Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band

Anthology
AGAINST THE WIND

Medium Rock beat

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

It seems like yesterday,
And the years rolled slowly past.

Ja - ney was love - ly. She was the queen of my nights,
sur - round - ed by stran - gers I thought were my friends.

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there in the darkness with the radio playin' low, and
I found myself further and further from my home, and I

the secrets that we shared,
guess I lost my way,

the mountains that we moved,
There were oh so many roads,

caught like a wild fire out of control
livin' to run and runnin' to live.

till there was Never
C/G
noth-in' left to burn and noth-in' left to prove.
wor-ried a-bout pay-in', or even how much I owed.
End instrumental

Em
And I re-mem-ber what she said to
Mov-in' eight miles a min-ute for months at a
Well, those drift'er's days are past me

D
me, how she swore that it nev-er would end.
time, break-in' all of the rules that would bend.
now, I've got so much more to think a-bout.
I began to find myself
searching in dead lines and commitments.

I didn't know now what I didn't know then.
searching for shelter again and again.
what to leave in, what to leave out.

we were runnin' against the wind.
I'm still runnin' against the wind.
young and strong. We were runnin' against the wind.

found myself seekin' shelter against the wind.

older now, but still runnin' against the wind.

Well, I'm older now, and still runnin' against the wind.

A gainst the wind.

Repeat and Fade
AMERICAN STORM

Power Rock

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

Headin' out on some uncharted path,
you

Every body casts a certain light,
a

soon turn back... it happens time and time again,
special gift... it's theirs to use, for wrong or right

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you never seem to reach the end.
when you face the night.

More and more we choose the easy way,
we take no risks.

Some-one’s out there on the street tonight,
when things go wrong he’ll guarantee to make them right

fig-ure out which games to play
if the price is right.

Ev’ry time I look you’re
Sudden-ly the pres-sure’s
fallin', fallin', beaten by the wind.
fallin', fallin', skies have all turned grey.

Ev'ry time I turn around he's there again.
Suddenly the storm is heading straight your way.

It's like a full force gale.
It's like a full force gale.

an American storm.
You're buried far beneath a

atop a mountain of cold.
You tell your story again.
It's like a wall of mirrors,
(D.S.) You face a wall of mirrors
you charge 'em at full
you charge 'em at full

speed,
speed,
you cover up, you hear the shattering glass
you cover up, you hear the shattering glass

but you never bleed.
but you never bleed.
you never feel the
I need.

A5 D.S.

Coda
(Verse 1)

You face a full force

D.S. al Coda
(Verse 1)

You never feel the need.
you never feel the need.

Vocal 1st time only
Moderately

He wants to dream like a young man with the wisdom of an old man.

He's your oldest and your best friend: if you need him, he'll be there again.

He wants his home and security.

He's always willing to be second best.

He wants to live like a sailor at sea, a perfect lodger, a perfect guest.

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Beautiful loser, where you gonna read it on the never take it

End instrumental

Beautiful loser, beautiful loser,

fall

when you realize

wall

then realize

all

'cause it's easier and faster when you fall.

you just can't have it all

you just can't have it all.

To Coda

hey, you just can't have it
You can’t have it all.

He’ll never make any enemies, enemies.

He won’t complain if he’s caught in a freeze.
He'll always ask, he'll always say please.

CODA

ah, you just don't need it all.

you just don't need it all.

Repeat ad lib. and Fade Optional Ending
BETTY LOU’S GETTIN’ OUT TONIGHT

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

Bright Rock 'n' Roll beat

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heard the news? It's all over town. If you ain't heard it, boys, you
First heard the rumor down on Twelfth and Main. The poor drug-gist, he was
Guitar solo ad lib.

bet - ter sit down. I got the sto - ry here. It's hot off the press.
go - in' in - sane. His stuff is sell - ing out like nev - er be - fore.

Brace your - self, now, and take a deep breath. Grab a hold of some - thing.
He fi - n'ly had to up and close - the store. All the boys were get - tin'

Hold on tight. Bet - ty Lou's get - tin' out to - night.
read - y to fight. Bet - ty Lou's get - tin' out to - aight.
(1.) Betty Lou's gettin' out to night._

(D.S.) Saxophone solo ad lib.

She was bad. Her mom ma got mad.

But now her mom ma says it's all right._

All the boys are gettin'

read y and right._

Bet ty Lou's gettin' out to night._

(D.S.) Solo ends
Betty Lou.

It's all true.
Yes, it's true.

To Coda

It's really true.
Betty Lou.

D.S. al Coda
(no repeat)

Spoken: What do you think about that, boys?
Well, Betty Lou's gettin' out to-night.
Betty Lou's gettin' out to-night. She was bad. Her momma got mad. But now her momma says it's all right.
All the boys are gettin' ready and right. Betty Lou's gettin' out to-night.

Her mamma said that it would be all right.

Betty Lou's gettin' out to-night. Grab a hold of something.

Hold on tight. Betty Lou's gettin' out to-night.
EVEN NOW

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

Bright Rock beat

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There's a highway, a lonely stretch of gray.
And through the darkness, through all the endless days,

It runs between us and through all the changes,

It takes me far away.
Pointless one-act plays,

Out in the distance, always within reach,
It, I can still stand tall.
there's a cross-road, where all the victims meet.
'cause I've got my girl to get me through it all:

I close my eyes, and see her face. It's through all the doubt, and all the fear, and

all I want to see, And deep inside it all that I can't say, Still somehow she'll

still amazes me. Even now, help me find my way. Even now.
now, now,

she's keep-in' me straight, she's keep-in'
she's keep-in' it real, she's keep-in'

me strong. it right. She gets to me somehow,

B7sus2 I

A

B

E5 even now.

