the who

We must apologize for not making your job simpler by telling you a rather traditional background story. Sorry, but THE WHO did not start out as a skiffle group, struggling along till a lucky break brought them instant fame. In fact, before they combined ideas and efforts, all four of the boys were quite anti-pop-groups. And none of them had possessed a life-long ambition to make a living as a musician.

The only common factor in their beginnings is a geographic one. They all come from roughly the same part of London — an area known as Shepherds Bush. We're not surprised if you're not familiar with that part of town, because apart from being the setting of a "breakaway" prison called Wormwood Scrubs, there are really no distinguishing characteristics about Shepherds Bush. It's a neighborhood where most of the boys are much more likely to join a gang than to play a guitar. But then, our boys were exceptions to the established rules.

Short pause in our story, folks... before going on, it's about time we quickly introduced THE WHO by name: the lead singer is ROGER DALTREY; lead guitarist is PETE TOWNSHEND; bass guitarist is JOHN ENTWISTLE; drummer is KEITH MOON. Please don't be offended if we ask you to take special note of the spelling of their surnames. You see, they all go under their real names, and those ancestors had absolutely no thoughts of consideration for members of the press when deciding on family titles. Anyway, back to our tale...

Now Roger and John had a slightly more conventional beginning in the music business. Of course, it all started while they were at school. John was planning to pursue a career in the British equivalent of the Internal Revenue department, and Roger was practicing to be a con man, (of the nicest possible variety, of course!). But in the course of their studies, they met up with a couple of other guys who wanted to make some easy money, so were forming a pop group to play at local dances. John was already a French Horn player in a youth orchestra, so reckoned he could easily learn how to handle a guitar. And Roger was always keen to conquer something new, so he picked up a guitar as well. Thus a run-of-the-mill group known as The Detours was formed.

It was fate to be just a nowhere group, playing only copy versions of records which were currently popular. About the only good result was that this whole venture led to John and Roger taking music a bit more seriously. But they were quickly fed up with the sort of stuff The Detours were playing. They reasoned that if one wanted to play in this musical game, one should at least try to be somewhat more original. When they tried to put their thoughts across to the other members of the group, John and Rog were quickly written off as a couple of weirdos and replaced by more conventional thinkers.

That something drastic came about in a very unexpected manner. It was one afternoon in a local hangout center. John and Roger were expounding what they considered to be their very superior views about pop music, when this odd character started to answer back. This caught them off-guard, because no one ever dared to join them when they were going on this topic! But then, the guy called Pete was known as something of a weirdo anyway. He was always playing this way-out music on the jukebox. Rumor had it that he played guitar, but he wasn't in a group or anything, so folks just classed him as one of those rather peculiar art students, and left it at that.

Pete began dramatically arguing with John and Roger about how useless most pop groups were... they just played a load of rubbish and didn't strive to be creative. The boys were stunned at first. They thought perhaps this character had been listening in to their conversation and was now having them on. Sensing their suspicions, Pete invited them to come back to his garage — where he had built a complete studio which served as a sort of workshop. There he claimed to be constantly experimenting with different sound effects and combining his efforts on elaborate four-track tapes. It all sounded too good to be true! But once they saw this studio, which had even left Pete's Dad's car without a shelter as it took up so much space, they were convinced. Pete picked up a rather battered guitar and played a standard R&B number for them. He had given this standard tune a completely different arrangement, though John and Roger were knocked out to say the least!

They all got carried away with long discussions about the directions in which they thought pop should be heading. This led to long jam sessions and the inevitable decision that they could experiment with their ideas by forming a semi-pro group and see how audiences would react to the whole thing. They got hold of a drummer who was lurking about, and out to face the world they went.

Unlike the happily-ever-after stories, though, things just didn't click at first. They immediately realized where the trouble lay. It was the drummer. You see, they were basically a musical trio, with Roger just concentrating on singing now. So it was vital that they have a drummer who was more than adequate. Then one night it happened...

