

## Rattled

(Written and recorded by Traveling Wilburys 1988.)

**(D)** *Oh yeah*

**(D)** Well, I get rattled every time we meet

I get rattled even in my sleep

I get **(G)** rattled, baby, **(A7)** o-over **(D)** you

**(D)** Yeah, I get twisted, I get turned around

I get twisted, and I'm up then I'm down

I get **(G)** twisted, baby, **(A7)** o-over **(D)** you

Well, **(G7)** baby, baby, baby won't you save one night for me

Baby, baby, baby is there something wrong with you

Baby, baby, baby this is out of my control

It **(A7)** looks like nothing's wrong but

deep **(G)** down in my soul

I'm **(D)** twisted - shaken - rattled (*grrrwl*)

I get **(G)** rattled, baby, **(A7)** over **(D)** you

**(D)** *(instrumental)*

**(G)** Rattled baby, **(A7)** over **(D)** you

*(chorus)*

**(D)** Oh, I get shaken, I'm torn up by the roots

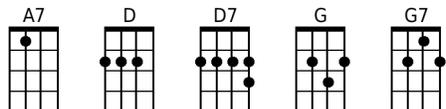
Yeah, I'm shakin', way down in my boots

I get **(G)** rattled, baby, **(A7)** over **(D)** you

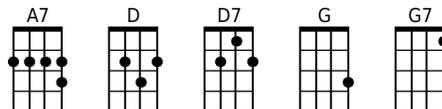
Yeah, I get **(G)** rattled, baby, **(A7)** over **(D)** you

Yeah I'm **(G)** rattled, baby, **(A7)** over **(D)** you **(D)(D7!)**

Ukulele:

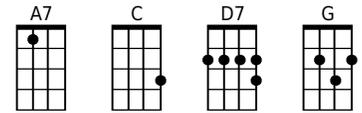


Baritone:



# Man In Black

(Written and recorded by Johnny Cash, 1971.)



**(G)** Well, you wonder why I always dress in black,  
Why you never see bright colors on my **(A7)** back,  
And **(C)** why does my ap**(G)**pearance seem to **(C)** have a somber **(G)** tone.  
Well, there's a **(A7)** reason for the things that I have **(D7)** on.

I **(G)** wear the black for the poor and the beaten down,  
Livin' in the hopeless, hungry side of **(A7)** town,  
I **(C)** wear it for the **(G)** prisoner who has **(C)** long paid for his **(G)** crime,  
But is **(A7)** there because he's a victim of the **(D7)** times.

I **(G)** wear the black for those who never read,  
Or listened to the words that Jesus **(A7)** said,  
A**(C)**bout the road to **(G)** happiness through **(C)** love and chari**(G)**ty,  
Why, you'd **(A7)** think He's talking straight to you and **(D7)** me.

Well, we're **(G)** doin' mighty fine, I do suppose,  
In our streak of lightnin' cars and fancy **(A7)** clothes,  
But **(C)** just so we're re**(G)** minded of the **(C)** ones who are held **(G)** back,  
Up **(A7)** front there ought 'a be a Man In **(D7)** Black.

I **(G)** wear it for the sick and lonely old,  
For the reckless ones whose bad trip left them **(A7)** cold,  
I **(C)** wear the black in **(G)** mournin' for the **(C)** lives that could have **(G)** been,  
Each **(A7)** week we lose a hundred fine young **(D7)** men.

And, I **(G)** wear it for the thousands who have died,  
Believin' that the Lord was on their **(A7)** side,  
I **(C)** wear it for a**(G)**nother hundred **(C)** thousand who have **(G)** died,  
Be**(A7)**lievin' that we all were on their **(D7)** side.

Well, there's **(G)** things that never will be right I know,  
And things need changin' everywhere you **(A7)** go,  
But **(C)** 'til we start to **(G)** make a move to **(C)** make a few things **(G)** right,  
You'll **(A7)** never see me wear a suit of **(D7)** white.

Ah, I'd **(G)** love to wear a rainbow every day,  
And tell the world that everything's o**(A7)**kay,  
But I'll **(C)** try to carry **(G)** off a little **(C)** darkness on my **(G)** back,  
'Till things are **(A7)** brighter, **(D7)** I'm the Man In **(G)** Black.

# Wabash Cannonball

(Traditional. Recorded by the Carter Family, 1929.)

