

All My Loving

John Lennon and Paul McCartney

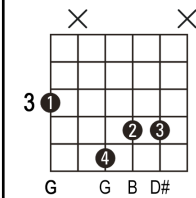
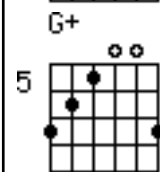
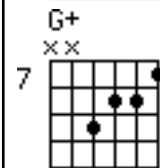
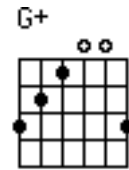
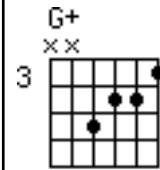
Am D7
Close your eyes and I'll kiss you
G Em
Tomorrow I'll miss you
C Am F D7
Remember I'll always be true
Am D7
And then while I'm away
G Em
I'll write home everyday
C D G
And I'll send all my loving to you

Em G+ G
All my loving - I will send to you
Em G+ G
All my loving - Darling I'll be true

Am D7
I'll pretend that I'm kissing
G Em
The lips I am missing
C Am F D7
And hope that my dreams will come true
Am D7
And then while I'm away
G Em
I'll write home everyday
C D G
And I'll send all my loving to you

Em G+ G
All my loving - I will send to you
Em G+ G
All my loving - Darling I'll be true

(Repeat last verse)



Bad Moon Rising

Creedence clearwater Revival

Tabbed by Lukas Payro, Rubbersoul200@hotmail.com.

[D]I see a[A]bad [G]moon a-[D]rising
[D]I see [A]trouble [G]on the [D]way
[D]I see [A]earth[G]quakes and [D]lightning
[D]I see [A]bad [G]times [D]today

(chorus)

[G]Don't go around tonight
Its [D]bound to take your life
[A]Theres a [G]bad moon on the [D]rise

[D]I hear [A]hurri[G]canes a- [D]blowing
[D]I know the [A]end is [G]coming [D]soon
[D]I fear [A]rivers [G]over[D]flowing
[D]i hear the [A]voice of [G]rage and [D]ruin

[G]Don't go around tonight
Its [D]bound to take your life
[A]Theres a [G]bad moon on the [D]rise

[D]Hope you [A]got your [G]things [D]together
[D]Hope you are [A]quite [G]prepared to [D]die
[D]Looks like we're [A]in for [G]nasty [D]weather
[D]One eye is [A]taken [G]for an [D]eye

[G]Don't go around tonight
Its [D]bound to take your life
[A]Theres a [G]bad moon on the [D]rise (2x)

City of New Orleans

Steve Goodman

(Intro)

D A D
Ridin' on the City of New Orleans
Bm G D
Illinois Central Monday mornin' rail
D A D
There's 15 cars, and 15 restless riders
 Bm A D
Three conductors, twenty-five sacks of mail

 Bm
All along a southbound odyssey ,
 F#m
The train pulls out of Kankakee
 A E
And rolls along past the houses, farms and fields
Bm
Passin' towns that have no name,
 F#m
and freightyards full of old grey men
 A A7 D
The graveyards of the rusted automobiles

Chorus:

 G A7 D
Singin' good mornin' America, how are you?
 Bm G D A7
Sayin' don't you know me?, I'm your native son
 D A Bm-Bm7-E7
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
 C G A D
I'll be gone 500 miles when the day is done.

 D A D
Playin' cards with the old men in the club car.
Bm G D
Penny a point, ain't no-one keepin' score
D A D
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle.
Bm A D
Hear the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor.

