

Make Music Rock

Abracadabra

All My Lovin

Crazy Little Thing Called Love

Dignity

Don't Look Back in Anger

He Ain't Heavy

I am the Walrus

I'll Be There For You

One Scotch,One Bourbon,One Beer

Start it Up

Superstition

Sweet Home Chicago

Walk of Life



ABRACADABRA - Steve Miller Band

INTRO: (riff) Am —, —, — G, Am, Am, G, Am —
 —, —, — G, Am, Am, G, Am —

I heat up, I can't cool down, you got me spinning, round and round
 Round and round, and round it goes, where it stops, nobody knows

Every time, you call my name, I heat up like a burning flame
 Burning flame, full of desire, kiss me baby, let the fire get higher

Am Dm E Am
 Abra - abra - cadabra, I wanna reach out and grab ya
 Dm E Am —
 Abra - abra - cadabra, abracadabra

Dm E Am
 You make me hot, you make me sigh, you make me laugh, you make me cry
 Dm E Am
 Keep me burning, for your love, with the touch of a velvet glove

Dm E Am
 Abra - abra - cadabra, I wanna reach out and grab ya
 Dm E Am —
 Abra - abra - cadabra, abracadabra

Dm E Am
 I feel the magic, in your caress, I feel magic when I touch your dress
 Dm E Am
 Silk and satin, leather and lace, black panties with an angel's face

I see magic, in your eyes, I hear the magic, in your sighs
Just when I think I'm gonna get away, I hear those words that you always say

Abra - abra - cadabra, I wanna reach out and grab ya
Abra - abra - cadabra, abracadabra

Every time, you call my name, I heat up like a burning flame
Burning flame, full of desire, kiss me baby, let the fire get higher

RIFF: (verses) Am — Dm — E — G, Am, Am, G, Am —
— Dm — E — G, Am, Am, G, Am —
— Dm — E — G, Am, Am, G, Am —
— Dm — E —, —, —, —

Abra - abra - cadabra, I wanna reach out and grab ya
Abra - abra - cadabra, abracadabra

Abra - abra - cadabra, I wanna reach out and grab ya
Abra - abra - cadabra, G, Am, Am, G, Am (off)



ALL MY LOVING - The Beatles

Eaug: xx6554
or: xx211o

Close your eyes and I'll kiss you, tomorrow I'll miss you
 Remember I'll always be true
 And then while I'm away, I'll write home every day
 And I'll send all my loving to you

I'll pretend that I'm kissing, the lips I am missing
 And hope that my dreams will come true
 And then while I'm away, I'll write home every day
 And I'll send all my loving to you

All my loving, I will send to you
 All my loving, darling I'll be true

RIFF: (riff) . . . A —, — E —, —
 F#m — B7 — E — (off)

Close your eyes and I'll kiss you, tomorrow I'll miss you
 Remember I'll always be true
 And then while I'm away, I'll write home every day
 And I'll send all my loving to you

C#m **Eaug** **E**
All my loving, I will send to you
C#m **Eaug** **E**
All my loving, darling I'll be true
C#m **E**
All my loving, all my loving
C#m **E** — (strum)
Oo - oo, all my loving, I will send to you

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CRAZY LITTLE THING CALLED LOVE - Queen

INTRO: **D — Dsus4 - D —, — Dsus4 - D —**
— Dsus4 - D —, — Dsus4 - D -

Dsus4 - D **Dsus4 - D G** **C G**
 This thing, called love, I just, can't handle it
D Dsus4 - D **Dsus4 - D G** **C G**
 This thing, called love, I must, get 'round to it
D Bb C D — (off)
 I ain't ready, crazy little thing called love

D Dsus4 - D **Dsus4 - D G** **C G**
 This thing, called love, it cries, in a cradle all night
D Dsus4 - D **Dsus4 - D G** **C G**
 It swings, it jives, shakes all over like a jelly - fish
D Bb C D — (off)
 I kinda like it, crazy little thing called love

G C G
 There goes my baby, she knows how to rock and roll
Bb E A7
 She drives me crazy, she gives me hot and cold fever
F (off)
 She leaves me in a cool cool sweat

RIFF: **(D,C#,C, A,G#,G)**

E7 - - -, - - - (A,A)

