The
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP
Songbook
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I NEED A LOVER

Words and Music by
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP

Moderate Rock

I need a lover that won't drive me crazy. I need a lover that won't

drive me crazy. I need a lover that won't drive me crazy.

Some girl that knows the meaning of "Hey, hit the highway."

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Well, I've been walking the streets in the evening.

Racing through the human jungles at night, I'm so confused my mind is indifferent.

Hey, I'm so weak, won't somebody shut off that light?

Electricity runs through the video
and I watch it from this hole I call home. And all the stony's are dance-

in' to the radio and I got the world calling me up here tonight

on the phone. I need a lover that won't drive me crazy.

Some girl to thrill me and then go away. I need a lover that won't...
drive me crazy. Some girl that knows the meaning of "Hey, hit the highway."

Well, I'm not wiped out by this pool-room life I'm living. I'm gonna quit this job and go to school, or head back home. And I'm not asking to be loved or be forgiven:

Hey, I just can't face shakin' in this bed-room— one more night alone.
"Hey, hit the high - way." I need a lov - er that won’t drive me cra - zy.

Some girl to thrill me and then go a - way. I need a lov - er that

won’t drive me cra - zy. Some girl that knows the mean - ing of "Hey, hit the high - way."
A LITTLE NIGHT DANCIN'

Words and Music by
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP

Moderately

Em     C     D     Em     C

\[\text{mf} \]

\[\text{Tacet} \]

Well west of Zion,
Sodom and Gomorrah,

C     Em     G     Em     C     D

They got a hot spot;
They run the roadhouse.

They hand cuffs and kiss jump.
ex'in!
for the people who live there.

as the drummer keeps the beat.

Em    C    D

Guitar players play'in'.
And it's really somethin'.

Cinderella's when those kids start sayin'.

in',
in'.

"Hey boys, get that spoon to my nose and we'll start.

Yeah, it starts me itch'in'.

C    G

run jump in the midnight air."

To go
night, night, whoa, night dancin'.

Hey, just a little, little, little night dancin'.

Night, night, whoa, night dancin'.

Hey, just a little
little, little, little night danc-in'.

G

Coda

Em 0 000 C 0 0 D 0

lit- tle night danc - in'.

Em 0 000 C 0 0 G 0 000
Bm  A  Bm
Two vet'ran lovers  French kiss in a doorway;
A neon sign blinks outside in the pouring rain.

F6m  E  
their ears are cold, their hearts are so warm.
It's ladies night, free drinks till ten.

F#  F#7  Bm
A country band.
Some people walk.

A  Bm  F6m
playin' down the street a little ways.
by. "Hey girls don't I know you?" Won't you come on in?
They're whiskey wild, keep it up till down,
Well, it ain't love, but it ain't bad.

Small paradise, I'm glad to see

Every thing's all right with you.
Al-right then, hold me tight.

and kiss me. Small paradise.
AIN'T EVEN DONE WITH THE NIGHT

Words and Music by
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP

Moderately

Well our hearts ------
(Well, I don't) know ------
I don't know why ------

You got your hands ------
I feel the heat ------

You say that I'm ------

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F#  G#m  E  
make it all come true.  
Well, I'm tellin' ya that I don't know if

Chorus:  
F#7  B  G#m  
I know what to do. You say that's all right, hold tight.  
Well, I

don't even know if I'm doin' this right. Well, all right, hold tight,

G#m  E  F#  B  
we can stay out all day, we can run a-round all night. Well, all night, all night.
Well, it's time to go home. And I ain't even done with the night.

Well, I don't know. Hold tight. Well, I don't even know if I'm in this right. Well, all right, hold tight.

Repeat and fade
THIS TIME

Words and Music by
JOHN COUGAR MELLENGAMP

Moderate Shuffle ( Whisper )

F

C

Em

I've had a lot of girls
I used to roll down the

Em

F

C

in my

window

life....

and let

Never meant that much
tape
deck
blow....

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And look at the honey that I was holding that night... I'd say, "Hey girl, times, you're the one."

I used to lie to 'em and then I'd kiss 'em, but I kept your arms around my shoulders,

an arm's length away, confused with my heart...
Well hey, man, you know I was too smart to believe all those tired lines and look how silly too I've been acting I'd started.

This time I really think I'm in love. This time I think I'm really in love.
This time— I think I’m really in love.

really in love.

I hope you don’t lose that innocent laughter,

hope time doesn’t take that away.
HURTS SO GOOD

Words and Music by
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP

Medium Rock tempo

A(no 3rd) A(III) A (no 3rd) A(no 3rd) A

A6(no 3rd) A(no 3rd)

When I was a young boy,

Don’t have to be so exciting.

said, put away those young boy ways. Now that I’m gettin’

Just try’n’ to give myself a little bit of fun, yeah. You always look

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E

old - er, so much old - er,
so
invit - ing.
I love all those young boy days.
You ain't as green as you are young.

A

With a girl like you,
Hey ba - by, it's you.

E

with a girl like you,
Come on, girl, now, it's you.

E

Lord knows, there are things we can do, ba - by,
Sink your teeth right through my bones, ba - by.
just me and you.

E

Come on and make it
Come on and make it
hurt so good.

E

Come on, ba - by, make it
hurt so good. Sometimes love don't feel like it should. You make it

hurt so good.

I ain't talkin' no big deals; I ain't made no plans myself. I ain't talkin' no high
heels. Maybe we could walk around all day long.

walk around all day long.

Hurts so good. Come on, baby, make it
hurt so good. Sometimes love don't feel like it should. You make it
JACK AND DIANE

Words and Music by
JOHN COUGAR MELLENGAMP

Moderately

A

E/A

A

E/A

D

A

E/A

A

E/A

D

A

E

D

A

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two American kids growin' up in the heartland.

Jack, he's gonna be a football star; Diane debu-

tante back seat of Jacky's car.
Suckin' on a chili dog outside the Tastee Freez:
Jack, he sits back, collects his thoughts for a moment;

Diane sit-ting on Jack's lap. He's got his hands between her knees.
scratches his head and does his best James Dean.
Jack, he says, "Hey, Diane, let's run off beneath a shady tree; run off to the city."

Dianne says, "Bobbie Brooks. Let me do what I please." Say 'in',

"Baby, you ain't missin' a thing." But Jack, he says,

Oh yeah, life goes on.
long after the thrill of living is gone.
Say-in',

Oh yeah, life goes on,

long after the thrill of living is gone.

Now, walk on.
2. Tacet

Oh, let it rock, let it roll.

Let the Bible belt come and save my soul.
Holdin' on to sixteen as long as you can;

Change is comin' round real soon, make us women and men.

