CHI

Words and Music by
BRIAN WELCH, JONATHAN DAVIS,
DAVID SILVERIA, JAMES SHAFFER
and REGINALD ARVIZU

Moderate rock \( \text{o}=126 \)

Intro:
\( \text{C}\sharp 5 \quad \text{B}\flat 5 \quad \text{B}_5 \quad \text{B}_\natural 5 \quad \text{C}_\natural 5 \)

Gtrs. 1 & 2
Rhy. Fig. 1

\( \text{T} \quad 1/2 \quad 1/2 \quad (\text{Shouted:} \text{Burn!}) \)

Gtrs. 1 (7-str. Elec.)

Gtrs. 2 (7-str. Elec.)

(Chord names and frets)

*Microphonic feedback.

Prop. Fig. 2

Gtrs. 2 out

Gtrs. 1

(Natural harmonics)

Verbs:

1. Beside...

2. See additional lyrics

Gtrs. 1

(Chord names and frets)

*Harm.

*Microphonic feedback, arr. as natural harmonics (throughout).

Verse:

2.3. See additional lyrics

Gtrs. 1

(Chord names and frets)

*Grad. dive (throughout).

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Chorus:

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtrs. 1 & 2) 3 times

sick of the same old thing, so I dig a hole, burn, burn.

Sick of the same old thing, so I dig a hole, burn, burn.

2, 3.
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtrs. 1 & 2) 4 times

dig a hole, burn, burn.

Sick of the same old thing, so I

dig a hole, burn, burn.

D.S. & al Coda

Gtrs. 1 & 2

Gtr. 2

Gtr. 1 out
Bass enters

We, entering my head, feeling like I’m God with the world around me. Can’t you feel this

(Shouted:) boy reaming through my (Shouted:) heart, screaming through my

(Shouted:) words?

Nothing I can (Shouted:) kill. The sting - ing of

*Microphonic fdbk. (next 3 bars).

*fdbk.
(Shouted:) my heart. Aah. Can you feel

Gr. 1

T
A
B

Gr. 2

T
A
B

(B5 C5 B5 C5 B5 C5 N.C.)

(Shouted:) my heart? Aah. Can't you take my

T
A
B

Gr. 2 out
Tired heart.  Good-bye.

Faster $J = 126$

Chorus:

Shouted:) Sick of the same old thing, so I dig a hole, burn, burn.
LOST

Words and Music by
BRIAN WELCH, JONATHAN DAVIS,
DAVID SILVERIA, JAMES SHAFFER
and REGINALD ARVIZU

All gtrs. are 7-string gtrs.
tuned down 1 whole step:
C7=A  D7=F
G7=D  A7=A
B7=G  D7=D
E7=C

Moderately \( \textbf{J} = 104 \)

Intro:

N.C.

*Gtrs. 1 & 2 (7-string Elec.)

\begin{align*}
\text{D5} & \quad \text{C}\sharp 5 \\
\text{C5} & \quad \text{D5} \quad \text{C}\sharp 5 \\
\text{C5} & \quad \text{D5} \quad \text{C}\sharp 5 \\
\end{align*}

Play 4 times

end Rhy. Fig. 1

Rhy. Fig. 1

8th

1/4

A

B

1. Why can't I decide why my feelings I hide?

2. See additional lyrics

Rhy. Fig. 2

A

B

*Harmony implied by bass (next 8 bars).
\text{pp-} \quad \text{mp-} \quad \text{pp-}

*Volume knob swell.

Lost - 5 - 1
PG9707

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Always screwing with my mind, a thorn in my spine.

Oh sure, it feels fine, wasting all our time.

In the back of my mind, a thorn in my spine.

Chorus:

1. Wait, see it before my eyes. Why don't I turn grey?

2. That way? Why, you and me always hang. Wait, weren't you my friend?

Bridge:

To Coda

Lost 5-2
PG9707
w/Rhy. Fig. 3 (Gtr. 2) 4 times

pain in which I feel I feel... The pain in which I feel I feel... The
(In

Gtr. 1
Rhy. Fig. 4
8vyb
pain in which I feel I feel. The pain in which I feel I feel. The

In

wait, you were my friend.

Gtr. 2 out  D.S. % al Coda
Verse 2:
Looking all the time
At your face so blind,
Feeling uptight,
Always the same fight.
Hey man, you decide,
Go ahead, take your time.
Kissing all the time,
That thorn in my spine.

