<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Song Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Burning Down The House</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mama Told Me Not To Come</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are You Gonna Go My Way</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunny Afternoon</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I’m Left, You’re Right, She’s Gone</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sexbomb</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You Need Love Like I Do (Don’t You)</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Looking Out My Window</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lust For Life</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Green Bag</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Ain’t That) A Lot Of Love</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She Drives Me Crazy</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Never Tear Us Apart</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baby, It’s Cold Outside</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Motherless Child</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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Griffin House 161 Hammersmith Road London W6 8BS England

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(NINA) Fighting fire with fire.

(TOM) 1. Watch out, you might get walked on after cool baby's

strange but not a stranger. I'm an ordinary guy.
Burn-ing down the house.

(T) 2. Hold tight,
(T) 3. All wet,

(N) wait 'till the par-ty's ov er.
yeah, you might need a rain-coat.

(T) Hold tight
(N) we're in for nas-ty wea-ther-

Shake down,
dreams walk-ing in broad day light.

(T) There has got to be a way.
Three hun-dred and six-ty five de-grees.

Burn-ing down the house.

(N) Here's your tick- et, pack your bag,
it's time for jump-ing ov-er-board.

(N) It was once up-on a place-
some-times I lis-ten to my-self.
The transportation is here, (T) Close enough but not too far, 
Going or coming first place. People on their way to work,
maybe you know where you are... Fighting fire with fire. 
baby what did you expect... (T) I'm gonna burst into flames.

(N) Fighting fire with fire.
Burn-ing_ down the house._ Fighting_ fire _with _fire. (N) Fighting_ fire _with _fire.

(N) Gon-na burst _into_ flames (N) Fighting_ fire _with _fire. (T) Fighting_ fire _with _fire. (N) Fighting_ fire _with _fire. (T) Gon-na burst _into_ flames (Burn-ing down the house.)

(T) My house. (Burn-ing down the house.) (T) No
visible means of support and you have not seen nothing yet but everythings stuck together.

N.C.

I don't know what you expect staring into your TV set.

Fighting fire with fire.

Repeat to fade

(Ooh burning down the house.)
MAMA TOLD ME NOT TO COME

Words and Music by Randy Newman

Moderately bright \( j = 130 \)

1. "Will you have

\[ \text{Verse:} \]

G7

whiskey with your water or sugar with your tea?"

2. Open up this window, let some air into this room.

radio is blasting, someone's beating on the door.

Our host -

© 1982 January Music Corporation, USA
Warner/Chappell Music Limited, London W6 8BS
those crazy questions that they're asking of me? This is
I'm almost choking on the smell of stale perfume. That cig -
ness is not lasting, she's out on the floor. I've seen

the wildest party that there ever could be. Oh, don't
arette you're smoking 'bout to scare me half to death. O -
so many things that I ain't never seen before. I don't

turn on the light, 'cause I don't wanna see.
pen up the window, let me catch my breath.
know what it is, but I don't wanna see no more.

Chorus:
G  G7/B  C  E57  G  G7/B

Mama told me not to come. Mama told...
—— me not to come. Ma-ma said that ain't the way to have fun.

To Coda

D.S. % al Coda

3. The
ARE YOU GONNA GO MY WAY

Words and Music by
Lenny Kravitz and Craig Ross

© 1992 Miss Bessie Music and Wigged Music, USA
EMI Virgin Music Ltd, London WC2H 0QY and Warner/Chappell Music Ltd, London W6 8BS
(1.) I was born.  
(2. - See block lyric)

long a - go,  
I am the cho-sen, I’m the one.

I have come to save the day  
and I won’t leave un - til I’m done.

So that’s why you’ve got to try,
you got to breathe and have some fun.

I play this game, and I won't stop until I'm done.

But what I really want to know is... are you gonna go my way?

