EVERYBODY HURTS

Words and Music by BILL BERRY,
PETER BUCK, MIKE MILLS and MICHAEL STIFFE

Moderately, with motion

When the day is long,
When your day is night a-

If you're on your own-

When you think you've had too
When you think you've had too

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nough
of this life,
well, hang on.
much
of this life,
well, hang on _
much
of this life __

Don't let your - self go,
'cause eve - ry - bod - y hurts.
Well, eve - ry - bod - y hurts__
some -

Take com - fort in your friends.
eve - ry - bod - y cries.
times,
eve - ry - bod - y cries.
Em
and everybody hurts

Everybody
And everybody

D
- times.

G
Sometimes everything is

D
wrong.

G
Now it's time to sing a

2 A
hurts.

F#7
Don't throw your hand.
Bm

F#7

Bm

Oh, no.

F#7

Don't throw your hand.

Bm

C

If you feel like you're alone,

G

C

G/B

Am

D.S. al Coda

no chord

no, no, no, you are not alone.
CODA

A

no chord

D

hurts

sometimes...

G

And everybody hurts

sometimes...

So, hold

D7

on, hold on.

G

Hold

D7

Repeat and Fade

on, hold on.
Moderately, not too fast

Smack, crack, bush -wacked.
Hey, kids, where are you?
Smack, crack, shack-a-lack.

Tie an-oth-er one to the racks, ba-
No-bod-y tells you what to do, ba-
Tie an-oth-er one to your back, ba-

Hey kids, rock and roll.
Hey kids, rock and roll.
Hey kid, shake a leg.

No-bod-y tells you where to go, ba-
May-be you're cra-zy in the head, ba-
No-bod-y tells you where to go, ba-

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What if I ride? What if you walk? What if you rock a-round the clock?

May-be you did. May-be you walked. May-be you rocked a-round the clock.

May-be you did. May-be you walk. May-be you rock a-round the clock.

Tick - tock. Tick - tock. What if you did? What if you walk?


What if you tried to get off, ba - by? Oh.

May-be I tried to get off, ba - by. Oh.

May-be I tried to get off, ba - by.

To Coda (Q)

What if you tried to get off, ba - by? Oh.

May-be I tried to get off, ba - by. Oh.

May-be I tried to get off, ba - by.

Hey kids, shake a leg. May-be you're cra-zy in the head, ba -

Ol-lie ol-lie in come free, ba-b-y.

Hey, kids, where are you? No-bod-y tells you what to do, ba-b-y.

D.S. al Coda
CODA

Hey kids, where are you?

No-body tells you what to do, ba-

Hey kids, rock and roll

No-body tells you where to go, ba-

baby, ba-by, ba-by, ba-by.
FIND THE RIVER

Words and Music by
BILL BERRY, PETER BUCK,
MIKE MILLS and MICHAEL STIPE

Moderately, not too fast

Hey now, little speed-y-head,
no one left to take the lead,
read on the speed-meter says you have to go to task in the city.
I tell you and you can see we're closer now than light years to go.

where people drown and people serve. Don't be shy. Your just deserve is only just light years to go.
need to leave the water knows. We're closer now than light years to go.
river empties to the tide. Fall into the ocean.
Me, my thoughts are flower strewn, o-
I have got to find the river. Berg-
The river to the ocean goes, a-

-ocean storm, bay-berry moon.
-a mot and river
-fortune for the under-tow.

I have got to leave to find my
run through my head and fall a-

None of this is going my way.

Watch the road and memorize this life
Leave the road and memorize this life
There is nothing left to throw of gin-
that pass before my eyes.
that pass before my eyes.

ginger, lemon, indigo,
coriander stem and rose of hay.
Strength and courage over rides the priv-

- i-ledged and weary eyes, of river poet search naive.

Pick up here and chase the ride. The river empties to the tide.

All of this is coming your way.
IGNORELAND

Moderately

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These bastards stole their power from the victims of the US.
Information nation took their clues from all the sound.

v. Them years, wrecking all things virtuous and
bite gluttons. Nineteen eighty, eighty four, eighty eight, ninety two
true. too.
The undermining so-

How to be what you.
know that this is vit-

-_c_ial dem_o-cr-a-tic down-hill slide in-to a-by-s-
can be, jump jam junk-ing your en-er-gies.
-ri-ol. No so-lu-tion, spleen vent-ing, but

lost lamb off the prec-i-pice in-to the trick-le down
How to walk in dig-ni-ty with throw-up on your
I feel bet-ter hav-ing screamed. Don’t you?
run-off pool. They hypnotized the summer,
shoes. They amplified the autumn,
They desecrated winter,

Nine-teen seventy-nine.
Nine-teen seventy-nine.
Nine-teen seventy-nine.

