Verse I & 2:
N.C.

1. Don't want to be an American idiot.
2. Well, maybe I am the f**got America.

Don't want a nation under the new media.
I'm not a part of a red neck agenda.

Hey, can you hear the sound
Now everybody, do

of hysteria?
the propaganda,
The subliminal mind
and sing along to the age of paranoia.

**Chorus:**

1.2.4. Welcome to a new kind of tension

all across the alienation, where everything isn’t meant
to be okay.
Television dreams of tomorrow, we're not the ones

who're meant to follow, for that's enough to argue.
...end solo)

Verse 3:

3. Don't want to be an American idiot,

one nation controlled by the media. Information age

D.S. & al Coda

N.C. of hysteria is calling out to idiot America.
JESUS OF SUBURBIA

I. Jesus of Suburbia (0:00)

Moderately \( \frac{d}{=144} \)

Verse:

\( \text{Db} \)

1. I'm the son of rage and love,
   the

2. Get my television fix,

\( \text{Bbm} \)

Jesus of Suburbia, from the
sitting on my crucifix. The
living room, in my private womb, while the

(Ooh.)

\( \text{G6s} \)

steadily diet of
moms and Brads away.

to

\( \text{A6s} \)

\( \text{Db} \)
soda pop and Ritalin
fall in love and fall in debt

No one ever died for my
to alcohol and cigarettes and

sins in hell, as far as I can tell, at least the ones I got away
Mary Jane to keep me insane and doing someone else's cocaine.
(Ooh.)

Chorus: G<sub>15</sub> A<sub>15</sub>

And there's nothing wrong with me.
This is

how I'm s'posed to be in a land of make believe.
II. City of the Damned (1:51)

Moderately slow \( \quad = 76 \)  

Verse:

Dan to the earth in the parking lot of the Seven-Eleven where I was taught to read the graffiti in the bathroom stall, like the Holy Scriptures of the shopping mall.

And so it seemed to confess. It says, it
“Home is where your heart is,” but what a shame ‘cause ev’ryone’s heart doesn’t beat the same.
didn’t say much but it only confirmed that the center of the earth is the end of the world.

It’s beating out of time.
And I could really care less.

Chorus:
City of the dead
at the end of another lost highway.
(Hey.
Hey.
Hey.
Hey.)

Signs misleading to nowhere.
City of the damned, lost children with dirty faces today.
(Hey. Hey. Hey. Hey.)

No one really seems to care.

Faster \( \text{bpm} = 156 \)

No one really seems to care.

III. I Don’t Care (3:42)

Hey!
Chorus:

I don't care if you don't... I don't care if you don't... I don't care if you don't care...

1.2.3

I don't...
Verse:

Everybody's so full of ****, born and raised by hypocrites.

Hearts recycled but never saved, from the cradle to the grave.

We are the kids of war and peace, from Anaheim to the Middle East.
We are the stories and disciples of the Jesus of Suburbia.

Bridge:

Land of make believe, and it don't believe in me.

Land of make believe, and I don't believe, and I don't care.

(Whoo. Whoo. Whoo.) (Whoo. Whoo. Whoo.)
IV. Dearly Beloved (5:25)

Moderately fast  \( \frac{\text{d}}{\frac{154}{\text{d}}} \) (\( \frac{\text{d}}{\frac{\text{d}}{\text{d}}} \))

Verse:

Dearly beloved, are you listening?

I can’t remember a word that you were saying.
Are we de-ment-ed or am I dis-turbed?

The space that’s in be-tween in-sane and in-sec-ure.

(Ooh.)

(smile)

Oh, ther-a-py, can you please fill _

(Ooh.)
Am I retarded or am I just overjoyed?

No body's perfect and I stand accused,

for lack of a better word, and that's my best excuse.
V. Tales of Another Broken Home (6:31)
M. Moderately slow  \( \text{and} = 96 \)

Verse:

1. To

2. (gr. solo ad lib.)

3. (gr. solo ad lib.)

live
lost
and not to breathe

my faith to this,
is to this
to the town in tragedy.
that don't exist.

I run away,
find what you believe.
And/

And I leave behind this
(Ooh.) hurricane of f***ing lies.

And I walked this line a million and one f***ing times. But not this time.
Bridge:

I don't feel any shame, I won't apologize

when there ain't nowhere you can go.