City of New Orleans

Steve Goodman

Bm F#m
And the sons of Pullman Porters, and the sons of engineers
A E
Ride their father's magic carpet made of steel
Bm F#m
Mothers with their babes asleep, rockin' to the gentle beat
A A7 D
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

G A7 D
Good mornin' America, how are you?
Bm G D A7
Sayin' don't you know me?, I'm your native son
D A Bm - Bm7 - E7
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
C G A D
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

D A D
Night time on the City of New Orleans.
Bm G D
Changin cars in Memphis, Tennessee
D A D
Half way home, and we'll be there by morning
Bm A D
Through the Mississippi darkness rollin' down to the sea
Bm
And all the towns and people seem
F#m
To fade into a bad dream
A E
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news
Bm
The conductor sings his songs again,
F#m
The passengers will please refrain
A A7 D
This train has got the disappearin' railroad blues

(Chorus twice)

Don't Think Twice, It's Alright

Bob Dylan

C G Am F C G C G

C G Am
It ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe

F C G

It don't matter, anyhow

C G Am
An' it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe

D7 G G7

If you don't know by now

C C7
When your rooster crows at the break of dawn

F D7
Look out your window and I'll be gone

C G Am F
You're the reason I'm trav'lin' on

C G C G

Don't think twice, it's all right

C G Am
It ain't no use in turnin' on your light, babe

F C G

That light I never knowed

C G Am
An' it ain't no use in turnin' on your light, babe

D7 G G7

I'm on the dark side of the road

C C7
Still I wish there was somethin' you would do or say

F D7
To try and make me change my mind and stay

C G Am F
We never did too much talkin' anyway

C G C G

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

C G Am
It ain't no use in callin' out my name, gal

F C G

Like you never did before

C G Am
It ain't no use in callin' out my name, gal

D7 G G7

I can't hear you any more

Don't Think Twice, It's Alright

Bob Dylan

C C7
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

C G Am
I'm walkin' down that long, lonesome road, babe
F C G
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
C C7
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

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How much can you hang before he goes twaaang?

Orangutwang Kids Game

\$18.99

Have You Ever Seen The Rain chords by Creedence Clearwater Revival

5,432,514 views, added to favorites 76,350 times

Difficulty: novice
 Tuning: E A D G B E
 Key: C

Author Unregistered. 9 contributors total, last edit by [mandelstam david \[ug\]](#) 8,105 on Mar 29, 2019.

We have an **official Have You Ever Seen The Rain tab** made by UG professional guitarists. [Check out the tab »](#)

116 bpm



[Intro]

Am F/C C G C

[Verse]

C
 Someone told me long ago
C **G**
 There's a calm before the storm, I know
C
 And it's been coming for some time

C
 When it's over, so they say
C **G**
 It'll rain a sunny day, I know
C
 Shining down like water

[Chorus]

F **G**
 I wanna know

C C/B Am Am/G
 Have you ever seen the rain
F G
 I wanna know
C C/B Am Am/G
 Have you ever seen the rain
F G C
 Coming down on a sunny day

[Verse]

C
 Yesterday and days before
C G
 Sun is cold and rain is hard, I know
C
 Been that way for all my time
C
 'Til forever on it goes
C G
 Thru the circle fast and slow, I know
C
 And it can't stop, I wonder

[Chorus]

F G
 I wanna know
C C/B Am Am/G
 Have you ever seen the rain
F G
 I wanna know
C C/B Am Am/G
 Have you ever seen the rain
F G C
 Coming down on a sunny day

[Chorus]

F G
 I wanna know
C C/B Am Am/G
 Have you ever seen the rain
F G
 I wanna know
C C/B Am Am/G
 Have you ever seen the rain
F G C G C
 Coming down on a sunny day

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[SUGGEST CORRECTION](#)

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Here, There and Everywhere

Lennon/McCartney

G Bm
To lead a better life,
Bb Am11 D7
I need my love to be here.

G Am7 Bm C G Am7
Here, making each day of the year
Bm C F#m7 B7
Changing my life with a wave of her hand,
F#m7 B7 Em Am Am7 D7
Nobody can deny that there's something there.

G Am7 Bm C G Am7
There, running my hands through her hair
Bm C F#m7 B7
Both of us thinking how good it can be
F#m7 B7 Em Am Am7 D7
Someone is speaking, but she doesn't know he's there.

F7 Bb Gm
I want her everywhere
Cm D7 Gm
And if she's beside me I know I need never care.
Cm7 D7 G Am7
But to love her is to need her everywhere
Bm C G Am7
Knowing that love is to share,
Bm7 C F#m7 B7
Each one believing that love never dies
F#m7 B7 Em Am Am7 D7
Watching her eyes, and hoping I'm always there.

