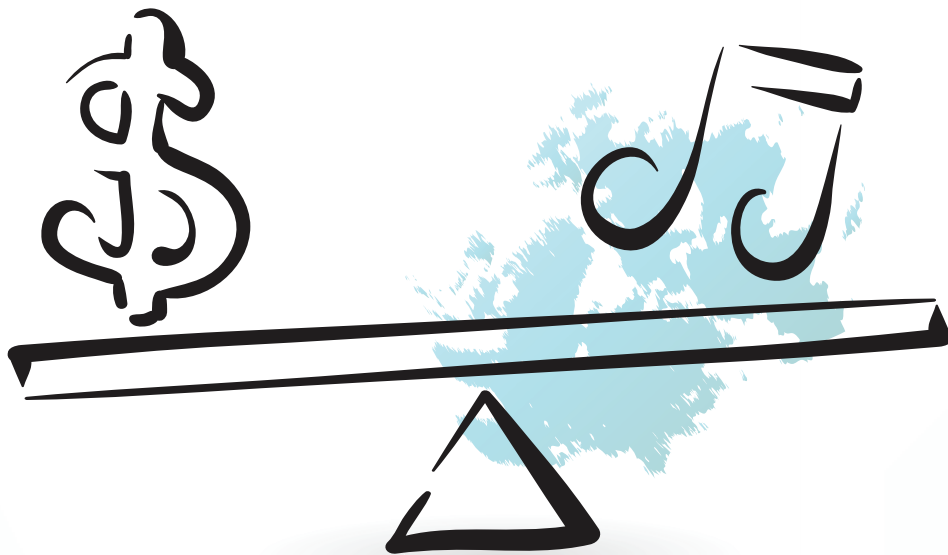


SONGS ABOUT MONEY



LYRICS AND CHORDS

31 January 2019

CONTENTS

WEEK 1: DOES MONEY MATTER?	3
CAN'T BUY ME LOVE	3
MONEY CHANGES EVERYTHING	4
GOD BLESS THE CHILD	5
WEEK 2: IMAGINING	6
PUTTIN ON THE RITZ	6
MONEY MONEY MONEY	7
MONEY (THAT'S WHAT I WANT)	8
WEEK 3: LET'S MAKE LOTS OF MONEY	9
MATERIAL GIRL	9
BIG TIME OPERATOR	11
OPPORTUNITIES	12
WEEK 4: MONEY (AND POWER) CORRUPTS	13
COLLIERS MARCH	13
MONEY	15
BLUE SKY MINE	16
WEEK 5: IT'S NOT FAIR	18
ANOTHER DAY IN PARADISE	18
NOBODY KNOWS YOU WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT	19
SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY	20
WEEK 6: THE PRICE OF EVERYTHING / THE VALUE OF NOTHING	21
WHERE DO THE CHILDREN PLAY?	21
PRICE TAG	22
AS TEARS GO BY	23

WEEK 1: DOES MONEY MATTER?

CAN'T BUY ME LOVE John Lennon & Paul McCartney

Em Am Em Am Dm G
Can't buy me love, love Can't buy me love

C
I'll buy you a diamond ring my friend if it makes you feel alright
F7 C
I'll get you anything my friend if it makes you feel alright
G7 F7 [stop] F7 C
I don't care too much for money, money can't buy me love

C
I'll give you all I got to give if you say you'll love me too
F7 C
I may not have a lot to give but what I got I'll give to you
G7 F7 [stop] F7 C
I don't care too much for money, money can't buy me love

Em Am C7
Can't buy me love, everybody tells me so
Em Am Dm G7
Can't buy me love, no no no, no

C
Say you don't need no diamond rings and I'll be satisfied
F7 C
Tell me that you want the kind of thing that money just can't buy
G7 F7 [stop] F7 C
I don't care too much for money, money can't buy me love

Owww

C... | C... | C... | C... | F7... | F7... | C... | C... |
G7... | F7... | F7... |

C Em Am C7
Can't buy me love, everybody tells me so
Em Am Dm G7
Can't buy me love, no no no, no

C
Say you don't need no diamond rings and I'll be satisfied
F7 C
Tell me that you want the kind of thing that money just can't buy
G7 F7 [stop] F7 C
I don't care too much for money, money can't buy me love

