HiPPiE Presents:
Dire Straits - Money For Nothing

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<th>Supplied By</th>
<th>VAI @ HiPPiE</th>
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<tr>
<td>Scanned By</td>
<td>VAI @ HiPPiE</td>
<td>Release Date</td>
<td>12/11/01</td>
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<tr>
<td>Packaged By</td>
<td>VAI @ HiPPiE</td>
<td>Release #</td>
<td>Book 18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Type</td>
<td>Scanned Tabs</td>
<td>Source</td>
<td>ISBN 0711961689</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Format</td>
<td>PDF 1.4</td>
<td># Of Songs</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Resolution</td>
<td>300 DPI</td>
<td># Of Pages</td>
<td>164</td>
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Instructions

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Group

HiPPiE is a new group, created in the year of 2001. HiPPiE is dedicated to gtrwrz only. The goal is to bring quality products into the scene.

Greets

All our respects goes to the people that currently are creating the scene of gtrwrz. Specially to all people hanging out in #gtrwrz @ EFNET.

Contact

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/HiPPiE

Cop: I can put you in Queens on the night of the hijacking.
Hockey: Really? I live in Queens, did you put that together yourself, Einstein? Got a team of monkeys working around the clock on this?

The Usual Suspects

ASCII: JiMi
shiver in the dark, it's raining in the park, but meantime,
south of the river you stop, and you hold everything.
A band is blowing Dixie double four time,
you feel all-right when you hear the music ring.

Well now you step inside, but you don't see too many fa-

coming in out of the rain...
they hear the jazz go down.

Competition in other places.

er, but the horns, they blowing that sound,

Electric Guitar 2 doubles
way on down south,

London town.

You check out
Guitar George,

he knows all the chords,

mind, he's strictly rhythm, he doesn't want to make it cry or sing.

yes, and an old guitar is all he can afford.
when he gets up under the lights to play his thing,

And Harry doesn't mind if he doesn't make the scene,
he's got a daytime job, he's doing alright,

he can play the honky-tonk like anything,

saving it up, Friday night
with the Sultans,

swing.

And a
crowd of young boys, they’re fool-ing a-round in the cor-ner,

drunk and dressed in their best brown bag-gies, and their plat-form soles.

They don’t give a damn a-bout a-ny trum-pet playing band,
it ain't what they call rock and roll,

and the Sultans, yeah, the Sultans are playing

Creole, Creole, ba-by,
And then the man steps right up to the microphone,

and says at last, just as the time bell rings,
'Good-night, now it's time to go home.'

Then he makes it fast with one more thing,

'We are the Sultans, we are the Sultans of'

'We are the Sultans, we are the Sultans of'
Sweet surrender on the quay-side,
you remember we used to run and hide

shadow of the cargo I take you one time, we're counting all the numbers down to the water-line.
Well near mis-ses on the dog-leap stair-ways,

French kis-ses in the
dark-ened door-ways,

fog-horn blow-ing out a wild and cold, a po-lice-man shines a light upon my shoul-der.
Up comes a coaster fast and silent in the night,

over my shoulder all you can see are pilot lights.
money in our jackets and our jeans are torn,
your hands are cold, but your
lips are warm.
see him on the jetty where they used to

goes.

she can feel

him in the places where the sailors go.

When she's
walking by the river, and the railway line, she can still hear him whisper, 'Let's go down to the water-line.'
high street, back there,
breasts upon the off-beat
sack there, and the stalls are just the
Bel-la-don-na

side-shows, lin-gers,
Vic-to-ri-an-a's old clothes.
Yeah she got the skirt so tight
Blind man he's sing-ing the Irish,
now,
she wanna travel light now,
got his money in a tin dish,
and she wanna turn up all her roots,
he just a corner ser -

now,
- na - der,
she got the turn up on the boots now, boot now,
once upon a time he coul'd've made her, he coul'd've made her.
1. She thinks she's tough, she ain't no English rose.
2. Bella donna walks, Bella donna taking control, she don't care.

but the blind singer, he's seen enough and he knows,
about your window box, or your button hole,
do a song a-bout a long-gone I - rish girl.
she sing a song a-bout a long-gone I - rish girl.

1. but I got one for you
2. but I got one for you
my Por-to-bel-lo Belle. She sees a man u-pon his
Por-to-bel-lo Belle. Yes and these bar-row boys are hawk-ing

and a pa-ra-keet is squawk-ing, u-pon a truck a pa-per
rhino, she get the crying of a wine, then she get the reggae rumble,

Bel-ladonna's in the jungle. But she ain't no garden...
flower,
there ain't no distress in the tower, no, no, no, no.

PORTO-BELLO BELLE.

CODA
Twisting By The Pool
Words & Music by Mark Knopfler

We're going on a holiday now,
Sitting in a small café now,
Swing, swing, swinging to the cabaret,
Costa del Magnifico, yo! The cost of living's so low. Yeah!

