1st, 2nd Verses
w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (4 times)

(G) (C) (Gtr. II)

1. Yeah, yeah... Clean as a whistle...
   smell in' like a rose.

2. Oh, yeah... Your sister always sing in'...
   She play the step child...

Full
(cont. in slashes)

(G)

She got no dirty little fingers.
A broken little memory.

Blood-shot eyes are gone.
Her heart was never kind.

w/Rhy. Fill 1 (Gtrs. I & II)

w/Rhy. Fill 1

Chorus w/Rhy. Fig. 1
Rhy. Fig 3

Tell me I'm wrong.
Tell me I'm blind.

Twice as hard

as it was the first time... I said good-bye...

Twice as hard...
as it was the first time I said goodbye.

And no one'll ever wanna know. Love ain't funny. A crime in the wink of an eye.

Guitar solo

*Lead gtr.

standard tuning

Gtr. I & II

let ring...
Yeah, blood shot eyes are gone.

Tell me I'm wrong. Yeah!

---

Chorus

Twice as hard as it was the first time. I said good-bye.

Twice as hard as it was the first time. I said good-bye.
1st, 2nd, 3rd Verses
3rd time substitute Rhy. Fill 1
D5 D6 D5
D6 D5 D6 D5 D6 D5
1. Cheat the odds that made you, brave to try to gamble that time.

2. See additional lyrics

*Strike chord on beat 1, 3rd time only.

2nd & 3rd time substitute Rhy. Fill 2
D6 D5 D6 D5 D6 D5 D6 D5
Well, I'm feelin' dirty laundry, sending sickness on down the line.

Chorus
3rd time substitute Rhy. Fill 4
D6 D5 D6 D5
Tell you what, 'cause I'm jealous.

Rhy. Fill 2 (Gtr. I)
G D5 G D5 D6 D5
Rhy. Fill 4 (Gtr. II)
D5(type 2)
jealous again. Thought it time__ I let you in._ Yeah, I'm

3rd time substitute Rhy. Fill 4

jealous, jealous again._

Got no time__ baby._

1. (end Rhy. Fig. 1A) 2. 2nd time substitute Rhy. Fills 5 & 6

(cont. in notation)

(end Rhy. Fig. 1)

Rhy. Fill 5 (Gtr. I)

Rhy. Fill 6 (Gtr. II)
Bridge

C

G

Stop, understand me.

*Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtr. I)

**Riff A (Gtr. II)

C G5 2nd time substitute Rhy. Fill 7

ain't afraid of los'in' face.

(end Rhy. Fig. 2)

(end Riff A)

Rhy. Fill 7 (Gtr. I)

let ring
Stop, understand me.
I ain't afraid of ever losin' faith in you.

Hey.

Coda
(w/last bar of Riff A)

Interlude
(Gtr. II out)
N.C.(D)

Rhy. Fill 8

Don't you think I want to, don't you think I would?

Am I acting crazy,

Rhy. Fill 3 (Gtr. I)

*distortion on.
am I just_ too proud? Am I just_ plain la - zy? Ev - er, ev - er, ev - er, ev - er,

Chorus
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 & Rhy. Fill 4

w/Rhy. Fig. 1A

D5 (type 2)

C5 (type 2)

D5 (type 2)

B5

D5 (type 2)

G5

G6 G5 G6 G5

jeal - ous,

jeal - ous a - gain.

Thought it time_ that I let you in._

Substitute Rhy. Fill 10

D5 (type 2)

Resume Rhy. Fig. 1

C5 (type 2)

D5 (type 2)

B5

D5 (type 2)

G5

G6 G5 G6 G5

Jeal - ous,

jeal - ous a - gain.

Got_ no time to let you in._ Oh, yeah, I'm

*Substitute Rhy. Fill 10 for 1st bar of Rhy. Fig. 1

Substitute Rhy. Fill 10

Resume Rhy. Fig. 1

C5 (type 2)

D5 (type 2)

B5

D5 (type 2)

G5

G6 G5 G6 G5

Jeal - ous,

ba - by, I'm jeal - ous a - gain.

Got no time_ ba - by_ yeah, yeah_ oh, yeah_

*w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (1¾ times) & Riff A (2 times)

C

G

C

G5

[w/Rhy. Fill 11

I'm

*Rgr. I: use clean tone for next 8 bars only.

