# Heavy Metal Music

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The Wild Ones

Words & Music: Alan Lancaster.

1. Easy riders in the morning sun, are you coming here to
   have your fun.
2. Easy riders don't you know you're done, everybody wants to
   point the gun.
   Ev'rybody wants to know your game, how.
   No one likes the kind of clothes you wear, or
   could you ever explain?
   Ev'en the look of your hair.

When ev'rybody's given
   It doesn't matter if you're
   you the name of the wild ones.
   right or wrong you're the wild ones.

And I can see the road ahead
   a'-wind-ing in to the sun.
   And no one wants to understand
   the only way it can be.
It only feels like yesterday
Living on the wild side
Remember me, could never be.

I remember the summer time and the riding out into the breeze
And I remember the apple wine filling my head up with dreams.
If only I could walk away, I'd do it all over again.

but riding high on apple wine it never mixed well in the end.

Easy riders are coming but now there's somebody gone.

I'm sitting in here all alone looking away, looking away.

Coda

D.C. al Coda

Bridge

way.

Easy rider, easy rider, you're the wild one.
Rock 'n' Roll


Never thought I'd have a worry
Looking back it can be funny
Rushing, always in a hurry

or need to be alone;
it can be very strange;
I tried to give it up;

playing near or far too many
ever win or lose too many
everything we do is funny

times I should have known.
you'll have to rearrange.
it's never good enough.

It can lose you all your sleep at night
twelve bar blues is now all right.

Now it's up to you to try to find a reason to

rock 'n' roll in every song
rock 'n' rolling every one. It's rock...
and roll and rock and rock and roll
it's rock.

and roll and rock keeps rolling on.

Waiting all the time to find radio plays on Caroline,

they say you'll get there in the end. We can pray.

what we say makes a difference in the

End
What You're Proposing


1. D.C.3 It sounds so nice
   what you're proposing
   as I was leaving

2. D.C.4
   if I'm composing
   and just supposing

3. D.C.1 Don't be so sure
   I'm only dreaming
   a' looks left and right
   but then I might
   we yell for more
   it can't be long
   just once or twice
   and not disclosing
   and not believing
   and not believing
   I might be running
   I must be compromising
   I must be dreaming

4. D.C.2
   and not disclosing
   and not believing
   be running
   and compromising
   ing how we're really feeling
   ing that I'm finally believing
   ny running
   ny running
   ny running
   ing leads to really feeling
   ing dreaming, on ly on ly dreaming

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To Coda

what you're proposing. D.C. 4. The other night.
what you're proposing. 3. I'll get it right.
but you're proposing. D.C. 2. Don't get me wrong.
and just proposing. D.C. 3. It sounds so nice.
am I just proposing.

D.C. (Repeat x 4)

CODA

And not believing that I'm finding

ally believing, what you're proposing

To Fade
(Boy) (1) Ev'ry night I grab some money and I can remember you been hang-in' round this joint.

I got my buddies and a beer, I got a
You been try'n to look a-way, but now you

dream, I need a car. You got me
finally got the point... I don't
man, he doesn't live by rock 'n' roll, and brew a-lone.
girl, she doesn't live by only rock 'n' roll and brew.

Baby, abby, abby, abby, abby,

Rock 'n' roll and brew, Rock 'n' roll and brew they don't mean a thing when I compare them next to you.

Rock 'n' roll and brew, Rock 'n' roll and brew, I

know that you and I, we got better things to do, I don't know who you are or what you do or

where you go when you're not around.    I don't know
anything about you, baby but you're every-thing I'm dream-ing of.

I don't know who you are, but you're a real dead ring-er for love.

A real dead ring-er for love.