And I got to, got to know.
VERSE 2:
I don't know why we always cry,
This we must leave and get undone.
We must engage and rearrange
And turn this planet back to one.
So tell me why we got to die
And kill each other one by one.
We've got to hug and rub-a-dub,
We've got to dance and be in love.
But what I really want to know is
Are you gonna go my way?
And I got to, got to know.
SUNNY AFTERNOON

Words and Music by Ray Davies

\[ \text{In the summer time...} \]

1. The tax-man's taken all my dough, and left me in my stately home.

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Carlin Music Corp, London NW1 8BD
lazing on a sunny afternoon.

And I can't sail my yacht, he's taken every thing.

I've got all I've got's this sunny afternoon.

Save me from this squeeze, I got a sail away.
Ev'rything seems fine.

2. My girl friend's gone off with my car and gone back to her ma and pa.
Tell ing tales of drunken ness and cruelty. And now I'm sitting here, sipping at my ice cold beer,

D. §. al Coda  Coda

lazing on a sunny afternoon...

Ev'rything is fine because it's the
sum-mer-time. I don't care a-bout a dog-gone thing.

I just got this ice-cold beer. Ev-ry-thing seems fine in the

sum-mer-time. No-thing seems to mat-ter.

Saxophone

Repeat ad lib.
I'\textsc{m} LEFT, YOU'\textsc{r}E RIGHT, SHE'\textsc{s} GONE

1. You're right, I'm left, all alone.

(2.) told me all along,

right, I'm left, was so wrong.

You're... you're... Why... But...
try to tell me so?
now I've changed my mind,
Well, how was I to know
that she broke the ties I blind,
and I know

she was not the one for me?
that she never cared for me?
2. You
Well I

thought I knew just what to do.
I guess I'm not so smart.
Oh, you

try to tell me all along,
she'd only break my heart.
left, you're right, she's gone.}
right, I'm left all alone.
gone, I know not where,
but now I just don't care,
for

now I have fallen for you.
you forgive me now, I'd make it up somehow.

So happy we will be in our home for two or three.

And I'll soon forget her now. I know. Well, I you.
SEX BOMB

Words and Music by
Mousse T. and Errol Rennalls

\[ \text{\textit{Spoken vocal ad lib.}} \]

1. Spy on me, baby, you
(2.) don't get me wrong, ain't gon-na

Listen to this...

satellite,

do you no harm, this bomb's for lovin', you can shoot it far.

© 1999 by Rondor Musikverlag GmbH and Edition Merg, Germany
Rondor Music (London) Ltd, London SW6 4TW
Ain't gon-na fire, shoot me right, I'm gon-na like the way you fight.
I'm your main tar-get, come and help me ig-nite, love-struck, hold-ing you tight.

(And I love the way you fight) Now you found the se-cret code, I use, to
(Hold me tight, dar-lin') Make me ex-plode al-though you know, the

wash a-way my lone-ly blues. So I can't de-ny or lie,
route to go to sex me slow, And yes I must re-act to claims

'cause you're the on-ly one to make me fly. (You know what you are, you are a) Sex -
-of those who say that you are not all that.
- bomb, sex - bomb, you’re a sex - bomb, you can give it to me when I

need to come a - long. Sex - bomb, sex - bomb, you’re my sex - bomb, and

ba - by you can turn me on. (Ba - by you can turn me on.

You know what you’re do - ing to me, don’t you? Ha ha ha, I know you do.)
(Turn me on, girl) Sex bomb, sex bomb, you're my sex bomb,
you can give it to me when I need to come along. Sex bomb, sex bomb, you're

my sex bomb, and baby you can turn me on. (Ha ha ha)

You can give me more and more, counting up the score, yeah.
You can turn me upside down and inside out.
You can make me feel the real deal and I can give it to you any time because you're mine, ow!

Ouch!

Sex-bomb,
oh, baby. Sex bomb, sex bomb, you're

my sex bomb, and you can give it to me when I need to be turned on. Sex-

-bomb, sex bomb, you're my sex bomb, and baby you can turn me on,

turn me on, and baby you can turn me on, turn me on,
YOU NEED LOVE LIKE I DO
(DON’T YOU)

Words and Music by
Norman Whitfield and Barrett Strong

(FA) Well, well, well.

