The WHO Anthology
I know you've deceived me, now here's a surprise.
I know that you have 'cos there's magic in my eyes.
I can see for miles and miles and miles and miles.
Oh yeah.
If you think that I don't know about the little tricks you play
You took advantage of my trust in you when I was so far away
The Eiffel Tower and the Taj Mahal are mine to see on clear days

And never see you when deliberately you put things
I saw you holding lots of other guys and now you got the
You thought that I would need a crystal ball to see right

in my way nerve to say through the haze
Well here's a poke at you. You're gonna
That you still want me. Well
Well here's a poke at you. You're gonna

choke on it too. You're gonna lose that smile. Because all the while
that's as may be. But you gotta stand trial. Because all the while
choke on it too. You're gonna lose that smile. Because all the while

I could see for miles and miles and miles and miles and miles and miles.

To Coda

miles and miles and miles and miles and miles and miles and miles.

D.S. al Coda

miles

Oh, yes!

Coda

miles and miles and miles and miles and miles and miles.
Medium Rock

I call you on the telephone, my voice too rough with cigarettes.
I want those feeble-minded axes overthrown.

I sometimes feel I should just go home, but I'm dealing with a memory that never forgets.
I'm not into your passport picture, I just like your nose.

I love to hear you say my name, especially when you say yes.
You welcome me with open arms and open legs.
I got your body right now on my mind but I've drunk myself blind to the sound of old T. Rex

I know only fools have needs but this one never begs.

I don't really mind how much you love me

Ooh a little is all right

to the sound

of old T. Rex

When you say come over and spend the night

Ooh

night

To-night

When I say I love you you say you better.

When I say I need you you say you
You better bet your life.

Or love will cut you like a knife.

I lay on the bed with you
we could make some kind of records.

Your dog keeps licking my nose,
And chewing up all those letters say-

You better bet your life.
You better love me all the time now. You better shove me back into line now.

I showed up late one night—when the neon lights for a visa. But knowing I’m so eager to fight can’t make letting me in any easier. I know that I been wearin’ crazy clothes, and I look pretty crappy sometimes. But my body feels...
so good—and I still sing a razor line every time.

And when it comes to all that living I know what I'm giving
I've got it all down to a tee

and it's free

When I say I love you you say you better

When I say I need you you say you
F  Am  G  D

When I say I love you you say you

G  Bm  A  D

When I say I need you you say you

G  Bm  A  G  A  G

You better bet your life

G  A  G  A

or my love will cut you

Just like a knife.
ACID QUEEN

Words and Music by PETER TOWNSHEND

If your child ain't all he should be now, This girl could put him right. I'll show him what he could be now, Just give me, one night.

I'm the gypsy, The Acid Queen: Pay before we start. The gypsy, I'm guaranteed to tear your soul aspart.
Give us a room and close the door; Leave us for a while, Your boy won't be a boy no more; Young, but not a child. I'm the gypsy, The Acid Queen. Pay before we start. The gypsy, I'm guaranteed to tear your soul a part.
Gather your wits and hold on fast, Your mind must learn to roam,

Just as the gypsy queen must do, You're gonna hit the road,

My work is done, now look at him, He's never been more alive,

His head it shakes, his fingers clutch, Watch his body writhe.
Moderately

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND

I used to know ev'rything about you,
but today when I

I don't think you want me to see you.

But to-day when I
I'M FREE

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND

Moderately

Free:
Free:
Free!
Free!
Free!
Free!

And
And I'm
And I'm
And I'm
And I'm
And I'm
And I'm

I'm
for you to follow

I'm

I'm

I'm
people to reality.
people to reality.
people to reality.
people to reality.
people to reality.
people to reality.
people to reality.

If I told you what it takes to reach the highest high,
You'd
laugh, and say "Nothing's that simple."

But you've been told many times before, Mess-

- i-ahs pointed to the door. No one had the guts to leave the temple!

I'm

Free!

I'm Free!

And freedom.

Listen of reality. I'm Free! I'm
And I'm waiting for you to follow me,

How can we follow? How can we follow?

Oh!
OUR LOVE WAS, IS

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND

Moderately

Tacet

Our love was...

\[ \text{chord diagrams} \]

Our love was fame,
frustration,
we only acted out an imitation of what real love should have been. Then suddenly our love was flying, our love was soaring. Our love was shining like a summer morning.
Flying, soaring, shining.

Morning, never leaving, dying.
love love love, long love love love, long love love love, long love love love, long

love love love, long love love love, long love. Our love was flying, our love was

sinking. Our love was shining like a summer morning.
THE SONG IS OVER

Moderate

The Song Is Over,
Our love is over;
They're all ahead now,
It's all behind me.

