Steely Dan/greatest hits
# Steely Dan/Greatest Hits

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DO IT AGAIN

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

Moderately

In the morn-in' you go gun-nin' for the man_
know she's no high climber then you find_
swear and kick and beg us that you're not_

who stole your water, and you fire till he is done_
your only friend in a room with your two tim-
a gamblin' man; then you find you're back in Ve-
in but they catch you at the border. And the
er and you're sure you're near the end. Then you

gas with a handle in your hand.
Your black

mourners are all singing in' as they drag
love a little wild one and she brings
cards can make you money so you hide

you by your feet, but the hangman isn't hang-

them when you're able; in the land of milk and hon-

in' and they put you on your knees to mor-

in' you'll be put on them on the street.
row.
ble.

You go back, Jack, do it again:

wheel turn-in' round and round. You go back, Jack,

do it again.

I. 2. D7sus4

[When you
Now you

D7: Again]
REELIN' IN THE YEARS

Moderately \( \text{Tempo} = \frac{3}{4} \)

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

Your ever-last-in' summer, you can see it fading fast, so you
tell me you're a genius since you were seven-teen; in
spent a lot of money and I spent a lot of time; the

grab a piece of some-thin' that you think is gonna last. Well, you
all the time I've known you I still don't know what you mean. The
trip we made to Holly-wood is etched up on my mind. Af-ter
wouldn't e-ven know a dia-mond if you held it in your hand;
the
week - end at the col-lege did - n't turn out like you planned;
the
all the things we've done and seem you find an - oth - er man;
the

things you think are pre - cious I can't un - der - stand,

things that pass for know - ledge I can't un - der - stand,

things you think are use - less I can't un - der - stand,

Are you reel-in' in the years,
Are you reeling away the time?

Are you gath-er-in' up the tears,
MY OLD SCHOOL

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

Moderately fast

Tacet

I re-mem-ber the thir-ty-five sweet good-byes_
O le-an-ders grow-ing out-side her door_
Cal-i-for-nia tum-bles in-to the sea_

when you put me on the Wol-ver-ine up in Ann-an-dale,
soon they're gon-na be in bloom up in Ann-an-dale.
that 'll be the day I go back to Ann-an-dale.
It was still September when your daddy was quite surprised.
I can't stand her doing what she did before,
Tried to warn you about Gino and Daddy G.

to find you with the working girls in the country jail.
but I can't seem to get to you through the U.S. mail.

I was smoking with the boys upstairs when I well, I hear the whistle but I can't go; I'm gonna
Well, I hear the whistle but I can't go; I'm gonna

heard about the whole affair. I said, "Oh, no.
take her down to Mexico. She said, "Oh, no.
take her down to Mexico. She said, "Oh, no."
William and Mary won't do.
Guadalajara won't do.

Well, I did not think the girl

could be so cruel.

and I'm

never going back to my old school.

Repeat and fade

school.

Repeat and fade
BLACK FRIDAY

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

Medium Rock beat ($\frac{3}{4}$)

When Black Fri - day comes I'll fly
Black Fri - day comes I'm gon - na
Black Fri - day comes

stand down by the door and catch the gray men when they
down to Mus - well - brook, gon - na strike all the big red
dig my - self a hole, gon - na lay down in it till I

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When Black Friday comes, I'll collect ev'rything I'm owed,
gonna wear no socks and shoes,
let the world pass by me,
the Archbishop gonna sanctify

and before my friends find out I'll be on the road,
with nothing to do but feed all the kangaroos,
and if he don't come across I'm gonna let it roll.

By the present time I'm on the road,
I've got my return ticket
for the place where I was born
and the love that I hold forever

you know it's got to be,
I'll be on that hill,
I'm gonna stake my claim,
don't let it fall on me.
you know I will.
I guess I'll change my name.

Repeat and fade

When

Repeat and fade
Moderately fast

BODHISATTVA

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

Bo-dhi-satt-va, would you take me by the hand; 
Bo-dhi-satt-va, I'm gonna sell my house in town;

Bo-dhi-satt-va, would you take me by the hand?
Bo-dhi-satt-va, I'm gonna sell my house in town.

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SHOW BIZ KIDS

Moderately
Tacest

Dm7 (throughout)

Go to Las Wag - es,

Las Wag - es, go to Las Wag - es. While the

Dm7

poor peo-ple sleep-in' with the shade on the light, while the poor peo-ple sleep-in' all the

Show Biz Kids - 1

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stars come out at night, while the poor people sleep-in' with the shade on the light, while the

poor people sleep-in' all the stars come out at night.

To Coda

After closing time
They got the house on the corner

at the Guernsey Fair,
with the rug inside;
I they got the
Text: 

tect the El—Su-prem-o from the room at the top of the stairs.  
boozes they need, all that mon-ey can buy.  

—Well, I’ve been a-round the world, and I’ve  
They got the shape-ly bod-ies, they got the  

been in the Wash-ing-ton Zoo; Steel-y Dan T-shirts; and in all my trav-els as the  
and for the  

facts un-rav-el, I’ve found this to be true.  

