Lazy Days

Words and Music by
Robert Williams and Guy Chambers

Capo 3

Lazy days
Crazy days

calling to you
but you'll get me through

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come out to play,
and here I'll stay.

the future lies with you,
holding on to you.

now you can be sure
love is the cure,
what we're searching...

now you can be sure
our thoughts are pure,
we'll unlock the...

for it is to have
a jolly good time.

doors and we will have
a jolly good time.

It can happen in any season,
we don’t need a-ny re-a-son to sit a-round and wait.

The world could change in a sec-ond so I find the sun-shine bec-kins me to o-pen up the gate

and dream

and dream.

La-zy days don’t let them get... you... down.
wear a smile
I don't wanna see you

frown,
don't let them get you down. It can happen in any season,

we don't need any reason to sit around and wait.

The world could change in a second so I find the sunshine beckons me to open up the gate
and dream
then you will have
a jolly good
time.
Life Thru a Lens

Words and Music by
Robert Williams and Guy Chambers

\[ j = 82 \]

Wake up on Sunday morning, everything feels so boring,

is that where it ends with your life thru a lens?

double-time feel

Hair is a new hat, brown is a new black, she shouldn't wear this, she shouldn't wear that,

pleasure and leisure, make mine a double measure with friends.

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Fashion Tardis down in quovardis, who laughs the longest who tries the hardest,
pleasure and leisure, make mine a double measure with friends.

Just because I ain't double-barreled don't mean I haven't travelled well.

can't you tell.

Oh no it's quite appalling
your conversation's boring as hell,

WAKE UP ON SUNDAY MORNING,

Mix with the local gentry and don't crash Tarquin's Bentley

is that where it ends

I'll take offense with your life thru a lens,

AND NOW YOUR BOYFRIEND'S SUSPICIOUS

you're scared of the poor and needy so go home and wash the dishes

and why you're all inbreed-y,
and wash them well
they're just like you
so he can't tell.

She's looking real drab just out of rehab,
I'm talking football, she's talking Ab Fab,
your clothes are very kitsch just because your daddy is rich,
you

sound so funny with your voice all plummy, now your cheque's just bounced, better run to your mum and you
know it's a class act, she'll ne-ver ask for it back.

Just be-cause I ain't dou-ble bar-reled don't mean I have-n't trav-elled well.

Can't you tell.

they need love too.
Wake up on Sunday morning,
And now your boyfriend's suspicious,
ev-erything feels so boring,
go home and wash the dishes.

is that where it ends
and wash them well
with your life through a lens
so he can't tell.

Faster
Ego A Go Go

Words and Music by
Robert Williams and Guy Chambers

\( \text{Capo 1 N.C.} \)

\( J = 136 \)

Where were you... when you stole... my pride, did you ever get the feeling that some... make you laugh when I... played the clown and was... I... the dog that bit you when you...

8 Where were you... when the party ended, were you sticking up the rooms that you thought... break your heart when I... stole your thunder, was there woodworm in the table your feet... one's died...

Hide away in your ivory tower and

might need mending...

are under...

Break it nicely, break it slow,

Wonderland has crashed to the ground, the

Break it nicely, break it slow.

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cover me in your golden shower. Did I break it so I got no place to go.
circus is gone, all that's left is the clowns. Did I break it so I got no place to go

E - go a go go now you've gone solo,

living on a memory,

where you been lately and now you've gone slowly and

do you still hate me, could you offer an apology

yes, you do hate me, could you offer an apology
Ah turn away,

ah fade to grey.

CODA

D.Si al Coda

fade to grey, to grey, to grey.

Ah I hope you've
Angels

Words and Music by
Robert Williams and Guy Chambers

\( \text{E} \)

\( \text{Asus2} \quad \text{A} \quad \text{Cfm/A} \quad \text{B} \)

\( \text{Asus2} \quad \text{A} \quad \text{Cfm/A} \)

\( \text{B} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{A} \)

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_un - fold._
So when I'm lying in my bed thoughts
running through my head and I feel that love is dead,
I'm loving angels instead.

