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RUN BABY RUN

Words and Music by
SHERYL CROW, BILL BOTTRELL
and DAVID BAERWALD

Moderately, with a "2" feel (\( \cdot \cdot \cdot \) = 112)

Verse 1, 2 & 3:

1. She was born in November, nine-teen six-ty-three, the day Al-dous Hux-
   run. 3. Instrumental solo...

And her ma-ma be-lieved
And stares hope-ful out the win-dow
at the

one could be free,
work-ers

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daddy marched on Birmingham,
searching through the stations
singing mighty protest songs.
And he

pictures all the places
where he knew that she'd belong.
And he

failed and taught her young smiles
the secret smile because she knows exactly how to carry

Run Baby Run - 4 - 2
Chorus:

He taught her how to run baby run, baby run,

So

run baby run, baby run, baby run, baby run.

Past the arms of the familiar, and their talk of better days to the
From their old familiar faces and their old familiar ways to the
comfort of the strangers
slipping out before it's over,
sos long.

1. B  E  E/A  2. B

Baby loves to run.

2. She

Ba-bby loves to

Coda B

So run ba-by run, ba-by run,

C#m7  G#m7  B

Repeat and fade

ba-by run, ba-by run._

So
LEAVING LAS VEGAS

By
SHERYL CROW, KEVIN GILBERT,
BILL BOTTERM, DAVID BAERWALD and DAVID RICKETTS

Moderately slow

No Chord

\[ \text{G} \quad \text{Csus2 G/B} \]

\[ \text{Dsus4/A} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{Csus2 G/B} \quad \text{Dsus4/A} \]

\[ \text{D} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{Csus2 G/B} \quad \text{Dsus4/A} \]

\[ \text{D} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{Csus2 G/B} \quad \text{Dsus4/A} \quad \text{D} \]

Life springs eternal

on a gaudy neon street...

well, not that I care at all.

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I spent the best part of my losing streak in an army jeep,
for what I can recall.

Oh, I'm bang-ing on my T.V. set,
and I check the odds a-gain,

and I place my bet. I pour a drink and I pull the blind.
I wonder what I'll find. I'm leaving Las Vegas,

the lights so bright, palm sweat, Black-jack on a Sat-ur-day night.

Leaving Las Vegas, Leaving for good,

for good, I'm leaving for good,

Leaving Las Vegas - 6 - 3
good. I'm standing in the middle of a desert, waiting for my ship to come in.

But no joker, no jack, no king can take this losing hand and make it win. I'm leaving Las Vegas.
I'm leaving Las Vegas,
Ve-gas,
for good,
for good.
Repeat and fade

for good. Leaving Las Ve-gas,
the lights so bright,
Verse 3:
Used to be I could drive up to Barstow for the night,
Find some crossroad trucker to demonstrate his might.
But these days it seems nowhere is far enough away,
So, I'm leaving Las Vegas today.
(To Chorus:)

Verse 4:
Quit my job as a dancer at the Lido des Girls,
Dealing blackjack until one or two.
Such a muddy line between the things you want
And the things you have to do.
(To Chorus:)

Leaving Las Vegas - 6 - 6
STRONG ENOUGH

Words and Music by SHYRL CROW, KEVIN GILBERT, BRIAN MACLEOD, DAVID RICKETTS, BILL BOTTRELL, and DAVID BAERWALD

Moderately fast \( \frac{1}{4} = 116 \)

D G Bm A D

G Bm A D G

Verses 1-4:

1. God I feel like ___ hell to_
2. Nothing's true and ___ nothing's
3. I have a face ___ can - not
4. When I've shown you that ___ just don't

Bm A D G Bm

night, the tears of rage ___ can - not fight.
right, so let me be a - lone to - night.
show, I make the rules up ___ as I go.
care. When I'm throw - ing punch - es ___ in the air.

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I'd be the last to help you understand.
You can't change the way I am.
It's try and love me if you can.
When I'm broken down and can not understand.

Are you strong enough to be my man?
Are you strong enough to be my man?
Are you man enough to be my man?
Will you be strong enough to be my man?

My man.
My man.
Chorus:

Lie to me,

I promise I'll believe.

Lie to me,
but please, don't leave.