Running away from pain when you've been victimized.
Tales from another broken...

You're leaving, you're leaving,

(Home.)

you're leaving, Are you leaving

home?
Verse: Fm D\5 A\5 Eb Fm D\5 A\5 C5 Fm D\5 A\5 Eb

1. Hear the sound of the falling rain, coming down like an
2. Hear the drum pound-ing out of time, another pro-test-

Armageddon flame. (Hey) The shame, the ones who died with
or has crossed the line (Hey) to find the mon-ey's on the

out a name, or other side. Hear the dogs howling
Can I get an-

out of key other "A-men?" (A-men) There's a flag wrapped around a score of
y," (Hey) and bleed, the company lost the war today.

(Hey) A gag, a plastic bag on a monument.

Chorus:

I beg to dream and differ.

from the hollow lies. This is the dawn.

- ing of the rest of our lives.
on holiday.

Hey,
The representative from California has the floor.

Bridge:

Zieg Heil to the President gas man, bomba-way is your punishment.

Pulverize the Eifel Towers, who criticize your government.

Bang, bang goes the broken glass and kill all the fags that don't agree.
Trials by fire, setting fire, is not a way that's meant for me.

Just cause, hey, hey, hey, hey, just 'cause, be -

(Hey, hey, hey, hey,)

Chorus:

cause we're outlaws, yeah. I beg to dream and differ -

from the hollow, les. This is the dawning of the -
rest of our lives.

This is our lives on holiday.

*Sustained chord serves as "Boulevard Of Broken Dreams."
BOULEVARD OF BROKEN DREAMS

Words by BILLIE JOE
Music by GREEN DAY

Moderately slow \( \frac{4}{4} \) 86

 Verses 1 & 2:

1. I walk a lonely road, the only one that I have ever known.
2. I'm walking down the line that divides me somewhere in my

F₅ A₇ E₅ B₁₅
Don’t know where it goes, but it’s home to me and I walk alone.

On the borderline of the edge and where I walk alone.

I walk this empty street on the boulevard of broken dreams.

Read between the lines of what’s f**ked up and everything’s all right.

where the city sleeps and I’m the only one and I walk alone.

Check my vital signs and know I’m still alive and I walk alone.
I walk alone, I walk alone,
My shadow's the only one that walks beside me,
My shallow heart's the only thing that's beating.
Sometimes... I wish...
someone out there will find me. 'Til then I walk alone. Ah. Ah. Ah. Ah. Ah. I walk alone, I walk a...
Verse 3:

3. I walk this empty street on the boulevard of broken dreams.
where the city sleeps and I'm the only one and I walk a...
ARE WE THE WAITING

Words by BILLIE JOE
Music by GREEN DAY

Slowly \( d = 60 \)

Verse:

1. Starry nights,
and

city of lights coming down over me.

second thoughts live in isolation.

Sky-scrapers, and stargazers in my head.

Heads or tails, and fairy tales in my mind.
A

Are we, we are, are we, we are the
Are we, we are, are we, we are the

D

waiting unknown? This dirty town,
waiting unknown? The rage and love,

E  D

burning down in my dreams.
story of my life.

Fm  E  D

Lost and found, Suburbia is a lie.

Jesus of Suburbia is a lie.
Chorus:

A

And screaming... Are we, we are, are we, we are the

D

waiting? And screaming... Are we, we are, are we, we are the waiting?

1. D

are we, we are the waiting?

2. For-

2. D

(waiting unknown?)

A

Are we, we are,
are we, we are the waiting? And screaming...

Are we, we are, are we, we are the waiting? (waiting unknown?)

Are we, we are, are we, we are the waiting? (waiting unknown?)

Segue to "St. Jimmy"
ST. JIMMY

Moderately fast  \( \frac{j}{=136} \)

Verse 1:

Saint Jimmy's coming down across the alleyway.

Up on the boulevard like a zip gun on parade.

Lights of a silhouette, he's insubordinate.

Coming at you on the count of...
one two... one, two, three, four!

Verses 2 & 3:
2. My name is Jimmy and you'd better not wear it out.
3. Cigarettes and ramen and a little bag of dope.
Suicide commando that your momma talked about.
I am the son of a bitch and Edgar Allan Poe.

King of the forty thieves and I'm here to represent.
Raised in the city in the halo of lights.