A little ditty about Jack and Diane,
two American kids doin' the

best that they can.
HAND TO HOLD ON TO

Words and Music by
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP

Medium Rock tempo

A
F#m
D

You can laugh and joke and make fun of your friends;

E
A
F#m

spin in the middle when the troubles begin. Take it nice and easy and

A
F#m
D

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always pretend that you're cool, so cool, so cool.

Say I'm alone and I'm wild and I will not be pains...
Havin' good luck with your financial situation.

Talk like a jerk or an educated brain.
Play the ponies. Be president of the United Nations.

Be an old girl drivin' the young boys insane.
Go to work and be a Hollywood stud.

Be a Drive your
D
joker, a preacher, it does not matter.
four-wheel drive right into the mud.

E
Ev'-ry-one needs a hand

A

F#m
to hold on to. Ev'-ry-one needs a hand to hold on to.

A

F#m

D
don't need to be no strong hand.

E
Don't need to be no rich hand.

D
Ev'-ry-one just needs a hand to hold on
1. A
   F#m
   A

   to.

2. A
   F#m

   to.
   And then those hours

when you're alone,
and there's nobody there except your-

self: I know it. You wanna pick up the phone and say, "Talk..."
to me, talk to me. Some-bod-y, please talk to me."

Repeat and fade

Ev’ry-one needs a hand to hold on to.

Ev’ry-one needs a hand to hold on to. Don’t need to be no strong hand.

Don’t need to be no rich hand.
DANGER LIST

Words and Music by
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP
and LARRY CRANE

Moderately
A
F#m
A

D
A
F#m

Of - fice girls, they pass
Don't go star - in' at

A
D
A

me by.
They don't know my name.

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Put me on the danger list, just too wild to tame.
Talk behind my back if you want to.
I don't hear no more.

Take the drinks off of the table.
Take me to my destination.

Throw my guitar out the door.
Put me on the plane.
Set my sights on some new.
Fly me up to heaven.

Suddenly, dear Lord.
Help my feet to the floor.
Take me home again.
I ain't lookin' for affection. I guess I need myself a shove.
Give me someone I can look up to.
Show me someone I can love.
Good boys go to heaven, good girls say their prayers.

Me, I don't say anything at all.

I hope The Big Man still cares. Touch my soul with your re-
E - gion.
Cut my throat with your spite.

F#m
Hurt me with your si - lence, girl.
Stay with me,

stay with me, stay with me to - night.

D
I ain't look - in' for af - fec - tion.
I guess I need my - self a
Give me someone I can look up to.

Show me someone I can love.

D. S. al Coda

Coda
CAN YOU TAKE IT

Words and Music by
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP

I was courting a Southern belle... Her daddy was a rich'un, too...

Sports car outside her door... she was
D  E  B

pretty good-looking, too.

You call me up, want me to

come over when the servants are all in bed.

And she said,

E  B  D  E  B

"Daddy's on a flight tonight... Does that put any ideas in your head?"

E  B

I say to her:

Take it all the way. Can you really
take it all the way down?
Can you really take it all the way down, down, down?
Down, down, down.
So we watch a little TV,
I drink up the family wine.
She said, "You're such a snake in the grass, boy. But tonight, you're mine."

But wait a minute, wait a minute, baby. Are you try'n' to make a fool out of me? She said, "I've seen men like you before. I've got a long family tree."

And
she said to me: _ Take it all the way. Can you really

take it all the way down? _ Can you really take it all

the way down, down, down?
And I say to myself: Even a fool like me can be the loving, loving kind.
THUNDERING HEARTS

Words and Music by
JOHN COUGAR MELLENGAMP and GEORGE GREEN

Moderately bright

In these long, hot summer days,

need a way to cool ourselves down.

Pop off the top of that Chev-

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ro-let,

drive through the car-wash, laugh and fall a-round.

Smok-in' the old Du-ca-dos the old man got down in Spain.
Get your greasy hair, girl, right on my face.

Eat-in' eggs and French fries on the side.
This old red-neck's on fire, burn-in' up.
Ride that Harley Davidson in the hot summer heat.
Give us a kiss, baby, make it on the same place.

Lord knows that I just love to ride.
Humidity's about to drive me allrazy wild.

Go by and pick up that Kentucky girl.
Pretty soon, the sun will be goin' down, and this

knew me when I got my start.
Little town will be cool and dark.
Oh yeah, those were dif-f'rent
days in the val-ley of the thun-der-ing
For-get a-bout heav-en. Let me
hearts, thun-der-ing hearts,
hearts, thun-der-ing hearts,
hearts.
stay here forever in the valley of the thundering hearts,

Repeat and fade

hearts, thundering

Thundering
CHINA GIRL

Words and Music by
JOE NEW and JEFF SILBAR

Moderately

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You touched me with your cool hand...
The Eastern sun is dawn'in:...
Your perfume's in the wind.
Your silk's against my skin.

China girl, your daddy tells you white lies...
China girl, take me to your jasmine place.

To keep you from my blue eyes...
Cool me with your substitute.
To know me is no sin.

And I won't break you, China girl...
If you take me into your world...
It's been my good fortune to find you, China girl.
CLOSE ENOUGH

Words and Music by
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP

Moderately bright

I may not be a pillar

in my town... or have the kind of job you think that I should.
I know you see me out running around with a couple of people you think are no good. I've tried to clean it up a couple of times, but I'm a back-sliden' fool when it comes to walkin' that line.

It's O.K. You think you're better than me. Yeah, that's all right, girl.
that's all right. 'Cause I'm close enough for rock-and-roll.

close enough for rock-and-roll, close enough for

rock-and-roll. I'm close enough for a little rock

and-roll.
Yeah, it's true, I don't plan my time.

When you're lookin' for me, I'm hard to find. I know you don't wanna

run around with me. With my socks fallin' down, girl, I'm just poor company.
I've seen your face, and it's a one-eyed jack...
We like to talk about this or that...
None of these things really interest me.
Hey,

that's all right, girl, that's all right. 'Cause I'm close enough for rock-and-roll,
close enough for rock-and-roll.
close enough for rock and roll. I'm close enough for a little

rock...

I know you think I'm a rough cut, ba-

by.

I ain't as rough-

— cut as I am the blood on your hands. Gon-na
love that blood right off of your hands.