D.C. al Coda

Coda

leave.
CAN'T CRY ANYMORE

Words and Music by
SHERYL CROW and BILL BOTTRELL

Moderately \( \text{\textcopyright} \) 96

\[ \begin{array}{cccccccc}
G5 & D5 & G5 & D5 & G5 & D5 & G5 & D5 & G5 \\
& & & & & & & & \\
\end{array} \]

\[ \begin{array}{cccccccc}
mf & & & & & & & & \\
& & & & & & & & \\
\end{array} \]

\[ \begin{array}{cccccccc}
D5 & G5 & D5 & G5 & D5 & G5 & D5 & G5 \\
& & & & & & & & \\
\end{array} \]

N.C.

\[ \begin{array}{cccccccc}
& & & & & & & & \\
& & & & & & & & \\
\end{array} \]

Verses 1-3:

\[ \begin{array}{cccccccc}
G5 & D5 & G5 & D5 & G5 & D5 & G5 & D5 & G5 \\
& & & & & & & & \\
\end{array} \]

1. Took your car
drove to Texas.

2. Money comes in,
but the fact is

3. (Instrumental solo...

Sorry honey,
not enough

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but I suspected we were through. And I can't cry anymore.

Since I left
Got a brother,
...end solo) Could be worse,

been feeling better 'cause
he's got real problems,
I could've missed my calling.

that's what you get
here in,
Sometimes it hurts

when you stay together too long
now there's
but when you read the writing on the
And I can't cry anymore.

Chorus:
Wouldn't it be good if we could hop a flight to anywhere.
Say so long to this life.

So much for pretending,
Can't Cry Anymore - 4 - 4
SOLIDIFY

Words and Music by
SHERYL CROW, KEVIN GILBERT,
BRIAN MACLEOD, KEVIN HUNTER, DAVID BAERWALD,
BILL BOTTRELL and DAVID RICKETTS

Moderately slow funk  \( \frac{\text{\textcopyright} 1993, 1995 WARNER-TAMERLANE PUBLISHING CORP. (BMI), OLD CROW MUSIC (BMI), WB MUSIC CORP. (ASCAP), CANVAS MATTRESS MUSIC (ASCAP), THIRD STONE FROM THE SUN MUSIC (BMI), RAMBLING BLAH MUSIC (BMI), TOOTHPASTE (BMI), ALMO MUSIC CORP. (ASCAP), ZEN OF INIQUITY MUSIC (ASCAP), IGNORANT MUSIC (ASCAP), 4611 (ASCAP)
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-ade of lofty thoughts. I guess you thought I'd shine good.

Chorus:
G7

doesn't and voices can drown.

morning in some good morning Jack surprise. Why should I, why should I, why should I.

why should I

why should I

B♭7(b9) A7(#5) G7

solidify? Make me real so.

Solidify - 3 - 2
B7(49)      A7(#5)        Dm9
you can see me.

2. I

me.

See me.

Repeat ad lib. and fade

See me so clearly.

Solidify - 3:3
THE NA-NA SONG

Moderately slow  \( \text{\( J = 80 \)} \)

Words and Music by

SHERYL CROW, KEVIN GILBERT, BRIAN MACLEOD,
DAVID RICKETTS, BILL BOTTRELL and DAVID BAERWALD

\[ \text{Verse 1 & 3:} \]

1. Vid-e-o count down, cy-ber phal-lic op-tics.
3. San-i-flush Bud-Bowl mak-in’ me sick cause

Pro-fi-gate talk shows scroug-ing for a top- ic.
Rock-a-buy Grav-y Train, cra-dle’s gon-na rock me.

an-y-bod-y in a hel-met looks just like a dick.
Stee-ly Dan Rather be a ham-mer than a nail.
The

Thir-ty-sev-en mil-lion’s what Lar-ry Par-ker got me.
World War Four-teen, my first So-ny.

Serbs, the Poles and the check’s in the mail.
Eat, sleep, die, lie re-cord la-bel

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Verse 1:

Beatles wrote the Nike song and called it macaroni. Billie Jean, Burger King, chauvinist pig-pen.

Gordon Liddy under the table, table table. Clarence Thomas organ grinder Frank Dileo's song.

Chorus:

U.S. Army only wants a few straight men. Maybe if I'd let him I'd've had a hit song.

Na na na na na na.

To Coda

Na na na na na na na na.

Verse 2:

2. Panama, Solo flex, Gen- u- flex Pope, what the world needs now is babies, guns and hope.
Guardian angel dust in the wind cries Mary. Wanna be Madonna but the price is too high, very.

