

All you need is love

G - D - G - Em - Am - D

G D Em D-G D Em D-Am G D D-D7-G-D
Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love.

G D Em
1. There's nothing you can do that can't be done,
D G D Em
nothing you can sing that can't be sung,
D Am G D
nothing you can say but you can learn how to play the game,
D D7 G-D
it's easy.

G D Em
2. Nothing you can make that can't be made,
D G D Em
no one you can save that can't be saved,
D Am G D
nothing you can do but you can learn how to be you in time,
D D7 G-D
it's easy.

G A D G A D
All you need is love, all you need is love,
G B7 Em G C D7 G
all you need is love, love, love is all you need.

D G D Em
3. Nothing you can know that isn't known,
D G D Em
nothing you can see that isn't shown,
D Am G D
nowhere you can be that isn't where you're meant to be,
D D7 G-D
it's easy. + CHORUS

4. = 3 + CHORUS + CHORUS + G.....

(The Beatles)

Nobody told me

Capo 3

D-G - D-G

1. Everybody's talking and no-one says a word,
 everybody's making love and no-one really cares,
 there's Nazis in the bathroom just below the stairs.
 Always something happening and nothing going on.
 there's always something cooking and nothing in the pot,
 they're starving back in China, so finish what you've got.

Nobody told me there'd be days like these,
nobody told me there'd be days like these,
nobody told me there'd be days like these,
strange days indeed, strange days indeed.

+ D-G-D-G

2. Everybody's running and no-one makes a move,
 everyone's a winner and nothing left to lose,
 there's a little yellow idol to the North of Katmandu,
 Everybody's flying and no-one leaves the ground,
 everybody's crying and no-one makes a sound,
 there's a place for us in movies, you just gotta lay around.

C G Am
Nobody told me there'd be days like these,
 C G Am
nobody told me there'd be days like these,
 C G Am
nobody told me there'd be days like these,
 F C G - F C - D
strange days indeed, most peculiar, mama.

+ D - G-D-G

D G
 3. Everybody's smoking and no-one's getting high,
 D G
 everybody's flying and never touch the sky,
 D A G Em
 there's a UFO over New York, and I ain't too surprised.

C G Am
Nobody told me there'd be days like these,
 C G Am
nobody told me there'd be days like these,
 C G Am
nobody told me there'd be days like these,
 F C G - F C - D
strange days indeed, most peculiar, mama.

+ G - C-D - G-C-D (4x)

(John Lennon)

Imagine

Capo 3

3

G-C-G-C

G C - G C
 1. Imagine there's no heaven, it's easy if you try,
 G C - G C
 no hell below us, above us only sky,
 Em Am - C D D7
 imagine all the people living for today.

G C - G C
 2. Imagine there's no countries, it isn't hard to do,
 G C - G C
 nothing to kill or die for, and no religion too.
 Em Am - C D D7 C
 Imagine all the people living life in peace, y....ou....

D G - B-C D G - B
You may say I'm a dreamer, _____ but I'm not the only one,
 C D G - B-C D G
I hope someday you'll join us, _____ and the world will be as one.

G C - G C
 3. Imagine no possessions, I wonder if you can,
 G C - G C
 no need for greed nor hunger, a brotherhood of man,
 Em Am - C D D7 C
 imagine all the people sharing all the world. Y....ou ...
 D G - B-C D G- B
You may say I'm a dreamer, _____ but I'm not the only one,
 C D G - B-C D G
I hope someday you'll join us, _____ and the world will live as one.

G-C-G-C

G-C-G-C

- G

(John Lennon)

Give peace a chance

Capo 2

4

G

1. Ev'rybody's talkin' 'bout Bagism, Shagism, Dragism, Madism,
Ragism, Tagism, this-ism, that-ism, ism ism ism,

D

C

G

all we are saying is give peace a chance,
all we are saying is give peace a chance.

2. Ev'rybody's talkin' 'bout Minister, Sinister, Banisters and Canisters,
Bishops, Fishops, Rabbis, and Pop Eyes, Bye bye, Bye byes

D

C

G

All we are saying is give peace a chance

All we are saying is give peace a chance

3. Ev'rybody's talkin' 'bout Revolution, Evolution, Masturbation, Flagellation,
Regulation, Integrations, mediations, United Nations, congratulations,

D

C

G

All we are saying is give peace a chance

All we are saying is give peace a chance

4. Ev'rybody's talkin' 'bout John and Yoko, Timmy Leary, Rosemary,
Tommy Smothers, Bobby Dylan, Tommy Cooper, Derek Taylor,
Norman Mailer, Alan Ginsberg, Hare Krishna, Hare Hare Krishna.

D

C

G

All we are saying is give peace a chance,

all we are saying is give peace a chance,

all we are saying is give peace a chance.....

(John Lennon)

Revolution

5

(Capo 2)

1. Ah! You say you want a Revolution, well, you know,
we all want to change the world.

You tell me that it's evolution, well, you know,
we all want to change the world.

Am But when you talk about destruction,

Am don't you know that you can count me out.

Don't you know it's gonna be alright, alright, alright.

2. You say you got a real solution, well, you know,
we'd all love to see the plan.

You ask me for a contribution, well, you know,
we're all doing what we can.

Am But if you want money for people with minds that hate,

Am all I can tell you is brother you have to wait.

Don't you know it's gonna be alright, alright, alright.

G - C - D ~

3. You say you'll change the constitution, well, you know,
we all want to change your head.

p 1 of 2 →

You tell me it's the institution, well, you know,
you better free your mind instead.

Am D
But if you go carrying pictures of Chairman Mao,
Am F G E - D
you ain't gonna make it with anyone anyhow.
G C - G C - G C - D ~
Don't you know it's gonna be alright, alright, alright.
G C G C G C D - G
Alright, alright, alright, alright, alright, alright !

