SLY & THE FAMILY STONE
GREATEST HITS

Piano/Vocal/Guitar
SLY AND THE FAMILY STONE / GREATEST HITS
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I first saw Sly and The Family Stone at the Electric Circus in the fall of 1967. At that time they were fairly much unknown. I was surprised to find them singing some of the hippest music around. They were from San Francisco and came to New York on the tail end of the San Francisco folk-rock renaissance in the East.

The first night I came into the automatic Electric Circus I heard this very funky bass as I was walking up the stairs. Then as I got to the opening to the dance floor I saw couples dancing in the black light of the rear in a confusion of luminous white shirts and flowered dresses. The scene reminded me of my San Francisco days and the dances at The Fillmore, The Avalon Ballroom and The Steam Beer Factory. I miss that whole scene; here in New York, dancing is all but outlawed. As I moved onto the dance floor I saw a huge circle of people surrounding the podium and a solid line of six dancing people on the stage. On the far right was Sly at the organ swaying and weaving and getting up to buck dance with his two brothers on guitar: Larry who plays bottom (the bass) and Freddy, Sly's blood brother and lead guitarist and singer. The stage was solid motion. Heading the woodwinds was Cynthia Robinson, a saucy tomato from Sacramento with thick red hair and a sensual buonagaloo. She blows a hot lip trumpet (the only female player of trumpet I've seen in any group) and comes forth with a sensual gutsy blues wail as well. Sly, Freddy and Larry in some fantastic rhythm steps. They wave their long black locks and kick their dogs high doing the pony while never missing a note by voice or axe. I could not tell whether the brothers wore marcs or wigs but the effects were strikingly strange.

The Family Stone with Sly at the helm plays minor concerts. Each tune connected by organ interludes is a cog in a larger wheel of tunes that swell a spectrum from blues ballad to hip-bop jazz rock back to hard-up-against-the-wall rhythm 'n' blues. All include organ solos, intricate Bantu voice harmonics and holy roller incantations and exhortations. Sly and The Family Stone provide a happy jumping chorus with their voices as well as instruments welded in spirit nommo as one. They explode the energy of an orchestra. The trumpet and saxophone combinations enable them to capture the dramatic flailing woodwind rhythm 'n' blues changes.

The second time I saw them was at The Fillmore East on Second Avenue. Sly plays a beulah baptist organ. His white Gabriel cape gleams like the full moon. He riffs Egyptian chromatics with the ease of a jack-legged preacher. You begin to think he can heal people right on stage. He tosses fire and he holds it back — all under control — behind the urban baptist beat. He rides along solidly. Larry on the bottom with the bass sometimes gets into out-of-sight interplay with Sly's organ.

In Sly's tunes I hear James P. Johnson, Jelly Roll Morton and some James Cleveland too. Rural black lands and the southern crossings of freight trains, the transcended peoples of Africa tuning their symphony banjos of Euro-America to the pitch of their voice, their rap. Voices like instrument, instruments like voices.

The seven members of Sly and The Family Stone fill the stage. Their movements cinematoscope human harmonics in dance and jig. The three brothers pony and huckle-buck in popeye-leg motions, shake down and ball the jack. Sly, Freddy and Larry get into some fantastic harmony and rhythm things with their voices. Like for instance their boom-boom vocal harmonics which made DANCE TO THE MUSIC an instantly recognizable hit.

Their boom harmonics are but part of their arsenal of innovative effects that seriously challenge the traditional rhythm 'n' blues establishment of New York City and Detroit: the East. Sly's songs say something more than "I love you, baby, and you do or you don't love me." Take for instance his DON'T BURN BABY BURN, where he turns a popular saying among black militants into a moving ballad. Or JANE IS A GROUPEE, which is blessed with a Lambert Hendricks and Ross virtuosity. He also has a song on his latest album (which as of this writing is not out yet), where he talks of the city of the future, where everybody will be able to groove with everybody else. CITY OF LOVE is the name, I think.

(Continued)
Ethereal melodies of the cosmos —
Atomic Warrior, Watchtli Shango and
Shiva. (Like much of what Sly does
on stage, much of the intensity is
lost off the stage. When he says he has
reached nirvana, I would put Hendrix
close to the top, but I think the
momentarily overstimulated
psychedelic man
is not. Sly
along with
Hendrix,
Hannes
and The
Chambers
Brothers
are...)

