Iggy Pop Collection

Compiled and edited by Connie Ambrosch

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ISBN 0-7935-1484-3
BANG BANG

Words and Music by IGGY POP and IVAL KRAL

Moderate Rock
no chord

(Spoken:) This isn't the right thing to

so let's go.

Young girls I keep a good friend
know what they're after.
Oh girl, oh girl, on video tape.
my problems can't follow me.

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Young girls, He'll drive his sports car
don't kiss me goodbye.
Phone calls, I take my machine.

until it's too late.

But we'll have a hot time
I wander lonely.

shoot off to space, on the town tonight,

buildings 'cause love is my bet,

What does it mean? And it's the best yet.

ly, ha, ha, ha.

Who, me?
Bang, bang, I got mine.

Bang, bang, reach for the sky,
the sun don't shine.
and you're next in line.

Bang, bang, oh, what a hot time.
And that's all it means, man.

Here have a glass of wine.
I ought-a be in pictures. Let's go.

Instrumental solo

D.S. al Coda

CODA

Bang, bang. Rise, buildings,
G                  D                  C
rise          to the sky.

Em                  D                  C
Bang, bang.  Young girls  know what they're after.

Em                  D                  C
Bang, bang.  Young girls,  don't kiss me good-bye.  Don't kiss me.

G                  D                  C
Repeat and fade
Bang, bang.
Moderate Rock

E(no3rd) G(no3rd) A(no3rd) G(no3rd) E(no3rd) D(no3rd) A(no3rd) G(no3rd)

E(no3rd) G(no3rd) A(no3rd) G(no3rd) E(no3rd) D(no3rd) A(no3rd) G(no3rd)


MANNERS

cops are well-groomed,
I'm tellin' you it's a motley crew

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E(no3rd)        G(no3rd)        A(no3rd)        G(no3rd)        E(no3rd)        D(no3rd)        A(no3rd)        G(no3rd)

Butt Town.
Butt Town.

E(no3rd)        G(no3rd)        A(no3rd)        G(no3rd)        E(no3rd)        D(no3rd)        A(no3rd)        G(no3rd)

tan un - i - forms are tail - ored in chic, and Fri - day you're through, in

E(no3rd)        G(no3rd)        A(no3rd)        G(no3rd)        E(no3rd)        D(no3rd)        A(no3rd)        G(no3rd)

Butt Town.
Butt Town.

E(no3rd)        G(no3rd)        A(no3rd)        G(no3rd)        E(no3rd)        D(no3rd)        A(no3rd)        G(no3rd)

young black duc - er is wi - ley who walks down the street is

E(no3rd)        G(no3rd)        A(no3rd)        G(no3rd)        E(no3rd)        D(no3rd)        A(no3rd)        G(no3rd)
gon-na get stopped by a
car full of meat,
but the
tal-ent is ea-ger
to go straight to hell.

The
girl with the hair flies by in her un-der-wear. She's done
tits are a-maz-ing
and ev-ry-one's ga-zing

nothing so far to de-serve that
car.
some bod-y part, that's the na-ture of art.

When

you live in Butt Town,
All o-ver Butt Town,
love is a let-down.
dreams have a show-down.
When you live in Butt Town,
All over Butt Town,
you gotta get down,
your values are thrown down.

But in Butt Town I'm learning.
In Butt Town I'm earning.
In Butt Town I'm turning...
- - - - -
- - - - -
worst night mare.

Butt Town, ba - by,
I'm gon - na be a star._
I'm gonna shake my butt
far, now here we go.
I'm gonna
shake my butt, shake my butt, shake my butt in Butt Town.

Repeat and Fade
Shake my butt, shake my butt, shake my butt in Butt Town.
Moderately fast Rock

G(no3rd)

(Spoken:) It's a rainy afternoon in nineteen ninety.

The big city,

geez, it's been twenty years.

Candy,

Yeah, well it hurt me real bad when you left.
you were so fine.
I'm glad you got out, but
but I miss you.

Beautiful, beautiful,
I've had a hole in my heart for so long.

You burned my heart with a flickering torch.
I've learned to fake it and just smile along.

I had a dream
Down on the street,
no one else could see. You gave me love
men are all the same. I need a love

for not free.
games, not games.

Candy, Candy, Candy, I can't let you go.

All my life you're haunting me, I
loved you so.

Candy, Candy, Candy,

dy, I can't let you go.

Life is crazy,

Candy baby.
CHINA GIRL

Words and Music by IGGY POP
and DAVID BOWIE

Medium Rock
no chord

G6/9

Oh, oh, oh,

Am7

lit - tle Chi - na
girl.