(orig. = capo 4th; midi = capo 3rd) (The Beatles)

With A Little Help From My Friends Beatles

Hear this song at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iBDF04fQKtQ> (original key E)

From: Richard G's Ukulele Songbook www.richardg.com

[G] What would you [D] think if I [Am] sang out of tune
 Would you stand up and [D] walk out on [G] me
 [G] Lend me your [D] ears and I'll [Am] sing you a song
 And I'll try not to [D] sing out of [G] key

Oh I get [F] by with a little [C] help from my [G] friends
 Mmm I get [F] high with a little [C] help from my [G] friends
 Mmm gonna [F] try with a little [C] help from my [G] friends [D7]

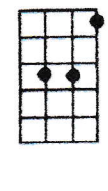
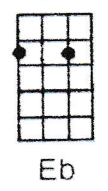
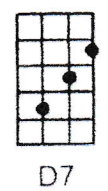
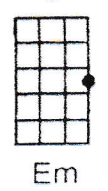
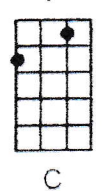
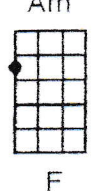
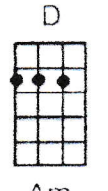
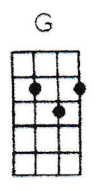
[G] What do I [D] do when my [Am] love is away
 Does it worry you to [D] be a[G]lone
 [G] How do I [D] feel by the [Am] end of the day
 Are you sad because you're [D] on your [G] own

No I get [F] by with a little [C] help from my [G] friends
 Mmm get [F] high with a little [C] help from my [G] friends
 Mmm gonna [F] try with a little [C] help from my [G] friends
 Do you [Em] need any[A]body I [G] need some[F]body to [C] love
 Could it [Em] be any[A]body I [G] want some[F]body to [C] love

[G] Would you be[D]lieve in a [Am] love at first sight
 Yes I'm certain that it [D] happens all the [G] time
 [G] What do you [D] see when you [Am] turn out the light
 I can't tell you but I [D] know it's [G] mine

Oh I get [F] by with a little [C] help from my [G] friends
 Mmm get [F] high with a little [C] help from my [G] friends
 Mmm I'm gonna [F] try with a little [C] help from my [G] friends
 Do you [Em] need any[A]body I [G] need some[F]body to [C] love
 Could it [Em] be any[A]body I [G] want some[F]body to [C] love

Oh I get [F] by with a little [C] help from my [G] friends
 Mmm gonna [F] try with a little [C] help from my [G] friends
 Oh I get [F] high with a little [C] help from my [G] friends
 Yes I get [F] by with a little help from my [C] friends
 With a little help from my [Eb] fri...[F]...ends [G]



G D C - G
speaking words of wisdom, let it be.

Em D C G D C - G
Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be, there will be an answer, let it be.

Em D C G D C - G
Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be, whisper words of wisdom, let it be.

+ C-G-D-C|G
" ' ' (stop)
(The Beatles)

Talkin' Bout a Revolution



Tracy Chapman

♩ = 100

G Cadd9 Em D D4 D D2

3 G Cadd9 Em D G Cadd9

don't you know. they're tal-king a-bout a re - vo - lu - tion. It sounds. like a

6 Em D G Cadd9 Em D

whis-per. while they're stan-ding in the well - fare lines

9 G Cadd9 Em D G Cadd9

Cry-ing at the door-step of those ar - mies of sal-va-tion. Was-ting time in the un -

12 Em D G Cadd9 Em D

ploy-ment lines. sit-ting a - round. Wai-ting for a pro - mo - tion

15 G Cadd9 Em D G Cadd9

don't you know. they're tal-king a-bout a re - vo - lu - tion. It sounds. like a

18 Em D G Cadd9 Em D G Cadd9 D Em

whis-per. Poor peo-ple gon-na rise up, to get their share

23 G Cadd9 Em D G Cadd9 Em D

Poor peo-ple gon-na rise up, to take what's theirs

27 G Cadd9 Em D G Cadd9 Em D

Don't you know you bet-ter run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run,

31 G Cadd9 Em D G Cadd9Em D
Oh, I say you bet-ter run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run,

35 G Cadd9 Em D G Cadd9
'cause fi - na-ly the ta-bles are star-ting to turn tal-king a-bout re - vo -

38 1. Em D Em D G Cadd9 Em D 2.
lu-tion lu-tion oh__ no tal-king a-bout re-vo - lu-tion oh__ while they're

42 G Cadd9 Em D G Cadd9
stan-ding in the well - fare lines Cry-ing at the door-step of those ar -

45 Em D G Cadd9 Em D G Cadd9
mies of sal-va-tion. Was-ting time in the un - ploy-ment lines. sit-ting a-round.

49 Em D G Cadd9 Em D
Wai-ting for a pro-mo-tion don't you know. they're tal-king a-bout a re - vo - lu -

52 G Cadd9 Em D G Cadd9 Em D
- tion. It sounds. like a whis-per. And fi - na-ly the ta-bles are star-ting to turn

56 G Cadd9 Em D G Cadd9 Em D
tal-king a-bout re-vo - lu-tion Yes fi - na-ly the ta-bles are star-ting to turn

60 G Cadd9 Em D G Cadd9
tal-king a-bout re - vo - lu-tion oh__ no tal-king a-bout re - vo -

63 Em D G
lu - tion oh_____ no...

Rockin' in the free world

Am - G-F(4x)

1. Colours on the street, red white and blue,
people shufflin' their feet, people sleepin' in their shoes.
But there's a warnin' sign on the road ahead,
there's a lot of people sayin' we'd be better off dead,
don't feel like Satan but I am to them,
so I try to forget it any way I can.

+ C G - F - F-Am (4x)
+ Keep on rockin' in the free wo....rld !

+ D ~ ~ + Am - G-F (4x)

2. I see a woman in the night with a baby in her hand,
under an old street light, near a garbage can.
Now she puts the kid away and she's gone to get a hit,
she hates her life and what she's done to it.
That's one more kid that will never go to school,
never get to fall in love never get to be cool.

+ C G - F - F-Am (4x)
+ Keep on rockin' in the free wo....rld !