Rhy. Fill 9 (Gtr. I)

sl. D5 sl. sl. sl. sl. sl. sl. sl. sl. sl.

let ring

Rhy. Fill 10 (Gtr. I)

D5 D6 D5 D6

Rhy. Fill 11 (Gtr. I)

(cont. in slashes)

let ring

F

F
Additional Lyrics

2. Always drunk on Sunday, tryin' to feel like I'm at home.
   Smell the gasoline burnin', boys out feelin' nervous and cold. Oh yeah. (To Chorus)

3. Never felt like smilin', sugar gonna kill me yet.
   Found me loose-lipped and laughin', singin' songs, ain't got no regret. (To Chorus)
Worried sick, my eyes are hurt-in'.
To rest my head I'll take a life...

Outside, the girls are danc-in'.
'Cause when you're down, it just don't seem right.

Feeling second fiddle to a dead man.

Up to my neck with your disregard.
Like a beat dog that's a walk-in' on the

No one wants to hear you when you're down.
Chorus

Sis-ter Luck is a-scream-in' out some-body else's

Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtr. II)

name...

Sis-ter Luck is a-scream-in' out

(end Rhy. Fig. 2)
Chorus
w/Rhy. Fig. 2
D    G/D
D    C    F/C    C    Bb    N.C.    Bb
Sis-ter Luck is a-scream-in' out some-bod-y else's
Rhy. Fig. 3 (Gtr. I)
D    sl.    D    sl.    D    sl.    C    F/C    C    Bb
name...
(end Rhy. Fig. 3)
Sis-ter Luck is a-scream-in' out
w/Rhy. Fill 2
N.C.    Bb
some-bod-y else's name, what a shame...
*Gtr. III

*Standard tuning

(Gtr. I)

Rhy. Fill 2 (Gtr. II)
Bb
N.C. 1/2
Bb

1/2
COULD I'VE BEEN SO BLIND

Words and Music by Richard Robinson and Christopher Robinson

Moderate Rock \( \frac{d}{\text{bpm}} = 135 \)

Intro
*Gtr. I N.C. F\#5

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{H} \)

*Use open E tuning (low to high): E B E G# B E

N.C.

Rhy. Fig. 1

*Gtr. II

1st Verse

F\#5

E5 B5

Rhy. Fig. 1A

So empty that I've__

\( \text{H} \)

\( \text{H} \)

*Standard tuning.

E5 B5

F\#5

w/Rhy. Figs. 1 & 1A (both 2 times)

\( \text{H} \)

\( \text{H} \)

**ne**ver felt warm... Can I spell it out?__

\( \text{H} \)

\( \text{H} \)

**ne**ver felt warm... Can I spell it out?__

\( \text{H} \)

\( \text{H} \)

End Rhy. Fig. 1A

E5 B5

F\#5

B5 F\#5

out of my home... Look in' like a fool, feel in' e-
2nd, 3rd Verses
w/Rhy. Figs. 1 & 1A
F♯5

— est fear, —

paint a smile —
from ear —
to ear —

3. See additional lyrics
F♯5 w/Rhy. Figs. 1 & 1A (both 1st 2 bars only)

— A-alone and cry — in;
— liv — in’ — like

w/Rhy. Fills 1 & 1A
E5

B♭Ⅶ B♭Ⅵ B♭Ⅶ B♭Ⅵ B♭Ⅶ B♭Ⅵ B♭Ⅶ B♭Ⅶ
B♭Ⅵ B♭Ⅶ A♭Ⅴ B♭Ⅶ B♭Ⅵ B♭Ⅶ B♭Ⅵ B♭Ⅶ
B♭Ⅵ B♭Ⅶ A♭Ⅴ B♭Ⅶ

this is no bet-ter than dy — in’.

