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How Peculiar
Words & Music by Robert Williams & Guy Chambers.

\[ \text{\textbf{The Music:}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{Vocal ad lib.}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{How peculiar.}} \]

1. I am all of the above babe, Johnny long strokes
to the grave, saving all the stamps and spend it on a kete-

Rub me, rub me up right

love-ly, if you lick it then lick it battery good and pro-

-ly all night if you want... I'm not into hard sports.
I haven't got a clue what to do with you.

Oh, I haven't got a clue what to do with you.

I need for you to love me so much.
Jesus, all the things my head is going through.

Jesus what am I gonna do with this crush?
God, what am I gonna do with this crush?

Just get the old fella and whack it up against her tush.
Just whack the old man out and get it up against your tush.
How peculiar. Jesus what am I to do man, I am a depressed man. Not sure what I'm
D      Bb5    Eb5     C
doing all of the day.     How peculiar.

D
I am all of the above man, I have what you want man. If you want me

C/G
here I am. Come and get it baby, oh!
Feel
Words & Music by Robert Williams & Guy Chambers.

\[ \text{\textbackslash j = 96} \]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Dm} & \quad \text{Am/D} & \quad \text{F/D} & \quad \text{G/D} & \quad \text{Dm} & \quad \text{Am/D} \\
\text{F/D} & \quad \text{G/D} & \quad \text{Dm} & \quad \text{Am/C} & \quad \text{A/C^5} \\
\end{align*}
\]

1. Come and hold my hand,

(2.) die

I wanna contact the living,

but I ain't keen on living either.
Not sure I understand. Before I fall in love.

I'm this role I've been given. I'm preparing to leave her.

I sit and talk to God, I scare myself to death.

and he just laughs at my plans. That's why I keep on running.
My head speaks a language.
Before I've arrived,
I don't understand.
I can see myself coming.
I just wanna feel real love,
Feel the home that I live in.
'Cause I got too much life running through my veins.
1. I'm going to waste.  

2. I don't wanna

And I need to feel for real love and a life ever after.  

I cannot give it up.
Guitar

I just wanna feel real love, feel the home that I live in.
I got too much love running through my veins to go to waste.

I just want to feel real love,

and a life ever after. There's a hole in my soul,

you can see it in my face, it's a real big place.
Come and hold my hand,
I want to contact the living.
Not sure I understand.
this role I've been given. Not sure I understand.

Not sure I understand.
Something Beautiful
Words & Music by Robert Williams & Guy Chambers.

1. You can't man-u-fac-ture a mi-
(2.) D. J. said on the ra-

Drums

love is get-ting too cy-ni-cal, passions just phy-si-cal these days.
past that cast... the un-sui-ta-ble, 'stead of some kind of beau-ti-ful... you just could-n't wait...

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You analyse everyone you meet, but get no sign.
All your friends think you're satisfied, but they can't see your soul.

the loving kind.

Every night you admit
Forgot the time, feeling defeated and crying yourself blind.

If you
can't wake up in the morning 'cause your bed lies vacant at night.
if you're lost, hurt, tired or lonely, can't control it try as you might...
May you find that love, that won't leave you,
may you find it by the end of the day,
you won't be lost, hurt, tired, and lonely, something beautiful will come your way...
2. The
Some kind of beautiful...

Some kind of beautiful...

Some kind of beautiful...

All your friends think you're satisfied

but they can't see your soul.

No, no, no.
Forgot the time, feeling petrified when they lived alone.

If you can't wake up in the morning 'cause your

bed lies vacant at night, if you're lost, hurt,

...tired and lonely, can't control it try as you might... May you
find that love, it won't leave you, may you find it by the end of the day,

you won't be lost, hurt, tired and lonely, something beautiful will come your way...

You won't be lost, hurt,

tired and lonely, something beautiful will come your way...
Monsoon

Words & Music by Robert Williams & Guy Chambers.

I've sung some songs that were lame, I've slept with girls on the game.

To all you Sharon's and Michelle's with all your tales to sell,

I've got my Catholic shame, Lord I'm in purgatory

Save your money well, I'm glad that spending a

basically, it's all come on top for me.