Close enough for rock-and-roll, close enough for rock-and-roll, close enough for rock-and-roll,
WEAKEST MOMENTS

Words and Music by
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP

Moderately

Well, I hear you downstairs; you're foolin' around with your
say you can remember when it was your world and

father's brother and your mother's gown. All the old heroes keep
you were Mister Ruby's girl. He gave you dreams and
coming round to find out if you're still at home. So you
schemes that swirl a round your head and your body. And when

lie in the sun, watch your body turn to tan. Your
you drink sometimes, you try to liberate. And you

skin is oiled with the sweat of a man. He
stagger in the front yard till you find the gate. He

bought you a diamond ring, girl, to wear on your hand. And
swing on that thin line of love and hate. And
Em/A

D(addE)/A

D

baby, he's leaving tomorrow.

Yeah, I'll be with

E

F#m

D

you in your weakest moments, uh huh.

Yeah, I'll be there with

E

A

D(addE)/A

Em/A

D(addE)/A

you in your weakest moments.

You

D(addE)/A

A

D(addE)/A

Em/A

D(addE)/A

Repeat and fade

2.
CRUMBLIN' DOWN

Words and Music by
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP
and GEORGE GREEN

Medium Rock beat

Well, some people ain't no damn good... You can't trust... say I'm obnoxious and lazy, I'm un...

'em, you can't love 'em. No good deed goes unpunished. And I educated, my opinion means nothin'. But...
don't mind be-in' their whip-pin' boy. I've had that pleasure for I know I'm a real good dancer. Don't need to look over my shoulder to years and years... No, no, I never was a sinner. Tell me, what else can I do? Second see what I'm after. Everybody's got their problems. Ain't no new news here. I'm the best is what you get till you learn to bend the rules. And same old trouble you've been havin' for years. Don't con-
time respects no person, and what you lift up must fall... They've fuse the problem with the issue, girl. It's perfectly clear... Just a
waitin' outside to claim my crumbling walls. Saw my
human desire to have you come near. Want to

picture in the paper, read the news a-round my face. And now
put my arms a-round you, feel your breath in my ear. You can

some people don't wanna treat me the same} when the walls

bend me, you can break me, but you better stand clear} when the walls

come tumblin' down; when the walls come
crum-bl-in', crum-bl-in'; when the walls come tum-bl-in', tum-bl-in' down...

Well, some peo-

2. G D G G D G D

tum-bl-in', tum-bl-in', crum-bl-in', crum-bl-in'; when the walls
PINK HOUSES

Words and Music by
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP

Medium Rock beat

There's a black man with a black cat
young man in a T-shirt
people and more people.

liv'in' in a black neighborhood.
lis't'nin' to a rock-in' roll-in' station.

What do they know?

He's got an
He's got

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in - ter - state_ run - nin' through_ his front yard._ You know, he
greasy hair_ and a_ greasy smile_ that says, "Lord,
Go to work_ in some high - rise and va - ca - tion down at

F

C

G

thinks he's got it so good._
this must be my des - ti - na - tion._
the Gulf of Mex - i - co._

And there's a
'Cause they
And there's

wom - an_told me when I was young - er,
in the kitch - en clean - in' up the eve - nin'
win - ners and there's los - ers, but they ain't no big
slop._
ideal._
...dent.
But just like ev'ry-thing else, those old
Cause the sim-ple man, ba-by, pays for the

I can re-mem-ber when you could stop a clock."

Oh, but ain't that A-mer-i-ca, for you and me!
Ain't that A-mer-i-ca some-thin' to see,

...ba-by! Ain't that A-mer-i-ca, home of the free! Yeah,
little pink houses for you and me, oh yeah, for you and me.

There's a
Well, there's
AUTHORITY SONG

Words and Music by
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP

Moderately fast Rock beat

They like to get you in a up my preacher. I say,

compromising position.

"Give me strength for Round Five."

He said, "You_

like to get you there and smile in your face.

don't need no strength. You need to grow up, son."

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They think they're so cute when they got you in that condition,
I said, "Growin' up leads to growin' old and then to dyin',
but I think it's a tall disgrace, like all that much fun.
And I say: I fight authority. Authority always wins.
Well, I fight authority. Authority always wins.

Well, I been doin' it since I was a young kid, and I've come out grinnin'.

Well, I fight authority. Authority always wins.
I call  
I say oh

no no no no. I say oh no

D. S. & fade

no no. I say oh no no no no no no
WARMER PLACE TO SLEEP

Words and Music by
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP
and GEORGE GREEN

Well, I been up to the mountain,
seen the heart of darkness,
rested in the devil's arms. I've

ashes down below.
writing on the wall.
chased the hounds of hell.

I had breakfast with the wise.
And the voice out in the desert.
I've played truth or dare with the
D

man.

He told me what he thought I should know. And I've

right

was the voice I heard out in the hall. And that a

G

angels.

And as far as I can tell,

C

been to bed with Jezebel, and I found the well was deep.

G

once he called me Abel, and once he called me Cain.

C

heart of gold ain't no better than a heart taught from the streets.

G

And I'd trade in my ambitions for a

P

And for forty days and forty nights I

G#9

And I'd trade in my heart of stone for a
warming place to sleep. And I'd trade in my ambitions
slept out in the rain. warming place to sleep.

Tions for a warming place to sleep.

But I've

Girl, can you share your warming
bed tonight? I need to find a safe retreat.
some place where they can't see my eyes. I need to find
a warmer place to sleep.
I need to find a warmer place to sleep.
I need to find a warmer place to
sleep.

Well, I

find a warmer place to

Repeat and fade

I need to find a warmer place to
Moderately bright

So you went to a party
underneath your breath you
went to a party at

Jacqueline O - nas - sis'. If you're so smart
know I heard you cuss - in'. You were talk - in' to
Jacqueline O - nas - sis'. If you're so smart
why don't you wear glasses so

you can see what you're do - in' to me,
talk - in' a - bout me?
you can see what the future might bring,

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Backstage passes?
With all his political power,
With all his political power,
it seems you would

Like to me you could dance better than you think
That the man could dance.

D. S. (no repeats) al Coda
So you
Medium Rock beat

You may drive around your town in a
got your eye on the cheerleader queen and you're

brand new shiny car;
your face in the wind, and your haircut's in, and your
walk in her home from school. You know that she's only seventeen, but she
friends think you're bi-zarre.
You may find a cush-y job, and I
knows that you're a fool.
You know you can't touch that stuff without

hope that you go far. But if you really want to taste some cool success, you
money or a brand-new car.
Let me give you some good advice, young man: you

better learn to play guitar.
better learn to play guitar.
Play guitar,

play guitar, play guitar.
All women a-round the world want a phony rock star

You
who plays guitar.

No chord
You can pump your iron and shine your shoes and wear your hair just right. You go down out on cruisin' street 'cause you want to score tonight.