Out **(C)** from the wide Pacific to the broad Atlantic **(F)** shore  
She **(G7)** climbs flowery mountain, o'er hills and by the **(C)** shore  
Al**(C)**though she's tall and handsome, and she's known quite well by **(F)** all  
She's a **(G7)** regular combination of the Wabash Cannon**(C)**ball.

Oh, **(C)** listen to the jingle, the rumor and the **(F)** roar  
As she **(G7)** glides along the woodland, o'er hills and by the **(C)** shore  
She **(C)** climbs the flowery mountain, hear the merry hobos **(F)** squall  
She **(G7)** glides along the woodland, the Wabash Cannon**(C)**ball.

Oh, the **(C)** Eastern states are dandy, so the Western people **(F)** say  
Chi**(G7)**cago, Rock Island, St. Louis by the **(C)** way  
To the **(C)** lakes of Minnesota where the rippling waters **(F)** fall  
No **(G7)** chances to be taken on the Wabash Cannon**(C)**ball.

*(chorus)*

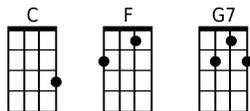
Oh, **(C)** here's to daddy Cleaton, let his name forever **(F)** be  
And **(G7)** long be remembered in the courts of Tennes**(C)**see  
For he **(C)** is a good old rounder 'til the curtain 'round him **(F)** fall  
He'll be **(G7)** carried back to victory on the Wabash Cannon**(C)**ball.

*(chorus)*

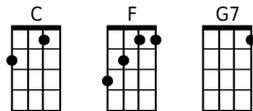
I have **(C)** rode the I.C. Limited, also the Royal **(F)** Blue  
A**(G7)**cross the Eastern countries on Elkhorn Number **(C)** Two  
**(C)** I have rode those highball trains from coast to coast that's **(F)** all  
But **(G7)** I have found no equal to the Wabash Cannon**(C)**ball.

*(chorus)*

Ukulele:



Baritone:



# Try Walkin' Away

(Written and recorded by Murray McLauchlan 1980.)

**(C)(Csus4)(C)(Csus4)(C)(Csus4)(C)(Csus4)**

Hey **(C)** girl' what you gonna **(F)** do?  
If you **(C)** get too sentimental  
He's gonna have a better hold **(Am)** on you  
You're gonna **(F)** have to pay, for every minute you stay  
If you **(C)** want to do something for yourself today

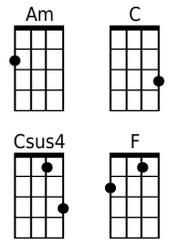
Try **(Am)** walkin' away (*Try walkin' away*)  
Try **(C)** walkin' away (*Try walkin' away*)  
Try **(Am)** walkin' away (*Try walkin' away*)  
Try **(C)** walkin' away (*Try walkin' away*)

Hey **(C)** girl, did your mamma tell **(F)** you?  
If the **(C)** boys didn't like you  
That you weren't no better than a **(Am)** worn out shoe  
The words **(F)** fade away, Mamma was a fool to say  
If you **(C)** want to do something for yourself today  
Try **(Am)** walkin' away (*Try walkin' away*)  
Try **(C)** walkin' away (*Try walkin' away*)  
Try **(Am)** walkin' away (*Try walkin' away*)  
Try **(C)** walkin' away (*Try walkin' away*)

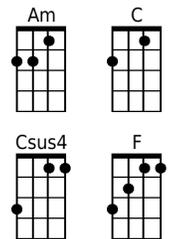
**(Am)(C)(Am)(C)(Am)(C)(Am)(C)(Am)(C)(tacet)**

Hey **(C)** girl, take a walk **(F)** tonight  
You don't **(C)** owe no man a thing  
If he isn't gonna **(Am)** treat you right  
You ain't some **(F)** record to be played on someone's hit parade  
If you **(C)** want to do something for yourself today  
Try **(Am)** walkin' away (*Try walkin' away*)  
Try **(C)** walkin' away (*Try walkin' away*)  
Try **(Am)** walkin' away (*Try walkin' away*)  
Try **(C)** walkin' away (*Try walkin' away*)  
**(repeat and fade)**

Ukulele:



Baritone:



# Drive

(Written by Bill Berry, Peter Buck, Mike Mills, and Michael Stipe. Recorded by REM 1992.)

