Bad Moon Rising

By
J. C. FOGERTY

Moderately

I see a bad moon arising.
I hear hurricanes blowing.
Hope you got your things together.

I see trouble on the way.
I know the end is coming soon.
Hope you are quite prepared to die.

I see earthquakes and lightnin'.
I fear rivers overflow ing.
Looks like we're in for nasty weather.

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I see the bad times today.
I hear the voice of rage and ruin.
One eye is taken for an eye.

Don't go 'round tonight, it's bound to take your life.

There's a bad moon on the rise.

D.S. al Coda
Bootleg

By

J. C. FOGERTY

Moderately Bright

CHORUS

Boot-leg, Boot-leg;
Boot-leg, Haw-da.

(Optional 8 basso throughout)

VERSE

Take you a glass of wa- ter,
And make it a-gainst the law.
Find-in' a na-tu-ral wo- man,
Like hon-ey to a bee.
Su-zy may-be give you some cher- ry pie,
But Lord, that ain't no fun.
But you don't buzz the flower, When you ain't look-in' cause you

you don't buzz the flower, When you ain't look-in' cause you

know you'd rather have it on the run.

know you'd rather have it on the run.

CHORUS

Boot-leg, Boot-leg;

Boot-leg, Haw-da.

Boot-leg, Boot-leg;

Boot-leg, Haw-da.
Now, when I was just a little boy, standin' to my Dad-dy's knee,

My pop-pa said, "Son, don't let the man get you and do what he done to me."
VERSE 2 & 3

I can re-mem-ber the fourth of Jul-ly,

Wish I was back on the Bay-ou.

Run-nin' through the back-wood, bare.
Roll-in' with some Ca-jun Queen,

And I can still hear my old hound
Wish-in' I were a fast

dog bark-in', Chas-in' down a hoo-doo there.
freight train, Just a choog-lin' on down to New Or-leans.

To Coda

Chas-in' down a hoo-doo there.

Born On The Bay-ou;

CHORUS
Born To Move

Fairly Bright (In Four)

Ev'-ry-day I'm gon-na strut that stuff._
When the mu-sic's loud I can't
g

get e-nough. Sing-in' hi, sing-in' hi,
Come on feet, Teach your-self to

move._
People shuf-f'lin' up and down a-gain._
Un-hap-py fac-es ain't gon-na get you in. Sing-in' hi, sing-in' hi, sing-in' hi, come on, people, Teach your-self to move.

Come on feet, We was Born To Move. Spread the news, we're go-in' have some fun. Let it go, movin' son-of-a-gun. Sing-in' molto rit.
Chameleon

Moderately Bright (In Four)

By J. C. FOGERTY

You took me runnin' up a wrong way street.

When we got there, you said, "Can't you read?"

I must be blind, but now and then I see

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Another number where mine used to be.

CHORUS
You keep on changin' your face, like a Chameleon.

You keep on changin' your face, like a Chameleon.

VERSE
I say what's up, and then you say it's down.
I see triangles, and you say it's round, round, round.

Saw an empty glass; you said it's full.

Lord, it's so hot, then you come on cool, cool.

Repeat ad lib. and fade
Commotion

By

J. C. FOGERTY

Briskly

1. Traffic in the city turns my head around.
2. People keep a talkin', they don't say a word.
3. Hurryin' to get there so you save some time.

No, no, no, no, no.
Jaw, jaw, jaw, jaw, jaw.
Run, run, run, run, run.

Backed up on the freeway,
Talk up in the White House,
Rushin' to the treadmill,

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backed up in the church,
talk up to your door,
rushin' to get home,

Ev'rywhere you
So much goin'
Worry 'bout the

look there's a frown, frown.
I just can't hear.
time you save.

Com, commotion,

Git, git, git, gone.

Com, commotion,

Git, git, git gone.

Com, commotion,
Cross-Tie Walker

By
J. C. FOGERTY

Moderately Bright

mf

\[ \text{I went down to the station,} \]
\[ \text{Just to} \]

out from the platform,
There was

sand in my pocket,
You know I

see me a comin',
Don't you

\[ \text{Take a ride,} \]
\[ \text{No brass band} \]

no ain't tied down,

waste my time

\[ \text{I went down to the station,} \]
\[ \text{Just to} \]

I pulled out from the platform,
No body

Ain't no sand in my pocket,
Ne'er

If you see me a comin',
Don't you

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take a ride,
raise a hand,
do sit down,
waste my time,

Found myself on a flatcar,
And there were no tears of regret
I'm just a cross-tie walker,
'Cause there's more miles between us

yes-ter-day behind,
run-a-way train,
freight trains run,
San-ta Fe Line.

1. 2. Pull-in' 3. Got no 4. If you
Don't Look Now

By J. C. FOGERTY

Fairly Bright

Who will take the coal from the mine?
Who will work the field with his hands?

