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TAKE IT EASY

Words and Music by
JACKSON BROWNE & GLENN FREY

Moderate Country feeling

Well, I'm a-runnin' down the road try'n' to

loosen my load, I've got seven women on my mind, four

that wanna own me, two that wanna stone me, one says she's a friend of mine...

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Take it easy, take it easy,
don't let the sound of your own wheels drive you crazy.

Lighten up while you still can,
don't even try to understand,

just find a place to make your stand and take it easy.
Well, I'm a-stand-in' on a corner in Win-

low, Ar-i-zo-na and such a fine sight to see, it's a girl,

my Lord, in a flat bed Ford slow-in' down to take a look at me.

Come on, baby, don't say maybe.
I gotta know if your sweet love is gonna save me...

We may lose and we may win, though we will never be here again,

so open up, I'm climbin' in, so take it easy.

Well, I'm a-runnin' down the road try'n' to loosen my load, got a world...
of trouble on my mind, lookin' for a lover who won't

blow my cover, she's so hard to find. Take it easy,
y, take it easy, don't let the sound of your own

wheels make you crazy. Come on, baby,
don't say maybe, I gotta know if your sweet love

Is gonna save me.

Oh, we got it easy,

we ought-a take it easy.
PEACEFUL EASY FEELING

Words and Music by
JACK TEMPCIN

Moderately

I like the way your sparkling ear-
ning lay against your skin so brown,
and I wanna sleep with you in the desert to-night.

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with a billion stars all around. 'Cause I got a peaceful, easy feeling, and I know you won't let me down, 'cause I'm all ready standing on the ground.
And I found out a long time ago

what a woman can do to your soul,

ah, but she can't take you any way,

you don't already know how to go.

And I got a
peaceful eas y feel in',

and I know you won't let me down, 'cause I'm

al read y stand in' on the ground.

To Coda
I get this feelin', I may know you

as a lover and a friend,

but this voice keeps whispering in my other ear, tells me

I may never see you again.

'Cause I get a
I'm all ready standing, yes, I'm all ready standing on the ground.

Whoa.

rit.
WITCHY WOMAN

Words and Music by
BERNIE LEADON & DON HENLEY

Moderately
Gm

Gm

Gm

D7

Play four times

Gm

Gm

Gm

Sparks fly from her finger tips,

Echoed voices

In the night, She's a restless spirit on an endless flight.

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Woo-hoo, witch-y woman, See how high she flies.

Woo-hoo, witch-y woman, She got the moon in her eyes.

She

held me spell-bound in the night,
Dancing shadows and fire-light,
Crazy laughter in another room. And she drove herself to madness with a silver spoon.

I know you want to love her, but let me tell you, brother. She's been sleepin' in the devil's bed. There's some rumors goin' 'round.
Someone's underground, she can rock you in the night until your skin turn red.

Woo-hoo, witchy woman, see how high she flies.

Woo-hoo, witchy woman, she got the moon in her eyes.
MOST OF US ARE SAD

Words and Music by GLENN FREY

Slowly

Most of us are sad,
no one lets it show,

I've been shadows of myself, how was I to know?
Tell me scarlet sun, what will time allow?

We have brought our children here, who can save them now?

Weeping woman, try to smile like the coming dawn,

most of us are sad, it's true, still we must go
Love was here today,

Oh, the sun was bright,

I will sing you far away.

Love is here tonight.
Dm7  Gsus4  G  C  Fmaj9
Most of us are sad,

C  Fmaj9  Em  Am
no one lets it show, I've been shadows of myself,

Dm7  G  Fmaj7
how was I to know? Oo, oo,

Cmaj9  Cmaj7  Fmaj7  Cmaj9

oo, oo.
TRYIN'  
Words and Music by RANDY MEISNER

Moderate Rock

I'm just arrivin' in the city and there's music on my mind.

lookin' for my destination and my
home is far behind.

'Cause it's a long road ahead, and you can make it in the end,

I'm gonna make it with my friends, and I'm tryin'.

It took me some time to see it, now I'm
lookin' through this world, and it's

gonna take some time before I get back; help me girl.

'Cause you can make it if you try, you gotta

lay it on the line, and ev'rything will be fine
If you try.

Sittin'

Smokin' just thinkin' is an easy thing to do,

We gotta keep on tryin' for the feelin' to come through,

And it's a lonely way to live,
you gotta take it, you gotta give, if you miss

take it, just try again, and I'm tryin',

Bb D Four times Tacet

yeah.

Uh huh huh, we got to keep on tryin'.

Four times
EARLYBIRD
Words and Music by
RANDY MEISNER & BERNIE LEADON

Moderate Country feeling

\[\text{Bm}\]

\[\text{Bb}\]

\[\text{C}\]

\[\text{G}\]

\[\text{Gsus4}\]

\[\text{G}\]

\[\text{Gsus4}\]

\[\text{G}\]

\[\text{Gsus4}\]

Ear-ly in the morn-in' a-bout the break of day, the

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early bird is workin' so his life don't fade away.

spend his days denyin' that he's got no time for flyin' in the breeze.

While high up on his own, the eagle flies alone, he is free.

The
early bird is scratchin', though the goin's gettin' tough,

the

time is passin' by him and he just can't get enough. He'll
tell you all is goin' well, but knows that something's wrong,

the

early bird will wake one day and find his life is gone.
Bm  
Bb  
G  
Gus4  

1. G  

You

G  

Gus4  

G  

Gus4

know I like to lay in bed, sleep out in the sun,

readin' books or playin' crazy music just for fun.
NIGHTINGALE

Words and Music by
JACKSON BROWNE

Medium beat

\[\text{I'm hang-in' on to my peace of mind, I just don't know... I'm hang-in' on to those good times, baby, just want to let them roll.}\]

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Don't let me see that morn'in paper, 'cause I don't need those dues,

It's just the same old murder movie,

but they call it the news. I'll tell you what would be-

some story and what would set me free Is if the
D    G
same thing hap-pened to  ev-
ry-bod-y__ that just hap-pened to me.

E7    A7    G
Oh,  I just don't know._

G
I'll nev-er let her go._

Bm

Ev-ry-time I__ hear__ some-bod-y
sneak-in' up behind, whoa, I turn around, but I still

hear that sound and just when I'm about to lose my mind,

Here comes my baby, sing-in' like a nightingale,

Comin' my way down along that devastation
We'll tell the Lord above she's got a brand of love that cannot
fall.

hang-in' on to my peace of mind and that's no lie.

I'm hang-in' on to my special friend, the apple of my eye.
The apple of my eye, my inspiration, too.
She's got a lead on my heart and my soul and she knows just what to do.
Oh, oh, I just don't know, no, no, no, no, No,
I get so low and my mind's about to go, but wait a minute,

Hang-in' on to my peace of mind,

I just don't know.

Repeat and fade

Repeat and fade
TAKE THE DEVIL
Words and Music by RANDY MEISNER

Moderately slow
Four times
F#m7
F#m7
B7sus4
2fr.

O-pen up your eyes, take the dev - il from your mind.

D(addE)
A
G6
F#m7sus4
F#m7

he's been hold - in' on to you and you're so hard to find.

F#m7sus4 F#m7
B7sus4
2fr.

The wind out-side is cold, restless feel - in' in my soul
D(addE)  A  G6  F#m7sus4

tempt-in' me to get away but there's no place a man can go.

D  F#m7

God, will you lead me where I roam,

D  B7sus4  F#m7sus4  F#m7

help me not to let my feelin's show, no, no.

F#m7  B7sus4

You are the one, oh, how could you be so blind?

The
Devil preys on runaways, he's never far behind.

Many years that I've tried now have been revealed to me,

Closer is the love you'll find waiting so patiently.

God, will you lead me where I roam.
D

B7sus4

F#7sus4

F#m7

help me not to let my feel-in's show,
no, no,

Take the devil,
take the devil from your mind.

B7sus4

D(addE)

A

G6

F#m7
CHUG ALL NIGHT

Words and Music by GLENN FREY

Moderately bright (double time feeling)

*D5
E5
F5
E5
D5

You

D5
E5
F5
E5
D5
E5

scare me a bit but that's all right, you know when I want you,

most ev'ry night. And I've been mean-in' to tell

---

F5
E5
D5
E5

you, baby, that it makes no sense, still I'm fi-

* Guitarists: Tune sixth string to D.

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nally convinced, yeah, yeah.

I believe we could chug all night.

I believe we could hug all night.

The band is loose and the groove is right, you're

so much woman, believe we could chug all night.
On the day... that I die... well, I just... might scream.

if I'm a-live... in the morn-in'... I'll be a-live in a dream.

You better listen to me, baby, 'cause you know...
that I'm hung on you, till I'm blind and black and blue

no one else will do.

I do believe we could chug all night, I do believe we could

hug all night. The band is loose and the groove is right, you're
so much woman, believe we could chug all night.

No woman ever do what you do,

high on a pleasure wheel, no devil ever cast a voo-

do so long and dark and real.
We're gon-na do a lit-tle chug-gin',
we're gon-na do a lit-tle hug-gin'.

The band is loose—and the groove—is right,
I'm wired for sound—are you wired.