The needle in the vein of the establishment.
I'm the product of war and fear that we've been victimized.

Pre-chorus:
Patron saint of the denial with an
angel face and a taste for suicidal
Are you talking to me?

I'll give you something to cry about.
Half time  \( j = 136 \)

Verse 4:

name is Saint Jimmy, I'm a son of a gun, I'm the one that's from the way outside

(Ooh,
A teenage assassin executing some fun in the
Saint Jimmy. (With bkgd. vocals 3 times)

cult of the life of crime, now. I'd really hate to say it but I
told you so, so shut your mouth before I shoot you down, ol' boy.

Welcome to the club and give me some blood, I'm the
resident leader of the lost and found. It's

comedy and tragedy. It's

Saint Jimmy, and that's my name...

and don't wear it out!
Verse:

1. Take away the sensation inside,

2. Out of body and out of mind,

bitter-sweet migraine in my head.

kiss the demons out of my dreams.

It's like a throbbing toothache of the mind.

get the funny feeling and that's alright.

I can't take this feeling anymore.

Jimmy says it's better than air.

I'll tell you why.
Chorus:

Drain the pressure from the swelling.

This sensation's overwhelming.

Give me a long kiss goodnight and everything will be alright.

Tell me that I won't feel a thing, so give me novocaine.
so give me \textit{no-vacaine.}

Ah, \textit{no-vacaine.}
Chorus:

Drain the pressure from the swelling.

This sensation's overwhelming.
Give me a long kiss good night and everything will be alright.

Tell me, Jim-my, I won't feel a thing so give me no-va-caine.
SHE'S A REBEL

Words by BILLIE JOE
Music by GREEN DAY

Moderately fast  \( \text{\textit{d}} = 148 \)

Chorus:

G5

She's a rebel, she's a saint,\( \text{\textit{d}} \) she's the salt of the

D5

earth and she's dangerous,\( \text{\textit{d}} \) She's a rebel,\( \text{\textit{d}} \) vigilante,

C5

\textit{Verse}:

D5

missing link on the brink of destruction, 1. From Chicago

C5

2. Is she dream\-ing

G5

3. \textit{(Gtr. solo ad lib...)}
to Toronto, she's the one that they call old What-surname._
what I'm thinking? Is she the mother of all bombs, gonna detonate?

She's the symbol of resistance, and she's holding on my
Is she trouble like I'm trouble? Make it a double twist of

[1]

heart like a hand grenade._

fate or a melody that
...and solo)
Bridge:

Em    B5     CS    GS

she sings, the rev - o - lu - tion, the dawn - ing of _ our lives._

CS     B5     Em

She brings this lib - er - a - tion that

F         D         B5    A5    CS 1

I just can't de - fine.____ Well, nothing comes to mind. Yeah.

D.S. &

2.         GS     D5

Chorus:

mind.____ She's a re - bel, she's a saint,____
she's the salt of the earth and she's dangerous.

She's a rebel, vigilante, missing link on the brink of destruction.

She's a rebel, she's a saint, she's the salt of the earth and she's dangerous.

She's a rebel, vigilante,
missing link on the brink of destruction.

She's a rebel, she's a rebel, she's a rebel,

and she's dangerous. She's a rebel, she's a rebel,

she's a rebel, and she's dangerous.
EXTRAORDINARY GIRL

Words by BILLIE JOE
Music by GREEN DAY

Moderately \( \frac{d}{2} = 112 \)

N.C.

\( (\text{Electric sitar}) \)

Faster \( \frac{d}{2} = 142 \)

Verse:

1. She's an extraordinary girl.
2. She sees the mirror of herself.
3. (Inst. solo...)

\( A \)
in an ordinary world, and she
an image she wants to sell to an-
can’t seem to get away. anyone willing to buy.

He lacks the courage in his mind like a
He steals the image in her kiss from her

child left behind, like a pet left in the rain
heart’s apocalypse, from the one called Whatever name...
Chorus:
F15  E5

She's all alone

A

...end solo

D  E  Fm  E  D  E

again, wiping the tears from her eyes.

To Coda

Some days he feels like dying. She gets so

Dm  N.C.

sick of crying.

(Drums only)
Some days it’s not worth trying.

