The Music of Rod Stewart
Made Easy for Guitar
by Brent Phillips
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I WAS ONLY JOKING

Words and Music by
ROD STEWART and GARY GRAINGER

Moderately slow

Ever since I was a kid in school,
In and out of jobs, running free,

I messed around with all the rules,
Waging war with society.
A-pol-o-gized, then
Dumb, blank faces stared

Realized I'm not different after all,
But nothing ever changed.

Me and the boys thought we had it sussed;
Promises made in the heat of the night,
Valen-ti-no's creep-in' home before it

All of us got too late.
My dad said we looked ridic-ulous, but,

Blamed it on the wine.

I was only

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I was only joking, my dear, looking for a way to hide my fear. What kind of fool was I? I could never win.

Never found a compromise, collected lovers like butterflies.

Illusions of that grand first prize are slowly wearin' thin.

Susie, baby, you were good to me,

giving love unselfishly, but you took it all too seriously. I guess it had to end. I was only
Coda

Now you ask me if I'm sincere.
That's the question that I must be wrong,
pouring my heart out

always fear.
Verse seven is never clear,
but I'll owning up for prosperity

for the
tell you what you want to hear.
I try to give you whole damn world to see.

all you want,
but giving love is not my strongest point.
Act One is over without costume change.

If that's the case, it's pointless going on.
The principal would like to leave the stage.

The rather be a

lone.
'Cause crowd don't understand.
DA YA THINK I'M SEXY?

Words and Music by
ROD STEWART and CARMINE APPICE

Medium Disco beat

Dm7
G/F
Dm7

She sits a-lone, waiting for suggestions. He's so nervous, avoiding all the questions. His lips are dry. Her heart is gently pounding.

Dm7
G/F
Am7

Don't you just know exactly what they're thinking? If you want my body and you think I'm sexy, come on, sugar, let me know.

Am7
C

If you really need me, just reach out and touch me. Come on, honey, tell me so.

Dm7
G/F

He's acting shy, looking for an answer. They wake at dawn, 'cause all the birds are singing.

Dm7
G/F
Dm7

"Come on, honey, let's spend the night together." Now, hold on a minute between two total strangers. But that ain't what they're thinking! Outside it's cold;

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fore we go much further. Give me a dime, so I can phone my mother.

myst'y and it's rain-ing. They got each other. Neither one's complain-ing.

They catch a cab to his high-rise apartment. At last he can tell her exp-

He says, 'I'm sorry, but I'm out of milk and coffee.' "Never mind, sugar. We can

act-ly what his heart meant, watch the early mov-ie." If you want my body and you think I'm sex-y,

come on, sugar, let me know. If you really need me,

just reach out and touch me. Come on, honey, tell me so. His

heart's beat-ing like a drum, 'cause at last he's got this girl home.

D.S. al Coda Coda

Re-lax, baby. Now we're all a-lone.

Repeat and fade
ATTRACTION FEMALE WANTED

Words and Music by
ROD STEWART and GARY GRAINGER

Moderately (♩♩ = ♩♩)

C 0 0

Em/B 0 0 0

Am 0 0 0

1. I'm tired of buying Pent-house and Oui and Hustler.

C 0 0

Em/B 0 0 0

Am 0 0 0

It's Friday night and I'm all alone still a bachelor.

She said she'd call me when she finished work.

Have'n't heard a word all day. Oh.

2. I may not be Warren Beaty or Muham-mad Ali.

C 0 0

Em/B 0 0 0

Am 0 0 0

I ain't asking a great deal, just a female to move in with me.

I'll share all my records,

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Additional lyrics

3. I'm tired of blind dates; making silly mistakes. It's embarrassing.
   I've had no complaints. But obviously, you've guessed, no compliments.
   Won't someone please answer my prayers before I'm old and grey.
   I've been lonely too long, and all of my family think I'm gay.
   She doesn't have to be a movie star; (etc.)

