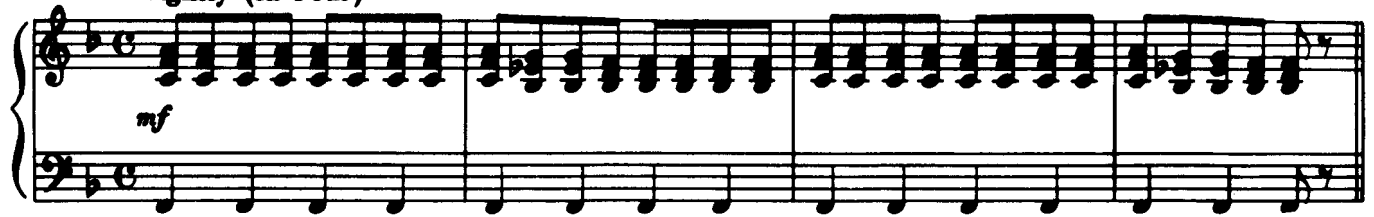


Won't Get Fooled Again

Words & Music by Peter Townshend

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Brightly (In Four)



We'll be fight-ing in the streets — with our child-ren at our feet — And the
change, it had to come, — we knew it all a - long. — We were
no-thing in the street — looks an - y dif - fer - ent to me. — And the

mor - als that they wor - ship will be gone. — And the men who spurred us on —
lib - er - a - ted from — the fold, that's all. — The world looks just the same, —
slo - gans are all re - placed, — by the by. — The part - ing on the left —

— sit in judge-ment of all wrong, — They de - cide and a shot -
— And his - tor - y ain't blamed, — 'Cause the ban - ners were all flown —
— is now a part - ing on the right, — And the beards have all grown long -









- gun sings the song.____
 - in the last war.____
 - er ov - er-night.____

I'll tip my hat____ to the new con-sti-tu-tion;











Take a bow_for the new re-vo-lu-tion; Smile and grin____ at the change all a-round; Pick up my gui-tar and play,-









Just like yes-ter-day.____ Then I'll get on my knees and pray.

To Coda 








We don't get fooled____ a - gain.____

E^b B^b G C

I'll move my-self and my fam-'ly a-side— If we hap-pen to be left half a-live;

F G F C

Get all my pa-pers and smile—at the sky, Tho' I know that the hyp-no-tized nev-er lie. 2. The

2. F C D. S. al Coda

3. There's

Coda

F E^b B^b F E^b B^b F

Meet the new— Boss! same as the old Boss!

E^b B^b F E^b B^b F NC