ROLL ME AWAY
Written by Bob Seger

This song always started out full throttle but one time between takes piano player Roy Bittan and drummer Russ Kunkel began playing the intro in a far more subtle and subdued manner. Everyone then followed and fell in, including me, singing live. Ordinarily, we never have the tape machine recording between takes but producer Tommy Lovin and engineer Shelly Yakus had astutely left it on. When we listened back, we loved it and it quickly became the final version.

Took a look down a westbound road, right away
I made my choice
Headed out to my big two-wheeler, I was tired of my own voice
Took a bead on the northern plains and just rolled
that power on

Twelve hours out of Mackinaw City stopped in a bar
to have a brew
Met a girl and we had a few drinks and I told her
what I'd decided to do
She looked out the window a long long moment then
she looked into my eyes
She didn't have to say a thing, I knew what she was
'kin

Roll, roll me away, won't you roll me away tonight
I too am lost, I feel double-crossed and I'm sick of
what's wrong and what's right
We never even said a word, we just walked out
and got on that bike
And we rolled
And we rolled clean out of sight

We rolled across the high plains
Deep into the mountains
Felt so good to me
Finally feelin' free

Somewhere along a high road
The air began to turn cold
She said she missed her home
I headed on alone

Stood alone on a mountain top, starin' out at the
Great Divide
I could go east, I could go west, it was all up to
me to decide
Just then I saw a young hawk flyin' and my soul
began to rise
And pretty soon
My heart was singin'

Roll, roll me away, I'm gonna roll me away tonight
Gotta keep rollin', gotta keep ridin', keep searchin'
till I find what's right
And as the sunset faded I spoke to the faintest
first starlight
And I said next time
Next Time
We'll get it right

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NIGHT MOVES
Written by Bob Seger

It was 2:00 AM and our guitar player Drew
Abbott and sax player Alto Reed had already
left the studio for the drive back to Detroit. With
bassist Chris Campbell, drummer Charlie
Martin and me, playing acoustic guitar, we
recorded it. I think we did five takes. The next
day we added a local guitar player and piano
player and then some female singers from
Montréal who happened to be in town. When
people ask "Do you know when you've written a
hit?" the usual answer is no. This song was an
exception.

I was a little too tall
Could've used a few pounds
Tight pants points hardly known
She was a black-haired beauty with big dark eyes
And points all her own sitting way up high
Way up firm and high

Out past the cornfields where the woods get heavy
Out in the back seat of my 60 Chevy
Workin' on mysteries without any clues
Workin' on our night moves
Tryin' to make some front page drive-in news
Workin' on our night moves
In the summertime
In the sweet summertime

We weren't in love, oh no, far from it
We weren't searchin' for some pie in the sky 'summit
We were just young and restless and bored
Livin' by the sword
And we'd steal away every chance we could
To the backroom, to the alley or the trusty woods
I used her, she used me
But neither one cared
We were gettin' our share

Workin' on our night moves
Tryin' to lose the awkward teenage blues
Workin' on our night moves
And it was summertime

And oh the wonder
We felt the lightning
And we waited on the thunder
Waited on the thunder

I awoke last night to the sound of thunder
How far off I sat and wondered
Started humming as song from 1962
Ain't 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

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**Turn the Page**

Written by Bob Seger

Our first headline shows ever in a large (twelve thousand seat) hall were the two shows at Cobo Arena, September 4th and 5th, 1975. I remember while I was singing this how nice it was to have such good on-stage monitors. I had never heard my voice so well while performing.

On a long and lonesome highway east of Omaha
You can listen to the engine moarin’ out his one note song
You can think about the woman or the girl you knew
the night before
But your thoughts will soon be wandering 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

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

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 clichés, "Is that a woman or a man?"
And you always seem outnumbered, you don’t dare
make a stand

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

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 ringin’ in your head
You smoke the day’s last cigarette, rememberin’ what she said

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

**You'll Accomp'ny Me**

Written by Bob Seger

This again was one of those rare times when our
bass player Chris, our drummer David
Teegarden, and I were alone in the studio. Like
Night Moves, I played acoustic guitar and much
later we added Bill Payne on keyboards and the
female background singers.

