```
BOOTLEG (Live) by Creedence Clearwater Revival
Tuning: Standard
This is off the live version from the compilation "The Long Road Home". It's basically
same as the original. It's a pretty easy song.
[Intro]
(Play throughout most of the song.)
                     C(x4)
[Chorus]
C D
Bootleg, Bootleg;
C D
Bootleg, Howl.
                C D
C D
Bootleg, Bootleg;
C D
Bootleg, Howl.
[Verse]
Take you a glass of water
C D
Make it against the law.
See how good the water tastes
When you can't have any at all.
[Chorus]
[Verse]
C D
Findin' a natural woman,
C D
Like honey to a bee.
C D
But you don't buzz the flower.
                                    D
When you know the honey's free.
[Chorus]
[Interlude]
Bb F C G C D C D Bb F
D
(Play intro again)
Suzy maybe give you some cherry pie,
But Lord, that ain't no fun.
Better you grab it when she ain't lookin'
'Cause you know you'd rather have it on the run.
[Chorus](x2)
[Interlude]
```

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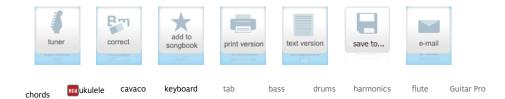
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## Born On The Bayou

LOGIN

Year: 1972 - Album: Chronicle Vol. 2: Twenty Great CCR Classics

Key: E7⊿

Intro: E7

**E7** 

Now, when I was just a little boy, Standin' to my Daddy's knee, My poppa said, "Son, don't let the man get you Do what he done to me." 'Cause he'll get you, 'Cause he'll get you now, now.

**E7** 

And I can remember the fourth of July,
Runnin' through the backwood, bare.
And I can still hear my old hound dog barkin',
E7 D A (Em)
Chasin' down a hoodoo there.
E7 D A (Em)
Chasin' down a hoodoo there.

SOLO E7

E7 D A (Em)
Born On The Bayou;
E7 D A (Em)
Born On The Bayou;
E7 D A (Em) E7

https://www.e-chords.com/chords/creedence-clearwater-revival/born-on-the-bayou

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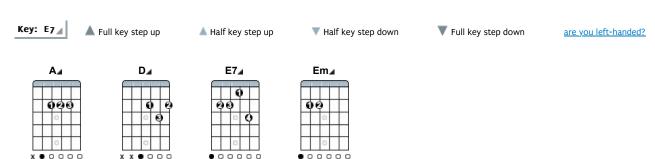
Born On The Bayou.

### **E7** Wish I was back on the Bayou. Rollin' with some Cajun Queen. Wishin' I were a fast freight train, Just a chooglin' on down to New Orleans. REFRÃO Do it, do it, do it. Oh, Lord. Oh get back boy. **E7** I can remember the fourth of July, Runnin' through the backwood bare. And I can still hear my old hound dog barkin', D A (Em) Chasin' down a hoodoo there. D A (Em) Chasin' down a hoodoo there. REFRÃO



All right! Do, do, do, do.

Mmmmmmm, oh.



swap sound

### See also:

swap sound

swap sound



Neil Diamond - Sweet Caroline

Lynyrd Skynyrd - Sweet Home Alabama

Pink Floyd - Shine On You Crazy Diamond (Parts I - IX)

swap sound

Creedence Clearwater Revival - Proud Mary

Johnny Cash - Ring Of Fire

#### Other versions:

Creedence Clearwater Revival - Born On The Bayou

John Fogerty - Born On The Bayou

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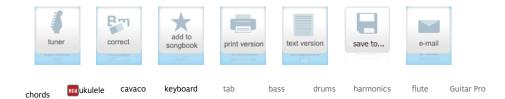
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E7 D A (Em)
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https://www.e-chords.com/chords/creedence-clearwater-revival/born-on-the-bayou

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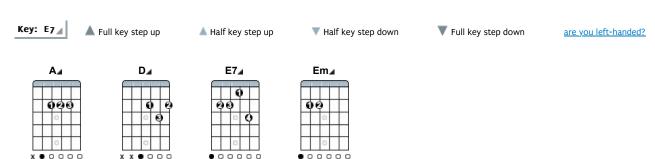
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All right! Do, do, do, do.

