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ALL I REALLY WANT

Lyrics by ALANIS MORISSETTE
Music by ALANIS MORISSETTE and GLEN BALLARD

Moderately

My sweater's on back-wards and in-side out, and you say,
wear you out? You must wonder why I'm re-lent-less and all strung out. I'm con-so pet-ri-fied of si-lence?

stress you out?

Why are you

"How ap-pro-pri-ate."

sumed by the chill
Here, can you han-dle this?

of sol-i-tary.

Did you think a-bout your

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don't want to dissect every-things to-day. I don't mean to pick you apart, you see, but I tell-la, I like to reel it in and then spit it out. I'm frus-bills, your ex, your dead-lines, or when you think you're gonna die? Or did you

can't help it. trat-ed by your a-pa-thy. And
long for the next dis-trac-tion. And

There I go jumping before the gun-shot has gone off. I am fright-ened by the cor-rupt-ed ways of this land. If all I need now is in-tel-lect-u-al in-ter-course,
a

Slap me with a splint-ered rul-er. And
only I could meet the Mak-er. And
soul to dig the hole much deeper. And
it would knock me to the floor if I wasn't there already. If
I am fascinated by the spiritual man. I'm
I have no concept of time other than it is flying. If

only I could hunt the hunter.
humbled by his humble nature.
only I could kill the killer.

really want
wouldn't give
really want

is some patience,
to find a soul mate,
is some peace, man,

way to calm the angry voice.
Someone else to catch this drift.
place to find a common ground.

And all I
And what I
And all I
really want
wouldn't give
really want

is deliveryance,

To Coda

Do I

hah.
hah.
hah.
Enough about me, let's talk about

you for a minute.

Enough about you, let's talk about

life for a while, the conflicts, the craziness and the sound.

Of pretenses falling all around,
all around.

D.S. al Coda

CODA

really want is some comfort, a way to get my hands untied. And all I
really want is some justice, ah

hah.

Repeat and Fade
FORGIVEN

Lyrics by ALANIS MORISSETTE
Music by ALANIS MORISSETTE
and GLEN BALLARD

Moderate Rock
A6/9  F#sus  A6/9

F#sus  A6/9  F#sus

You know how us Cath - lic girls can be,
I sang Al - le - lu - ia in the choir.

A6/9  F#sus

oh, hi - yiy, Al - le - lu - ia, le - lu - ia.

A6/9  F#sus

We make up for so much time I confessed my darkest deeds to an
lit-tle too late. I
en-vi-ons man. My

ever for-got it, con-fus-ing as it was. No
broth-ers, they nev-er went blind for what they did, but

fun I with ne may as guilt feel-ings. In The
with ne may as guilt feel-ings. In The

sin-ners, the sav-iors, the lover-less priests, I'll
name of the Fa-ther, the Skep-tic, and the Son, I
Forgiven

F#m/F

We all had our reasons to be there.

We all had a thing or two to learn.

We all needed something to cling to.
so we did.

What I learned I rejected,

but I believe again.

I will suffer the consequence of this inquisition.

If I jump in this fountain...
tain, will I be forgiven?

CODA

We all had delusions in our head. We all had our minds made up for us. We had to believe.

We all had our reasons to be there. We all had a thing or two to learn. We all needed some...
in something, so we did.

so we did.
HAND IN MY POCKET

Lyrics by ALANIS MORISSETTE
Music by ALANIS MORISSETTE
and GLEN BALLARD

Moderate Rock

G5

Broke but I'm happy,
I'm poor but I'm kind,
I'm

Drunk but I'm sober,
I'm young and I'm underpaid,
I'm

Instrumental solo - ad lib.

Free but I'm focused,
I'm green but I'm wise,
I'm

Short but I'm healthy,
yeah.
I'm

Tired but I'm working,
yeah.
I'm

Hard but I'm friendly, baby.
I'm
high but I'm grounded,
but I'm restless,
sad but I'm laughing.

lost but I'm hopeful,
wrong and I'm sorry,
sick but I'm pretty,

is that everything's gonna be
is that everything's gonna be
is that I haven't got it all figured
is that no one's really got it figured

fine, quite all right.
out just yet.

I've got I've got I've got
one hand in my pocket and the other one is giving a high five.
one hand in my pocket and the other one is flicking a cigarette.
one hand in my pocket and the other one is giving the peace sign.
one hand in my pocket and the other one is playing the piano.

