

GUITAR by the GLASS **4**

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- 56 When Love Comes To Town by B.B King feat. U2 (Book 4 pg. 46)

Wanna make a request?

Wait for the circle to ask for requests,
then call out: “Aimie, book 4 page 6!”
This helps the musicians find the song faster.
We only do songs within these books.

A Horse With No Name by America (Book 4 pg. 4)

On the first part of the journey, I was looking at all the life
There were plants and birds and rocks and things
There was 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

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

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

You see 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

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 was sand and hills and rings

The ocean is a desert with it's life underground
And a perfect disguise above
Under the cities lies a heart made of ground
But the humans will give no love

You see 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



Amie by Pure Prairie League (Book 4 pg. 6)

I can see why you think you belong to me
I never tried to make you think
Or let you see one thing for yourself
But now your off with someone else and I'm alone
You see I thought that I might keep you for my own

Amie what you want to do? I think I could stay with you
For a while, maybe longer if I do

Don't you think the time is right for us to find
All the things we thought weren't proper could be right in time
And can you see which way we should turn together or alone
I can never see what's right or what is wrong
Will it take to long to see

Amie what you want to do? I think I could stay with you
For a while, maybe longer if I do, well now

Amie what you want to do? I think I could stay with you
For a while, maybe longer if I do

Now it's come to what you want you've had your way
And all the things you thought before just faded into gray
And can you see that I don't know if it's you or if it's me
If it's one of us I'm sure we'll both will see
Won't you look at me and tell me

Amie what you want to do? I think I could stay with you
For a while, maybe longer, longer if I do yeah now

Amie what you want to do? I think I could stay with you
For a while, maybe longer if I do

Fallin' in and out of love with you
Fallin' in and out of love with you
Don't know what I'm gonna do, I'd keep
Fallin' in and out of love, with you



And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda by The Pogues (Book 4 pg. 8)

When I was a young man I carried my pack
And I lived the free life of a rover
From the murrays green basin to the dusty outback
I waltzed my matilda all over
Then in nineteen fifteen my country said son
It's time to stop rambling 'cause there's work to be done
So they gave me a tin hat and they gave me a gun
And they sent me away to the war

And the band played Waltzing Matilda
As we sailed away from the quay
And amidst all the tears and the shouts and the cheers
We sailed off to Gallipoli

How well I remember that terrible day
When the blood stained the sand and the water
And how in that hell that they called suvla bay
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter
Johnny Turk he was ready, he primed himself well
He showered us with bullets, he rained us with shells
And in five minutes flat he'd blown us all to hell
Nearly blew us right back to Australia

But the band played waltzing Matilda
As we stopped to bury our slain
And we buried ours and the Turks buried theirs
Then it started all over again

Now those who were living did their best to survive
In that mad world of blood, death and fire
And for seven long weeks I kept myself alive
While the corpses around me piled higher
Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over tit
And when I woke up in my hospital bed
And saw what it had done, Christ I wished I was dead
Never knew there were worse things than dying

And no more I'll go waltzing Matilda
To the green bushes so far and near
For to hump tent and pegs, a man needs two legs
No more waltzing Matilda for me

So they collected the cripples, the wounded and maimed
And they shipped us back home to Australia
The legless, the armless, the blind and insane
Those proud wounded heroes of suvla
And as our ship pulled into circular quay
I looked at the place where me legs used to be
And thank Christ there was nobody waiting for me
To grieve and to mourn and to pity

And the band played Waltzing Matilda
As they carried us down the gangway
But nobody cheered, they just stood and stared
And they turned all their faces away

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(...continued)

And now every April I sit on my porch
And I watch the parade pass before me
I see my old comrades, how proudly they march
Reliving the or their dreams of past glory
I see the old men, all twisted and torn
The forgotten heroes of a forgotten war
And the young people ask me
“What are they marching for?”
And I ask myself the same question

And the band plays Waltzing Matilda
And the old men still answer to the call
But year after year their numbers get fewer
Some day no one will march there at all

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
Who'll go a-Waltzing Matilda with me?

