Forrest Gump
The Soundtrack

Forrest Gump
The Soundtrack

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You ain't nothin' but a Hound Dog, cryin' all the time.
You ain't nothin' but a Hound Dog.
cryin' all the time.

Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit and you ain't no friend of mine.

When they said you was high-classed, well, that was just a lie.

When they said you was...
high-classed, Well, that was just a lie. Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit and you ain't no friend of mine.

(tacet) You ain't nothin' but a mine. ped.
Slowly, with strong beat

1. Walk Right In, set right down, Dad - dy, let your mind roll —
2. Walk Right In, set right down, Ba - by, let your hair hang —

on. — — Walk Right In, set right down, — —

don. — — Walk Right In, set right down, — —
Daddy, let your mind roll on. Ev'rybody's talkin' 'bout a
Baby, let your hair hang down. Ev'rybody's talkin' 'bout a

new way o' walk-in', Do you want a lose your mind?
new way o' walk-in', Do you want a lose your mind?

Walk Right In, Set right down, Daddy, let your mind roll on.
Walk Right In, Set right down, Baby, let your hair hang.

(To Coda 2nd Time)

(To Coda)
LAND OF A THOUSAND DANCES

Words and Music by CHRISS KENNER

Moderately Bright Rock

Bm

D

One! Two! Three!

Oh, Uh, al -

right,

uh! You got - ta know how to po - ny
Dance with me hon - ey

like Bo - ny Mar - o - nie,
like Long Tall Sal - ly,
Mashed Potato,
Twistin' with Lucy,

Do the Alligator,
Doin' the Watusi.

Put your hands on your hips,
Got to hold of your back,

Let your I

backbone slip,
like it like that,

Do the Watusi
Do the Jerk,

Like

To Coda

my little Lucy,
Watch me work.

Uh!
Na, na na na na, na na na na

(Spoken) "Need somebody to help me say it one time."

Na, na na na na

(Spoken) "You know I feel alright..."
"feel pretty good y'all."

D.S. al Coda

CODA

Ah, do it!

Ah, do it!

Repeat and Fade

Ah, help me!
BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

Words and Music by
BOB DYLAN

Bright, spirited

REFRAIN

1. How many roads must a man walk down before you
call him a man?
Yes, 'n' how many seas must a
white dove sail before she sleeps in the sand?

2. How many times must a man look up before he can
see the sky?
Yes, 'n' how many ears must
one man have before he can hear people cry?

3. How many years can a mountain exist before it's
washed to the sea?
Yes, 'n' how many years can some
people exist before they're allowed to be free?

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How many times must the cannon balls fly before they're forever banned?
How many deaths will it take 'till he knows that too many people have died?
How many times can a man turn his head pretending he just doesn't see?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind.

3.
Slower

wind. The answer is blowin' in the wind.
FORTUNATE SON

Words and Music by
JOHN FOGERTY

Moderately bright (in Four)

VERSE

Some folks are born made to wave the flag,
Some folks are born silver spoon in hand,
Some folks inherit star spangled eyes,

Ooh, they’re red, white and blue. And when the band plays
Lord, don’t they help themselves. But when the tax man
Ooh, they send you down to war. And when you ask them,

“Hail to the chief, They point the cannon right at you.
comes to the door, Lord, the house looks like a rummage sale.
“How much should we give?” They only answer More! more! more!

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CHORUS

It ain't me, it ain't me. I ain't no senator's son.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>C7</th>
<th>G</th>
<th>D7</th>
<th>C7</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

To Coda

It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>C7</th>
<th>Gdim</th>
<th>G</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
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</tbody>
</table>

CODA

I ain't no fortunate one. It ain't me,

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>C7</th>
<th>G</th>
<th>Gdim</th>
<th>G</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
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<td></td>
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</table>

Repeat ad lib.

it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>D7</th>
<th>C7</th>
<th>G</th>
</tr>
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</table>

end fade out
BUT I DO  
(a/k/a I DON'T KNOW WHY)  

Words and Music by ROBERT C. GUIDRY and PAUL GAYTEN  

Moderately  

I don't know why I love you but I do.  
I can't sleep nights because I feel so restless.  