Tacet

for light?
And you're so much wom-an, I be-lieve we could chug all
	night.
TRAIN LEAVES HERE THIS MORNIN'

Words and Music by
GENE CLARK & BERNIE LEADON

Moderate Country feeling

I lost ten-

points just for be-in' in the right place at exactly the wrong-

time, I looked right at the facts there but I may-

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as well have been completely blind. So if
you see me walkin' all alone, don't look back; I'm just
on my way back home. There's a train leaves here this
mornin', I don't know what I might be on.
She signed me twenty to a contract, hey said it would all
be so lifelong, I looked around then for a
reason when there wasn't something more to blame it on,
want ed, might have been that it was get tin' time to leave.

But if time makes a difference while we're gone,
And I watched as the smoker passed it on,
tell me now and I won't be hang-in' on. and I laughed when the joker said, "Lead on."

There's a train leaves here this morn-in', I don't know what I might be on. Thirteen -

There's a train leaves here this morn-in', I don't know what I might be on.
DESPERADO

Words and Music by
DON HENLEY & GLENN FREY

Slowly

G  G7  C  Cm6  G  Em

A7  D  G  G9

Desperado, why don't you

C  Cm6  G  Em7

Come to your senses? You been out ridin' fences for

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so long now. Oh, you're a hard one, I know that

you got your reasons, these things that are pleasing you can

hurt you somehow. Don't you draw the queen of diamonds, boy, she'll

beat you if she's able, you know the queen of hearts is always your best bet.
Now it seems to me some fine things have been laid upon your table, but you only want the ones that you can't get.

Desperado, oh, you ain't gettin' no younger, your pain and your hunger, they're
driv-in' you home. And free-dom, oh, free-dom, well, that's just some people talk-in', your prison is walk-in' through this world all alone.

Don't your feet get cold in the winter time? The sky won't snow and the sun won't shine, it's hard to tell— the night-time from the
G D/F# Em Bm7

day. You're los- in' all your highs and lows. Ain't it

C G Am7

fun- ny how the feel- in' goes a- way?

Am7/D D D7 G Dm7

Des- per- a- do, why don't you

C Cm6 G D/F# Em

come to your sens- es? Come down from your fenc- es.
open the gate.
It may be rainin',
but there's a
rainbow above you.
You better let somebody love you,
you better let somebody love you before it's too late.
OUT OF CONTROL

Words and Music by
DON HENLEY, GLENN FREY and TOM NIXON

Moderate Rock
Tacet

Ah.

yeah!

Oh, my.

don't the sky look spacious with the stars all shin-in' down...

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Well, I can hear the night wind howlin', It's a high and lonesome sound. And I ain't had a woman in so long, I can't feed my starvin' soul. Come on, saddle up, boys, we're gonna ride into town, we're gonna
get a little out of control.

There's a card game in the corner and the barmaid smiled at me.

Well, I tipped her a silver dollar and she brought me a drink for free.
All the town folk call her the cheap one and the gamblers call her Flo. Come on, set 'em up again. I got me a friend and I think I'm gettin' out of control.

Oh, oh, oh.
cool water, her mamma taught her,
I got news, she's mine and mine alone.
And if anybody's lookin' for trouble,
you know I'm the one you want to try. Well, I'll
fight any man who wants to and I don't care who or why.

You got to gamble on your story, you got no guts, you get no glory. And I'm bettin' my money on an ace in the hole, think I'm gettin' out of control.
TEQUILA SUNRISE

Words and Music by
DON HENLEY & GLENN FREY

Moderately

It's another tequila sunrise starin' slow-

ly 'cross the sky,

said good-bye.

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He was just a hired hand—
work-in' on the
dreams he planned to try,
the days go by.
Ev'ry night when the sun goes down—
just another
lonely boy in town,—
and she's out runnin' 'round.
She wasn't just another woman
and I couldn't keep from comin' on,
it's been so long.
Oh, and it's a hollow feelin',
when it comes down to dealin' friends,
it never ends.
Take another shot of courage, wonder why the right words never come, you just get numb...
It's another tequila sunrise, this old world still looks the same,

another frame.
DOOLIN—DALTON

Words and Music by
GLENN FREY, JOHN DAVID SOUTHER,
DON HENLEY & JACKSON BROWNE

Slowly

\[\text{Chords: A, A/G\#, F#m}\]

\[\text{Legato}\]

\[\text{Chords: A, F#m, A, A7}\]

\[\text{Chords: D, F#m, B, D}\]

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They were dueling.

Doolin-Dalton,

high or low,

it was the same.

Easy money and faithless women,

red-eye whiskey for the pain.
Go down, Bill Dalton, it must be God's will,
two brothers lyin' dead in

Coffeyville,
Two voices call to you from where they stood,

lay down your law books now, they're no damn good.
Better keep on

movin',
Doolin' Dalton,
'til your
shadow sets you free. If you're fast

and if you're lucky, you will

never see that hanging tree. Well, the
towns lay out across the dusty plains like grave-
yards filled with tombstones wait-in' for the names. And a
man could use his back or use his brains, but some
just went stir crazy, Lord, 'cause noth-in' ev-er changed 'til Bill
Doolin met Bill Dalton. He was workin' cheap.
just bid in' time. Then he laughed.

and said, "I'm go in'." and so he

left that peaceful life behind.

(Mmm.)
TWENTY ONE

Words and Music by
BERNIE LEADON

Fast Country feeling
Tacet

one and strong as I can be, I know what

free-dom means to me, and I can't give the rea-son

why I should ev-er want to die.

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Got no cause to be afraid or
fear that life will ever fade,"cause as I watch
the rising sun, I know that
we have just begun. I might
A    D    A
spend my life up - on the road just

D    Bm
try - in' to add to what I know, then some - day I

E    D
might set - tle down and all my

E    A    D
friends will be a-round.
They say a man should have

a stock and trade but me, I'll find another way,
I believe in getting what you can.

and there ain't no stoppin' this young man.

Because I'm young and fast as I can be,

I know what freedom means to me, and I
DESPERADO PART II

Words and Music by
DON HENLEY & GLENN FREY

Very slow

A little faster

The queen of diamonds let you down, she was

just an empty fable, the queen of hearts you say you never met.

Your twisted fate has found you out and it's

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fl-n'lly turned the tables. stole your dreams and paid you with re-

E7sus4 E (Group) Is there gon-na be an-y-thing left, is there
gret. Des-per-a-do,

F#m A7 D F#m/C#
gon-na be an-y-thing? Ain't it hard when you're all a-lone in the
you sealed your fate up a long time a-go.

Bm A

cen-ter ring?

Is there gon-na be an-y-thing left?

Now there's no time left to bor-row, on-ly star-
DOOLIN—DALTON PART II

Words and Music by
GLENN FREY, JOHN DAVID SOUTHER,
DON HENLEY & JACKSON BROWNE

Slowly
Tacet

Well, the stage was set, the sun was sinkin' low down as they

Bm

F#m7
F#m7(addB)

came to town to face another showdown.
The

A

A7

D

F#m7/C#

lawmen cleared the people from the streets, "All you

Bm

E

C#/E#

blood-thirsty bystanders, will you try to find your seats?"
Watch 'em duel

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Doo-lin-Dal-ton, high or-
low. it's all the same. Easy
money and faithless women, you will
never kill the pain.
Go down, Bill Doolin, don't you wonder why?

Sooner or later we all have to die?

Sooner or later, that's a stone-cold fact.

Four men ride out and only three ride back.
OUTLAW MAN
Words and Music by DAVID BLUE

Moderately slow, with a beat

I am an outlaw, I was born an outlaw's son,
the highway is my legacy, on the highway I will run.

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one hand I've a Bible, in the other I've got a gun,

well, don't you know me, I'm the man who won,

Woman, don't try to love me, don't try to understand,

a life up on the road is the life of an outlaw man.
Em

First left my woman, it was down in Santa Fe,

Am7

headed for Oklahoma, I was ridin' night and day.

All

of my friends are strangers, they quickly come and go, and all

Em

my love's in danger, 'cause I steal hearts and souls.
Wom-an, don't try to love me, don't try to un-der-stand,
a life up-on the road is the life of an out-law
man.

Oo,
Woman, don't try to love me, don't try to understand,

a life upon the road is the life of an outlaw.
Em7  
Am7  
Em  

Some men call me Abel,  

Am7  
Em  
Am7  

some men call me Cain,  

Em  
Am7  

some men call me sinner, Lord,  
some men call me saint.  

Em  
Am7  

Em  
Am7  

Some say there's a Jesus,
some men say there ain't,
when you got

no life to lose then there's nothin' left to gain.

Outlaw man.

(Gradual fade)
CERTAIN KIND OF FOOL

Words and Music by
RANDY MEISNER, GLENN FREY & DON HENLEY

Moderately

Daus2

Asus2

Daus2 (addB)

Daus4 D Daus4 D Daus4 D Asus4 A Asus4

He was a

poor boy, raised in a small family,

he kind-a had a craving for some-thin' no one else could see.
They said that he was crazy, the kind that no lady should meet, he ran off to the city and wandered around in the street.

He wants to dance, oh, yeah, he wants to sing,
oh, yeah, he wants to see the lights a-flash-in' and listen to the thunder ring.

