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Difficult To Cure
(Beethoven's Ninth) Trad. arr. Ritchie Blackmore, Don Airey & Roger Glover.

F

F/C

C

F

C

F

Dm G C F /

Bb/D Bbmaj7 F/A C/G F

E0 Block
Can't Happen Here
Words & Music: Ritchie Blackmore & Roger Glover.

Contaminated fish and microchips.

huge supertankers on Arabian trips. Oily propaganda from the

leader's lips all about the future there's

people over here people over there, Everybody's looking for a

little more air crossing all the borders just to take their share.

Planning for the future well we’re so abused.

and we’re so confused it’s easy to believe that someone’s gonna light the fuse.

CHORUS

Can’t happen here, can’t happen here.

All that you fear they’re telling you can’t happen here.

Can’t happen here can’t happen here.
2. Supersonic planes for a holiday boom  
   Rio de Janeiro in an afternoon  
   People out of work but there's people on the moon  
   Looking for the future  
   Concrete racetracks nationwide  
   Juggernauts carving up the countryside  
   Cars by the million on a one way ride  
   Using up the future.

   And we're so abused, and we're so confused  
   It's easy to believe that someone's gonna light the fuse.

   **CHORUS**

3. Satellites spying for the CIA  
   The KGB and the men in grey.  
   Wonder if I'm gonna see another day  
   Somewhere in the future.  
   We got everything we need for a peaceful time  
   **Take** what you want but you can't take mine,  
   Everybody's living on the Siegfried Line  
   Worried 'bout the future.

   **And we're so abused, and we're so confused**  
   **It's easy to believe that someone's gonna light it,**  
   **Easy to believe that someone's gonna light the fuse**

   **CHORUS**
Bite The Bullet

Words & Music: Ian Kilmister, Philip Taylor & Edward Clarke.

Ad lib.

I'm stepping out,
We said goodbye
Well that's the way,

I'm leaving here.
I left a note,
it always ends,

No use crying,
but I don't remember
get sympathy

crying in my beer.
from all your friends,

Enough's.
The same...

enough, old words, there's nothing, believe it's true, to say we're through, nothing else to do

Bite the bullet
Bite the bullet
Bite the bullet

leaving you. leaving you.

leaving you.
Teen-age baby you're a sweet young thing,
One taste baby all I need,
Tell you babe you know you look so fine,
You're jail bait, jail bait, jail bait, and
just can't wait.  
just can't wait.
ain't too late.

Jail bait baby come on, 
Jail bait baby get down, 
Jail bait baby get down

To Coda *

Hey!  
Hey!  
Right down.

CODA

D.S. al Coda  
Ad lib. to Fine
Ace Of Spades
Words & Music: Ian Kilmister, Philip Taylor & Edward Clarke.

Fast beat

(Dm)

(Instr.)

(Dm)

(Instr.)

If you like to gamble I tell you I’m your man.
Playing for the high one dying with the devil.
Pushing up the ante I know you gotta see me.

win some, lose some, it’s all the same to me.
going with the flow, it’s all a game to me.
read ’em and weep, the dead man’s hand again.

(Instr.)
pleasure is to play, it makes no difference what you say.
Seven or eleven snake eye's watching you.
see it in your eyes take one look and die.

I don't share your greed the only card I need is.
Double up or quit, double stakes or split.
on - ly thing you see you know it's gonna be.

ace of spades the ace of spades.

To Coda
I'm born to lose, and gambling's for fools but

that's the way I like it baby, I don't want to live for ever.

And don't forget the joker!
The Spirit Of Radio

Moderately fast
No chord

A little faster

Medium Rock beat

\[ E \] 0 0 0 0
\[ B(\text{add } E) \] 0 0 0 0
\[ E/G# \] 0 0 0 0

\[ A \] 0 0 0 0
\[ B(\text{add } E) \] 0 0 0 0
\[ E \] 0 0 0 0
\[ B(\text{add } E) \] 0 0 0 0
\[ E/G# \] 0 0 0 0

\[ A \] 0 N.C. 0 0 0 0
\[ E \] 0 0 0 0
\[ B(\text{add } E) \] 0 0 0 0

Begin the day with a friendly voice, a companion unobtrusive.
Plays that song that's so elusive, and the magic music makes your morning mood.
Off on your way. Hit the open road. There is magic in your fingers.

