Disney - Pixar

CARS

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REAL GONE

Words and Music by SHERYL CROW and JOHN SHANKS

Moderately fast

C Ebsus2 F5

I'm American made, Bud Light
driving this road for a might-

C Ebsus2 F5

Chevrolet, long time, My mamma taught me wrong from the right.

C Ebsus2 F5

Well, this neighborhood's changed; sometimes I

* Recorded a half step lower.

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have a big mouth. When I see something that I don’t like,
rearranged. We left that change somewhere behind.

(Spoken:) I gotta say it.
Well, we been

Slow down, we’re

gonna crash. Baby, you were screamin’ it’s a blast,
new cat in town, he's got high paid friends, thinks
he's gonna change history. You think you know him so well, yeah, you think he's so swell, but he's just perpetuating prophecy. Come on now.
Slow down, we're gonna crash. Baby, you were scream-in' it's a blast.

blast, blast. Well, look out, you've got your blinders on. Everybody's looking for a way to get real gone.

Real
Cm/Bb   Cm
\[ \text{gone.} \]

Cm/Bb   F
\[ \text{Harmonica solo ad lib.} \]

C   Eb\(_5\)   B♭\(_5\)   F\(_5\)
\[ \text{Solo ends} \]

C   Eb\(_5\)   B♭\(_5\)   N.C.
\[ \text{Well, you can say what you want, but you can't} \]
say it 'round here, 'cause they'll catch you and give you a whippin'.

Well, I believe I was right when I said you were wrong.

You didn't like the sound of that, now did ya?

Slow down, we're gonna crash. Baby, you were screamin' it's a blast.
— blast, blast. —

Well, look out, you’ve got your

blinders on. Everybody’s looking for a way to get

— real gone. —

Well, here I come, and I’m so not scared; got my ped-

al to the metal, got my hands in the air. —

Well, look out, you take your
blinders off. Ev'rybody's looking for a way to get real gone, real gone.

Ooh. Real gone.

Real gone.
ROUTE 66

By BOBBY TROUP

Moderately fast Blues (\(\frac{4}{4}\))

\[\text{C7} \quad \text{G7}\]

\[\text{Am7} \quad \text{D7\#5(b9)} \quad \text{G6/9} \quad \text{Am9} \quad \text{D7\#5(b9)}\]

If you ____________

\[\text{G9} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{G7}\]

________ ever plan ______ to motor West,

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travel my way, take the highway, that's the best...

Get your kicks on Route Sixty six...

It winds to Chi-

cago to L.A., more than
two thousand miles all the way.

Get your kicks on Route Sixty six.

Now you go through Saint Louie,

Joplin Missouri, and Oklahoma City looks mighty pretty. You'll
C7
see Am - a - ril - lo,
G9
Gal - lup, New

C#dim7
Mex - i - co,
Am9
Flag - staff, Ar - i - zon - a.
Ab9
Don't _ for - get Wi - no - na,

G6
King - man,
Bb6
Bar - stow,
Am9
San Ber - na - di - no. Won't you _
Ab9
get hip_

C7
_to this time - ly tip,
G7
when you make_
that California trip.

Get your kicks on Route Sixty six.

Get your kicks on Route Sixty six.
Life's like a road that you travel on, when there's one day here and the next day gone. Sometimes all these cities and all these towns, it's in my blood and it's all around. I love...
you bend and sometimes you stand. Sometimes you turn your back to the wind. There's a world
you now like I loved you then. This is the road and these are the hands. From Mo-

outside ev'ry darkened door, where blues won't haunt you any more. Where the
zam-bique to those Mem-phis nights, the Khy-ber Pass to Van-cou-ver's lights.

brave are free and lovers soar, come ride with me to the dis-tant shore.
Knock me down, get back up again, you're in my blood. I'm not a lone-ly man.

We won't hes-i-tate. Break down the gar-den gate.
There's no load I can't hold. Road so rough, this I know.
Life is a highway. I wanna ride it all night long.

Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme yeah. If you're going my way,

I wanna drive it all night long.

There was a distance between you and I.
There ain't no load that I can't hold. Road so rough, this I know. I'll be there when the light comes in. Just tell 'em we're survivors. Life is a highway.

I wanna ride it all night long. Yeah yeah yeah yeah. If
you're going my way, I wanna drive it all night long.

Gim-me, gim-me, gim-me, gim-me yeah. Life is a highway. I wanna ride it all night long.

If you're going my way, I wanna drive it all night long.

Gim-me, gim-me, gim-me, gim-me yeah.

Repeat and Fade
BEHIND THE CLOUDS

Moderate Western Swing ($\frac{4}{4}$)

When you're feeling lonely,
lost and let down,
this too shall pass.

