

## Mercedes Benz

Oh Lord, won't you buy me a Mercedes Benz ?  
My friends all drive Porsches, I must make amends.  
Worked hard all my lifetime, no help from my friends,  
So Lord, won't you buy me a Mercedes Benz ?

Oh Lord, won't you buy me a color TV ?  
Dialing For Dollars is trying to find me.  
I wait for delivery each day until three,  
So oh Lord, won't you buy me a color TV ?

Oh Lord, won't you buy me a night on the town ?  
I'm counting on you, Lord, please don't let me down.  
Prove that you love me and buy the next round,  
Oh Lord, won't you buy me a night on the town ?

Everybody!

Oh Lord, won't you buy me a Mercedes Benz ?  
My friends all drive Porsches, I must make amends,  
Worked hard all my lifetime, no help from my friends,  
So oh Lord, won't you buy me a Mercedes Benz ?

1

## Five Hundred Miles

Traditional

If you miss the train I'm on, you will know that I am  
 gone, you can hear the wist - le blow one hun - dred miles,  
 one hun-dred miles, one hun - dred miles, one hun - dred miles, one hun - dred  
 miles. You can hear the wist - le blow one hun - dred miles.

Not a shirt on my back not a penny to my name  
 and the land that I once loved is not my own  
 lord I'm one lord I'm two lord I'm three lord I'm four  
 lord I'm five hundred miles away from home yea

A hundred tanks along the square a one man stands and stops them there  
 someday soon the tide will turn and I'll be free  
 I'll be free I'll be free I'll come home to my country  
 someday soon the tide will turn and I'll be free

If you miss the train I'm on you will know that I am gone  
 you can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles  
 lord I'm one lord I'm two lord I'm three lord I'm four  
 lord I'm five hundred miles away from home

Lord I'm five hundred miles away from home yea  
 I'll be free I'll be free I'll come home to my country  
 lord I'm five hundred miles away from home

You can hear the whistle blow five hundred miles  
 lord I'm five hundred miles away from home



# Uriah Heep

## Lady In Black

Text & Musik: Ken Hensley  
© 1971 by EMI MUSIC PUBL. (BRON  
MUSIC), für Deutschland, Österreich und  
Schweiz FANFARE MUSIKVERLAG,  
München

LP: 'SALISBURY', 1971

### Besetzung:

Mick Box - Gitarre

Ken Hensley - Keyboards, Gitarre, Gesang

David Byron - Gesang

Paul Newton - Bass

Keith Baker - Schlagzeug

**D**er Name URIAH HEEP stammt von einer Romanfigur aus Charles Dickens 'David Copperfield'. Mick Box, das einzige übrig gebliebene Urmitglied der heutigen URIAH HEEP Besetzung, gründete 1968 mit David Byron die Band. In ihrer bisherigen Geschichte verkauften sie über 30 Millionen Platten. Von der Presse als 'Klischee-Rocker' verrissen, schafften sie es trotzdem immer wieder, ihr Publikum zu überzeugen.

Es ist wohl einmalig in der Rockgeschichte, daß sich ihr Klassiker LADY IN BLACK gleich dreimal (1971, 1975, 1977) in den Hitparaden plazierte.

Die Band litt unter häufigen Umbesetzungen und drohte, sich schon mehrmals aufzulösen. Aber ihr Durchhaltevermögen scheint unbegrenzt. Das beweisen ihre umfangreichen Tourneen. Besonders hier in Deutschland sind sie oft "live" zu erleben.

Ken Hensley, der Gitarre und Keyboards in der Ur-Besetzung spielte, komponierte LADY IN BLACK. Er lebte eine Weile in München, wo die Idee zu diesem Song - inspiriert durch die Vision einer unbekanntenen schönen Frau - entstand.

Em

She came to me one morn- ing, one lone- ly Sun- day

D Em

morn- ing, her long hair flow- ing in the mid- win- ter wind. I

know not how she found- me, for in dark- ness I was

D Em

walk- ing and de- struc- tion lay a- round me from a fight I could not

D

win. Ah

Em D Em

Ah

1) She <sup>Em</sup> came to me one morning,  
 One lonely Sunday morning,  
 Her <sup>D</sup> long hair flowing  
 In the <sup>Em</sup> midwinter wind.  
 I know not how she found me,  
 For in darkness I was walking  
 And <sup>D</sup> destruction lay around me  
 from a <sup>Em</sup> fight I could not win.  
 Ah.....Ah.....  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>Em</sup>

2) She <sup>Em</sup> asked me name my foe then,  
 I said the need within some men  
 To <sup>D</sup> fight and kill their brothers  
 Without <sup>Em</sup> thought of love or god.  
 And I begged her give me horses,  
 To trample down my enemy,  
 So <sup>D</sup> eager was my passion  
 To <sup>Em</sup> devour this waste of live.  
 Ah.....Ah.....  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>Em</sup>

3) But she <sup>Em</sup> would not think of battle, that  
 Reduces men to animals,  
 So <sup>D</sup> easy to begin and yet  
 Im<sup>Em</sup>possible to end.  
 For she, the mother of all men,  
 Did counsel me so wisely then,

<sup>D</sup>  
 I feared to walk alone again  
 And <sup>Em</sup> asked if she would stay.  
 Ah.....Ah.....  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>Em</sup>

4) Oh <sup>Em</sup> Lady lend your hand I cried,  
 Or let me rest here at your side,  
 Have <sup>D</sup> faith and trust in me she said  
 And <sup>Em</sup> filled my heart with life.  
 There is no strength in numbers,  
 Have no such misconception,  
 But <sup>D</sup> when you need me be assured  
 I <sup>Em</sup> won't be far away.  
 Ah.....Ah.....  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>Em</sup>

5) Thus <sup>Em</sup> having spoke she turned away,  
 And though I found no words to say,  
 I <sup>D</sup> stood and watched until I saw  
 Her <sup>Em</sup> black cloak disappear.  
 My labour is no easier,  
 But now I know I'm not alone,  
 I <sup>D</sup> find new heart each time I think  
 Upon <sup>Em</sup> that windy day.  
 And <sup>Em</sup> if one day she comes to you,  
 Drink deeply from her words so wise,  
 Take <sup>D</sup> courage from her as your prize  
 And <sup>Em</sup> say hello for me.  
 Ah.....Ah.....  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
 Ah.....Ah.....  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
 Ah.....Ah.....

4



U2

# I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For

① I have climbed <sup>D</sup> high- est moun-tains. I have

run through the fields, on- ly to be with you. <sup>G</sup>

on- ly to be with you. <sup>D</sup> I have

run, I have crawled. I have scaled these ci- ty

walls, these ci- ty walls. <sup>G</sup> On- ly to

be with you. <sup>D</sup> <sup>D4</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>®</sup> But I still have- n't found.

what I'm look- ing for. <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>D4</sup> <sup>D</sup> But I still

have- n't found, <sup>A</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>D4</sup> <sup>D</sup> what I'm look- ing for.

Text & Musik: A. Clayton/ L. Mullen/  
D. Evans/ P. Hewson  
© 1987 by U2/ CHAPPELL/ CHAPPELL  
INTERN. MUS. Publ., CHAPPELL & CO  
GMBH, Hamburg

<sup>D</sup>  
1) I have climbed highest mountains.

I have run through the fields,

<sup>G</sup>  
Only to be with you,

<sup>D</sup>  
Only to be with you.

I have run, I have crawled.

I have scaled these city walls,

<sup>G</sup>  
These city walls.

<sup>D</sup> <sup>D<sup>4</sup></sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Only to be with you.

<sup>A</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
R) But I still haven't found,

<sup>D</sup> <sup>D<sup>4</sup></sup> <sup>D</sup>  
What I'm looking for.

<sup>A</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
But I still haven't found,

<sup>D</sup> <sup>D<sup>4</sup></sup> <sup>D</sup>  
What I'm looking for.

<sup>D</sup>  
2) I have kissed honey lips,

Felt the healing in her fingertips.

<sup>G</sup>  
It burned like fire,

<sup>D</sup>  
This burning desire.

I have spoke with the tongue of angels.

I have held the hand of a devil.

<sup>G</sup>  
It was warm in the night,

<sup>D</sup> <sup>D<sup>4</sup></sup> <sup>D</sup>  
I was cold as a stone.

<sup>A</sup>  
R) But I still.....

Solo

<sup>D</sup>  
3) I believe in the Kingdom Come,

Then all the colours will bleed into one,

<sup>G</sup>  
Bleed into one.

<sup>D</sup>  
But, Yes I'm still running.

You broke the bonds.

And you loosed the chains.

Carry the cross.

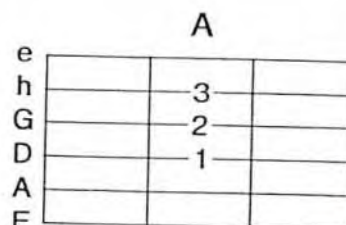
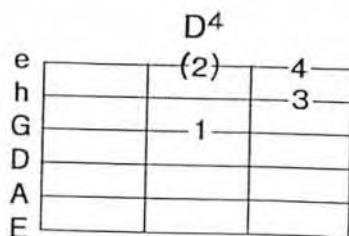
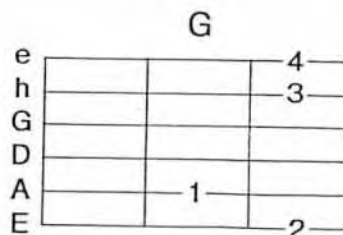
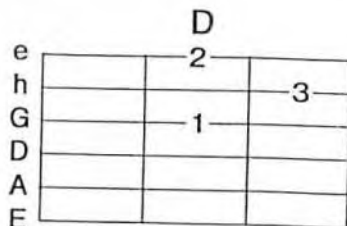
<sup>G</sup>  
Of my shame, of my shame,

<sup>D</sup> <sup>D<sup>4</sup></sup> <sup>D</sup>  
You know I believe it.

<sup>A</sup>  
R) But I still.....

<sup>A</sup>  
R) But I still.....

## Griffe





# Jon Bon Jovi

## Blaze Of Glory

Em D

wake up in the morn- ing and I raise my wea- ry head,

① I

A Em

I've got an old coat for a pil- low and the earth was last night's 2

G D

bed. I don't know where I'm go- in, on- ly God knows where I've been

A

I'm a de- vil on the run, a six gun lo- ver, a

Em E5

can- dle in the wind. Yeah! ® I'm go- in'

A E A

down in a blaze of glo- ry. Take me now but know the tr

E A E

I'm go- ing out in a blaze of glo- ry.

D

And Lord, I ne- ver drew first, but I drew first blood and I'

A E5

no one's son, and call me Young Gun.

I'm  
1) I wake up in the morning  
And I raise my weary head,  
I've got an old coat for a pillow  
And the earth was last night's bed.  
I don't know where I'm going,  
Only God knows where I've been.  
I'm a devil on the run,  
A six gun lover,  
A candle in the wind - Yeah!

it's  
2) When you're brought into this world,  
Well, they say you're born in the sin.  
Well, at least they gave me something,  
I didn't have to steal or have to win.  
Well, they tell me that I'm wanted,  
Yeah, I'm a wanted man.  
I'm a colt in your stable,  
I'm what Cain was to Abel,  
Mister catch me if you can.

R) I'm goin' down in a blaze of glory,  
Take me now but know the truth.  
I'm going out in a blaze of glory.  
And Lord, I never drew first,  
But I drew first blood  
And I'm no one's son,  
And call me Young Gun.

3) You ask me about my conscience  
And I offer you my soul.  
You ask me if I'll grow to be a wise man,  
Well, I ask if I'll grow old.  
You ask me if I've know love  
And what it's like to sing songs in the rain.

A  
Well, I've seen love come  
I've seen it shot down.  
Em  
I've seen it die in vain.

A E  
R) Shot down in a blaze of glory.  
A E  
Take me now but know the truth.  
A E  
'Cause I'm going down in a blaze of glory.  
D  
And Lord, I never drew first,  
But I drew first blood  
And I'm the devil's son,  
And call me Young Gun.

Solo (A, E, A, E, A, E, G, A, E<sup>5</sup>)

Em  
4) Each night I go to bed,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.  
No, I ain't looking for forgiveness,  
But before I'm six foot deep,  
Lord, I got to ask a favor.  
And I hope you'll understand,  
'Cause I've lived life to the fullest.  
Let this boy die like a man.  
A  
Staring down a bullet.  
Em  
Let me make my final stand.

A E  
R) Shot down in a blaze of glory  
A E  
Take me now but know the truth.  
A E  
I'm going out in a blaze of glory.  
D  
Lord, I never drew first,  
But I drew first blood.  
And I'm no one's son,  
And call me Young Gun  
I'm a Young Gun - Yeah!  
D  
Young Gun - Yeah!  
A E<sup>5</sup>  
Young Gun.





# Rolling Stones

## Angie

Text & Musik: Mick Jagger, Keith Richards;  
© by Westminster Music Ltd.  
für Deutschland, Österreich und die  
Schweiz: Essex Musikvertrieb GmbH,  
Bergisch Gladbach

Am E<sup>7</sup> G F<sup>4</sup> F

① Oh, An- gie. oh, An- gie. when will those dark clouds dis- ap- pear

C<sup>4</sup> C C/H Am E<sup>7</sup>

An- gie, An- gie,

G F<sup>4</sup> F C<sup>4</sup> C G

where will it lead us from here. (R) With no lov- ing in our souls and no

Dm Am C F G

mon-ey in our coats. you can't say we're satis- fied.

Am E<sup>7</sup> G F<sup>4</sup> F

An- gie, An- gie, you can't say we nev- er tried.

C<sup>4</sup> C Dm Am

(A) An- gie, I still love you, ba- by.

Dm Am Dm

ev- ry-where I look I see your eyes. There ain't a wo- man that comes

Am C F G

close to you. Come on, ba- by, dry your eyes.

Vorspiel: Am, E<sup>7</sup>, G<sup>4</sup>, F<sup>4</sup> F, C<sup>4</sup> C, C/H

1) Oh, Angie Oh, Angie,

G When will those dark clouds disappear.

Am E<sup>7</sup>  
Angie, Angie,

G Where will it lead us from here.

R) With no loving in our souls

Dm Am  
And no money in our coats,

C F G  
You can't say we're satisfied.

Am E<sup>7</sup>  
Angie, Angie,

G You can't say we never tried.

2) Angie, you're beautiful,

G But ain't it time we said goodbye.

Am E<sup>7</sup>  
Angie, I still love you,

G Remember all those nights we cried.

R) All the dreams we held so close,

Dm Am  
Seemed to all go up in smoke.

C F G  
Let me whisper in your ear.

Am E<sup>7</sup>  
Angie, Angie,

G Where will it lead us from here.

Instrumental (wie Strophe):

Am, E<sup>7</sup>, G, F<sup>4</sup> F, C<sup>4</sup> C, C/H

Am, E<sup>7</sup>, G, F<sup>4</sup> F, C<sup>4</sup> C,

R) Oh, Angie, don't you weep.

