



! Anna BBQ Aug 17
14 songs, 50:58 total time, 515.9 MB

Name	Time	Album	Artist
All Right Now	3:37	Casey Kasem Presents: America's Top Ten - The 197...	Free
Bad, Bad Leroy Brown	3:05	Greatest Hits	Jim Croce
Crossroads (live)	7:48	Unplugged	Eric Clapton
Folsom Prison Blues	2:51	Sanmina Concert Set	Dalton Hodgens
Johnny B. Goode	2:44	Sanmina Concert Set	Chuck Berry
Joy To The World	3:34	The Best Of 3 Dog Night	Three Dog Night
Keep You Your Hands To Yourself	3:30	Sanmina Concert Set	Georgia Satellites
Long Cool Woman (In A Black Dress)	3:16	Greatest Hits	The Hollies
Secret Agent Man	3:11	Sanmina Concert Set	Johnny Rivers
Seven Bridges Road (Live Version)	2:58	Eagles Live (Disc 2)	The Eagles
Sharp Dressed Man	3:48	! Anna BBQ Aug 17	Brad Paisley
Sweet Home Alabama	4:44	The Essential Lynyrd Skynyrd	Lynyrd Skynyrd
Take It Easy	3:30	The Very Best Of The Eagles (Disc 1)	The Eagles
Workin' At The Car Wash Blues	2:32	Greatest Hits	Jim Croce

All Right Now

Free

Whoa-oh-oh-oh-woha

A D A D A

There she stood in the street - smilin' from her head to her feet;

D A D A

I said, "Hey, what is this? Now maybe, baby, maybe she's in need of a kiss."

D A D A

I said, "Hey, what's your name? Maybe we can see things the same.

D A D A

"Now don't you wait, or hesitate. Let's move before they raise the parking rate."

Chorus:

A G D A

All right now, baby, it's a-all right now.

A G D A

All right now, baby, it's a-all right now.

(Let me tell you now)

A D A D A

I took her home to my place, Watchin' every move on her face;

A D A D A

She said, "Look, what's your game? Are you tryin' to put me to shame?"

A D A D A

I said "Slow, don't go so fast, don't you think that love can last?"

A D A D A

She said, "Love, Lord a bove, now you're tryin' to trick me in love."

Bad Bad Leroy Brown

Jim Croce

Well the South side of Chicago, Is the baddest part of town,
And if you go down there, You better just beware, Of a man named Leroy Brown
Now Leroy more than trouble, You see he stand A-bout six foot four,
All the downtown ladies call him Treetop Lover, All the men just call him Sir.

Chorus:

And it's bad, bad Leroy Brown, The baddest man in the whole damn town,
Badder than old King Kong, And meaner than a junkyard dog.

Now Leroy he a gambler, And he like his fancy clothes,
And he like to wave his diamond rings, In front of everybody's nose,
He got a custom Continental, He got an Eldorado too,
He got a 32 gun in his pocket for fun, He got a razor in his shoe.

REPEAT CHORUS

Well Friday bout a week ago, Leroy shootin' dice,
And at the edge of the bar, Sat a girl named Doris, And ooh that girl looked nice.
Well he cast his eyes upon her, And the trouble soon began,
And Leroy Brown learned a lesson 'Bout messin', with the wife of a jealous man.

REPEAT CHORUS

Well the two men, they took to fightin', And when they pulled them from the floor,
Leroy looked like a jigsaw puzzle, With a couple of pieces gone.

REPEAT CHORUS 2X then End

Crossroads

Eric Clapton

A7 D7 A7
I went down to the crossroads, fell down on my knees
D7 A7
I went down to the crossroads, fell down on my knees
E7 D7 A7
Ask the lord up above for mercy, save poor Bob if you please

A7 D7 A7
I went down to the crossroads, tried to flag a ride
D7 A7
I went down to the crossroads, tried to flag a ride
E7 D7 A7
Nobody seemed to know me, everybody passed me by

A7 D7 A7
Well I'm going down to Rosedale, take my rider by my side
D7 A7
Well I'm going down to Rosedale, take my rider by my side
E7 D7 A7
You can still buy a house baby, on the riverside

A7 D7 A7
You can run, you can run, tell my friends I'll be around
D7 A7
Run, you can run, tell my friends I'll be around
E7 D7 A7
Well I'm standing at the crossroads, believe I'm sinking down

Feeling Alright

D. Mason

2 Chords throughout A7 - D9

Seems I've got to have a change of scene -
Cause everynight I have the strangest dreams
Inprisoned by the way it could have been - Left here on my own or so it seems
I've got to leave before I start to scream - Someone locked the door and turned the key

Chorus:

Feeling alright - I'm not feeling good myself
Feeling alright - I don't have to feel alright
I'm feeling good myself

Boy you sure took me for a ride - And even now I sit and wonder why
That when I think of you I stop myself from crying
I just can't waist my time - I must keep tryin
I've got to stop believing all your lies
Cause there's to much to do before I die

Chorus

Don't you get to lost in all I say - But at the time you know I really felt that way
But that was then and now you know its today -
Lord I can't escape I guess I'm here to stay
Till someone comes along to take my place - With a different name and a different face

Chorus

Folsom Prison Blues

Johnny Cash

E
I hear the train a comin' - It's rollin' 'round the bend,
E7
And I ain't seen the sunshine, Since, I don't know when,
A **E**
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison, And time keeps draggin' on,
B7 **E**
But that rain keeps a-rollin', On down to San Antone.

E
When I was just a baby, My Mama told me, "Son,
E7
Always be a good boy, Don't ever play with guns,"
A **E**
But I shot a man in Reno, Just to watch him die,
B7 **E**
When I hear that whistle blowin', I hang my head and cry.

Instrumental over verse

E
I bet there's rich folks eatin', In a fancy dining car,
E7
They're probably drinkin' coffee, And smokin' big cigars,
A **E**
But I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free,
B7 **E**
But those people keep a-movin', And that's what tortures me.

E
Well, if they freed me from this prison, If that railroad train was mine,
E7
I bet I'd move out over a little, Farther down the line,
A **E**
Far from Folsom Prison, That's where I want to stay,
B7 **E**
And I'd let that lonesome whistle, Blow my Blues away.

Johnny B. Goode

Chuck Berry

^A
Deep down in Louisiana, close to New Orleans, ^DWay back up in the woods among the evergreens,
There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood, ^AWhere lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode
^EWho never ever learned to read or write so well, ^ABut he could play the guitar just like a ringin' a bell.

Chorus:

^A
Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go, go, Johnny, go!
^DGo, go, Johnny, go! ^AGo, go, Johnny, go!
^E ^D ^A ^E
Go! go, Johnny B. Goode

^A
He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack, ^DGo sit beneath the tree by the railroad track.
Old engineers would see him sittin' in the shade, ^AStrummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made.
^EWhen people passed him by they would stop and say, ^A'oh, my but that little country boy could play'

CHORUS:

^A
His mother told him, 'someday you will be a man, ^DYou will be the leader of a big ol' band.
Many people comin' from miles around ^AWill hear you play your music when the sun go down.
^EMaybe someday your name'll be in lights, ^ASayin' 'Johnny B. Goode tonight''

CHORUS:

Joy To The World

Three Dog Night

Introduction | **C Bb** | **F Ab** | **Eb Bb B** |

C **Bb B C** **Bb B**
Jeremiah was a bullfrog - He was a good friend of my'n
C **C7** **F** **F#m7b5 C** **Dm7** **G** **C**
Never understood a single word he said, But I helped him drink his wine
F7 **Dm7** **G** **C**
And he always had some mighty fine wine.

Chorus:

C **G** **C** **C7** **F** **F#m7b5 C** **G7** **C** **Bb B**
Joy to the world - All the boys and girls - Joy to the fishes in the deep blue sea - Joy to you and me

C **Bb B C** **Bb B**
If I were, the king of the world - Tell you what I'd do
C **C7** **F** **F#m7b5 F7** **Dm7** **G** **C**
Throw away the cars, the bars and the war - And make sweet love to you

Chorus

C **Bb B C** **Bb B**
You know I love the ladies - Love to have my fun
C **C7** **F** **F#m7b5 C** **Dm7** **G** **C**
I'm a high net flyer and a rainbow rider - Said a straight shootin son of a gun
F7 **Dm7** **G** **C**
Said a straight shootin son of a gun

Chorus

Key Change (bar chords) x2

D **A** **D** **D7** **G** **G#m7b5 D** **A7** **D** **C C#**
Joy to the world - All the boys and girls - Joy to the fishes in the deep blue sea - Joy to you and me

Chorus until fade

Keep Your Hands To Yourself

Georgia Satellites

A

I got a little change in my pocket going jingle lingle ling -
want to call you on the telephone baby I give you a ring

D

but each time we talk I get the same old thing -

A

always no huggin no kissin until I get a wedding ring

E

my honey my baby don't put my love upon no shelf -

A

she said don't / give no lines and keep your hands to yourself

A

Cruel baby baby baby why you want to treat me this way -
you know I'm still your lover boy I still feel the same way

D

that's when she told me a story 'bout free milk and a cow -

A

and she said no huggin no kissin until I get a wedding vow

E

my honey my baby don't put my love upon no shelf -

A

she said don't / hand me no lines and keep your hands to yourself

A

you see I wanted her real bad and I was about to give in -
that's when she started talkin' true love started talkin' about sin

D

I said honey I'll live with you for the rest of my life -

A

she said no huggin no kissin until you make me your wife

E

my honey my baby don't put my love on no shelf -

A

she said don't / hand me no lines and keep your hands to yourself.

Long Cool Woman

The Hollies

E G A E

Introduction |: | Repeat 2x

E G A E

Saturday night I was downtown Working for the FBI

E G A E

Sitting in a nest of bad men Whisky bottles piling high

E G A E

Bootlegging boozer on the west side Full of people who are doing wrong

E G A E

Just about to call up the D.A. man When I heard this woman singing a song

A B
A pair of 45's made me open my eyes My temperature started to rise

B A A G E

She was a long cool woman in a black dress Just a 5'9, beautiful tall

A A G E

With just one look I was a bad mess 'cos that long cool woman had it all

E G A E

Instrumental |: | Repeat 2x

Repeat the E, G, A over all the rest of the lyrics:

I saw her headin' to the table, Well a tall walking big black cat

When Charlie said I hope that you're able boy, Well I'm telling you she knows where it's at

Well suddenly we heard the sirens, And everybody started to run

A jumping out of doors and tables, Well I heard somebody shooting a gun

Well the DA was pumping my left hand, And then she was a-holding my right

Well I told her don't get scared, 'cos you're gonna be spared

Well I've gotta be forgiven, If I wanna spend my living

With a long cool woman in a black dress, Just a 5'9 beautiful tall

Well, with just one look I was a bad mess, 'cos that long cool woman had it all (had it all)

Secret Agent Man

Johnny Rivers

Intro x 2

Em Am Em
There's a man who leads a life of danger
Em B7
To everyone he meets he stays a stranger
Em Am
With every move he makes, another chance he takes
Em Am Em
Odds are he won't live to see tomorrow

Chorus:

Bm Em Bm Em
Secret Agent Man, Secret Agent Man
C B7 Em
They've given you a number and taken away your name

Intro x 2

Em Am Em
Beware of pretty faces that you find
Em B7
A pretty face can hide an evil mind
Em Am
Oh, be careful what you say, or you will give yourself away
Em Am Em
Odds are you won't live to see tomorrow

Chorus x 1 --- Intro x 2 --- Solo --- Chorus x 1 --- Intro x 2

Em Am Em
Swinging on the Riviera one day
Em B7
And then lying in a Bombay alley next day
Em Am
Oh, don't you let the wrong words slip, while kissing persuasive lips
Em Am Em
Odds are you won't live to see tomorrow

Chorus x 1 --- Intro x 3

Seven Bridges Road

Eagles

D C G D C G D

There are stars in the southern sky - Southward as you go

D C G D C G D

There is moonlight and moss in the trees - Down the seven bridges road

| D / / / | D / / / | C / / / / | G / / / / | D / / / / | D / / / / |

D C G D C G D

Now I have loved you like a baby - Like some lonesome child

D C G D C G D

And I have loved you in a tame way - And I have loved you wild

C G C D

Sometimes there's a part of me - Has to turn from here and go

C G D C G D

Running like a child from these warm stars - Down the seven bridges road (end)

[Break - then slow on next verse](#)

D C G D C G D

There are stars in the southern sky - And if ever you decide you should go

D C G D C G D

There is a taste of time sweetened honey - Down the seven bridges road

Sharp Dressed Man

ZZ Top -- Brad Paisley Version

A A G D
|: (vamp 4x) :| Clean shirt, new shoes, and I don't know where I'm goin' to.
A G D
Silk suit, black tie, I don't need a reason why.
E
They come runnin' just as fast as they can,
A
'Cause every girl's crazy 'bout a sharp dressed man.

A A G D
|: (vamp 4x) :| A gold watch, diamond ring, I ain't missin' out a single thing.
A G D
Cufflinks, stick pin, when I step out I'm gonna do you in.
E
They come runnin' just as fast as they can,
A
'Cause every girl's crazy 'bout a sharp dressed man.