Words and Music by BRAD PAISLEY
and FRANK ROGERS

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dark skies are following you around,
bad times neither one lasts.

and life’s just one big shade of gray.
But thinking that your luck won’t ever change.

is like wondering if you’ll

see the light of day. once it starts to rain.}

Behind the
(1, 3.) clouds
(2.) Guitar solo ad lib.

_e-__
Be-lieve me, e-ven though you can’t quite make it out.

You may not see
Fiddle solo ad lib.

_the sil-ver lin-ing, but there’s a big blue_
sky waiting right behind the clouds.

Solo ends I've heard it

Yeah, there's a big blue sky waiting

right behind the clouds.
OUR TOWN

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

Moderately slow, in 2

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{D} & \text{G/D} & \text{D} & \text{G/D} \\
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{D} & \text{A7(no3rd)} \\
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{D} & \text{G/D} \\
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{D} & \text{G/D} & \text{D} \\
\end{align*} \]

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@lejandro
Bb\dim \hspace{1cm} Gm/A \hspace{1cm} D \hspace{1cm} Dmaj7(no3rd)

G/D \hspace{1cm} Dmaj7(no3rd) \hspace{1cm} G/D

D \hspace{1cm} A \hspace{1cm} D \hspace{1cm} Em/D

Long a go, but not so very long ago.

D \hspace{1cm} G \hspace{1cm} A

the world was different, oh yes,
it was. You settled down and you

built a town and made it there and you watched it grow.

It was your town.
Time goes by and time brings changes, and you change too.

Nothing comes that you can't handle, so on you go.

You never see it coming when the world caves in on you, on
your town.

There's nothing you can do.

Main Street isn't Main Street any more.

Lights don't shine as bright.

As they've shone before.

No one seems to meet us like they did before.
To tell the truth, lights don't shine at all.
It's hard to find a reason left to stay.

But it's our town.

Sun comes up each morn-
- ing, just like it's always done.

Get up and go to work and start the day.

You open up for business;

it's never gonna come as the world rolls by, a
million miles away.

CODA Gmaj9

We love it anyway.

Come what

may, it's our town.

rit.

a tempo

Dmaj7(no3rd)

G/D

rit.
SH-BOOM
(Life Could Be a Dream)

Words and Music by JAMES KEYES,
CLAUDE FEASTER, CARL FEASTER,
FLOYD McRAE and JAMES EDWARDS

Moderately bright

Hey non-ny ding dong a-
lang a-lang a-lang. Boom ba-doh, ba-doo-ba-doo.

Life could be a dream, (sh-boom,) if I could take you up in paradis[e] up above, (sh-
boom.) If you would tell me I’m the only one that you love, life could be a dream, sweet-heart. Hel-lo, hel-lo a-gain, sh-boom, and hop-in’we’ll meet a-gain. Oh, life could be a dream. (sh-

boom, if only all my precious plans would come true, (sh-boom.) If you would let me spend my whole life lov-in’you, life could be a dream, sweet-heart.
Ev'ry time I look at you, something is on my mind.

If you'd do what I want you to, baby, we'd be so fine.

Life could be a dream, (sh-boom) if I could take you up in paradise up above, (sh-boom).

If you would tell me I'm the only one that you love, life could be a dream, sweet-
MY HEART WOULD KNOW

Moderately

G7

mf

C

I could say it's over now. I could give you all the blame, but I was glad to see you go. sure the truth would show. I could hate you for the way I found a new love; my lips could tell a lie but my heart would

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Words and Music by
HANK WILLIAMS

@lejandro
It's a sin to make me cry.
I can't fool my cryin' heart.

I know, I know.
I love you so.

'Cause it knows I need you so.

I could tell my heart that I don't miss you;
I'm glad we parted;

My lips could tell a lie but my heart would know.
My lips could tell a lie but my heart would know.
FIND YOURSELF

Moderately slow, in 2

When you find
take your

When you find
make your

in some far-off place
and it
in a brand-new town
and you
that you’ve been waiting for,
and she’s

Words and Music by
BRAD PAISLEY

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find your self...
And when you

Yeah, that’s when you find your self.
Well, you go_

to Coda

through life so sure of where you’re head-

ing, and you wind up lost, and it’s the
best thing that could have happened. 'Cause

sometimes when you lose your way, it's real-

ly just as well, because you

A

find yourself, yeah, that's when you find yourself.
Solo ends When you
Yeah, that's when you find
yourself...
And we go
through life so sure
of where we’re headed, and then we
wind up lost, and it’s the best thing could have hap-
pened. And sometimes when you lose your way, it’s real-
ly just as well, because you
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