Marched into the cap-
Cal-culate the cap-
Capital collateral

brooding dupli-
tous, wick-ed and a-
ble, medi-
read-y, heart-less and la-
i-
tal, up the re-
public my skin-
ny ass. T. V. tells a mil-
lion lies. The pa-
eral. Brooding dupli-
tous, wick-ed and a-
ble, medi-
read-y, heart-less and la-
beled. Sup - er U. S. cit - i - zen, sup - er a - chiev - er, meg - a
ri - fied to re - port an - y - thing that is - n’t hand - ed on a
beled. Sup - er U. S. cit - i - zen, sup - er a - chiev - er, meg - a

Yeah, yeah, yeah.
So, fuck you, man.}
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Ig

D5

nore - land._ Yeah, yeah, yeah. Ig - nore - land._
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

The

If they weren't there we would have created them. Maybe, it's true,

but I'm resentful all the same.
Some-one’s got to take the blame.

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Ig-nore-land.

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Yeah, yeah, yeah.
MOTT THE HOOPLE and the game of LIFE.
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

ANDY KAUFMAN in the wrestling match.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

MONOPOLY, TWENTY ONE,
Let's play TWISTER, let's.
check-ers and chess... Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Mis-ter Fred Blas-sie in a break-fast mess...
See you in heav-en if you make the list...
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

1

Hey, An-dy did you hear a-bout this

2

one?

Tell me, are you locked in the punch?

Hey
Andy are you goofing on Elvis? Hey, baby. Are we losing touch.

If you believed, they put a man on the moon.

man on the moon.

If you believe,

there's nothing up my sleeve, then nothing is cool.
Mister Charles Darwin had the gall to ask.
Mister Andy Kaufman's gone wrestling.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Hey Andy, did you hear about this one?

Tell me, are you locked in the punch?
Hey Andy, are you goofing on Elvis? Hey, baby.

Are you having fun?
Are we losing touch?
If you believed, they put a man on the moon, man on the moon.

If you believe, there's nothing up my sleeve.

then nothing is cool.

Guitar solo
If you believed, they put a man on the moon, man on the moon.
If you believe, there's nothing up my sleeve.
then nothing is cool.
Moderately

\[ \text{Moderately} \]

\[ \text{G} \quad \text{C(no 3rd)} \quad \text{G} \]

\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{D(no 3rd)} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{D} \]

\[ \text{Night-swimming} \quad \text{deserves} \]

\[ \text{G} \quad \text{Csus2} \quad \text{A} \quad \text{C} \]

\[ \text{a quiet night} \]
The photograph on the dashboard,
taken years ago,
turned around backwards so the windshield shows.

Every streetlight reveals the picture in reverse.
You, I thought I knew you. You I cannot judge.
Still, it's so much clearer.
You, I thought you knew.

I forgot my shirt at the water's edge.
This one laughing quietly underneath my breath.
The moon is low tonight.
Night swimming.
D.S. al Coda

1. photograph reflects, every street light a reminder

2. Instrumental solo
MONTY GOT A RAW DEAL

Moderately

Gm

Bb

Gm

Bb

Dm

C

G5

Gm

Bb

Gm

Mon-ty this seems strange to me. The mov-ies had that non-sense is n’t new to me. I know my head, I
mov-ie thing,  but  non-sense has  a wel-come ring
know my feet,  but  mis-chief knocked me in the knees.

Said,  he-roes don't come eas-y.

Now,

Just let go.

I saw the ocean meet
non-sense doesn't mean
_the man._ I saw you buried in the sand._ A
_thing._ they tried to bust you in a sting._ but

friend was there to hold your hand._ Said, Walk on by._
vir - tue is n't ev - ry - thing so, don't waste time._

So, I went walking through the street._ I
Now, here's a rhyme that you can steal._

saw you strung up in a tree._ A wo - man knelt there said_
Put this on your reel to reel._ Mis - chief threw a rot -
to me, said, Hold your tongue, man.

Monty's laying low, man.

Hold He is your laying tongue.

You don't owe me anything.

You don't want this
sympathy.
Don't you waste your breath.

for the silver screen.
That

CODA
Just let go, y'all.
Just let go.
You don't owe me anything.

