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New York City
Words & Music by Peter Malick

1. I can’t remember what I
3. And did I mention the

planned tomorrow, I can’t remember when it’s time to go. When I
note that I found taped to my locked front door? It

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look in the mir-ror, trac- ing lines with a pen-cil,
I re-mem- ber
talked a-bout no re-grets as it slipped from my hands to the
what came be-fore.
I want-ed to think there was end-less love un-
scuffed, tiled floor.
I rode the train for hours on end and
-til I saw the light dim in your eyes
watched the peo-ple pass me by
In the dead of night I found out
It could be that it has no end.

Just an some-times there's love that
action junk-ie's.
won't survive...}

New York City,
such a beautiful di-

sease.

New York City,
such a beautiful,
such a beautiful di-

D

A7

C

G

D

C

G

Bb

F

G

D

A7

D

D
3. Laura kept all her disappointments
4. We were full of the stuff that every dream rested as if

locked up in a box behind her closet door. She pulled down the blinds and
floating on a lumpy pillow sky. Caught up in the whole illusion.

listened to the thunder. With no way out from the family store.
That dreams never pass us by.

We all told her things could get better, when you just say goodbye.
I came to a tattooed conclusion that the big one was knocking at the
I'll lay awake one more night,
What started as a mass delusion.

Caught in a vision I want to deny,
Take me far from the place I adore.

D.S. al Coda

Coda

rit.

D
STRANGE TRANSMISSIONS
Words & Music by Peter Malick

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{Con pedale} \\
&F \quad \text{Em7} \quad A
\end{align*} \]

1. I believe, you say you don't think that we'll stay...
2. Beneath my breath, I confess my world loved less.

3. I stoop to find my place entwined.

4. Instrumental till *

The devil held the proof for me to know.

I took it to the bottom one more time.

I could only fight for the longest while.
But with the truth out, baby,

I belong to you.

I could trip, and I want you to know that every time I think that I think I should go.

I receive strange trans...
BOOGIEWOOGIE.RU

To Coda

I could trip and I want you to know, every-

I think that I think I should go,

D.S. to fade

those strange transmissions.
Deceptively Yours
Words & Music by Peter Malick

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found a, another love,

air, “I won’t give you no bail.”

I put the pedal down.

I sat at home all night, bask in the lonely pale

As the sirens wailed, and I sat alone and

Shackled with chains or love, I knew that I had bought

of my bed stand light. not knowing what was to come.

I prayed, my own coffin nails

1, 2. Through the

3. I hear your
tear in a curtain in a cheap motel
sweet voice calling out my name
as I stare from my six foot cell

you made the call to lie
And from beyond I heard the words

1. Cm
2. I saw a black cloud

I didn't hear a sound,
only the shell on the ground
2. There was a scream somewhere...
3. I tried not to believe the scene that I could see.

[Music notation]

it felt like days passed by.

Before I turned away I felt a dizzy sway.

D.S. and fade on Gtr. Solo

and the gun in my hand Stood before a judge.
ALL YOUR LOVE
Words & Music by Sam Maghett

\[ J = 60 \]

Cm7  

\begin{align*}
1. \text{All your love,} \\
(2.) \text{love baby, can it be mine?} \\
(3.) \text{Instrumental} \\
(4.) \text{love I've got to have it one of these} \\
\end{align*}

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fool around.

All your love,
All your love,
All your love,

baby, can it be mine.
baby, don’t fool around.

I’ve got to have it one day.

hate to be the one.
Love is the one thing baby.

Don’t you leave me pretty baby,
one that you left behind.
that you won’t find on the ground.
please come on back this way.

1-3.

2. All your come on back this way.

3. Instrumental

4. All your

And give me all your love.

Give it to me right now.

Repeat ad lib. to fade
THINGS YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO

WORDS & MUSIC BY PETER MALICK

\[ j = 120 \]

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\ \ \ \ \ E^b \\
\ \ \ \ \ B^b \\
\ \ \ \ \ E^b \\
\ \ \ \ \ B^b \\
\ \ \ \ \ E^b \\
\ \ \ \ \ B^b \\
\end{array}
\]

(M.) 1. I walked down the diamond studded concrete canyon
(F.) 2. Bill doesn't call me anymore, I hear he's found reli-
(M.) 3. I hear voices crying out, echoes on the bou-le-vard.

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Boogie Woogie

(M.) He's watching Benny Hinn with a big
tension, rambling in-

(F.) Tired to fly to the

gion.

(M.) I was

(F.) All the

(F.) There's

(Eb)

moon, only made it to the sky.
blonde apprentice
- can - ta - tions of some senile bard.

(M.) I was

(F.) All the

(F.) There's

(Eb)

look - ing for an un - dy - ing truth that had a single friend.
words and ges - tic - u - la - tions that came before,
too much go - ing on round here to keep my head from spin - ning.
(F.) And I'm searching for a clear connection without a digital
(M.) You can feel fine to drop a dime if you're ever

And this constant acceleration blurs any ties

 Mayor, mayor, mayor, mayor, mayor

Send sending by the beginning.

Ain't it just a little

Scary some times to find the lies that you know to be true.

To Coda

I'll find you smiling bout the things you don't have to do.
(M.) (Things you don’t have to do.)

\[ \text{E}^b \]

\[ \text{Bb} \]

\[ \text{E}^b \]

\[ \text{I.} \]

\[ \text{Coda} \]

\[ \text{Things you don’t have to do.} \]

\[ \text{E}^b \]

\[ \text{Bb} \]

\[ \text{E}^b \]

\[ \text{E}^b\text{7} \]

(Both) Things you don’t have to do.

\[ \text{E}^b \]

\[ \text{Bb} \]

\[ \text{E}^b \]

\[ \text{Bb} \]

\[ \text{E}^b \]

Things you don’t have to do.

\[ \text{Bb} \]

\[ \text{E}^b \]

\[ \text{Bb} \]

\[ \text{E}^b \]

Things you don’t have to do.

\[ \text{E}^b \]

\[ \text{Bb} \]

\[ \text{E}^b \]

\[ \text{Bb} \]

\[ \text{E}^b \]

Things you don’t have to do.

\[ \text{E}^b \]

\[ \text{Bb} \]

\[ \text{E}^b \]

\[ \text{Bb} \]

\[ \text{E}^b \]
Heart Of Mine
Words & Music by Bob Dylan

\[ \text{Eb} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
1. \text{Heart of mine} & \quad \text{be still.} \\
2. \text{Heart of mine} & \quad \text{go back home.} \\
3. \text{Heart of mine} & \quad \text{go back where you've been.} \\
\end{align*} \]

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You can play with fire, but you'll get the bill.
You've got no reason to wander, no reason to roam.
Only trouble with you is if you let him in.

Don't let him know,
Don't let him see,
Don't let him hear,

Don't let him know that you love him.
Don't let him see that you need him.
Don't let him hear where you're going.
Oh, don't be a fool, don't be
Oh, don't push yourself over the line,
Oh, untie the ties that bind.
To Coda

D.S. al Coda

Coda

Heart of mine, so ma-

-licious and so full of guile.
I give you an inch and you take a mile.

Don't let your self fall.

don't let your self stumble. Oh, do the time... don't do the

d. s. s. to fade

crime, heart of mine.