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Full Color Fold-Out Follows Page 24
1. I'll take a nicotine, caffeine, sugar fix—Jesus, don't ya git tired of
turnin' tricks? But when your innocence dies you'll find the blues. Seems all our heroes were
born to lose... Just walkin' through time, you believe this heat?... Another empty house... another
dead end street... Gonna rest my bones, sit for a spell... This side of heaven, this close to hell...
Right next door to hell... Why don't you write a letter to me?... I said I'm
Right next door to hell, got no-where else to be.

Right next door to hell, feels like the walls are closing in on me.

Guitar solo

Fuck you.

steady gliss.
Not bad kids, just stupid ones... Yeah, thought we'd own the world and gettin' used was havin' fun. I said we're
w/ Rhy. Fig. 3 (2½ times)

G5

not sad kids, just lucid ones... eah... flowin' through life not collectin' an - y - one.

G5

So much out - there, still so much to see... Time's too much to han - dle, time's too much for me... It drives me
G5       A5       E5

up the walls... it drives me out of my mind... Can you tell me what this means... huh?

Gtr.
I&II

Additional Lyrics

2. My mama never really said much to me,
She was much too young and scared to be.
Hell, "Freud" might say that's what I need,
But all I really ever get is greed.
An most my friends, they feel the same.
Hell, we don't even have ourselves to blame.
But times are hard and thrills are cheaper.
As your arms get shorter, your pockets get deeper.

2nd Chorus:
Right next door to hell.
Why don't you write a letter to me?
I said I'm right next door to hell,
An so many eyes are on me.
Right next door to hell,
I never thought this is where I'd be.
But I'm right next door to hell,
Thinkin' time'll stand still for me. (To Guitar solo)
DUST N' BONES

Words and Music by
Izzy Stradlin', Duff McKagan
and Slash

Moderate Rock \( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{s}} = 144 \) (\( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{s}} \) \( \text{t} \) \( \text{t} \))

Intro

E5

He lost his mind today...

He left it out back on the high-

Gtr. I

Fhbk.

Fhbk.

Fhbk. pitch: D

Gtr. II

mf

A5

G

D/F++

E5

way,
on Six-ty-Five...

Full

Full

Full

\( \text{let ring} --- \cdot 4 \)

\( \text{let ring} --- \cdot 4 \)

\( \text{let ring} --- \cdot 4 \)

\( \text{P.M.} --- \cdot 4 \)

\( \text{P.M.} --- \cdot 4 \)

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1st, 2nd Verses

E5

1. She loved him yesterday...
2. See additional lyrics

Riff A (Gtr. I)

*Play B (B) 2tr.) 1st time only.

Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. II)

P.M. –––– 4
P.M. –––– 4
P.M. –––– 4
P.M.

A5
GS
D/F#
E5

ver, I said okay, that's all right...

(end Riff A)

(end Rhy. Fig. 1)
Time moves on, that's the way.
We live an hope.

to see the next day.
That's all right.

Sometimes these things, they are so easy.

Sometimes these things, they are so cold.

Chorus

D

Gtr. II

Both gtrs.

Gtr. II

D

Both gtrs.

Gtr. II

Rhy. Fill 1 (Gtr. II)

Rhy. Fill 2 (Gtr. II)

E5
D

Sometimes these things just seem to

Both gtrs.

C5

rip you right in two.

Oh no, man don't

let ring

A6 N.C. B5 A6 N.C.  To Coda

let 'em get ta you.

(you.)
(Yeah, ow yeah.)

Gtr. I

grad. bend

Gtr. II

D.S. al Coda

Ya get out on your own. And you take all that you own. And you

Bridge

* @open (Yeah.)

for-get a-bout your home. And then you're just fuck-in' gone!

**Mute w/edge of pick, creating a semi-harmonic.
3rd Verse
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 & Riff A

E5
There's no logic here to-day... Do as you got to, go your own way.

G D/F♯ E5 Gtr. II E5
I said that's right...

G D/F♯ A5
Time's short, your life's your own...

A5 G D/F♯
And in the end we are just dust n' bones.

A5 G D/F♯ A5 G D/F♯
Dust n' bones Dust n' bones.

Outro
Gtr. II E5

That's all right... (Dust n' bones.)

Gtr. I
That's all right— (Dust n' bones.) That's all right— (Dust n' bones.)

Riff B (Gtr. 1)

That's all right— (Dust n' bones.) That's all right— (Dust n' bones.) That's all right—

w/Riff B (6 times)

That's all right— (Dust n' bones.) That's all right— (Dust n' bones.) That's all right—

(end Riff B)

(Dust n' bones.) That's all right— (Dust n' bones.) That's all right—
Additional Lyrics

2. She loved him yesterday,
He laid her sister, she said O.K.
An that's all right.
Buried her things today
Way back out deep behind the driveway.
And that's all right.

2nd Chorus:
Sometimes these women are so easy.
Sometimes these women are so cold.
Sometimes these women seem to rip you right in two,
Only if you let 'em get to you. (To Bridge)
LIVE AND LET DIE

Words and Music by
Paul McCartney and Linda McCartney

Tear down 1/2 step:

\[ G \quad \text{Bm} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{D}(9) \quad \text{A} \quad \text{G}(7) \]

Slowly \( d = 62 \)

1st Verse

Rhy. Fig. 1

*Gtr. I mf

\[ \text{G} \quad \text{Bm} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{D}(9) \quad \text{G} \quad \text{Bm} \]

When you were young and your heart was an open book,
you used to say live and let

Gtr. II

mf

let ring (till double bar)
clean tone

*Piano arr. for gtr.

\[ \text{C} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{D}(9) \quad \text{G} \quad \text{Bm} \]

live... you know you did, you know you did, you know you did...

