HAİR

Let the sun shine in!

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AQUARIUS

Words by
JAMES RADO
GEROME RAGNI

Music by
GALT MacDERMOT

Moderately bright

When the moon is in the seventh house, and

Jupiter aligns with Mars, Then

peace will guide the planets, And

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love will steer the stars; This is the dawning of the age of Aquarius, The age of Aquarius, Aquarius, Aquarius.
Harmony and understanding, sympathy and trust abounding.

No more falsehoods or deceits, golden living dreams of visions, Mystic.

crystal revelation, And the mind's true liberation. A-

quarius.

D.S. al Fine

When the
Once upon a lookin' for Donna time, there was a
Just got back from lookin' for Donna, San Francisco,

sixteen year old virgin, O Donna, O O
never end my searchin',

Donna, O O O Lookin' for my Donna.

Just got back from lookin' for Donna, San Francisco psychedelic urchin.

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O  Don-na, O  Don-na, O  Don-na, Look-in' for my Don-na.

C Bb C Bb C7 Bb C C7
Have you seen my sixteen year old tattooed woman?

F F9 D7
Heard a story she got busted for her beauty O

G G7

C A7 D B7
I've been to India and saw the yoga light. In South America, the
Indian smoke glows bright, I'm re-incarnated and so are we all.
And in this lifetime we'll rise before we fall.

And I'm going to show her life on earth can be sweet. Gonna lay my mutated head at her feet and I'm gonna love her, make love
HASHISH

Words by
JAMES RADO
GEROME RAGNI

Music by
GALT MacDERMOT

Moderately slow

Gm Gm7 C Gm
Hash - ish,

Gm7 C Gm

Co - caine,

Gm7 C Gm

Mari - jua - na,

Op - i - um,

Marijuana,

Opium, L. S. D.,

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Cig-a-rette, Shoe Pol-ish, Cough Syr-up, Pey-o-te, E-quin-o, Dex-a-myl, Com-po-zine, Kem-a-drine,

Thor-i-zene, Tri-lo-phon, Dex-e-drine, Ben-zo-drine, Meth-a-drine,

S - E - X, Y - O - U, Wow!
MANCHESTER ENGLAND

Words by
JAMES RADO
GEROME RAGNI

Music by
GALT MacDERMOT

Medium beat

A D A7 D A D A7 D
Manchester England, England, Across the Atlantic sea,

G D7 G E D E
And I'm a genius, genius, I believe in God. And I be-

D E D E D7 A D A7 D
lieve that God believes in Claude, that's me.

A F#m A F#m
Hoop-er Burkow-sky finds that it's groov-y to hide in a mov-ie, pre-

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tends he's Fel-lini and An-to-ni-on-i, and al-so his coun-try-man Ro-man Pol-an-ski, all
rolled in-to one, one Claude Hoop-er Bur-kow-sky. Now that I've dropped
out, why is life drear-y, drear-y! An-swer my wea-ry que-
ry, Tim-o-thy Lear-y, dear-ie.

Coda
me, that's me, that's me, that's me.
ABIE BABY / FOURSCORE

Moderately fast

G9 Cmaj7

Guess it's finished on y'all...

G9 Cmaj7 G9 Cmaj7 G9 Cmaj7

farms lands with yo' boll weevils and all.

G9 Cmaj7 G9 Cmaj7 G9 Cmaj7

Pluck in' y'all's chickens, fryin' mother's oats in

F D7 G9 Cmaj7 G9 Cmaj7

grease. I'm free now, thanks to yo', Massa Lincoln, E-

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man - ci - pa - tor of the slave.  
Yes, it's finished on y'all farm-lands with yo' boll wee-vils and all.
Pluck-in' y'all's chickens, fry-in' mother's oats in grease. I's free now, thanks to yo', Mas-sa Lincoln, E-

man - ci - pa - tor of the slave, yeah, yeah, yeah, E-man-ci, moth - ering, pa - tor of the
slave, yeah, yeah, yeah, E-man-ci, moth-er-ing, pa-tor of the slave.

Moderately slow

C 3 3 3 3

Do, do, do, do, do. Do, do, do, do, do.

Four-score and

Am 3 3 3 3

seven years ago our fore-fathers

Bm7-5 3 3 3 3

brought forth upon this con-ti-nent a new na-tion.

Am 3 3 3

Con-ceived in lib-er-ty and ded-i-cat-ed to the one I
love.  Dedicated to the proposition that

all men, all men are created equal.