Sly possesses a strong stooping
and strangely placid face —
thalatric
doesn’t
(Continued)
Indeed it was like a devotional ritual, as jazz funeral to Shango (the African god of life and death), when The Family Stone sang Otis Redding's classic TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS. Sly did not sing it exactly like Redding, nor did he sing it exactly like himself. He moved in between Redding, his own here and remaining true to the original there. Towards the crucial climax of tenderness, that beautiful building-up Redding did which made us burst in anticipation of clashing woodwinds and Otis' plea, a screaming got to try and please her, Sly suspends tenderness in a heartsinking abyss. Sly holds the got to got to, slowly begins to repeat it, and then staggers the phrase; his brothers join; the pendulum swings wider and wider and pretty soon the three brothers are into a time-suspending chant: got to got to now now got to got to now now now got to got to now now. They chant it for a while and pretty soon we have ceased to hear the original words. We're hearing something else, something closer to the utter archetypal root of the words in the melody, something out of the forests of Germany and those Anglo-Saxon crags off mainland Europe, with the backbone base of African drum chant in a body ruba. And then after what seems like an eternity, a trip at the speed of light over continents and centuries, they end TENDERNESS in the resounding glory of Otis. The light-show screen shows purple orbs merging and exploding into an immense twilight blue. Then they break into a fire and brimstone rhythm and then as quickly into the hambone. We wanted the audience to quit the freak applause so we could hear the three brothers' hambones individually (the thump of hand on chest and the slap of palm on thigh, dual rhythm in hymn position), to discover if they were into anything. They were together. Then they jump into traditional prosconium Apollo steps, and the freight train is off once more.

(Continued)
Even in the timelessness The Family Stone can get us into, Sly has the power to rock the joint at any given moment. Each time is irrevocably interwoven. We can dance for the duration. Then Sly is into a pure blend of the rock and rhythm beat with jazz improvisations on guitar, organ, trumpet and saxophone. The jazz is reminiscent of Lester Young, Charlie Parker and Clark Terry in the bop and cool periods of the late forties and early fifties. Sly reveals, as Sun Ra says, "an infinity in music that includes the past, the present and the future."

One Saturday we conducted a mock interview which really consisted of going around to the lower east side village head shops and shopping on St. Mark's Place for a dress for his old lady. They were to go to the American that night to hear The Fifth Dimension. We drove around and got back to the hotel. After a series of changes in which we had to get a friend who was taking us to a Kamikaze oriental sword-fighting flick, we grouped at his hotel for a hot hour concentrated talk before dashing to Chinatown.
In the ensuing hour Sly filled us in on some of the questions and assumptions we posed. Sly could be called a musical prodigy inasmuch as he started singing and playing at the age of four as a part of a church group at the All National Church Of God And Christ. All of four years old, he sang in a family group, which included his brothers and sisters, called The Stewart Four. His sister and brother sing with him now, not many years later. He is a neighbor of Little Dion, the five-year-old (Jackie Wilson) musical talent on the coast. Sly’s father and mother sang together as a duo when they were young. Now Sly’s father is their road manager. Sly made a recording, with The Stewart Four backing him up, called ON THE BATTLEFIELD FOR MY LORD. When we asked Sly who was his chief musical mentor, he answered after a long pause: “A fellow named Blind Daniel. He was a man of the Lord who used to visit our church and sing and play.”

Sly has two albums (A Whole New Thing and Dance To The Music) out on Epic, as is his latest of which I don’t know the name. Dance To The Music takes off from the hit 45 of the same title. A whole side is devoted to the exploration of that tune and, as Sly says, to the basic message of frivolity in dance and rhythm. Dance To The Music is a simple sentiment holding together a welter of thought. If only the population could indeed dance to the music, the music of life, instead of life, instead of, as England’s Anthony Powell says, to the music of time. I recommend both albums — especially if you dance, they are indispensable. Both of the albums have a myriad of beautiful and surprising effects, and they are good to make love to as well. A Whole New Thing blends the ballad and the jump tune with fineness. We found especially a tune called IF THIS ROOM COULD TALK. It’s a ballad about his old lady. It has beautiful Indian (American) effects. The theme is transmuted from the western movies, but Sly’s harmonies vocally transform the wavy cry into a modulating tour de force. Let Me Hear It From You is a beautiful ballad from baritone-bass Larry. He tells his girl that if she wants to break up with him he wants to hear it from her. I remember in the fifties when groups like The Dells, The Spaniels, and The Velours, up at The Apollo, all had fantastic deep basses. Larry qualifies as a bass bass. He covers the bottom instrumentally and vocally. On Dance To The Music I recommend the entire album, especially Higher and Dance To The Music medley. On the other side, Color Me True and the boss ballad Don’t Burn Baby Burn and Never Will I Fall In Love Again. I guess the total message of this long-winded piece is to strongly pull your coat to the Family Stone. They provide in their music a sure and avant-garde direction to where the rhythm and race music is going goodbye.
"Don't Hate The Black...
Don't Hate The White...
If You Get Bit
Just Hate The Bite
Make Sure Your Heart
Is Beatin' Right
Are You Ready?"

