INTRODUCTION
by Wolf Marshall

Mama Kin

Move to the City

Nice Boys

One in a Million

Patience

Reckless Life

Used To Love Her

You're Crazy
RECKLESS LIFE

Words and Music by
Duff "Rose" McKagan, Slash,
Izzy Stradlin', and Chris Weber

Fast Rock 196
Intro (Cowbell) (Snare drum)

Rhy. Fig. 1

1/4

Full

G5 (end Rhy. Fig. 1)

w/Rhy. Fig. 1

1st, 2nd Verses

A5

1. I'm reck - less

2. See additional lyrics

and feelin' no pain. You know I've got no need to con -

trol. Livin' with the dan - ger, I'm always on the edge -

now with mil - lion dol - lar vi - sions that I hold.
Additional Lyrics

2. On a holiday, a permanent vacation.
I'm living on a cigarette with wine.
I'm never alone 'cause I've got myself.
Yes, I imitate myself all of the time.
Livin' like this never ever tore my life apart.
I know how to maintain 'cause it's comin' from my heart. (To Chorus)
1. She hit town like a rose in bloom, smellin' sweet, said,
   sweet perfume. The color faded and the petals died.

   Down in the city, no one cried. In the streets, the garbage lies, protected by a million flies.

   The roaches so big you know that they got bones.
   They moved in and made a tenement home. I said,
nice boys don't play rock and roll

To Coda

I'm not a

nice boy!

And I never was!

Slide guitar solo

w/Slide
E5

A5

B5

loco

8va

E5

steady gliss

16

* off neck

D.S. al Coda

* off neck

Coda

w/Rhy. Fig. 2

B5

Nice boys
don’t play rock and roll!

A5

B5

Nice boys
don’t play rock and roll!
2nd time w/Riff A (2 times)

B5

(Gtrs. out)

Nice boys don't play rock and roll! No no no no

no no no no, baby! Nice boys don't play rock and roll!

w/Rhy. Figs. 2 and 2A

B5

Nice boys

B5

don't play rock and roll!

Nice boys

A5

don't play rock and roll!

A5

E5

don't play rock and roll!

Riff A

Additional Lyrics

2. Sweet sixteen she was fresh and clean;
   Wanted so bad to be part of the scene.
   She met the man and she did the smack,
   Paid the price layin' flat on her back.
   Wanted so bad just to please the boys,
   They ended up just being a toy.
   Played so hard burned her life away.
   Lies were told no promises made. (To Chorus)

3. Young and fresh when she hit town;
   Hot for kicks just to get around.
   But now she lays in a filthy room;
   She kills the pain with a flick and a spoon.
   And in the streets the garbage lies
   Protected by a million fleas.
   You know the roaches so big, you know that they got bones.
   Moved in and made a tenement home. (To Chorus)
(Both gtrs.) E7 E D5 C#5 B5 D5 D#5 E5

* w/Fill 1

E D5 C#5 B5 D5 D#5 E5

*All Fills are Sax lines arr. for gtr.

1st Verse

You pack your bags and you move to the city. There's some-thin' miss-in' here at home...

Gtr. 1

sl. F.M.

Gtr. II

Rhy. Fig. 11/2

Fill 1

p p

Fill 2

7 6 5 (9)
You fix your hair and you’re lookin’ real pretty. It’s time to get it out on your own...

You’re always fight-in’ with your ma-ma and your pa-pa. Your fam-ly life is one big pain!
You’re always rid-in’ with the teach-ers and the po-lie. This life is much too in-sane!
I’m always buy-in’ with the lo-cal and the junk-ies. This cit-y life is one big pain!
When are you, you gonna move to the cit-y?
When are you, you gonna move to the cit-y?
But you, you had to move to the cit-y.
In to the cit-y where it all began. You gotta

Chorus

E5

w/Fill 2

(Both gtr.s.)

P.M. P.M. P.M. P.M.

P.M. P.M.

P.M.
2nd Verse
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. II)

You stole your ma-ma's cur- and your dad-dy's plas tic cred-it card.

w/Fill 2

You're six-teen and you can't get a job, you're not
go-in' ver-y far.

*D.S. al Coda I
E5 D5

*Bend B string along with G string.
Right to the city where the real men get it.  

Aw, child.

(Both gtrs.)