Dm Am  
All you kisses still taste sweet,

C F G  
I hate that sadness in your eyes

Am E<sup>7</sup>  
But Angie, Angie,

G Ain't it time we said goodbye.

Instrumental (wie halbe Strophe):

Am, E<sup>7</sup>, G, F<sup>4</sup> F, C<sup>4</sup> C,

R) With no loving in our souls

Dm Am  
And no money in our coats,

C F G  
You can't say we're satisfied.

A) Angie, I still love you, Baby,

Dm Am  
Ev'rywhere I look I see your eyes.

Dm Am  
There ain't a woman that comes close to you.

C F G  
Come on, baby, dry your eyes.

4) Angie, Angie,

G Ain't it good to be alive.

Am E<sup>7</sup>  
Angie, Angie,

G They can't say we never tried.

## Griffe

Am		
e		
h	1	
G		3
D		2
A		
E		

E <sup>7</sup>		
e		
h		4
G	1	
D		3
A		2
E		

E <sup>7</sup>		
e		
h	1	
G		4
D		2
A		3
E		
	5.	6. 7. Bund



# Do kanns' zaubere

Text: W. Niedecken

Musik: W. Boecker / M. Boecker / K. Heuser / S. Borg / A. Büchel / H. Wollrath

EM 3123

© Copyright 1982 by MUSIKVERLAGE HANS GERIG, Bergisch Gladbach

**Verse**

E weiß Blatt Pa - pier, — ne Blei - steff, Je - dan - ke bei dir — setz ich  
 ahm Fin - ster un hühr, — wat sich aff - spielt vüür de Dür — bess ich

avv - rötsch en de Zick, en der et dich für mich — nit joov, un mir ming

Lev - ve vüürm Daach X op ein - mohl vüür - kütt wie en Stroof.

Chords: D, Gma j7, Em add9, A7, D, A/C#, Csus2, Gma j7/B, A7sus4, A7

**Begleit-Rhythmus (Refrain):**

**Refrain**

Do kanns zau - bre wie ding Mamm, die Kaa - te läät, —

ir - gend - su - jet muss et sinn,

Je - de An - dre hätt je - saat: 'Et ess zo spät, dä Typ es:

fää - disch — nä, dä Typ — dä kris - te wirk - lich nit mieh hin'. —

Chords: Cma j7, D, Cma j7, D, Am, Em9, C, A7



## 2. Vers

D Mem Rögge zur Wand, spaßend  
 Em add9 A7 un jede Naach voll wor ich,  
 D Gmaj7 ming bessje Verstand hassend,  
 Em add9 A7 total vun der Roll wor ich.  
 D A/C# T' schlemmste woor, als mir,  
 Csus2 wie do mich endlich registriert  
 Gmaj7/B entsetzlich klarwood, dat es jetz  
 A7sus4 A7 oder nie met uns zwei passiert.

## 3. Vers

D Gmaj7 Mensch woor ich nervös,  
 Em add9 A7 als ich dir alles jesaat - hektisch  
 D Gmaj7 un trotzdem erlös, weil do mich  
 Em add9 A7 nit treck usselach un dich  
 D A/C# für mich interessiert häss,  
 Csus2 für all dä Stuss, dä uss mir kohm  
 Gmaj7/B für all dä Laber, dä'sch jebraat hann,  
 A7sus4 A7 weil die Changs zo plötzlich kohm.

## 4. Vers

D Gmaj7 E wieß Papier, ne Bleisteff  
 Em add9 A7 Jedanke bei dir setz ich  
 D Gmaj7 ahm Finster un hühr en mich,  
 Em add9 A7 krich kaum jet notiert,  
 D A/C# weil ich immer noch nit raffe,  
 Csus2 dat mir uns tatsächlich hann,  
 Gmaj7/B un mir deshalb halt wießmache,  
 A7sus4 A7 dat do wirklich zaubre kanns.

## Begleitung (Strophe):

Intro/Strophe

D Gmaj7 Em add9 Em A7 A7sus4/E

D(no3rd) A/C# (add6) Csus2 (add #11)

Gmaj7/B A7sus4 A7 A7sus4



# Kansas

## Dust In The Wind

Text & Musik: K. Livgren  
 © by Don Kirshner Music Publ.  
 Deutschland, Österreich, Schweiz  
 osteuropäische Länder: EMI Song  
 Musikverlag GMBH, Hamburg 12

LP: POINT OF NO RETURN, 1977

**Besetzung:**

- Kerry Livgren - Keyboard, Gitarre
- Rich Williams - Gitarre
- Steve Walsh - Gesang, Keyboard
- Phil Ehart - Schlagzeug
- Robbie Steinhardt - Geige, Gesang
- Dave Hope - Bass

**K**ANSAS, die "Kunst-Rocker im Technik-Rausch", gründeten sich 1970 im winzigen Städtchen Topeka im US-Staat Kansas. Man nennt ihn auch das Zentrum amerikanischer Gotik. Dem in nichts nachstehend, schuf die Band KANSAS mächtige, sinfonische Heavy-Rock-Werke. Dabei profitierte sie sicherlich auch von ihrer teilweise klassischen Musikausbildung.

Diese Fusion aus Rock und Klassik brachte ihnen Millionenerfolge. Bis 1980 wurden z. B. über zehn Millionen KANSAS-Alben weltweit verkauft. Leider konnte die Band den hochgesteckten Erwartungen auf Dauer nicht gerecht werden. Nach mehrfacher Umbesetzungen löste sie sich 1983 auf.

Einzelne Mitglieder starteten jetzt ihre Solokarrieren, die aber erfolglos blieben. Um diese Solo-Erfahrungen reicher, formierten sie sich 1986 neu. Neben den Gründern Phil Ehart Steve Walsh und Rich Williams kamen der Bassist Billy Greer von der Band "Street" und der exzellente Gitarrist Steve Morse von den "Dregs" (mehrfacher Poll-Gewinner der führenden amerikanischen Gitarren-Zeitschriften) hinzu. Ihr verschwommene: "Spätklassik-Stil" (Musik Express) macht es ihnen heute nicht leicht, sich erfolgreich durchzusetzen.

DUST IN THE WIND ist bisher ihr größter Single-Hit gewesen und eigentlich ein untypischer Song, gegenüber den anderen orchestralen Kompositionen. Die schönste Version findest Du auf der Live-LP von 1978 "Two For The Show".

(G<sup>d</sup>) C G<sup>d</sup> Am G Dm  
 ① I close my eyes, on-ly for a mo- ment and the mo-  
 Am (G<sup>d</sup>) C G<sup>d</sup> Am G  
 ment's gone. All my dreams, pass be- fore my eyes  
 Dm Am D G<sup>d</sup> Am  
 in cu- ri- o- si- ty. (R) Dust in the wind.  
 Am/G D G<sup>d</sup> Am G<sup>d</sup>  
 all we are is dust in the wind.

Vorspiel: C, Cmaj<sup>7</sup>, C<sup>d</sup>, C, Am<sup>h</sup>, Am<sup>d</sup>, Am, Am<sup>h</sup>, C<sup>d</sup>,  
C, Cmaj<sup>7</sup>, C<sup>d</sup>, Am, Am<sup>h</sup>, Am<sup>d</sup>, Am,

D G<sup>d</sup> Am Am/G  
R) Dust in the wind.....

Instrumentalteil

1) (G<sup>d</sup>) C G<sup>d</sup> Am  
I close my eyes,

3) (G<sup>d</sup>) C G<sup>d</sup> Am  
Now, don't hang on,

G Dm Am (G<sup>d</sup>)  
Only for a moment and the moment's gone.

G Dm Am  
Nothing lasts forever but the earth and sky.

C G<sup>d</sup> Am  
All my dreams

(G<sup>d</sup>) C G<sup>d</sup> Am  
It slips away,

G Dm Am  
Pass before my eyes in curiosity.

G Dm Am  
With all your money won't another minute buy.

D G<sup>d</sup> Am Am/G  
R) Dust in the wind,

D G<sup>d</sup> Am Am/G  
R) Dust in the wind,

D G<sup>d</sup> Am G<sup>d</sup>  
All we are is dust in the wind.

D G<sup>d</sup> Am Am/G  
All we are is dust in the wind.

2) C G<sup>d</sup> Am  
Same old song,

D G<sup>d</sup> Am Am/G  
R) Dust in the wind,

G Dm Am (G<sup>d</sup>)  
Just a drop of water in an endless sea.

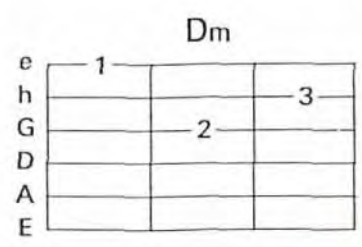
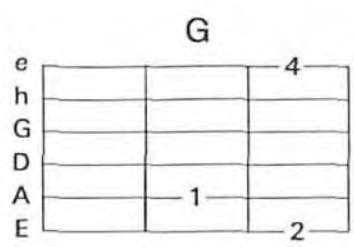
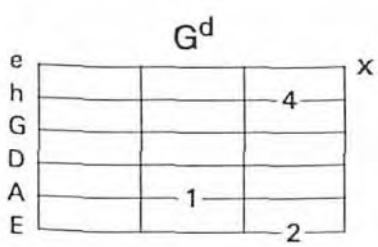
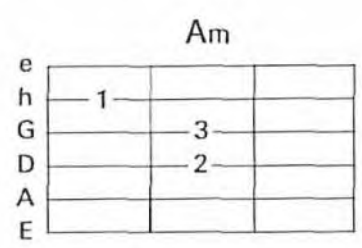
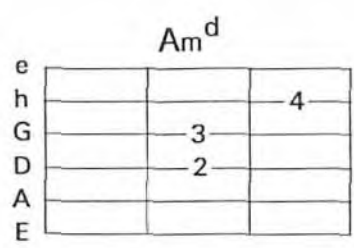
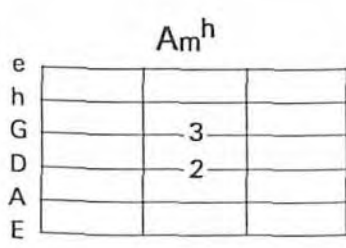
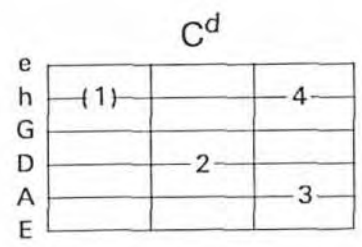
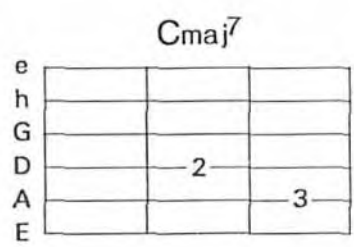
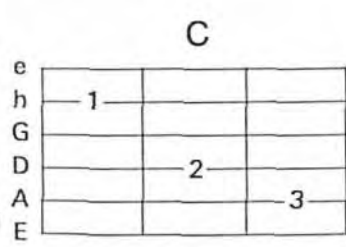
D G<sup>d</sup> Am Am<sup>h</sup>,  
All we are is dust in the wind.

C G<sup>d</sup> Am  
All we do,

Am<sup>d</sup>, Am, Am<sup>h</sup>, Am<sup>d</sup>, Am,

G Dm Am  
Crumbles to the ground though we refuse to see.

Griffe





# Rod Stewart

## Sailing

Musik & Text: G. Sutherland  
© 1972 Island Music Ltd. Für Deutschl  
Österreich/Schweiz: POLYGRAM SON  
MUSIKVERLAG GMBH

Vorspiel: F, F, C, C, F, F, C, G

- 1) <sup>C</sup> I am sailing, <sup>Am</sup> I am sailing,  
<sup>F</sup> Home again, <sup>C</sup> 'cross the sea.  
<sup>D</sup> I am sailing, <sup>Am</sup> stormy waters,  
<sup>Dm</sup> To be near you, <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> to be free.
- 2) <sup>C</sup> I am flying, <sup>Am</sup> I am flying,  
<sup>F</sup> Like a bird, <sup>C</sup> 'cross the sky.  
<sup>D</sup> I am flying, <sup>Am</sup> passing high clouds,  
<sup>Dm</sup> To be with you, <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> to be free.
- 3) <sup>C</sup> Can you hear me, <sup>Am</sup> can you hear me,  
<sup>F</sup> Thru' the dark night, <sup>C</sup> far away.  
<sup>D</sup> I am dying, <sup>Am</sup> forever crying,  
<sup>Dm</sup> To be with you, <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> who can say.

- 4) <sup>C</sup> Can you hear me, <sup>Am</sup> can you hear me,  
<sup>F</sup> Thru' the dark night, <sup>C</sup> far away.  
<sup>D</sup> I am dying, <sup>Am</sup> forever crying,  
<sup>Dm</sup> To be with you, <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>G</sup> who can say.

Solo: F, F, Am, Am, G, G, Am, Am,  
 F, F, C, C, G, G, G<sup>7</sup>, G

- 5) <sup>C</sup> We are sailing, <sup>Am</sup> we are sailing,  
<sup>F</sup> Home again, <sup>C</sup> 'cross the sea.  
<sup>D</sup> We are sailing, <sup>Am</sup> stormy waters,  
<sup>Dm</sup> To be near you, <sup>C</sup> to be free.
- <sup>G</sup> Oh Lord, <sup>Dm</sup> to be near you, <sup>C</sup> to be free.  
<sup>G</sup> Oh Lord, <sup>Dm</sup> to be near you, <sup>C</sup> to be free.  
<sup>G</sup> Oh Lord, <sup>Dm</sup> to be near you, <sup>C</sup> to be free.  
<sup>G</sup> Oh Lord, <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>.....

Solo: (wie Strophe)

# Ick heff mol en Hamburg en Veermaster sehn

Traditionell

C F G C

Ick heff mol en Ham - burg en Veer - ma - ster sehn to my  
 Dat Deck weer von Is - en vull Schiet und vull Smeer  
 Dat Logis weer vull Wan - zen de Kombüs weer vull Dreck  
 Dat Solt - fleesch weer gröön und de Speck weer vull Moden  
 Und wu - lln wi moo seiln ick segg dat ja nur  
 As dat Schi - pp so we - er ok de ok blots

G C G C

4 hoo - dah to my hoo - dah de Mas - ten so skeep as den  
 Dat we - er de Schiets - gäng err  
 De Be - schü - ten de leu - pen  
 Kö - öm gev dat blots an Wieh -  
 denn lööp he vör - ut und veer  
 de Lüd for dat Schipp we - ern

F G C G G7 C

7 Schip - per sien Been to my hoo - dah hoo - dah ho.  
 schön - stes Pläs - eer  
 von sülven all weg.  
 na - chts - ob - en  
 wed - der re - tur  
 ok blots schan - heit

C F C

10 Blow boys blow for Ca - li - for - ni - o there is

F C Am C Em

14 plen - ty of gold so i am told on the banks of Sa - cra -

G7 C

17 men - - - to.



# What Shall We Do With The Drunken Sailor

Traditional



What shall we do with the drun-ken sail - or, what shall we do with the drun-ken sai - lor,



what shall we do with the drun-ken sai - lor, ear - ly in the morn - ing?



