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Don't Stop Believin'

Words & Music by Steve Perry, Neal Schon
& Jonathan Cain

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2. A singer in a smokey room, the smell of wine and cheap perfume.

For a smile they can share the night. It goes on and on and on... and on...
Strangers waiting up and down the living just to

Boulevard Their shadows searching in the night.

find emotion Hiding

somewhere in the night

D.S. al Coda
Coda  G#m  A  B/A  A

on and on  and on  and on

Strangers
Streetlight

B/A  Amaj7  B/E  E  B/E  E

wait  up and down the
people  boulevard

B/A  A  B/A  Amaj7  B/E  E  B/E  E

shadows  searching in the night

B/A  Amaj7  B  E  B  E  A

someplace in the night

Guitar
Don't stop believin'.
Hold on to that feeling.

Streetlight people. Oh...
Can't Fight This Feeling

Words & Music by Kevin Cronin

\[ j = 78 \]

$$\begin{array}{llllll}
A & E/A & A^6 & E/A & F#m7 & E/F# \\
\hline
\end{array}$$

Con pedale

$$\begin{array}{llllll}
F#m7 & E/F# & Dmaj9 & E/D & Dadd9 & Esus4/2 & E \\
\hline
\end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{llllll}
A & E/A & A^6 & E \\
\hline
\end{array}$$

1. I can't fight the feeling any longer.
   And life has been such a whirlwind since I saw you.

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@lejandro
yet I'm still afraid to let it flow._
running round in circles in my mind._

start ed out as friendship has grown stronger._
I only always seems that I'm following you._
girl, 'cause you

I wish I had the strength to let it show._
2. I tell myself that I can't hold out forever._

I said there is no reason for my fear._
'Cause I_
_feel so se-cure when we’re to-gether._ You give

Bm7  Amaj/C♯  D
_my life di-rec-tion._ you make ev’ry-thing_ so_
take me to the place-es_ that a-lone_ I’d nev-er find_

clear._ And e-ven as_ I wan-der, I’m

C♯m7  D
keep-ing you in sight. You’re a can-dle in_ the wind-ow_ on a cold_
and dark winter's night. And I'm getting closer than I ever thought I might. And I can't fight this feeling anymore. I've forgotten what I started fighting for. It's time to bring this ship.
in to the shore and throw away the oars forever

'Cause I can't fight this feeling anymore
I've forgotten what I started fighting for
And if I have to crawl upon the floor, come

crashing through your door, baby I can't fight this feeling anymore
Gold Digger
Words & Music by Ray Charles, Kanye West & Richard Renald

Moderately slow
N.C.

She take my mon–ey when I’m in need. Yeah, she’s a trif–lin’ friend in–deed.

Oh, she’s a gold dig–ger way o–ver town, that digs on.

gold dig–ger

me. (She give me mon–ey when I’m in need.)

Now I ain’t say–in’ she a gold dig–ger,
(She give me mon-ey when I'm in need.)

but she ain't mess-in' wit' no broke, broke.

Now I ain't say-in' she a gold dig-ger,

but she ain't mess-in' wit' no broke, broke.

(I got-ta leave.)

Get down, girl, go 'head, get down.

Get down, girl, go 'head, get down.

(I got-ta leave.)

Get down, girl, go 'head, get down.

Get down, girl, go 'head, get down.

(I got-ta leave.)
(Yeah, she give me money when I'm in need.)

Get down, girl, go 'head.

(Rap 1 (See Additional Lyrics)
(2.) Rap 2 (See Additional Lyrics)

(She give me money when I'm in need.)

(I gotta leave.)

(I gotta leave.)

(I gotta leave.)
(Yeah, she give me money when I'm in need.)

(She give me money when I'm in need.)

(I gotta leave.)

(I gotta leave.)

(I gotta leave.)
Now I ain't say-in' she a gold digger,

but she ain't mess-in' wit' no broke, broke.

Get down, girl, go 'head, get down.
Get down, girl, go 'head, get down. (I got-ta leave.)

Get down, girl, go 'head, get down. (I got-ta leave.)

Get down, girl, go 'head. (Yeah, she give me mon—)

Rap 3 (See Additional Lyrics)
(Yeah, she give me money when I'm in need.)