I don't know why I cry so, but I do.  
I don't know what to do, I feel so helpless.  

I only know I'm lonely and that I want you only.  
I cry both night and day.  

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I don't know why I love you but I do.

My days have been so lonely, my

nights have been so blue, I don't know how I

stand it, but I do. Each night I sit a...
lone and tell my self

That I will fall in

love with some one else.

I guess I'm wastin'

time. But I've got to clear my mind,

I don't know why I

love you but I do.
Moderately fast
no chord

Sugar pie honey bunch,
you know that I

Sugar pie honey bunch,
I'm weaker than a

love you. I can't help myself,
man should be. I can't help myself,
I love you and nobody else.
I'm a fool in love you see.

Wanna

In and out my life
tell you I don't love you,
tell you that we're through, and I've tried.

You come and you go,
leaving just your picture behind
But every time I see your face

Em F

and I kissed it a thousand times.
I get all choked up inside.
When you snap your finger or wink your eye I come a-
run-ning to you.
I’m tied to your a-pron strings.
and there’s nothing that I can do.
Can't help myself,

no I can't help myself.

I call your name, girl, it starts the flame burning in my heart, tearing it all apart. No mat
After how I try, my love I cannot hide. 'Cause

Sugar-pie honey bunch, you know that I'm
Sugar-pie honey bunch, do anything you

weak for you. Can't help myself,
ask me to. Can't help myself,

I love you and nobody else.
I want you and nobody else.
RESPECT

Solid 4 Beat

What you want
I ain't gon-na do you wrong

ba-by I got,
while you gone.

What you need
I ain't gon-na do you wrong

You know I got it,
'Cause I don't wanna.

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All I'm ask-in' is for a lit-tle re-spect, when you come home.  
Ba-by, when you come home, Re-spect.

I'm out to give you all my mon-ey, But all I'm ask-in'
Ooh, your kiss-es, sweeter than hon-ey, But guess what,

in re-turn, hon-ey, Is to give me
so here's my mon-ey, All I want you to do for me
my proper respect when you get home.

Yeah, Yeah,
baby, when you get home.

Respect, find out what it means to me; Respect,

Repeat and fade out

take out T-C-P, a little respect.
RAINY DAY WOMEN #12 & 35

Words and Music by
BOB DYLAN

Moderately (in 2)

F  Ddim7  C7/E  F

Well, they'll

F  Ddim7  C7/E  F

stone ya when you're try'n' to be so good, They'll

(See additional lyrics)

Ddim7  C7/E  F  F7

stone ya just a - like they said they would. They'll
Bb          Gdim7       F7/A          Bb
stone ya when you’re try’n’ to go home. Then they’ll

F           Ddim7      C7/E          F
stone ya when you’re there all alone. But I

C7
would not feel so all alone,

1-4
F           Ddim7      C7/E          F
Everybody must get stoned. 2. Well, they’ll
Additional Lyrics

2. Well, they’ll stone ya when you’re walkin’ ’long the street.
   They’ll stone ya when you’re tryin’ to keep your seat.
   They’ll stone ya when you’re walkin’ on the floor.
   They’ll stone ya when you’re walkin’ to the door.
   But I would not feel so all alone,
   Everybody must get stoned.

3. They’ll stone ya when you’re at the breakfast table.
   They’ll stone ya when you are young and able.
   They’ll stone ya when you’re tryin’ to make a buck.
   They’ll stone ya and then they’ll say, “Good luck.”
   Tell ya what, I would not feel so all alone,
   Everybody must get stoned.

4. Well, they’ll stone you and say that it’s the end.
   Then they’ll stone you and then they’ll come back again.
   They’ll stone you when you’re riding in your car.
   They’ll stone you when you’re playing your guitar.
   Yes, but I would not feel so all alone,
   Everybody must get stoned.