4. I may get drunk; stink like a skunk. But she'll look after me,
   Put me to bed and ease my aching head and make a fuss of me.
   I think I'll write a letter to Mister Hugh Hefner, confidentially.
   A single girl for my single bed is my remedy.
BLONDIES (HAVE MORE FUN)

Words and Music by
ROD STEWART and JIM CREGAN

Fast shuffle beat (\(4\)\(\frac{9}{8}\)\(\))

\(\text{G}\)

Is it a matter of opinion or just a rose in Texas. She gimme

con - tra - dic - tion? But from where I come from, But I couldn't touch the sur-face 'cause of a

plenty of prac-tice.

\(\text{G}\)

blondes have more fun. Well, just watch them sis - ters on a

re - cent face lift. She had no idea what

Sat - ur - day night; love's all ab - out 'cept a one o' clock call on the cast - ing couch. Oh

\(\text{G}\)

Sis - sy from New York crush on Bar - dot. was on the

\(\text{G}\)

1.

yeah, yeah, oh, yeah. I took a

2.

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cover of a new Vogue.
love with Monroe.

Are you supposed to be available?
Read about them in the nationals;

So you're really untouchable.
all them juicy scandals.

"I got a limousine 'n' bodyguard 'n' chauffeur,
but God knows, Rod, I just never saw them dancin' at the country hall.

need to ball." Oh yeah,
ture-ly bald. Oh no,
on yeah. You can

keep your black and your red-heads. You can keep your brunettes, too.

Don't—
girl that's semi-intelligent. Gimme a blonde that's six-feet two, boy, and that ain't want a subservient woman.
Gimme a blonde that's six-feet two, boy, and that ain't

1. 
2. 

all. I had a all. Oh yeah.
YOU'RE IN MY HEART
(The Final Acclaim)

Words and Music by
ROD STEWART

Moderately (♩♩ = 5/4)

I didn't know what day it was when you
took all those habits of yours that in the be-

walked into the room. I said hello un-

noticed; Beardsley prints I put down to ex-
perience.

Breezin' through the clientele, spinning yarns that were so
big-bosomed lady with the Dutch accent who tried to change my point of

lyric-al, I really must confess right here the other ad lib lines were well rehearsed, but my

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traction was purely physical.

heart cried out for you. You're in my heart; you're in my soul. You'd be my breath should I grow old. You are my lover: you're my best friend. You're in my soul.

My love for you is immeasurable; myressay in glamour. Please pardon the grammar, but you're

spect for you immense. You're ageless, timeless,
every schoolboy's dream. You're Celtic united,
lace and fineness; you're beauty and elsewhere,

but, baby, I've decided you're the best team I've ever
gance. You're a rhapsody, a comedy; you're a
seen. And there have been many affairs and

symphony and a play. You're every love song
many times. I've thought to leave. But I bite my lip and

ever written, but, honey, what do you see in me? You're in my
turn around, cause you're the warmest thing I've ever found. You're in my

heart; you're in my soul. You'd be my breath should I grow

old. You are my lover; you're my best friend. You're in my

You're an
AIN'T LOVE A BITCH

Words and Music by
ROD STEWART and GARY GRAINGER

Moderately bright \( \text{\textit{\( \frac{7}{8} \)\text{-note}} } \)

C \hspace{0.5cm} G/B \hspace{0.5cm} Am \hspace{0.5cm} Am/G \hspace{0.5cm} Dm7

\[ \text{\textit{\( \frac{7}{8} \)\text{-note}} } \]

 Been in pain and I been in shame. But ain't love a bitch.
You're all alone in the freezing cold by the underground.