Rap 4 (See Additional Lyrics)

(She give me money when I'm in need.)

(...leave.)
Get down, girl, go 'head, get down...

(I gotta
leave.)
Get down, girl, go 'head, get down.
Get down, girl, go 'head, get down.
(I gotta leave.)
Get down, girl, go 'head, get down. (I gotta
Rap 1
Cutie the bomb, met her at a beauty salon
With a baby Louis Vuitton under her underarm.
She said, "I can tell you ROC, I can tell by your charm.
Far as girls, you got a flock; I can tell by your charm and your arm."
But I’m looking for the one, have you seen her?
My psychic told me she, yeah, have a ass like Serena,
Trina, Jennifer Lopez, four kids and I
Gotta take all their bad ass to showbiz?

Okay, get your kids, but then they got their friends.
I pulled up in the Benz, they all got up in.
We all went to din, and then I had to pay.
If you ******** with this girl, then you better be paid.
You know why? It take too much to touch her.
From what I heard, she got a baby by Busta.
My best friend said she used to **** with Usher.
I don’t care what none of y’all say, I still love her.

Rap 2
Eighteen years, eighteen years.
She got one of your kids, got you for eighteen years.
I know somebody paying child support for one of his kids.
His baby mamma car and crib is bigger than his.
You will see him on TV any given Sunday,
Win the Superbowl and drive off in a Hyundai.
She was s’posed to buy your shorty TYCO with your money;
She went to the doctor, got lipo with your money.

She walking ’round looking like Michael with your money.
Should’a got that insured GEICO for your money
(Money). If you ain’t no punk, holla
"We want prenup!" (We want prenup, yeah!)
It’s something that you need to have,
’Cause when she leave yo ass, she gon’ leave with half.
Eighteen years, eighteen years,
And on her eighteenth birthday he found out it wasn’t his!!

Rap 3
Now ain’t sayin’ you a gold digger; you got needs.
You don’t want a dude to smoke, but he can’t buy weed.
You go out to eat, he can’t pay, y’all can’t leave.
There’s dishes in the back; he gotta roll up his sleeves,
But while y’all washin’, watch him.
He gon’ make it to a Benz out of that Datsun.
He got that ambition, baby, look at his eyes.
This week he moppin’ floors, next week is the fries. So...

Rap 4
Stick by his side.
I know this dude’s ballin’, and yeah, that’s nice.
And they gon’ keep callin’ and tryin’, but you stay right girl.
And when you get on, he leave your ass for a white girl.
Take A Bow
Words & Music by Mikkel Eriksen, Tor Erik Hermansen & Shaffer Smith

\[ \text{Oh...} \]
\[ \text{How 'bout a round of applause?} \]

\[ \text{Yeah...} \]
\[ \text{standing ovation?} \]

\[ \text{Yeah...} \]
\[ \text{Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.} \]
1. You look so dumb right now, you'd better hurry up,
2. Grab your clothes and get gone, standing outside my house.
   Before the sprinklers come on. Trying to apologize,
   Talk ing 'bout, "Girl I love you, you're the one."

   You're so ugly when you cry. Please! Just cut it out.
   This just looks like a re-run. Please! What else is on? And

   Don't tell me you're sorry 'cause you're not.
   Baby, when I
know you're only sorry you got caught. But you

put on quite a show, really had me going, but now it's time to go,

curtain's finally closing. That was quite a show, very entertaining,

but it's over now. Go on and take a bow. Oh.
And the award for the best lies goes to you for making me believe that you could be faithful to me. Let's hear your speech. Oh.

How 'bout a round of applause?

Standing ovation?

But you
Bust Your Windows
Words by Salaam Remi
Music by Salaam Remi & Jazmine Sullivan

Moderate Latin beat

1. I bust the windows out your car
   (2.) car.
   and, no, it didn’t mend my
   You know I did it ’cause I
bro·ken heart.
left my mark.

I'll prob·ly al·ways have these ugly scars.
Wrote my ini·ti·als with the crow·bar.

but right now I don't care about that part.
and then I drove off into the dark.

I bust the win·dows out your car.
You should feel luck·y that was all I did.

I did·n't wan·na but I took my turn.

I'm glad I did it 'cause you af·ter five whole years of this bull.
Gave you all of me and you
C7

had to learn.
played with it.
ooh.