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#### Other versions:

Creedence Clearwater Revival - Born On The Bayou

John Fogerty - Born On The Bayou

# The Boxer Paul Simon

```
I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom told
I have squandered my resistance
                   Dm7
For a pocket full of mumbles, such are promises
                  G
All lies and jest, still a man hears what he wants to hear
                     G C
And disregards the rest
When I left my home and my family, I was no more than a boy
In the company of strangers
      G7 Dm7
In the quiet of a railway station, running scared
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters
Where the ragged people go
                      F (Em
                               Dm7) C
Looking for the places only they would know
(refrain)
           Am
    Lie la lie; Lie la lie lie la lie; Lie la lie;
                          G
    lie la lie lie, lie la lie la la la lie
                                               Am
Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a job
But I get no offers
                      Dm7
Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue
I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome
I took some comfort there
```

# The Boxer Paul Simon

G Lie la lie; Lie la lie lie la lie; Lie la lie; G C lie la lie lie, lie la lie la la la lie С Am Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone Going home Dm7 Where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me Am G Leading me, going home. С AmIn the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade Dm7 And he carries a reminder o ev'ry glove that laid him down Am G Or cut him till he cried out in his anger and his shame I am leaving, I am leaving (Em Dm7) C But the fighter still remains Am G Am Lie la lie; Lie la lie lie la lie; Lie la lie; G lie la lie lie, lie la lie la la la lie

### Cielito Lindo

Introduction: Em7 A7 D /

D A D A D F#m Em7 A7

De la Sierra Morena, cielito lindo, vienen bajando
Em7 A7 D /

un par de ojitos negros, cielito lindo, de contrabando.

D A D A D F#m Em7 A7

Ese lunar que tienes, cielito lindo, junto a la boca,
Em7 A7 D

no se lo des a nadie, cielito lindo, que a mí me toca. [Coro 2x]

D D#5 G Em7 - A7 D

Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay, Can - ta y no llores
Em7 A7 Em A7 D

Porque cantando se alegran, Cielito lindo los corazones.

D A D A D F#m Em7 A7
Una flecha en el aire, cielito lindo, lanzó Cupido,
Em7 A7 D
me la tiró jugando, cielito lindo, y a mi me ha herido.

D A D A D F#m Em7 A7
Pájaro que abandona, cielito lindo, su primer nido,
Em7 A7 D
Si lo encuentra ocupado, cielito lindo, bien merecido. [Coro 2x]

D A D F#m Em7 A7

De tua casa a la mia, cielito lindo, no es mas de un paso
Em7 A7

Y ahora estamos juntos, cielito lindo, dame un abrazo.

D7 G A D
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay, Canta y no llores
B7 Em A7 D
Porque cantando se alegran, Cielito lindo los corazones.

Version 11/10/2018. Revisions likely.

# City of New Orleans Steve Goodman

(Intro) Α Ridin' on the City of New Orleans G Illinois Central Monday mornin' rail Α There's 15 cars, and 15 restless riders BmThree conductors, twenty-five sacks of mail BmAll along a southbound odyssey , The train pulls out of Kankakee And rolls along past the houses, farms and fields Passin' towns that have no name, and freightyards full of old grey men Α7 The graveyards of the rusted automobiles Chorus: А7 Singin' good mornin' America, how are you? Α7 Sayin' don't you know me?, I'm your native son Bm-Bm7-E7 I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans I'll be gone 500 miles when the day is done. Α Playin' cards with the old men in the club car. Penny a point, ain't no-one keepin' score Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle.

Hear the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor.

# City of New Orleans Steve Goodman

BmF#m And the sons of Pullman Porters, and the sons of engineers Ride their father's magic carpet made of steel F#m Mothers with their babes asleep, rockin' to the gentle beat A7 D And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel Α7 Good mornin' America, how are you? G Α7 Sayin' don't you know me?, I'm your native son A Bm - Bm7 - E7 I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans C G A I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done. D Α Night time on the City of New Orleans. G Changin cars in Memphis, Tennessee Half way home, and we'll be there by morning Through the Mississippi darkness rollin' down to the sea And all the towns and people seem F#m To fade into a bad dream Α And the steel rail still ain't heard the news The conductor sings his songs again, F#m The passengers will please refrain