ABIE, BABY

Happy birthday, Abbie, Baby, happy birthday to you. Happy birthday, Abbie, Baby,

1. Happy birthday to you. 2. Happy birthday to you. Bang!
I'M BLACK / AIN'T GOT NO

Words by
JAMES RADO
GEROME RAGNI

Music by
GALT MacDERMOT

Moderately fast

Em    G    Em
I'm black, I'm black. I'm pink, I'm

G    Em
pink. I'm Rin-so white. I'm invis-i-

Freely

G    D/A    G7/B    C    D

Moderately fast

Em    G    Em
Ain't got no home, Ain't got no shoes, Ain't got no mon-ey, Ain't got no

a tempo  mf

hon-ey)

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G  
class,  Ain't got no scarf,  Ain't got no gloves,  Ain't got no cold.

Em  
bed,  Ain't got no pot,  Ain't got no faith.  (Cath'lic)

C  
Ain't got no mother,  Ain't got no culture,  Ain't got no man.

G  
friends,  Ain't got no school-in',  Ain't got no shine,  Ain't got no dumb.

D  
Em  
G  
D  

4149
Bm
un-der-wear,
(bad)
Em
Ain't got no soap,
(dirt-y)
C
Ain't got no
"A" train, Ain't got no

G  C  D
mind.
(lost it)
Em
Ain't got no smokes, Ain't got no

G
job,
(la-zy)
Em
Ain't got no work, Ain't got no coins, Ain't got no

G

D
pen-nies,
(hus-tler)
Bm
Ain't got no girl,
(horn-y)
Em
Ain't got no tick-et, Ain't got no
to - ken, (walk) Ain't got no God, (good) Ain't got no
father, (dead) Ain't got no T. V., (hon-est) Ain't got no piz - za, (starv-in')
gal - lows, (nerv-ous) Ain't got no sleep, (high) Ain't got no rhy - thm, (white)
books, Ain't got no socks, Ain't got no sex. (ug - ly)
Words by
JAMES RADO
GEROME RAGNI

Music by
GALT MacDERMOT

Medium Rock 4

Welcome, sulphur dioxide, Hello, carbon monoxide,
alcohol bloodstream, Save me nicotine lung steam,

The air, the air is everywhere.
Incense, incense is in the air.

Breathe deep while you sleep, breathe deep. Bless you deep. Cata-

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m, Vapor and fume, at the stone of my tomb, Breathing
like a sul-len per-fume, Eating at the stone of my tomb. Wel-come,
sul-phur di-ox-ide, Hel-lo, car-bon mon-ox-ide, The air, the
air is ev-ry-where. Breathe deep
while you sleep, breathe deep, (cough) deep, (cough) deep de deep, (cough).
Words by
JAMES RADO
GEROME RAGNI

Music by
GALT MacDERMOT

I Got Life, mother,
I got laughs,

I got freedom,
brother,

I got good times, man.
I got crazy ways, daughter,

million dollar charm, cousin,
I got headaches, and toothaches, and

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bad times too like you.

a tempo

hair, I got my head, I got my brains, I got my ears, I got my

a tempo

eyes, I got my nose, I got my mouth,

Am

teeth, I got my tongue, I got my chin, I got my

C7

neck, I got my tits, I got my heart, I got my soul, I got my
Am back, I got my ass.

E7 Am Dm arms, I got my hands I got my fingers, got my legs, I got my

G7 Am Dm feet, I got my toes, I got my liver, I got my blood.

C7 F I got blood. Got my guts, got my muscles, I got

Words by
JAMES RADO
GEROME RAGNI

Music by
GALT MacDERMOT

With a gentle rock beat

I met a boy called Frank Mills on September twelfth, right

here in front of the Waverly, but unfortunately,

I lost his address. He was last seen with his

friend, a drummer; He resembles George Harrison of the Beatles, But he
wears his hair tied in a small bow at the back.

I love him, but it embarrasses me to

walk down the street with him. He lives in Brooklyn,

somewhere, and wears this white crash helmet. He has

gold chains on his leather jacket, and on the back are
written the names, "Mary" and "Mom," and "Hell's
Angels".

If you see him, tell him I'm in the park with my girl friend, And
please tell him Angela and I don't want the
two dollars back, just him.
Words by
JAMES RADO
GEROME RAGNI

Music by
GALT MacDERMOT

HAIR

Ad lib.

