Clear as the Driven Snow

Words and Music by PATRICK SIMMONS

Moderately fast

D

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learned how not to get burned now.

Wind in the tree blows, even the

sea knows that I have learned how.

Think I can see now lookin' through
dreams is not what it seems.

They handed me the bottle and said

drink it till it's gone,

but now that it's half empty I'm not sure I can go on. Thought I had
learned how not to get burned now...

Wind in the tree blows, even the

sea knows that I have learned how...

Think I can see now look in' through
I keep rollin', I keep rollin', I keep rollin' and I can't stop rollin' and I can't stop. It's drivin' me out of my mind. To the truck stop, to the
plane hop, to the boat dock and I'm so close,

boat dock and I'm so close, give me a little more time.

Spin me around, turn my head down,

take me down slow, don't let me go.
Spin me around, turn my head down,

take me down slow, don’t let me go.

Gonna quit you, gonna quit you, gonna quit you, pretty mama.
Quit you, hey, ma-ma, you know that I ain't got time. Get behind me, get behind me, get behind me, now bad times.

Oh, bad times, there's nothin' in there you can hide.

Coda

take me down slow. Don't let...
Moderately

E7

Red-eyed momma keep cryin',

blue-eyed cat keeps a lyin',

catfish keep his eye

on the string and that cottonmouth keep on windin'

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Sing,  
sing,  

Dark moon keeps hid - in’ and  
‘ga - tor, he keeps right on slid - in’, and bull - frog, he ain’t mind -
Lightnin' bugs in bottles, they gimme all the light I need,

and I'm sein' in' bait for lin' in' and that
cotton mouth keeps on windin'.
Oh, that big iron pot's a-boilin', and that red-eyed momma keeps toilin',
and the crawdad meat's for din-
in', and oh, that cotton mouth keeps on windin', Lord.

Sing, sing, sing.

Repeat and fade (Vocal ad lib.)

Repeat and fade
Layin' back and sittin' in the sunshine, hot wind, I drink me little rum wine,

straw hat down across my eyes, lettin' the world go by.

Music, it start my toes a-tap-pin', drum beat, it set my hands a-clap-pin'.
rum wine, it get my head a spin-nin', turn-in' a round and round.

Ib-be-an current, please take me, I hear you call-in' me home,

Ib-be-an current, please take me, I hear you call-in' me home,

Ib-be-an current, please take me, I hear you call-in' me home,
got to get back to Jamaica.

Gypsy, she say I got the fever, I don't know whether to believe her, but

when the wind blow from the sea, my soul start to fly away.

She give me charm that will protect me, necklace with stone from far across the sea, but
Island magic much too strong, it won't let me go this time.

Ibbé-an current, please take me, I hear you callin' me home,

got to get back to Jamaica, I want no more to roam.

Ibbé-an current, please take me, I hear you callin' me home,
Rockin' Down the Highway

Words and Music by
TOM JOHNSTON

Medium beat

Got those

high-way blues, can't you hear my mo-tor run-nin', fly-in' down the road with my

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foot on the floor... All the way in town they can hear me comin',

Ford's about to drop, she won't do no more...

my motor burnin' underneath the hood is smoke,

can't stop and I can't stop,

got to keep movin' or I'll
lose my mind. Oh, rockin' down the highway,

highway, oh,

rockin' down the highway.

rockin' down the highway,

To Coda
G 3fr  D  A

oh,  
rock - in' down the high - way.

(A)

No chord

The high - way pa - trol got his eyes
on me, I know what he's think - in' and it ain't good I'm
oh, rockin' down the highway.
Three times

Oh, rockin' down the highway,

Three times

Oh, rockin' down the highway.

No chord

high - way.
Moderately

G7

No chord

mf legato

Well, I'm worried...

N.C.

G7

snake man's on my trail,

oh, Lord, I'm

worried,

snake man's on my trail,
and I only come outside to pick up all the U.S. mail.

A black eagle.

flies through my back yard, a black eagle
flies through my back yard,
South City Midnight Lady

Moderately

Words and Music by
PATRICK SIMMONS

Up all night I could not sleep,
the whiskey that I drank was cheap.
with shakin' hands I went and I lit up my last cigarette...

Well, the sun came, night had fled,

and sleepy-eyed, I reached my bed,

saw you sleepy dreamin' there all covered and warm.
South City midnight lady,
I'm much obliged indeed,
you sure have saved this man
whose soul was in need

I thought there was no reason
for all these things I do,
but the smile that I sent out returned with you.

When day has left the night behind

and shadows roll across my mind,

sometimes find myself alone out walkin' the street.
Yes, and when I'm feelin' down and blue, then all I do is think of you and all my foolish problems seem to fade away.

Coda
South City midnight laughter
dy, I'm much obliged indeed, you
sure have saved this man whose soul was in need.
I thought there was no reason for all
these things I do, hey, but the
smile that I sent out returned a with you.
TAKIN' IT TO THE STREETS

Words and Music by
MICHAEL McDonald

Moderately fast

Fm6/G  F/G  C/G  D7/G  G7sus4

You don't know me, but I'm your brother.

Take this message to my brother.

I was raised here in this living hell.

You will find him everywhere.

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You don't know my kind in your world...

Fairly soon the time will tell,

You're gonna do for me.
I ain't blind and I don't like what I think I see. Tak-in' it to the streets.

---

Tak-in' it to the streets, tak-in' it to the streets.

---

Repeat and fade
DOOBIE BROTHERS

WHAT A FOOL BELIEVES

Words and Music by
MICHAEL MCDONALD
and KENNY LOGGINS

Moderately bright, lightly

E/F#  E  B/D#  Gm7  Cm7  F#

She came from somewhere back in his long ago,

E/F#  Gm7
(Sentimental fools don't see.)

try - ing hard to re - create what had yet

What a Fool Believes - 6 - 1

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to be created
once in their lives.

She musters a smile
for a nostalgic tale,
ever coming

near what she wanted to say,
only to realize

(C#m7) (E/F#)

(She)

had a place in his life,

it never really was.
He never made her think twice.

As he rises to her apology, anybody else would surely know
he's watching her go.

But what a fool believes,
he sees. No wise man has the pow-
er to rea-son a-way.

What seems to be

is al-ways bet-ter than noth-ing.
And nothing at all

is sending him some-

(Right back there alone.)

where back in his long ago

where he can still be-

lieve there's a place in his life ______

Somehow, some day,

she will return!
B/D♯

G♯m7

C♯m7

F♯

(G♯m 4 fr.

(She

E/F♯

had a place in his life.

G♯m

He

never made her think twice.)

D.S. ④ and fade

As he

What a Fool Believes - 6 - 6
Without You

Words and Music by
TOM JOHNSTON

Moderate Rock

I get a feelin', lost without you baby,

livin' alone is drivin' me crazy.

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Don't you know I got nowhere to go?

You should be the one that's hurting, you

got every thing you need.
Back in the days when love was so easy,
I was fancy free and laughing in with no reason.
Things have changed, your touch has grown strange.

I can't help myself, I know that you.

I have left me dyin' here.
Baby, baby,
I can't live without you,

Baby, baby,
I can't live without you.
by, now.

I'm lost without my baby,

Oh,

baby, baby, babe, don't you hear right now?

Four times

(Vocal ad lib.)

Four times

Four times