**(Am)** Smack, crack, bushwhacked,

**(D)** tie another one to your racks, **(Am)** baby

**(Am)** Hey kids, rock and roll, **(D)** nobody tells you where to go, **(Am)** baby

**(C)** What if I ride, what if you walk?

**(Em)** What if you rock around the clock?

**(D)** Tick ... tock ... tick ... tock

**(Bm)** What if you did, what if you walk?

What if you tried to get off, **(Am)** baby?

**(Am)** Hey, kids, where are you? **(D)** Nobody tells you what to do, **(Am)** baby

**(Am)** Hey kids, shake a leg, **(D)** maybe you're crazy in the head, **(Am)** baby

**(C)** Maybe you did, maybe you walked

**(Em)** Maybe you rocked around the clock

**(D)** Tick ... tock ... tick ... tock

**(Bm)** Maybe I ride, maybe you walk

Maybe I drive to get off, **(Am)** baby

**(G)** Hey kids, shake a leg, maybe you're crazy in the head, **(Am)** baby

**(G)** Ollie, ollie, ollie ollie ollie. Ollie ollie in come free, **(Am)** baby

**(G)** Hey, kids, where are you? **(D)** Nobody tells you what to do, **(Am)** baby

**(Am)** Smack, crack, shack-a-lack,

**(D)** tie another one to your backs, **(Am)** baby

**(Am)** Hey kids, rock and roll, **(D)** nobody tells you where to go, **(Am)** baby

**(C)** Maybe you did, maybe you walk

**(Em)** Maybe you rock around the clock

**(D)** Tick ... tock ... tick ... tock

**(Bm)** Maybe I ride, maybe you walk

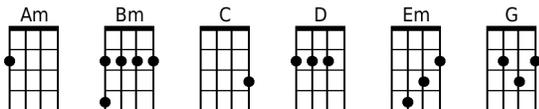
Maybe I drive to get off, **(Am)** baby

**(Bm)** Hey kids, where are you? nobody tells you what to do, **(Am)** baby

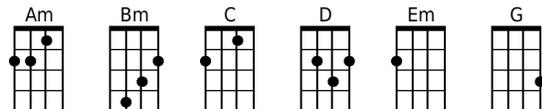
**(Bm)** Hey kids, rock and roll, nobody tells you where to go, **(Am)** baby

Baby, baby

Ukulele:



Baritone:



# She's Not There

(Written by Rod Argent. Recorded by The Zombies 1964.)

**(Am)(D)(Am)(D)**

**(Am)** Well, no one **(D)** told me a**(Am)**bout **(D)** her,

**(Am)** The **(F)** way she lied **(Am)(D)**

**(Am)** Well, no one **(D)** told me a**(Am)**bout **(D)** her,

**(Am)** How many **(F)** people cried **(A)**

But it's too **(D)** late to **(Dm)** say you're **(Am)** sorry  
How would I **(Em)** know, why should I **(Am)** care?  
Please don't **(D)** bother **(Dm)** trying to **(C)** find her  
She's not **(E7)** there

Well, let me tell you 'bout the **(Am)** way she looked **(D)**  
The way she **(Am)** acted and the **(F)**  
Color of her **(Am)** hair **(D)**  
Her voice was **(Am)** soft and cool, **(F)**  
Her eyes were **(Am)** clear and **(D)** bright  
But she's not **(A)** there **(A)** (*tacet*)

**(Am)(D)(Am)(D)(Am)(D)(Am)(D)**

**(Am)** Well, no one **(D)** told me a**(Am)**bout **(D)** her,

**(Am)** What **(F)** could I do? **(Am)(D)**

**(Am)** Well, no one **(D)** told me a**(Am)**bout **(D)** her,

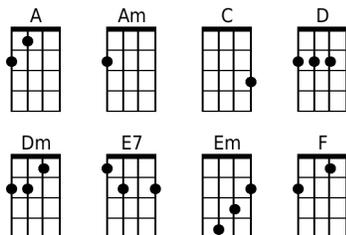
**(Am)** Though **(F)** they all knew **(A)**

*(chorus)*

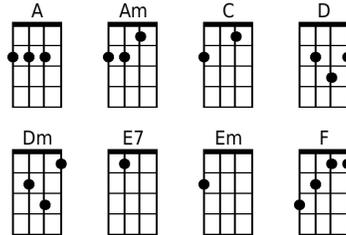
**(Am)(D)(Am)(D)(Am)(D)(Am)(D)(A)**

*(chorus)*

Ukulele:



Baritone:



# The Letter

(Written by Wayne Carson Thompson. Recorded by the Box Tops 1967.)

