QUADROPHENIA
THE WHO

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THE REAL ME

Medium Rock beat

Cm 3fr.  Bb  F  Cm  3fr.  Bb  F

I went back to the doctor to get another shrink.

Bb  Cm  3fr.  Bb

I say there, tell him 'bout my weekend but he nev-
er betray what he thinks.
Can you see the real

me, doctor, doctor?

Can you see the real me, doctor,

oh, 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,
Can you see the real me, mother?

Can you see the real me? Can you see the real me, the real me?
The 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 yes-ter-day she passed me by. She doesn't want to know me now.

Can you see the real me, can you, can you? Can you see the real me, can you?
you, oh, hey!

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. Can you see the real...
Can you see the real me, preacher?
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?
Three times
Tacet

Ebm sus4

(Guitar)

Ebm sus4/Db

\( d = \frac{1}{4} \)
CUT MY HAIR

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND

Moderately slow

Fmaj7 | G7 |
Em7 | Am |
Dm7 | G  |
C  |

Why should I care... if I have to cut my hair? I got to

Dm7 | G  |
C  |

move... with the fashion or be outcast.
I know I should fight but my old man, he's really all right, and I'm

still living at home (even though it won't last.)

Zoot suit, white jacket with side vents five inches long. I'm

out on the street again and I'm leaping along. I'm
dressed right for a beach fight, but I just can't explain why that

 uncertain feeling is still here in my brain.

The kids at school have parents that seem so cool, and though I
Dm7
G
C

don't want to hurt them, mine want me their way.

Fmaj7
G7
Em7
Am

I clean my room and my shoes, but my mother found a box of blues, and there

Dm7
G
C

doesn't seem much hope, they'll let me stay.

Coda

Why do I have to be different to them? just to
earn the respect of a dance hall friend.

we have the same old row again and again.

Why do I have to move with a crowd of kids that hardly notice I'm around?

I work myself to death just to fit in.
Fmaj7          G7           Em7  
I'm coming down, got home on the very first train from town.   My
          Am

Dm7          E7             Am
dad just left for work; he wasn't talking.

Fmaj7          G7           Em7  
It's all a game and inside I'm just the same.  My
          Am

Dm7          E7             Am
fried egg makes me sick first thing in the morning.
THE PUNK MEETS THE GODFATHER

Words and Music by 
PETER TOWNSHEND

Moderate Rock beat

A  D  F  G  A

1. You declared you would be three inches taller, you
2. We’ve tried to sneak between lines of operation, you could

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on-ly be-came what we made you. Thought you were chas-ing a des-
on-ly re-peat what we told you. Your axe be-long to a dy-

tin-y call-ing, you on-ly earned what we gave you.
ing na-tion, they don’t know that we own you.

You fell and cried as our peo-ple were starv-ing, now you know that we
You’re watch-ing mov-ies try’ to find the feel-ers, you on-ly see what we

blame you. You tried to walk on the trail we were carv-ing,
show you. We’re the slaves of the pho-ny lead-ers,
now you know that we framed you.
I'm the guy in the sky.

breathe the air we have blown you.

flying high, flashing eyes, no surprise, I told lies. I'm the punk in the

gutter.

I'm the new president.

and I grew and I bent, don't you know? Don't it show? I'm the punk with the
I have to be careful not to preach, I can't pretend

that I can't teach, and yet I've lived your future out

by pounding stages like a clown. And on the dance-
floor broken glass and bloody faces slowly pass,
the numbered seats in empty rows, it all belongs,
to me, you know.

My, my, my, my, mmmm G-G-G-generation.

Repeat and fade
er: no chance to win. Leaves start falling.

come down is calling. loneliness

starts sinking in. But I'm one.

I am one.
And I can see that this is me,

and I will be, you'll all see I'm the one.
Where do you get those blue blue jeans?

Faded, patched secret so tight.

Where do you get that walk, oh so
lean?  
Your shoes— and your shirts— all— just

right.  
I'm one.

I am one.

And I can see— that this is me,
and I will be, you'll all see I'm the one.

