ANGIE
AS TEARS GO BY
BROWN SUGAR
GET OFF MY CLOUD
GOOD TIMES, BAD TIMES
HONKY TONK WOMEN
JUMPIN’ JACK FLASH
LADY JANE
LET’S SPEND THE NIGHT TOGETHER
MIDNIGHT RAMBLER
PAINT IT BLACK
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SATISFACTION
SHE’S A RAINBOW
STREET FIGHTING MAN
SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL
STAR STAR
19TH NERVOUS BREAKDOWN
TUMBLING DICE
UNDER MY THUMB
Where will it lead us from here
With no
still
love
you
Re - mem - ber all those
nights we cried
(3) Oh
With no

lov - ing
In our souls and no mon - ey
in our coats

dreams we held so close seemed to all go
up in smoke
Ang - ie don't you weep ah your kis - es still taste
sweet
lov - ing ' in our souls and no mon - ey
in our coats

You can't say you're sat - is - fied
But Ang - ie
Let me whis - per in your ear
Ang - ie
I hate that sad - ness in your eyes
Ang - ie
You can't say you're sat - is - fied
But

An - gie
you can't say we nev - er tried
An - gie
where will it lead us from here
An - gie
ain't it time we said good - bye

To Coda *

D.S. al Coda
CODA

"Angie... I still love you baby..." Ev'rywhere I look I see your eyes...

There ain't a woman that comes close to you

Come on baby dry your eyes... But Angie... Angie... Angie

Ain't it good to be alive

They can't say we never tried

G F Bb F G C E7 Bb F G C
AS TEARS GO BY
Words and music by MICK JAGGER & KEITH RICHARDS

Moderately

It is the evening of the day,
My riches can't buy everything.

I sit and watch the children play,
I want to hear the children sing.

Smiling faces I can see
but not for me.

All I hear is the sound.

Ab Bb7 Eb Cm
I sit and watch as tears go by...

of rain falling on the ground...

It is the evening of the day.

I sit and watch the children...
They think are new.
I sit and watch as tears go by.
BROWN SUGAR
Words and music by MICK JAGGER & KEITH RICHARDS

Moderate tempo (32 bars per minute)

Gold Coast slave ship bound for
Beating, cold English
I bet your ma-ma was a

cotton fields, sold in a market down in New Orleans. Scarred
blood runs hot, lady of the house won-drin' where it's gon-na stop. House
Tent Show queen, and all her girl friends were sweet sixteen. I'm
old slav—er know he's do-in' al—right.  
boy knows that he's do-in' al—right.  
no school boy but I know what I like.  

Hear him whip the wo—men just.
You should a heard him just.
You should have heard me just.

a—round mid—night.  Ah (2nd)
a—round mid—night.
Brown Su—gar how come you taste so good.

(A-ha)
Brown Su-gar, just like a young girl should.
black girl
young girl
A-huh.

Drums

I said yeah... I said yeah... I said yeah... I said oh...

(1.2. just like a black girl should, I said yeah...)

1.2.3.4.5. F C
GET OFF OF MY CLOUD

Words and music by MICK JAGGER & KEITH RICHARDS

I live in an apartment on the ninety-ninth floor of my block
telephone is ringin I say Hi it's me Who's there on the line?
sick and tired, fed up with this and decided to take a drive down town

And I sit at home lookin' out the window imaginin' the world has
A voice says, 'Hi hurro, How are you? Well I guess I'm doing
It was so very quiet and peaceful, There was nobody, not a soul a-

stopped
fine
round

Then in flies a guy that's all dressed
He says, 'It's three a.m and there's too much noise, Don't you
I laid my self out, I was so
up just like a Union Jack
people ev-er want to go to bed?
tired and I start-ed to dream.

I've won five pounds if I have his kind of
detergent pack
feel so good, do you have to drive me out of
mornin the parkin tickets were just like flags stuck on my wind screen

I said Hey (HEY) you (YOU)Get off of my cloud! Hey (HEY) you (YOU)Get

off of my cloud! Hey (HEY) you (YOU)Get off of my cloud! Don't hang a-round, 'cause

two's a crowd on my cloud ba-by.