(G, F#, E) D Dsus4 - D **Dsus4 - D G** **C G**
 I gotta be cool, relax, get hip, and get on my tracks
D Dsus4 - D **Dsus4 - D G** **C G**
 Take a back seat, hitchhike, and take a long ride on my motorbike
D Bb C D — (off)
 Until I'm ready, crazy little thing called love

RIFF: (solo) Bb —, — D — G — D —
 Bb —, — E7 — A7 — F(off)
 (D,C#,C, A,G#,G)
 E7 - - -, - - - A(off)

clapping

I gotta be cool, relax, get hip, and get on my tracks
 Take a back seat, hitchhike, and take a long ride on my motorbike
 Until I'm ready, crazy little thing called love

RIFF: —, - (A,G,F#)

(E) D Dsus4 - D Dsus4 - D G C G
 This thing, called love, I just, can't handle it
 D Dsus4 - D Dsus4 - D G C G
 This thing, called love, I must, get 'round to it
 D Bb C D —
 I ain't ready, crazy little thing called love

Bb C D
 Crazy little thing called love, yeah, yeah
 Bb C D
 Crazy little thing called love, yeah, yeah

Bb C D
 Crazy little thing called love, yeah, yeah
 Bb C D
 Crazy little thing called love, yeah, yeah

Bb C D —
 Crazy little thing called love
 Bb C D —
 Crazy little thing called love

OUTRO: A,D — A,D — A,D — A,D - A,D - A,D (strum)



DIGNITY - Deacon Blue

Fsus2/A: xo3o11

INTRO: **F** — **Fsus2/A** — **Bb** — **C** —

F — **Fsus2/A** — **Bb** — **C** —

F **Fsus2/A**
 There's a man I meet, walks up our street
Bb **C**
 He's a worker for the council, has been twenty years
F **Fsus2/A**
 And he takes no lip off nobody, and litter off the gutter
Bb **C**
 Puts it in a bag, and never thinks to mutter

F **Fsus2/A**
 And he packs his lunch in a Sunblest bag, the children call him Bogie
Bb **C**
 He never lets on, but I know 'cause he once told me
F **Fsus2/A**
 He let me know a secret, about the money in his kitty
Bb **C** **F** —
 He's gonna buy a dinghy, gonna call her, Dignity

RIFF: **Fsus2/A** — **Bb** — **C** —

Bb **C**
 And I'll sail her up the west coast, through villages and towns
Am **Dm**
 I'll be on my holidays, they'll be doing the rounds
Bb **C**
 They'll ask me how I got her, I'll say, I saved my money
Am **Dm** **Am** **Bb** **C** **F** —
 They'll say, isn't she pretty, that ship, called, Dig - ni - ty

RIFF: **Fsus2/A** — **Bb** — **C** —

F **Fsus2/A**
 And I'm telling this story, in a faraway scene
Bb **C**
 Sipping down raki, and reading Maynard Keynes
F **Fsus2/A**
 And I'm thinking about home, and all of that means
Bb **C** **F** —
 And a place in the winter, for Digni - ty

RIFF: **Fsus2/A** — **Bb** — **C** —

Bb **C**
 And I'll sail her up the west coast, through villages and towns
Am **Dm**
 I'll be on my holidays, they'll be doing the rounds
Bb **C**
 They'll ask me how I got her, I'll say, I saved my money
Am **Dm** **Am** **Bb** **C** **F** —
 They'll say, isn't she pretty, that ship, called, Dig - ni - ty

RIFF: **Fsus2/A** — **Bb** — **C** —

F — **Fsus2/A** — **Bb** — **C** —

F — **Fsus2/A** — **Bb** — **C** —

F **Fsus2/A**
 Set it up, set it up, set it up, set it up, set it up, set it up
Bb **C**
 Set it up again, set it up again, set it up again, set it up again
F **Fsus2/A**
 Set it up, set it up, set it up, set it up, set it up, set it up
Bb **C**
 Set it up again, set it up again, set it up again, set it up again

F **Fsus2/A** — **Bb** — **C** —
 And I'm thinking about home

F **Fsus2/A** — **Bb** — **C** —
 And I'm thinking about faith

F **Fsus2/A** — **Bb** — **C** —
 And I'm thinking about work

F **Fsus2/A** **Bb** **C** —
 And I'm thinking, how good it would be, to be here some day