I should have known it,
I've got to learn it,
They're all ahead now,
Can't hope to find me.

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND
I'll sing my song to the wide open spaces:
I'll sing my heart out to the

I'll sing my visions to the sky high mountains:

I'll sing my song to the tree:
To the
free.

I'll sing my song to the

wide open spaces;
I'll sing my heart out to the infinite sea.

I'll sing my visions to the sky high mountains;
I'll sing my song to the

To the free.
The Song Is Over,

I'm left with only tears,

I must remember.
Even if it takes a million years.

The Song Is Over:

excepting one note, pure and easy, playing so free, like a breath rippling by.
YOU

Medium Rock

Words and Music by JOHN Entwistle

You.
You're wasting my time.
We're making music.

we're doing fine; then a slap in the face takes me back to the starting line.
You.

You're wasting my life.
You can't love what you already lost.
Your arms are open but your legs are crossed. Save me. Save me.

I'm going down for the third time. Save me. Save me. Somebody throw me my line.

Too hot for me to handle. So cold I'm getting nowhere.

Pinch me to see if I'm sleeping. Maybe it's only a nightmare.
Am | F/A | Asus
You
Why did it have to be you?
Of all those girls,

Am | F/A | G/A | Am
I had to choose.
You win.
And I lose.
You, you with the poisonous

F/A | Asus | Am | F/A
eyes.
One look.
And I'm hooked.
One touch and my

G/A | Am | Am | G | Am | C | D | Am
roose is cooked.
Save me!
Save me!
I'm going down for the third time.
Save me!
Somebody throw me my next line.
Too late,
inchange partners, Too late— you've got no chance.
Too late,
to change partners. Too late, to say I don't dance.
You,
There's a name for girls like you.
You lead me on like a lurch to the slaughter. Then you act like a...
fish out of water. You!
There's a name for girls like you.

Asus  Am  F/A
You're comin' on like a steam train. Then you blow me away... just

G/A  Am
hurricane. Save me! Save me! I'm goin' down for

Am
last time. Save me! Save me! Somebody throw me a

Am  G  Am  C  D
lifeline. Save me! I'm fallin', from the top of the pag
CAN'T REACH YOU

Moderate Rock

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND

I'm a million

I don't gas past you
A million years behind you too
A thousand miles up in the air
I've seen you there,

You walk on grass,

Your hair is golden, mine is gray.

Your blood is blue and your eyes are red.

My body strums, but the nerves are dead.
reach you, I've strained my eyes. I can't reach you. I've

split my sides, I can't reach. Tryin' to get on you.

see, feel or hear from you.
The zones grow greater now.
You drink champagne and

She ploughs,
You fly your plane right over my head.

I'm alive, and I'm nearly dead.
I can't

With arms outstretched, I can't reach you.
crane my neck, I can't reach, tryin' to get on you, see, feel or

hear from you.

Once I caught a glimpse of your unguarded, untouched

heart,

Our fingertips touched, and then

D.S. al Coda

torn as part
I can't reach you,

I can't reach you.

They're hypnotized. I can't reach

Tryin' to get on you, see, fool or hear from you.
Moderately fast

Me and my brother were talking to each other 'bout what makes a man a man; Was it brain or brawn or the month you were born? We just couldn't understand.
old man didn't like our appearance, he said that only women wear long hair.

So me and my blind boy borrowed money from mother.

We went downstairs, past the barber and gymnasium, and got our arms tattooed.
I said, "Mother," but my mother naturally liked it and beat my brother cause

the tattoo was of a lady in the nude. And my mother thought that was ex-

D.S. al Coda CODA

Now I'm older, I'm

tattooed all over, my wife is tattooed too. A roo-ty toot too, roo-ty

too-ty toot too, roo-ty toodle too. Tattoo too, to you!
DID YOU STEAL MY MONEY?

Medium Rock

Words and Music by PETE TOWNSHEND

I wake up on broken glass—But you left your num-ber.

All the mem-bers of the cast—They reck-on I was lum-bered.

Did you steal it? Did you screw me?
Did you steal my money?

Are you out there messing no one?

Sure that I got so drunk, I wrote you a poem.
Did you search me, Did you turn me over? While

Bbmaj7

I could tur - keyed on the so - fa.

Am7    Em7

Did you steal my mon - ey? Did you steal my mon - ey?

D  C  D  C  D  C  D  C

G   D/6   C/G   D/G   G
D/G  C/G  D/G  Em/A
we all live with demons? Did you know that poor

A  Em/A  A  Em/A
old veteran that you kicked right out of his bed? He says that he cannot

A  Em/A  A  Fm/A
forget you. But he does not wish you dead. Just leave his gold watch in

A  Em/A  A  B  C
reception. And he'll keep the six-stitching in his head. Did you steal my money?
Did you steal his money?
Did you pinch my train-
er football? Say if you have pinched it.
I thought I heard a Fe-

male football While I washed my kitchen.
Did you use me?