Ain't it a pity?  Sometimes it gets too shitty.  Come on and hit me.
Guitar solo
Rhy.
Fig. 2
Gtr. I

Gtr. II

w/Wah slow bend

w/Rhy. Fig. 2
F\(\text{###}\)

F\(\text{###}\)

E\(\text{###}\) F\(\text{###}\) E\(\text{###}\) F\(\text{###}\) E\(\text{###}\) F\(\text{###}\) G\(\text{###}\)

F\(\text{###}\) E\(\text{###}\) E\(\text{###}\) F\(\text{###}\) E\(\text{###}\) F\(\text{###}\) G\(\text{###}\)

3rd Verse

You're on the streets and it ain't so pretty.
You need to get a new what you please...
You do what you gotta do for the money; at times you end up on your knees!

Oh, right to the city with the reality gritty.

Aw, child. Ain’t it a pity? Sometimes it gets too shitty!

Come on and hit me!
MAMA KIN

Words and Music by Steven Tyler

Intro
Fast Rock \( \frac{j}{4} = 156 \)

(\begin{align*}
\text{Gtr. I} & \quad E5 \\
\text{Rhy. Fig. 1} & \quad B5 \\
\text{Gtr. II} & \quad A5 \\
\end{align*})

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (1st 2 bars only)

(\begin{align*}
\text{Gtr. I} & \quad E5 \\
\text{Rhy. Fig. 2} & \quad E5 \\
\text{Gtr. II} & \quad E5 \\
\end{align*})

It ain't easy livin' like a gypsy, tell ya honey, how it feels.
I've been dreamin', floatin' down stream and los-

(end Rhy. Fig. 2A)

in' touch with all that's real...
Whole lotta lover, keep...

in' under cover, never knowin' where you been...
Oo yeah!

w/Rhy. Fig. 2A (1st 2 bars only)

You've been fadin', always out paradin'. Keep...
in touch with ma-ma kin!

al-ways got your tail on the wag...
spittin' fire from your mouth just like a

Gtr. I and II
Rhy. Fig. 3

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Rhy. Fill 1
You act like a perpetual drag.

You better check it out, 'cause someday soon you'll have to climb back on the wagon.

It ain't easy liv'in' like you wanna; it's so hard to find peace of mind, yes it is.

The way I see it, you gotta say "shee-it" but don't forget to drop me a line...
w/Rhy. Fig. 3

w/Rhy. Fill 1

Bald as an egg at eighteen

and

work-in' for your daddy's drag.

You

still stuff your mouth with his beans.

You better check it out, or some-day

soon you'll have to climb back on the wagon.

w/Rhy. Fill 2

Chorus

w/Rhy. Fig. 4 (3 times)

Keep in touch with mamma kin;

tell her where you gone and been.

Livin' out your fantasy,

sleep-in' late and smokin' tea.

w/Rhy. Fig. 5 (2 times)

Keep in touch with mamma kin;

tell her where you gone and been.

Livin' out your fantasy,
PATIENCE

Words and Music by
W. Axl Rose, Slash, Izzy Stradlin*,
Duff "Rose" McKagan and Steven Adler

Tune down 1/2 step:
\( C \), \( G \), \( A \), \( D \), \( G\# \), \( E \), \( Em \), \( Cadd9 \)

Moderate Rock Ballad (half-time feel) \( J = 120 \)

Intro

Riff C

Gtr. I

Gtr. II

(Whistle)

*Let all arpeggated figures ring throughout.

Riff A

(end Rhy. Fig. 1) w/Rhy. Fig. 1 and Riff A

Gtr. III

(end Riff A)

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1st, 2nd Verses

C                      G

1. Shed a tear ‘cause I’m miss-in’ you,
   I’m still alright to smile.

2. See additional lyrics

Gr. I  Rhy. Fig. 2

Gr. II  Rhy. Fig. 2A
Girl, I think about you every day now.

Was a time when I wasn't sure but you set my mind at ease.

There is no doubt you're in my heart now.

Said, woman, take it slow; it'll work itself out fine.
Gtr. I

Gtr. II

D
D/F♯

G

D/F♯

D
G

D
D/F♯

G

Fill 1
I been walk-in' the streets at night.

Some more patience, yeah.

Just tryin' to get it right.

Need some patience, need some patience.

Know I don't like being stuck in the crowd and the streets don't change but baby by the name.

I ain't got time for the game cause I need you, yeah, yeah, but I need

Gotta have some patience, yeah.
Additional Lyrics

2. I sit here on the stairs 'cause I'd rather be alone.
   If I can't have you right now I'll wait, dear.
   Sometimes I get so tense but I can't speed up the time.
   But you know, love, there's one more thing to consider.