A gypsy wind is blowing warm tonight
The sky is starlit and the time is right
And still you’re tellin’ me you have to go
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’ve seen your long hair flying when you run
I’ve made my mind up that it’s meant to be
Someday lady you’ll accomp’ny me

Someday lady you’ll accomp’ny me
Out where the rivers meet the sounding sea
You're high above me now, you're wild and free ah but
Someday lady you’ll accomp’ny me
Someday lady you’ll accomp’ny me

Some people say that love’s a losin’ game
You start with fire but you lose the flame
The ashes smolder but the warmth’s soon gone
You end up cold and lonely on your own

I’ll take my chances babe I’ll risk it all
I’ll win you love or I’ll take the fall
I’ve made my mind up girl it’s meant to be
Someday lady you’ll accomp’ny me
Someday lady you’ll accomp’ny me
It’s written down somewhere, it’s got to be
You’re high above me flyin’ wild and free
Oh but someday lady you’ll accomp’ny me
Someday lady you’ll accomp’ny me
Someday lady you’ll accomp’ny me

Someday lady you’ll accomp’ny me
Out where the rivers meet the sounding sea
I feel it in my soul, It’s meant to be
Oh someday lady you’ll accomp’ny me
Someday lady you’ll accomp’ny me

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Hollywood Nights
Written by Bob Seger

The chorus to this song came into my head one night in 1977 as I was driving through the Hollywood Hills. Our drummer, David Teegarden, played an entire set of drums as we recorded and overdubbed another entire set of drums playing a different pattern. In other words, there's two sets of everything: snare, kick drum, hi-hat, etc. Billy Payne (of Little Feat) sat in with us for the first time and played the last two instruments, piano and organ. When he was done, he asked for a tape to listen to on the way home. He called me the next day and said while he'd been listening, he looked down and found himself going 100 miles an hour on the freeway.

She stood there bright as the sun on that California coast.
He was a midwestern boy on his own.
She looked at him with those soft eyes, so innocent and blue.
He knew right then he was too far from home;

He was too far from home.

She took his hand and she led him along that golden beach.
They watched the waves tumble over the sand.
They drove for miles and miles up those twisting turning roads.
Higher and higher and higher they climbed.

And those Hollywood nights.
In those Hollywood hills.
She was looking so right.
In her diamonds and frills.
All those big city nights.
In those high rolling hills.
Above all the lights.
She had all of the skills.

He'd headed west 'cause he felt that a change would do him good.
See some old friends, good for the soul.
She had been born with a face that would let her get her way.
He saw that face and he lost all control.
He had lost all control.

Night after night, day after day, it went on and on.
Then came that morning he woke up alone.
He spent all night staring down at the lights of LA.
Wondering if he could ever go home.

And those Hollywood nights.
In those Hollywood hills.
It was looking so right.
In those high rolling hills.
Above all the lights.
With a passion that kills.

In those Hollywood nights.
In those Hollywood hills.
She was looking so right.
In her diamonds and frills.
All those big city lights.
In those high rolling hills.
Above all the lights.
She had all of the skills.

Still The Same
Written by Bob Seger

It was just Chris Campbell, David Teegarden, and me in the studio when we cut this. People have asked me for years who it's about. It's an amalgamation of characters I met when I first went to Hollywood. All "Type A" personalities: overachieving, driven.

You always won, everytime you placed a bet.
You're still damn good, no one's gotten to you yet.
Everytime they were sure they had you caught
You were quicker than they thought.
You'd just turn your back and walk.

You always said, the cards would never do you wrong.
The trick you said was never play the game too long.
A gambler's share, the only risk that you would take
The only loss you could forsake.
The only bluff you couldn't take.

And you're still the same.
I caught up with you yesterday.
Moving game to game.
No one standing in your way.
Turning on the charm.
Long enough to get you by.
You're still the same.
You still aim high.

There you stood, everybody watched you play.
I just turned and walked away.
I had nothing left to say.
'Cause you're still the same.
You're still the same.
Moving game to game.
Some things never change.
You're still the same.

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Old Time Rock & Roll

Written by George Jackson and Thomas Earl Jones III

This track was sent to me by the Muscle Shoals Rhythm Section from Alabama as a demo with a different singer. I rewrote the verses but asked for no writing credit (I wish I had). Next to Patsy Cline’s “Crazy”, it’s the most popular juke box single of all time.