When you came in the air went out
And every shadow filled up with doubt

I don't know who you think you are
But before the night is through
I wanna do bad things with you

I'm the kind to sit up in his room
Heart sick an' eyes filled up with blue

I don't know what you've done to me
But I know this much is true
I wanna do bad things with you, okay

When you came in the air went out
And all those shadows there filled up with doubt

I don't know who you think you are
But before the night is through
I wanna do bad things with you
I wanna do real bad things with you

I don't know what you've done to me
But I know this much is true
I wanna do bad things with you
I wanna do real bad things with you

Come Back Again by Daddy Cool (Book 4 pg. 11)

I'm mopin' around streets late at night
I'm worried because you ain't treatin' me right
Come back again, I'm just crazy 'bout you babe

I spoke to your mum and I spoke to your dad
They said I was crazy, made me feel sad
Come back again, I'm just crazy 'bout you babe

Feelin' so sad, so lonely too
You don't know how it is to feel sad and lonely an' blue
Come back again, I'm just crazy 'bout you babe

I spoke to your dad and I spoke to your mum
They said go away boy and leave us alone
Come back again, I'm just crazy 'bout you babe

I really don't know what to do
Everything you say just make me feel blue
Come back again, I'm just crazy 'bout you babe

I went to the dance, but I went all alone
I watched you dancin' then I followed you home
Come back again, I'm just crazy 'bout you babe

I'm mopin' around streets late at night
Worried because you ain't treatin' me right
Come back again, I'm just crazy 'bout you babe

I really don't know what to do
Everything you say just make me feel blue
Come back again, I'm just crazy 'bout you babe
Come back again, I'm just crazy 'bout you babe
Come back again, I'm just crazy 'bout you babe



Fairytale Of New York by The Pogues (Book 4 pg. 12)

It was Christmas Eve babe, In the drunk tank
An old man said to me, won't see another one
And then he sang a song, the Rare Old Mountain Dew
I turned my face away, and dreamed about you

Got on a lucky one, came in eighteen to one
I've got a feeling, this year's for me and you
So happy Christmas, I love you baby
I can see a better time, when all our dreams come true

[GIRL] They've got cars big as bars, they've got rivers of gold
But the wind goes right through you, it's no place for the old
When you first took my hand on a cold Christmas Eve
You promised me Broadway was waiting for me

You were handsome [BOY] you were pretty
Queen of New York City
When the band finished playing they howled out for more
Sinatra was swinging, all the drunks they were singing
We kissed on a corner then danced through the night

[ALL] The boys of the NYPD choir were singing "Galway Bay"
And the bells were ringing out for Christmas day

[GIRL] You're a bum you're a punk
[BOY] You're an old slut on junk
Lying there almost dead on a drip in that bed
[GIRL] You scumbag, you maggot, you cheap lousy faggot
Happy Christmas your arse I pray God it's our last

[ALL] The boys of the NYPD choir were singing "Galway Bay"
And the bells were ringing out for Christmas day

[BOY] I could have been someone
[GIRL] Well so could anyone
You took my dreams from me when I first found you

[BOY] I kept them with me babe, I put them with my own
Can't make it all alone, I've built my dreams around you

[ALL] The boys of the NYPD choir were singing "Galway Bay"
And the bells were ringing out for Christmas day



Friday I'm In Love by The Cure (Book 4 pg. 14)

I don't care if Monday's blue, Tuesday's gray and Wednesday too
Thursday I don't care about you it's Friday I'm in love

Monday you can fall apart, Tuesday Wednesday break my heart
Oh, Thursday doesn't even start it's Friday I'm in love

Saturday wait, and Sunday always comes too late
But Friday never hesitate

I don't care if Monday's black, Tuesday, Wednesday heart attack
Thursday never looking back it's Friday I'm in love

Monday you can hold your head, Tuesday, Wednesday stay in bed
Or Thursday watch the walls instead, it's Friday I'm in love

Saturday wait, and Sunday always comes too late
But Friday never hesitate

Dressed up to the eyes, it's a wonderful surprise
To see your shoes and your spirits rise
Throwing out your frown, and just smiling at the sound
And as sleek as a shiek spinning round and round
Always take a big bite it's such a gorgeous sight
To see you in the middle of the night
You can never get enough, enough of this stuff
It's Friday I'm in love

I don't care if Monday's blue, Tuesday's gray and Wednesday too
Thursday I don't care about you it's Friday I'm in love

Monday you can fall apart, Tuesday, Wednesday break my heart
Thursday doesn't even start, It's Friday I'm in love



House Of The Rising Sun by The Animals

(Book 4 pg. 15)

There is a house in New Orleans they call the rising sun
And its been the ruins of many a poor boy and god I know I'm one

My mother was a taylor, she sewed my new blue jeans
My father was a gamblin man, down in New Orleans

Now the only thing a gambler needs ss a suitcase and a trunk
And the only time you keep him satisfied is when hes all a drunk