Chorus 2 & 3:
Wait, you can see my side.
Why play yourself out that way?
Why, you and me always hang.
Wait, weren’t you my friend?
(To Bridge:)

Verse 3:
Hey man, look inside,
Know your need to your life.
Remember me, guy?
The thorn in you spine.
Waiting all the time.
I’m doing mighty fine.
Remember me, guy?
The thorn in your spine.
(To Chorus:)

Lost - 5 - 5
PG6707
SWALLOW

Words and Music by
BRIAN WELCH, JONATHAN DAVIS,
DAVID SILVERIA, JAMES SHAFFER
and REGINALD ARVIZU

All gtrs. are 7-string gtrs.
tuned down 1/2 step:
C = B♭
G = G♭
D = E♭
A = B♭
E = E♭

Moderately \( \downarrow = 100 \)

Intro:
N.C.

Gt. 1 (7-string Elec. w/clean tone)

8vb

(Spoken:) Fuck yes.

Gtrs. 1 & 2 (Dist.)

(8vb)

1.

(8vb)

(end Rhy. Fig. 1)

Swallow - 5 - 1
PG9707

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Verse:
1. Always... I'm locked in my head. No pain, you don't know what I have had.

Gtr. 3 (7-string Elec.)

w/Riff A

By now, I'm so for sure... right now I am yours...

Chorus:
N.C.

My sorrow
I swallow.

Gtrs. 1 & 2
Rhy. Fig. 2

Follow me... oh, hell no.

end Rhy. Fig. 2

Swallow - 5 - 2
PG97G
oh, hell no. wasn't me. I swallow.

To Coda \( w/Fill \) (Gtrs. 1 & 2)

Won't get made. I don't know.

Bridge:

B5 \( F(b5) \) \( F(b5) \) \( F(b5) \) \( B5 \) \( F(b5) \) \( F(b5) \) \( F(b5) \)

Gtrs. 1 & 2
Rhy. Fig. 3
8vb

\( \text{trem. bar} \)

A
B

B5 \( F(b5) \) \( F(b5) \) \( F(b5) \) \( B5 \) \( F(b5) \) \( F(b5) \) \( F(b5) \)

end Rhy. Fig. 3

\( \text{trem. bar} \)
w/Rhy. Fig. 3 (Gtrs. 1 & 2)
B5 F(b5) F(b5) F(b5) B5 F(b5) F(b5) F(b5)

Oh, hell no.

w/Fill 2 (Gtrs. 1 & 2)
B5 F(b5) F(b5) F(b5) *N.C.

D.S. % al Coda

*All gtrs. out.

w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtrs. 1 & 2) 2 times

I don't know.
I swallow.

I swallow.

Outro:
*B5

(Spoken:) Freak, punk-ass sissy. I'm a freak, punk-ass sissy. I'm a

Gr. 2 Riff C

*Harmony implied by bass.
†Strike string with edge of pick.

Fill 2
Gtrs. 1 & 2
8vb...
Verse 2:
It came unknown to me.
Paranoid is controlling all of me.
Somehow, terror so pure.
Right now, shit, I'm yours.
(To Chorus):

Verse 3:
This thing I follow.
The place I just get to fucking go.
A freak, that I'm sure.
A freak that is yours.
(To Chorus)
POorno Creep

Words and Music by
BRIAN WELCH, JONATHAN DAVIS,
DAVID SILVERIA, JAMES SHAFFER
and REGINALD ARVIZU

All gtrs. are 7-string gtrs.
tuned down 1 whole step:
C = A  D = F
G = D  B = G
E = C

Slowly \( \text{ \( \approx \)} = 69 \)

*Intro:

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
\text{N.C.} & \text{Drums enter} & \text{Bass enters} & \text{Gtr. 1 (Elec.)} \\
\end{array}
\]

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
\text{mp w/wah-wah} & \text{14} & \text{14} & \text{14} & \text{14} & \text{14} & \text{14} & \text{14} & \text{14} & \text{14} & \text{14} \\
\end{array}
\]

*With miscellaneous noises manipulated with wah wah pedal. (Approx. 18 sec.)

Gtr. 1

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
\text{T} & \text{A} & \text{B} & \text{C} \\
\end{array}
\]

*With Mo-Tron Bi-Phaser.

Gtr. 2 (Elec.)

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
\text{T} & \text{A} & \text{B} & \text{C} \\
\end{array}
\]

(5va)

With Riff A (Gtr. 2)

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
\text{T} & \text{A} & \text{B} & \text{C} \\
\end{array}
\]

End Riff A

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
\text{T} & \text{A} & \text{B} & \text{C} \\
\end{array}
\]

Harm.
Verses:

w/Riff A (Gtr. 2) 2 times

1. Closer to me, not afraid.

*with long delay on vocals.