Ra da ra da ra da do, and you really want to show your scars. For Tacoc get all about that macho shit and learn how to play guitar. Play gu
SERIOUS BUSINESS

Words and Music by
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP

Medium Rock beat

You ain't goin' nowhere. Gonna:
You know my head is sweating.

sit by this pool until you fall in.
I can't dance and I can't relax.

Did you know what you were
Outside is too
get-ting in-to when you walked in-to this room; now, did you, kid?
threat-ning now... I've come this far, girl. I can't go back.

We got some girls o-ver here. We got some boys o-ver there. And they're here... just
Call up some old friends. Call up some stran-gers. Get me used to this

_for your fun. So have some din-ner, ba-by; play some rec-ords, but
French tel-e-phone. Don-na, Don-na, ed-u-cate me, but

just re-mem-ber one thing, son! This is so-
tell those girls that I'm not a-lone,
 serious bus'-ness. Sex and vi'-lence and rock-and-roll.

This is serious bus'-ness. Sex and vi'-lence and

rock-and-roll.

rock-and-roll.

Take my heart, take my soul.
Put me on the cross for all to see.
Put my name around my neck...
Let those people throw stones at me.
This is serious bus'ness. Sex and vi'lence and

rock-and-roll. This is serious bus'ness.

Sex and vi'lence and rock-and-roll.
LOVIN' MOTHER FO YA

Words and Music by
JOHN COUGAR MELLENGAMP
and WILL CARY

Bright Rock beat (\(\text{\textcolor{red}{\}}\text{\textcolor{green}{\}}\text{\textcolor{blue}{\}}}\))

\(\text{\textcolor{red}{A}}\text{\textcolor{green}{G}}\text{\textcolor{blue}{A}}\) Tacet

\(\text{\textcolor{red}{A}}\text{\textcolor{green}{G}}\text{\textcolor{blue}{A}}\) Tacet

R.H.
mf

Rid-in’ in the park with your golden tan... You got your new tattoo: half devil, half man. Straddlin’ a stallion made of chrome and steel...

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Spittin' out fire, this cat's for real. He'll be a lovin' mother fo' ya, don't you know.

He'll be a lovin' mother fo' ya, don't you know.

Everybody's got their attitudes. Some are nice and some are rude.
They come up and slap your back. They say, "Hey, buddy, you know you_

__can't do that." Everybody's got their opinions to protect.

But after midnight, they'll be sucking your neck. They'll be a suckin' mother

fo' ya, don't you know.. They'll be a
suckin' mother fo ya, don't you know...

No chord

Squeeze me, girl, don't let me fall...

I wanna walk, don't want to crawl. Make me feel like a
man after all.

Let me put my kick-in' mule in to your stall. 'Cause I'm a

kick-in' mother for ya, don't you know.

lov-in' mother for ya, don't you know.

'Cause I'm a kick-in' mother for ya, don't you know.

I'll be a lov-in' mother for ya, don't you know.

Well, I'm a
GOLDEN GATES

Words and Music by
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP

Medium tempo
G(no3rd) Em7 G(no3rd)

Ain't no golden gates gonna swing open.

Ain't no streets paved in natural pearl. Ain't no angel with a
harp com-in' sing-in',
least-ways, not that I know of in this world.

In these days of uncertain futures,
who knows what the masters might do.
They got their big deals go-in' on, go-in' on.
Got nothing to do with me or you.
If I could, I'd

got us a big suite overlooking the Park.

Only promises I know to be true are the promises made from the

heart. Just the promises made from the heart.
I don't need to see the whole thing go down.  I don't need to see another lonely man.  I don't need to see a woman crying for the savior, holding on to some money man's hand.
Who can I call to make my reservations forever thrown in the dark?

Only promises I know to be true are the promises made from the heart. Just the promises made from the heart.

I don't believe in the authorities.
They ain't gon'na take care of me and you.
I don't have all the strength I need to live the way that I want to.

On - ly prom - is - es I
know to be true are the promises made from the heart. Just the

promises made from the heart.

Repeat and fade

G(no 3rd)
RAIN ON THE SCARECROW

Words and Music by
JOHN MELLENCAMP and GEORGE M. GREEN

Moderate Rock

F#m

E/F#"E/F#"

F#m

F#m

Scarecrow on a wooden cross, blackbird in the barn,
ninety-seven crosses planted, in the courthouse yard,

four hundred empty acres that used to be my farm,
ninety-seven families who lost ninety-seven farms.

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grew up like my daddy did, my grandpa cleared this land. When

I was five I walked the fence while grandpa held my hand.

Rain on the scarecrow, blood on the plow; this land fed a nation, this

land made me proud. And son, I'm just sorry there's no legacy for you now.
Rain on the scare-crow, blood on the plow. Rain on the scare-crow,
blood on the plow. The crops we grew last summer weren't e-
nough to pay the loans, couldn't buy the seed to plant this spring and the
Farmers Bank foreclosed. Called my old friend, Scheperman, up to auction off the land; he said,
"John, it's just my job, and I hope you understand." Hey, calling it your job, ol' hoss,
sure don't make it right, but if you want me to I'll say a prayer for your soul to-night. And
Grandma's on the front porch swing with a bible in her hand. Sometimes I hear her singing "Take me to the promised land." When you
take away man's dignity, he can't work his fields and cows. There'll be

blood on the scarecrow, blood on the plow. Blood on the scarecrow,

blood on the plow.

Well, there's blood on the plow. Rain on the scarecrow,
blood on the plow. This land fed a na-tion, this land made me proud, and

son, I'm just sor-ry they're just mem-o ries for you now... Rain on the scarecrow,

blood on the plow. Rain on the scarecrow, blood on the plow.
GRANDMA'S THEME

Traditional
Arrangement by
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP

Moderate Appalachian feel

Tw was a dark storm - y night as the train rattled on, all the pas - sen - gers had gone to bed except a young man with a ba - by in his

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arms sat there with a bowed down head.

Diana Sublime began crying just

then as though its poor heart would break.

One angry man said, "Make that
Em7  Am  D
child stop its noise for it's keeping all

G7/D  C
others awake.

Slowly, with a lot of feeling

C  F  C

F  Am7  C7+5/E  F(addG)
SMALL TOWN

Words and Music by
JOHN MELLENCAMP

Moderately fast

Well, I was born in a small town,
      Ed-u-ca-ted in a small town,

and I live in a small town;
      prob'ly die in a small town;

taught the fear of Jesus in a small town;
      used to day-dream in that
town. Oh, those small communities.

small town. Another boring romantic, that's me.

But I've seen it all in a small town,

All my friends are so small town,

my parents live in the small town.

myself a ball in a small town.