I feel

D.S. al Coda

And what it all comes down to, my friends, yeah,
HEAD OVER FEET

Lyrics by ALANIS MORISSETTE
Music by ALANIS MORISSETTE
and GLEN BALLARD

Moderate Rock

I had no choice but to hear you.
You're the best listener that I've ever met.

You stated your case time and again.
You're my best friend, best friend with benefits.

What took me so long?
You treat me like
Your love is thick
You are the bearer
I've never felt

I'm not used to
You're so much braver
You held your breath
I never wanted

I'm a princess.
and it swallowed me whole.
of unconditional
this health-y before.

lik-ing that.
than I give you credit for.
and the door for me.
something rational.

To Coda

You ask how my day was.
That's not lip service.
Thanks for your patience.
I am aware.

(1,2.) You've already won.
(3.) Instrumental solo

me over, in-spite of me. And don't be alarmed.
if I fall head over feet. And don't be surprised.

if I love you for all that you are.

I couldn't help it, it's all your fault.

now, ah. I am aware.
now. You've al-ready won me o-ver,

in-spite of me. And don't be a-la-med if I fall

head o-ver feet. And don't be sur-prised if I love you for

all that you are. I could-n't help it, it's all your fault. You've al-ready won.
Moderate Rock

Fmaj7  G6  Fmaj7

An old man turned ninety-eight,...

Play It Safe was afraid to fly,...

He won the

He packed his

traffic jam when you're already late,...

An old man turned ninety-eight,...

He won the

He packed his

traffic jam when you're already late,

G/B  C(add2)  G/B  Am7

lottery,
suitcase

and died the next day.

and kissed his kids goodbye.

It's a

It's like

lottery,
suitcase

and died the next day.

and kissed his kids goodbye.

It's a

It's like

G/B  C(add2)  G/B  Am7

smoking sign

on your cigarette break.

It's a

It's like

smoking sign

on your cigarette break.

G/B  C(add2)  G/B  Am7

black fly in your Chardonnay,

his whole damn life to take that flight,

ten thousand spoons when all you need is a knife.

It's a

and as the

black fly in your Chardonnay,

his whole damn life to take that flight,

ten thousand spoons when all you need is a knife.

It's a

and as the

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death row, pardon, two minutes too late.
Plane crashed down, he thought, "Well, isn't this nice..."
Meeting the man of my dreams, and then

Is n't it ironic...
don't you think?
It's like rain

on your wedding day. It's a free ride.

when you're already paid. It's the good advice.
that you just didn't take.

Who would've thought... it figures.

Well, life has a funny way of sneaking up on you when you think ev'rything's O.K. and ev'rything's going right.
And life has a funny way of helping you out.

when you think ev'-ry-thing's gone wrong and ev'-ry-thing blows up in your face.

meeting his beautiful wife.

And isn't it ironic... don't you
think? A little too iron-ic... and yeah, I
really do think... it's like rain_ on your
wedding day. It's a free ride_ when you're
al-ready paid. It's the good advice_ that you
just didn't take. And who would have thought, it figures.

And you know life has a funny way of sneaking up on you.

Life has a funny, funny way of helping you out.

---

helping you out.
MARY JANE

Moderately

D        D(add2)/G        D        D(add2)/G

What's the matter, Mary Jane, you had a hard
hear you're counting sheep again, Mary Jane.
Please be honest, Mary Jane. Are you hap
take this moment, Mary Jane and be sel

D(add2)/G                                      D        D(add2)/G

day? As you place the don't disturb sign on the
—  What's the point of tryin' to dream an y
py? Please, don't censor your
fish. Worry not about the ears that go

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Door. You lost your place in line a
more. I hear you're losing weight a
tears. vocal ad lib.
by. All that matters, Mary

D(add2)/G To Coda θ

gain, what a pity. You
gain. Mar y Jane. Do you

Jane, is your freedom,

D D(add2)/G D

never seem to want to dance any more.
ev er wonder who you're los ing it for?

D(add2)/G

It's a long way
Well, it's full speed
end vocal ad lib. You're the sweet cru
down baby,
sadder,
on this roll
in the wrong
and you're on

er coaster,
der direc-
your way.

last few
last
chance
more
great
street
bruis
in no

D/A
Em7
car
es,
went off the track
if that's the way
and that's why
and you're you in
I love
Asus

on it. sist on head ing.

you.