SLY*

Human Relations Begin By Being Humane

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DANCE TO THE MUSIC

By Sylvester Stewart

Dance to the music, dance to the music,
Dance to the music, dance to the music,
All we need is a drum
For people who only need a beat.
I'm goin' to add a little guitar
And make it easy to move your feet.
I'm gonna hit that bottle
So that the dancing is all night.
You might like to hear on my organ,
I said, "Ride, Sally, ride, now."
You're not gonna hear my horn blow
Sittin' here on my throne.
Listen to me sittin' there I got
A message that says,
"All the squares go home!"

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HARMONY

By
SYLVESTER STEWART

Moderately (in 2)

You can be you,
let me be me,
that's Harmony.

Simple as one, two, three,
Easy as A, B, C.

Some people yell,
Some like it dead,
Better use your head.

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Work-in' out in your mind, something settled in my brain,

pris-in' what you'll find, something settled in my brain,

stop what you're doin' and listen to me. Do you like me for

who I am? Or who do you want me to be? You can be you.

I have noticed more than once it's so easy to be nice.

But if it's you to be a clown,
I would never put you down. Simple people start talkin',
don't let the smoke ring cross your mind. Sim-ple pro-gress starts
walkin', talkin' peo-ple and a walk-in' time.

Harmony-3-3
DANCE TO THE MUSIC

Moderately, with a Rock Beat

Dance to the music, Dance to the music,

All we need is a drum, for people who only need a beat,

I'm goin' to add a little guitar and make it

easy to move your feet. Solo (ad lib.)

I'm gonna hit that bottle so that the dancing is all night...
might like to hear_ _ on my or_gan, I said, "Ride, Sal-ly, ride_ _ now." Solo(ad lib.)

You're not gon-na hear_ _ my horn blow sit-tin' here on my throne.

(Spoken) Listen to me Sit-tin' there_ _ I got a mes-sage that_ _ says,

"All the squares go home!"

Dance To The Music-2-2
DYNAMITE

Moderate

By

SYLVESTER STEWART

Miss Clean, she's so together and nice. Yeah...
Miss Clean, give that girl a hand. Yeah...

Miss Clean, I've got to see her twice...
Miss Clean, she's got a beautiful tan.

Miss Clean, I got the wishy Moo.

Uh, uh. What'm I to do? She turned on the light.

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Made my heart beat
Dy-na-mite,
Dy-na-mite,
Dy-na-mite,
Dy-na-mite,
Dy-na-mite,
Dy-na-mite,

Miss Clean,
Miss Clean,
I re-mem-ber what she said,
Ooo
Ooo

Yeah,
What'm I to do?
She turned on the light.

Dynamite-2-2
EVERYBODY IS A STAR

Words and Music by
SYLVESTER STEWART

Moderately

1. Ev'-ry-bod-y is a star.
2. Ev'-ry-bod-y is a star,

Who would run and chase the
I can feel it when you

dust a-way?
shine on me.

Ev'-ry-bod-y wants to
I love you for what you

shine.
are

Who would come out on a
cloudy day?
not the one you feel you

need to be.
'Tis the sun that loves you
Ev-er catch a fall-ing

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brown ______ star?

when the sys-tem tries to bring you down.

Ain't no stop-ping till it's on the ground.

Nev-er had to shine at night

Ev-'ry-bod-y is a star

you don't need dark-ness to

done big cir-cle going
do what you think is right.

'tround and 'round.