Pre-chorus
w/Rhy. Figs. 2 & 2A (both 3½ times)
B♭Ⅵ B♭Ⅶ B♭Ⅵ B♭Ⅶ B♭Ⅵ B♭Ⅶ A♭Ⅴ B♭Ⅶ

I tell you, ba-by, things are go-na change... Look — in’ like we were caught

B♭Ⅵ B♭Ⅶ A♭Ⅴ B♭Ⅶ B♭Ⅵ B♭Ⅶ B♭Ⅵ B♭Ⅶ B♭Ⅵ B♭Ⅶ A♭Ⅴ B♭Ⅶ A♭Ⅴ B♭Ⅶ

— out in the rain... Feel — in’ lo-ne-ly, that’s the way it goes some-
times.

Could 1 — ev-

Rhy. Fig. 3A

let ring—

B♭Ⅶ B♭Ⅶ B♭Ⅶ B♭Ⅶ B♭Ⅶ B♭Ⅶ B♭Ⅶ B♭Ⅶ

er have been —
so blind?

Whoa,
(1 end Rhy. Fig. 3)

(1 end Rhy. Fig. 3A)
could I ever have been so blind?

Could I ever have been so blind?

Yeah,

w/Rhy. Figs. 3 & 3A (1st 3 bars only)

Full

Full

Full

Full

Full

Full

let ring

let ring

(let Rhy. Fig. 4A)

Gtr. III

*Standard tuning

Rhy. Fig. 4A

(Rhy. Fig. 4)

B5vii

B6 B5vii

D

B5vii

B6 B5vii

B5vii

B6 B5vii

B5vii

B6 B5vii

B5vii

B6 B5vii

B5vii

B6 B5vii

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B6 B5vii

B5vii
Could I ever have been so blind? Yeah.

Could I ever have been so blind? Yes, could I ever have been so blind?

3. Hardest thing that I ever had to do
Was stand up straight and tell it all to you.
Look you right in the eye.
Tell you baby, sorry but I had lied.

3rd Pre-chorus: And now it looks like innocence is gone.
I know right and I know what's wrong.
Feelin' lonely, that's the way it goes sometimes. (To Coda)
SEEING THINGS

Words and Music by
Richard Robinson and Christopher Robinson

Very slowly \[ \text{Tempo} = 39 \]

Intro

**Gtr. I**

Rhy. Fig. 1

*Use open G tuning (low to high): D G D G B D and place capo at 2nd fret.
TAB numbers shown are actual fret numbers. A "2" in TAB is thought of as an open string.

**Gtr. II**

*Standard tuning

**F#m7**

(end Rhy. Fig. 1)

**F#m7**

N.C.

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1st, 2nd Verses
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (2 times)

A

1. I find it hard... to shed a tear...
2. See additional lyrics

Brought it on your self, my dear.

Riff B

A

And wrong... yes, I may be...

Don't leave a light on... for me...

F\(\text{m}7\)

A/G

'I cause I... ain't comin' home...

It hurts me, ba - by, to be a lone...

Rhy. Fig. 2

(end Riff B)
Yes, it hurts me, baby...

And this love tears us apart...

Won't find me bent down on my knees.

Oh yeah.

Ain't bendin' over backwards, baby, not to
Chorus
w/Bkgd. Voc. Fig. 1

G5
D
A

please, oh. 'Cause I'm a see-in' things for the first time. Oh, I'm a

see-in' things for the first time. Oh, yeah, I'm a see-in' things for the first time. In my

life, in my life, yeah.

Bkgd. Voc. Fig. 1

Sing 3 times

See-in' things for the first time. Oo, oo, oo.
And I used to dream a better day that never came...

And "sor-ry," ain't noth-in' to me... I'm gone, and that's the way it must be...

So please, I've done my time... Lov'in' you is such a crime...
Pre-chorus

B5

Gtr. 4

You won't find me down on, on my knees... Oh, no, no, no...

B

B5

E

E5

Won't find me over backwards, baby... just to please... Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah... Cause I'm a

Chorus

w/Bkgd. Voc. Fig. 2

G5

D

A

G5

D

A

see-in' things... for the first time... I'm see-in' things... for the first time...

Bkgd. Voc. Fig. 2

Sing 7 times

See-in' things for the first time. Oo, oo, oo.
Additional Lyrics

2. A hundred years will never ease.
Hearin' things I won't believe.
I saw it with my own two eyes.
All the pain I can't hide.
And this love tears us apart. (To Pre-chorus)
HARD TO HANDLE

Words and Music by Otis Redding, Alvertis Isbell and Allen Jones

Moderate Rock $\frac{d}{d} = 102$

Intro
(Drums)

*Gr. I

N.C.

