<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Track</th>
<th>Song Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Alone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Bust Your Windows</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Confessions Part II</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>Don’t Stop Believin’</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>Gold Digger</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52</td>
<td>Halo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>Hate on Me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58</td>
<td>It’s My Life</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64</td>
<td>Keep Holding On</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>69</td>
<td>No Air</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>76</td>
<td>Push It</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>92</td>
<td>Rehab</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>83</td>
<td>Somebody To Love</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>98</td>
<td>Take A Bow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>103</td>
<td>Walking On Sunshine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>112</td>
<td>You Keep Me Hangin’ On</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
ALONE

Words and Music by BILLY STEINBERG and TOM KELLY

Moderate Rock

Bm    G(add2)    A    A/G    Bm    G(add2)

I hear the tick-ing of the clock; I'm ly-ing here, the
You don't know how long I have wanted to touch your lips and

Bm    G(add2)    A    F#/A#    Bm    G(add2)

room's pitch-dar-k. I won-der where you are to-
hold you tight. You don't know how long I have

A    A/G    Bm    G(add2)    A    F#/A#

night, no an-swer on your tel-e-phone. And the
wait-ed and I was gon-na tell you to-night.

But the

* Recorded a half step lower.
night goes by so very slow,
secret is still my own,
oh, I hope that it won't end though,
and my love for you is still unknown.

alone.
alone.

'Til now I always got by on my own.
I never really
cared until I met you.
And now it chills me to the bone.
How do I get you alone?

D.S. al Coda

Oh, oh, oh. 'Til now I

always got by on my own. I never really cared until I met you.
And now it chills me to the bone. How do I get you alone?

Guitar solo ad lib.
How do I get you alone?

How do I get you alone,

alone,

alone?

Bm G(add2)

A G Bm
Moderate Latin beat

I bust the windows out your car.

and, no, it didn't mend my
car.

You know I didn't it 'cause I
Broken heart. I'll probably always have these ugly scars.
Wrote my initials with the crowbar.

But right now I don't care about that part.
And then I drove off into the dark.
I bust the windows out your car.
You should feel lucky that was all I did.

I didn't wanna but I took my turn.
After five whole years of this bullshit.
I'm glad I did it 'cause you gave you all of me and you.
I had to learn. I must admit it helped a little bit to think of how you'd feel when you saw it.

I didn't know that I had that much strength but I'm glad you see what happens when... You see you can't just play with people's feelings.
tell them you love them and don't mean it. You'll prob'ly say that it was
juvenile but I think that I deserve to smile. Ha, bust

ha, ha, ha, ha, I bust the windows out your car. But it don't compare to my

broken heart. You could never feel how I
You should know that day.  Until that happens, baby,

you don't know pain.  Ooh, yeah, I did

It.  You should know it.  I ain't sorry.  You deserved

After what you did to me, you deserved it.  I ain't sor-
I broke your car.
You caused me pain, so I did the same.

Even though what you did to me was much worse,

Had to do somethin' to make you hurt, yeah.
Oh, but why am I still crying?

(Lead vocals ad lib. on repeat)

Why am I the one who's still crying?

you really hurt me, baby.

You really, you really hurt me, babe.

I bust the windows out your car.
HATE ON ME

Words and Music by JILL SCOTT, ADAM BLACKSTONE and STEVEN McKIE

Moderately

If I could give you the world on a silver platter,
would it even matter? You'd still be mad at me.

If I could find in all this a dozen roses

which I would give to you, you'd still be miserable.

In reality I'm gon' be who I be.
and I don't feel no faults for all the lies that you bought,

You can try as you may, bring me down, but I say

that it ain't up to you, gonna do what you do. Hate

on me, hater, now or later, 'cause I'm gon -
Cm/Bb

- na do me. You'll be mad.  baby. (Go 'head and hate.)

Cm

Go 'head and hate on me, hat er; I'm not a fraid.

Cm/Bb

of what I gotta pay for. (You can hate on me.) Ooh,

N.C.

if I gave you peaches out of my own garden,
and I made you a peach pie, would you slap me high?

Would you do it if I gave you diamonds out of my own womb...

Would you feel the love in that, or ask, "Why not the moon?"

If I gave you sanity for the whole of humanity,
had all the solutions for the pain and pollution?