Everybody Is A Star-3-2
Fun

Moderately

By

Sylvestor Stewart

Fun when I party I party hardy, Fun is on my mind.
Fun, there's a sister and there's a brother. Hav'in' fun with each other.

To Coda

Fun, put a smile on your face, Leave that bum-mer be-hind.
Fun, dad-day al-ways hangs up the boys, He just wants to par-ty with moth-er.

A pri-vate thought can-not be bought, But you know what you have to do.

D.C. al Coda

Sock-eth un-to oth-ers, as you would have them sock-eth to you.

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Fun, fun, fun,
fun, fun, fun.
Fun when I party, I party heartily,
Fun is on my mind.

Fun put a smile on your face,
Leave that bummer behind.

Repeat and fade

Fun-2-2
When you're through with
When you thought you,
what you think you have to do,
out of mind,
I'll pursue,
I'll be there.

When you've gone where
When you've lost all
you have to go,
of your friends,
Let me know,
What a scare.

I want to take you higher.
Let me take you a little

higher.
I wanna take you higher.

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Higher.
Want to take you higher.

higher, higher, higher.
You will see that

all that's bright is not what's right.
Look around.
Hear me out then

we'll just get you out of sight.
We go round.
I want to take you

Higher-2-2
HOT FUN IN THE SUMMERTIME

Medium Fast and Relaxed

By

SYLVESTER STEWART

1. End of the Spring and here she comes back,
2. That's when I had most of my fun back,
3. First of the Fall and there she goes back,

Hi, hi, hi, there!
Bye, bye, bye, there!

Well, summer days, those summer days.

2.3.

I'd lie down when I want to,
Boo boo boo boo when I want to,

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Dm school,

G7 County fair in the country sun,

and everybody gets drunk.

Dm Hot Fun In The Summer-time.

G7 Hot Fun In The Summer-time.

Dm Hot Fun In The Summer-time.

G7 Hot Fun In The Summer-time.

D.C. al Coda

Hot Fun In The Sum-mer-time.

Hot Fun In The Sum-mer-time.

Coda

Hot Fun In The Sum-mer-time.

Hot Fun In The Sum-mer-time.

Hot Fun In The Summertime-2-2
I AIN'T GOT NOBODY (For Real)

Medium Rock Tempo

1. I ain't got no body
2. I ain't got no body

Lookin' after me,
Lookin' after me,

Lookin' after I ain't got no body
Lookin' after I ain't got no body

I am a free see,
I look a round from time to time; You

All I want's a down home girl.
see me look-in' don't pay me no mind._
I'll find her if she's in this world._
Let me tell you what I'm tryin' to find;
For real is all she has to be,

A girl who's for real all the time._
Re-al-i-ty is all she has to see._
She don't have to wear a wig._
Love is all she has to give._

She don't have to be too big, in any given community, as long as
Life is all she has to live._

she loves me, I Ain't
hand my ev-e-ry kiss, I Ain't
Got No-bod- y.
Got No-bod- y.
I Ain't
I Ain't

Got No-bod-y.
Got No-bod-y.
I Ain't
I Ain't

I Ain't Got Nobody(for Real)-2-2
I HATE TO LOVE HER

Moderately Fast

By SYLVESTER STEWART

It's about my heart, kind-a shak-y insid-e.
It's about my fu-ture, that I can't fo-cus in.

It's about my tears, I can't ev-en hide,
It's about my past, and the times that I've,

that I've been with her.

Ooo,
Ah,

I Hate To Love Her,
It's no good,
I just hate my-self.

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I would hate to leave her,
If I could,
It's bad for my health.

Fine

She doesn't love me,
She can't even fake it,
Tied up my mind.

She won't respect me,
Why won't she be honest,
If I stay and take it all

nother day,
get over her.

Ooo,
Ah,
I WANT TO TAKE YOU HIGHER

By

SYLVESTER STEWART

(Shout) Hey Hey Hey Hey
Beat is getting stronger,
Beat is nitty gritty,
Beat is there to help you groove.

Music gettin' longer too,
Music's in your city too,
Sound is there to help you groove.

Music give a thought to me.