G6/9

Oh, oh, oh, oh_

lit - tle Chi - na

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Girl, I could escape this feeling with my China girl.
I'm a mess without my little China girl.

I'm just a wreck without my little China girl.
Wake up in the morning; where's my little China girl?
I hear her heart beating loud as thunder,
I hear her heart's beating loud as thunder,
Am7
see the stars crashing,
I'd see the stars crashing down.

B

G
I'd feel tragic like I nothing was Marlon Bran-
F

did pretend that much,
d
when I'd look at my China girl.

Em

d
when I'd look at my China girl.
I'd stumble into town,
just like a sacred cow.
Visions of swastikas in my head,
and plans for everyone.
It's in the whites of my
eyes.

My little China girl.

you shouldn't mess with me.

I'll ruin everything you are.

I'll give you television,
I'll give you eyes of blue, I'll give you men.

who want to rule the world.

And when I get excited my little China girl says:

(Spoken:) "Oh, Jim-my just you shut your mouth."
She says:

“shhh”

She says:

“shhh.”

Oh, oh, oh, oh oh oh oh oh
lit-tle Chi-na girl.

Repeat and Fade
COLD METAL

Hard Rock

Words and Music by
IGGY POP

B
Bsus
B
Bsus
B
Bsus
B

mf

I played tag in the

auto graveyard.

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I looked up at the radio tower.
Grew my height in a home mobile.

Grabbed tit by the railroad tracks,
Heard a song called, "The Driv-in' Wheel."

Concrete poured over steel grids.
Pondered my fate while they

Built the interstate.
Tractors caught me workin'.
I'm a product of America,
This is the song of my heritage,
Instrumental solo

from the walls to the prisons.
from the bad to the brutal.
End solo
Cold
Cold
Cold

metal, when I start my van,
metal, that's what it be,
metal, in the afternoon
metal, shines lovely,
in my from
like a

garbage can.
see to sea.
Hendrix tune.
cold metal, gets in my food
metal, it's how we win
metal, it's the father of heat

Cold
and my attitude.
also how we sin.
mother of the street.

how we sin, how we sin, how we sin, how we sin.
CRY FOR LOVE

Words and Music by IGGY POP
and STEVE JONES

Moderate Rock

Am

F

mf

Am

F

Am

F

Am

F

S

Am

Am/G

F

Status seekers
Bad T. V.
that in
sults me free
ly;

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once I found out they never dared to seize. In search-

the world and shake it upside down,
and sometimes.

'ry stink-ing bum should wear a crown. Say-in' I

my self re spect took second place. And I

End solo Surfers

cry for love, till all the plates are broken.
cried for love, I did what my heart told me.
ride for love, and wipe out when it hits 'em. Soldiers
Am Am/G Fmaj7 Am/G
Cry for love un-til my eyes are soak-in'. Yeah, I
Cried for love, can't stand it when they scold me. Yeah, I
kill for love, and no-bod-y admits it. If you're
Am Am/G Fmaj7 Am/G
cried for love on ev-ry sam-my morn-ing. Yeah, I
Am Am/G Fmaj7 Am/G
cry for love 'cause im-i-ta-tion's bor-ing. Cry for love.
Am F/A
Cry for love. Cry for love.
Am
F/A
Cry for love.

CODA
Am
Am/G
Fmaj7
cry in' for love, well that's O.K. don't

Am/G
Am
Am/G
sweat it. If you're cry in' for love, then there's

Fmaj7
Am/G
Am
still a chance you'll get it. Cry for love.
Cry for love.

Repeat and Fade
DI RT

Words and Music by IGGY POP, SCOTT ASHETON, RONALD ASHETON and DAVID ALEXANDER

Steadily, not too fast
Am7

Ooh, I been dirt
Ooh, I've been hurt

and I don't care.
and I don't care.

'OCause I'm burn
'OCause I'm burn

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I'm just a
I'm just a

yearn

And I'm the fire

o' life.
Yeah, all right.

this life...

And do you feel it?

Said do you feel it when you touch me?

Said do you feel it when you
touch me?

There's a fire.

Well, it's a fire.

Yeah, al - right.

Ooh!

(Spoken, last time only:) Play it for me, babe,

Play 4 Times

with love!
Don't look down. They're making sort of crazy sounds.

So, why be bored?