No matter where I live, despite the things I give,

you'll always be this way, so go ahead and hate

on me, hater, now or later, 'cause I'm gon-
You'll be mad, baby. (Go 'head and hate.)

Go 'head and hate on me, hater;
I'm not afraid

of what I gotta pay for. (You can hate on me.)

Hate on me, 'cause my mind is free. Feel my des-
Cm/B♭

- ti - ny; so shall it be.) (You can - not hate

F(add2)/A

Hate on me, hat - er, now it be.) (You can - not hate on me, 'cause my mind

G7/B

or lat - er, 'cause I'm gon - na do me. You'll be mad,
is free. Feel my des - ti - ny; so shall
Go 'head and hate on me, hat-
it be.) (You can-not hate on me, 'cause my mind

I'm not afraid of what I gotta pay-
is free. Feel my destiny; so shall

You can hate on me.

(it be.) (You can-not hate.)
CONFESSIONS PART II

Words and Music by USHER RAYMOND, JERMAINE DUPRI and BRYAN MICHAEL COX

Moderate groove
Dbmaj7

Watch this. These are my confessions. Just when I thought

Fm7

I said all I can say my chick on the side said she got one on the way. These are my con-

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 oceans. Man, I'm thrown and I don't know what to do. I guess I gotta give part two of my confessions. If I'm gonna tell it then I gotta tell it all, all. Damn near cried when I got that phone call. I'm so threwed. I don't know what to do but to give you part two of my confessions.
Now this gon' be the hardest thing I think I ever had to do. Got me talkin' to myself askin' how I'm gon' tell you 'bout that chick on part one. I told y'all I was creepin' with, creepin' with, says she's three months pregnant and she's keepin' it. The first thing that came to mind was you. Second thing was how do I...
know if it's mine and is it true? Third thing was me wishin' that I never did.
sessions. Man I'm thrown and I don't know what to do. I guess I gotta give part two of my consessions. If I'm gonna tell it then I gotta tell it all, all. Damn near cried when I got that phone call. I'm so threwed. I don't
Sitting here stuck on stupid try’n to figure out when, what and how mon’ let this come out of my mouth. Said it ain’t gon’ be easy but I need to stop thinkin’, con-
tem-plat-in', be a man and get it o-ver with, o-ver with. I'm rid-in' in my whip,

rac-in' to her place. Talk-in' to my-self, pre-par-in' to tell her to her face. She

op-ened up the door an did-n't want to come near me. I said,

"One sec-ond ba-by, please hear me." These are my con-
This, by far is the hardest thing I think I’ve ever had to do. To tell you, the woman I love that I’m havin’ a baby by a woman that I barely even know.

I hope you can accept the fact that I’m man enough to tell you this.

And hopefully you’ll give me another chance.
This ain't about my career. This ain't about my life.

It's about us. Please...

These are my confessions. Just when I thought I said all I can say my chick on the side said she got one on the way. These are my confessions. Man, I'm thrown...

and I don't know what to do. I guess I've gotta give part two of my confessions.
Sessions.

If I'm gonna tell it then I gotta tell it all, all. Damn near cried when I got that phone call. I'm so threw. I don't know what to do but to give you part two of my confessions.
DON'T STOP BELIEVIN'

Words and Music by STEVE PERRY, NEAL SCHON and JONATHAN CAIN

Moderately fast

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liv'in' in a lonely world,
born and raised in south Detroit.

She took the midnight train goin'
He took the midnight train goin'

anywhere.
The smell of wine and cheap perfume.

For a smile they can
share the night. It goes on and on and on and on.

Strangers
Street light

boulevard, their shadows

some \_ where \_ in the night.
Workin' hard to get my fill. Ev'rybody

wants a thrill. Payin' an' y'thing to roll the dice just
one more time.

Some will win, some will lose, some were born to sing the blues.

Oh, the movie never ends; it goes on and on and on and on.

D.S. (with repeat) al Coda
Don't stop believin'.
Hold on to the

feel'in',
street light people.
Moderately slow

She take my money when I'm in need. Yeah, she's a triflin' friend indeed.

Oh, she's a gold digger way over town, that digs on

Contains a sample of "I've Got A Woman" by Ray Charles and Renald Richard © 1954 (Renewed) Unichappell Music, Inc.
Get down, girl, go 'head.

