

The Music
of
Rod Stewart

Made
Easy for **Guitar**

by Brent Phillips



WARNER BROS.
PUBLICATIONS

\$3.95
U.S.A.

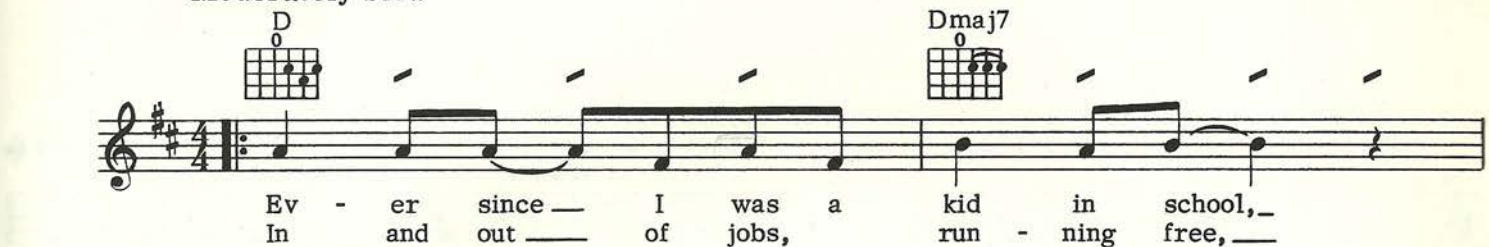
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I WAS ONLY JOKING

Words and Music by
ROD STEWART and GARY GRAINGER

Moderately slow



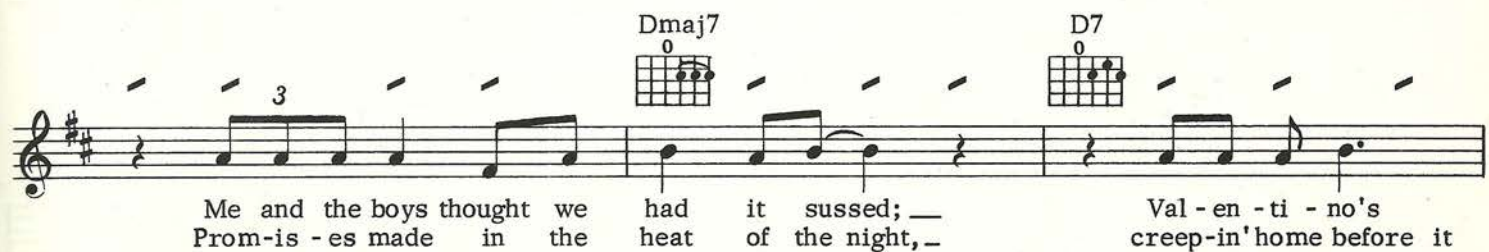
Ev - er and since I was a kid in school,
In and out of jobs, run - ning free,



I messed a - round with all the rules. A - pol - o - gized, then
wag - ing war with so - ci - e - ty. Dumb, blank fac - es stared



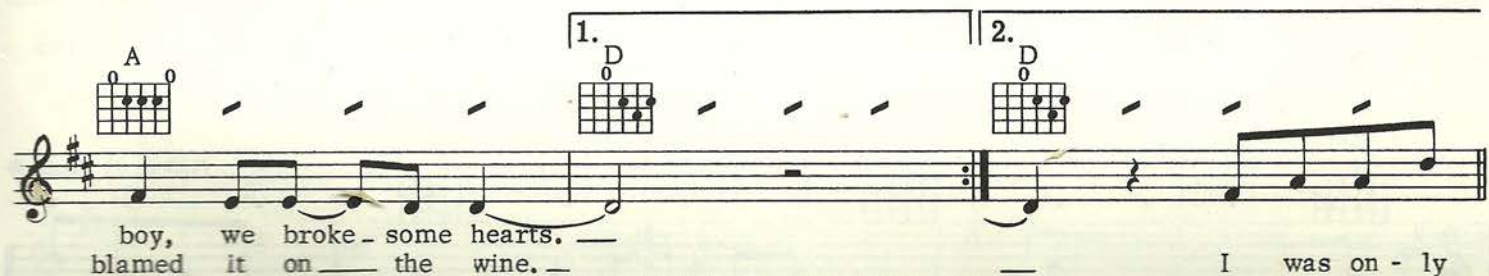
re - al - ized I'm not dif - f'rent af - ter all.
back at me, but noth - ing ev - er changed.