5. Well, they’ll stone you when you walk all alone.
   They’ll stone you when you are walking home.
   They’ll stone you and then say you are brave.
   They’ll stone you when you are set down in your grave.
   But I would not feel so all alone,
   Everybody must get stoned.
SLOOP JOHN B

Moderately Bright Rock

Words and Music by
BRIAN WILSON

1. We

(1.) come on the Sloop John B. my grand father and
(2.) first mate, he got drunk. Broke in the Captain's
(3.) poor cook, he took fits. Throw away all the

me trunk. A-round Nassau Town we did roam.
grits. Constable had to come and take him away.

Drink-ing all night, we got in a fight,
Sheriff John Stone, please let me alone,
Sheriff John Stone, please let me alone,

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I feel so broke up, I want to go home.
I feel so broke up, I want to go home.
This is the worst trip since I been born.

So hoist up The John B. Sails,
See how the main-sail sets.

Send for the Captain a-shore, let me go home.
Let me go home.

1, 2. I feel so broke up
3. This is the worst trip

I wanna go home.
2. The
3. The born.
CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'

Medium Rock beat

Am G F G Bm7
All the leaves are brown,
And the sky is grey.

E7 F C E7 Am F6 E Dm6
I've been 3 for a walk
on a winter's day.

E7 Am G F G Bm7
I'd be safe and warm,
if I didn't tell her
if I could leave today.
California dreamin'__ On such a winter's day__

Stopped into a church,  
I passed along the way.

Oh, I got down on my knees,  
And I pretend to pray.__

You know the preacher likes the cold,  
He knows I'm gonna stay.
Cal i for nia dream in' On such a win ter's day.

All the leaves are On such a win ter's day. (Cal i for nia dream in') On such a win ter's day. (Cal i for nia dream in') On such a win ter's day.
Slow rock beat

There's something happening here, What it

isn't exactly clear, There's a man with a gun over there,
tell'in' me I've got to beware.

I think it's time we stop, children, what's that sound?

Ev'rybody look what's goin' down.
1. There's battle lines being drawn,
   No body's

2. What a field day for the heat.
   A

3. Paranoia strikes deep,
   right if everybody's wrong,
   thousand people in the street
   in to your life it will creep.
   sing in'
Young people speak in' their minds, and carry in' signs. Get-tin' starts when you're always afraid. Most-ly Step out of so much resistance from behind. I think it's time we say-ing, "Hoo-ray for our side." line the men come and stop, children, what's that sound? Ev'ry-body look what's go-in' down.
After repeat
D.S. al Coda

Coda

take you away. You better

Repeat and fade

stop, hey, what's that sound? Everybody look what's goin' down. You better
WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS NOW IS LOVE

With a jazz waltz feel

Lyric by HAL DAVID
Music by BURT BACHARACH

What the world needs now is love, sweet love,
It's the only thing that there's just too
D7
lit - tle of. What the world needs

Bm7

Em7
now is love, sweet love,

Bm7

Em7

C6
No, not just for some, but for ev - 'ry - one.

C
To Coda ()

B

B7
Lord, we don’t need an - oth - er

Em7

Lord, we don’t need an - oth - er
moun - tain,
mead - ow,
There are moun - tains and
There are corn - fields and

hillsides
wheat - fields
e - nough to climb;
There are
e - nough to grow;
There are

o - ceans and riv - ers e - nough to cross,
E -
sun - beams and moon - beams e - nough to shine,
Oh,

nough to last,
ils - ten, Lord,
till the end of time.
if you want to know.
Am7/D       Am7/D

What the  What the

D.S. al Coda

CODA
B    B7    E7    C6

ev 'ry one.
No, not just for some,

C    Bm7    Cmaj7

Oh, but just for ev

D7    G

'ry one.
With a quick beat

Em    D    Em    D    Em    D    Em    D
mf

You know the day destroys the night,
We chased our pleasures here,

3, 4. (See additional lyrics)

Em    D    Em    D    Em    D

night divides the day,
dug our treasures there,

Can you still recall the

tried to hide.

Break on through to the other side.
Break on through to the other side,
Break on through to the other side.

Play 4 times

Ev'rybody loves my baby.
She gets.

Break on through._

Break on through._ Break on through._ Break, break,

break, break, break, break, break, break, break.