He saw it in a window, the mark of a new kind of man, he kind-a liked the feeling, so shiny and smooth in his hand.
He took it to the country and practiced for days without rest.

and then one day he felt it; he knew he could stand with the best. They got re-
spect,

oh, yeah, he wants the same,

oh, yeah, and it's a certain kind of fool that likes to hear the sound of his own name.
store-front, the picture of a wanted man, he had a rep-u-
Dsus4 Dsus4 D Asus4 A Asus4 A
ta - tion spread - ing like fire, through the land. It was - n't for the

C G x000 C G x000 D A Tacet
mon - ey, at least it did - n't start that way. It was - n't for the

Dsus4 D Dsus4 D A7sus4 A7
run - nin', but now he's run - nin' ev - 'ry - day.

rit.
Bitter Creek

Words and Music by
BERNIE LEADON

Moderately slow

\( G/D \) \( Dm7 \) \( Dm \) \( G/D \) \( Dm7 \) \( Dm \)

\[
\text{Once I was young and so unsure,}
\]

\( G \)

\[
\text{I'd try any ill to find the cure.}
\]

\( Bm \) \( G \)

\[
\text{An old man told me,}
\]

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try-in' to scold me, "Oh, son,

don't wade too deep in Bitter Creek."

(Bitter Creek
Out where the desert meets the sky is where I go-
Am/D  G
when I wanna hide.

Bm
pe-yo-te (oh, pe-yo-te, mm)

E7
she tried to show me

Dm
(tried to show me), you know there ain't no cause to weep

Am/D  G  A

G5  F5  D5  C  G  Dm  C  G  Dm
at Bitter Creek. (Bitter Creek)

Doo-
We're gonna hit the road for one last time,
we can walk right in and steal 'em blind.
All that money (all that money,)
ooh, no more runnin' (no more runnin').
I can't wait to see the old man's face
when I win the race.

(Bitter Creek)
SATURDAY NIGHT

Words and Music by
RANDY MEISNER, DON HENLEY,
GLENN FREY & BERNIE LEADON

Moderately slow (9 feeling)

G
Em
Am7

D7
G
D

Seems like a dream now, it was so long ago.

D7
C
D

moon burned so bright and the time went so slow. And I

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G    Em   Am7
swore that I loved her and gave her a ring, the

D    G   Am7
bluebird was high on the wing.

Am7    G   C   G
Whatever happened to Saturday night,

Am7    G   Dm7
Whatever happened to Saturday night,

Am7    G
finding a sweetheart and holding her tight?

choosing a friend and losing a fight?
She said, "Tell me, oh, tell me, was I all right?"
She said, "Tell me, oh, tell me, are you all right?"

Whatever happened to Saturday night?

Years brought the railroad, it ran by my door;

Now there's boards on the windows and dust on the floor.

And she
passes the time at another man's side and
I pass the time with my pride.

What a tangled web we weave, go 'round with

circumstance. Someone show me
how to tell the dancer from the dance.

D.S. al Coda
THE BEST OF MY LOVE

Words and Music by
DON HENLEY, GLENN FREY &
JOHN DAVID SOUTHER

Moderately slow

C

Dm

mp legato

with pedal throughout

C

Dm

Ev-er-y night I'm ly-in' in bed, hold-in' you close in my
Beautiful faces and loud empty places, look at the way that we

dreams;

think-in' a bout all the things that we said and

live;

wast-in' our time on cheap talk and wine

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comin' apart at the seams.
left us so little to give.

We try to talk it over
That same old crowd was like a

cold dark cloud
but the words come out too rough;

I know you were tryin' to give me the best of your
but here in my heart I give you the best of my

love.

love.

Oh, sweet dar-
lin',
you get the best of my love,  
oh,

sweet dar - lin',
you get the best of my

love.
I'm go - in' back in time - and it's a

sweet dream;
it was a qui - et night - and I would
be all right if I could go on sleeping. But

every mornin' I wake up and worry

what's gonna happen today; you see it your way, and

I see it mine, but we both see it slippin' away.
You know we al-ways had each oth-er, ba- by, I guess that wasn’t e-nough;

oh, but here in my heart I
give you the best of my love. Oh,

sweet dar-lin’, you get the best of my love. Oh,
Moderately slow ($\frac{3}{4} = \frac{3}{4}$)

Tacet

Well, my

with pedal throughout

C 0 0  G9  C 0 0  Em7  0 0 0  F  F/G

$\frac{3}{4}$

time went so quick-ly, I went lick-ety-split-ly out to my ol' fifty-

C 0 0  G9  C 0 0  Em7  0 0 0  F  F/G

$\frac{3}{4}$

five. As I pulled a-way slow-ly, feel-in' so ho-ly, God-

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F

knows I was feel-in' alive. And now the sun's com-in' up,

F F/G G7 C Em7 F F/G

I'm rid-in' with Lady Luck,

C Em7 F

free-way cars and trucks. Stars begin-ning to fade,

C Am Dm G C Am

and I lead the pa-rade;
just a wishin' I'd stayed a little longer,

Lord, don't you know the feelin's gettin' stronger.

Six in the mornin', gave me no warnin', I had to be on my way.

Now the cars are all passin' me, trucks are all flashin' me,
I'm headed home from your place.
And now the

sun's comin' up,
I'm rid-in' with Lady Luck,

free-way cars and trucks.

Stars beginning to fade,
and I lead the parade; just wishin’ I’d stayed a little longer,

Lord, don’t you know the feelin’s gettin’ stronger

Well, my Free-way cars and trucks,

ridin’ with Lady Luck.
JAMES DEAN

Words and Music by
JACKSON BROWNE, JOHN DAVID SOUTHER,
DON HENLEY & GLENN FREY

Moderately fast Rock beat

James Dean, James Dean, I

know just what you mean.

James Dean,
you said it all so clean, and I

know my life would look all right if I could see it on the silver screen.

You were the low down rebel if there

ever was, even if you had no cause, James
Dean,

you said it all so clean,

and I know my life

would look all right if I could

see it on the silver screen.

We'll

talk about a low-down bad refrigerator, you were just too cool for school.
Sock hop, soda pop, basketball and auto shop, the
only thing that got you off was breakin' all the rules. James Dean,

James Dean,
so hungry and so lean.

James Dean,
you said it all so clean,
and I know my life would look all right if I could
see it on the silver screen.

Little James Dean up on the screen won-d’rin’ who he might be;
along came a Spy-der, picked up a ri-der,
took him down the road to eternity.

Dean, you bought it sight unseen.

Dean, James Dean, you bought it sight unseen.

You were too fast to live, too young to die, bye -
bye;  you were too fast to live,

too young to die,  bye - bye.

Bye -

bye,  bye - bye,  bye - bye,

bye - bye.
ALREADY GONE

Words and Music by
JACK TEMPCHIN & ROBB STRANDLUND

Moderate Rock beat

Well, I

heard some people talkin' just the other day and wonder why,

letter that you wrote me made me stop and wonder why,

and they said you were gonna put me on a shelf,

but I guess you felt like you had to set things right.
But let me tell you I got some news for you,
just remember this,

my girl, when you look up in the sky,
and then you'll see the stars and still not see the light.

and you'll soon find out it's true,
have to eat your lunch all by yourself.

'Cause I'm all ready gone,
know it wasn't you who held me down;

heaven knows it wasn't you who set me free.

So often times it happens that we

live our lives in chains and we never even know.
D

we have the key.

But me, I'm al-

Coda

'cause I'm al-

read - y gone.

Yes, I'm al-

read - y gone.

and I'm feel-
C 0 0
G x000
F

in' strong,
I will sing

C 0 0
G x000
F

this vic't'ry song,
'cause I'm al-

C 0 0
G x000
F

read - y gone.

Repeat and fade
C 0 0
G x000
F

Al
read - y gone.

Repeat and fade
ON THE BORDER

Words and Music by
BERNIE LEADON, DON HENLEY
& GLENN FREY

Moderately

C\#m  B  Bm  A  B  C\#m  Dm  B

E  G  A  C  E  G  A

Cruisin' down the center of a two-way street, wonderin' who is really in the
driver's seat; mindin' my business, along comes big brother, says
"Son, you better get on one side or the other.

I'm out on the border,

I'm walkin' the line.

Don't you tell me 'bout your law and order,

I'm tryin' to change this water to wine.

After a hard day I'm
safe at home, fool-in' with my baby on the telephone;  

Tacet  
(Spoken)  3
(Sung)  3

out of nowhere somebody cuts in and says, "Hmm, you in some trouble, boy, we

know where you been."

I'm out on the border, I'm stuck on the border,

I thought this was a private line, all I wanted was some peace of mind.}

Don't you tell me 'bout your
law and order, I'm try'n' to change this water to wine.

Never mind your name, just give us your number,

simile

never mind your face, just show us your card,

And we wanna know whose wing are you un-
You better step to the right...
or we can make it hard.

Coda

Water to wine.

Repeat and fade
YOU NEVER CRY LIKE A LOVER
Words and Music by
JOHN DAVID SOUTHER & DON HENLEY

Moderately
C   D7      Fm   C

G7

You never cry like a lover should, sigh when it feels

real good; or see the sky through the stone and wood,

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you never cry like a lover.

I thought I saw some-

body I loved,
sleeping deep inside you.

If I could catch you in an unguarded moment,
I'd stay right there beside-

you. You never smile at me late at night,
laugh out loud when we get it right; you can't get loose if there's too much light,
you never smile like a lover.