I must admit it helped a
little bit
to think of how you'd feel when you saw it.

Bbm

I didn't know that I had that much strength.

but I'm glad you see what

happens when...

You see you can't just play with people's feelings.
Db

Tell them you love them and don't mean it. You'll prob'ly say that it was

C7

Juvenile but I think that I deserve to smile. Ha. I bust

Fm

Ha, ha, ha, ha. 2. I bust the windows out your car. But it don't compare to my

Db

Broken heart. You could never feel how I
felt that day

Until that happens, baby,

you don't know pain

Ooh, yeah, I did

it. You should know it.
I ain't sorry. You deserved

it. After what you did to me, you deserved it.
I ain't sor-
C7

- ry, no, no, ooh. You broke my heart, so

Db

I broke your car. You caused me pain, so I did the same.

Bbm

Even though what you did to me was much worse, I

C7

had to do some thin' to make you hurt, yeah.
Oh, but why am I still crying?
(Lead vocals ad lib. on repeat)

Why am I the one who's still crying?
Oh, oh,

___ you really hurt me, baby. You really, you really hurt me, babe.

1.

C7

3 3 3

I bust the windows out your car.
Taking Chances
Words & Music by Kara DioGuardi & David Stewart

\[ j = 84 \]

D

1. Don't know much about your life...

Con pedale

\[ D \]

Don't know much about your world, but don't

\[ G \]

wanna be alone tonight on this planet they call earth...
You don't know about my past and I don't have a future.

figured out. And maybe this is going too fast and

maybe it's not meant to last. But what do you say.

taking chances? What do you say to jumping off.
Em7 D/F# G

the edge? Never knowing if there’s solid ground.

Bm A Em9

below or hand to hold or hell to pay.

D G

What do you say? What do you say?

D G D

2. I just wanna start again.
G

May-be you could show me how to try.

Bm

May-be you could take me in, some-where un-derneath your skin?

Bm/C

What do you say to tak-ing chanc-es? What do you say-

Bm

to jump-ing off the edge? Nev-er know-ing if
there's solid ground below or hand to hold or
hell to pay. What do you say?
What do you say? And I had
my heart beaten down but I always come back for more, yeah. There's.

39
Coda

Em?

hell to pay. What do you say?

G

(8) What do you say?

D

Don't know much about your life.

D

Don't know much about your world.
Alone
Words & Music by Billy Steinberg & Tom Kelly

1. I hear the ticking of the clock, I'm lying here, the room's.
2. You don't know how long, I have wanted to touch your lips and...

pitch dark.
hold you tight.
I wonder where you are tonight.
You don't know how long I have
no answer on the telephone...
waited, and I was gonna tell you tonight.

And the
But the

night goes by so very slow.
secret is still my own,

Oh, I hope that it won’t end though.
and my love for you is still unknown,

a - lone.

a - lone.

2º only

Oh,
oh.__ oh.__ Till now__ I al-ways got by__ on my__ own__

I nev-er rea-ly cared un-til I met you. And now it

chills me to the bone, how do I get__ you a-lone?

How do I get__ you a-lone?
How do I get you alone?

How do I get you alone?
Maybe This Time

Words by Fred Ebb
Music by John Kander

Moderate swing  \( \frac{4}{4} \)  \( J = 95 \)

N.C.

1. Maybe this time
   I'll be lucky,

   may be this time he'll stay.
A₆    A₇
N.C.

May-be this time, for the first time love won't hur-ry a-

D₇dim   G#    E₇

-way. He will hold me

C₇m⁷    F#⁷    B⁷    Bm⁷    E₇    A₇

fast, I'll be home at last. Not a los-er

D₇maj⁷   G⁷    A   E₇/G#   Em/G  F#   B⁷   E⁹

an-y more, like the last time and the time be-

48
Aaug  A6  Aaug  A

loves a winner
so nobody loved me.

Lady Peaceful, Lady Happy,
that's what I long to be.