+ D ~ ~ + Am - G-F (8x)

3. We got a thousand points of light ^{Am} for the homeless man, ^{- G-F}
^{Am} we got a kinder, gentler machine gun hand. ^{Am - G-F}
^{Am} We got department stores and toilet paper, ^{G F}
^{Am} got styrofoam boxes for the ozone layer. ^{G F}
^{Am} Got a man of the people, says keep hope alive, ^{G F}
^{Am} got fuel to burn, got roads to drive.

^C ^G ^{- F} ^{- F-Am}
 + Keep on rockin' in the free wo...rld ! (4x)

+ D ~ ~ + Am - G-F (6x) ...

(Neil Young)

[Bridge]

G D

Flip (all I can tell you is that Osama Bin Laden is a prime suspect)

G

Flop (I don't know where he is, alright, you know I just don't spend that much time on him)

G D

Flip (I want him held, I want, I want justice, dead or alive)

Em G

Flop

G D

Flip (Saddam Hussein aids and protects terrorists)

G

Flop (including members of al-Qaeda)

G D

Flip (I know I didn't say that there was a direct connection between September 11th)

Em G

Flop (and Saddam Hussein)

G D

Flip (war is my last choice)

G

Flop (we're gonna smoke 'em out, bring 'em on)

G D

Flip (when you think Patriot Act, constitutional guarantees are in place)

Em G

Flop (a wiretap requires a court order)

G D

Flip (Saddam Hussein has got weapons of mass destruction)

G

Flop (although we have not found stockpiles of weapons of mass destruction)

G D

Flip (and it is true that most of the intelligence turned out to be wrong)

Em G

Flop (no one can now doubt the word of America)

[Chorus]

G D G

Yeah, let's impeach the president for hijacking

G D Em G

Our religion and using it to get elected

G D G

Dividing our country into colors

G D Em G

And still leaving black people neglected

[Verse 3]

G D G

Well, thank God he's cracking down on steroids

G D Em G

Since he sold his old baseball team

G D G

There's lots of people looking at big trouble

G D G

But of course our president is clean



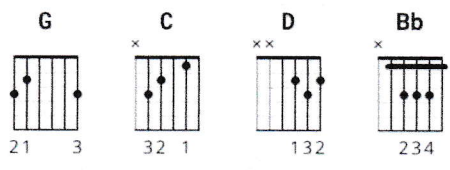
G D
Thank God
 G
Thank God
 G D
Thank God
 Em G
Thank God
 G D
Thank God
 G
Thank God
 G D
Thank God
 G
Thank God



Your Flag Decal Wont Get You Into Heaven Anymore Chords by John Prine

Difficulty: beginner
Tuning: E A D G B E

CHORDS



Your Flag Decal Won't Get You into Heaven Anymore - John Prine

Tabbed by: Dave S
Email: Dlgibson@netscape.com

Tuning: Standard

Artist: John Prine
Album: John Prine
Year: 1971

[Verse 1]

While digesting Readers Digest in the back of a dirty book store
A plastic flag with gum on the back Fell out on the floor.
Well I picked it up and ran outside And slapped it on my windshield.
And If I could see old Betsy Ross Id tell her how good I feel.

[Chorus]

But, your flag decal won't get you into Heaven anymore.
They're already overcrowded From your dirty little war
Now Jesus don't like Killin' No matter what the reasons for.
And your flag decal won't get you into Heaven anymore.

[Verse 2]

Well I went to the Bank this morning And the cashier said to me
If you join the Christmas Club We'll give you ten of them flags for free.
I didn't mess a round a bit I took him up on what he said

D **G**
And stuck them stickers all over my car And one on my wifes forehead.

[Chorus]

C **G**
But, your flag decal won't get you into Heaven anymore.

D **G**
They're already overcrowded From your dirty little war

C **G**
Now Jesus don't like Killin' No matter what the reasons for.

D **G Bb C D**
And your flag decal won't get you into Heaven anymore.

[Verse 3]

G **C**
Well I got my windshield so filled with flags I couldn't see

D **G**
So I ran my car upside a curb and right into a tree

G **C**
By the time they got a doctor down I was already dead,

D
And I'll never understand Why the man,

G
Standing in the Pearly Gates said...

[Chorus]

C **G**
But, your flag decal won't get you into Heaven anymore.

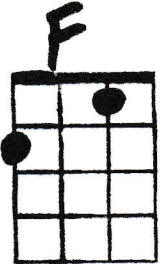
D **G**
We're already overcrowded From your dirty little war

C **G**
Now Jesus don't like Killin' No matter what the reasons for.

D **G Bb C D**
And your flag decal won't get you into Heaven anymore.

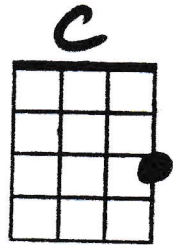
Vote 'Em Out! By Willie Nelson

^G If you don't like whose ^D in there vote 'em out. ^G



That's what election day is all about.

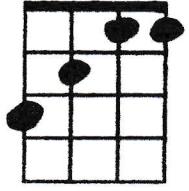
And the biggest gun we got is called the ballot ^G box.



If you don't like who's ^D in there vote 'em out. ^G

[Chorus]

Vote 'em out, Vote 'em out!



And when they're gone we'll sing and dance and shout. And she'll bring some new ones in and

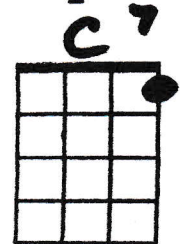
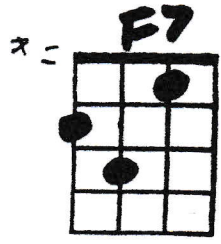
they'll start the show again and

if you don't like who's in there vote 'em out

[Solo] (Same as First Verse)

And if it's a bunch of clowns you voted in Election Day is coming around again.

And if you don't like it now you can change it anyhow and



* optional chords

If you don't like who's ^D in there vote 'em ^G out.

[Chorus]

Vote 'em ^C out, (Vote 'em ^G out!) Vote 'em out (Vote 'em out)!