Me and the boys thought we had it sussed; Val - en - ti - no's
Prom - is - es made in the heat of the night, creep - in' home before it



all of us. My dad said we looked ri - dic - u - lous, but,
got too late. I wast - ed all that pre - cious time and



boy, we broke - some hearts,
blamed it on the wine. I was on - ly

4

I WAS ONLY LOOKING

jok - ing, my dear, look-ing for a way to hide — my fear. What kind of

fool — was — I? I could nev-er win. *To Coda*

Nev-er found a com-pro-mise, — col-lect-ed lov-ers like but-ter-flies.

Il - lu-sions of that grand first prize — are slow - ly wear - in' thin. —

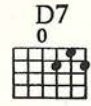
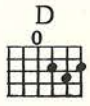
— Su - sie, ba - by, you were good to me, —

giv - ing love un - self - ish - ly, but you took it all too

se-rious - ly. I guess it had — to end. — I was on - ly

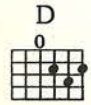
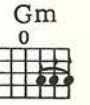
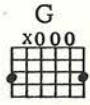
D. S. al Coda

Coda



Now you ask me if I'm sin - cere. —
 what I'm do - ing — must be wrong, —

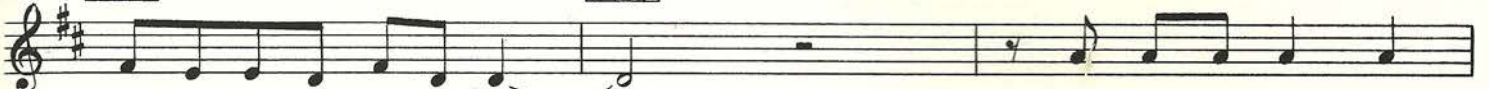
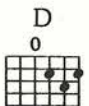
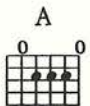
That's the ques - tion that I
 pour - ing my heart out



al - ways fear. —
 in a song, —

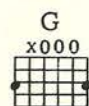
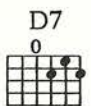
Verse sev - en is nev - er clear,
 own - ing up for pros - per - i - ty

but I'll
 for the



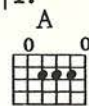
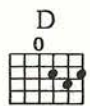
tell you what you want to hear. —
 whole — damn — world to see. —

I try to give you
 Qui - et - ly now while I



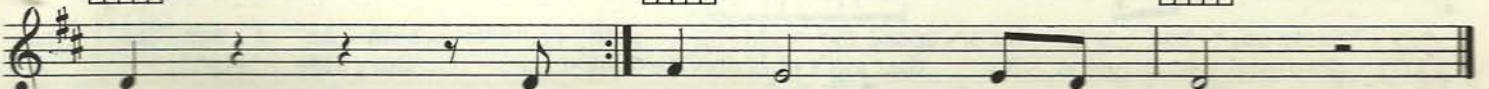
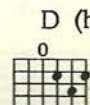
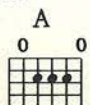
all you want, —
 turn a page, —

but giv - ing love is not my strong - est point.
 Act One is o - ver with - out cos - tume change.



If that's the case, it's point - less go - ing on.
 The prin - ci - pal would like to leave the stage.

I'd rath - er be a -
 The



lone.

'Cause crowd don't
rit.

un - der - stand.

DA YA THINK I'M SEXY?