Well, all the odds are there in my favour,
somethings bound to begin. It's gotta happen,

happen some time, maybe this time I'll win. 'Cause ev'rybody, oh, they love a winner, so no-bod-y loved

me. Lady Peaceful, Lady Happy, that's what I longed to
Edim  
F7  
F7/Eb  
be.
Well, all the odds are there in my favour,

Gm/D  
Gm  
C7  
Bb/F  
something's bound to begin.
It's gotta happen,

Bb/aug/F  
Gm/F  
Eb/F  
happen sometime, maybe this time, maybe this time I'll

a tempo
Bb6  
Bb/aug  
Bb/dim  
Bb6  
Bb6  

win.
Somebody To Love

Words & Music by Freddie Mercury

Freely

Ab  Eb/G  Fm  Dbmaj9  Eb7sus4  Db  Eb

Can any body find me somebody to

Moderately (in 4)

Ab  Ab  Eb/G  Fm  Db  Eb7
d

love? Each

Ab  Eb/G  Fm  Ab  Bb  Eb7
morning I get up, I die a little, can't barely stand on my feet. Take a

(Take a look at your
look in the mirror and cry.

Lord, what you’re doing to me.

I have

spent all my years in believing you, but I just can’t get no relief, Lord,

somebody, somebody, can anybody find me somebody to

(Somebody, somebody.)
I work every day of my life, I work till I ache my bones.
(He works hard.)

At the end I take home my hard earned pay all on my own. I get
down on my knees and I start to pray till the tears run down from my eyes, Lord,

Some-body, some-body, can anybody find me some-body to

(Some-body, some-body.)

love?

Every-day I
(He works hard every day.)
try and I try and I try, but ev'-ry-bod-y wants to put me down, they

say... I'm go-in' cra-zy... They say I got a lot of wa-ter in my brain... got...

no com-mon sense... I got no-bod-y left to be-lieve... Yeah... yeah... yeah... yeah...
Ooh, some-body, some-body, can any-body find me some-
bod-y to love? (An-y bod-y find me some-one to

Got no
(You just keep losing and feel, I got no rhythm, I just keep losing my beat.

I'm losing. He's alright, he's alright.)

O.K., I'm alright, ain't gonna face no defeat. I just gotta get out of this prison cell, one day I'm gonna be free, Lord.
N.C.

Find me some-body to love, find me some-body to love, find me some-body to love,

quasi voices a capella

find me some-body to love, find me some-body to love,

find me some-body to love, find me some-body to love,
find me some-body to love. Find me some-body to love.

find me some-body to love. Some-body, some-body, some-body, some-body,

E\(^b\)/A\(^b\)    D\(^b\)/A\(^b\)   A\(^b\)

Freely

some-body, find me some-body, find me some-body to love. Can
A tempo

\[ \text{Ab} \quad \text{Eb/G} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{Dbmaj7} \]

N.C.

\[ \text{Ab} \quad \text{Ab/G} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{Db} \quad \text{Eb}^{7} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Ab/G} \]

Find me some-body to love! Find me

\[ \text{Fm} \quad \text{Db}^{b} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Ab} \]

Some-body to love! Find me, find me, find me, find me.
Hate On Me

Words & Music by Jill Scott, Adam Blackstone & Steven McKie

Moderately

Cm/Bb

F(add3)/A

Cm

G/B

1. If I could give you the world on a silver platter,
would it even matter?  
You’d still be mad at me.

If I could find in all this a dozen roses

which I would give to you,
you’d still be miserable.

In reality I’m gon’ be who I be...
and I don’t feel no faults for all the lies that you bought.

You can try as you may, bring me down, but I say

that it ain’t up to you, gon-na do what you do. Hate

Cm

Cm/B

on me, hat-er, now or lat-er, ’cause I’m gon-
2. If I gave you peaches out of my own garden,

Go 'head and hate on me, hat er; I'm not afraid

of what I gotta pay for.

(You can hate on me.) Ooh...
and I made you a peach pie, would you slap me high?

Would you do it if I gave you diamonds out of my own womb?

Would you feel the love in that, or ask, "Why not the moon?"

If I gave you sanity for the whole of humanity,
had all the solutions for the pain and pollution?

No matter where I live, despite the things I give,

you'll always be this way, so go ahead and hate.

on me, hater, now or later, 'cause I'm gon-
- na do me. You'll be mad,  baby.  (Go 'head and hate.)

Go 'head and hate on me, hat - er; I'm not a - fraid.