For the Spirit, ever lingering, manding contact in your happy solitude.

Visible airwaves crackle with life.

Bright antennae bristle with the energy.
musical feedback on a timeless wavelength,
bearing a gift beyond price, almost free.

All this machinery, making modern music, can still be openhearted. Not so coldly charted, it's really just a question of your honesty.

One likes to believe in the freedom of music, but glittering prizes and endless compromises
shatter the illusion of integrity.

A little faster

words of the profits were written on the studio wall.

concert hall;

echoes with the sounds of salesmen."
Tom Sawyer

Moderately
No chord

A modern day warrior,
mean, mean stride. Today's Tom Sawyer, mean, mean pride.

Though his mind is not for rent
No, his mind is not for rent
don't put him to any
down as arrogant.
His reserve, a quiet defense,
god or government.
Always hopeful, yet discontent,

riding out the day's events:
he knows that changes aren't permanent.

But change is.

What you say about his company is
What you say about his company is
what you say about society.
what you say about society.
            Catch the myth.
            Catch the myth.
            catch the wit,
catch the wit,
catch the mystery,
catch the spirit,
catch the drift.
catch the drift.

A(no 3rd)

B(no 3rd)

A(no 3rd)

The world is, the world is.
The world is, the world is.
love and
love and

G(no 3rd)

B(no 3rd)

A(no 3rd)

G(no 3rd)

life are deep,
life are deep,
maybe as his skies are
maybe as his skies are
E(no 3rd)

To Coda

To-day's Tom Saw-yer, he gets high on you. And the

wide.
wide.
space he invades, he gets by on you.

Exit the warrior. Today's Tom Sawyer, he gets high on you. And the energy you trade he gets right on to the friction of the day.

Repeat and fade
Given The Dog A Bone

Words & Music: Angus Young, Malcolm Young & Brian Johnson.

She'll take you down easy
no Mona Lisa
go-in' down to her knees.
No, she's no Playboy star.

Go-in' down to the Devil,
But she'll send you to Heaven,
down down, at ninety degrees,
plode you to Mars,

She's blowin' me crazy,
'til my ammunition is dry.
Now, she's

us-in' her head again,
she's us-in' her head.

She's us-in' her head again.
I'm just a
giv'in' the dog a bone. (Giv-in' the dog a bone.) Giv-in' the dog a bone.

(Giv-in' the dog a bone.) Giv-in' the dog a bone. (Giv-in' the dog a bone.)

To Coda

Giv-in' the dog a bone. (Giv-in' the dog a bone.)

2. She's

<table>
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<th>A</th>
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3. She's got the power of union; she only

hits when it's hot. And if she likes what you're do-in',

---

yes, she'll give you the lot. I'm just a-

Coda

Giv-in' the dog a bone. (Giv-in' the dog a bone.) Giv-in' the dog a bone.

(Cod-in' the dog a bone.) rit.
Rock And Roll
Ain’t Noise Pollution

Words & Music: Angus Young, Malcolm Young & Brian Johnson.

Repeat as necessary

Moderately

No Chord

(Instrumental)

Spoken: Hey, there, all you middle men. Throw away your fancy clothes. And while
you’re out there sittin’ on a fence, so get off your ass and come down here,
’cause Rock ‘N’ Roll ain’t no riddle man. To me it makes good, good sense.

Last time

(Instrumental)

1. Heavy decibels are play-in’ on my gui-tar. We got vi-

bra-tions com-in’ up from the floor. Well, just lis-’nin’ to the rock that’s giv-in’

too much noise. Are you deaf, you wan-na hear some more. We’re just talk-

in’ a-bout the fu-ture, For-get a-bout the past. It’ll

always be with us, it's never gonna die, never gonna die. Rock 'n' Roll.