Now that they both are finding She gets so

sick of crying. (Drums only) She’s an ex-
LETTERBOMB

Words by BILLIE JOE
Music by GREEN DAY

Freely

No-body likes you, ev-ry-one left you. They're all out without you hav-ing fun.

Moderately fast $J = 164$
Verse:

1. Where____ have all____ the bas-tards gone?
2. Where____ have all____ the ri-ots gone?
The un-der-belly stacks up ten, high.
As the cit-y's mot-to gets pul-ver-ized.

The dum-my failed, the crash.
"What's in love is now________

________ test, now col-lect-ing un-em-ploy-ment checks, like a
________ in debt," on your birth cer-ti-fi-cate. So

flunk-ie on-ly a-long for the ride.
strike the f***-ing match to light this fuse.
Pre-chorus:

The town bishop’s an ex-
tortionist,
and he don’t even know that you exist.

Standing still when it’s do or die,
you better run for your
Chorus:

It's not over till you're underground.

It's not o'er before it's too late.

This city's burning.

It's not my bur-
-den.
It's not o'er be-fore it's too late.
There is noth-ing
- tyr - go when the vi - rus cures it - self? _ And

where will we all go when it's too late?

Interlude:

E G15
Pre-chorus:

You're not the Jesus of Suburbia.
The Saint Jimmy is a

fragment of your father's rage and your mother's love.
Made me the 
id-i-o-t
A-m-e-r-i-ca.

Well,

E

she said,

G7s

“I can’t take

take

this
town,

I’m

C7m

leav-ing

A7

it be-hind.”

Well,

cFm

leav-ing

ES7

you to-night.”

(Play 3x)
WAKE ME UP WHEN SEPTEMBER ENDS

Words by BILLIE JOE
Music by GREEN DAY

Moderately $d = 104$

Verse 1:

1. Summer has come and passed, the innocent can never last.

Wake me up when September ends.
Like my fathers' come to pass, seven years has gone so fast.

Wake me up when September ends.

Here comes the rain again, falling from the stars.

Drenched in my pain again, becoming who we are.
As my memory rests, but never forgets what I lost.

Wake me up when September ends.

(Drums enter)
Verse 2:

2. Summer has come and passed, the innocent can never last.

Wake me up when September ends.

Ring out the bells again, like we did when spring began.

Wake me up when September ends.
Here comes the rain again, falling from the stars.

Drenched in my pain again, becoming who we are.

As my memory rests, but never forgets what I lost.

Wake me up when September ends.
Verse 3:

Summer has come and passed, the innocent can never last.

Wake me up when September ends.

Like my fathers' come to pass, twenty years has gone so fast.

Wake me up when September ends.
Wake me up when September ends.
I. The Death of St. Jimmy (0:00)
Moderately $\frac{d}{1} = 112$

Words for I-II, V by BILLIE JOE
Words for III by MIKE DIRNT
Words for IV by TRÉ COOL
Music by GREEN DAY

Verse 1:
E       D       A
My heart is beating from me, I am standing all alone.

E       D       A
Please call me only if you are coming home.
Waste another year flies by,
waste a night or two,

A bit faster \( \text{\textit{d = 122}} \)

You taught me how to live

(hand claps)

2. In the
Verse 2:

streets of shame where you've lost your dreams in the rain.

There's no signs of hope, the stems and seeds of the last of the dope.

3. There's a glow of

4. The crowd

light, the Saint Jimmy is the spark in the night.

Saint Jimmy comes without any shame. He says we're

Bear-ing
gifts
and trust,
a fixture in the city of

but we're not the same,
and mom and dad are the ones you can

Chorus: F75  E5  A

1. What the hell's your name? What's your
2. Jimmy died today. He blew his

blame.

fueled by the pleasure, what is your pain?
Do you dream too much? Do you

(ooh.)

brains out into the bay.
In the state of mind, it's my

(ooh.)

think what you need is a crutch?
Chorus:

DS A5 G5 A5

do- b o-d y ca- res. _ Well, no- b o-d y ca- res. _ Does

DS A5 G5 A5

an- y one ca- re_ _ if no- b o-d y ca- res? _ Well,

DS A5 G5 A5

do- b o-d y ca- res. _ Well, no- b o-d y ca- res. _ Does

DS A5 G5 A5

an- y one ca- re_ _ if no- b o-d y ca- res?
Verse:

D    G    D    G    A    Asus    A

Jesus filling out paperwork now at the facility on East 12th Street.
(Ooh.)