They were playing a gig near home when suddenly this long-haired lad who had been madly dancing in the audience jumped up on stage. Being cheeky as he is, he told Roger that he didn't much rate their drummer and thought he could do a much better job. "Have a go, then," Roger retorted — and that's just what Keith did. Even though he went through two sets of drumsticks in the first ten minutes, the other boys were delighted. Here was the drummer they needed, one who did far more than keep a beat, he signified something, and he was IN!
The next immediate problem was to come up with a suitable name. They’d been calling themselves The Highnumbers, but this was a nothing name, and they were definitely a happening group. Lots of suggestions were tossed around and out, and they finally settled on the craziest, most way-out idea that occurred to them – THE WHO.

Just about the time the boys were getting started, two enterprising young film directors were looking for an unusual pop group to feature in a documentary film. Kit Lambert and Chris Stamp were their names, and a most unlikely combination they were. Lambert, the son of a composer Constant Lambert, was a graduate of Trinity College, Oxford, and speaks in a very fast posh manner. Stamp, on the other hand, is the son of an East End tugboatsman, brother of film star Terence Stamp, and he dresses in Carnaby Street fashion and speaks in a broad Cockney accent. Pop music to them meant only subject matter for a film, nothing more. Then they met THE WHO.

It was in the crowded back room of a Railway Tavern on the outskirts of London where, after weeks of unsuccessful searching, Lambert first heard THE WHO. Instantly, he felt a total conviction that these were the boys they needed. The next night he drove Stamp out to see them at a hall where they were appearing. Although he couldn’t get close enough to actually see them, Stamp felt a kind of excitement generating from the crowd blocking his way. He, too, was convinced. They felt so strongly about this group that within four days they had become the managers of THE WHO.

Lambert and Stamp had so much confidence in the potential of THE WHO that they gave up their jobs completely and poured all of their personal savings into promoting the group. Happily, their faith was justified.

THEN CAME SUCCESS . . .

Although they were tremendously big in several local areas around London, THE WHO decided that they must conquer the West End next. So their managers convinced the promoter of Soho’s famous Marquee Club to book the group. They agreed to let THE WHO play at the club on Tuesday evenings, a night which was notoriously dead in the West End. But this was all to change.

Within a couple of weeks, the Marquee promoter was shocked to see all box office records being broken! Now the whole town was talking about this group who had made Tuesday nights the happening nights in Soho! Even to this day, the Marquee Club features its star attractions on Tuesdays.

Now that their name was all around, THE WHO felt ready to release a record. They recorded one of Pete Townshend’s compositions called “I CAN’T EXPLAIN,” and it came out early in 1965. Suddenly national attention focused on the boys . . . and the record soared into Britain’s “Top Ten.” Surprisingly, it also repeated its success in several other parts of the world, making THE WHO an international force to be reckoned with . . . and this was just the beginning!!

THEN... POP ART!!!

By the time of their first record success, THE WHO had developed their stage act into something truly incredible to witness. Pete had been experimenting with new concepts of guitar playing and was now incorporating feedback into their act, (an idea which has since been picked up by just about every group around – even the Beatles) and he was also indulging in wild antics such as ramming his guitar into the speaker cabinet in order to get special effects.

Then, almost by mistake, an image was born. Roger started sticking black tape on a white sweater, changing the designs each night. Unintentionally, the trick spread to the rest of the group. John bought dozens of old medals and pinned them all over a diamond-check jacket. Keith wore a white tee-shirt on which he had painted a bullseye target, the word “Pow!”, and a picture of Elvis. And a Union Jack flag which Pete had draped over his speaker cabinet was now made into a jacket for him. Their ideas spread like wildfire.

From that point, THE WHO’S music was labelled as the Pop Art Sound. Their second record, “Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere” was released and went straight into the charts. Now, no one could ignore the presence of THE WHO, they were on the pop scene to stay!

AND FROM THEN ON...