Oh, why did I trust you?
Why'd you abuse me?

Oh I ain't gonna bust you!
Did you steal my
Did you steal my money?

Did you steal my money?

Did you steal my money?

It fell right off my key.

Did you pinch my brass?
HAPPY JACK

Happy Jack wasn't old but he was a man,

He lived in the sand at the Isle of Man,

The kids would all sing, He would take the
wrong key
So they rode on his

head on their furry donkey.

The kids couldn't hurt Jack. They tried, and tried, and tried.
dropped things on his back, and lied, and lied, and lied, and lied, and lied.

But they couldn't stop Jack or the water tapping. And they couldn't prevent Jack from feeling happy.
Lay-in' on my back in newly mown grass;

Rain is coming down but I know the clouds will pass.

Too bring me tea, say the babe's a-sleepin'.

Words and Music by PETE TOWNSHEND
Lay down beside me, Love Ain't For Keepin'.

Black ash from the laundry
hanging like a hood.

But, the air is perfumed by the
burning of wood.

The seeds are burning.
The springs a-sleeping, Lay down, my darling, Love Ain't For Keep-in! 
Lay down beside we,

Love Ain't For Keep-in! 
Lay down, my darling, Love Ain't For Keep-in!
MY GENERATION

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND

Moderately

People try to put us down— [Talk 'bout my generation]

Just because we get around—[Talk 'bout my generation]

Things they do look awful cold.— [Talk 'bout my generation]
Hope I die before I get old.

[This is my generation, baby.

Why don't you all fade away?

Don't try and dig what we all say...
but tryin' to cause a big sensation. [Talkin' 'bout my generation]

Talkin' 'bout my generation. [Talkin' 'bout my generation]

This is my generation, baby.
1. Ever since I was a young boy,
I've played the pinball machine.
It's got all the lights and colors,
And it's my favorite thing to do.

2. He's on my favorite table,
And he's been there for so long.
I've had him for years,
And I can't let him go.

3. He's got all the tricks,
And he never tires of playing.
I can never get enough,
Of this wonderful machine.

4. He's got all the buttons,
And they all do different things.
I can't get enough of him,
And I can't let him go.

Words and Music by PETE TOWNSHEND
1.2. He's a pin-ball wizard there has to be a twist. A
3. I thought I was the bod- da-ble king. But

pin-ball wizard, get such a supple wrist
I just handed my pin-ball crown to him.

1.2.

How do you think he does (I don't know.)

What makes him so good?

2. He
SQUEEZE BOX

Medium Rock beat

Ma-ma's got a squeeze box she
don't got a squeeze box she
wears on her chest, and when
dog don't sleep, there's no escape from the music. In the

Words and Music:
PETE TOWNSEND

G

C

G

C

G

C

G

C

G

C
gets no rest. ‘Cause she’s playin’ all night
and the
whole damn street.

music’s all right.

Mama’s got a squeeze box, Dad-
daddy never sleeps at night.

Well, the kids

She goes in and out and in and out and in...
and out and in and out. 'Cause she's play-in' all night

and the music's all right. Ma-

ma's got a squeeze box, Dad - dy never sleeps at night.

She goes squeeze me. Come on and
squeeze me. Come on and tease me like you do.
I'm so in love with you.

ma's got a squeeze box. Daddy never sleeps at night.

n 4 at Coda

She goes
PURE AND EASY

Moderately

once was a note,

pure and easy,

playing so true, like a rose.

The
To-Rnal, I hear it, it sees me, forever we blend as for-

or we die.

...ly I heard music in a word, and words when you played your guitar.

The noise that I was hearing was a million people cheering and a
child flew past me riding in a star.

people assemble, civilization is trying to find a

new way to live.

killing is really merely scene change, all men are bored.
with other men's lives. I listened and I heard music in a word, in words when you played your guitar.

The noise that I was hearing was a million people cheering and a child flew passed me riding on a star.
We all know success when we all find our own

dream, and our love is enough to knock down

any wall, and the future's been
seen

as men

try to realize

the simple secret

of the note

in us all.

d S. al Coda

Today is the day

when
sound cur-dles moun-tains, flow-ing, blow-ing each man in its wake.

De-stroy-ing it-self in the end

with vi-bration, there's noth-ing on earth

Its chal-lenGE can

taxe, ex-cept-ing one note.
Excepting one note, pure and easy.

Playing so free, like a breath, rippling.