I got a Gibson without a case, but I

can't get that even tanned look on my face.
Ill-fitting clothes and I blend in the crowd,

Fingers so clumsy, voice too loud,

But I'm the one,

I'm the one.
I'M ONE
(At least)

Words and Music by PETE TOWNSEND

Moderately fast

\[
\begin{align*}
&G &G\text{ sus4} &G &G\text{ sus4} \\
&\text{mf} & - & - & - \\
&G &G\text{ sus4} &G &G\text{ sus2} \\
&\text{Ev'ry} & - & - & - \\
&G &G\text{ sus4} &G &G\text{ sus2} \\
&\text{year is the same, } & - & - & - \\
\end{align*}
\]

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THE DIRTY JOBS

Moderate Rock

C 0 0  G  x000  F  x000  C  0 0  G  x000

(Orchestra)

F 0 0  G  x000  C  0 0  C  0 0

I am a man_ who looks

af-ter_ the pigs, u-su-ly I get a-long o-

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I am a man who reveals all he digs. Should be more careful what I say.
I'm getting put down, I'm getting pushed 'round.
I'm being beaten ev'ry day.
My life's fading, things are changing,
I'm not gonna sit and weep again...

I am a man who drives the local bus,... I take
min-ers to work, but the pits all closed to-day,

It's easy to see that you are one of us,

ain't it funny how we all seem to look the same?

I'm get-ting put down,

I'm get-ting pushed 'round,
I'm being beaten every day.

My life's fading,
things are changing.

I'm not gonna sit and weep again.

My Karma tells me,
"You've been screwed a-gain,... if you let them do... it to you, you've

E♭
got your-sell to blame,

F
it's you who feels the pain,

C
it's you who takes the shame."
I am a young man,

I ain't done very much,

you men should remember how you used to fight,

Just like a child,

I've been
seeing only dreams, I'm all mixed up, but I know what's
right. I'm being put down, I'm getting

pushed round, I'm being beaten every day.

My life's fading, things are
changing,

I'm not gonna sit and weep again...
HELPLESS DANCER
(Roger's theme)

Moderately

Tacet

(Horn)

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When a man is running from his
boss who holds a gun that fires "cost". And people die from being cold,
or left alone because they're old. And bombs are dropped on fighting
cats, and children's dreams are run with rats. If you complain, you disap-
pear, just like the les-bi-ans and queers.

No one can love with-out the grace

of some un-seen and dis-tant face. And you get beat-en up by

blacks who though they worked still get the sack. And when your soul tells you to hide...
your very right to die's denied. And in the battle on the streets

you fight computers and receipts. And when a man is try'n' to

change, it only causes further pain. You realize that all along

something in us going wrong.
You stop dancing.
IS IT IN MY HEAD

Words and Music by PETE TOWNSHEND

Moderately slow, with a beat

I see a man without a problem,

I see a country always starved.

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I hear the music of a heartbeat,

I walk and the people turn and laugh.

Is it in my head? Is it in my head?

Is it in my head here at the start?
Is it in my head?
Is it in my head?

Is it in my head, or in my heart?

I pick up phones and hear my his t'ry,
I dream of all the calls I miss.

I try to number those who love me,

and find exactly what the trouble is.

Is it in my head? Is it in my head?
Is it in my head—here—at the start?

Is it in my head?

Is it in my head— or in my heart?
I feel I'm being followed,
my head is empty, yet

every word I say turns out a sentence.

Statements to a stranger
just asking for directions
turn from being help to being questions.

I see a man without a problem.
under the impression that when you were walking for
job and fight to keep it, strike out to reach a moun-
wards that you'd end up further onward, but
things ain't quite that simple.
in-side, keep ambition.
You got altered information.
Don't cry because you have...
A

position, you were told to not take chances.

them, hurt them first, they'll love you.

You

There's a

C

missed out on new dances, now you're losing all your

millionaire above you, and you're under his sus-

G  D  A

dimples...

