The Great Songs of The Kinks.

Ten songs by Ray Davies that made The Kinks one of the most popular recording acts of the Sixties. All songs arranged for piano/vocal with guitar boxes.
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Deadend Street.
Words & Music: Raymond Douglas Davies

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Am G Dm

There's a crack up in the ceiling and the kitchen sink is
On a cold and frosty morning wipe my eyes and stop me

F Am G

Leaking out of work and got no money,
yawning and my feet are nearly frozen,

Dm F Am

A Sunday joint of bread and honey,
Pour the tea and put the toast on

What are we
What are we
Am  G  F
Living for Two roomed apartment on the
Living for Two roomed apartment on the

E7  E7+
Second floor, No money comin' in
Second floor, No chance to emigrate

Am  G
The rent collector's knockin' trying to get in
I'm deep in debt - Now it's much too late

F  E7  E7+
We are strictly
People want to

A

Dm  E7
Second class and don't understand.
Second work so hard we can't get a chance.
Am

(Dead end) Why we should be on dead end street
(Dead end) people live in dead end street
(Dead end) people are living on dead end street
(Dead end) people are dying on dead end street

dead end street
(Dead end) I'm gonna die on dead end street,
(Dead end) Have to live on dead end street,
(Dead end) I'm gonna die on dead end street,
(Dead end) I'm gonna die on dead end street,

dead end street
(Yeah) dead end street
(Yeah) dead end street
(Yeah) dead end street
(Yeah) dead end street

Dead end street—(No) Dead end street—(Yeah) That's my street—(No)

(Repeat and fade.)
Sunny Afternoon

Words & Music by Ray Davies

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Moderato

1. The tax-man's taken all my dough, And left me in my state-ly home;
2. (My) girl-friend's gone off with my car, And gone back to her ma and pa;

Laz-ing on a SUN-NY AFT-ER-NOON. And I can't sail-

Telling tales of drunken-ness and cruel-ty. Now I'm sit-

my yacht, He's taken ev-ry-thing I've got, All I've got's this

Sip-ping at my ice-cold beer, Laz-ing on a
SUNNY AFTERNOON, SUNNY AFTERNOON,

Save me, save me,
Help me, help me.

save me from this squeeze,
help me sail away.
I've got a big fat mom-ma,
You give me two good reasons

tryin' to break me.
why I ought to stay.
And I love to live so

pleasant li-
Lye this life of lux-
Laxing on a
SUNNY AFTERNOON,
In summertime,
Apeman
Words & Music by Ray Davies

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I think I'm sophisticated 'cos I'm living my life like a

But all around me everybody's multiplying, and they're
walking round like flies man;
So I'm no better than the animals sitting in their

cages in the zoo man
'Cos compared to the flowers and the birds and the trees

I am an ape-man
I think I'm so educated and I'm so civilised,'cos I'm a

(Spoken) In man's evolution he has created
strict vegetarian
And with the over-population and inflation and starvation, and the cities and the motor traffic rumble, but give me half a chance and I'd be taking off my crazy politicians
I don't feel safe in this world no more. I clothes and living in the jungle (Sung) But the only time that I feel at ease is don't want to die in a nuclear war I want to sail away to a distant shore and swinging up and down in a coconut tree Oh what a life of luxury to

CHORUS
make like an ape man.
be like an ape man.
I'm an ape man, I'm an ape, ape man oh I'm an
I'm a king-kong man, I'm a voo-doo man oh I'm a

ape-man.

Cos compared to the sun that sits in the sky, compared to the clouds as they roll by.

I look out the window, but I can't see the sky, air pollution is fogging up my eyes, I want to get out of this city alive and

I am an ape man.

make like an ape man.
la la la la la la la la la
Come on and love me,
be my ape man girl
and we'll be so happy
in my ape man world.

I'm an ape man, I'm an ape man oh I'm an ape man
I'm a
king kong man, I'm a voodoo man oh I'm an ape man.