CHORUS

ain't noise pollution. Rock 'n' Roll ain't gonna die.

To Coda

it will survive.

Rock 'n' Roll.

D.S. al Coda

Ah, Rock 'n' Roll. It's just a Rock 'n' Roll Yeah!

2. I took a look inside your bedroom door
   You looked so good lyin' on your bed.
   Well, I asked you if you wanted any rhythm and love
   You said you wanna rock 'n' roll instead.
   We're just talkin' about the future
   Forget about the past
   It'll always be with us
   It's never gonna die, never gonna die.

Chorus

Guitar Solo

Chorus
Love Hunter

Words & Music: David Coverdale, Bernie Marsden & Micky Moody.

1. need a woman to treat me good

an' give me ev 'ry - thing that a good wo - man should

ev 'ry day an' ev 'ry night she'd be wait-in' on her brown-eyed boy to

CHORUS

come an' treat her right I'm a love hunter ba - by

sneak - ing up on you

I'm a

love hunter ba - by sneak - ing up on you

INTRO: (Repeat) + on you

VERSE 2: In my time I've been a backdoor man
I've taken everything I could but I've given all I can
Don't want no woman to weep or moan
I'm looking for a sweet heart breaker,
Never gonna leave her alone.

CHORUS: I'm a love ....... on you,
I'm a love hunter baby what you gonna do?
I'm gonna give you all my lovin'
Steal all your love away,
An' use my tale on you

BRIDGE 1: Chords: G / F / C / F / G + (ad lib vox)

INSTRUMENTAL: Chords: D / C / D / Bb /
(Gtr Solo)

CHORUS: I'm a love ....... on you,
I'm a love hunter baby what you gonna do?
I wanna give you my lovin'
Steal all your love away
An' use my tale on you

BRIDGE: (Repeat)

BRIDGE 2: Chords: G / F / C / F / G /
Cos I'm a love hunter baby
Love hunter baby
Love hunter baby
I'm a love hunter baby

INSTRUMENTAL : ad Lib Gtr Solo

BRIDGE 2: (Repeat Instr.)

CHORUS: (Repeat) - to end.
Don't Break My Heart Again

Words & Music: David Coverdale.

1. I'm gonna take it to the limit of my love before I turn and walk away.
   I've had enough of holding on the promises of yesterday.
   Every day of my life it seems trouble's knocking at my door.
   It's hard to try and satisfy when you don't know what you're fighting for.

Am7

I sing your song

Bb
well I've been running on empty for too long

C
I've had enough of holding on to the past

Dm

CHORUS

make no mistake it could be your last
don't break my heart

Am7
again like you did before

C/D

G/D

I couldn't take any more

VERSE 2: I never hide the feeling inside,
And though I'm standing with my back to the wall,
I know that even in a summer love
A little bit of rain must fall.
But every road I take,
I know where it's gonna lead me to
Because I've travelled every highway
And they all keep coming back to you.

MIDDLE + CHORUS: (Repeat) + don't break my heart.

INSTR: Dm Dm Bb Bb Gm7 Gm7 Dm Dm

Dm Dm Bb Bb Gm7 Gm7 Am7 Am7

CHORUS: (Repeat) - to fade.
Would I Lie To You

Words & Music: David Coverdale, Bernie Marsden & Micky Moody.

1. Hey girl __ If you want me come and get me

2. don't hang a round or we could spend the night sleep in alone

3. If you could change your style for a while

4. look in my direction tell me do I

5. look the kind of guy who takes advant-age of a wo-man like you

CHORUS

would I lie to you

I would do anything that you wanted me to

would I lie to you?

would I lie to you?

(should)

would I lie to you?

Yeah

(2. hey girl)

VERSE 2: Hey girl, if you need, some love an’ affection,
I’ll whisper all the sweet sweet nothings,
I know you little girls like to hear,
If you would change your mind we could find
A night of satin sheet action,
I promise I won’t do anything babe
Unless you wanted me to,
And that’s a fact.