   Said, woman, take it slow and things will be just fine.
   You and I'll just use a little patience.
   Said, sugar, take the time 'cause the lights are shining bright.
   You and I've got what it takes to make it.
   We won't break it, ah, I'll never break it 'cause I can't take it. (To Gtr. solo)
USED TO LOVE HER

Words and Music by
W. Axl Rose, Slash, Izzy Stradlin,
Duff "Rose" McKagan and Steven Adler

Moderate Rock \( \frac{3}{4} = 134 \)

Intro
D

Rhy. Fig. 1
Acous. guitar

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (1st 3 bars only)

D

Gr. II (elec.)

1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th Verses
D

Rhy. Fig. 2

1. I used to love her,
2. 3. 4. See additional lyrics

*Sing 8ve 3rd and 4th times.

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I used to love her, mmm yeah, but I had to kill her.

I had to put her six feet under

and I can still hear her complain.
Additional Lyrics

2. I used to love her, but I had to kill her.
I used to love her, but I had to kill her.
I knew I'd miss her so I had to keep her.
She's buried right in my back yard.

3. I used to love her, but I had to kill her.
I used to love her, but I had to kill her.
She bitched so much she drove me nuts
And now I'm happier this way.

4. Repeat 1st Verse
1st, 2nd, 3rd Verses
w/Rhy. Figs. 1 & 2 (1st 2 bars only)

look in' for a trace... look in' for a heart... look in' for a lover in a world...

that's much too dark... because you don't want my love... no, no... you wanna satisfaction...

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 & Rhy. Fill 1

find yourself another, another piece, another piece of the action,

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 and Rhy. Fill 1 (2 times)

yeah... Ow! Yeah! Look out!

find yourself another, another piece, another piece of the action. You're
Additional Lyrics

2. Say, where ya goin'? What you gonna do?
I been lookin' everywhere and I, I been lookin' for you, because
You don't want my love, no no, you wanna sati-satisfaction,
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah.
You don't need my love, you've got to find yourself another,
another piece, another piece of the action. (To Chorus)

3. Say, boy, where ya comin' from? Where'd you get that point of view?
When I was younger I knew a motherfucker like you, and she said,
"You don't need my love, you wanna sati-satisfaction," bitch.
You don't need my love, you've got to find yourself another,
another piece, another piece of the action. (To Chorus)
1. Guess I needed some time to get away.

2 - 5. See additional lyrics
*Sing 5th verse and chorus an octave higher.

I needed some peace of mind,
some peace of mind that I'll stay.

So I thumbed it down to Sixth and L. A.

Maybe a Greyhound could be my way.

You're one in a million.

Yeah, that's what you are.
You're one in a million, babe.

You're a shooting star. You know that you are.

May be someday we'll see you,

before you make us cry.

You know we tried to reach you,

but you were much too high...
much too high,

1. much too high,
2. much too high,
3. much too high,

yeah, yeah,

uh

yes, ow!

D.S. (with repeat) at Coda 1
Coda II

E G E E G E D A/C♯ D E
Rhy. Fig. 6 D

yeah, ow!

Much too high,

E G E

A/C♯ (end Rhy. Fig. 6) w/Rhy. Fig. 6 (9 times) E

D A/C♯

much too high, much too high,

E D A/C♯ E D A/C♯

yeah, ye-ee, yeah, ye-ee, igh!

Ow! Much too high!

E D A/C♯ E D A/C♯

Oh! (Whispered:) Much too high! Ah!

Much too high!

32

52
Additional Lyrics

2. Police and niggers, that's right, get out of my way.
   Don't need to buy none of your gold chains today,
   I don't need no bracelets clamped in front of my back,
   Just need my ticket; till then, won't you cut me some slack? (To Chorus)

3. Immigrants and faggots, they make no sense to me.
   They come to our country, and think they'll do as they please.
   Like start a mini Iran, or spread some fucking disease.
   They talk so many goddamn ways, it's all Greek to me.

4. Well some say I'm lazy, and others say that's just me.
   Some say I'm crazy, I guess I'll always be.
   But its been such a long time since I knew right from wrong.
   It's all the means to an end, I, I keep it movin' along. (To Chorus)

5. Radicals and racists, don't point your finger at me.
   I'm a small town white boy, just tryin' to make ends meet.
   Don't need your religion, don't watch that much TV.
   Just makin' my livin', baby, well that's enough for me. (To Chorus)