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DRAW THE LINE

Words and Music by
Steven Tyler and Joe Perry

Medium Rock beat

played with one guitar

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International Copyright Secured ALL RIGHTS RESERVED Printed in the U.S.A.
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No dice, honey; I'm livin' on the astral plane.

Feet's.

on the ground, and your head's goin' down the drain.

Oh, heads.

I win, tails you lose to the never mind. when to draw the line.

An
Indian summer, Carrie was all over the floor. She was a

wet net winner and rarely ever left the store. She'd sting and

dance all night and wrong all the right out of me. Oh, pass me the vile and cross your

fingers; it don't take time. Nowhere to draw the line.
Hi-ho Silver, we were singin' all your cowboy songs._

Oh, you told Carrie and promised her you wouldn't be long._

Heads I win tails you lose;_
Lord, it's such a crime.

No dice, honey, you the

salt, you're the queen of the brine.

Check-mate, honey; you the only one who's got to choose.

where to draw the line.
lone.  
Don’t know what I’m gonna do  
Yeah, I don’t know if I can face  
about this feel -

A  

Asus  

A  

E  

the night.  
ing inside.  

I’m in tears  
Yes, it’s true,  

A  

cryin’ that I do is for you.  
loneliness took me for a ride.  

B  
C#m  

A  

B  
C#m  

A  

I want your love. Let’s break the walls between us.  
Don’t make it tough. I’ll put away my pride.  

With-out your love I’m noth-ing but a beggar.  
With-out your love, a dog with-out a bone.
Enough's enough. I've suffered and I've seen the light.
What can I do? I'm sleep-in' in this bed alone.

Baby, you're my an-
gel. Come and save me to-night.

You're my an-
gel. Come and make it all right.

Yeah, come and make it all

Come and save me to-night.
You're the reason I live, you're the reason I die, you're the reason I give when I break down and cry.

Don't need no reason why, baby, baby, baby, baby, you're my angel.

Come and save me tonight, you're my angel. Yeah, come and make it all right, you're my angel.
geland. Come and save me tonight. You're my angel.

Geland. Come and take me all right. Come and save me tonight.


Repeat and fade
I'm back in the saddle again.

A5

D5 A5 D5 A5 D5 A5 D5

ridin' into town alone by the light of the moon.

A5

D5 A5 D5 A5 D5 A5 D5

lookin' for old Sukie Jones, she crazy horse saloon.

A5

D5

Bar Keep gimme a drink, that's when she caught my eye.

She
turned to gim-me a wink. that’d make a grown man cry.

back in the saddle again.

A

D5 A5 D5 A5 D5 A5 D5 A5 D5

Come easy, go easy, alright till the ris-in’ sun.

I’m
call-in' all the shots tonight, I'm like a loaded gun.

Pealin' off my boots and chaps, I'm saddle sore,

four bits gets you time in the rack I scream for more.

Fools gold out of their mines, the girls are soak-in' wet.
No tongue's drier than mine,
I'll come when I get back.

I'm back in the saddle again,
I'm back in the saddle again.

Asus4 A Bsus4 Em D A
I'm rid-in', I'm rid-in',
I'm load-in' up my pistol,
I'm shin-in' up my saddle,
Asus4  A
Bsus4  Em
D

I'm rid-in', I really got a fist-ful.
I'm rid-in', the snake is gonna rattle.

[2.

D.S. al Coda

Coda

I'm

Asus4  A
B  Em
D  A

Rid-in' high.

[2.

A

No chord
COME TOGETHER

Words and Music by
John Lennon and Paul McCartney

Moderately slow, with a beat

Dm7

Here come old flat-top; he come
groov-in' up slowly. He got Joo Joo eye-ball. He one ho-ly roll-er. He got

A5

hair down to his knee. Got to be a jok-er; he just do what he please.

Dm7
He wore no shoe-shine; he got toe-jam football. He got monkey fingers, he shoot
He Bag Production; he got walrus gum-boat. He got O no side board, he one
He roller coaster; he got early warming. He got Muddy Water; he one

Coca-Cola. He say, I know you. You know me.
Spinal cracker. He got feet down below his knee.
Mojo filter. He say one and one and one is three.