But if this ever-changin' world

in which we live in... makes you give in and cry...

say, live and let...
Faster \( \mathfrak{f} = 69 \)

Chorus

\begin{align*}
\text{G}^\text{IV} & \quad \text{C}^5 & \quad \text{G}(b5) & \quad \text{G}^5^\text{V} & \quad \text{G}^4^\text{IV} & \quad \text{C}^5 & \quad \text{G}(b5) \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{die,} & \quad \text{live and let die} & \quad \text{(cont. in slashes)}
\end{align*}

Rhy. Fig. 2

\begin{align*}
\text{G}^5 & \quad \text{(Gtr. I & II)}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{*Riff A} & \quad \text{(Gtr. II)}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{sl.} & \quad \text{sl.} & \quad \text{sl.} & \quad \text{sl.}
\end{align*}

*All subsequent appearances of Riff A include a 2nd gr. playing only the notes fingered on 3rd string in original riff.

To Coda

2nd time substitute Fill I

Rhy. Fill I

\begin{align*}
\text{G}^5 & \quad \text{(end Rhy. Fig. 2)} & \quad \text{G}^5 & \quad \text{G}^\text{IV} & \quad \text{G}^5^\text{V} & \quad \text{G}^4^\text{IV} & \quad \text{C}^5 & \quad \text{G}(b5)
\end{align*}

*Fill I (Gtr. II)

\begin{align*}
\text{sl.}
\end{align*}
Uptempo Rock \( \frac{j}{4} = 152 \) Slowly \( \frac{j}{4} = 62 \)
2nd Verse
w/Rhy. Fig. 2 & Riff A w/Rhy. Fig. 1

\[ \text{G5} \quad 8 \quad \text{C} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{D(\#9)} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{Bm} \]

Used to say live and let
(Ah...)

(Gtr. IV out)

\[ \text{8} \quad \text{Gtr. IV} \quad \text{Full} \quad \text{P} \quad \text{1/2 Full} \quad \text{Full} \quad \text{Gtr. II} \quad \text{let ring (until double bar)} \quad \text{clean tone} \]

Pitch is harmonized one octave lower.

But if this ev - er-chang - in' world

Ah... You know you did, you know you did, you know you did.

in which we live in makes you give in and cry,

say live and let die,

w/distortion

w/Rhy. Fig. 2 & Riff A (both 1st 7 bars only)

Coda...
DON'T CRY (ORIGINAL)

Words and Music by Izzy Stradlin' and W. Axl Rose

Tune down 1/2 step:
- $E_b$ = $E_b$
- $A_b$ = $G_b$
- $D_b$ = $E_b$

Rock Ballad $\downarrow = 62$

*Swell w/vol. control. Fdbk. pitch: $E$

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Don't hang your head, in sorrow, and please don't cry.
I know how you feel, inside. I've,

I've been there before. Something's changing inside you, and don't you know...
Chorus

F

Don't you cry tonight.
(Ooh.)

I still love you, baby.

F

Don't you cry tonight.

G

Am

(F)

(G)

(Am)

Am

Don't you cry tonight.

(Ooh.)
Don't you cry tonight. There's a heaven above you, baby.

And don't you cry tonight. Give me a whisper.

Fill 2

(clean tone w/echo)
3rd Verse w/Fill 3

And please remember that I never lied.

*Lead vocal doubled one octave higher (next 2 bars).
Dm     G     C     G/B     N.C. Am     Dm     G
Oh, and please, re-member how I felt in-side, now, hon-ey. You got-ta make, it your own-way,

Cadd2 G/B     N.C. Am     Dm     G
but you'll be al-right, now, sug-ar. You'll feel... bet-ter to-mor-row come the morn-ing light, now, ba-by.

(Gtr. III out)
Chorus
F5  G5  A5

And don’t you cry tonight...
(Ooh...)

An don’t you cry tonight...
Ooh...

An don’t you cry tonight.
There’s a heaven above you, baby.

Ooh...
Free time
w/Fill 5
C5

Don't you cry tonight.

rit.

N.C.

Fill 5
Gtr. II

*Swell w/vol. control.
1st Verse
w/Rhy. Figs. 1 & 1A
N.C.(Am)


Who's sorry now, old timer? Look at how you've spent your life.
Scroungin' for change, to put some money in your pocket. My, how scratchy does it burn.
Laughin' at the suckers as you pissed it away.

2. But
I got the time... and I got the muscle. I got the need to lay it all on the line. I ain't afraid of your smoke screen hustle. It's a perfect crime. God damn it, it's a perfect crime.

Chorus

Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtr. I)

Rhy. Fig. 2A (Gtr. II)

*Played only when Rhy. Fig. is recalled & on D.S.

To Cody

Mother-fucker, it's a perfect crime. I said, it's perfect. And keep the (end Rhy. Fig. 2)

pick slide...

( end Rhy. Fig. 2A)

Fill 2 (Gtr. III - end of solo)
Bridge
E5

Gr. II

G5

E5

D5

E5

demons down and drag the skeletons out. I got a blind man following me in chains. I said, he's

Gtr. I

P.M.

7 5 7 3 (5) 3 2 1 0 (5) 0 3 4 2 4 2 5 (5) 5 3 7

H

H

H

H

H

H

fun to watch when the world has stopped and I think he's got something to say. "You wanna

Rhy. Fig. 3

@end Rhy. Fig. 3

w/Rhy. Fig. 3 (1½ times - Gtrs. I & II)
N.C.

(f) 7 5 7 3 (5) 3 2 1 0 (5) 0 3 4 2 4 2 5 (5) 5 3 7

H

H

H

H

H

H

fucking with me... don't fucking with me... 'cause I'm... what you'll be... so don't

(G5)

(E5)

(D5)

fucking with me... If you had better sense you'd just step a side from the b-

Chorus
w/Rhy. Figs. 2 & 2A
C5

Bb5

G5

A5 G5 Bb G5 A5 G5 C5 Bb5 G5

bad side of me... Don't fucking with 'da bad side o' me.