While the  

Show Biz Kids - 3
coup de grâce
they're outrageous.

Honey, let me tell you. While the
Show business kids mak-in'
movies of themselves; you know they don't give a fuck about anybody else. You know you

Repeat and fade
go to Las Vegas, Las Vegas, go to Las Vegas.
EAST ST. LOUIS TOODLE-OO

Moderately slow, in 2

Words and Music by
DUKE ELLINGTON and
BUBBER MILEY

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RIKKI DON'T LOSE THAT NUMBER

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

Moderately
Tacet

We hear you're leaving, that's O. K.
I have a friend in town, he's heard your name.

I thought our little wild time had just begun,
We can go out driving on Slow Hand Row.

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I guess you kind of scared yourself, you turn and run.

We could stay inside and play games I don't know.

But if you have a change of heart,
And you could have a change of heart.

Rikki, don't lose that number; you don't wanna call nobody else.

Send it off in a
let-ter to your self.

Rik-ki, don't lose that num-ber; it's the on-ly one you own.

You might use it if you feel bet-ter

when you get home.
You tell yourself you're not my kind,
but you don't even know your mind.
And you could have a change of heart.
Rikki, don't lose that number.
Rikki, don't lose that number.
Pretzel Logic

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN

I would love to tour the South-land,
never met Na-po-le-on,
in a trav-ling min-strel
but I plan to find the

show;

yes, I'd love to tour the South-land,
I have never met Na-po-le-on,
time;

Pretzel Logic - 1

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in a traveling minstrel
but I plan to find the show._

in a traveling minstrel
but I plan to find the show._

Yes, I'm
'Cause he

D/E
E/A
C/D
D/G

dy'n't be a star._
looks so__

D/E
E/A
C/D
D/G
D/E
E/A

sound just like a record on
the phonograph. Those days are gone

D/E
E/A
C/D
D/G
D/E
E/A

o-ver a long time a-go,
o-ver a long time a-go,

C
D
C
Fmaj7

o-ver a long time a-go,
o-ver a long time a-go,

C
D
C
Fmaj7

oh, yeah._
oh, yeah._

oh, yeah._
oh, yeah._
I have stepped up on the platform, a man gave me the news.

He said, "You must be joking, son; where did you get those shoes?"

Where did you get those shoes?"

Well, I
D/E
E/A
seen him on the TV, the movie show; they say the times are changin' but I

C/D
D/G
just don't know. These things are gone forever, over a long time ago,

D/E
E/A
Fmaj7
G
oh, yeah.

Repeat and fade
Am7
Fmaj7
G
Repeat and fade
ANY MAJOR DUDE WILL TELL YOU

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

Moderately slow, in 2

Tacet

I nev-er seen you
Have you ev-er
Instrumental

look-in' so bad, my fun-ky one;
seen a squonk's tears? Well, look at mine.

you tell me that your sup-er-fine mind has come un-done.
The peo-ple on the street have all seen bet-ter times.
Any major dude with half a heart surely will tell

you my friend;

any minor world that breaks

a part falls together again.

When the
de mon is at your door,
in the mornin’ it won’t be there
no more. Any major dude will tell you:

any major dude will tell you.

I can tell you all I know: the where to go, the what
BAD SNEAKERS

Five names that I can hardly stand to hear in-
You, fel-la, you tear-in' up the street, you
chu-ding yours and mine and one more chimp who isn't here. I can see the la-dies talk-in' how the
wear that white tux-e-do, how you gon-na beat the heat? Do you take me for a fool, do you

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times are get-tin' hard and that fear-some ex-ca-va-tion on Mag-nol-ia Bou-le-vard; And I'm-

I think that I don't see that ditch out in the val-ley that they're dig-gin' just for me, yes I'm-


go-in' in-sane, and I'm laugh-in' at the fro-zen rain. And I'm

so a lone, hon-ey, when they gon-na send me home?
Bad sneakers and a piña colada my friend, stompin' on the Avenue by

Radio City, with a transistor and a large sum of money to spend.

Repeat 2 times
KID CHARLEMAGNE

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

While the music played you worked by candlelight.
On the hill the stuff was laced with kerosene.

those San Francisco nights.
but yours was kitchen clean.

in town, to stare at your technicolor motorhome.

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you crossed the diamond with the pearl,
frame had your number on the wall.
You

turned it on the world;
that's when you turned the world around.

must have had it all,
you'd go to L. A. on a dare.

and you'd go it a-lone.
Did you feel like Jesus?
Could you live forever?

Did you realize that you were a cham-

Could you see the day?
Could you feel your whole
pion in their eyes?

world fall apart and fade away?

Get along,

get along—Kid Charlemagne.

Get along—Kid Charlemagne.

to Coda
Now the patrons have all left you in the red. Your
Clean this mess up or else we'll all end up in jail. Those

Low-rent friends are dead; life can be very strange.
Test tubes and the scale just got them all out of here.