CHORUS: (Repeat) + Just to get in your pants.

INSTRUMENTAL: Chords B/A
I don't wanna sleep alone tonight

After all you put me through I've spent the
whole night searching for a woman just like you look in my
eyes hear the words that I say If my eyes
tell you lies then baby It's just because I want you to stay

CHORUS: (Repeat) + Just get in your pants huh, I think so!
Free-For-All
Words & Music: Ted Nugent.

Medium Hard Rock beat, in 2

E

Never before have I turned on you. Well, you look too good to me.

E

Your beady eyes, they could cut me in two, and I just can't let you be. Well, it's a free-for-all, and I heard it said.

E

you can bet your life. Stakes are high and so am I. It's

E

No chord

in the air to-night.
see you there— with your Chesh-ire grin. I got my eyes on you—
Here we go! E Look out below! I'm on the prowl tonight—
Never before have I turned on you. You look too good to me—
When it's

Well

Shake your tail feather in my face and there's no telling what I'll do—
said and done, I'll have my fun. I can chew anything I like—
beady eyes, they could cut me in two, and I just can't let you be—

Well, it's a

look-y here, you sweet young thing: the magic's in my hands—
one, come all, to the midnight bell. The invitation's there—
free-for-all, and I heard it said you can bet your life—

Tacet

When in doubt, I'll whip it out. I got me a rock'n'roll band. It's a free-for-all.
Come alone and I'll drive it home. I'll help you, I do declare. It's a free-for-all.
Stakes are high and so am I. It's in the air tonight. It's a free-for-all.

1.

2. N.C.

3. Repeat and fade
Stranglehold
Words & Music: Ted Nugent

Moderately slow Hard Rock beat

Here I come again now, baby, like a dog in heat.

You tell it's me by the clam-or now, baby. I'd like-ly tear up the street.

Now, I've been smok-ing for so long; you know I'm here to stay.

I got you in a strangle-hold, baby; you best get out of the way.

C (no 3rd)  D (no 3rd)  A (no 3rd)
\[\text{chords}]

The road I cruise is a bitch, now.
I know you can't turn me 'round.

The road I cruise is a bitch, now.
You know you can't turn me 'round.

A (no 3rd)
\[\text{chords}]

And if a house gets in my way,
you know I'll burn it down.

And if a house gets in my way,
you know I'll burn it down.

C (no 3rd)  D (no 3rd)  A (no 3rd)
\[\text{chords}]

You remember that night that you left me,
you put me in my place.

To Coda

C  D  A
\[\text{chords}]

I got you in a stranggle-hold, baby;
then I crushed your face.

F\# (no 3rd)  A (no 3rd)  F\# (no 3rd)  A (no 3rd)
\[\text{chords} \]
(semi spoken) Sometimes you wanna get higher, and sometimes you got to start low.

Some people say that they think they gonna die some day. I got news: you never got to go!
Come on, come on up.

Come on, come on up.

Come on, come on, come on, baby. Come on, come on, come on, come on up.

D. S. \frac{1}{2} al Coda

Come on, come on, come on, baby. Come on, come on!

then I crushed your face.
Cat Scratch Fever
Words & Music: Ted Nugent.

Moderate Hard Rock beat

Well, I don't know where they come from, but they
time that I got it I was
the pussy purr with the

sure do come__
just ten years old__
stroke of my hand__

I got it from some kitty next door__
They know they gettin' it from

And I don't know how they do it, but they
I went to see a doctor and he
And they know just where to go when they

sure do it good__
gave me the cure__
need their lovin' man__

I hope they doin' it for free__
I think I got it some more__
They know I'm doin' it for free__

They give me
They give me
I give 'em

cat scratch fever,
cat scratch fe-ver.  cat scratch fe-ver.

cat scratch fe-ver.

cat scratch fe-ver.