Oh mother tell your children, ,ot to do what I have done
Spend your life in sin and misery in the house of the rising sun

I got one foot on the platform, the other on a train
And Im goin back to New Orleans to wear that ball and chain

Yeah, there is a house in New Orleans they call the rising sun
And its been the ruins of many a poor boy and God I know I'm one



How To Make Gravy by Paul Kelly

(Book 4 pg. 16)

Hello Dan, it's Joe here, I hope you're keeping well
It's the 21st of December, and now they're ringing the last bells
If I get good behaviour, I'll be out of here by July
Won't you kiss my kids on Christmas Day
Please don't let 'em cry for me

I guess the brothers are driving down from Queensland
And Stella's flying in from the coast
They say it's gonna be a hundred degrees, even more maybe
But that won't stop the roast
Who's gonna make the gravy now? I bet it won't taste the same
Just add flour, salt, a little red wine
And don't forget a dollop of tomato sauce
For sweetness and that extra tang

And give my love to Angus and to Frank and Dolly
Tell 'em all I'm sorry I screwed up this time
And look after Rita, I'll be thinking of her
Early Christmas morning when I'm standing in line

I hear Mary's got a new boyfriend, I hope he can hold his own
Do you remember the last one? What was his name again?
Just a little too much cologne
And Roger, you know I'm even gonna miss Roger
'Cause there's sure as hell no one in here I want to fight

Oh praise the Baby Jesus, have a Merry Christmas
I'm really gonna miss it, all the treasure and the trash
And later in the evening, I can just imagine
You'll put on Junior Murvin and push the tables back
And you'll dance with Rita, I know you really like her
Just don't hold her too close
Oh brother please don't stab me in the back

I didn't mean to say that, it's just my mind it plays up
Multiplies each matter, turns imagination into fact
You know I love her badly, she's the one to save me
I'm gonna make some gravy, I'm gonna taste the fat

Tell her that I'm sorry, yeah I love her badly
Tell 'em all I'm sorry
And kiss the sleepy children for me
You know one of these days, I'll be making gravy



I Got You by Split Enz (Book 4 pg. 18)

I got you, that's all I want
I won't forget, that's a whole lot
I don't go out, now that you're in
Sometimes we shout, but that's no problem

I don't know why sometimes I get frightened
You can see my eyes, you can tell that I'm not lyin'

Look at you, you're a pageant
You're everything, that I've imagined
Something's wrong, I feel uneasy
You show me, tell me you're not teasin'

I don't know why sometimes I get frightened
You can see my eyes, you can tell that I'm not lyin'

There's no doubt, not when I'm with you
When I'm without, I stay in my room
Where do you go, I get no answer
You're always out, it gets on my nerves

I don't know why sometimes I get frightened
You can see my eyes you can tell that I'm not lying
I don't know why sometimes I get frightened
You can see my eyes, you can tell that I'm not lyin'
I don't know why sometimes I get frightened
You can see my eyes, you can tell that I'm not lying



I'm Yours by Jason Mraz (Book 4 pg. 20)

Well you dawned on me and you bet I felt it
I tried to be chill but you're so hot that I melted
I fell right through the cracks, and now I'm trying to get back

Before the cool done run out I'll be giving it my best-est
And nothing's going to stop me but divine intervention
I reckon it's again my turn, to win some or learn some

But I won't hesitate no more, no more, it cannot wait, I'm yours

Well open up your mind and see like me
Open up your plans and damn you're free
Look into your heart and you'll find love love love love
Listen to the music of the moment people dance and sing
We are just one big family
And it's our God-forsaken right to be loved loved loved loved loved

So I won't hesitate no more, no more, it cannot wait I'm sure
There's no need to complicate our time is short
This is our fate, I'm yours

I've been spending way too long checking my tongue in the mirror
And bending over backwards just to try to see it clearer
But my breath fogged up the glass
And so I drew a new face and I laughed

I guess what I been saying is there ain't no better reason
To rid yourself of vanity and just go with the seasons
It's what we aim to do, our name is our virtue

But I won't hesitate no more, no more
It cannot wait I'm yours

Well open up your mind and see like me
Open up your plans and damn you're free
Look into your heart and you'll find the sky is yours
So please don't please don't please don't
There's no need to complicate
'Cause our time is short
This, oh this, this is our fate, I'm yours



I Was Only 19 by Redgum (Book 4 pg. 22)

