Stone Temple Pilots

Tiny Music...
Press Play
Music by Stone Temple Pilots

Funky \( \dot{\text{j}} = 84 \)

\text{fade in}

\begin{align*}
\text{guitar 1} & \\
\text{N.H.} & \\
\text{N.H.} & \\
\text{Em9} & \\
\end{align*}

\text{8vb throughout}

* guitar 2

\text{bass arranged for guitar}

\text{guitar 2 with Fill 1 (fourth time only)}

\text{play four times}

\begin{align*}
\text{N.H.} & \\
\text{N.H.} & \\
\text{N.H.} & \\
\end{align*}

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Pop's Love Suicide
Music by D. DeLeo; Words by S. Weiland

Moderately fast $d = 132$

Rhythm figure 1

end Rhythm figure 1 Rhythm figure 2

end Rhythm figure 2

W.B. feedback

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1. Can you figure out what I want.
2. See additional lyrics

Rhythm figure 3

end Rhythm figure 3

Guitar 1 with Rhythm figure 3 (three times)

Pull the trigger with a pop gun.

Mindless fools that aggravate it.

Guitar 2

Rhythm figure 4

end Rhythm figure 4

Guitar 2 with Rhythm figure 4

Pick at you in desperation.

Guitar 1 with Rhythm figure 1

Oh, it's a love pop suicide.

Oh, I'm in love pop
A bout a pop star
su - i - cide.  Al-though I real-ly, "Don’t know.”-
ho - mi - cide.

Yeah, yeah, ______ yeah, ______ yeah!

Guitar 1 with Rhythm figure 2

D.S. al Coda

Coda

Yeah, yeah, ______ yeah, ______ yeah!

Guitar 1

D.S.S. al Coda

play three times

know.”

yeah, yeah, ______ yeah!

W.B. feedback

* third time only
Coda

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!

Although I really don't know.

Play seven times

* Can you feel.

W.B. feedback

* seventh time only

guitar 1 with Rhythm figure 3 simulate throughout

guitar 2
Additional lyrics

2. Pop life living is so real.
   Midwest farmers' kids are milkfed.
   Breed and incubate what you see,
   Ten years later here on T.V.

3. Father can't you love your women,
   Father can't you teach your children.
   Long range love implosion short wicked,
   Short wave mind explosion promise.
Tumble in the Rough
Music by S. Weiland; Words by S. Weiland

Moderate rock

G7 Gm7b5 G7 G7 G7 G7 G7 G7 G7 G7 G7

G7b5 G7 G7b5 G7 G7b5 G7 G7b5 G7

G5 Bb5 N.C.

G5

G5

Rhythm figure 1

end Rhythm figure 1

Bb5 N.C.

G5 Bb5 N.C.

G5

G5

G5

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I can't eat, can't sleep. I can't live, I can't

Rhythm figure 2

can't die, can't walk. I can't talk, I can't lose it, can booze, steal your

to Coda

cry, can't die, can't walk. I can't talk, I can't lose it, can booze, steal your

shoes so I can move. Tumble in the rough, tumble in the rough, tumble in the rough.

I'm look-ing for a new med-i-ta-tion, still look-ing for a new way to fly.
Don't want any plastic validation. Not looking for a new way to die. I made excuses for a million lies.

But all I got was humble kidney pie, so what.

end Rhythm figure 3
I'm looking for a new stimulation,
Quite bored of those in-

So what!

D.S. al Coda ♫

Coda
guitar 1 with Rhythm figure 1
flatable ties. I'm lookin' for a new rock sensation.

guitar 1 with Rhythm figure 3

dead fish don't swim around in jealous tides. I made excuses for.

a million lies. But all I got was humble kidney pie, so

what! So what!
So what! Can't live, can't buy

Lived on a summer with new shoes.

Rhythm figure 4

end Rhythm figure 4
Can't live, can't die, new shoes. Tumble in the rough!