Just take those old records off the shelf
I’ll sit and listen to ’em by myself
Today’s music ain’t got the same soul
I like that old time rock ’n’ roll
Don’t try to take me to a disco
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

Still like that old time rock ’n’ roll
That kind of music just soothes the soul
I reminisce about the days of old
With that old time rock ’n’ roll

Won’t go to hear them play a tango
I’d rather hear some blues or funky old soul
There’s only one sure way to get me to go
Start playing old time rock ’n’ roll
Call me a relic, call me what you will
Say I’m old-fashioned, say I’m over the hill
Today’s music ain’t got the same soul
I like that old time rock ’n’ roll

Still like that old time rock ’n’ roll
That kind of music just soothes the soul
I reminisce about the days of old
With that old time rock ’n’ roll

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Against The Wind

Written by Bob Seger

My old friend, Glen Frey of the Eagles, had an idea that our guitarist, Drew Abbott, should play along with the piano solo. He and I then went out and did the background vocals together. The line “Wish I didn’t know now what I didn’t know then” bothered me for the longest time but everyone knew loved it so I left it in. It has since appeared in several hits by other artists, so I guess it’s O.K.

It seems like yesterday
But it was long ago
Janey was lovely, she was the queen of my nights
There in the darkness with the radio playing low
And the secrets that we shared
The mountains that we moved
Caught like a wildfire out of control
Till there was nothing left to burn and nothing left to prove
And I remember what she said to me
How she swore that she would end
I remember how she held me oh so tight
Wish I didn’t know now what I didn’t know then

Against the wind
We were runnin’ against the wind
We were young and strong, we were runnin’
against the wind

And the years rolled slowly past
And I found myself alone
Surrounded by strangers I thought were my friends
I found myself further and further from my home
And I guess I lost my way
There were oh so many roads
I was living to run and running to live
Never worried about paying or even how much I owed
Moving eight miles a minute for months at a time
Breaking all of the rules that would bend
I began to find myself searching
Searching for shelter again and again

We’ve Got Tonight

Written by Bob Seger

The original title of the song was “This Old House” and it was about rock and roll music. I loved the chords and rewrote the lyric after I saw Robert Redford in “The Sting” say to a waitress “It’s four in the morning and I don’t know nobody.”

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
Longing for shelter from all that we see
Why should we worry, no one will care girl
Look at the stars so far away
We’ve got tonight, who needs tomorrow?
We’ve got tonight babe
Why don’t you stay?

Deep in my soul, I’ve been so lonely
All of my hopes, fading away
I longed for love, like everyone else does
I know I’ll keep searching, even after today
So there it is girl, I’ve said it all now

And here we are baton, what do you say?
We’ve got tonight, who needs tomorrow?
We’ve got tonight babe
Why don’t you 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, let’s find a way
Turn out the light, come take my hand now
We’ve got tonight babe
Why don’t you stay?
Why don’t you stay?

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Against the wind
A little something against the wind
I found myself seeking shelter against the wind

Well those drifter days are past me now
I've got so much more to think about
Deadlines and commitments
What to leave in, what to leave out

Against the wind
I'm still runnin' against the wind
I'm older now but still runnin' against the wind
We'll be older now and still runnin' against the wind

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THE FIRE INSIDE
WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER

I rewrote this song so many times, I can't remember the original lyric. Oddly, for me, I kept rewriting the first verse. I've never done that before or since.

There's a hard moon risin' on the streets tonight
There's a reckless feeling in your heart as you head out tonight
Through the concrete canyons to the midtown lights
Where the latest neon promises are burning bright

Past the open windows on the darker streets
Where unseen angry voices flash and children cry
Past the phony posers with their worn out lines
The tired new money dressed to the nines
The low life dealers with their bad designs
And the dilettantes with their open minds

You're out on the town, safe in the crowd
Ready to go for the ride
Searching the eyes, looking for clues
There's no way you can hide
The fire inside

Well you've been to the clubs and the discotheques
Where they deal one another from the bottom of a deck of promises
Where the cautious loners and emotional wrecks
Do an acting stretch as a way to hide the obvious
And the lights go down and they dance real close
And for one brief instant they pretend they're safe and warm

Then the beat gets louder and the mood is gone
The darkness scatters as the lights flash on
They hold one another just a little too long
And they move apart and then move on

On to the street, on to the next
Safe in the knowledge that they tried
Faking the smile, hiding the pain
Never satisfied
The fire inside
Fire inside