And through it all she offers me protection,
a lot of love and affection
whether I'm right or wrong. And down the waterfall wherever it may take
me, I know that life won't break me, when I come to call she won't forsake

me, I'm loving angels instead.

When I'm feeling weak and my pain walks down a one way street,

I look above and I know I'll always be blessed
And through it all, she offers me protection, a lot of love and affection.

Whether I'm right or wrong. And down the waterfall wherever it may take me,

I know that life won't break me, when I come to call she won't forsake me,

I'm loving angels instead.
South of the Border

Words and Music by
Robert Williams and Guy Chambers

\[
\begin{align*}
G & \quad C \\
G & \quad C \\
G & \quad C \\
F & \quad G7 \\
C7 & \quad G7 \\
G7 & \quad C7 \\
C7 & \quad G7 \\
\end{align*}
\]

Goes a little something like this: I know a freak-y young lady name of Cocaine Kar-ty, she

\[
\begin{align*}
G7 & \quad C7 \\
G7 & \quad C7 \\
\end{align*}
\]

makes my temper-ature freeze, she's got a blood red pow-der, when she gives a shout she'll

ci-ty soon for-gets, to me it's ma-gic, to the land-lord it's trag ic, he's

\[
\begin{align*}
F & \quad Am7 \\
G7 & \quad C7 \\
\end{align*}
\]

bring you to your knees. Well we were be-ing cle-ver play-ing God games for-ev-er she

got an-oth-er room to let. There'll be the same old fa-ces in the same old pla-ces where my

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said she only meant to please, but I'm someone's brother, got a father and a mother, you youth was well mis-spent. But I tow the line and move in time to a

F Am7 Em C

know I'm gonna have to leave, south of the border, town called 'No Regrets', south of the border,

I think you ought-a, south of the border, I think you ought-a, 'cos you

G C Fadd9 C G C

know you're gonna have to leave to a place where you can breathe
and you know there's no

re

prieve.

There'll be

yea, yea, yea,

oooh, oh, oh, yea,
Old Before I Die

Words and Music by
Robert Williams, Eric Bazilian,
and Desmond Child

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well these are strange days we're liv-ing in to-day, c'est la vie I say. I hope I'm old

these are strange days we're liv-in' in to-day, am I straight or gay? I hope I'm old

__ before I die, ___

before I die, ___

I hope I live

I hope I live

to re-live the days gone by, ___

to see the day the Pope gets high, ___

I hope I'm old ___

be-fore I die, ___
well tonight I'm gonna live for today

so come along for the ride, I hope I'm old before I die.
Well these are strange days we're living in today,
c'est la vie I say, I say, I say. I hope I'm old before I die,
I hope I live to relive the days gone by.
I hope I'm old before I die,

well tonight I'm gonna live for today so come along for the ride,

I hope I'm old before I die.

repeat to fade

I hope I'm old before, old before I die.
One of God's Better People

Words and Music by
Robert Williams and Guy Chambers

You're one of God's better people and you don't know, that's why you're special and I must cry so I can talk like this from my downbeat existence and I hurt to see your favourite man lose himself again and again and I know that you can make my wish, if my wish is pure but I don't know, I just don't know, know that you're my only friend from way back when my wish was pure, it was oh so

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Em7
pure,
I don't know,
it was pure,
let me love you so.
I couldn't love you more.
Now I can't
Now I can't

G
D/F# Em Em/D Cadd9 Cmaj7 Cm
live this without you,
I'd die without you,
without you,

Am7 F
with-out you.
You're one of
Now I can't

Gsus4
G
D7sus4
live this without you,
I'd die without you,
without you, without you.

everybody's gonna step aside as you spread your wings and you will fly and

take me to the other side where they know 'cos I don't know

no more, I just don't know no more, I don't know, let me love you so.
G

Now I can't live without you, I'd

Cm

die without you, without you.