All those days glow freaks who
Is there gas in the car?

Used to paint the face; They've joined the human race.
Yes, there's gas in the car.

Kid Clarkmags 5-4
Some things will never change,
I think the people down the hall know who you are.

Son, you were mistaken,
you are obsolete;
'cause the man is wise;

look at all the white men on the street,
you are still an outlaw in their eyes.
DOCTOR WU

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

Moderately

Tacet

Em 0 0 0 0

D/E

C 0 0

Katy tried; I was halfway crucified.
Don't seem right; I've been strung out here all night.

D/E

C 0 0

Em 0 0 0 0

I was on the other side of no tomorrow.
I've been waiting for the taste you said you'd bring.

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Am7  
Bm7  
Am7  
G
You walked in Bis-cayne Bay.

Am7  
Cmaj7  
Bm7
and my life be-gan a-gain
where the Cu-ban gen-tle-men sleep all day,

Am7  
Em7  
D11
just when I'd spent the last pi-as-ter I could bor-row.
I went search-ing for the song you used to sing to me.

Cmaj7  
Dm7
All night long we would sing Katy lies;

you can see
or just an ordinary guy? Have you done——
and you're an ordinary guy. Has she fi——

all you can do? Are you with me, Doctor?

D.S. al Coda

hear me, Doctor? Are you with me, Doctor?

Repeat and fade
HAITIAN DIVORCE

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

Moderate

NC

1. Babs and Clean Wil-ly were in love they said,

so in love the preach-ers face turned red.
Soon everybody knew the thing was dead. He

shouts, she bites, they wrangle through the night, oh.

She goes crazy, got to make a get-away Papa say.
"Oh,
no hesitation, no

C    Bm7    Am7    Bm7    Em7

tears and no hearts break-in', no remorse.
Oh, oh,

Am7    G
congratulations this is your Haitian divorce!"

Em7

Haitian Divorce - 6 - 3
2. Em7

At the

Grot - to in the greasy chair sits the

Charlie with the lotion and the kinky hair. When she

smiled she said it all. The band was hot so they
danced the famous meran-go now we dolly back now we

C9-5

Play 3 times

fade to black.

C

Bb

A7

C

Bm7

Am7

Coda

Em7

D.C. al Coda

Haitian Divorce - 6 - 5
2. She takes the taxi to the good hotel,
   Bon marche as far as she can tell.
   She drinks the zombie from the coco shell,
   She feels alright, she get it on tonight.
   Mister driver, take me where the music play,
   Papa say.

3. Tearful reunion in the U.S.A.
   Day by day those memories fade away,
   Some babies grow in a peculiar way,
   It changed, it grew, and everybody knew,
   Semi-mojo, who's this kinky so and so.
   Papa go.
THE FEZ

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER
DONALD FAGEN and
PAUL L. GRIFFIN

Moderate

Gm7  Eb  Am7-5  D7

1. 2. 3. 5.) No, I'm nev-er gon-na do it with-out the fez on,
4.) Ain't nev-er gon-na do it with-out the fez on,
6.) Don't make me do it with-out the fez on,

The Fez - 2 - 1

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Oh no.

That's what I am; please understand. I wanna be your holy man.

Repeat and Fade
PEG

Moderate

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

I've seen your picture
your name in lights above it.

This is your big debut,

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dream come true.
So won't you smile for the camera?

I know they're gonna love it, Peg. I got your

better.
love it.

 Peg, it will come

back to you. Peg, it will come back to you.
Then the shutter falls you see it all in "Three-D."

It's your fav'rite foreign mov-ie.

I've seen your

Peg it will come back to you.
Peg, it will come back to you. Then the shutter falls you see it all in "Three D." It's your fav'-rite for-eign mov-ie.

2. I got your pin shot
   I keep it with your letter.
   Done up in a blueprint blue,
   It sure looks good on you.
   So won't you smile for the camera,
   I know I'll love you better.

3. Instrumental

4. Repeat Verse 1.
Moderate

Words and Music by
WALTER BECKER and
DONALD FAGEN

We're gonna break out the hats and hoot-

ers when Josie comes home.

We're gonna
rev-up the motor scooters when Josie comes home to stay
we're gonna park in the street sleep on the beach and make it.

Throw down the jam 'til the girls say "when".

Lay down the law and break it, when Josie comes home.
Chorus:

1. When Josie comes home, so good.
2. When Josie comes home, so bad.

She's the pride of the neighborhood.
friend we never had.

She's the raw flame, the live wire,
she prays like a Roman with her eyes on fire.
2. Jo, would you love to scrapple?
   She'll never say no.
   Shinee up the battle apple.
   We'll shake 'em all down tonight,
   We're gonna mix in the street
   Strike at the stroke of midnight
   Dance on the bones 'til the girls say "when!"
   Pick up what's left by daylight
   When Josie comes home.

3. Instrumental