Mum and dad and Danny saw the passing out parade
At Puckapunyal, it was a long march from cadets
The sixth battalion was the next to tour
And it was me who drew the card
We did Canungra and Shoalwater before we left

And Townsville lined the footpaths
As we marched down to the quay
This clipping from the paper
Shows us young and strong and clean
And there's me in me slouch hat with me SLR and greens
God help me, I was only nineteen

From Vung Tau riding Chinooks to the dust at Nui Dat
I'd been in and out of choppers now for months
And we made our tents a home, V.B. and pinups on the lockers
And an Asian orange sunset through the scrub

And can you tell me, doctor, why I still can't get to sleep?
And night time's just a jungle dark and a barking M.16?
And what's this rash that comes and goes
Can you tell me what it means?
God help me, I was only nineteen

A four week operation
When each step can mean your last one on two legs
It was a war within yourself

But you wouldn't let your mates down 'til they had you dusted off
So you closed your eyes and thought about somethin' else

And then someone yelled out contact!
And the bloke behind me swore
We hooked in there for hours, then a God almighty roar
And Frankie kicked a mine
The day that mankind kicked the moon
God help me, he was goin' home in June

And I can still see Frankie, drinkin' tinnies in the Grand Hotel
On a thirty-six hour rec. leave in Vung Tau
And I can still hear Frankie, lying screaming in the jungle
'Til the morphine came and killed the bloody row

And the Anzac legends didn't mention mud and blood and tears
And the stories that my father told me never seemed quite real
I caught some pieces in my back that I didn't even feel
God help me, I was only nineteen

And can you tell me, doctor, why I still can't get to sleep?
And why the Channel Seven chopper chills me to my feet?
And what's this rash that comes and goes
Can you tell me what it means?
God help me, I was only nineteen



Johnny B. Goode by Chuck Berry (Book 4 pg. 24)

Deep down in Louisiana close to New Orleans
 Way back up in the woods among the evergreens
 There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood
 Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode
 Who never ever learned to read or write so well
 But he could play a guitar just like a-ringin' a bell

Go go, go Johnny go go, go Johnny go go
 Go Johnny go go, go Johnny go go, Johnny B. Goode

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack
 Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track
 Oh, the engineers would see him sitting in the shade
 Strumming with the rhythm that the drivers made
 People passing by they would stop and say
 "Oh my what that little country boy could play"

Go go, go Johnny go go, go Johnny go go
 Go Johnny go go, go Johnny go go, Johnny B. Goode

His mother told him "someday you will be a man
 And you will be the leader of a big old band
 Many people coming from miles around
 To hear you play your music when the sun go down
 Maybe someday your name will be in lights
 Saying "Johnny B. Goode tonight"

Go go, go Johnny go go, go Johnny go go
 Go Johnny go go, go Johnny go go, Johnny B. Goode



Linger by The Cranberries (Book 4 pg.25)

If you, if you could return, don't let it burn, don't let it fade
 I'm sure I'm not being rude, but it's just your attitude
 It's tearing me apart, it's ruining every day

For me, I swore I would be true, and fellow, so did you
 So why were you holding her hand? Is that the way we stand?
 Were you lying all the time? Was it just a game to you?

But I'm in so deep, you know I'm such a fool for you
 You've got me wrapped around your finger
 Do you have to let it linger?
 Do you have to, do you have to, do have to let it linger?

Oh, I thought the world of you, I thought nothing could go wrong
 But I was wrong, I was wrong
 If you, if you could get by, trying not to lie
 Things wouldn't be so confused, and I wouldn't feel so used
 But you always really knew, I just want to be with you

But I'm in so deep, you know I'm such a fool for you
 You've got me wrapped around your finger
 Do you have to let it linger?
 Do you have to, do you have to, do have to let it linger?

REPEAT CHORUS



Little Talks by Of Monsters And Men (Book 4 pg. 26)

I don't like walking around this old and empty house
So hold my hand, I'll walk with you my dear
The stairs creak as I sleep, it's keeping me awake
It's the house telling you to close your eyes
And some days I can't even trust myself
It's killing me to see you this way
'cause though the truth may vary
This ship will carry our bodies safe to shore
Hey! Hey! Hey!