Who will take the salt from the earth?
Who will put his back to the plough?

Who'll take a leaf and grow it to a tree?
Who'll take the mountain and give it to the sea?

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Don't Look Now, it ain't you or me.

Don't Look Now, someone's done your starvin';

Who will make the shoes for your prayin' too.
Who will take the coal from the
feet?
mines?

Who will make the clothes that you
Who will take the salt from the

wear?
earth?

Who'll take the promise that

you don't have to keep?
Don't Look Now, it ain't you or

me.
me.
Brightly

Find me out a-walk-in', time the whistle starts a-callin',
Here's my latest sample; like to show you how to use it.

Maybe stoppin' early, knockin' at your door,
First, you pull the curtain while I spread some here.
Take so long to wipe the surface

answer, Lord knows it ain't the milkman,
Could be stoppin' early, sellin'
gently, try to use a circle motion,
Safe for all your problems, and my

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To Door It's fair, this stuff 'll get the stain out if you see it loosely wadded; This here 'll take the pain out and won't mess your hair.

Place your order early 'cause you know I'm in a hurry; Your

To Coda

neighbor's in her doorway, won't you sign right here. Man is on the
last train, all that work and no play, Could be stop-pin' early, knock-in' at your door,
Time for me to head on; pack my kit and

'So long; Catch you bright and early sell-in' Door To Door. This

sign right here, Place your order early 'cause you know I'm in a hurry,

Your neighbor's in her doorway, won't you sign right here.
Down On The Corner

By J. C. FOGERTY

Brightly in Two (A la Calypso)

VERSE

Ear-ly in the ev-en-in', just a-bout sup-per time,
Roos-ter hits the wash-board and peo-ple just got to smile,
You don't need a pen-ny just to hang a-round,

O-ver by the court-house they're
Blink-y thumps the gut-bass and
But if you've got a nick-el, won't you

start-ing to un-wind
Four kids on the cor-
so-lo for a while.
Poor-boy twangs the rhy-
lay your mon-ey down?
Over on the cor-

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ner trying to bring you up.
Willy picks a tune.

thm out on his kalama-soo.
Willy goes into

ner there's a happy noise.
People come from all

out and he blows it on the harp.

a dance and doubles on kalamoo.

a round to watch the magic boy.

CHORUS

Down On The Corner, out in the street, Willy and the Poor-boys are

play-in'; Bring a nickel; tap your feet.
Last night I saw a fire burning on the palace lawn.

O'er the land the humble subjects watched in mixed emotion.

Who is burnin'? Who is burnin'?
E-fi-ty
Who is burn-in'?
Who is burn-in'?

E-fi-ty
Last night I saw the fire spread-in' to
last night I saw the fire spread-in' to

the palace door.
the countryside.
Silent majority
In the morning

weren't keepin' quiet few were left to see an-y-more, the ashes die...
Feelin' Blue

Moderately Slow

By
J. C. FOGERTY

VERSE

Hey, look over yon-der out in the rain,
Soak-in' wet fever in my brain.

Now, I ain't cer-tain which way to go,
But I got to move, sure. Feel-in'

CHORUS

Blue, blue, blue, blue, blue. Feel-in' Blue, blue, blue, blue, blue. Feel-in'

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Blue, blue, blue, blue, blue. I'm Feelin' Blue. I'm Feelin' Blue.

Last Time

Blue, I'm Feelin' Blue. I'm Feelin' Blue. I'm Feelin' Blue. I'm Feelin' Blue.

2. Hey, look over yonder, behind the wall, They're closin' in I'm about to fall.  
   Now I'm no coward, but I ain't no fox, Feel it in my bones, my book is due.  
   (Repeat Chorus)

3. Hey, look over yonder, up in the tree, There's a rope hangin' just for me.  
   Without a warnin', without a warnin', Things are rollin' up to break me down.  
   (Repeat Chorus)

4. Hey, look over yonder, out in the street, People laughin' by, walkin' easy.  
   Now, I'm no sinner, but I ain't no saint. If it's happy, you can say I ain't.
Fortunate Son

By
J. C. FOGERTY

Moderately bright (in Four)

VERSE
Some folks are born made to wave the flag,
Some folks are born silver spoon in hand,
Some folks inherit star span gled eyes,
Ooh, they're red, white and blue.
Lord, don't they help themselves.
Ooh, they send you down to war.

"Hail to the chief," They point the cannon right at you.
comes to the door, Lord, the house looks like a rummage sale.
"How much should we give?" They only answer More! more! more!

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It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no senator's son.

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate one.

I ain't no fortunate one. It ain't me,

it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one.

Repeat ad lib. and fade out
Get Down Woman

Moderately Blues

Well, Get Down Wo-man,
slow down, ba-by,
be-fore I have to go,
and gim-me a lit-tle time.