*In open G tuning: $\text{♭} = D \text{♭} = G \text{♭} = D \text{♭} = G \text{♭} = B \text{♭} = D$

1st Verse

*Gr. II

Baby, here I am, I'm a man on the scene...

Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gr. I)

*Standard tuning

I can give you what you want, but you got to come home with me...

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I've got some good-old lovin' and I got some more in store. Uh,

when I get through throwin' it on ya, you got to come back for more. (end Rhy. Fig. 1)

Boys have things that come by the dozen. That ain't nothin' but drug-store lovin'.

Pretty little thing, let me light your candle 'cause, uh, ma-ma, I'm sure hard to handle now, yes, a-round.
2nd Verse

Action speaks louder than words... and I'm a

man—o' great experience. I know you got another man, but I can

love you better than him... Take my hand, don't be afraid... I'm gonna

Riff A (Gtr. II)

(w/slide)
prove ev'ry word I say...
I'm advertisin' love for free, so you can

place your ad with me...
Boys that come along, a dime by the dozen.

That ain't nothin' but ten cent lovin'.

Pretty little thing let me light your candle 'cause, uh, ma-ma, I'm sure hard to handle now, yes, a-round.
Yeah.

Hard to handle now.

Oh, baby.

Baby, here I am, the man on your scene.

I can give you what you want but you got to come, uh, home with me.

I've a got some good old lovin' and I got some more in store.

When I get through throwin' it on you, you got to come a runnin' back for more.

Riff B (Gtr. II)
Boys 'll run a-long, a dime by the doz-en. That ain't noth-in' but drug-store lov-in'.

Pretty lit-tle thing, let me light your can-dle 'cause, uh, ma-ma, I'm sure hard to han-dle now, yes, a-round.

Riff C (Gtr. I) Hard... hard to han-dle now... Oh, yeah... yeah... yeah... yeah... ooh, yeah.

Riff D (Gtr. II)

(w/slide)
Guitar solo
w/Rhy. Fig. 1

Chorus
F#5

Boys that run a long, a dime by the door en. That ain't nothin' but ten cent lovin'.
Pretty little babe, let me light your candle 'cause, uh, ma-ma, I'm sure hard to handle now, yes, around.

w/Riff C (2 times) & Riff D

Yeah... So hard to handle now... Oh, yeah.

Outro w/Rhy. Fig. 1

Baby... Uh, good lovin'. Baby.

Baby, oh... oh... good lovin'. I need good

P P H P H sl. sl.
w/Rhy. Figs. 2 & 2A (both 1½ times)

w/Rhy. Fill 1

1. Hey, I got a
1st, 2nd Verses

*W/Rhy. Fig. 2A (3½ times)

chain saw buzz - in'...
Who's that cuss - in'?
Eyes...

Gtr. II out

start blink - in'...
The boys all start

Pre-chorus

their wish - in'. Left hold - in' the bag a - gain._
Burn - in' it at both ends._

Gtr. III

P.M.____

Don't be - lieve that she's a friend._
Thick,
Chorus

To Coda

babe.
Thick n' thin.
Let it loose...

w/Rhy. Fig. 3

y'all. Let it go on to the wind. Hey...

w/Rhy. Fig. 2A (2½ times)

w/Rhy. Fill 1

D.S. al Coda

Heard a

Rhy. Fig. 4

Let it loose, y'all. Let it go...

w/Rhy. Fig. 4

Coda

F/C C F/C C F/C C F/C C

F/C C F/C C F/C C F/C C

2. Heard a

F/C C F/C C F/C C F/C C

w/Rhy. Fig. 3

F/C C F/C C F/C C F/C C

F/C C F/C C F/C C F/C C

gtr. II

(w/slide)

Full Full Full Full

Full Full Full Full

1/2 1/2
Thick n’ thin. Let it loose. Let it go on.

w/Rhy. Fig. 4
F/C C F/C C F/C C F/C C
w/Rhy. Fig. 3
Bb5

1/2 1/2 Full

1/2 1/2 Full

w/Rhy. Fill 2
to the wind.

(Gtr. II out)

(w/slight feedback)

(w/Fill 1)

chain saw buzz - in'.