Em Am Em Am Dm G C6
Can't buy me love, love Can't buy me love

MONEY CHANGES EVERYTHING

Tom Grey / Cyndi Lauper

G ... | G ... | C ... | C ... | G ... | G ... | C ... | C ... |

Em C D
I said I'm sorry baby I'm leavin' you tonight

Em C D
I found someone new, he's waitin' in the car outside

Em C
"Ah honey how could you do it, we swore each other everlasting love"

Em
I said "Yeah I know but when we did

C C/D
There was one thing we weren't thinking of and that's

G D C G D C
Money, money changes everything" I said money, money changes everything

D G C C/D D
We think we know what we're doin' That don't mean a thing

C Em G ... | G ... | C ... | C ... |
It's all in the past now, money changes everything

G ... | G ... | C ... | C ... |

Em C D
They shake your hand and they smile and they buy you a drink

Em C D
They say we'll be your friends We'll stick with you till the end

Em C
Ah but everybody's only makin' plans for themselves

Em
And you say who can you trust I tell you

C C/D
It's just nobody else but it's the

G D C G D C
Money, money changes everything" I said money, money changes everything

D G C C/D D
We think we know what we're doin' We don't know a thing

C Em G ... | G ... | C ... | C ... |
It's all in the past now, money changes everything

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

G D C
Money, Money changes everything

G D C
I said money, money changes everything

D G C C/D D
We think we know what we're doin' We don't pull the strings

C Em G ... | G ... | C ... | C ... |
It's all in the past now, money changes everything

G Cmaj9 G Cmaj9
Money changes everything Money changes everything

G Cmaj9 G
Money changes everything

GOD BLESS THE CHILD

Arthur Hertzog & Billie Holliday

C6 . G/B . | Gm6 . A7 . | D7 . . . | Dm7 . Dm7/G . |

Cmaj7 F6 Cmaj7 F6

Them that's got shall have, them that's not shall lose

Gm C9 Gm C9

So the Bible said, and it still is news.

Fmaj7 Fm6 Em7 A7

Mama may have, papa may have, But God bless the child

Dm7 G9 C6 Bbmaj7 . Dm7 Dm7/G |

That's got his own, That's got his own

Cmaj7 F6 Cmaj7 F6

Yes the strong gets more while the weak ones fade

Gm C9 Gm C9

Empty pockets don't ever make the grade.

Fmaj7 Fm6 Em7 A7

Mama may have, papa may have, But God bless the child

Dm7 G9 C6 . . . | C#m7 F#7 Bm7 E7 |

That's got his own, That's got his own

Am Am(maj7) Am7 Am6

Money, you got lots of friends,

Em F#m7 B7 E7 . |

They're crowding round your door

Am Am(maj7) Am7 Am6

But when it's gone and spending ends

Em7 A7 Dm7 G7

They don't come round no more

}

BRIDGE

Cmaj7 F6 Cmaj7 F6

Rich relations give crusts of bread and such

Gm C9 Gm C6

You can help yourself but don't take too much

Fmaj7 Fm6 Em7 A7

Mama may have, papa may have, But God bless the child

Dm7 G9 C6 . . . | C#m7 F#7 Bm7 E7 |

That's got his own, That's got his own

BRIDGE

Cmaj7 F6 Cmaj7 F6

Rich relations give crusts of bread and such

Gm C9 Gm C6

You can help yourself but don't take too much

Fmaj7 Fm6 Em7 A7

Mama may have, papa may have, But God bless the child

Dm7 G9 C6 . . . | Dm7 . G9 . |

That's got his own, That's got his own

C B Bb A7 Dm7 G9 C6

He just don't worry bout nothin cause he's got his own.

WEEK 2: IMAGINING

PUTTIN ON THE RITZ

Dm . . . | Dm . . . | Bb7 . . . | A7 . . . | Dm . . . | Dm . . . | Bb7 . . . | A7 . . . |

D Ddim Em7 A7 D Ddim Em7 A7
 Have you seen the well to do Up and down Park Avenue
 F Abdim Gm7 C7 F Abdim Gm7 C7
 On that famous thoroughfare With their noses in the air
 A Bbdim Bm7 E7 A Bbdim Bm7 E7
 High hats and narrow collars, white spats and lots of dollars
 F#m B7 E7 A7 Aug
 Spending every dime for a wonderful time

Dm
 If you're blue and you don't know where to go to
 Dmaj9 A7 Bb7 A7 Dm Bb7 A7
 Why don't you go where fashion sits Puttin' on the Ritz
 Dm
 Different types who wear a day coat pants with stripes and cutaway coat
 Dmaj9 A7 Bb7 A7 Dm
 Perfect fits Puttin' on the Ritz

Gm C7
 Dressed up like a million dollar trooper
 F C7 F Bb7 A7
 Trying hard to look like Gary Cooper Super duper
 Dm
 Come, let's mix where Rockefellers walk with sticks or umbrellas
 Dmaj9 A7 Bb7 A7 Dm Bb7 A7
 In their mitts Puttin' on the Ritz

Dm . . . | Dm . . . | Dm . . . | Dm . Dmaj9 . | A7 . Bb7 . | A7 . . . |
 Dm . . . | Bb7 . A7 . | Dm . . . | Dm . . . | Dm . . . | Dm . Dmaj9 . |
 A7 . Bb7 . | A7 . . . | Dm . . . | Dm . . . |

Gm C7
 Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo (Ahhh)
 F C7 F Bb7 A7
 Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo (Ooooh)

Repeat A

A7 Dm Bb7
 Puttin' on the Ritz (Ohhhh)
 A7 Dm Bb7
 Puttin' on the Ritz (Ahhhhh)
 A7 Dm . . . | Bb7 A7 Dm
 Puttin' on the Ritz

MONEY MONEY MONEY

Benny Andersson & Bjoern Ulvaeus

Dm . . . | Bb7 . . . | Gm . Aug . | Dm . . . | Dm . . . | Dm . . . |

Dm A7/C#
I work all night, I work all day, to pay the bills I have to pay

A7 Dm
Ain't it sad

Dm A/C#
And still there never seems to be a single penny left for me

A7 Dm
That's too bad

Dm Dm/C Bb Bb/A
In my dreams I have a plan If I got me a wealthy man
Gm E7/G# A [pause]

I wouldn't have to work at all, I'd fool around and have a ball

Dm E7 A7 Aug Dm
Money, money, money Must be funny in the rich man's world

Dm E7 A7 Aug Dm
Money, money, money Always sunny in the rich man's world

Gm A7 D7 Gm Bb7 A Dm
Aha All the things I could do If I had a little money
Gm Aug Dm . . . | Bb7 . . . | Gm . Aug . | Dm . . . | Dm . . . |
It's a rich man's world It's a rich man's world

Dm A7/C#
A man like that is hard to find but I can't get him off my mind

A7 Dm
Ain't it sad

Dm A/C#
And if he happens to be free I bet he wouldn't fancy me

A7 Dm
That's too bad

Dm Dm/C Bb Bb/A
So I must leave, I'll have to go To Las Vegas or Monaco
Gm E7/G# A [pause]

And win a fortune in a game, my life will never be the same

Dm E7 A7 Aug Dm
Money, money, money Must be funny in the rich man's world

Dm E7 A7 Aug Dm
Money, money, money Always sunny in the rich man's world

Gm A7 D7 Gm Bb7 A Dm
Aha All the things I could do If I had a little money
Gm Aug Dm . . . | Bb7 . . . |
It's a rich man's world

Ebm F7 Bb7 Bbaug Ebm
Money, money, money Must be funny in the rich man's world

Ebm F7 Bb7 Bbaug Ebm
Money, money, money Always sunny in the rich man's world

Abm Bb7 Eb7 Abm B7 Bb Ebm
Aha All the things I could do If I had a little money
Abm Bbaug Ebm . . . | B7 . . . | Abm . Bbaug . | Ebm
It's a rich man's world It's a rich man's world

MONEY (THAT'S WHAT I WANT)

Barrett Strong

A... | A... | A... | A... | D... | D... | A... | A... |
E... | D... | A . D . | A E . . |

A [stop] A [stop]
The best things in life are free, But you can give them to the birds and bees

[CHORUS]

D
I need money *(That's what I want)*

A
That's what I want *(That's what I want)*

E D
That's what I want *(That's what I want)*

A . D A E
That's what I want *(That's what I want)*

A [stop] A [stop]
Your love give me such a thrill, But your love don't pay my bills

[CHORUS]

A [stop] A [stop]
Money don't get everything it's true, But what it don't get I can't use
[CHORUS]

A... | A... | A... | A... | D... | D... | A... | A... |
E... | D... | A . D . | A E . . |

A [stop] A [stop]
Money don't get everything it's true, But what it don't get I can't use
[CHORUS]

A
Money *(That's what I want)* Lots of money *(That's what I want)*

D A
Whole lot of money *(That's what I want)* Uh huh *(That's what I want)*

E D A D A E
All I want *(That's what I want)* That's what I want *(That's what I want)*

A
Give me money *(That's what I want)* Oh, lots of money *(That's what I want)*

D
All those lean greens, yeah *(That's what I want)*

A
That's what I mean *(That's what I want)*

E D A D A
All that I want *(That's what I want)* Woah Yeah *(That's what I want)*

WEEK 3: LET'S MAKE LOTS OF MONEY

MATERIAL GIRL

Peter Brown & Robert Rans / Madonna

Bb C Bb C } x2
 Doo doo doo doo doo doo Doo doo doo

C Bb Am
 Some boys kiss me, some boys hug me I think they're O.K.

C Dm G C
 If they don't give me proper credit I just walk away

C Bb Am
 They can beg and they can plead But they can't see the light (*that's right*)

C Dm G C
 'Cause the boy with cold hard cash Is always Mister Right, 'Cause we are

F G Am F G Am
 Living in a material world And I am a material girl You know that we are

F G Am F G
 Living in a material world And I am a material (girl)

Bb C Bb C
 Doo doo doo doo doo doo Doo doo doo

C Bb Am
 Some boys romance, some boys slow dance That's all right with me

C Dm G C
 If they can't raise my interest then I have to let them be

C Bb Am
 Some boys try and some boys lie but I don't let them play (*no way*)

C Dm G C
 Only boys that save their pennies Make my rainy day, 'Cause they are

F G Am F G Am
 Living in a material world And I am a material girl You know that we are

F G Am F G
 Living in a material world And I am a material (girl)

Bb C Bb C } x2
 Doo doo doo doo doo doo Doo doo doo

Bb C Bb Am
 Living in a material world Living in a material world

Bb C Dm G C
 Living in a material world Living in a material world

C Bb Am
 Boys may come and boys may go And that's all right you see

C Dm G C
 Experience has made me rich And now they're after me, 'Cause everybody's

F G Am F G Am
 Living in a material world And I am a material girl You know that we are

F G Am F G
 Living in a material world And I am a material (girl)

Bb C Bb C } X2
Doo doo doo doo doo doo Doo doo doo

[tacit]
A material, a material, a material, a material

Bb C Bb Am }
Living in a material world Living in a material world
Bb C Dm G C } X2, fading
Living in a material world Living in a material world

BIG TIME OPERATOR

Tony Colton & Ray Smith / Jeff St John & The Id

G . . . | G . . . | G . . G7 | F7 G7 [stop] | G . . . | G . . . G7 | F7 G7 [stop] |

G D7 G
Started out a newsboy on a paper (pa pa pa pa)

G D7 G
For a time, I worked an elevator (pa pa pa pa)

G C
All the time I knew that later (Bap Ba-ba-da)

G C
I would be a higher rater (Bap Ba-ba-da)

G C D
I'm gonna be a big time operator, yeah, what you gonna do now

G D7 G
For a while, I drove an excavator (pa pa pa pa)

G D7 G
I became a wine and brandy waiter (pa pa pa pa)

G C
A builder and a decorator (Bap Ba-ba-da)

G C
And later on, an estimator (Bap Ba-ba-da)

G C D
I'm gonna be a big time operator, yeah, what you gonna do now

G F G F
Da da da da da da – ba ba ba ba ba ba ba-da-ba-da

G F G F
Da da da da da da – ba ba ba ba ba ba ba-da-ba-da

Bb . . C | C . . . | Bb . . C | C . . . | C . . D | D . . . | D . . . |

G D7 G
Took a job as an airline navigator (pa pa pa pa)

G D7 G
I became a crime investigator (pa pa pa pa)

G C
For a time, administrator (Bap Ba-ba-da)

G C
And later on a commentator (Bap Ba-ba-da)

G C D
I'm gonna be a big time operator, yeah, what you gonna do now

G . . . | G . . . | G . . G7 | F7 G7 [stop] |

Gonna have my name in lights

G . . . | G . . . | G . . G7 | F7 G7 [stop]

Gonna have lots of friends, baby

G . . . | G . . . | G . . G7 | F7 G7 [stop]

Watch out for me

OPPORTUNITIES

Neil Tennant & Christopher Lowe

SLOW **SPEED UP**
 F#m . . . | A . . . | E . . . | F#m . . . | F#m . . . | F#m . . . | F#m . . . |

D E/D
 I've had enough of scheming, and messing round with jerks
 D E/D
 My car is parked outside, I'm afraid it doesn't work
 D E/D
 I'm looking for a partner, someone who gets things fixed
 D C#7
 Ask yourself this question: do you want to be rich?

F#m A6 E F#m } **Chorus**
 I've got the brains you've got the looks Let's make lots of money
 F#m A6 E F#m
 You've got the brawn I've got the brains Let's make lots of money
 E F#m . . . | F#m . . . |
 Let's make lots of money

D E/D
 You can tell I'm educated, studied at the Sorbonne
 D E/D
 Doctored in math'matics I could have been a don
 D E/D
 I can programme a computer, choose the perfect time
 D C#7
 If you've got the inclination, well I've got the crime.

F#m E6 Bm7 A6
 Oh there's a lot of opportunities if you know when to take them
 F#m E6 Bm7 C#7
 You know there's a lot of opportunities if there aren't you can make them

CHORUS

E F#m
 Let's make lots of money

D E/D
 You can see I'm single-minded, I know what I could be
 D E/D
 How d'you feel about it, come take a walk with me
 D E/D
 I'm looking for a partner regardless of expense
 D C#7
 Think about it seriously you know it makes sense.

CHORUS x 2

SLOW F#m
 (Spoken)
 All the love that we have, and the love that we hide
 Who will bury us when we die?

F#m . . . | A . . . | E . . . | F#m

WEEK 4: MONEY (AND POWER) CORRUPTS

COLLIERS MARCH John Freeth

Em . . . | Dadd9 . . . | Em . . . | Dadd9 . . . |

Em Dadd9 Em
The summer was over, the season unkind,
 Dadd9 Em
In harvest a snow, how uncommon to find
Em7 Dadd9
The times were oppressive and well be it known
Em Dadd9 Bmsus . . . | Bmsus . . . |
That hunger the strongest of fences breaks down

Em Dadd9 Em
'Twas then from their cells the black gentry stepped out
 Dadd9 Em
With bludgeons determined to stir up a rout
Em7 Dadd9
The prince of the party who revelled from home
Em Dadd9 Bmsus . . . | Bmsus . . . |
He was a bold fellow and named Irish Tom

E . . . | Dadd9 . A . | E . . . | Bmsus . Dadd9 . |

Em Dadd9 Em
He brandished his bludgeon with dexterous skill
 Dadd9 Em
And close to his elbow was placed Barley Will
Em7 Dadd9
There instantly followed a numerous train
Em Dadd9 Bmsus . . . | Bmsus . . . |
As cheerful as bold Robin Hood's merry men

E . . . | Dadd9 . A . | E . . . | Bmsus . Dadd9 . |

Em Dadd9 Em
Sworn now to remedy a capital fault,
 Dadd9 Em
And bring down th' extortionate price of the malt
Em7 Dadd9
From Dudley to Walsall they trip-ped along
Em Dadd9 Bmsus . . . | Bmsus . . . |
And 'Hampton was truly alarmed at the throng

E . . . | Dadd9 . A . | E . . . | Bmsus . Dadd9 . |
E . . . | Dadd9 . A . | E . . . | Bmsus . Dadd9 . |

Em Dadd9
 The women and children wherever they go
 Em Dadd9
 Were shouting out 'Oh the brave Dudley boys! Oh!
 Em Dadd9
 The nailors and spinners the cavalcade joined
 Em Dadd9 Bmsus . . . | Bmsus . . . |
 The markets to lower, their flattering design

 Em Dadd9 Em
 Six days out of seven poor nailing boys get
 Dadd9 Em
 Little else at their meals but potatoes to eat
 Em7 Dadd9
 For bread hard they labour, good things never carve
 Em Dadd9 Bmsus . . . | Bmsus . . . |
 And swore 'twere as well to be hanged as to starve

 E . . . | Dadd9 . A . | E . . . | Bmsus . Dadd9 . |
 E . . . | Dadd9 . A . | E . . . | Bmsus . Dadd9 . |

 Em Dadd9 Em
 Such are the feelings in every land
 Dadd9 Em
 It's nothing necessity's call can withstand
 Em7 Dadd9
 And riots are certain to sadden the year
 Em Dadd9 Bmsus . . . | Bmsus . . . |
 When six-penny loaves are three pound as up here

 E . . . | Dadd9 . A . | E . . . | Bmsus . Dadd9 . | E

MONEY

Roger Waters

- Em** 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
- 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1 2 3 4 5 6
Money, get away
7 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
Get a good job with good pay and you're O K
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1 2 3 4 5 6
Money, it's a gas
7 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
Grab that cash with both hands and make a stash
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1
- B7** New car, caviar, four star daydream
2 3 4 5 6 7 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
- Am** Think I'll buy me a football **Em** team
- 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1 2 3 4 5 6
Money, get back
7 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
I'm all right Jack keep your hands off of my stack
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1 2 3 4 5 6
Money, it's a gas
7 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
Grab that cash with both hands and make a stash I'm in the
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1
- B7** High-fi-delity first class trav'ling
2 3 4 5 6 7 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
- Am** Set and I think I need a Lear **Em** Jet
- Em** 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4
Money (*money*) Money (*money*) Money (*money*) Money (*money*)
1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4
- Am** Money (*money*) Money (*money*) **Em** Money (*money*) Money (*money*)
1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4
- B7** Money (*money*) Money (*money*)
- Em** 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
- 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1 2 3 4 5 6
Money, it's a crime
7 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
Share it fairly but don't take a slice of my pie
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1 2 3 4 5 6
Money, so they say
7 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
Is the root of all evil today
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1
- B7** But if you ask for a rise it's no sur-
2 3 4 5 6 7 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1
- Am** prise if they're giving none a **Em** way, away, away, away away

BLUE SKY MINE Midnight Oil

Am . C . | Am . D . | Am . C . | Am . D . | Am . C . | Am . D . | Am . C . | Am . D . |

Am C Am D Am C Am G
Hey, hey-hey hey *There'll be food on the table tonight*
Am C Am D Am C Am G
Hey, hey, hey hey *There'll be pay in your pocket tonight*

G Em
My gut is wrenched out it is crunched up and broken
G Em
A life that is led is no more than a token
C D Em
Who'll strike the flint upon the stone and tell me why
G Em
If I yell out at night there's a reply of bruised silence
G Em
The screen is no comfort I can't speak my sentence
C D Em
They blew the lights at heaven's gate and I don't know why

Am C Am D Am C Am G
But if I work all day on the blue sky mine *There'll be food on the table tonight*
Am C Am D Am C Am G
Still I walk up and down on the blue sky mine *There'll be pay in your pocket tonight*

G Em
The candy store paupers lie to the share holders
G Em
They're crossing their fingers they pay the truth makers
C D Em
The balance sheet is breaking up the sky
G Em
So I'm caught at the junction still waiting for medicine
G Em
The sweat of my brow keeps on feeding the engine
C D Em
Hope the crumbs in my pocket can keep me for another night

F Am D
And if the blue sky mining company won't come to my rescue
F Am D C
If the sugar refining company won't save me
F G Em G Em G
Who's gonna save me? Who's gonna save me? Who's gonna save?

Am C Am D Am C Am G
But if I work all day on the blue sky mine *There'll be food on the table tonight*
Am C Am D
And if I walk up and down on the blue sky mine
Am C Am G
There'll be pay in your pocket tonight
Am C Am D
And some have sailed from a distant shore

Am C Am G
 And the company takes what the company wants
 Am C Am D Am . C . | Am . D . |
 And nothing's as precious, as a hole in the ground

G ... | Em ... | G ... | Em ... | C ... | D ... | Em ... | Em ... |
 F ... | Am ... | D ... | D ... | F ... | Am ... | D ... | C . F . |
Who's gonna

G Em G Em
 save me? Who's gonna save?

C D G Em G Em
 I pray that sense and reason bring us in
Who's gonna save me Who's gonna save me

C D
 We've got nothing to fear

G Em
 In the end the rain comes down

G Em
 In the end the rain comes down

C D G
 Washes clean, the streets of the blue sky town

WEEK 5: IT'S NOT FAIR

ANOTHER DAY IN PARADISE Phil Collins

Am . . . | G . Dm . | Am . . . | G . Dm . | Am . . . | G . Dm . | Am . . . | G . Dm . |

Am G Dm Am G
She calls out to the man on the street "Sir, can you help me?
Am G Dm Am G
It's cold and I've nowhere to sleep, Is there somewhere you can tell me?'
Am G Dm Am G
He walks on, doesn't look back He pretends he can't hear her
Am G Dm Am G
Starts to whistle as he crosses the street Seems embarrassed to be there

Am G6/A Fmaj7/A G6/A
Oh think twice, it's another day for you and me in paradise
Am G6/A Fmaj7/A G6/A Fmaj7/A Am
Oh think twice, 'cause it's another day for you, You and me in para dise

Chorus

G . Dm . | Am . . . | G . Dm . | Am . . . | G . Dm . | Am . . . | G . Dm . |

Am G Dm Am G
She calls out to the man on the street He can see she's been crying
Am G Dm Am G
She's got blisters on the soles of her feet She can't walk but she's trying

CHORUS

G/B Am G C
Oh Lord, is there nothing more anybody can do
G/B Am G C . . . | C . . . |
Oh Lord, there must be something you can say

Am G Dm Am G
You can tell from the lines on her face You can see that she's been there
Am G Dm Am G
Probably been moved on from every place Cause she didn't fit in there

CHORUS

Am G Dm Am G Dm
It's just Another day for you and me in paradise
It's just another day for you and me
Am G Dm Am G Dm
It's just another day for you and me in paradise
in paradise It's just another day for you and me
Am G Dm Am G Dm
It's just another day for you and me in paradise
in paradise It's just another day for you and me in
Am
in paradise

NOBODY KNOWS YOU WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT

Jimmy Cox

C . E7 . | A7 . . . | Dm . A7 . | Dm . . . | F . F#dim . | C . A7 . | D7 . . . | G7 . . . |

C E7 A7
Once I lived the life of a millionaire,
Dm A7 Dm
Spent all my money, didn't have any cares
F F#dim C A7
Took all my friends out for a mighty good time
D7 G7
Bought bootleg liquor, champagne and wine
C E7 A7
Then I began to fall so low,
Dm A7 Dm
Lost all my good friends, had nowhere to go.
F F#dim C A7
I get my hands on a dollar again,
D7 G7
I'll hang on to it till that old eagle grins, 'cause

C E7 A7 Dm A7 Dm
Nobody knows you When you're down and out.
F F#dim C A7 D7 G7
In your pocket, not one penny, And as for friends, you don't have any.
C E7 A7
When you get back on your feet again,
Dm A7 Dm
Everybody wants to be your long-lost friend.
F F#dim C A7
I said it's strange, without any doubt,
D7 G7
Nobody knows you when you're down and out.

C . E7 . | A7 . . . | Dm . A7 . | Dm . . . | F . F#dim . | C . A7 . | D7 . . . | G7 . . . |

C E7 A7 Dm A7 Dm
Nobody knows you When you're down and out.
F F#dim C A7 D7 G7
In your pocket, not one penny, And as for friends, you don't have any.
C E7 A7
When you get back on your feet again,
Dm A7 Dm
Everybody wants to be your long-lost friend.
F F#dim C A7
I said it's strange, without any doubt,
D7 F C A7
Nobody knows you, nobody knows you
D7 G7 C F C7
Nobody knows you when you're down and out.

SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY

Donna Summer & Michael Omartian

Am . . . | Am . . | Am . . . | Am . . . |

Am G

She works hard for the money, So hard for it, honey

Dm7 Em7 Am

She works hard for the money So you better treat her right

Am G

She works hard for the money, So hard for it, honey

Dm7 Em7 Am

She works hard for the money So you better treat her right

Am

Fmaj7/A

I met her there in the corner stand And she wonders where she is

Am D Am E7 Am

And it's strange to her, some people seem to have everything

Am Fmaj7/A

Nine a.m. on the hour hand And she's waiting for the bell

Am D Am E7 Am

And she's lookin real pretty Just waiting for her clientele

Am

G

She works hard for the money, So hard for it, honey

Dm7 Em7 Am

She works hard for the money So you better treat her right

} X2

Am

Fmaj7/A

Twenty-eight years have come and gone And she's seen a lot of tears

Am D Am E7 Am

Of the ones who come in They really seem to need her there

Am

It's a sacrifice working day to day For little money, just tips for pay

D Am E7 Am

But it's worth it all To hear them say that they care

Am

G

She works hard for the money, So hard for it, honey

Dm7 Em7 Am

She works hard for the money So you better treat her right

F

G

Am

Already knows She's seen her bad times

F

G

Am

Already knows These are the good times

F

G

Dm

E7

She'll never sell out She never will Not for a dollar bill

Am

G

She works hard So hard for it, honey

Dm7 Em7 Am

She works hard for the money So you better treat her right

Am

G

She works hard for the money, So hard for it, honey

Dm7 Em7 Am

She works hard for the money So you better treat her right

} X2

WEEK 6: THE PRICE OF EVERYTHING / THE VALUE OF NOTHING

WHERE DO THE CHILDREN PLAY?

Yusuf/Cat Stevens

D... | G... | D... | G... | D... | G... | D... | G... |
C... | G/B... | C. G/B. | A. | D... | G... | D... | G... |

Well I think it's fine, building jumbo planes
Or taking a ride on a cosmic train
Switch on summer from a slot machine
Yes, get what you want to if you want Cause you can get anything
I know we've come a long way We're changing day to day
But tell me, where do the children play?

Well you roll on roads over fresh green grass
For your lorry loads pumping petrol gas
And you make them long, and you make them tough
But they just go on and on, and it seems that you can't get off
I know we've come a long way We're changing day to day
But tell me, where do the children play?

Well you've cracked the sky, scrapers fill the air
But will you keep on building higher 'Til there's no more room up there?
Will you make us laugh, will you make us cry?
Will you tell us when to live, will you tell us when to die?
I know we've come a long way We're changing day to day
But tell me, where do the children play?

AS TEARS GO BY
Jagger / Richards / Oldham

D...|E...|G...|A...|

D E G A
 It is the evening of the day

D E G A
 I sit and watch the children play

G A D Bm
 Smiling faces I can see But not for me

G A
 I sit and watch as tears go by

D E G A
 My riches can't buy everything

D E G A
 I want to hear the children sing

G A D Bm
 All I hear is the sound Of rain falling on the ground

G A
 I sit and watch As tears go by

D...|E...|G...|A...|D...|E...|G...|A...|
 G...|A...|D...|Bm...|G...|G...|A...|A...|

D E G A
 It is the evening of the day

D E G A
 I sit and watch the children play

G A D Bm
 Smiling faces I can see But not for me

G A
 I sit and watch as tears go by

D...|E...|G...|A...|D

Changes:

28 December	Spelling typos
29 December	Money (That's What I Want) moved to A
30 December	Minor wording changes
1 January	Colliers' March moved to Dm
2 January	Colliers' March back to Em; into 4/4; more complex chords
3 January	Minor wording changes
5 January	More minor wording changes Remove final F in Price Tag
6 January	Add final instrumental line in As Tears Go By
7 January	Changed song order for week 6 More minor wording changes
22 January	Replace "Come On Sloopy" with "Where Do The Children Play?"