I want to I want to I want to take you higher.
I'M ON A TRIP TO YOUR HEART

Moderate

I know you need attention,
if I thought you liked silence,
I'd make,

I got attention for you,
everything stand still,
I know,

I know you need affection,
might surprise you,
But that's,

I got affection for you,
That's how I feel,
Spoken: (Ah!
If somebody told me
If someday I find out that

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What would you like to do? (Ah! I think I would smoke and throw it away.)
That you need eternity. Spoken: I'd love you forever and ever and ever,

To the sky for you. Spoken: If I find out If I that you didn't want to be bothered no more
Love has no heal.

Do you like diamonds? (Ah! I got diamonds, and emeralds and rubies and things)
You wanted to be alone. Spoken: I promise I wouldn't ever bug you at all.

Got those for you. Spoken: I'm on a trip to your heart
Never see you again.

I'm on a trip to your heart. D.S. al Fine

I'm on a trip to your heart.
JANE IS A GROUPEE

Moderately Slow

Jane Is A Group-ee, and, Jane makes woop-ee,

and, She's got a thing for guys in the band, ev'-ry mu-si-cian's

big-gest fan. Claps her hands with out a doubt. Has no i-de-a what the song's a-bout.

Say, hey, Fred-die I like you, when you play the blues you make me blue.

She's too bus-y tryin' to figure out the short-er route to take the drum-mer home.

I'd like to go a-round with you, too.

Say, Lar-ry, what's a space? Said you'd teach me how to play the bass.

E-ver see a Jane in ac-tion? Diff-ferent lev-els of sat-is-fac-tion.
Since I've got a little time to waste, we might as well get it home.
Cause her to lose a fraction of her womanhood.

Front row tickets for the very next show,
Listen Sly, you can scold me, you can write your songs upon my knee.

She's gonna be there and the horns will blow,
When you get through you can be with me.

Jane, Jane, Jane, shame, shame, shame,
Jane, Jane, Jane, shame, shame, shame,

N.C. D.S. al Coda

Jane is A Groupee-2-2
M'Lady

By

SYLVESTER STEWART

Hard and Driving

M'Lady,
M'Lady,

[Music notation]

M'Lady,
M'Lady,

A smile of pleasure could be oh, so kind.

A pretty face, A pretty face.
Oh, what a gorgeous wife.

Here's a winner, hey,

give her some attention (a),

Just thought I'd mention that.

Ah, Hey, Hey, Ah,

Hey, Hey, Repeat and fade

M'Lady
LE[: ME HEAR IT FROM YOU

Moderately (with a Blues feeling)

If you talked about me behind my back.

Let me hear it from you.

If another man is holding you because of something I lack.

Let me hear it from you.

It's there to tell me.

But it's not so bad to tell me.
So if you do an-y-thing I would-n't want you to do, girl,
Let me hear it from you,

If you had a love

for an-oth-er man

why don't you just tell me that

I know I can take it.
And if you, and if you just don't think

I can,

why don't you just write me a let-ter and

Let Me Hear It From You
I know I can make it.
It's better if you tell me,

but it's not so bad if you tell me.
So if you do anything I wouldn't want you to do now,

I said, Lord, let me hear it from you.
Let me hear it from you.
Let me hear it from you.

Let Me Hear It From You-3-3
LIFE

By

SYLVESTER STEWART

Moderately

\[\text{You don't have to come down.}\]

\[\text{You don't have to die.} \quad \text{before you live!}\]

\[\text{You might get angry some time,} \quad \text{but don't let it run you around.}\]

\[\text{You're gonna be sad some time,} \quad \text{you might wake and find your pet is}\]
All you gotta do is get your livin' down,
But, baby, each time is being alone.

Life, life, trial after trial,
You don't have to come down.

You might be scared of something, look at mister Stewart!

He's the only person he has to fear!
He'll only let himself get near.

Don't trust nobody.
If you'd stop being so
shady, you can have a nice young lady. Life,

Don't get ripped, he has to go. If you're lovin', you can't be sad no more. Life,

life, trial after trial

You don't have to come down. Life,

life, tell it like it is.

You don't have to die before you live!
INTO MY OWN THING

Rather Slow and Even

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PLASTIC JIM

Moderately

All the plastic people,

What do they all come for?

All his thoughts are faded,

He cannot seem to grade it,

'cause all his friends are jaded.

Plastic Plastic Plastic Plastic

Jim.

Jim.

Jim.

Jim.

Sixteen years of school,

With a celoephane smile,

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Might have a swimming pool.
Ain't never been a problem child.