Wanna see a movie, take in a show now, meet new people at the disco. Yeah!

Gonna be so neat, dance to the Eurobeat, yeah!

Gonna be so cool, twisting by the...
twisting by the pool.
And we can still get information, reading all about inflation,

and you're never gonna be out of reach, there's a call box on the beach,

A-one, a-two, a-one, two, three, four.
- ing.  I'm a twist - ing fool, you've got me twist - ing by the pool.

yeah! Twist - ing, twist - ing by the pool.
Mmm, mmm, you're gonna look so cute, sunglasses and bathing suit,
be the baby of my dreams, like the ladies in the magazines. Yeah!

CODA

twist, twist. I'm a twisting fool, you got me
twisting by the pool,
woh, twisting, twisting
by the pool, get up

N.C.

Twisting,
I'm a twisting
Vx.

-twist-ing by the pool,-
-twist-ing fool, just twist-ing,
yeah, twist-ing, twist-ing twist-ing

Gtr. 2

Gtr. 3

A

by the pool.

by the pool.

74

[E]

Come in a-

2. A
Getting crazy on the waltzers,
but it's the life that I choose,
yeah,
singing about the six-blade,
singing about the switchback,
and a torture tattoo, and I been riding on a ghost train,
where the cars they scream and slam,
and I don't know where I'll
be to-night,
but I'd al-ways tell you where I am.
In a scream-ing ring of
fa-
ces,
I seen her stand-ing in the light,
she had a tic-ket for the
ra-
ces, yeah, just like me... she was a vic-tim of the night.
I put my hand up-on the
lever.

said let it rock and let it roll.

I had the one-arm

bandit fever,

there was an arrow through my heart and my soul.

And the big wheel keeps...
turning, neon burning up above, and I'm just

high on the world, come on and take a low-ride with me girl on the
tunnel of love...

yeah,

love, love.

It's just the

danger, danger,
a when you're riding at a your own risk...

She said, 'You are the per...
— stranger.

She said, 'Ba-by, let's keep it like this.'

It's just a
cake walk
twist ing ba by, yes, step right up and see.
'Hey mis-ter, give me two, give me two now, 'cos a-ny two can play.'
And the big wheel keep on
turn-ing, neon burning up a-bove, and I'm j
mon-ey for mus-cle on a an-oth-er whir-li-gig,
mon-ey for mus-cle, and a an-oth-er girl I dig,

an-oth-er hus-tle just to,
just to make it big, and rock-a-way, rock-a-way,
oh, rock-a-way, rock-a-way...

And

girl it looks so pretty to me,
like it always did,

oh, like
the Spanish City to me when-a we were kids, right,

oh, la
She took off a silver locket. She said, 'Remember me by this.' She put her hand in my
pocket,

I got a keepsake and a kiss,

and in the roar of dust

diesel,

I stood and watched her walk away,
I could have caught up with her easy enough, but something must have made me stay. And the big wheel keep on turning, neon burning up above, and I'm just
high on this world,
come on and take a low ride with me girl on

tunnel of love,
yeah, love, love, love,
on the
tunnel of love, woh, love, love, And now I'm searching through these carousels, and the carnival arcades, searching everywhere from steeple-chase to palisades, in
a-ny shoot-ing gal-le-ry where prom-is- es are made, to rock-a-way, rock-a-way,

from Cul-ler-coats and Whit-ley Bay, out to rock-a-way,

girl it looks so pret-ty to me, like it al-ways did,

like the Span-ish Ci-ty to me when we were kids,
girl, it looks so pretty to me, 
like it always did, 
like

the Spanish City to me when we were kids.
Romeo And Juliet
Words & Music by Mark Knopfler

*(d = 86)*

\[F\]  
\[C\]  
\[bb\]  
\[C\]  
\[F\]  
\[C\]

*Alternatively, use G tuning and capo 3*

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sings a street-suss serenade,
lay-ing ev-ery-body low,
with a love song that he made.
A love-struck Ro-me-o,
finds a street-light, steps out of the shade, says something like, 'You and me babe, how a-

Juliet says, 'Hey, it's Romeo, you near-ly gim-me a heart at-tack.'

He's underneath the win-dow, she's sing-ing 'Hey la, my boy-friend's back, you should-n't come a-round here,
sing-ing up at peo-ple like that.  

A-ny-way, what you gon-na do a-bout__ it?

le-t ring

cb b  
c

1.08

F  
C  
Dm  
C b b  
C  
F  
C

- et,  

the dice was load-ed from the start, and I bet, and you ex

Electric Guitar 2 doubles ad lib.