Words and Music by
 ROD STEWART and CARMINE APPICE

Medium Disco beat



 She sits a-lone, wait-ing for sug-ges-tions. He's so nerv-ous, a-



 void-ing all the ques-tions. His lips are dry. Her heart is gent-ly pound-ing.



 Don't you just know ex-act-ly what they're think-ing? If you want my bod-y



 and you think I'm sex-y, come on, sug-ar, let me know.



 If you real-ly need me, just reach out and touch me. Come on, hon-ey, tell me



 so. He's act-ing shy, look-ing for an an-swer. They wake at dawn, 'cause all the birds are sing-ing.



 "Come on, hon-ey, let's spend the night to-geth-er." "Now, hold on a min-ute be- Two total stran-gers. But that ain't what they're think-ing! Out-side it's cold;

G/F 00 Dm7 0 G/F 00

fore we go much fur - ther. Give me a dime, so I can phone my moth - er."
 mist-y and it's rain - ing. They got each other. Nei-ther one's com-plain - ing.

Dm7 0 G/F 00 Dm7 0

They catch a cab_ to his high - rise a-part - ment. At last_ he can tell her ex -
 He says, "I'm sor-ry, but I'm out of milk and cof - fee." "Nev-er mind, _ sug - ar. We can

G/F 00 Am7 0 0 0

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

C 0 0 0 Am7 0 0 0

come on, sug - ar, let me know. If you real-ly need me,

C 0 0 0 To Coda

just reach out and touch me. Come on, hon - ey, tell me so. His

Em7 0 0 0 Am7 0 0 0 Em7 0 0 0 Am7 0 0 0

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

Dm7 0 Fm6 0 F/G x D.S. al Coda Coda

Re-lax, ba - by. Now we're all a - lone. so.

Repeat and fade
 Am7 0 0 0 C 0 0 0

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE WANTED

Words and Music by
ROD STEWART and GARY GRAINGER

Moderately (♩ = $\overset{\frown}{\text{♩}} \overset{\frown}{\text{♩}} \overset{\frown}{\text{♩}}$)

C  Em/B  Am 

1. I'm tired of buy-ing *Pent-house* and *Oui* and *Hus-tl-er*.

C  Em/B 

It's Fri-day night and I'm all a-lone — still a

Am  Dm 

bach-e-lor. She said she'd call me when she

Am  Dm  G (hold) 

fin-ished work. — Have-n't heard a word all day. Oh. —

♩ C  Em/B  Am 

2. I may not be *War-ren Beat-ty* — or *Mu-ham-mad A-li*.

C  Em/B 

I ain't ask-ing a great deal, just a fe-male to move

Am  C 

in with me. I'll share all my rec-ords,

Em/B  Am 

tooth-brush and car and col-or T. V. Hon-est-ly.

C  Em/B  To Coda \oplus Am 

A sin-gle girl for my sin-gle bed is my rem-e-dy.

Dm  Am  Dm  Am 

She does-n't have to be a mov-ie star; cov-er of a mag-a-zine.

Dm  Am  1. Dm  G (hold) 

She can work in a gar-age all day; in the eve-ning, some can-teen.

D  Em  2. Dm  G (hold)  Coda Am 

3. I'm eve-ning, some can-teen. 4. I rem-e-dy.

D.S. al Coda \oplus

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.

BLONDES (HAVE MORE FUN)

Words and Music by
ROD STEWART and JIM CREGAN

Fast shuffle beat ($\text{♩} = \text{♩}^3$)

G
x000

Is it a mat - ter of o - pin - ion or just a
rose in Tex - as. She gim - me

C
0 0 0

con - tra - dic - tion? plen - ty of prac - tice. But from where I come from, all the
But I couldn't touch the sur - face 'cause of a

G
x000

D
0

blondes have more fun. Well, just watch them sis - ters on a
re - cent face lift. She had no i - dea what

C
0 0 0

E \flat
3 fr.