F **Fsus2/A** **Bb** — **C** - **F** (strum)
 On a ship called Dignity, a ship called Dignity, that ship . . .
 s-l-o-w-i-n-g

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DON'T LOOK BACK IN ANGER - Noel Gallagher **CAPO - 3**

INTRO: (C — Fmaj7 —) x 2

E7/G#: 4x0400

C G Am E7 F
 Slip inside the eye of your mind, don't you know you might find
 G C — Am - G -
 A better place to play
 C G Am E7 F
 You said that you'd never been, but all the things that you've seen
 G C — Am - G -
 They slowly fade away

F Fm C
 So I'll start a revolution from my bed
 F Fm C
 Cause you said the brains I had went to my head
 F Fm C
 Step outside, summertime's in bloom
 G E7/G#
 Stand up beside the fireplace, take that look from off your face
 Am G F — G —, —
 You ain't never gonna burn my heart out

C G Am
 And so, Sally can wait
 E7 F G C — Am - G -
 She knows it's too late as we're walking on by
 C G Am E7 F
 Her soul slides away, but don't look back in anger
 G C —
 I heard you say

RIFF: G — Am — E7 — F — G — C — Am - G -

C G Am E7 F
 Take me to the place where you go, where nobody knows
 G C — Am - G -
 If it's night or day
 C G Am E7 F
 But please don't put your life in the hands, of a rock 'n' roll band
 G C — Am - G -
 Who'll throw it all away

F I'm gonna' start a revolution from my bed
Fm **C**
 Cause you said the brains I had went to my head
F **Fm** **C**
 Step outside, summertime's in bloom
G **E7/G#**
 Stand up beside the fireplace, take that look from off your face
Am **G** **F** — **G** —, —
 You ain't never gonna burn my heart out

C **G** **Am**
 And so, Sally can wait
E7 **F** **G** **C — Am - G -**
 She knows it's too late as she's walking on by
C **G** **Am** **E7** **F**
 My soul slides away, but don't look back in anger
G **C — Am - G -**
 I heard you say

RIFF: (**F — Fm — C —**) x 3

G — E7 —

Am — G — F — G —, —

C **G** **Am**
 And so, Sally can wait
E7 **F** **G** **C — Am - G -**
 She knows it's too late as she's walking on by
C **G** **Am** **E7** **F**
 My soul slides away, but don't look back in anger
G **C — Am - G -**
 I heard you say

C **G** **Am**
 So, Sally can wait
E7 **F** **G** **C — Am - G -**
 She knows it's too late as we're walking on by
C **G** **Am (strum) —** **F (strum)**
 Her soul slides away, but don't look back in anger
Fm (strum) —, — **C —**
 Don't look back in anger, I heard you say

RIFF: **G — Am — E7 — F —**

Fm **C (twinkle)**
 At least not today
 s-l-o-w-i-n-g



HE AIN'T HEAVY HE'S MY BROTHER - The Hollies

INTRO: D — D/C# — G/B — A7sus (pause)

D/C#: x4o232
 G/B: x2oo3o
 A7sus: x02o3o
 A#dim7: x12o2o
 D6/A: 2oo2o2
 A7/G: 3o2o2o
 G/F#: 22ooo3

The road is long, with many a winding turn
 That leads us to who knows where, who knows where — A7 -

But I'm strong, strong enough to carry him
 He ain't heavy, he's my brother

So on we go, his welfare is of my concern
 No burden is he, to bear, we'll get there

For I know, he would not encumber me
 He ain't heavy, he's my brother

If I'm laden, at all
 I'm laden, with sadness
 That everyone's heart
 Isn't filled with the gladness
 Of love, for one another

It's a long, long road, from which there is no return
While we're on the way, to there, why not share

And the load, doesn't weigh me down, at all
He ain't heavy, he's my brother

RIFF:

He's my brother

He ain't heavy, he's my brother

He ain't heavy, he's my brother
 s-l-o-w-i-n-g



I AM THE WALRUS - The Beatles / John Lennon

INTRO: **B —, —, — A — G — F — E — E7 — D — D7 —**

A **A/G** **C** **D** **A — A/G —**
 I am he, as you are he, as you are me, and we are all together
C **D7** **A —**
 See how they run like pigs from a gun, see how they fly, I'm crying