But just can not be
He will be after

cool, while.
Plastic Jim.

Plastic Jim.

Plastic

Jim.
He can't control his mind.
Would take a blind man's glasses.

A twice a week he's kind.
Would steal the dead man's ashes.

The rest of the week he's mine.
When his eagle crashes.

Plastic

D.C. at Coda

Plastic Jim - 2 - 2
RUN, RUN, RUN

Moderato and Driving

Run, Run, Run, they don't like what we're thinking.
Run, Run, Run, they don't like what we're wearing.

At least we are not staggering from drinking.

When it bugs you, you know it's mighty drastic.

Don't try to figure out what's happening inside their heads.
The groovy music inside my mind is so gay.

Things we do upset their flesh and blood and bones.

Ain't too much happening inside the commercial comes on to tell me what I ought to be.
What they ought a do is leave their flesh and blood and

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head of the dead,
smoking bone at home.

Pa, pa, pa, pa, Pa, pa, pa, pa, Pa, pa, pa, pa, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La,

(Spoken) People listen! People

listen! People, listen! People

D. S. al Coda

People

Run, Run, Run, -2-2
Stand,
Stand,
in the end you'll still be you;
One that's done.
And they know
all the things you've set out to
what you're saying makes sense at
do all.
Stand, there's a cross.
Stand, don't you know.

for you to bear;
that you are free;
Things to go through if you're going an-y-
Well, at least in your mind if you wan-na

To Coda
Stand, for the things you know are right;
Stand, you've been sitting much too long;

It's the truth that the truth makes them so up tight, Stand,
There's a per-ma-nent crease in your right and wrong, Stand,

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all the things, you want are real; You have you...

Stand,

Stand!

Stand,

Repeat and fade

Stand-2-2
STAND!
By Sylvester Stewart

Stand, in the end you’ll still be you;
One that’s done all the things you’ve set out to do.
Stand, there’s a cross for you to bear;
Things to go through if you’re going anywhere.
Stand, for the things you know are right;
It’s the truth that the truth makes them so up tight.
Stand, all the things you want are real;
You have you to complete, and there is no deal.
Stand, stand, stand! Stand, stand, stand!
Stand, you’ve been sitting much too long;
There’s a permanent crease in your right and wrong.
Stand, there’s a midget, standing tall,
And the giant beside him about to fall.
Stand, stand, stand! Stand, stand, stand!
Stand, they will try to make you crawl;
And they know what you’re saying makes sense at all.
Stand, don’t you know that you are free;
Well, at least in your mind if you wanna be.
Stand, stand, Stand! La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Stand! La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

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THANK YOU (Falletin Me Be Mice Elf Agin)
By Sylvester Stewart

Lookin’ at the devil grinnin’ at the gun
Fingers start shakin’ I begin to run
Bullets start chasin’ I begin to stop
We begin to wrestle I was on the top.
I want to thank you falettin’ me be mice elf agin.
Thank you falettin’ me be mice elf agin.
Stiff all in the collar fluffy in the face
Chit chat chatter tryin’ stuffy in the place
Thank you for the party I could never stay
Many things is on my mind words in the way.
I want to thank you falettin’ me be mice elf agin.
Thank you falettin’ me be mice elf agin.
Ev’ryday people sing a simple song
Mama’s so happy Mama start to cry
Papa still singin’ you can make it if you try.
I want to thank you falettin’ me be mice elf agin.
Thank you falettin’ me be mice elf agin.
Flamin’ eyes of people fear burnin’ into you
Many men are missin’ much hatin’ what they do
Youth and Truth are makin’ love
Dig it for a starter Dyin’ young is hard to take
Sellin’ out is harder.
Thank you falettin’ me be mice elf agin.
Thank you falettin’ me be mice elf agin.

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THANK YOU  (Falletin Me Be Mice Elf Agin)

By
SYLESTER STEWART

Lookin' at the devil
Stiff all in the collar
Dance to the music

Grinnin' at the gun
Fluffy in the face
All night long

Fingers start shakin'
Chit chat chat, ter try-in'
Ev'-ry day people

I begin to run
Stuffy in the place
Sing a simple song

Bullets start chasin'
Thank you for the party
Ma-ma's so happy

I begin to stop
I could never stay
Ma-ma start to cry

We begin to wrestle
Many things is on my mind
Papa still singin'

I was on the top
Words in the way
You can make it if you try.

