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1. When you're walking down the street and a
(2.) running from a trick and you

try to get your business;

on a hit of acid;
people that you meet want to open you up like Christmas;
work for the man but your biggest money-maker's flaccid;
you gotta wrap your fuzzy with a big red bow, ain't
you gotta keep your shit together with your feet on the ground, there ain't

no some bitch gonna treat me like a ho. I'm a classy honey, kissy huggy,
no one gonna listen if you haven't made a sound. You're an acid junkie, college flunky,
'Cause you're love-y dove-y ghett-to princess!

'Cause you're dirty puppy daddy bastard!

'Cause you're filthy.

Ooh, and I'm gorgeous.

You're disgusting.
and you're nasty;

grab me,

'ooh... 'cause you're nasty.

2. When you're

(Vocoder) 'Cause you're
filthy ooh and I'm gorgeous.

'Cause you're filthy ooh and I'm

gorgeous. You're disgusting.

and you're nasty.
You can grab me, ooh... 'cause you're nasty.

N.C.  D.S. al Coda

'Cause you're nasty.
1. Thinking 'bout thinking of you,
2. Drinking back, drinking for two,
3. Wake up, cold coffee and juice,

Summer-time, think it was June,
When drinking was new,
What happened to you?

Laying back, head on the grass,
Sleeping in the back of my car,
I wonder if we'll meet again.
C#m

chew-in' gum, having some laughs.
we never went far.
talk about us instead.

E

Yeah. having some laughs.
We didn't need to go far.
Talk about why did it end.

B/D♯

A

You made me feel like the one. you made me feel

like the one. The one.
B/D♯

A

You made me feel... like the one...

B/D♯

E

you made me feel... like the one...

B/D♯

E

The one...

B

I don't know where we are going... now...
A add6

Amaj9

I don't know where

we are going now...

D.S. al Coda
So take a look at me
now.

So take a look at me
now.

Repeat ad lib. to fade

So take a look at me
now.
California
Words & Music by Alex Greenwald & Jason Schwartzman

\[ J = 80 \]

\[
\text{Cm} \\
\begin{align*}
\text{A} & \quad \text{E} \\
\text{A} & \quad \text{E} \\
\text{Cm} & \\
\end{align*}
\]

1. We've been on the run, driving in the sun, looking out for number one...
   \text{California}

2. On the stereo, listen as we go, nothing's gonna stop me now...
   \text{California}

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-nia here we come... right back where we started from...

-

hustlers grab your guns, your shadow weighs a ton, driving down the One O One.

-

california to the floor, thinking of the roar, gotta get us to the show.

-

california... california... california...
2. California, California, here we come.

Oh.
California, California, here we come.

California, California, here we come.
Honest Mistake
Words & Music by Samuel Endicott, Anthony Bulrulcich, John Conway, Michael Zakarin, & Mike Hindert

\[ D^5 \]

\[ F^5 \]
\[ C^5 \]
\[ G^5 \]

\[ D^5 \]
\[ F^5 \]
\[ C^5 \]

\[ D^8 \]
\[ F^5 \]
\[ C^5 \]

People they don't mean a thing to you.
They move right through you.

just like your breath.

But sometimes
2. Sometimes

I still think of you.
I forget I'm still awake.

And I just wanted to, I fuck up just and
wanted you to know...

My old friend...

I swear I never meant for this.

I never meant...

Don't look at me that way...
It was an honest mistake.

Don't look at me that way.  It was an honest mistake.  An honest mistake.
Oh My God

Words & Music by Nicholas Hodgson, Richard Wilson,
Andrew White, James Rix & Nicholas Baines

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1. Time on your side that will never end, the most beautiful thing you can ever spend. But you work in a shirt with your name tag on it, looking when I messed up. Settling down in your early twenties, our history. Knock me down, I get right back up again.

2. Too much time spent dragging the past up. I didn’t see you not

3. Great ruins make... for greater glories, the only thing growing is

drifting apart like a plate tectonic. I sucked more blood than a back-street dentist. It don’t matter to me.

come back stronger than a powered up Pac-Man.
Dm  C  Bb  G
'twas all I wanted to be was a million miles from here

some where more familiar.

Oh, my God, I can't believe it, I've never been this far a-

way from home. And oh, my God. I can't believe it. I've never been this far away from home.

way from home. And oh, my God. I can't believe it. I've never been this far away from home. And oh, my God. I can't believe it. I've never been this far away from home.

To Coda D.S.
Sometimes You Can't Make It On Your Own

Words by Bono
Music by U2

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telling me and anyone you're hard enough
that's all right. We're the same soul.

You don't have to put up a fight... you
I don't need... I don't

don't have to always be right... Let me take some of the
need to hear you say that if we weren't so alike

punches for you tonight. you'd like me a whole lot more...
Listen to me now.
I need to let you know.

you don't have to go it alone.

And it's you when I look in the mirror.

and it's you when I don't pick up the phone.
Sometimes you can't make it on your own.

2. We

I know that we don't talk I'm sick of it all.

Can you hear me when?
you're the reason I sing.
You're the reason why the opera is in me...
Where are we now?
Still got to let you know a house still doesn't make a home...
F₇m

Don't leave me here alone.

And it's you when I look in the mirror, and it's you.

D₇maj7

that makes it hard to let go. Sometimes you can't make

C₇m/E

it on your own.
Sometimes you can't make it.