Cm | Abmaj7 | Cm | Eb | Cm | Ab | Cm | Eb

She asks me why, I'm just a hair-y guy. I'm hair-y noon and night, Hair that's a fright.

Gm | Eb | Gm | Bb | Gm | Eb | Gm | Bb

I'm hair-y high and low, Don't ask me why, don't know. It's not for lack of bread,Like the Grateful Dead.

Moderately slow beat

Cm | Ab | Cm | Eb | Cm | Ab

Dar-lin', give me a head with hair, Long beauti-ful hair, Shining, gleam-ing,

Cm | Eb | Gm | Eb | Gm | Bb

steam-ing, flax-en, wax-en, Give me down to there hair, Shoulder length or long-er,
Here, baby, there, momma, every-where, dad-dy, dad-dy. Hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair. Flow it, show it, long as God can grow it, my hair. Let it fly in the breeze and get caught in the trees, Give a home to the fleas in my hair, A home for fleas, (yeah) a hive for bees, (yeah) a nest for birds, There ain't no words for the beauty, the splendor, the wonder of my...
Hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair. Flow it, show it, long
as God can grow it, my hair.
I want it long, straight, curly, fuzzy, snaggy, shaggy, rat-ty, mat-ty, oily, greasy, fleec-y, shining, gleaming, steam-ing, flax-en, wax-en,
knot- ted, polka dot-ted, Twist-ed, bead-ed, braid-ed, powdered, flow- ered and con-fet-tied, boggled, tangled, span-gled and spaghetti
tied. They'll be
Ga-ga at the go-go when they see me in my to-ga,
My to-ga made of blond, brilliantined, bibli-cal hair.
My hair like Je-sus wore it, Ha-le-lu-jah, I a-dore it, Ha-le-lu-jah; Mary loved her son, why don't my moth-er love me?

Hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, Flow it, show it, long as God can grow it, my-

Hair Flow it, Show it, long as God can grow it, my-

Hair Flow it, Show it, long as God can grow it, my-- Hair.
ELECTRIC BLUES / OLD FASHIONED MELODY

Words by
JAMES RADO
GEROME RAGNI

Music by
GALT MacDERMOT

Moderately slow

Tell me, who do you love, man?
Tell me, what, man?

Tell me, what's it you love, man?
An old fashioned

mel-o-dy dee-dee dee-dee dee-dee dee-dee dee-dee

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Tell me, what's it that moves you?
Tell me, what's it that grooves

An old fashioned melody.

But old songs

We sell our souls for bread.
all encased in sonic armor, belting out thru chrome grenades.

Miles and miles of medusa chord, that's the sound, the electronic boom.

It's what's happening, baby, it's where it's at, daddy. They

chain you and brainwash you when you least suspect it, They feed ya mass media, the
C  D  F  G
age is electric, I got the Electric Blues! I got the

F  G  F  G7  C  G
Electric Blues! I got the Electric Blues! I got the Electric Blues!

D7
Thump, racket-y whomp, rock folk rock, rhythm and blues, An

old fashioned melody, An old fashioned melody, An old fashioned melody.

D.S. al Fine
We're
WHERE DO I GO?

Words by
JAMES RADO
GEROME RAGNI

Music by
GALT MacDERMOT

Moderate 4

Dm    G7
Dm    C
Dm    G7

Where Do I Go?
Follow the river.
Where Do I Go?
Follow the child-dren.

C  Gm7  C7
Gm    C7

gulls.
smiles.
Where is the same-thing,
is there an answer.
Where is the some-one
In their sweet faces.

Gm7  C7

that tells me why I live and
die?

1. F C
2. F C

Follow the wind song.
Follow the thunder.
Follow the neon in

F    Eb  F
F    Eb  F

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young lovers' eyes. Down to the gutter. Up to the glitter.

G    F    D7    G7    Dm    G7
Into the city where the truth lies. Where Do I Go?

Dm    C    Dm    G7    C
Follow my heartbeat. Where Do I Go? Follow my hand.

Gm7    C7    Gm    C7    Gm7    C
Where will they lead me And will I ever discover why I live and die?

F    C    F    C
I live and die, I live and die.
BLACK BOYS

Moderately

C    Bb    Eb    G    C    Bb    Eb    G    C
Black boys are de- li-cious, choc-late fl-a-vered love.

F    Eb    Ab    F    Eb    Ab    F
Lic'-rice lips like can-dy, keep my co-coa hand-y.