I can't live with you, baby, I can't live without it.

And sometimes I believe in love,
sometimes I doubt it. But your life goes on like a broken-down carousel

where somebody left the music on.

You never move like you used to do, pour it out when you're
feel-in' blue; some-body must have put some pain on you,

you never cry like a lover,

You never cry like a lover.

Cry, you never

Repeat and fade

Cry like a lover,
you never cry like a lover.

Come on and cry.

Repeat and fade
MIDNIGHT FLYER

Words and Music by
PAUL KRAFT

Bright Country style

Oo,  
Mid-night Fly - er,

en - gi - neer... won't you let your whis-tle moan?
Midnight Flyer,

I paid my dues and I feel like trav'lin' on.

run-a-way team of horses ain't enough to make me stay, so throw your rope on any town

Maybe I'll go to Santa Fe, may be San Antonio; other man and pull him down your way.

Make him into something where I'm bound any way to get me gone.

Don't think about —
one, to take the place of me,
never let me cross your mind,
make him ev 'ry 'cept when you

kind of fool you wanted me to be.
hear that midnight lonesome whistle whine.

Oo, Midnight Flyer,
en - gi - neer, won't you let your whistle moan?
G

Oo,

Midnight

D  Bm  Em  A

Fly - er,

I paid my dues - and I feel like trav-'lin' on.

D  Bm  Em  A

I paid my dues - and I feel like trav-'lin' on.

C  G  D

A GOOD DAY IN HELL

Words and Music by
GLENN FREY & DON HENLEY

Moderately

Guitar→A
(Capo 3rd fret)

Piano→C

Move in,

can't you see she wants you;
she has you deep in her eyes.

You been won-drin' why she haunts you,

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beauty in the devil's disguise.  

She can tell you all about it, she

sees it in the stars;  

she'll burn you if you try to put her down.

Oh well, it's been a good day in hell and to-

morrow I'll be glory bound.  

Higher,
she can keep you loaded, feedin' you whiskey and wine.

Fire, the devil's on the phone; he

laughs and says you're doin' just fine.

In that big book of names, I wanna

go down in flames see-in's how I'm go-in' down.
Oh well, it's been a good day in hell and tomorrow I'll be glory bound.

Truckin', it's all that I been doin';

Every girl's a fork in the road. Stuck in some sticky situations, feelin' like I wanna explode.
All this gratification and sick conversation,
someone get me out of town.
Oh well, it's been a good day in hell and tomorrow I'll be glory bound.

Repeat and fade

Repeat and fade
MY MAN
Words and Music by
BERNIE LEADON

Moderately slow

Piano → F

C
Bbmaj7
Gm

G
Gmaj7
C

Tell me the truth, _ how do you feel; _ like you’re roll-in’ so fast that you’re

Am
G
D

spin-nin’ your wheels? _ Don’t feel too bad, _ you’re not all a-lone; _ we’re

*Guitarists: Tune all strings down one whole step.

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all try'n' to get a - long.
With ev - ry - bod - y else try'n' to
go their way you're bound to get tripped, and what can you say?
Just go a - long till they turn out the lights; there's noth-in' we can do to fight it.
No man's got it made till he's far be-yond the pain,
and we who must remain go on living just the same.

once knew a man, very talented guy; he'd sing for the people and

people would cry. They knew that his song came from deep down inside; you could
hear it in his voice and see it in his eyes. And so he

traveled alone, touch your heart, then be gone; like a

flower he bloomed till that old hickory wind

called him home. My man's got it made; he's gone
far beyond the pain, and we who must remain

__
go on living just the same.

We who must remain go on laughing just the same...
IS IT TRUE?

Words and Music by RANDY MEISNER

Moderately

D    D/C#
Bm    A
D    D/C#
Bm    A

with pedal throughout

D    D/C#
Bm    A
D    D/C#

How come you love him when he takes you for a fool; he's only lookin' for a good time.
When we were young we didn't really have a care; you were hung up, I had a good line.

Bm    A
D    D/C#
Bm    A

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He's not the best thing that you could find. Is it true?
How could I know it was the right time? Is it true?

I can't believe it. Is it true?
You've lost that feelin'. Is it true?
I just can't see it. Is it true?
Leavin'. Is it true?
Is that you?

Is it true?
Don't wanna find out.

Yes, I was so wrong for leading you on, there wasn't much I could do.

I was a wild one, but I can change some.

If that's important to you, is it true?
LYIN' EYES
Words and Music by
DON HENLEY & GLENN FREY

Bright Country style

G    Gmaj7

City girls just seem to find out
Instrumental
She gets up and pours herself a

C    Am

car - ly

how to open doors with just a smile

strong - one

and stares out at the stars up in the sky

D    G

A rich old man, and she won't have to wor -

G    Gmaj7

An - other night, it's gonna be a long

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ry: she'll dress up all in lace and go in style.

---

one; she draws the shade and hangs her head to cry.

---

G

Late at night a big old house gets lone.
On the other side of town a boy is wait.
She wonders how it ever got this cra.

---

C

I guess ev'ry form of refuge has its price.
with fiery eyes and dreams no one could steal.
she thinks about a boy she knew in school.

---
And it breaks her heart to think her love is on-
She drives on through the night antic-
pat
Did she get tired or did she just get la-

ly giv'en to a man with hands as cold as ice-
'cause he makes her feel the way she used to feel-
She's so far gone she feels just like a fool-

So she tells him she must go out for the eve-
She rushes to his arms, they fall togeth-
My, oh my, you sure know how to ar-

G
C
D
G
Gmaj7
token_comfort the old friend who's feelin' down.

range things:

she whispers that it's only for a while.

you set it up so well, so carefully.

But he knows where she's goin' as she's

She swears that soon she'll be comin' back for

Ain't it funny how your new life didn't

leavin':

ever:

change, things:

she is headed for the cheatin' side of town.

she pulls away and leaves him with a smile.

you're still the same old girl you used to be.
You can't hide your lyin' eyes...

and your smile is a thin disguise.

I thought by now you'd realize...

there ain't no way to hide your lyin' eyes...
There ain't no way to hide your lyin' eyes...

Hon-ey, you can't hide your ly-in' eyes.
ONE OF THESE NIGHTS

Words and Music by
DON HENLEY & GLENN FREY

Moderately

Tacet

One of these nights,
dreams,

Em

Cmaj7

one of these crazy old nights_

one of these lost ___ and lonely ___ dreams;

we're gon-na
we're gon-na

Am

find out, pretty ma-ma, ___

find one, ___

what turns on ___ your lights ___

one that really screams ___

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The full moon is calling, the fever is high and the
I've been searching for the daughter of the devil himself. I've been

wicked wind whispers and moans. You got your demons,
searching for an angel in white. I've been waiting for a woman who's a

you got desires; well, I got a few of my own.
little of both... and I can feel her but she's nowhere in sight.
Cmaj7

Oo, someone to be kind to in between the dark and the light;

Gmaj7

Oo, loneliness will blind you in between the wrong and the right;

Cmaj7

oo, coming right behind you.

oo, coming right behind you.

Am

swear I'm gonna find you one of these nights. One of these

Bm

swear I'm gonna find you one of these nights. One of these

No chord

swear I'm gonna find you one of these nights. One of these

Bm

swear I'm gonna find you one of these nights. One of these

N.C.
nights,
in between the dark and the light:

coming right behind you, swear I'm gonna find you.

get you, baby, one of these nights.
One of these nights.

Repeat and fade (vocal ad lib)

Repeat and fade

One of these
TAKE IT TO THE LIMIT

Words and Music by
RANDY MEISNER, DON HENLEY &
GLENN FREY

Moderately slow (♩=♩=♩)

Tacet

with pedal throughout

lone

C

spend

with pedal throughout

at the end

F

of the
day

C

evening.

and the bright lights have

can spend all your

F

love

and it

making
got
time.

If it all fell to pieces to-

Am

loved

and I

never

me,
row,
still be
knew.
mine?

You know I’ve

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always been a dreamer
looking for your freedom
(spent my life running 'round), and it's so hard to

change
door
(can't seem to settle down), but the dreams I've seen
(can't find it anywhere), when there's nothing to be

late-ly
lieve in
keep on turning out and burning out and

turning out the same.
coming back for more.

So put me on a highway and
show me a sign, and take it to the limit one more time.

You can't time.

Take it to the limit, take it to the limit.

Repeat and fade

take it to the limit one more time.
**AFTER THE THRILL IS GONE**

Words and Music by DON HENLEY & GLENN FREY

Moderately slow

**G**

Same dances in the same old shoes,
some habits that you just can't lose;

**Am**

there's no telling what a man might use
after the thrill is gone.

**G**

The flame rises but it soon descends,
Time passes and you must move on,
Same dances in the same old shoes,

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frozen pen: you're not quite lovers and you're not quite friends

twice as long: so you keep on singing for the sake of the song

steps you choose: you don't care about winning but you don't want to lose

after the thrill is gone, oh, after the thrill is gone.

after the thrill is gone, after the thrill is gone.

What can you do when your dreams come true and it's

You're afraid you might fall out of fashion and you're
not quite like you planned?
feeling cold and small.

