

Late Monday Inselterassen (Castrop-Rauxel 25.5.)

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1. Teil

1. Horse With No Name

America

Em **D6add9**

On the first part of the journey
I was lookin at all the life
There were plants and birds and rocks and things
There were sand and hills and rings
The first thing I met was a fly with a buzz
and the sky with no clouds
the heat was hot and the ground was dry
but the air was full of sound

Em9 **Dmaj9**

I've been through the desert on a horse with no name
it felt good to be out of the rain
in the desert you can remember your name
'cause there ain't no one for to give you no pain
la la la la lalala la la la la la

After two days in the desert sun
my skin began to turn red
After three days in the desert fun
I was looking at a river bed
And the story it told of a river that flowed
made me sad to think it was dead

I've been through the desert ...

After nine days I let the horse run free
'cause the desert had turned to sea
there were plants and birds and rocks and things
there were sand and hills and rings
The ocean is a desert with it's life underground
and the perfect disguise above
Under the cities lies a heart made of ground
but the humans will give no love

I've been through the desert ...

G-----	-----
D-7-5-7-5-	7-5-
A-----	-----
E-----	7-5-

2. It never rains in Southern California

Albert Hammond

Bm **E** **A**
Got on board a west-bound seven-forty-seven,
Bm **E** **A**
didn't think before deciding what to do.

Bm **E**
All, that talk of opportunities,
A **F#m** **Bm E** **A**
TV-breaks and movies rang true, sure rang true.

Bm **E** **A**
Seems it never rains in Southern California.

Bm **E** **A**
Seems I've often heard that kind of talk before.

Bm **E** **A** **F#m**
It never rains in California, but girl don't they warn you,
Bm E **A**
it pou-ours, man, it pours.

Bm **E** **A** **F#m**
Out of work I'm out of my head, out of self-respect, I'm out of bread,

Bm **E** **A**
I'm undertalked, I'm underfed, I wanna go home.

Bm **E** **A** **F#m**
It never rains in California, but girl don't they warn you,
Bm E **A**
it pou-ours, man, it pours.

Will you tell the folks at home, I nearly made it.
Got offers but don't know which one to take.
Please don't tell'em, how you found me,
don't tell me how they found me,
gimmie a break, gimmie a break.

Seems it never rains in Southern California.

Seems I've often heard that kind of talk before.

It never rains in California, but girl don't they warn you,
it pours, man, it pours.

Out of work I'm out of my head, out of self-respect, I'm out of bread,
I'm undertalked, I'm underfed, I wanna go home.

It never rains in California, but girl don't they warn you,
it pours, man, it pours.

3. All Along The Watchtower

Bob Dylan / Jimi Hendrix: Electric Ladyland (1967)

|: Am G F G :|
//// / / //// / /

Am G F G Am
"There must be some kind of way out of here," // // //

G F G Am
Said the joker to the thief: // // //

"There's too much confusion,
I can't get no relief.
Businessmen, they drink my wine;
Plowmen dig my earth.
None of them along the line -
Know what any of it is worth!"

All along the watchtower,
Princes kept the view.
While all the women came and went,
Barefoot servants, too!

"No reason to get excited,"
The thief, he kindly spoke:
"There are many here among us
Who feel that life is but a joke.
But you and I, we've been through that,
And this is not our fate!
So let us not talk falsely now,
the hour is getting late!"

All along the watchtower,
Princes kept the view.
While all the women came and went,
Barefoot servants, too!

Outside in the distance
A wildcat did growl.
Two riders were approaching,
And the wind began to howl.
All along the watchtower
Princess kept the view
While all the women came and went
Barefoot servants too

All along the watchtower
All along the watchtower
All along the watchtower

4. Heart of Gold

Neil Young/Neil Young: Harvest (1972)

Intro

Em D Em

Em C D G

I wanna live, I wanna give,

Em C D G

I've been a miner for a heart of gold.

Em C D G

It's these expressions I never give

Em G

that keep me searchin' for a heart of gold,

C Bm Am G

And I'm gettin' old.

Em G

Keep me searchin' for a heart of gold,

C Bm Am G

And I'm gettin' old.

Em C D G

I've been to Hollywood, I've been to Redwood,

Em C D G

I'd cross the ocean for a heart of gold,

Em C D G

I've been in my mind, it's such a fine line

Em G

that keeps me searchin' for a heart of gold,

C Bm Am G

And I'm gettin' old,

Em G

Keeps me searchin' for a heart of gold,

C Bm Am G

And I'm gettin' old.

Em D Em

Keep me searchin' for a heart of gold,

D Em

You keep me searchin' and I'm growin' old.

D Em

Keep me searchin' for a heart of gold,

G C Bm Am G

I've been a miner for a heart of gold.

5. Knockin' on Heaven's Door

Bob Dylan

G D C

G D Am7

Mama take this badge off of me

G D C

I can't use it anymore

G D Am7

It's getting dark, too dark for me to see

G D C D

I feel I'm knockin' on heaven's door

G D Am7

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door

G D C D

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door

G D Am7

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door

G D C D

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door

G D Am7

Mama put my guns in the ground

G D C

I can't shoot them anymore

G D Am7

That long black cloud is comin' down

G D C D

I feel I'm knockin' on heaven's door

G

Knock, knock,...