Who scared you? And why stay there? It's no piece of cake.
To cemetery to see old Rudy Valen-ti-no bur-led.
Standing there I can't see the clothes you wear.
Who scared you? And why stay here? This is no piece of cake.
When I hear that crazy sound
Lipstick traces on his name remain.
I just hear that crazy sound
When I hear that crazy sound
I don't look down
He never looked down
and I can't look
I don't look down

from Central Park to Shanty Town.
'cause they were making crazy sounds
down from Central Park to Shanty Town.

always hear that crazy sound
from New York to Shanty Town.
He always heard that crazy sound
from New York to Shanty Town.

always hear that crazy sound
from New York to Shanty Town.
There's always something else.
There's always something else.
There's always something else.
I'm

Went this mor-
So, why be bored?

Am7  G/B  D  Em  G  C  G/B  G
D  Em  Am  G/D  Am  D  Em  G
C  G/B  G  D  Em  Am  G/D  Am
Bm  G
Listening to crazy sounds, uh. When I see

CODA

look-in' good. I don't look down. I'm

Repeat ad lib. and Fade

look-in' good.
FIVE FOOT ONE

Words and Music by
IGGY POP

Bright Rock
no chord

Play 3 times

A7

1-3

4

Em

C

Em

I'm only five-foot one.
I got a pain in my neck. I'm looking up in the city.
I got a pain in my heart. All night I'm working.
Unless the time has come, I won't grow anymore.

What the hell? What the heck?
I'm with a till I'm

stare at the concrete. The girders rise high.
Bottle of aspirin, a sack full of jokes. I'm checking it twice.

I wish I could go home with
I'm gonna find out who's

love in my eyes. all the big folks.
naughty and nice.
And I'm doing the things a five-foot one man can

(1-3.) I wish life could be
(4.) I wish life could be

Swedish magazines.
D.S. al Coda
(take 1st ending)

CODA

I wish life

could be Swedish magazines.
HOME

Words and Music by
IGGY POP

I work so hard, man, so don't trip me up.
So many peoples rise and fall.
The life we live is tricky, tricky.

I'm payin' dues till I register here.
No body knows anybody at all.
Who's gonna love you when the mountain gets steep?

Shakin' a leg like the
Who's lookin' after
I love my home

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Sure hope I don't end up on the street.
Strangers in paradise down at the mall.
We're gonna make it in a jeep.

Home, boy.

Ev'rybody needs a home.

Home, boy.
Home, boy.
Ev'rybody needs a home.
You better think about your home.

Home.

home.
Home. Home. Ev'rybody really needs a home.

Home. Home. Ev'rybody needs a home.

Guitar solo

Play 3 times no chord

Solo ends

D.S. al Coda
I GOT A RIGHT

Words and Music by IGGY POP

Freely

C

G

E(no3rd)

Fast Driving Rock

Oo,
yeah.

An-y-time I want I got a right to {move,
sing,
moves,

D  A

D  A

E(no3rd)

no mat-ter what they say.

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And any-time I want I got a right to move, sing, move,

no matter what they say.

But I got a right, right to

move, sing, move

any-time I want, any old
time.
But I got a right, right to

move

{ sing}

move

any time I want.

To Coda Ξ

1 B

E(no3rd)

2 B

C(no3rd) G(no3rd)

Oo, yeah.
E(no3rd)

Guitar solo

D.S. al Coda

Solo ends

CODA

I said, "Hey, hey, hey, hey, and al -"
I said, "Hey, hey, he-- hey, and all right."

Repeat ad lib. and Fade

-- hey and all right."
I NEED MORE

Words and Music by IGGY POP
and GLEN MATLOCK

Moderate Rock shuffle (J played as J)
F#(no3rd)

I walk a-round.__
More ven-oms,

I flop a-round.__
more dy-na-mite,
Let me eat more dis-as-

some-thing
- ter.
that will be found.

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I need more than I ever did before, but
I need more than an ordinary grind.

everything is going up in price.
and the more I think the more I need.

My

My

life is going all right up till now.
life is going all right up till now.

To Coda

Even so, there's something missing.
Even so, it's not enough for me
truth,
cars.
more in-
tel-li-
gence, ha, ha.
I'll take more mon-
ey,
More
more cham-

fu-
ture,
pagne.
more
laughs.
I can't for-
get my brain.
More
More

cul-ture.
floors,
Don't for-
get ad-
ren-a-lin.
more
doors.
More
More

free-dom.
mus-tard,
pick-le and rel-ish.
I need more than an or-di-nar-y grind
F#(no3rd)

and the more I think the more I
(2nd time vocal tacet)

F#(no3rd)

need.