What have you done to be losing the one, you
Any kind of love without passion, that ain't

held it so tight in your hand,
no kind of loving at all.

well... well...

after the thrill is gone, after the thrill is gone, oh,

after the thrill is gone.
HOLLYWOOD WALTZ

Words and Music by
BERNIE LEADON, TOM LEADON,
DON HENLEY & GLENN FREY

Moderately (¾)

Tacet

Spring - time, and the a - ca - cias are bloom - ing:
She looks another year older from
Spring - time, and the lady is grieving:

southern California will see one more day.

Too - man - y lo - vers who used her ran.

lo - vers just stand there with noth - ing to say.

But

They
Dream some land, and bus'ness is booming; the birds are always singing as I drift away.

nights, oh, she looks like an angel, and she's always willing to hold you again.

got what they wanted; they're packing and leaving to look for another to love the same way.

So give her this dance; she can't be forsaken.
Learn how to love her with all of her faults.

She gave more than she's taken, and I'll go down doing the Hollywood Waltz.

Four times

Coda

Waltz.

The Hollywood Waltz.
Moderately

Tacet

She's

one of a kind,

beauty all a-flight;

sometimes hard to find,

it always seems to turn

the tide at midnight.

bow.

night.

Well, she's

And for
lost all her glory, and could tell you some stories that we all_
her there is no rest; we are doing what is best for our fu-

should know... And there's One of these

ture.

too many hands she may not be so good to you. One of these

too many days she might shake you to the ground. But her

too many eyes will never see that it's
Visions

Words and Music by
DON FELDER & DON HENLEY

Moderate Rock beat

Tacet

visions that keep stirring my soul:

visions

that will never grow old.

Sweet baby, I

had some visions of you:

if I can't have it all

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just a taste will do.

Don't you ever think about the other side?

Go ahead and live all your fantasies.
Dance, angel, dance till you wear out your blues.

You and me ought to be

getAddress you are to where you wanna be.

take another chance, you got nothing to lose.
You do the best you can and you make your mistakes.
Girl, you drive me wild when you do what you do,

If you don't like it you can say that you tried.
Something makes me want to take you down.

'cause all I have to give if I can't have it all.

is whatever it takes.
just a taste will do.

To Coda
JOURNEY OF THE SORCERER

Music by
BERNIE LEADON

Moderately, in 2

Guitar
Am (capo 3rd fret)

Am7
Cm

D7
F7

Dm7
Fm7

Am
Cm

Am7
Cm7

D7
F7

Dm7
Fm7

C
Eb

E
G

D
F

Am
Cm
I WISH YOU PEACE

Words and Music by
PATTI DAVIS & BERNIE LEADON

Moderately, in 2

A

C#m7

Bm7

A

I wish you peace when the cold winds blow,
I wish you hope when things are goin' bad,

mp legato

with pedal throughout

B9/D#

B9

Bm7

Dm6

Em

Bb9-5

Amaj9

warmed by the fire's glow,
kind words when times are sad,

C#m7

Bm7

A

A7

D

fort in the lonely time, and arms to hold
from the raging wind, cool ing wa -
C#m7

when you ache inside.
I wish you

D  E

ters at the fever's end.

A  A7

peace when times are hard.

D  E

the light to guide you through the dark.
And when

D  C#m7

storms are high and your, your dreams are low.
I wish you the strength to let love grow on.

I wish you the strength to let love flow.

I wish you the strength to let love glow on.

I wish you the strength to let love go.
HOTEL CALIFORNIA

Words and Music by
DON HENLEY, GLENN FREY and DON FELDER

Moderate Rock beat
Tacet

mp legato

Bm

On a dark desert highway,
Her mind is Tiffany twisted.

cool wind in my
She got the Mercedes

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hair, bends.

She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys.

warm smell of colitallas

rising up through the air.

Up ahead in the How they dance in the

distance, courtyard;

I saw a shimmering light.

sweet summer sweat.

My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim;

Some dance to remember;
I had to stop for the
some dance to for-
get.

There she stood in the
doors way;
captain:
I heard the mis-
sion bell.
"Please bring me
my wine."

He said,

And I was think-
ing to my
self:
this could be

"We have
't had that spir-
it
here

since

heaven or this could be
nineteen sixty-nine."
Then she lit up a
And still those
candle, voices are calling from far away;

There were voices down the corridor;

wake you up in the middle of the night I thought I heard them just to hear them say:

"Welcome to the Hotel California."

say:

"Welcome to the Hotel California."

Such a lovely place, such a
love-ly place— such a love-ly face.
love-ly place— such a love-ly face.

They livin' it up at the Hotel California.
Plenty of room at the Hotel California.

An-ny time of year— (an-ny time of year)
you can find it here.
An-ny time of year— (an-ny time of year)

What a nice surprise; (what a nice surprise)
bring your
al - i - bis."

Mir - rors on the
Last thing I re -
cel - ling,
mem - ber,
I was the pink cham - pagne on
run - ning for the
ice,
and she said,
"We are all just
I had to find the
pris - on - ers here of our own - de - vice."
pas - sage back to the place I was be - fore.
And in the master's chambers,
"Relax," said the nightman, "We are
they gathered for the feast.
They stab it with their steel knives,
You can check out any time you like,
just can't kill the beast.
leave."

You can never
NEW KID IN TOWN

Words and Music by DON HENLEY, GLENN FREY and JOHN DAVID SOUTHER

Moderately
Tacet

There's talk on the street; it sounds so familiar.
You look in her eyes; the music begins to play.
Great expec-
tations,
Hopeless ro-
man-
tics,
ev'-ry-bod-y's
here—we

watching you,
go a-gain.

they all seem to
know you.
you're look-ing the oth-
er way.

friends treat you like you're some-
th ing new.

Peo-ple you meet,
But af-
t er a while

Even your old-
rest-

hearts
that nev-
er mend.
John-ny-come-late-ly, the new kid in town.
John-ny-come-late-ly, the new kid in town.

Ev’ry-bod-y loves you, so don’t let them down.
Will she still love you when you’re not around?

There’s so man-y things you should have told her,
but night after night you're willing to hold her, just hold her.

Tears on your shoulder. There's talk on the street; it's there to remind you

that it doesn't really matter which side you're on.

You're walking away and they're talking be-
They will never forget you till

some-body new comes along.

Where you been lately? There's a new kid in town.

Ev'ry-body loves him, don't they? Now he's holding
her, and you're still around.
Oh, my, my.

There's a new kid in town,
just another new kid in town.

Ooh, hoo.
Ev'rybody's talking 'bout the new kid in town.
Ooh, hoo.
Ev'rybody's walking like the new kid in town.

There's a new kid in town.

I don't want to hear it. There's a new kid in town. I don't want to hear it. There's a

Repeat and fade

new kid in town.
There's a new kid in town.
LIFE IN THE FAST LANE
Words and Music by
DON HENLEY, GLENN FREY and JOE WALSH

Moderate Rock beat
Tacet

He was a hard-headed man.
Eager for action He was brutally handsome,

and she was terminally pretty.
Coming attraction, the drop of a name.

They knew

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She held him up, and he held her for ransom in the heart
all the right people; they took all the right pills. They threw

outrageous parties; they paid heavily bills. He had a

nasty reputation as a cruel dude. They pre-
said he was ruthless; they said he was crude. They had
tended not to notice; she was caught up in the race.

one thing in common: they were good in bed. She'd say,
Out every evening until it was light, he was

"Faster, faster. The lights are turnin' red."

too tired to make it; she was too tired to fight about it.
Life in the fast lane
sure-ly make you lose your mind.

Life in the fast lane,
mm.

Are you with-me so far?

Life in the fast lane;
ev-ry-thing all the time.
E		Tacet

Life in the fast lane, uh huh.

To Coda

E

Blow-in' and burn-in', blinded by thirst, they

didn't see the stop sign; took a turn for the worst. She said,

"Listen, baby. You can hear the engine ring. We've been
up and down this highway; haven't seen a god-dam thing. He said,

"Call the doctor. I think I'm gonna crash."

"The doctor say he's comin', but you gotta pay him cash."

They went rushin' down that freeway; messed around and got lost.
They didn't know they were just dyin' to get off. And it was

Life in the fast lane.

Repeat and fade

Repeat and fade
WASTED TIME

Words and Music by DON HENLEY and GLENN FREY

Slowly
Tacet

Well, ba - by, there you stand
And you're back out on the street.

with pedal

with your lit - tle head down in your hand.
And you're try - in' to re - mem - ber.

Oh, my God, you can't be - lieve it's hap - pen - ning a - gain.
How will you start it o - ver? You don't know what be - came.

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baby's gone, and you're all alone, and it looks like the end.  

You never thought you'd be alone this far down the line.  

I know what's been on your mind. You're afraid it's all been wasted.  

time. The autumn leaves have got you thinking
Bm7    

a-bout the first time that you fell.

Bm7 E7 Am C/G

You didn't love the boy too much. No, no, you just

F C/G Fm6/D F/G G G7 C

loved the boy too well. Farewell. So you live from day to

Fm6 C/G F/G G

day, and you dream about tomorrow, oh. And the
hours go by like minutes, and the shadows come to stay. So ya

take a little something to make them go away.

And I could have done so many things, baby, if I could only stop my mind from

wonderin' what I left behind and from worryin' 'bout this wasted
time. Ooh, another love has come and gone.