A5

G5

Bb G5

A5 G5 C5

Bb5

G5

A5

G5

Bb G5 A5

G5

Stay away from the bad side o' me. Don't fucking with 'da
Half-time feel
G5
* w/Vocal sound effects

bad side...

(Gtr. I out)

*Sound effects cont. for next 27 bars.

N.C.(G5)

(Spoken:) Till minus one o nine and

Rhy. Fill 1 (Gtr. II)

Fill 1 (Gtr. III)

*Gtr. III continues w/ad lib feedback for next 14 bars.
Double-time feel
N.C.(G5)  (F5)  (G5) 3

(Spoken:) Os - tra - cized... but that's al - right... I was think - ing a-bout

N.C.

some - thing my - self.

One, two, three, four, five, six, sev-en, eight.

*Rhythm is rushed.
Additional Lyrics

3. Call on everybody who's got last rites.
   Said, "It's better if you locked 'em away."
   Runnin' through the visions
   At the speed of light.

3rd Chorus:
Won't ya let me be?
Motherfucker, just let me be.
Goddamn it, better let me be.
Don't ya know ya better let me be, etc.
Whistle

Two, three, one, and.

Two gtrs.

1. I tried so hard just to get through to you. But
2. Time can pass slowly, things always change.

*Vocal melody doubled one octave higher.

Your head's so far from the reality of truth...
Your day's been numbered and I've read your last page...

Was it just a come on
You was just a tempo -
in the dark, wasn't meant to last long.

rare lover, honey, you ain't the first.

I think you've worn your welcome,

Lots of others came before you, woman, said, but you been the worst.

As I sing you this song.

One, two, three, one.

you've been the worst...

Two three and, so.
good-bye to you, girl. So long, farewell. I

can't hear ya cryin'. Your jivin's been hell. So

look for me walkin' down your street at night. I'll be

in with another deep down inside.
Deep down inside.

steady gliss.

Begin fade

Fade out
BAD OBSESSION

Words and Music by
Izzy Stradlin' and West Arkeen

Tune down 1/2 step:
D♭ = Eb
G♭ = Ab
C♭ = Db

Moderate Rock \( \frac{d}{2} = 126 \)
(Harmonica & cowbell)

Intro

\( \bar{\text{G5 A5 G5}} \)

Gr. I

\( \text{G5} \)

\( \text{G5} \)

N.C. A5 G5

Gr. I out

\( \text{B♭5 G5 A5 G5} \)

\( \text{B♭5 A5 G5 B♭5 G5} \)

\( \text{B♭5 A5 G5 B♭5 G5} \)

\( \text{B♭5 A5 G5 B♭5 G5} \)

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1st, 2nd Verses

G5

Grtr. I

1. I can’t stop think-in’, think-in’ bout sink-in’, sink-in’ down in-to my bed...

(end Rhy. Fig. 1)

2. See additional lyrics

(cont. in slashes)

I call my moth-er, she’s just a cunt now. She said I’m sick in the head...

(end Rhy. Fig. 1A)

She said, “You ain’t spe-cial, so who you fool-in’? Don’t try ta give me a line.”
But I can't stop think-in' 'bout see-in' ya one more time, oh no...

But I already left you and you're better off left behind...

It's a bad obsession, it's always messin', it's always messin' my mind...
w/Rhy. Fig. 4 (2 times)

C    G5(type 2) C    G5(type 2) C    G5(type 2) G5

bad ob-sess-ion, it's al-ways mes-sin', it's al-ways mes-sin' my mind...

(Spoken) 1. Too bad, you're fucked up.
2. So bad... boy.

w/Rhy. Fig. 4 (1st 3 bars only)

G5(type 2) C

let ring- 4  let ring- 4
Harmonica solo
w/Rhy. Figs. 1 & 1A
G5 Bb5 G5 A5 G5
Bb5 G5 A5 G5

Chorus
w/Rhy. Figs. 1 & 1A
G5 Bb5 G5 A5 G5
Bb5 A5 G5
Bb5 G5 A5 G5
Bb5 G5 A5 G5

*TAB numbers are imaginary fret numbers past the fingerboard.

It's a... Heads up. It's a bad obsession, it's always messin', it's always messin' my mind.
Now it's a bad obsession, it's always messin',
it's always messin' my mind. But I can't stop thinkin' 'bout
do in' it one more time. Oh, no. See, I al-
read y left you and you're better off left behind. Oh no.

w/Rhy. Figs. 3 & 3A (1st 7 bars only)
A E F5 C5 G5 Bb5 G5(type 2) A5 G5(type 2) Bb5 G5(type 2)

A E F5 C5 G5 Bb5 G5 A5 G5 Bb5 G5

See I al ready left you and you're better off left behind. Uh huh.
Gtr. I

D

_uh huh_
Mn yeah,

Gtr. II

Free time

C5 Bb5 G5

(Spoken:) Maybe you'll do better next time,

punk!!

Additional Lyrics

2. I used to be wasted, always tried to take it,
Take it down into my vein.
I call the doctor, he's just another,
He said I'm sick in the brain.
He said, "You ain't special, so who you foolin'?
Don't try to give me a line."
But I can't stop thinking 'bout doin' it one more time. (Oh no.)
But I already left you and you're better off left behind. (Oh yeah.) (To Chorus)
Oh baby, pretty baby

Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtr. I)

w/Rhy. Fig. 2

Oh honey, you let me down honey.

1st Verse

I ain't play-in' childhood games no more... I said it's time for me to even the score...

Rhy. Fig. 3 (Gtr. I)

So stake your claim, your claim to fame... but baby call another name...