The I was ba-by.
GOOD TIMES, BAD TIMES

Words and music by MICK JAGGER & KEITH RICHARDS

There’ve been good times, there’ve been bad times
I’ve had my share of hard times too

But I lost my faith in the world
Hon·ey when I lost you...

Re·mem·ber the good times we had to·gether
Don't you want them back again
Tho' these hard times are bugging me now

I know now it's the same
There's gotta be

trust in this world
Or it won't get very far
Well

trust-ing some-one
Or just gonna be war
Hum

Fade out
HONKY TONK WOMEN

Words and music by MICK JAGGER, KEITH RICHARDS, BILLIE WYMAN
CHARLIE WATTS & BRIAN JONES

Medium rock

(1) I met a gin soaked baroom queen in Memphis,
laid a divorsee in New York City.

She tried to take me up stairs for a ride.
I had to put up some kind of a fight.

She had to heave me right across her shoulder.
The lady then she covered me with roses.

G        C        F(C bass)

G        C        F(C bass)

C        G        A7(4)        A7        D        G(D bass)

D        G        C        F(C bass)
"Cos I just can't seem to drink you off my mind
She blew my nose, and then she blew my mind

(Chorus) It's the Honky Tonk

Women
Gim-me, gim-me, gim-me the honky tonk

1 blues. (2) I blues.
JUMPIN' JACK FLASH
Words and music by MICK JAGGER & KEITH RICHARDS

I was born in a cross fire hurricane,
I was raised by a toothless bear-ded hog,
I was drowned, I was washed up and left for dead.

And I howled at my ma in the driving rain,
I was schooled with a strap right across my back.
I fell down to my feet and I saw they bled.

But it's all right now. In fact it's a gas —
But it's all right. I'm Jumpin' Jack Flash. It's a
gas, gas, gas.

And I frowned at the crumbs of a crust of bread.

I was crowned with a spike right through my head.
LADY JANE

Words and music by MICK JAGGER & KEITH RICHARDS

My sweet Lady Jane
Anne
When I see you again
I've done what I can

Your servant am I
I must take my leave
And with humbly remain
For promised I am

just heed this plea my love
This play is run my love
On bended knees my love
Your time has come my love
I pledge my
-self to La-dy Jane,

My dear La-dy

Oh my sweet Ma-tie

troth to La-dy Jane.

I wait at your ease

The sands have run out

For your La-dy and

me-

Wed-lock is nigh my love

Her sta-tion's

right my love

Life is se-ure with La-dy Jane.
LET'S SPEND THE NIGHT TOGETHER

Words and music by MICK JAGGER & KEITH RICHARDS

Don't you worry 'bout what's on your mind... (Oh my, Da da da da da)
I feel so strong that I can't disguise... (Oh my, Let's spend the night)
This doesn't happen to me every day... (Oh my, Let's spend the night)

dada da) I'm in no hurry I can take my time... (Oh

together) But I just can't apologize... (Oh

together) No excuses offered any way... (Oh

my da da da da da da da da da) I'm going red...
no let's spend the night together...
my let's spend the night together...

Don't hang me up...
I'll satisfy...
I'm off my head
We could have fun,
And now I know you.

and my tongue's getting tied
and don't let me down
your every need.

and my mouth's getting dry
(i'm high, but i try, try, try)
oh, my.

just groovin' a-round
(a-round and a-round and oh)
(Oh my, my, my, oh)

will satisfy me.

Let's spend the night together
Now I need you more.

my).

my).

my).

than ever
Let's spend the night together now.
Let's spend the night together.
Now I need you more than ever.
You know I'm smiling baby.
You need some guiding, baby  I'm just deciding, baby.

Now I need you more than ever  Let's spend the night togeth-er.

Let's spend the night togeth-er now.

D.C. and repeat from ♩ to ♩ ad lib. and fade
MIDNIGHT RAMBLER
Words and music by MICK JAGGER & KEITH RICHARDS

Did you hear about the midnight rambler?
(-) ev'rybody got to go
talking 'bout the midnight gambler,
the one you never seen before
Did you hear about the midnight rambler, (-)
A-talking 'bout the midnight gambler, did you

one that shut the kitchen door?
A-see him jump the garden wall?