B/E A/E E5
She gets to me somehow.

even now.

E - ven now.
She's all that I want, she's all that I need.
everything's right, when everything's wrong.

She's giving it all, she's giving it free.

keep in' it real, she's keepin' it strong.
Even now.

Slowly, freely
FEEL LIKE A NUMBER

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

Bright Rock beat

\[E5\] \[F#5/E\] \[G#5/E\] \[E5\] \[F#5/E\] \[G#5/E\] \[E5\]

\[A\]

\[E5\] \[A/E\] \[E5\] \[A/E\]

\[E5\] \[A/E\] \[E5\]

\[E5\]

\[A/E\] \[E5\]

\[E5\]

\[A/E\] \[E5\]

\[E5\]

\[A/E\] \[E5\]

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Dear Sir, letters keep coming in the mail. I'm just another statistic on a sheet. I work my back 'til it's wracked. To teachers, I'm just another.

With pain, the boss can't even recall my name. I show up late and I'm docked. It never fails. Just another consensus on the street.
I (1.) feel like just another
Gonna (2,3.) cruise out of this city;
spoke in a great big wheel,
head down to the sea.
Gonna shout out at the ocean.
"Hey, it's me!"

Whoa,
in a great big field.

To
And I feel like a number.  Feel like a number.

a stranger is this land. I feel like a

I'm not a number.
I'm not a number.

Damn it, I'm a man.
I said I'm a man!

And I feel like a
Hey!

(2,3,....) Lead vocal ad lib.

I feel like it.

I feel it.

feel like it.

Optional Ending

Repeat and Fade

feel like it.
FIRE LAKE

Moderately slow, in 2 (♩= 120)

Who's gonna ride that chrome three wheeler?

Who's gonna make that first mistake?

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

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Who wants to wear those gypsy leathers all the way to Fire Lake?

Who wants to break the news about Uncle Joe?
You remember Uncle Joe. He was the one afraid to cut the cake.

Who wants to tell poor Aunt Sarah Joe's run off to Fire Lake?
Joe's run off
to Fire Lake.

Who wants to brave those bronze beauties,
lyin' in the sun
with their long, soft hair fallin',

C    C

F    E

F/G#  A

E

D  C#m  F#m

C#m  F#m
flyin' as they run? Oh, they smile so shy and they

flirt so well and they lay you down so fast till you

lock straight up and say, "Oh Lord, am I

really here at last?"

Who wants to
play those eights and aces?

Who wants a raise? Who needs a stake?

Who wants to take that long shot gamble and head out
to Fire
Lake?

(Who wants to go to Fire Lake?)

Lead vocal ad lib.

(Who wants to go to Fire Lake?)

Repeat and Fade

Optional Ending
Here comes old Rosie, she's lookin' mighty fine.
Here come the rich man in his big, long limousine.

Guitar solo ad lib.

Here comes hot Nancy, she's steppin' right on time.
Here comes the poor man, all you got to have is green.

Here go the street lights,
Here come the banker and the

bringing on the night.
Here come the men, faces hidin' from the light.

lawyer and the cop.
One thing for certain, it ain't never gonna stop.
All through the shadows, aw, when they come and they go—
When it all gets too heavy that's when they come and they go—

with only one thing in common:

they got the fire down below.

Solo ends

Well, it happens out in Vegas, happens in Moline, on the
blue-blood streets of Bos-ton, up in Ber-ke-ley and out in Queens. And it went on yes-ter-day, and it's
go-in' on to-night. Some-where, there's some-body ain't treat-in' some-body right. And he's
look-in' out for Ros- ie, she's look-in' might-y fine._ He's
walk-in' the streets for Nan-cy. He'll find her ev-ry time. And when the street lights _flick-er,
bring-ing on the night, well, they'll be \{ step-pin' \} \{ slip-pin' \} in the dark-ness,

slip-pin' out of sight. All through the \{ mid-night \} \{ shad-ows \} watch 'em come and watch 'em go.

[oh, they go,] with only one thing in com-mon:

they got the 'ire down be-low.

To Coda \( \Theta \) D.S. al Coda (take 3rd ending)
CODA

They got one thing in common: they got the fire down below.

Only got one thing in common:

they got the fire down below.

One, two, three.

C

G

F

N.C.

C

G

F

Guitar solo ad lib.

Play 3 times
The Fire Inside

Words and Music by BOB SEGER

Fast Rock

Ab

Dbmaj7

There's a hard moon risin' on the streets to-night, there's a reckless feeling in your
been to the clubs and the discotheques, where they deal one another from the
hour is late and he thinks you're asleep. You listen to him dress and you

heart as you head out tonight.
bottom of a deck of promises.
listen to him leave like you knew he would.

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Through the concrete canyons to the
Where the cautious loggers and e-
You hear his car pull a-

mid-town lights, where the latest ne-
mo- tion- a! wrecks do an act- ing stretch as a way to hide the
way in the street, then you move to the door and you lock it when he's

burning bright.
obvi ous.
gone for good.
Past the open windows on the darker streets, where un-
And the lights go down and they dance real close, and for
Then you walk to the window and stare at the moon rid-

- seen angry voices flash and children cry.
one brief instant they pretend they're safe and warm.
- ing high and lone some through a star lit sky.

