GUNS N' ROSES
USE YOUR ILLUSION II

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GUNS N' ROSES

USE YOUR
ROSES

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**FULL COLOR FOLD-OUT FOLLOWS PAGE 16**
**TABLATURE EXPLANATION**

**TABLATURE:** A six-line staff that graphically represents the guitar fingerboard, with the top line indicating the highest sounding string (high E). By placing a number on the appropriate line, the string and fret of any note can be indicated. The number 0 represents an open string.

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### Definitions for Special Guitar Notation

- **BEND:** Strike the note and bend up to a step (one fret).
- **VIBRATO:** The string is vibrated by rapidly bending and releasing the note with the left hand or tremolo bar.
- **WOE OR EXAGGERATED VIBRATO:** The pitch is varied to a greater degree by vibrating with the left hand or tremolo bar.
- **SLIDE:** Strike the first note and then slide the same left-hand finger up or down to the second note. The second note is not struck.
- **TRILL:** Very rapidly alternate between the note indicated and the small note shown in parentheses by hammering on and pulling off.
- **TREMOLO BAR:** The pitch of the note or chord is dropped a specified number of steps and then returned to the original pitch.
- **Palm Muting:** The note is partially muted by the right hand lightly touching the strings just before the bridge.
- **TAPPING:** Hammer ("tap") the fret indicated with the right-hand index or middle finger and pull off to the note fretted by the left hand.
- **MUFFLED STRINGS:** A percussive sound is produced by laying the left hand across the strings without depressing them and striking them with the right hand.
- **PICK SLIDE:** The edge of the pick is rubbed down the length of the string producing a scratchy sound.
- **RHYTHM SLASHES:** Strum chords in rhythm indicated. Use chord extensions found in the fingering diagrams at the top of the first page of the transcription.
- **UNION BEND:** Strike the two notes simultaneously and bend the lower note up to the pitch of the higher note.
- **ARTIFICIAL HARMONIC:** The note is produced normally and a harmonic is produced by adding the edge of the thumb or the tip of the index finger of the right hand to the normal pick attack. Higher volume or duration will allow for a greater variety of harmonics.
CIVIL WAR

Words and Music by
Sloan, Duff McKagan and W. Axl Rose

(Special Thanks Niven James)

Chords:
A5, A5 4, ES, G, D/F$$, D, C, G5, B5, C$$, Mr, DV, A5 (root 2)

Tune down 1/2 step:
• Eb Gb
• Ab Bb
• D# Eb

Moderately Slow \( \frac{d}{4} = 72 \)

Intro

*with Recitation (below)
(Approx. 5 sec.)

Gtr. I (solo)

Em, Rhy. Fig. 1, G

Gtr. III

(whistled melody arr. for gtr.)

Gtr. II

Riff A
elec.

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*Recitation: "What we've got here is... failure to communicate. Some men you just can't reach, so you get what we had here last week, which is the way he wants it. Well, he gets it! N' I don't like it any more than you men."
1st Verse
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (3 times)

Em | G

Look at your young men fighting. Look at your women crying.

Gtr. II

(end Riff A)

Em | G | D/F♯

Look at your young men dying the way they've always done before.

*Gtr. III

(acous.)

Em | G | Em | G | D/F♯

* Doubled by another accou. gtr.

Em | G | Em

Look at the hate we're breeding. Look at the fear we're feeding. Look at the lives we're leading, the

G | D/F♯

way we've always done before.

Gtr. II A5

(elec.)

As4 | As

My hands are tied...
the billions shift... from side to side... and the wars go on... with brain-washed pride... for the
love of God... and our human rights... and all these things are swept aside...

bloody hands... time can't deny... and are washed away... by your genocide... And
his - t'ry hides the lies of our civil wars.

* Rock wah to treble position in specified rhythm.
"Peace could last forever."
And in my first memories they shot Kennedy, and

w/Rhy. Fill 4

I went numb when I learned to see. So I never fell for Vietnam, we got the

wall of D.C. to remind us all that you can't trust freedom when it's not in your hands, when
Chorus

(Repeat All girls.)

ev'ry body's fightin' their the promised land, and
I don't need your civil war.

It feeds the rich while it buries the poor.

Your power hungry sellin' soldiers in a human grocery store—ain't that fresh!

Guitar solo

I don't need your Civil War.

Oo, no, no, no, no,
3rd Verse
* w/ Rhy. Fig. 1 (2 times)
E5

Look at the shoes, you're filling.

Look at the blood, we're spilling. Look at the world, we're killing the way we've always done before.

Look in the doubt, we've walled. Look at the leaders we've followed. Look at the lives we've swallowed.

I don't want to hear no more.

My hands are tied.

For all I've seen has changed my mind, but still the war goes on as the years go by with no love of God or human rights. Came all these dreams are swept aside by bloody hands of the hypnotized who
carry the cross of homicide. And history bears the scars of our civil war.

w/Rhy. Fill 2

Gtr. II

Resume Rhy. Fig. 2

Double time \( \times 144 \)

*Recitation: "We practice selective annihilation of mayors and government officials. For example, to create a vacuum. Then we fill that vacuum, as popular war advances. Peace is closer."
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, nc! I don’t need your civil war!

I don’t need your civil war!

Your power hungry sell-in’ soldiers in a human grocery store, ain’t that fresh!

I don’t need your civil war, no no no no no no no, sh, no, sh, ... war.

Outro solo
w/Rhy. Fig. 4

no! I don’t need one more war!

(f with wah wah)
no—ah, no—ah, no.

(Spoken) What so civil 'bout was, en-y-vey?

(Whistled melody arr. for gtr.)

Fade out
14 YEARS

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

Tune down 1 1/2 step:
A5   C   D   G5   D/A
b9  g9  e9  d9  c9

Moderate Rock  \( \times 156 \)

Intro (Drums)

1st, 2nd, 3rd Verses

1. I try and feel the sunshine.
2. You try and hold me down.
3. See additional lyrics

2nd time, Gtr. II doubles Gtr. I;
3rd time, Gtr. II plays Rhy. Fig. 3.

Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. I)

Fill 1 (end of solo)

Gtr. III

Rhy. Fig. 3 (Gtr. II)
with your complaints.

You cry and moan and complain.

You whine, and tear.

Up to my neck in sorrow.

the touch you bring.

You just don't step inside.

Play 1st time only

*2nd & 3rd times Gtr. II doubles Gtr. I.
(end Rhy. Fig. 2) w/Rhy. Figs. 2 & 2A (3 times)

A5

to fourteen years... So hard to keep... my own... head...

(end Rhy. Fig. 2A)

D A5 C

that's what I say... and you... know... I've been the beggar...

3rd time to Chords

D A5 C

I've played the thief... I was... the dog...

Chorus

D A5 G5

they all tried to beat... But it's been... fourteen years of silence. It's been...

D/A A5 G5

fourteen years of pain... It's been fourteen years that are gone... forever and I'll

D/A w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (2 times - Gtr. 1 & II)

N.C.(A5) (G5)

never have again... well.

(F5) (E5) (A5) (G5)

(F5) (E5)

never have again... well.
2. Your stupid girlfriends tell you that I'm to blame.
Well, they're all used-up has-beens, out of the game.
This time I'll have the last word, you hear what I say?
I tried to see it your way, it won't work today.

2nd Pre-chorus:
You just don't stop inside to 14 years.
So hard to keep my own head... that's what I say.
You know... I've been the dealer... hangin' on your street.
I was the dog... they all tried to beat. (To Chorus)

3. Bullshit and contemplation, gomija's their trade.
If they knew half the real truth, what would they say?
Well, I'm past the point of concern, it's time to play.
These last 4 years of madness sure put me straight.

3rd Pre-chorus:
Don't get back 14 years in just one day.
So hard to keep my own head. Just go away.
You know... just like a hooker, she said, "Nothin's for free."
Oh, I tried to see it your way.
I tried to see it your way.
YESTERDAYS

Words and Music by
West Arkeen, Del James,
Billy and W. Axl Rose

Tune down 1/2 step:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{D} &= \text{Bb} \\
\text{G} &= \text{Gb} \\
\text{A} &= \text{Ab} \\
\text{C} &= \text{Db} \\
\text{Am} &= \text{Gb} \\
\text{D} &= \text{Bb} \\
\text{G} &= \text{Gb} \\
\text{C} &= \text{Db} \\
\text{E} &= \text{Gb} \\
\end{align*}
\]

Moderately slow Rock \( J = 90 \)

\[ D \]

Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1)

\[ \text{Intro} \]

\[ \text{mf clean tone} \]

\[ \text{Rhy. Fig. 1A (Gtr. 1)} \]

\[ \text{mf w/tremolo effect} \]

\[ \text{D} \]

\[ \text{G5} \]

\[ \text{C} \]

\[ \text{G5} \]

\[ \text{C} \]

\[ \text{G5} \]

\[ \text{end Rhy. Fig. 1} \]

\[ \text{Rhy. Fig. 1A} \]

\[ \text{end Rhy. Fig. 1A} \]

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1st, 2nd, 3rd Verses
w/Rhy. Figs. 1 & 1A
3rd time w/Fill 1

D
1. Yes-ter-day there were so many things, I was nev-er told.
2. See additional lyrics

D
Now that I'm start-in' to learn,
I feel I'm grow-in' old.
'Cause

Both
yest-er-day's got noth-in' for me.
Old pic-tures that I'll al-ways see.

D
Time just fades the pag-es in my book of mem-o-ries.
all just let them be.

Ray.
Chorus
Fig. 2
A
Chorus

Riff A (*Gtr. II)

Fill 1 (end of solo)

*Infatuation
Additional Lyrics

2. Prayers in my pocket
And no hand in destiny.
I'll keep on movin' along
With no time to plant my feet.
"Cause yesterday's got nothin' for me.
Old pictures that I'll always see.
Some things could be better
If we'd all just let them be. (To Chorus)

3. Yesterday there were so many things
I was never shown.
Suddenly this time I found
I'm on the streets and I'm all alone.
Yesterday's got nothin' for me.
Old pictures that I'll always see.
I ain't got time to reminisce
Old novelties. (To Chorus)
KNOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S DOOR

Words and Music by
Bob Dylan

Tune down 1/2 step:
③ - ②b ① - ②b
② - ①b ① - ②b

Slow Rock ① = 64

Intro G5 D C G5 D

Gtr. I

G5

C Gtr. II

G5 D5 C5 G5

D5 C5 C5

G5 D5 C5

Gtr. II out)

1st Verse

G5

D

Ah.

1. Ma-ma, take this badge from me...

Gtr. II

mf clean tone

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Am

w/Fill 1

G5

D

C

I can't use it any more.

G5

D

Am

G5

D

It's getting dark... too dark to see.

Feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

C

Chorus G5

D5

C5

Hey, hey... hey... hey.

*During Chorus Gtr. I doubles Gtr. II w/slight rhythmic variations. Both gtrs. w/distortion.

Fill I (Gtr. III)

Clean tone:

Gtr. I

Gtr. II
yeah. Knock, knock, knock-in' on heaven's door.

Gtr. III
w/distortion

Ooh, knock, knock, knock-in' on heaven's door. Ooh.

Gtr. II out

Yeah. Knock, knock, knock-in' on heaven's door.

Rhy. Fig. 1
Guitar solo 1
D
C

Yeah.

Ooh. Yeah, yeah.