(MALE) Seems like it was only yesterday.

(yeah) Oh, when my

(mama) Don’t fall in love with the first girl that comes your way.

She was
pretty and nice— but I took her advice— and passed her by._ (Yeah.)

Years had passed— and don’t look like love’s gonna give me a second try._ (FEMALE) Boy, the look—

— on your face tells me you understand._ (yeah) could it be your love like mine—

needs a helpin’ hand._ Whey!— (MFB) You need love— like I do, don’t you?

I can tell—
--- by the way you look when I'm lookin' at you. (Check it girl.) I know it ain't fit and proper for a

girl to talk this way, but I can't cope with this loneliness, not one more dog-gone day.

Ev'ry day has been an uphill climb to keepin' my hopes a-float. Judg-in' by your silence boy, you

must be in the same boat. You need love like I do don't you? I can tell.
by the way you look when I'm look-in' at you.

You need love—like I do don't;

it seems—like I'm look-in' in the mirror when I'm look-in' at you.

(m) I can't be gin.

tell—how many nights I've sat all lonely.

Come on, tell me girl, has it ever happened to—

you?

(Yeah) I'm gon-na tell you some-thing and believe me it ain't no joke.
love life is just like a sinking boat.  

(Yes) I can understand a person being without mo ney,  

but there sure ain’t a reason for a person to be without love.  

(9) Listen to me now.

I’m a girl and you’re a guy.  

(Yes it’s true.) Come on, let’s give love a try.

(Ha ha.) (Yeah.) Dad-dy. (Mf) You need love like I do don’t you?  

I can tell—
(F) Find-in' true love is a dream that everyone wants to come true. (A) Can't you see it's up to us to make this dream come true. (F) You need love - like I do don't you? You need love - like I do don't you? Well, it seems -
(M.F.) You need love—like I do don’t you?
I can tell—by the way you look when I'm look-in' at you.

You need love—like I do don’t you?
Well, it seems...

Free time *ad lib.*

Repeat *ad lib.* to fade

— like I'm look-in' in the mirror when I'm look-in' at you.
Oh Lord!

(A) Ain't it true girl?

(G) I'm in love—'cos I need you—

And I need you too—

Ow! Uh!
Dsus  D
Esus  E
Esus  E

A
G/A  D/E  A
G/A  D/E  A
G/A  D/E

(§) Here comes Johnny
I'm worth a million

A
G/A  D/E  E

a gain
prizes
with the liquor and drugs
with my torture film,
and the flesh machine

He's gonna do another strip tease.

Hey man, where'd you get that uniform all on a government loan.
I'm worth a million

lo - tion. I been hurt - in' since I bought the gim - mick a - bout
priz - es I'm through sleep - in' on the side - walk, no more
(§) Your skin starts it - chin' once you buy the gim - mick a - bout

some - thing called love, yeah, some - thing called love.
beat - in' my brains, no more beat - in' my brains
some - thing called love,

that's like hypnotiz - ing chick - ens.
liquor and drugs, with liquor and drugs.

Well, I'm just a mod - ern guy._
Of course I've had it in the
ear before, 'cause of a lust for life, 'cause a

To Coda (Ø)

A
G/A
D/E

1
no chord

lust for life.

2 A
G/A
D/E
A
G/A
D/E

I got a lust for life,

A
G/A
D/E
E

got a lust for life.

Oh, a
lust for life;
oh, a lust for life;

Well, I'm just a modern guy—

Of course I've had it in the ear before— 'cause of a lust for life,
'cause of a lust for life.

Well,

I got a lust for life,
I got a lust for life.
I got a

lust for life, got a lust for life.
Got a lust for life, yeah,

lust for life.
I got a lust for life,
a lust for life.

Repeat and Fade

A

G/A D/E

A

G/A D/E

A

G/A D/E

A

G/A D/E

A

G/A D/E

A
(Spoken:) Now, people you know I am,

and you know what I can do. But I got a problem now, and I'm gonna tell you about it.

I'm looking for this woman you see, listen, this is the way the story goes.
1. Looking out my window, looking at the rain, nothing left but sorrow.
2. Looking out my window, what do I see? Nobody's crying.

Nothing left but pain, half as bad as me. Why'd you go and leave me, so alone and blue?

Looking out my window, woman, trying to find you. Why did you leave me?

Looking out my window, baby, trying to find you. Why did you grieve me?
(Spoken:) I'd like to tell you about this little girl

that left me so alone and blue. The trouble is, if I paint the picture too well, you might fall in love with her too.

She was about five-six, a little bag of tricks. My mamma told me to watch myself, but I didn't listen, because for you baby, I'd stretch out my arms.
3. Looking out my window down a rail-road track, wait-in' for that lit-tle brown-eyed girl

she's com-ing back... I got-ta hear that whis-tle blow-ing down the line,

come on back girl, to be mine, all mine. Why did you leave

me? Why did you grieve me?
Oh, baby come on

1, 2, 3. Repeat ad lib.

home,
I'm so in love.

4.

Come on home,
come on home baby, come on home baby,

Come on home, come on home baby, come on home baby,

by, come on home baby to me.
Looking back on the track for a little green bag—
I gotta find just a kind I'm losing my mind.
Outta sight in the night, outta sight in the day,

Looking back on the track gonna do it my way—
Outta sight in the night, outta sight in the day,

Words and Music by Hans Bouwens and Jan Visser

© 1969 Veronica Music and EMI Music Publishing (Holland) BV
© Music Publishing Ltd, London WC2H 9QY
looking back on the track, gonna do it my way... looking back.

Looking for some happiness, but there is only loneliness to find.

Jump to the left, turn to the right, looking up stairs looking behind.
Guitar

D.S. al Coda

Coda

Looking back on the track for a

little green bag, gotta find just the kind or losing my mind...
Out-ta sight in the night, out-ta sight in the day,
looking back on the track, gonna
do it my way.
Looking back on the track for a little green bag.

I got to find just the kind, or I'm losing my mind. Alright.

Looking for some happiness but there's only loneliness to find.
Jump to the left, turn to the right, looking up-
stairs, looking behind.

Baba da da dah... dah dah dah.

Ba ba ba ba ba ba da ba ba da da...
Doo doo doo

Repeat ad lib. to fade

Looking behind.
SHE DRIVES ME CRAZY

Words and Music by David Steele and Roland Gift

1. I can't help the way I feel._
2. I can't get any rest._

things you do._
people say._
don't seem so real._
I'm obsessed._

Mmm._

© 1988 EMI Virgin Music Ltd, London WC2H 0QY
tell me what you've got in mind... 'cause we're running out of time...

Ev'ry thing you say is lies... but to me there's no surprise...

Won't you ever set me free... this waiting 'round is killing me...

What I have for you is true... things go wrong, they always do...

She

drives me crazy, like no one else...

She

drives me crazy and I can't help myself...
2. C⁷m  B⁷  E⁷  Em⁷  A⁶

No...

E⁷  Em⁷  A⁷  E⁷

Drives me crazy.

Em⁷  A  E⁷  Em  A

Like no one else.

E⁷  C⁷m  Am⁶/C  E⁷  C⁷m  Am⁶/C

I won't make it on my own...
No-one likes to be alone.

She drives me crazy, like no-one else.

She drives me crazy and I can't help myself.

Repeat to fade

I can't help myself. She
(AIN'T THAT) A LOT OF LOVE

Words and Music by
Willia Dean Parker and Homer Banks

© 1966 East Memphis Music assigned to Irving Music, USA
Rhador Music (London) Ltd, London W6 8JA
lot of love for one heart to hold. 

If the bees only knew how sweet you are baby, they would seal up their honeycomb.

You've got a smile so red.

If the birds could hear how sweet your voice is, they would tighten up their song.