And when they're gone we'll sing and dance and
^D shout. And she'll ^G bring some new ones in and
they'll ^C start the show ^G again and
if you don't like who's ^D in there vote em ^G out

[Outro]

Vote 'em ^C out, (Vote 'em ^G out!) Vote 'em out (Vote 'em out!).

And when they're gone we'll sing and dance and
^D shout. And she'll ^G bring some new ones in and
they'll ^C start the show ^G again.

And if you don't like whose ^D in there vote em
^G out.

And if you don't like who's ^D in there vote 'em
^G Out.

Em - G - Em - G

Did you hear 'em talkin' 'bout it on the radio ?

Did you try to read the writing on the wall ?

Did that voice inside you say I've heard it all before ?

It's like déjà vu all over again.

1. Day by day I hear the voices rising,
started with a whisper like it did before.

Day by day we count the dead and dying,
ship the bodies home while the networks all keep score.

Did you hear 'em talkin' 'bout it on the radio

Could your eyes believe the writing on the wall ?

Did that voice inside you say I've heard it all before ?

It's like déjà vu all over again.

+ C - G - D - C - G - Em - C - G - Em - D - G

3. One by one I see the old ghosts rising,
stumblin' 'cross Big Muddy where the light gets dim.

Day after day another momma's crying,
she's lost her precious child to a war that has no end.

Did you hear 'em talkin' 'bout it on the radio ?

Did you stop to read the writing at the wall ?

Did that voice inside you say I've seen this all before ?

It's like déjà vu all over again.

It's like déjà vu all over again.

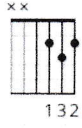
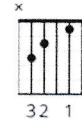
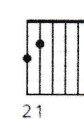
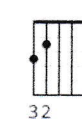
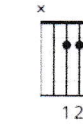

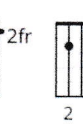
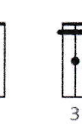
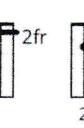
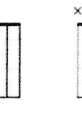
+ Em - G (4x) ...

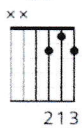
(orig. = capo 4th) (John Fogerty)

Fortunate Son Chords by Creedence Clearwater Revival

Difficulty: intermediate
 Tuning: E A D G B E
 Key: G

CHORDS

D  132
C  32 1
G  21 3
G7  32 1
A  123
B  2fr 234
E7  2 1
F#  2fr 342
E  231
A7  1 2

D7  213

Fortunate Son chords
 Creedence Clearwater Revival 1969 (Willy and the Poor Boys) *

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fortunate_Son

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e|---3---1-----|
B|-----5---3---|
G|-4---2-----3p0--|
D|-----5---5-----|
A|-----|
E|-----| x2
    