Well, Get Down Wo-man,
slow down, ba-by,
be-fore I have to go,
and gim-me a lit-tle time.

You know, ya hurt me with your bad mouth,
An' I just don't wan-na
If you want me hang-in' 'round,
Got-ta give me some

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Well, get back, woman,

before you bring it down.

Well, now, get back, baby,

before you bring it down.

Or you can

tell it to the wall, without me hangin' around.
Gloomy

By
J. C. FOGERTY

Moderately
NC

Some people laugh in the dark,
Some people count your money,
And

Some people cry alone,
Some one is countin' your days,

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Brothers' ll make you look side-ways, Father's' ll make you look back.

And when you're done talk-ing, you still got to shoot, and ev'-ry-thing turns out Gloom-y.
Graveyard Train

By
J. C. FOGERTY

Moderately

On the highway,

Thirty people lost their lives.
2. I had some words to holler, And my Rosie took a ride.

3. In the moonlight, See the Greyhound rollin' on.

4. In the moonlight, See the Greyhound rollin' on.

5. Flyin' through the crossroads, Rosie ran into the Hound.

6. For the graveyard, Thirty boxes made of bone.

7. For the graveyard, Thirty boxes made of bone.

8. Mister Undertaker, Take this coffin from my home.

9. In the midnight, Hear my cryin' out her name.

10. In the midnight, Hear me cryin' out her name.

11. I'm standin' on the railroad, Waitin' for the Graveyard Train.

12. On the highway, Thirty people turned to stone.

13. On the highway, Thirty people turned to stone.

14. Oh, take me to the station, 'Cause I'm number thirty-one.
Have You Ever Seen The Rain?

Moderately

VERSE

Someone told me long ago,
There's a calm before the storm, I know.

And it's been comin' for some time,

When it's over, so they say,
It'll rain a sunny day, I know.
Shinin' down like water.

CHORUS
I want to know, Have you ever seen the rain?
I want to know, Have you ever seen the rain

To Coda
comin' down on a sunny day.

Have You Ever Seen The Rain-3-2
Yes-ter-day, and days be-fore, Sun is cold and rain is hard I know;

Been that way for all my time 'Til for-ev-er, on it goes

Through the cir-cle, fast and slow I know; And it can't stop I won-der.

D.S. al Coda

Have You Ever Seen The Rain-3-3
Hey, Tonight

By

J. C. FOGERTY

Moderately

Hey, To-night,

Gonna be to-night,

Don't you know I'm fly-in' To-night, to-

night,

Hey, Hey, c'mon,

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Gonna chase tomorrow tonight, tonight,
Gonna hear the sun tonight, tonight,

Gonna get it to the rafters,

Watch me now. Jo-dy's gonna get re-ligion

All night long. long.

Hey, Tonight-3-2
Hey, to-night, Gonna be to-night, Don't you know I'm flyin' Tonight, tonight. Tonight, tonight.

Repeat ad lib. and fade

Hey, Tonight-3-3
I Heard It Through The Grapevine

Words and Music by
NORMAN WHITFIELD and
BARRETT STRONG

Medium Rock

Oo__ Bet you're won-d'ring how I knew 'bout your__ plans__

_ to make me blue with some oth-er guy__ that you knew be-_fore
two of us guys; you know I love you more. Took me by sur-
prise, I must say, when I found out yesterday.

Oo, I heard it through the grapevine, not much longer

er would you be mine. Oo, I heard it through the grapevine,
and I'm just about to lose my mind. Honey, honey, yeah.

You know that a man
People say you're half.

ain't sup-pose to cry but these tears I can't hold in-side.
of what you see na, na, now from what you hear.

Los-in' you ends my life it seems, 'cause you mean-
I can't help be-in' con-fused if it's true,

I Heard It Through The Grapevine - 3
that much to me.
won't you tell me dear?
You could have told me your self.
Do you dare let me go?

that you found someone else.
Other guy like to do before.
Oo, I

heard it through the grapevine,
not much long-

Repeat and fade

I Heard It Through The Grapevine - 4
Wish I Could) Hideaway

Moderately

Fairly bright

a tempo (slowly)

Gm

Howdy, friend, beggin' your pardon, is there some-thin' on your mind?

You've gone and sold all your belongings, is that some-thing in your eye? Well, I
Know you nev-er rea-lly liked the way it all goes down; Go on, Hide-a-way.

What's that you say? We're all bound for the grave-yard; Oooh, I wish you well.

Think it's gon-na rain, oh, what's the dif-ference.

Is there some way I can help? 'Cause you know, I'm gon-na miss you when you're
gone, Oh, Lord, Wish I Could Hide away.

Hold on, give your-self a chance, I can hear the leav-in' train.