Sat - ur - day night; love's all a - bout 'cept a per - ox - ide caus - in' all of the fights. Oh
one o' - clock call on the cast - ing couch. Oh

G
x000

1.

yeah, yeah, oh, yeah. oh, yeah. I took a

G
x000

2.

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

cov-er of a new *Vogue*.
love with Mon - roe.

Are you sup - posed to be a - vail - a - ble?
Read a - bout them in the na - tion - als;

So you're real - ly un - touch - a - ble.
all them juic - y scan - dals.

"I got a
But I

lim - ou - sine 'n' bod - y - guard 'n' chap - er - one, — but God knows, Rod, I just
nev - er saw them danc - in' at the coun - ty hall — with the short, fat guy who's pre - ma -

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

keep your black and your red - heads. You can keep your bru - nettes, too. I wan - na
keep your black and your red - heads. You can keep your bru - nettes, too. Don't —

girl that's sem - i - in - tel - li - gent. Gim - me a blonde that's six - feet - two, boy, and that ain't
want a sub - ser - vi - ent wom - an. Gim - me a blonde that's six - feet - two, boy, and that ain't

1. all. I had a all. 2. Oh yeah.

YOU'RE IN MY HEART

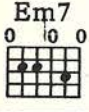
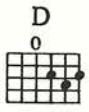
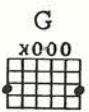
(The Final Acclaim)

Words and Music by
ROD STEWART

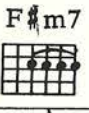
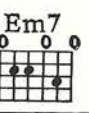
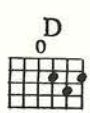
Moderately (♩ = ♩³)

G  F#m7 

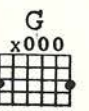
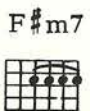
I did - n't know what day it was when you
I took all those habits of yours that in the be -

Em7  D  G 

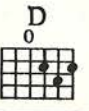
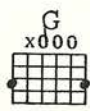

walked in - to the room. I said hel - lo un -
gin - ning were hard to ac - cept. Your fash - ion sense - for

F#m7  Em7  D 

no - ticed; Beards - ley prints you put said good - bye - too soon. The

G  F#m7  Em7 

Breez - in' through - the cli - en - tele, - spin - ning yarns that were - so
big - bos - omed lady with the Dutch ac - cent who tried to change my point - of

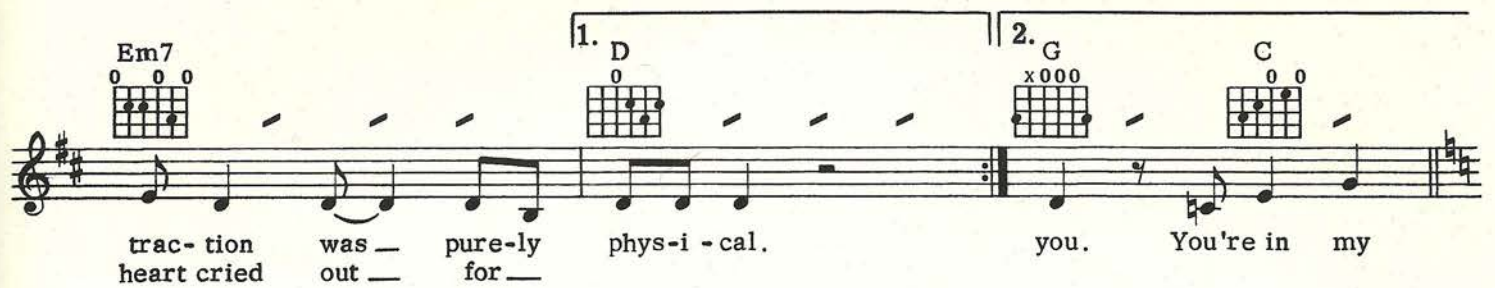
D  G  F#m7 

lyr - ic - al, I real - ly must con - fess right here - the at -
view, her ad lib lines were well re - hearsed, - but my