This train has got the disappearin' railroad blues

(Chorus twice)

```
Capo 3
[Introl
GCGD, GCGDG
[Chorus]
I'm goin' down to the Greyhound Station, gonna buy a ticket to ride
Gonna find that lady with two or three kids and sit down by her side
Ride 'til the sun comes up and down around me 'bout two or three times
Smokin' cigarettes in the last seat
Sing my song for the people I meet
And get along with it all
where the people say "y'all"
Sing a song with a friend
Change the shape that I'm in,
And get back in the game,
And start playin' again
[Verse]
I'd like to stay but I might have to go to start over again
Might go back down to Texas, might go to somewhere that Ive never been
And get up in the mornin' and go out at night
And I won't have to go home
Get used to bein' alone
Change the words to this song
                       G D G
Start singin' again
[Instrumental]
GCGD, GCGDG
[Verse]
            G
                                                                   C
```

```
Im tired of runnin round lookin for answers to questions that I
already know
I could build me a castle of memories just to have somewhere to go
Count the days and the nights that it takes to get back in the saddle
again
Feed the pigeons some clay
Turn the night into day
                                            G D G
Start talkin' again, when I know what to say
[Instrumental]
GCGD, GCGDG
[Chorus]
I'm goin' down to the Greyhound Station, gonna buy a ticket to ride
Gonna find that lady with two or three kids and sit down by her side
Ride 'til the sun comes up and down around me 'bout two or three times
Smokin' cigarettes in the last seat
Sing my song for the people I meet
And get along with it all
where the people say "y'all"
Feed the pigeons some clay
Turn the night into day
                                             G D G
Start talkin' again, when I know what to say
[Outrol
GCGD, GCGDG
```

### El Condor Pasa

```
[Verse]
   Dm
I'd rather be a sparrow than a snail
                                        A7 Dm
Yes I would, if I could, I surely would
I'd rather be a hammer than a nail
                                             A7 Dm
                                      Dm
Yes I would, if I only could, I surely would
      Bb
     Away, I'd rather sail away
     Like a swan that's here and gone
     A man gets tied up to the ground
                 F
     He gives the world its saddest sound
         A7 Dm
                          A7 Dm
     It's saddest sound
I'd rather be a forest than a street
Yes I would, if I could, I surely would
I'd rather feel the earth beneath my feet
Yes I would, if I only could, I surely would
      Bb
     Away, I'd rather sail away
           F
     Like a swan that's here and gone
     A man gets tied up to the ground
     He gives the world its saddest sound
             Dm A7 Dm
         Α7
     It's saddest sound
```

### El Condor Pasa

```
As recorded by Simon and Garfunkel in the key of G (Em).
```

Εm I'd rather be a sparrow than a snail B7 Em Yes I would, if I could, I surely would Refrain: Away, I'd rather sail away Like a swan that's here and gone A man gets tied up to the ground He gives the world its saddest sound Εm B7 Em It's saddest sound I'd rather be a hammer than a nail Εm B7 Em Yes I would, if I only could, I surely would [refrain] Εm I'd rather be a forest than a street B7 Em Yes I would, if I could, I surely would [refrain] I'd rather feel the earth beneath my feet B7 Em Yes I would, if I only could, I surely would [Instrumental refrain]

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QqJvqMeaDtU

# El Condor Pasa

## Tabbed by Pavel Kobzev guitar34@list.ru

Standard tuning



#### La Cucaracha

La cucaracha, la cucaracha
E7
ya no puede caminar

por que no tiene, por que le faltan
A
las patitas de atras

Ya murió la cucaracha
E7
ya la llevan a enterrar
entre cuatro zopilotes
A
y un ratón de sacristan [Coro]

A
Cuando la perica quiere
E7
que el perico valla a misa
se levanta muy temprano
A
y le plancha la camisa [Coro]

A
Cuando la perica quiere

E7
que el perica vaya el teatro

se levanta muy temprano

A
y le lustra los zapatos [Coro]