(Girl) (2) Ever

Ooo
(Boy) You got the kind of legs that do more than walk,_ (Girl) I don't have to listen to your whimpering talk._

(Boy) you got the kind of eyes that do more than see,_

(Girl) you gotta lot of nerve to come on to me._

(Boy) You got the kind of lips that do more than drink,_

(Girl) You got the kind of mind that does less than think. (Both) But since I'm feeling kind of lonely, my fences are low, why don't we give it a shot and get it ready to go? (Girl) I'm
looking for anonymous and fleeting satisfaction, I want to tell my Daddy I'll be

missing in action. (3) Ever See block lyric

(13 times)

Dead ringer for love.

(3) Ever since I can remember I've been hanging round this joint.
My daddy never noticed, now he'll finally get the point.
You got me beggin' on my knees—c'mon and throw the dog a bone,
A man, he doesn't live by rock 'n' roll and brew alone.
Baby, Baby, Baby, Baby—
Rock 'n' roll and brew, Rock 'n' roll and brew
I know that you and I oh, we got better things to do.
Rock 'n' roll and brew, Rock 'n' roll and brew
They don't mean a thing when I compare them next to you.
I don't know who you are or what you do or where you go when you're not around—
I don't know anything about you baby, but you're everything I'm dreaming of—
I don't know who you are, but you're a real dead ringer for love, a real dead ringer for love.

(To Coda)
Peel Out
Words & Music: Jim Steinman.

Fairy bright 4

(3 times)

Ah

Ah

Ah

Ah

(1) Ev'ry day of my life they say the same old thing.
(2) But ev'ry day of my life I see the same old road.
(3) See block lyric)

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Hey, Boy! (oh boy) you better wait for your turn.
Hey, Girl! (oh girl) we gotta pull up our routes.

And every day of my life I get the same old line.
And every day of my life I see the same old dream.
Hey, Boy! (oh boy) when are you going to learn?
Hey, Girl! (oh girl) I need a dream I can use.

To Coda ⊙

I wanna go on the red,

I wanna go on the green, I wanna go on the green,

I wanna run all the tolls, I wanna run all the signs.

(2x) I wanna run all the signs.
I wanna run all the way across a double white line.

My body is the car and my soul is the ignition, your love will be the key and we'll jockey for position till we peel out!

We're sick and tired of waiting in line. Peel out!

No body's taking our time peel out!
Tyre tracks and broken hearts.

That's all we're leaving behind.

There ought-a be a law and there better be a crime.

(3 times)

My body is the car and my soul...
 Verse 3

But ev’ry night of my life there’s something holding me back,  
Hey girl! (what is it boy?) I know it’s time to cut loose.  
And ev’ry night of my life I dream of someone like you,  
Hey girl! (what is it boy?) – you got a dream I can use.  
(to Coda)
Godzilla
Words & Music: Donald Roeser.

Moderate Hard Rock beat

With a purposeful grimace and a terrible sound, he pulls the spitting high tension wires down.

Helpless people on subway trains scream, bug-eyed, as he looks in on them.
He picks up a bus and he throws it back down as he wades through the buildings toward the center of town.

Oh, no. They say he has to go. Go, go, God-zil-la. Ooh.

Oh, no. There goes To-ky-o. Go, go, God-zil-la. Ooh.

To Coda
God-zil-la. zil-la, zil-la, God-

zil-la, God-zil-la, God-zil-la, God-
zil-la, God-zil-la, God-zil-la, God-
zil-la.

D.S. al Coda

Coda
F♭m
A
F♭m
A

His-to-ry shows a-gain and a-gain how na-ture points up the fol-ly of man.

1, 2, 3.
F♭m
A
|4. F♭m
F♭m
God-zil-la.

God-zil-la.
Hot Rails To Hell

Words & Music: Joseph Bouchard.

Fast Rock beat

Rid-in' the under-ground;
Blackened-out eyes
swimmin' in sweat;
scratched on the wall.

A rumble above and below;
Stoned-out looks from the crowd;
hey, the

cop, don't you know;
king will not know;
The heat's on, all right;
On the wall it was said.

The hot summer day didn't quit for the night;
The flash of his cards was sprayed with red.

