Lay Down Sally

Clapton/ Levy/ Terry

```
A                                                              D
There is nothing that is wrong in wanting you to stay here with me
 A
I know you've got somewhere to go but won't you make yourself at home
    D                              E
And stay with me, and don't you ever leave
```

Chorus

```
    A                    D
    Lay down, Sally, and rest you in my arms
    E                                 A
    Don't you think you want someone to talk to
    A                   D
    Lay down, Sally, no need to leave so soon
    E                                A
    I've been trying all night long just to talk to you
```

```
A                                                                D
The sun ain't nearly on the rise and we still got the moon and stars above
      A
Underneath the velvet skies, love is all that matters
          D                              E
Won't you stay with me, and don't you ever leave
```

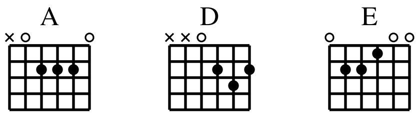
Chorus

```
    A                    D
    Lay down, Sally, and rest you in my arms
    E                                 A
    Don't you think you want someone to talk to
    A                   D
    Lay down, Sally, no need to leave so soon
    E                                A
    I've been trying all night long just to talk to you
```

```
A                                                    D
I long to see the morning light colouring your face so dreamily
   A
So don't you go and say goodbye, you can lay your worries down
    D                              E
And stay with me, and don't you ever leave
```

Chorus

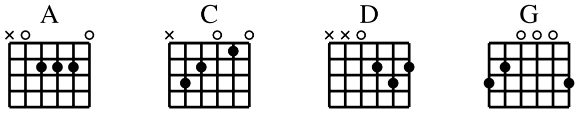
```
    A                    D
    Lay down, Sally, and rest you in my arms
    E                                 A
    Don't you think you want someone to talk to
    A                   D
    Lay down, Sally, no need to leave so soon
    E                                A
    I've been trying all night long just to talk to you
```



Hide Your Love Away

John Lennon/Paul McCartney

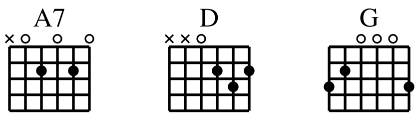
```
  D      A     C   G   D
Here I stand head in hand,
  G                  C  G
Turn my face to the wall.
D        A     C   G  D
If she's gone I can't go on,
  G             C     G A
Feeling two feet small.

   D       A   C   G   D
Everywhere people stare,
  G              C  G
Each and every day.
D     A        C     G D
I can see them laugh at me,
  G              C  G A
And I hear them say,

     D                 G              A
    Hey, you've got to hide your love away!
     D                 G              A
    Hey, you've got to hide your love away!

  D       A C  G D
How can I even try?
G             C G
I can never win.
  D       A     C   G D
Hearing them, seeing them,
 G             C G A
In the state I'm in,
D             A   C   G   D    G                C    G
How could she say to me, "Love will find a way"?
  D     A     C  G     D
Gather 'round all you clowns,
  G              C  G A
Let me hear you say,

     D                 G              A
    Hey, you've got to hide your love away!
     D                 G              A
    Hey, you've got to hide your love away!
```



Twist & Shout

Beatles

```
D G A7 G D G A7

      G         D           G          A7
Well shake it up baby, now (Shake it up baby)
G         D      G          A7
Twist and shout (Twist and shout)
               G
Come on, come on, come on, come on
D          G        A7
baby now (Come on baby)
              G         D    G          A7
Come on and work it on out (Work it on out)

      G          D   G          A7
Well, work it on out (Work it on out)
               G       D    G        A7
You know you look so good (Look so good)
               G        D        G        A7
You know you got me goin' now (Got me goin')
           G        D     G A7 G
Just like I knew you would

      G         D           G          A7
Well shake it up baby, now (Shake it up baby)
G         D      G          A7
Twist and shout (Twist and shout)
               G
Come on, come on, come on, come on
D          G        A7
baby now (Come on baby)
              G         D    G          A7
Come on and work it on out (Work it on out)

               G          D   G           A7
You know you twist little girl (Twist little girl)
               G       D    G         A7
You know you twist so fine (Twist so fine)
              G            D          G            A7
Come on and twist a little closer now (Twist a little closer)
              G         D     G                    A7
And let me know you're mine (Let me know you're mine)
A7
Ah-ah-ah-ah

      G         D           G          A7
Well shake it up baby, now (Shake it up baby)
G         D      G          A7
Twist and shout (Twist and shout)
               G
Come on, come on, come on, come on
D          G        A7
baby now (Come on baby)
              G         D    G          A7
Come on and work it on out (Work it on out)

      G          D   G          A7
Well, work it on out (Work it on out)
               G       D    G        A7
You know you look so good (Look so good)
               G        D        G        A7
You know you got me goin' now (Got me goin')
           G        D     G A7 G
Just like I knew you would
```