Sometimes you can't make it.

Do is to fake it.

Sometimes you can't make it on your own.

Play 4 times
Somebody Told Me

Words & Music by Brandon Flowers, Dave Keuning, Mark Stoermer & Ronnie Van Nucci

Original Key: B♭minor

J = 138

Am          D♯/A             A♭         F/A

Am          D♯/A             A♭         F/A

A♭         F/A             A♭(omitting 3/5)         F/A          A♭      F/A      A♭

A♭

1. Breaking my back just to know your name. Seventeen tracks, and I've
had it with this game.

breaking my back just to know your name; but heaven ain't close in a

place like this. Anything goes, but don't blink, you might miss.

'Cause heaven ain't close in a
place like this; I said - a hea - ven ain't close in a place like this.

Bring it back down, bring it back down to - night.

Never thought I'd let a rumour ru - in my

moon - light.... Well, some - bo - dy told me you had a boy -
-friend who looked like a girlfriend that I had in February of last year. It's not confidential. I've got potential.

2. Ready? Let's roll onto something new... Taking it's toll, then I'm leaving without you... 'Cause
But somebody told me you had a boy-
friend who looked like a girl-friend that I had in February of last year. It's not confidential. I've got potential, a-rushing, a-rushing around. Somebody tolding around.
Somewhere Only We Know

Words & Music by Tim Rice-Oxley, Tom Chaplin & Richard Hughes

Moderately $ \frac{\text{d}}{\text{r}} = 87$

A/G$\#$  Asus$^{1}$/G$\#$  A/G$\#$

Bm$^{7}$  Esus$^{4}$  E  Esus$^{4}$  A

A/G$\#$  Asus$^{1}$/G$\#$  A/G$\#$  Bm$^{7}$  Esus$^{4}$  E  Esus$^{4}$

A  A/G$\#$  Asus$^{1}$/G$\#$  A/G$\#$  Bm

1. I walked across an empty land... I knew the pathway like the
back of my hand. I felt the earth beneath my feet.

sat by the river and it made me complete. Oh simple thing.

where have you gone? I'm getting old and I need something to rely on.

So tell me when you're gonna let me in. I'm getting tired and I need
some-where to be-gin.
2. I came a-cross.
a fall-en tree.

I felt the branch-es of it look-ing at me.... Is this the place.

we used to love?.. Is this the place that I’ve been dream-ing of?

Oh sim-ple thing... where have you gone?.. I’m get-ting old and I need
something to rely on. So tell me when you're gonna let me in.

I'm getting tired and I need somewhere to begin. And if you have a

minute why don't we go talk about it somewhere only we know.

this could be the end of everything. So why don't we go
somewhere only we know.  

D.S. al Coda

so why don't we go.  

A add9/C♯  Esus⁴  E  Bm⁷

aah...  

oh...
This could be the end of everything.

So why don't we go somewhere only we know.

Somewhere only we know.
Wires
Words & Music by Joel Pott, Carey Willetts, Steve Roberts & Tim Wanstall

Original key D♭ minor

\[ \text{\( \text{d} = 67 \)} \]

1. You got wires going in,
you got wires coming out of your skin...

2. wires going in,
you got wires coming out of your skin...

There's dry tears making tracks,
I got tears that are scared of the facts...

Running blood on your wrist,
your dry blood on my finger tip...

Running
down corridors, through automatic doors: got to get to you,

got to see this through. I see hope is here. curled up on your own;

First night of your life, I've seen Christmas lights, reflect in your eyes.

looking at you now, you would never know.
2. You got I see it in your eyes. I see it in your

Dm F C Gm7
_ eyes: you'll be_ _ al_ _ right._ I see it in your_ eyes. I see it in your

Dm F C E5maj7
_ eyes: you'll be_ _ al_ _ right._ Al

Dsus4 D Cm
_ right._ Running down co-rri-dors_ through au-to-ma-tic doors.

(Guitar)
Got to get to you, got to see this through. I see hope is here.

in a plastic box. I've seen Christmas lights reflect in your eyes. Down corridors, through automatic doors.

Got to get to you, got to see this through.

First night of your life curled up on your own: looking at you now, you would never know.
Tumble And Fall
Words & Music by Nicholas Grant

1. All this for nothing. Yeah... yeah, yeah.___ Pray-ing and hop-

2. Heaven's above us. Yeah... yeah, yeah.___ Liv-ing in sol-

- ing, fool-ing your-self... You know that you can give love a rea-
- ace, I'd give you it all... Just for a day... just for a sec-

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same since that day you went away

I recall like the drops of summer rain

that fell on me...

Come back to me...

Come back to me...
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah...

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah...

We tumble and fall, together we crawl...

Forever will be
tumble and fall...

Yeah... yeah, yeah...

Yeah... yeah, yeah...
Ten big hits arranged for piano, voice and guitar, complete with lyrics and guitar chord boxes.

FILTHY/GORGEOUS
SCISSOR SISTERS
CALIFORNIA
PHANTOM PLANET
DAKOTA
STEREOPHONICS
HONEST MISTAKE
THE BRAVERY
OH MY GOD
KAISER CHIEFS
SOMEONE TOLD ME
THE KILLERS
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U2
SOMEWHERE ONLY WE KNOW
KEANE
TUMBLE AND FALL
FEEDER
WIRES
ATHLETE