Twelve seven seven express to heaven, speeding along like dynamite. Twelve seven seven express to heaven

rumbles the steel, like a dogfight. You caught me in its spell,

trying to leave. But you know damn well the heat from below can burn your eyes out.

1. D. S. § (instrumental) and fade
Medium Rock beat

Am  G  F  G  Am  G  F  G

All our times have come.

Am  G  F  G  Am  G  F  G

Here, but now they're gone.

F  G  Am  F  E

Seasons don't fear the reaper, nor do the wind, the sun or the rain.

Am  G  F  G  Am  G

Come on, baby.

We can be like they are. Don't fear the reap-
Baby, take my hand.  
We'll be able to fly.

Don't fear the reaper.

Baby, I'm your man.
Don't fear the reaper.

Value of two is done.

Here, but now they're gone.
Here, but now they're gone.

Come the last night of Judas.
Li - et are to - geth - er in e - ter - ni - ty.

Then the For - ty thou - sand men and wom - en
doors was o - pen, and the ev - 'ry day,
wind appeared.

Ro-me-o and Ju - li-et.

Forty thousand men and wom - en
candles blew and then ev - 'ry day.
dis - ap - peared.

Re - de - fine hap - pi - ness.

We can be like they are.
Say - ing don't be a - fraid.
Am   G   F   G
by.   by.   Baby, take my hand.
And she ran to him.

Don't fear the reaper.
And she had no fear.

Am   G   F   G
We'll be able to fly.
They looked back and said.

Don't fear the reaper.
Then they started to fly.

Am   G   F   G
To Coda 

good-bye.
Baby, I'm your man.
She had taken his hand.

Don't fear the reaper.
She had become like they are.

Am   G   F   G   Am
No chord


Fm

G7

Am G F G

D. S. at Coda

Coda

Am G

She had become like they

F G Am G F G

Come on, baby.

are. Don't fear the reaper.

Am G F G Am G F G

Repeat and fade
Gonzo
Words & Music: Ted Nugent.

Fast Hard Rock beat

I've been there before. I'm comin' back for more. I know what you like.

Back in town again, lookin' up my friends. You know what I like.
Madness in the air, crazies ev'rywhere, I know what you know.

It happens ev'ry night. I gotta take a bite. Ev-

'ry-bod-ya's Gon- zo.

Come.
_ on, come on, come _ on, come on, come _ on, come on, come on._

I _ know you _ know. Ev-

'ry-bod-y's Gon - zo.
Stormtroopin’

Words & Music: Ted Nugent.

Medium Hard Rock beat

In the early morning hours there’s a din in the air; mayhem’s on the loose.

Stormtroopers comin’, and you better be prepared.

Got no time to choose.

Get ready, ready, ready.

Storm -

troopers comin'. Get ready. ready. ready. Storm-

troopers comin'. Comin' up that street, jack-boots step-pin' high.

Got to make a stand. Look ing in your win-dows and lis-

ten to your phone. Keep a gun in your hand._
Get ready, ready, ready. Storm-
troopers com' in'. Getting ready,
getting ready,

Storm-troopers com' in' around.

Two-

— hundred down, and it's com' in' 'round again. Got no second choice.

Where's the justice and where's that law? Raise—
— your healthy voice.

Get ready, ready, ready.
Storm-troopers com'in'. We'll be ready, ready.

Storm-troopers com'in'. Get ready, getting ready, getting ready.

Storm-troopers com'in'. Get ready, get ready, get ready.
Wang Dang
Sweet Poontang

Words & Music: Ted Nugent.

Fast

C

D

C

A

C

C (no3rd)

1. That N - dine, what a  teen - age queen,_ She look - in' so clean,_ es - pe - cially
2. Wang dang, what a  sweet poon - tang;_ a - shak - in' my thang_ as a
down in be-tween; what I like,
rang-a-dang-dang in the bell.