Additional lyrics

3. I found an island in your arms, a country in your eyes,
   Arms that chain, eyes that lie.
   To Chorus:

4. Made the scene from week to week, day to day, hour to hour,
   The gate is straight, deep and wide.
   To Chorus:
Moderately bright

And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson,

Jesus loves you more than you will know,

(Wo, wo, wo.) God bless you,
please, Mrs. Robinson, Heaven holds a place.

for those who pray, (Hey, hey, hey,

hey, hey, hey.)

To Coda ()
We'd
like to know a little bit about you for our files.

We'd like to help you learn to help yourself.

Look around you, all you see are sympathetic eyes.

(C7)

(C9)

(F7)
Cm

G

Stroll around

F7

D.S. al Coda

the grounds until you feel at home. And here's to you

CODA

G

G7

Hide it in a hiding place where no one ever goes,

Sitting on a Sunday afternoon,
Put it in your pantry with your cup-
Going to the candidate's debate.

- cakes,
It's a little secret.
Laugh about it, shout.

- cret, just the Robinson's affair,
about it, when you've got to choose.

Most of all, you've got to hide.
Ev'ry way you look at it, you
it from the kids. Coo, coo, ca-choo, Mrs. Robinson.
Where have you gone, Joe Di Mag-gi-o?  A na-tion turns its lone-ly eyes to know, you, (Woo, woo, woo.)

God bless you, please, Mrs. Robinson. What’s that you say, Mrs. Robinson.
Heaven holds a place for those who pray.
"Jolt-in' Joe" has left and gone away.

(Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.)
VOLUNTEERS

Moderate Rock

Words and Music by PAUL KANTNER
and MARTY BALIN

Hey, all dance down the street. Got to revolution, got to revolution.

Ain't it amazing, all the people I meet. Got to revolution, got to revolution.

One generation got old, one generation got sold.

This generation got no destination to hold. Pick-up your pride. Hey,
now it's time for you and me._ Got to rev-o-lu-tion, got to rev-o-lu-tion.

Come on, now, we're marching to the sea._ Got to rev-o-lu-tion, got to rev-o-lu-tion.

Who will take it from them? We will. And who are we? We are

vol-un-teers of Amer-i-ca._ vol-un-teers of Amer-i-ca._
volunteers of America, volunteers of America.

Guitar solo ad lib.

Solo ends—2nd time

Look what’s happening on the streets. Got to revolution, got to revolution.
We all dance down the street. Got to revolution, got to revolution.

Ain’t it amazing, all the people I meet. Got to revolution. We are

volunteers of America. We are

volunteers of America.
LET'S GET TOGETHER

Moderately

1. Love is but the song we sing, and fear's the way we
2. Some will come and some will go, and we shall surely
3. If you heard the song I sing, you must un-

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You can make the
When the one who
You hold the

mountains ring, or make the angels cry.
left us here, returns for us at last;
key to love and fear all in your trembling hand.

Know the dove is on the wing, and
We are but a moments sunlight,
One key unlocks them both you know and
you need not know why.

it's at your command.

C'mon people now, smile on your brother. Let's get together, try and love one another, right now.

Right now! Right now!
AQUARIUS/LET THE SUNSHINE IN

Words by JAMES RADO and GEROME RAGNI
Music by GALT MacDERMOT

Moderately bright

When the moon is in the seventh house,

and Jupiter aligns

with Mars.

Then peace will guide the planets.

And
Harmony and understanding, Sympathy and trust abound,

No more falsehoods or derisions, Golden living dreams of visions, Mystic crystal revelation,

And the mind’s true liberation, A-
quar - i - us.

When the

A - quar - i - us.

Moderately slow rock, with a beat
Let the sun shine.
Let the Sun shine in.

Repeat and Fade

Let the sun shine.
Let the Sun shine in.
SAN FRANCISCO
(BE SURE TO WEAR SOME FLOWERS IN YOUR HAIR)

Flowing

If you're going to San Francisco,
Be sure to wear some flowers in your hair.

If you're going to San Francisco,
You're gonna need a map of some kind.