_of_ what I got - ta pay_ for.  (You can hate on me.)

on me, 'cause my mind_ is free.  Feel my des -
1.
F(add\(^3\))/A

-ty-ny; so shall it be.) (You cannot hate

2.
F(add\(^3\))/A

Hate on me, hater, now

or later, 'cause I'm gonna do me. You'll be mad,

is free. Feel my destiny; so shall
Go 'head and hate on me, hate it be.) (You cannot hate on me, 'cause my mind is free. Feel my destiny; so shall for. You can hate on me... it be.) (You cannot hate.)
No Air
Words & Music by Harvey Mason, Damon Thomas, James Fauntleroy, Erik Griggs & Steven Russell

Original key F# major

Moderately

N.C.

Female: Tell me how I'm s'posed to breathe with no air, air, air.

F

Cm⁹

Ooh, ha...

Gm

Bb
1. If I should die before I wake, it's 'cause you took my breath away.
2. Male: I walked, I ran, I jumped, I flew right off the ground to float to you.

Losing you was like living in a world with no air, oh.
There's no gravity to hold me down for real. Female: But

Male: I'm here alone, didn't want to leave. My heart won't move, it's incomplete.
Somehow I'm still alive inside. You took my breath, but I survived.

Wish there was a way that I could make you understand.
I don't know how, but I don't even care. Female: But

Both: So
F
Cm7
how do you expect me to live alone with just

Gm
'Bcause my world revolves around you, it's so hard for me to breathe.

F
E♭
Both: Tell me how I'm s'posed to breathe with no air. Can't live, can't breathe with no

Gm
B♭
That's how I feel whenever you ain't there. There's no air, no air.
Got me out here in the water so deep. Tell me how you gon' be without me? If you ain't here, I just can't breathe. There's no air, no air.

No air, air, oh. No air, air, no.

No air, air, oh. No air, air.
No air, no more.  

Lead vocal ad lib.

There's no air, no air...
Oh, tell me how I’m s’posed to breathe with no

But my world revolves around you, it’s so hard for me to breathe.

Tell me how I’m s’posed to breathe with no air. Can’t live, can’t breathe with no

It’s how I feel when-ew-er you ain’t there. There’s no air, no air.
Female: Got me out here in the water so deep. Male: Tell me how you gon' be without me? Female: If you ain't here, I just can't breathe. Both: There's no air, no air. No air, air. No air, air.
You Keep Me Hangin' On
Words & Music by Brian Holland, Eddie Holland & Lamont Dozier

Original key A♭ major
Moderately fast

Set me free. Why don't you, baby?
{Get out my life.}
Let me be. Why don't you, baby?
'Cause you don't really love me, you just keep

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1. Why do you keep a-comin’ around, play-in’ a-with my heart?
2. You say although we broke up, you still wanna be just friends.

Why don’t you get out of my life.
But how can we still be friends when
F C Em/B G
and let me make a new start?
Let me get o-

E7
- ver you the way you’ve got ten o - ver me. Hey.

F A N.C.
seeing you only breaks my heart again?
(Spoken:) And there ain’t nothing I can do about it.

(A G6)
(Whoa, oh, oh.) Set me free. Why don’t you, babe? (Whoa, oh,
oh.) Get out my life. Why don’t you, baby? Set me free. Why don’t you, baby? Get out my life. Why don’t you, baby?

3. You claim you still care for me, but your heart and soul needs to be free.

And now that you’ve got your freedom, you
I want to still hold on to me, You don't want me

for yourself, so let me find somebody else. Hey, hey.

Why don't you be a man about it and set me free?

Now you don't care a thing about me,
you're just using me.

Go on, get out, get out of my life and let me sleep at night. Please.

'Cause you don't really love me, you just keep me hangin' on.

You don't really need...
Keep Holding On
Words & Music by Avril Lavigne & Lukasz Gottwald

Moderate Rock

1. You're not alone. Together we stand. I'll be by your side, you know I'll take your hand.

2. So far away, I wish you were here. Before it's too late, this could all disappear. When it gets cold and it feels like the end, Before the doors close and it comes to an end.
there's no place to go, you know I won't give in. No, I won't give in.

with you by my side, I will fight and defend. I'll fight and defend.