Yeah, she give me money

(1.) Rap 1 (See Additional Lyrics)

(2.) Rap 2 (See Additional Lyrics)

when I'm in need.

(She give me money when I'm in need.)

(I gotta leave.)

(I gotta leave.)

(I gotta leave.)
(Yeah, she give me money when I'm in need.)

(She give me money when I'm in need.)

(l gotta leave.)
(Yeah, she give me money when I'm in need.)

Now I ain't say-in' she a gold digger, but she ain't mess-in' wit' no broke nig-gas.

Get down, girl, go head, get down. Get down, girl, go head, get down.
leave.)

Get down, girl, go 'head.

Rap 3 (See Additional Lyrics)
(Yeah, she give me money when I'm in need.)

(Rap 4 (See Additional Lyrics))

Get down, girl, go 'head, get down.

(Leave.)

Get down, girl, go 'head, get down.

(I gotta leave.)

Get down, girl, go 'head, get down.

(I gotta leave.)
Additional Lyrics

Rap 1
Cutie the bomb, met her at a beauty salon
With a baby Louis Vuitton under her underarm.
She said, "I can tell you ROC, I can tell by your charm.
Far as girls, you got a flock; I can tell by your charm and your arm."
But I'm looking for the one, have you seen her?
My psychic told me she, yeah, have a ass like Serena,
Tryna, Jennifer Lopez, four kids and I
Gotta take all their bad ass to showbiz?
Okay, get your kids, but then they got their friends.
I pulled up in the Benz, they all got up in.
We all went to din, and then I had to pay.
If you fucking with this girl, then you better be payed.
You know why? It take too much to touch her.
From what I heard, she got a baby by Busta.
My best friend said she used to fuck with Usher.
I don't care what none of y'all say, I still love her.

Rap 2
Eighteen years, eighteen years.
She got one of your kids, got you for eighteen years.
I know somebody paying child support for one of his kids.
His baby mamma car and crib is bigger than his.
You will see him on TV any given Sunday,
Win the Superbowl and drive off in a Hyundai.
She was s'posed to buy your shorty TYCO with your money;
She went to the doctor, got lipo with your money.
She walking 'round looking like Michael with your money.
Should'a got that insured GEICO for your money
(Money). If you ain't no punk, holla
"We want prenup!" (We want prenup, yeah!)
It's something that you need to have,
'Cause when she leave yo ass, she gon' leave with half.
Eighteen years, eighteen years,
And on her eighteenth birthday he found out it wasn't his!?

Rap 3
Now I ain't sayin' you a gold digger; you got needs.
You don't want a dude to smoke, but he can't buy weed.
You go out to eat, he can't pay, y'all can't leave.
There's dishes in the back; he gotta roll up his sleeves,
But while y'all washin', watch him.
He gon' make it to a Benz out of that Datsun.
He got that ambition, baby, look at his eyes,
This week he moppin' floors, next week is the fries. So...

Rap 4
Stick by his side,
I know this dude's ballin', and yeah, that's nice.
And they gon' keep callin' and tryin', but you stay right girl.
And when you get on, he leave your ass for a white girl.
Verse one is written an octave higher than sung.

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Well, baby, they're tumbling down. And they didn't even put up a fight;
You're the only one that I want;

they didn't even make a sound. I found a way to let you in,
I swore I'd never fall again,

but I really never had a doubt. Stand-in' in the light of your heart;
but this don't even feel like falling. Gravity can't forget,

lo, ooh. I've got my angel now. It's like I've been awakened;
to pull me back to the ground again.

*Lead vocal sung both times at written pitch.*
it's written all over your face.

Baby, I can feel your ha-}

Pray it won't fade away.

(I can feel your halo, halo.)

(I can see your)

halo, (halo), halo.

(I can feel your) halo, (halo), halo. (I can see your)

halo, (halo), halo.

Hit me like a ray of sun...
burning through my darkest night... halo, (halo), halo. (I can feel your)

halo, (halo), halo. (I can see your) halo, (halo), halo. (I can feel your)

halo, (halo), halo. (I can see your) halo, (halo), halo.

To Coda
Vocal ad lib.