My job is so small town,

Married an L.A. doll and brought her to this small town, now
little opportunities.
she's small town, just like me.

No, I can't forget where it is that I come from, I

can not forget the people who love me. Yeah, I can be myself here in

this small town, and people let me be just what I want to be.
Got nothing against a big town,

still hayseed enough to say "Look who's in the big town." But my bed is in a small town; oh, and that's good enough for me.
Well, I was born in a small town, and I can breathe in a small town.

Gonna die in this small town, and that's probably where they'll bury me.
MINUTES TO MEMORIES

Words and Music by
JOHN MELLENCAMP and GEORGE M. GREEN

Medium Rock

On a Greyhound thirty miles beyond James-town,
The rain hit the old dog in the twi-light's last gleam-ing.

he saw the sun set on the Ten-nes-see line. He looked at the young man who was
he said "Son, it sounds like rat-ting old bones. This high-way is long but I
riding beside him, he said, "I'm old, kind of worn out inside.
know some that are longer, By sun-up to-mor-row I guess I'll be home.

I worked my whole life in the steel mills of Gary,
Through the hills of Kentucky 'cross the Ohio river,

and my father before me, I helped build this land.
the old man kept talk-ing 'bout his life and his times.

Now I'm seventy-seven and with God as my witness,
He fell asleep with his head against the window, he
earned ev'ry dollar that passed through my hands. My

This

family and friends are the best things I've known,

world offers riches and riches will grow through the

wings

eye of the needle I'll carry them home.

I don't take stock in those uncertain things.

Days turn to minutes and

minutes to memories.

Life sweeps away the dreams that we have planned.
You are young and you are the future, so suck it up and tough it out, and

be the best you can.

1.

E

D/E

A/E

2.

B

A/B

E/B

B

A/B

E/B
B

The old man had a vision but it was hard for me to follow,

D/E A/E E

I do things my way and I pay a high price. When I think back on the
old man and the bus__ride, now that I'm old--er I can see he was right.

An-oth-er hot one out on

high-way e-leven__ this is my life__, it's what I've chosen to do. There are

no free rides, no one said it'd be eas-y, The old man told me this, my son, I'm
telling it to you.
Days turn to minutes and minutes to memories.

Life sweeps away the dreams that we have planned. You are young and you

are the future so suck it up and tough it out, and be the best you can.

Play 3 times
LONELY OL' NIGHT

Words and Music by
JOHN MELLENCAMP

Medium tempo

She calls me up and says, "Baby, it's a lonely ol' night."

Radio playin' softly some singer's sad, sad song.

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I don't know, I'm just so scared and lonely all at once.
He's singin' about stand-in' in the shadow of love. I guess he feels the same time.

aw-f'ly alone.

No body told us it was
She says, "I know exactly what he means,"

gon-na work out this way, no no no no. no.

yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah."
I guess they knew we'd work it out in our own way.
And it's a sad, sad feelin' when you're livin' on those in-beetweens, but it's okay.

It's a lonesome ol' night.

Can I put my arms around you?

It's a lonesome ol' night, custom made for two.
It's a lonely ol' night, but ain't they all?

Yeah, like me and you.

Yeah, like me and you.
The Face of the Nation

Words and Music by
JOHN MELLENCAMP

As I run through this life,
many lonely people,
sometimes it breaks my heart.

So see-in' old people go-in' downtown,
Oh, yes it could be better.
G#m
F#/C#  
G#m  
F#/C#  

stum-blin' their way through the dark.
You can say that about anything.
And the little baby
Some got it worse
You know, babe, I'm gonna

G#m
F#/C#  
G#m  
F#/C#  

lies than me,

for their mother's warmth.

You

G#m
F#/C#  
G#m  
F#/C#  

Sometimes I feel so helpless
I don't know where to start

see the people starvin' under the tree

and you wonder what happened to the

If only for me and you,'cause the devil sleeps tonight
The face of the nation, I don't recognize it no more. Face of the nation.
more. And the face of the na - tion keeps
chang - in' and chang - in'. The face of the na - tion, I don't
rec - og - nize it no more. Face of the na - tion.
Hey, face of the na - tion. Face of the na -
JUSTICE AND INDEPENDENCE '85

Words and Music by
JOHN MELLENCAMP

Medium Rock

He was born on the fourth day of July.

so his parents called him Independence Day.

and got himself a big reputation.
He married a girl named Justice, who gave
Could'n't keep the boy at home, no, no,
birth to a son called Nation, then she walked a way.
he just kept run-ning 'round and 'round and 'round and 'round.

Independence he would day-dream, and
Independence and Justice, well,

he'd pretend that some-day him and Justice and Nation would get to-
they felt so ashamed, when the Nation fell down they argued.
gather again, but Justice held up in a shotgun shack, and she wouldn't
who was to blame.
Nation, if you'll just come home we'll have

let nobody in... So a Nation cried.
this family again... Oh, Nation don't cry.

Oh, oh, when a Nation cries,

his tears fall down like missiles from the skies.
Justice looked into Independence's eyes:

Can you make everything all right? Can you keep your Nation warm to

right? Well, right. Can you keep your

nation warm?
Roll a rock a-cross the Coun-try, yeah, yeah. Ev'-ry-bod-y come a-

long. When you're feel-in' down, yeah, yeah. Just sing this

BETWEEN A LAUGH AND A TEAR

Words and Music by
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP

Medium Rock tempo

A(addB)/C#        E/ G#        E/F#        F#m7        A/C#        B

A(addB)

When para - dis - is no long - er fit for you to live in
When this card - board town can no long - er a - muse you,
and your adolescent dreams are gone;
you see through everything and nothin' seems worthwhile and
through the days you feel a little used up and you don't know where your
hypocrite used to be such a big word to you and it doesn't seem to mean anything
energy's gone wrong; it's just your soul feelin' a little down-hearted to you now...
Just try to live each and every precious moment, don't be dis-
sometimes life is too ridiculous to live. You count your friends courteaged by the future, forgive the past; that's old advice but it'll
all on one finger; I know it sounds crazy just the way that we live.
be good to you, I know there's a balance; I see it when I swing past.

Between a laugh and a tear.

Smile in the mirror as you walk by; between a laugh and a tear.

and that's as good as it can get for us... and there ain't no reason to stop.
try - in'.

between a

ain't no rea - son to stop try - in'.
When paradise can no longer amuse you, whoa.

Repeat and fade
RUMBLESEAT

Words and Music by
JOHN MELLENCAMP

Medium Rock tempo

1. All____ the leaves are green; all____ my friends are gone; I'm

2. 3. (see additional lyrics)

liv-in' in my home-town; I can bare-ly get a-long. I feel sor-ry for my-self; that's an

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Easy thing to do; I feel sorry for the world; I feel sorry for you.