Dm  
C  
B b  
C  
F  
C  
B b  
Dm  
B b

-plod-ed in- to my heart, and I for-get, I for-get

the mov-ie song.
When you gonna realise it was just that the time was wrong, Juliet?
Came up on different streets, they both were streets of shame, both dirty, both mean,

yes, and the dream was just the same, and I dreamed your dream for you, and now your dream is real.

How can you look at me as if I was just another one of your deals? When you can
fall for chains of silver,
you can fall for chains of gold,
you can fall for pretty strangers,

and the promises they hold,
you promised me everything,
you promised me thick and thin, yeah,

now you just say, 'Oh, Romeo, yeah, you know I used to have a scene with him.'
et, when-a we made love... you used to cry... you said, 'I love you like... the stars above,

love-a you till I die.' There's a place for us, you know the mov-ie song.
When you gonna re-al-ise it was just that the time was wrong, Juliet?
I can't do the talk,  like they talk on the TV.
and I can't do a love song
like the way it's meant to be,
I can't do everything, but I'll

do anything for you,
I can't do anything 'cept be in love, with you,
and all I do is miss you, and the way we used to be, all I do is keep the beat,

and bad company, and all I do is kiss you through the bars of a rhyme,

Julie, I'd do the stars with you any time. Ah, Juliet, when-a we made
love you used to cry, you said, 'I love you like the stars above, I'll love you till I die.' And there's a

place for us, you know the movie song. When you gonna realise it
just that the time was wrong. Ju-li-et?
And a love-struck Ro-me-o__ sings a street-suss se-re-nade, lay-ing ev-ery-bo-dy low...

with a love song that he made__, finds a con-ve-ni-ent street-light, steps out of the shade, he says some-thing like, let ring
"You and me babe, how about it?"

with echo approx. 1400ms, panned left

\[\text{Cadd}9\]
You and me babe, how about it?
Where Do You Think You're Going?
Words & Music by Mark Knopfler

1. Where d'you think you're going?
   Don't you know it's dark outside?

2. I understand your changes
   long before you reach the door.
Where d'you think you're going?
I know where you think you're going,
Don't you care about my pride?
I know what you came here for,

Where d'you think you're going?
and now I'm sick of joking,
I think you don't know you need to be free...
Huh!!
G

You got no way of knowing,
Where d'you think you're going?

E7sus4

there's really no place you can go.
I think you better go with me.

Am

F

Dm

F
You say there is no reason but you, but you still find cause to doubt me.

If you ain't with me girl,

you're gonna be without me.
Where d'you think you're going?

Don't you know it's dark outside?

Where d'you think you're going?
Wish I didn't care about my pride,
now I'm sick of joking,
you know I like you to be free.

Where d'you think you're going?
You better go with me, girl.
Come on.
1. Here comes Johnny singing oldies, goldies, Be-Bop-A-Lu-La Baby, What I Say...
2. Here comes Johnny gonna tell you the story, hand me down my walk-in' shoes,

here comes Johnny sing-ing I Got-ta Wo-man, down in the tun-nel try'n' to make it pay.
here comes Johnny with the power and the glo-ry, back beat the talk-in' blues.
He got the action, he got the motion, oh yeah...

Ahh, yeah the

boy can play, dedication, devotion,

turn-ing all the night time in-to the day... He do the song a-bout the sweet lovin' woman, he do the
song about the knife.

Well he do the walk,

do the walk,

do the walk of life.

Yeah! He do the walk of life.

do the walk of life.

Aah.
turning all the night time into the day, and after all that violence and

double talk, there's just a song in all the trouble and the strife. You do the walk, yeah!

Do: al Coda
Private Investigations
Words & Music by Mark Knopfler

(j = 84)

Em  Bm/D  A/C#  G/B

Voice

Electric Guitar 1

Electric Guitar 2

Acoustic Guitar

F/A  B7/A  Em/G  Gdim  F#m7b5

Ac. Gr.

B7  Em  Em  Bm/D

Vx.

It's a mystery to me,
the game commences

fade in

Elec. Gtr. 2

Ac. Gr.

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for the usual fee,

plus expenses,

confidential information,

it's in a diary,

this is my investigation,

it's not a public inquiry.
I go check-ing out the re-port,
dig-ging up the dirt,
you get to meet all sorts

in this line of work,
trea-che-ry and trea-son,
there's al-ways an ex-cuse for it,

and when I find the rea-son
I still can't get used to it.
And what have you got at the end of the day, what have you got to take away?