Night with me guaranteed you celebrity.
I wasn't me when we met, you haven't lost my respect,
And I can't talk in a crowd, when I'm alone I'm too loud,

I'm here to serve and protect,
you've done your daddy's proud.

Thank you for keeping me

You've all been so nice
to me.

So put your hands across the water, mush -
1. F

2. Don't wanna piss on your parade... I'm here to make money and get laid.

Yeah I'm a star but I'll fade if you ain't sticking your knives in me, you will be ev-
Eventually.

Oh, Lor'

I feel nothing.

I know much smarter men.

never got this far

I've got so many regrets.
I smoked too many cigarettes, I've had more blondes than brunettes,

I'm not expecting your sympathy, but it's all been too much for me.

So put your hands across the water mushroom, mon
Sexed Up
Words & Music by Robert Williams & Guy Chambers.

1. Loose lips sunk ships, I'm getting to grips.
2. You say we're fatally flawed, well I'm easily bored.

Am

with what you said, is that O.K.?

No it's not in my head, Write me off your list,
I can't awaken the dead, day after day.
make this the last kiss, I'll walk away.

Why don't we talk about it, why do you always doubt that
Why don't we talk about it, I'm only here, don't shout it,

there can be a better way?
given time, we'll forget.

Let's pretend we never met.}

Why don't we
break up, there's nothing left to say. I've got my eyes shut,

praying they won't stray and when I'm sexed up,

that's what makes the difference today. I hope you blow away.
Screw you, I didn't like your taste, anyway,

I chose you and that's all gone to waste. It's Saturday, I'll go out

and find another you.

Why don't we... Why don't we
I hope you blow away.

Repeat ad lib.

Blow away.

A-way.
Love Somebody

Words & Music by Robert Williams & Guy Chambers.

Em

Em7

Guitar

C/E

Bm/E

1. Always and forever is forever young.
2. Violet in the rainbow just melts away. There's not enough
Shadow on the pavement, the dark side of the sun._
min - utes in an hour, or hours in the day._

Dream the dream all over and sleep it tight._
Song played in a circle that never skips a beat._

Wanna sing the blues in black and white._
Stranger in a country that I have yet to meet._

Hope that springs eternal for everyone._
Hope that springs eternal for everyone._
it ain't broke then break it oh, the damage done
life-time in a sec-ond, all the damage done
Trying to love

some-body, just wanna love some-body right now

There's just no pleasing me

Guess there's just no pleasing me

some-body, just wanna love some-body right now

some-body, just wanna love some-body right now
Lady lay your love on me.
Lady lay your love on me.

It'll come in your sweet time, Lord, I've just got to let you in.
The blind leading the blind. Lord, getting underneath your skin.
I can feel you in the silence, saying let.
E/G#  
\[\text{Am}\]
\[\text{Em/B}\]
\[\text{B7}\]

forever be...  
Love and only love will set you free...

\[\text{Esus4}\]
\[\text{E}\]
\[\text{D.S. at Coda}\]

I wanna love...  
love and only love will set you free...

\[\text{Esus4}\]
\[\text{E}\]
\[\text{Em}\]
\[\text{Bm/E}\]

Guitar

\[\text{Em6}\]
\[\text{C/E}\]

rit.

\[\text{Em}\]
Revolution
Words & Music by Robert Williams & Guy Chambers.

I. Don't fight the feeling, relax, oh, child, the knots are in your back...
much. You only hurt yourself when you think about retribution.

I know you're tired but when it's time to sleep you're gone forever.

See the pain in your face and you're paying rent for the space.

Make friends with your past then you can leave it at last.

It's time to lead you on, come on.

It's time to find yourself in your revolution.

When you can't keep on keeping on and everything you lean...
G
up - on is all_ but gone._ Ev'ry - bo - dy falls_

E7

A

D/A
A7

some - times but _ love shines on_ and on_ and on_ and...