I'll be your Tarzan you'll be my Jane I'll keep you warm and you'll keep me sane, We'll don't feel safe in this world no more. I don't want to die in a nuclear war.

sit in the trees and eat bananas all day just like an ape man.

make like an ape man.  
La la la la la la la  
la la la la

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Death Of A Clown.
Words & Music: Raymond Douglas Davies

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My 1. Make-up dry and it cracks on my chin I'm
2. Old fortune teller lies dead on the floor

Bb

Drowning my sorrows in whisky and gin
Nobody needs fortunes told any more gin

F
C

The lion-tamer’s whip doesn’t crack any more
The trainer of insects is crouched on his knees

The lions, they won’t fight and the tigers won’t run away
And furtively looking for runaway

(La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,)
So let’s go and drink
to the death of a clown
Won't someone help me to break up this crown

Let's all drink to the death of a clown

La la la la la la la la

Let's all drink to the death of a clown

1

2. The
Waterloo Sunset.
Words & Music: Raymond Douglas Davies

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Moderately

Dirty old river must you keep rolling, flowing into

Waterloo Station

swarming like flies round

Water-loo un-

the night
city night
der
ground.

People so busy,

But I am so lazy,

make me feel
don't want to

Terry and Julie
cross over the riv-

zy Taxi lights shine so bright

der I stay at home at night

Where they feel safe and sound

but I don't

and they don't.
Fm       Fm7
need no friends
feel afraid
need no friends

Bb       Eb
as long as I gaze on Waterloo sunset
as long as they gaze on Waterloo sunset
they are in paradise

Ab       C7  F
as I gaze on Waterloo sunset
as I am in paradise

Ev'ry day I

Fm       C7  F
look at the world from my window
The chily, chilyest evening time Waterloo sunset's fine

(Waterloo sunset's fine)

Terry meets Julie

Millions of people D. al Coda

-set I am in paradise

Waterloo sunset's fine (Waterloo sunsets fine)
Lola

Words & Music: Raymond Douglas Davies

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I'm not the world's most physical guy, but when she met her in a club down in old Soho, where you drink champagne and it tastes just like cherry cola.

See-oh-el-a-yo, col-a, Lola

Well, She
walked up to me, and she asked me to dance. I'm not dumb, but I can't understand why she asked her name and in a dark brown voice she said.

walked like a woman and talked like a man oh my.

Lo-la El-ch-el-aye Lo-la la la la Lo-la la la la la
Lo-la Lo-la Lo-la Lo-la Lo-la Lo-la Lo-la Lo-la
Well, we drank champagne and danced all night. Under electric candlelight, she picked me up and sat me on her knee and said "Dear boy, won't you come home with me?" Well, I'm not the world's most passionate guy but when I
looked in her eyes, well, I almost fell for my

La la la la la la La la la la la la

Lo la Lo la la la la

La la la la la la

Lo la
pushed her away, I walked to the door, I fell to the floor, I got down on my knees then I looked at her, and she at me. Well, that's the way that I want it to stay, and I
al-ways want it to be that way for my Lo - la la la la

Lo - la. Girls will be boys, and boys will be girls, it's a

mixed up, muddied up, shook up world except for Lo - la la la la

Lo - la. Well, I left home just a week before and
I'd never ever kissed a woman before, But Lola smiled and took me by the hand

said "Dear boy, I'm gonna make you a man... Well I'm not the world's most masculine man, But I

know what I am, and I'm glad I'm a man... and so is Lola la la la la

Repeat and fade ad lib.

Lo la la la la la Lo la.
Days
Words & Music by Ray Davies
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Thank you for the days. Those endless

I won't forget a single day believe me. I bless the light.
I bless the light that lights on you believe me And though you're gone, you're with me every single day, believe me.

Days I'll remember all my life, Days when you can't see wrong from right.

You took my life but then I knew that very soon you'd leave me.

But it's all right, now I'm not frightened of this world, believe me.
Arthur.

(page 32 is missing)
All the way he was overtaken by people who make the big decisions;
How's your life and your Shangri-La and your long lost land of Hallelujah;
But he tried and he tried for a better life And a way to improve his own condition.
And what the world is doin' to ya.