Fill 1 (Gtr. III)

vol. swell grad. bend

1/2

Full

(1/2)

Full
When you feel the fire, woo-o-oh, and taste the flame.

Yeah.

Back off, back off bitch. Down in the gutter, dy-in' in the ditch. You better
back off...
back off bitch...
Face of an angel with the love of a witch...

2nd time Gtr. II substitute Rhy. Fig. 5A
Back off, back off... bitch.

Back off, back off... bitch.
Gtrs. E5
I & II

G5

A5

D5

Woh, wo-o-o-oh, wo-o-o-oh, woh.

Gtr. III

9 7 9 7

8 7 7 9

To Coda

E5

D5

woh. W-o-o-o-o-oh, woh.

Rhy. 2nd Verse

Fig. 6 w/Rhy. Fig. 3

E5

D5

A/C\flat

D5

Mak-in’ love cheap heart-breaker, broken backed, nasty ball-breaker, stay

(Gtr. III out)

mf

mf

mf

mf

out of my bed... out of my head... If it’s lovin’ you... I’m bet-ter off

w/Rhy. Figs. 4 & 4A

E5 D5 A/C\flat D5 E5 D5 A/C\flat D5 E5 D5 A/C\flat D5 E5 A/C\flat D5

dead...
3rd Verse
w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (2 times)
w/Rhy. Fig. 6

Emotions ripped, gone on a binge...
life lipped, I said you’re off the hinge...

Tellin’ lies of such fame and glory,
I don’t even wanna hear your story.
Chorus
w/Rhy. Figs. 4 & 4B (both 4 times)
ES  D5  A/C#  D5  ES  D5  A/C#  D5  ES  D5  A/C#  D5  A/C#  D5

Back off... back off bitch... Down in the gut-ter, dy-in' in the ditch. You bet-t er
ES  D5  A/C#  D5  ES  D5  A/C#  D5  ES  D5  A/C#  D5  A/C#  D5

back off... back off bitch... Face of an an-gel with the love...
D5  A/C#  D5  A/C#  D5  ES  D5  A/C#  D5  ES  D5  A/C#  D5  ES  D5  A/C#

... of a witch... Back off... back off bitch... It's such a pit-y that you're
D5  A/C#  D5  A/C#  D5  ES  D5  A/C#  D5  ES  D5  A/C#  D5  ES  D5  A/C#

such a bitch... Back off... back off bitch... It's time to burn, (end Rhy. Fig. 5B)
Gtr. I substitute Rhy. Fill I
D5  A/C#  D5  A/C#  D5  G5  A5

burn the witch... Back off... back off bitch...
G5  A5 (open)
E  ES (type 2)  D5/E  ES (type 2)  D5/E  ES (type 2)

Back off... back off... bitch...
G5  A5 (open)
E  ES (type 2)  D5/E  ES (type 2)  D5/E  ES (type 2)

Back off... back off... bitch.
Gtr. III
D5  A5  D5 (1/2)  E  ES (type 2)  D5/E  ES (type 2)  D5/E  ES (type 2)

67
Back off, bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch,

Free time

(Spoken:) Hey wha'd'ya think he's tryin' to say there, anyway?

I think it's something each person's s'posed to take in their own special way.

Fuck - ing bitch!
DOUBLE TALKIN' JIVE

Words and Music by
Izzy Stradlin

Tune down 1/2 step:

Moderately fast Rock $\downarrow = 192$

Intro

(Drums) A

N.C.

Harms.

\text{Grtr. 1}  \text{Sl.}

E5

Rhy. Fig. 1

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (3 times)

Play 3 E5
Rhy. Fig. 2

w/Rhy. Figs. 1 & 2

1st, 2nd Verses
w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (4 times)

ES

1. Found a head and an arm in da garbage can. Don't know why I'm here.

Substitute Rhy. Fill 1 (1st time only) Resume Rhy. Fig. 2

I got to go collect...

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Chorus

C5

Gr. 1

w/Rhy. Figs. 1 & 2

E5

Doub-le talk - in' jive. Get the mon-ey, moth-er-fuck-er, 'cause I got no more pa-tience.

Rhy. Fig. 3 (Gr. II)

w/Rhy. Figs. 1 & 2 (4 times)

C5

B5 2nd time substitute Rhy. Fill 2 (Gr. I)

w/Rhy. Figs. 1 & 2 (4 times)

Doub-le talk - in' lies. (Spoken) no more pa-tience, man.

You dig what I'm say - ing. Let ring

Rhy. Fig. 5A (Gr. I)

Rhy. Fill 2 (Gr. I)
When I look into your eyes, I can see a love restrained.

But, darlin', when I hold you, don't you know I feel the same?

Nothin' lasts forever, and we both know hearts can change.

Gr. III (acous.)
And it's hard to hold a candle in the cold November rain.

We've been through this such a long, long time just tryin' to kill the pain.
(Ah.) Oh... yeah... But lovers always come... and lovers always go an

let ring... let ring... let ring... let ring...

Dm

no one's really sure who's lettin' it go... to-day, Ah. walking away...

let ring... let ring... let ring... let ring...

C Cmaj4 C

If
Fmaj7

we could take the time to lay it on the line, I could rest my head just knowin’ that you were mine.

Ah.

all mine.

So, if you want to love

let ring...... let ring...... let ring......

let ring...... let ring...... let ring......
me, then, darlin', don't refrain...

Or I'll just end up walk-

let ring----

in' in the cold November rain...

Do you need...

(cont. in slashes)
some time on your own?
Do you need some time all alone?
Ooh, everybody needs some time on their own.
Ooh, don't you know you need some time all alone?
I know it's hard to keep an open heart.
When even friends seem out to harm you.
But if you could heal a broken heart,
let ring
let ring
let ring
wouldn't time be out to charm you? Woh.
need some time on my own...

Some-times I need some time all a-lone...