F/G \hspace{0.5cm} C \hspace{0.5cm} G/B \hspace{0.5cm} Am \hspace{0.5cm} Am/G

\[ \text{\textit{\( \frac{7}{8} \)\text{-note}} } \]

I been in fights; locked away for nights. But ain't
Your hands are numb and you're feeling dumb 'cause you've

Dm7 \hspace{0.5cm} F/G \hspace{0.5cm} C \hspace{0.5cm} G/B

\[ \text{\textit{\( \frac{7}{8} \)\text{-note}} } \]

love a bitch. been let down. You thought you were rough
been told, impaled, You're

Am \hspace{0.5cm} Am/G \hspace{0.5cm} Dm7 \hspace{0.5cm} F/G

\[ \text{\textit{\( \frac{7}{8} \)\text{-note}} } \]

strung up and nailed; left without a stitch. and kind-a tough and maybe out of reach.
I been

C \hspace{0.5cm} G/B \hspace{0.5cm} Am \hspace{0.5cm} Am/G \hspace{0.5cm} Dm7 \hspace{0.5cm} F/G

\[ \text{\textit{\( \frac{7}{8} \)\text{-note}} } \]

scratched 'n' taxed 'n' finally axed. But ain't love a bitch.
acting chic; playing hide-and-seek. But ain't love a bitch.

Dm7 \hspace{0.5cm} F/G \hspace{0.5cm} Cmaj7

\[ \text{\textit{\( \frac{7}{8} \)\text{-note}} } \]

Oh, I didn't understand till I was seventeen.
Oh, I must state right here: I've been there before.

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Dm7                   Cmaj7
She took me way upstairs and she wiped me clean.
eyes were closed and so, my friends, I still don't know the score.

Am                   Fmaj7
Oh, I didn't realize she made a first-class fool out of me.
Oh, don't underestimate the strength of it.

Dm7                   G6
Oh, Maggie, if you're still out there, the rest is history.
It may be unwise to analyze even the cause of it.

[Chorus]

1. G
You're driving home late one night, and on the radio
comes an old, familiar song you used to know so well.

2. G C G/B Am Am/G Dm7

F/G                   C G/B Am Am/G Dm7
Oh, I can't comprehend this thing called love.

F/G                   Dm7 Cmaj7
May-be it's a matter of fact I just can't grow up.
Deep down, ain't we all a little juvenile?

All I really want to know: Is there one sweet angel that can make me smile?

Torrential rains, wars and hurricanes, I wouldn't budge an inch.

Your rent's unpaid and your team lose again. But ain't love a bitch.

You can lose your job, your home and your head. But ain't love a bitch.

Take it or leave it. Some-day you'll feel it. 'Cause love is the bitch.
TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT
(Gonna Be Alright)

Words and Music by
ROD STEWART

Moderately slow Rock beat (££ = ££)

Stay away from my window; stay away from my

back door too. Disconnect the telephone line;

relax, baby, and draw that blind.

1. Kick off your shoes and sit right down

and loosen up that pretty French gown.

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Let me pour you a good long drink; ooh, baby, don't you hesitate. 'Cause tonight's the night; it's gonna be alright. 'Cause I love you, girl; ain't no body gonna stop us now.

Additional lyrics

2. Come on, angel, my heart's on fire; Don't deny your man's desire, You'd be a fool to stop this tide; Spread your wings and let me come inside.

3. Don't say a word, my virgin child; Just let your inhibitions run wild. The secret is about to unfold Upstairs before the night's too old.
MAGGIE MAY

Words and Music by
ROD STEWART and MARTIN QUITTENTON

Medium Rock beat

G
F
C

1. Wake up, Maggie, I think I got something to say to you...

It's late September and I really should be

back at school...

I know I keep you amused, but I

feel I'm being used. Oh, Maggie, I couldn't have tried any more.

You led me away from home just to

save you from being alone. You stole my heart... and
Additional lyrics

2. The morning sun, when it's in your face,
   Really shows your age.
   But that don't worry me none.
   In my eyes, you're everything.
   I laughed at all of your jokes.
   My love you didn't need to coax.
   Oh, Maggie, I couldn't have tried any more.
   You led me away from home.
   Just to save you from being alone.
   You stole my soul, and that's a pain I can do without.

3. All I needed was a friend
   To lend a guiding hand.
   But you turned into a lover, and, mother, what a lover!
   You wore me out.
   All you did was wreck my bed,
   And, in the morning, kick me in the head.
   Oh, Maggie, I couldn't have tried any more.
   You led me away from home.
   'Cause you didn't want to be alone.
   You stole my heart. I couldn't leave you if I tried.