If only life were easy, it would be such fun;
now we see your children sailin' off in the setting sun;
Things would be more equal and be
To a new horizon where there's

plenty for ev'ry-one,
plenty for ev'ry-one.

Ar-thur, the world's gone and passed you by, Don't you know it? Don't you
Ar-thur, could be that the world was wrong, Don't you know it? Don't you
Ar-thur, the world's gone and passed you by, Don't you know it? Don't you

You can cry, cry all night, but it won't make it right, Don't you
Ar-thur, could be you were right all along, Don't you
know it?  Don't you know it?  Ar-thur, we know it and we
know it?  Don't you know it?  Now we know it and we
know it?  Don't you know it?  Ar-thur, we read you and

sym-pathize, Don't you know it?  Don't you know it?

sym-pathize, (Tacet)  understand you, (Tacet)

Ar-thur, we like you and want to help you,
We'd like to help you and understand you,
Ar-thur, we read you and understand you,

Some-body loves you, don't you know it?
(Tacet)  (Tacet)  (Tacet)
Don't you know it? Don't you know it?
Somebody loves you, don't you know it?
Don't you know it? Don't you know it?
D. S. at Coda
Ar-thur, we like you and
Repeat till fade

want to help you. Oh, we love you and

want to help you. Oh, we love you. want to help you.}

Some-bod-y loves you, don’t you know it?

Autumn Almanac.

Words & Music: Raymond Douglas Davies

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Moderato

E    A    B7    E    A    B7    E

\[ \text{\textit{From the dew soaked hedge creeps a crawly caterpillar}} \]
\[ \text{\textit{When the dawn begins to crack,}} \]

C    D    G    D7    Am7    D7

\[ \text{\textit{It's all part of my Autumn Almanac}} \]
\[ \text{\textit{Breeze blows leaves of a musky coloured yellow}} \]
So I swept 'em in my sack, Yes, yes, yes, It's my Autumn Al-man-ac Friday evening

People get together, Hiding from the weather.

Tea and toasted, buttered currant buns, Will compensate for lack of sun.

Because the summer's all gone. La la la la la la la la la
Oh! my poor rheumatic back! Yes, yes, yes, it's my Autumn Almanac. Autumn Almanac.

I like my football on a Saturday, Roast beef on Sunday's alright. I go to Blackpool for my holidays, Sit in the open sunlight.

This is my street and I'm never gonna leave it, And I'm always gonna stay—
If I live to be ninety-nine, 'Cos all the people I meet,
Seem to come from the street, And I can't get away
Because it's calling me; Come on home, come on home.
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Oh! my Autumn Almanac, Yes, yes, yes, it's my Autumn Almanac.
Shangrila.
Words & Music: Raymond Douglas Davies

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Moderato

Am G

Now that you've found your

E7 Am C G7 E7

paradise This is your kingdom to command You can

Am C G7 E7 Am C

go outside and polish your car or sit by the fire in your
Shan-gri-la.
Here's your reward for working so hard.

Gone are the lavatories in the back-yard.
Gone are the days when you dreamed of that car.
You just want to sit in your Shan-gri-la.
1. Put on your slippers and sit by the fire, You've reached your top, and you just can't get any higher. You're in your place and you know where you are.

2. Little man who gets the train Got a mortgage hanging over his head. But he's too scared to complain.

in your Shangri-la. 'Cos he's conditioned that way.

Sit back in your old rockin' chair, You need not worry, you.

Time goes by and he pays off his debts Got a T.V. set and a ra-
You can't go anywhere,
For seven shillings a week.

Shangri-la, Shangri-la, Shangri-la.

The

2 C

Shangri-la, Shangri-la,
And all the houses in the street have got a name
The neighbours call to tell you things that you should know
Gas-bills and the water rates and payments on the car

‘Gos all the houses in the street they look the same
They say their lines, they drink their tea and then they go
Too scared to think about how insecure you are
Same chimney pots, same little cars, same window panes.
They tell your business in another Shangri-la.
Life ain't so happy in your little Shangri-la,
Shangri-la, Shangri-la, la la la,
la la la,
la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la,
la la la, la la, la la, la, Shangri-la, Shangri-la.