So

CODA D(add2)/G

Keep warm my dear, keep

dry.

D(add2)/G

Tell
Tell me, tell me, tell me,

What's the matter? Mar - y Jane?

Tell me, tell me, tell me,

Repeat and Fade
NOT THE DOCTOR

Lyrics by ALANIS MORISSETTE
Music by ALANIS MORISSETTE and GLEN BALLARD

Moderately ($\underline{\text{R}}$)

Gtr.: Capo II  $D(\text{add4})$

Keyboard  $E(\text{add4})$

I don't want to be the filler if the void is solely yours.
I don't want to be the sweep-er of the egg-shells that you walk upon.

I don't want to be your glass of single malt whiskey hidden in the bottom drawer,
I don't want to be your other half, I believe that one and one make two.
I don't want to be a band-age if the wound is not mine.
I don't want to be your food or the light from the fridge on your face at midnight. Hey,

Lend me some fresh air.
what are you hungry for?

I don't want to be adored for what I mere-
I don't want to be the glue that holds your piec-
I don't want to live on some day when my mot-

ly re-present to you.

es to - gether.

to is last week.
I don't want to be your baby-sitter, you’re a very big boy now.
I don't want to be your idol. See, this fractured heart and it's wounded beat.

I don't want to be your mother, I didn't carry you in my womb for nine months.
I don't want to be lived through a curious occasion. Please smoke you've been inhaling.

Show me the back door.
Open the window.
What do you thank me,
what do you thank me for?
Visiting hours are nine to five and if I

show up at ten past six, well, I already know that you'd find

some way to sneak me in, and oh, mind the empty bottle with the holes.

along the bottom. You see it's too much to ask for and I
am not the doctor.
PERFECT

Smoothly

\[ \text{Esus} \quad \text{E} \quad \text{Esus} \quad \text{E} \]

Sometimes

\[ \text{F#m7(add4)} \]

How long

\[ \text{F#m7(add4)} \]

is never quite e-

\[ \text{Esus} \quad \text{E} \quad \text{Esus} \quad \text{E} \]

before you screw it

\[ \text{Esus} \quad \text{E} \quad \text{Esus} \quad \text{E} \]

Enough, up?

\[ \text{F#m7(add4)} \]

If you're

\[ \text{F#m7(add4)} \]

flawless,

\[ \text{F#m7(add4)} \]

How many times do I have to tell you

\[ \text{F#m7(add4)} \]

then you'll win my

\[ \text{F#m7(add4)} \]

to hurry.
F♯m7(add4)

love. up?

With

E/G♯

Don’t forget to win first place.

everything I do for you,

the

E/G♯

Don’t forget to keep that smile on your face.

least you can do is keep quiet.

A(add2)

B/E

Be a good boy,

A(add2)/E

Be a good girl,
you've got to try a little harder.

That simply wasn't good enough.

and make me proud.
I'll live through you, I'll make you what I never was. If you're the best,
then maybe so am I, compared to him, compared to her. I'm doing this for
your own damn good. You'll make up for what I blew. What's the problem,
why are you crying? Be a good boy,
push a little farther now. That wasn't
fast enough to make us happy.

We'll love you just the way you are if you're perfect.
RIGHT THROUGH YOU

Lyrics by ALANIS MORISSETTE
Music by ALANIS MORISSETTE
and GLEN BALLARD

Moderate Rock

Wait a minute,

man,

you mispronounced my name.

You didn't wait for

joke,

you took me for a child.

You took a

Man,

you didn't think I'd come back.

You didn't think I'd

all the information before you turned me away.

Wait a minute,

long hard look at my ass and then played golf for a while.

Your shake is like a

show up with my army and this ammunition on my back.

Now that I'm Miss
sir, you kind of hurt my feelings. You see me as a
fish, you pat me on the head. You took me out to
Thing, now that I'm a zillionaire, you scan the

sweet, back-loaded puppet and you've got a meal ticket
taste. wine, diane, sixty-nine me, but didn't hear a damn word I said. I see right
credits for your name and wonder why it's not there.

through you. I know right

through you. I feel right through you.
I walk right through you.