Closer to me, not afraid.
GOOD GOD

Words and Music by BRIAN WELCH, JONATHAN DAVIS, DAVID SILVERIA, JAMES SHAFFER and REGINALD ARVIZU

All gtrs. are 7-string gtrs. tuned down 1 whole step:

Moderately = 126
Intro: Drums only

Gtrs. 1 & 2 (7-string Elec.)
Rhy. Fig. 1

Verse: w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtrs. 1 & 2) 2 times

1. You came into my life without a single thing.
2. See additional lyrics

I gave into your ways, but you left me with nothing.

I've given into smiles, I've dealt with all your games.

I wish so bad right now, I hadn't let you in.

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Pre-Chorus:
(Shouted:) Won't you get the fuck out of my face now?

Chorus:
B5  F5  D♭5  A5  G♯5
Seam of life, just in the

(Ah.
Gtrs. 1 & 2
Rhy. Fig. 3

Gr. 3 (7-string Elec.)

B5  F5  D♭5  A5  G♯5
know. Live your life insecure.

Ah.

end Rhy. Fig. 3
Feel the pain of your need.

Ah.

dies as you shit into my mind.

Gtr. 3 out
2. 3.

Bridge:

B5
F5

Gtrs. 1 & 2

You stole my life.

Well, out of

B5
F5

sight.

You sucked me
Pre-Chorus:

Won't you get the fuck out of my face now?

Won't you get the fuck out of my face now?

Won't you get the fuck out of my face now?

Won't you get the fuck out of my face now?!

(Screamed:) Won't you get the fuck out of my face now?

Gtrs. 1 & 2
Rhy. Fig. 4
Verse 2:
I scream without a sound, how could you take away
Everything that I was, made me your fucking slave.
Your face that I despise, your heart inside that
I came today to say, “You’re fucked in every way.”
(To Pre-Chorus)
MR. ROGERS

Words and Music by BRIAN WELCH, JONATHAN DAVIS, DAVID SILVERIA, JAMES SHAFFER and REGINALD ARVIZU

Moderately $\text{ } = 76$

Intro:
(Whispered:) Boomerang, zoomerang, toomerang. Boomerang, zoomerang, toomerang.

Gtr. 1 (7-string Elec.)

Boomerang, zoomerang, toomerang.

Boomerang, zoomerang, toomerang. (Spoken:) The time

has come
to realize
what you are,
what you've done inside.
The

Mr. Rogers - 8 - 1
PG9707

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Verses 1 & 2:
*B5

1. Look-ing back, (Dumb and now I rea-lize old man. how much you
2. See additional lyrics

Rhy. Fig. 2

end Rhy. Fig. 2

T A
B

Rhy. Fig. 2A

end Rhy. Fig. 2A

P.M. throughout

T A
B

*Implied harmony.

w/Rhy. Figs. 2 (Gtr. 1) & 2A (Gtr. 2) 3 times
B5

real-ly liked him. Dumb This child’s mine you ter’-ized. You

B5

came to him. Dumb He real-ly did-n’t know your lies. old man. Now his

B5

in-no-cence gone. Dumb He’s that child you ter’-ized. old man.)
Pre-Chorus:
with Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtrs. 1 & 2) 2 times

This fuck-ing pain that I know, you got to make him cute. This fuck-ing pain that I know be-cause of you.

My child is gone be-cause I loved you. My child is gone be-cause I loved you.

Chorus:
C5 B5 C5 B5 F#5 F5

Be my neigh.

*Gtr. 1

Riff A

end Rhy. Fig. 3

Rhy. Fig. 3

*w/Leesie effect (next 4 bars).

w/Rhy. Fig. 3 (Gtr. 2)

Gtr. 1

end Riff A

Mr. Rogers - 8 - 4
PG707
Verse 3:
N.C.(fB5)

3. First you told me ev'-ry-bod-y was my neigh-bor, they took ad-van-tage of me, they knocked

Mr. Rogers - B - 5
PG9707
wish I wouldn’t have watched you, but in your name, my childhood a fool... What a fucking neighbor.

First you told me everybody was my neighbor, they took advantage of me...

wish I wouldn’t have watched you, but in your name, my childhood... What a fucking neighbor.
Pre-Chorus:
B5
F5
B5
F5
I hate you,
I will, too.
I hate you,
I will,

Gtr. 1
Rhy. Fig. 4

end Rhy. Fig. 4

T
12
A
10
B
11

Gtr. 2
Rhy. Fig. 4A

end Rhy. Fig. 4A

T

A
B

w/Rhy. Figs. 4 (Gtr. 1) & 4A (Gtr. 2)
B5
F5
B5
F5

too.
I hate you,
I will, too.
I hate you,
I hate you.

w/Riff A (Gtr. 1)
w/Rhy. Fig. 3 (Gtr. 2) 2 times

D.S. % at Coda


Coda

This fuck-ing pain that I feel.
(Beat)
This fuck-ing pain that I feel.