F7 Bb Gm
I want her everywhere
Cm D7 Gm
And if she's beside me I know I need never care.
Cm7 D7 G Am7
But to love her is to need her everywhere
Bm C G Am7
Knowing that love is to share,
Bm7 C F#m7 B7
Each one believing that love never dies
F#m7 B7 Em Am Am7 D7sus4
Watching her eyes, and hoping I'm always there.

G Am Bm C
I will be there, and everywhere.
G Am7 Bm C G
Here, there, and everywhere.

High And Dry-crd

(C) With ladylike devotion, she sails the bitter ocean
If it (F) wasn't for lovesick sailors there'd be nothing left but (C)
flotsam
Singing (G) why me oh (F) my, is there a (C) better man than (F) I
I hope you (C) find your way back (G) home
Before you're (C) lying high and (F) dry
I hope you (C) find your way back (G) home before you (C) die (F) (C) (F)
(C) (G)

Her sails blow like bubbles, while you sip your daily doubles
If she wasn't so fond of the weather she might give the deckhands trouble

Singing why me oh my, is there a better man than I
I hope you find your way back home
Before you're lying high and dry
I hope you find your way back home before you (F) die (C) (G)

One day when I grew older and I found I could not hold her
She took on a fine young skipper who soon run her up on a boulder

Singing why me oh my, is there a better man than I
I hope you find your way back home
Before you're lying high and dry
I hope you find your way back home before you die

Now the pleasures of the harbour, don't include a lady barber
If it wasn't for Long John Silver all of us pirates would've been martyrs

Singing why me oh my, is there a better man than I
I hope you find your way back home
Before you're lying high and dry
I hope you find your way back home
Before you're lying high and dry
I hope you find your way back home before you die

In My Life

Lennon and McCartney

(Intro) G D G D

There are pla-ces I'll remember
All my li__fe, though some have changed.
Some forever, not for better
Some have go__ne , and some re-main.

All these plac-es had__their__moments,
With lovers and friends _I still re-call.
Some are dead_and_some_are _living,
In my__life I've loved them all.

But of all these friends and lov-ers,
There is no__one com- pares with you.
And these mem'-ries lose their meaning,
When I think of__love as some-thing new.
Tho' I know__I'll__nev-er lose af-fection
For people and things_that went be-fore,
I know I'll of-ten stop and think a-bout them.
In My__Life, I love you more.
In My__Life I love you more.

Margaritaville

Jimmy Buffet

Key of D

D
Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake,
A
All of those tourists covered with oil.
Strummin' my six string, on my front porch swing,
D D7
smell those shrimp there beginnin' to boil.

G A D D7
Wastin' away again in Margaritaville,
G A D D7
Searchin for my lost shaker of salt.
G A D A G
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
A D
but I know, it's nobody's fault.

D
Don't know the reason, I stayed here all season.
A
Nothin' to show but this brand new tattoo.
But it's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie,
D D7
how it got here I haven't a clue.

G A D D7
Wastin' away again in Margaritaville,
G A D D7
Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.
G A D A G
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
A D
now I think, hell it could be my fault.

Margaritaville

D
I blew out my flip flop, stepped on a pop top

cut my heel had to cruise on back home.
A

But there's booze in the blender

And soon it will render

that frozen concoction that helps me hang on.
D D7

D
Old men in tank tops, Cruisin' the gift shops

Checkin' out chiquitas, down by the shore
A

They dream about weight loss

Wish they could be their own boss

Those three-day vacations can be such a bore
D D7

G A D D7
Wastin' away again in Margaritaville,

G A D D7
searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.

G A D A G
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,

A G
but I know, it's my own damn fault.

G A D A G
Yes and some people claim that there's a woman to blame,

A G
and I know, it's my own damn fault.

On the Road Again

Willie Nelson

On the road again, just can't get wait to get on the road again.

I find love is makin' music with my friends.

And I can't wait to get on the road again.

[Verse]

On the road again, going places that I've never been.

