but you did it again, oh no.

Guitar solo
w/Rhy. Fig. 4 (8 times)
DON'T CHANGE THAT SONG

Words and Music by
Greg Steele and Talme Downe

Moderate Rock

w/ Fill 1 4th time

Intro Gtr. I A5 Riff A

5th time

2nd Verse

(4th time:) 1. Before I turn on my lower, gotta
2. See additional lyrics

1st, 2nd Verses

(Both gtrs.)

Rhy. Fig. 1

D5 C5

Mm, and it

(end Rhy. Fig. 1)

Fill 1 (Gtr. II)

pick slide
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (2 times)

A5

goes in better with a little bit of rock-and-roll.

D5

Now I'm easing

to my pleasing by the candlelight.

A5

And I'm slippin' on a stack of black wax, and then I call it a night.

D5

And I started groovin' and she started movin' and real-

E5

by started feelin'. Go to the midst of consumption she caused

C5

me aggravation when she started messin' with that dial. Don't you
Chorus
1st time w/Riff A (4 times)
2nd time w/Riff A (3½ times)

A5

D5 C5

A5

D5 C5

change that song, it's my fa-v'rite rec-ord.
Don't you

A5

D5 C5

change that song, it goes on and on a-gain.

2. We

D5 C5

Bridge

G5

And ba-by, there's no rea-son why we can't get a-long.

D5

A5

Gtr. I

It's eas-y to see I got the mu-sic in me. When it boils

G5

C

w/Riff A (3½ times)

Gtr. II

down, if you're gon-na hang a-round, ba-by, don't change that song...
Additional Lyrics

2. We took her forty-fives right in my hand.
And baby, I've got twelve inches of fun always at my command.
Ease it out the sleeve, put the needle in the groove.
It ain't no silver platter, it's a matter of who does who.
And I started shakin', the lady started shakin' and everything I did I doubt.
In the midst of satisfaction she caused a distraction when she started messin' with that sound. (To Chorus)
1st, 2nd Verses
w/Riff A & Rhy. Fig. 1 (both 2 times)

I'm not really sure 'bout this conversation.
Now I'm tryin' to make the best out of a bad situation.
You take

lot of talk but nothing said.
heart, flush it down the drain.
And don't you understand my French?
I'm easy, baby, it's a shame.

What do I have to do
Now I've had it up to here

to make a reservation,
with all your aggravation
just to talk to you and explain?
that you put on me, such a crime.

Now all you ever do is complain.
Baby, you're just wastin' my time.
Chorus

G5

A5

D

got no, I got no room for emotion, yeah.

It's like a

*Riff B

Full

hold bend

Full

2nd time only: Play 2nd half of Riff B, then 1st half.

Rhy. Fig. 2

To Coda

G5

A5

D

cloud drip-pin' radiation right on my head...

(end Riff B)

Full

hold bend

Full

(end Rhy. Fig. 2)
Guitar solo
w/Rhyth. Fig. 1 (2 times)

Rhy. G5

A5

D5

A5

Full G5 A5 D5

G5 A5 D5

sl. G5 A5 D5

Full

G5 A5 D5

(2nd lead gtr.)

hold bend

hold bend

Full

Full

Full

Full

Full

Full

Full

Full

Full

D.S. al Coda

G5 A5 D5

Full

Full

Full

Full

Full

Full

Full

Full

Full

sl.
Coda
w/Rhy. Fig. 2

G5
A5
D

got no, I got no room for emotion, yeah...

It's like a

hold bend

G5
A5
D

cloud drip-pin' radiation right... on my head...

w/Rhy. Fig. 2

G5
A5
D

got no, I got no room for emotion.

It's like a

hold bend

G5
A5
D

Repeat and fade

cloud drip-pin' radiation right... on my head...
SHIP ROLLS IN

Words and Music by Taime Downe and Greg Steele

Moderate Rock \( \frac{J}{4} = 154 \)

Intro

A5

Gtr. I

D5

E5

A5

A5

Gtr. I

D5

E5

Gtr. II

[1, 2]

A5

[3]

A5

[4]
1. Shake it, don't break it, baby. You gotta let your hair hang down...

2. I eat my dinner right out of a garbage can, I got my clothes from the lost and found...

You gotta roll with the punches, (end Rhy. Fig. 1)

spin like a top, but I don't have much, but I got a lot of personality, and that's all that counts...
Chorus

D5

When my ship rolls in I'll be ready, oh_

Rhy. Fig. 2

P.M.  P.M.

w/Rhy. Fig. 2

D5

yeah, and I'll be strut - tin' my stuff through the

(end Rhy. Fig. 2)

E  A5

high - class part of town.

