

Dance with the one that brought you - C

Intro: C C/Bb F/A F C C

C

Well he shines like a penny in a little kid's hand

C/Bb

When he's out on a Saturday night.

C

G

He's a real go-getter and the best two-stepper you'll see.

C

C

But when I'm sittin' alone at a table for two

C/Bb

F

'Cause he's already out on the floor.

C

G

C

G

I think about somethin' that my mama used to say to me.

C

**You gotta dance with the one that brought you*

Bb

F

And stay with the one that want's you.

C

G

The one who's gonna love you when all of the others go home.

C

Bb

F

Don't let the green grass fool you, Don't let the moon get to you.

C

G

C

Dance with the one that brought you and you can't go wrong.

C/Bb

F

C

He's got his old best buddies and his new best friends

And all the girls give him the eye.

He's a good time Charlie and the life of the party tonight.

** But when I think about another well I don't think twice*

'Cause there'll never be another like him.

I know he really loves me and I think maybe mama was right.

**You got to dance with the one that brought you*

And stay with the one that want's you.

The one who's gonna love you when all of the others go home.

Don't let the green grass fool you

Don't let the moon get to you.

Dance with the one that brought you and you can't go wrong.

You've got to dance with the one that brought you and you can't go wrong.

Shine on you crazy diamond

Intro: Gm - C - Gm - Eb - D - Gm

Gm F# Bb
Remember when you were young, you shone like the sun.
Eb Bb/D Cm Bb F
Shine on you crazy diamond.

Gm F# Bb
Now there's a look in your eyes, *like black holes in the sky..*
Eb Bb/D Cm Bb F
Shine on you crazy diamond.

Gm Bb5+/F#
You were caught in the crossfire of childhood and stardom,
Bb/F C
blown on the steel breeze.
Eb E dim
Come on you target for faraway laughter,
Bb/F Dm D/F# Gm
come on you stranger, you legend, you martyr, and shine!

Gitar: Gm - F# - Bb - Eb - Bb/D - Cm - Bb - F

Gm F# Bb
You reached for the secret too soon, you cried for the moon.
Eb Bb/D Cm Bb F Gm
Shine on you crazy diamond... I said shine!

Sax..... + tema/gitar.. Gm..

Jenka

Fm C
Kom, kom, gutter det er dans, kom, kom jenter kommer straks.
Fm Bbm/G C Fm
Kom, kom, kom og dans med meg, det er tid å danse jenka-dans med deg.
Fm C
Venstre, høyre så et hopp. Tilbake, 3 skritt fram og stopp.
Fm Bbm/G C Fm
Venstre, høyre er du med, det finns ingen ting som er så lett som det.
Eb Ab
Du jenka og hopper med, det gjør man for sin Jenka-venn.
G C
Jenka er god og ha, for du kan jenka deg så bra.

+ et vers på sax...

You really got me - A

AA-GA

Girl, you really got me now
You got me so I don't know what I'm doin'.
Yeah, you really got me now
You got me so I can't sleep at night.

HH-A-H

Girl you really got me now
You got me so I don't know where I'm goin'.

EE-D-E

(Oh yeah) you really got me now
You got me so I can't sleep at night. D
You really got me, ooh You really got me, yeah You really got me

Please, don't ever let me be
I only wanna be by your side.
Please, don't ever let me be
I only wanna be by your side.
Girl, you really got me now
You got me so I don't know where I'm goin' now
Oh yeah, you really got me now
You got me so I can't sleep at night
You really got me (no) You really got me You really got me.

- - - - -

Girl, you really got me now
You got me so I don't know what I'm doin'.
Yeah, you really got me now
You got me so I can't sleep at night.
Girl you really got me now
You got me so I don't know where I'm goin'.
(Oh yeah) you really got me now
You got me so I can't sleep at night.
You really got me, ooh You really got me, yeah You really got me

Son of a preacher man - D

D

Billy Ray was the preacher's son

G

D

And when his daddy would visit he'd come along.

D

When they gathered 'round and started talkin'

A

That's when Billy would take me walkin'.

A

Out through the back yard we'd go walkin'.

A

Then he'd look into my eyes, Lord knows, to my surprise.