Seein' things that I may never see again.

And I can't wait to get on the road again.

[Bridge]

On the road again, like a band of gypsies we go down the highway

We're the best of friends,

insisting that the world keep turnin' our way, and our way.

[Chorus]

Is on the road again,

just can't get wait to get on the road again.

I find love is makin' music with my friends.

And I can't wait to get on the road again.

[Solo]

C	E7	Dm	F	G	C
C	E7	Dm	F	G	C

[Bridge]

On the Road Again

Willie Nelson

On the road again
Like a band of gypsies we go down the highway
We're the best of friends,
insisting that the world keep turnin' our way, and our way.

[Chorus]

On the road again, just can't get wait to get on the road again.
I find love is makin' music with my friends.
And I can't wait to get on the road again.
And I can't wait to get on the road again.

Pancho and Lefty

D

Livin' on the road, my friend

A

Was gonna keep us free and clean

G

But now you wear your skin like iron

D

A

And your breath's as hard as kerosene

G

You weren't your mama's only boy

D

G

But her favorite one, it seems

Bm

G - D - A

She began to cry when you said good bye

G

Bm

And sank into your dreams

D

Pancho was a bandit, boy

A

Rode a horse fast as polished steel

G

Wore his guns outside his pants

D

A

For all the honest world to feel

G

Pancho met his match, you know

D

G

On the deserts down in Mexico

Bm

G - D - A

No one heard his dy- in' words

G

Bm

But that's the way it goes

[Chorus]

G

And all the federales say

D

G

They could have had him any day

Bm

G - D - A

They only let him slip a- way

G

Bm

- A -

Out of kindness, I suppose

Pancho and Lefty

[Verse 3]

D
Now Lefty he can't sing the blues
A
All night long like he used to
G
The dust that Pancho bit down South
D **A**
It ended up in Lefty's mouth
G
The day they laid old Pancho low
D **G**
Lefty split for Ohio
Bm **G** - **D** - **A**
Where he got the bread to go
G **Bm**
Well there ain't nobody knows (chorus)

[Verse 4]

D
Now poets sing how Pancho fell
A
Lefty's livin' in a cheap hotel
G
The desert's quiet and Cleveland's cold
D **A**
So the story ends, we're told
G
Pancho needs your prayers, it's true
D **G**
But save a few for Lefty, too
Bm **G** - **D** - **A**
He only did what he had to do
G **Bm**
And now he's growin' old

G
[1st time:] All the federales say
[2nd time] Yes a few old gray federales say
D **G**
They could have had him any day
Bm **G** - **D** - **A**
They only let him go so long
G **Bm**
Out of kindness, I suppose (repeat chorus)

She Belongs To Me

Words and music Bob Dylan

Released on *Bringing It All Back Home* (1965) and *Greatest Hits II* (1971), and in live versions on *Self Portrait* (1970), *Live 1966* (1998), and *Bootleg Series 10: Another Self Portrait* (2013)

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)

(open E-string) - G

G

She's got everything she needs,

C G C/g G

She's an artist, she don't look back.

C

She's got everything she needs,

G C/g G

She's an artist, she don't look back.

A

She can take the dark out of the nighttime

C G C/g G

And paint the daytime black.

You will start out standing

Proud to steal her anything she sees.

You will start out standing

Proud to steal her anything she sees.

But you will wind up peeking through her keyhole

Down upon your knees.

She never stumbles,

She's got no place to fall.

She never stumbles,

She's got no place to fall.

She's nobody's child,

The Law can't touch her at all.

She wears an Egyptian ring

That sparkles before she speaks.

She wears an Egyptian ring

That sparkles before she speaks.

She's a hypnotist collector,

You are a walking antique.

Bow down to her on Sunday,
Salute her when her birthday comes.
Bow down to her on Sunday,
Salute her when her birthday comes.
For Halloween give her a trumpet
And for Christmas, buy her a drum.