Past the

Then the

And it
phony posters with their worn-out lines, the tired new money dressed
beat gets louder and the mood is gone, the darkness scatters as the
comes to you how it all slips away, youth and beauty are
to the nines, the low-life dealers with their bad designs and the
lights flash on. They hold one another just a little too long and they
gone one day. No matter what you dream or feel or say, it
dilletantes with their open minds. You're out on the town,
move apart and then move on. On to the street,
ends in dust and disarray. Like wind on the plains,
safe in the crowd, ready to go for the ride.

Searching the eyes, faking the smile.

on to the next, safe in the knowledge that they tried.

Dreams die hard and we

sending through the glass, waves rolling in with the tide.

looking for clues, there's no way you can hide.

hiding the pain, never satisfied.

watch them erode but we cannot be denied.

The fire inside.

The fire inside.

To Coda

Well, you've
Dbmaj7

(Piano solo-ad lib.)

Repeat as desired

Last time
D.S. al Coda

Now, the

CODA

Fire inside.

Dbmaj7

Repeat and Fade

Fire inside.
Driving Rock
N.C.

I still re-mem-ber it was au-tumn and the moon was shin-in'. My Six-ty Cad-il-lac was
roll-in' through Ne-bras-ka whin-in', Do-in' a hun-dred ten-ty, man, the fields was bend-in' o-ver.
Headin' out for the mountains knowin' we was trav'lin' further.

All the fires were blazin' and the spinnin' wheels were turnin', turnin'.

Had my girl beside me brother, brother, she was burnin', burnin'.

Up walked a Baptist preachin' southern funky school teacher.
The rain kept drivin' but the Cadet kept on burnin' rubber.
She had a line on somethin' heavy but we couldn't reach her.
We kept on drivin' till we ran into some fog cover.

We told her that we needed somethin' that would get us goin'.
We couldn't see a thing but somehow we just kept on goin'.

She pulled out all she had and laid it on the counter showin'.
We kept on drivin' all night long and then into the mornin'.

All I had to do was lay my money down and pick it up. The
Fog it finally lifted when we looked to see where we was at. We're
cops came bust - in' in and man we lit out in a pick - up truck.
star - in' at a Col - o - rad - o state po - li - ce - man troop - er cat.

Go,
get out of Den - ver. (Bet - ter go, go) He said, "Go, go"

get out of Den - ver. Bet - ter go.
get out of Den - ver. Bet - ter go.

A go, go.
get out of Den - ver 'cause you look just like a Com - nie and you

D

red lights were flash-in' and the sir-eins were a scream-in', scream-in'. We had to pinch each oth-

\[ \text{D} \]

\[ \text{A} \]

just to see if we was dream-in'. Made it to Love-land Pass in un-

der less than half and hour... 

\[ \text{D} \]

\[ \text{A} \]

\[ \text{E} \]

\[ \text{A} \]

Lord, it start-ed drizz-lin' and it turned in-to a thun-der show-er. 

\[ \text{Instrumental solo} \]
go, go.
get out of Den-ver, Bet-ter go, go.

get out of Den-ver, Bet-ter go, go, go.
get out of Den-ver'cause you look just like a Com-mie and you

might just be a mem-ber, Bet-ter get out of Den-ver, Bet-ter go.
FORTUNATE SON

Words and Music by
J.C. FOGERTY

Moderate Rock
N.C.

G5       F5       C5
Some folks are born    made    to wave the flag.     Ooh, they're red white and blue.
Some folks are born    sil    ver spoon in hand.    Lord, don't they help them selves,

G5       F5
And when the band plays "Hail" To The Chief,
And when the tax man comes to the door,

Original key: Gmaj. This edition has been transposed up one half-step to be more playable.
*Vocal written at pitch sung.
ooh, they point the cannon at you, Lord... It ain't me.

I ain't no senator's son, son, son.
I ain't no millionaire's son, son, son.
I ain't no military son, son, son.

It ain't me. It ain't me.
I ain't no fortunate one.
I ain't no fortunate one.

To Coda (N.C.)
Yeah, some folks in-he-ri-star-span-gled eyes.

Ooh, they send you down to war.

And when you ask 'em, "How much should we give?" Ooh, they only answer, "More, more, move, move, move."
CODA

It ain't me.  It ain't me.  I ain't no fortunate one.

one.  one.  It ain't me.  It ain't me.

I ain't no fortunate son.  son.  son.

I ain't no fortunate son.
I ain't no fortunate son.

son. It ain't me. It ain't me.

It ain't me.

It ain't me.
HOLLYWOOD NIGHTS

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

Moderately bright Rock beat

She stood there, bright as the sun, on that California coast.
He'd headed west 'cause he felt that a change would do him good.

He was a mid-western boy on his
See some old friends,

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She looked at

own
soul.

She had been

him with those soft eyes, so innocent and blue.
born with a face that would let her get her way.

He knew right then he was too far from home.
He saw that face and he lost all control.
She took his hand and she led him along that golden beach.
Night after night and day after day it went on and on.

They watched the waves tumble over the sand.
Then came that morning he woke up alone.
They drove for miles and miles—up those
twisting, turning roads.
It's a song.
High and
lights of L.A.,
and wondering
higher and higher they climbed.