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I want to Thank you fa-let-tin' me be mice elf a-

gin.

Thank you fa-let-tin' me be mice elf a-

1.2.

gin.

Flam-in' eyes of peo-ple fear burn-in' in-to you Man-y men are mis-sin' much

hat-in' what they do Youth and Truth are mak-in' love dig it for a start-er

Dy-in' young is hard to take sel-lin' out is hard er.

Thank You (Falletin Me Be Mice Elf Agin)-2-2
UNDERDOG
Fast (In Two)

By
SYLVESTER STEWART

I know how it feels to expect to get a fair shake, but they won't let
Even if you never rat-tie, they get up tight, when you get
Know how it feels when you know the real, but but every other time

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Yeah, Yeah!

Yeah, Yeah!
Say, I'm the
dog,

Underdog,
(Coda)

(D.S. For extra verses)
(Last time D.C. Θ)
Underdog - 2 - 2
YOU CAN MAKE IT IF YOU TRY

Medium Soul Tempo

By SYLVESTER STEWART

You Can Make It If You Try
You Can Make It If You Try

Push a little harder;
Time is here a-creepin',
Don't let the plastic bring you down,
(Shout) All together now!

You Can Make It If You Try
You Can Make It If You Try

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Try.

You Can Make It If You Try.

You'll get what's due you, and ev'-ry-thing com-in' to you. You got to move if you wan-na be a-head.

(Shout)

All to-geth-er, now! Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!

D.S. al Coda

Using 2nd verse of lyric

Coda

Repeat and fade

You Can Make It If You Try.

You Can Make It If You Try.

You Can Make It If You Try-2-2
YOU CAN MAKE IT IF YOU TRY
By Sylvester Stewart

You can make it if you try.
You can make it if you try.
Push a little harder;
Think a little deeper,
Don't let the plastic
Bring you down.
All together now!
Yeah, yeah, yeah,
Yeah, yeah, yeah!
You can make it if you try.
You can make it if you try.
Time is here a-creepin',
'Specially when you're sleepin';
Wake up and go for what you know.
All together now!
Yeah, yeah, yeah,
Yeah, yeah, yeah!
You can make it if you try.
You can make it if you try.
You'll get what's due you,
And ev'rything comin' to you.
You got to move if you
Wanna be ahead. All together now!
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!
You can make it if you try.
You can make it if you try.
Time is here a-creepin',
'Specially when you're sleepin';
Wake up and go for what you know.
All together now!
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!
You can make it if you try.
You can make it if you try.

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SING A SIMPLE SONG

By

SYLVESTER STEWART

Brightly

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,

I'm talkin', talkin', talkin',

I'm livin', livin', livin',

I'm talkin', talkin', talkin', livin',

I'm livin', livin', livin',

I'm livin' with all it's ups and downs,

I'm walking, walkin', walkin',

I'm giving, giving, giving,

I'm walkin' down the street,

I'm walking, walkin',

I'm walking, walkin',

I'm walking, walkin',

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Time is passing, I grow older,
You're in trouble when you find it's

Things are happening fast
Hard for you to smile,
All I have to hold

On to it better
It's a simple song at last
Lem-me hear you say

Yah, yah, yah, yah,
Sing A Simple Song
YOU'RE THE ONE

Spoken Intro - Harmony Tacet

I'm the one, you're the one, I'm the one, you're the one,

1. I'm the one who wants to be ahead,
2. I'm the one my life has taught to fight,

I stand in line and I'm behind instead,
To turn around would never make it right.

What is hap'nin'? Let me look around,
Inside out or outside in,

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not a thing— try-ing to
way you go— de-pends on
hold me down.
hold me down.
Now I know I got to
Think I'm mak-in' it,

look at me,
think I'm near,
some-things—are a lit-tle
then I re-a-lize I'm

I,
I,

(Last time thru: repeat "you're the one!"
only throughout fade section)

(Chorus) Can't blame your
neighbor-hood,
you're the one!

Your ma-ma can't
make you good,
you're the one!

You're The One-3-2
Can't blame no argument, you're the one!

Don't you know how to take a hint, you're the one!

Your teacher can't teach you dumb, you're the one!

But your pity can make you numb, you're the one!

Repeat and fade out