Come on, yeah. Who’s that cuss - in’n?

I got a

\[ \text{Rhy. Fill 2 (Gtr. III)} \]
\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{C5} \\
\end{array} \]

\[ \text{Fill 1} \]
\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{Gtr. II} \\
\text{pick slide} \\
\end{array} \]
Holdin' the bag again. Burnin' it at both ends.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

I heard the clock tickin'.

Got the madam and we started bitchin'. But it...
Pre-chorus
F5 E5 D5 C5 C6 C5 F5 E5 D5 C5

sounds like shit to me. Last laugh mine will be.

C6 C5 F5 E5 D5 C5 C6 C5 Bb5

Don’t believe she is clean. Thick,

sl. steady gliss.

F5 C5 C6 C5 C6 C5 C6 C5 C6 C5

babe. Thick n’ thin. Let it loose.

Gtr. II

Full Full Full

Full Full Full

sl. sl. sl.

sl. sl.
let it go, let it loose, on to the wind.

Well, it's thick...

grad. bend

Thick n' thin.

Oh, God! Let it loose.

*straight 8ths
Additional Lyrics

2. Heard a clock tickin'.
I see the madam start bitchin'.
I see the boys, they itch itchin'.
The girls don't ever know what they're missin'.

2nd Pre-chorus: But it sounds like shit to me.
Last laugh mine will be, yeah.
I don’t believe she’s clean. (To Chorus)
SHE TALKS TO ANGELS

Words and Music by Richard Robinson and Christopher Robinson

Slow ballad \( \text{\textit{J}} = 80 \)

Intro

*Acous. gtr.

\[ \text{mf} \]

let ring

\[ \text{H} \]

*Use open E tuning (low to high): E B E G# B E

Rhy. Fig. 1

E A6/9 E A6/9 E

Harm.

E A6/9 E A6/9 E

N.C.

sl.

N.C.

E A6/9 E A6/9 E

She never mentions the word ad-

Rhy. Fig. 2

(end Rhy. Fig. 1) (end Rhy. Fig. 2)

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2nd, 3rd, 4th, Verses
w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (3 times)

night, now.

Pulls those shades down tight.

Yeah, she gives a smile when the pain comes.

The pain gonna make ev'rything all right.

Says she talks to angels.

They call her out by her name.

To Coda

Oh yeah, she talks to angels.

Says they call her out by her name.

3. She keeps a lock of hair in her

her name.

She don't know no lover,

none that I ever seen.

Yeah, to her that ain't nothin', but to me, it means,
Additional Lyrics

3. She keeps a lock of hair in her pocket.
   She wears a cross around her neck.
   The hair is from a little boy,
   And the cross from someone she has not met, well, not yet. (To Chorus)

4. Repeat 2nd Verse
STRUTTIN' BLUES

Words and Music by Richard Robinson and Christopher Robinson

Moderate Rock  \( \frac{4}{4} = 134 \)

2nd time substitute Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtr. 1)

Intro

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<th>D</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>D/A</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>G5</th>
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*Standard tuning

**Use open G tuning (low to high): D G D G B D

2nd time substitute Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtr. 1) (end Rhy. Fig. 1)

G5 | D | A | D/A | A | G5 | D |
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1st, 2nd, 3rd Verses

2nd time substitute Rhy. Fig. 1 (last 2 bars only) w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (3 times)

3rd time substitute Rhy. Fig. 1 2nd time substitute Rhy. Fig. 1 (last 4 bars only)

1. Hey, boys... buzz in' bee sting in'. Ring in' ears nev-er wan-na stop.
2. Got them breezes fi-n'ly blow in'. No tell in' when the train pulls in.
3. Hey, boys hang in' on the cor-ner, where you hid in' when the lights go dim?

Rhy. Fig. 2

Stand tall... sick-ness creep in' right on. Strut tin' blues wan-na find me a-gain.
My ba-by got her en-gine humin'. Strut tin' blues wan-na find me a-gain.
Get the light nin', thun-der crack in'. Strut tin' blues wan-na find me a-gain.

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59
Got my head spinnin' round.

Wond'rin' when it's gonna stop...

Got my head spinnin' round.