THE WHO have done no wrong! All of their releases have been instant smash hits in Britain and most other parts of the world. They are the highest paid working group in Europe today, still breaking box office records wherever they appear.

The only market in which success seemed to elude THE WHO for a while was America. But, finally that barrier, too, has been broken down. The group came to New York to appear on Murray The K’s Easter show in March, 1967. Once they had been seen in this country, it all started to happen! For the first time, they had a single (Happy Jack) in the top twenty of U.S. charts, and that was just another beginning . . .

Summer of 1967 found them creating a nationwide sensation as they toured for ten weeks with Herman’s Hermits. (And this was after they had knocked everyone out with a spectacular performance at the Monterey Pop Festival!!) They recently made their U.S. TV debut on the Smothers Brothers Show, at which time they introduced the new single, “I Can See For Miles,” and this disc is already roaring up the charts.

Yes, 1967 was the breakout year for THE WHO in America, and gives them even more right to the title, “THE WORLD’S MOST SENSATIONAL GROUP!!”
TOMMY
the who

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Opera by Pete Townshend
(a) Composed by John Entwistle
(b) Composed by Keith Moon

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Cover: Courtesy of Decca Records.
How can he be saved?

See me,

Feel me,

Touch me,

Heal me,

Tom-my, can you hear me?

Tom-my, can you hear me?
Tom- my, can you hear me?

Tom- my, can you hear me?

Tom- my, can you hear me?

Can you, can you, can you hear me?

How can he be saved?
IT'S A BOY

Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND

Moderato

Captain Walker didn't come home, His

un-born child will never know him.

Believe him missing with a number of men, Don't expect to see him again.
It's a boy! Miss-us Walker,

It's a boy! It's a boy!

Optional falsetto

Miss-us Walker, It's a boy! A

son! A son! A son!
YOU DIDN'T HEAR IT
(1921)

Moderato

Got a feel-ing twen-ty-one is gon-na be a good year. Especially if you and me see it in to-
geth-er.

Got a feel-ing twen-ty-one is gon-na be a good year. Especially if you and me see it in to-
geth-er.

So you think twen-ty-one is gon-na be a good year. Especially if you and me see it in to-
geth-er.

Could be good for me and her, but you and her not nev-er.

Es-pec-ially if you and me see it in to-geth-er.

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I've got no reason to be over optimistic. But somehow when you smile, I can brave bad weather.

What about the boy? What about the boy? He saw it all. You didn't hear it, you didn't see it. You won't say nothing to no one ever in your life, You nev-er
heard it, How absurd it all seems without any proof. You didn't hear it, you didn't see it. You never heard it, not a word of it! You won't say nothing to no one, Never tell a soul what you know is the truth. bad weather.

(Sing last time only) What about the boy?
AMAZING JOURNEY

Moderato

[Music notation]

Verse 1:
Deaf, dumb and blind boy, He's in a quiet vibration land.

Strain as it seems, his musical dreams ain't quite so bad.

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Ten years old, with thoughts as bold, as thought can be,
Nothing to say, and nothing to hear, and nothing to see,
Loving life and becoming wise in sim-

Each sensation make a note in my

CHORUS

pli-ci-ty.
sym-pho-ny.

Sick-ness will surely take the mind where

minds can't usu-al-ly go.

Come on the Am-az-ing Jour-ney And

learn all you should know.

A vague { His
haze of delirium creeps upon me, All at once, a tall stranger I

eyes are the eyes that transmute all they know, Sparkle warm crystal-line

suddenly see. He's dressed in a silver-sparked glittering gown. And his

glances to show. He is your leader, He is your guide. on the Am-

golden beard flows nearly down to the ground, Amazing journey, together we'll ride.
CHRISTMAS

Words and Music by PETER TOWNSHEND

Did you ever see the faces of the children? They get so ex-

round-ed by his friends, he sits so si-

lent-ly, and un-

aware of
ci-

ted.

an-
y-

thing.