One thing I can tell you is you got to be free.
Hold you in his arm-chair; you can feel his disease.
Got to be good-looking, 'cause he so hard to see.

Come together right

To Coda
Coda

Dm7

Repeat and fade

Come to-gether,
Every time that I look in the mirror,

all these lines on my face gettin' clearer.

The past is gone:

It went by like dusk to dawn.

Isn't that the way ev'rybody's got their dues in life to pay?
I know nobody knows where it comes and where it goes.

I know it's everybody's sin; you got to lose to know how to win.

F#m  F#m7  F#m6  Bm6

F#m  F#m9  F#m
Half my life's in books' written pages,
lived and learned from fools and from sages.
You know it's true,
all these things come back to you.

Sing with me, sing for the years, sing for the laughter 'n' sing for the tears.
Sing with me if it's just for today,

maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you away.

To Coda
Coda

B5  C#5  D5  E5

Dream on, dream on, dream on, dream yourself a dream come,

F#m5

true.

B5  C5  D5  E5

Dream on, dream on, dream on and dream until your dream comes

F#m5

true.
Dream on, dream on, dream on, dream on.

Dream on, dream on, dream on, ah.

Ah.

Sing with me, sing for the years, sing for the laughter 'n' sing for the tears.

Sing with me if it's just for today,
maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you away.
Cruised into a bar on the shore...
Her picture graced the grime on the door...
She a long lost love at first bite...
Baby, maybe you're wrong... but you know it's all right... that's right.

Backstage we're havin' the time
never judge a book by its cover,
of our lives until somebody say,
or who you gonna love by your love.

D E G A5 G5 A5 D E G A5 G5 A5 D E G

__

_ for-give me if I seem out of line._
Sayin' love put me wise to her love in disguise. Then she whipped

A5 G5 A5 D E G A5 G5 A5 D E G

___ out her gun and tried to blow me away._
body of a Venus, Lord, imagine my surprise._

Da da da da da da, Dude looks like a lady._

Da da da da, Dude looks like a lady. So let me take a peek dear.

Do me, do me, do me all night. Turn the other cheek, dear.

Do me, do me, do me, do me,
Ooh, what a funky lady.

She

like it, like it, like it, like it,

Yeah!

Da da da da, Dude,

looks like a lady.

Da da da da, Dude,

looks like a lady.

Da da da da, Dude,

looks like a lady.

Repeat and fade
KINGS & QUEENS

Words and Music by Tom Hamilton, Joey Kramer, Steven Tyler, Brad Whitford and Jack Douglas

Slowly, with a beat

C#5

Long ago, I'm told were ruled by Lords of greed,

Dmaj7

maidens fared with gold. They dared to bare their wombs that bleed.

Kings and queens and guil-lo-tines,  taking lives de-nied.
Starch and parchment laid the laws, when bishops took the ride, only to deceive.

Oh, I know I lived this life afore.

Somehow know now truths I must be sure.

Tossin', turnin', nightmares burnin', dreams of swords in hand.
Sailin' ships the Viking spits the blood of father's land, only to decease.
Living times of knights and mares, raising swords for maidens fair,

G# A F#m
sneer at death, fear only loss of pride.

Living other centuries, deja vu or what you please,

G# A F#m
follows true to all who do or die.
Live and do or
LAST CHILD

Words and Music by
Steven Tyler and Brad Whitford

Moderately slow

\[ Dm \]

\[ G \]

I’m dreaming...

\[ E7 \] \[ E7\#9 \] \[ E7 \] \[ E\#7 F\#7 \]

night,

I’m leaving back home.

Strong Rock beat

\[ E \]

Right! (scream)

\[ E \]

Take me back to a South Tallahassee,
in the field... put the mule in the stable,

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down cross the bridge to my sweet Sassafras see. Can't
Ma, she's a-cook-in', put the eats on the table.

stand up on my feet in the city
got
in the city and my love's in the meadow,

hand's

to get back to the real nitty-gritty.
on the plough and my feet's in the ghetto.