Repeat and fade
PICTURES OF LILY

Words and Music by PETE TOWNSHEND

I used to wake up in the morning
And then one day things weren't quite so fine
I used to feel so bad
I fell in love with Li-

I got so sick of having sleepless nights
I asked my dad where Lily I could find. He said

I went and told my dad.

"Son, now don't be silly."
He said, "Son, now here's some little thing."
She's been dead since nineteen twenty-nine.
And stuck them on my wall that night!
And now my nights ain't quite so lonely
If only I'd been born in Lily's time,
In fact I don't feel bad at all
It wouldn't have been all right

I don't feel bad at all

CHORUS

Pictures of Lily made my life so wonderful

Pictures of Lily helped me sleep at night
2nd time to Coda

Pictures of L - l - l - y

solved my childhood problems

Pictures of L - l - l - y

helped me feel alright

Pictures of L - l - l - y

L - l - l - y of L - l - l - l - s
Lily, Oh Lily. Pictures of Lily

For me and Lily are together in my dreams.

And I ask you, hey Mister have you ever seen Pictures of Lily?
ANOTHER TRICKY DAY

Moderately

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND

You can't always get it when you really want it, you can't always get it at all.

To Coda:

Just because there's space in your life it's a waste to spend your time why don't you wait for the call? Just gotta get used to it! We all get it in the end (Just gotta get used to it) We drown and we come up again.
You irritate me, my friend.
(This is no social crisis.)
This is you having fun.

No crisis.
(This is true.)

This is no social crisis
Just another tricksy day for you.

You can't always get higher just because you aspire.
You could expire even knowing. Don't push the hands just hang on to the band, you can dance.

while your knowledge is growing (It could happen any time) You can't expect to never cry.

(Patience is priceless) Not when you try to fly so high (Just stay on that line) Rock and roll will never die.

This is you having fun (No crisis) Getting burned by the
This is no social crisis, just another tricky day, for you.

Another tricky day.

Another gently nagging pain, what the papers say.

Just seems to bring down heavier rain. The world seems in a spiral.
Life seems such a waste but little... But break out and start a fire y-
all. It's all here on the vinyl. (No crisis) Just you having fun...

(There's no crisis.) Getting burned by the sun. (You get no crisis.) This is true...

This is no social crisis. Just another tricky day for you.

You

D.S. al Coda

CODA

Eb Bb/Eb Eb Bb/Eb

You

Gotta get used to waiting. (Gotta get used to it.)
You know how the ice is. (Got to get used to it)

It's thin where you're skating.

This is our social crisis. This is you having fun.

(No crisis)

Getting burned by

sun.

(This is true)

This is no social crisis. Just another trick-y day for

you.

Feelin' just another trick-y day.

Repeat and Fade
BEHIND BLUE EYES

Moderately

No one knows what it's like to be the bad man; To be the
No one known what it's like to feel these feelings. Like I

sad man And I blame you! Behind Blue eyes.

No one knows what it's like to be hated; To be
No one bites back as hard on their anger; None of my
ta - ted
pain and woe
to tell - ing on - ly lies

But my
can show through.

dreams,
they aren't as emp - ty
as my con - science

seems _ to be.
I have ho - urs on - ly lone - ly

ly,
My love is ven - geance.
that's nev - er
When my fist clenches, crack it open.

Before I use it and lose my cool, when I smile, tell me some bad news before I laugh and act like a fool.
-low anything evil, put your finger down my throat; And if I shiver, please give me a blanket; Keep me warm: Let me wear your coat.

No one knows what it's like to be the bad man;

To be the sad man Behind Blue eyes.
Moderately Bright (In Four)

I'm go-in' home... and when I want to go home... I'm Go-in' Mo-bile.

Well, I'm gonna find a home on wheels... see how it feels... Go-in' Mo-bile.

Keep me movin'.
I can pull up by the kerb, I can make it on the road, Go-in' Mobile.

I can stop in any street in-vit-in' people that we meet, Go-in' Mobile.

Keep me mov-in'.

Out in the woods or in the city.
It's all the same to me,
When I'm drivin' free,
the

world's my home,
When I'm mobile.

Play the tape machine, make the toast and tea
when I'm mobile.

Well I can lay in bed with only highway ahead
when I'm mobile.
Keep me movin'.

I don't care about pollution.

I'm an air-conditioned gypsy, That's my solution.

Watch the police and the tax man miss me; I'm mobile!
LA-LA-LA-LIES

Words and Music by PETE TOWNSHEND

Moderately fast Rock beat

If I'm so lost without a friend,
You can't insist that you feel bad,
All the things that made me cry,
This girl with eyes like...
I've got my girl and to-get-her we're strong,

to laugh at

you and prove you wrong.
ODORONO

Moderate Rock

Words and Music by PETE TOWNSHEND

She'd sang the best she'd ever sang.
She couldn't ever sing any better.

But Mister Davidson never sang.

She knew he would forget her.
She'd seen him there.

And
Put her self to ransom

He had stared.

Reality was quite handsome.

She had

Knew he would forget her.

Triumphant was the

Way she'd felt. As she acknowledged the applause.

Triumphant was the
way she'd fall when she saw him at the dressing room door.

She was happier than she'd ever been.

As he praised her for her grace,

But his expression changed; she had seen

As he leaned to kiss her face.

It ended there.
He claimed a late appointment.

She quickly turned to hide her disappointment.

She ripped her glittering gown.

Couldn't face another show. No, her dejected heart had let her down.

She should have used O dorono.
SEE ME, FEEL ME

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND

See me, feel me, touch me, heal me.

See me, feel me, touch me, heal me.

See me, feel me, touch me, heal me.

See me, feel me, touch me, heal me.
Listen'ning to you— I get the music; Gaz'ing at you— I get the heat; Follow'ing you— I climb the mountain; I get excitement at your feet! Right behind you— I see the millions; On you— I see the glory; From you— I get opinions, From you— I get the story.
THE REAL ME

Words and Music by PETE TOWNSHEND

Medium Rock beat

I went back to the doctor to get another shrink.

I say there, tell him 'bout my weekend but he nev-
Can you see the real me, doctor?
I went back to my mother, I said "I'm crazy, ma, help me."
She said, "I know how it feels, son, 'cause it runs in the family."
Can you see the real me, mother, mother, mother?
Can you see the real me, mother?

Can you see, can you see the real me?

Can you see the real me, the real me, the real me?
cracks between the paving stones, like rivers of flowing veins.

Strange people who know me peeping from behind every window pane. The girl I used to love...
lives in this yellow house.

And yesterday she passed me by.
she doesn't want to know me now.

Can you see the real me, can you?

Can you see the real me, can you?
I ended up with a preacher,
full of lies and hate.
I seemed to scare him a little
so he showed me to the golden gate.
me, preacher.

Can you see the real me, preacher?

Can you see, can you see,
can you see?
Oh,
can you see the real me, doctor?

Can you see the real me, mother?

Can you see—the real me, me, me, me, me, me, me, me?
SUNRISE

Moderately

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND

Take away the breath, I was keeping for sunrise.
You appear and the morning looks good in my eyes.

And then again I'll turn down love.

Having seen you again. Once more you'll

disappear. My morning put to shame.
Once more you'll disappear.

My morning put to shame.

Sometimes I feel

this will go on my life through.

Each day I spend

echoing in an of you.
BARGAIN

Moderately Bright (in Four)

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND

I'd gladly lose me to find you. I'd suffer
to find you, I'd suffer

I'd work all my life and I will
to win you. I'd stand

I'd call that a

stained, stoned... and stabbed.
I'd gladly lose me to find you;
Gladly give up all I got,

To catch you, I'm gonna run and never stop.
To find you, I'm gonna drown an un-shed tear.
I'd call that a bargain; The best I ever had.

I sit lookin' round; I look at my face in the mirror; I know I'm worth nothing without you.
And like, one and one don't make two; One and one make one.

And I'm looking for that free ride to me. I'm looking for you.

D. S. al Coda
FIVE FIFTEEN

Moderately fast

Words and Music by PETE TOWNSHEND
Some looking. The seas are seductive, contribute sitting. Pretty

F C7sus G C7 F

gigging prettier woman. Magically bored on a

C7 F C7 F C7 F

treet corner. Free frustration in our minds and our toes.

C7 F C7 F C7 F

Quiet storm water my generation uppers and downers.

C G F Bb6 F Bb6

either way blood blows. Inside, outside. Leave me alone.
Inside, outside, No where is home. Inside, outside.

Where have I been? Out of my brain, on the train.

On the train...
Out of my brain, on the train.

Out of my brain, on the train.

Wo, I'm out of my brain.

Why should I care?

Why should I care?
DR. JIMMY
(Including John's Theme, IS IT ME?)

Medium beat

Words and Music by PETE TOWNSHEND

Laugh and say I'm green,
I've seen things you've never seen.

Talk behind my back,
I'm
off the beaten track.

I'll take on any one,
ain't scared of a blood- y nose;

drink till I drop down with one eye on my
What is it? I'll take it. Who is she? I'll rape it.

Got a bet there? I'll meet it. Got ting high? You can't beat it.

Doctor Jimmy and Mister Jim.

When I'm pilled you don't notice him; he only comes
out when I drink my gin.

You say she's a virgin, but I'm gonna be the first.

Her fellah's gonna kill me?

Oh, fucking will he. I'm seeing di-
double, don't miss me if you can.

There's gonna be trouble when she chooses her man.

what is it? I'll take it. Who is she? I'll dance.
Got a bet there? I'll meet it. Getting high? You can't hear it.

Doctor Jimmy and Mister Jim,

When I'm split you don't notice him: he only comes out when I drink my gin.
Is it me? For a moment

stars are falling.

The past is calling.
I'm going back soon,
home to get that haben,

who cut up my eye,

I tore up my Levis,
I'm feeling rest-
less, bring another round;

maybe something stronger could really hold me down.

What is it? I'll take it. Who is she? I'll rap it.
Got a bet there? I'll meet it. Getting high? You can't beat it.

What is it? I'll take it. Who is she? Oo, I'll rape it.
Doctor Jimmy and Mister Jim,

when I'm pilled you don't notice him;

he only comes out when I drink my gin.
Is it me? For a moment

the stars are falling.

The heat is rising, the past is calling.
Is it me? For a moment

the stars are falling,

The heat is rising, the past is calling.

gradual cresc.
THE MAGIC BUS

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND

Moderately

Every day I get in the queue (Too much lie)

magic bus) To get on the bus that takes me to you

(Too much the magic bus) I'm so nervous I just sit and smile,

(Too much the magic bus)

Your
The house is only another mile. I've much the

magic bus. Thank you driver for getting me here.

Let's drive the magic bus. You'll be an inspector.

(Too much the magic bus.) Wanna drive my bus to

have baby each day. Let's drive the magic bus.
I don't wish to cause a fuss,
Every day you would see the dust,
Let's drive the magic bus.
(Too much the magic bus.)

As I drove to my baby in my magic bus,
Can I buy your magic bus?
Let's drive the magic bus.
(Too much the magic bus.)

Repeal and fade

Magic bus— I want it, I want it.
Magic bus— I want it, I want it.
IT'S A BOY

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND

Moderato

Captain Walker didn't come home. His

un-born child will never know him.

Be

have him missing with a number of men;

Don't expect to see him again.

C
G

C
G

D

C
G

D

C
G

D
THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND

Moderately Bright (in 4)

I don't mind, times,
oth-er guys dance-ing with my
I feel I got to get a
way.

That's fine,
Bells chime,
I know them all pretty well,
I know I gotta get a
way.

But I know, some-times I
And I know, if I
don't I'll go out in the light;

Better leave her behind where The Kids Are Alright,
The Kids Are Alright.

I know if I go, things'd be a lot better for her.

I had things planned but her folks wouldn't let her.

D.S. al Coda

I don't right,
The Kids Are Alright.
This could be suffering,
I could be losing you,
This could be pleasure,
I'm unaware of any difference.

My head is aching,
You still support me now.
My balls are aching,
And love me anyway now.

But I'm not looking for deliverance,
I am still under your influence.
This could be letting on,
We've had some years of hate.
The could be highly cut; I'm unaware of any difference.
And now we're in the eighties, I'm unaware of any difference.

One says it can't be done. Then someone does it. But I am not looking for even more.
I need you even more. My money keeps me poor. I'm still amazed at your presence.

I just don't quite know how to wear my hair no more.
I look at baggy suits and leather cuffed with pride.

No sooner cut it than they cut it even more.
I look at Richmond married couples denim look.
Got to admit that I create.
I watch my kids grow up and
a ted pri- vate worlds. Cold sex and booze don't im- press my lit- tle girls. Daily
rid - i - cule the bunch. When you are c - lev - en the whole world's out to bunch. Daily

re - cords. Just wan-na be mak-ing da - ly re - cords. Try to a - void the bad news in the
re - cords. Just wan-na keep mak-ing da - ly re - cords. Can't ex - ist no more in chains and

le - ters.) Just wan-na be mak-ing re - cords. (Play in - Play out. Fade in - Fade out,
let - ters.)

Bu /C

To Coda

Gm

Gm7

Mak ing re - cords Day in - Day And they say
it's just a

stage in life. But I know by now - the prob lem in a
CACHE CACHE

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND

Fast Rock

Did you ever sleep in a bear pit With apple cores and

mice along? Did you ever lay on ice and a stable door or

search for a plane the wind was gone?

Did you

Did you ever have to make a draw For a hard wooden bench or a

bed of stone? Did you ever

some horse to escape the snow?
Ever tramp up...tless hills
Past cozy homes with who

secret beds
Did you ever dream of a suicide pill
And wake up cold to the hope for ghosts?

smell of breath?
Well I have slept there badly twice

Am

shared my straw with scurrying mice
Swagger in there with your elephant gun
Don't enter the cage waving chairs
Cause I

D/B

secret invade a neat little yard
Wake up the kids who
tell you something for waiting
There ain't no heart in there (Cache cache)

D Em Fmaj7

Not a single bear in there (Cache cache)

Did you ever pass the police at work
And hope that they might take you in?
Did you ever wonder why music hurts
When someone plays it too loud
Did you ever believe that a smile could cure a happy face keep you

Were you ever fooled by laughter's lure Only to find that they laughed

in spite?

CODA

Oh

Oh

Oh
Did you ever finally find a place
A soft warm bed in a room of flowers?
When you finally laid down your face
You found you slept for a hundred hours.
There ain't no bears in there—(Caché caché)—
Not a single
There ain't no

bears in there—(Caché caché)—
Not a single
No
Moderato.

Out here in the fields
I fight for my meals,

I get my back into my living
I don't need to fight

to prove I'm right;
I don't need

to be for-giv-
Don’t cry; don’t
raise your eye.
It’s only teenage wasteland.

Sailly, take my hand,
We’ll travel south, cross land.
Put out the fire—don't look past my shoulder.

The exodus is here; The happy ones are near.

Let's get together before we get much older.

CHORUS

Teen-ager
It's only teenage wasteland.

They're all wasted!
HOW CAN YOU DO IT ALONE?

Medium Rock

Words and Music by PETE TOWNSHEND

F

I saw a man about fifty or so. He looked lonely but his eyes were bright.

F7

He was walking up Holland park road and I stopped him to ask for a light.

F

He practically froze when I spoke...
When he saw my cigarette, Then I saw

He lit up my smoke. Beneath his coat he was naked and wet.

With eyes full of shame for he knew that I knew. He

Dropped to the wall with a moan. I said there's no name for
what you go through. But how
How can you do it alone?

F

Cm/F

I crossed the street to the local news store
And flipped through some cheap magazines.

F

Cm/F

Be sure some school kid I saw
Stuff some
The shop girl was watching

Cm/F

mazed She asked me to call for the police.

F

screamed at his blushing young face And he escaped into the street.

Fm

With eyes full of shame for he knew that I knew.

F7/Eb

He
How can you do it? Back at the flat my girl sat in the bow.

And wasn't too keen on me sharing. She came out

out well after an hour. By that time I was past caring. Some

women it seems have the knack of obtaining the stars in their

dreams.

They simply relax and lay back. While
Someday we'll scratch our jeans
With eyes full of shame...

I slump and I fall
I groan
Will some...

Tell me what I need to know.
How can you do it?

(How can you do it?)
(How can you do it?)

Repeat and Fade
Moderately

* Guitar: Tune all strings down one half step.

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND

(PIETE'S THEME)

Only love

(Violin)

can make it rain the way the

beach is kissed by the sea.
tears from on high.

Love,

Reign o'er me, Reign o'er me, rain on me.

love,
Reign o'er me, rain on me, rain on me.

On the dry and dusty road, the nights we spent apart alone.

I need to get back home to cool.
rain.

I can't sleep and

I lay and I think, the night is hot and black as ink. Oh, God, I

need a drink of cool, cool rain.

(Violin)
Em sus4/D

Ebm sus4/Db

D. S. 4 al Coda

Coda

B

Bb

Bb7

Bbm

B7

Bbm sus4

Bb

Em

Bb7

Love.
THE QUIET ONE

Words and Music by JOHN ENTWISTLE

EAST ROCK

Everybody calls me the quiet one— you can see—

but you can't hear me.

Everybody calls me the quiet one— you can try—

You can't listen— you won't hear me with your head stuck in the sand.

I ain't never had the gift—

I ain't never had the time. For words.
You won't nail me, my eyes can tell you lies...

Everybody else is too loud...

Still we tee run deep. So be careful I don't drown you.

You've got nothing to hear, I've got nothing to

Sticks and stones may break your bones, but names can never
down.

It only takes two words to blow you away.
DON'T LET GO THE COAT

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND

Moderately

G   D7    C   D7    G   D7
I can't be held responsible for brown behavior. But who all
it's easy to be sad when you lack a partner. But how would I re-

G   D7    G   D7    G   D7
contact with my only savior. No one locked me out because I failed to phone
act to a broken heart now. It ain't really true rock and roll unless

G   D7    C   D7    G   D7
up I can't beat to live forever like a loner
I'm hanging on to you and when Ivoke it next time
Don't let go the coat.
Don't let go the coat.
Don't let go the coat.