And those Hol-
(D.S.) -ly wood nights
in those Hol -ly wood hills:
-ly wood nights
in those Hol -ly wood hills:
She was looking so right in her dia-
it was looking so right. It was giv-

-monds and trills. Oh, those big cit-y nights
-monds and trills. Oh, those big cit-y nights

in those high, rolling hills.
in those high, rolling hills.

above all the lights, above all the lights
she had all of her skills. with a pas-sion that kills.
THE HORIZONTAL BOP

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

Moderately (\( \text{\textabovemath}\text{\textstyle \frac{3}{4}} \))

C

1. Wal-ly's get-tin' anx-i-ous, think-in' bout to-night.
   Bruce is all spiff-y look-in',

2. Some-one bring the rec-ords. Some-one get the brew.
   Some-one get a house. Bud-dy.

3. Sax solo

4. Guitar solo

5. fill-in' up the cor-ners. They're fill-in' up the streets.
   You can feel the ten-sion. You can

wick-ed look-in' right.
we'll know what to do.
al-most feel the heat.

Ed-dic's get-tin' spruced and Don-
Some-one tell the la-dies. Some-
The mu-sic's get-tin' loud-er. The

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To the one making a deal. They’re passing ‘round the bottle and they’re beat’s getting fast. Summer’s finally made it. Yeah, it’s getting good and juiced. B. G.’s winning, dining, checking in.

Finding a field. Grass is good as carpet. The Pony cars are cruisin’ on.

talent at the club. Skipper’s hauntin’ Second, lookin’ for ward to his rub. The Woody Avenue.

Any place is fine. It’s time to get to rockin’, and it’s time to make it shine. Go and try to pass ‘em. They’ll smoke you if you do. The

bust’ers from the country and the hit’ers from the shop. Everybody wants to do the whole town’s shakin’ from the bottom to the top. Everybody wants to do the
Horiz-o-n-tal Bop. Horiz-o-n-tal Bop. Horiz-o-n-tal Bop.

The bust-ers from the country and the

(3.) Sax solo ends
(4.) Guitar solo ends
(5.) They're

hun-ters from the shop: ev-ry-bod-y wants to do the Horiz-o-n-tal Bop.

Tell 'em we'll be danc-in', danc-in' till we drop. Ev-ry-bod-y wants to do the

Horiz-o-n-tal Bop. Guitar solo ad lib. to end

(Piano accompaniment ad lib.)
Play 4 times ad lib.

(Solo continues)

Play 4 times ad lib.

(Solo continues)

(Solo continues)

(Solo continues)

1-3

4
IN YOUR TIME

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

Moderate March

G    C    D
In your

G    C

mf

D

G

G    C

time, the innocence will fall away.
waves will crash across your southern capes.

Mas - sive

In your

Instrumental solo

all the dead ends and the lessons learned.

Af - ter

D

Em

D

time the mission bells will toll.
storms will reach your eastern shores.

Oh... all along...

Fields of green

all the stars have turned to stone.

There’ll be peace...
the corridors and river beds. There'll be
will tumble through your summer days. by de-
a cross the great unbroken void. All be-

D

G

C

last time To Coda

sign in your time. Tow'ring
sign in your End solo

C

Af ter

G

D/F# Em

G/D

time. Feel the wind and set yourself the bold-
C
 dig down to your heart
 - er course.
 G D/F# Em
 Keep your heart
 as o - pen as _ a shrine_
 G/D

D.S. al Coda

C G/B D
you'll sail _ the per - feet line._

CODA
G C D

time.
You'll be fine _ in your_

C G

time.
KATMANDU

Words and Music by BOB SEGER

Moderately

I think I'm going to Kat-

(2, 3.) man-

that's really, really where I'm

up to the moun-

tains where I'm

going to,

Hey, if I ever get out of here,

If I ever get out of here,
that's what I'm gonna do.

K K K K K K Kat-

I think that's really where I'm going to.
really, really where I'm going to.
take me, baby, cause I'm going with you.

(1-3.) If I ever get out of here,
I'm goin' to Katmandu.

I got no kick against the West Coast,
I got no quarrel with the midwest.
Warner Brothers are such good hosts. I raise my whiskey glass and I've lived there all my life, I've

give them a toast. I'm sure they know it's true.

I got no rap against the Southern states. Ev'ry time I've been there I'm tired of looking at the TV news. I'm tired of driv'g hard and

it's been great. But now I'm leav'ing and I can't be late.

paying dues. I fig' re, ba by, I got noth ing to lose.
and to myself be true.
I'm tired of being blue.

That's why I'm going to Kar-

D.S. al Coda

CODA

That's why I'm going to Kar-

Instrumental solo
F#m7  Gdim7  E/G#  

A7  E  

Solo ends

E5  A  

I ain’t got noth-in’ against the East Coast.
You want some people, well, they got the most.

And New York City's like a

friendly ghost; you seem to pass right through.

I know I'm gonna miss the U.S.A.

I guess I'll miss it every single day,

but no one loves me here anyway.
I know my plane is due,
the one that's going to Kat-

mandu,
up to the mountains where I'm going to.

If I ever get out of here,
that's what I'm gonna do.

K K K K K Kat-
mandu.
really, really, really going to.

If I ever get out of here.

if I ever get out of here,

I'm going to Kānādū.
IT'S YOU

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

Easy Rock
C/G

1. Just a - bout the time I think _ I've had _ it,
2.3. (See additional lyrics)

C/G

ev - ery - thing I've planned _ has fall - en through,
just about the time the whole thing's crumbling in,

and I can't hold it back no matter what I do.

And just about the time I feel like screamin' in,
and find in me a wall to punch right through.

I look up and I just can’t help

smil in’, it’s you.
I don't really claim to understand it.

I just know the way you make me feel.

No one has to tell me I'm a lucky man.
D

no one has to tell me that it's real.

D.S. at Coda

CODA

C/G

It's you.

F

C/G

I look
Additional Lyrics

2. You're the only reason I'm still here, girl,
   You're the only one who keeps me sane.
   Somethin' 'bout the way you've learned to calm me down,
   And see me through the anger and the pain.

   And just about the time I'm standin' on the edge
   And searchin' for a light to see me through,
   I look up and I can see it shinin',
   It's you.

3. Instrumental (16 bars)
   And just about the time I think I've lost it
   I'm lookin' for a hole to crawl into,
   I look up and I just can't believe it,
   It's you.

(Repeat and Fade)
Oh, it's you (it's you)
Gettin' me through (it's you)
Keepin' it new (it's you)
LIKE A ROCK

Words and Music by BOB SEGER

Ballad

\[\text{Ab} \quad \text{Db/Ab} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Db/Ab} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Db/Ab} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Db/Ab}\]

\[\text{Ab} \quad \text{Db/Ab} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Db/Ab} \quad \text{Db}\]

Stood there bold-ly, sweat-in' in the sun... Felt like a mil-lion.

\[\text{Gb(add2)} \quad \text{Db}\]

felt like num-ber one... The height of sum-mer, I'd nev-er felt that strong,... like a

\[\text{Ab} \quad \text{Db/Ab} \quad \text{Ab}\]

rock.

\[\text{Ab} \quad \text{Db/Ab} \quad \text{Ab}\]

I was eight-een,
D.S. (See additional lyrics)
didn't have a care.

Workin' for peanuts,

not a dime to spare,

but I was lean and

solid every where,

like a rock.

My hands were steady,

My eyes were clear and bright.
My walk had purpose, my steps were quick and light.

and I held firm to what I felt was right, like a rock.

Like a rock, I was strong as I could be; like a rock, nothin' ever got to me, like a rock.
some-thin' to see, like a rock.

stood arrow straight un-en-cum-bered by the weight of all these

hus-tlers and their schemes;

I stood proud, I stood tall,

high above it all, I still believed in my dreams.
CODA

Ab

---

call. I re-call like a rock, rock, the
Stand in' arrow straight like a rock,
sun up on my skin like a rock,
chargin' from the gate like a rock,
hard against the wind like a rock,
carryin' the weight like a rock,
see myself again like a rock.

Oh, like a

Additional Lyrics

4. Twenty years now;
Where'd they go?
Twenty years;
I don't know.
I sit and I wonder sometimes
Where they've gone.

5. And sometimes late at night,
When I'm bathed in the firelight,
The moon comes callin' a ghostly white,
And I recall.
LOCK AND LOAD

Words and Music by BOB SEGER, CRAIG FROST and TIM MITCHELL

Moderate Rock

Well I wish I had a
Nickel times, I've seen chances disappear, and
blamed some body else, I'd hesitate and watch them slip away.

Give a ten of money to the ones I've hurt, and I'd time I fail to spend with the ones I love, and it's

still be sit ting pretty well, I've spent years los ing touch with what's right
gone as sure as yester day, All these us ers and fak ers, big
and what's real, caught up in these missions of my own. And you're

A

time takers, manipulating everyone they see.

Bb5

tellin' me you think I've done so damn well while we're sitatin' here a thousand miles from

caught up in their schemes and their useless dreams. And the only one I have to blame is

Eb5

home. But there's a hole in your wisdom.

F

I get turned round and twisted, hypocrisy's easy.

A

The

E7

hole in your sky. Two holes in your head where the light's supposed
pulled left and right. I can see where I'm goin' but I can't

good things take time. The great need commitment right...
I can sit here in the back half of my life and wonder when the other shoe will fall. Or I can stand up, point myself home and see if I've learned anything at all, ahh anything at all.
I've seen things get old._

Time to get control._

and start it all again._

Time to load and load._

Time to get control._

Time to search the soul._
MAINSTREET

Moderately

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

I remember standing on the corner at midnight, the hustlers and the losers.

try'n' to get my courage up.

There was this Well, I'd
long, lovely dancer in a little club downtown.

stand outside at closing time.

I loved to watch her; do her stuff,
just to watch her walk on past.

Through the long, lonely nights,
Un-like all the other ladies,
she looked so

filled my sleep,
young and sweet

her body softly as she made her way a-
sway-in' to that smoky beat,
down on Main Street,
down on Main Street,
lonely down that empty street,
down on Main Street,
down on Main Street.

In the
And sometimes even now, when I'm feelin' lonesome and beat,
I drift back in time, and I find my feet down on Main Street.

Play 5 times

(Vocal ad lib. on repeat)
NINE TONIGHT

Moderate bright Rock beat

(1, 4.) She says she wants to see me.

(2.) I'm mov - in' in - to ac - tion.

(3.) Guitar solo

(3.) She says she wants some rock - in'.

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

she's tired of stay - in' in.

I'm shin - in' up my wheels.

I'm try - in' hard to think of the right things to say.

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I'm gonna take her riding now.
The sun is slowly sinking.

out past the edge of town.
here comes a great big moon.

out where the wind's still racing
free on the heart now.

I'm startin' up my engine.
It won't be long now.

(1, 2, 4) I'll be there nine tonight.
(3.) Saxophone solo
nine to-night, nine to-night. Can't wait for

D

nine to-night, nine to-night, nine to-night. (3) Solo ends

---

I'll be there nine to-night. ooh,

A

nine to-night. She might be my baby,
she might be mine—tonight. Nine—tonight,

Ooh, nine—tonight. She might

be my baby, she might be mine—tonight.

(1-4-8) Nine—tonight,
(5-7) Guitar solo
ROLL ME AWAY

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

Moderately

C
Dm7/C
C
F/C

C
Dm7/C
C
F/C

C
Dm7/C
C
F/C

Took a look down a west-bound road. Right away I made my choice.

Head-ed out to my big two-wheel-er, I was tired of my own voice.
Took a bead on the northern plains and just rolled that power on.

Moderately fast

Twelve hours out of Mackinaw City, stopped in a bar to have a brew.

Stood alone on a mountain top starin' out at the Great Divide.

Met a girl and we had a few drinks and I told I could go east, I could go west. It was all
her what I'd decided to do.
up to me to decide.
She looked out the window a long, long moment, then she looked in.
Just then I saw a young hawk flyin' and my soul began to rise.

She didn't have to say a thing.
I knew what she was thinkin'.

And pretty soon my heart was singin'.
Roll, roll me away. Won't you roll me away to-night.
Roll, roll me away, I'm gonna roll me away to-night.

I too am lost. I feel double crossed... And I'm
got ta keep roll - in', got ta keep rid - in', keep

sick of what's wrong, and what's right.
search-in', till I find what's right.

We nev'er e - ven
And as the sun - set

said a word. We just walked out and got on that hike.
fad - ed, I spoke to the faint - est first star - light.
And we rolled, and we rolled—clean out of sight.

We rolled across the high plains—deep into the

Somewhere along a high road—the air began to
mountains, 
Felt so good to me.
cold. 
She said she missed her home.

finally feelin' free. 
I headed on a-
lone,

Slightly slower

D.S. al Coda
CODA

And I said next time,

we'll get it right.

Optional Ending

Repeat and Fade

C

700250
NIGHT MOVES

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

Moderately

G

F

C

I was a little too tall, could've used a few pounds.

Tight pants, points, hardly recognized.

She was a black-haired beauty with big, dark eyes.

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and points all her own, sit-tin' way up high,
way up firm and high.
Out past the cornfields, where the woods got heavy.
out in the back seat of my Six-ty Chev-y, work-in' on mys-t'ries with-out...
any clues, work-in' on our

night moves, try'n' to make some front page, drive-in news,

Work-in' on our night moves

in the summer-time, Mm,
in the sweet summer time.

We were n't in love. Oh,

no, far from it.

We were n't searching for some pie in the sky summit.

We were just young and restless and bored, living by the sword...
And we'd steal a-way ev-ry chance we could,
to the back room, to the al-ley, or the trust-y woods.
I used her, she used me, but nei-ther one cared.
We were get-ting our share, work-in' on our night moves,
try'n' to lose the awkward, teenage blues, workin' on our
night moves.

It was summertime.

Mm,
sweet summertime, summertime.
And oh, the wonder.

We felt the lightning.
Yeah.

And we waited on the thunder,
Freely

I awoke last night to the sound of thunder.
How far off, I sat and wondered.

I started humming a song— from nineteen sixty-two.

Ain't it funny how the night moves?
When you just don't seem to have as much to lose.
Strange how the night moves, with autumn closing in.

Tempo I

Night moves.
Lead vocal ad lib.

Vocal ad lib, continues
OLD TIME ROCK & ROLL

Words and Music by GEORGE JACKSON and THOMAS E. JONES III

Moderate Rock 'n' Roll beat

N.C.

Just take those old records

off the shelf.

I'll sit and listen to 'em by myself.

tango.

I'd rather hear some blues or funky old soul.

Today's music ain't got the same soul.

There's only one sure way to get me to go:

I like that old-time.

start playing old-time.

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Don't try to take me to a disco.
Call me a relic. Call me what you will.

You'll never even get me out on the floor.
In ten minutes I'll be late for the door.
I like that old-time rock 'n' roll.
I like that old-time rock 'n' roll.

Say I'm old-fashioned. Say I'm over the hill.
To-day's music ain't got the same soul.
Still like that old-time rock 'n' roll.
That kind of music just
Won't go to hear 'em play a
Still like that old-time rock 'n' roll.

That kind of music just soothes my soul.
I reminisce about the
days of old with that old-time rock 'n' roll.

Repeat and Fade

Optional Ending
RAMBLIN' GAMBLIN' MAN

Moderately fast Rock

D.S.: Guitar solo ad lib.

I'm gonna tell my tale. Come on, come on...

(D.S.) (Solo continues)

give a listen, 'cause I was born
Solo ends: (D.S.) I hope you've got
Lonely down by the riverside, learned to spin,
lookin' but you know I ain't shy, ain't afraid to
money, I'm sure gonna need some. I ain't gon' run; I

fortune wheels, throw dice. And I was just
look you, girl. in the eye, so if you need some
tell you now, and I've got to run. I've got to keep

thirteen when I had to leave home, knew I couldn't
lovin' and you need it right away, take a little
movin', never gonna slow down. You can have your

stick around, had to roam. I ain't good

funky world; see
I'll stay, Then I've got to ramble. (Ram-bl-in' man) Lord, I've got to
you 'round. I've got to ramble. (Ram-bl-in' man)

(Gam-bl-is' man) Oh, I've got to ramble. (Ram-bl-in' man)

And I was born a ramblin', gamblin' man.

D.S. al Coda (take 3rd ending) CODA
Guitar solo ad lib.

Play 4 times

Ram-blin' man.

Play 3 times

gamb-in' man. All right.

Hey. yeah.
I think I've found the real love,
gen- u- ine and
true.
I think it's really come my way today,
babe, I think it's really you.

I remember

moments

see you

moment,

looking in your eyes.
ev'ry time we touch,
when I take your hand.

Could have sworn I saw the spark

of love, I can feel the way you feel

for me, I'm gonna try to do my very best,
I've been a-
And ev-
I'm gon-
na

round and 'round this track,
and the
time you look at me,
it's just the
do my ver-
y best.

only thing I lack is the real love,
I'm not gon-
am rest un-
na

I stan-

and it means so much,

babe, to prove that I'm your man.

Once it all should be in the real love,
until we've got the real love.

Ev-ery time I
Oh, dar-
lin', dar-
lin', dar-
lin'.

stay with me, stay.

I long to see you in the morn-

...
ing sun ev - ery day.

ev - er - y day.

Bb(add2)

F

F
So until that

Real love.

Until we've got the real love.

Repeat and Fade

Until we've got the
ROCK AND ROLL NEVER FORGETS

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

So you're a

little bit older and a lot less bold than you used to be.

Check the local newspaper. Chance
you stop and think a-bout your dig-ni-ty. You
es are you won't have to go too far. Yeah, the

sweet six-teen's turned thir-ty-one. You
raft -ers will be ring-ing 'cause the beat's so
sweet six -teen's turned thr -ty - one. You

get to feel-in' wea -ry when the work-day's
crew will be swing-ing; and just sing-ing
feel a lit-tle ti-red, feel-in' un-der the
gun. Well, all

you got to do is get up and in-to your kicks,
you got to do is get in, in-to the mix
of Chuck's chil-dren are out there, play-in' his licks.
if you're in a fix,
if you need a fix.
Get into your kicks.

Come then come

back, baby.
back, baby.
back, baby.

Rock and roll never forgets.
Rock and roll never forgets.
Rock and roll never forgets.

To Coda 1

You bet you
Ooh, the

band's still playin' it loud and lean.
Listen to the guitar player
mak-in' it scream. All you got to do is just make that scene to-night.
Said you can come back, baby. Rock and roll never forgets.

Oh, come back, baby. Rock and roll never forgets.

Ooh.

Lead vocal ad lib.
SHAKEDOWN
from the Paramount Motion Picture BEVERLY HILLS COP II

Words and Music by KEITH FORSEY, HAROLD FALTERMeyer and BOB SEGER

Bright Rock

No matter what you think you've pulled, you'll find it's always town where everyone is reaching in'

not enough...

ends the same...

for the top...

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No matter

Ske - down, break down, take down; ev -

'sry bod - y wants in to the crowd - ed light. Break down, take

down, you're bust ed. Let down your
guard, honey, just about the time you think that it’s all right.

Break down, take down; you’re busted.

A/E E7 A/E E7

A/E E7
This is a
coda

Shake-down, break down, take-down: every body wants into the crowded light.

Break-down, take-down: you're busted.
Shake down, break down; honey, just about the time you think that it's all right.
Break down, take down; you're busted.
SHAME ON THE MOON

Words and Music by RODNEY CROWELL

Moderately

A

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real. slow.
toes.

Until you've been beside a

Some men go just where they
'cause until you've been beside a

man.
want.
man.

you don't know how he
Some men never
you don't know who he

feels.
go.

Oh, blame it on midnight.
STILL THE SAME

Words and Music by BOB SEGER

Moderately, with a beat

Cmaj7  C  Cmaj7  C  C(9)  Em

G

2G

G

You

always won,
every time you placed a bet.

always said the cards would never do you wrong.

Instramental

You’re still damn good;

The trick, you said, was never play the game too long.

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A gambler's share; the
they were sure they had you caught,
you were quicker than they thought.
only risk that you would take,
the only loss you could for sake.
everybody watched you play,
I just turned and walked away.

You'd just turn your back and walk,
the only bluff you couldn't fake.
I had nothing left to say.
You
And you're still the same.

Caught up with you yesterday.
Moving to game;

No one standing in your way

Turnin' on the charm
Long enough to get you by.
You're still the same.

You still am high.

CODA

And you're still the same.

Cmaj7 C  Cmaj7 Cmaj7 G

Repeat and Fade

And you're still the same.

Mov' in' game to game.

Some things never change.

And you're still the same.
TRAVELIN' MAN

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

Moderate Country Rock

Up with the sun, gone with the wind...
She always said, I was lazy.
Leavin' my home...

Leavin' my friends. Running when things get too crazy.

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Out to the road, out 'neath the stars.

Feelin' the breeze, passin' the cars.

Women have come, women have gone.

Ev'ryone tryin' to cage me.
Somewhere so sweet
I barely got free.
Others they only enraged

G

Sometimes at night

C#m

I see their faces.
I feel the traces they've left on my soul

C

But

D/A

Those are the memories that make me a wealthy soul.
Those are the memories that
make me a wealthy soul.

Travelin' man,
love when I can.
Turn loose my hand 'cause I'm go-

-in' tonight.
Travelin' man,
catch if you can. But soon-er than lat - er I'm go - in, 

trav-el- in' man.

A trav - el - in' man, yes !

am.
Sometimes at night I see their faces. I feel the traces they've left on my soul.

Those are the memories that make me a wealthy soul.