Yes sir, no sir, don't come close to my home sweet home, can't catch no dose from a hot
Stand up, sit down, don't do noth-in', it ain't no good when boss man's stuff-in' it down
tail poon-tang sweet-heart sweat who could make silk purse from a J. Paul Get and his ear
their throats for paper notes and their babies cry while cities lie at their feet

with her face in her beer when you're rock-in' the streets

Home Home sweet sweet

home. Get out home.

E

\[\text{music notation} \]
Mama, take me home sweet home. I was the last child, just a punk in the streets. I was the
boys and the Dukes are ready to rumble.
The Zip gun John his finger is itching.
Dog eat dog, when meet your rival.

No Chord

word on the street some heads are gonna tumble.
Blade lids gonna blow up in hell's kitchen.
Combat zones it's your means of survival.

Gonna

gonna Flash when the street gangs clash in the cloak and dagger night.
eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth they're so ruthless when they fight.
get last licks on a suicide blitz on a cloak and dagger night.

Lightning strikes.
LET THE MUSIC DO THE TALKING

Words and Music by
Joe Perry

Moderately, with a beat

G5  C5  G5

T 7 9 7 5 0 5 9 7 7
A
B

G5  C5  G5

S

Rock-a-bye baby if you want to dance. Grab yourself a body, and
Cheesecake maybe if I take another bite. I'm a real fat city I'm a

C5  G5

take a chance. They say one time around, is all you get. But I'm
aerodelight. Threw out my pipe and my alco-line. Got a

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_still danc-ing so you lost yo bet._ I got a hard-core ma-ma with a hot hooch-y coo. Make my squeek-y clean bod-y and a dirt-y mind._ I'm a real fine danc-er I'll be cut-in' rug. Got my

C5  G5
wheels start spin-nin' like a form-u-la 2._ I got one for the mon-ey, two_ for the show, three_

C5  G5  Bb5  A5  G5
--- for my_ hon-ey and four to let you know that I

C5  G5  Bb5  A5  G5  G5
Let the mu-sic do the talk-in', let the mu-sic
do the talkin',
let the music
do the talkin',

let the music
do the talkin',

D.S.8 and fade on chorus
THE HOP

Words and Music by
Steven Tyler, Joe Perry, Brad Whitford,
Tom Hamilton and Joey Kramer

Think - in' bout the night life in the ladies powder
Hang - in' at the shop - in' mall with a wise mouth full of

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My brother's like a howlin' wolf by the room.

Leaving you smile outside the door 'cause the light of the silvery moon.

Kids been kickin' ass. My own boot heels be smokin', ya really

You best watch out what you do, and starts to salivate.

A Harley man gets off his hog when he who you did it with.

We're burnin' down the town tonight when our 'Cause you all be kickin' ass tonight with the

to shake his rattle snake.

And me I got a new shit hits the fan.

And me I got a
brand new babe, you know that 'some-thin' must be right.
Say yeah.

brand new babe, I know that 'some-thin' just ain't right.

yeah, can't stop a rock-in' to-night.

yeah, can't stop a rock-in' to-night.
No Chord

Lyin' on my back to-night

I may be eatin'

watched her moon eclipse

out to-night but I just ain't leavin' tips

So

Coda

smith.

D.S. at Coda

B5
REMEMBER
(Walking In The Sand)
Words and Music by
George Morton

Slowly, in 4
No chord C#m
B A
G#m F#m

Seems like the other day,
my ba-by went a-way.
She went a-way 'cross the

G# N.C. C#m B A
G#m

sea.
It's been two years or so
since I saw my ba-by go.

F#m G# N.C. C#m B

And then this letter
came for me.
It said that we was through.

A G#m F#m

She found some-bod-y new.
Oh, let me think, let me think.
What shall I do?

G# N.C.

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Oh, no. Oh, no. Oh, no, no, no, no, no. (Remember.) Walking in the sand. (Remember.) Walking hand in hand. (Remember.) The night was so exciting. (Remember.) Her smile was so inviting. (Remember.) Then she touched my cheek (Remember.)
member.) with her finger-tips.  

(Re-member.) Softly, softly we

met with a kiss.  

Whatever happened to

that girl that I once knew, the girl that said she'd be true?

Oh, whatever happened to that night I gave it to you?  What will you do with it
SWEET EMOTION

Words and Music by
Steven Tyler and Tom Hamilton

Moderately slow with a beat

A

Sweet

D

emotion, sweet

You

A

talk about things and nobody cares,
sweet talkin' mama with a face like a gent

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wearin' out things that nobody wears,
get up-and-go must have got up and went.

You're callin' my name but I gotta make clear,
Well, I got good news, she's a real good liar.

I can't say, baby, where I'll be in a year,
'cause my backstage boogie set yo' pants on fire.

No chord

[1.,]
Sweet emotion,
sweet emotion.
pulled into town in a police car,
Stand in front just shakin' your ass;
your daddy said I took you just a little too far.
I'll take you back-stage, you can drink from my glass.

You're tellin' her things but your girlfriend lied;
I'm talkin' 'bout somethin' you can sure understand,
'cause a
can't catch me 'cause the rabbit done died.
month on the road and I'll be eat-in' from your hand.
WALK THIS WAY

Words and Music by
Steven Tyler and Joe Perry

Moderately, in 2
No Chords

Back-stroke lover always hid-in' neath the covers till I talked to your daddy, he say.
See-saw swing-er with the boys in the school and your feet fly-in' up in air.
School girl sweet-ies with a class-y, kind-a sassy little skirts climb-in' way up their knee.
See-saw swing-er with the boys in the school and your feet fly-in' up in the air.

he said, "You ain't seen noth-in' till you're down on a muffin, then you're sing-in'."
"Hey, did-dle, did-dle, with your kit-ty in the middle of the
there was three young la-dies in the school gym lock-er when I
sing-in'. "Hey, did-dle, did-dle, with your kit-ty in the middle of the

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sure to be a changin' your ways.

I met a cheer leader was a swing like you didn't care.
So I took a big chance at the
noticed they was lookin' at me.
I was a high school loser, never swing like you didn't care.
So I took a big chance at the

real young bleed-er, oh, the times I could reminisce;
'cause the high school dance with a miss-y who was ready to play.
Was it made it with a lady till the boys told me some-thin' I missed.
Then my high school dance with a miss-y who was ready to play.

best things of lovin' with her sister and her cousin only started with a little kiss
me she was foolin', 'cause she knew what she was do-in' when I knowed love was here to stay
next-door neighbor with a daughter had a favor, so I gave her just a little kiss
me she was foolin', 'cause she knew what she was do-in' when she told me how to walk this way.

1. A

like this.

like this.
whenshe told me to
She told me to
walk this way.
walk this way,
and just gimme a kiss

C
SAME OLD SONG & DANCE

Words and Music by
Steven Tyler and Joe Perry

Moderate Rock beat (\( \frac{3}{4} \))

E7

Em7

E7

Em7

E7

Em7

E7

Get your-self cool-er,
cha with the co-cai-ne they down and dir-ty from

E7

Em7

E7

Em7

lay your-self low.
Co-in-ci-den-tal mur-der with noth-in' to show.
When the judge-

found with your gun,
No smooth-face law- yer to get-cha un-done.
Say love.

walk-in' the street, with ya old hurdy-gurdy,
no-one to meet.
Say love.

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's constipation goes to his head, and his wife's aggravation, you're

ain't the same on the south side o' town. You could look, but you ain't gonna

ain't the same on the south side o' town. You could look, but you ain't gonna

soon enough dead. find it a-round. It's the same old story, same old song and dance.

find it a-round. It's the same old story, same

my friend. It's the same old story, same

my friend. It's the same old song and dance, my friend.

Got
old story. same old song and dance.

D5    F5    G5    A5

E7    Em7    E7

Em7    E7    Em7    E7

Em7

Em7

B

Fate comes a knockin'; doors