**(Am)** Gimme a ticket for an **(F)** aeroplane  
**(Gsus4)** Ain't got time to take a **(D)** fast train  
**(Am)** Lonely days are gone, **(F)** I'm a-goin' home  
My **(E7)** baby, just wrote me a **(Am)** letter  
**(Am)** I don't care how much money I **(F)** gotta spend  
**(Gsus4)** Got to get back to my **(D)** baby again  
**(Am)** Lonely days are gone, **(F)** I'm a-goin' home  
My **(E7)** baby, just wrote me a **(Am)** letter

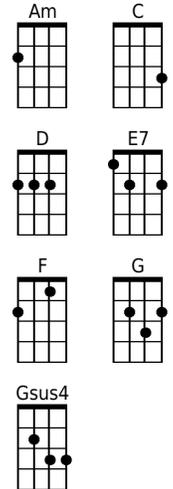
Well, she **(C)** wrote me a **(G)** letter  
Said she **(F)** couldn't **(C)** live with **(G)**out me no more  
**(C)** Listen mister, **(G)** can't you see I **(F)** got to get **(C)** back  
To my **(G)** baby once more  
**(E7)** Anyway, yeah!

**(Am)** Gimme a ticket for an **(F)** aeroplane  
**(Gsus4)** Ain't got time to take a **(D)** fast train  
**(Am)** Lonely days are gone, **(F)** I'm a-goin' home  
My **(E7)** baby, just wrote me a **(Am)** letter

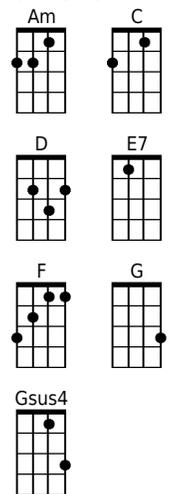
*(chorus)*

**(Am)** Gimme a ticket for an **(F)** aeroplane  
**(Gsus4)** Ain't got time to take a **(D)** fast train  
**(Am)** Lonely days are gone, **(F)** I'm a-goin' home  
My **(E7)** baby, just wrote me a **(Am)** letter  
My **(E7)** baby, just wrote me a **(Am)** letter

Ukulele:



Baritone:



# It Don't Come Easy

(Written by Richard Starkey. Recorded by Ringo Starr 1971.)

**(D)(Am)(C)(D)(D)(Am)(C)(D)**

**(D)** It don't come **(Am)** easy, you **(C)** know it don't come **(D)** easy.

**(D)** It don't come **(Am)** easy, you **(C)** know it don't come **(D)** easy.

**(D)** Got to pay your dues if you **(Am)** wanna sing the blues,  
And you **(C)** know it don't come **(D)** easy.

You don't have to shout or **(Am)** leap about,

You can **(C)** even play them **(D)** easy.

For**(F)**get about the past and all your **(G)** sorrows,

The **(F)** future won't last, it will **(A)** soon be over tomorrow.

I **(D)** don't ask for much, I **(Am)** only want your trust,

And you **(C)** know it don't come **(D)** easy.

And this love of mine keeps **(Am)** growing all the time,

And you **(C)** know it just ain't **(D)** easy.

**(F)** Open up your heart, let's come to**(G)**gether,

**(F)** Use a little love, and we will **(A)** make it work out better.

**(D)(Am)(C)(D)(D)(Am)(C)(D)**

**(D)** Got to pay your dues if you **(Am)** wanna sing the blues,

And you **(C)** know it don't come **(D)** easy.

You don't have to shout or **(Am)** leap about,

You can **(C)** even play them **(D)** easy.

**(F)** Peace, remember peace is how we **(G)** make it,

**(F)** Here within your reach if you're **(A)** big enough to take it.

**(D)** I don't ask for much, I **(Am)** only want your trust,

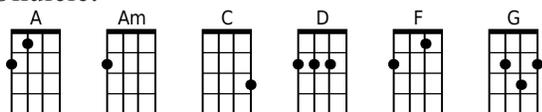
And you **(C)** know it don't come **(D)** easy.

And this love of mine keeps **(Am)** growing all the time,

And you **(C)** know it don't come **(D)** easy.

**(D)(Am)(C)(D)(D)(Am)(C)(D)**

Ukulele:



Baritone:

