DIRTY LAUNDRY

Moderately bright

F7

F7/Eb

I make my livin’ off the Evening News.

Just give me some-thin’.

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some-thin’ I can use,

Peo-ple love it when you lose,

They love dirt-y laun-dry.

Well, I could-a been an ac-tor,

but I wound up here.

You don’t real-ly need to find out

what’s go-in’ on.

I just have to look good. I don’t have to be clear.

You don’t real-ly want to know just how far it’s gone.
Come and whisper in my ear, Give us dirty laundry,

Just leave well enough alone, Eat your dirty laundry,

Kick 'em when they're up, Kick 'em when they're down.

Kick 'em when they're up, Kick 'em when they're down.

Kick 'em when they're up, Kick 'em when they're down.
Kick 'em when they're up,
Kick 'em when they're still,
Kick 'em all a-room.

We got the bub-bie-head-ed Meach-blonle who comes on at five.

She can tell you 'bout the plane crash with a gleam in her eye.

It's interesting when people do.
Give us dirt-y laun-dry.
Can we film the operation? Is the head dead yet?
You know the boys in the newsroom got a running bet.
Get the widow on the set!
We need dirty laundry.
Coda

Dirty little secrets,

Dirty little lies.

We got our dirty little fingers in everybody's pie.

We love to cut you down to size.

We love dirty laundry.
We can do "The In-nu-en-do." We can
dance and sing. When it's said and done, we have 'n't
told you a thing. We all know that crop is king.
--- Give us dirty laundry. ---
(spoken) Kick 'em when they're up. Kick 'em when they're down.

Kick 'em when they're up. Kick 'em when they're down.
Kick 'em when they're up. Kick 'em when they're down.
I. Nobody on the mad. Nobody
on the beach. I feel it in the air. The summer's
out of reach. Empty lake, empty streets. The
sun goes down alone. I'm drivin'...
by your house though I know you're not home.

But I can see you, your brown skin shinin' in the sun.

You got your hair combed back and your sunglasses on, baby. And I can
tell you my love for you will still be strong

after the boys of summer have gone

Repeat and fade

Coda
2. I never will forget those nights. I wonder if it was a dream.
Remember how you made me crazy? Remember how I made you scream.
Now I don't understand what happened to our love.
But baby, I'm gonna get you back. I'm gonna show you what I'm made of.

I can see you, your brown skin shinin' in the sun
I see you walkin' real slow and you're smilin' at everyone.
I can tell you my love for you will still be strong.
After the boys of summer have gone.

3. Out on the road today I saw a "Deadhead" sticker on a Cadillac.
A little voice inside my head said, "Don't look back. You can never look back."
I thought I knew what love was. What did I know?
Those days are gone forever. I should just let her go, but

I can see you, your brown skin shinin' in the sun,
You got that hair pulled down and that wig on, baby.
And I can tell you my love for you will still be strong.
After the boys of summer have gone.

I can see you, your brown skin shinin' in the sun,
You got that hair slicked back and those Wayfareners on, baby.
I can tell you my love for you will still be strong.
After the boys of summer have gone.
ALL SHE WANTS TO DO IS DANCE

Words and Music by DANNY KORTCHMAR

Moderately

D7

G

Bm

C

D7

They’re pickin’ up the prisoners and
puttin' 'em in a pen and all she wants to do is dance, dance...

Reb-els been reb-els since I don't know when... and all she wants to do is dance. Mol-o-tov cock-tail — the lo-cal drink... and all she wants to do is dance. Once they mix 'em up right... in the
Kitchen sink, and all she wants to do is dance.

Crazy people walkin' round with blood in their eyes, and all she wants to do is dance, dance.

Wild-eyed pistol wavers who ain't afraid to die, and all she wants to do is dance, dance.
She can't feel the heat
comin' off the street.
She wants to

She wants to
get down...
All she wants to do is,

All she wants to do is
dance....
Well, the government bugged the men's room in the local disco lounge, and barely made the airport for the last plane out. As we

all she wants to do is taxi-ed down the runway, I could hear the people shout. "Don't come back here, Yaa kee!" But if I ever do, I

keep the boys from tell-in' all the weapons they could scrounge...
all she wants to do is dance.
I'll bring more money 'cause all she wants to do is dance.

That don't keep the boys from makin' a buck or two,
and make ro -

Never mind the beat.

all she wants to do is comin' off the street.
dance... She wants to...

still can sell the army all the drugs that they can do...
and par -

she wants too get down...
G

all she wants to do is,

Bm

all she wants to do is
dance,

F

and make no

D7

and make no

mance.

mance.

Well, we

Bm

All she wants to do is
dance.

C

D7

Repeat and fade (Instrumental)

G

Bm

C

D7
NOT ENOUGH LOVE IN THE WORLD

Words and Music by
DON HENLEY, DANNY KORTCHMAR
and BEN TENCH

Moderately

C

C/B

Am7

F

C

C/B

Am7

Some-times I won-der where is love gone,

Am7

F

C

I don't know if e- ven heav-en knows. I know you had some dreams that

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C/B

didn’t quite come true... and now I’m not the one... lit-tle girl, who’s keep-ing you... I was ei- ther

Chorus

C/B

stand-ing in your shade-ow... or block-ing your light... though I kept on try-ing I could not make it right... for you, girl. there’s just not e-nough love... in the world... I know peo-ple hurt you... so

C

F  Em  Dm  G7

...I could not make it right... for you, girl. there’s just not e-nough love... in the world... I know peo-ple hurt you... so
bad... know that it's true... they don't know the damage they can do... and it's
you're no... picturesque... either, babe... and that's

makes me so sad... How we knock each other down... just like one of the things I loved about you... but a time will come around

children on a playground... even after that old
what we need to settle down... got to get off


sun went down... I was either standing in your shadow... or
blocking your light, though I kept on trying I could
not make it right, for you, girl; there's just not enough love in the
world.

Oh darlin', this is still a shady little town, and sometimes it's so hard to
C

For the world, for the cam'-ra and

Am\n
still have some-thing left. You don't have to prove noth-ing to no-bod-y.

just take good care of your-self.

C/G

D. S |\n
I'm not easy to

C/A

C/Gb

Full.G

D. S |\n
Chorus and fade
Let's go down to the Sunset Grill.
You see a lot more man-ness in the city.

We can watch the working girls go by.
It's the kind that eats you up inside.

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Watch the basket people walk around and mumble
Hard to come a-way with any-thing that feels like dig-ni-ty.

and stare out at the auburn sky.

and gaze out at the auburn sky.

There's an old man there from the old world.
These days a man makes you some-thing.
May be we'll leave come spring-time.
To him it's all the same,
and you never see his face.

He calls all his customers
but there is no hiding

name place

down at the Sunset Grill,

Down by the Sunset Grill
Respectable little
murders pay. They get more respectable everyday. Don't worry, girl. I'm gonna stick by you, and some day soon, we're gonna get in that car and get out a here.
mex-while have an-oth-er beer. What would we do without all them
junks an-y-way? And be-sides, all our friends are here down at the
Sun-set Grill. down at the Sun-set Grill.
Down at the Sun-set Grill. down at the Sun-set Grill.
THE END OF THE INNOCENCE

Words and Music by
DON HENLEY and B.R. HORNSBY

Fairly quick

Remember when the days beautiful for space
Who knows how long this

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Daddy had to fly
Daddy had to lie.
Before we say good-bye...

Ah... but But

I know a place where we can go
That's still untouched by

I know a place where we can go
And wash, away this

men sin.

We'll sit and watch the clouds roll by and the
tall grass wave in the wind.
You can lay your head back on
the ground__ and let your hair__ fall all__ around me.

Offer up your best defense but this is the end,

this is the end of the innocence.
Just lay your head back on
the ground and let your hair fall all around me. Offer up your best
I don't know how to love but this is the end

this is the end of the

innocence. (Vocal 1st time only)
THE LAST WORTHLESS EVENING

Words and Music by DON HENLEY, JOHN COREY and STAN LYNCH

Moderately slow tempo

I know you broke up with him and your heart's still on the shelf.

It's been over two
years for me _ and I'm still not quite my self _

You can't be with someone new _ and you can't go back to him _

You're beginning to realize that it's sink or swim.
I see you a-round som- times and my heart just melts.
Ev-ery night it's the same old crowd in smok- e rooms.
Peo-ple in-side their houses with the shades pulled down.

You're look-in' like if you but your wish you'd be
You catch a faint glimpse of love but it
God knows, we could see some romance in this

And it just breaks, I've been a-round,
I know you're still

some-where else
nev-er blooms
sleep-y bed-room town
my heart
this block
afraid

to see you here
a time or two
to rush into
a any thing.

They'll get the
nerve

Some day I'll walk up to

As I've made some big mis-

But there've just so many

This is the last

you'll have
to spend.

and say

promised you.

But there've just so many

promised and just so many springs.

just give me a chance

to show
you how to love again. This is the

laugh worthless evening that you'll have to spend.

'Cause I'll be there when your broken heart is on

the mend. Hey, hey.
Just gim-me a chance... gim-me a chance to show you love,

Again. This is the last worthless evening that you'll have to spend, 'cause it won't belong 'til your little heart is on the mend.
NEW YORK MINUTE

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

Slowly, with a heavy beat \( \frac{1}{4} = 72 \)

Verse:

Cm Cm\(^\sharp\) Fm6/C Cm

1. Hur-ry get up

4. I pulled my coat around my shoul-ders...

dressed all in black,

and took a walk down through the park.

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

They found his clothing scattered somewhere down the track and he
On some solitary rock a desolate 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. Crying there in the darkness I hear the siren call.
5. What the head makes cloudy the heart makes very clear.

but men get lost some times. some body go in to slavery,
The days were so much brighter in the time when she was here.
But I

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

Un til that
guess it doesn't matter any more
al ways at the door
day I have to be lieve, I be lieve, I be lieve.

Chorus:
New York minute

everything can change. In a

New York minute

things can get pretty strange. In a

New York minute

everything 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 fool's advice
and take care of your own. 'Cause one day they’re here, next day they’re gone.

(Muted tromper solo - ad lib.)
Woke up with a heavy head... and I
brave enough to be crazy... I'm
don't you ever get lonely...
thought a-bout leav'in' town, I see I could have died if I want-ed to, Slipped
Don't you ev-er get down, Don't you ev-er get tired of all the
strong e-nough to be weak, all these he-men with feet of clay whose
might-y ships... have sprung a leak, And I want you to tell me
wick-ed tongues in this town? Oh, ba-by,

I won't give up that eas-y, no,
I just wan-na take you a - way from here,

Well, c'mon over here, ba-by. You's bout to
Well, I ain't no ti-ger.
I will not lie down...
THE HEART OF THE MATTER

Words and Music by
DON HENLEY, MIKE CAMPBELL
and JOHN DAVID SOUTHER

Moderately slow

I got the call to-day, I didn't want to hear but I knew that it would come...

An old, true friend of ours was talkin' on the phone, she said you
found some-one...

And I thought of all... the bad... the bad...

struggles we went... through... and how I lost me... and you lost you...

What are these voices... outside love's open door, make us throw off our contentment and

beg for something more?... I'm learning to live... without you now...
but I miss you sometimes.

The more I know, the

less I understand, all the things I thought I knew, I'm learning again.

I've been tryin' to get down to the heart of the matter, but my will gets weak.

and my thoughts seem to scatter but I think it's about forgiveness, forgiveness.
even if, even if you don't love me anymore.

Ah, these

you don't love me anymore.

There are

people in your life who've come and gone, they let you down, you know they've
Additional Lyrics

**Verse 2:**

These times are so uncertain
There's a yearning undefined
... people filled with rage
We all need a little tenderness
How can love survive in such a graceless age?
The trust and self-assurance that lead to happiness
They're the very things we kill, I guess
Pride and competition
cannot fill these empty arms
And the work I put between us
doesn't keep me warm

**Chorus 2:**

I'm learning to live without you now
But I miss you, baby
The more I know, the less I understand
All the things I thought I'd figured out
I have to learn again
I've been trying to get down
to the heart of the matter
But everything changes
and my friends soon to scatter
But I think it's about forgiveness
Forgiveness
Even if, even if you don't love me anymore.
THE GARDEN OF ALLAH

Words and Music by DON HENLEY, STAN LYNCH, JOHN COREY and PAUL GURIAN

Rubato

Moderately slow rock, \( \frac{4}{4} \cdot 86 \)

1. It was a pretty big year for fashion, a lousy year... for rock and roll...

2. See additional lyrics

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people gave their blessing to crimes of passion, it was a dark, dark night of the collective soul. I was someplace out on Riverside by the El Royale Hotel when a stranger appeared in a cloud of smoke. I thought I knew him all too well. He said, "Now that I heard your version, I got some-thin' I wanta say."
You may not want to hear it, I'm gon-na tell it to you any way. You know, I've always liked you, boy... 'cause you were not afraid of me.

Things are gon-na get mighty rough here in Gor - mor - ri - By - The - Sea."

He said, "It's just like home... it's so damned hot... I can't..."
Today I made an appearance downtown. I am an expert witness, because I say I am. And I said, 'Gentlemen...and I use that word loosely... I will testify for you. I'm a gun...
for hire. I'm a saint, I'm a liar. Because there are no facts, there is no truth. Just data to be manipulated. I can get you

any result you like. What's it worth to ya? Because there is no wrong, there is no right. And I sleep very well at night.

No shame, no solution, no remorse, no retribution, just people selling t-shirts. Just

opportunity to participate in the pathetic little circus and winning, winning, winning.
Verse 2:
(Spoken:) "Nice cat......
I love those Bavarians.......so meticulous.
Y'know, I remember a time when things were a lot more
Fun around here.
When good was good, and evil was evil.
Before things got so........fuzzy.
Yeah, I was once a golden boy like you.
I was summoned to the halls of power in the heavenly court
And I dined with the deities who looked upon me with favor
For my talents; my creativity.
We sat beneath the palms in the warm afternoons
And drank the wine with Fitzgerald and Huxley.
They pursed a biting phrase
From tongues hot with blood
And drained their pens of bitter ink,
Vainly reaching for the bottle full of empty Edens,
Branded specially for the ones
Who had come with great expectations
To the perfumed halls of Allah
For their time in the sun.
(Sung:) We were stokin' the fires
And oilin' up the machinery
Until the gods found out we had ideas of our own."

And the war was coming,
The earth was shaking,
And there was no more room
In the Garden of Allah.

Verse 3:
(Instrumental)
It was a pretty big year for predators.
The marketplace was on a roll.
And the land of opportunity
Spawned a whole new breed of men without souls.
This year, notoriety got all confused with fame.
And the devil is downhearted
Because there's nothing left for him to claim.
He said, "It's just like home"
It's so low down I can't stand it.
I guess my work around here has all been done."

And the fruit is rotten,
The serpent's eyes shine
As he wraps around the vine
In the Garden of Allah.
YOU DON’T KNOW ME AT ALL

Words and Music by DON HENLEY, STAN LYNCH and JOHN COREY

Moderately slow \( \text{J} = 80 \)

\[
\text{Verse:}
\]

woke up this morning with an attitude,
looked at the head-line,

put me in a real bad mood. Stumbling in limbo, tryin’ to stay sane.

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be-tween the end of the sum-mer
and the com-ing of the bless-ed rains.

And I feel dir-ty.
all the way down
I feel dir-ty, ba-by.

2. I closed up the cur-tains,
heard, you con-fess-
I knew bet-ter, but

like this dir-ty town,
you were such a pret-ty miss.
You took my breath a-way... and now I want it back.

Could have been a fool for-ev-er,
but I'm not made that way.
You should have killed me cause you al-ways looked so good in black.

(end solo)
Bridge:
Gm

And after all these years,
And after all these twisted roads,
And after all these years,
I think it's time to say goodbye.

Dm

bye, goodbye together,
I'm doing you a favor,
bye, goodbye together,
I'm doing us a favor.

Gm

I will not help you live lie,
I won't help you live lie.

Dm

you know, I can't live a lie.
Gm7/A

A

D5

You don't know me at all...

Dm

C

G/B

Dm

G/B

C

Gm7/A

A

Dm

F

Gm7

Gm7/A

A

Gm7/A

A

D5

You don't know me at all...
EVERYBODY KNOWS

Written by
LEONARD COHEN and
SHARON ROBINSON

Moderately slow  \( \frac{1}{4} = 108 \)

\[ \text{Bbm} \quad \text{Eb/Bb} \quad \text{Bbm} \]

\[ \text{Ev/Bb} \quad \text{Ev/Bb} \quad \text{Bbm} \]

1. Ev-ery-bod-y

Verse:

\[ \text{Bbm} \quad \text{G5} \]

knows that the dice are load-ed,
knows that you love me, ba-by,
knows that the plague is com-ing,
ev-ery-bod-y rolls with their fin-gers
ev-ery-bod-y knows that you real-ly
ev-ery-bod-y knows it's mov-ing

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and everybody knows, everybody knows, everybody knows,

clothes, everybody knows, everybody knows, everybody knows,
close what everybody knows.

knows the boat is leaking, everybody knows the captain lied,
knows that it's now or never, everybody knows that it's me or you,
knows that you're in trouble, everybody knows what you've been through.

Everybody got this broken feeling, like their father of their dog just died,
Everybody knows that you live for ever, when you've done a line or two,
From the bloody cross on top of Calvary, to the beach at Malibu.
Everybody talks into their pockets, everybody knows the deal is rotten, Old Black Take one last

wants a box of chocolates and a long stem rose, Joe's still pickin' ain't cotton for your ribbons and bows, look at this incredible heart before it blows,

and everybody knows, and everybody knows, and everybody knows, Ev'rybody
knows, every-body knows. That's how it goes...

ev-ery-body knows. 2. Every-body

Ev-ery-body knows, every-body knows. That's how it goes.

ev-ery-body knows.
DIRTY LAUNDRY
THE BOYS OF SUMMER
ALL SHE WANTS TO DO IS DANCE
NOT ENOUGH LOVE IN THE WORLD
SUNSET GRILL
THE END OF THE INNOCENCE
THE LAST WORTHLESS EVENING
NEW YORK MINUTE
I WILL NOT GO QUIETLY
THE HEART OF THE MATTER
THE GARDEN OF ALLAH
YOU DON'T KNOW ME AT ALL
EVERYBODY KNOWS