Keep holding on. 'cause you know we'll make it through, we'll make it through. Just stay strong. 'cause you know I'm here for you, I'm here for you.
There's nothing you can say, nothing you can do. There's no other way when it comes.

to the truth so keep holding on 'cause you know we'll make it through, we'll make it through. Hear me when I say, when I say

I believe that nothing's gonna change, nothing's gonna change destiny.
Whatever's meant to be will work out perfectly, yeah, yeah,
yeah, yeah.
La, da, da, da, la, da, da, da,

D.S. al Coda

Coda

Keep holding on.
Keep holding on... There's nothin' you can say, nothin' you can do...

There's no other way when it comes to the truth so keep holding on 'cause you know we'll make it through, we'll make it through.
Bust A Move
Words & Music by Matt Dike, Marvin Young, Michael Ross, Jim Walters & Luther Rabb

\[ \text{N.C.} \]

Bust it!

\[ \text{Claps} \]

cont. sim.

1. This

_here's a tale for all the fel - las try - in’ to do what those la - dies tell us.

(2.) _on a mis - sion and you’re wish - in’ some-one could kill your lone - ly con - di - tion.

(Verse 3 see block lyrics)

Get shot down 'cause you’re o - ver zeal - ous. Play _ hard to get, fe - males get jea - lous.
Look - in’ for love in all the wrong plac - es. No fine girls, just ug - ly fac - es.

O. K. smar - tie, go to a par - ty. Girls are scan - ti - ly clad _ and show - in’ bod - y. A
From frus - tra - tion, first in - cli - na - tion is to be - come a monk and leave the sit - u - a - tion. But

chick walks by, you wish _ you could sex _ her but you’re stand - in’ on the wall like you _ was Poin - dex - ter.
ev - 'ry dark tunnel has a light of hope so don’t hang your - self with a cel - i - bate rope. Your
Next day’s function, high class lunch-eon. Food is served and you’re stone cold munch-in. mo- vie’s show-in’ so you’re go-in’, could care less about the five you’re blow-in’.

Music comes on, people start to dance. but then you ate so much, you nearly split your pants. A Theatre gets dark just to start the show. and then you spot a fine woman sit-tin’ in your row. She’s
girl starts walk-in’, guys start gawk-in’, sits down next to you and starts talk-in’. dressed in yellow, she says “hel-lo, come sit next to me, you fine fel-low.” You

Said she wanna dance ‘cause she likes the groove. So come on, fat so, and just bust a move. Ah, run over there without a second to lose and what comes next? Hey! Bust a move.
1.

Hey, yeah, ah. Ah, hey, yeah.

(Just bust a move!) Ah, hey. Ah, yeah. Ah,

Hey, yeah, ah. 2. You're

2.

N.C.

If you want it, you got it. If you want it ba-
- by, you got it. If you want it,

(Just bust a move.)

To Coda I ♫

you got it, oh, if you want it baby, you got it. Ah.

N.C.

In the city ladies look pretty. Guys tell jokes so they can seem witty.

Tell a funny joke just to get some play... then you try to make a move and she says "no way!"
Girls are fakin', goodness sakin'. They want a man who brings home the bacon.

Got no money and you got no car then you got no woman and there you are. Some

N.C.
girls are sadistic, materialistic. Looking for a man makes 'em opportunistic. They

lyin' on the beach perpetrating a tan so that a brother with the money can be their man. So on the
beach you’re stroll-in’, real high roll-in’. Ev’ry-thing you have is yours... and not stolen. A

girl runs up with some-thin’ to prove... So don’t just stand there, bust a move...

Ω Coda I

Ah!  Oh!  Ah!  Oh!

Drums

Oh!  Ah,  hey,  yeah,  ah...  Ah,
Verse 3:
Your best friend Harry has a brother Larry
In five days from now he's gonna marry.
He's hopin' you can make it there if you can
'Cause in the ceremony you'll be the best man.

You say "neato", check your libido
And roll to the church in your new tuxedo.
The bride walks down just to start the wedding
And there's one more girl you won't be getting.

So you start thinkin', then you start blinkin'
A bride-maid looks and thinks that you're winking.
She thinks you're kinda cute so she winks back
And then you're feelin' really fine 'cause the girl is stacked.