G D Am7 G

Ooh - ooh - ooh - ooh

Bass

G / / / /	D / / / /	Am7 / / / /	G / / / /	D / / / /	C / / / /
G-0-0-0-0-	D-0-0-0-0-	Am7-0-0-0-0-	G-0-0-0-0-	D-0-0-0-0-	C-0-0-0-0-
D-0-0-0-0-	D-0-0-0-0-	Am7-0-0-0-0-	G-0-0-0-0-	D-0-0-0-0-	C-0-0-0-0-
A-0-0-0-0-	D-0-0-0-0-	Am7-0-0-0-0-	G-0-0-0-0-	D-0-0-0-0-	C-0-0-0-0-
E-0-0-0-0-	D-0-0-0-0-	Am7-0-0-0-0-	G-0-0-0-0-	D-0-0-0-0-	C-0-0-0-0-

6. Midnight Special

Huddie Leadbetter

G# **C#** **G#**
 Well, you wake up in the morning Hear the ding-dong ring
D#7 **G#** **G#7**
 Go marching to the table, See the same old thing!
G# **C#** **G#**
 Well, it's on the table, Knife and fork and a pan!
D#7 **G#** **G#7**
 If you say anything a-bout it You're in trouble with the man
C# **G#**
 |: Let the minight special Shine it's light on me;
D#7 **G#** **G#7**
 Let the midnight special Shine it's everloving light on me! :|

G# **C#** **G#**
 If you ever go to Houston, Boy you'd better walk right.
D#7 **G#** **G#7**
 You better not stagger And you better not fight.
C# **G#**
 'Cause the Sheriff will arrest you And he'll carry you down;
D#7 **G#** **G#7**
 You can bet your bottom dollar: You're Sugarland bound!
 Let the minight special ...

G# **C#** **G#**
 Yonder came Doc' Melton, Just the day before,
C# **G#**
 And he gave me a tablet, when he opend the door.
G# **C#** **G#**
 But there never was a doctor Trav'llin' over the land,
G# **C#** **G#**
 that could cure the fever of a convict man.
 Let the minight special ...

G# **C#** **G#**
 Yonder comes Miss Rosie, Tell me, how do you know?
D#7 **G#**
 I can tell it by her apron And the dress she wore.
C# **G#**
 Umbrella on her shoulder, Piece of paper in her hand.
D#7 **G#**
 She's a-sayin' to the captain: "I want my lifetime man!"
 Let the minight special ...

7. The Rose

Amanda McBroom / Bette Midler: The Rose (1980)

Intro: D A G A D

peter

Some say love it is a river that drowns the tender reed,
 Some say love it is a razor that leeds your soul to bleed.
 Some say love it is a hunger an endless aching ne- - ed,
 I say love it is a flower and you it's only seed.

+jürgen

It's the heart afraid of breaking that never learns to dance,
 It's the dream afraid of waking but never takes the chance.
 It's the one who won't be taken who cannot seem to gi- - ive,
 And the soul afraid of dying that never learns to live

solo

all

When the night has been too lonely and the road has been too long,
 And you think that love is only for the lucky and the strong.
 Just remember in the winter, far beneath the bitter sno- - ows,
 Lies the seed that with the sun's love in spring becomes the rose.

8. Joanna

Jon Allen / Sweet Defeat (2011)

Bass: E|-0-2-3--3--3--3-|-0-2-3--3--3--3-| (repeat over G and C)

G C G C G

From the dying arms of twilight, let's run into the night.

Let's fly like straight shot arrows across the sky.

From the ashes of an old life, let's catch this newborn flame;

Hold it close and never let it die.

Go with me Joanna, go with me in time;

A pair of chancers on an open road.

We'll train our feet to follow the footprints of our dreams.

Put your hand in my hand and let's go.

Let's sail upon the evening, now the wind is getting high.

Let's go outside and drink the air like wine.

This time we'll make a clean break; there'll be no looking back.

We'll leave these streets of sorrow far behind.

Go with me Joanna, go with me in time;

Let's get away before we get too old.

We'll cut across the border, into unclaimed land.

Put your hand in my hand and let's go.

Bridge:

Em C D Em C D

Somewhere there's a place to be; Where all we have is all we need.

only guitar

Maybe there's a reason that lies beyond these walls;

Maybe there's a meaning to be found.

'Cause I can't escape this feeling, this vision in my mind,

Of the day we put down roots in virgin ground.

Go with me Joanna, go with me in time;

I'll take you where the wild flowers grow.

We'll ride on through the darkness, and get there with the dawn;

Put your hand in my hand - let's go.

9. Bad Moon Rising

John Fogerty/Creedence Clearwater Revival: Green River (1969)

Intro riff

|: **F# C# B F# F#6 F# F#6 F# F#6** :|
/// / // / / / /

F# C# B F# F# F#6 F# F#6 F#

I see a bad moon a-risin'.