G  D  A

cion...{
My jacket's gonna be cut slim and checked, maybe a touch of seer-sucker with an open neck. I ride a GS scooter with my hair cut neat, I wear my wartime coat in the wind and sleet.
5:15

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND

Moderately

\( \text{F maj7} \)  \( \text{G7} \)  \( \text{Em7} \)  \( \text{Am7} \)

\( \text{Dm7} \)  \( \text{G} \)  \( \text{C maj7} \)

\( \text{F maj7} \)  \( \text{G7} \)  \( \text{Em7} \)

Why should I care? Why should I
Girls of fifteen sexually knowing. The
ush-ers are sniff-ing eau-de Co-logn-ing. The seats are se-duc-tive, cel-


Mag-ic-ly bored on a quiet street cor-ner,

free frus-tra-tion in our minds and our toes.
Quiet storm water, mummy generation,

uppers and downers, either way blood flows.
Inside, outside, leave me alone.
Inside, outside, nowhere is home.

Inside, outside, where have I been?
Out of my brain on the fifteen.

Out of my brain on the train,
out of my brain — on a train.
Born in the war, birthday punch ing. He man drag in the
Glittering ballroom, greyly outrageous in my high heeled shoes...

tightly undone.

Know what they're showing,

sadly ecstatic that their heroes are news.
Inside, outside,
leave me alone.
Inside, outside, nowhere is home.

Inside, outside, where have I been?
Out of my brain on the five-
fifteen.

Out of my brain.
Em7   Am7   Dm7

G     Cmaj7

Fmaj7 G7  Em7

leto

Am7   Dm7   G   C

care?

care?

Why should I care? Why should I
SEA AND SAND

Moderately

A sus2

Here by the sea and sand—nothing ever goes as planned—

D

I just couldn't face going home;—it was just a

E

A sus2

drag on my own.—They finally threw me out—

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my mom got drunk on stout. My dad couldn't stand

on two feet as he lectured about morality.

And now I guess the family's complete with me hanging 'round

on the streets or here on the beach.
The girl I love is a perfect dresser.

Every fashion gets it to the tee.

Heavens above.

I got to match her. She
Fmaj9
Em
D

knows just how she wants her man to be.

G
D

Leave it to me.

My

A
G
D
A

jacket's gonna be cut slim and checked, maybe a touch of seersucker with an

G
D
A

open neck. I ride a GS scooter with my hair cut neat, I wear my
war-time—coat in the wind and sleet,____ I see her dance—

a-cross the ball-room:

UV light's—making star-shine of her smile:

I am the face—she has to know—
me. I'm dressed up better than anyone within a mile.

oh... yeah. So how come the other ticks look much better? Without a penny to spend they dress to the letter. How come the girls come on oh... so cool? Yet
when you meet 'em everybody's a fool.
Come, sleep on the beach.
keep with-in my reach.
I just want to die-

with you near;
I'm feeling so high
with you here.

I'm wet and I'm cold
but
thank God. I ain't old. Why didn't I say what I mean?

I should have split home at fifteen. There's a story that the

grass is so green. What did I see? Where have I been?

Nothing is planned by the sea and the sand.
DROWNED

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSEND

Moderate Rock

There are men-- high up there fishing, have--n't seen--

quite e-nough of the world. Oh, I ain't seen a sign of my--
C7    F    C    F    C7    F
ro-    and I'm still    div-ing down for pearls-

G    C    F
Let me-flow in-to the o-cean-

C7    F    G
sea.    Let me-be storm-y and let me-be calm-

C    F    C7
let the tide-in and set-me free.
I'm flowing under bridges then

flying through the sky. I'm traveling down cold.

metal, just a tear in a baby's eye.

Let me flow into the ocean, let me get back to the
Let me be stormy and let me be calm, let the tide in and set me free.

I am not the ac-
tor, this can't be the scene. But I am in the wa-
tor as far as I can see.

I'm remembering distant mem-

C7           F                    C7                      F

C9           F                        C9           F

C9           F                        C9           F
o-ries, recalling other names.

Rippling over can-
yons and boiling in the train.

Let me flow into the ocean.
let me get back to the sea.

Let me be stormy and let me be calm, let the
tide in and set me free.

Set me free.
C
free...

F
I wanna drown...

dim. poco a poco

C
in cold water.