Yes, I am a pitiful sight; I can't even get one thing right. I know just what it's like riding, riding in the rumble seat. Yes, I know just what it's like to be a
big time rider in the rumble seat.

Well, I could

Hey!

life around. I'll be

ridin' high with my feet kicked up in the rumble seat.

for a drive and we'll be singin', shotgun from that rumble seat.

you a kiss and we'll be ridin' big time in my rumble seat.
Yeah, we'll go._
Yes, I'll blow._

---

2. Well, I could have a nervous breakdown,
   But I don't believe in shrinks;
   I should be drunker than a monkey
   But I don't like to drink.
   Call up some girls,
   But I'm afraid of the phone;
   I'm always talkin' to myself;
   I guess I'm never alone.
   Am I the only one that feels this way?
   I'd buy myself some stylish clothes;
   But I sure hate to pay.

Chorus

3. The sun is coming up;
   Just goin' to bed.
   I combed my hair with my pillow;
   Still got some dreams left.
   Tomorrow is a new day;
   Gonna make these dreams come true.
   I'm gonna believe in myself;
   I'll tell you what I'm gonna do,
   I'm gonna stop puttin' myself down;
   I'm gonna turn my life around.
YOU’VE GOT TO STAND FOR SOMETHIN’

Words and Music by
JOHN MELLENCAMP

I've seen the Roll-in' Stones, forgot a bout
ki-ta Krush chev kiss-in'

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Johnny Rotten, saw the Who back in sixty-nine.
Fidel Castro, saw a man walkin' on the moon.

I saw...

Bobby Seals — talkin' to the Panthers, sayin' just what he had on his mind.
Miss America in a girl-y magazine.
I bet you saw that, too.

I saw Marlon Brando on a
I've seen the London Bridge been to Harlem County, and I've
motorcycle, he was acting out rebellion. I saw
middle of the desert, seen thirty three years go by. I know the A-
seen Paris, Texas, and I've spent some time in Rome. I know a

Rocky Stallone in an X-rated movie
American people paid a high price for justice and I
lot of funny people in a lot of funny places but the

called "The Italian Stallion." I've seen a lot of things,
don't know why, nobody seems to know why. I know a lot of things,
Midwest is my home. We've got to start
but I have not seen a lot of other things.
But
re-spect-in' this world, or it's gonna turn a round

I know you've gotta stand for some thin' or you're gonna fall for anythin'.
You've gotta stand right up for some thin' or you're gonna fall for anythin'.
I saw Ni-thing.

D. S. ½ at Coda
R.O.C.K. IN THE U.S.A.
(A Salute to 60's Rock)

Words and Music by
JOHN MELLENGAMP

Fast Rock beat

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come from the cit - ies and they come... from the small-er towns,

beat up cars... with gui - tars... and drum-mers go - in'

crack, boom, bam.

R. O. C. K. in the

U. S. A.

R. O. C. K. in the U. S. A.
O. C. K. in the U.S. A., yeah, yeah.

Rock-in' in the U.S. A.

Said goodbye to their families, said goodbye to their friends, with
pipe dreams in their heads and very little money in their hands.

Some are black and some are white,

ain't too proud to sleep on the floor tonight. With the blind faith of Jesus, you

know that they just might be rockin' in the U.S.
Voices from nowhere and voices from the larger towns

filled our heads, full of dreams. turned our world upside down.

There was Frankie Lymon, Bobby Fuller,
Mitch Ryder, (they were rock-in'), Jackie Wilson, Shangri-las. Young Rascals, (they were rock-in').

Spotlight on Martha Reeves; let's don't forget James Brown.

Rock-in' in the U.S.A.

Hey! R.O.C.K. in the U.S.A.

Repeat and fade

U.S.A.  R.O.C.K. in the U.S.A.  R.
THE KIND OF FELLA I AM

Words and Music by
JOHN MELLENCAMP

Moderate Rock

Em

No chord

N.C.

(Slide guitar as played by Ry Cooder.)

Em

N.C.

Em

G

D

G

Well, I don't like it when I see your eyes dart-in' back and forth a-cross the room

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and I don't like it when I see you doin' dances and

baby, that I ain't used to. But that's the kind of fella I am.

That's the kind of fella I am. I'm a jealous kind of fella and I might fall in love with you.
I'm a jealous kind of fellow and I
just might fall in love with you.
Well, I don't like it when you
try to impress me with your daddy's jewels and his car.
And I don't like it when I hear you talk 'bout your ex-boyfriend, the movie star...

But what I like is when I walk you home and you let me hold you tight...

But I don't like it when I hear that you learned it, all this from some other...
D. S. \# al Coda

er guy... But that's the

Coda

Em

N.C.
PAPER IN FIRE

Words and Music by
JOHN MELLENCAMP

Moderately Fast Rock

B7(no3rd)  E/B  B5

She had a dream
He wanted love
There is a good life

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and boy, it was a good one.
with no involvement.
right across this green field.

So she chased after her dream with much desire.
And each generation stares at it from afar.

But when she got too close.
And the days of
But we keep no check.

to her expectations, well, the
likely went on forever.
on our appetites.
dream burned up like paper in fire.
saw his days burn up like paper in fire.
green fields turn to brown like paper in fire.

Paper in fire, stinkin' up the ashtrays. Paper in fire

smokin' up the alleyways. Who's to say the way a man should spend his days. Do you let them smolder.
like paper in fire.

Paper in fire, stinkin' up the ashtrays. Paper in fire, smokin' up the alleyways. Who's to say the way a man should spend...
his days. Do you let them smolder, like paper in fire? Repeat And Fade

Paper in fire.
DOWN AND OUT IN PARADISE

Words and Music by
JohN MELLencAMP

Medium

A5  G5  ES
Hey, hey, hey.

A5  G5  ES
Well.

A5  G5  ES
Dear Mister President, I live in the suburbs,
Dear Mister President, I used to be a dancer, got a
Dear Mister President, I'm just a young kid, I'm

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It's a long way from Washington, D.C.,
in the fourth grade at Riley Elementary.

Had me a job workin' for wages till the
Married a man in Las Vegas, Nevada,
My mom and dad's been actin' funny, I'm not sure, what,

Company moved out and they forgot about me. Can't draw unemployment for
and ten years later he ran out on the kids and me. Some said I was pretty, but
if it ain't got somethin' to do with me. My daddy's always drunk, my
some unknown reason. My kids are hungry; I've got four mouths to feed. I
those days are over. Now, I've no place to live and I'm out on the streets. Oh,
mom's a baby sit-ter, and I don't like the Russians 'cause I hear they hate me.

Go out every day lookin' for suitable employment. Do you
Mr. President, can I tell you a secret? I
Dear Mr. President, can I ask you one question? When the

think there's some thing you could do for me? 'Cause I'm
never ever thought that this could happen to me. 'Cause I'm
bombs fall down, will they hurt every-one in my fam-i-ly? Yeah, yeah,
Down and out here in Paradise. Down and out and I'm on my knees. I'm down and out here in Paradise. Looks like the milk and honey done run out on me.

Hey. Hey, hey, hey.
CHECK IT OUT

Words and Music by
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP

Moderately

C(addD)

G
Gsus4
G

C(addD)

G
Gsus4
C(addD)

G

Gsus4
G
F
G

omit on D.S.

F

C(addD)

A million young poets...
A million young poets...

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screamin' out their words to a world full of people,
just those

livin' to be heard by future generations
ridin' on the

highways that we built

I hope they have a better understanding

(To Coda)

(Check it out) Goin' to work on Monday.
Got your self a family. (Check it out.) All utility bills have been paid...

You can't tell your best buddy that you love him. (So check it out.) Where does our time go? (Check it out.) Got a brand new house in es-

crow. (Check it out.) Sleeping with your back to your loved one. This is
all that we've learned - a- bout hap - pi- ness.

(Check it out.) For - got to say hel - lo to my neigh-
bored... (Check it out.) Sometimes I question my own behavior. (Check it out.) Talkin' about the girls that we've seen on the sly, just to tell our souls we're still the young lions. (So check it out.) Gettin' too drunk on Saturdays.

(Check it out.) Playin' football with the kids... on
Sundays. (Check it out.) Scourin' with the eagles all week long. And this is

all that we've learned... about living... This is all that we've learned... about living...

D.S. al Coda

Hope they'll have a better understanding.

(Check it out.) Maybe they'll have a better understanding.
(Check it out.) May-be they'll have a bet-ter un-der-stand-
ing.

(Check it out.) Hope they have a bet-ter un-der-stand-
ing.

Repeat and fade

(Check it out.)

(Check it out.)

(Check it out.)
CHERRY BOMB

Words and Music by
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP

Medium

Well, the winter days they last,
Seventeen has turned.

skirts of town, in an eight room farmhouse, baby,
but the week-ends went by so quick.
I'm surprised that we're still livin'.
When my brothers and friends were around, there was always something.
Went ridin' around this little country town; we were goin' nuts, girl, out.
If we've done any wrong, I hope that we're for-

---

Am

do-in',
in the sticks.
given.

Had me a couple of real nice girl friends stopped
One night, me with my big mouth, a couple
Got a few kids of my own and

---

Am

by to see me ev'ry once in a while.
guys had to put me in my place.
some-days I still don't know what to do.

When I think back about,
When I see those guys,
I hope that they're not laugh-

---

Em
those days we just laugh and say, "Do you remember when?"

in' too loud when they hear me talk-in' like this to you.

That's when a sport was a sport, and groov-in' was groov-in',

and dance-in' meant every-thing.

We were young and we were improvin'. Laugh-in', laugh-in' with
our friends...
Hold-in' hands meant some-thin', ba-by.

Outside the club,  "Cher-ry Bomb":  our hearts were
eal-ly thump-in':  Say, "Yeah, yeah, yeah."
Say, "Yeah, yeah, yeah."
THE REAL LIFE

Words and Music by
JOHN MELLENCAMP

1. Suzanne divorced her husband, she got the keys to the car and the home.
2. Jack-jon Jack-jon was a good kid, he had four years of college and a bach-
3. See additional lyric

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__e-lors de-gree.__

But her friends... were rea-ly his friends.

Start-ed work-in' when he was twen-ty one.

Got

No one stops by... to see her much an-y more...

So one night she goes back.

Fed up and quit... when he was for-ty three...

He said, "My whole life... I've

__down to the old haunts that, once up-on a time.__

Done what I'm sup-posed to do; now I'd like to may-be do... some-thing for my-self.

And
She didn't know nobody out there no more. And the whole experience just made her feel just as soon as I figure out what that is, you can bet your life I'm gonna give

so old. She says: "I want to live the real life."

I want to live my life close to the bone. Just because I'm middle-aged,

that don't mean I want to sit around my house and watch T.V.
I want the real life. I want to live the real life.
I want to live the real life.

I want to live my life close to the bone. Just because I'm middle-aged,

that don't mean I want to sit around my house and watch TV.

I want the real life. I want to live the real life.
Additional lyric

I guess it don't matter how old you are,
Or how old one lives to be.
I guess it boils down to what we did with our lives.
And how we deal with our own destinies.
But, something happens when you reach a certain age,
Particularly to those ones that are young at heart.
It's a lonely proposition when you realize
That there's less days in front of the horse
Than riding in the back of this cart.
I say:

Coda (chorus)
WE ARE THE PEOPLE

Words and Music by
JOHN COUGAR MELLENGAMP

Medium Rock

If you're feelin' shut down,
If you are one of the homeless,
You see yourself as a leader,
may my thoughts be with__
may our thoughts be with__
may my thoughts be with__

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C\m

If you're a black man, be in' best down and shored all around,

you.

If you are scared and alone,

you.

If you try to divide and conquer,

you.

If your world's gettin' a little too tough,

you know our thoughts are with you.

We all know it's lonely up there.

B

may my thoughts be with you.

you know our thoughts are with you.

we'll rise up against you.

If your world's gettin' a little too tough,

you know our thoughts are with you.

we all know it's lonely up there.

C\m

will survive,

but the meek will inherit it.
Hey, I know that it's crazy out there and my thoughts are with...
We understand that nobody's got it made, so our thoughts are with...
So if you've got a coat of arms, oh friend, I suggest we wear...

We are the people...

and we live forever.

We are the people...

and our future's written on the wind,
on the wind.

C#m5

Amaj7

E/G♯

Violin solo (ad lib.)
C#m

C#m
EMPTY HANDS

Words and Music by
JOHN MELLENGAMP and GEORGE M. GREEN

In the shadows of the smokestacks,
through the black snow that lay on the land.
Em5  N.C.                     Em5  N.C.
walked home one winter morning with my life savings

Em5  D5  Em5  N.C.
in my hand. Mary-anne, she's fixin' up some breakfast...