There's an old voice in my head, that's holding me back
Well tell her that I miss our little talks
Soon it will all be over, and buried with our past
We used to play outside when we were young
And full of life and full of love
Some days I don't know if I am wrong or right
Your mind is playing tricks on you my dear
'cause though the truth may vary
This ship will carry our bodies safe to shore

Don't listen to a word I say Hey!
The screams all sound the same Hey!
Though the truth may vary
This ship will carry our bodies safe to shore

You're gone, gone, gone away, I watched you disappear
All that's left is a ghost of you
Now we're torn, torn, torn apart, there's nothing we can do
Just let me go, we'll meet again soon
Now wait, wait, wait for me, please hang around
I'll see you when I fall asleep

Don't listen to a word I say Hey!
The screams all sound the same Hey!
Though the truth may vary
This ship will carry our bodies safe to shore

Don't listen to a word I say Hey!
The screams all sound the same Hey!
Though the truth may vary
This ship will carry our bodies safe to shore
Though the truth may vary
This ship will carry our bodies safe to shore
Though the truth may vary
This ship will carry our bodies safe to shore



Losing My Religion by R.E.M (Book 4 pg. 28)

Oh, life is bigger. It's bigger than you and you are not me
The lengths that I will go to, the distance in your eyes
Oh no, I've said too much, I set it up

That's me in the corner, that's me in the spotlight
Losing my religion
Trying to keep up with you, and I don't know if I can do it
Oh no, I've said too much, I haven't said enough

I thought that I heard you laughing
I thought that I heard you sing
I think I thought I saw you try

Every whisper, oOf every waking hour
I'm choosing my confessions
Trying to keep an eye on you
Like a hurt lost and blinded fool, fool
Oh no, I've said too much, I set it up

Consider this, consider this the hint of the century
Consider this the slip that brought me to my knees failed
What if all these fantasies come flailing around
Now I've said too much

I thought that I heard you laughing
I thought that I heard you sing
I think I thought I saw you try
But that was just a dream

That was just a dream

That's me in the corner, that's me in the spotlight
Losing my religion
Trying to keep up with you, and I don't know if I can do it
Oh no, I've said too much, I haven't said enough

I thought that I heard you laughing
I thought that I heard you sing
I think I thought I saw you try,
But that was just a dream
Try, cry, why try?
That was just a dream, just a dream, just a dream
Dream



Mr. Jones by Counting Crows (Book 4 pg. 30)

Sha, la, la, la, la, la, mmm, uh huh

I was down at the New Amsterdam

Staring at this yellow-haired girl

Mr Jones strikes up a conversation

With a black-haired flamenco dancer

You know, she dances while his father plays guitar

She's suddenly beautiful

We all want something beautiful - man, I wish I was beautiful

So come dance the silence down through the morning

Sha la, la, la, la, la, la yeah, uh huh yeah

Cut up, Maria! Show me some of that Spanish dancin'

Pass me a bottle, Mr Jones

Believe in me, help me believe in anything

'Cause I want to be someone who believes - yeah

Mr Jones and me tell each other fairy tales

And we stare at the beautiful women - she's looking at you

Ah, no, no, she's looking at me

Smilin' in the bright lights, coming through in stereo

When everybody loves you, you can never be lonely

Well, I'm gonna paint my picture

Paint myself in blue and red and black and gray

All of the beautiful colors are very, very meaningful

Yeah, well, you know gray is my favorite color

I felt so symbolic yesterday

If I knew Picasso I would buy myself a gray guitar and play



Mr Jones and me, look into the future

Yeah, we stare at the beautiful women

She's looking at you - I don't think so she's looking at me

Standing in the spotlight, I bought myself a gray guitar

When everybody loves me I will never be lonely

I will never be lonely, said I'm never gonna be lonely

I wanna be a lion, yeah, everybody wants to pass as cats

We all wanna be big, big stars

Yeah, but we got different reasons for that

Believe in me, 'cause I don't believe in anything

And I wanna be someone to believe, to believe, to believe yeah!

Mr Jones and me stumbling through the Barrio

Yeah, we stare at the beautiful women

She's perfect for you - man, there's got to be somebody for me

I wanna be Bob Dylan

Mr Jones wishes he was someone just a little more funky

When everybody love you

Oh! Son, that's just about as funky as you can be

Mr Jones and me starin' at the video

When I look at the television, I wanna see me

Staring right back at me

We all wanna be big stars

But we don't know why, and we don't know how

But when everybody loves me

I'm wanna be just about as happy as I can be

Mr Jones and me - we're gonna be big stars



Make Me Smile (Come Up And See Me)

by Steve Harley (Book 4 pg. 32)

You've done it all, you've broken every code

And pulled the rebel to the floor

You spoilt the game, no matter what you say

For only metal, what a bore!