C
Repeat and fade

C
Repeat and fade
BELL BOY
(Keith's theme)

Medium Rock beat

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND

A beach is a place...where a man...

---

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But I see a face coming through the haze, I re-
mem-bor him from those crazy days,
crazy days, crazy days,
Ain’t you the guy who used to
set the pac-es,
rid-ing up in front of a hun-
dred fac-es?
I don’t suppose you would re-
mem-ber me,_ but

I used to fol-low you back in _ six - ty-three.
(Spoken) \{ People

I've got a good job — and I'm newly born, you should

often change but when I look in your eyes, you could

see me dressed up in my uniform. I work in a hotel all

learn a lot from a life like mine. The secret to me, it ain't

— gilt and flash. Remember the gap — where the doors-

flown like a flag, I'll carry it behind this bleedin'
(Sung) Bell Boy! I got to get running now.

Bell Boy! Keep my lip buttoned down. Bell Boy!

Carry this baggage out. Bell Boy! Always running at someone's bleedin' heel.

You know how I feel.
always running at someone's heel.

Some nights I still sleep on the beach.

Remember when stars were in reach.

I wander in early to work.
spend my day licking boots for my perks.

running at someone's heel...
DR. JIMMY
(Including John's theme, IS IT ME?)

Medium beat

A

D

E

A

(Trumpet)

A

D

E

A


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

A

D


Talk behind my back,
I'm
off the beaten track.
I'll take on any one,
ain't scared of a bloody nose;
drink till I drop down
with one eye on my clothes.
out when I drink my gin.

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

in.

Her fel-lah's gonna kill me?

Oh, f**king will he.

I'm see-ing d-
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 rape it.
Got a bet there? I'll meet it.

Getting high? You can't beat it.

Doctor Jimmy and Mister Jim,

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

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

stars are falling.
The heat is rising.

the past is calling.
I'm going back soon, home to get that ba-

boon, who cut up my eye.

tore up my Le - vis.

I'm feel - ing rest-
less, bring another score around;

maybe something stronger could really hold me down.

What is it? I'll take it. Who is she? I'll rape it.
Tacet (Strings)

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

Tacet

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;
only comes out when I drink my gin.
Abmaj7  Gsus4  G

Is it me? For a moment

Cm  Abmaj7

the stars are falling.

Eb  Cm7  Abmaj9  Eb  Cm7  Abmaj9

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 ROCK

By PETE TOWNSHEND

Moderately slow

Ebm sus4

(Violin)

(Horns)

Cm  Db

Gb  Ab

mp - mp - mf - mf

1. 2. 3.

4.

(Bb  Cb  Bb)

(Db  Eb)

(Guitar)

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LOVE, REIGN O'ER ME
(Pete's theme)

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND

Moderately

Tacet

Keyboard

*Guitar → Em sus4

On-ly

love

(Violins)

mp legato

Em sus4/D

E bm sus4/Db

beach

is kissed by the sea.

*Guitarists: Tune all strings down one half step.

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Only love can make it rain like the sweat of lovers laying in the fields.

Love, Reign o'er
Em sus4

love

Em sus4/D

that makes you yearn

to the

Em sus4

sky.

On - ly love

Em sus4

can - bring the rain

that falls like
Em sus4/D

Ebm sus4/D♭

tears

from on high

Em7

Love,

C maj7

Cb maj7

Reign o'er me,

Reign o'er me, rain on me,

Em7

Ebm7

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

On the dry and dusty road, the nights we spent apart a-lone.

I need to get back home to cool, cool...
I had gone to this psychiatrist every week. Every Monday, He never really knew what was wrong with me. He said I wasn't sad or anything. He said there was no such thing as madness. I told him I should be standing in a queue at Brentford foot-steps on a Saturday evening, I thought it might change his mind. My dad put it another way, he said I had something like the weather. One minute I'd be tearful, next minute all soppy and weepy over some bird Bill Schizophrenia, he called it.

It used to be alright at home. You'd be a tear, next minute all soppy and weepy over some bird. Bill Schizophrenia, he called it.

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