Perfect rhythm Nazis in the pagan rhythm nation. Everybody's equal in the glow of radiation. Got to

four wheel drive and I park it in the driveway when I get drunk. I drive it on the parkway.

Gotta get a T.V. set for my car. Tonight's the Battle of the Network Stars.
NO ONE SAID IT WOULD BE EASY

Words and Music by
SHERYL CROW, KEVIN GILBERT,
BILL BOTTRELL and DAN SCHWARTZ

Slowly \( \frac{J}{J} = 80 \)  

\( \text{Verses 1-3:} \)

A
g D/F\#  

1. It's ob-viOUS... the trouble we're in...  
2. 3. See additional lyrics.

D

A

when your

G

D/F\#  

fa-ther pulls up... in a Mer-ce-des Benz.

D

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He says he just happened to be in the neighborhood.

But before he leaves, he slips the landlord the rent.

No one said it would be easy.
A

G D/F♯ D

-sy._

but no one said it'd be this hard._

A

G D/F♯ D

No one said it would be ea-

A

G D/F♯ D

-sy.

but no one thought we'd come this far.

To Coda ⊙1.

D.S. §12.
Well, sometimes I wonder who he's picturing
when he looks at me,
when he looks at me and smiles.
Oh, and look we’ve come this far.

Verse 2:
You say, “It’s just a question of eliminating obstacles,”
As you throw your dinner out the kitchen door.
You say, “I know how you try,
But honey, let’s eat out tonight.”
(To Chorus:)

Verse 3:
You can’t seem to ever fold up a shirt,
I bring it up and you think I’m a jerk.
But I think we’re here to stay
I can’t imagine any other way.
(To Chorus:)

No One Said It Would Be Easy - 5 - 5
WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU

Words and Music by
SHERYL CROW and DAVID BAERWALD

Moderate beat  $\text{\textbullet} = 112$

\[\text{Am7} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{F}\]

\[\text{G} \quad \text{Am7} \quad \text{D7}\]

\[\text{F} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{Gdim7} \quad \text{Am7}\]

\(\text{Verses 1 & 2:}\)

1. I'm so glad, you're awake,
2. See additional lyrics.
that you're not like the others,
'Cause they're so straight-laced

and no fun._
Gosh_ that's nice,

that linger-ie.
Makes me feel like,_
oh, I don't know.

Bridge:
Am7
D7
Am7

You're a very pretty thing___
you remind me of someone.
You've prob'ly heard some

What I Can Do for You - 5 - 2
awful nasty things about me but... I'm gonna be your man.

Chorus:
F7

What I can do for you, there's no one else on

God's green earth can do.

F7

What I can do for you, there's no one else on
God's green earth can do,
Just ask anybody,

they'll tell you that it's true,
There's no one else on earth can do

the things that I can do for you
For you, for you, (for you, for you,

for you, for you, for you, for you, for you.)
Verse 2:
You're never gonna make it,
All by yourself.
You're gonna need a friend,
You're gonna need my help.
I have so much to offer,
If you just be nice,
If you do what I say;
Don't make me say it twice.

Bridge 2:
Do you mind if I just,
Run my hand up thus.
Come on just my hand,
Come on just my hand.
You got to understand,
I'm gonna be your man,
I'm gonna be your man,
I'm gonna be your man.
(To Chorus:)
ALL I WANNA DO

Words and Music by
SHERYL CROW, WYN COOPER, BILL BOTTRELL,
DAVID BAERWALD and KEVIN GILBERT

Moderately \( \textit{j} = 116 \)

Spoken: Hit it! This ain't no disco. It ain't no country club either.

Verse 1:

This is L.A.

I. "All I wanna do is have a little fun before I die,"

says the man next to me out of nowhere...

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a-pro-pos of noth-ing. He says his name is Wil-liam, but I'm

sure he's Bill or Bil-ly or Mac or Bud- dy.

2. But he's

Verses 2 & 3:

plain ug-ly to me and I won-der if he's ev-er had

3. See additional lyrics.

____ a day of fun in his whole life.____

We are drink-ing beer at

All I Wanna Do - 8 - 2
noon on Tues-day in a bar that fac-es a gi-ant car wash. And the
good peo-ple of the world are wash-ing their cars on their lunch break,
hos-ting and scrub-bing as best they can in skirts and suits.