F# C# B F# F# F#6 F# F#6 F#

I see trouble's on the way.

F# C# B F# F# F#6 F# F#6 F#

I see earthquakes and lightnin'.

F# C# B F# F# F#6 F# F#6 F#

I see bad times today.

B F#
Don't go round tonight, it's bound to take your life,
C# B F# F# F#6 F# F#6 F#
There's a bad moon on the rise!

I hear hurricanes a blowin'

I know the end is comin' soon.

I feel the river's overflowin'

I hear the voice of rage and ruin.

Don't go round tonight, it's bound to take your life,
There's a bad moon on the rise!

Solo: |: F# C# B F# F#6 F# F#6 F# :|

B F# C# B F# F#6 F# F#6 F# Intro riff

Hope you got your things together.

Hope you're quite well prepared to die.

Looks like we're in for nasty weather.

One eye is taken for an eye.

Don't go round tonight, it's bound to take your life,
There's a bad moon on the rise!

B F#
Don't go round tonight, it's bound to take your life,
C# B F# C# B F# (Intro Riff)
There's a bad moon on the rise!

G	-----
D	-4-4-----4-4-2-4-
A	-----4-2-----
E	-----

10. Highwayman

Jimmy Webb / the Highwaymen (J. Cash et.al.): Highwayman (1985)

Intro: |: C#m B A B :|

Verse 1: (Willie Nelson / Martin)

C#m / B / A / / / / C#m7 /// B / A / B ///
I was a highwayman, along the coach roads I did ride, Sword and pistol by my side,
F#m / C#m / B / A ///
Many a young maid lost her baubles to my trade,
F#m / C#m / B / A ///
Many a soldier shed his lifeblood on my blade,
C#m / B / A B E / / / / / B ///|
The basterds hung me in the spring of twenty-five, But I am still alive...

Verse 2: (Kris Kristofferson / Klausdieter)

C#m B A C#m7 B A B
I was a sailor, I was born upon the tide, With the sea I did abide,
F#m C#m B A
I sailed a schooner round the horn of Mexico,
F#m C#m B A
I went aloft and furled the main sail in a blow,
C#m B A C#m E B
And when the yards broke off they said that I've got killed, But I am living still...

Verse 3: (Waylon Jennings / Jürgen)

C#m B A C#m7 B A B
I was a dam builder, across the river deep and wide, Where steel and water did collide,
F#m C#m B A
A place called Boulder on the wild Colorado,
F#m C#m B A
I slipped and fell into the wet concrete below,
C#m B A C#m E B
They buried me in that gray tomb that knows no sounds, But I am still around...
B E E/D# C#m7 B A E/G# F#m / / / A B E
I'll always be around, and around, and around, and around, and around

solo: |: C#m B A B :|

Verse 4: (Johnny Cash / Peter)

C#m B A C#m7 B A B
I'll fly a starship 'cross the universe divide, And when I reach the other side,
F#m C#m B A
I'll find a place to rest my spirit if I can,
F#m C#m B A
Perhaps I may become a highwayman again,
C#m B A C#m E B
Or I may simply be a single drop of rain, But I will remain...
B E E/D# C#m7 B A E/G# F#m / / / A B E
And I'll be back again, and again, and again, and again, and again

11. The Mighty Quinn

Bob Dylan/Bob Dylan: Self Portrait (1970)

Manfred Mann: Mighty Garvey! (1968)

n.c.

Come all without, come all within - You'll not see nothing like the Mighty Quinn

G

Come all without, come all within - You'll not see nothing like the Mighty Quinn

Ev'rybody's building ships and boats

Some are building monuments, others jotting down notes.

Ev'rybody's in despair, ev'ry girl and boy

But when Quinn the Eskimo gets here, Ev'rybody's gonna jump for joy.

Come all without, come all within - You'll not see nothing like the Mighty Quinn

I like to do just like the rest, I like my sugar sweet

But jumping queues and making haste, just ain't my cup of meat.

Ev'ryone's beneath the trees, feeding pigeons on a limb

But when Quinn the Eskimo gets here, All the pigeons gonna rum to him.

Come all without, come all within - You'll not see nothing like the Mighty Quinn

Bass-Solo

:| G /// | C /// | G /// | C /// | G /// | C /// :| G /// | D /// | C /// | G /// |

Oh,

Come all without, come all within - You'll not see nothing like the Mighty Quinn

Let me do what I wanna do, I can recite 'em all

Just tell me where it hurts and I'll tell you who to call.

Nobody can get no sleep, there's someone on ev'ryones toes.

But when Quinn the Eskimo gets here, Ev'rybody's gonna wanna doze.

Come all without, come all within - You'll not see nothing like the Mighty Quinn

n.c.