Em7 0 0 0

1. D 0

2. G x000 C 0 0



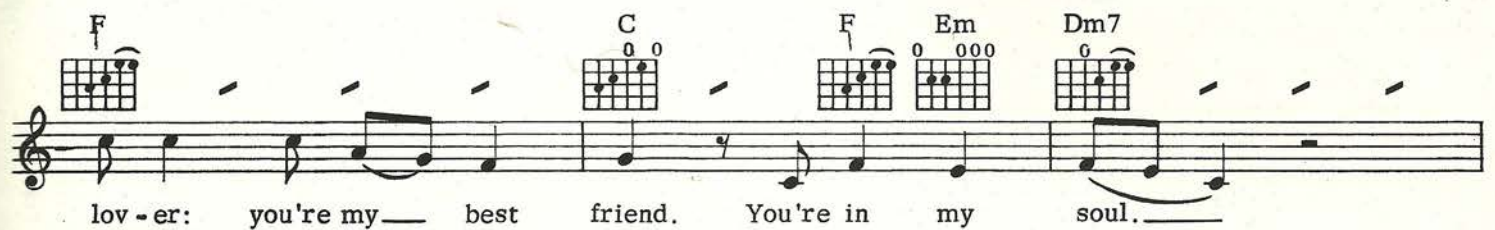
trac-tion was — pure-ly phys-i-cal. you. You're in my heart cried out — for —

F C 0 0 F C 0 0



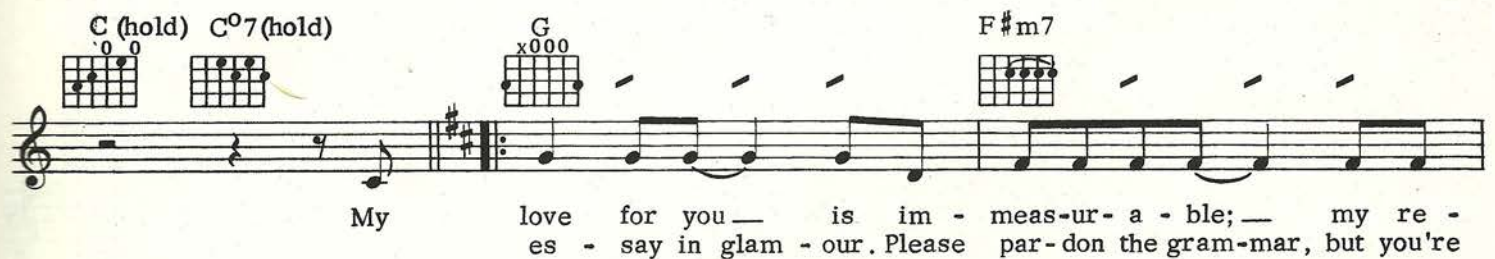
heart; you're in — my soul. You'd be my breath should I — grow old. You are my

F C 0 0 F Em Dm7 6



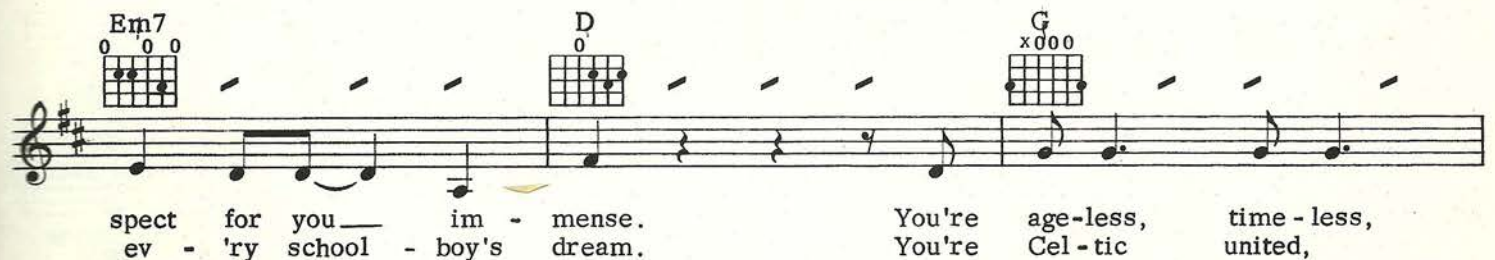
lov-er: you're my — best friend. You're in my soul. —