Words and Music by
JOHN PHILLIPS

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MCA music publishing
Bm

meet some gentle people there.

Em C G D

For those who come to San Francisco,

Em C G D

Summer time will be a love in there.

Em G Bm7 C G

In the streets of San Francisco,
G6  Bm  Em7  To Coda  D

Gentle people will be in their hair.

F  Dm  F  Dm

All across the nation, such a strong vibration.

G  F

People in motion. There's a whole generation.

Dm  F  Dm  G

People in motion, with a new explanation.
TURN! TURN! TURN!
(TO EVERYTHING THERE IS A SEASON)

Words from the Book of Ecclesiastes
Adaptation and Music by PETE SEEGER

Moderately slow, in 2 \( \frac{d}{e} = 1 \text{ beat} \)

\[
\begin{align*}
C & \quad F \\
Em & \quad Dm \\
C & \quad F \\
Em & \\
Dm & \quad F \\
G & \\
Dm & \quad G \\
C & \\
\end{align*}
\]

To ev'-ry-thing (turn, turn, turn) There is a seaASON (turn, turn,

Dm \quad F \quad G \\
Dm \quad G \quad C \\

... turn) And a time for ev'-ry pur-pose un-der heav-en. A time to be

G7 \quad C \\
G7 \quad C \\

... born, a time to die; a time to plant, a time to reap; a time to
kill, a time to heal; a time to laugh, a time to weep.

To ev'ry thing (turn, turn, turn) There is a sea son (turn, turn, turn)

And a time for ev'ry pur-pose un-der heav-en.

A time to build up, a time to break down; a time to dance, a time to
mourn; a time to cast away stones, a time to gather stones

To every thing (turn, turn, turn) There is a season (turn, turn, turn) And a time for every purpose under heaven.

A time of love, a time of hate; a time of gain, a time to lose; a time to
war, a time of peace; a time to love, a time to hate, a time to
bend, a time to sew; a time a time you may em - brace, a time to
re - train peace I swear it’s not too late. To ev - ry
thing (turn, turn, turn) There is a sea - son (turn, turn, turn). And a
time for ev - ry pur - pose un - der heav - en.
EVERYBODY'S TALKIN'  
(ECHOES)

Words and Music by  
FRED NEIL

Moderately

\( F \)

I don't hear a word they're sayin',
I can't see the faces,
only the echoes of my mind.

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I'm go-in' where the sun keeps shin-in' thru the pour-in' rain,

go-in' where the weather suits my clothes.

Bank-in' off of the north-east wind,

sail-in' on a summer breeze,
skip-pin' o-ver the o-cean like a stone.

D.S. al Coda

I won't let you leave my love behind.

Repeat and Fade
Moderate Gospel Rock

Je-re-mi-ah was a bull-frog,
If I were the king of the world,
I'm a

Guitar tacet

C D♭ D

C D♭ D

Guitar tacet

C D♭ D

C D♭ D

C D♭ D

C D♭ D

C D♭ D

C D♭ D

Vocal

D7/C

G7/B

B♭

D

Em7/A

Never understood a single word he said,
But I helped him drink in his wine.
Throw away the cars and the bars and the wars,
And make sweet love to you.

D

G7

Em7/A

D

Yes he always had some mighty fine wine.
Yes I'd make sweet love to you.
Yes a straight shootin' son of a gun.

Vocal

Singing joy to the

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world.

All ____ the boys and girls now.

Joy to the fishes in the deep blue sea,

Joy to you and me.

CODA

You
E minor

- ing to an end;

D minor

sent time at hand.

Bm

Forgiving one another, time after time,

And if you're young at heart, rise up.

D

and doubt creeps in.

But like the sun

E minor

take your stand.

And to the man

D

lights up the sky with a mes-

Bm

on whose shoul-

der the world
-sage from a-bove. Oh, yeah, I find no oth-

Bm Em D
-er great-er sym-bol of this love, yeah.