Now the hour is late and he thinks you're asleep
You listen to him dress and you listen to him leave like you knew he would
You hear his car pull away in the street
Then you move to the door and you lock it when he's gone for good

Then you walk to the window and stare at the moon
Riding high and lonesome through a starlit sky
And it comes to you how all slips away
Youth and beauty are gone one day
No matter what you dream or feel or say
It ends in dust and disarray

Like wind on the plains, sand through the glass
Waves rolling in with the tide
Dreams die hard and we watch them erode
But we cannot be denied
The fire inside

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MAINSTREET
WRITTEN BY BOB SEGER

Many people have asked me what street I'm talking about in this song. It's actually Ann Street, just off Main Street in Ann Arbor, Michigan, where I grew up and went to school. There was a pool hall (I can't remember the name) where they had girls dancing in the window and R&B bands playing on the weekends.

I remember standing on the corner at midnight
Trying to get my courage up
There was this long lovely dancer in a little club downtown
I loved to watch her do her stuff
Through the long lonely nights she filled my sleep
Her body softly swaying to that smoky beat
Down on Mainstreet

In the pool halls, the hustlers and the losers
I used to watch 'em through the glass
Well I'd stand outside at closing time
Just to watch her walk on past
Unlike all the other ladies she looked so young and sweet
As she made her way alone down that empty street
Down on Mainstreet

And sometimes even now, when I'm feeling lonely and beat
I drift back in time and I find my feet
Down on Mainstreet
Down on Mainstreet

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Like A Rock
Written by Bob Seger

My londest memory of this recording is of David Cole and I listening to Rick Vito play the slide guitar solo late one night at Rumbo Studios in L.A. It was the single most spectacular overdub I'd ever heard.

Stood there boldly
Sweatin' in the sun
Felt like a million
Felt like number one
The height of summer
I'd never felt that strong
Like a rock

I was eighteen
Didn't have a care
Working for peanuts
Not a clime to spare
But I was lean and
Solid everywhere
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 firmly
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, I was something to see
Like a rock

And I stood arrow straight
Unencumbered by the weight
Of all these hustlers and their schemes
I stood proud, I stood tall
High above it all
I still believed in my dreams

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

And sometimes late at night
When I'm bathed in the firelight
The moon comes callin' a ghostly white
And I recall
I recall

Like a rock, standin' arrow straight
Like a rock, chargin' through the gate
Like a rock, carryin' the weight
Like a rock

Like a rock, the sun upon my skin
Like a rock, hard against the wind
Like a rock, I see myself again
Like a rock

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C'est La Vie
Written by Chuck Berry

We had a lot of fun doing this old Chuck Berry nugget. Entirely live. No overdubs.

It was a teenage wedding and the old folks wished 'em well
You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoiselle
And now the young monsieur and madam have rung the chapel bell
C'est la vie says the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell

They finished off an apartment with a two-room Roebuck sale
The coolerator was jammed with TV dinners and ginger ale
And when Pierre found work, the little money comin' worked out well
C'est la vie says the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell

They had a hi-fi phono, boy did they let it blast
Seven hundred little records, all blues, rock rhythm, and jazz
But when the sun went down, the volume went down as well
C'est la vie says the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell

They bought a souped-up jetlay, it was a cherry red '53
And drove it down to New Orleans to celebrate their anniversary
It was there where Pierre was wedded to the lovely mademoiselle
C'est la vie says the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell

They had a teenage wedding and the old folks wished 'em well
You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoiselle
And now the young monsieur and madam have rung the chapel bell
C'est la vie says the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell

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Chelsea, Alto & Victoria Reed
In Your Time

Written by Bob Seger

A new song written for my son Cole

In your time
The innocence will fall away
In your time
The mission bells will toll
All along
The corridors and river beds
There'll be sign
In your time

Tower the waves
Will crash across your southern capes
Massive storms
Will reach you eastern shores
Fields of green
Will tumble through your summer days
by design
In your time

Feel the wind
And set yourself the bolder course
Keep your heart
As open as a shrine
You'll sail the perfect line

And after all
The dead ends and the lessons learned
After all
The stars have turned to stone
There'll be peace
Across the great unbroken void
All benign
In your time
You'll be fine
In your time

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ROLL ME AWAY

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

Moderately bright

C

Dm7/C

C

F/C

C

Dm7/C

F/C

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 north-ern plains... and just rolled...

... that pow-er on.
Twelve hours out of Mackinaw City,
Stopped a- lone on a moun- tain 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 up to me to decide.

She looked out the window a long moment,
Just then I saw a young hawk flyin' and my soul be-
sick of what’s wrong and what’s right.
searchin’, till I find what’s right.
We never even
And as the sunset

said a word. We just walked out and got on that bike.
faded, I spoke to the faintest first starlight.

And we rolled,

and we rolled, clean out of sight.
We rolled across the high plains.

Some where along a high road.

The air began to turn cold.

She felt so good to me, home.

I finally feelin' free.
And I said next time,

we'll get it right.

Repeat and fade
NIGHT MOVES

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

Moderately

G

F  C

F  G  G

mf

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

Tight pants, points, hardly re-known.

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 corn-fields, 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.

Pract-in' our night moves

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

We weren't in love. Oh,

no, far from it. We weren't searchin' for some pie-in-the-sky summit.

We were just young and restless and bored, living by the sword.
And we'd steal away ev'ry chance we could,
to the back room, the alley, or the trusty woods.

I used her, she used me, but neither one cared.

We were gettin' our share, prac - tic - in' our
night moves, try'n to lose the awk-ward, teen-age blues,
work-in' on our night moves.

It was just like south-ern Mich-i-gan sum-mer-time.
And oh, wonder.

Hey, we felt the lightning.

And we waited on the thunder,
wait-ed on the thun-der.

woke last night to the sound of thun-der. How far off, I

sat and won-dered. Start-ed hum-ming a song from nine-teen six-ty-two.
Ain't it funny how the night moves?

We just don't seem to have as much to lose. Strange how the night moves, with autumn closing in.

Tempo I
Repeat (lead vocal ad lib) and fade

Night moves.
TURN THE PAGE

Moderately

Em

1. On a long and lonesome highway east of Omaha you can

listen to the engine moanin' out its one note song, you can
think about the woman or the girl you knew the night before.

But your thoughts will soon be wandering the way they always do when you're riding sixteen hours and there's nothing much to do and you don't feel much like riding, you just wish the trip was through.
Chorus

Say, here I am on the road again.                                              There I am up on the stage.

Here I go playin'                                                        To Coda

star again. There I go, turn the page.
Verse 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 out numbered, you don't dare make a stand.

Chorus:

Verse 3:

Out there in the spot light 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 of the amplifiers ringing in your head, 
You smoke the day's last cigarette remembering what she said.
YOU’LL ACCOMP’NY ME

Words and Music by BOB SEGER

Moderately

\[
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\end{align*}
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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 smoulder, but the warmth's __ soon gone.

Before you leave there's something you should know._
You end up cold and lonely on your own._

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
I'll win your love or I'll
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'ny me.
meant to be, Some-day, la-dy, you'll ac-com-p'ny me.

Some-day, la-dy, you'll ac-com-p'ny me— out where the riv-ers meet the
Some-day, la-dy, you'll ac-com-p'ny me— It's writ-ten down some-where. It's
Some-day, la-dy, you'll ac-com-p'ny 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'ny me.
wild and free. Oh, but some-day, la-dy, you'll ac-com-p'ny me.
meant to be. Oh, some-day, la-dy, you'll ac-com-p'ny me.

To Coda \[1.\]

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

\[2.\]

D. S. \* al Coda\]

com-p'ny me.
com-p'ny me.

Repeat and fade

A E A/E E A/E E A E A/E E
HOLLYWOOD NIGHTS

Moderately bright Rock beat

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

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-west-ern boy on his own.
See some old friends, soul.

She looked at him with those soft eyes, so in-no-cent 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 con-trol.
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 twist-ing, turn- ing roads.
He spent all night star-ing down at the lights of L. A.,
Higher and wonder-ing

higher and higher they climbed, if he could ever go home.
And those Hol-
And those Hol-

ly-wood nights in those Hol- ly-wood hills:
ly-wood nights in those Hol- ly-wood hills:
she was looking so right
it was looking so right.

monds and frills,
ing him chills.

Oh, those big city nights.
Oh, those big city nights.

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

above all the lights, she had all of her skills.
above all the lights with a passion that kills.
STILL THE SAME

Moderately, with a beat

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

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You're still damn good;
The trick, you said,
no one's got-ten to you yet.

The gambler's share;
There you stood;

A Ev - 'ry time

they were sure they had you caught,
on - ly risk that you would take,
ev - 'ry - bod - y watched you play.

you were quick - er than they thought,
the on - ly loss you could for - sake,
I just turned and walked a - way.
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.
Movin' game to game;

no one standin' in your way.
Turn-in' on the charm long enough to get you by.

You're still the same. You still aim high.

D. S. 4" al Coda

And you're still the same.

Repeat and fade

And you're still the same.
Mov-in' game to game.
Some things never change.
And you're still the same.
MAINSTREET

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

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

try'n' to get my courage up,
we used to watch 'em through the glass.
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
Un - like
long, lonely nights,
all the other ladies,
she filled my sleep,
she looked so young and sweet

as she made her way alone
to that
smoky beat,
empty street,
down on Main Street,
down on Main Street,
down on
Main Street.

In the

And sometimes even now,

when I'm feeling lonely and beat,

I drift back in time,

and I find my feet
down on Main Street,
OLD TIME ROCK & ROLL

Moderate Rock 'n' Roll beat
No chord

Just take those old records

I'll sit and listen to 'em
I'd rather hear some blues or
tango.

Today's music ain't
There's only one sure way to

by myself.
funky old soul.
got the same soul. I like that old-time rock 'n' roll.

got me to go: start playing old-time rock 'n' roll.

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.

Say I'm old-fashioned. Say I'm over the hill.

In ten minutes I'll be late for the door.

Today's music ain't got the same soul.
I like that old-time rock 'n' roll,
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.

Won't go to hear 'em play a
Still like that old-time rock 'n' roll.
WE'VE GOT TONIGHT

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

Slowly
B
F#  
E 00  
F#

I know it's late...

B
F#/A#
E/G#  
F#

I know you're weary.  
I've been so lonely.  
I know your plans...  
All of my hopes...

B/D#  
Emaj7  
E6  
B  
F#

don't include me.  
fading away.  
Still, here we are.  
I've longed for love...

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both of us lonely, like everyone else does.

longing for shelter for all that we see.
I know I'll keep searching even after today.

Why should we worry? No one will care, girl.
So there it is, girl. I've said it all now.

Look at the stars so far away.
And here we are, babe. What do you say?
We've got to-night.  
Who needs to-mor-row?  
We've got to-night,  
babe.  
Why don't you stay.  
Deep in my soul—

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.

We've got to-night.

Who needs tomorrow? Let's make it last.
Let's find a way. Turn out the light.

Come take my hand now. We've got to-night,

babe. Why don't you stay?

Oh. Oh, why don't you stay!
Against the Wind

Medium Rock beat

G

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

Instrumental

but it was long ago,
And I found myself alone,
Janny was lovely. She was the queen of my nights, surrounded by strangers I thought were my friends.

There in the darkness with the radio playin' low, and I found myself further and further from my home, and the secrets that we shared, I guess I lost my way.

The mountains that we moved, There were oh so many roads, I was
caught like a wild fire out of control
till there was Never

nothin' left to burn and nothin' left to prove,
worried about pay-in', or even how much I owed.

And I remember what she said to me,
time, now.

breakin' all the rules that would bend,
I've got so much more to think about:
I remember how she held me oh so tight.
searchin',

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

A-against the wind,
A-against the wind,
A-against the wind,

we were runnin' against the wind.
I'm still runnin' against the wind.

We were
young and strong,
found myself seeking shelter
old er now, but still running against

We were running against the wind.

1. 2.  

D.S. al Coda

Coda

Well, I'm older now, and still running against the

Repeat and fade

wind, against the wind.
THE FIRE INSIDE

L. Miseri

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

Fast Rock

\[\text{Ab}\]

\[\text{Dbmaj7}\]

\[\text{Ab}\] 4fr.

\[\text{Dbmaj7}\] 4fr.

There's a hard moon risin' on the hour
to the clubs late and he
Dmaj7

street tonight, there's a reckless feeling in your heart as you head
discotheques, where they deal one another from the bottom of a deck of
thinks you're asleep. You listen to him dress and you listen to him leave like you

out tonight... promoises...
knew he would...

A7

Through the concrete canyons to the midtown lights, where the
Where the cautious loners and emotional wrecks do an
You hear his car pull away in the street, then you

Dmaj7

latest neon promises are burning bright...
acting stretch as a way to hide the obvious,
move to the door and you lock it when he's gone for good...
Past the windows on the darker streets, where unseen angry voices:
lights go down and they dance real close, and for one brief instant they walk to the window and stare at the moon riding high and lone-
es flash and children cry.

some through a star-lit sky.

Past the phon-y pos-ers with their
Then the beat gets louder and the
And it comes to you how it
worn out lines, the tired new money dressed to the nines. The mood is gone, the darkness scatters as the lights flash on. They all slips away, youth and beauty are gone one day. No

low life dealers with their bad designs and the di - et - tantes with their hold one another just a little too long and they move apart and

open minds. You're out on the town, safe in the crowd, then move on. On to the street, on to the next, dis - ar - ray. Like wind on the plains, sand through the grass,

read - y to go for the ride. Safe in the knowledge that they tried. Searching the eyes, waves rolling in with the tide. Dreams die hard and we
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.
The Fire Inside.

To Coda 1. 2.

Well, you've Fire_ Inside.
LIKE A ROCK

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

Ballad

\( \textit{J.R.} \textit{mister} \)

1. Stood there boldly, sweat-in' in the sun...

Felt like a million, felt like number one...

\( \textbf{Ab} \quad 4 \text{fr.} \quad \textbf{Db/Ab} \quad 4 \text{fr.} \quad \textbf{Ab} \quad 4 \text{fr.} \quad \textbf{Db/Ab} \quad 4 \text{fr.} \quad \textbf{Ab} \quad 4 \text{fr.} \quad \textbf{Db/Ab} \quad 4 \text{fr.} \)

\( \textbf{Ab} \quad 4 \text{fr.} \quad \textbf{Db/Ab} \quad 4 \text{fr.} \quad \textbf{Ab} \quad 4 \text{fr.} \quad \textbf{Db/Ab} \quad \textbf{Ab} \quad 4 \text{fr.} \quad \textbf{Db/Ab} \quad 4 \text{fr.} \)

\( \textbf{Db} \quad 4 \text{fr.} \)

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The height of summer, I'd never felt that strong, like a rock.

I was eighteen, didn't have a care.

Workin' for peanuts, not a dime to spare,

but I was lean and
solid everywhere, like a rock.

3. 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

Db  4fr.

strong as I could be; like a rock,  noth-in'

Gb(add2)

ever got to me; like a rock,  I was


some-thin' to see, like a rock.  And I
stood arrow straight unencumbered 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.
call, I re-call like a rock, rock, the
standin' 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.

2nd time to guitar solo

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.
C'EST LA VIE

Moderate rock \( \text{\( \frac{d}{d} \)} = 120 \) (\( \text{\( \frac{d}{d} \)} = 2 \in \))

Verses 1, 4, & 6:

1. It was a teen-age wedding and the old folks wished them well.
   off an apartment with a two-room Koe-buck's sale.
   hi-fi phono boy, did they let it blast.
   souped up Jitney that was a cherry red fifty-three.

You could see that Pi-erre did true.
The cooler a-tor was jammed with T. V.
Seven hundred little records all
They drove it down to New Or-leans, cele-

And now the
And when Pi-
But when the
It was

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young Mon-sieur and Madame have rung the chapel bell.
erré found work, the little money coming worked out well.
sun went down, the volume went down as well.
there where Pi-erre was wed-ded to the love-ly ma-de-moi-selle.

"C'est la vie," say the old folks, it goes to show you nev-er can

tell.

2. They furn-ished tell.
3. They had a
4. They bought a
IN YOUR TIME

Moderate march \( \frac{j}{=} 114 \)

Words and Music by
BOB SEGER

Verses 1-4:

D

G

C

D

G

C

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

3. Instrumental solos...

all the dead ends and the lessons learned, after

time the mission bells will toll. Oh, all along
storms will reach your eastern shores.

all the stars have turned to stone.

Fields of green

There'll be peace

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C - G D/F# Em G/D
er course.
Keep your heart as open as a shrine.

C G/B D G C
you'll sail the perfect line.

G G C D

Coda

G G C D
time.
You'll be fine in your

C G

time.