More Ev-'ry-bod-y ought to love his job and

Bm A Bm A C#m B
live his life and keep his pride, im-per-tur-ba-bly hap-py with the

C#m B C#m B C#m
one you love, with an ex-ci-ting fu-ture on the fat of the land....
CODA

and I need more. I need more. And I need more. I need more. Oh,

oh, oh, oh,

than I ever did before. I need
more. 

(Spoken:) I need to lead a disciplined existence and play scratchy records and more future, more culture.

more distance, I need more.

enjoy my decline with more divorce. I need more.

I need more.
I WON'T CRAP OUT

Words and Music by IGGY POP

Moderate Rock

Asus2  G6/A  Fmaj7/A  Asus2

I'm stand-in' in the shadow, hating the world.
I'm glad I am crazy, it keeps me trying.

Asus2  G6/A  F/A

I keep a wall around me, block out the herd,
I despise the trendies, I know they're lying.

A  Asus2  G6/A  F/A

It's a nerve-wrecked place to be, it kills real quick.
If you want to stir up real mud,
You gotta scrape the concrete off of your dick.

But we're gonna live so happily in a far away place, just

But the birds will sing a sweet melody in a couple of green in

you and me, if I don't crap out.

diff'rent trees, if I don't crap out.

The sun will shine and

And you're gonna know how

give us a hug, the world will sing like a happy bug, if I don't crap out.

fine you are. Gonna write your name on a violet star, if I don't crap out.
No, and I won't crap out...

No, I won't crap out.

No, I won't crap out,_

crap out,____

crap out,____

crap out.____

Asus2 G6/A Fmaj7/A G6/A Asus2

D.S. al Coda
CODA

We'll have a window and we'll have a door and a
reason to be living for, if I don't crap out.
And the material singers will fade in the dust
like forgotten merchants of disgust if I
don't crap out.

No, I won't crap out.
No, and I'll
never crap out. Oh, I won't crap out.

I won't crap out. No, I won't crap out.

I won't crap out. No, I won't crap out.

Repeat and Fade

I won't crap out. No, I won't crap out...
Here comes Johnny
I'm worth a million
in again
prizes
with the liquor and drugs
and the flesh machine
wear a
He's gonna do another strip tease.
Hey man, where'd you get that
uniform all on a government loan.
I'm worth a million in
Lo - tion. I've been hurt - in' since I bought the gim - mick a - bout
priz - es I'm through sleep - in' on the side - walk, no more
(§) Your skin starts it - chin' once you buy the gim - mick a - bout

some - thing called love,
bea - t - in' my brains,
some - thing called love,
(§) yeah, some - thing called love.

Well, with

that's like
hyp - no - tiz - ing
with liquor and drugs.

Well, I'm just a modern gay.
Of course I've had it in the
ear before, 'cause of a lust for life,

To Coda

lust for life.

I got a lust for life,

Oh, a
lust for life;    oh, a lust for life;

Well, I'm just a modern guy._

Of course I've had it in the ear before, 'cause of a lust for life,
'cause of a lust for life.

Well,

I got a lust for life,
I got a lust for life.
I got a lust for life,

lust for life,

Got a lust for life,

I got a lust for life,

a lust for life.
NIGHTCLUBBING

Words and Music by IGGY POP
and DAVID BOWIE

Moderately slow shuffle (\(\frac{3}{4}\) played as \(\frac{5}{4}\))
Night-club-bing, we're night-club-bing, we're what's happen-ing.
we're night-club-bing, we're walk-ing through town.

Night-club-bing, we're night-club-bing,
we're night-club-bing,

D7

we're an ice ma-chine.
we walk like a ghost.

We see peo-ple,
We learn danc-es,

brand new peo-ple.
brand new danc-es,

They're some-thing to see.
like the nu-clear bomb,

when we're
Night-club-ing, we're night-club-bing, oh, isn't it wild?
night-club-ing, bright white club-bing, Oh, isn't it wild?

To Coda

Em

G

G(no3rd) F#(no3rd) G(no3rd) F#(no3rd) G(no3rd) D.S. al Coda

CODA

G7

Repeat and Fade
RAW POWER

Words and Music by IGGY POP
and JAMES WILLIAMSON

Moderately fast Rock

C   Bb   C   Bb

I dance to the beat of the living dead,

C   Bb   C   Bb

I looked in the eyes of the seventh girl,

C   Bb   C   Bb

Lucy, baby, stay

too

away from bed.

un- der - world.

Raw power is sure to come a runnin' to you.
If you're a lone and you got no fear,
If you're a lone and you got the shakes,

so am I baby, let's pull on out a here,
so am I baby, I got what it takes.

Raw power is sure,
to come a-run-nin' to you.