Ooh, and the years keep rushing on.

member what you told me before you went out on your own: "Sometimes to

keep it together, we got to leave it alone."

So
you can get on with your search, baby, and I can get on with mine. And

maybe some day we will find that it wasn’t really wasted

time.

Mm, hm, mm.

Oh,

hoo, ooh, ooh,

Ooh, ooh, mm.

**molto rit.**
VICTIM OF LOVE

Words and Music by
DON FELDER, DON HENLEY, JOHN DAVID SOUTHER and GLENN FREY

Moderate Rock beat

What kind of love have you got?
Some people never come clean.

You should be home, but you're not.
I think you know what I mean.

A

A

room full of noise and dangerous boys
walk in' the wire, pain and desire,

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still make you thirsty and hot.
lookin' for love in between.

heard about you and that man.
Tell me your secrets; I'll tell you mine.

There's just one thing I don't understand.
This ain't no time to be cool.

You And

say he's a liar and he put out your fire. How come you tell all your girl-friends, your "been around the world" friends that
still got his gun — in your hand?
talk is for los — ers and fools.

Vic - tim of love, — I see a bro - ken heart.
Victim of love, — I see a bro - ken heart.
Victim of love, — you're just a vic - tim of love.

You got your sto - ries to tell.
I could be wrong, but I'm not.
I could be wrong, but I'm not.

Vic - tim of love, — it's such an eas - y part. And
Victim of love, — we're not so far a - part. Show me,
Victim of love, — now you're a vic - tim of love.
you know how to play it so well.
What kind of love have you got?

What kind of love have you got?

Coda

rit. e dim.
PRETTY MAIDS ALL IN A ROW

Words and Music by
JOE WALSH and JOE VITALE

Moderately (♩= 80)

Guitar (capo 1st fret)

Piano

Hi there, How are ya? It's

been a long time. Seems like we've come a long way.

My, but we learn so slow. And he- roes, they come and they...

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go, and leave us behind as if we're supposed to
know why.

Why do we give up our hearts to the past? And

why must we grow up so fast?
And all you wishing well fools with your fortunes,

someone should send you a rose with love from a friend.

It's nice to hear from you again. And the storybook
comes to a close. Gone are the ribbons and

Things to remember, places to go,

pretty maids all in a row.

Repeat and fade

Ooh, ooh.

Repeat and fade
THE LAST RESORT

Words and Music by
DON HENLEY and GLENN FREY

Slowly
Tacet

She came from Providence,

the one in Rhode Island,
where the old world shadows hang

heavily in the air.

She packed her hopes and dreams

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like a ref-uu-gee,
just as her fa-ther came
a-cross the sea.
She heard a-bout a place,
Then the chill-y winds blew down
peo-ple were smil-in',
They spoke a-bout the red man's way,
a-cross the de-sert,
through the can-yons of the coast,
how they loved the land.
And they came from ev-ry-where,
to the Mal-i-bu,
where the pret-ty peo-ple play,
to the Great Divide,
hungry for power,
seeking a place to stand

to light their neon way

or a place to hide.
and give them things to do.

Down in the crowded bars,
Some rich men came and raped the land.

out for a good time,
nobody caught 'em.

can't wait to tell you all
Put up a bunch of ugly boxes,

what it's like up there.
and Jesus, people bought 'em.

And they called it paradise.
And they called it paradise.
You can leave it all behind
Who will provide the grand design?
And you can see them there
What is yours and what is mine?

just like the missionaries did
'Cause there is no more new frontier:
Stand up and sing about
so many years ago.

They even brought a neon sign:
We satisfy our endless needs.
They call it paradise:
"Jesus is coming."

We have got to make it here.
I don't know why.
Brought the white man's burden down,
in the name of destiny,
You call some-place paradise,

and in the name of God,
kiss it goodbye.

Cmaj7 G6 Gsus4 C6 G Gsus4 Cmaj7 C6
Repeat and fade

Repeat and fade
TRY AND LOVE AGAIN

Words and Music by
RANDY MEISNER

Moderately slow, with a beat

When you're out there on your own, where your memories can find you,
Ooh, the look was in her eyes; you never know what might be found there.
Right or wrong, what's done is done; it's only moments that we borrow.

like a circle goes around, you were lost until you
She was dancing right in time, and the moves she made so
But the thoughts will linger on of the lady and her

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found out what it all comes down to.
Fine, like the music that surrounds her.

should I Well, it

song when the sun comes up tomorrow.

G F♯m Em F♯m A G

One by one, the lonely feelings come.
I really want to know.

Would I

stay or go? I really want to know.
might take years to see through all these tears.

Day by day, they slowly fade away.
lose or win, if I try and love again?

Don't let go; when you find it, you will know.

Day by day, they slowly fade away.

G

2. D

Oh, oh, gonna try and love again.

Gmaj7

Gmaj7
Oh, oh, I'm gonna try and love again.

To Coda

Oh, oh, gonna try and love.

D.S. (no repeats) al Coda

Repeat (with vocal ad lib) and fade

Vocal Ad Lib
Sometimes lose, sometimes win,
Sometimes you need a friend.
Gonna try, gonna try.
Gonna try, gonna try, (etc.)
HEARTACHE TONIGHT

Words and Music by DON HENLEY, GLENN FREY, BOB SEGER and J.D. SOUTHER

Moderate Blues beat (♩= \( \frac{9}{8} \))

Bb F C0 F# G

Some-bod-y's gon-na

hurt some-one be-fore the night is through Some-bod-y's gon-na

come un-done there's noth-in' we can do

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Ev'rybody wants to touch somebody, if it takes all night.

Ev'rybody wants to take a little chance, make it come out right.

There's gonna be a heartache tonight, a heartache tonight, I know.

There's gonna be a heartache tonight, a
heart-ache to-night, I know._ Lord, I know._

Some people like to stay out late._ Some folks can't hold out that long._

But nobody wants to go home now;_

there's too much go-in' on._
This night is gonna last forever. Last all, last all summer long.

Some time before the sun comes up

the radio is gonna play that song.

There's gonna be a

heartache tonight, a heartache tonight, I know.
There's gonna be a heartache to-night, I know.

Lord, I know. There's gonna be a heartache to-night, the moon's shin'in' bright, so turn out the light, and we'll get it right. There's gonna be a heartache to-night, a heartache to-night, I know.
Let's go. We can beat around the bushes; we can get down to the bone; we can leave it in the parkin' lot, but either way, there's gonna be a heartache tonight, a heartache tonight, I know. Oh, I
There'll be a heart-ache to-night, I know.
THE LONG RUN

Words and Music by
DON HENLEY and GLENN FREY

Moderately

\[ C_0\]

\[ F\]

\[ C_0\]

\[ F\]

\[ C_0\]

I used to hurry a lot; I used to worry a lot. I used to

don't understand why you don't treat yourself better, do—

\[ C_0\]

\[ C_0\]

\[ C_0\]

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stay out till the break of day. Oh, that didn't git it; it was
the crazy things that you do. 'Cause all the debu- tantes in

high time I quit it. I just couldn't carry on that way.
Houston, baby, I couldn't hold a candle to you.

Oh, I did some dam-age, I know it's true. Didn't
Did you do it for love? Did you do it for mon-ey?

know I was so lone-ly till I found you, hon- e-y?
You can go the distance.
Who is gonna make it?

We'll find out in the long run (in the long run).
We can handle some resistance.

If our love is a strong one (is a strong one).
People scared, but they ain't shakin'.

When it all comes down we will talkin' about us.
Kinda bent, but we ain't
still come through — in the long — run. —
Ooh, — I want to tell — you, it's a
break-in'.
In the long — run. —
Ooh, — I want to tell — you, it's a

long — run.
You know, I —
long — run.
In the

long — run.
In the long — run.

Repeat (vocal ad lib) and fade

Repeat and fade
I CAN'T TELL YOU WHY

Words and Music by DON HENLEY, GLENN FREY and TIMOTHY B. SCHMIT

Moderately slow

Look at us, baby, up all night tear in' our love apart.

Ain't we the same two people who lived through years

in the dark? Oh.

Ev'ry time I try to
walk away,
some-thin' makes me turn around and stay, and I...  

G/7sus4
F#7

Bm  
To Coda  

G7
F#m7

can't tell you why...

Dmaj7

When we get crazy, it just ain't right...  
Girl, I get lonely, too...

G/7sus4

G7
Dmaj7

You don't have to worry, just hold on tight,...  
(Don't get caught in your...
'cause I love you._

Oh,

Noth-in's wrong as far as

I can see.

We make it harder than it has to be, and I

can't tell you why._

No, baby, I can't tell you why._

I can't tell you why...
Bm7  A/B  Bm7  F#m7  N.C.

D. S. 4 al Coda

Coda  A/B  Gmaj7

No, no, ba-by, I can't tell you why.

F#7sus4  F#7  Gmaj7  F#m7

I can't tell you why.

Gmaj7  F#m7  Repeat and fade

Gmaj7  F#m7

I can't tell you why.

Repeat and fade
IN THE CITY

Words and Music by
JOE WALSH and BARRY DEVORZON

Moderately

Some-place out on that ho-ri-zon,
I was born here in the cit-y.___

out be-yond the ne-on
with my back a-gainst the lights,
I know there must be some-thin'
Noth-ing grows, and life ain't ver-y
but there's nowhere else in sight.