Hoo - ray and up she ris - es, hoo - ray and up she ris - es,



hoo - ray and up she ris - es, ear - ly in the morn - ing.

2. Put him in the long boat 'til he's sober,  
put him in the long boat 'til he's sober,  
put him in the long boat 'til he's sober,  
early in the morning.

4. Put him in the scuppers with a horsepipe on him,  
put him in the scuppers with a horsepipe on him,  
put him in the scuppers with a horsepipe on him,  
early in the morning.

3. Pull out the plug and wet him all over,  
pull out the plug and wet him all over,  
pull out the plug and wet him all over,  
early in the morning.

5. Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin',  
heave him by the leg in a running bowlin',  
heave him by the leg in a running bowlin',  
early in the morning.

6. That's what we do with the drunken sailor,  
that's what we do with the drunken sailor,  
that's what we do with the drunken sailor,  
early in the morning.

# Wir lieben die Stürme

Trad.

G D7 G

1. Wir lie - ben die Stür - me die brau - sen - den Wo - gen der  
sind schon der Mee - re so vie - le ge - zo - gen und

C G D7 G C G

4 eis - kal - ten Win - de rau - hes Ge - sicht. Wir - den - noch sank - uns - re

D7 G G

7 Fah - ne nicht. Hei - o hei - o hei - o

C G D7 G

10 hei - o hei - o ho hei - o hei - o hei - o ho

2. Unser Schiff gleitet stolz  
Durch die schäumenden Wogen  
Jetzt strafft der Wind  
Unsre Segel mit Macht  
Seht ihr hoch oben  
Die Fahne sich wenden  
Die blutrote Fahne?  
Ihr Seeleut' habt acht!

|: Hei jo, hei jo, hei jo, hei jo, hei jo ho...

3. Wir treiben die Beute  
Mit fliegenden Segeln  
Wir jagen sie weit  
Auf das endlose Meer  
Wir stürzen auf Deck  
Und wir kämpfen wie Löwen  
Hei unser der Sieg  
Viel Feind', viel Ehr'!

|: Hei jo, hei jo, hei jo, hei jo, hei jo ho...

4. Ja, wir sind Piraten  
Und fahren zu Meere  
Und fürchten nicht Tod  
Und den Teufel dazu  
Wir lachen der Feinde  
Und aller Gefahren  
Am Grunde des Meeres  
Erst finden wir Ruh'!

|: Hei jo, hei jo, hei jo, hei jo, hei jo ho...



# Prince Purple Rain

Musik & Text: Prince  
© 1984 by Controversy Music für D/A/CH  
Ost-Europa: Edition Intro Gebr. Meisel  
GmbH

① I nev- er meant to cause you an- y sor- row.

I nev- er meant to cause you an- y pain.

I on- ly want- ed one time see you laugh- ing.

on- ly want to see you laughing in the pur- ple rain. R) Pur- ple rain, pur- ple rain

Pur- ple rain, pur- ple rain.

rain, pur- ple rain. I on- ly want to see you ba- by

in the pur- ple rain. 2. I ne- ver want- ed to be your week- end lov- er are  
3. Ho- ney I know, I know, I know times are

Vorspiel: C, C, Am<sup>7</sup>, Am<sup>7</sup>, G, G, F, F,

C Am<sup>7</sup>  
1) I never meant to cause you any sorrow.

G F F<sup>4</sup>  
I never meant to cause you any pain.

C Am<sup>7</sup>  
I only wanted one time see you laughing.

G  
I only want to see you laughing

C  
In the purple rain.

R) Purple rain, purple rain. F F<sup>4</sup>

F C  
Purple rain, purple rain.

Am<sup>7</sup> G  
Purple rain, purple rain.

I only want to see you baby

C  
In the purple rain.

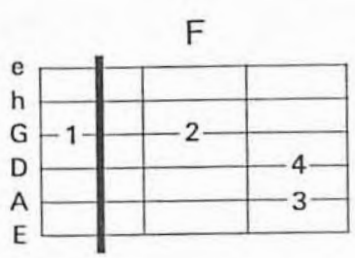
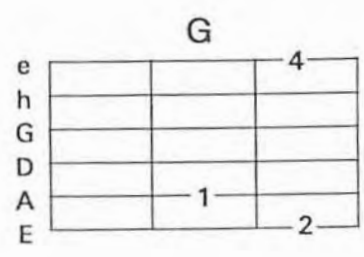
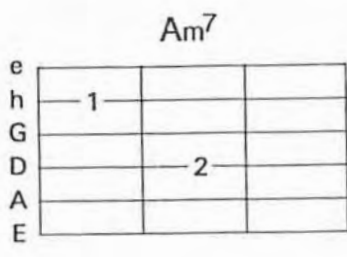
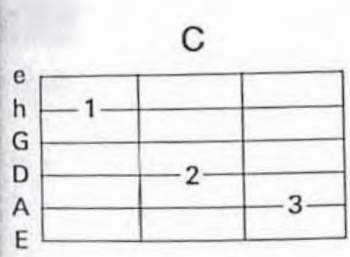
2) I never wanted to be your weekend lover. C Am<sup>7</sup>  
 I only wanted to be some kind of friend, hey. F F<sup>4</sup>  
 Baby I could never steal you from another. Am<sup>7</sup>  
 It's such a shame our friendship had to end. C

R) Purple rain, purple rain. F F<sup>4</sup>  
 Purple rain, purple rain. C  
 Purple rain, purple rain. Am<sup>7</sup> G

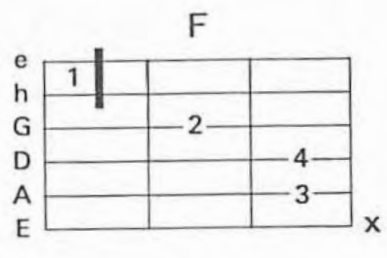
I only want to see you underneath  
 the purple rain. C

3) Honey I know, I know, I know times are changin'. C Am<sup>7</sup>  
 It's time we all reach out for something new. F

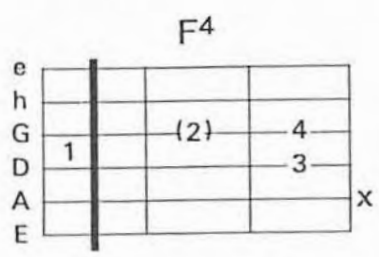
## Griffe



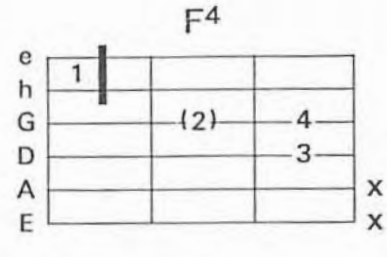
oder



x



oder



x  
x

Ich habe Dir für F und F<sup>4</sup> zwei Versionen aufgeschrieben. Probiere einfach aus, was Dir besser gefällt. Schwieriger ist die Gesangsmelodie; besonders, wenn Du diesen Song genauso singen willst wie PRINCE. Manche Textzeilen singt er mit einem schnellen Sprechgesang, den Du nur nach einiger Übung exakt kopieren kannst. Und dann dieser Echo-Effekt. Dadurch wird es noch komplizierter.



# Eric Clapton Wonderful Tonight

Musik & Text: Eric Clapton  
© Copyright by E.C. Music Ltd.  
Warner Chappel Music Ltd., London  
für Deutschland, Schweiz und Osteuropa:  
NEUE WELT MUSIKVERLAG GMBH,  
München.

① It's late in the evening. She's won-d'ring what clothes  
to wear. She puts on her make-up,  
and brush-es her long blonde hair. And then she asks  
me, "Do I look like a star?" And I say,  
"Yes, you look won-der-ful to-night." ② I feel  
won-der-ful, be-cause I see the love light in your  
eyes. Then the won-der of it all, is that you  
just don't re-al-ize how much I love you.

Vorspiel: C, G, F, G, C, G, F, G.

1) <sup>C</sup> It's late in the evening.  
<sup>F</sup> She's wond'ring what clothes to wear.  
<sup>C</sup> She puts on her make-up,  
<sup>F</sup> And brushes her long blonde hair.  
<sup>F</sup> And then she asks me,  
<sup>C</sup> "Do I look all right?"  
<sup>F</sup> And I say "Yes, you look wonderful tonight."

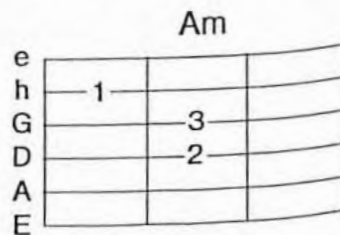
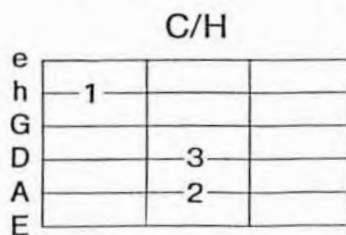
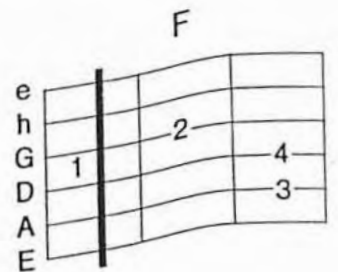
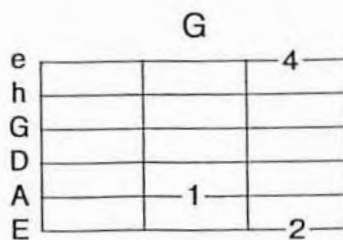
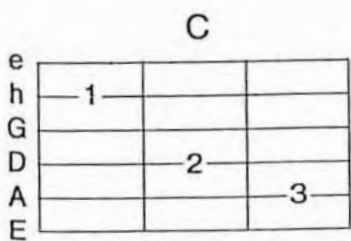
2) <sup>C</sup> We go to a party,  
<sup>F</sup> And ev'ryone turns to see  
<sup>C</sup> This beautiful lady,  
<sup>F</sup> Is walking around with me.  
<sup>F</sup> And then she asks me,  
<sup>C</sup> "Do you feel all right?"  
<sup>F</sup> And I say, "Yes, I feel wonderful tonight."

R) <sup>F</sup> I feel wonderful, because I see  
<sup>C</sup> The love light in your eyes.  
<sup>F</sup> Then I wonder of it all,  
<sup>F</sup> Is that you just don't realize  
<sup>C</sup> How much I love you.

Solo: G, F, G, C, G, F, G,

3) <sup>C</sup> It's time to go home now,  
<sup>F</sup> And I've got an aching head.  
<sup>C</sup> So, I give her the car keys,  
<sup>F</sup> And she helps me to bed.  
<sup>F</sup> And then I tell her,  
<sup>C</sup> as I turned out the light.  
<sup>F</sup> I say, "My darling,  
<sup>G</sup> You are wonderful tonight,  
<sup>F</sup> Oh, my darling,  
<sup>G</sup> You are wonderful tonight."

## Griffe:



Diese Griffe sind nicht schwer zu spielen. Manche Gitarristen lassen sogar beim C/H den 3. Finger weg. Probiere es aus. Falls Du Probleme mit dem Barrégriff F hast, dann lies Dir die Barré-Fingerübungen zu dem Song STILL LOVING YOU in diesem Buch durch.



Noch etwas zum Abschluß: Wenn du dieses Lied fließend spielen kannst, dann leg die Platte oder CD auf und spiele einfach mit. Die SCORPIONS spielen es in der gleichen Tonart!

# Scorpions Holiday

Musik: Rudolf Schenker; Text: Klaus Meine  
ARABELLA MUSIKVERLAG GMBH  
(BMG UFA MUSIKVERLAGE), München  
©1979 BREEZE MUSIC SWITZERLAND  
©1991 assigned to Edition arabella music,  
München

① Let me take you far a-way you'd like a ho-li-day.

Let me take you far a-way you'd like a ho-li-day.

Ex-change the cold days for the sun good times and

fun. Let me take you far a-way you'd like a ho-li-

day. ② Longing for the sun, you will come,

to the is-land with-out name. Long-ing for the

sun, be wel-come, on the is-land ma-ny miles a-way from home,

Be wel-come on the is-land with-out name. Long-ing for the

sun, you will come to the is-land ma-ny miles a-way from home.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of ten staves of music. The first staff begins with a circled '1' and contains the lyrics 'Let me take you far a-way you'd like a ho-li-day.' The second staff repeats the same lyrics. The third staff continues with 'Ex-change the cold days for the sun good times and'. The fourth staff starts with 'fun.' and then repeats 'Let me take you far a-way you'd like a ho-li-'. The fifth staff begins with 'day.' and then has a circled '2' followed by 'Longing for the sun, you will come,'. The sixth staff continues with 'to the is-land with-out name. Long-ing for the'. The seventh staff has 'sun, be wel-come, on the is-land ma-ny miles a-way from home,'. The eighth staff has 'Be wel-come on the is-land with-out name. Long-ing for the'. The ninth staff has 'sun, you will come to the is-land ma-ny miles a-way from home.' The score includes various chords such as Dm, C, A, G, Dm7, Dm6, A4, and B. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words split across lines.

1) <sup>Dm</sup> Let me take you far away

<sup>C A Dm</sup>  
You'd like a holiday.

<sup>Dm</sup> Let me take you far away

<sup>C A Dm</sup>  
You'd like a holiday.

<sup>C Dm</sup>  
Exchange the cold days for the sun

<sup>G A</sup>  
Good times and fun

<sup>Dm</sup> Let me take you far away

<sup>C A Dm Dm<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>6</sup> A<sup>4</sup> A</sup>  
You'd like a holiday.

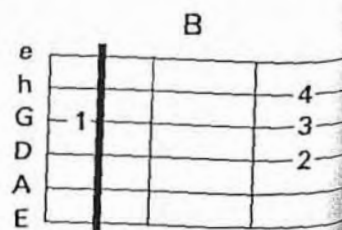
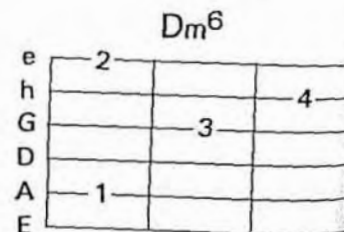
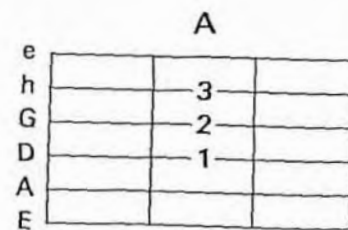
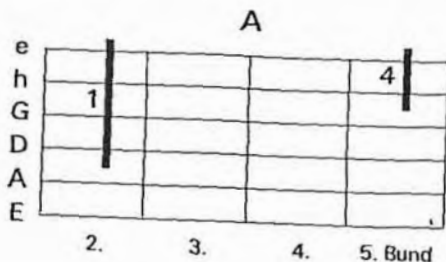
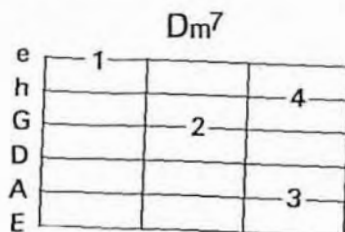
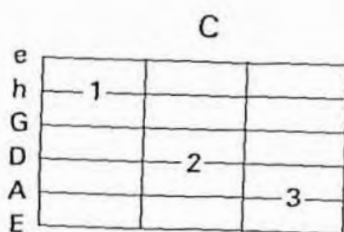
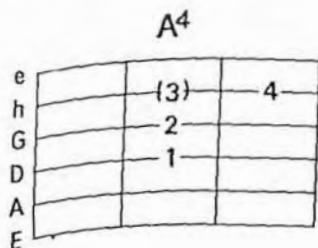
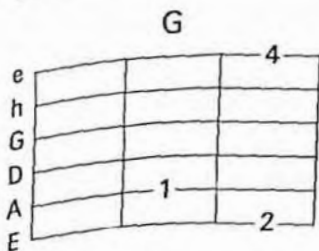
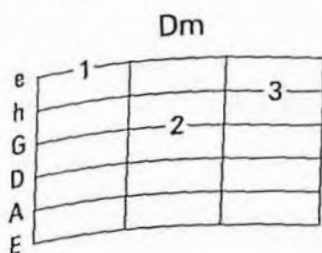
2) <sup>Dm</sup> Let me take you far away

<sup>C A Dm</sup>  
You'd like a holiday.