Blue eyes, blue eyes how come you tell so many lies?

Come up and see me, make me smile

Or do what you want, running wild

There's nothing left, all gone and run away

Maybe you'll tarry for a while

It's just a test, a game for us to play

Win or lose, it's hard to smile

Resist, resist, it's from yourself, you have to hide, oh

Come up and see me to make me smile, oh

Or do what you want, running wild

There ain't no more, you've taken everything

From my belief in Mother Earth

Can you ignore my faith in everything

'Cause I know what faith is and what it's worth

Away, away, and don't say maybe you'll try

To come up and see me to make me smile

Or do what you want just running wild

Needles And Pins by The Searchers (Book 4 pg. 33)

I saw her today, I saw her face, it was a face I loved

And I knew I had to run away

And get down on my knees and pray that they'd go away

But still they'd begin, needles and pins

Because of all my pride, the tears I gotta hide

Hey I thought I was smart, I'd won her heart

Didn't think I'd do, but now I see

She's worse to him than me, let her go ahead

Take his love instead, and one day she will see

Just how to say please, and get down on her knees

Hey that's how it begins, she'll feel those needles and pins

A-hurtin' her, a-hurtin' her

Why can't I stop and tell myself I'm wrong, I'm wrong, so wrong?

Why can't I stand up and tell myself I'm strong?

Because I saw her today, I saw her face it was a face I loved

And I knew I had to run away

And get down on my knees and pray that they'd go away

But still they'd begin, needles and pins

Because of all my pride, the tears I gotta hide

Oh needles and pins, needles and pins, needles and pins



One by U2 (Book 4 pg. 34)

Is it getting better or do you feel the same?
Will it make it easier on you now? you got someone to blame

You say one love, one life, it's one need in the night
One love, get to share it
Leaves you darling, if you don't care for it

Did I disappoint you? Or leave a bad taste in your mouth?
You act like you never had love and you want me to go without

Well it's too late, tonight, to drag the past out into the light
We're one, but we're not the same we get to carry each other
Carry each other - One, one

Have you come here for forgiveness?
Have you come to raise the dead?
Have you come here to play Jesus? to the lepers in your head

Well, did I ask too much, more than a lot?
You gave me nothing, now it's all I got
We're one, but we're not the same
See we hurt each other, then we do it again

You say love is a temple, love is a higher law
Love is a temple, love is a higher law
You ask me of me to enter, but then you make me crawl
And I can't keep holding on to what you got
'cause all you got is hurt

One love, one blood, one life
You got to do what you should
One life, with each other, sisters and my brothers
One life but we're not the same
We get to carry each other, carry each other - one, one



Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head by BJ Thomas (Book 4 pg. 35)

Raindrops are falling on my head
And just like the guy whose feet are too big for his bed
Nothing seems to fit
Those raindrops are falling on my head, they keep falling

So I just did me some talking to the sun
And I said I didn't like the way he got things done
Sleeping on the job
Those raindrops are falling on my head, they keep fallin'

But there's one thing I know - the blues they send to meet me
Won't defeat me, it won't be long
'Till happiness steps up to greet me

Raindrops keep falling on my head
But that doesn't mean my eyes will soon be turning red
Crying's not for me
'cause I'm never gonna stop the rain by complaining
Because I'm free, nothing's worrying me

It won't be long 'till happiness steps up to greet me

Raindrops keep falling on my head
But that doesn't mean my eyes will soon be turning red
Crying's not for me
'Cause I'm never gonna stop the rain by complaining
Because I'm free, 'cause nothing's worrying me



Sloop John B by Beach Boys (Book 4 pg. 36)

We come on the Sloop John B, my grandfather and me
Around Nassau town we did roam
Drinking all night, got into a fight
Well I feel so broke up, I want to go home

So hoist up the John B's sail, see how the main sail sets
Call for the Captain ashore let me go home
Let me go home, I want to go home, yeah yeah
Well I feel so broke up, I want to go home

The first mate he got drunk and broke in the Cap'n's trunk
The constable had to come and take him away
Sheriff John Stone, why don't you leave me alone, yeah yeah
Well I feel so broke up, I want to go home

So hoist up the John B's sail, see how the main sail sets
Call for the Captain ashore let me go home
Let me go home, I want to go home, let me go home
Why don't you let me go home?
I feel so broke up I want to go home

The poor cook he caught the fits
And threw away all my grits
And then he took and he ate up all of my corn
Let me go home
Why don't they let me go home
This is the worst trip I've ever been on