Come all without, come all within - You'll not see nothing like the Mighty Quinn

G

1. Zugabe(n)

CAPO KD: VI M: IV

12. The Spanish Lady

Paddy Reilly

F# D#m B F# G#m C#
As I went down to Dublin City At the hour of twelve at night;
F# D#m B F# G#m C#
Who should I see but a Spanish Lady, Washing her feet by candlelight
F# C#7 F# C#7
First she washed them, then she dried them Over a fire of amber coals
F# D#m B F# G#m C#
In all my life I never did see a maid so sweet about the soul!
F# D#m B F# G#m C#
Whack for the Toora Loora Laddy - Whack for the Toora Loora Lay!
F# D#m B F# C# F#
Whack for the Toora Loora Laddy - Whack for the Toora Loora Lay!

F# D#m B F# G#m C#
As I came back through Dublin city at the hour of half past eight;
F# D#m B F# G#m C#
Who should I see but the Spanish lady, brushing her hair in broad daylight
F# C#7 F# C#7
First she tossed it, then she combed it on her lap was a silver comb
F# D#m B F# G#m C#
In all my life I never did see a maid so fair since I did roam!
Whack for the Toora Loora Laddy - Whack for the Toora Loora Lay...

F# D#m B F# G#m C#
As I went back through Dublin city as the sun began to set;
F# D#m B F# G#m C#
Who should I see but the Spanish lady, catching a moth in a golden net!
F# C#7 F# C#7
When she saw me then she fled me lifting her pettycoat over her knee
F# D#m B F# G#m C#
In all my life I never did see a maid so shy as the Spanish Lady!
Whack for the Toora Loora Laddy - Whack for the Toora Loora Lay...

As I was leaving Dublin city On that morning sad of heart;
Lonely was I for the Spanish lady, Now that forever we must part!
But still I always will remember All the hours we did enjoy
But then she left me sad at parting Gone forever was my joy!
Whack for the Toora Loora Laddy - Whack for the Toora Loora Lay...

13. Wagon Wheel

Bob Dylan, Ketcham Secor / Old Crow Medicine Show: Old Crow Medicine Show (2004)

Capo II

|: A E F#m D A E D :|

A E F#m D
Headed down south to the land of the pines, And I'm thumbin' my way into North Caroline.

A E D
Starin' up the road - And pray to God I see headlights.

A E F#m D
I made it down the coast in seventeen hours, Pickin' me a bouquet of dogwood flowers,

A E D
And I'm a hopin' for Raleigh - I can see my baby tonight.

A E F#m D A E D
So rock me mama like a wagon wheel; Rock me mama anyway you feel - Hey, mama rock me!

A E F#m D
Rock me mama like the wind and the rain; Rock me mama like a south-bound train -

A E D A E F#m D A E D
Hey, mama rock me!

A E F#m D
Runnin' from the cold up in New England I was born to be a fiddler in an old-time stringband.

A E D
My baby plays the guitar - I pick a banjo now.

A E F#m D
Oh, the North country winters keep a gettin' me now, Lost my money playin' poker so I had to up and leave.

A E D
But I ain't a turnin' back - To livin' that old life no more!

A E F#m D A E D
So rock me mama like a wagon wheel; Rock me mama anyway you feel - Hey, mama rock me!

A E F#m D
Rock me mama like the wind and the rain; Rock me mama like a south-bound train -

A E D |: A E F#m D A E D :|
Hey, mama rock me!

A E F#m D
Walkin' to the south out of Roanoke - I caught a trucker out of Philly. Had a nice long talk.

A E D
But he's a headed west from the Cumberland Gap - To Johnson City, Tennessee

A E F#m D
And I gotta get a move on before the sun, I hear my baby callin' my name and I know that she's the only one.

A E D
And if I die in Raleigh - At least I will die free!

A E F#m D A E D
So rock me mama like a wagon wheel; Rock me mama anyway you feel - Hey, mama rock me!

A E F#m D A E D A
Rock me mama like the wind and the rain; Rock me mama like a south-bound train - Hey, mama rock me!

Bass	A	E	F#m	D	A	E	D
G	/	/	/	/	/	/	/
D	-2-	-2-	-4-	-0-	-2-	-2-	-0-
A	-0-	-2-	-4-	-2-0-0-2-	-0-	-2-	-2-0-0-2-
E	/	/	/	/	/	/	/

2. Teil

14. Worried Man Blues

trad.

G **G7**
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song,
C **G**
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song!
G **G7**
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song,
Am D7 D G
I'm worried now but I won't be worried long

Klausdieter

G **G7**
I went across the river, and I laid down to sleep.
C **G**
I went across the river, and I laid down to sleep.
G **G7**
I went across the river, and I laid down to sleep.
Am D7 D G
When I woke up I had shackles on my feet!

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song - It takes ...

Martin

Twenty-nine links of chain around my leg,
I had, twenty-nine links of chain around my leg!
Twenty-nine links of chain around my leg,
And on each link An initial of my name!

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song - It takes ...

Jürgen

I asked the judge, What's gonna be my fine?
I asked the judge, What's gonna be my fine?
I asked the judge, What's gonna be my fine?
"Twenty-one years On the Rocky Mountain line."

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song - It takes ...