D    G    D    G

He's not listening to a word now, he's in his own world and
(Ooh.)

A    Asus    A    D    G    D

he's daydreaming. He'd rather be doing something else, now, like
(Ooh.)

G    A    Asus    A    D    G

cigarettes and coffee with the underbelly. His life's on the line with aux-
(Ooh.)
i-ty now, she had enough and he's had plenty.

Bridge:

Some-body get me out of here.

Any-body get me out of here.

Some-body get me out of here.
Get me the f*** right out of here.

(Ah,

Double time $\text{\textit{d}} = 240$

So far a-way,
I don’t wanna stay...

d, d, d, la, la, la.)

(Ah,

Get me out of here right now.

la, la, la.)

(Ah,

I just want to be free,
is there a possibility?

la, la, la.)

(Ah,
Get me out of here, right now.

(Ah.)

(Ah.)

(Ah.)

Right!

Half time \( \downarrow = 120 \)

This life-like dream ain’t for me.
I fell asleep while watching Spike TV after

ten cups of coffee and you're still not here.
Dreaming of a song but something went wrong. And you can't tell anyone 'cuz no one's here.

Pre-chorus:
Left me here alone when I should have stayed home. After ten cups of coffee I'm thinking...
Chorus:  D                     D/A                      D/G
                   No - bod - y likes you. Ev - 'ry - one
                   (Where’d you go?)

                   Ev - 'ry - one left you. No - bod - y
                   (Where’d you go?)

                   left you. They’re all out without you hav -

                   likes you. They’re all out without you hav -
                   (Where’d you go?)

                   1. D/A                      2. D/A
                   in’ fun.                    fun. (Where’d you go, go, go, go?)
                   (Where’d you

                   in’

                   E5

                   Jeez!
                   (sigh)
Verse:

I got a rock and roll band,
I got a rock and roll life.

I got a rock and roll girlfriend,
and another ex-wife.

I got a rock and roll house,
I got a rock and roll car.
I play the *s*** out the drums, and I can play the guitar.

I got a kid in New York,

I got a kid in the Bay. I have'n't drank or smoked

noth-in' in o-ver twen-ty-two days, so get off of my case,
V. We’re Coming Home Again (6:06)

Slower $\frac{d}{d} = 144$ (\text{s}=\text{♩}=\text{♩})

Hey!

Verse:

Here they come marching...
down the street
(Ooh.)
like a desperation murmur of a heart beat.
(Ooh.)

Coming back from the edge of town
underneath their feet.

The time has come and it's goin' nowhere.
(Ooh.)

Nobody ever said that life was fair, now.
(Ooh.)

Go-carts and guns are treasures
they will bare in the summer heat.

Pre-chorus
The world is spinning around, around out of control.

again. From the Seven Eleven to the

fear of breaking down. So send my love a let-
- ter bomb and visit me in hell

Slower $d = 116$ ($d=\frac{d}{2}$)

Chorus:

We're the ones going...

Home,

we're coming home again.
we're coming home again.

I started running as soon as my feet touched ground.

We're back in the barrio, and to

you and me that's jingle town. That's... Home,
we’re coming home again.

Home, we’re coming home again.

1.2.3.

nobody likes you,
ev’ryone left you. They’re all out without you having fun.
WHATSOEVERNAME

Words by BILLIE JOE
Music by GREEN DAY

All gtrs. in drop D:
\( \text{G} = D \)

Moderately \( \text{j} = 120 \)

Verse:

1. Thought I ran into you down on the street.
2. Seems that she disappeared without a trace.

\( \text{D5} \)

\( \text{B} \)
Then it turned out to only
Did she ever marry old

What's his dream?
I made a point

to burn all of the photographs

(2nd time cue notes) She went away and then I took a different path
I remember the face but I can't recall the name. Now I wonder how What-
Bridge 1:

(Guitar solo)

(With voc. fig. 1)

Remember, whatever,

it seems like forever ago. The regrets

are useless in my mind, she's in my head. I must confess.
The regrets are useless in my mind, she's in my head.

Bridge 2:

And in the darkest night, if my memory serves me right...
I'll never turn back time.Forget you._

but not the time._