A bottle of whisky, and a new set of lies,
blinds on the window, and a pain behind your eyes.
Scarred for life,

no compensation,
private investigations.
Telegraph Road
Words & Music by Mark Knopfler

\( j = c.88 \)

\[ Dm7 \quad Bb \quad Gm7 \]

Voice

Guitar 1 (Electric)

Guitar 2 (Electric)

Guitar 3 (Electric)

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long time a - go came a man on a track, 
walking thir - ty miles with a sack on his back, and he
put down his load where he thought it was the best, 
made his home in the wil - der - ness.
Built a ca - bin and a win - ter store, he ploughed the ground by the
cold lake shore, the oth - er travel - lors came walk - ing down the track, they ne - ver went fur - ther, no they
never went back. Then came the chur - ches, then came the schools,
then came the lawyers, then came the rules, then came the trains and the trucks with their loads, and the

dirty old track was the Telegraph Road.
Yeah! And then came the mines, then came the ore,

then there were the hard times, then there was a war. Tele-graph sent a song about the world outside, but the

Tele-graph Road got so deep and so wide, like a rolling river. Yeah!

Dm Cadd9 Bb F/A F
And my radio says tonight it's gonna freeze, people driving home from the
fac-tories, now you've got six lanes of traffic, three lanes mov-ing slow.
6:43  a tempo \( j = 125 \)

Vx.

like to go to work, but they shut it all down. I've got a right to go to work, no work here to be found, yeah! And they
say, we ain't gon-na have to pay what's owed, we ain't gon-na have to reap, they reap from the seed that sowed.

When all the birds up-on the wires, and up-on the poles, they can al-ways get out of this rain

and this cold, and you can hear them sing-ing out their te-le-graph code, all the way

down the Te-le-graph Road.
head on my shoulder, you had your hands in my hair, now you acting a little colder, like you don't seem to care,

why just to leave at two thirty and I'll get you away, I'm gonna get you out of this darkness, and

into the day, from all these rivers of headlights, from these rivers of rain, from the anger that lives on the

streets with these names, and I run every red light on Memory Lane. I've seen desperation ex-
-plode into flames, and I don't want to see it again.

From all these signs just saying, 'Sorry, but we're closed,' all the way down the Telegraph Road.
Money For Nothing
Words & Music by Mark Knopfler & Sting

Free time
NC
ad lib.

Voice

Backing Vocals

Guitar 1

Guitar 2

Solo fills (Drums)

0:35
a tempo \( \frac{j}{=135} \)

G5

Bb\(^5\)

C5

G5

F5

G5

0:47

G5

Bb\(^5\)

C5

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Look at them yo-yos, that's the way you do it,
you play the guitar on the M. T. V.

That ain't workin', that's the way you do it,
mon-ey for no-thin' and your chicks for free.

Now that ain't workin', that's the way you do it,
lem-me tell ya them guys ain't dumb. You
may-be get a blister on your little finger, may-be get a blister on your thumb.

We gotta install microwave ovens, custom kitchen design.

We gotta install microwave ovens, custom kitchen design.

We gotta install microwave ovens, custom kitchen design.

We gotta install microwave ovens, custom kitchen design.

We gotta install microwave ovens, custom kitchen design.

We gotta install microwave ovens, custom kitchen design.

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We gotta install microwave ovens, custom kitchen design.

We gotta install microwave ovens, custom kitchen design.

We gotta install microwave ovens, custom kitchen design.

We gotta install microwave ovens, custom kitchen design.

We gotta install microwave ovens, custom kitchen design.
We gotta move these refrigerators,

We gotta move these refrigerators, we gotta move these

co-lour T. V.'s.

I should-a learned to play the guitar,

I should-a learned to play them drums. Look at that
mama, she got it stick-in' in the camera man, we could have some fun. And

he's up there, what's that? Hawaian noises? He's bang-in' on the bon-goes like a chimp-zee. Oh, that ain't workin', that's the way you do it, get your money for nothin' get your chicks for free.

We gotta install microwave ovens, custom kitchen deliveries.

Guitar 1 doubles ad. lib
We gotta move these refrigerators, we gotta move these refrigerators, we gotta move these refrigerators.

colour T. V.'s

colour T. V.'s...

Ow!
Listen here. Now

that ain't work-ing, that's the way you do it,
you play the gui-tar on the M.

That ain't work-in', that's the way you do it,
Look at that, look at that. I want my, chicks for free.
Get your money for nothin'.

I want my, I want my M. T. V.
and your chicks for free.

Guitar 1 doubles ad. lib

I want my, I want my, I want my, I want my,
mon-ey for no-thin' and your chicks for free.
Brothers In Arms
Words & Music by Mark Knopfler

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your valleys and your farms,
and you'll no longer

burn to be brothers in arms.

Through these fields of des-

I've witnessed your suf-

fering as the battle raged higher.
And though they did hurt
me so bad
in the fear and alarm,
you did not de-

sert me my bro-
ers in arms.

There's so ma-
ny dif-
ferent

worlds,
so many dif-
ferent suns,
and we have just one

world,
but we live in dif-
ferent ones.
Now the sun's gone to hell

and the moon's rising high. Let me bid you farewell...

every man has to die. But it's written in the
starlight and every line in your palm,

we're fools to make war on our brothers in arms.