D.S. al Coda (take 2nd ending)

Ev - 'ry-where I'm look - in' now,

CODA
IT'S MY LIFE

Words and Music by JON BON JOVI, MARTIN SANDBERG and RICHIE SAMBORA

Moderately

This ain't a song for the broken-hearted.

This is for the ones who stood their ground.

For Tommy and Gina who

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faith departed.
never backed down.

I ain't gon-na be just a face in the crowd. You're gon-na hear my voice when I
mor-row's get-ting hard-er, make no mis-take. ______

luck ain't e-ven luck-y; got-ta

shout it out loud.
make your own breaks.

It's my life, it's now_

or nev-er.
Well, I ain't gon-na live for-ev-er.
Like Frankie said, "I did it my way." I just wanna

live while I'm alive.

It's my life. My heart is like an open highway.
Cm

life.

Yeah, It's my life.

Guitar solo

Ab/C

Fm
Solo ends Better stand tall when they're calling you out. Don't bend, don't break, baby, don't back down. It's my

life and it's now or never. Well, I ain't gon na

live forever. I just wanna live while I'm alive.
Like Frankie said, “I did it my way.”

I just wanna live while I’m alive.

It’s my life. It’s my life.
KEEP HOLDING ON

Words and Music by AVRIL LAVIGNE
and LUKAS GOTTWALD

Moderate Rock

G5

G5/F#

G5/E

G5/C

You're not alone. So far away. I wish you were here.

G5

Together we stand.

G5/F#

I'll be by your side. You know I'll take your hand.

G5/C

Before it's too late. This could all disappear.

G5

When it gets cold. Before the doors close.

G5/F#

and it feels like the end. There's no place to go.

G5/E

and it comes to an end. With you by my side.

G5/C

I will fight and die.

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Em7      Csus2      Em7
in.      fend.      in.

No, I won't give      in.
I'll fight and de      fend.

Csus2    D7sus    G5    G5/F#

Keep      hold      ing

Em7      Csus2      G5
on      'cause you know we'll make it through, we'll make it through. Just

Em7      Csus2      G5/F#
stay      strong      'cause you know I'm here for you. I'm here for you.
There's nothing you can say, nothing you can do. There's no other way when it comes...

_to the truth_ so keep holding

'on _'cause you know we'll make it through, we'll make it through. Hear me when I say, when I say

I believe that noth-in's gon-na change, noth-in's gon-na change destiny.
Am  
C  

Whatever's meant to be will work out perfectly, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

D  G5  G5/F#  


Em7  Csus2  D.S. al Coda  CODA  G5  

CODA  

G5/F#  Em7  Csus2  

Keep holding on.
There's no other way when it comes to the truth so keep holding on.

'cause you know we'll make it through, we'll make it through.
**NO AIR**

Words and Music by JAMES FAUNTLEROY II, STEVEN RUSSELL, HARVEY MASON, JR., DAMON THOMAS and ERIK GRIGGS

Moderately

```
N.C.
```

* Female: Tell me how I'm s'posed to breathe with no air, air, air.

```
  F
  Cm9
```

* Ooh, ha.

```
  Gm
  Bb
```

* Recorded a half step higher.

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Male: I walked, I ran, I jumped, I flew, it's 'cause you took my breath away.

Losing you was like living in a world with no air, oh.

Male: I'm here somehow, I didn't want to leave. My heart won't move, it's incomplete.

Wish there was a way that I could make you understand. I don't know how, but I don't even care.
F

how do you expect me to live alone with just

Gm

'mCause my world revolves around you, it's so hard for me to breathe...

Both: Tell me how I'm s'posed to breathe with no air. Can't live, can't breathe with no air.

Gm

That's how I feel whenever you ain't there. There's no air, no air...
Got me out here in the water so deep. Tell me how you gon’ be without me?

If you ain’t here, I just can’t breathe. There’s no air, no air.

No air, air, oh. No air, air, no.

No air, air, oh. No air, air.
No air, air no more.

There's no air, no air.
Oh, tell me how I'm s'posed to breathe with no

But my world revolves around you, it's so hard for me to breathe.

Tell me how I'm s'posed to breathe with no air. Can't live, can't breathe with no

It's how I feel whenever you ain't there. There's no air, no air.
Female: Got me out here in the water so deep. Male: Tell me how you gon' be without me? Female: If you ain't here, I just can't breathe. Both: There's no air, no air. No air, air. No air, air. No air.
PUSH IT

Words and Music by RAY DAVIES
and HERBY AZOR

Straight hip-hop groove

N.C.