Ooh, ev'-ry-bod-y needs some time on their own.

Ooh, don't you know you need some time all a-lone?

Guitar solo II
Fmaj7
Dm
C
Csus4
C

(Gtr. V)

let rings

Gtr. III

let rings

let rings

let rings
I know that you can love me when there's no one left to blame.

So, never mind the dark.

let ring

let ring

let ring

let ring

let ring

let ring

let ring

let ring
ness. We still can find a way.

Nothin' lasts forever, even cold November rain.
Don’t ya think that you need somebody?

Ev’rybody needs somebody. You’re not the only one...

Don’t ya think that you need somebody?

Ev’rybody needs somebody. You’re not the only one...
Don't ya think that you need somebody?

Ev'rybody needs somebody. You're not the only one.
You're not the only one...
Don't ya think that you need somebody?

Don't ya think that you need someone?
Everyone needs someone.
You're not the only one... You're not the only one...

Don't ya think that you need som-bod-y? Don't ya think that you need som-eone? Ev'-ry-bod-y needs som-bod-y.

Free time w/ rain effects

C5

(cont. in slashes)
w/Rhy. Fig. 1

D6

Substitute Rhy. Fill 1

D(36)

Resume Rhy. Fig. 1

D7

You know.

steady gliss.

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (2 times)

D6

D(46)

you're all a-lone. Your friends, they aren't at home. Ev'ry-bod-y's gone.

Bkgd. voc. (to the

Fade in

D7

D6

garden. As you look into the trees you can look but you don't see.

gar-den.)

D(46)

D7

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

Flow-ers seem to tease you at the gar-den.

Ev-ry-bod-y's there, but

Gtr. III (clean tone w/chorus)

let ring throughout

Rhy. Fill 1

Gtr. I

Gtr. II
D6
D(\#6)

you don’t seem to care. What’s it with you, man, and this garden. Ooh, yeah.

w/Rhy. Fill 2 (Gtr. I)
& Fill 1 (Gtr. II)
D7

w/Riff A
Dadd4
Cadd\#4
Bm(\#6)
Dadd4

Ah.
Ah.

Gtr. II

f

7
6
5
4
3
2
1

(C: 15
14
12
11
10
9
8
7
6
5
4
3
2
1

(Spoken:) Turned in -

steady gliss.

semi-harm.

Rhy. Fill 2
Gtr. I

Fill 1
Gtr. II

Riff A Gtr. I & III

mf let ring (throughout)
to my worst pho-bi-a, a cra-zy man's, u-to-pi-a. If you're lost no one can show ya, but it

sure was glad to know ya. On-ly poor boys, take a chance. on the gar-den's song and dance. Feel her

flow-ers as they wrap a-round, but on-ly smart boys do with-out.

w/Riff A

Cadd$4

Gtr. IV (Gtr. IV out)
w/Rhy. Fig. 2A (1st bar only) &
Rhy. Fig. 2
D5
Swing

w/Rhy. Fill 3 (Gtr. IV)
D7
Gtr. I

w/Rhy. Fill 4 (Gtr. I)
D7

You can find it... all in... inside...
No

pick slides

D6
D(6)
D7

need to wrestle with... your pride. No... you ain't losing your mind... you're just in... the garden... Oh, they can lead...

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (1st 3 bars)
D7
D6
D(6)

...you to yourself... or you can throw it on the shelf, but... you know you can look... inside... for the

Gtr. III

let ring (next 4 bars)

Rhy. Fill 3
Gtr. IV

Rhy. Fill 4

101
w/Rhy. Fill 2 & Fill 5
D7

w/Fill 6
Dadd4

(Spoken:) I wasn't really scared, lost my virginity there. To a steady gliss.

D5

gypsy with blond hair. But now no one seems to care. Like a mouse inside a maze.

Fill 5
Gtr. III

steady gliss.

Fill 6
Gtr. IV
on-ly smart boys do with-out. Turned in-to my worst pho-bi-a, it’s a cra-zy man’s u-to-pi-a. If you’re

lost no one can show ya, but it sure was glad to know ya. Bye, bye. So long. Bye...

Riff C

Fill 8

*Strum behind nut.
GARDEN OF EDEN

Words and Music by Slash and W. Axl Rose

Tune down 1/2 step:
D = Eb 
G = Gb 
B = Ab 
D = Db

Fast Rock \( \frac{d}{2} = 220 \)

Intro

\( \text{N.C.} \quad \text{E5} \quad \text{G5} \quad \text{E5} \quad \text{N.C.} \quad \text{G5} \quad \text{G5} \quad \text{E5} \)

(Spoken:) It's a critical solution, and the East...

Gtr. I

\( \text{hand slide} \)
\( \text{f trem. pick} \) (steady gliss.)

G5 G5 E5

Gtr. II

Coast got the blues

It's a mass of confusion, like the lies

(continuation)

1st Verse

they sell to you

You got a glass jawed toothache of a mental disease

Rhy. Fig. I (both gtr.)

(end Rhy. Fig. 1)

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runnin' round back, see 'em line up on their knees. 'Cause the kiss ass sycophants throwin' penance at your feet. When they got no-where to go, watch 'em come in off the streets. While they're

N.C.(G5) steady gliss.

bangin' out front, inside they're slammin' to the crunch. Go on an throw me to the lions and the whole damn screamin' bunch... 'Cause the pissed-off rip-offs 'r' ev'rywhere you turn.
Tell me how a generation's ever s'posed to learn. This fire is burnin' and it's

out of control... It's not a problem you can stop. It's rock n' roll...

---

Fill 1
2nd, 3rd Verses
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (3½ times - both gtrs.)