# Don't Think Twice, It's Alright Bob Dylan

C G Am F C G C

С G It ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe It don't matter, anyhow G An' it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe G G7 If you don't know by now C7 When your rooster crows at the break of dawn D7 Look out your window and I'll be gone Am F You're the reason I'm trav'lin' on Don't think twice, it's all right It ain't no use in turnin' on your light, babe That light I never knowed AmAn' it ain't no use in turnin' on your light, babe I'm on the dark side of the road Still I wish there was somethin' you would do or say D7 To try and make me change my mind and stay Am We never did too much talkin' anyway So don't think twice, it's all right It ain't no use in callin' out my name, gal C G Like you never did before It ain't no use in callin' out my name, gal I can't hear you any more

# Don't Think Twice, It's Alright

Bob Dylan

I'm a-thinkin' and a-wond'rin' all the way down the road

F

D7

I once loved a woman, a child I'm told

C

G

Am

F

I give her my heart but she wanted my soul

C G C G

But don't think twice, it's all right

Q Q ......

I'm walkin' down that long, lonesome road, babe

Where I'm bound, I can't tell

C G Am

But goodbye's too good a word, gal

D7 G G7

So I'll just say fare thee well

I ain't sayin' you treated me unkind

F D7

You could have done better but I don't mind

C G Am F

You just kinda wasted my precious time

C G C

But don't think twice, it's all right

I hear the train a comin'

It's rollin' 'round the bend,

And I ain't seen the sunshine,

Since, I don't know when,

**A** (4)

I'm stuck in Folsom Prison,

**E** (4)

And time keeps draggin' on,

**B7** (4)

But that train keeps a-rollin',

**E**(2)

On down to San Antone.

**E** (8)

When I was just a baby,

My Mama told me, "Son,

Always be a good boy,

Don't ever play with guns,"

**A** (4)

But I shot a man in Reno.

**E** (4)

Just to watch him die,

**B7** (4)

When I hear that whistle blowin',

**E** (2)

I hang my head and cry.

#### Solo (instrumental verse)

**E** (8)

I bet there's rich folks eatin',

In a fancy dining car,

They're probably drinkin' coffee,

And smokin' big cigars,

**A** (4)

But I know I had it comin',

**E** (4)

I know I can't be free,

**B7** (4)

But those people keep a-movin',

**E** (2)

And that's what tortures me.

### Solo (instrumental verse)

**E** (8)

Well, if they freed me from this prison, If that railroad train was mine, I bet I'd move out over a little, Farther down the line,

**A** (4)

Far from Folsom Prison,

**E** (4)

That's where I want to stay,

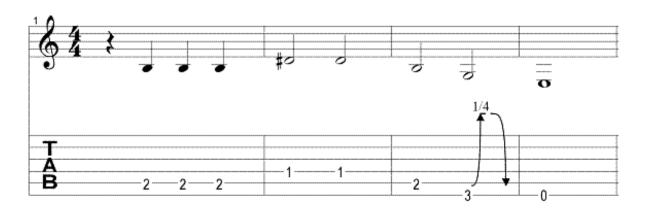
**B7** (4)

And I'd let that lonesome whistle,

**E** (2)

Blow my blues away.

#### Intro:



This file is the author's own work and represents his interpretation of this song. It's intended solely for private study, scholarship or research.

### Hello In There

John Prine

C Dm G7
We had an apartment in the city,
C Dm G7
Me and Loretta liked living there.
Em F
Well its been years since the kids had grown,
C G
A life of their own left us alone.

#### Chorus:

Bb G
Ya know that old trees just grow stronger,
Bb C
And old rivers grow wilder every day.
Em F
Old people just grow lonesome
C G C
Waiting for someone to say Hello in there, hello.

C Dm G7

Me and Loretta we don't talk much more,
C Dm G7

She sits and stares through the back door screen.
Em F

And all the news just repeats itself
C G

Like some forgotten dream that we've both seen.

## Hello In There

John Prine

C Dm G7
Someday I'll go and call up Rudy,
C Dm G7
We worked together at the factory.
Em F
But what could I say if he asks What's new
C G
Nothing, what's with you? Nothing much to do.

#### Chorus:

Bb G
Ya know that old trees just grow stronger,
Bb C
And old rivers grow wilder every day.
Em F
Old people just grow lonesome
C G C
Waiting for someone to say Hello in there, hello.