Wak-ing up on Christ-

mas morn-

ing,

Play-

ing po-

x-y pin-

ball, picks his

hours be-

fore the win-

ter sun's ig-

ni-

ted,

nose, and smiles and pokes his tongue at ev-

ry-

thing:

They be-

lieve in dreams and all they mean, in-
clud-ing Heav-en's gen-

er-

os-

it-

y.

I be-

lieve in love, But how can men who've never seen light be en-
light-

ened?
Peeking 'round the door to see what parcels are for free, in curiosity.
Only if he's cured will his spirit future ever lessen.

And Tommy doesn't know what day it is. He doesn't know who Jesus was or what praying is. How can he be saved from the eternal grave? Surely? 
Cousin Kevin

Words and Music by
JOHN ENTWISTLE

Moderately

We're on our own,

Cousin, All alone,

Let's think of a game to play

Now the grown-ups have all gone away.

You won't be much fun, being blind, deaf and dumb,

But I've no one to play with today.

Do you know how to play hide and

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seek? To find me, it would take you a week, But tied to that chair you won't go any-where. There's a lot I can do with a freak. 

1. How would you feel if I turned on the bath; Would

ducked your head under and started to laugh? What would you

change your expression to one of a harm. I'll drag you a-

do if I shut you outside To stand in the rain and catch
round by a lock of your hair, Or give you a push at the
cold so you died?
top of the stairs.

I'm the school

bully, The classroom cheat. The nastiest play-friend you

ever could meet. 1. I'll stick pins in your fingers And tread on your

2. I'll put glass in your dinner And spikes in your

feet, seat,
THE ACID QUEEN

Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND

Fairly Bright (in 4)

If your child ain't all he should be now. This
girl could put him right. I'll show him what he could be now, Just give me, one.

night. I'm the gypsy, The Acid Queen. Pay before we

start. The gypsy. I'm guaranteed to tear your soul a-part.

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Give us a room— and close the door; Leave us for— a while. Your
boy won’t be a boy— no more; Young, but not a child,— I’m the

_gypsy, The_Acid Queen_Pay before we start._ The
_gypsy,_ I’m guaran-teed_to tear your soul a-part._
Gather your wits and hold on fast, Your mind must learn to roam,
Just as the gypsy queen must do, You're gonna hit the road.
My work is done, now look at him, He's never been more alive, His head, it shakes, his fingers clutch, Watch his body writhe.
I'm the gypsy,
The Acid Queen,
Pay before we start.
I'm the gypsy, I'm guaranteed to break your little heart.
DO YOU THINK IT’S ALRIGHT?

Words and Music by PETER TOWNSHEND

Do you think it’s all-right to leave the boy with uncle

Er-nie? Do you think it’s all-right?

He’s had a few too man-y to-night, I think it’s all-right.

Do you think it’s all-right, Yes, I think it’s all-right.

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Moderato

I'm your wicked Uncle Ernie, I'm glad you won't see or hear me as I fiddle about,

fiddle about, fiddle about! Your mother left me here to mind you, Now I'm doing what I want to,

Fiddling about, fiddling about, fiddle about. Down with the bed clothes,
up with your night-shirt! Fiddle about, fiddle about, fiddle about!

You won't shout as I fiddle about, Fiddle about,
PINBALL WIZARD

Words and Music by PETE TOWNSHEND

1. Ever since I was a young boy
   I stands like a statue, he-comes
   Ain't got no dis-tractions, can't

4. He's been on my fav'-rite tab-le,

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played the sil-ver ball; From So-ho down to Brigh-ton I
part of the ma-chine, Feel-in' all the bump-ers,
hear no buz-zes and bells, Don't see no lights a-flash-in'!
He can beat my best, His dis-ci-ples lead him in And

must have played 'em all But I ain't seen noth-in' like him in
al-ways play-in' clean, Plays by in-tu-i-tion, the
plays by sense of smell, Al-ways gets a re-play
he just does the rest, He's got cra-zy flip-pin' fin-gers,

an-y amuse-ment ball. That deaf, dumb and blind kid
dig-it coun-ters fall nev-er seen him fall, nev-er seen him fall,

To Coda

sure plays a mean pin-ball,
1. He's a pin-ball wizard there has to be a twist, A
3. I thought I was the bod-er-able king, But

pin-ball wizard, got such a sup-ple wrist
I just handed my pin-ball crown to him.