INSTRUMENTAL over Verse

A A G D
|: (vamp 4x) :| A top coat, top hat, I don't worry 'cause my wallet's fat.
A G D
Black shades, white gloves, lookin' sharp and lookin' for love.
E
They come runnin' just as fast as they can,
A
'Cause every girl's crazy 'bout a sharp dressed man.

INSTRUMENTAL over Verse 2x --- sing last line last time

Sweet Home Alabama

Lynyrd Skynyrd

D C G D C G
Big wheels keep on turning -- Carry me home to see my kin.
D C G D C G
Singing songs about the southland -- I miss'ole' 'bamy once again (and I think it's a sin)

D C G D C G
Well, I heard Mister Young sing about her -- Well, I heard ole Neil put her down.
D C G D C G
Well, I hope Neil Young will remember, A southern man don't need him around anyhow

Chorus:

D C G D C G
Sweet home Alabama, Where the skies are so blue,
D C G D C G
Sweet home Alabama, Lord, I'm coming home to you.

D C G F C D D C G
In Birmingham they love the Gov'nor Boo hoo hoo ! Now we all did what we could do.
D C G D C G
Now Watergate does not bother me. Does your conscience bother you? (tell the truth)

CHORUS

D C G D C G
Now Muscle Shoals has got the Swampers -- And they've been known to pick a tune or two
D C G D C G
Lord they get me off so much -- They pick me up when I'm feeling blue
Now how about you?

CHORUS

Take It Easy

The Eagles

INTRO:

G C/G Am7/G G C/G Am7/G G

G

D C

Well, I'm a runnin' down the road, tryin' to loosen my load, I've got seven women on my mind.

G D C G

Four that wanna own me, two that wanna stone me, one says she's a friend of mine.

Em C G Am C Em

Take it easy, take it ea - sy, don't let the sound of your own wheels drive you crazy.

C G C G Am C G

Lighten up while you still can, don't even try to understand, just find a place to make your stand and take it easy.

G

D C

Well, I'm a standin' on a corner in Winslow, Arizona and such a fine sight to see:

G D C G

it's a girl, my Lord, in a flat bed Ford slowin' down to take a look at me.

Em D C G Am C Em

Come on, ba - by, don't say may - be. I gotta know if your sweet love is gonna save me.

C G C G Am C G

We may lose and we may win though we will never be here again. So open up, I'm climbin' in, so take it easy.

Guitar solo

G DC G D C G Em C G Am C G

G

D C

Well, I'm a runnin' down the road, tryin' to loosen my load, got a world of trouble on my mind.

G D C G

Lookin' for a lover who won't blow my cover, she's so hard to find.

Em C G Am C Em

Take it easy, take it ea - sy, don't let the sound of your own wheels drive you crazy.

C G C G Am C G

Come on, ba - by, don't say may - be. I gotta know if your sweet love is gonna save me.

C GC GC G G9 C G G9 C Em

Oh, we got it ea - sy, we oughta take it ea - sy. --- (end)

Working At The Carwash Blues

Jim Croce

Intro over: ^G steadily ^{B7} depressin', ^{Em} low down ^G mind ^C messin' ^D working at the ^G car wash blues

^G Well, I had just got out from the county prison ^D doin' ninety days for non-support

Tried to find me an executive position but no matter how smooth I ^G talked

They wouldn't listen to the fact that I was a genius. The man say, "We ^C got all that we can ^A use."

Now I got them ^G steadily ^{B7} depressin', ^{Em} low down ^G mind ^C messin' ^D working at the ^G car wash blues

^G Well, I should be sittin', in an air conditioned, ^D office in a swivel chair

Talkin' some trash to the secretaries Sayin', "Here, now mam-ma, come on over here." ^G

Instead, I'm stuck here rubbin' these fenders with a rag and walkin' home in soggy old shoes ^A

With them ^G steadily ^{B7} depressin', ^{Em} low down ^G mind ^C messin' ^D working at the ^G car wash blues

BRIDGE

^C You know a man of my ability he should be smokin' on a big ^G cigar

But till I ^C get myself straight I guess I'll just have to wait

^A In my ^D rubber suit a-rubbin' these cars

^G Well, all I can do is a shake my head, you ^D might not believe that it's true

For workin' at this end of Niagara Falls, I s an undiscovered Howard Hughes ^G

So baby, don't expect to see me With no double martini in any high-brow society news ^C ^A

'Cause I got them ^G steadily ^{B7} depressin', ^{Em} low down ^G mind ^C messin' ^D working at the ^G car wash blues

Yeah, I got them ^G steadily ^{B7} depressin', ^{Em} low down ^G mind ^C messin' ^D working at the ^G car wash blues