C Dm G7

So if you're walking down the street sometime
C Dm G7

And spot some hollow ancient eyes,
Em F

Please don't just pass them by and stare
C G C

As if you didn't care, say Hello in there, hello
G C

Say Hello in there, hello

# Ring Of Fire written by June Carter & Merle Kilgore

recorded by Johnny Cash

```
|- Introduction - - - -
|- Interlude - - - -
e |-----|
A |----|
E |----|
Α
       D
            Α
Love is a burning thing
          E7 A
And it makes a firery ring
         Α
Bound by wild desire
         E7
I fell into a ring of fire
Chorus:
            D
   I fell into a burning ring of fire
        E7
   I went down down down
        D
   And the flames went higher
   And it burns burns burns
     E7 A
   The ring of fire
     E7 A
   The ring of fire
(Interlude then chorus)
The taste of love is sweet
           E7 A
When hearts like ours meet
          D A
I fell for you like a child
       Ε7
Oh but the fire went wild (repeat chorus)
```

# Ring Of Fire written by June Carter & Merle Kilgore

- Introduction    - Interlude
e
G C G Love is a burning thing D7 G And it makes a firery ring C G Bound by wild desire D7 G I fell into a ring of fire
Verse 2  D7  C  I fell into a burning ring of fire  D7  I went down down  C  G  And the flames went higher
And it burns burns D7 G The ring of fire D7 G The ring of fire
(repeat chorus)
$\begin{array}{cccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccc$
When hearts like ours meet  C G
I fell for you like a child D7 G
Oh but the fire went wild
(repeat chorus)

# Ripple Jerry Garcia and Robert Hunter

## [Intro]

e           B							
e           B							
$$\rm G$$ (2) $$\rm C$$ (2) If my words did glow with the gold of sunshine, $$\rm C$$ (3) $$\rm G$$							
and my tunes were played on the harp unstrung,  G (2)  C (2)  would you hear my voice come through the music,  G D C G  would you hold it near as it were your own?							
G (2)  It's a hand-me-down, the thoughts are broken, C (3)  G  perhaps they're better left unsung. G (2)  G (2)  I don't know, don't really care, G D C G (2)  let there be songs to fill the air.							
Chorus:  Am (2) D (2) Ripple in still water, G C when there is no pebble tossed, A7 D nor wind to blow.							
$\begin{array}{c} \text{G (2)} & \text{C (2)} \\ \text{Reach out your hand if your cup be empty,} \\ \text{C (3)} & \text{G} \end{array}$							

## Ripple

### Jerry Garcia and Robert Hunter

if your cup is full may it be again. G (2) C (2) Let it be known there is a fountain, G D C G that was not made by the hands of men.

G (2) C(2)There is a road, no simple highway, C (3) G Between the dawn and the dark of night, G(2) C(2)and if you go no one may follow, G D C G (2) that path is for your steps alone.

Chorus

G (2) C (2) You who choose to lead must follow, C (3) but if you fall you fall alone. G (2) C(2)If you should stand then who's to guide you? G D C G If I knew the way I would take you home. Instrumental Verse w/ la-da-da's

Hold final G CV

Chord Guide:

G:	<b>3 4</b> 3x0003	C:	32 1 x32010	D:	132 xx0232	Am:	<b>231</b> x02210
G:	<b>3 4</b> 3x0003	C:	32 1 32001x	D:	132 xx0212	Am:	<b>231</b> x02210

# Ripple Jerry Garcia and Robert Hunter

Finger picking style from Nick Covelli

e	
В	
G -02h0-	
D	
A	
EI-3I- II	

## Take Me Home, Country Roads

John Denver

```
G
               Em
 Almost heaven, West Virginia,
 Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River.
                   Em
 Life is old there, older than the trees,
Younger than the mountains growin' like a breeze
Chorus:
     Country Roads, take me home
            \mathbf{Em}
     To the place I belong:
     West Virginia, mountain momma,
     Take me home, Country Roads.
G
               Em
All my mem'ries gather 'round her,
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water.
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky,
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye. (REPEAT CHORUS)
  I hear her voice, in the mornin' hours she calls me,
The radio reminds me of my home far away,
And drivin' down the road I get a feelin'
                                                D7
that I should have been home yesterday, yesterday.
(REPEAT CHORUS)
     Take me home, Country Roads,
     Take me home, Country Roads.
```