He don't give a hoot of a warn-
A-sighing down the wind so sad-

a-wrapped up in a black cloak.
A-listen and you hear him moan.

Well I'm a-

Don't go in the light of the morning,
A-talking 'bout the midnight gambler,

He's split the time the cock-rel crows,
(-) ev'-rybody got to go.
he/ear a-bout the mid-night ram-bler? well ho-ney, it’s no rock and roll
3 times

Well you heard a-bout the Bos-ton

B

Bsus

B

B

Asus

---

it's not one of those

Well,

E

B

A

E

talk-ing 'bout the mid-night

the one who closed the bed-room-door

B

Asus

E

B

Asus

I'm called the hit and run— rape her—in an-ger.

the

E

A

E

B
knife-shar-pened tip-py-toe,  Or just the shoot-em-dead brain-bell
jang-ler, you know, the one you ne-ver seen-be-fore.  So if you
ev-er meet the mid-night ram-bler (-) pad-ding down your mar-ble hall
lis-ten for the mid-night ram-bler play it ea-sy as you go-
cresc. poco a poco

Well he's prow-ling like a proud black pan-ther you can
I'm going to smash down all your plate-glass wind-ows put a
Well you heard about the Boston

it's not one of those

Well,

talking 'bout the midnight

the one who closed the bedroom door

I'm called the hit and run rape her in anger, the
say I told you so...

Well won't you

fist right thru your steel plate door...

5times

Did you hear a-bout the mid-night rambler? He'll leave his

footprints up and down your hall...

A-did you hear a-bout the mid-night game...
— Did you see my midnight call? — And if you ever catch the midnight rambler, I'll steal your mistress from under your nose.

Well, go easy with your cold fandango. I'll stick my knife right down your throat, baby and it hurts!
PAINT IT BLACK

Words and music by MICK JAGGER, KEITH RICHARDS, BILLIE WYMAN
CHARLIE WATTS & BRIAN JONES

1, 5. I see a red door and I want it painted black
3. I look inside myself and see my heart is black

No colours any more I want them to turn black
I see my red door and I want it painted black

Girls walk by dressed in their summer clothes
I have to turn my head undone
Fade away and not have to face the facts
It's not easy facing up when
Last time
to Coda

-till my dark-ness goes. 2. I see a line of cars and they're all paint-ed
your whole world is black. 4. No more will my green sea go turn a deep-er

black With flow-ers and my love both nev-er to come back
blue I could not fore-see this thing hap -pen-ing to you

I see peo-ple turn their heads and quick-ly look a-way Like a new born
If I look hard e-nough in - to the set-ting sun My love will

baby it just hap-pens ev 'ry day, laugh with me be -fore the mor-ning comes.

coda

Em D G D Em Em D
RUBY TUESDAY
Words and music by MICK JAGGER & KEITH RICHARDS

She would never say where she came from,
question why she needs to be so free.
There's no time to lose, I heard her say.
She'll

Yesterday don't matter if it's gone,
Tell you it's the only way to be,
catch your dreams before they slip away.

While the sun is bright, or in the darkest night,
She just can't be chained to a life where nothing's gained.
Dying all the time lose your dreams and you will lose your mind.

Am C F G C
Am G F C G
Am D7 G Am D7 G
she comes and goes.  
Ja's life un - kind.

Good - bye Rub - by Tues - day Who could hang a name on you.

When you change with ev - ry new day Still I'm gon - na miss you.  2. Don't

β CODA
SATISFACTION
Words and music by MICK JAGGER & KEITH RICHARDS

With a beat

CHORUS

I can't get no satisfaction
I can't

get no last time girl

get no satisfaction, 'Cause I try, and I

try, and I try, and I try

I can't get no, I can't

Eb  A7  Eb  Ab  Eb  Ab
1. When I'm drivin' in my car, And that
get no,
2. When I'm watchin' my T.V., And that
man comes on the radio; And he's tellin' me more and more about some
man comes on to tell me; How white my shirts can be, Well, he
do - in' this and I'm sign'in' that; And I'm tryin' to make some girl. Who tells me

use - less in - for - ma - tion, Supposed to fire my imag - ina - tion. I can't
can't be a man, 'cause he doesn't smoke the same cig - ar - rettes as me. I can't
be - by, bet - ter come back let - er next week, 'cos you see I'm on a los - ing streak. I can't

get no, Oh, no, no, no,
Hey, hey, hey...
that's what I say.
I can't

get no,
I can't get no.
I can't get no

Satisfaction, no satisfaction, no satisfaction.