Guitar solo 1

G5 Bb5 N.C. G5 Bb5 N.C.

Tumble in the rough!

Hold bend

Hold bend

Hold bend

Hold bend

B B B B

B R B B

B R U. B.
I can’t eat, can’t sleep. I can’t live, I can’t cry, can’t die, can’t 

Rhythm figure 5

walk. I can’t talk, I can’t lose it, can’t lose it, can’t lose it, can’t lose it, can’t lose it, can’t lose it, can’t lose it, can’t lose it, can’t lose it. 

N.C.

in the rough, tumble in the rough, tumble in the rough. I made excuses for a million lies. But all I got was humble kid-ness.

Guitar solo 2

what! So what!
So what!

B hold bend  B hold bend

what!

fine
Big Bang Baby

Music by R. DeLeo; Words by S. Weiland

Moderately $\frac{\text{d}}{\text{d}} = 124$

I gotta picture of a guitar

Photograph of a wedding and a shell.

It's just a burning, itching memory.

So turn it up and burn it there's a hole in your head, there's a hole in your head. Where the birds can't sing a-long! Does
anybody know how this story really goes, how this

story really goes, or do we all just hum along.
Sell your soul and sign an

autograph.
Big bang baby it's a crash, crash, crash.

I wanna die but I gotta laugh.
Orange crash, mama, it's a laugh, laugh, laugh.
station to station send me up and out.  
Is this what life and love is all about? 
I think, I think so we used to see in color but it's only black and white. But it's only black and white. 'Cause the world is color-blind! Does anybody know how this story really goes, how this story really goes? Or do we all just hum along!

\[ D.S. \text{ al Coda} \]
Em add13                      Am                      Dsus2/A                      Am

Take it away _ boys.

end Rhythm figure 3

E

D.S.S. at Coda ♩ ♩

Rhythm figure 4

end Rhythm figure 4

Coda

guitar 1 with Rhythm figure 3

Nothing's for free, _ _

nothing's for free._
Take it away boys.

So turn it up and burn it, there's a hole in your head, a hole in your head. Where the birds can't see you. Does anybody know how the story really goes, the story really goes or we all just hum along.
And So I Know

Music by R. DeLeo; Words by S. Weiland

And so I know, it's begun again.

Never be the same and with that I said.
Amaj7  Cmaj7

“Never ever ever be this way again.”

Rhythm figure 2  end Rhythm figure 2

Emaj7  guitar 1 with Rhythm figure 1 (three times)

Hold on till the end make me feel like it’s a last hello.

Campfire girls make me feel alright.

Whirlwinds and roller-coasters, long grass making shapes hello.

Campfire girls make me feel alright.

Disappearing, disappearing floating graves.

guitar 1 with Rhythm figure 2

Emaj7  guitar 1 with Rhythm figure 1

Emaj7  guitar 1 with Rhythm figure 2

Never ever ever be this way.
Guitar solo

Emaj7

Em7

Rhythm figure 3

Emaj7

Em7

Em7

Emaj7
Emaj7

Guitar 2 with Rhythm figure 3

End Rhythm figure 3
Coda

Emaj7

And so I know, it's begun.
Campfire girls make me feel alright.

Emaj7

Again, never be the same.
Campfire girls make me

Emaj7

(primary vocal tacet on repeat)
and with that I said.
Campfire girls.
Lady Picture Show

Music by R. DeLeo; Words by S. Weiland

Moderately slow \( J = 76 \)

E B A

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{guitar 1 Rhythm figure 1} \\
\text{end Rhythm figure 1}
\end{array} \]

E B A

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{guitar 1 with Rhythm figure 2} \\
\text{end Rhythm figure 2}
\end{array} \]

1. Lady picture show, she hides behind the bedroom door.
2. Lady picture girl, I think them boys don't like your show.

Rhythm figure 2

She hides because she don't know nothin', don't know nothin' anymore.
Your wedding present's not so daisy, picture perfect anymore.