```

or
D C G D x2 *

D **C**
 Some folks are born made to wave the flag,
G7 **D**
 Ooh, that red, white and blue
D **C**
 And when the band plays "hail to the chief",
G7 **D**
 Ooh, they point the cannon at you, lord!

D **A** **G** **D**
 It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no senator's son, son
D **A** **G** **D**
 It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate one, no

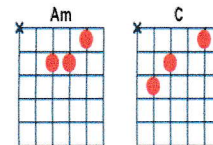
D **C**
 Some folks are born silver spoon in hand,

P. 1 of 2 →

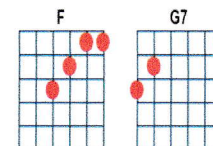
If I Had a Hammer

key:C, writer:Pete Seeger and Lee Hays

[C] Oooo [Am] oooo [F] oooo [G7] oooo
 [C] Oooo [Am] oooo [F] oooo [G7] oooo
 [C] Oooo [Am] oooo [F] oooo



If [G7] I had a [C] ha-[Am]-am-[F]mer
 I'd [G7] hammer in the [C] mo-[Am]-or-[F]ning
 I'd [G7] hammer in the [C] e-[Am]-eve-[F]ning all over this
 [G7] land



[G7] I'd hammer out [C] danger, I'd hammer out a [Am]
 warning

[Am] I'd hammer out [F] love be-[C]tween my [F] brothers and my [C]
 sisters

[F] All-[C]-[G7]-ll over this [C] land [Am]/[F] [G7]/

[C] Oooo [Am] oooo [F] oooo

If [G7] I had a [C] bell [Am]/[F]

I'd [G7] ring it in the [C] mo-[Am]-or-[F]ning

I'd [G7] ring it in the [C] e-[Am]-eve-[F]ning all over this [G7] land

[G7] I'd ring out [C] danger, I'd ring out a [Am] warning

[Am] I'd ring out [F] love be-[C]tween my [F] brothers and my [C] sisters

[F] All-[C]-[G7]-ll over this [C] land [Am]/[F] [G7]/

[C] Oooo [Am] oooo I [F] oooo

If [G7] I had a [C] song [Am]/[F]

I'd [G7] sing it in the [C] mo-[Am]-or-[F]ning

I'd [G7] sing it in the [C] e-[Am]-eve-[F]ning all over this [G7] land

[G7] I'd sing out [C] danger, I'd sing out a [Am] warning

[Am] I'd sing out [F] love be-[C]tween my [F] brothers and my [C] sisters

[F] All-[C]-[G7]-ll over this [C] land [Am]/[F] [G7]/

[C] Oooo [Am] oooo [F] oooo

Well [G7] I got a [C] ha-[Am]-am-[F]mer

And [G7] I got a [C] bell [Am]/[F]

And [G7] I got a [C] song to sing, [F] all over this [G7] land

[G7] It's the hammer of [C] justice, it's the bell of [Am] free-ee-[Am]dom

It's the song about [F] love be-[C]tween my [F] brothers and my [C] sisters

[F] All-[C]-[G7]-ll over this [C] land [Am]/[F]

It's the [G7] hammer of [C] justice, it's the bell of [Am] free-ee-[Am]dom

It's the song about [F] love be-[C]tween my [F] brothers and my [C] sisters

[F] All-[C]-[G7]-ll over this [C] la...[F]...a...[C]...and ↓ [G7] ↓ [C]

Blowing in the Wind

key:C, artist:Bob Dylan writer:Bob Dylan

[C] How many [F] roads must a [C] man walk down
Before you [F] call him a [G] man? [G7]

[C] How many [F] seas must a [C] white dove [Am] sail
Be-[C]-fore she [F] sleeps in the [G] sand? [G7]

[C] How many [F] times must the [C] cannonballs fly
Before they're for-[F]ever [G] banned? [G7]

The [F] answer, my [G7] friend, is [C] blowin' in the [Am]
wind,

The [F] answer is [G7] blowin' in the [C] wind.

[C] How many [F] times must a [C] man look up
Before he can [F] see the [G] sky? [G7]

[C] How many [F] ears must [C] one man [Am] have
Be-[C]-fore he can [F] hear people [G] cry? [G7]

[C] How many [F] deaths will it [C] take 'til he knows that
Too many [F] people have [G] died? [G7]

The [F] answer, my [G7] friend, is [C] blowin' in the [Am] wind,

The [F] answer is [G7] blowin' in the [C] wind.

[C] How many [F] years can a [C] mountain exist
Before it is [F] washed to the [G] sea? [G7]

[C] How many [F] years can some [C] people ex-[Am]ist
Be-[C]-fore they're a-[F]llowed to be [G] free? [G7]

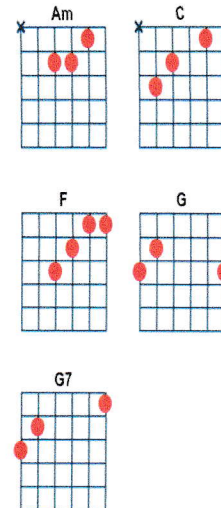
[C] How many [F] times can a [C] man turn his head and
Pretend that he [F] just doesn't [G] see? [G7]

The [F] answer, my [G7] friend, is [C] blowin' in the [Am] wind,

The [F] answer is [G7] blowin' in the [C] wind.

The [F] answer, my [G7] friend, is [C] blowin' in the [Am] wind,

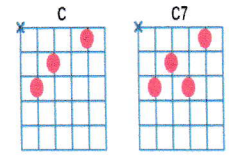
The [F] answer is [G7] blowin' in the [C] wind.



Everyday People

key:C, artist:Sly and the Family Stone writer:Sly Stone

[C] //// [F] // [C] // (x2)



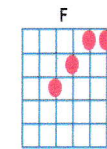
[C] Sometimes I'm right and [F] I can be [C] wrong

[C7] My own beliefs are [F] in my [C] song

[C] The butcher, the banker, the [F] drummer and [C] then

[C7] Makes no difference what group [F] I'm [C] in

[F] I, I, I am everyday [C] people, [F] yeah, [C] yeah



[C] There is a [F] blue [C] one who [C] can't accept the [F] green [C] one for

[C] living with a [F] fat [C] one trying [C] to be a [F] skinny [C] one

[C] Different strokes for [F] different [C] folks

And so on and [F] so [C] on and scooby [F] dooby [C] dooby

[C] Ooooh [F] sha [C] sha, [C] we got to live to-[F]ge-[C]ther

[C] I am no better, and [F] neither are [C] you

[C7] We are the same, what-[F]ever we [C] do

[C] You love me, you hate me, you [C] know me and [C] then

[C7] You can't figure out the [F] bag I'm [C] in

[C] I, I, [F] I am everyday [C] people, [F] yeah, [C] yeah

[C] There is a [F] long hair that [C] doesn't like the [F] short hair for [C] being such a [F] rich one that [C] will not help the poor one.

[C] Different strokes for [F] different [C] folks

And so on and [F] so [C] on and scooby [F] dooby [C] dooby

[C] Ooooh [F] sha [C] sha, [C] we got to live to-[F]ge-[C]ther

[C] There is a yellow one that [C] won't accept the black one that

[C] won't accept the red one that [C] won't accept the white one

[C] Different strokes for [F] different [C] folks