All a-board! Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye, Oooh, I wish you

well. See you soon, maybe to-morrow. You can nev-er

Hideaway-4-3
'Cause you know I'm gonna miss you when you're gone,
Oh, Lord,

Wish I Could Hide-away,
Hide-away,
Hide-away,
Hide-away,

Hide-away,
Hide-away,
Hide-away,
Hide-away,

Repeat ad lib, and fade

Hideaway 4-4
It Came Out Of The Sky

Fairly Bright (in 4)

By

J. C. FOGERTY

Oh, It Came Out Of The Sky, landed just a little south of Moline.

Jody fell out of his tractor, couldn't believe what he seen.

Laid on the ground and shook, fear-in' for his life.
Then he ran all the way to town, screamin' "It Came Out Of The Sky."

2. Well, a crowd gathered 'round, and a scienc-news papers came, and made Jo-

tist said it was marsh gas, dy a nation-al he-ro.

Spi- ro came and made a speech about rais-ing the Mars tax. Wal-ter and E- ric said they'd put him on a net-work T. V. show.
The Vatican said, "Woe, the Lord has come."
The White House said, "Put the thing in the Blue Room."

Hollywood rushed out an epic film.
Vatican said, "No, it belongs to Rome."

And Ronnie the Popular said,
And Jo-dy said, "It's mine and you can't have it for seventeen million.

3. The

It Came Out Of The Sky - 3-3
It's Just A Thought

By
J. C. FOGERTY

Moderately

It's just a thought...

but I've noticed some-thin' strange, get-tin' hard-er to ex-

plain; All the years are pass-in' bye and bye, still I don't know what makes it
go; who said to wait and you'll see?

It's just a thought -

but I wondered if you knew that the song up there is

but the word has come too late that a bad idea will

To Coda

They can't take it from you if you don't give it away;

just about a lifetime to explain, and don't you see,

don't give it away;

(It's given a-
It's just a thought...

good one's gon-na be much long-er; who's gon-na wait, just to see?
Keep On Chooglin'  

By  
J. C. FOGERTY  

Moderately  

Keep on Chooglin', Keep on Chooglin',  

Keep on Chooglin', Chooglin', Chooglin'.  

Maybe you don't understand it, But if you're a natural man,
You got to ball and have a good time—And that's what I call Chooglin'.

For Repeats

Last time

Keep on Chooglin',

Keep on Chooglin',

Keep on Chooglin',

Keep on Chooglin', Chooglin', Chooglin'.

2. Here comes Mary lookin' for Harry,
   She gonna choogle tonight.
   Here comes Louie, works in the sewer,
   He gonna choogle tonight. (Chorus)

3. If you can choose it, who can refuse it,
   You gotta choogle tonight.
   Go on, take your pick, right from the git go,
   Y'all be chooglin' tonight. (Chorus)
Lodi

Moderately

Just about a year ago ______ I set out ______ on the road, ______
man from the magazine ______ Said I was ______ on my way ______

Seekin' my fame and fortune, ______ Lookin' for a pot of gold, ______ Things got bad, ______ and
Some-where I lost connections, ______ Ran out of songs to play, ______ I came into town, a

things got worse, ______ I guess you ______ know the tune, ______ Oh! Lord, Stuck in Lod- i a-
one night stand ______ Looks like my plans fell through ______ Oh! Lord, Stuck in Lod- i a-

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Rode in on the Greyhound, I'll be walkin' out if I go.

If I only had a dollar, for every song I've sung.

I was just passin' through, must be seven months or more.

And every time I've had to play while people sat there drunk.

Ran out of time and money, Looks like they took my friends.

You know, I'd catch the next train back to where I live.

Oh Lord! I'm stuck in Lodi again.

Oh Lord! I'm stuck in Lodi again.
Very Slow

Put a candle in the window,

'Cause I feel I've got to move,

Though I'm going,

going, I'll be coming home soon,

'Long as I can see the light.
Pack my bag and let's get mov-in',
'Cause I'm bound to drift a while.
When I'm gone, gone, you don't have to worry,
'Long as I can see the light,
Guess I've got that old trav-lin' bone,
'Cause this feel-in' won't leave me a lone.
But I won't, won't be los-in' my way, 'Long as I can see the light...

Put a candle in the window,

'Cause I feel I've got to move...

Though I'm going,

Repeat and fade

going,

I'll be com-in' home soon, 'Long as I can see the light.
I'm lookin' for a reason to stay.

I'm lookin' for a reason not to go.

But when the morning comes, I'll be on my way.
Ev'ry night I ask myself again
Yes-ter-day I tried once more to find
what it was that made our dream begin.
It way to share the trou-ble on my mind.