So hoist up the John B's sail
See how the main sail sets
Call for the Captain ashore
Let me go home, let me go home
I want to go home, let me go home
Why don't you let me go home



Summer of 69 by Brian Adams (Book 4 pg. 37)

I got my first real six-string, bought it at the five-and-dime
Played it 'til my fingers bled, was the summer of sixty-nine
Me and some guys from school, had a band and we tried real hard
Jimmy quit, Jody got married, I should've known we'd never get far

Oh, when I look back now that summer seemed to last forever
And if I had the choice yeah, I'd always wanna be there
Those were the best days of my life

Ain't no use in complainin', when you've got a job to do
Spent my evenings down at the drive-in
And that's when I met you, yeah

Standin' on your mama's porch
You told me that you'd wait forever
Oh, and when you held my hand I knew that it was now or never
Those were the best days of my life
Back in the summer of sixty-nine, oh

Man, we were killin' time, we were young and restless
We needed to unwind
I guess nothin' can last forever, forever, no

And now the times are changin'
Look at everything that's come and gone
Sometimes when I play that old six-string
I think about you, wonder what went wrong

Standin' on your mama's porch
You told me that it'd last forever
Oh, and when you held my hand
I knew that it was now or never
Those were the best days of my life

Back in the summer of sixty-nine, oh
It was the summer of sixty-nine, oh, yeah
Me and my baby in sixty-nine, oh
It was the summer, the summer, the summer of sixty-nine, yeah



Sweet Caroline by Neil Diamond (Book 4 pg. 38)

Where it began, I can't begin to knowing
But then I know it's growing strong
Was in the spring, then spring became the summer
Who'd have believed you'd come along

Hands, touching hands
Reaching out, touching me, touching you

Sweet Caroline, good times never seemed so good
I'd be inclined, to believe they never would

But now I look at the night and it don't seem so lonely
We filled it up with only two
And when I hurt, hurting runs off my shoulders
How can I hurt when I'm holding you

One, touching one
Reaching out, touching me, touching you

Sweet Caroline, good times never seemed so good
I'd be inclined, to believe they never would

Sweet Caroline, good times never seemed so good
Sweet Caroline, I believe they never could
Sweet Caroline

The Needle And The Damage Done by Neil Young (Book 4 pg. 39)

I caught you knockin' at my cellar door
I love you, baby, can I have some more?
Ooh, ooh, the damage done

I hit the city and I lost my band
I watched the needle take another man
Gone, gone, the damage done

I sing the song because I love the man
I know that some of you don't understand
Milk blood to keep from running out

I've seen the needle and the damage done
A little part of it in everyone
But every junkie's like a settin' sun



The Way by Fastball (Book 4 pg. 40)

They made up their minds and they started packing
They left before the sun came up that day
An exit to eternal summer slacking
But where were they going without ever knowing the way?

They drank up the wine and they got to talking
They now had more important things to say
And when the car broke down they started walking
Where were they going without ever knowing the way?

Anyone can see the road that they walk on is paved with gold
It's always summer they'll never get cold
They'll never get hungry, they'll never get old and gray
You can see their shadows wandering off somewhere
They won't make it home but they really don't care
They wanted the highway, they're happier there today, today

The children woke up and they couldn't find 'em
They left before the sun came up that day
They just drove off and left it all behind 'em
Where were they going without ever knowing the way?

Anyone can see the road that they walk on is paved with gold
It's always summer they'll never get cold
They'll never get hungry, they'll never get old and gray
You can see their shadows wandering off somewhere
They won't make it home but they really don't care
They wanted the highway, they're happier there today, today



The Wanderer by Dion (Book 4 pg. 42)

Oh well, I'm the type of guy who will never settle down
Where pretty girls are, well you know that I'm around
I kiss 'em and I love 'em cause to me they're all the same
I hug 'em and I squeeze 'em they don't even know my name
They call me the wanderer, yeah, the wanderer
I roam around, around, around

Oh well, there's Flo on my left and then there's Mary on my right
And Janie is the girl well that I'll be with tonight
And when she asks me, which one I love the best?
I tear open my shirt and I show "Rosie" on my chest
Cause I'm the wanderer, yeah, the wanderer
I roam around, around, around

Oh well, I roam from town to town,
I go through life without a care
And I'm as happy as a clown
I with my two fists of iron but I'm going nowhere