C (hold) C^o7 (hold) G x000 F#m7



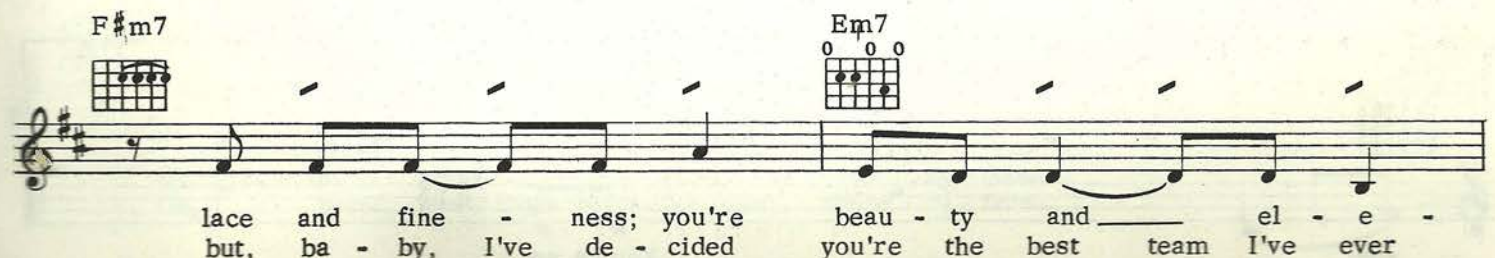
My love for you — is im-meas-ur-a-ble; — my re-es-say in glam-our. Please par-don the gram-mar, but you're

Em7 0 0 0 D 0 G x000



spect for you — im-mense. You're age-less, time-less, ev-'ry school-boy's dream. You're Cel-tic, united,

F#m7 Em7 0 0 0



lace and fine-ness; you're beau-ty and el-e-e-but, ba-by, I've de-cided you're the best team I've ever

YOU'RE IN MY HEART

D G F#m7

gance. You're a rhap - so - dy, a com - e - dy; you're a
seen. And there have been man - y af-fairs and

Em7 D G

sym - pho - ny and a play. You're ev - 'ry love song
man - y times. I've thought to leave. But I bite my lip and

F#m7 Em7 G C

ev - er writ - ten, but, hon - ey, what do you see in me? } You're in my
turn a - round, 'cause you're the warm - est thing I've ever found.

F C F

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

C F C F Em

old. You are my lov - er; you're my best friend. You're in my

Dm7

soul. You're an

1. C (hold) C°7 (hold) 2. C (hold)

AIN'T LOVE A BITCH

Words and Music by
ROD STEWART and GARY GRAINGER

Moderately bright (♩ = $\frac{3}{4}$)



 Been in pain and I been in shame.. But ain't love a bitch. —
 You're all a-lone in the freez - in' cold — by the un - der-ground. —



 I been in fights; locked a - way for nights.. But ain't
 Your hands are numb and you're feel - ing dumb — 'cause you've



 love a bitch. — I been tailed, im - paled,
 been let down. — You thought you were rough



 strung up and nailed; left with - out a stitch. — I been
 and kind - a tough and may - be out of reach. You're



 scratched 'n' taxed 'n' fi - nal - ly axed. But ain't love a bitch. —
 act - ing chic; play - ing hide - and - seek. But ain't love a bitch. —



 Oh, I — did - n't un - der - stand till I was sev - en - teen. —
 Oh, I — must — state right here: I've been — there be - fore. — My

AIN'T LOVE A BITCH

Dm7 Cmaj7

She took me way up stairs 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 1. G

Oh, Mag - gie, if you're still out there, the rest is his - to - ry.
 It may be un-wise to an - a - lyze even the cause of it.