2. I read it on a wall, it went

Looking through this

straight to my head. It said, "Dance to the tension of a world on edge." We got

racial violence, and who'll cast the first stone. And sex is used any -

Don't ya tell me what my eyes see. Don't ya tell me who to believe.
way it can—be. Sometimes when I look out, it's hard—

(both gtrs.)

to see the day. It's a feel—gin', you can have—

when something's wrong. I've been drag—gin' my heels with a

(bitch called Hope. Let the under—current drag—me a—long.)

both gtrs.
Chorus
*N/C (G5)

Lost in the Garden of Eden. Said we're lost in the Garden of Eden. And there's

Rhy. Fig. 2A (Gtr. II)

*1st beat of Rhy. Fig. 2 is struck, not tied.

To Code w/Rhy. Fill 1

no one's gonna believe this, but we're lost in the Garden of Eden. This fire

(end Rhy. Fig. 2A)

w/Rhy. Fig. 3 (both gtrs.)

is burnin' and it's out of control. It's not a problem you can stop. It's rock n' roll

w/Rhy. Fig. 4 (Gtr. I)

Suck on that.

Rhy. Fill 1 (Gtr. I)
4th Verse
*W/Rhy. Figs. 2 & 2A
W/Fill 2
G5

organized religions make a mockery of humanity. Our
1st beat of Rhy. Fig. 2A is tied, not struck.

governments are dangerous and out of control. The

Garden of Eden is just another graveyard. Said if they
N.C.

had someone to buy it, said I'm sure they'd sell my soul. This fire.
W/Rhy. Fig. 3 (Gtrs. I & II)

is burnin' and it's out of control. It's not a

problem you can stop. It's rock n' roll. Lost in the Garden of E-

Chorus
*W/Rhy. Figs. 2 & 2A
G5

Fill 2 (end of solo)

1st beat of Rhy. Fig. 2A is tied, not struck.
(Spoken:) An we ain't talking about no poison apple or some one's gon-na believe this. But we're lost in the Garden of E-den. This fire is burnin' and it's out of control. It's not a problem you can stop. It's rock n' roll.
DON'T DAMN ME

Words and Music by Slash, Dave Lank and W. Axl Rose

Fast Rock \( J = 180 \)

Intro Gtr. I Rhy. Fig. I E5 A5 F\#5 A5 F\#5 A5

Gtr. II F\#5 w/Rhy. Fig. I E5 A5 F\#5

(end Rhy. Fig. I)

Yi - i - i - i

F\#5 w/Rhy. Fig. I (1\% times) (Both gtrs.)

A5 E5 F\#5 A5 F\#5 A5

Ooh... 1. Don't... damn me when I speak...

(2.)... hail me and don't i -

A5 F\#5 A5 F\#5 A5 C\#5 B5 E5 F\#5

a piece of mind, 'cause si - lence is n't gold - en when I'm hold - ing it in - side. 'Cause I've be -

dol - ize the ink or I've failed in my at - ten - tions. Can you find the miss - ing link? Your on -

E5 A5 F\#5 A5 F\#5 A5

where I have been an I've seen what I have seen. I put the pen to the pa - per 'cause it's ly val - i - da - tion is in liv - ing your own life. Vi - car - i - ous ex - is - tence is a

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all a part of me. Be it a song or a casual conversation, to hold_

fucking waste of time.

So I send this song to the offended. I

my tongue speaks of quiet reservations. Your words

said what I meant and I've never pretended as so many others do intend-

place you in a faction. My words may disturb, but at least there's a reaction.

If I damned your point of view, could you (end Rhy. Fig. 2)
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (1 3/4 times)  

E5  A5v  F511  A5v  E5  F511  A5  C5  B5  E5  F5  P.M.  

w/Rhy. Fill 1  

Ooh, oh  yeah. Ooh, oh yeah.

w/Rhy. Fig. 2  

E5  A5v  F5  A5v  E5  F5  A5v  F5  A5v

Sometimes I wanna kill. Sometimes I wanna die. Sometimes I wanna destroy. Sometimes,

I wanna cry. Sometimes I could get even. Sometimes I could give up. Sometimes,

I could give. Sometimes I never give a fuck. (1) It's only for a while. I

(2) now I got ta smile. I

hope you understand. I never wanted this to happen, didn't want to be a man. So I

hope you comprehend. For this man can say it happened 'cause this child has been condemned. So I

hid inside my world. I took what I could find. I cried when I was lonely. I fell

stepped into your world. I kicked you in the mind. And I'm the only witness to the

down when I was blind. But don't damn me when I speak. a piece of mind, 'cause si-
nature of my crime. But look at what we've done to the innocent and young. Whoa.
What I have seen. I put the pen to the paper 'cause it's all a part of me.

How can I ever satisfy you? An how can I ever make you see that, deep inside we're all some body? An it don't matter who you wanna be. But tell me who's to blame.

Slower $J = 120$
Half time feel

I know you don't wanna hear me crying.

An I know you don't wanna hear me deny.
that your satisfaction lies in your illusions.

But your deceptions are yours, not mine.

We take it for granted we know the whole story.

book, by its cover anread what we want between selected lines.

(continues in Rhy. Fig. 1)
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (3 times)

Riff A

holding it inside. I've been where I have been an I've seen what I have seen. Put the

(end Riff A)

pen to the paper 'cause it's all a part of me. Don't damn me.

I said don't damn me. I said don't

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 & Riff A (both 1st 3 bars only)

hail me. Ah, don't damn me!
(Spoken:) Smoke 'em if ya got 'em!

* C sounded by vibrato; pull off
caused by pulling E str. off neck.

All right! That sucked!
BAD APPLES

Words and Music by
Slash, Duff McKagan,
Izzy Stradlin' and W. Axl Rose

Tune down 1/2 step:
E = Eb  B = Gb
A = Ab  B = Bb
D = Db  F = Eb

Medium Rock \( \text{\( \frac{3}{4} \)} \) = 120

N.C.