You took me for a Hello Mister

through you, you.
Moderate Rock

no chord

E(no3rd)    E(no3rd)

You like__snow__, but only if it's warm.
You like__pain__, but only if it does __

E6(no3rd)    E(no3rd)    E(no3rd)

n't hurt too much. You sit... You like rain, but on--

and you

E(no3rd)    Emaj7(no3rd)

ly if it's dry.

No

wait... to re__ceive. There's an
Cmaj7  
Dsus2  

sentimental value to the rose  
obvious attraction to the path  
apprehensive, naked, little, trembling boy  
of least resistance in your  
with his head in his  

Esus  
E  

floor.  
life.  
hands.  
There's an  
There's an  

Cmaj7  
Dsus2  

No fundamental excuse  
for the granted I'm tak-  
obvious amount of my insis- 
underestimated and impatient little girl raising  

Esus  
E  
C  
en for.  
try tonight.  
'Cause it's eas- 
her hand.  
'Cause it's eas- 
But not-
CODA

Cmaj7/E

D(add2)/E

E

Get up,

Get up,

Get out - ta here,

Get up,

get up
get up
get out - ta here,
get up
get up
get up
get up
get up
get up
get up

off of it.

off of it.

al - read - y.

off of it.

Get up,

Get out,

Get up,

Get up,

Wake up.
YOU LEARN

Lyrics by ALANIS MORISSETTE
Music by ALANIS MORISSETTE and GLEN BALLARD

Moderately fast (\( \frac{3}{8} \) = \( \frac{3}{4} \))

I recommend getting your heart trampled on to any one,
I recommend biting off more than you can chew to any one,

Yeah. I certainly do.
I recommend walking around naked in your living room.
I don't recommend sticking your foot in your mouth at any time.

Feel free.

Swallow it down.
Throw it down.
Wear it out.

What a jagged little pill.
The caution blocks you from the wind.
the way a three-year-old would do.

It feels so good swimming in your stomach.
Hold it up to the rays.
Melt it down. You're gonna have to eventually any way,
Wait until the dust set
You wait and see when the smoke clears.
The fire trucks are coming up around the bend.

You live, you learn, you love, you learn,
you cry, you learn, you lose, you learn,
you bleed, you learn, you scream, you learn.

To Coda
D7sus

C(add9)

2

C(add9)

Bb C G

Bb C G

Bb C G

Bb C G

Bb C G

Guitar solo - ad lib.

Bb C G

Bb C G

Bb C G

D.S. al Coda

Solo ends
CODA

G

Dsus  C(add9)

Em7

You grieve, you learn, you choke, you learn,

Gsus  G/C  G

you laugh, you learn, you choose, you learn, you pray, you learn,

Em7  Dsus  C(add9)

you ask, you learn, you live, you learn.
YOU OUGHTA KNOW

Lyrics by ALANIS MORISSETTE
Music by ALANIS MORISSETTE
and GLEN BALLARD

I want you to know that
You seem very well,
1st time - play top note only

I'm happy for you.
I wish not

I'm not quite

An older
Did you for

Play as written

Moderate Rock
F#m7

1st time - tacet

B/F#
version of me, is she perverted like me? Would she go
get about me, Mister Duplicity? I hate to

Play both times

down on you in a theater? Does she speak eloquently, and would she
bug you in the middle of dinner. It was a slap in the face, how quickly

have your baby? I'm sure she'd make a really excellent
I was replaced, and are you thinking of me when you

mother.

'Cause the love that you gave that we made wasn't able to
fuck her? 'Cause the love that you gave that we made wasn't able to
joke that you laid in the bed that was me and I'm
B/F♯

make it e-nough for you to be o- pen wide,
make it e-nough for you to be o- pen wide,
not gon-na fade as soon as you close your eyes,
and you know

F♯m7

And ev-ry time you speak her name does she
And ev-ry time you speak her name does she
And ev-ry time I scratch my nails down some-

B/F♯

know how you told me you’d hold me un-til you died, till you died? But
know how you told me you’d hold me un-til you died, till you died? But
one els-e’s back, I hope you feel it.
Well, can you

F♯

you’re still a-live. And
you’re still a-live. And
feel it? I’m here
Well, to re-mind.
'Cause the
ought-a know. I'm here.
to remind you of the mess you left when you went away.
It's not fair to deny me of the cross.
I bear that you gave to me. You, you, you ought-a know.