It's survival in the city
when you live from day to day,

I know there must be something
pit-y, bet-ter,
When you're down, that's where you'll and I can't stay an-o-ther
cresc.

stay:
in the cit-y, oh, oh,
night
in the cit-y, oh, oh,

To Coda

oh.

In the cit-y.
THE DISCO STRANGLER
Words and Music by
DON HENLEY, GLENN FREY and DON FELDER

Moderately
Dm7sus4

Look-in' for the good life,
dressed to kill. She don't have to worry 'cause there's always someone else who
will. Loose and loaded every night.

Dancin' underneath the flashin' light, sayin', "Look at me, baby; look at me. I'm beautiful, I'm beautiful, I'm somebody." Just
slip into the arms of the disco strangler.

He's been around here all along, baby, been waiting for his time to come. You lookin' for attention, darlin'?
He will surely give you some. He's the crimson in your face —
du jour, the fiddler in your darkest night. He's the —

melody without a cure, and Rome is burning, but

that's all right. Just slip into the arms of the dis-co stran-
Just slip into the arms of the disco strand.

Repeat and fade Dm7sus4
TEENAGE JAIL
Words and Music by
DON HENLEY, GLENN FREY and J.D. SOUTHER

Moderately slow (\( \frac{3}{4} \))

E(no3rd) A E(no3rd) A E(no3rd)

G(no3rd) E(no3rd) E(no3rd) A E(no3rd)

No chord

Stare out the window; you can't make the
not like your mothers; you're not like the

time go. You don't even know why you're here.
others. You're not quite like anyone else.

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Wait for the weekend to go off the deep end, and make everything disappear.

You're lost in a teen-age jail.

So young and so vicious and so frail,
where something is always for sale.

You're lost in a teenage jail.

D. S. at Coda

Repeat and fade

You're

Repeat and fade

N.C.
KING OF HOLLYWOOD

Words and Music by
DON HENLEY and GLENN FREY

Moderately

F#m

E/F#

F#m

Well, he sits up there on his leath-er-et, looks through

pic-tures of the ones that he has-n't had yet.
When he thinks he wants a closer look, he gets out his little black telephone book.

(He's calling, calling, calling.

He's calling, calling, calling.

He's calling, calling, calling.

He's calling.)
"Come sit down here beside me, honey. We gon' get you an apartment, honey. Let's have a little heart-to-heart."

(spoken) Yeah, we're gonna take care of you, darlin'.

"We gon' make you a mov...ie star. How badly do you want this part? Are you willin' to sacrifice? An' are you willin' to be real nice?"

He says, "I've had 'em all, ya know."
All your talent and my good taste.
I handled every thing in my own way.
I'd hate to see it go to waste.
I made 'em what they are to day.
After 'while nothin' was pretty.

After 'while every thing got lost.

Still, his jacuzzi runneth over.

Still he just

couldn't get off.

He's just another
pow'er junk'y.

Just an'o ther

silk scar f mon-key.

You'd know it if you

saw his stuff._

The man just isn't

Repeat and fade

big e-nough._

Repeat and fade
THOSE SHOES
Words and Music by
DON HENLEY, GLENN FREY and DON FELDER

Moderately, in 2
No chord

Tell us what you're gonna do tonight, mama,
Got those pretty little straps around your ankles.

There must be someplace you can go,
Got those shiny little chains around your heart.
In the middle of the tall drinks and the drama,
You got to have your independence,
there must be someone you know.
but you don't know just where to start.
God knows, you're looking good enough, but you're so smooth and the world's.
Desperation in the singles bars an' all those jerk-offs in their
You just want someone to talk to. They just wanna get their

so rough.
fan-cy cars;
hands on you.

You might have something to lose,
you can't believe your reviews.
You get whatever you choose.
Oh, no, pretty mama, what you gonna do that, once you've started
Oh, no, you can't do that, once you've started

To Coda

do in those shoes?
wear in' those shoes.
wear in' those shoes.

1. N.C.
They're lookin' at you, leanin' on you,

2.
tell you anything you wanna hear. They give you
They're waiting for you,

got to score you, handy with the shovel and so sincere.

Ooh, they got the kid glove.

D.S. al Coda Coda
THE SAD CAFÉ

Words and Music by
DON HENLEY, GLENN FREY, JOE WALSH and J.D. SOUTHER

Out
Oh, it seemed like a holy place,
May be the time has drawn the

Moderately

Em
F♯7sus4
F♯7
B

Em
B

F♯7(add B)

B
Em
B

B

B

Em
B

F♯7

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The tracks that ran down the boulevard had
And we would sing right out loud, if they
But things in this life change very slowly,

all been washed away,
things we could not say,
ever change at all.

Out of the silence,
We thought we could change,
There's no use in asking why;

the past came softly calling
with words like "love" and "free-

it just turned out that way.
Em

And I remember the times
We were part of the lonely crowd
So meet me at midnight, babe,

F#7sus4

To Coda

side the Sad Café
side the Sad Café
side the Sad Café

G#m 4fr.

Oh, expecting to fly,

we would

G#m 4fr.

meet on that beautiful shore in the sweet by and by.
Some of their dreams came true,
some just passed away.
And some of them stayed behind inside the Sad Café.
clouds rolled in and hid that shore.

Now that Glory Train, it don't stop here no more.

Now I look at the years gone by, and

wonder at the powers that be,
I don't know why fortune smiles on some,
and lets the rest go free.

Why don't you meet me at midnight, babe, inside the Sad Café.
THE GREEKS DON'T WANT NO FREAKS

Words and Music by
DON HENLEY and GLENN FREY

Moderately

C  Bb  C  Bb  C

There was beer all over the dance floor, and the
She was the pride and the passion of Dixie. She did ex-
band was play-in' rhythm and blues.
actually what her daddy had planned. You got

down and did the gator, and half an hour later you were
perfect little sister until somebody missed her and they

barfin' all over your girlfriend's shoes.

But the

found her in the bushes with the boys in the band,

Greeks don't want no freaks.
The Greeks don't want no freaks,

She was the
Just put a little smile
So put a great big smile
Just put that monster smile

y cheeks, 'cause the Greeks don't want no freaks.

2. G
D. S. at Coda

No, the Greeks don't want no freaks.
No, the

Greeks don't want no freaks.

Ah.

Repeat and fade
SEVEN BRIDGES ROAD

Words and Music by STEVE YOUNG

Freely

D

There are stars in the Southern sky.

C

And if you ever go, you should go.

G

as you should go,

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there is a moonlight and moss
in the sweetened honey
down the Seven

Bright Country beat

Bridges Road.
Now, I have loved you like a baby, and
like some lone child.

And
Sometimes

there's a part of me

has to turn from here and

go,
running like a child from these warm stars down the Sev-

en Bridges Road.

D.C. al Coda

Coda Road.
LIFE'S BEEN GOOD

Words and Music by JOE WALSH

Moderately

F

Am

No chord

F

C/E

Dm

C

I have a mansion but forget the price.

F

C/E

Dm

C

F

C/E

Ain't never been there. They tell me it's nice.

I live in hotels:

Dm

C

F

C/E

Dm

C

tear out the walls.

I have accountants who pay for it all.

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They say I'm crazy, but I have a good time.

I'm just looking for clues at the scene of the crime. Life's been
good to me so far.

My Maserati does one eighty-five. I lost my license;
now I don't drive. I have a limo; ride in the back.
I lock the doors in case I'm attacked. I make hit records. My fans, they can't wait.
times until four. They write me letters; tell me I'm great. So I got me an office; gold records on the wall.
It's tough to handle, this fortune and fame. Every - bod - y's so dif - f'rent;
may-be I'll call...
I have-n't changed...

Lucky I'm sane after all I've been through.
They say I'm la-zy, but it takes all my time.
Ev'-ry-bod-y say

I'm cool...
Oh, yeah...

He's cool...
Oh, yeah...

I can't com-plain.
But some-
times I still do...
Life's been good to me... so far...
never know why...
Life's been good to me... so far...

[1.]
N.C.

[2.]
D A Repeat and fade

D A

Repeat and fade
DOOLIN-DALTON (REPRISE II)

Music by
DON HENLEY, GLENN FREY, and JIM ED NORMAN

Freely

\[\text{Bm9} \quad \text{G}_9^{6}(\text{add C#}) \quad \text{Dmaj7} \quad \text{Dmaj9} \quad \text{Bm9} \quad \text{Dmaj9}\]

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{\textbf{mf}} \\
\text{\textbf{mf}} \\
\text{\textbf{mf}}
\end{array}
\]

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{\textbf{G}_9^{6}(\text{add C#})} \\
\text{\textbf{Dmaj7}} \\
\text{\textbf{C#+}} \\
\text{\textbf{B11}}
\end{array}
\]

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{\textbf{E6}^{sus4}} \\
\text{\textbf{F}^{m}} \\
\text{\textbf{Dmaj7}} \\
\text{\textbf{Gmaj7}} \\
\text{\textbf{F}^{m}}
\end{array}
\]

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{\textbf{E6}^{sus4}} \\
\text{\textbf{F}^{m}} \\
\text{\textbf{Dmaj7}} \\
\text{\textbf{Gmaj7}} \\
\text{\textbf{F}^{m}}
\end{array}
\]

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{\textbf{E6}^{sus4}} \\
\text{\textbf{F}^{m}} \\
\text{\textbf{Dmaj7}} \\
\text{\textbf{Gmaj7}} \\
\text{\textbf{F}^{m}}
\end{array}
\]

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{\textbf{E6}^{sus4}} \\
\text{\textbf{F}^{m}} \\
\text{\textbf{Dmaj7}} \\
\text{\textbf{Gmaj7}} \\
\text{\textbf{F}^{m}}
\end{array}
\]

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{\textbf{E6}^{sus4}} \\
\text{\textbf{F}^{m}} \\
\text{\textbf{Dmaj7}} \\
\text{\textbf{Gmaj7}} \\
\text{\textbf{F}^{m}}
\end{array}
\]
ALL NIGHT LONG

Words and Music by
JOE WALSH

Moderately (\( \text{\textit{\textfrac{3}{2}}^\circ} \))

We get up early and we work all day...