D

D/C
G/B

With love in your eyes_ and a flame in your heart_ gon - na find_

E

D

time and tide's on your side_ there's no need to hide_ I feel your pain. Don't_

your - self_ some re - so - lu - tion_ A mil - lion miles with one

talk to me a - bout e - vo - lu - tion_ A mil - lion miles with one
Am    G     
    To Coda  
step_ and you'll find your - self yet,  
    and you'll find my - self there,  
    when I'm  
    walk - ing with the re - vo - lu - 
Get it

Dm7       G       Fm6  
  on_ get it on_ get it on_ get it on_ with the re - vo - lu - 
    We're talk - ing 'bout the re - vo - lu - 
    tion. 
    Get it

Dm7       G               
  on_ get it on_ get it on_ get it on_ with the re - vo - 
    Rock - in' with the re - vo - 
    lution. 
    Get it

Dm7       G       
  on_ get it on_ get it on_ get it on_ with the re - vo - 
    Tak - ing you high - 
    lution.
Handsome Man

Dm7

D.S. al Coda

Walking with the revolution.

Walking with the revolution. A million miles with one step.

and you'll find yourself yet, when you're walking with the revolution.

Get it
Handsome Man

Words & Music by Robert Williams, Guy Chambers & Adrian Deevoy.

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1. Hello, did you miss me? I know I'm
   hard to resist.

2. Y'all know who I am, I'm still the
   boy next door.

That's if you're Lord Lichfield and

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sweet-corn out of this...

It's hard to be humble when you're

Roger Moore.

Have I gone up in the world or has the

so fuck-in' big.

Did you ever meet a sexier male

world gone down on me?

I'm the one who put the Brit in

chauvinist pig?

I'm gonna milk it till it turns

celebrity.

Give in and love it, what's the point

--- it into cheese.

Tell your babes in arms and O...

in hating me?

You can't argue with popular-
A. P's come and take a piece of me, oh...

-ri-ty, well you could but you'd be wrong, oh...

If you drop me I'll fall to pieces on ya.
If you drop me I'll fall to pieces on ya.

If you don't see me I don't exist.
If you don't need me I don't exist.

It's nice to meet you, now let me go and wash my hands.
You voted for me, now let me see a show of hands.
'cause you just met the world's most handsome man

The world's most handsome man

here before you stand

Can you make me laugh and sign this auto-
-graph, though it's not for me.

Grip and grin, shake and fake, name and shame then I'm out of here.

It's not very complicated, I'm just young and overrated.

Guitar
Ooh!
Please don't drop me, I'll fall to pieces on ya.

If you don't see me, I don't exist. It's nice to meet you.
now let me go and wash my hands here before you stands.

now let me see a show of hands

'cause you just met the world's most handsome man.

The world's most handsome man.

The world's most handsome man.
Come Undone

Words & Music by Robert Williams, Boots Ottestad, Ashley Hamilton & Daniel Pierre.

1. So un-im-pressed but so in awe.
   Such a saint but such a

2. So rock and roll, so cor-p'rate suit.
   So damn ug-ly, so damn

whore.
cute.

So self a-ware, so full of
So well trained, so a-ni-

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shit. So in-de-cisive, so a-dam-ant I'm con-tem-
mal. So need your love, so fuck you all. I'm not

pla-ting, think-ing a-bout think-ing. It's so frus-
scared of dy-ing I just don't want to. If I stopped

ra-ting, just get a-no-ther drink in. Watch me come un-done.
lying I'd just dis-ap-point you. I come un-done.

They're sell-ing ra-zyor blades and mir-rors in the street.
Pray that when I'm coming down you'll be asleep.

If I ever hurt you your revenge will be so sweet, because I'm scum and I'm your son. I come undone.

I come undone.
So write another ballad mix it on a Wednesday.

Sell it on a Thursday, buy a yacht by Saturday, it's a love song, a love song. Do another interview sing a bunch of lies.

Tell about celebrities that I despise and sing love songs. We sing
love songs, so sincere.

so sincere.

They're selling razor blades and mirrors in the street.
Pray that when I'm coming down you'll be asleep.

If I ever hurt you your revenge will be so sweet, I come undone.

Because I'm scum. I'm your son.

You've gotta love my sad song, my love song, my sad song, my love song.
Me and My Monkey

Words & Music by Robert Williams & Guy Chambers.

\( \text{Cm} \)

\( \text{Abmaj7} \)

\( \text{Cm} \)

\( \text{Fm6} \)

\( \text{Bb6} \)

\( \text{Trumpets} \)
1. There was me and my monkey and with his
   (2.) elevator, I hit the

   dungarees and roller blades, smoking filter tips reclining in the passenger
   thirty third floor we had a room up top with the panoramic views
Me and the Monkey

A♭maj7

seat of my super charged jet black Chevrolet

like nothing you'd ever seen before

He had the,

Cm

soft top down, he liked the, wind in his face

He went to sleep in the bidet and when he awoke

Fm6

He said "Son, you ever been to Vegas?" I said "No."

every little monkey fingers through yell-

B♭6

He ran his little monkey fingers through yell-

A♭maj7

He said "That's where we're gonna go, you need a change of

low pages, called up some escort services, and ordered some okey doke."
pace.

And when we hit the strip with all the

Forty minutes later there came a

wedding chapels and the neon signs he said "I"

In walked this

left my wallet in El Segundo and proceeded to take

big bad ass baboon into my bedroom with three

two grand of mine. "Hi! My name is Sun-

2° only

Cm
shine,
these are my girls.

Lace my palm with silver baby, and oh yeah, they'll

rock your world.

We made tracks.
So I watched pay -

to the Mandalay Bay hotel.

per view and polished my shoes and my gun.
Boogiewoogie

As told by Kurt Cobain

Gm7

Was diggin' old Kurt Cobain singin' 'bout

Fm7

monkey as well. He looked in the passenger seat of my

Fm7

car and with a smile he said, "What's up?"

Gm7

"If your monkey's got that kind of money sir then we've

Gm7

You'd better get your ass in here boy, your monkey's havin' too much
Got a monkey bed."
Me and my mon- 
key of a good time!"
Me and my mon-
key drove in search of the sun. 
Me and my mon-
key don’t point that gun at a-
ny one. Me and my mon-
key like Butch and
the Sundance Kid."

Try-ing to un-
der-stand why he did what he did, why he did what he did. 2. We got the

what he did. 3. He got tick-ets to see She-ena East-ton,

4. We went to play Black-Jack kept hit-ting the mon-key was high_

Said it was a burn-ing am-

twenty three...

Could-n't help but no-tice
-bi-tion to see her
this Mex-i-can just
before he died.

We left before encores,
Or was it my monkey?
I couldn't sit

still.
Sure.
Sheena was a blast baby,
but my

mon-key was ill.
dungarees before.

Now don't test my
patience 'cause we're not about to run.

That's a bad ass monkey boy and he's packing a gun.

“My name is Rodriguez” he says,

with death in his eye.

“I've been chasing you for a long time...
a-migos, and now your mon-key's gon-na die!

Me and my mon-key drove in search of the sun.

Now me and my mon-key, we don't wan-

na kill no Mexican but we've got ten itchy fin-

72
- gers

one thing to de-
clare.

When the mon-
key is high,
you do not stare,
you do

not stare.

Trumpet solo ad lib.

You do not stare.
Looks like we got ourselves a Mexican stand-off here boy and I ain't about to run.

Put your gun down boy.

How'd I get mixed up with this fuckin' monkey anyhow?
Hot Fudge
Words & Music by Robert Williams & Guy Chambers.
1. Queen bitch, eat the rich; I'm on the second course today.

2. Take the piss, always English; God bless you Uncle Sam.

3. Instrumental

... I'm not the first and I won't be the worst, she's... You got a cool gene pool and our winter is cruel, and God... done most of L.A. knows I love to tan... Can't find a virgin, I can... Making cents and dead... get you a surgeon, twenty four hours a day... Call it 'Col-l-a-... Presidents, before I could count to ten... With the...
-gen Jean- ie,' you big lip mea- nie, I'm a- bout to be blown a- way.
na- tion be- hind me can't stop the Li- mey, she's on her back a- gain...

Come on sing it!)
Come on sing it!)
Take me to the place where the

sun- shine flows,
Oh, my Sun- set

Ro- de- o.
Hot fudge, here comes the judge. There's a
green card in the way. The Holy Ghost and the whole East Coast are
moving to L. A. And we've been dreaming of this feeling since
nineteen eighty-eight. Mother, things have got to change.

I'm moving to L. A. moving to L. A. L. A. L. A.
Take me to the place where the sunshine flows...
Oh, my Sunset rodeo.

Hot fudge,

here comes the judge, there's just a green card in the way.

The Holy Ghost and the whole East Coast are moving to L. A.
'Cause we've been dreaming of this feeling since nineteen eighty-eight.
Mother, things have got to change.

I'm moving to... things have got to change.
I'm moving to L. A.
Moving to L. A.

Keep on moving, keep on moving, keep on moving to L. A.

L. A. L. A. Gotta move into L. A.

Keep on moving, keep on moving on... Keep on
moving, moving on.
Keep on moving, moving on. Keep on

A\b m G\b D\b m 7 N.C.

moving, keep on moving on.
Keep on moving, keep on

G\b/D\b

moving, keep on moving, keep on moving, keep on moving on.

D\b N.C.

Keep on moving a momo-momo yeah. Momomo momo and stop.
Song 3

Words & Music by Robert Williams & Guy Chambers.

1. Come join the band, come shag the damned...
2. So E-bay baby, have n't seen you late...
Boogie Woogie

God, I blow them away,
A heart of chrome

ly, do you still give it away?
So get my peeps

a broken home I got plenty to say,
'to call your peeps 'cause we've got nothing to say.

Who are you doing?
Don't spoil my day,

Don't feed the models,
don't look at pole.

Con pedale

A bigger, better offer baby,
'cause

Don't go to Crenshaw boulevard

85
he's on his way.
whites can get fleeced.
I feel gigantic,
I'm stopping traffic.
'cause they dig the fame... and I'm just the same...
I'm hearing voices, voices,

like a jumbo jay.

Too many choices,


To Coda
You've been gloating lately baby, and I dig L. A.

D.S. al Coda

I'd have to say, U. S. A., U. S. A., U. S. A.
Cursed

Words & Music by Robert Williams, Guy Chambers & Adrian Deevoy.
1. Dig your polished nails into the dirt.
2. Held my hand when I got my first tattoo too.

Rip your skirt off,
(I was naked when it penetrated.)

You know it tears my heart out when you told everyone I'd slept with you.
flirt with danger and any stranger.
(thought you'd like it, knew you wouldn't deny it.)

You're not as stupid as I look.
Saint Peter's gonna be unfaithful,

Before I could read, you wrote the book.

Cursed, since your birth.
Boogie Woogie Blues

Dear, and your worst,

Fears, have all come true.

[1.

2, 3.

N.C.

Babe, you're not the

Drums
first here on earth

dear. 'Cause I'm

still here. and I'm cursed

too. cursed like
Hush, baby sleep now. We all miss you, we always will.
Nan's Song
Words & Music by Robert Williams.

\[ \text{\#} = 62 \]

\[ \text{D} \quad \text{Em}^9 \quad \text{G/B} \]

\[ \text{D} \quad \text{Em}^9 \quad \text{G/B} \]

1. You said when you'd die that you'd
walk with me ev-er-day.

And
I'd start to cry and say please don't talk that way.

With the blink of an eye the Lord came and asked you
love, I miss your touch but I'm feeling you ev'-ry day.

You went to a better place but He
And I can almost hear you say 'you've

stole you away from me.
And
near, bringing heaven down here.  

2. I miss your

You taught me kings and queens while
stroking my hair, In my darkest hour

I know you are there

kneeling down beside me, whispering my

prayer. Yes, there's a strange kind of light
caress ing me to night

Pray si lence my

fear she is near bring ing hea ven down

here

The next time that we

meet I will bow at her feet
And say wasn't life sweet. Then we'll prepare

to take heaven down there.