<sup>Dm</sup> Let me take you far away

<sup>C A Dm</sup>  
You'd like a holiday.

## Griffe



<sup>C Dm</sup>  
Exchange your troubles for some love

<sup>G A</sup>  
Wherever you are.

<sup>Dm</sup> Let me take you far away

<sup>C A Dm Dm<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>6</sup> A<sup>4</sup> A</sup>  
You'd like a holiday.

R) <sup>Dm</sup> Longing for the sun, you will come,

<sup>C B</sup>  
To the island without name.

<sup>Dm</sup> longing for the sun, be welcome,

<sup>C B Dm</sup>  
On the island many miles away from home.

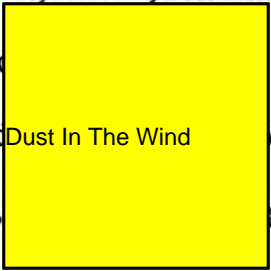


<sup>C B</sup>  
Be welcome on the island without name.

<sup>Dm</sup> Longing for the sun, you will come,

<sup>C B Dm C, B</sup>  
To the island many miles away from home.



R:E:M ----- Sometimes

When your day is long and the night, the night is yours alone  
When you're sure you've had enough of this life, well hang on  
Don't let yourself go, cause everybody cries and everybody hurts sometimes  
Sometimes everything is wrong, now it's time to sing along  
When your day is night alone (hold on, hold on)  
If you feel like letting go (hold on)  
If you think you've had too much of this life, well hang on  
Cause everybody hurts, take comfort in your friends  
Everybody hurts, don't throw your hands, oh now, don't throw your hands  
If you feel like you're alone, no, no, no  
If you're on your own in this life, the  Dust In The Wind  ng  
When you think you've had too much,  g on  
Well everybody hurts, sometimes  
Everybody cries, and everybody hurts, sometimes  
But everybody hurts sometimes so hold on, hold on, hold on,  
Hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on,  
Everybody hurts  
You are not alone

## SAG MIR WO DIE BLUMEN SIND

(MARLENE DIETRICH)

C                      Am                      Dm7                      G  
1. Sag mir, wo die Blumen sind, wo sind sie geblieben?  
C                      Am                      Dm7                      G7  
Sag mir, wo die Blumen sind, was ist gescheh'n?  
C                      Am                      Dm7                      G7  
Sag mir, wo die Blumen sind, Mädchen pflückten sie geschwind.  
F                      C                      Dm7                      G7                      C  
Wann wird man je versteh'n, wann wird man je versteh'n?

2. Sag mir, wo die Mädchen sind .....  
Männer nahmen sie geschwind .....

3. Sag mir, wo die Männer sind .....  
Zogen fort, der Krieg beginnt .....

4. Sag, wo die Soldaten sind ....  
Über Gräbern weht der Wind ....

5. Sag mir, wo die Gräber sind .....  
Blumen weh'n im Sommerwind .....

6. Sag mir, wo die Blumen sind .....  
Mädchen pflückten sie geschwind .....

## WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE

1. Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?  
Where have all the flowers gone? Young girls picked them everyone.  
When will they ever learn, when will they ever learn?

2. Where have all the young girls gone, ...  
Gone to husbands everyone...

3. Where have all the husbands gone, ...  
Gone to soldiers everyone...

4. Where have all the soldiers gone, ...  
Gone to graveyards everyone...

5. Where have all the graveyards gone, ...  
Covered with flowers everyone...

6. Where have all the flowers gone, ...  
Young girls picked them everyone...

M + T: SEEGER, PETE / COLPET, MAX  
© FALL RIVER MUSIC INC.  
Rechte für Deutschland, Österreich, Schweiz und  
Osteuropa:  
ESSEX MUSIKVERTRIEB GMBH, HAMBURG



# KNOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S DOOR

(BOB DYLAN)

Intro: G D Am G D C

G D Am  
1. Mama, take this badge from me.  
G D C  
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 heavens door.

Refrain:

G D Am  
Knock knock knocking on heavens door  
G D C  
Knock knock knocking on heavens door  
G D Am  
Knock knock knocking on heavens door  
G D C  
Knock knock knocking on heavens door

G D Am  
2. Mama put my guns into ground,  
G D C  
I can't shoot them anymore.  
G D Am  
That dark black cloud is coming down,  
G D C  
feels like I'm knocking on heavens door.

Refrain

1. Strophe

Refrain

M + T: Bob Dylan  
Copyright © 1973, 1996 Ram's Horn Music.  
International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved.  
Reprinted by Permission of Music Sales Corporation.

## WONDERFUL TONIGHT

(ERIC CLAPTON)

G D C D  
It's late in the evening, she's wondering what cloth to wear.  
G D C D  
She puts on her make-up and brushes her long blond hair,  
C D G Em  
and then she asks me „Do I look alright?“  
C D G  
And I say „Yes, you look wonderful tonight.

G D C D  
We're going to a party, and every man turns to see,  
G D C D  
this beautiful lady, who's walking around with me,  
C D G Em  
and then she asks me „Do you feel alright?“  
C D G  
And I say „Yes, I feel wonderful tonight.“

C D G Em  
I feel wonderful, because I see the love lighting in your eyes,  
C D C D  
and the wonder of it all is, that you just don't realize,  
G  
how much I love you.

G D C D  
It's time to go home now, and I've got an aching head,  
G D C D  
so I give her the car key, and she helps me to bed,  
C D G Em  
and then I tell her, as I turn out the light,  
C D G  
I say „My darling, you were wonderful tonight.“

M + T: Eric Clapton  
© 1977 & 1999 Eric Clapton.  
Used by permission of Music Sales Ltd  
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured



# BUTTERFLY

(DANYEL GERARD)

1. Auf dem Feld blühte weiß der Jasmin  
und ich ging ohne Ziel vor mich hin  
Wie im Traum da sah ich dich am Wege so allein  
wie ein Schmetterling im Sonnenschein.

Refrain:

Butterfly my Butterfly jeder Tag mit dir war schön  
Butterfly my Butterfly wann werd ich dich wiederseh'n

2. Jedes Wort von dir klingt wie Musik  
und so tief wie die See war das Glück  
eine Welt von Poesie die Zeit blieb für uns stehn  
doch der Abschied kam ich mußte geh'n

Refrain

3. Es ist still nur der Wind singt sein Lied  
und ich seh wie ein Vogel dort fliegt  
er fliegt hoch hoch über mir ins Sonnenlicht hinein  
gerne möcht ich sein Begleiter sein

Refrain 3x

M: Danyel Gérard / T: Ralph Bernet  
© montana

## SIERRA MADRE DEL SUR

(ZILLERTALER SCHÜRZENJÄGER)

1. Wenn der Morgen kommt, und die letzten Schatten vergehen,  
schaun die Menschen der Sierra hinauf zu den sonnigen Höh'n!  
Schaun hinauf, wo der weiße Condor so einsam zieht!  
Wie ein Gruß an die Ferne erklingt ihr altes Lied.

Refrain:

Sierra, Sierra Madre del Sur!  
Sierra, Sierra Madre!  
Ohh! Sierra, Sierra Madre del Sur!  
Sierra, Sierra Madre!

2. Wenn die Arbeit getan, der Abend Frieden nur kennt,  
schau'n die Menschen hinauf, wo die Sierra im Abendrot brennt!  
Und sie denken daran, wie schnell ein Glück oft vergeht.  
Und aus tausend Herzen erklingt es wie ein Gebet:

Refrain

M + T. W. Roloff / H. Hee  
© 1970 - mit freundlicher Genehmigung EDITION MAXIM, 28355 Bremen.



## HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

(ANIMALS)

Intro: Am C D F Am C E E7 Am C D F Am E Am E7

Am C D F Am C E E7

1. There is a house in New Orleans. They call the Rising Sun.

Am C D F Am E Am E  
It's been the ruin of many poor man. And me, oh Lord I'm one.

2. My mother she's a tailor. She sews those new blue jeans.  
My father was a gambling man down in New Orleans.

3. My best friend is a gambler. He goes from town to town.  
The only time he is satisfied is when He drinks his liquor down.

4. Well the only thing a drunkard needs, is a suitcase and a trunk. And  
the only time he is satisfied is when he's all a drunk.

5. He fills his glasses to the brim. And he passes them around.  
And the only pleasure he gets out of life,  
is a hoboing from town to town.

6. Go tell my baby sister never do what I have done.  
Never see that house in New Orleans. They call the Rising Sun.

7. Well it's one foot on the platform. The other on the train.  
I'm going back to New Orleans, to wear that ball and chain.

8. I'm going back to New Orleans, My race is almost run.  
I'm going there to spend my life beneath that Rising Sun.

Am C D F Am C E E7 Am C D F Am E Am E7

Traditionell

## FREMDE ODER FREUNDE

(HOWARD CARPENDALE)

Wie ist das geschehn ich kann nicht verstehn, was jetzt anders ist  
Ich halte deine Hand doch sagt mir mein Verstand  
daß du nicht bei mir bist  
Man war sich so nah, kein Zweifel war je da  
und auch kein falscher Ton  
Jetzt seh ich dir an wir kommen aus der Bahn, ist das die Endstation?

Refrain:

Fremde oder Freunde wie wird alles sein?  
Wieder unzertrennlich oder ganz allein?  
Du und ich zusammen was auch kommen mag  
zwei auf verschiedenen Wegen in den neuen Tag  
Fremde oder Freunde, die Frage ist gestellt  
und wir müssen wissen wie nun der Würfel fällt  
Du nur kennst die Antwort du und nicht der Wind  
ob wir von nun an Fremde oder Freunde sind

Soviel Zärtlichkeit fühlten wir zu zweit wo ist all das hin?

Es kann nicht möglich sein, daß ich auf ja und nein  
für dich ein Andrer bin.

Mir ist nur nicht klar woher droht die Gefahr, wie wende ich sie ab?  
Gab es ein Signal, daß ich irgendeinmal nicht recht gedeutet hab?

2x Refrain

Dudududu...

Ooaahh

Refrain

Ob wir von nun an Fremde oder Freunde sind

Orig. Text: LOS HOMBROS NO DEBEN  
LLORAR (NOVA FLOR)  
Orig. M + T: Palmeira, Mario Zan  
Dt. Text: Fred Jay  
© 1958/66 by Editora Musical Santos Dumont  
Ltda., Sao Paulo, Brazil  
Für Europa: International Melodies, Genf,  
Schweiz. Für Deutschland und Österreich:  
Mondial Verlag Hans Gerig KG, Bergisch  
Gladbach



## ÜBER SIEBEN BRÜCKEN MUSST DU GEHEN

(KARAT)  
(PETER MAFFAY)

Intro: G D G G D G G e G

G C G  
1. Manchmal geh ich meine Straße ohne Blick,  
G F  
manchmal wünsch ich mir mein Schaukelpferd zurück  
e  
manchmal bin ich ohne Rast und Ruh  
D a D  
manchmal schließ ich alle Türen nach mir zu  
G C G  
manchmal ist mir kalt und manchmal heiß  
G F  
manchmal weiß ich nicht mehr was ich weiß  
D a G e  
manchmal bin ich schon am Morgen müd  
C D G  
und dann such ich Trost in einem Lied.

Refrain:

G D G D G C D  
Über sieben Brücken must du gehen sieben dunkle Jahre überstehn  
h e C D G  
sieben mal wirst du die Asche sein aber einmal auch der helle Schein

G C G  
2. Manchmal scheint die Uhr des Lebens still zu stehn  
G F  
manchmal scheint man immer nur im Kreis zu gehn  
e  
manchmal ist man wie von Fernweh krank  
D a D  
manchmal sitzt man still auf einer Bank  
G C G  
manchmal greift man nach der ganzen Welt  
G F  
manchmal meint man daß der Glücksstern fällt  
D a G e  
manchmal nimmt man wo man lieber gibt  
C D G  
manchmal haßt man das was man doch liebt

Refrain 4x

M: Ulrich Swillms / T: Helmut Richter  
© 1980 by Harth Musik Verlag GmbH, Bergisch Gladbach für die Welt  
Für Deutschland: Harth Musik Verlag GmbH, Bergisch Gladbach &  
Musik-Edition Discoton, München

## TAKE ME HOME, COUNTRY ROADS

(JOHN DENVER)

G Em D C G  
Almost heaven, West Virginia, Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River.

G Em D  
Life is old there, older than the trees, younger than the mountains,  
C G  
growing like a breeze.

G D Em C G  
Country roads, take me home to the place, I belong, West Virginia,  
D C G  
mountain momma, take me home, country roads.

G Em D  
All my mem'ries, gather' round her, miner's lady,  
C G Em  
stranger to blue water. Dark and dusty, painted on the sky.  
D C G  
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrops in my eye.

G D Em C G  
Country roads, take me home to the place, I belong, West Virginia,  
D C G  
mountain momma, take me home, country roads.

Em D G  
I hear her voice, in the morning hour she calls me.  
C G D  
The radio reminds me of my home far away.  
Em F C  
And driving down the roads I get the feeling that  
G D D7  
I should have been home yesterday, yesterday.

G D Em C G  
Country roads, take me home to the place, I belong, West Virginia,  
D C G  
mountain momma, take me home, country roads.