4. I suppose I could collect my books
   And get on back to school,
   Or steal my daddy's cue
   And make a living out of playing pool.
   Or find myself a rock'n'roll band
   That needs a helping hand.
   Oh, Maggie, I wish I'd never seen your face.
   You made a first-class fool out of me.
   But I'm as blind as a fool can be.
   You stole my heart, but I love you anyway.
HOT LEGS

Moderate Rock beat

1. Who's that knock-in' on my door? It's gotta be a quarter to four. Is it you again, comin' round for more?

Well, you can love me tonight if you want, but in the morning make sure you're gone. I'm talkin' to you: Hot legs, you're wearin' me out. Hot legs, you can scream and shout.

Hot legs, are you still in school? I love you, honey.

Words and Music by
ROD STEWART

G

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2. You got a most persuasive tongue.  
You promise all kinds of fun,  
But what you don’t understand,  
I’m a working man.  
I’m gonna need a shot of vitamin E  
By the time you’re finished with me.  
I’m talkin’ to you:  
Hot legs, you’re an alley cat.  
Hot legs, you scratch my back.  
Hot legs, bring your mother, too.  
I love you, honey.

3. Imagine how my daddy felt  
In your jet-black suspender belt.  
Seventeen years old, he’s trudging sixty-four.  
You got legs right up to your neck,  
You’re makin’ me a physical wreck.  
I’m talkin’ to you:  
Hot legs, in your satin shoes.  
Hot legs, are you still in school?  
Hot legs, you’re makin’ me a fool.  
I love you, honey.
SCARRED AND SCARED

Words and Music by
ROD STEWART and GARY GRAINGER

Slowly

C
Fmaj7

1. Started out like anyone of you; good intentions and a degree. But one hot night under the

Fmaj7
C
Fmaj7

neon lights, killed a boy just seventeen.

Am
Em
Dm7

Now I sit here waiting on my maker; to reprieve is all I'm prayin'

C
Am
Em

for.

Lord, I fear the hangman's steps approachin',

Dm7

Will the priest knock gently on my door. 2. And I ground? I'm goin'

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down to the engine shed. Put a gun up to my head. Blow my self into the Promised Land. We call it scarred and scared. 3. And if you now. Oh, yeah, I'll take you there.

I'll take you there.

Additional lyrics

2. And I know I've let my daddy down. And I broke my mother's heart. I'd give anything; turn back time again. Just give me one more shot. I don't need no trial humiliation. Just tell me that I'm heaven bound. I don't want no two-faced consolation. What use is that to me six feet underground?

I'm goin' down to the engine shed. (etc.)

3. And if you ever see my son again, Don't let on just how I fared. Tell him I went down big and strong; I was never scarred or scared. All the girls that once did gather 'round me Have moved along to someone else. Sittin' here, desperation is my close friend. What I'd give to kiss one of them now. Oh, yeah, I'll take you there. I'll take you there.
BORN LOOSE

Medium Rock beat

Verse

C

G

1. Oee, eee, baby, don't you count on me to be there when the sun goes
down. 'Cause all those mean old friends of mine are call-in',
call-in' way down the line. Somebody send me a
one-way ticket; gotta get away from here.

F

G

C

Put me on a jet back to London city; gotta get a belly full of

Chorus

G

beer. me. I was born loose,

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runnin' wild...
Keep your hands on top...
Can't change me now...
I was born loose,
runnin' wild...
Keep your hands off me, lady,
D. C. al Coda
(Coda)
'cause you're too late, too late.

coda door.