1.2.

How do you think he does it?

3. D.S. at Coda

What makes him so good? 2. He

ball.
THERE'S A DOCTOR (I'VE FOUND)

Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND

Moderato

There's a man I've found could bring us all joy,
There's a doctor I've found could cure the boy,
A doctor I've found can cure the boy.

There's a man I've found could remove his sorrow,
He lives in this town, let's see him tomorrow.
Let's see him tomorrow.

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GO TO THE MIRROR BOY

Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSEND

Moderately Slow

He seems to be completely unresponsive,

Chords:

Often wonder what he is feeling;

E B A
E B A
E B A
E B A

The tests I gave him showed no sense at all.

As we:

His eyes react to light, the dials detect it.

E B A
E B A
E B A
E B A

Look at him now, in the mirror, dreaming.

Chords:

What is happening in his head?

Chords:

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See me, feel me, touch me, heal me.

I've kicked him, rubbed him, hit him, licked him,
There is no chance, no un-tried op-er-
His eyes can see, his ears can hear, his

loved him; Ev-ry-thing in vain to let him know,
-a tion; All hope lies with him and not with me,
lips speak; All the time the need-les flick and rock,

I'm No ma-
here, my son, your dad, I wait for your sign,

And in my heart, frustration over-

ag-ine thought the shock from iso-la-tion

When he sud-den-ly can hear and speak and

-chine can give the kind of stim-u-la-tion

needed to re-move his in-ner

flows.

see.

block.

D.S. al Coda

Go To The Mirror, boy!

Go To The Mirror, boy!

Listen-ing to you,

I get the mu-sic; Gaz-ing at you,
I get the heat. Following you, I climb the mountain; I get excitement at your feet!
Right behind you, I see the millions; On you, I see the glory. From you, I get inspiration; From you, I get the story.
What is happening in his head?

I wish I knew; I wish I knew.
TOMMY CAN YOU HEAR ME?

Words and Music by PETER TOWNSEND

Fairly Bright

Tommy, can you hear me? Can you feel me near you?

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SMASH THE MIRROR

Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSEND

You don't answer my call, with even a nod or a wink, But you gaze at your own reflection. (All-right) You don't seem to see me. But I think you can see yourself. How can the mirror affect you?

Can you hear me, or do I surmise that you fear me? Can you feel my

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tem-per rise, rise, rise, rise, rise, rise, rise, rise,

rise, rise, rise, rise, rise? Do you hear or fear, or

do I smash the mirror? Do you hear or fear, or

(tacet) rubato

do I smash the mirror?
SENSATION

Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND

1. I o-v-e-r-w-h-e-lm as I a-p-p-r-o-a-c-h you, Make your lungs hold breath
2. wor-ship me and all I to-u-ch Ha-zy ey-Ed they

in-si-de! catch my glance!
Lovers break cars-

ress-es for me Love en-hanced when I've gone by,
Shake their sens- ses, My warm mo-men-tum throws their stance.

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CHORUS

You'll feel me com-ing,
A new vi-bration.

From a-far you'll see me,
I'm a Sen-sa-tion

They soon you'll see me,
Can't you feel me?

Send your trou-bles danc-ing,
I know the an-swer,
I'm com-ing,
I'm coming,
I'm a sensation.

leave a trail of rooted people, mesmerized by just the sight.

The few I touched now are disciples, love as one, I am the light.

Repeat ad lib and fade-out
SALLY SIMPSON

Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND

Moderately

Outside the house Mister Simpson announced that Sally couldn't go to the meeting. He

went on cleaning his blue Rolls-Royce, and she ran inside a weeping. She

got to her room and tears splashed a picture of the new Messiah. She

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picked up a book of her father's life, and threw it on the fire. (1. 2. 4. 6.) She


corner

knew from the start deep down in her heart. That she and Tommy were worlds apart.

But her mother said, "Never mind, your part is to be what you'll be."

2. The crowd went crazy as Tommy hit the stage. Little
3. She ar- crowed went crazy as Tom- my left the stage. Lit-tle
5. Her
Verse 2. The theme of the sermon was "Come unto me, and love will find a way,"
So Sally decided to ignore her dad, and sneak out anyway.
She spent all afternoon getting ready, and decided she'd try to touch him.
Maybe he'd see that she was free, and talk to her this Sunday.
She (To 2nd Chorus)

Verse 3. She arrived at six and the place was swinging to gospel music by nine.
Group after group appeared on the stage, and Sally just sat there crying.
She bit her nails looking pretty as a picture, right in the very front row,
And then a D.J. wearing a blazer with a badge ran on and said "Here we go!"
The (3rd Chorus)

Verse 4. But soon the atmosphere was cooler as Tommy gave a lesson;
Sally just had to let him know she loved him and leaped up on the rostrum;
She ran across the stage to the spot-lit figure, and touched him on the face;
Tommy turned around as a uniformed man threw her off the stage.
She (To 4th Chorus)

Verse 5. Her cheek hit a chair and blood trickled down mingling with her tears,
Tommy carried on preaching and his voice filled Sally's ears.
She caught his eye, she had to try, but he couldn't see through the lights.
Her face was gashed and the ambulance men had to carry her out that night.
The (To 5th Chorus)

Verse 6. Sixteen stitches put her right, and her dad said, "Don't say I didn't warn yer!"
Sally got married to a rock musician she met in California.
Tommy always talks about the day the disciples all went wild.
Sally still carries a scar on her cheek to remind her of his smile.
She (To 6th Chorus)
I'M FREE

Words and Music by PETER TOWNSEND

Moderately

I'm Free!
Free!

freedom tastes of reality.
waiting for you to follow

me.

If I told you what it takes to reach the highest high,
You'd

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laugh, and say "Noth-ing's that sim-ple."

But you've been told many times be-fore, Mess-

-i-ahs pointed to the door., No one had the guts to leave the tem-ple!

I'm

Free!

I'm

Free!

And free-dom

tastes of re-al-i-ty.

I'm Free!

I'm
Free!
And I'm waiting for you to follow me.

Falsetto

How can we follow?
How can we follow?

Oh!
WELCOME

Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND

Moderately

Come to my house,

Be one of the com-fi-ble peo-ple.

Lov-e-ly bright home, We're
drink-ing all night, nev-er sleep-ing.

Milk-man, come in!

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in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.
And you, la-ker, little old la-dy, Wel-come, And you, shoe-make-er, Come to this house,

In-to this house,

Come to this house,

Be one of us.

Make this your house,

Be one of us.

You can help col-lect some more in; Young and old peo-ple, let's get them all in!

Welcome - 5
Come to this house;  
In - to this house.

Poco Più Mosso

Ask a-long that man who's wear-ing a car-na-tion, Bring ev'ry sin- gle per - son from Vic-

tor - i-a Sta-tion. Go in-to that hos - pi-tal and bring the nars-es and pa-tients.
Tempo I

Everybody go home and fetch their relations.
Come to this house, Be one of the comfortable people.

Lovely bright home, Drinking all night never sleeping.

(Spoken) Excuse me, sir, there's more at the door. There's (Song)

more at the door, There's more at the door, There's more at the door, There's more!
We need more room; Build an extension. A colorful palace. Spare no expense, now, Come to this house,

Be one of us.
Come into this house,
Be one of us.

Come to this house;

In to this house.

(Spoken) Welcome!
TOMMY'S HOLIDAY CAMP

Words and Music by
KEITH MOON

Brightly

"Good morning, campers!" I'm your Uncle Ernie and I

welcome you to Tommy's Holiday Camp.

The camp with a difference.
Never mind the weather, when you come to Tommy's.
The holiday's forever!
WE'RE NOT GONNA TAKE IT

Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND

Fairly Bright (In Four)

Welcome to the camp, I guess you all know why we're here.

My name is Tommy, and I became aware this year.

If you want to follow me, You've got to play pin-ball, And

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put in your ear plugs, Put on your eye shades, You know where to put the cork!

Hey, you, gettin' drunk, so sorry, I've got you sussed!

Hey, you, smokin' mother nature, This is a bust! Hey, hung up old

Mister Normal, Don't try to gain my trust, 'Cause you ain't gonna follow me
an-y of those ways, Al-though you think you must,  

We’re Not Gon-na Take It!  
(Whispered)

We’re Not Gon-na Take It!  
We’re Not Gon-na Take It!

Optional fatsetto

We’re Not Gon-na Take It!  
We’re Not Gon-na Take It!

It; Nev-er did, and nev-er will.  

We’re Not Gon-na Take It...
It; Gon-na break it! Gon-na shake it! Let's for-get it, bet-ter

still!

Now, you can't hear me, Your ears are tru-ly sealed,

You can't speak ei-ther, 'Cause your mouth is filled,
You can't see nothing, and pin-ball completes the scene. Here comes Uncle Ernie to guide you to your very own machine.

We're Not Gonna Take It! We're Not Gonna Take It!

We're Not Gonna Take It! We're Not Gonna Take It!
We're Not Gonna Take It; Never did, and never will.

Don't want no religion, And a far as we can tell

We ain't gonna take you; Never did, and never will.

We're not gonna take you, We for-sake you! Gonna rape you! Let's for-
SEE ME, FEEL ME

(Finale from We’re Not Gonna Take It)

Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND

See me,

feel me,

touch me,

heal me.

See me,

feel me,

touch me,

heal me.

See me,

feel me,

touch me,

heal me.

See me,

feel me,

touch me,

heal me.
Listening to you I get the music; Gazing at you I get the heat; Following you I climb the mountain; I get excitement at your feet! Right behind you I see the millions; On you I see the glory; From you I get opinions; From you I get the story.
"Among these more sophisticated is The Who, and they've written a rock opera called "Tommy," as yet unstaged but when that is done and it would be pretty silly ... to do it ... the excitement will leave such half-hearted rock operations as "Hair" and "Your Own Thing" to the Nehru-jacketed audiences they deserve."

Martin Gottfried
WOMEN'S WEAR DAILY

"In rating overall performance, The Who have come up with a precedent setting album. It is something that is done extremely well in all aspects. We can hope for a full dramatic production of it. Perhaps "Tommy" will lead to a new area of musical expression. It certainly has combined the classical form of the opera with the musical form of contemporary rock. That's the first stop."

Stu Ginsburg

Deaf Dumb and blind boy
He's in a quiet vibration land
Strange as it seems his musical dreams
Ain't quite so bad.
Ten years old
With thoughts as bold as thought can be
Loving life and becoming wise
In simplicity.
Sickness will surely take the mind
Where minds can't usually go.
Come on the amazing journey
And learn all you should know.
A vague haze, delirium
creeps up on me.
All at once a tall stranger I suddenly see.
He's dressed in a silver sparked
Glittering gown
And His golden beard flows
Nearly down to the ground.
Nothing to say and nothing to hear
And nothing to see.
Each sensation makes a note in my symphony.
Sickness will surely take the mind
Where minds can't usually go.
Come on the amazing journey
And learn all you should know.
His eyes are the eyes that
Transmit all they know.
Sparkle warm crystall... glances to show
That he is your leader.