She keeps a funny face it's locked and bagged it's just outside the door.
She does-n't know her name. She does-n't know her face.

She does-n't know her name. She does-n't know her face.

Let them be. Let them be.
to Coda

Guitar solo

Amaj7 A6

Let them be.

Amaj7 Amaj7

She doesn't know her name.

Amaj7 A6

Amaj7 A6

Amaj7 A6

Amaj7 A6

E C#m

She doesn't know her name.

Guitars 1 & 2
She doesn't know her face.
Trippin' On a Hole in a Paper Heart

Music by E. Kretz; Words by S. Weiland

Don't cut out my paper heart, I ain't dyin' anyway...

Take a look at eye full towers never trust them dirty liars...

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Sipping lemon yellow booze 'ole Leadbelly sings the blues.

All dressed up on wedding day, keep on trippin' anyway.

I am, I am I said I'm
not myself, I'm not dead and I'm not for sale.

So keep your bank-roll lot'try, eat your sal-ad, day, death-bed, motorcade.

Fake the heat and scratch the itch, skinned up knees and salty lips.

I'll breathe your life vick vapor life, and when you binge I purge a-like.

Let go it's harder hold'in' a on, one more trip and I'll be gone.
So keep your head up, keep it on, just a whisper I'll be gone.

Take a breath and make it big, it's the last you'll ever get.

Break your neck with diamond noose, it's the last you'll ever choose.

I am, I am I said I'm not my self, I'm not dead and I'm not for sale.

Hold me closer, closer let me go, let me be just let me be.

I am, I am I said I'm not my self, I'm not dead.

and I'm not for sale.
So keep your bank-roll lot-t'ry, eat your sal-ad, day, death-bed, motor-cade.

Guitar solo

F#5

Asus2

F#5

Asus2

Guitar 2
guitar 1 with Rhythm figure 2

D.S. al Coda

Coda

So keep your bank-roll lot't'ry, eat your sal-ad, day, death-bed, mo-tor-cade.
Art School Girl

Music by R. DeLeo, S. Weiland; Words by S. Weiland

Moderately $J = 120$

Words:
1. I got a girlfriend—she goes to art school, I gotta art school
2. I got a girlfriend—she goes to parties, under-ground parties Andy
   girl-friend, yeah.
   Warhol everywhere.
   She wears the leather—
   I wear the make-up,
   we gotta girlfriend—then she gotta go.
   She left her home from sweet.
   *second voice second time & D.S. only*

Rhythm figure

She left her home from sweet—Al-a-bam-a, Rose Al-a-bam-a for the city, New York City, yeah.

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I told you five or four times, I told you five or four times, I told you
city, New York City, yeah

Rhythm figure 2

to Coda

city, New York City, yeah


guitar 1 with Rhythm figure 2

five or four times, I told you five or four times, I told you five or four times,
five or four times, I told you five or four times, I told you five or four times,
Guitar solo

F#5 A5 E5 F#5 A5 E5 F#5 A5 E5 F#5 E5 F#5 A5 E5 F#5 E5 F#5 A5 E5 F#5 E5 F#5 A5 E5 F#5

Guitar 2 with Rhythm figure 2 (four times)

A.H.

F#5 A5 E5 F#5 A5 E5 F#5 A5 E5 F#5 E5 F#5 A5 E5 F#5 E5 F#5 A5 E5 F#5

P.H.

Coda

D.S. al Coda

F#5 A5 E5 F#5 E5

five or four times, I told you five or four times, I told you
Ride The Cliché
Music by D. DeLeo; Words by S. Weiland

Moderate rock

Guitar 1

End Riff

N.C.

Guitar 1 with Riff 1 (four times)

She
Just

No
Be

Wait
Cause

But
You're

She

So

Know

cli

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me. ________________________ In
ched. ________________________ It
It __________________ _

G5 E5 G5 E5 G5 E5 G5 E5 G5 N.C.

G5 E5 G5 E5 G5 E5 G5 E5 G5 N.C.