S
Don’t you hear the wind blow-in’? Mm, mm, stoned love,

Em D
oh yeah. I tell you I ain’t got no oth-

Bm
Can’t ya hear it?
Stoned love,  
Oh, yeah, 

yeah. If a war 'tween our nations passed, 

oh yeah, will the love 'tween our broth-

ers and sisters last on and on and on and on and...
RAINDROPS KEEP FALLIN’
ON MY HEAD

Lyric by HAL DAVID
Music by BURT BACHARACH

Rhythmically

Rain - drops keep fall - in’ on my

head,
and just like the guy whose feet are too big for his

bed, Noth - in’ seems to fit. Those rain - drops are fall - in’ on my
They keep fall-in' so I just did me some talk-in' to the sun.
And I said I didn't like the way he got things done. Sleep-in' on the job. Those raindrops are fall-in' on my head. They keep fall-in'!
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 fallin' on my head,
but that doesn't mean my eyes will
soon be turn'in' red.
Cryin's not for me 'cause

I'm never gonna stop the rain by complainin'.
Because I'm

free
nothin's worryin' me.
MR. PRESIDENT
(HAVE PITY ON THE WORKING MAN)

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

Moderate Shuffle (\( \text{\( \frac{r}{3} \) } \))

\[ \begin{array}{cccc}
\text{Bb} & \text{F7} & \text{Bb} & \text{Eb} & \text{Bb} & \text{F7} \\
\text{Bb} & \text{F7} & \text{Bb} & \text{F7} \\
\text{Bb7} & \text{Eb} & \text{A} & \text{D} & \text{F} & \text{C} \\
\text{Bb} & \text{F7} & \text{Bb} & \text{F7} \\
\end{array} \]

We've tak-en
We ain't ask-ing
We've given
You're giving

all you've given.
you to love us.

It's getting hard
to make living.
You may place yourself high above us.

Mister President,
Mister President,

have pity on the working
have pity on the working

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I know it may sound funny,
but people ev'rywhere running
out of money.

Maybe you're cheap, maybe you're blind,
maybe you have lost your mind.

We just can't make it by ourselves.

Maybe you only think about yourself.

It is cold and the
Too late to run,
wind is blowing. We need something to keep us going.
too late to cry, now. The time has come for us to say goodbye now.

Mis - ter Pres-i-dent, have pity on the working
Mis - ter Pres-i-dent, have pity on the working

man. man. To Coda
Mister President, have pity on the working man.
SWEET HOME ALABAMA

Words and Music by RONNIE VAN ZANT, ED KING and GARY ROSSINGTON

Moderately slow

Verse

1. Big wheels keep on turning

Carry me home to see my kin.

Singing songs about the southland

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MCA music publishing
I miss 'ole 'bamy once again (And I think it's a sin.)

Verse

2. Well, I heard Mister Young sing about her. Well, I heard ole Neil put her down.

Well, I hope Neil Young will re-
member
A southern man don't need him a-
round anyhow__
Sweet home Al-a-

bama,
Where the skies are so

blue,
Sweet home Al-a-bam-a
Verse

3. In Birmingham they love the Gov'nor. Boo! boo!

4. See additional lyrics

boo! Now we all did what we could do.

Now Water-gate does not bother me.

Does your conscience bother you?
you? (Tell the truth.)
Sweet home Al - a - bam - a,

Where the skies are so blue,
Sweet home Al - a -

Lord I'm com-ing home to you.

ADDITIONAL LYRICS

Verse 4. Now Muscle Shoals has got the Swampers
And they've been known to pick a tune or two
Lord they get me off so much
They pick me up when I'm feeling blue
Now how about you.

Repeat Chorus and Fade
IT KEEPS YOU RUNNIN’

Words and Music by
MICHAEL MCDONALD

Moderately

G7

C/G

G7

Say, where you gonna go.

Bm7

Bb7

Oh, you know how I feel.

Am11

Ab7#11

G7

Girl, where you gonna hide?

Hey, you know I been there.

C/G

G7

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You go on leavin' out your heart and
But what you're keepin' to yourself,

all it's sayin' deep inside.
Oh, you know it just ain't fair.