A/G — D/F# — F **G** **A — A/G —**
 Sitting on a cornflake, waiting for the van to come
F
 Corporation tee-shirt, stupid bloody Tuesday
B7 **—**
 Man you been a naughty boy, you let your face grow long

C **D**
 I am the eggman, they are the eggmen
E
 I am the walrus, goo-goo g'joob

A **A/G** **C** **D** **A — A/G —**
 Mister city, policeman sitting, pretty, little, policemen in a row
C **D7**
 See how they fly like Lucy in the Sky, see how they run
A **Dsus4**
 I'm crying, I'm cry - ing
A **E** **D — D7 —**
 I'm crying, I'm cry - ing

A **A/G — D/F# — F** **G** **A — A/G —**
 Yellow matter custard, dripping from a dead dog's eye
F
 Crabalocker fishwife, pornographic priestess
B7 **—**
 Boy you been a naughty girl, you let your knickers down

C **D**
 I am the eggman, they are the eggmen
E **(pause)**
 I am the walrus, goo-goo g'joob



I'LL BE THERE FOR YOU - The Rembrandts

INTRO: (riff) A —, —, —, —
 —, —, —, —

A G
 So no one told you life was gonna be this way
 A C#m
 Your job's a joke, you're broke, your love life's D.O.A.
 G Bm A
 It's like you're always stuck in second gear
 G D Esus4 E
 When it hasn't been your day, your week, your month, or even your year

A D E A
 But, I'll be there for you, when the rain starts to pour
 D E A
 I'll be there for you, like I've been there before
 D E G —, —
 I'll be there for you, 'cause you're there for me too

A G
 You're still in bed at ten, and work began at eight
 A C#m
 You've burned your breakfast so far, things are goin' great
 G Bm A
 Your mother warned you there'd be days like these
 G D Esus4 E
 But she didn't tell you when the world has brought you down to your knees

A D E A
 That, I'll be there for you, when the rain starts to pour
 D E A
 I'll be there for you, like I've been there before
 D E G —, —
 I'll be there for you, 'cause you're there for me too
 A —, —

D
 No one could ever know me, no one could ever see me
F#m
 Seems you're the only one who knows, what it's like to be me
Bm **Bm/A**
 Someone to face the day with, make it through all the rest with
G **D**
 Someone I'll always laugh with
E **D** **E** **F#m** — **D** — **E** —, —
 Even at my worst I'm best with you, yeah

RIFF: **A** — **D** — **E** —, —
F#m — **D** — **E** —, —
A — **D** — **E** —, —

G **Bm** **A**
 It's like you're always stuck in second gear
G **D** **Esus4** **E**
 When it hasn't been your day, your week, your month, or even your year
 —, —

A **D** **E** **A**
 I'll be there for you, when the rain starts to pour
D **E** **A**
 I'll be there for you, like I've been there before
D **E** **G** —, —
 I'll be there for you, 'cause you're there for me too

A **D** **E** —, —
 I'll be there for you

A **D** **E** —, —
 I'll be there for you

A **D** **E** **G** —, — **A** (strum)
 I'll be there for you, 'cause you're there for me too



ONE SCOTCH, ONE BOURBON, ONE BEER - Rudy Toombs /
Amos Milburn / Great Big Feet

INTRO: G — D7 — G —, —
— D7 — G —, —

A#dim7: x12o23
(or: x12o2x)

One scotch, one bourbon, one beer
One scotch, one bourbon, one beer
Please mister bartender, listen here
I ain't here for trouble, so have no fear
One scotch, one bourbon, one beer

I don't want no soda or no, bubble gum
You got what I want so just serve me some
Since my baby's been gone, everything is lost
I'm on this kick and I can't get off

One scotch, one bourbon, one beer
One scotch, one bourbon, one beer
Please mister bartender, listen here
I ain't here for trouble, so have no fear
One scotch, one bourbon, one beer

RIFF: (chorus) — D7 — G —, —
G — C7 — D7 —, —
G — G7 — C — A#dim7 —
G — D7 — G —, —

My woman started me, on this spree
I can't find her and she can't find me
She left this morning, said she wouldn't stay
She's been out all night and it's the break of day

One scotch, one bourbon, one beer
One scotch, one bourbon, one beer
Please mister bartender, listen here
I ain't here for trouble, so have no fear
One scotch, one bourbon, one beer

RIFF: (chorus) — D7 — G —, —
G — C7 — D7 —, —
G — G7 — C — A#dim7 —
G — D7 — G —, —

One scotch, one bourbon, one beer
One scotch, one bourbon, one beer
Please mister bartender, listen here
I ain't here for trouble, so have no fear
One scotch, one bourbon, one beer

One more nip and, make it strong
I got to, find my baby takes me, all night long
One scotch, one bourbon, one beer

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START IT UP - Robben Ford

INTRO: (riff) D-E (off) . (B,A, G,E) .

D-E (off) . (B,A, G,E) .

D-E (off) . (B,A, G,E) . E7 (strum/off)

My, my, my, baby you're my cup of tea — E7 —
 My, my, my, I'm loving what you do to me E —, -
 You got a motor like a brand new car B7
 So start it up for me E — (off)

Yes, yes, yes, something in your sexy ways — E7 —
 Yes, yes, yes, gonna love you all of my days E —, -
 You got a motor like a brand new car B7
 So start it up for me E — (off)

Start it up, start it up, you make me feel like romancin' — E7 -
 Start it up, start it up, you make me feel like dancin' E —, -
 You got a motor like a brand new car B7
 So start it up for me A7 E — (off)

The way you move, such a finely tuned machine — E7 -
 Such a solid groove, the best I've ever seen E —, -
 You got a motor like a brand new car B7
 So start it up for me E — (off)

RIFF: (riff) E —, —, — E7 —
 A7 —, — E —, —
 B7 —, — E —, —
 —, —, — E7 —
 A7 —, — E —, —
 B7 — A7 — E — (off)

The way you move, ^E such a finely tuned machine ^{— E7 -}
 Yeh such a solid groove, ^{A7} the best I've ever seen ^{E —, -}
 You got a motor like a brand new car ^{B7}
 Baby start it up for me ^{E — (off)}

Start it up, start it up, ^E you make me feel like romancin' ^{— E7 -}
 Start it up, start it up, ^{A7} you make me feel like dancin' ^{E —, -}
 You got a motor like a brand new car ^{B7}
 So start it up for me, ^{A7} ^{E —, —} *start it up*

OUTRO: (riff) —, —, — E7 —
 A7 —, — E —, —
 B7 — A7 —
 D-E (off) . (B,A, G,E) .
 D-E (off) . (B,A, G,E) .
 D-E (off) . (B,A, G,E) . E7 (strum)

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SUPERSTITION - Stevie Wonder

Bb7: x13131

INTRO: (drums) ‘ ‘ , ‘ ‘ ‘ ‘ , ‘ ‘ ‘ ‘ , ‘ ‘ ‘ ‘ , ‘ ‘ ‘ ‘

(riff) Em —, —, —, —
—, —, —, —

Very superstitious, writings on the wall
Very superstitious, ladders 'bout to fall
Thirteen month old baby, broke the looking glass
Seven years of bad luck, the good thing is in your past

When you believe in things, that you don't understand
Then you suffer
Superstition ain't the way

Ooh very superstitious, wash your face and hands
Rid me of the problems, do all that you can
Keep me in a daydream, keep me going strong
You don't wanna save me, sad is my song

When you believe in things, that you don't understand
Then you suffer
Superstition ain't the way

RIFF: (chorus) **B7 — C7 — B7 — Bb7 — A7 — B7 (off)**

Em —, —, —, —

Very superstitious, nothing more to say

Very superstitious, the Devil's on his way

Thirteen month old baby, broke the looking glass

Seven years of bad luck, the good thing is in your past

B7 C7 B7 Bb7
When you believe in things, that you don't understand

A7 — B7 (off)

Then you suffer

Em —, —, —, —

Superstition ain't the way

—, —, —, —

—, —, —, — (off)

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SWEET HOME CHICAGO - Robert Johnson / The Blues Brothers

INTRO: (lead riff) (A, Bb) B7 —

E **A7** **E** —, —
Come on, oh baby don't you wanna go

A7 **E** —, —
Come on, oh baby don't you wanna go

B7
Back to that same old place

A7 **E** (B, Bb, A, G#, A, Bb, B) B7 —
Sweet home Chicago

E **A7** **E** —, —
Come on, baby don't you wanna go

A7 **E** —, —
Hi-de-hey, baby don't you wanna go

B7
Back to that same old place

A7 **E** (B, Bb, A, G#, A, Bb, B) B7 —
Sweet home Chicago

E(off) **E(off)**
Well one and one is two, six and two is eight

E(off) **E7**
Come on baby don't ya, make me late

A7 **E** —, —
Hi-de-hey, baby don't you wanna go

B7
Back to that same old place

A7 **E** —, —
Sweet home Chicago

A7 **E** —, —
Come on, baby don't you wanna go

A7 **E** —, —
Well come on, baby don't you wanna go

B7
Back to that same old place

A7 **E** —, - (A, Bb) B7 —
Sweet home Chicago

RIFF: (verse x 2) E — A7 — E —, —
A7 —, — E —, —
B7 — A7 — E —, —

— A7 — E —, —
A7 —, — E —, —
B7 — A7 — E —, —

E(off) E(off)
Six and three is nine, nine and nine is eighteen
E(off) E7
Look there brother baby and 'er, see what I've seen
A7 E —, —
Hi-de-hey, baby don't you wanna go
B7
Back to that same old place
A7 E —, - (A, Bb) B7 -
Sweet home Chicago

E A7 E —, —
Oh come on, baby don't you wanna go
A7 E —, —
Come on, baby don't you wanna go
B7
Back to that same old place
A7 E —, - (A, Bb) B7 -
My sweet home Chicago

OUTRO: (verse) E — A7 — E —, —
A7 —, — E —, —
B7 — A7 — E
(B, Bb, A, G#, A,Bb,B) E7 (twinkle)



THE WALK OF LIFE - Dire Straits / Mark Knopfler

INTRO: (organ only) E —, — A —, — B —, — A — B —
 (+ guitar) E (strum) ... A (str) B (str) A (str) ..B (str) ..
 (+ guitar) E (strum) ... A (str) B (str) A (str) ..B (str) ..
 (rockin') E —, — A —, — B —, — A — B —
 (rockin') E —, — A —, — B —, — A — B —

E
 Here comes Johnny singing oldies, goldies
 Be-bop-a-lula baby what I say
 Here comes Johnny singing I gotta woman
 Down in the tunnels trying to make it pay

A
 He got the action, he got the motion
 E
 Oh yeah, the boy can play

A
 Dedication, devotion
 E (pause)
 Turning all the night time into the day
 E B
 He do the song about the sweet lovin' woman
 E — A
 He do the song about the knife
 E B A
 He do the walk, do the walk of life
 B E
 Yeah, he do the walk of life

RIFF: —, — A —, — B —, — A — B —

E
 Here comes Johnny, gonna tell you the story
 Hand me down my walkin' shoes
 Here comes Johnny with the power and the glory
 Backbeat, the talkin' blues

A He got the action, he got the motion
E Oh yeah, the boy can play
A Dedication, devotion
E (pause)
Turning all the night time into the day
E **B**
The song about the sweet lovin' woman
E **-A**
He do the song about the knife
E **B** **A**
Then he do the walk, do the walk of life
B **E**
Yeah, he do the walk of life

RIFF: **-**, **-A-**, **-B-**, **-A-B-**
E-, **-A-**, **-B-**, **-A-B-**

E
Here comes Johnny singing oldies, goldies
Be-bop-a-lula baby what I say
Here comes Johnny singing I gotta woman
Down in the tunnels trying to make it pay
A He got the action, he got the motion
E Oh yeah, the boy can play
A Dedication, devotion
E (pause)
Turning all the night time into the day
E **B**
And after all the violence and double talk
E **A**
There's just a song in all the trouble and the strife
E **B** **A**
You do the walk, yeah, you do the walk of life
B **E**
Hmm, they do the walk of life

OUTRO: **-**, **-A-**, **-B-**, **-A-B-**
E-, **-A-**, **-B-**, **-A-B-** **E (strum)**