Live 1966 Version

Same as the album version, but with Capo 5th fret (sounding key C major)

Self Portrait (Isle Of Wight) Version

Either same as Live 66, or with C major chords:

 C
She's got everything she needs,
 F C
She's an artist, she don't look back.
 F
She's got everything she needs,
 C
She's an artist, she don't look back.
 D
She can take the dark out of the nighttime
 F C
And paint the daytime black.

Sister Golden Hair

Written by Gerry Beckley

C#m - A - E - Esus4 - E - G#m - C#m - B - A

E G#m
Well I tried to make it Sunday, but I got so damned depressed
A E G#m
that I set my sights on Monday and I got myself undressed.
A F#m C#m G#m A
I ain't ready for the altar but I do agree there's times
F#m A E - Esus4 - E
when a woman sure can be a friend of mine.

E G#m
Well, I keep on thinkin' 'bout you, Sister Golden Hair surprise,
A E G#m
and I just can't live without you can't you see it in my eyes?
A F#m C#m G#min A
I been one poor correspondent, I been too too hard to find,
F#m A E - Esus4 - E
but it doesn't mean you ain't been on my mind.

B A E
Will you meet me in the middle, will you meet me in the air?
B A E
Will you love me just a little, just enough to show you care?
F#m G#m A
Well I tried to fake it, I don't mind sayin', I just can't make it.

C#m - A - E - Esus4 - E

G#m - C#m - B - A

E G#m
Well, I keep on thinkin' 'bout you, Sister Golden Hair surprise,
A E G#m
and I just can't live without you can't you see it in my eyes?
A F#min C#m G#m A
I been one poor correspondent, I been too too hard to find,
F#m A E - Esus4 - E
but it doesn't mean you ain't been on my mind.

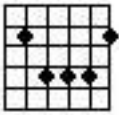
Sister Golden Hair

Written by Gerry Beckley

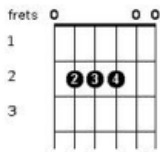
B A E
Will you meet me in the middle, will you meet me in the air?
B A E
Will you love me just a little, just enough to show you care?
F#m G#m A
Well I tried to fake it, I don't mind sayin', I just can't make it.

B A E
Doo wop doo wop, doo wop doo wop, doo wop doo wop, doo wop doo wop.
(repeat and fade)

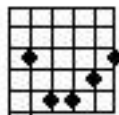
B



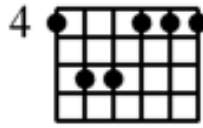
Esus4



Cm



G#m



Sloop John B.

G
We came on the sloop John B., my grandfather and me
D G
Around Nausau town we do roam, drinking all night,
C G D7 G
Got into a fight well I feel so broke up I wanna go home.

Chorus:

G
So hoist up the John B sail, see how the main sail set.
D G
Call for the captain ashore let me go home, let me go home
Am7 G D7 G
oh yeah well I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

G
The first mate he got drunk he broke in the captain's trunk
D
The constable had to come and take him away
G D7
Sheriff John Stone why don't you leave me alone
G D7 G
Well I feel so broke up I wanna go home.

(chorus)

G
The poor cook he got the fits, he threw away all my grits,
D
Then he took and he ate up all my corn
C D7
Let me go home why don't they let me go home
G D7 G
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.

(chorus, then finish with tag:)

G D7 G
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.
G D7 G
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.

Take It Easy

Jackson Brown and Glenn Frey

Intro: G C/G Am7/G
G C/G Am7/G

G
Well I'm a runnin' down the road try'n to loosen my load
D C
I've got seven women on my mind
G D
Four that wanna own me, two that wanna stone me
C G
One says she's a friend of mine

Em C G
Take it easy, take it easy
Am C Em
Don't let the sound of your own wheels drive you crazy
C G C G
Lighten up while you still can, Don't even try to understand
Am C G
Just find a place to make your stand, and take it easy

G
Well, I'm a standin' on a corner in Winslow, Arizona
D C
Such a fine sight to see
G D C G
It's a girl my lord in a flat-bed Ford Slowin' down to take a look at me
Em C G
Come on, baby, don't say maybe
Am C Em
I gotta know if your sweet love is gonna save me
C G C G
We may lose and we may win, though we may never be here again
Am C G
So open up I'm climbin' in, so take it easy