...
SHE'S A RAINBOW
Words and music by MICK JAGGER & KEITH RICHARDS

She comes in colours ev'rywhere,
She combs her hair,
She's like a rainbow.
Comb'ing col'ours in the air ev'rywhere, She comes in

icolours.

F7

rit.-------------------------------a tempo

Have you seen her dressed in blue? gold? See the sky in front of

Bb

rit.-------------------------------a tempo

Like a queen in days of

Bb

F7

you,

And her face is like a sail, a speck of white so fair and

She shoots co-lours all a-round, like a sun-set go-ing
Have you seen a lady fairer? She comes in colours everywhere.

She combs her hair. She's like a rainbow.

Coming colours in the air everywhere She comes in colours.

Have you seen her all in Bb
STREET FIGHTING MAN
Words and music by MICK JAGGER & KEITH RICHARDS

F

Everywhere I hear the sound of marching, charging feet, Oh, Boy. 'Cause

F

Summer's here and the time is right for fighting in the street, Oh, Boy. But

G

what can a poor boy do except to sing for a Rock 'N' Roll Band 'cause in sleepy London
Town, There's just no place for Street Fighting Man! No!

Hey! Think the time is right for a Palace Revolution. But where I live the game to play is Compromise Solution! Well, Then
What can a poor boy do except to sing for a Rock 'N' Roll Band 'Cause in sleepy London Town there's just no place for Street Fighting Man!

No!

Hey! Said my name is called Disturbance I'll shout and scream, I'll
F  C7  D7
Kill the king I'll rail at all his servants.

G
What can a poor boy do except to sing for a rock 'n' roll band 'cause in sleepy London town there's just no place for street fighting man!

D7
No!

Repeat and fade
G
What can a poor boy do except to sing in a Rock 'n' Roll Band.
SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL
Words and music by MICK JAGGER & KEITH RICHARDS

Please allow me to introduce myself, I'm a man of wealth and
taste...
I've been around for long, Long years stolen
man-y a man's soul and faith.
I was around when Je -
sus Christ had His mo-ment of doubt and faith. I made damn sure that Pi-
late Washed his hands and sealed His fate.

CHORUS
Pleased to meet... you hope you guess... my name. But what's
puz-zling you... is the na-ture of my game.
I stuck a-round — St. Pe-ters-burg— when I saw it was time for a change.
I watched with glee while your kings and queens fought for ten de-cades — for the —

I killed the Tzar and his min-is-ters; An-as-
Gods they made...
I shout-ed out "Who killed the Ken-ned-ys?" When

— ta-sia Screamed in vain.—— I rode a tank— held a gen-
after all it was you and me. Let me please— in-tro-duce—

'tral's rank when the blitz-krieg raged and the bod-i-es stank —
my-self I'm a man of wealth and taste.
and I lay traps for troubadors who get

killed before they reach Bombay.

Pleased to meet you hope you guess my name.

puzzling you is the nature of my game.

But what
Every cop is a criminal and all the sinners, Saints...

As heads is tails, Just call me Lucifer 'cause I'm in need of some restraint.

So if you meet me, Have some courtesy have some sympathy and some taste. Use all
your well-learned politesse or I’ll lay your soul to waste!
Pleased to meet you,

Hope you guess my name. But what’s puzzling you is the nature of my game.
STAR STAR
Words and music by MICK JAGGER & KEITH RICHARDS

1. Baby baby baby baby
by I've been so sad since you've been gone way
back to New York city where you do belong Hon-
ey I missed your two-toned kisses the legs wrapped around me tight
If I ever get back to fun city girl I'm gonna make you scream all night.