Seemed like a good idea a way back then.
But I'm won-d'rin' now what seems like you turn a way ev'ry time.
I used to like it here, but

Day-dream took me in.
I'm why.
I'm

Lookin' For A Reason-3-2
CHORUS

look'in for a rea-son to stay.

all wound up and tied in knots to-day.

look'in for a rea-son not to go.

mor-ning comes I'll be on my way.

Lookin' For A Reason-3-3

Fade out on repeat of Chorus
Lookin' Out My Back Door

Moderately Fast

Just got home from Illinois,
Giant doing cartwheels, a statue wearin' high heels.
Forward troubles Illinois,
lock the front door, oh boy!

Got to sit down, take a rest on the porch.
Look at all the happy creatures dancing on the lawn.

Look at all the happy creatures dancing on the lawn.

Just got home from Illinois,
Giant doing cartwheels, a statue wearin' high heels.
Forward troubles Illinois,
lock the front door, oh boy!

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doo, look-in' out my back door. There's a door.

Tam-bou-rines and el-e-phant are play-ing in the band. Won't you take a ride

on the fly-in' spoon?

Won-drous ap-pa-ri-tion pro-vi-ded by ma-

Both-er me to-mor-row, to-day I'll buy no gi-cian.
sor-rows.

Doo, doo, doo, look-in' out my back door.

06281-2-2
Molina

By
J. C. FOGERTY

Moderately Bright (In Four)

Mo - li - i - i - na, where you go - in' to? Mo -

Mo - li - i - i - na, where you go - in' to?

She's
daugh - ter to the may - or, Mess - in' with the sher - iff, Driv - in' in a blue car, She don't see no red light, Mo -
VERSE

com-in' in the morn-in' Look-in' a dis-as-ter, Driv-in' in the prowl car, Spent the night in jail. Mo-

CHORUS

li-i-i-in, where you go-in' to? Mo-
Li-l-i-i-na, where you go-in' to?

VERSE

Sher-iff gonn-a go far Driv-in' to the state house, If she makes a mill-ion, Pa-pa can re-tire. Mo-

CHORUS

Li-l-i-i-na, where you go-in' to?

Repeat ad lib. and fade
Moderately Slow

1. The sun came up, and pushed away the coffee's cold, it's gonna have to
clouds.

Do.

I

Stumbled back to my room, really don't know how.
My feet are shot, feelin' hungry too.

won't wake up 'til this afternoon.
People don't have a thing to say.

Been out walkin' all night again.
Feel your dignity slip away.

Won't wake up 'til this afternoon.

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Far from home, it's just begun.
Waste of time, 'cause there's nothing new.
Give out the warm, it comes back cold. Oh,

God, I need someone to hold.
2. The
Give out the warm, it comes back cold. Oh, God, I need someone to hold.

3. A
city nice as this, one should be kind.
It pushed me down—really don't know
When I wake up this afternoon, another day to make it through,

Might get lucky and find a dime. Things don't change; gonna give up tryin'. Give out the warm, it comes back cold.

Oh God, I need someone to hold.

Give out the warm, it comes back cold.

Repeat ad lib & fade
Pagan Baby

By J. C. FOGERTY

Moderately, with a strong Four Beat

Pa-gan Ba-by, won't you walk with me?
Pa-gan Ba-by, Let me make your name.

Pa-gan Ba-by, Come on home with me.
Drive it, ba-by, Drive your big love game.

Pa-gan ba-by, Take me for a ride.
Pa-gan ba-by, What you got, I need.
Roll me, ba-by,
Don't be sav-in',
Roll your big, brown eyes,
Spread your love on me.

Pa-gan Ba-by,
Now won't you rock with
Pagan baby,

me?

Lay your love on me.

Pagan Baby -3-3
Penthouse Pauper

By

J. C. FOGERTY

Moderately

Now, if I was a brick-lay-er,
I would-n't build just an-
y-
thing;

If I was a ball play-
er,
I would
\text{-}n't play no sec-

And if I were some jew-l'ry, ba-
by;
Lord, I'd have to be a dia-

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VERSE

3. If I was a gambler, You know I'd never lose,
   And if I were a guitar player, Lord, I'd have to play the blues
   (Remainder of 3rd verse: Instrumental)

4. If I was a hacksaw, My blade would be razor sharp.
   If I were a politician, I could prove that monkeys talk.
   You can find the tallest building,
   Lord, You know I'd have the house on top.

5. I'm the Penthouse Pauper; I got nothin' to my name.
   I'm the Penthouse Pauper; I got nothin' to my name.
   I can be most anything,
   'Cause when you got nothin' it's all the same.
Porterville

By
J. C. FOGERTY

Moderately

It's been an awful long time since I been home, But you won't catch me goin' back down there alone.

Things they said when I was young are quite enough to get me hung. I don't care! They

came and took my Dad a-way to serve some time, But it was me that paid the debt he left behind.

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Folks said I was full of sin, because I was the next of kin. I don't care! I don't care!