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

You're driv-ing home late one night, and on the ra - di - o

F/G C G/B Am Am/G Dm7

comes an old, fa - mil - iar song you used to know so well.

F/G Dm7 Cmaj7

Oh, I can't com-pre-hend this thing called love.

Dm7 Cmaj7

May-be it's a mat-ter of fact I just can't grow up.

Am Fmaj7

Deep down, ain't we all — a lit-tle ju - ven-ile? —

Dm7 G6 (hold)

All I — real-ly want to know: — Is there one sweet an-gel that can

C G/B Am Am/G C G/B

make me smile? — Tor - ren-tial rains, —

Am Am/G Dm7 F/G

wars and hur - ri-canes. I would-n't budge an inch. — Your

C G/B Am Am/G Dm7

rent's un - paid and your team lose a gain. — But ain't love a bitch. —

F/G C G/B Am Am/G

You can lose your job, your home and your head. — But ain't

Dm7 F/G C G/B Am Am/G

love a bitch. — Take it or leave it. Some-day you'll feel it. 'Cause

Dm7 F/G C G/B Am Am/G

love is the bitch.

Repeat and fade

TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT

(Gonna Be Alright)

Words and Music by
ROD STEWART

Moderately slow Rock beat (♩ = ♩♩♩)

C Fmaj7 C

Stay a - way from my win - dow; stay a - way from my

Fmaj7 C Fmaj7

back door too. Dis - con - nect the tel - e - phone line;

C Fmaj7 Bbmaj7 3fr.

re - lax, ba - by, and draw that blind.

G7 F/A G/B C Fmaj7

1. Kick off your shoes and sit right down

C Fmaj7

and loos - en up that pret - ty French gown.

C Fmaj7 C

Let me pour you a good long drink;_ ooh, ba - by, don't you

Fmaj7 C Fmaj7

hes - i - tate._ 'Cause to - night's_ the night;_

C Am Dm

it's gon - na be al - right. 'Cause I_ love you, girl; ain't no -

F C G

bod - y gon - na stop us now.

G C Fmaj7

Repeat and fade

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 $x000$ F C $0\ 0\ 0$

1. Wake up, Mag - gie, I think I got some-thing to say to you. —

G $x000$ F

It's late Sep - tem - ber and I real - ly should be

C $0\ 0\ 0$ F C $0\ 0\ 0$

back at school. — I know I keep you a - mused, but I

F G Dm Em

feel I'm be - ing used. Oh, Mag-gie, I could-n't have tried — an - y

Dm Gsus4/D Dm G $x000$

more. — You led me a - way from home just to

Dm G $x000$ Dm

save you from being a - lone. You stole my heart, — and

G *x000* C *0 0* 1.2.3. 4.

that's what real - ly hurts. 2. The

Repeat and fade

C *0 0* Dm7 F C *0 0*

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

Words and Music by
ROD STEWART


Moderate Rock beat

G
x000



1. Who's that knock-in' on my door? It's got - ta be a quar-ter to

C
0 0 0



four. Is it you a - gain, com-in' round for more?

D
0



Well, you can love me to - night, if you want, but in the

C
0 0 0



morn-ing make sure you're gone. I'm talk - in' to you: Hot legs, you're

G
x000



wear - in' me out. Hot legs, you can scream and shout.

No Chord

(guitar)

Hot legs, are you still in school? I love you, hon-ey.

1. 2. 3.

2. You 3. I -

G
x000

Hot legs, you're mak-in' your mark._ Hot legs, keep my
Hot legs, you're wear-in' me out. _ Hot legs, you can

pen - cil sharp._ Hot legs, keep your hands to your - self._
scream and shout._ Hot legs, you're still in school._

1. No Chord (guitar) 2. N.C.

I love you, hon-ey. I love you, hon-ey. _____

Additional lyrics

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

1. Start - ed out like an - y one of you: good in -

ten - tions and a de - gree. But one hot night un - der the

ne - on lights, killed a boy just sev - en - teen.