M + T: Bill Danoff, Taffy Nivert, John Denver  
© 1971 by CHERRY LANE MUSIC PUBLISHING  
COMPANY, INC.  
Alle Rechte für Deutschland, Österreich, Schweiz und  
ehem. Ostblockstaaten  
GLOBAL MUSIKVERLAG, München



## ABER BITTE MIT SAHNE

(UDO JÜRGENS)

- C F C  
1. Sie treffen sich täglich um viertel nach drei oh ho ho oh jä  
am Stammtisch im Eck in der Konditorei oh ho ho oh jä  
F C  
sie blasen zum Sturm auf das Kuchen Buffet  
F C  
auf Schwarzwälder Kirsch und auf Sahnebaiser  
C F F# G  
auf Früchteeis Ananas Kirsch und Banane  
C  
Aber bitte mit Sahne. Aber bitte mit Sahne
- F C  
2. Sie schmatzen und schwatzen dann holen sie sich oh ho ho oh jä  
Noch Buttercremetorte und Bienenstich oh ho oh jä  
F C  
Sie pusten und brusten fast geht nichts mehr rein  
F G  
nur ein Mohrenkopf höchstens denn Ordnung muß sein.  
C F F# G  
Bei Mathilde Otilie Marie und Liliane  
C  
Aber bitte mit Sahne. Aber bitte mit Sahne
- F C  
3. Das Ende vom Lied hat wohl jeder geahnt oh ho ho oh jä  
Der Tod hat reihum sie dort abgesahnt oh ho ho oh jä  
F C  
Die Hinterbliebenen fanden vor Schmerz keine Worte  
F G  
mit Sacher und Linzer und Marzipantorte  
C F F# G  
und als Letzte Liliane geht treu noch zur Fahne  
C  
Aber bitte mit Sahne. Aber bitte mit Sahne
- F C  
4. Doch auch mit Liliane war es schließlich vorbei oh ho ho oh jä  
sie kippte vom Stuhl in der Konditorei oh ho oh jä  
F C  
auf dem Sarg gabs statt Kränzen verzuckerte Torte  
F G  
und der Pfarrer begrub sie mit rührenden Worten  
C F Gsus4 G  
daß der Herrgott den Weg in den Himmel ihr bahne  
C  
Aber bitte mit Sahne. Aber bitte mit Sahne.  
Noch ein Tässchen Kaffee. Aber bitte mit Sahne.  
noch ein kleines Baiser. Aber bitte mit Sahne.  
oder solls doch lieber noch ein Keks sein. Aber bitte mit Sahne.

## DON'T THINK TWICE, IT'S ALL RIGHT

(BOB DYLAN)

Intro: C G Am F C G7 C

1. It ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe,  
if you don't know by now.

And it ain't no use to sit and wonder why babe,  
it don't ever do somehow.

When the rooster crows at the break of the dawn,  
look out of your window and I'll be gone.  
You're the reason I'm travelling on.  
Don't think twice it's all right.

2. It ain't no use in turning on your light babe,  
the light I never knowed.  
It ain't no use in turning on your light, babe,  
I'm on the dark side of the road.

But I wish there was something you would do or say,  
to try to me change my mind and stay.  
But we never did too much talking anyway,  
So don't think twice it's all right.

3. It ain't no use in calling out my name girl,  
like you never done before.  
It ain't no use in calling out my name girl,  
I can't hear you anymore.

I'm a-thinking and wondering, walking down the road,  
I once loved a woman, a child I am told.  
I'd give her my heart, but she wanted my soul.  
But don't think twice it's all right.

4. So long, honey babe.  
Where I'm bound I can't tell.  
Goodbye is too good a word, babe.  
So I'll just say Fare-Thee-Well.

I ain't a-saying you treated me unkind,  
you could have done better, but I don't mind.  
You just kinda wasted my precious time,  
But don't think twice it's all right.

M + T: Bob Dylan  
© Copyright 1963 M. Witmark & Sons, USA.  
© Copyright Renewed 1991 Special Rider Music, USA.  
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.



SAN FRANCISCO (BE SURE TO WEAR SOME FLOWERS IN YOUR HAIR)

(SCOTT MCKENZIE)

Am F C G  
1. If you're going to San Francisco,  
Am F C G  
be sure to wear some flowers in your hair.  
Am C F C  
If you're going to San Francisco,  
Em Am7 G  
you're gonna meet some gentle people there.

Am F C G  
2. For those who come to San Francisco  
Am C G  
summer time will be a love in there.  
Am C F C  
In the streets of San Francisco,  
Em Am7 G  
gentle people with flowers in their hair.

Bb  
There's a whole generation,  
C  
with a new explanation. People in motion.  
Bb  
All across the nation,  
C G  
such a strange vibration. People in motion, people in motion.

Am F C G  
3. For those who come to San Francisco,  
Am F C G  
be sure to wear some flowers in your hair.  
Am C F C  
If you come to San Francisco,  
Em Am7 C  
summer time will be a love in there.

M + T: John Phillips  
© 1967, 1970 MCA Music, USA.  
Universal/MCA Music Limited, 77 Fulham Palace Road, London  
W6 for the world (excluding North, Central & South America,  
Japan, Australasia and the Philippines)  
Used by permission of Music Sales Ltd  
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured

## IM WAGEN VOR MIR

(HENRY VALENTINO)

C Am F G  
Rattan rattan radadadatan Rattan rattan radadadatan  
C Am F G  
Rattan rattan radadadatan Rattan rattan radadadatan

C F G  
Im Wagen vor mir fährt ein junges Mädchen,  
C F G  
sie fährt allein, und sie scheint hübsch zu sein.  
C F G Am  
Ich weiss nicht ihren Namen, und ich kenne nicht ihr Ziel.  
F Dm G  
Ich merke nur sie fährt mit viel Gefühl.

C F G  
Im Wagen vor mir fährt ein junges Mädchen,  
C F G  
ich möchte gern wissen, was sie grade denkt.  
C F G C  
Hört sie den selben Sender, oder ist ihr Radio aus?  
F G C  
Fährt sie zum Rendez-vous oder nach Haus?

Rattan rattan radadadatan Rattan rattan radadadatan

Was will der blöde Kerl da hinter mir nur?  
- Ist sie nicht süß  
Ich frag mich warum überholt der nicht?  
- so weiches Haar  
Der hängt nun schon ne halbe Stunde ständig hinter mir.  
Nun dämmert's schon, und der fährt ohne Licht.  
- So schön mit 90  
Der könnt schon hundert Kilometer weg sein  
- Was bin ich froh  
Mensch fahr an meiner Ente doch vorbei  
- Ich fühl mich richtig wohl  
Will der mich kontrollieren oder will er mich entführen?  
Oder ist das in Zivil die Polizei?  
Rattan rattan radadadatan Rattan rattan radadadatan

Wie schön, dass ich heut endlich einmal Zeit hab.  
Ich muss nicht rasen wie ein wilder Stier  
Ich träum so in Gedanken ganz allein und ohne Schranken  
Ich wünscht das schöne Mädchen wär bei mir.

Nun wird mir diese Sache langsam mulmig  
- Die Musik ist gut  
Ich fahr die allernächste Abfahrt raus  
- Heut ist ein schöner Tag  
Dort werd ich mich verstecken hinter irgendwelchen Hecken.  
Verdammt, dadurch komm ich zu spät nach Haus.  
Bye bye mein schönes Mädchen, gute Reise.  
Sie hat den Blinker an, hier fährt sie ab.  
Für mich wird in zwei Stunden auch die Fahrt zuende gehn,  
doch Dich mein Mädchen werd ich nie mehr sehn!  
Rattan rattan radadaratan Rattan rattan radadaratan

M + Orig. T: Hans Blum  
© 1977 by Magazine-Music Verlag GmbH & Co. KG, Hamburg



## SANTA MARIA

(ROLAND KAISER)  
[CAPO -2]

### Intro:

C F  
Um dada, um dada, um dada uha. Um dada, um dada, um dada uha.

### Intro

### Refrain:

C F  
Santa Maria, Insel, die aus Träumen geboren,  
G C G  
ich hab meine Sinne verloren, in dem Fieber, das wie Feuer brennt.

C F  
1. Santa Maria, nachts an deinen schneeweißen Stränden hielt ich ihre  
G C  
Jugend in den Händen, Glück, für das man keinen Namen kennt.

Am E7 F D  
Sie war ein Kind der Sonne, schön wie ein erwachender Morgen.  
Am E7 F  
Heiß war ihr stolzer Blick, und tief in ihrem Inneren verborgen  
D C  
brannte die Sehnsucht. Santa Maria, den Schritt zu wagen,  
G F  
Santa Maria, vom Mädchen bis zur Frau.

### Intro Refrain

C F  
2. Santa Maria, ihre Wildheit ließ mich erleben, mit ihr auf bunten  
G C  
Flügeln entschweben, in ein fernes, unbekanntes Land.

Am E7 F D  
Wehrlos trieb ich dahin, im Zauber ihres Lächelns gefangen.  
Am E7 F  
Doch als der Tag erwacht, sah ich die Tränen auf ihren Wangen,  
D C  
Morgen hieß Abschied. Santa Maria, und meine Heimat,  
G F  
Santa Maria, war so unendlich weit.

### 1 Ton höher

### Intro Refrain

D G  
3. Santa Maria, niemals mehr hab ich so empfunden, wir im Rausch der  
A D A  
nächtlichen Stunden, die Erinnerung, sie wird nie vergehn.

### Intro

M + T: De Angelis, Guido / De Angelis, Maurizio / De Natale, Cesare C. /  
Gane, Leonie / Duncan-Smith, Susan  
© Copyright by Edition Roma / Universal Music Publishing GmbH  
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.

## WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE

(BON JOVI)

Intro: Dm

D Dsus4 Dsus2 D C G  
1. It's all the same, only the names will change.  
C G C F D  
Everyday it seems we're wasting away  
D Dsus4 Dsus2 D C G  
Another place where the faces are so cold.  
C G C F D  
I'd drive all night just to get back home.

Refrain:

C G F D  
I'm a cowboy, on a steel horse I ride.  
C G C D F D  
I'm wanted dead or alive.  
C G C D F D  
Wanted dead or alive.

D Dsus4 Dsus2 D C G  
2. Sometimes I sleep, sometimes it's not for days  
C G C F D  
and people I meet always go their separate ways.  
D Dsus4 Dsus2 D C G  
Sometimes you tell the day by the bottle that you drink  
C G C F D  
and times when you're all alone all you do is think.

Refrain 2x

D Dsus4 Dsus2 D C G  
3. I walk these streets, a loaded six string on my back,  
C G C F D  
I play for keeps cause I might not make it back.  
D Dsus4 Dsus2 D C G  
I've been everywhere, still I'm standing tall,  
C G C F D  
I've seen a million faces and I've rocked them all.

C G F D  
I'm a cowboy, on a steel horse I ride.  
C G C D F D  
I'm wanted dead or alive.  
C G F D  
I'm a cowboy, I got the night on my side.  
C G C D F D  
I'm wanted dead or alive.  
C G C D F D  
Wanted dead or alive.

M + T: Jon Bon Jovi & Richie Sambora  
© Copyright 1986 by Bon Jovi Publishing / Aggressive Music/  
PolyGram International / Universal Music Publishing Limited.  
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.

## AN DER NORDSEEKÜSTE

(KLAUS UND KLAUS)

D G  
1. Damals vor unendlich langer Zeit,  
D A D  
da machten wir Friesen am Wasser uns breit.  
D G  
Die Jahre vergingen wie Saus und wie Braus,  
D A D  
aber breit sehn wir Friesen auch heute noch aus.

### Refrain:

A D G  
An der Nordseeküste, x x x am plattdeutschen Strand,  
D G A D  
sind die Fische im Wasser und selten an Land.

D G  
2. Nach Flut kommt die Ebbe, nach Ebbe die Flut,  
D A D  
die Deiche, sie halten mal schlecht und mal gut.  
G  
Die Dünen sie wandern am Strand hin und her,  
D A D  
von Grönland nach Flandern, jedenfalls ungefähr.

### Refrain

D G  
3. Die Seehunde singen ein Klagelied,  
D A D  
weil sie nicht mit dem Schwanz wedeln können, so'n Schiet!  
D G  
Die Schafe, sie blöken wie blöd auf dem Deich,  
D A D  
und mit schwarzgrünen Kugeln garnier'n sie ihn gleich.

### Refrain 2x

M + T: W. Oertel, R. Mol, T. de Reede, B. van Hil & T. Buchner  
© Copyright by Nanada Music bv.  
All rights reserved. International copyright secured.



## WEISS DER GEIER

(WOLFGANG PETRY)  
[CAPO +1]

Intro: G Em C D (2x)

1. <sup>G</sup>Jetzt ist Schluss mit lustig. <sup>Em</sup>Ich will dich <sup>C</sup>wiedersehn. <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup>Bis <sup>Em</sup>gestern <sup>C</sup>warn wir <sup>D</sup>Freunde. Jetzt hab ich ein Problem.

2. <sup>D</sup>Die letzte Nacht hat alles <sup>Em</sup>verdreht, du hast mich einfach flachgelegt  
<sup>C</sup>Ich mach für dich den Hampelmann, <sup>D</sup>du wirfst mich aus der Bahn!

Refrain:

<sup>G</sup>Weiß der Geier oder <sup>D</sup>weiß er nicht. <sup>C</sup>Ganz egal, <sup>G</sup>ich liebe dich!  
<sup>C</sup>Du kannst alles von mir haben, <sup>G</sup>doch es <sup>Am</sup>läuft <sup>D</sup>nichts ohne mich.  
<sup>G</sup>Weiß der Geier oder <sup>D</sup>weiß er nicht. <sup>C</sup>Ganz egal, <sup>G</sup>ich liebe dich!  
<sup>C</sup>Du kannst alles von mir haben, <sup>G</sup>doch es <sup>Am</sup>läuft <sup>D</sup>nichts ohne mich.

3. <sup>G</sup>Mein Leben ist im Eimer, <sup>Em</sup>steh völlig <sup>C</sup>auf dem <sup>D</sup>Schlauch.  
<sup>G</sup>Der Tag ist fast am Ende, <sup>Em</sup>und ich bin's <sup>C</sup>langsam <sup>D</sup>auch.

4. <sup>D</sup>Die letzte Nacht hat alles <sup>Em</sup>verdreht, du hast mich einfach flachgelegt  
<sup>C</sup>Ich mach für dich den Hampelmann, <sup>D</sup>du wirfst mich aus der Bahn!

Refrain 2x

M: Valance, Jean-Pierre / Buschjan, Michael  
T: Obenaus, Holger / Zucker, Norbert / Newman, Cynthia  
© Copyright 1997 Gothic Musikverlag GmbH /  
Bou Bou Musikverlag Rose Marie Remling  
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.

42

# MASSACHUSETTS

(BEE GEES)

G Am C G  
1. Feel I'm going back to Massachusetts.

G Am C G  
Something's telling me I must go home.

C  
And the lights all went out in Massachusetts.

G D7 G Am D7  
The day I left her standing on her own.

G Am C G  
2. Tried to hitch a ride to San Francisco.

G Am C G  
Gotta do the things I wanna do.

C  
And the lights all went out in Massachusetts.

G D7 G Am D7  
They brought me back to see my way with you.

G Am C G  
3. Talk about the life in Massachusetts.

G Am C G  
Speak about the people I have seen.

C  
And the lights all went out in Massachusetts.

G D7 G Am D7  
And Massachusetts is one place I have seen.

Am C G  
I will remember Massachusetts.

Am C G  
I will remember Massachusetts.