We put our time in 'cause we
like to stay up all night long,
all night long.

We keep on grin-nin' till the week-end comes.
Just a pinch be-tween your cheek and gum.

all night long, all night long.
Start in the morning and get the job done. Take care of bus'ness and we
have some fun all night long.

long.

We like a long neck and a

good old song.

Turn it up and then we sing a long.

sing a long.
We're all stay-in' up all night long.

All night long!

All night long!

All night long!
GET OVER IT

Words and Music by DON HENLEY and GLENN FREY

Moderately fast \( \text{\textit{j}} = 166 \)

\( \text{DS} \)

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Verse:
D5

"Don't blame me." They point their crooked little fingers at everybody else,

spend all their time feeling sorry for themselves.

victim of that...

Your mamma's too thin and your daddy's too fat.

1. Get ov...
Chorus:

Get over it.

All this whin'in', and cry'in', and pitch-in' a fit.

Get over it.

To Coda

(Guitar solo ad. lib...
Bridge:
C
... end solo) 2. You say you ... end solo) It's like going to confession every-time I hear you speak...

You're mak-in' the most of your los-ing streak...

D.S. & al Coda
A
Some call it sick and I call it weak. Yeah... yeah... yeah... yeah. 3. You
Get over it. Get over it.

It's gotta stop some time, so why don't you quit? Get over it. Get over it.
Verse 2:
You say you haven't been the same since you had your little crash
But you might feel better if they gave you some cash.
The more I think about it, old Billy was right.
Let's kill all the lawyers, kill 'em tonight.
You don't want to work, you want to live like a king
But the big bad world doesn't owe you a thing.

(To Chorus:)

Chorus 2:
Get over it,
Get over it.
If you don’t want to play, then you might as well split.
Get over it, get over it.

Verse 3:
You drag it around like a ball and chain,
You wallow in the guilt, you wallow in the pain.
You wave it like a flag, you wear it like a crown,
Got your mind in the gutter bringin' everybody down.
You bitch about the present, you blame it on the past.
I'd like to find your inner child and kick it's little ass.

(To Chorus:)

Chorus 3:
Get over it.
Get over it.
All this bitchin', and moanin', and pitchin' a fit.
Get over it, get over it.
THE GIRL FROM YESTERDAY

Words and Music by
GLENN FREY AND JACK TEMPCHIN

Moderately \( \text{\textit{j} = 96} \)

\[
\begin{align*}
C & \quad G/B & \quad Am7 & \quad G & \quad D7 & \quad G & \quad D7 \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{G} & \quad \text{G7} & \quad \text{C} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{wasn't really sad} & \quad \text{the way they said} & \quad \text{goodbye} \\
\text{took a plane} & \quad \text{across} & \quad \text{the sea to some foreign land} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{or maybe it just hurt so bad she couldn't cry} \\
\text{She stayed at home and tried so hard to understand} \\
\end{align*}
\]

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He packed his things... walked out the door... and drove away...
how someone who... had been so close... could be so far... away...

And she became... the girl from yesterday...
She doesn't know what's right,
she doesn't know what's wrong.
She only knows the pain that comes from waiting for so long.
And she doesn't count the tears that she cried while he's away.
Because she knows deep
in her heart that he'll be back some day

The light's on in the window; she's waiting by the phone.
talking to a memory that's never coming home.

She

dreams of his returning and the things that he might say. But she'll

always be the girl from yesterday. Yeh, she'll

always be the girl from yesterday.
LEARN TO BE STILL

Words and Music by
DON HENLEY & STAN LYNCH

Moderately slow \( \text{\scriptsize \text{\textfrak{b}} = 84} \)

Capo 2nd fret:

\begin{align*}
\text{E} & \quad \text{A} & \quad \text{E} & \quad \text{A} \\
\text{F#} & \quad \text{B} & \quad \text{F#} & \quad \text{B} \\
\end{align*}

Concert:

\begin{align*}
\text{E} & \quad \text{A} & \quad \text{E} & \quad \text{A} \\
\text{F#} & \quad \text{B} & \quad \text{F#} & \quad \text{B} \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{E} & \quad \text{A} & \quad \text{B} & \quad \text{C#} \\
\text{F#} & \quad \text{B} & \quad \text{C#} & \quad \text{Dm7} \\
\text{F#} & \quad \text{B} & \quad \text{C#} & \quad \text{Dm7} \\
\end{align*}

1. It's just an-oth-er day in par-a-dise,
2. We are like sheep with-out a shep-herd,
3. There are so man-y con-tra-dic-tions,

as you stum-ble to your
we don't know how to be a-
in all these mes-sag-es we
bed. lone. send. (We keep asking:)
You'd give anything to silence,
So we wander 'round this desert,
How do I get out of here?

those voices ringing in your head
and end up following the wrong gods, home.
Where do I fit in?
You thought you could find
But the flock cries out for
Though the world is torn

__ Happiness__
__ another__
__ and shaken__
just over the green hill.
and they keep answering that bell.
even if your heart is breakin'.
You thought you would be satisfied,
And one more starry-eyed Messiah
it's waiting for you to awaken,
but you never will.
meets a violent farewell.
and someday you will.

Learn to be still.
Learn to be still.
learn to be still.
Bridge:

Now the flowers in your garden,
they don’t smell so sweet, so sweet...

May-be you’ve for-got-ten
the heav-en ly-ing at your

feet.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Coda
Just keep on running.

Repeat ad lib. and fade
keep on running.
Keep on
LOVE WILL KEEP US ALIVE

Words and Music by
JIM CAPALDI, PETER VALE
and PAUL CARRACK

Moderately slow \( \frac{j}{ \text{bpm}} = 88 \)

Verses 1 - 3:

standing, all alone against the world outside.

worry, sometimes you've just got to let it ride.

found you, there's no more emptiness inside.

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You were searching,
The world is changing,
When we're hungry,
for a place to hide,
right before your eyes,
love will keep us a-

Esus

E

A2

Lost and lonely,
Now I've found you,
(Instrumental solo . . .

Now you've given me the will to survive,
there's no more emptiness inside,
When we're

Don't you want me? Love will keep us alive.

Bridge:

D

Fm7

die for you,
climb the highest moun-
Bm7

- tain._

Ba - by,

there's nothing I would'n't

E E/D C#m7 E/B C#m7 E/B

do.____

3. Now, I've

4. I was

Coda

A2 F#m11

When we're
hungry.  love will keep us alive.

When we're hungry, love will keep us alive.

rit.
NEW YORK MINUTE

Words and Music by
DON HENLEY, DANNY KORTCHMAR
and JAI WINDING

Slowly, with a heavy beat

1. Harry got up
dressed all in black,
2. I pulled my coat around my shoulders
and took a walk down through the park.

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went down to the station, and he never came back.
The leaves were falling around me, the groaning city in the gathering dark.

They found his clothing scattered somewhere down the track and he
On some solitary rock a desperate lover left his mark:

won't be down on Wall Street in the morning.
"Baby, I've changed, please, come back."
2. He had a home
the love of a girl

3. Lying here in the darkness
I hear the sirens wail.

5. What the head makes cloudy
the heart makes very clear.

but men get lost sometimes
Somebody goin' to emergency,

as years unfurl
somebody goin' to jail
The days were so much brighter
In the time when she was here.

One day he crossed some line
and he was too much in this world
But I find somebody to love in this world
you better hang on tooth and nail
The wolf is
know there's somebody somewhere
make these dark clouds disappear.

Until that
guess it doesn't matter anymore.
always at the door.
day I have to believe, I believe, I believe.

In a

New York minute every thing can change.

New York minute things can get pretty strange.

New York minute things can get a little strange.

New York minute every thing can change. In a
New York minute.

And in these days

when darkness falls early, and people rush home

to the ones they love, you better take a fools' advice
and take care of your own.

'Cause one day they're here, next day they're gone.

(Muted trumpet solo ad lib.)

D.S. al Coda
Coda

Repeat and fade

**E(add13)**
**A(add9)**
**A**
**B**
**C#m7**

*New York minute*

everything can change. In a

**E(add13)**
**A(add9)**
**A**
**B**
**C#m7**

*New York minute things can get pretty strange. In a*

**E(add13)**
**A(add9)**
**A**
**B**
**C#m7**

*New York minute everything can change. In a*

**E(add13)**
**A(add9)**
**A**
**B**
**C#m7**

*New York minute.*