And so on and [F] so [C] on and scooby [F] dooby [C] dooby

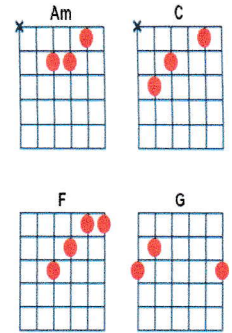
[C] Ooooh [F] sha [C] sha, [C] we got to live to-[F]ge-[C]ther

[C] Ooooh [F] sha [C] sha, [C] we got to live to-[F]ge-[C]ther

Sound of Silence

key:Am, writer:Paul Simon

[Am] Hello darkness, my old [G] friend, I`ve come to talk to
you a-[Am]gain,
because a [C] vision softly [F] is cree-[C]ping,
left its seeds while I [F] was slee-[C]ping,
and the [F] vision that was planted in my [C] brain, still re-
[Am]mains,
within the [G] sound of [Am] silence.



[Am] In restless dreams I walked a-[G]lone,
narrow streets of cobble-[Am]stone.
`Neath the [C] halo of [F] a street [C] lamp,
I turned my collar to the [F] cold and [C] damp,
when my [F] eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon [C] light,
that split the [Am] night - [C] and touched the [G] sound of [Am] silence.

[Am] And in the naked light I [G] saw, ten thousand people, maybe [Am]
more,
people [C] talking wi-[F]thout spea-[C]king,
people hearing wi-[F]thout [C] listening,
people writing [F] songs that voices never [C] share,
and no-one [Am] dare - [C] disturb the [G] sound of [Am] silence.

[Am] Fools, said I, you do not [G] know, silence like a cancer [Am] grows,
hear my [C] words, that I [F] might teach [C] you,
take my arms that I [F] might reach [C] you,
But my [F] words like silent raindrops [C] fell - [Am]
and echoed in the [G] wells of [Am] silence.

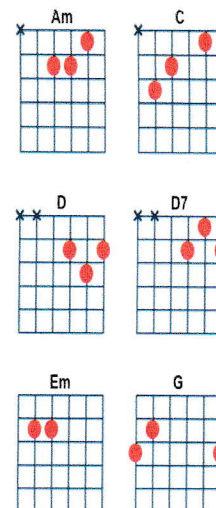
[Am] And the people bowed and [G] prayed to the neon god they`d [Am]
made.
And the [C] sign flashed out [F] its war-[C]ning,
in the words that it [F] was for-[C]ming.
And the sign said, the [F] words of the prophets are written
in the subway [C] walls, and tenement [Am] halls ,
and [C] whispered in the [G] sound - of [Am] silence.

Times They Are A-Changin', The

19

key:G, writer:Bob Dylan

Come [G] gather 'round [Em] people, wher[C]ever you [G]
roam
And ad[G]mit that the [Am] waters a[C]round you have [D7]
grown
And a[G]ccept it that [Em] soon you'll be [C] drenched to the
[G] bone
If your [G] time to [Em] you Is worth [D] saving, [D7] then
you
[C] better start [G] swimming Or you'll [C] sink like a [D7]
stone
For the [G] times [Em] they are a-[D7]cha -- [D7]--ang --
[G]in'.



Come [G] writers and [Em] critics, who prophe[C]size with your [G] pen
And [G] keep your eyes [Am] wide, the chance [C] won't come a[D7]gain
And [G] don't speak too [Em] soon, for the [C] wheel's still in [G] spin
And there's [G] no telling [Em] who that it's [D] naming . [D7].
for the [C] loser [G] now will be [C] later to [D7] win
For the [G] times [Em] they are a-[D7]cha -- [D7]--ang -- [G]in'.

Come [G] senators, [Em] congressmen, [C] please heed the [G] call
Don't [G] stand in the [Am] doorway, don't [C] block up the [D7] hall
For [G] he that gets [Em] hurt will be [C] he who has [G] stalled
There's a [G] battle out[Em]side and it's [D] raging . [D7].
It'll [C] soon shake your [G] windows and [C] rattle your [D7] walls
For the [G] times [Em] they are a-[D7]cha -- [D7]--ang -- [G]in'.

Come [G] mothers and [Em] fathers, [C] throughout the [G] land
And [G] don't crit[Am]icize what you [C] can't under[D7]stand
Your [G] sons and your [Em] daughters are [C] beyond your co[G]mmand
Your [G] old road is [Em] rapidly [D] aging . [D7].
please [C] get out the [G] new one if you [C] can't lend your [D7] hand
For the [G] times [Em] they are a-[D7]cha -- [D7]--ang -- [G]in'.

The [G] line it is [Em] drawn, the [C] curse it is [G] cast.
The [G] slow one [Am] now will [C] later be [D7] fast
As the [G] present [Em] now will [C] later be [G] past.
The [G] order is [Em] rapidly [D] fading [D7]
And the [C] first one [G] now will [C] later be [D7] last

For the [G] times [Em] they are a-[D7]cha -- [D7]--ang -- [G]in'.

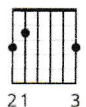
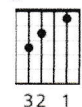
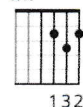
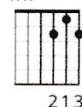
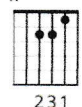
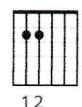
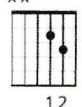
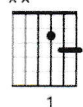
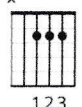
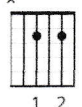
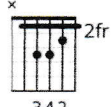
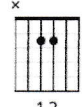

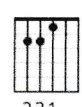
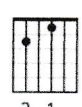
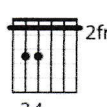
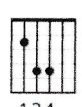
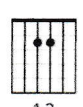
Chimes Of Freedom Chords by The Byrds

Difficulty: intermediate

Tuning: E A D G B E

Key: G

CHORDS

G  21 3	C  x 32 1	D  xx 132	D7  xx 213	Am  x 231	Em  12	Dsus2  xx 12	Dsus4  xx 1	A  x 123	A7  x 1 2
Bm  x 342	Asus2  x 12	Asus4  x 12	E  231	E7  2 1	F#m  x 34	Esus2  134	Esus4  12		

Chimes Of Freedom chords *
 The Byrds 1965 (Bob Dylan)

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chimes_of_Freedom_\(song\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chimes_of_Freedom_(song))

G C G D C G D G C G

G **C** **G** **C**
 Far between sundown's finish and midnight's broken toll
G **C** **D** **G** **C G**
 We ducked inside the doorway, thunder crashing
G **C** **G** **C**
 As majestic bells of bolts, struck shadows in the sounds
G **C** **D** **G** **C G**
 Seeming to be the chimes of freedom flashing

D **D7** **G** **C** **G**
 Flashing for the warriors, whose strength is not to fight
C **Am** **D**
 Flashing for the refugees on the unarmed road of flight
G **C** **G** **C**
 And for each and every underdog, soldier in the night
G **C** **D** **G** **C G**
 And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

G **C** **G** **C**
 Even though a clouds white curtain in a far off corner flashed
G **C** **D** **G** **C G**
 And the hypnotic splattered mist was slowly lifting
G **C** **G** **C**
 Electric lights still struck like arrows, fired but for the ones
G **C** **D** **G** **C G**
 Condemned to drift or else be kept from drifting



Turn Turn Turn To Everything There Is A Season Chords by The Byrds

Difficulty: beginner

Tuning: E A D G B E

Key: D

CHORDS



Turn Turn Turn chords *

The Byrds 1965 "Turn!Turn!Turn!" (Ecclesiastes / Pete Seeger)

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Turn!_Turn!_Turn!

G C Bm \ D 2x
G C G C Bm \ D 2x

Capo 2

G C Bm D
To everything, (turn, turn, turn)
G C Bm D
there is a season; (turn, turn, turn)
C Bm Am D G G Gsus4 G
and a time to every purpose, under heaven

D G
A time to be born, a time to die
D G
A time to plant, a time to reap
D G
A time to kill, a time to heal
C Bm Am D G G Gsus4 G
A time to laugh, a time to weep

G C Bm D
To everything, (turn, turn, turn)
G C Bm D
there is a season; (turn, turn, turn)
C Bm Am D G G Gsus4 G
and a time to every purpose, under heaven

D G
A time to build up, a time to break down
D G
A time to dance, a time to mourn
D G
A time to cast away stones,
C Bm Am D G G Gsus4 G
a time to gather stones together

G C Bm D
 To everything,(turn, turn, turn)
G C Bm D
 there is a season;(turn, turn, turn)
C Bm Am D G G Gsus4 G
 and a time to every purpose, under heaven

D G
 A time of love, a time of hate
D G
 A time of war, a time of peace
D G
 A time you may embrace,
C Bm Am D G G Gsus4 G
 a time to refrain from embracing

G C Bm D G C Bm D C Bm Am D G D G D G D G C Bm Am D G

G C Bm D
 To everything,(turn, turn, turn)
G C Bm D
 there is a season;(turn, turn, turn)
C Bm Am D G G Gsus4 G
 and a time to every purpose, under heaven

D G
 A time to gain, a time to lose
D G
 A time to rend, a time to sew
D G
 A time for love, a time to hate
C Bm
 A time for peace,
Am D G
 I swear it's not too late

G C G C Bm \ D 4x

* Alternate:

Capo II

G = F
C = A#
Bm = Am
D = C
Am = Gm

Set8

My Back Pages

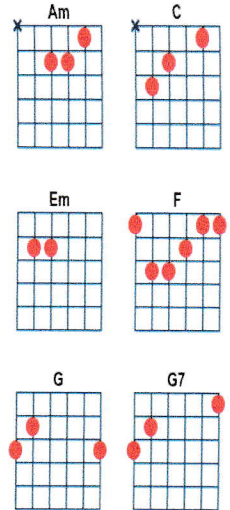
key:C, artist:Bob Dylan writer:Bob Dylan

[C] // [F] // [C] // [F] // (x2)

[C] Crimson **[Am]** flames tied **[Em]** through my ears
 Rollin' **[F]** high and **[G]** mighty **[C]** traps
[C] Pounced with **[Am]** fire on **[Em]** flaming **[C]** roads
 Using **[F]** ideas **[Em]** as my **[G]** maps
 "We'll **[F]** meet on **[Am]** edges, **[G]** soon," said **[C]** I
[Am] Proud 'neath heated **[F]** brow. **[G]**
 Ah, **[C]** but I was so much **[Am]** older **[C]** then,
 I'm **[F]** younger **[G]** than that **[C]** now.

[C] Half-wracked **[Am]** prejudice **[Em]** leaped forth
 "**[F]** Rip down all **[G]** hate," I **[C]** screamed
[C] Lies that **[Am]** life is **[Em]** black and white
[F] Spoke from my skull. I **[G]** dreamed
 Ro-**[Am]**antic facts of **[Em]** musketeers
 Foun-**[F]**dated deep, some-**[G]**how.
 Ah, but **[C]** I was **[Am]** so much **[Em]** older **[F]** then,
 I'm **[G]** younger **[G7]** than that **[C]** now.

[C] Girls' faces **[Am]** formed the **[Em]** forward path
 From **[F]** phony **[G]** jealou-**[C]**sy
[C] To memo-**[Am]**rizing **[Em]** politics
 Of **[F]** ancient **[Am]** histo-**[G]**ry
 Flung **[Am]** down by corpse e-**[Em]**vangelists
 Un-**[F]**thought of, though, som-**[G]**how.
 Ah, **[C]** but I was so much **[F]** older **[C]** then,
 I'm **[F]** younger **[G]** than that **[C]** now.



A [C] self-or-[Am]dained pro-[Em]fessor's tongue
Too [F] ser-[G]ious to [C] fool
[C] Spouted [Am] out that [Em] liberty
Is [F] just equality in [G] school
"E-[Am]quality," I [Em] spoke the word
As [F] if a wedding [G] vow.
Ah, [C] but I was [Am] so much older then,
[F] I'm younger [G] than that [C] now.

In a [C] soldier's [Am] stance, I [Em] aimed my hand
At the [F] mongrel [G] dogs who [C] teach
[C] Fearing not that I'd [Am] become my [Em] enemy
In the [F] instant that I [G] preach
My [Am] existence led by [F] confusion [C] boats
[Am] Mutiny from [Em] stern to [G] bow.
Ah, but [C] I was [Am] so much [F] older [C] then,
I'm [G] younger than that [C] now.

Yes, my [C] guard [Am] stood hard when [Em] abstract threats
Too [F] noble [G] to ne-[C]glect
De-[C]ceived me [Am] into [Em] thinking
I had [F] something to pro-[G]tect
[Am] Good and bad, I de-[Em]fine these terms
[F] Quite clear, no doubt, some-[G]how.
Ah, but [C] I was [Am] so much [F] older [C] then,
I'm [G] younger than that [C] now.



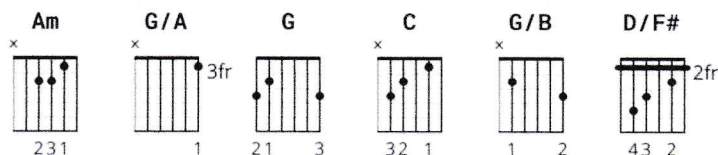
Masters Of War Chords by Bob Dylan

Difficulty: intermediate

Tuning: E A D G B E

Capo: 8th fret

CHORDS



A couple of submitters over the internet were submitting this song incorrectly, so I had to submit the correct way to play this song. It's from Bob Dylan's 1963 album ''The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan''.

Capo on the 8th fret:

[Intro]

| Am *G/A |

[Verse]

Am G/A Am G/A
Come you masters of war
Am G/A Am G/A
You that build all the guns
Am G/A Am G/A
You that build the death planes
Am G/A Am G/A
You that build the big bombs
Am G/A Am G/A
You that hide behind walls
Am G/A Am G/A
You that hide behind desks
Am G
I just want you to know
 Am G/A
I can see through your masks

Am G/A Am G/A
You that never done nothin'
Am G/A Am G/A
But build to destroy
Am G/A Am G/A
You play with my world
Am G/A Am G/A
Like it's your little toy

Am G/A Am G/A
You put a gun in my hand
Am G/A Am G/A
And you hide from my eyes
Am G
And you turn and run farther
Am G/A
When the fast bullets fly

Am G/A Am G/A
Like Judas of old
Am G/A Am G/A
You lie and deceive
Am G/A Am G/A
A world war can be won
Am G/A Am G/A
You want me to believe
Am G/A Am G/A
But I see through your eyes
Am G/A Am G/A
And I see through your brain
Am C
Like I see through the water
G Am G/A Am G/A
That runs down my drain

Am G/A Am G/A
You fasten the triggers
Am G/A Am G/A
For the others to fire
Am G/B Am G/A
Then you set back and watch
Am G Am G/A
When the death count gets higher
Am G/A Am G/A
You hide in your mansion
Am G G/B Am G/A
As young people's blood
Am G
Flows out of their bodies
Am G/A
And is buried in the mud

Am G/A Am G/A
You've thrown the worst fear
Am G/A Am G/A
That can ever be hurled
Am G/A Am G/A Am
Fear to bring children
G D/F# Am G/A
Into the world
Am G/A Am G/A
For threatening my baby

Am G D/F# Am G/A
Unborn and unnamed
Am C
You ain't worth the blood
G Am G/A
That runs in your veins

Am G/A Am G/A
How much do I know
Am G/A Am G/A
To talk out of turn
Am G/A Am G/A
You might say that I'm young
Am G D/F# Am G/A
You might say I'm unlearned
Am G/A Am G/A
But there's one thing I know
Am G Am G/A
Though I'm younger than you
Am G
Even Jesus would never
D/F# Am G/A
Forgive what you do

Am G/A Am G/A
Let me ask you one question
Am G/A Am G/A
Is your money that good
Am G/A Am G/A
Will it buy you forgiveness
Am G D/F# Am G/A
Do you think that it could
Am G/A Am G/A
I think you will find
Am G D/F# Am G/A
When your death takes its toll
Am G
All the money you made
D/F# Am G/A
Will never buy back your soul

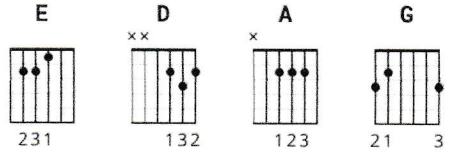
Am G/A Am G/A
And I hope that you die
Am G/A Am G/A
And your death'll come soon
Am G/A Am G/A
I will follow your casket
Am G D/F# Am G/A
In the pale afternoon
Am G/A Am G/A
And I'll watch while you're lowered
Am D/F# Am G/A
Down to your deathbed

Am **C**
And I'll stand o'er your grave
G **Am**
'Til I'm sure that you're dead

Neighborhood Bully Chords by Bob Dylan

Difficulty: absolute beginner
Tuning: E A D G B E

CHORDS



[Intro]
E

[Verse 1]

Well, the neighborhood bully, he's just one man,
 His enemies say he's on their land.
 They got him outnumbered about a million to one,
 He got no place to escape to, no place to run.
 He's the neighborhood bully.

[Verse 2]

The neighborhood bully just lives to survive,
 He's criticized and condemned for being alive.
 He's not supposed to fight back, he's supposed to have thick skin,
 He's supposed to lay down and die when his door is kicked in.
 He's the neighborhood bully.

[Verse 3]

The neighborhood bully been driven out of every land,
 He's wandered the earth an exiled man.
 Seen his family scattered, his people hounded and torn,
 He's always on trial for just being born.
 He's the neighborhood bully.

[Verse 4]

Well, he knocked out a lynch mob, he was criticized,

D A E
 Old women condemned him, said he should apologize.
 G D A
 Then he destroyed a bomb factory, nobody was glad.
 A E G D
 The bombs were meant for him. He was supposed to feel bad.
 A D A D A D A
 He's the neighborhood bully.

[Verse 5]

 D A E
 Well, the chances are against it and the odds are slim
 D A E
 That he'll live by the rules that the world makes for him,
 G D A
 'Cause there's a noose at his neck and a gun at his back
 A E G D
 And a license to kill him is given out to every maniac.
 A D A D A D A
 He's the neighborhood bully.

[Verse 6]

 D A E
 He got no allies to really speak of.
 D A E
 What he gets he must pay for, he don't get it out of love.
 G D A
 He buys obsolete weapons and he won't be denied
 A E G D
 But no one sends flesh and blood to fight by his side.
 A D A D A D A
 He's the neighborhood bully.

[Verse 7]

 D A E
 Well, he's surrounded by pacifists who all want peace,
 D A E
 They pray for it nightly that the bloodshed must cease.
 G D A
 Now, they wouldn't hurt a fly. To hurt one they would weep.
 A E G D
 They lay and they wait for this bully to fall asleep.
 A D A D A D A
 He's the neighborhood bully.

[Verse 8]

 D A E
 Every empire that's enslaved him is gone,
 D A E
 Egypt and Rome, even the great Babylon.
 G D A
 He's made a garden of paradise in the desert sand,
 A E G D
 In bed with nobody, under no one's command.
 A D A D A D A
 He's the neighborhood bully.

[Verse 9]

 D A E
Now his holiest books have been trampled upon,
 D A E
No contract he signed was worth what it was written on.
 G D A
He took the crumbs of the world and he turned it into wealth,
 A E G D
Took sickness and disease and he turned it into health.
 A D A D A D A
He's the neighborhood bully.

[Verse 10]

 D A E
What's anybody indebted to him for?
 D A E
Nothin', they say. He just likes to cause war.
 G D A
Pride and prejudice and superstition indeed,
 A E G D
They wait for this bully like a dog waits to feed.
 A D A D A D A
He's the neighborhood bully.

[Verse 11]

 D A E
What has he done to wear so many scars?
 D A E
Does he change the course of rivers? Does he pollute the moon and stars?
 G D A
Neighborhood bully, standing on the hill,
 A E G D
Running out the clock, time standing still,
 A D A D A D A
Neighborhood bully.