Bb    F    G7    C
I have such a sweet tooth when it comes to love; Once I

Cmaj7    C7    F    Fm
tried a di-et of qui-et rest, no sweets, but I went near-ly
crazy, and I went clearly crazy because I really craved for
chocolate flavored treats. Oh! Black boys are nutritious, black boys fill me
up. Black boys are so damn yummy, they satisfy my tummy. I have such a sweet tooth when it comes to
love. Black, black, black, black, black, black, black, black boys.
WHITE BOYS

Words by
JAMES RAID
GEROME RAGNI

Music by
GALT MacDERMOT

Moderately

White boys are so pretty,
Skin as smooth as milk.

White boys give me goose-bumps,
White boys give me chills.

White boys are so pretty,
Hair like Chinese silk.

When they touch my shoulder,
That's the touch that kills.

My mother calls them lies.

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I call them pic-a-dil-lies. My daddy warns me stay away. But

I say come on out and play ay ay ay. White boys are so groovy,

white boys are so tough. Every time they're near me, just can't get enough.

White boys are so pretty, white boys are so sweet.

White boys are so sexy, legs so long and lean.
White boys drive me crazy, drive me indiscreet.
Love those sprayed on trousers.

I love the love machine. My brother calls 'em rubble.

They're my kind of trouble. My daddy warns me, "No, no, no."

I say white boys go, go, go. White boys are so lovely,

Beautiful as girls.

Love to run my
fingers and toes through all their curls. Give me a tall,
a lean, a sex-y, a pret-ty, a groov-y, a juic-y...

White boys. White boys.

White boys, ooh, ooh, ooh. White boys, ooh, ooh, ooh.

White boys, ooh, ooh, ooh. White boys.
WALKING IN SPACE

Words by
JAMES RADO
GEROME RAGNI

Music by
GALT MacDERMOT

Moderately slow, with a beat

 Doors locked, doors locked.

 Blinds pulled, blinds pulled.

 Lights low, lights low.

 Flames high, flames high.

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body, my body, my body.

My

A little slower

body is walking in space.

My

soul is in orbit with God, face to face.

Floating, flipp ing, flying, tripping,
tripping from Pottsville to Starlight,

tripping from Starlight to Moonville.

On a rocket to the fourth dimension.

Total self-awareness the intention. My mind is as clear as
country air. I feel my flesh, all colors mesh.
Moderately, with a strong beat

Red, black. Blue, brown. Yellow, crimson.

Green, orange. Purple, pink. Violet, white.

White, white, white, white, white.

All the clouds are cumulonimbus, walking in space.

O, my God, your skin is soft, I love your face.
How dare they try to end this beauty. How dare they try to end this beauty.

To keep us underfoot they bury us in soot. Pretending it's a chore to ship us off to war.

In this dive we rediscover sensation. In this dive we rediscover
Cover sensation. Walking in space we find the purpose of peace. The beauty of life you can no longer hide. Our eyes are open, our eyes are open. Our eyes are open, our eyes are open wide.
EASY TO BE HARD

Words by
JAMES RADO
GEROME RAGNI

Music by
GALT MacDERMOT

Moderate 4

Fmaj7

D7

Fmaj7

How can people be so heartless? How can people have no feelings? How can they ig-

D7

G

Am

D7

be so cruel? Eas-y To Be Hard, Eas-y To be proud,

eas-y to say "No."

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Especially people who care about strangers, who care about evil and

social injustice. Do you only care about the bleeding crowd?

How about a needing friend? How can people

be so heartless? How can people be so cruel? Easy to give

in,

Easy to help out.
Coda  Fmaj7  D7  Fmaj7
How can people have no feelings? You know I'm hung

D7  G  Am  D7
up on you. Hard to surrender, Hard to be

G  Am  D7  Fmaj7
easy. How can people

D7  Fmaj7  D7
be so heartless? How can people be so cruel? Easy To Be

Repeat for fade
G  Am  D7  G  Am  D7
Hard, proud. Easy to be cold. Easy to say "No."

Repeat for fade
GOOD MORNING STARSHINE

Words by
JAMES RADO
GEROME RAGNI

Music by
GALT MacDERMOT

Moderate 4

Good Morning Starshine,
The earth says "Hello".

You twinkle above us,
We twinkle below.