Ain't that a lot of love.
Ain't that a lot of love for one heart to hold?  

(3.) Your

for one heart to hold?
Ain't that a lot of love for one heart to hold?

Ain't that a lot of love for one heart to hold?
for one heart to hold?

Oh,

that's a lot of love.

Sure e-nough got a lot

of love

for one heart to hold.

One heart to hold.

Oh, hold.
NEVER TEAR US APART

Words and Music by
Andrew Farriss and Michael Hutchence

Don't ask me what you know is true,
I don't have to tell you, I love your precious heart.

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Warner/Chappell Music Ltd, London W6 8BS
I was standing, you were there,
two worlds collided— and they could
never tear us apart.

We could
I was standing, you were there. Two worlds collided and they could never, ever tear us apart.
1. Don’t ask me,
1. I,
2. You,
I was
you were

C
F
C
F

you know it’s true,
worlds

stand ing,
stand ing,

you were there.
I was there.

C
F
G6
F

we’re shining through.

li ded
li ded

and they could never tear us apart.
and they could never tear us apart.

Repeat to fade
BABY, IT'S COLD OUTSIDE

Easy relayed swing

Words and Music by Frank Loesser

© 1948, 1949 [Renewed 1976, 1977] by Frank Music Corporation, USA
MPL Communications Ltd, London W1V 6BW

I really can't stay,

But baby, it's cold outside;
got to go 'way, this

But ba - by, it's cold out - side:

eve - ning has been so ve - ry nice.

was hop - in' that you'd. drop in; I'll hold your hands,

My moth - er will start to

they're just like ice.
wor-ry, my fa-ther will be pac-ing the floor; so

Beau-ti-ful, what's your hur-ry listen to that fi-re-place

real-ly I'd bet-ter scur-ry, well, may-be just a half a drink

Beau-ti-ful, please don't hur-ry,

You know the neigh-bors might think 'er,

put some rec-ords on while I pour... But ba-By, it's bad out there,
what's in this drink? I wish I knew how no cabs to be had out there; your eyes are like stars
to break this spell. I'll take your hat, your hair looks swell;
ought to say no, no, no sir, at least I'm gonna say that I

mind if I move in closer?
Dixie

Dm7/G	G7	Bb13	A7

tried. I really can't stay, ah, but it's cold

Eddie

what's the sense in hurt-in' my pride? So baby, don't hold out; baby it's cold

D7	G7	C	A7	D7

outside; ah, but it's cold

Dixie

G7-9	C	G7	C

outside.

Eddie

outside.
MOTHERLESS CHILD

Rubato

Em6

Am7

Fm7(5)

Fmaj7

E7

Am

Fm7(5)

Fmaj7

E7

Am

Fm7(5)

Fmaj7

E7

Am

Fm7(5)

Fmaj7

E7

Am

Dm

Am

Fm7(5)

Fmaj7

E7

Am

Fm7(5)

Fmaj7

E7

Am

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-times I feel like a motherless child, a
long, long way from home.

-times I feel like I'm almost gone.

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child, a
long, long way from home.

Sometimes I feel like I'm almost gone.
Sometimes I feel like I'm almost gone

F E7 Bm7(b5) E7 Am
I knew my time's not long

F Esus4 E Am
that my time it's not long
Sometimes I feel like I'm heaven-bound.

Sometimes I feel like I'm heaven-bound.
and I'll wear a golden crown.

I will wear a golden crown.

Sometimes I feel
Selections from
Tom Jones Reload
Piano Vocal Guitar

Burning Down The House
Mama Told Me Not To Come
Are You Gonna Go My Way
Sunny Afternoon
I’m Left, You’re Right, She’s Gone
Sexbomb
You Need Love Like I Do (Don’t You)
Looking Out My Window
Lust For Life
Little Green Bag
(Ain’t That) A Lot Of Love
She Drives Me Crazy
Never Tear Us Apart
Baby, It’s Cold Outside
Motherless Child