She come to town; she be
She's so sweet when she

fool-in' a-round; puttin' me down as a
yanks on my meat; Down on the street you know she

rock-and-roll clown. It's all right.
can't be beat. What the hell.

1. 2. 3.

Wang
Nothing To Lose
Words & Music: Kim McAuliffie and Kelly Johnson.

Moderately Bright

Who cares what anybody says?

Gonna do it anyway
Nothing to lose, every thing to gain,
Out of my head in the pouring rain.
Nothing to lose,

Nothing to lose.

Don't wanna be like another

When every thing seems
too much bother

I just don't care what you say. — I'm gonna do it

anyway. — Nothing to lose, Nothing to lose, —

Nothing to lose, Nothing to lose, Nothing to lose.
Hit & Run
Words & Music: Kim McAuliffe and Kelly Johnson.

Moderately

Em

G

Em

Am

Em

G

Em

I was out in the cold ——— A-lone— in the night—

How could I carry on? ——— Felt so empty inside—

C

Am

C

B

Em

All you gave me were promises—

Nothing better than lies. ——— Hit 'n' run,
Hit 'n' run,

Hit 'n' run,

Told me how it could be,

Showed me how to believe,

But I just didn't realise—

It was all in my dreams.

All you gave me were promises,

And nothing better than lies—

Hit 'n' run,
Hit 'n' run.

But

I know better now —— I've —— found another way.

One —— thing I know for sure ——

I'm gonna live for today —— Say goodbye to the bad ——

— — times —

Now I'm free on my own.
Said good-bye to the bad — times —
Now I'm free on my own.

Hit 'n' run,
Hit 'n'

Repeat and fade
Mr. Universe
Words & Music: Ian Gillan and Colin Towns.

Are you God— are you man—
If we run— will we fall—
Is the wall— made of brick—
(% ) Is your smile— just a smile— or

Do you live— in fear—
Mister Un — i— verse —
what can be — be— hind —
is it just a trick —

Are we trash—
climb your hill—
Is the brick—
to make me walk— an —
in your can— a bub— ble in— your beer —
climb your wall— Mister Un — i— verse —
very thick— or is it in— my mind —
other mile — oh I must be — so thick —

I just need— some in — for— ma— tion
million years— of pro — cre— a— ting
Un — i— verse is cruel de— cep— tion
going where I’ve set my eyes — on
Tell me what's—my destination
Now I'm here—don't keep me waiting
Freedom is—a contradiction
Way beyond—that blue horizon

(instr. ad lib)

Maybe we're going some-

where—If so we can find the end.

Every one's getting nowhere
but not me. You'd better understand.

(After 3rd time bar)

Long Instrumental and Effects Section

Are you God— are you man— Do you live— in fear—
Are we trash— in your can— A bubble in— your beer—

Em

Em

Em
But not me

you'd better understand,

Not me you'd better understand,

Not me you'd better understand.
Future Shock
Words & Music: Ian Gillan, John McCoy and Bernie Torme.

Moderately
Am
C
F
Am
F
C
Am
C
F
Dm
C
F
Am

If tomorrow is the day before we think it is, Are we doing what we've done—before? And if the future is the splitting of infinities Are we living in the past? Can we
really be sure? —— Can we really be sure? ——

Is this the future shock, —— Is this the future,

Is this the future shock?

Do you

recognise the symptoms of uncertainty? Are we

serving any purpose at all? —— There is only one thing you know that is
sure to be And you know you can be sure, sure of nothing at all,

Be sure of nothing at all. — Is this the future shock?

Is this the future, Is this the future shock?

Am

Am

Dm

C

You're going the wrong way if you're looking out for paradise. — You know your
future's lying deep in your brain — And you can

get there just by throwing out the bad advice. — Ah, yes, I've

tried it so I know but I'm going insane,

Ah yes, I'm going insane. — Is this the future,

Is this the future? Is this the future shock?

Repeat and fade