Bridge:

They drive their shin-y Dat-suns and Bu-icks
back to the phone company, the record store too...
Well, they're nothing like

Chorus:

Billy and me. 'Cause all I wanna do is have some fun.
I got a feeling I'm not the only one. All I wanna do is have some fun.

I got a feeling I'm not the only one. All I wanna
do is have some fun, un - til the sun comes up o-ver

San - ta Mon - i - ca Bou - l-e - vard._

San - ta Mon - i - ca Bou - l-e - vard._
Bridge:

A13

Bb13   A13

Oth-er-wise the bar is ours, and the day and the night and the
car wash too.

The match-es and the Buds and the
clean and dirty cars, the sun and the moon. But all I wan-na

D.S. al Coda

All I Wanna Do - 8 - 6
Coda

I've got a feeling the party has just begun. All I wanna do is have some fun,

I won't tell you that you're the only one. All I wanna do is have some fun,

until the sun comes up over Santa Monica Boulevard,
Verse 3:
I like a good beer buzz early in the morning,
And Billy likes to peel the labels from his bottles of Bud
And shred them on the bar.
Then he lights every match in an oversized pack,
Letting each one burn down to his thick fingers
Before blowing and cursing them out.
And he’s watching the Buds as they spin on the floor.
A happy couple enters the bar dancing dangerously close to one another.
The bartender looks up from his want ads.

(To Chorus:)
WE DO WHAT WE CAN

Words and Music by
SHERYL CROW, KEVIN GILBERT,
BILL BOTTRELL and DAN SCHWARTZ

Slowly \( \frac{4}{4} \)  = 120
Verses 1 & 2:

1. Down-stairs they’re play-ing Ken-ton,

2. Down-stairs he’s play-ing Ken-ton,

the house set to swing,

the Mag-na-vox sighs.

Am9

I lay in my bed and listen to ev-ry-thing.

But oh, how the mu-sic has changed in all

of our lives.

Am9

° Verse 3:

Am9

° Cause Leo’s in rare form to-night,

He says, “No-body listens

3. Down-stairs it’s quiet,

his trom-bone sings so sweet.

to mod-ern jazz,

less a-live some-how.

G9

E7(9)

E7(9)

G9

Am9

E7

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This is the room where they all come to meet.
and I'll nev-er have what those guys have."
Some-how he was ev-ry thing that I am now.

Chorus:
I do what I can,
I live for the mo-ment and that's who I am,
I do what I can,
I work for a liv-ing and that's who I am,
I do what I can,
I work for a liv-ing and that's who I am,

Yeah, that's who I am.
Yeah, that's who I am.
Yeah, that's who I am.

We Do What We Can - 6 - 2
And isn't it good,
And it's good to be alive,
And it's good to be alive,
If we could freeze moments in time we all would,
but every thing's different since Leo died,
and these are the choices we make to survive,

I do what I can,
I do what I can.

We Do What We Can - 6 - 3
A little faster

Is this the end of the modern world?
What could it mean for a young girl who
sees the pain in his face?
He does what he can.

The procession on the T.V. screen.
What could it possibly mean for a
man who's come this far
just to turn around?

Could there

still be life in Ken-ton's swing with the Ken-ney's gone and ev'-ry thing.

Those

sad rows of houses with their op-ti-mis-tic col-ors, dem-o-crats, grand-par-ents
draft dodging brothers, riots down the street, discontented mothers, we do what we can.

Coda

freely
we do what we can.

rit.
I SHALL BELIEVE

Words and Music by
SHERYL CROW and BILL BOTTRELL

Moderately slow  $ \frac{\text{d}}{\text{r}} = 104$

Verses 1 & 2:

E

A(9)

1. Come to me now

door

and lay your hands over me.

and show me your face to-night.

mf

E

C|m7

B

E - ven if it's a lie,

I know it's true,

say it will be all right,

no one heals me like you,

and I will be

lieve.

Broken in two,

Never again

I know you're

would I turn a

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on to me, way from you.
that I only come home I'm so heavy tonight,
when I'm so all alone. But I do believe...
right. And I do believe...

That not

everything is gonna be the way you think it ought to be.
It seems like

everytime I try to make it right it all comes down on me. Please say

I Shall Believe - 4 - 2
honestly you won't give up on me.

And I shall believe,

and I shall believe.

2. Open the

and I shall believe.
And I shall believe.  
I shall believe.  

Please say honestly you won't give up on me.  

and I shall believe.  
I shall believe.