To Coda

When my ship rolls in I'll be ready.

1. E

read - y.

Shake it!
Coda

w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (2 times)

D5 E A5

ships roll in I’m-a ready, whoa... yeah... and I’m

D5

strut-tin’ my stuff through the high-class part of town. Now when my

D5 (type 2)

ship rolls in I’m-a ready.

*Flick pickup switch in specified rhythm.

Additional Lyrics

2. Dazed and kinda lazy,
I was bailing out my boat with one hand,
Closer and closer to the green and silver coast.
I won’t be happy till my feet hit the sand.
You gotta heat right through the bone, gotta chip away the stone.
I got rocks in my head and my pants.
You’re a land lover, baby, and I’m your
Supply and demand. (To Chorus)

3. Drivin’ real fast in my limousine,
I got two girls in the back, it’s the American dream.
There’s so much money but so little time.
It seems like yesterday I didn’t have a dime.
Got me a mansion and a swimming pool.
Oh, living this luxury is totally cool.
It’s a long way from the bottom and a short drop from the top.
Now that my ship’s come in I ain’t gonna stop. (To Chorus)
SHOOTING YOU DOWN

Words and Music by Taime Downe

Intro  Medium Rock \[= 152\]

G5  B5  E5  A5  D5  C5

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Rhy. Fig. 1

A5  E5

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w/Fill 1

B5  A5  E5

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1st, 2nd Verses

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (2 times)

E5

1. I’m not see-in’ it, baby. I gotta hear what you say, say it,_

2. Cadillac woman, your make-up is start-in’ to roll down your white walls,_

w/Fill 1

A5  E5

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Fill 1

Full  Full  Full  Full  Full  Full

You’re

Fill 1

Full  Full  Full  Full  Full  Full

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You got me
walk - in' right on bro - ken glass, and when I start to bleed, is when you
kill - ing all the flow - ers of ro - mance, the ones deep in me that were nev -

w/Full 2
A5
E5

start to feed, uh huh. er dis - eased, no no.

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (1st 2 bars only) & Riff A
Pre-chorus
G5
B5
E5

(1.3.) Leak - in' through to the base - ment of my soul.
(2.) Peak - in' through the win - dow of my home.

G5
B5

I've been on fi - re be - fore, but I nev - er felt so cold.
Now I'm with so man - y peo - ple, but I nev - er felt so all a - lone.

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (1st bar only) & Riff B
E5

Chorus
A5
Rhy. Fig. 2
P.M.

(1.) Huh!
(2.) No!
(3.) Shoot!

Stand - in' on the edge,

Fill 2

Riff A

Riff B
(Shooting you and I'm lookin' you down,)

try my hardest just to shoot you down.

I'm laughin' like a clown,

track-in' you down,

watch out, baby, there's a whole lot of shoot-in' go-in' on.
And if I ever catch you, gonna crack your backside down._ Right!

Guitar solo
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (2 times)

D.S. al Coda

Coda

D.S. and fade

steady gliss.
1st, 2nd, 3rd Verses
N.C.(E5)

1. Hang-in' out with junior on the street, 'n' catch-in' new diseases once a week...

2.3. See additional lyrics

(A5)

inf lect ing ev ry one we meet. Our life is just one big trick-or-treat.

(E5)

lest ed and arrested in Smash Alley.

Fill 3

Fill 4
Lipstick, junkies and runaways in Smash Alley.

Say goodbye to your mama if you're gonna hang out in Smash Alley.

To Coda

D.S. (no repeat) al Coda

3. You
Chorus
w/Rhy. Fig. 2 & 2A (both 8 times)

Chord
E5 G5 A5

Lip-stick, junk-ies and run-a-ways in Smash Alley

Chord
E5 G5 A5

by your ma-ma if you're gonna hang out in Smash Alley

Chord
E5 G5 A5

High heels and switch-blades in Smash Alley

Chord
E5 G5 A5

by your ma-ma if you're gonna hang out in Smash Alley

Chord
D5 C5 E5

Ow!

Additional Lyrics

2. Captain Friendly locked me in his cage.
   He said, "Boys, you'd better behave.
   She's only fourteen, in the seventh grade.
   If her daddy only knew he'd be screamint in his grave,"
   Molested and arrested in Smash Alley. (To Chorus)

3. You see, Missy just made it out on parole.
   She's huddled in the gutter and she's shivering with cold.
   She's so high strung, I'm on the tip of her tongue,
   Kneeling in the alley all covered with scum.
   Molested and arrested in Smash Alley. (To Chorus)