Those are the memories that make me a wealthy soul.
TURN THE PAGE

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

Moderately

On a long and lonesome highway, east of Omaha, you can
2, 3 (See additional lyrics)

listen to the engine moanin' out its one-note song, you can

think about the woman or the girl you knew the night be-
fore. But your thoughts will soon be wanderin' the
way they always do when you're ridin' sixteen hours and there's
nothin' much to do and you don't feel much like ridin', you just

wish the trip was through.

Say, here I
am on the road again. There I am up on the stage. Here I go playin' star again. There I go, turn the page.
Additional Lyrics

2. Well, you walk into a restaurant strung out from the road
And you feel the eyes upon you as you’re shakin’ off the cold;
You pretend it doesn’t bother you but you just want to explode.
Most times you can’t hear ’em talk, other times you can,
All the same old cliches, “Is that a woman or a man?”
And you always seem outnumbered, you don’t dare make a stand.

Chorus

3. Out there in the spotlight you’re a million miles away,
Every ounce of energy you try to give away
As the sweat pours out your body like the music that you play.
Later in the evening as you lie awake in bed
With the echoes from the amplifiers ringing in your head,
You smoke the day’s last cigarette remembering what she said.

Chorus
WE'VE GOT TONIGHT

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

Moderately slow

I know it's late.
I know you're wea-
I've been so lone-

E/G#

- ry.
- ly.

B/D#

1 know your plans
All of my hopes

e

Er

don't in - clude me.
Still, here we are,

E5

fading a - way.
I've longed for love

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both of us love-ly,
like ev'-ry-one else does.

long-ing for shel-ter
I know I'll keep search-ing
even af-ter to-

see.
Why should we wor-ry?
So there it is,
girl.

No one will care,
girl.
I've said it all
now.
Look at the stars.
And here we are,
B/D#  Emaj7  E6  B/F#

babe.  

so far a-way.  

What do you say?  

B  Emaj7  E6

F#  B  Emaj7  E6

We've got to-night.  

Who needs to-mor-row?  

B  B/D#  Emaj7  E6

row?  

We've got to-night,  

babe.  

B  Emaj7  E6  B

Why don't you stay.
Deep in my soul—stay.

I know it's late. I know you're weary.

I know your plans don't include me. Still, here we
are, both of us lonely.

both of us lonely.

We've got tonight.

Who needs tomorrow? Let's make it last.
Emaj7    E6    B
---
Let's find a way.
---
F#    B    Emaj7    E6
---
Turn out the light. ---
---
Come take my hand now. ---
---
We've got tonight, babe. ---
---
Emaj7    E6    B
---
Why don't you stay?
---
We've got to-night.

Who needs to-morrow?

Let's make it last.

Let's find a way.

Turn out the light.

Come take my
Moderately

A E5
A/E E5
A E5
A/E E5

A E5
A/E E5

A E5
A/E E5

A E5
A/E E5

A E5
A/E E5

A E5
A/E E5

A E5
A/E E5

A E5
A/E E5

YOU'LL ACCOMP'NY ME

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

A gypsy wind is blowing warm tonight.
Some people say that love's a losing game.
The sky is starlit and the time is right.
You start with fire, but you lose the flame.
And still you're telling me you have to go.
The ashes smolder, but the warmth's soon gone.
Before you leave there's something you should know. Yeah.

Something you should know, babe.

I've seen you smiling in the summer sun. I'll take my chances, babe. I'll risk it all. I've seen your long hair flying when you run, I've made my mind up that it's take the fall. I've made my mind up, girl. It's
meant to be. Some-day, la-dy, you'll ac-com-p'y me.
meant to be. Some-day, la-dy, you'll ac-com-p'y me.

Some-day, la-dy, you'll ac-com-p'y me.
out where the riv-ers meet the
Some-day, la-dy, you'll ac-com-p'y me. It's writ-ten down some-where. It's
Some-day, la-dy, you'll ac-com-p'y me.
out where the riv-ers meet the

sound-ing sea.
You're high a-bove me now. You're
got to be.
You're high a-bove me, fly-ing
sound-ing sea.
I feel it in my soul. It's
wild and free. _ Ah, but some-day, la - dy, you'll ac - com - p'y me._
wild and free. _ Oh, but some-day, la - dy, you'll ac - com - p'y me._
meant to be. _ Oh, some-day, la - dy, you'll ac - com - p'y me._

To Coda

Some-day, la - dy, you'll ac - com - p'y me._
Some-day, la - dy, you'll ac -
Some-day, la - dy, you'll ac -

D.S. al Coda

com-p'y me._
com-p'y me._

Repeat and Fade
UNDERSTANDING

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

Medium tempo

It seems like only
Until the day you

yes-ter-day

I didn't have a clue.

came along.

I used to just get lost.

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I stood alone not knowing where to turn,
I only heard the things I wanted to hear.

Now suddenly I look around
It always seemed like no one cared.

And every thing looks new
but then you took the time.
I don't know why, but I
And now I look and

think I'm startin' to learn
everything seems clear.
They call it understanding, a willingness to grow.
You've got me understanding, you've really helped me see.

I'm finally understanding, I'm finally understanding.

There's so much I can know.
It's meant so much to me.

You've got me understanding,
Standing.

You've given me some pride.

I'm finally understanding.

You're really on my side.

Really on my side.
Got me understanding.

(Ooh, Lead vocal ad lib)

ooh, ooh, ooh,

D

you got me understanding.)

Repeat and Fade