C5
B5
C5
B5
F#5
F5

My child is gone.

Mr. Rogers - 8 - 7
PG9707
Verse 2:
Looking back, and now
I realize
How much you really loved him,
It's just mine you hypnotized.
You came to him, you really
Didn't know his lies.
And now his innocence gone,
I'm that child you terrorize.
(To Pre-Chorus)
K@#0%!

Words and Music by
BRIAN WELCH, JONATHAN DAVIS,
DAVID SILVERIA, JAMES SHAFFER
and REGINALD ARVIZU

Moderately $\frac{j}{4} = 156$

Intro:
N.C.
8vb throughout

Gtr. 1

Gtrs. 1 & 2
Rhy. Fig. 1

Verse:
N.C.(B5)

Ad lib. lyrics throughout Verse

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Chorus:
(w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtrs. 1 & 2))
N.C.

I don't know what to say. So what, don't give up on me. No,

1.
I don't know what to say. So what?

2.
So what, don't give up on me. No, I don't know what to say.

So what, don't give up on me. No, I don't know what to say.

w/Rhy. Fill 1 (Gtrs. 1 & 2)
Bridge:
N.C.
Gtrs. tacet

So what? I have far to find some thing to
say. But now, I've found some.

w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtrs. 1 & 2) 2 times

thing to say.

w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtrs. 1 & 2) 2 times

F*** you, bo-gus bitch!

w/Rhy. Fill 2 (Gtrs. 1 & 2)
Chorus:

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtrs. 1 & 2) 4 times

N.C.

I don't know what to say. So what, don't give up on me. No,

I don't know what to say. So what, don't give up on me. No,

I don't know what to say. So what, don't give up on me. No,

I don't know what to say. So what?

Gtrs. 1 & 2

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NO PLACE TO HIDE

Words and Music by
BRIAN WELCH, JONATHAN DAVIS,
DAVID SILVERIA, JAMES SHAFFER
and REGINALD ARVIZU

Moderate rock \( j = 110 \)

Intro:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bass</th>
<th>Gtr. 1 (7-str. Elec.)</th>
<th>N.C.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>( \text{mf} ) w/dist.</td>
<td>( \text{mf} ) w/dist.</td>
<td>( \text{<strong>Play 4 times</strong>} )</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

\( \text{C5 C\#5 D5 D\#5 E5 D\#5 E5 F5} \) \( \text{Play 4 times} \)

\( \text{C5 C\#5 D5 D\#5 E5 D\#5 E5 F5} \) \( \text{Play 4 times} \)

**w/voc. ad lib., 4th time.**

"Discontinue "torn speaker" effect."

"Electric Mistress" flanger.

**Verses:**

N.C.

1. I see your faces and I do not understand why

2. See additional lyrics

**All gtrs. out at this point.**

No Place to Hide - 5 - 1

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each time I dream, you're standing there right by my side.

Why do you make me? You take my pride, and in my eyes

*Grtr. A

end Riff A

with "torn speaker" effect (next 4 bars).

w/Riffs A (Grtr. 1) & A1 (Grtr. 2)

you kind a rape me in side

Chorus:

w/Riff B (Grtr. 2) 8 times

*Grtr. 1

have no place to run

*Grtr. 2

with fast Leslie effect (next 8 bars).

No Place to Hide - 5 - 2
PG9787
I have no place to hide, which I like.

I have no place to run, so come on, follow me. I have no place to run, so come on, follow me.
I have no place to run,
which I like. I like.

Which I like. I like. Which I like.
Verse 2:
Some look at the time I looked back into my life.
You want to touch me, to see what's in my eyes.
Why do you make me remember my hate, all the shame?
Don't you hate me sometimes?
(To Chorus)
WICKED

Words and Music by O'SHEA JACKSON

All gtrs. are 7-string gtrs.
tuned down 1 whole step:
E = A 3 = F
D = D 2 = A
G = G 1 = D
C = C

Moderately \( \frac{j}{2} = 136 \)

Intro:
Drums
Riff A
Gtr. 1
8va

(Shouted:) Wicked!

mf * w/octaver

T
A
B

Gtr. 2 (Bass arr. for gtr.)
Riff A3

mf

T
A

Gtr. 3
Rhy. Fig. 1

mf w/wah-wah

*Generates pitch one octave higher.

*Verse:
w/Riff A (Gtr. 1) 6 times, 2nd time
w/Riff A1 (Gtr. 2) 10 times
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 3) 6 times, 2nd time

1. One, two, three, and I come with the wick-ed side. You're low down from the wick-ed crew.
2. See additional lyrics

*Play repeats simile.