Raw power's got a
Raw power's got a

mag ic touch.
healing hand.

Raw power is much too much.
Raw power can destroy a man.
Happiness is a guaranteed
Raw power is a mortal soul.
It was made for
Got a son called

you and me.

Raw power, honey, just won't quit.

Raw power, I can feel it.

Raw power, honey,

can't be beat,

poppin' eyes and flashing feet.

get down baby, and kick your feet.
Don't you try, don't you try to tell me what to do.

Ev'-ry-bod-y al-ways try'n' to tell me what to do.

Don't you try, don't you try to tell me what to do.

Ev'-ry-bod-y al-ways try'n' to tell me what to do.

Now, don't you try, don't you
try to tell me what to do.

Raw power has got
Raw power is a

no place to go.

Raw power, just
Raw power is a

don't wanna know.

Can you

Repeat and Fade

feel it?

Can you feel it?

Can you
SEARCH AND DESTROY

Words and Music by IGGY POP
and JAMES WILLIAMSON

Moderately fast Rock

I'm a street walk-in' cheat-er with a hand full of na-palm.
(2, 3) Look out hon-ey, 'cause mu-tant tech-nol-o-gy.

I'm a run-a-way son of a
Ain't got time to

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I am the world's for-nu-cle-ar A-bomb._
make no a-pol-o-gy._
Sol-ar rad-i-a-tion in the
got-ten dead of
got-ten boy._
no- ni-ght._
The one who search-es and de-stroys._
Love in the middle of a fire fight._

Honey, got-ta help me, please._
Honey, got-ta strike a plan._

Some-bod-y got-ta save my soul._

Some-bod-y got-ta save my soul._

Baby, det-o-nate for me,_
Baby, tell em, take my mind._

ow._
I am the world’s forgotten boy,
the one who’s searchin’,
searchin’ to destroy.
And
honey, I’m the world’s forgotten boy,
one who's search-in' | only | to destroy.

Instrumental Solo

D.S. al Coda

CODA

forgotten boy,

forgotten boy;

gotten boy;

gotten boy;
SOME WEIRD SIN

Words and Music by IGGY POP
and DAVID BOWIE

Moderately fast Rock

F(add9)

G

Am

G/B

G

Am

G

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Well, I never got my license to live.
When things get too straight, I can't bear it.

They won't give it up, so I stand at the world's edge.
I feel stuck, stuck on a pin.

Well, I'm tryin' to break in, oh, I

know it's not for me.
Oh, and the sight of it all.
makes me sad and ill. That's when I

want some weird sin.
same weird sin just to relax with, yeah, some

dumb weird sin, for a while anyway, with my

head on the ledge. That's what you get out on the

edge, some weird sin.
Some weird sin:

poco a poco rit.
TONIGHT

Words and Music by IGGY POP and DAVID BOWIE

Slow Rock, majestically

Oh, Oh;

I saw my baby, she was turning blue. Oh, I knew that soon her

young life was through. And so I got down on my knees, down by her bed,
and these are the words
to her, I said.

Moderate Rock

'ry thing will be all right tonight.
'ry one will be all right tonight.

Instrumental solo
I am goin' to love her till the end.
YOUR PRETTY FACE IS GOING TO HELL

Words and Music by IGGY POP and JAMES WILLIAMSON

Moderately fast Rock

(Spoken:) Alright!

no chord

Pretty face and a dirty love,
Hot flesh and a touch of bone,
knew right away that I had to get my hooks in
smells in the air, but I'm feelin' so alone, uh -
you,
huh,

yeah, yeah, yeah.
yeah, yeah, yeah.

Runnin' low on a memory,
if you wanna make a buck, boy, you
Hallucination to romance,
I needed love, but I

got ta be a tease, uh -
huh,
only got my sense, uh -
huh,
yeah, yeah, yeah.
that ain't all.
I need it all, baby, I'll tell you honey, it's a

that's no cryin' lie, I need a lover with an

every shame, all the pretty girls really

all the same, I wanna follow you with

love so sweet, honey, then I'll blame it on
Your pretty face is going to hell. Your pretty face is going to hell.

Honey, honey, I can tell,

To Coda

your pretty face is going to hell,
A F# B Bsus B Bsus B

hell.

Bsus B Bsus B Bsus B Bsus
no chord
D.S. al Coda

CODA

B Bsus B Bsus B Bsus

go-in' to hell.

Your pretty face is

Repeat and Fade

B Bsus B Bsus B Bsus B Bsus B Bsus B Bsus

go-in' to hell.

Your pretty face is go-in' to hell.