Now I sit here wait - ing on my mak - er; to re - prieve is all I'm pray - in'

for. Lord, I fear_ the hang - man's steps ap - proach - in'.

Will the priest knock gent - ly on my door. 2. And I ground? I'm go - in'

C Fmaj7 C Fmaj7

down to the en-gine shed. Put a gun up to my head. Blow my -

C Fmaj7 C

self in - to the Prom-ised Land. We call it scarred and

F D. S. $\frac{3}{4}$ al Coda \blacklozenge Coda G C

scared. 3. And if you now. Oh, yeah, I'll take you

Fmaj7 C Fmaj7 C (hold)

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

Words and Music by
 ROD STEWART, GARY GRAINGER
 and JIM CREGAN

Medium Rock beat

Verse

1. Oee, eee, ba-by, 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. Some - bod - y send_ me a

one - way tick - et; got - ta get a - way from here.

Put me on a jet back to Lon - don cit - y; got to get a bel - ly full of

beer. me. I was born loose,

Chorus

To Coda ⊕

run - nin' wild.. Keep your hands on top.. Can't

change me now.. I was born loose,

run - nin' wild.. Keep your hands off me, la - dy,

'cause you're too late, too late. door.

D. C. al Coda ♦

Coda

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;
 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 clashin',
 Wanting every woman in town.
 Some tried to train me, one tried to maim 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, Cin - dy, ain't you no - ticed that
 Cin - dy, don't you wor - ry, '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

news. I'm not per - suad - ing you___ or dis - en - gag - ing you,___ but,
 you. So, Cin - dy, get your coat on. Leave the

To Coda ♪

Cin - dy, you and me got to the move.
 rent with the gent up in the Can you re -

Am

fuse? No time to lose. We'll hit the high road ear - ly this

G Am

morn-ing. So don't be late. Don't hes - i - tate. This dream can

1.

pass just as fast as light-ning. Oh, Cin - dy, in - ci -

D6 Am D6 Am G

den - t'ly, ba - by, I ain't put-ting you on. Can you re -

2.

G D. S. $\frac{3}{4}$ al Coda \diamond

Coda G

light - ning. Oh, pent-house. Turn your mu-sic so loud. Let's at-

D6 Am D6 Am G

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 chang-ing ways,_ so called lib-er-
at - ed days,_ a sto - ry comes to mind_ of a friend of mine.
Georg-ie boy_ was gay, I guess.. Noth - in' more or
noth - in' less.. The kind - est guy I ev - er knew. 2. His

9. Oh, Georg - ie,

Repeat and fade
Dm7 F/G C
stay;_ don't go_ a - way. _

Georg - ie,_ please stay;_ you take

my_ breath a - way. _ Oh, Georg - ie,

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

G x000 D 0 C 0 0 D 0

I would have giv - en you all of my heart, but there's
want you by my side just to

G x000 D 0 C 0 0 D 0 G x000 D 0

some-one who's torn it a - part. And she's tak - en just all that I
help me dry the tears that I've cried. And I'm sure gon-na give you a

C 0 0 D 0 G x000 D 0 C 0 0 D 0

had, but if you want, I'll try to love a - gain. Ba - by, I'll
try, and if you want, I'll try to love a - gain. Ba - by, I'll

G x000 C 0 0 D 0 G x000 D 0 C 0 0 D 0

try to love a - gain, but I know: } The first cut is the deep - est. Ba - by, I
try to love a - gain, but I know: }

G x000 D 0 C 0 0 D 0 G x000 D 0

know the first cut is the deep - est. When it comes to be - in' luck - y, she's

C 0 0 D 0 G x000 C 0 0 D 0

cursed. When it comes to lov - in' me, she's worse. I still

2. G x000 D 0 C 0 0 D 0 G x000 C 0 0 D 0

comes to lov - in' me, she's worse.

Repeat and fade