Reception's jumpin', bass in pumpin'
Look at the girl, and your heart starts thumpin'.
Says she wants to dance to a different groove
Now you know what to do, G, bust a move.
Sweet Caroline
Words & Music by Neil Diamond

Original key Cmaj7 major

Moderately, very steady

G

C

I. Where it began,

F

I can't begin to know in'.
But then I know it's grow-in' strong.

Wasn't the spring__ and spring became the summer__

Who'd have believed__ you'd come along?

1. Hands, touch-in' hands,____
2. Warm, touch-in' warm,____
reach-in' out,  
touch-in' me  touch-in'

Sweet Carolina,

good times never seemed so good

I've been inclined  
to believe they never
2. But now I look at the night,
   and it don't seem so lonely.
   We fill it up with only two.

And when I hurt,
hurt-in' runs off my shoulder. How can I hurt...

---

when holding you?

---

D.S. al Coda

Coda
Sweet Caroline,
good times never seemed so
good.
I've been inclined.

to believe they never would.
Sweet Caroline.
Dancing With Myself
Words & Music by Billy Idol & Tony James

With a slight swing \( \text{\textit{d}} = 76 \)

\[\text{E}\flat^9\]

\[\text{F}^\#m\]

\[\text{B}\]

\[\text{E}\flat^9\]

\[\text{B}\]

1. On the floors of Tokyo, or down in London town ago-

(2.) looked all over the world, and there's ev'ry type of girl,
-go, with the record selection, with the mirror reflection, I'm
but your empty eyes seem to pass me by and leave me
dancing with myself.
When there's no one else in sight,
So let's sink another drink.

in a crowded lonely night,
'cause it'll give me time to think.
well, I

waited so long for my love vibration and I'm dancing with myself
had the chance I'd ask the world to dance and I'd be dancing with myself
I'm dancing with myself.  
Oh, dancing with myself.  
Well, there's nothing to lose and there's nothing to prove and I'll be dancing with myself.  
2. If I

Oh, dancing with myself.  
Oh,
F#m

\[ F \] 
\[ E6 \]

\[ F \] 
\[ E6 \]

\[ B \] 
\[ E \]

\[ To Coda \]

\[ N.C. \]

\[ (Spoken:) So let's \]

\[ (8) \]

\[ (8) \]

\[ (8) \]
Em

sink another drink 'cause it'll give me time to think. If I

Em7

had the chance I'd ask the world to dance. And I'll be dancing with myself.

Em(maj7)

I'll be dancing with myself.

Em(maj7)

so let's sink another drink 'cause it'll give me time to think.
Defying Gravity
Words & Music by Stephen Schwartz

\[ \text{\( \text{Db} \)} \]
\[ \text{Gb\sus^2} \]
\[ \text{\( \text{Db} \)} \]
\[ \text{Gb\sus^2} \]

\[ \text{Con pedale} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{Db} \)} \]
\[ \text{Gb\add^9} \]
\[ \text{\( \text{Db} \)} \]
\[ \text{Gb\add^9} \]

1. Some-thing has changed with-in me,
   something is not the same.
2. I’m through ac-cept-ing lim-its
   ’cause some-one says they’re so.

\[ \text{Db} \]
\[ Gb\add^9 \]
\[ Db/F Add^9/Gb \]
\[ Cs\add^9 \]

I’m through with play-ing by the rules of some-one else’s game...
Some things I can-not change but till I try I’ll nev-er know...

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Too late for second guessing,
Too long I’ve been afraid of losing love, I guess I’ve lost.

It’s time to trust my instincts, close my eyes and leap.
Well, if that’s love it comes at much too high a cost.

I think I’ll try defying gravity,
Kiss me goodbye, I’m defying gravity.

Kiss me goodbye, I’m defying gravity and you won’t bring me gravity.
All the songs from the hit album arranged for piano, voice and guitar.

Don’t Stop Believin’
Can’t Fight This Feeling
Gold Digger
Take A Bow
Bust Your Windows
Taking Chances
Alone
Maybe This Time
Somebody To Love
Hate On Me
No Air
You Keep Me Hangin’ On
Keep Holding On
Bust A Move
Sweet Caroline
Dancing With Myself
Defying Gravity