Intro

**Gtr. I

long slide

1st Verse

**Gtr. I

Rhy. Fig. 1

1/4

1/4

Diasmonds and fast cars, money to burn I got my head in the clouds I got these

**Rhy. Fig. 1

1/4

1/4

thoughts to churn Got my feet in the sand I got a house on the hill I got a

*Gtr. II

Rhy. Fig. 1A

w/Rhy. Figs. 1 & 1A (both 2 times)

w/Rhy. Figs. 1 & 1A (both 2 times)

*Rhy. Gtr. II and Kybd. arr. for gtr. (Played w/ad lib rhythm variations throughout.)

headache like a mother, twice the price of my thrills. An it's a cold day, it's a
continental drift. I said this traffic is hell. Can you give me a lift? An I'll
try to paint a story, got your pictures to tell. Yeah, you got to make a living with what you
bring yourself to sell. I got some genuine imitation bad apples.
Free sample for your peace o' mind, only nine ninety-five. I got my camera back from customs, got my
law fees up to date. Hell, they must see me comin'. Ain't this life so fuckin' great... When the
Chorus

D

A

E5type 2)

D

shit hit the fan... it was all I could stand... yeah. Well, I'm a frequent flyer. My body's

A

*Gr. III plays small note 3rd time only (end of solo).

D

breathing while it can... but what I don't understand is that my world ain't gettin' no brighter. If I could

Rhy. Fig. 3

A

D

touch the sky... well, I would float on by while everyone's talkin'. Hell, I'm just another guy. If it were

2nd time to Coda I

B5

3rd time to Coda II

w/Fill 1

up to me... I'd say just leave me be... Why let one bad apple spoil the whole damn bunch. Uhh.

(0) 0 2 0 2 3 4 0 (0) 0 2 0 2 3 4 0 (0) 0 2 0 2 3 4 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2

Fill 1

1/2
and caviar, now why don't you pour my apathy... I'd have all my bases covered if I could

3rd Verse

A5

w/Rhy. Figs. 1 & 1A

E5

teach my hands to see... But now we're down in the deep end, where they'd love to watch you drown... I said your laundry could use washing, we'll hang it up all over town... I said Hollywood's like a dryer an we're down... D.S. at Coda I

on Sunset Strip. An you'll be suckin' down the Cloroxy till your life's all nice and crisp. When the

Coda I

E5

B5

Gtrs. I & II

one bad apple spoil the whole damn bunch.

P.M.

2 5 4 3 2 5 4 3 2 1 0 3 0 3 2 1 0 2 4 5 0
When the whole damn bunch. Why let that one bad apple spoil the whole damn bunch.

N.C.

Boy!!
DEAD HORSE

Words and Music by
W. Axl Rose

Medium Rock \( \text{\textbackslash !} = 128 \)

1st Verse
A5
(Band tacet)

\( \text{\textbackslash !} \) Sick of this life, not that you'd care...

Rhy. Fig. 1 (Acous. str.)

---

G5 A5 G5 A5
---

I'm not the only one, with whom these feelings I share...

---

F5 G5 G5 A5
---

No-body understands, quite why we're here...

(end Rhy. Fig. 1)

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We're search-in' for answers that never appear...

But maybe if I looked real hard, I'd,

I'd see you're tryin' too to understand.

w/Rhy. Fill 1

this life that we're all going through.

Rhy. Fill 1
Gtr. 1 (clean elec.)
(Spoken:) Then when she said she was gonna wreck my car, I didn't know what to do. Woh!
Sometimes I feel like I'm beat-in' a dead horse. An I don't know why you'd be bring-in' me down...

(Acoust. gtr. out)
Rhy. Fig. 2F

w/distortion

w/Rhy. Figs. 2 & 2A

I'd like to think that our love's worth a tad more. It may sound funny, but you'd think by now I'd be smilin'.

I guess some things never change...

To Coda

woh, never change...

slight vib. w/bar

slight vib. w/bar
2nd Verse

Rhy.

A5

Fig. 3

B5

G15

A5

G15 F15 E5

I met an old cowboy,
I saw the look in his eyes...

A5

B5

E

E5

Something tells me he's been here before, 'cause experience makes you wise...

A5

B5

G15

A5

I was only a child when the thought first came to me that I'm a

Rhy. Fill 2 (Gtr. 1)

E5

E

F15

G5

G15

136
son of a gun and the gun of a son that brought back the devil in me. Woh, but

I ain't quite what you'd call an old soul, still

wet behind the ears. I been around this track a couple of times, but now the

dust is start-in' to clear.

(Both gtrs.)

Rhy. Fill 3 (Gtr. 1)
Chorus
w/Rhy. Figs. 2 & 2A (both 4 times)
A5
E5
A5
E5

Sometimes I feel like I'm beat'in a dead horse. An I don't know why you'd be bring'in me down...

(Lead gtr.)

Full

w/slight fdbk.

A5
E5
A5
E5

I'd like to think that our love's worth a tad more. It may sound funny, but you'd think by now I'd be

A5
E5
A5

smil'in'.

Ooh yeah, I'd be smil'in'.

E5
A5
E5
A5

No way I'd be smil'in'.

Ooh, smil'in'.

Full

grad. release

Full

Full

E5
B5
Gtr. I

Full

Full

Full

Full

Gtr. II

sl. sl.

sl.
Tag
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Acous. grtr.)
A5 B5 G\#5

Sick of this life,
not that you'd care.

I'm not the only one with whom these feelings I share.
Hey, you caught me in a comma
And I don't think I wanna
ever come back to this world again.