D

G

D

The only one who could ever reach me, *Was the son of a preacher man.*

D

G

D

The only boy who could ever teach me, *Was the son of a preacher man.*

D

A

G

Yes, he was, he was, ooh, yes, he was.

Being good isn't always easy, No matter how hard I try.

When he started sweet-talkin' to me

He'd come and tell me "Everything is alright».

He'd kiss and tell me "Everything is alright» Can I get away again tonight?

The only one who could ever reach me, *Was the son of a preacher man.*

The only boy who could ever teach me, *Was the son of a preacher man.*

Yes, he was, he was, ooh, Lord knows, he was (*yes, he was*)

C

G

How well I remember, The look that was in his eyes.

G

A

Stealin' kisses from me on the sly, Takin' time to make time.

A

D

Tellin' me that he's all mine, *Learnin' from each other's knowin'*

D

Lookin' to see how much we've grown and...

G

C

The only one who could ever reach me, *Was the son of a preacher man.*

G

C

The only boy who could ever teach me, *Was the son of a preacher man.*

G

D

C

Yes, he was, he was, ,oh yes, he was.....

He was the sweet-talkin' son of a preacher man

% *The only one who could ever reach me*

Was the sweet-lovin' son of a preacher man.

The only one who could ever teach me me

Was the son of a preacher man.» Yes, he was, he was, ,oh yes, he was...

Season of the witch

A D A D
When I look out my window, Many sights to see
And when I look in my window
So many different people to be
They're strange, so strange
It's very strange to me
You've got to pick up every stitch (gonna be)
You've got to pick up every stitch (gonna be, gonna be)
You've got to pick up every stitch.

A D E A
Oh no, must be the season of the witch.

D E A
Must be the season of the witch.

D E A
Must be the season of the witch.

A D A D
When I look over my shoulder, What do you think I see?
Some other cat looking over (shadoop, shadoop)
Over his shoulder at me (ah, at me)
And he's strange, so strange (so strange)
He's very strange to me
You've got to pick up every stitch (gonna be)
You've got to pick up every stitch (gonna be, gonna be)
Beatniks are out to make it rich.

A D E A
Oh no, must be the season of the witch.

D E A
Must be the season of the witch.

D E A
Must be the season of the witch

Daydream believer

Oh, I could hide 'neath the wings, Of the bluebird as she sings.

G Em A D

The six o'clock alarm would never ring.

G Am/G G/H C

But it rings, and I rise, Wipe the sleep out of my eyes.

G Em Am D G

My shavin' razor's cold and it stings.

C D Hm C D. Em

Cheer up, sleepy Jean Oh, what can it mean.

C G C G Em. A D

To a daydream believer And a homecoming queen?

You once thought of me, As a white knight on his steed

Now, you know how happy I can be.

Oh, and our good times start and end, Without dollar one to spend

But how much, baby, do we really need.

Cheer up, sleepy Jean, Oh, what can it mean

To a daydream believer And a homecoming queen?

Cheer up, sleepy Jean, Oh, what can it mean

To a daydream believer, And a homecoming queen?

Cheer up, sleepy Jean

Oh, what can it mean

To a daydream believer

And a homecoming queen?

Cheer up, sleepy Jean

Oh, what can it mean

To a daydream believer

And a homecoming queen?

Cheer up, sleepy Jean

Oh, what can it mean-

Mannen på taket - Em

Em - C

Em C

Massemorderen smilte til pressen da han ble dømt
For noen uker sia var han et null i dag er han berømt

G A

Han lå på et tak og skjøt i ro og mak

C

Alle barna som kom fra skolen.

G A

Han ville ha et kick og det tror jeg nok han fikk

C

Da han satt i den elektriske stolen.

All right

Em C

Massemorderen smilte til pressen da han ble dømt
For noen uker sia var han et null i dag er han berømt

Han lå på et tak og skjøt i ro og mak

Alle barna som kom fra skolen

Han ville ha et kick og det tror jeg nok han fikk

Da han satt i den elektriske stolen

All right Em. C

Skru på strømmen. G - G - Em - Em x 4

Wow wow

All right all right

Massemorderen smilte til pressen da han ble dømt
For noen uker sia var han et null i dag er han berømt

Han lå på et tak og skjøt i ro og mak

Alle barna som kom fra skolen

Men vennene løy da de sa det var gøy

Å sitte i den elektriske stolen

All right

Sammen for livet (Alle)

Peder: Det kan vær hardt og bo der du bor, men nøden e ikke naken her i nord.