Folks were out one night to put me up a fence, And you can guess that I've been runnin' ever since.

Ain't no one that's 'bout to help, but I'll keep on, I tell myself. I don't care!

Repeat ad lib and fade-out

don't care! don't care! I don't care! I don't care!
Moderately (with a heavy beat)

VERSE

Left a good job in the city,
Cleaned a lot of plates in Memphis,
Workin' for the man every night and day,
Pumped a lot of pain down in New Orleans,
And I never lost one minute of sleepin',
Worried 'bout the way things might have been,

But I never saw the good side of the city,
Until I hitched a ride on a river boat queen.

CHORUS

Big wheel keep on turnin',
Proud Mary keep on burnin',
Roll-

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Verse

If you come down to the river,
Bet you gonna find some people who live.

You don't have to worry 'cause you have no money,
People on the river are happy to give.

Coda

Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river.
Ramble Tamble

By
J. C. FOGERTY

Brightly (in 2)

Repeat 4 times

Move, Down the

road I go.

There's

mud in the water,

garbage on the sidewalk,

Roach in the cellar,

Highways in the back yard,
Bugs in the sugar,
Police on the corner,
Mortgage on the home,
Mortgage on the car,
Mortgage on the

There's

Move,
down the

road I go.

They're
selling independence, Actors in the White House, Acid indi-
gestion, Mortgage on my life, Mortgage on my life.

Move, down the

Cause C

Keep repeating and fade

road I go.
Fairly Slow (In Two)

By J. C. FOGERTY

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Run Through The Jungle

By

J. C. FOGERTY

Medium Tempo

CHORUS

run through the jungle,

Bet-ter run through the jungle,

Verse

Cm

1. Thought it was a night-mare,

Lo, it's all so true,

They told me, "Don't go walk-in' slow—

'Cause Devil's on the loose."

Bet-ter

Chorus

run through the jungle,

Bet-ter run through the jungle,

Bet-ter

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run through the jungle, Woa, Don't look back to see.

VERSE

2. Thought I heard a rumblin' Call-in' to my name,

Two hundred million guns are loaded Satan cries, "Take aim!" Better

CHORUS

run through the jungle, Better run through the jungle, Better
run through the jungle,
Woa, Don't look back to see.

VERSE

Over on the mountain
thunder magic spoke,

"Let the people know my wisdom,
fill the land with smoke."

CHORUS

run through the jungle,
Better run through the jungle,
Better

Keep repeating ad lib and fade out

run through the jungle
Woa, Don't look back to see.

06042-3-3
Moderately Bright (in 4)

Lock the door—sun's a-fall-in'. Poke the fire—don't let the cold in. Gonna try to

To Coda

sail away from the rest of my life. Found a boat to make the break in.

Filled with hope 'bout the step I'm tak-in'. Gonna try to sail away from the
Spent a long time listening to the captain of the sea,

Shoutin' orders to his crew; No one hears but me.

Cast away, tide's a runnin'. Hoist the sail, strong wind's comin'.

Gonna try to sail away from the rest of my life.
Spent a long time listening to the captain of the sea.

Shout in' orders to his crew: No one hears but me.

Gonna try to sail away from the rest of my life.
Moderately Bright (In Four)

Woke up early feelin' light, (_Shame, it's a shame._)

Somebody got to me last night, (_Shame, it's a shame._)

Sat down for a friendly duel, (_Shame, it's a shame._)
Poor-mouth Henry turned on me, (_Shame, it's a shame._)

With

Said,

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one-eyed jacks 'n' jokers, too, (Shame, it's a shame.)
"Boy, I'm gonna pick you clean." (Shame, it's a shame.)

CHORUS

Ooh, sailor man, (Shame, it's a shame.)

Ooh, sailor man. (Shame, it's a shame.)

Henry said, "Don't you mess that pile,"
it's a shame.

Had three acres 'n'

he had five.

(Shame, it's a shame.)

Ooh, sailor man.

(Shame, it's a shame.)

Ooh, sailor man.

(Shame, it's a shame.)

Repeat ad lib. and fade

Sailor's Lament 3-3
Sinister Purpose

Moderately

When the sky is gray
Burn away the goodness;
and the moon is hate
You and I remain.

I'll be down to get you,
Did you see the last war?
Roots of earth will shake.
Well, here I am again.

Sinister Purpose
Knockin' at your door;
Come and take my
I can set you free,
Make you rich and
- se.
We can live for - ev - er;
Look in - to my

D. S. al Coda

eyes.
Someday Never Comes
Words and Music by J. C. FOGERTY

Moderately Bright (In Four)

1. First thing I remember is asking papa,
(2.) time and tears went by and I collected
(3.) then, one day in April,
the year I wasn't even

1. First thing I remember is asking papa,
(2.) time and tears went by and I collected
(3.) then, one day in April,
the year I wasn't even

(4.) think it was September, I went a-

"Why?"
dust,
there,
way,

"Why?"
dust,
there,
way,

For there were many things I didn't
For there were many things I didn't
For there were many things I didn't
For there were many things I didn't

know.
know.
know.
know.