E \((no\ 3rd)\)

C \((no\ 3rd)\)

\((no\ 3rd)\)

\((no\ 3rd)\)

\((no\ 3rd)\)

\((no\ 3rd)\)

\((no\ 3rd)\)

\((no\ 3rd)\)

\((no\ 3rd)\)

\((no\ 3rd)\)

\((no\ 3rd)\)

E

It's noth-in' dan-g'rous;  I feel no pain.

I've got to ch-ch-change.

You know you got it when you're goin' insane.

It makes a grown man cry-in', cry-in' won't you
make my bed.

Well, I make-

They got it: cat scratch fever,

cat scratch fever.

Cat scratch fever,

cat scratch fever.

1. 

2.
Cold As Ice


Brightly, with a beat
You're as cold as ice.

Am
Amsus4
Amsus4
Am
F6
F

You're willing to
F6
F
Amsus4
Am
Amsus4
Am
F6
F

sacrifice our love.

F6
F
Amsus4
Am
Amsus4
Am

You never take advice.
You want paradise.

F6
F
F6
F
Dm

Some-day you'll pay the price, I know.

C

I've seen it before; it happens all the time.
You're closing the door; you leave the

Dm

world behind.

F
F/G
C
B+5
B+5

You're digging for gold yet throwing away a
fortune in feelings, but someday you'll pay.

some - day you'll pay.

You know that you are.

ice.

ice.

Ooh,

Repeat (with vocal ad lib) and fade

Cold as, cold as

ice.
Dirty White Boy
Words & Music: Lou Gramm & Mick Jones.

Moderately bright Rock beat

Hey, baby, if you're feelin' down, I know what's good for you all day.

Are you worried what your friends see? And will it ruin your reputation loving me? 'Cause I'm a
dirty white boy,
yeah, a dirty white boy.

Don't drive no big black car,
Don't like no Hollywood movie star.

You want me to be true to ya,
You don't give a damn

what I do to ya.

I'm just a
D(No3rd)

Dirty white boy,

Dirty white boy,

Dirty white boy.

I've been in trouble since I don't know when.

I'm in trouble now, and I know somehow, I'll find trouble again.
I'm a lon-er, but I'm nev-er a-lone._ Ev-ry night, I get
one step clos-er to the dan-ger zone._ 'Cause I'm a
dirt-y white boy,
dirt-y white boy,
dirt-y white boy,
dirt-y white boy.

D. S.§ and fade

'Cause I'm a
Paper Plane

Words & Music: Francis Rossi & Robert Young.

With drive (8 beat)  Bb

1. Riding on a big white butterfly
2. Riding on a long blue paper plane
3. Instrumental (fade last time)
4. Riding in a three grand Deutsche car

1. I turned my back away towards the sky
2. Getting seasick, sorry once again
4. A to B is often very far

1. I close my eyes to look for something saw myself as real-
2. Landing strip is getting nearer hope the fog lifts, make-
4. Home is near but such a long way legs and heads all feel

ly no-thing
it clear-er
the wrong way

Then I re-a- lised
Then I re-a- lised
Then I re-a- lised

my but- ter fly
my pa-per plane
my Deuts-che car

wasn’t really up there with me
is only there to get me some-where

we all make mis-takes, for-give me
even so I really do care

Would you like to ride
Would you like to ride
Would you like to ride

my but-ter fly
my pa-per plane
my Deuts-che car

2.3.4.

D. ½ Three times
(fade on last time)
1. If you want___to___turn me on___to
2. (If the night)___time___is the right___time
3. (When I'm think)__ing___of you sleep ing
4. (Do you still)__care___when I'm not___there

Oh an-y thing you real-ly want
an-y time of yours is my
I'm at home a lone and weep
and do you real-ly wish I was

Turn me on__to your love,___sweet love,
We can find__time for love,___sweet love
Are you keep ing your love,___sweet love
Can I come__there for love,___sweet love

1.3.  2.4.5.

Come on sweet Ca-ro line

you're my sweet Ca-ro line: You know I wan na take you, I real-ly got ta make you

Come on sweet Ca-ro line, take my hand, to ge ther we can rock'n'roll

3. When I'm think

Φ CODA