2. Hon. Yeah you were

star bucket star bucket star bucket star bucket star

Yeah star bucket star bucket star bucket star bucket star
2. Honey, honey call me on the telephone
   I know you are moving out to Hollywood with your can of tasty foam
   All those beat up friends of mine
   Got to get them in my book
   And lead guitars and movie stars, get their toes beneath my hook
   Yeah you were starbucker, starbucker star
   Starbucker, starbucker star
   Starbucker, starbucker star.

3. Yes I heard about your polaroids now that's what I call obscene
   Your tricks with fruit were kinda cute
   Now that really is a scene
   Honey I miss your two tone kisses, legs wrapped around me tight
   If ever I get back to New York
   I'm gonna make you scream all night
   Yeah starbucker, starbucker star
   Starbucker, starbucker star
   Starbucker, starbucker star.

4. At the draw I got mad at you for giving it to Steve McQueen
   And you and me made a pretty pair falling through the silver screen
   Now baby I am open to anything I don't know where to draw the line
   Well I am making bets that you gonna get your man before he dies
   You were starbucker, starbucker, starbucker star
   Were starbucker, starbucker, starbucker star
   Were starbucker, starbucker, starbucker star
   Were starbucker, starbucker, starbucker star
19TH NERVOUS BREAKDOWN
Words and music by MICK JAGGER & KEITH RICHARDS

You're the kind of person you meet at certain dismal dull affairs
were a child you were treated kind but never brought up right
Centre
You were

of a crowd talking much too loud running up and down the stairs
over spoilt with a thousand toys and still you cried all night
Your mother who neg-

you have seen too much in too few years And though you try you just can't hide your
leeched you owe a million dollars tax Your father's still perfecting ways of
nothing I do don't seem to work It only seems to make matters worse. Oh please

You were still in school when you had that fool who

really messed your mind And after that you turned your back on treating people kind

our first trip I tried so hard to re-arrange your mind But after a while I

realised you were dis-arranging mine. 2. You better

CODA

D.S.al ♩ Coda
TUMBLING DICE

Words and music by MICK JAGGER & KEITH RICHARDS

Women think I'm tasty, but they're always tryin' to waste me and make me burn the candle right down, but ba by.

ba by, I don't need no jewels in my crown. 'Cause all
you women is low down gamblers, cheatin' like I don't know how,

but baby, baby, there's

fever in the funk house now. This low down bitchin' got my

poor feet itchin', you know. You know the deuce is still wild.
Baby, I can't stay, you got to roll me and call me the tumblin' dice.

All ways in a hurry, I never stop to worry, don't you see the time flashin' by.

Honey, got no money, I'm all
sixes and sevens and nines.

Say now, baby, I'm the

rank outsider, you can be my partner in crime.

But

baby, I can't stay, you got to roll me and

(tacet)

call me the tumblin' roll me and call me the tumblin'
Oh, my, my, my, I'm the lone crap shooter, play-
in' the field ev'ry night.
Baby, can't stay, you got to
roll me and call me the tumblin'
roll me and call me the tumblin'
(Got to)
Repeat and fade

Got to roll me, got to
Repeat and fade
UNDER MY THUMB
Words and music by MICK JAGGER & Keith RICHARDS

Under my thumb's
the girl who once had me down.
Under my thumb's
a squirming dog who's just had her day.

Em    D    C

Under my thumb's
the girl who once pushed me around.
Under my thumb's
a girl who has just changed her ways.

Em    D    C    G

The difference in the clothes she wears.
The way she does just what she's told.
The change has come.

G    C    A    Em

She's under my thumb.
She's under my thumb.

D    C    G    C
thumb's a siam - ese cat of a girl— Un - der my thumb she's

the sweet - est pet in the world— It's down to me—

The way she does just what— she's told— It's down to me— The change has come

— She's un - der my— thumb. Un - der my
thumb her eyes are just kept to herself. Under my thumb well

I can still look at someone else. It's down to me.

The way she talks when she's spoken to. It's down to me. The change has come. She's under my

thumb.