And daddy always smiled;
When daddy went away,
A son was born to me;
And I still see him standing,
he said, "Try to be a man,
Mama held his hand,
try'rin' to be a man;

Say-in', "Some day
And, Some day
say-in' "Some day
I said, "Some day

you'll understand."
Well, I'm

here to tell you now each and ev'ry mother's son that you better learn it fast:
you

to Coda

bet-ter learn it young, 'Cause, 'Someday':
Never Comes.
Sweet Hitch-Hiker
Words and Music by J. C. FOGERTY

Moderately Bright (in 4)

VERSE

1. Was Rid-in' a-long-side the high-way,- Roll-in' up the coun-try-side,
2. (Cruis) in' on thru the junc-tion,- I'm fly-in' 'bout the speed of sound,
3. (Was) bust-ed up a long the high-way,- I'm the sad-dest rid-in' fool a-live.

Think -in' I'm the de-vil's heat-wave,- What you burn in your cra-zy mind?-
No -tic -in' pe-cu-liar func-tion,- Cain't no rol-ler coast-er show me down,-
Won-d'ring if you're go-in' my way,- Won't you give a poor boy a ride?

Saw a slight dis-trac-tion-
I turned a-way to see her,-
Here she comes a-rid-in-
Stand-in' by the road,-
Woa! she caught my eye,-
Lord, she's fly-in' high.

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She was smil-in' there, Yel-low in her hair;  
But I was roll-in' down, Mov-in' too fast;  
But she was roll-in' down, Mov-in' too fast;  
Do you wan-na, I was think-in'  
Do you wan-na, She was think-in',  
Do you wan-na, She was think-in',

CHORUS

Would you care,  
Can it last;  
Can I last.  
Sweet Hitch-(a)-Hi-ker,  
We could make mu-sic at the

Greas-y King,  
Sweet Hitch-(a)-Hi-ker,  
Won't you ride on my fast-

1.2.  
D. S. and fade-out on Chorus  
2. Cruis- ma-chine?  
3. Was ma-chine?
Take It Like A Friend
Words and Music by S. COOK

Moderately

VERSE

If may-be you'd move o-ver, gave some-one else a chance to try their luck;

In-

stead, you run up clos- er, try'n to grab a page be-fore they close the book.

CHORUS

It was o-ver'fore it start-ed, seemed so long when we be-gan, Hope you take it like a friend.

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It's a shame to see you cry in, wouldn't think to way back when.

VERSE

Looks like I'll never hear the end.
Thought you had the honor.

Took special pride in all your well laid plans.

Forgot about the others, we moved out toward the light, showin' empty hands.
CHORUS

It was over'fore it start-ed seemed so long when we be-gan,

Hope you take it like a friend. It's a shame to see you cry-in'.

would'n't think to way back when. Looks like I'll nev-er hear the end.

VERSE

Love to be the win-ner. Gath-er up your chips in time to cash 'em in.
We're all lookin' thinner, playin' cards too close for either

One to win, it was over before it started.

Seemed so long when we began, hope you take it like a friend. It's a

came to see you cryin', wouldn't think to way back when. Looks like I'll never hear the end.

Like A Friend-4-4

Repeat ad lib and fade
Tearin' Up The Country
By D. CLIFFORD

By D. CLIFFORD

1. Play'in' a pavilion on the outskirts of town,
   Play-in' where my roller derby rolls,

2. Mom and papa told me "Son, you gotta go to school;
   Only way to make the family proud."

3. Ran into a dry spell, seemed nowhere to go.
   Good luck turned the tide, I'm on my way.

part-time musician,
I paid no attention,

A nobody at the plant,
left my books at home,

member loadin' big trucks
when the summer sun was hot,

You

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Tear-in' Up The Country with a song.

Rather play my music real loud.

I'm

Tear-in' up the country with a song.

Tear-in' up the country with a song.
I paid no attention,
'Member loadin' big trucks when the summer sun was

home,
hot,
Rather play my music real
Know I could still be there, but I'm

1.8. loud.
not.

D. S. al Coda

not.

Coda

NC
The Working Man

By

J. C. FOGERTY

Moderately

Well, I was born on a Sunday;
I did something to her
What I got is

said I was bad,
I did something to her
What I got is

- ever you say,
- ever you say,

I was born on a Sunday;
Ma-ma said I was bad,

job,
head,
mine.

I was born on a Sunday;
What- ever you say,

By Thursday I was working out on the job.
I ain't

I did, something to her
head.