Marcus: Så TV-bilde komme langveisfra, med bønn om hjelp,
Hm

De andre: med bønn om hjelp...

Marcus: med bønn om hjelp til Afrika.

Sara: Og i land etter land kan du se...

Gutta: at gjennom toner og ord kan du bli med.

Kristina: Det er fantastisk det som er i gang .
Hm

Peder: Tenk at det kan nytte...

De andre: Tenk at det kan nytte. Tenk at det kan nytte, med sang.

Ref:

C G F C
% Så er vi med sammen for livet
C G F C
sånn kan det skje vi ser at det gror.
C G F C
Så er vi med sammen for livet
Am G F C
sammen for livet en sang og et ord.% (C. F. C. G)

Peder: Det e ikkje me som gir og de som tar? Det handle om å dele det vi har .

Kristina: Det handle om at fler og fler forstår.
Dm

Sara: At verden er en verden.

De andre: Verden er en verden. Verden er en verden som er vår.

Pamparius - Our House

Intro/KB: %E - A - Em - D% Em maj7

Intro/GT: %..... G - F - E%

E (Åhhhh) C - A - E (Åhhhh) C - A - E.....

C - Gm - Dm - Gm -

C Gm
Father wears his Sunday best,

Dm Fm
Mother's tired, she needs a rest, The kids are playing up downstairs.

C Gm
Sister's sighing in her sleep.

Dm Fm
Brother's got a date to keep, He can't hang around.

D A Em G D A Em G
Our house, in the middle of our street. Our house, in the middle of our...

C Gm
Our house it has a crowd.
Dm Fm
There's always something happening, And it's usually quite loud.

C Gm
Our mum, she's so house-proud,
Dm Fm
Nothing ever slows her down, And a mess is not allowed.

D A Em G D A Em G
Our house, in the middle of our street. Our house, in the middle of our...

H F# C#m E H F# C#m E
Our house, in the middle of our street. Our house, in the middle of our...

C G Dm F C G Dm F
Our house, in the middle of our street, Our house, in the middle of our
D A Em G D A Em G
Our house, in the middle of our street. Our house, in the middle of our...

Knock on wood - E

Intro: E G - A, H D - H

A

I don't want to lose you, This good thing,

E

that I got 'Cause if I do, I will surely, surely lose a lot

A

'Cause your love, is better, Than any love I know,

E

A

E

A

It's like thunder, lightning, The way you love me is frightening.

E

E

G - A, H D - H

Oh you better knock, knock On wood, baby.

I'm not superstitious, about ya

But I can't take no chance.

- You got me spinnin' baby You know that I'm in a trance

'Cause your love, is better Than any love I know

It's like thunder, lightning

The way you love me is frightenin'

Oh you better knock, knock, knock On wood, baby.

It's no secret, about it '

Cause with his lovin' touch

He sees to it, That I get enough

Feel his touch, all over You know it means so much

It's like thunder, first then lightnin'

The way you love me is frightenin'

You better knock, knock, knock On wood, - baby

% Oh yeah, I better knock, knock, knock om wood.

Think I better knock, knock, knock om wood. %

Play that funky music - E

Hey do it now yeah hey

Yeah, there was a funky singer, Playin' in a rock and roll band.
And never had no problems yeah, Burnin' down one night stands.
And everything around me, yeah, Got to stop to feelin' so low.
And I decided quickly, yes I did, To disco down and check out the show.

Yeah they was Dancin' and singin' and movin' to the groovin'
And just when it hit me somebody turned around and shouted
Play that funky music white boy, Play that funky music right.
Play that funky music white boy....
Lay down that boogie and play that funky music till you die.
Till you die, oh till you die.

I tried to understand this, I thought that they were out of their minds.
How could I be so foolish (How could I) To not see I was the one behind.
So still I kept on fighting, Well, loosing every step of the way.
I said, I must go back there (I got to go back)
And check to see if things still the same.
Yeah they was dancin' and singin' and movin' to the groovin'
And just when it hit me somebody turned around and shouted.

Play that funky music white boy, Play that funky music right
Play that funky music white boy
Lay down the boogie and play that funky music till you die
Till you die, ya, Till you die

(Gonna play that electified funky music, yeah)

Now first it wasn't easy, Changin' Rock and Roll and minds,
and things were getting shaky I thought I'd have to leave it behind.
But now its so much better (it's so much better), I'm funkign out in every way
But I'll never lose that feelin' (no I won't) Of how I learned my lesson that day.

When they were dancin' and singin' and movin' to the groovin'
And just when it hit me somebody turned around and shouted
Play that funky music white boy, Play that funky music right
Play that funky music white boy,
Lay down the boogie and play that funky music till you die
Till you die, Oh' till you die

Man, I feel like a woman - A

A

Let's go girls, C'mon

A

D A

I'm goin' out tonight, I'm feelin' alright Gonna let it all hang out.

A

Wanna make some noise, really raise my voice

D A

Yeah, I wanna scream and shout, uh. - - - - -

A

D A

No inhibitions, make no conditions Get a little outta line

A

D A

I ain't gonna act politically correct I only wanna have a good time.

G

** The best thing about bein' a woman

A

Is the prerogative to have a little fun and.

E

Oh, oh, oh, go totally crazy, forget I'm a lady

E

C#m

A

E

Men's shirts, short skirts, Oh, oh, oh, really go wild, yeah, doin' it in style.

E

Oh, oh, oh, get in the action, feel the attraction

E

C#m

A

Color my hair, do what I dare, Oh, oh, oh, I wanna be free, yeah, to feel the

F#m

A

way I feel. Man, I feel like a woman (hey!)

The girls need a break, tonight we're gonna take

The chance to get out on the town

We don't need romance, we only wanna dance

We're gonna let our hair hang down

The best thing about bein' a woman.

Is the prerogative to have a little fun and...

Oh, oh, oh, go totally crazy, forget I'm a lady

Men's shirts, short skirts

Oh, oh, oh, really go wild, yeah, doin' it in style

Oh, oh, oh, get in the action, feel the attraction

Color my hair, do what I dare

Oh, oh, oh, I wanna be free, yeah, to feel the way I feel

Man, I feel like a woman.. Uh, huh, Oh, yeah

** The best thing about bein' a woman.....

Uptown girl - D

Oh, oh, oh, oh, Oh, oh, oh, oh

D Em D/F#
Uptown girl, She's been living in her uptown world.

G A D Em
I bet she's never had a backstreet guy.
D/F# G A
I bet her mamma never told her why I'm gonna try for an

uptown girl. She's been living in her white-bred world.
As long as anyone with hot blood can.
And now she's looking for a downtown man. That's what I am...

Bb Gm Cm F
And when she knows what She wants from her time.
Bb Gm Adim D
And when she wakes up And makes up her mind.
G Em Am A
She'll see I'm not so tough, Just because.... I'm in love...

with an uptown girl, You know I've seen her in her uptown world.
She's getting tired of her high-class toys.
And all her presents from her uptown boys. She's got a choice

F G E/G# Am G
Oh, oh, oh, oh, Oh, oh, oh, oh
F G E/G# A
Oh, oh, oh, oh, Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Uptown girl You know I can't afford to buy her pearls.
But maybe someday when my ship comes in,
She'll understand what kind of guy I've been. And then I'll win.

And when she's walking She's looking so fine.
And when she's talking She'll say that she's mine.
She'll say I'm not so tough Just because I'm in love.

With an uptown girl She's been living in her white-bred world
As long as anyone with hot blood can
And now she's looking for a downtown man. That's what I am
Oh, oh, oh, oh, Oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh, Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Uptown girl, She's my uptown girl
% You know I'm in love With an uptown girl
My uptown girl, You know I'm in love
With an uptown girl, My uptown girl. %

My Way

D D/C# D/C H
And now the end is here, And so I face that final curtain.
Em Em/D# A/C# D
My friend I'll make it clear, I'll state my case, of which I'm certain.
D D/C G Gm/Bb
I've lived a life that's full, I traveled each and every highway.
D/A A Em/D. D
And more, much more, I did it, I did it my way.