Ah, push it.

Ah, push it.

f drums

Ooh, baby, baby, baby, baby. Ooh, baby baby,

Get up on this.

ooh, baby, baby.
(Spoken:) "Now wait a minute, y'all,"
this dance ain't for everybody, only the sexy people. So all you fly mothers, get on out there and dance.

Dance, I said!"

Rap 1 (See rap lyrics)

Ah, push it, push it good. Ah, push it,
push it real good.

Ooh, baby, baby.

Rap 2: (See rap lyrics)
Push it good.

Push it real good. Ah, push it.

Get up on this.
you got me
I don't know what I'm doing.

Boy, you really got me going, you got me so
I don't know what I'm doing.

Ah, push it.
Rap 1:
Salt and Pepa’s here, and we’re in effect
Want you to push it, babe
Cooling by day, then at night working up a sweat
C’mon girls, let’s go show the guys that we know
How to become number one in a hot party show
Now push it

Rap 2:
Yo, yo, yo, yo, baby-pop
Yeah, you come here, give me a kiss
Better make it fast or else I’m gonna get pissed
Can’t you hear the music’s pumping hard like I wish you would?
Now push it
SOMEBODY TO LOVE

Freely

\[\text{Words and Music by FREDDIE MERCURY}\]

Can anybody find me

Can anybody find me

Moderately

Moderately

Each morning I get up, I die a little, can't
barely stand on my feet. Take a look in the mirror and cry.

Lord, what you're doing to me. I have spent all my years in believing you, but I

just can't get no relief, Lord. Somebody, somebody, can

anybody find me somebody to love?
I work hard every day of my life,

I work 'til I ache my bones. At the end I take home my

hard earned pay all on my own. I get down on my knees and I start to pray 'til the

tears run down from my eyes, Lord. Some-body, some-body, can
 anybody find me somebody to love?

Every day I

try and I try and I try, but everybody wants to put me down, they

say I'm goin' crazy. They say I got a lot of water in my brain, got.
no common sense. I got nobody left to believe. Yeah, yeah,
some-body, some-body, can anybody find me

some-body to love?

Got no feel. I got no rhythm.

just keep losing my beat. I'm O.K., I'm all right, ain't gonna
I'm gonna be free, Lord.
Find me somebody to love, find me somebody to love,
find me somebody to love, find me somebody to love,
find me somebody to love, find me somebody to love,
some-body, find some-body, find
some-body, find some-body, find
some-body, find some-body, find
Find me some-body to love, find me some-body to love,
Find me some-body to love, find me some-body to love,
Find me some-body to love, find me some-body to love,
Find me, find me, find me, find me.
They tried to make me go to rehab. I said, "No, no, no."
and if my daddy thinks I'm fine, he's

C7(no3rd)

tried to make me go to rehab, I won't go, go, go.

F7

I'd rather be at home

C7(no3rd)

The man said, "Why you think"

Em

I won't ever want to drink
Am

with Ray,
you're here?"
again.

F

I ain't
I said,
I just,

Fm/Ab

I'm

Em

got sev- en- ty
days.

I'm

got no i-de-a.

I'm

Am

noth-ing.

I'm

gon-na,
gon-na

noth-ing,
you can
teach me

Em

mog-na,
I'm gon-na
spend ten weeks.

F

that I can't learn
from Mis-ter

Fm

so I al- ways
have ev-ry-one

think I'm
Hath away, bottle near.

I didn’t say, “I just get a lot in class, but I think you’re depressed, it’s not just my pride.”

To Coda

They tried to make me go to rehab, I said, shot glass. They tried to make me go to rehab, I said.
"No, no, no." Yes, I been black, but when—

I come back, you won't know, now, now.

CODA

They tried to make me go to re-

- hab, I said, "No, no, no." Yes, —
I been black, but when I come back, you won't know, know, know...

I ain't got the time, and if my daddy thinks I'm fine, he's tried to make me go to rehab, I won't go, go, go.
TAKE A BOW

Words and Music by SHAFFER SMITH, TOR ERIK HERMANSEN and MIKKEL ERIKSEN

Moderately

E5          B        C#m         A        E5          B

Oh, ______ how 'bout a round of ap - plause.

E5          B        C#m         A        E5          B

yeah, _____ stand-in' o - va - tion.  Ooh,

C#m         A         E5         B/D#       D(add9)

oh, ______ yeah.  Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.
You look so dumb right now.
Grab your clothes and get gone,
(get gone.) You better hurry up.

standin' outside my house.
before the sprinklers come on.
(coming on.) Talkin' 'bout,

Tryin' to apologize,
you're so ugly when you cry.

"Girl, I love you, you're the one."
This just looks like a rerun.

Please, just cut it out.
Please, what else is on?

And
don't tell me you're sorry 'cause you're not.

And, baby, when I know you're only sorry you got caught. But you put on quite a show.

really had me goin'. But now it's time to go, curtain's fin'ly closin'.

That was quite a show, very entertainin', but it's over now.
(But it's over now.) Go on and take a bow, oh.

And the award for the best lie goes to you,

(goes to you,) for makin' me believe that you could be faithful.

Let's hear your speech, oh.
How 'bout a round of applause,

a stand-in' ovation.

But you

Go on and take a bow.

But it's over now.
WALKING ON SUNSHINE

Words and Music by KIMBERLEY REW

Bright Rock

I used to think maybe
I used to think maybe

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And I just can't wait till the day

when you knock on my door.

Now I
every time I go for the mailbox, gotta

don't want you back for the weekend, not

hold myself down.

back for a day.

No.

no, no.

I just can't wait,

'I said, baby, I just

'til you write, me you're coming around.

want you back, and I want you to stay.
Oh, yeah. Now I'm
I'm
walking on sunshine.
Whoa.

I'm walking on sunshine.
Whoa.
I'm walking on sunshine.
Dm/F
- shine.
Cm/Eb
Whoa, and

Dm/F
To Coda  Bb
Cm/Eb
don't it feel good!
Hey!

Dm/F
right now, and don't it feel good!
Cm/Eb
Hey!

Yeah!

Dm/F
Cm/Eb
Yeah!
Oh, yeah, and
don't it feel good!

Walking on sun -
Walking on sunshine.

I feel alive, I feel a love, that's really real. I feel alive.
I feel a love, I feel a love

that's really real, I'm on sun-

shine, baby. Oh,

oh, yeah. I'm on sun
Bb

shine, baby.

Oh,

F

I'm walking on sun-

CODA

Hey!

All

Dm/F

right now, and don't it feel good!

Optional Ending

don't it feel good!
YOU KEEP ME HANGIN' ON

Words and Music by EDWARD HOLLAND, LAMONT DOZIER and BRIAN HOLLAND

Moderately fast

A5/E

Em

Em7

F/E

Am/E

A

G6

G/D

F

Am/E

A

G6

Set me free. Why don't you, baby?

{ Get out my life. } Why don't

you, baby?

'Cause you don't really love me, you just keep

* Recorded a half step lower.

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You don't really need me hangin' on. Now you don't really want me hangin' on. You keep comin' around. You say although we broke up, you still wanna be just friends. Why don't you get out of my life when But how can we still be friends?
(Spoken:) And there ain't nothing I can do about it.

(Whoa, oh, oh.) Set me free. Why don't you, babe? (Whoa, oh,
A

Am/E  

oh.) Get out my life. Why don't you, baby?  

Set me free. Why don't you, baby?  

Get out my life. Why don't you, baby?  

You claim you still care for me, but your heart and soul needs to be free...  

And now that you've got your freedom, you
You don't want me

For yourself, so let me find somebody else.

Hey, hey.

Why don't you be a man about it and set me free?

Now you don't care a thing about me.
Repeat and Fade

Optional Ending
Alone
Bust Your Windows
Confessions Part II
Don't Stop Believin'
Gold Digger
Halo
Hate on Me
It's My Life
Keep Holding On
No Air
Push It
Rehab
Somebody To Love
Take A Bow
Walking On Sunshine
You Keep Me Hangin' On
Alone
Bust Your Windows
Confessions Part II
Don’t Stop Believin’
Gold Digger
Halo
Hate on Me
It’s My Life
Keep Holding On
No Air
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