And 'Cause

Well, that's what I'm gonna do.
4. Every Friday, Well, that's when I get paid;
Don't take me on Friday, 'cause that's when I get paid.
Let me die on Saturday night, before Sunday gets my head.
Tombstone Shadow

By J. C. FOGERTY

Moderately

VERSE

Tomb-stone Shad-dow, stretch-in a-cross_ my path.
man,      3

Tomb-stone Shad-dow,
Said, I saw the gyp-sy man,

Ev-ry time I get some good news,
Five dol-lars on the ta-ble,

There's a shad-dow on my
do-o. Keep me 'way from my

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1. Saw the gypsy
2. Said I got thirteen months of bad luck,

Don't you do no trav-lin',
Fly in no mach-ines, Tomb-stone

---

I get some good news,
There's a shadow on my back.

VERSE 3

The man gave me a luck charm,
Cost five dollars more,
Said, "Put some on your pillow,
and put some on your door."
He said, "Take a long vacation,
for thirteen months or more."

REPEAT VERSE 1
Up Around The Bend

By

J. C. FOGERTY

Moderately

VERSE

1. There's a place up a-head and I'm go-in' Just as fast as my feet

---

Come a-way, come a-way if you're go-in',

---

Leave the sink-in' ship be-hind, Come on the ris-in' wind,
We're go-in' up around the bend,

2. Bring a song and a smile for the banjo,
   Better get while the get-

4. Catch a ride to the end of the highway
   And we'll meet by the big-

tin's good,

red tree,

Hitch a ride to the end of the highway
There's a place up ahead and I'm go-in'

Where the neon turn to wood,

Come along, come along with me,

Come on the ris-in' wind.
We're going up around the bend.

VERSE

3. You can ponder perpetual motion, Fix your mind on a crystal
Always time for a good conversation, There's an ear for what-


tal day, you say.

Keep repeating and fade out
Walk On The Water

By
J. C. FOGERTY

Moderato

Late last night,
Could-n't be-lieve,
I went for a walk,
with my own eyes,
And I

sware
I'll never leave my home again.

I saw a man walking on the wa-ter,
from the oth-er side.
Calling out my name;
"Do not be afraid."

Feet begin to run,
pounding in my brain;
I don't want to
go:
I don't want to go.

No, no, no,

no, a-no,
I don't want to go.
What Are You Gonna Do

by D. Clifford

Brightly

CHORUS

G

C

When you are alone, you come back cryin' and you want to go home; For someone forgettin' it seems like you're lettin' it take you away from me. Was your idea to pack Told you all the secrets that were mine, That you need, You said you had no The good things that I You told me things I

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life of your own
picked up over-time
wanted to believe
Movin' in was
Won't accept the
You know that leaving
not too hard to do
reason why you're here;
me would be wrong;
Ya got

second thoughts; you're gonna have to choose.
Talk things out; overcome the fear.
Stay with me; I'll help you to be strong.

CHORUS

What are you gonna do?
Forget about your mother and think

What Are You Gonna Do-3-2
- about you. For someone forgettin' it seems like you're lettin' it take

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<th>1.2.</th>
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Forget a-bout your mother and think a-bout you. For someone forgettin' it seems-

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<td>like you're lett-in' it take you a-way from me.</td>
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Repeat and fade

What Are You Gonna Do-3-3
WHO'LL STOP THE RAIN

Long as I remember
I went down Virginia

The rain been comin',
Seekin' shelter from the storm,
Caught up in the fallin',
Con- fusion on the ground.

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Good men through the ages, Tryin' to find the sun; chains.
Five year plans and new deals, Wrapped in golden
And I wonder, Still I wonder, Who'll Stop The Rain...

Heard the singers playin', How we cheered for more. The
crowd had rushed together,
Try-in' to keep warm.

Still the rain kept pour-in',
Fall-in' on my ears.

And I wonder, Still I wonder,
Who'll Stop The Rain.

Repeat and fade
Wrote A Song For Everyone

By

J. C. FOGERTY

Moderately

VERSE

Met my self a com in' coun ty wel fare line.
Got my self ar rest ed, Wound me up in jail.
Saw the peo ple stand in' thou sand years in chains.

I was feel in' strung out, Hung out on the line.
Rich mond bout to blow up, Com mu ni ca tion failed.
Some bod y said it's dif fer ent now, but look, it's just the same.

Saw my self a go in', down to war in June.
If you see the an swer, now's the time to say.
Pha roahs spin the mes sage, round and round the truth.
All I want, All I want is to write myself a tune.
They could have saved a million people, How can I tell you?

CHORUS

Wrote A Song For Ev'ry-one, Wrote a song for truth, Wrote A Song For

Ev'ry-one and I couldn't even talk to you.

Coda

cou-ou-ou-ouldn't even talk to you.

Wrote A Song For Everyone - 2