Good Morning Starshine,
You lead us a-

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long.
My love and me as we sing our
early morning singing song.
Glid-dy glup gloopy Nib-
by nab by noo py La la la lo lo.
Sab-ba sib-by sab-ba Noo-by ab-ba nab-ba Le le lo lo.
Too-by oo-by wul-la Noo-by ab-ba nab-ba,
Early morning singing song, Good Morning

Singing a song, Humming a song, Singing a song,

Loving a song, Laughing a song,

Sing the song, Sing the song, Song the song,

Song, song, song, sing, sing, sing, sing song.

Repeat for fade
Words by
JAMES RADO
GEROME RAGNI

Music by
GALT MACDERMOT

Slowly

Ripped open by metal explosion.

Caught in barbed wire, fire-ball, bullet shock. Bayonet, electricity.

Shrapnelled throbbing meat. Electronic data processing.

Black uniforms, bare feet, carbine. Mail order rifles, shoot the muscles.
Two hundred and fifty-six Viet Cong captured.

Moderately fast

(Whispered:) Prisoners in Nigger-town, it's a dirty little war,

Three-five-zero-zero-zero.
Take weapons up and begin to kill. Watch the long, long armies drifting home. (Sung)

Tempo 10

home. Ripped open by metal explosion.

Caught in barbed wire, fire-ball, bullet shock. Bayonet, electricity.

Shrapnelled throbbing meat. Electronic data.
WHAT A PIECE OF WORK IS MAN

Words by
WM. SHAKESPEARE

Adapted by
JAMES RADO
GEROME RAGNI

Music by
GALT MacDERMOT

Moderately slow

G C G C G C G

What A Piece Of Work Is Man, how no-ble in rea-son, how in-fi-nite in fac-ul-ties, In

F C F F C G C

form and mov-ing, how ex-press and ad-mir-a-ble,_ In ac- tion, how like an an-gel,_

G C F C G F

In ap- pre-hen-sion, how like a god._ The

C G C G

To next strain Fine

beau- ty of the world, the pa-r-a-gon of an-i-mals. I pa-r-a-gon of an-i-mals.
have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth.

This
goodly frame, the earth seems to me a sterile promontory.

This

most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave overhanging firmament, This

majestic roof fretted with golden fire, Why, it appears no other thing to

me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors.

D.S. al Fine
SOMEBODY TO LOVE

Words by
JAMES RADO
GEROME RAGNI

Music by
GALT MacDERMOT

Moderately slow

C F
The saddest story ever told oh Lord,

G7 C
Oh, where do I begin?

G7 Dm
The saddest story ever told oh Lord,
is what might have been.

I left you my dear, now I regret it,

The way in time my heart will come to forget it. Well, I've

got to have somebody to hold, oh Lord,

- I've got to have somebody to hold.
Lost without you with no tears left to cry,

Oh, my darlin' child I'll simply pine away,
And I,

I will simply pine away and die.

(l'll pine away and die.)

Down about my ears, the sky is falling,

And through all the tragedy can't you hear me calling. Well, I've
got to have some-body to hold oh Lord,

I've got to have some-body, got to be bold.

I'm cryin' out in the cold

Well I've got to have some-body to hold,

I've got to have some-body to hold.
Words by
JAMES RADO
GEROME RAGNI

Music by
GALT MacDERMOT

LET THE SUNSHINE IN

Moderately
Cm

We starve, look at one an-oth-er short of breath, walk-

Bb

ing proudly in our win-ter coats, Wear-ing smells from lab-ra-
tor-ies,

Cm

fac-ing a dy-ing na-
tion of mov-ing pa-

Eb

per-

G7

fan-ta-sy, List-ning for the new told lies with su-

Cm

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preme visions of lonely tunes. Some where,
inside something, there is a rush of greatness. Who knows what stands in
front of our lives; I fashion my future on
films in space. Silence tells me secretly

Ev 'ry thing, Ev 'ry thing
Singing my space songs on a spider-web sitar, "Life is around you and in you."

Answer for Timothy Lear y, deary.

(Sing four times)

Let the sunshine, Let The

Sunshine in, the sunshine in.
Hair
Let the sun
shine in!

Aquarius
Donna
Hashish
Manchester England
Abie Baby/Fourscore
I'm Black/Ain't Got No
Air
Party Music
I Got Life
Frank Mills
Hair
Electric Blues/Old Fashioned Melody
Where Do I Go?
Black Boys
White Boys
Walking in Space
Easy to Be Hard
3-5-0-0
Good Morning Starshine
What a Piece of Work Is Man
Somebody to Love
Let the Sunshine In