Kind-a like it in a coma 'cause no one's ever gonna,
oh, make me come back to this world again

Now I feel as if I'm floating away... I can't feel

all the pressure and I like it this way... but my body's callin', my bod-

147
y's call - in'.
Won't ya come back to this

world a - gain?
Sus - pended deep in a sea

(Gtr. III)

w/flanger
of black, I've got the light at the end. I've got the bones on the mast. Well, I've... gone sail-in', I've gone sail-in'. I could leave so cas-
i - ly

while friends are call - in’ back to me. I said they’re,

they’re leav - ing it all up to me, when all I need - ed was clar-

i - ty an some - one to tell me what the fuck is go - ing on.

w/Riff A (1st 6 bars only)

God - damn - it!

(cont. in slashes)
w/heartbeart

\[ C^5 \v w/EKG \]
\[ D^7 \v \]

\[ G^7 \]
\[ Febk. \]
\[ B^9 \]
\[ F^5 \]

\[ G^7 \]
\[ Febk. \]
\[ \text{cont. in notation} \]
\[ \text{sterdy gliss.} \]
\[ \text{Febk. pitch: D} \]

\[ C^5 \]

Slip - pin' farther an farther away...
It's a miracle... how long...

Gtr. I & II

\[ P.M., P.M., \]

\[ 1 1 3 3 3 3 3 3 \]

\[ B^5 A^5 B^5 A^5 B^5 A^5 B^5 A^5 B^5 A^5 B^5 A^5 B^5 N.C. \]

we can stay... in a world... our minds created, in a world that's full of shit.
w/medical dialogue & sound effects
B5 N.C. B♭5 N.C. B5 N.C. B♭5 N.C. B5 N.C. B♭5 N.C. B♭5 N.C. B♭5 N.C. B♭5

(Spoken:) Help me. Help me. Help me.

w/Riff B (3 times)

N.C. B♭5 N.C. B5 N.C. B♭5 N.C. B5 N.C. B♭5 N.C. B♭5 N.C. B♭5 N.C. B♭5

w/Riff A
C♭5 N.C. C5 N.C. C♭5 N.C. C5 N.C. C♭5 N.C. C5 N.C. C♭5

me. Help me. Bastard.

C♭5 N.C. C5 N.C. C5 N.C. C♭5 N.C. C5 N.C. C♭5 N.C. C5 N.C. C♭5

Please: un-der-stand me.

Gtrs. I & II

Gtr. I

Gtr. II

15
14
13
12

15
14
13
12

B5

I'm climb-in' through the wreck-age of all my twist-ed dreams, but this cheap...

sl.

14
14
14
14
14
14
14
14

14
14
14
14
14
14
14
14

152
in - ves - ti - ga - tion just can’t sti - fle all my screams, an I’m wait -

in’ at the cross - roads, wait - ing for you,

wait - ing for you. 

(Whispered:) Where are you?

(Gtr. II out) 

(clean tone)

(Gtr. IV) 

(Half time feel) 

(A5(type 2))
No one's gonna bother me any more.

I can't understand what all the fighting's for,

but it's so nice here down off the shore.
wish you could see__ this 'cause there's noth-ing to see__

It's peace-ful here__ and it's fine__

____with me__

Not like the world__ where I used__ to live__

Sva bassa__

I nev-er really wanted to live__

Ah__

Ah__

5 4 2 3 (3) 3 0 4 0 3 5 0 4 0 3 4 2 1 2 2
(end half time feel)

Gtr. I

(Gtr. IV out) Gtr. I

\[ \text{(cont. in notation)} \]

\[ \text{pick slides} \]

Gtr. I & II

A5

Asus\#4

A

Am

w/medical dialogue & sound effects

@open

Gtr. I

Gtr. II

\[ \text{trem. bar} \]

\[ \text{*Depress bar before striking note.} \]

w/Riff A (1st 6 bars only)

C\#5 N.C. C5 N.C. C\#5 N.C. C5 N.C. C\#5 N.C. C5 N.C. C5 N.C.

(Spoken:) Zap him again.

C\#5 N.C. C5 N.C. C5 B5 N.C. C\#5 N.C. C5 N.C.

Zap the son of a bitch again.

(Gtr. I & II)
Ya live your life like it's a comma, so won't you tell me why we'd wanna.

With all the reasons you give, it's kind of hard to believe.

But who am I to tell you that I've seen any reason why you should stay?
Maybe we'd be better off without you anyway. You got a one-way ticket on your last chance. Gotta one-way ticket to your suicide. Gotta one-way ticket and there's no way out alive.

An all this communication that has left you in the cold isn't
much for consolation when you feel so weak and old. But if home is where the heart is, then there's

stories to be told... No, you don't need no doctor. No one else can heal your soul. Got your mind

in submission, got your life on the line... But nobody pulled the trigger, they just

stepped aside... They be down by the water while you watch 'em waving goodbye...
They be call-in' in the morning. They be hangin' on the phone. They be wait-in' for an answer but you know no-bod-y's home. And when the bells stopped ring-ing, it was no-bod-y's fault but your own. There were al-
ways ample warnings, there were always subtle signs... And you would...

haven't seen it coming, but we gave you too much time. And when you said that no one's listening, why'd your best...

friend drop a dime? Sometimes we get so tired of waiting for a way to spend our time... And "it's so
"It's so easy" to be cool. Yeah, it's easy to be hungry when you ain't.

got shit to lose. And I wish that I could help you with what you hope to find, but I'm still out here wait -ing, watch -ing re -runs of my life... When you reach the point of break -ing, know it's...
RIGHT NEXT DOOR TO HELL
DUST N' BONES
LIVE AND LET DIE
DON'T CRY (ORIGINAL)
PERFECT CRIME
YOU AIN'T THE FIRST
BAD OBSESSION
BACK OFF BITCH
DOUBLE TALKIN' JIVE
NOVEMBER RAIN
THE GARDEN
GARDEN OF EDEN
DON'T DAMN ME
BAD APPLES
DEAD HORSE
COMA