Wicked - 5 - 1
PG9707

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GANGSTA BOOGIE MUSIC and BRIDGEPORT MUSIC, INC.
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Wicked wise, wicked size, but me and my mom gotta run for our lives.

Drop in house, straight and for the anger ready to

but it's so nice to talk, talk, talk before I bust. You're

lookin' for the one that did it. You want my vote? No, you're never na get gon 'Cause I'm the

one with the fat, masked girls. And I want ya if they pay for little pills. Sittin' at the

pad, just chillin'. Larry Parker just got two million, oh, what a fuckin' feelin'.

Got nothin' good? Pass me the pill. An all star, I'm thinkin' like Shaquille O'Neal.

Stick it, whack it, baby, I like that taste, baby. I'm

*Omit these 2 bars 2nd time.

Chorus:
ES D#5 D5 C#5 G5 F#5 F5 E5 D#5 D5 C#5 G5 F#5 F5

wicked, ah, somebody ought to keep on the volume. I'm wicked, ah, somebody ought to keep on the volume.

Rhy. Fig. 2

Gr. 4

8vb throughout
wicked, ah, some-body ought to keep on the top.

end Rhy. Fig. 1

N.C.

Rhy. Fig. 3

(15ma)

hold

end Rhy. Fig. 3

(15ma)

hold
Bridge:

Peo-ple wan-na know how come I got a cat and I'm sit-tin' at the win-dow like Mal-

Shep-herd's win-ning Knight was pow-er to the peo-ple. Some might dare say it's e-qual. 'Cause po-

I'm do-in' time, bitch, but it's rea-ly Wil-

I'm do-in' the big-gest Take the get all of you.

Chorus:

wick-ed, ah, some-bod-y ought to keep up the vol-ume. I'm wick-ed, ah, some-bod-y ought to keep up the vol-ume. I'm

wick-ed, ah, some-bod-y ought to keep up the vol-ume. I'm wick-ed, ah, some-bod-y ought to keep up the vol-ume. I'm
Verse 2:
Don't say nothin', just listen
Got me a
When ya get served, still got a deuce

Nappy head, nappy chest, nappy chin,
Never see what they had me doin'
Goin' 'cause I'm down
So take a look around
All you see is big, black boots
Step and use my steel toe as a weapon
And they cry all they want to
with a stick

Ah, punk that's nasty
'Cause I get a body color like I see
I'm in New York, I get them skins
And I ain't talkin' about pork
You're sly, ya pig, dig
Listen from the flow from a so-frowed Caucasian
Oh, I was funky-assed Wilson Pickett
But you're talkin'?
(To Chorus)
A.D.I.D.A.S.

Words and Music by
BRIAN WELCH, JONATHAN DAVIS,
DAVID SILVERIA, JAMES SHAFFER
and REGINALD ARVIZU

All gtrs. are 7-string gtrs.
tuned down 1 whole step:

Moderately \( \dot{\text{J}} = 160 \)

Intro:
N.C.
Svb until change

Verse:
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtrs. 1 & 2) 4 times

1. some - how it al - ways seems that some -

2. See additional lyrics

thing I could nev - er be. It does - n't both - er me, 'cause I will al - ways be the

pimp that I see, and all of my friends sees.

A.D.I.D.A.S. - 4 - I
PG9707

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I don't know your fucking name.

So what, let's... So what, let's

Chorus:

All day I dream a...

bout sex.

end Rhy. Fig. 1

All day
I dream about fucking.

Bridge:
B(11)  
C(#11)  
B(11)

All day

I dream about fucking.

Gtrs. 1 & 2

8vb until end

All day I dream about sex, yes, all day I dream about sex and
Verse 2:
Screwing may be the only way
That I can truly be free from my fucked-up reality.
So I dream and struck it,
I know 'cause it's so fun to see
My face staring back at me.
LOW RIDER

Words and Music by
SYLVESTER ALLEN, HAROLD R. BROWN, MORRIS DICKERSON,
JERRY GOLDSTEIN, LEROY JORDAN, LEE OSKAR,
CHARLES W. MILLER and HOWARD SCOTT

All gtr. are 7-string gtr.
tuned down 1 whole step:
C = A   E = F
G = D   B = A
D = C   E = D

Moderately $\frac{4}{4} = 142$

Intro:
N.C.(B5)

Gtr. 1 8vb throughout

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>mf</th>
<th>P.M. throughout</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>T</td>
<td>2 2 5 2 4 2 2 5 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4 2 4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Gtr. 2 8vb throughout

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>mf</th>
<th>P.M. until change</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>T</td>
<td>0 0 2 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

w/Riff A (Gtr. 1) 3 times

All my friends drive a Low Rider.

Bagpipes

Gtr. 2

| T  | 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 |

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And the Low Rider is a little lower.

Take a little trip, take a little trip with me.
Bagpipes repeat last 12 bars

w/Riff A (Gtr. 1) 3 times

Oh, shit.

Gtr. 1

Gtr. 2
ASS ITCH

Words and Music by
BRIAN WELCH, JONATHAN DAVIS,
DAVID SILVERIA, JAMES SHAFFER
and REGINALD ARVIZU

All gtrs. are 7-string gtrs.
tuned down 1 whole step:
① = A ② = F
③ = D ④ = A
⑤ = G ⑥ = D
⑦ = C

Moderately \( j = 130 \)

Intro:
B5
N.C.
B5
N.C.

Rhy. Fig. 1

Verse:
B5
N.C.
B5
N.C.

w/ Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1) 4 times

1. I hate writing shit, it is so stupid.

2.3. See additional lyrics

Rhy. Fig. 1A

Rhy. Fig. 1A (Gtr. 2) 3 times

What's my problem today?
Maybe I'm depressed,

may be I'm not listen'ing what comes out my hand.

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To Coda

F dmaj7/D Fmaj7(#11) B5 Cmaj7/D
'Through long my song is dying.

w/Rh. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1) 1½ times

B5 N.C. B5 N.C. B5 N.C. B5 N.C.

w/Rh. Fig. 2 (Gtrs. 1 & 2) 2 times

B5 Cmaj7/D Fmaj7(#11) B5 Cmaj7/D Fmaj7(#11) B5 Cmaj7/D Fmaj7(#11)

w/Fill 1 (Gtr. 1)

D.S. § al Coda

Gtr. 2

8vb... 15ma... 8vb... 15ma... 8vb... 15ma... 8vb... 15ma... 8vb...

fdbk. fdbk. fdbk. fdbk. pick sl...

Interlude:

Bmaj7 Cmaj7/D Fmaj7(#11) N.C.

8va throughout section

↑Gtrs. 1 & 2

harm... hold...

Tell me now, I want to know, who sent me inside, you see? Ad lib lyrics

harm... hold... harm...

*2 gtrs. arr. for 1.
Verse 2:
I hate writing shit, it is so stupid.
Why do I feel this way?
Feelings in my heart, I'm in way too far,
And it won't go away.
(To Pre-Chorus)

Verse 3:
I hate writing shit, ain't looking forward to it.
What's fucked up today?
Writing all this time, feeling all that's mine
Come right out my hand.
(To Pre-Chorus)
KILL YOU

Words and Music by
BRIAN WELCH, JONATHAN DAVIS,
DAVID SILVERIA, JAMES SHAFFER
and REGINALD ARVIZU

Moderately \( \frac{j}{4} = 119 \)

Intro:
N.C.

Gtr. 1
Rhy. Fig. 1

P hold throughout

\[ D5 ~ C\natural ~ F \]
\[ D5 ~ C\natural ~ F\natural \]
154

*Verses 1 & 2:
with Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1 & 2+) 4 times

1. Living life .
   don't you cry.
   My life.

2. See additional lyrics

*Gtr. 3 ad lib. on Verse 2 a la Verse 1.

†Both gtrs. play at \( \frac{f}{4} \) dynamic.

Gtr. 3

pain is gone.

Many nights.

painful thoughts occur.

Mad at me,
again I'm wrong.

[1. Gtr. 2 & 3, D5, C\natural, F\natural, C]

Fill 1

Fill 1
Gtr. 1

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w/RI#1 (Gtr. 1) 2 times, simile

D5

Gtrs. 2 & 3

Now these memories kill my mind.

C6

D5

Chorus:

D#5 F#5 C5 C#5 D#5 D5 D#5 F#5 C5 C#5 D#5

Play 4 times

end Rhy. Fig. 2

All I want to do is kill you.

Bkgd. Voc. Fig. 1

You are not my real mother.

Half time-feel

Bridge:

N.C. (B5)

Looking back, I was never, ever right; you were my

RIFF A

Gtrs. 2 & 3

8ve b.

PM 1

17 (17)

1/2

A

B

Vocals doubled an octave lower.

12 gtrs. arr. for 1.

w/RIFF A (Gtrs. 2 & 3) 9½ times

step-mom who always wanted me out of your sight. I would come walking in and I'd say hello, but you slapped me and you made some fucked-up comment about my clothes, but I tried to let it pass. But the pictures in my
head were with you with a knife up your ass laying dead, so I pop some more caps in your ass. Now your son is not so fun, mother-fucking bitch, never try to blame me.

Made my life not so...

Chorus:

All I want to do is kill you.

kill you.

Wish, ha, ha, you, kuh, were dead...

Ah, ha, now,

Fill 2
Gtr. 2 & 3

Fill 3
Gtr. 1
Half-time \( J = 60 \)

Outro:

\[ \text{decresc.} \quad \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{ha, ha, ha.} \]

\[ \text{How,}\quad \text{i know.} \]

*Riff B

*Gtrs. 3

\[ \text{t} \]

\[ \text{t} \]

\[ \text{t} \]

\[ \text{A} \]

\[ \text{B} \]

* Bass gtr. arr. for gtr.

† Gtrs. 2 & 3 hold out chord and play random notes and noises while gradually fading (next 10 bars).

w/ Riff B (Gtr. 3) Until end

\[ \text{mp} \quad \text{p} \]

\[ \text{pp} \]

\[ \text{rit.} \quad \text{\textasciicircum} \text{\textasciicircum} \text{\textasciicircum} \text{\textasciicircum} \text{\textasciicircum} \text{\textasciicircum} \text{\textasciicircum} \]

\[ \text{How can I cry over} \]

\[ \text{some-one I never loved?} \]

\[ \text{How can I} \]

\[ \text{Volume swell.} \]

Freely

Gtrs. 2 & 3 tacet

\[ \text{cry for some-one I never loved,} \]

\[ \text{never loved, never loved?} \]

Verse 2:

In denial, I tried to be your friend.
I tried to be a good boy,
Hell I see, hate deep inside.
Stop me, someone save me.
(To Pre-Chorus 2)
BLIND

Words and Music by
BRIAN WELCH, DAVID SILVERIA,
JONATHAN DAVIS, JAMES SHAFFER,
REGINALD ARVIZU, DENNIS SHIN
and RYAN SHUCK

Moderate rock \( j = 94 \)
Intro:
Ride Cymbal

Play 10 times

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Gtr. 1 (w/dists.)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>N.C. (C(\bar{\text{m}}))</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Play 3 times

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>w/Fill 1 (Gtr. 1)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1)

(Shouted:) Are you ready?

Play 4 times

Both gtrs. out

Play 4 times

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>w/Riff A (Gtr. 1)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>C(\bar{\text{F}})</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D(\bar{\text{S}})</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C(\bar{\text{F}})</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D(\bar{\text{S}})</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Play 3 times

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>w/Riff B (Gtr. 1)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>D(\bar{\text{S}})</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C(\bar{\text{F}})</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D(\bar{\text{S}})</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N.C.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

All gtrs. are 7-string gtrs.
tuned down 1 whole step:

\( \text{E} \Rightarrow \text{D} \)
\( \text{A} \Rightarrow \text{G} \)
\( \text{D} \Rightarrow \text{C} \)
\( \text{G} \Rightarrow \text{F} \)

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Slower $\text{J} = 86$

Verses:

E

1. This place inside my mind, a place I like to hide...

Gtr. 1

Riff C

mf w/wah-wah

1/2

Gtr. 2

Rhy. Fig. 4

E5

F#11

You don't know the chances. What if I should die?

Rhy. Fig. 5

end Rhy. Fig. 5

Doubled by whispered vocal.
A place inside my brain, another kind of harm.

You don’t know the chances. I’m so blind...

Faster $j = 100$

Blind...

Blind...
(Shouted:) Deep-er and deep-er and deep-er— is all I’m turn-ing to. Liv-ing a life that seems to be a
lost re-al-i-ty. I can nev-er find a way to reach my in-ner self. Es-
teen is low. How deep can I go? In the ground— I lay— if I don’t find a way to
sleep. In the grave,— I crowd—my mind. It’s time— I looked to see when was re-al-ized.

*Pre-Chorus:

N.C.

*Gtr. 2 w/misc. sound effects (next 4 bars).

(Whispered:) I can see, I can see, I’m go-ing blind. I can see, I can see, I’m go-ing blind.

Chorus:

w/RIFF C (Gtr. 1) simile
*w/Rhy. Fig. 4 (Gtr. 2) 3½ times

I can see, I can see, I’m go-ing blind.—— I can see, I can see, I’m go-ing blind.

*Performed f.

I can see, I can see, I’m go-ing blind.—— I can see, I can see, I’m go-ing blind.
I can see, I can see, I'm going blind.— I can see, I can see, I'm going (Shouted:) blind!—

Faster $J = 94$

w/Rhy. Figs. 1 (Gtr. 1) & 2 (Gtr. 2) Both 8 times

C$\sharp$5 D5 C$\sharp$5 D5 N.C. C$\sharp$5 D5 C$\sharp$5 D5 N.C. C$\sharp$5 D5 C$\sharp$5 D5 N.C. C$\sharp$5 D5 C$\sharp$5 D5 N.C.

I'm blind. I'm blind. I'm blind. I'm blind.

Faster $J = 108$

*Quavo:

E F E Gtr. 1 F

*All gtrs. out.

*Harmony implied by bass gtr. (throughout).

Gtr. 1

E F E Gtr. 1 F

Repeat and fade

Gtr. 2

Verse 2:

Another place I'll find,
Escape the pain inside.
You don't know the chances.
What if I should die?
A place inside my brain,
Another kind of pain.
You don't know the chances.
I'm so blind.
Blind.
Blind.
(To Interlude:)

Blind - 5 - 5
PG9707
SHOOTS AND LADDERS

Words and Music by
BRIAN WELCH, DAVID SILVERIA,
JONATHAN DAVIS, JAMES SHAFFER
and REGINALD ARVIZU

All gtrs. are 7-string gtrs.
tuned down 1 whole step:
7 = A  6 = F
5 = D  4 = A
3 = G  2 = D
1 = C

Moderately slow rock \( \downarrow = 88 \)
Intro:
C5
Gtr. 1 & 2 (7 str. Elec.)

Bagpipes

Hi-Hat

Play 3 times

(f) w/dist.

w/Fill 1 (Gtr. 2)
Gtr. 1

(8va) harm.

T
3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3
A
B

*Gtr. 1 & 2
N.C.

1/4

hold bend

1/2 3/4

hold bend

3/4 1

hold bend

3/4 1/2 1/4

hold bend

*Note: Bends along 4th string cause open 3rd string to fluctuate in pitch (go flat) due to floating bridge (Floyd Rose tremolo system).

Fill 1

Gtr. 2

(15ma)------

harm.------

T
3 3 3 3 3 3 3
A
B

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1. Ring a- round the ros- ies, pock- et full of po- sies.
2. See additional lyrics

Ash - es, ash - es, we all fall_ down. Ring a - round the ros - ies,
pock - et full of po - sies. Ash - es, ash - es, we all fall_ down._

Verses:
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtrs. 1 & 2) 8 times

Subst. w/Rhy. Fill 1 (Gtrs. 1 & 2) on D.S.
Slightly faster  \( \times 92 \)

*Chorus:*

\[ \text{D5} \quad \text{E5} \quad \text{Eb5} \quad \text{D5} \quad \text{E5} \quad \text{Eb5} \quad \text{D5} \]

Nurs-ry rhymes are sad, verses in my head.

---

Gtr. 1

Rhy. Fig. 2

---

Gtr. 2

Rhy. Fig. 2A

---

\[ \text{E5} \quad \text{Eb5} \quad \text{D5} \quad \text{C\#5} \quad \text{C5} \]

Into my childhood they're spoon-fed.

---

End Rhy. Fig. 2

---

End Rhy. Fig. 2A

---

Shoots and Ladders - 6 - 3

PG9707
w/ Rhy. Figs. 2/ (Gtr. 1) & 2A (Gtr. 2)  

D5  E5  Eb5  D5  E5  Eb5  D5

Hidden (violence) revealed, darkness that seems real.

To Coda φ

E5  Eb5  D5  C5  C5

Look at the pages that cause all this evil.

Slightly faster $J = 106$

Gtr.s. 1 & 2

all this evil.

hold

N.C.

Play 4 times  **Interlude:

w/voc. ad lib.

(Whispered:) Knick-knock, pad-dy wack, give a dog a bone,

Gtr. 3

† mf
w/slight P.M. throughout

* Gradual decrescendo.
† Gradual fade-in.

** Gtr.s. 1 & 2 out.
1.

this old man came rolling home.

(Shouted) Knick-knick, pad-dy wack, give a dog a bone, this old man came rolling home.

*Gtrs. 1 & 2

4.

this old man came... (Spoken) Mary had a little lamb, it's fleece was white as snow and then a...

*Gtr. 3 out.
†Harmonizer generates additional pitch one octave lower.
**Verse 2:**
One, two, buckle my shoe.
Three, four, shut the door.
Five, six, pickup sticks.
Seven, eight, lay them straight.
London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down.
London Bridge is falling down,
My fair lady.
*(To Chorus:)*
TWIST
CHI
LOST
SWALLOW
PORNO CREEP
GOOD GOD
MR. ROGERS
K@#Ø%
NO PLACE TO HIDE
WICKED
A.D.I.D.A.S.
LOWRIDER
ASS ITCH
KILL YOU
BLIND
SHOOTS AND LADDERS