G5 E5 G5 E5 G5 E5 G5 E5 G5 N.C.

G5 E5 G5 E5 G5 E5 G5 E5 G5 N.C.

G5 E5 G5 E5 G5 E5 G5 E5 G5 N.C.

Hold me clos - er let me be. ________________________

*Hold me clos -

Rhythm figure 1

* second & third time only

er let me be. ________________________

Hold me clos - er let me go_

end Rhythm figure 1

Rhythm figure 2
Guitar solo

N.C.
guitar 1 with Riff 1 (four times)

guitar 2
N.C.

N.C.

N.C.

N.C.

N.C.
She no wait but
she know me.

In take purge is
my disease

mmm always.

D.S. al Coda
Adhesive

Music by R. DeLeo; Words by S. Weiland

Moderately

A  A6  Amaj7  A6

Guitar 1 (electric)  let ring

Rhythm figure 1

Guitar 2 (acoustic)

Rhythm figure 1a

Emaj7 add6  *Emaj9 add6

End Rhythm figure 1

End Rhythm figure 1a

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guitars 1 & 2 with Rhythm figures 1 & 1a (two times)

My friend Blue he runs the show with hot pink pur-
ple china glow. His family trees are molded,

no longer grows in summer. He holds it clos-
er lets it go, picks a fruit but keeps it whole,

— can’t keep the sub-marin-ing, keep the light from fading.

Grab the hate and drown it out grab the beat and drum.

bass arranged for guitar
it out, it's all so confusing.

Ain't the same for you and me, cartoons like.

reality. Dogs and cats and children,

deepest wound is hidden. Ain't the same.
for you and me. Comatose commodity

the superheroes dyin', all the children cryin'.

Sell more records if I'm dead, purple flow-
Flyin' high across the plain, purple flow-

ers once again. Hope it's sooner, hope it's near
ers ease the pain. Here now have a listen,

corporate records fiscal year. Down
ain't the songs you're missing.

the river, down the river

Have a listen, lend an ear. Here's a song now if

Stitch the womb and wet the bed, with a whisper I'll_

ya care all just hum along, words don't matter anymore.

Don't let the living die yet!

Grab the hate and drown it out grab the beat and drum.

it out, it's all so confusing.

Adhesive love, adhesive.

Rhythm figure 4
Adhesive love.

end Rhythm figure 4

Adhesive love, adhesive.

D.S. al fine
Seven Caged Tigers

Music by D. DeLeo; Words by S. Weiland

Moderately

Pass the time kick-in' as time rips by.
2. Walk a mile as it keeps crawl-in', crawl-
3. See additional lyrics
Neither goose nor the gang
Clean the politician and

Buy a
der fly,
wash with ever pure.

minute spend an hour burn in', burn in'.

Take a peek as the model earns it, earnings it.
So the answer gets harder.

Rhythm figure 1

And the truth's getting farther and farther.

And the bottle keeps churning and churning.

Seven caged tigers fly by, fly by.

to Coda

Wasting time catching them cows that fly.

Churnin' out all of that butterfly sugar boost.
Guitar solo

Guitar 1

Guitar 2

A    F#7    8m    Cmaj7
Additional lyrics

3. Track the blade as it sweeps downward and onward.
   Take a pill, it’ll kill all the martyrs, martyrs.
   Passin’ time, rippin’, as time kicks by.
   Pass the umbilical cord down for this fly by.
   Take a sneak while the model earns it, earns it.
   Hike a mile as it keeps crawlin’ on, crawlin’ on.
Daisy

Music by R. DeLeo

Moderately with a swing feel ($\frac{4}{4} = \frac{3}{4} \cdot \frac{4}{4}$) $\frac{3}{4} = 92$

\begin{align*}
\text{guitar 1 with slide} \\
\text{guitar 2}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{let ring} \\
\text{let ring}
\end{align*}

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to Coda

D.S. al Coda

Coda

let ring

rit.