M + T: Barry Gibb, Maurice Gibb, Robin Gibb

© Copyright by Gibb Brothers Music / Crompton Songs LLC.

SVL: Musik-Edition Discoton GmbH \* (BMG Music Publishing GmbH), München

Für Deutschland, Österreich, Schweiz, Rumänien, Bulgarien, Albanien, GUS, ehem. Jugoslawien

Für Deutschland, Schweiz, GUS, osteuropa. Staaten (ohne Baltikum), Türkei und Länder des ehem. Jugoslawien:

NEUE WELT MUSIKVERLAG GMBH & CO.KG

All rights reserved. International copyright secured.

# DON'T WORRY, BE HAPPY

(BOBBY MCFERRIN)  
[CAPO +4]

Intro: G Am C D (Melodie gepfiffen)

G  
1. Here's a little song I wrote,  
Am C D G  
you might want to sing it note for note, don't worry, be happy.

In every life we have some trouble  
Am C D G  
but when you worry you make it double, don't worry, be happy.

## Refrain:

G Am  
Uh hu hu, hu hu hu hu hu hu, u hu hu, don't worry,  
C D G  
u hu hu hu hu hu hu, be happy, u hu hu hu hu,

don't worry, be happy!

G Am  
Uh hu hu, hu hu hu hu hu hu, u hu hu, don't worry,  
C D G  
u hu hu hu hu hu hu, be happy, u hu hu hu hu,

don't worry, be happy!

G  
2. Ain't got no place to lay your head,  
Am C D G  
somebody came and took your bed, don't worry, be happy.

The landlord say your rent is late,  
Am C D G  
he may have to litigate, don't worry, be happy.

## Refrain

G  
3. Ain't got no cash, ain't got no style,  
Am C D G  
ain't got no girl to make you smile, don't worry, be happy.

Cause when you worry your face will frown,  
Am C D G  
and that will bring everybody down, so don't worry, be happy.

## Refrain 2x

M + T: Bobby McFerrin  
© Copyright by Prob Noblem Music /  
SVL: Musik-Edition Discoton GmbH (BMG Music Publishing Germany), München  
Für Deutschland, Österreich, Schweiz, Rumänien, Bulgarien, Albanien, GUS, ehem. Jugoslawien  
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.



# Über den Wolken

Interpret: Reinhard Mey  
Text und Musik: Reinhard Mey

4/4

Wind Nord-Ost Startbahn null - drei  
bisher hör ich die Mo - to - ren.

Wie ein Pfeil zieht sie vor - bei,  
und es dröhnt in meinen Oh - ren,  
und der nas - se As - phalt

bebt.  
Wie ein Schleier staubt der Re - gen,  
bis sie ab - hebt und sie schwebt

Refrain  
der Son - ne ent - ge - gen,  
Ü - ber den Wol - ken  
muß die Frei - heit wohl

gren - zen - los sein.  
Al - le Ängste, al - le Sor - gen, sagt man,  
blieben darun - ter ver -

borgen und dann  
würde, was hier groß und wichtiger scheint,  
plötz - lich nichtig und klein.

2. Ich seh' ihr noch lange nach,  
Seh sie die Wolken erklimmen,  
Bis die Lichter nach und nach  
Ganz im Regengrau verschwimmen.  
Meine Augen haben schon  
Jenen winz'gen Punkt verloren.  
Nur von fern klingt monoton  
Das Summen der Motoren.  
Refrain.



3. Dann ist alles still, ich geh',  
Regen durchdringt meine Jacke,  
Irgend jemand kocht Kaffee  
In der Luftaufsichtsbaracke.  
In den Pfützen schwimmt Benzin,  
Schillernd wie ein Regenbogen.  
Wolken spiegeln sich darin.  
Ich wär gern mitgeflogen.  
Refrain.



# Blowing In The Wind

Interpret: Bob Dylan  
Text und Musik: Bob Dylan

4/4 C V V sim. F C (Am) C

How man - y roads must a man walk\_ down be - fore\_ you

F C (G7) C F

call him a man, Yes, 'n How man - y seas must a

C (Am) C F G

white dove\_ sail be - fore\_ she sleep in the sand ?

(G7) C F C (Am)

Yes, 'n How man - y times must the cannon balls\_ fly be -

C F G (G7)

fore they're\_ for - - ev - er banned?\_ The

F G7 C Am

an - - - swer, my friend is blowin' in the wind, The



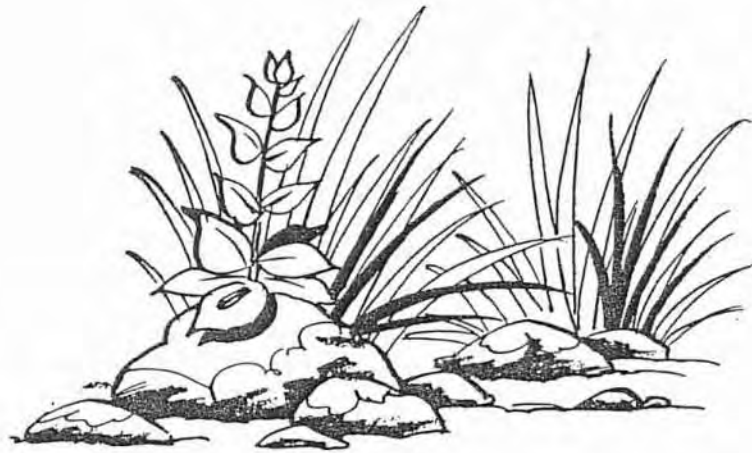
ju

F G7 C

an - - - swer is blowin' in the wind.

2. How many times must a man look up,  
 Before he can see the sky? - Yes, 'n  
 How many ears must one man have,  
 Before he can hear people cry? - Yes, 'n  
 How many deaths will it take, till he knows  
 That so many people have died? -  
 Refrain: The answer....

3. How many years can a mountain exist,  
 Before it is washed to the sea? - Yes, 'n  
 How many years can some people exist,  
 Before they're allowed to be free? - Yes, 'n  
 How many times can a man turn his head  
 Pretending he just didn't see? -  
 Refrain: The answer....



04

# Scarborough Fair

Interpreten: Simon & Garfunkel

1. Strophe

Are you go - ing to Scar - bor - ough Fair? \_\_\_\_\_

Pars - ley, sage, rose - - mar - y and thyme. \_\_\_\_\_ Re

mem - - ber me to one who lives there. \_\_\_\_\_

She once was a true love of mine. \_\_\_\_\_

2. Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;  
Without any seam or fine needlework,  
And then she'll be a true love of mine.
3. Tell her to wash it yonder dry well,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;  
Where water ne'er sprung, nor drop of rain fell,  
And then she'll be a true love of mine.
4. Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;  
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born,  
And then she'll be a true love of mine.
5. Oh, will you find me an acre of land,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;  
Between the sea foam and the sea sand,  
Or never be a true love of mine.
6. Oh, will you plough it with a lamb's horn,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;  
And sow it all over with one peppercorn,  
Or never be a true love of mine.
7. Oh, will you reap it with a sickle of leather,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;  
And tie it all up with a peacock's feather,  
Or never be a true love of mine.
8. And when you have done and finished your work,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;  
Then come to me for your cambric shirt,  
And you shall be a true love of mine.

# Kein schöner Land

1. Kein schöner Land in die-ser Zeit als hier das uns - - re weit und

breit, wo wir uns fin - - den wohl un - ter Lin - - den zur A - bend -

zeit, wo wir uns fin - - den wohl un - ter Lin - - den zur A - bend - zeit.

2. Da haben wir so manche Stund  
 gegessen da in froher Rund  
 und taten singen;  
 die Lieder klingen im Eichengrund.
3. Daß wir uns hier in diesem Tal  
 noch treffen so vielhundertmal,  
 Gott mag es schenken,  
 Gott mag es lenken, erhat die Gnad.
4. Nun, Brüder, eine gute Nacht!  
 Der Herr im hohen Himmel wacht;  
 in seiner Güten  
 uns zu behüten, ist erbedacht.



# Angie

Interpreten: Rolling Stones

Text und Musik: Mike Jagger und Keith Richard

4/4

Am<sup>o</sup> E7 G F

1. Oh An-gie\_ Oh, An-gie\_ when will those dark clouds disappear  
 2. An-gie\_ you're beautiful\_ but ain't it time we said goodbye  
 3. INSTRUMENTAL (Tabulatur)  
 4. (Instrumental beginnt bei %)

C (G) Am<sup>o</sup> E7

1. \_\_\_\_\_ An-gie\_ An-gie\_ An-gie\_ An-gie\_  
 2. \_\_\_\_\_ An-gie\_ I still love you  
 3. \_\_\_\_\_  
 4. % (D.S.) INSTRUMENTAL II

G F C G

1. where will it lead us from here\_ With no loving in our soul and no  
 2. Re-mem-ber all those nights we cried\_ All the dreams we held so close seemed to  
 3. \_\_\_\_\_ Oh\_ Angie don't you weep ah your  
 4. \_\_\_\_\_ With no loving in our souls and no

Dm<sup>o</sup> Am<sup>o</sup> C F G

1. money in our coats you can't say we're satis-fied\_ But  
 2. all go up in smoke Let me whis-per in your ear\_ 7  
 3. kisses still taste sweet I hate that sad-ness in your eyes\_ But  
 4. money in our coats you can't say we're satis-fied\_ But

Am<sup>o</sup> E7 G F C D.S. al Coda (E7)

1. Angie\_ An-gie\_ you can't say\_ we never tried\_ \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. Angie\_ An-gie\_ where will it\_ lead us from here\_ \_\_\_\_\_  
 3. Angie\_ An-gie\_ ain't it time we said goodbye\_ \_\_\_\_\_  
 4. (weiter bei ⊕)

ear  
bye

Dm Am Dm

An - gie I still love you ba - - by - Ev - rywhere I look I see your eyes

Am Dm Am C F

There ain't a woman that comes close to you Come on ba - by dry your eyes

G Am E7

But 1. An - gie, 2. An - gie, An - - - gie, An - - - gie,

G F C (E7) C

Ain't it good to be a live. They can't say we never tried.

P. 4





8 heaven or this could be hell — Then she lit up a can - dle

C and she showed me the way Dm There were voi - ces down the

E cor - ri - dor — I thought I heard them say —

F "Wel - come to the Ho - tel Cal - i - for - nia" C Such a

E love - ly place (such a love - ly place,) such a Am love - ly place

F There's plenty of room at the Ho - tel Cal - i - for - nia. C

Dm An - y time of year (an - y time of your,) you can <sup>1.</sup> E find it here

Zurück zu Welcome... <sup>2.</sup> E at - i - bis. Am Mir - rors on the

02

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff. It includes guitar chord diagrams for the following chords: G, D, F, C, Dm, and E. The lyrics are:

ceil - ing — the pink champagne on ice and she said "We are all just  
 pri-son-ers here of our own de-vice" And in the mas-ter's  
 cham-bers they gathered for the feast They stab it with their  
 steely knives but they just can't kill the beast. leave. D.S. fade out

The score includes first and second endings for the final line of music. The first ending leads back to the beginning of the line, and the second ending leads to the "D.S. fade out" instruction.

4. Her mind is Tiffany-twisted, she got the Mercedes bends,  
 She got a lot pretty, pretty boys, that she calls friends  
 How they dance in the courtyard, sweet summer sweat,  
 Some dance to remember, some dance to forget.
5. So I called up the Captain, please bring me my wine,  
 He said, 'We haven't had that spirit here since nineteen sixty nine'  
 And still those voices are calling from far away,  
 Wake up in the middle of the night. Just to hear them say...
6. Welcome to the Hotel California  
 Such a lovely place (such a lovely face)  
 They livin' it up at the Hotel California  
 What a nice surprise, bring your alibis.
7. Last thing I remember, I was  
 Running for the door  
 I had to find the passage back  
 To the place I was before.  
 "Relax", said the night man,  
 "We are programmed to receive.  
 You can check out any time you like,  
 But you can never leave."

# The House Of The Rising Sun

Interpreten: Eric Burdon & The Animals  
Traditional

The musical score is written in treble clef with a 4/4 time signature. It consists of three systems of music. The first system contains the first line of the song, with lyrics: 'There is a house in New Orleans They call the Rising Sun'. The second system contains the second line: 'It's been the ruin of many a man, And me, oh God I'm one. 2. My Sun.'. The third system contains the third line: 'me, oh God I'm one. 2. My Sun.'. Chord diagrams are provided above the notes for various chords: Am, C, D, F, E7, and Am. Some notes are marked with a '3' for triplets. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

2. My mother she's a tailor,  
She sews those new blue jeans.  
My father was a gambling man  
Down in New Orleans.
3. My best friend is a gambler,  
He goes from town to town.  
The only time he is satisfied is when  
He drinks his liquor down.
4. Well the only thing a drunkard needs  
Is a suitcase and a trunk.  
And the only time he is satisfied  
Is when he's all a-drunk.
5. He fills his glasses to the brim,  
And he passes them around.  
And the only pleasure he gets out of life  
Is a -hoboing from town to town.
6. Go tell my baby sister  
Never do what I have done.  
Never see that house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun.
7. Well it's one foot on the platform,  
The other on the train.  
I'm going back to New Orleans  
To wear that ball and chain.
8. I'm going back to New Orleans,  
My race is almost run.  
I'm going there to spend my life  
Beneath that Rising Sun.



# Nights In White Satin

Interpret: Moody Blues  
Text und Musik: Justin Hayward

12/8 Em D Em D

Nights in white Sa - tin \_\_\_\_\_

Never reaching the end

Chords: Em, D, Em, D

C G F Em

let - ters I've writ - ten \_\_\_\_\_

Never meaning to send \_\_\_\_\_

Chords: C, G, F, Em

Em D Em D

Beau - ty I'd al - ways missed

With these eyes be - fore

Chords: Em, D, Em, D

C G F Em

Just what the truth is \_\_\_\_\_

I can't say an - y more \_\_\_\_\_ 'cause I

Chords: C, G, F, Em

A C

love you \_\_\_\_\_

Yes I \_\_\_\_\_ love you \_\_\_\_\_ oh how \_\_\_\_\_ I

Chords: A, C

Em D

love you oh

Em D Em

how I love.

2. Gazing at people  
 Some hand in hand  
 Just wath I'm going through  
 They can't understand.  
 Some try to tell me  
 Thoughts they cannot defend  
 Just wath you want to be  
 You'll be in the end.  
 And I love you,  
 Yes I love you,  
 Oh, how I love you.



Orig. Verlag: Tyler Music Ltd.,  
 für Deutschland, Österreich und die Schweiz: Essex Musikvertrieb GmbH, Köln  
 Abdruck mit frdl. Genehmigung des Original-Verlages

# Kum Bah Yah

Interpreten: Lee Patterson Singers, Joan Baez u. a.  
Spiritual

4/4

C

Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah! Kum ba

sim.

F

C

(Em)

F

G7

C

(Em)

yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah! Kum ba yah, my Lord.

F

C

F

C

G7

C

C

Kum ba yah! Oh Lord! Kum ba yah!