From here I can feel your heartbeat.
Are you gonna worry

Oh, you got me all wrong.
For the rest of your life?
You ain't got no worry,
Why you in such a hurry,
you just been lonely too long,
to be lonely one more night?
I know what it means to hide your heart
from a long time ago,

oh, darlin'. It keeps you runnin',
yeah, it keeps you runnin'.
It keeps you runnin', yeah, it keeps you runnin'.
It keeps you runnin', yeah,

_ it keeps you runnin'.
It keeps you

runnin', yeah, it keeps you runnin'.
runnin'.
Moderately fast

Am

I've really got to use my imagination
to think of good reasons to keep on

keep-in' on.

Got to make the best of

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of a bad situation, ever since that day I woke up and found that you were gone.

Darkness all around me, ability black-in' out the don't do me no

sun. good, Old friends call me but I 'cause our mis-under-standing
just don’t feel like talkin’ to anyone.
is too well understood.

Emp-ty-ness has
Such a sad, sad

found me
and it just won’t let me go.
when a good love dies.

I go right on livin’
but why
Not a day goes by
when I

I just don’t know.
don’t real-ize:

Am

1
2
D.S. and Fade

Star-ing down re-
I’ve really got to
It seems like yesterday,
And the years rolled slowly past.

but it was long ago,
And I found myself alone,
Janny was lovely. She was the queen of my nights,
surround-ed by stran-gers I thought were my friends.

there in the dark-ness with the ra-di-o play-in' low, and
I found my-self fur-ther and fur-ther from my home, and

the se-crets that we shared,
I guess I lost my way.

the moun-tains that we moved,
There were oh so man-y roads. I was
caught like a wild fire out of control till there was
livin' to run and runnin' to live.

nothin' left to burn and nothin' left to prove,
worried about payin', or even how much I owed.

And I remember what she said to me,
how she swore that it never would end.

Movin' eight miles a minute for months at a time,
breakin' all of the rules that would bend,
now, I've got so much more to think about:
young and strong— We were runnin' a-against the wind.
found my-self seek-in' shelter a-against the wind.
old - er now,— but still runnin' a-against the wind.

1. 2.
D. S.  al Coda

Well, I'm old - er now, and still runnin' a-against the wind.

Repeat and fade
wind, a-against the wind.
ON THE ROAD AGAIN

Words and Music by
WILLIE NELSON

Lively Two Beat

On the road again, Just can't wait to get on the road again. The life I love is making

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music with my friends, and I can't wait to get on the road again.

1. On the gain.  

2. On the gain.  

end solo 4th time

road again. Like a band of gypsies we go down the

highway. We're the best of friends.

In -
-sitting that the world keep turn-ing our way, and our way,

is on the road again. Just can't

wait to get on the road again. The life I

love is mak-in' mu-sic with my friends, and I can't wait to get
Verse 2:
On the road again.
Goin' places that I've never been.
Seein' things that I may never see again,
And I can't wait to get on the road again.
(To 2nd ending)
Build steadily

pp poco a poco cresc.

Rhythmically, with excitement
Hound Dog  
Rebel 'Rouser  
But I Do (a/k/a I Don't Know Why)  
Walk Right In  
Land Of A Thousand Dances  
Blowin' In The Wind  
Fortunate Son  
I Can't Help Myself (Sugar Pie, Honey Bunch)  
Respect  
Rainy Day Women #12 & 35  
Sloop John B  
California Dreamin'  
For What It's Worth  
What The World Needs Now Is Love  
Break On Through (To The Other Side)  
Mrs. Robinson  
Volunteers

Let's Get Together  
San Francisco (Be Sure To Wear Some Flowers In Your Hair)  
Turn! Turn! Turn! (To Everything There Is A Season)  
Aquarius/Let The Sunshine In  
Everybody's Talkin' (Echoes)  
Joy To The World  
Stoned Love  
Raindrops Keep Fallin' On My Head  
Mr. President (Have Pity On The Working Man)  
Sweet Home Alabama  
It Keeps You Runnin'  
I've Got To Use My Imagination  
On The Road Again  
Against The Wind  
Forrest Gump Suite