Regrets, I've had a few, But then again too few to mention
I did what I had to do, I saw it through without exemption
I planned each charted course, Each careful step along the byway
And more, much, much more, I did it, I did it my way.

Refr.:

A D D/C
Yes, there were times I'm sure you knew
G
When I bit off more than I could chew.
Em A
But through it all, when there was doubt,
F#m Hm
I ate it up and spit it out.
Em A Em/D D
I faced it all and I stood tall and did it my way.

I've loved, I've laughed and cried, I've had my fill my share of losing
And now, as tears subside, I find it all so amusing
To think I did all that And may I say - not in a shy way
Oh no, oh no, not me I did it my way

Refr.:

For what is a man, what has he got?
If not himself then he has naught
Not to say the things that he truly feels
And not the words of someone who kneels
Let the record shows I took all the blows and did it my way

I won't let the sun go down on me - C

Intro: % C G Am F %

G

Forty winks in the lobby, make mine a G&T.

Then to our favorite hobby, searching for an enemy.

Here in our paper houses, Stretching for miles and miles.

Old men in stripy trousers rule the world with plastic smiles.

Abmaj7

Db

Good or bad, like it or not, It's the only one we've got.

C G Am F C G Am F

**I won't let the sun go down on me, I won't let the sun go down.*

C G Am F C G Am F

I won't let the sun go down on me, I won't let the sun go down.

G

Mother nature isn't in it, three hundred million years.

Goodbye in just a minute,, gone forever, no more tears.

Pinball man, power glutton, vacuum inside his head.

Forefinger on the button, is he blue or is he red.

Ab7

Db

Break your silence if you would, Before the sun goes down for good.

C G Am F C G Am F

**I won't let the sun go down on me, I won't let the sun go down.*

C G Am F C G Am F

I won't let the sun go down on me, I won't let the sun go down.

G F Dm Bb

I won't let the sun go down on me, I won't let the sun go down....

Solo: % C G Am F % x 2

% I won't let the sun go down on me, I won't let the sun go down.

I won't let the sun go down on me, I won't let the sun go down. %

We built this city - F

Bb F/A

Alle: *We built this city. We built this city on rock and roll.*

Bb F/A Bb

Built this city. We built this city on rock and roll.

% F Bb Bb Dm/A C - - F Bb Bb - C F %

F Bb/F

Marcus: Say you don't know me or recognize my face.

Eb/F C/F F

Say you don't care who goes to that kind of place.

F Bb/F

Knee deep in the hoopla, sinking in your fight.

Eb/F C/F F F C

Too many runaways *eating up the night.*

Dm Bb/D F/C C F Bb

Marconi plays the mamba, listen to the radio, don't you remember?

F Bb F Bb F C/E Dm

We built this city, we built this city on rock and roll.

Bb F Bb F C/E F

Alle: *We built this city, - we built this city on rock and roll.*

Bb F/A C. F Bb

Built this city, we built this city on rock and roll.

— - - - -

Sara: Someone's always playing corporation games.

Who cares, they're always changing corporation names.

We just want to dance here, someone stole the stage.

They call us irresponsible, write us off the page.

Marconi plays the mamba, listen to the radio, don't you remember?

We built this city, we built this city on rock and roll.

Alle: *We built this city, we built this city on rock and roll*

Built this city, we built this city on rock and roll.

- - - - -

Kristina: It's just another Sunday, - in a tired old street, -

Police have got the choke hold, oh, then we just lost the beat

Peder: Who counts the money underneath the bar?
Who rides the wrecking ball into our guitars?
Don't tell us you need us 'cause we're the ship of fools.
Looking for America, coming through your schools.

Don't you remember? (Remember)

Marconi plays the mamba, listen to the radio, don't you remember?
We built this city, we built this city on rock and roll.

Alle: *We built this city, we built this city on rock and roll*
Built this city, we built this city on rock and roll.

%We built, we built, we built this city%