You don't want this sympathy.

Don't you waste your breath.

Monty this seems strange to me.
Moderately

This here is the place where I will be staying.

Es all around the coin slot like a heart beat, baby, try

Baby, instant soup doesn’t really grab me. Today, I need something more,
There isn't a number. You can call the pay-phone. But this machine can only
substantial. A can of beans or black-eyed peas, some

Let it ring a long, long, long, long time. If I don't pick
swallow money, You can't lay a patch by computer design. It's
Nescafé and ice, a candy bar, a fall-

To Coda

just a lot of stupid, stupid signs.
Oh.
Tell her,

If I don't pick up, she'll pick up...
The side-winder can kiss my

sleep, sleep, sleeps in a coil.
Call me when you try to wake her.

Call me when you try to wake her.
her up. Call me when you try to wake her. Call me when you try to wake her up.

There are scratch-ass, then laugh, and say that you were

only kidding. That way she'll know that it's really, really, really, really
Call me when you try to wake her up. Call me when you try to wake her up.
Call me when you try to wake her up. Call me when you try to wake her up.

To Coda

D.S. al Coda
CODA Am

reading of Doctor Seuss; Call me when you try to wake

CODA Em  Bm

The cat in the hat came back, wrecked a lot of hav-

Am

- oc on the way, always had a smile
and a reason to pretend.

But their world has flat backgrounds and little

need to sleep but to dream. The sidewinder

sleeps on its back. Call me when you try to wake her up. Call me when you try to wake
Call me when you try to wake her up.
Call me when you try to wake her up.
I can always sleep standing up.
Call me when you try to wake her.
Call me when you try to wake her.

1, 2

Call me when you try to wake her.

We've got to moogie, moogie, move on this one.
STAR ME KITTEN

Words and Music by BILL BERRY, PETER BUCK, MIKE MILLS and MICHAEL STIP

F6      Steadily  Ebmaj7/F  F6      Ebmaj7/F
Keys    cut,      three    for    the    price of

F      Ebmaj7/F  F      Ebmaj7/F  Ab6    Bb6
one.                                           Nothing's free but guaranteed

Ab6    Bb6        Ab6    Bb6    Ab6    Db    Fsus2
for a lifetime's use. I've changed the locks and you can't have
one. Hey You, you know the other two.
way. love, look into your glove box

The brakes have worn so thin that you could hear, I hear them screeching
heart. What is there for me, inside? This love is tired. I've

through the door changed the locks. Have from our drive - I misplaced
I throw in the ring? No gasoline. Just fuck me kitten.

You are wild and I’m in your possession. Nothing’s free so,

fuck me kitten. I’m in your possession.

So, fuck me kitten.
TRY NOT TO BREATHE

With a steady pulse

\begin{music}
\newkey{D\#5}
\newchord{Am}
\newchord{C}
\newchord{G}
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try not to breathe. This decision is mine. I have lived

- a full life and these are the eyes that I want you to remember.

Oh.

I need something to fly over my grave again.
Am/E  C/G
I need something to breathe. I will

D  Am  C  G
try not to burden you. I can hold these inside.

Dsus  Am  C  G
I will hold my breath until all these shivers subside,

D  Am  C  G  Dsus  Am  C  G
side, just look in my eyes. I will
try not to worry you. I have seen things that you will never see. Leave it to memory me.

\{ I shudder to breathe. \\
Don't dare me to breathe. \}

I want you to remember.

Oh. I need something to fly.
I will

I need something to breathe.

I want you to remember.
SWEETNESS FOLLOWS

Steadily

D

1. Read-y ing to bur-y your fa- ther and your moth-er,
2. Instrumen-tal

what did you think when you lost an-o-th-er?
I used to won-der why

did you bo-th-er, dis-tanced from one, blind to the oth-er?

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Listen here my sister
It's these little things, they can pull you under.
lost the other?
joy and wonder.
lost in our little lives.

and my brother
It's these little things, they can pull you under.
I always wonder why did we bother,
I always knew this together thunder was
distanced from one, deaf to the other.

what would you care if you
Live your life filled with
Live your life filled with
Yeah, yeah we were together
lost our little lives.

To Coda

Oh,
Bbmaj7
C6
D

oh, but sweetness follows.

Fmaj7
C/G
Bbmaj7
C6

Oh, oh, but sweetness follows.

D

D.S. al Coda
Oh,

but sweetness follows.