Em5  N.C.                     Em5  Em  D
Got the lights on, on the Christmas tree... Sittin' there, lookin' up at an

Em5  Em
angel with something dyin' inside of me.
Em5

Mary grew up with great expectations,
Em D/E

same's been cryin'.
Em D/E

heard the promise and I knew the plan,
Em D/E

Lord knows, I love her the best I can.
Em/D D

They say people get what
Em5

When my pride is

they deserve, but, Lord, sometimes it's much worse than that.
Em D/E Em5

bruised and broken, she slips her hand into my empty hands.
Mary-anne, she's takin' in some laundry dry,
Without hope, with love, you've got nothing but pain,

I got a part-time job at a drive-in stand,
Just makes a man not give a damn,

That's no way for us to live.

We've got to fill these empty hands?
Across the cities,

Across this land,

Through the valleys,

And across the sand,

Too many people stand

In line.

Too many people with nothin' planned...
There's... too many people with empty hands.
HARD TIMES FOR AN HONEST MAN

Words and Music by JOHN MELLENCAMP

One man, she's got a

Æhis work. He's not satisfied, not at all.

lot of pride. You can see it when she walks into the room.

Feels But she's

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like young that he is being used, his self re-spect starts to fall...
and she's unaware of what a brutal world can do to

His frustration is runnin' very very high.
So, she loves a man, he lies like a dog.

He takes it out on the ones he loves.
Her little world all apart.

Because it's safe, so, the walls go up for the rest.

And he hates the coldblood-ness that runs inside. Oh yes, it's hard...
times for an honest man.

Very, very, very hard times...

Hard times for an honest man.

Very, very, very hard times.....
walk from the front porch to the back yard... just to laugh and say, "Hello" and say, "Goodbye."

But some days are hard, like a soldier's steel-toed boots. And the
rent we pay to stay here gets high. Oh yes, it's hard

Coda

Hard times for an honest man.

Very, very, very hard times. Hard times for an honest man.

Very, very, very hard times.
HOTDOGS AND HAMBURGERS

Words and Music by
JOHN MELLENCAMP

D (add E)
A
D
A/B
D
E
Bm
E

Bm/E
E
D(addE)
E
D(addE)
E

D (add E)

Dri - vin' down, on a dry sum - mer's day, old Route -
Sixty Six, and I was just a kid.

Met a pretty little Indian girl along the way.

Got her into my car and tried to give her a kiss.

"I'll give you beads and wampum, whatever it takes, girl, to make you trade."

She
jumped into the back seat and she kind-a flipped her lid. She said, "You're try-in' to get

something for nothing like the Pilgrims in the olden days."

We rode for a while till the sun went away and I re-
alized it was sort of an honor bein' around this girl.

I felt embarrassed of what I tried to do earlier that day. She was the saddest girl I ever knew. She told me stories about the Indian Nations, and how the white man stole their lives away.
And although she kinda liked me, she could never trust me, and when the sun comes up we'd go our different ways.

Now, everybody has got the choice between hot dogs and hamburgers.

Everybody of us has got to choose between right and wrong.
Dmaj7     E           D(addE)     A  D(addE)

giv-in' up or hold-in' on...

A/B  E           D  E           A  D(addE)  A  D(addE)

D(addE)   E
So I dropped her off at some railroad crossing in Texas; an old Indian man was waiting there.

He smiled and thanked me, but he saw right through me. I could tell he didn't like me; for my kind he did not care.
Because to him I was the "White Man," the one who sold him something that he already owned. And it was like he'd been riding in the car right there with us, and I felt ashamed of my actions and the way the west was really won.
So, I drove down the highway till I came to Los Angeles,

"the Town of the Angels," the best this country can do.

I got down on my knees and I asked for forgiveness. I said, "Lord,

... forgive us for we know not what we do,"
Got my hands on a little bit of dough, so, I went to the grocery store and got some steaks to go. Went
by and picked up my gal,  
Ted di Jo... We had ourselves a picnic be-
side a dirt road.  
Root-
y toot-toot, root-y toot-toot, we had it made in the shade, like a 
ball through the hoop.  
Spin-nin' and tumblin' inside this hoo-la hoop.
Livin' and learnin', rooty toot toot.

We laid out a blanket and started a fire. Had the radio playin' from inside the car. I took off my shirt and kicked off my shoes. She read the paper and told me the news. She said, "There's a
lot of people out there who are at the end of their rope."

Sometimes, baby, you've got to lay low. Root-

y toot-toot, root-y toot toot, we had it made in the shade, like a

ball through the hoop... Spin-nin' and tum-blin' in-side this hoo-la hoop.
Liv' in' and learn'in', root-y toot toot.

We stayed there all day.

We both got us some real good sun-tans. I thought that was O.

Sometimes life can be so grand.
We were gettin' ready to shake out of that place when the Illinois state trooper got in my face. He said, "You're
on private property." But once—He cooled down. He was O.K.

Sometimes you're gold-en, man, that's all I got to say.

D.S. \(\text{al Coda}\)

Root-

Coda

Roo-
y toot, roo-
y toot toot. We had it
made in the shade, like a ball through the hoop.

Spin-nin' and tum-blin' in-side, this hoo-la hoop.

Liv-in' and learn-in', root-y toot toot.
A LITTLE NIGHT DANCIN'
AIN'T EVEN DONE WITH THE NIGHT
AUTHORITY SONG
BETWEEN A LAUGH AND A TEAR
CAN YOU TAKE IT
CHECK IT OUT
CHERRY BOMB
CHINA GIRL
CLOSE ENOUGH
CRUMBLIN' DOWN
DANGER LIST
DOWN AND OUT IN PARADISE
EMPTY HANDS
THE FACE OF THE NATION
GOLDEN GATES
GRANDMA'S THEME
HAND TO HOLD ON TO
HARD TIMES FOR AN HONEST MAN
HOTDOGS AND HAMBURGERS
HURTS SO GOOD
I NEED A LOVER
JACK AND DIANE
JACKIE O
JUSTICE AND INDEPENDENCE '85
THE KIND OF FELLA I AM
LONELY OL' NIGHT
LOVIN' MOTHER FOR YA
MINUTES TO MEMORIES
PAPER IN FIRE
PINK HOUSES
PLAY GUITAR
RAIN ON THE SCARECROW
THE REAL LIFE
R.O.C.K. IN THE U.S.A.
(A SALUTE TO 60'S ROCK)
ROOTY TOOT TOOT
RUMBLE SEAT
SERIOUS BUSINESS
SMALL PARADISE
SMALL TOWN
THIS TIME
THUNDERING HEARTS
WARMER PLACE TO SLEEP
WE ARE THE PEOPLE
WEAKENED MOMENTS
YOU'VE GOT TO STAND FOR SOMETHIN'