*(1st 2 bars only 3rd time*
Wondrin' when she wanna stop.

Buzzin' bee stingin'.

They ears always ringin'. Hey!

Buzzin' bee gonna sting me one more time.
Outro solo
w/Rhy. Fig. 4 (2 times)

A

Head's spin-nin' 'round.

H

Gtr. 1

Rhy. Fig. 5

w/Rhy. Fig. 5 (till end)

D

A

Rhy. GS

Fig. 6 (Gtr.II)

D

Full

3/4

grad. bend

Fall

3

2/4

9 7 6 (8)

9 7 7 (7)

9 7 6 (8)

9 7 7 (7)

64
STARE IT COLD

Words and Music by Richard Robinson and Christopher Robinson

Moderate Rock \( \frac{3}{4} \rightarrow 120 \)

Intro

*Gr. I Rhy. Fig. 1

\( \text{C G5 C G5 C G5 C G5 C G5 N.C.} \)

f

*Use open G tuning (low to high): D G D G B D

P

1st, 4th Verses

Rhy. (Gr. I)

F/C

C

F/C C G5

C

wrapped up in my disease. Mile away, she wanna
To Coda II
(end Rhy. Fig. 2) w/Fill 1

count my day. Look in a little older in the light. Alright.

2nd, 3rd Verses
2. Under the weather, I'm feeling very heavy.
3. See additional lyrics

Fill 1
*Gtr. II

*Standard tuning
Neve'r up for no air. Sealegs start to wig-glin', and sick.

I'm still feelin'. Just then I know I nev-er cared. Don't you wan-na feel it?

Don't you wan-na stare it cold?

Don't you wan-na feel it?

Don't you wan-na stare it cold?

Oh, yeah.

*Piano and gtr. arr. for gtr. (during solo section only).*
Coda II

C,type 2 Bb5

Chorus

w/Rhy. Figs. 3 & 3A (both 3 times)
Bb6 Bb5 Bb6 Bb5 Bb6 C5

C6 C5 C6 C5 C6 G5

Yeah, don't you wanna feel it?

C6 C5 C6 C6 G5

Don't you wanna stare it cold?

Don't you wanna feel it?

Yeah, don't you wanna feel it?
Don't you wanna stare it cold?

Got ta ever open my eyes.

Yeah. Want to stare it cold.

Oh, yeah.
I've got to stare
it cold or it never let me go. I don't wanna talk.

about it, preach about it. Everybody gonna stare it cold. You've got to stare.
Additional Lyrics

3. Never thought about it and never no question.
Seein' where I'd gone wrong.
No kiss made it magic if that old girl has had it.
Then it's time for me to run along. (To Chorus)
it cold

I wanna stare

it cold

Never wanna preach

about it, talk about it. Everything, I'm gonna stare it cold.

I've got to stare

It cold or it never let me go.

I don't wanna talk

about it, preach about it. Everybody gonna stare it cold.

You've got to stare
Slowly \( \text{\textit{\textdaggerleft}} = 84 \text{\textit{\textdaggerleft}} \),
Triplet feel \( \text{\textit{\textdaggerleft}} - \text{\textit{\textdaggerleft}} - \text{\textit{\textdaggerleft}} \).

\textit{\textdaggerleft} \quad C \quad G5 \quad Bb \quad A \quad G

...mer - cy
on
me.

\textit{\textdaggerleft} \quad C \quad G5 \quad Bb \quad A \quad G

Yes, _ when I gone._

Fade in

w/slide

\textit{\textdaggerleft} \quad C \quad G5 \quad Bb \quad A \quad G

Lord, have mer - cy
on
me.

\textit{\textdaggerleft} \quad C \quad G5 \quad Bb \quad A \quad G

Well, I dream
of
a
lady._

Like an

\textit{\textdaggerleft} \quad C \quad Bb \quad A \quad G

angel, comes to
me.

\textit{\textdaggerleft} \quad C \quad Bb \quad A \quad G

And she cools
me with
TWICE AS HARD
JEALOUS AGAIN
SISTER LUCK
COULD I'VE BEEN SO BLIND
SEEING THINGS
HARD TO HANDLE
THICK N' THIN
SHE TALKS TO ANGELS
STRUTTIN' BLUES
STARE IT COLD