Peter

The train pulled in, a sixteen coaches long.
The train pulled in, a sixteen coaches long.
The train pulled in, a sixteen coaches long.
The girl I love, she's on that train and gone.

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song - It takes ...

Alle

I looked down the track, as far as I could see,
I looked down the track, as far as I could see,
I looked down the track, as far as I could see.
Little Baby's hand was waving after me.

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song - It takes ...

Am (n.c.) G
I'm worried now but I won't be worried long!

15. White Room

Jack Bruce, Pete Brown / Cream: Wheels of Fire (1968)

Dm C Am G Dm C Am G Em
Ah Ah Ah Ah - Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah

Am C D F - G Am C D
In the white room with black curtains near the stations.
F - G Am C D F - G Am C D
Blackroof country, no gold pavements, tired starlings,
F - G Am C D F - G Am C D
Silver horses run down moonbeams in your dark eyes.
F - G Am C D F - G Am C D
Dawnlight smiles on your leaving, my contentment.
F G D F E
I'll wait in this place where the sun never shines.
G D F G A A
Wait in this place where the shadows run from themselves.

You said no strings could secure you at the stations.
Platform ticket, restless diesels, goodbye windows.
I walked into such a sad time at the station.
As I walked out felt my own need just beginning.
I'll wait in the queue when the trains come back.
I'll wait for you where the shadows run from themselves.

Dm C Am G Dm C Am G Em
Ah Ah Ah Ah - Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah

At the party she was kindness in the hard crowd.
Consolation from the old wound now forgotten.
Yellow tigers crouched in jungles in her dark eyes.
She's just dressing, goodbye windows, tired starlings.
I'll sleep in this place with the lonely crowd,
Lie in the dark where the shadows run from themselves.

Dm C Am G Dm C Am G Em Am
Ah Ah Ah Ah - Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah

[Solo:]

|: Am C D F - G :|

[repeat & fade out]

16. I Shall Be Released

Bob Dylan / the Band: Music from Big Pink (1968)

Intro: harp

A **Bm** **C#m** **Bm** **E** **A**
They say everything can be replaced - That every distance is not near.
A **Bm** **C#m** **Bm** **E** **A**
So I remember every face - Of every man who put me here.
|: **A** **Bm** **C#m** **Bm** **E** **A**
I see my light come shining - From the west unto the east.
A **Bm** **C#m** **Bm** **A** :|
Any day now, Any way now, I shall be released!

A **Bm** **C#m** **Bm** **E** **A**
They say every man needs protection, They say every man must rise and fall.
A **Bm** **C#m** **Bm** **E** **A**
Yet I swear I see my reflection, Placed so high above this wall.
A **Bm** **C#m** **Bm** **E** **A**
I see my light come shining - From the west unto the east.
A **Bm** **C#m** **Bm** **A**
Any day now, Any way now, I shall be released!
|: **A** **Bm** **C#m** **Bm** **E** **A**
I see my light come shining - From the west unto the east.
A **Bm** **C#m** **Bm** **A** :|
Any day now, Any way now, I shall be released!

harp solo

A **Bm** **C#m** **Bm** **E** **A**
Right here next to me in this lonely crowd, There's a man who swears he's not to blame.
A **Bm** **C#m** **Bm** **E** **A**
All day long I hear him cry so loud, Callin' out that he's been framed.
|: **A** **Bm** **C#m** **Bm** **E** **A**
I see my light come shining - From the west unto the east.
A **Bm** **C#m** **Bm** **A** :|
Any day now, Any way now, I shall be released!
A **Bm** **C#m** **Bm** **A**
Any day now, Any way now, I shall be released!

17. Hurt

Trent Reznor / Nine Inch Nails: The Downward Spiral (1994); Johnny Cash (2002)

Bm D E Bm D E Bm
 I hurt myself today - to see if I still feel.
D E Bm D E Bm
 I focus on the pain - the only thing that's real.
D E Bm D E Bm
 The needle tears a hole - the old familiar sting.
D E Bm D E A Bm
 Try to kill it all away - but I remember everything!
Bm G D A
 What have I become - my sweetest friend?
Bm G D A
 Everyone I know - goes away in the end!
Bm G D A
 And you could have it all - my empire of dirt.
Bm G D A D
 I will let you down - I will make you hurt!

Solo

Bm ... D

D E Bm D E Bm
 I wear this crown of thorns - upon my liars chair
D E Bm D E Bm
 Full of broken thoughts - I cannot repair
D E Bm D E Bm
 Beneath the stains of time - the feelings disappear
D E Bm D E A Bm
 You are someone else - I am still right here.
Bm G D A
 What have I become - my sweetest friend?
Bm G D A
 Everyone I know - goes away in the end!
Bm G D A
 And you could have it all - my empire of dirt.
Bm G D A
 I will let you down - I will make you hurt!
Bm G D A
 If I could start again - A million miles away
Bm G D A
 I would keep myself - I would find a way

18. From Hank to Hendrix

Neil Young / Neil Young: Harvest Moon (1992)

G Bm C Am Em G C Am

G Bm C Am
From Hank to Hendrix, I walked these streets with you.

Em G C Am
Here I am with this old guitar, doing what I do.

G Bm C Am
I always expected that you would see me through.

Em G C Am G
I never believed in much, but I believed in you.

F C G
Can we get it together, can we still stand side by side.

F C G
Can we make it last, like a musical ride?

G Bm C Am
From Marilyn to Madonna, I always loved your smile,

Em G C Am
Now we're headed for the big divorce, California style.

G Bm C Am
I found myself singin' like a long lost friend

Em G C Am G
The same thing that makes you live can kill you in the end.

F C G
Can we get it together, can we still stand side by side.

F C G
Can we make it last, like a musical ride?

harp solo: G Bm C Am Em G C Am

G Bm C Am
Sometimes it's distorted not clear to you.

Em G C Am
Sometimes the beauty of love just comes ringin' through.

G Bm C Am
New glass in the window, new leaf on the tree,

Em G C Am G
new distance between us you and me.

F C G
Can we get it together, can we still stand side by side.

F C G
Can we make it last, like a musical ride?

19. Wild West End

Mark Knopfler / Dire Straits: Dire Straits (1978)

4x F F Gm7 A#

F F Gm7 A#
Steppin' out to Angellucci's, for my coffee beans
F F Gm7 A#
checking out the movies, and the magazines
F F Gm7 A#
waitress she watches me, crossing from the Barocco bar
F F Gm7 A#
I'm getting a pickup, for my steel guitar
F F Gm7 A#
I saw you walking out, Shaftsbury Avenue
F F Gm7 A#
excuse me talking, I wanna marry you
F F Gm A#
this is seventh heaven street to me, don't you be so proud
F F Gm7 A#
You're just another angel, in the crowd.
F F Gm7 A# F F Gm7 A#
And I'm walking in the wild west end - Walking in the wild west end
F F Gm7 A# Cm A# G# F D# F
Walking with your wild best friend

Now my conductress on the number nineteen, she was a honey (she was a honey)
pink toenails and hands all dirty with the money
greasy greasy greasy hair, easy smile
made me feel nineteen, for awhile
and I went down to Chinatown
in the backroom it's a man's world, all the money go down
Duck inside the doorway, duck to eat
just ain't no way, you and me, we can't beat

And I'm walking in the wild west end - Walking in the wild west end
Walking with your wild best friend

Now the gogo dancing girl, yes I saw her
the deejay, he say, "Here's Mandy for Ya"
I feel all right to have seen her do that stuff
She's dancing high, I move on by, the close-ups can get rough
when you're walking in the wild west end - walking in the wild west end
Walking with your wild best friend

3x Cm A# G# F D# F

Capo.VI

20. Feelin' Groovy

Paul Simon

|: F C/E Csus2 C :|

F C/E Csus2 C

Slow down, you move too fast.

F C/E Csus2 C

You got to make the morning last.

F C/E Csus2 C

Just - Kickin' down the cobble stones,

F C/E Csus2 C F C/E Csus2 C

Lookin' for fun and feelin' groovy.

F C/E Csus2 C F C/E Csus2 C

Ba-Da-Da Da-Da Da-Da - Feelin' groovy

F C/E Csus2 C

Hello lamppost, what' you knowin'.

F C/E Csus2 C

I've come to watch your flowers growing.

F C/E Csus2 C

Ain't you got no rhymes for me?

F C/E Csus2 C F C/E Csus2 C

Do-od Doo-Doo - Feelin' groovy

F C/E Csus2 C F C/E Csus2 C

Ba-Da-Da Ba-Da Da-Da - Feelin' groovy

F C/E Csus2 C

I got no deeds to do, no promises to keep.

F C/E Csus2 C

I'm dappled and drowsy and ready to sleep.

F C/E Csus2 C

Let the morning time drop all it's petals on me.

F C/E Csus2 C

Life, I love you. All is groovy.

Ba-Da- Da-Da Ba-Da Da-Da...

Bass:

F	D/E	Csus2	C	F	D/E	Csus2	C
G-----				-----			
D-----5---				-----7-----5---			
A-8-----7-----5-----3>				8-----7-----5-----3>			
E-----				-----			

21. Slip Slidin' Away

Paul Simon (1977)

A **F#m**
Slip sliding away, slip sliding away

A **E** **D** **E** **A**
You know the nearer your destination, the more you slip sliding away

F#m **A**
Whoah and I know a man, he came from my hometown.

D **E** **D** **D7**
He wore his passion for his woman like a thorny crown.

A **F#m**
He said Dolores, I live in fear.

A **E** **D** **E** **A**
My love for you's so overpowering, I'm afraid that I will disappear.

A **F#m**
Slip sliding away, slip sliding away!

A **E** **D** **E** **A**
You know the nearer your destination, the more you slip sliding away.

I know a woman, (who) became a wife;
These are the very words she uses to describe her life.
She said a good day ain't got no rain
She said a bad day is when I lie in the bed; And I think of things that might have been
Slip sliding away, slip sliding away.
You know the nearer your destination, the more you slip sliding away.

And I know a father who had a son.
He longed to tell him all the reasons for the things he'd done.
He came a long way just to explain;
He kissed his boy as he lay sleeping, Then he turned around and he headed home again
Slip sliding away, slip sliding away.
You know the nearer your destination, the more you slip sliding away.

Whoah God only knows, God makes his plan.
The information's unavailable to the mortal man.
We're workin' our jobs, collect our pay.
Believe we're gliding down the highway, when in fact we're slip sliding away.
Slip sliding away, slip sliding away.
You know the nearer your destination, the more you slip sliding away.

22. My My, Hey Hey (Out of the Blue)

Neil Young & Jeff Blackburn / Neil Young & Crazy Horse: Rust Never Sleeps (1978)

Am G Fmaj7 Am G Fmaj7

Am G Fmai7 Am G Fmaj7

My My, Hey Hey - Rock and roll is here to stay.

C G Am F Am G Fmaj7

It's better to burn out than to fade away - My My, Hey Hey.

Am G Fmaj7

Out of the blue and into the black.

Am G Fmaj7

They give you this, but you pay for that.

C **G** **Am** **F**
And once you're gone you can never come back.

Am G Fmaj7

When you're out of the blue And into the black.

harp solo: Am G Fmaj7 Am G Fmaj7 C G Am F Am G Fmaj7

Am G Fmaj7

The king is gone but he's not forgotten.

Am G Fmaj7

Is this the story of Johnny Rotten?

C G Am F

It's better to burn out than it is to rust.

Am G Fmai7

The king is gone but he's not forgotten.

Am G Fmaj7 Am G Fmaj7

Hey Hey, My My - Rock and roll will never die.

C **G** **Am** **F** **Am** **G** **Fmaj7**

There's more to the picture than meets the eye - Hey Hey, My My.

		A	G	F#m	7	C	G	Am	F
Bass	G	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---
	D	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---
	A	-0-	---	---	---	-3-	-2-	-0-	-3--1-
	E	---	-3-	-0-	---	---	---	---	---

23. Death of a Clown

Ray Davies, Dave Davies / the Kinks: Something Else by the Kinks (1967)

D A G D A A7

D A A7
My makeup is dry and it cracks on my chin

G D A
I'm drowning my sorrows in whiskey and gin

D A A7
The lion tamer's whip doesn't crack anymore

G D A
The lions they won't bite and the tigers won't roar

G Em C F Em D A
La la la La la la La la la La - So let's all drink to the death of a clown

D A A7 G D A
Won't someone help me to break up this crown - Let's all drink to the death of a clown

G Em C F Em D A
La la la La la la La la la La - Let's all drink to the death of a clown

D A A7
The old fortune teller lies dead on the floor

G D A
Nobody needs fortunes told anymore

D A A7
The trainer of insects is crouched on his knees

G D A
And frantically looking for runaway fleas

G Em C F Em D A
La la la La la la La la la La - So let's all drink to the death of a clown

D A A7 G D A
Won't someone help me to break up this crown - Let's all drink to the death of a clown

G Em C F Em D A
La la la La la la La la la La - Let's all drink to the death of a clown

D A A7
La la la la la la la la la la

G D A
La la la la la la la la la la

G Em C F G D A
La la la La la la La la la La - let's all drink to the death of a clown

24. Roll in My Sweet Baby's Arms

trad.

G **D**
Roll in my sweet baby's arms, Roll in my sweet baby's arms!
G **C**
Gonna lay 'round this shack till the mail train comes back
D **G**
And roll in my sweet baby's arms!

1. Klausdieter

G **D**
I ain't gonna work on the railroad, Ain't gonna work on the farm.
G **C**
Gonna lay 'round this shack 'til the mail train comes back
D **G**
And roll in my sweet baby's arms!
Roll in my sweet baby's arms...

2. Martin

G **D**
Where were you last Friday night - While I was lying in jail?
G **C** **D** **G**
Walking the street with another man, Wouldn't even go my bail!
Roll in my sweet baby's arms...

3. Peter

G **D**
I know your parents don't like me - They turn me away from your door.
G **C** **D** **G**
If I had my life to live over - I wouldn't go there no more!
Roll in my sweet baby's arms...

4. Jürgen

G **D**
Mama was a beauty operator, Sister could weave and spin.
G **C** **D** **G**
Daddy's got an interest in an old cotton mill - Watch that money roll in.
Roll in my sweet baby's arms...

Solo

5. Alle

G **D**
Sometimes there's a change in the ocean, Sometimes there's a change in the sea.
G **C** **D**
Sometimes there's a change in my own true love - But there'll never be a change in me.
Roll in my sweet baby's arms...

25. Copper Kettle

Albert Frank Beddoe / Bob Dylan: Self Portrait (1970)

G **Am7** **G** **Am7** **G** **Am7** **G** **Am7**
Get you a copper kettle, get you a copper coil,
G **Am7** **G** **Am7** **C** **Cmaj7** **Am**
Fill it with new-made corn mash and never more you'll toil.
C **G** **C** **G**
You'll just lay there by the juniper, while the moon is bright,
C **Cmaj7** **Am** **Am7** **G** **Am7** **G** **Am7** **G**
Watch them jugs a- filling - in the pale moonlight.

G **Am7** **G** **Am7** **G** **Am7** **G** **Am7**
Build you a fire with hickory, hickory, ash and oak,
G **Am7** **G** **Am7** **C** **Cmaj7** **Am**
Don't use no green or rotten wood; they'll get you by the smoke.
C **G** **C** **G**
We just lay there by the juniper, while the moon is bright,
C **Cmaj7** **Am** **Am7** **G** **Am7** **G** **Am7** **G**
Watch them jugs a- filling - in the pale moonlight.

G **Am7** **G** **Am7** **G** **Am7** **G** **Am7**
My daddy, he made whiskey; my granddaddy, he did too.
G **Am7** **G** **Am7** **C** **Cmaj7** **Am**
We ain't paid no whiskey tax since seventeen-ninety- two.
C **G** **C** **G**
We just lay there by the juniper, while the moon is bright,
C **Cmaj7** **Am** **Am7** **G**
Watch them jugs a- filling - in the pale moonlight,
Am7 **G** **Am7** **G** **Am7** **G** ...
In the pale moonlight.

2. Zugabe(n)

KD: Capo: V

26. The Mighty Quinn

Bob Dylan/Bob Dylan: Self Portrait (1970)

Manfred Mann: Mighty Garvey! (1968)

n.c.

Come all without, come all within - You'll not see nothing like the Mighty Quinn **G**

G **D** **G** **D** **C** **G**
Come all without, come all within - You'll not see nothing like the Mighty Quinn

G **C** **G** **C**
Ev'rybody's building ships and boats

G **C** **G** **C**
Some are building monuments, others jotting down notes.

G **C** **G** **C**
Ev'rybody's in despair, ev'ry girl and boy

G **D** **C** **G**
But when Quinn the Eskimo gets here, Ev'rybody's gonna jump for joy.

Come all without, come all within - You'll not see nothing like the Mighty Quinn

G **C** **G** **C**
I like to do just like the rest, I like my sugar sweet

G **C** **G** **C**
But jumping queues and making haste, just ain't my cup of meat.

G **C** **G** **C**
Ev'ryone's beneath the trees, feeding pigeons on a limb

G **D** **C** **G**
But when Quinn the Eskimo gets here, All the pigeons gonna rum to him.

Come all without, come all within - You'll not see nothing like the Mighty Quinn

Bass-Solo

|: **G** /// | **C** /// | **D** /// | **C** /// | **G** /// | **C** /// :| **G** /// | **D** /// | **C** /// | **G** /// |
Oh,

Come all without, come all within - You'll not see nothing like the Mighty Quinn

G **C** **G** **C**
Let me do what I wanna do, I can recite 'em all

G **C** **G** **C**
Just tell me where it hurts and I'll tell you who to call.

G **C** **G** **C**
Nobody can get no sleep, there's someone on ev'ryones toes.

G **D** **C** **G**
But when Quinn the Eskimo gets here, Ev'rybody's gonna wanna doze.

Come all without, come all within - You'll not see nothing like the Mighty Quinn

n.c. **G**
Come all without, come all within - You'll not see nothing like the Mighty Quinn

27. Get Back

Lennon & McCartney / the Beatles: Let it Be (1970)

Capo.V

Intro: D D C G
| : / / / / | / / / / : |

1. Guitar => Cajon => all

D G D C G
Jojo was a man who thought he was a loner, But he knew it couldn't last.
D G D C G
Jojo left his home in Tuscon, Arizona For some California grass.
D G D C G
Get back, get back! Get back to where you once belonged
D G C G
Get back, get back! Get back to where you once belonged
D
- Get back Jo!

Intro

Bass Solo: D D G D C G
| : / / / / | / / / / | / / / / : |

G |-----9-7-9/10-9/7-
D |-----4-5/9-10-----
A |-----5-----
E |-----

D G D C G
Get back, get back! Get back to where you once belonged
D G C G
Get back, get back! Get back to where you once belonged
D
- Get back Jo!

Intro

Flute Solo: D D G D C G
| : / / / / | / / / / | / / / / : |

D G D C G
Sweet Loretta Martin thought she was a woman, But she was another man.
D G D C G
All the girls around her said she's got it comin', But she gets it while she can.
D G D C G
Get back, get back! Get back to where you once belonged
D G C G
Get back, get back! Get back to where you once belonged
D
- Get back Jo!

Intro

Guitar Solo: D D G D C G
| : / / / / | / / / / | / / / / : |

D G D C G
Jojo was a man who thought he was a loner, But he knew it couldn't last.
D G D C G
Jojo left his home in Tuscon, Arizona For some California grass.
D G D C G
Get back, get back! Get back to where you once belonged
D G C G
Get back, get back! Get back to where you once belonged
D
- Get back Jo!