I try to explain but I never understand.
I need your body, but I can't just demand it.

I won't let go like a stray at heel.
(Never let it out of your sight.)

Every lonely wife knows the way I feel.
(Don't let go to-night)

Don't let go the coat.
Never let go the coat.
Don't let go the coal.
Don't let go the coal.
Don't let go the coal.

G D7 C D7 G D7 C D7
Your friends all pass for life is just a market. But you have to finish everything you started.

G D7 C D7 G D7 C D7
So I live my life tearing down the runway. Sure to get the hang of hanging in there day.

G D C D G D C D
Don't let go the coal.
Don't let go the coal.

G D C D G D C D
Never let go the line.
Don't let go the coal.
Don't let go, the coat.  
Won't get no more chances.

Don't let go, the coat.  
Don't let go.

Don't try, the slang son.  
Never let on the coat.

Oh, no!  
Don't let go, the coat.
SLIP KID

Medium Rock beat

I've got my clipboard, doctor's prescription text books,

lead me to the station, yeah, I'm off to the Civil War,

bungalow behind me, I left the door ajar.
I've got my kit-bag, my heavy books, I'm runnin' in the rain, gonna run till my feet are raw.
hot tea and sugar, left the keys right in my car.
runnin' in the rain, gonna run till my feet are raw.

Slip Kid, Slip Kid, second generation, I'm a
Slip Kid, Slip Kid, second generation, only
Slip Kid, Slip Kid, slip out of trouble, slip
sol - di - er at thir - teen,
half way up the tree,
over here and set me free.

I'm a sol - di - er at six - ty
you're slid - ing down the hill like
free,
free,
no eas - y way to be free.
it's a hard, hard world.

I left my free,

Keep away, old man, you

won't fool me. You and your history won't rule me.
might have been a fighter, but admit you failed. I'm not affected by your blackmail; you won't blackmail me.

I've got my Coda.

No easy way to be free, No easy way to be free.
Who are you? Who, who, who, who?

I woke up in a Soho doorway. A policeman knew my name. I took the tube back out of town. I know there's a place you walked. I can sing tomorrow from the same.

He said, "You can go sleep at home tonight if you can. My heart is like a broken cup, I'm dry."

Feel like a dying clown with a mission.
soccer ball. I staggered back to the
I stretched back and
I spit out like a
desoragne, and the breeze blew on my back and my hair.
and looked back, yet still receive your kiss.
Eleven hours in the Tin Pan, and preachin' from my
How can I measure up to anyone now, after such a love as
Who are you?
Well, who are you?
I really wanna know.

Tell me, who are you?

To Coda

Cause I really wanna know.
CODA

A/E D/E A/E C/B

Who?

I really wanna know.

Oh, I really wanna know.

Come on, tell me, who are you, you, you, you?
GETTIN' IN TUNE

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND

Slowly

I'm singing this note 'cause it fits in well with the
get a little tired of having to say, "Do you

chords I'm playing."

But, when I look in your eyes and see the harmony,

things I'm saying.

But I'm in tune.

Right in tune.

I'm in tune.
I'm gonna tune
right in on you,
Right in on you,
Right in on you.

I got it all here in my head;

There's nothing more needs to be said,
I'm just bang-ing on my old pi-a-no, I'm...
Gettin' in Tune to the straight and narrow:

I'm singing this note 'cause it fits in well with the way I'm feeling.

There's a symphony that I hear in your heart, sets my heart a-reeling;

But I'm in tune,
Right in tune, I'm in tune, And I'm gonna tune

right in on you. Right in on

you, Right in on you, Baby, with

you, Baby, with you, Baby, with
you.

I got it all here in my head.

There's nothing more need to be said. I'm just hanging on my old piano.

Gettin' In Tune to the straight and narrow.

Gettin' In Tune to the straight and narrow.
WON'T GET FOOLLED AGAIN

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND

Brightly (In Four)

We'll be fighting in the streets,

with our children at our feet.

And the change, it had to come,

we knew it all along.

And the nothing in the street

looks any different to me.

And the

murals that they worship will be gone.

And the men who spurred us on,

liberated from the fold, that's all.

The world looks just the same.

The parting on the left

slogans are all replaced, by the by.

And the banners were all flown.

And the beards have all grown long.

They do call and a shout

And history ain't blamed.

is now a parting on the right.

sit in judgment of all wrong.
sings the song,
in the last war.
I'll tip my hat to the new constitution;

Just like yesterday,
Then I'll get on my knees and pray.

We don't get fooled again.
I'll move myself and my family aside. If we happen to be left half alive.

Get all my papers and smile at the sky, Tho' I know that the hypnotized never lie.

Meet the new Boss! Same as the old Boss!