2. Someone's crying, Lord, Kum ba yah! usw.

3. Someone's singing, Lord, Kum ba yah! usw.

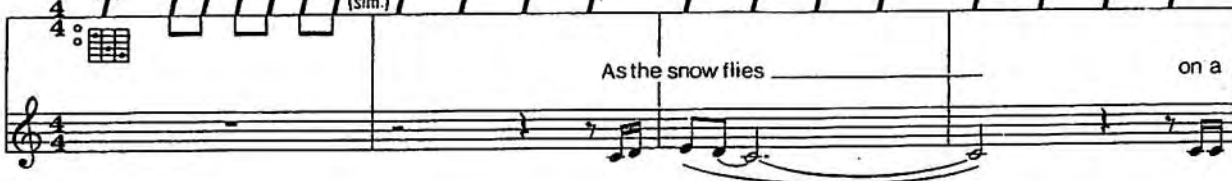
4. Someone's playing, Lord, Kum ba yah! usw.



# In The Ghetto

Interpreten: Elvis Presley u. a.  
Text und Musik: Mac Davis

4/4 C V V V (sim.)



As the snow flies on a

Em F G7



cold and gray Chi-ca - go mor - nin', a poor lit-tle ba - by child is born in The

C



Ghet-to... And his mama cries. 'Cause if

Em F G7



there's one thing she doesn't need it's an oth - er hun - gry mouth to feed in The

C G



Ghet-to... People, don't you un - - der-stand, the child needs a

F C F G7 C



hel - ping hand, or he'll grow to be an an - gry young man some-day. Take a look at

G F C F Em

you and me, are we too blind to see, or do we simply turn our heads and

Dm G7 C

look the oth - er way. Well, the world turns and a

(langsamer, Leute!)... (mehr Tempo!)

rall. a tempo

Em F G7

hun-gry lit-tle boy with the run - ny nose plays in the street as the cold wind blows in The

C

Ghet-to, and his hunger burns and he

Em F G7 C

starts to roam the streets at night and he learns how to steal and he learns how to fight in The Ghet-to.

G F C

And then one night, in des-per-a-tien, a young man breaks a-way. He

F Em Dm G7 C

buys a gun, steals a car, tries to run, but he don't get far, and his mama cries.

10

Em F G7

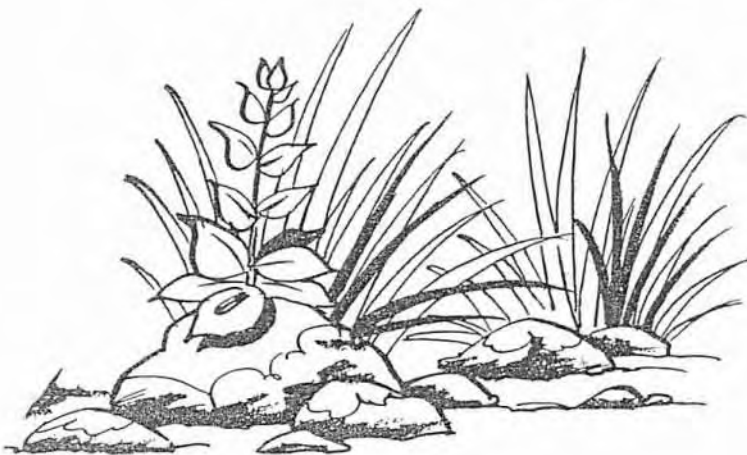
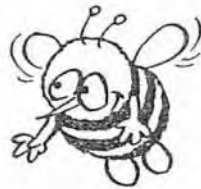
As a crowd gathers 'round an an-gry young man, face down in the street with a gun in his hand in the

C

Ghet-to. And as her young man dies, on a

Em F G7 C

cold and gray Chi-ca-go morn-in' an- other lit-tle ba-by child is born in The Ghetto. —





# Cotton Fields

Interpreten: Beach Boys, Udo Jürgens u. a.  
Text und Musik: Huddy Ledbetter

4/4

G

When I was a lit-tle ba-by my mother rocked me in the cradle, in them old, old\_

C V V (sim) G

cot-ton fields at home. When I was a lit-tle ba-baby my mother rocked me in

D7 G C

cra-dle. In them old, old\_ cot-ton fields at home. Oh, when tl

G (c) G

cot-ton holls got rot-ton you couldn't pick ver - - y much cot-ton, in them old

C G

cot-ton fields at home. It was down in Lou'-si - an-a just a

D7 G C G

C G

mile from Tex - ar - ka-na, And them old, old\_ cot-ton fields at home.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of ten systems of music. Each system includes a guitar chord diagram above the staff and a vocal line below. The chords are: G (open), D7 (x20232), C (x32010), and (c) (open). The vocal line includes lyrics such as 'When I was a lit-tle ba-by my mother rocked me in the cradle, in them old, old\_ cot-ton fields at home. When I was a lit-tle ba-baby my mother rocked me in cra-dle. In them old, old\_ cot-ton fields at home. Oh, when tl cot-ton holls got rot-ton you couldn't pick ver - - y much cot-ton, in them old cot-ton fields at home. It was down in Lou'-si - an-a just a mile from Tex - ar - ka-na, And them old, old\_ cot-ton fields at home.'


2. It may sound a little funny  
But you didn't make very much money,  
In them old, old cotton fields at home.  
It may sound a little funny  
But you didn't make very much money,  
In them old, old cotton fields at home.
3. I was home in Arkansas,  
People ask me what you come here for,  
In them old, old cotton fields at home.  
I was home in Arkansas,  
People ask me what you come here for,  
In them old, old cotton fields at home.



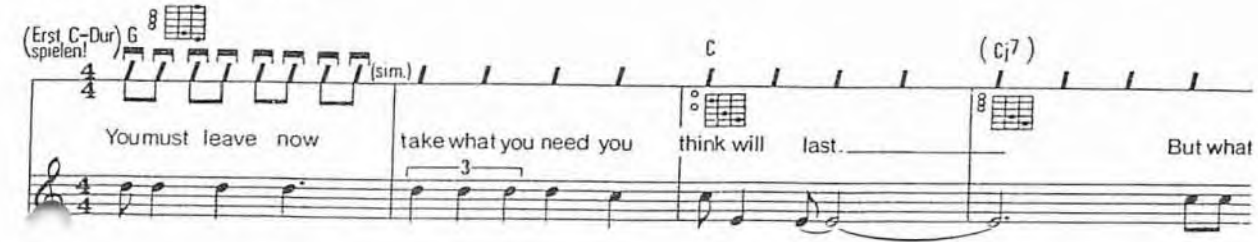
Orig. Verlag: Folkways Music, Inc.,  
für Deutschland, Österreich und die Schweiz: Essex Musikvertrieb GmbH, Köln  
Abdruck mit frdl. Genehmigung des Original-Verlages



# It's All Over Now Baby Blue

Interpreten: Them, Bob Dylan u. a.  
Text und Musik: Bob Dylan

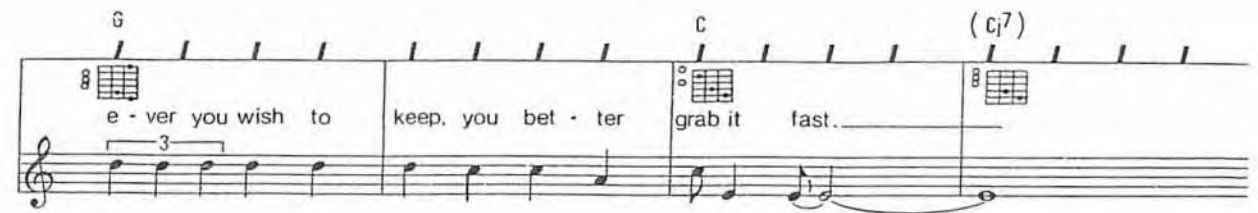
(Erst C-Dur spielen!) G  C (Cj7) 






You must leave now take what you need you think will last. But what



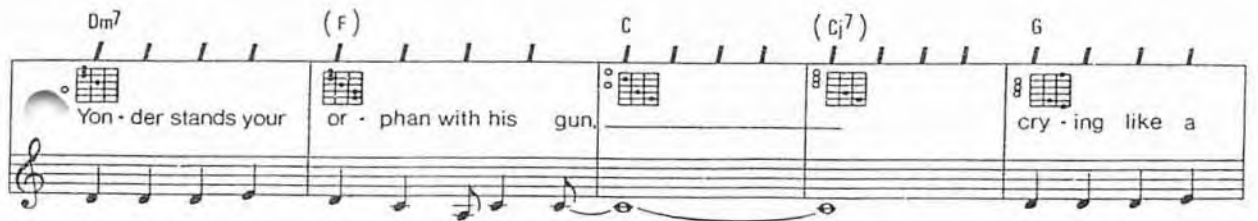
G  C (Cj7) 






e - ver you wish to keep, you bet - ter grab it fast.



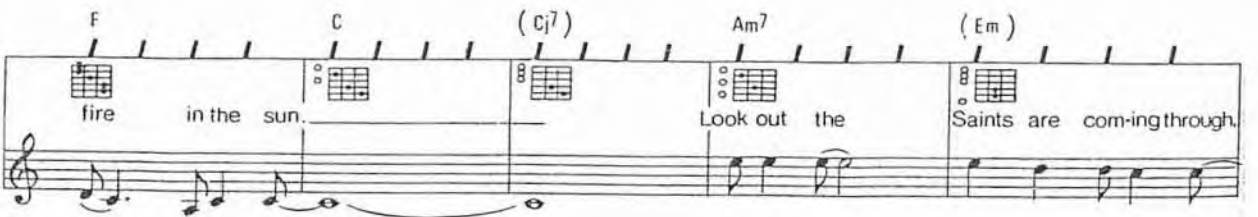
Dm7  (F)  C  (Cj7)  G 

Yon - der stands your or - phan with his gun, cry - ing like a



F  C  (Cj7)  Am7  (Em) 

fire in the sun. Look out the Saints are coming through.



G  Dm  F  C 

and it's all o - ver now. Ba-by Blue.





2. The highway is for gamblers, better use your sins  
Take what you have gathered from coincidence  
The empty handed painter from your streets  
Is drawing crazy patterns on your sheets  
This sky too, is folding under you  
And it's all over now, baby blue.
3. All your seasick sailors, they are rowing home  
All your reindeer armies, are all going home  
The lover who just walked out your door  
Has taken all his blankets from the floor  
The carpet too, is moving under you  
And it's all over now, baby blue.
4. Leave your stepping stones behind, something calls for you  
Forget the dead you've left, they will not follow you  
The vagabond who's rapping at your door  
Is standing in the clothes that you once wore  
Strike another match, go start anew  
And it's all over now, baby blue.



© 1965 by WITMARK & SONS  
Alle Rechte für Deutschland und Österreich: NEUE WELT MUSIKVERLAG GMBH., München  
Abdruck mit frdl. Genehmigung des Original-Verlages

80

# Banks Of The Ohio

Interpreten: Olivia Newton-John u. a.  
Ballade

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a guitar accompaniment with chord diagrams and a vocal line. The lyrics are: "I asked my love to take a walk, To take a walk, just a lit-tle walk, down be - - side where the wa-ters flow, Down by the banks of the O - hi - o." The chords used are D, A7, and G.

**Refrain:**

And only say that you'll be mine  
In no other's arms entwined,  
Down beside where the waters flow,  
Down by the banks of the Ohio.

2. I held a knife against her breast  
As into my arms she pressed,  
She cried: „Oh, Willie, don't murder me,  
I'm not prepared for eternity."  
And only say... usw.

3. I started home 'tween twelve and one,  
I cried: „My God! What have I done?  
Killed the only woman I loved,  
Because she would not be my bride."  
And only say... usw.

# Guantanamera

Interpreten: Sandpipers, Pete Seeger, José Feliciano u. a.  
Traditional

Chords: D, V, G, A7, V, V, V, *sim.*, D, G, A7

Guan - ta - na - me - ra, my litt - le Guan - ta - na - me - ra,

Chords: D, G, A7, D, G, A7

Guan - ta - na - me - - - ra, I long for Guan - ta - na - me - - - ra I am a

1. Strophe

Chords: D, G, A7, D, G, A7

man who is go - ing back, where the palm trees are growing. I am a

Chords: D, G, A7, D, G, A7

man who is go - ing back, where the palm trees are growing, where crystal

Chords: D, G, A7, D, G, A7

riv - ers keep flow - - - ing, and seawinds gent - ly are blow - - - ing.



Refrain

D G A7 D G A7

Guan-ta-na-me-ra, my litt-le Guan-ta-na-me-ra,

D G A7 D G A7

Guan-ta-na-me-ra, I long for Guan-ta-na-me-ra.

repeat and fade out

2. Oh, let me sing before dying  
My crimson verse without lying, (2x)  
My verse of green like sighing,  
My verse of deep blue like crying.
3. I am a man who is going  
Back where the palm trees are growing (2x)  
Could you just be here, my friend,  
To hold a dying man's hand.



# My Sweet Lord

Interpret: George Harrison

Text und Musik: George Harrison

Am D Am D (sim.) Am D

4/4

My sweet Lord

Am D Em D

um, my Lord, um, my Lord, I really want to I really want to

G Em (sim.) G Em

see you; know you; Real-ly want to Real-ly want to be with you. go with you. Real-ly want to Real-ly want to

G H<sup>o</sup> Am D Am

see you, Lord, but it takes so long my Lord, show you, Lord, that it won't take long my Lord, My sweet Lord,

D Am D Am D

um, my Lord, um, my Lord, I real-ly want to

G G<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup>

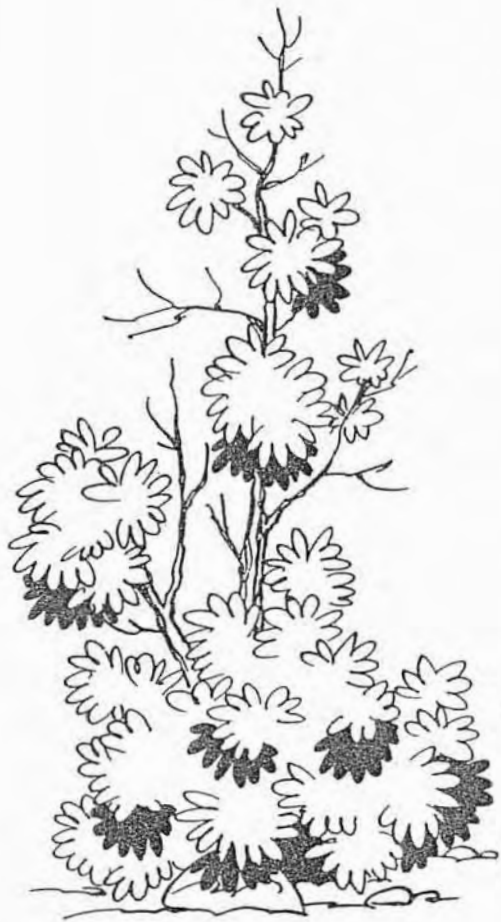
see you. Real-ly want to see you. Real-ly want to see you Lord.