Now I can't

2.

with-out you. You're one of God's better peo-

ple and you don't know, that's why you're special.
Let Me Entertain You

Words and Music by
Robert Williams and Guy Chambers

\[ \text{F} \]
\[ \text{A7/F} \]
\[ \text{Bm/F} \]

\( \text{F} \)

Hell is gone and heaven's here, there's nothing left for you to fear,
Life's too short for you to die so grab your self an alibi

\( \text{Bm/F} \)

shake your arse come over here, now scream,
heaven knows your mother lied, mon cher.

\( \text{F} \)

I'm a burning effigy of
separate your right from wrong.

everything I used to be you're my rock of compassion, my dear.
come and sing a different song, the kettle's on so don't be long, mon cher.

So come on

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let me entertain you.

Look me up in the yellow pages, I will be your rock of ages, your

see through fads and your crazy phases, yeah.

Lit-tle Bo Peep has lost his sheep, he
popped a pill and fell asleep, the dew is wet but the grass is sweet my dear.

Your mind gets burned with the habits you've learned, but we're the generation that's
He may be good he may be outta sight but he can't be here so come a-

got to be heard, you're tired of your teachers and your school's a drag, you're
-round to-night here is the place where the feeling grows, you

not going to end up like your mum and dad, So come on let me

got ta get high before you taste the lows, So come on
D. \( \text{al Coda} \)

Coda

1. F
2. F
3. F

Let me entertain you.

Come on, come on, come on, come on,
come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on.

Let me entertain you, let me entertain you.
I don't mind
They all say

I'm too restless,
it fills in time when I'm

not much use but it's killing me,
when you're defenceless and they're killing me,
killing me slowly,

There was a time when we were fine
and I could tolerate you.

I do believe that you should leave
'cos I've grown to hate you.

Should I be weak and turn my cheek
'cos I'm scared to fall,
but I just don't know you, and you don't know me at all,

I've been told that love's a celebration but

I don't mind feeling blue,

I've lost faith through frustration and it's killing me,

I could smile just like you do, and it's killing me,

killing me slowly.
You paint my picture black,
I can't go on alone
the joke's on me and
pretending nothing.

I don't wanna laugh,
remember the good times,
maybe I just want

won't you bring them back someday somehow
some day somehow

some how

Oh, oh, oh.
There was a time

when crazy days would start with wine
and when I would dread what I had said,

now I tow a different line,
walking up in someone's bed, I wonder who I was.
and use my loaf instead of my bread and stroll on

naked and cold, with an ache in my head, and stroll on

'cos it's gone to my head, my vision's all blurred and my legs

feel like lead. But I'm clean, yeah, friends with Mister Sheen,

friends with Charlie Sheen,
yeah, don't have to wean myself off of nothing, I'm yeah, gonna meet the Queen yeah, she's

two minutes clean and that's not very of ten, stroll on.
two minutes clean and that's not very of ten, stroll on.

There was a time

and on.
Clean, yeah, friends with Mr. Sheen, yeah, don't have to wean.
clean, yeah, gonna meet the Queen, yeah, I won't be obscene.
Baby Girl Window

Words and Music by
Robert Williams and Guy Chambers

I've got your rainbows, seen your

sunbeams,

I know a place where heaven breathes and it's through her

window,

your baby girl's window.

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I know you're happy where you are,
Peop-le say you were gone too soon,
Sing-ing to the moon, talk-ing to the
							
stars
wars bloom
through her
through her

your ba-by girl's

There's fin-ger marks a-round
I'm look-ing for the words

win-dow

her soul
to say

but your laugh-ter fills the hole
through her
window,
your baby girl's window.

Ah I wish you'd stay,

ah to see what she made of herself.

CODA

D.§ al Coda

something to take the pain away through her
Ah I wish you'd stay,

ah to see what she made of her-self.