Additional lyrics

2. Smile for the camera; please mind your manner.  
You gotta keep your image clean.
Clench your fist and don't you take a piss;
It makes you want to slash your wrists.
Stand up, shut up, sit down, throw up;
All I want to do is sing.
Responsibility and fidelity
Never meant a thing to me.
(Chorus)

3. Big bombs are crashin', never stop crashin',
Wanting every woman in town.
Some tried to train me, one tried to main me,
But you can't keep a good man down.
Church bells ringin', all the kids singin'
When we played the last night on the tour,
Janice and Jimi, can't you hear me
Knockin' on heaven's door.
CINDY INCIDENTALLY

Words and Music by
ROD STEWART and RONALD DAVID WOOD

Moderate Rock beat

Oh, Cindy,
Cindy,
ain't you no-ticed
don't you wor-ry,
that 'cause be-

sev-ral of your friends have moved on?
And the street out-side is just a
tween us we can make it through.
There ain't noth-ing, no, no,

lit-tle too qui-et, and your lo-cal pa-per's run out of
noth-ing in the world I can do with-out

I'm not per-suading you or dis-en-gag-ing you,
So, Cindy, get your coat on.
but, Leave the

To Coda ♫

Cindy, you and me got to move.
Can you re-

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fuse? No time to lose. We'll hit the high road early this morning. So don't be late. Don't hesitate. This dream can pass just as fast as lightning. Oh, Cindy, incen-t'ly, _baby, I ain't put-ting you on. Can you re-
lightning. Oh, pent-house. Turn your mu-sic so loud. Let's at-
tract a big crowd and drink a round to this town and bid good-bye.
THE KILLING OF GEORGIE (PART I & II)

Words and Music by ROD STEWART

Moderately slow, in 2

1. In these days of changing ways, so called liberated days, a story comes to mind of a friend of mine.

Georgie boy was gay, I guess. Nothin’ more or nothin’ less. The kindlest guy I ever knew.

2. His

Slowly, in 2

Repeat and fade

Oh, Georgie,

stay;

don’t go away.

Georgie, please stay;

you take

my breath away.

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Additional lyrics

2. His mother's tears fell in vain
The afternoon George tried to explain
That he needed love like all the rest.
Pa said, "There must be a mistake.
How can my son not be straight
After all I've said and done for him?"

3. Leavin' home on a Greyhound bus,
Cast out by the ones he loves,
A victim of these gay days, it seems.
Georgie went to New York town,
Where he quickly settled down
And soon became the toast of the Great White Way.

4. Accepted by Manhattan's elite
In all the places that were chic,
No party was complete without George.
Along the boulevards he'd cruise
And all the old queens blew a fuse;
Everybody loved Georgie boy.

5. The last time I saw George alive
Was in the summer of '75.
He said he was in love; I said, "I'm pleased."
George attended the opening night
Of another Broadway hype,
But split before the final curtain fell.

6. Deciding to take a shortcut home,
Arm in arm, they meant no wrong;
A gentle breeze blew down Fifth Avenue.
Out of a darkened side street came
A New Jersey gang with just one aim:
To roll some innocent passerby.

7. There ensued a fearful fight;
Screams rung out in the night.
Georgie's head hit a sidewalk cornerstone.
A leather kid, a switchblade knife,
He did not intend to take his life;
He just pushed his luck a little too far that night.

8. The sight of blood dispersed the gang;
A crowd gathered, the police came,
An ambulance screamed to a halt on Fifty-third and Third.
Georgie's life ended there,
But I ask, who really cares?
George once said to me, and I quote:

9. He said: "Never wait or hesitate.
Get in, kid, before it's too late;
You may never get another chance,
Cause youth's a mask, but it don't last.
Live it long and live it fast."
Georgie was a friend of mine.
THE FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST

Words and Music by CAT STEVENS

Slowly, with a beat

I would have given you all of my heart, but there's just to

someone who's torn it apart. And she's taken just all that I

help me dry the tears that I've cried. And I'm sure gonna give you a

had, but if you want, I'll try to love again. Baby, I'll

try, and if you want, I'll try to love again. Baby, I'll

try to love again, but I know: The first cut is the deepest. Baby, I

know the first cut is the deepest. When it comes to being lucky, she's

cursed. When it comes to lovin' me, she's worse. I still

[2.] Repeat and fade

comes to lovin' me, she's worse.