G
Well, I'm a runnin' down the road tryin' to loosen my load
D C
Got a world of trouble on my mind
G D C G
Lookin' for a lover who won't blow my cover, she's so hard to find

Em C G
Take it easy, take it easy
Am C Em
Don't let the sound of your own wheels make you crazy
C G C G
Come on baby, don't say maybe
Am C G
I gotta know of your sweet love is gonna save me

C G C G C

G G9 C G G9 C Em
Oh, we got it ea - sy; We oughta take it ea - sy

Take Me Home, Country Roads

John Denver

G Em
Almost heaven, West Virginia,
D C G
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River.
G Em
Life is old there, older than the trees,
D C G
Younger than the mountains growin' like a breeze

Chorus:

G D
Country Roads, take me home
Em C
To the place I belong:
G D
West Virginia, mountain momma,
C G
Take me home, Country Roads.

G Em
All my mem'ries gather 'round her,
D C G
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water.
G Em
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky,
D C G
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye. (REPEAT CHORUS)

Em D G
I hear her voice, in the mornin' hours she calls me,
C G D
The radio reminds me of my home far away,
Em F C
And drivin' down the road I get a feelin'
D D7
that I should have been home yesterday, yesterday.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

C G
Take me home, Country Roads,
C G
Take me home, Country Roads.

The Times They are a-Changin'

Bob Dylan

G Em C G
Come gather 'round people, Wherever you roam
G Em C D
And admit that the waters Around you have grown
G Em C G
And accept it that soon You'll be drenched to the bone.
G Am D
If your time to you Is worth savin'
G D2/c G/b D/a
Then you better start swimmin' Or you'll sink like a stone
G C D G
For the times they are a-changin'.

G . . | Em . . | C . . | G . . | G . . | Em . . | C . . | D . . |

G Em C G
Come writers and critics Who prophesize with your pen
G Em C D
And keep your eyes wide The chance won't come again
G Em C G
And don't speak too soon For the wheel's still in spin
G D
And there's no tellin' who that it's namin'.
G D2/c G/b D/a
'Cause the loser now Will be later to win
G D G
For the times they are a-changin'.

G Em C G
Come senators, congressmen Please heed the call
G Em C D
Don't stand in the doorway Don't block up the hall
G Em C G
For he that gets hurt Will be he who has stalled
G D
The battle outside is ragin'
G D2/c G/b D/a
It will soon shake your windows And rattle your walls
G D G
For the times they are a-changin'.

The Times They are a-Changin'

Bob Dylan

G Em C G
Come mothers and fathers throughout the land
G Em C D
And don't criticize what you can't understand
G Em C G
Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command
G Am D
Your old road is rapidly agin'.
G D2/c G/b D/a
Please get out of the new one If you can't lend your hand
G D G
For the times they are a-changin'.

G Em C G
The line it is drawn the curse it is cast
G Em C D
The slow one now will later be fast
G Em C G
As the present now will later be past
G Am D
The order is rapidly fadin'.
G D2/c G/b D/a
And the first one now will later be last
G D G
For the times they are a-changin'.

G 320033
D2/c 030230
G/b 020030

Wagon Wheel

[Verse]

G D
Running from the cold up in New England
Em C
I was born to be a fiddler in an old time string band
G D C
My baby plays a guitar, I pick a banjo now
G D
Oh, north country winters keep a-getting me down
Em C
I lost my money playing poker so I had to leave town
G D C
But I ain't turning back to living that old life no more

[Chorus] + [Instrumental]

G D
Walkin' to the south out of Roanoke
Em C
I caught a trucker out of Philly had a nice long toke
G D
But he's a heading west from the Cumberland gap
C
To Johnson City, Tennessee
G D
And I gotta get a move on before the sun
Em C
I hear my baby calling my name and I know that she's the only
one
G D C
And if I died in Raleigh at least I will die free

[Chorus 1x no chords]

[Chorus 1x, then ...]

G D C G D Em C
Hey, momma rock me
G D C(fade)