Knocking on heaven's door

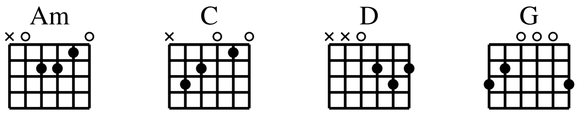
Bob Dylan

```
G              D                   Am
Mama take this badge from me
G                    D       C
'Cause I can't use it anymore
G                  D             Am
It's getting dark, too dark to see
G                D                        C
feels like I'm knocking on heaven's door

C
hay hay  -   hay hay hay
G                  D                        C
knock, knock, knocking on heaven's door
knock, knock, knocking on heaven's door
knock, knock, knocking on heaven's door
knock, knock, knocking on heaven's do-o-or
```

Mama put those guns to the ground
'Cause I can't shoot them anymore
That cold black cloud is comin' down
Feels like I'm knockin' on heaven's door

hay hay - hay hay hay

knock, knock, knocking on heaven's door
knock, knock, knocking on heaven's door
knock, knock, knocking on heaven's door
knock, knock, knocking on heaven's do-o-or.



Hönan Agda

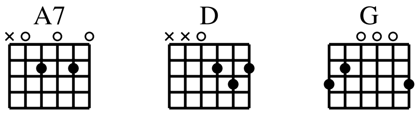
Cornelis Vreeswijk
ackordanalys av Lars Bergqvist

```
         D                A7
Jag ska be att få ställa upp
                       D
med en visa om en tupp
                            A7
som var gammal och utsliten,
                       D
impotent och väderbiten
           G              D
Hönsen klagade och gnällde
         G                A7
för han dem ej tillfredställde
              D          G
Dom skrev på en petition:
         A7              D
Ge vår tupp förtidpension!
```

Vi vill ha en tupp med sting
Den vi har han är ju ding,
saknar lust och energi,
saknar allt vi är förtjusta i
Skaffa oss en ny bemanning
annars fixar vi äggstanning
Se nu till att det sätts fart
ty vi blir desperata snart

Gammeltuppen fick nog och for
dit där inga hönor bor
Ingen gråt när han for hädan,
en ny tupp var ordnad redan
Hönsen var så nyfikna så, men
det var lång levaranstid på den
Men dom fann sig i sin lott
för dom vänta' på nåt gott

Tänk, när tuppen äntligt kom
hönsen blev som galna dom!
Vilken kam han har - nu står den!
Vilken näbb - den e nog hård den!
Hönsen flängde kring i yran,
tuppen hade ett bestyr, han
men som han var frisk och sund
fick vart höns en kärleksstund



Men lilla söta Hönan Agda
hon blev blåst på ovansagda
Tuppen skulle just hoppa på'na
Agda titta ur ögonvrårna
men det blev ej som Agda trodde
Tuppen bara stod och glodde
tills han plötligt med en snärt
slet en fjäder ur hennes stjärt

Agdas blod i pulsen brände,
hon stod still, men inget hände
Flera veckor efter den dagen
var hon den enda oskulden i hagen
Varje dag i alla väder
ryckte tuppen ut en fjäder
och en dag - det är synd och skam
titta' Agdas rumpa fram

Agda skämdes och grät och tjöt
var gång tuppen en fjäder snöt
och en dag blev det för mycket
Agda svek för det inre trycket,
för sorgen och kärlekskvalen
Nästa gång han kom blev Agda galen
och hon skrek ut i falsett:
Hörru du din jädra sprätt! sa hon

Nu vill jag ha ett ärligt svar:
Varför du mina fjädra tar?
Varför nobbar du mig i ett kör
det du med dom andra hönsen gör?
Tuppen svarade smått generad:
Du jag älskar dig passionerat
Allt du ber om ska du få
men jag vill ha dig naken då!

Tänk om jag hade en sabel!

Cornelis Vreeswijk
ackordanalys av Lars Bergqvist

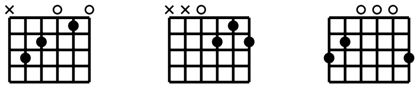
```
     G
Tänk om jag hade en sabel!
     D7             G
Tänk om jag hade en häst!
   G
Då vore jag presentabel,
   D7                G
då gilla' ni väl mig bäst?
    C
Med sabeln skulle jag skära
    G
och sticka och hugga och slå
    G
Och hästen finge mig bära
   D7                G
så att jag slapp att gå

    G
Fantomen i sina trikåer
    D7           G
och jag i min uniform
   G
vi skulle med häpnad slå er
   D7               G
vi skulle ta er med storm
    C
Medborgare, på min ära,
    G
den synen skulle ni se
    G
Hurra för det militära!
   D7                G
Ni håller väl med om det?
```

Tyvärr har jag ingen sabel
Jag har ingen uniform
Jag känner mig miserabel
Jag känner mig helt ur form
Det finns så många furirer
uti vå jämmerdal
Men, jag blir aldrig konstapel
och aldrig vicekorpral

På ängen eller i skogen
är ingen ide att bo
Jag sätter mig uppå krogen
och väntar i lugn och ro
Den stora dagen är nära,
den som vi väntat på
Då kommer dom militära
och målar raketen blå

Så syns den inte i himmelen!

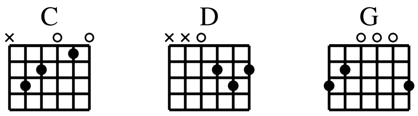
C D7 G



No particular place to go

Chuck Berry

```
                          G
Riding along in my automobile
My baby beside me at the wheel
                                     C
I stole a kiss at the turn of a mile
                              G
my curiosity running wild
                                 D
crusin' and playin' the radio
                                     G
with no particular place to go

                          G
Riding along in my automobile
I's anxious to tell her the way I feel
                                  C
So I told her softly and sincere
                                                   G
and she leaned and whispered in my ear
                                      D
cuddlin' more and drivin' slow
                                     G
with no particular place to go

Guitar Solo G, C, G, D, C, G ( 12 Bars)
```

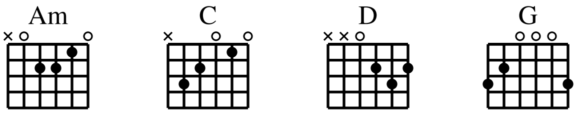



```
                                         G
No particular place to go
So we parked way out on ko-ko-mo
                                                                  C
The night was young and the moon was gold
                                                   G
So we both decided to take a stroll
                                           D
Can you image the way I felt
                                                G
I couldn't unfasten her safety belt

                                     G
Riding along in my calaboose
Still trying to get her belt a-loose
                                          C
all the way home I held a grudge
                                                       G
for the safety belt that wouldn't budge
                                         D
Crusin' and playing the radio
                                             G
with no particular place to go

Guitar solo (12 Bars) G, C
```

Wish you were here

Pink Floyd

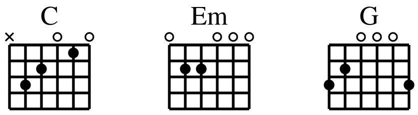
```
C                          D
So, so ya think you can tell
               Am                  G
heaven from hell, blue skies from pain,
                       D                       C
can you tell a green field from a cold steel rail?
                  Am                       G
A smile from a veil? Do ya think ya can tell?

                       C                        D
Did they get you to trade, your hero's for ghosts,
               Am                  G
hot ashes for trees, hot air for a cool breeze,
                     D                C
cold comfort for change, did you exchange,
                          Am                        G
a walk on part in the war, for a lead role in a cage?

C                                    D
How I wish, how I wish you were here,
            Am                                    G
We're just two lost souls swimming in a fish bowl, year after year,
D                                  C
Running over the same old ground, what have we found
               Am                   G
the same old fears, Wish you were here
```



El Condor Pasa

J.Milchberg & D. Robles
English lyric by Paul Simon

```
     Em                         G
I'd rather be a sparrow than a snail
                                Em
Yes I would, if I could, I surely would
Hmm
                               G
I'd rather be a hammer than a nail
                                     Em
Yes I would, if I only could, I surely would
Hmm

 C
Away, I'd rather sail away
     G
Like a swan that's here and gone
  C
A man gets tied up to the ground
                G
He gives the world its saddest sound
              Em
Its saddest sound

                             G
I'd rather be a forest than a street
                                Em
Yes I would, if I could, I surely would
                                   G
I'd rather feel the earth beneath my feet
                                     Em    C G C G Em
Yes I would, if I only could, I surely would
```



Vem ska man lita på

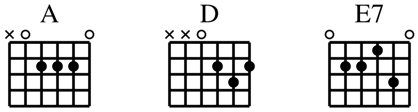
Mikael Wiehe

```
    A                D
När far och mor är döa
        E7                  A
och våra släktingar har ta'tt gift
D          A                      E7
och alla våra vänner har valt sig själva
        A           D
och våra lärare och fröknar
           E7                  A
har gått och dränkt sig med varann
    D               A                E7
och nu när sömntabletterna har slutat hjälpa
           D                   A
och när vår präst från konfirmationen
        D         A
står och pekar i det blå
         D                   A
och ingen fattar om han visar vägen
                 E7
eller känner vilket håll vinden blåser åt,
           A        D
då kommer Halta Lotta hem till mig
    A              D
med rösten fylld av gråt
           A           D          E7
och snyftar, vem i hela världen kan man  lita på
A D A D
```

Och när John och Yoko Lennon
har gått på psykoanalys
och Robert Zimmermann har flytt till landet med miljonerna
och Marilyn Monroe tappa' taget
och Greta Garbo har blivit ful
och man försöker muta oss med bilder av visionerna
och när prinsar och presidenter
ljuger medvetet i kapp
och när dom som skulle säga sanningen
har börjat ta tillbaka det dom just har sagt,
då kommer Lille Gerhard hem till mej
och häver sig på tå
och viskar, vem i hela världen kan man lita på

Krevaderna har tystnat
och kriget har tagit slut.
Ensam sitter kaparen vid kanonerna.
Över vattenfyllda gravar
ligger luften tung av krut.
Han fingrar lite tankspritt på patronerna.
Och när han tittar sig i spegeln,
har den rämnat mitt ity
och mellan halvorna av hans ansikte
kilar råttorna in och ut.
Då kommer Mor Maria krypande
och hennes ögon är så blå,
när hon skriker, vem i hela världen kan man lita på

A D E7



Hot Asphalt

Irish Traditional arranged by The Dubliners

```
        Em                                G                   D
Good evening all my jolly lads, I'm glad to find you well,
            Em                              D
If you'll gather all around me now the story I will tell,
            Em                          G             D
For I've got a situation and begorrah and begob,
           Em                          D         Em
I can whisper all the weekly wage of nineteen bob.
    G                                        G
'Tis twelve months come October since I left me native home,
      Em                                  D
After helping the Killarney boys to bring the harvest down.
      Em                               G                    D
But now I wear the geansai and around me waist a belt.
           Em                             D           Em
I'm the gaffer of the squad that makes the hot asphalt.

             G                               G
Well, we laid it in a hollows and we laid it in the flat.
             Em                               D
And if it doesn't last forever sure I swear I'll eat me hat,
               Em                                      G             D
Well, I've wandered up and down the world and sure I never felt
      Em                            D        Em
any surface that was equal to the hot asphalt.
```

The other night a copper comes and he says to me: "McGuire,
Would you kindly let me light me pipe down at your boiler fire?"
And he planks himself right down in front, with hobnails up, till late,
And says I: "Me decent man, you'd better go and find your bate!"
He ups and yells, "I'm down on you I'm up to all yer pranks,
Don't I know you for a traitor from the Tipperary ranks?"
Boys I hit straight from the shoulder and I gave him such a belt
That I knocked him into the boiler full of hot asphalt.

Chorus

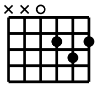
We quickly dragged him out again and we threw him in the tub,
And with soap and warm water we began to rub and scrub,
But devil the thing, it hardened and it turned him hard as stone
And with every other rub sure you could hear the copper groan.
"I'm thinking", says O'Reilly, "that he's lookin' like Ould Nick,
And burn me if I am not inclined to claim him with me pick."
"Now", says I, "it would be 'asier to boil him till he melts,
and to stir him nice and 'asy in the hot asphalt."

Chorus

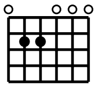
You may talk about yer sailorlads, ballad singers and the rest,
Your shoemakers and your tailors but we please the ladies best.
The only ones who know the way their flinty hearts to melt
are the lads around the boiler making hot asphalt.
With rubbing and with scrubbing sure I caught me death of cold,
and for scientific purposes me body it was sold,
In the Kelvingrove museum me boys, I'm hangin' in me pelt,
As a monument to the Irish mixing hot asphalt!

Chorus

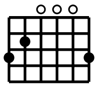
D



Em



G



I'll Tell Me Ma

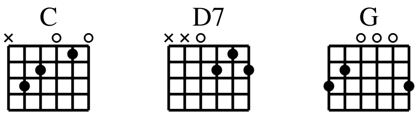
Traditional, arranged by The Dubliners

```
     G                               D7                   G
I'll tell me ma when I get home, the boys won't leave the girls alone,
  G                               D7                   G
Pulled me hair, stole me comb but that's allright till I go home.
    G            C             G                   D7
She is handsome, she is pretty she is the Belle of Dublin city,
    G               C              G            D7      G
She is a courtin' a one two three, Pray can you tell me who is she?
```

(For the next verses, you can swap the chord patterns of the
first two lines and second two lines, so you start with G C G D7
for the first line. Dubliners usualy do swap, but not always.
Do as you like better....)

Albert Mooney says he loves her, all the boys are fightin' for her,
Knock at the door, ring at the bell, and "Oh, me true love, are you well?"
Out she comes, white as snow, rings on her fingers, bells on her toes
Ould Johny Morrissey says she'll die,
                    if she doesn't get a fella with the roving eye.

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high,
                    and the snow comes a travelin' through the sky,
She's as sweet as an apple pie, she'll get her own lad by and by,
When she gets a lad of her own, she won't tell her ma when she gets home.
Let them all come as they will, It's Albert Mooney she loves still.



Sally McLennane

The Pogues

VERSE 1

```
     D                             G                D
Well Jimmy played harmonica in the pub where I was born
   D                                    G              A
He played it from the night-time to the peaceful early morn
   G                                D               A
He soothed souls of psychos and the men who had the horn
          D              G            A   D
and they all looked very happy in the morning
```

VERSE 2

Now Jimmy didn't like his place in this world of ours
Where the elephant man broke strong men's necks when he'd had too many powers
So sad to see the grieving of the people he was leaving
And he took the road from nowhere in the morning

CHORUS

```
     D                 G            D
We walked him to the station in the rain
     D               G             A
We kissed him as we put him on the train
         G          D                   G
And we sang him a song of times long gone
            D                A             D
though we knew that we'd be seeing him again
  D
Sad to say I must be on my way
     G                D                 A
so buy me beer and whiskey 'cause I'm going far away
     D
I'd like to think I'll be returning when I can
          G          D                A      D
to the greatest little boozer and to Sally McLennane
```

VERSE 3

The years passed by the times had changed Igrew to be a man
I learned to love the virtues of sweet Sally McLennane
I took the jeers and drank the beers and I crawled back home at dawn
And ended up a barman in the morning

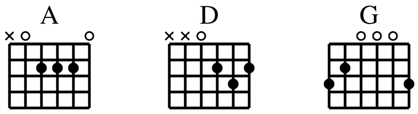
VERSE 4

I played the pump and took the hump and watered whiskey down
I talked of whores and horses to the men who drank the brown
I heard them say that Jimmy's making money far away
Some people left for heaven without warning

CHORUS

VERSE 5

When Jimmy came back home he was surprised that they where gone
He asked me all the details of the train that they went on
Some people they arescared to croak but Jimmy drank until he choked
And took the road for heaven in the morning



The Wild Rover

The Dubliners

```
     G                                 C
I've been the wild rover for many a year
G                D         D7         G
spent all my money on whiskey and beer
                                        C
but now I'm returning with gold in restore
G             D          D7         G
never I'll play the wild rover no more.
```

Chorus

```
             D           D7
    And it's no nay never
    G                    C
    no nay never no more
          G                    C
    will I play the wild rover
       D7            G
    nonever no more
```

I went to a chanty I used to frequent
Told the landlady my money was spent
I asked for her credit she answered me nay
saying: customers like you I can get any day.

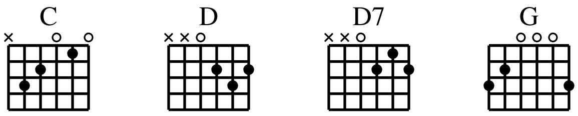
Chorus

I drew from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
The landlady's eyes opened wide in delight
saying: I have the whiskey and wine of the best
and the words that I told you were only in jest.

Chorus

I'll go home to my parents confess what I've done
and ask them to pardon their prodigal son
and if they do as so often before
then I never Shall play the wild rover no more.

Chorus



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