Real-ly want to see you, Lord. But it takes so long, my Lord, my sweet Lord, um, my Lord, my sweet Lord

A E° Hm

E Hm E Hm E

Fade out



Orig. Verlag: Harrisongs Ltd.,  
für Deutschland, Österreich und die Schweiz: Essex Musikvertrieb GmbH, Köln  
Abdruck mit frdl. Genehmigung des Original-Verlages



# Guten Abend, gut' Nacht

Georg Scherer  
Johannes Brahms

D

Gu - ten A - bend, gut' Nacht, mit Ro - sen be -

A7

dacht, mit Näg - lein be - steckt, schlupf un - ter die

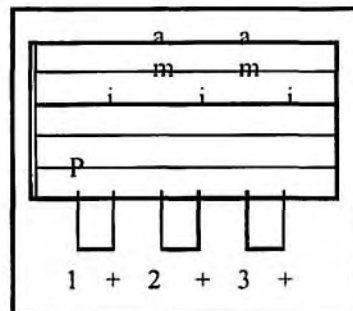
D (D7) G D A7

Deck': Mor - gen früh, wenn Gott will, wirst du wie - der ge -

D (D7) G D A7 D

weckt, mor - gen früh, wenn Gott will, wirst du wie - der ge - weckt.

2. Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,  
von Englein bewacht,  
die zeigen im Traum  
dir Christkindleins Baum.  
Schlaf nun selig und süß,  
schau im Traum's Paradies.  
Schlaf nun selig und süß,  
schau im Traum's Paradies.



WISH YOU WERE HERE

Pink Floyd (Roger Waters - David Gilmour)

( Em - - - / G - - - / Em - - - / G - - - / Em7 - - - /  
A - - - / Em7 - - - / A - - - / G - - - / //)

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

C - - - / D - - - / Am - - - / G - - - /  
D - - - / C - - - / Am - - - / G - - - //

C D  
And did they get you to trade your heroes for ghosts?  
Am  
Hot ashes for trees?  
G D  
Hot air for a cool breeze? Cold comfort for change?  
C Am  
And did you exchange a walk on part in the war  
G  
For a lead role in a cage?

(Solo on intro)

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

1975 Pink Floyd Music/CBS Records:: on their "Wish You Were Here"  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

IF I WERE A CARPENTER            TRAD

D                    C                    G                    D  
If I were a carpenter and you were a lady  
D                                    C                    G                                    D  
Would you marry me anyway? Would you have my baby?  
If a tinker were my trade would you still find me?  
Carrying the pots I made, following behind me

C                                    D                    C  
D  
Save my love through loneliness, save my love through  
sorrow

D                                    C                    G                                    D  
I give you my onlyness, give me your tomorrow.

If I worked my hands in wood oh would you still love  
me?  
Answer me babe, "Yes, I would, I'll put you above me"

If a miller were my trade I'd a mill wheel grinding  
Would you miss your coloured blouse? Your soft shoes  
shining?

Save my love through loneliness, save my love through  
sorrow  
I give you my onlyness, give me your tomorrow.



## LEAVING ON A JET PLANE

PETER PAUL AND MARY

Capo 2nd Fret

D Am C G D7

G C  
All my bags are packed, I'm ready to go,

G C  
I'm standing here outside your door

G G/B Em D D7  
I hate to wake you up to say goodbye.

G C  
But the dawn is breakin', it's early morn',

G C  
The taxi's waitin', he's blowin' his horn.

G G/B Em D D7  
Already I'm so lonesome I could cry

Chorus:

G C  
So kiss me and smile for me,  
G C  
Tell me that you'll wait for me,  
G Am D D7  
Hold me like you'll never let me go.

G C  
I'm leaving on a jet plane,  
G C  
I don't know when I'll be back again.

G Em C D7  
Oh babe, I hate to go.

G C G C  
There's so many times I've let you down, so many times I've  
played around,

G G/B Em D D7  
I tell you now they don't mean a thing.

G C G C  
Every place I go I'll think of you, every song I sing I sing  
for you.

G G/B Em D D7  
When I come back I'll wear (bring) your wedding ring.

Chorus

65

G C G C  
Now the time has come to leave you, one more time let me kiss  
you,  
G G/B Em D D7  
Then close your eyes, I'll be on my way.  
G C G C  
Dream about the days to come, when I won't have to leave  
alone,  
G G/B Em D D7  
About the times I won't have to say.

### Chorus

G C  
So kiss me and smile for me,  
G C  
Tell me that you'll wait for me,  
G Am D D7  
Hold me like you'll never let me go.  
G C  
I'm leaving on a jet plane,  
G C  
I don't know when I'll be back again.  
G C  
Leaving on a jet plane,  
G C  
I don't know when I'll be back again.  
G C  
Leaving on a jet plane,  
G C  
I don't know when I'll be back again.  
G Em C D7  
Oh babe, I hate to go.

HEY JUDE BEATLES

D A  
Hey Jude, don't make it bad  
A7 D  
Take a sad song and make it better  
G D  
Remember to let her into your heart  
A7 D  
Then you can start to make it better

D A  
Hey Jude, dont be afraid  
A7 D  
You were made to go out and get her  
G D  
The minute you let her under your skin  
A7 D D7  
Then you begin to make it better

G Em  
And any time you feel the pain, hey Jude, refrain  
A7 D  
Don't carry the world upon your shoulder  
G Em  
For don't you know that it's a fool who plays it cool  
A7 D  
By making his world a little colder  
D7 A7  
Na na na na na, na na na na

Hey Jude don't let me down  
You have found her, now go and get her  
The minute you let her into your heart  
Then you can start to make it better

So let it out and let it in, Hey Jude, begin  
You're looking for someone to get closer  
But don't you know that it's just you  
Hey Jude, You'll do, the movement you need  
Is on your shoulder  
Na na na na na, na na na na

Hey Jude, don't make it bad  
Take a sad song and make it better  
Remember to let her into your heart  
Then you can start to make it better..better..better..better

Yeah!!  
D C G D  
Na, na, na na-na-na-na, na-na-na-na, Hey Jude (x1,000,000,000)





# Me And Bobby McGee

Interpreten: Kris Kristofferson, Janis Joplin  
 Text und Musik: Kristofferson/Forster

4/4 C V V *sim.*

Bust-ed flat in Ba-ton Rouge head-in' for the trains, feel-in' near-ly fad-ed as my

G7

jeans, Bobby thumb-ed a die-sel down just before it rained. Took us all the

C

way to New Or-leans. I took my har-poon out of my dirt-y, red ban-

(c7) F

dan-na and was blow-in' sad while Bobby sang the blues with them windshield wi-pers

C G7 C

slappin' time and Bobby clappin' hands we fin'-ly sang up ev'-ry song that driver knew.

F C G7

Freedom's just an-oth-er word for no-thin' left to lose, nothin' ain't worth

noth-in' but it's free. Feelin' good was eas - y, Lord, when

Bobby sang the blues. And feelin' good was good enough for me,

good enough for me and Bobby Mc Gee.

2. From the coal mines of Kentucky  
 To the California sun,  
 Bobby shared the secrets of my soul;  
 Standin' right beside me, Lord,  
 Through everything I done,  
 And every night she kept me from the cold.  
 Then somewhere near Salinas,  
 Lord, I let her slip away  
 Lookin' for the home  
 I hope she'll find;  
 And I'd trade all of my tomorrows  
 For a single yesterday,  
 Holdin' Bobby's body next to mine.  
 Refrain: Freedom's .....

©1969 by COMINE MUSIC CORP., Nashville/Tennessee  
 Für Deutschland, Österreich und die Schweiz: ROLF BUDDÉ MUSIKVERLAG KG, Berlin  
 Abdruck erfolgt mit freundlicher Genehmigung.

70



Neil Young

# Heart Of Gold

## Leadsheet

Text und Musik: Neil Young  
 © 1972 by SILVER FIDDLE MUSIC  
 Für Deutschland, Österreich und Schweiz  
 GLOBAL MUSIKVERLAG, München

Em<sup>7</sup> D Em Em<sup>7</sup> D Em Em C D G Em C D G Em C D G Em<sup>7</sup> D Em Em C D G

1. I wan-na live, I wan-na give,

Em C D G Em C D G

I've been a min-er for a heart of gold It's these ex-pres-sions I nev-er give

Em G C C G

you keep me search-in' for a heart of gold and I'm get-tin' old.

Em G C C G Em C D G

Keep me search-in' for a heart of gold and I'm get-tin' old.

Em C D G Em C D G Em D Em

keep me search-in' for a heart of gold

Em D Em Em D Em

you keep me search-in' and I'm grow-in' old keep me search-in' for a heart of gold

71

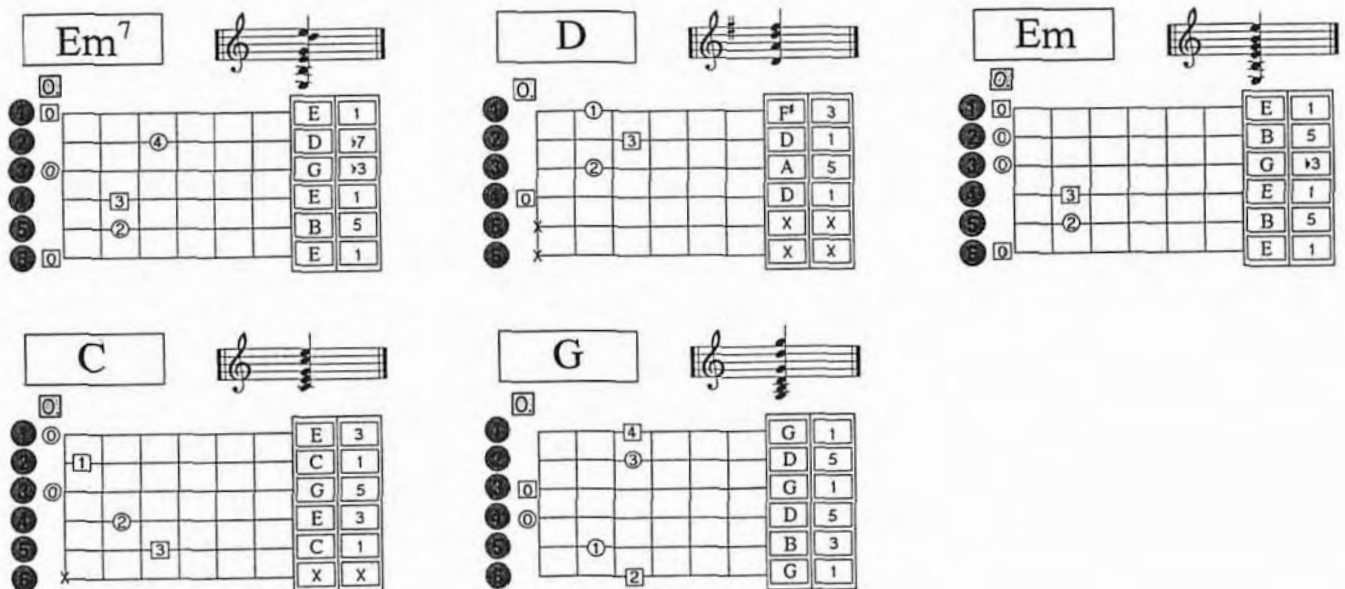


I've been a min-er for a heart of gold. Ha- - a Hm- m.

2. I've been to Hollywood  
 I've been to I've crossed the ocean for a heart of gold  
 I've been in my mind, it's such a fine line  
 that keeps me searchin' for a heart of gold  
 and I'm gettin' old.  
 Keeps me searchin' for a heart of gold  
 and I'm gettin' old.

### Akkorde

Alle Akkorde, und das sind hier nur fünf, sind von der offenen Art, also mit Leersaiten. Da sollte es eigentlich keine Probleme geben.



Chord	Fingerings	Notes
Em <sup>7</sup>	0, 0, 4, 3, 2, 0	E 1, D 7, G 3, E 1, B 5, E 1
D	0, 1, 3, 2, 0, x	F# 3, D 1, A 5, D 1, X X, X X
Em	0, 0, 0, 3, 2, 0	E 1, B 5, G 3, E 1, B 5, E 1
C	0, 1, 0, 2, 3, x	E 3, C 1, G 5, E 3, C 1, X X
G	0, 4, 3, 0, 1, 2	G 1, D 5, G 1, D 5, B 3, G 1

### Spieltips

Die Akkordverbindungen sind einfach, beim Umgreifen gibt es sicher keine Probleme. Du solltest nur darauf achten, die einzelnen Baßnoten und kurzen Fills zwischen den Akkorden mitzuspielen, damit das ganze authentisch 'rüberkommt. Du mußt auch nicht jede Note und jeden haarkleiner Rhythmus exakt nachspielen, wie ich es notiert habe. Du kannst ruhig hier und da mal ein wenig variieren, der gute Neil macht das schließlich auch.

Wenn du dir die Gitarrennotation mal anschaut, findest du den Begriff "leer" im 10. Takt des Gesangsteils. Dort spielst du einfach die leere D-, g-, b- und hohe e-Saite, das war's schon.

Du spielst den Song am besten mit Plektrum.

### Sound

Nun, da gibt's nicht viel zu erzählen. Du greifst dir deine Western-Gitarre und spielst, eine Konzertgitarre tut es auch.



Scorpions

# Wind Of Change

Leadsheet

Musik und Text: Klaus MEINE  
 © 1990 by PRI MUSIC INC.  
 Für Deutschland/Österreich/Schweiz:  
 POLYGRAM SONGS MUSIKVERLAG GMBH

F Dm F Dm Am Dm Am G

Pfeifen

C Dm

Verse 1 : I fol- low the Mosk- va night, down to Gor- ky Park,  
 An Au- gust sum- mer sol- diers pas- sing by,

C Dm Am G F Dm

list-'ning to the wind of change. Pfeifen  
 list-'ning to the wind of change.

F Dm Am Dm Am G

C Dm

Verse 2 : The world is clos- ing in, and did you ev- er think  
 The fu- ture's in the air, can feel it ev- 'ry- where  
 Verse 3 : Walk- ing down the street, dis- tant mem- o- ries  
 I fol- low the Mosk- va down to Gor- ky Park,

C Dm Am 1. G 2. G

that we could be so close, like broth- ers ? Chorus :  
 a blow- in' in the wind of change. er.  
 are bur- ied in the past for- ev-  
 list-'ning to the wind of change.

73



C G Dm G C G

Take me to the magic of the moment on a glory night, where the

Dm G Am F G

children of tomorrow dream a-way with you and me.

3. share their dreams

C G Dm G

M-m-m-m. Take me to the magic of the moment on a glo-

*D.S. al Fine*

C G Dm Am F

ry night, where the children of tomorrow dream a-way in the wind of change.

G Am G

Bridge: The wind of change blows straight in-to the face of time,

Am G

like a storm wind that will ring the free-dom bell for peace of mind.

C Dm E(7)

Let your bal-a-laik-a sing what my gui-tar wants to sing.

F G E7 Am F G Am F G E Am Dm E7 G

Pfeifen

F Dm Am Dm

Fine