Oh yeah, I'm the type of guy that likes to roam around
I'm never in one place, I roam from town to town
And when I find myself a-fallin' for some girl
Yeah, I hop right into that car of mine and drive around the world
Yeah I'm the wanderer, yeah, the wanderer
I roam around, around, around

Oh yeah, I'm the type of guy that likes to roam around
I'm never in one place, I roam from town to town
And when I find myself a-fallin' for some girl
I hop right into that car of mine and drive around the world
Yeah, cause I'm a wanderer, yeah, a wanderer
I roam around, around, around, around, around, around

Cause I'm a wanderer, yeah, a wanderer
I roam around, around, around, around, around, around, around, around
Cause I'm a wanderer, I'm, a wanderer
I roam around, around, around, around



Three Little Birds by Bob Marley (Book 4 pg. 43)

Don't worry about a thing
Cause every little thing gonna be all right
Singin: don't worry about a thing
Cause every little thing gonna be all right

Rise up this mornin, smiled with the risin sun
Three little birds pirch by my doorstep
Singin sweet songs of melodies pure and true
Sayin, this is my message to you

Valerie by Amy Winehouse (Book 4 pg. 44)

Well sometimes I go out by myself and I look across the water
And I think of all the things, what you're doing
And in my head I paint a picture

'cause since I've come on home, well my body's been a mess
And I've missed your ginger hair and the way you like to dress
Won't you come on over stop making a fool out of me
Why don't you come on over Valerie?

Did you have to go to jail
Put your house up for sale, did you get a good lawyer?
I hope you didn't catch a tan
I hope you'll find the right man who'll fix it for ya

And are you shopping anywhere
Changed the color of your hair, are you busy?
And did you have to pay that fine
You were dodging all the time, are you still dizzy?

'cause since I've come on home, well my body's been a mess
And I've missed your ginger hair and the way you like to dress
Won't you come on over stop making a fool out of me
Why don't you come on over Valerie?

Well sometimes I go out by myself and I look across the water
And I think of all the things, what you're doing
And in my head I paint a picture

'cause since I've come on home well my body's been a mess
And I've missed your ginger hair and the way you like to dress
Won't you come on over stop making a fool out of me
Why don't you come on over Valerie?
Why don't you come on over Valerie?



When Love Comes To Town by B.B King feat. U2 (Book 4 pg. 46)

I was a sailor, I was lost at sea
I was under the waves before love rescued me
I was a fighter, I could turn on a thread
Now I stand accused of the things I've said

Love comes to town I'm gonna jump that train
When love comes to town I'm gonna catch that flame
Maybe I was wrong to ever let you down
But I did what I did before love came to town

I used to make love under a red sunset
I was making promises I was soon to forget
She was pale as the lace of her wedding gown
But I left her standing before love came to town
I ran into a juke joint when I heard a guitar scream
The notes were turning blue, I was dazing in a dream
As the music played I saw my life turn around
That was the day before love came to town

When love comes to town I'm gonna jump that train
When love comes to town I'm gonna catch that flame
Maybe I was wrong to ever let you down
But I did what I did before love came to town

When love comes to town I'm gonna jump that train
When love comes to town I'm gonna catch that flame
Maybe I was wrong to ever let you down
But I did what I did before love came to town

I was there when they crucified my Lord
I held the scabbard when the soldier drew his sword
I threw the dice when they pierced his side
But I've seen love conquer the great divide

When love comes to town I'm gonna catch that train
When love comes to town I'm gonna catch that flame
Maybe I was wrong to ever let you down



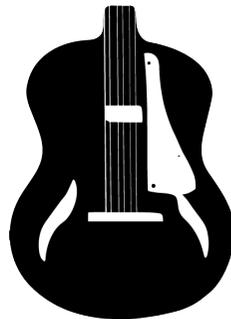
- Welcome to Guitar by the Glass -

This is a free live jam session for musicians to gather and perform songs

The Way It Works

Within the music circle, going clockwise, each musician requests a song, and everyone joins in

These lyric books are made so you can sing along and enjoy yourselves while you watch



Requesting A Song

The music circle may occasionally ask for song requests from the audience. During these moments, if you would like a song played, please call out your request followed by the book and page numbers.

We only do songs within these books.



eg. Aimie by Pure Prairie League (Book 4 pg. 6)

You would wait for the circle to ask for requests, then call out: “Aimie, book 4 page 6!”

This helps the musicians find the song faster.

Please be respectful, and have a great night
If you would like to join the music circle, speak with

Shaun Cechner

or email me

info@guitarbytheglass.com