Yes (knock) oh,

*Gtr. I w/clean tone; Gtr. IV is aux.

sl
That cold black cloud is comin' down.
Feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

Chorus
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door, hey, hey, hey.

Yeah.
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door.

Gtr. III
W/distortion

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door.
Ooh, yeah.
(Spoken:) You just better start sniffin' your own rank subjugation, Jack, 'cause it's just you against your tattered blind, the bank and the undertaker forever, man, and it wouldn't be luck if you could get out of life...
Chorus
N.C. (G5)

G5  N.C.

(Bkgd. Voc. Fig. 1)

alive. Knock, knock, knock-in' on heaven's door. hey, hey, hey, hey, yeah.

(Gtr. I pad)

(Knock, knock, knock-in' on heaven's door.)

(C)

G5  D  C

Knock, knock, knock-in' on heaven's door. Ooh. yeah.

Gtr. II

pick w/fingers

w/Bkgd. Voc. Fig. 1

G5  D  C  G5  D5

Knock, knock, knock-in' on heaven's door.

Ooh knock, knock, knock-in' on heaven's door.

Gtr. I

clean tone w/chorus

Gtr. II

pick w/fingers

w/Bkgd. Voc. Fig. 1

C5  G5  D  C

hmm... no... no... hmm... no... woh, woh.

Oh...

Gtr. I

sl...

15-10
Knock, knock, knock-in' on heaven's door.
no... no... hmm... no...

pick w/fingers...  A.H.

Gtr. II

w/Bkgd. Voc. Fig. I  N.C.

no.

Door,  woh... woh... woh...

pick strato  P.M.-1

Chorus  w/Bkgd. Voc. Fig. I (4 times)

Gtr. II

yeah...

Knock, knock, knock-in' on heaven's door...

G5

Knock, knock, knock-in' on heaven's door...

G5  D5

w/distortion
yeah. Knock, knock, knock-in' on heaven's door.

Knock, knock, knock-in' on heaven's door. Uh, who-

Free time w/Rhy. Fill 2
G5

woh, woh, oh, yeah, yeah. Ow!

Rhy. Fill 2 (Gtr. II)

Fdbk. pitch: D

Fdbk. (Sva)

Fdbk. pitch: A
Straight eighth feel F5

Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. II)

Rhy, w/Rhy. Fig. 1

1st Verse

Why do you look at me when you hate me?

Why should I look at you when you make me hate you too?

I sense a smell of retribution in the air.
I don't even understand why the fuck.

Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtr. II)

you even care.

And I don't need.

Rhy. Fill 1 (Gtr. III)

your jealousy.

yeah.

Rhy. Fig. 2A (Gtr. III)

let ring.

Why

drag me down.

in your misery.

Yeah.
(end Rhy. Fig. 2)

(end Rhy. Fig. 2A)

2nd Verse
w/Rhy. Figs. 1 & 1A (both 3½ times)

And when you stare... you don't think I feel...

but I'm gonna deal it back to you in
spaces... steady gliss.

Gtr. 1

F6k.

Ds A Bb5
When I'm hav' in' fun, ya know I can't conceal it, 

'cause I know you'd never cut it in my game, oh no... 

And when you're talk' in' 'bout a vasectomy, 

yeah, I'll be writ' in' down... (I'll be writ' in' down... 

Rhy. Fill 1A (Gtr. II)
your obituary,
your obituary,
his story,
his story.

ow!

You got your bitches with the silicone injections, crystal meth and yeast

injections, bleached blond hair, collagen lip projections.

(end Rhy. Fig. 4) w/Rhy. Fig. 4

Who are you to criticize my intentions! Got your subtle, manipulative devices.
Just like you, I got my vice.
I got a thought that would be nice.
I'd like to

crush your head tight in my vice.
Pain!!!
Interlude
*W/Rhy. Figs. 1 & 1A (both 3½ times)
B5 F5 Eb5

(Spoken:) And that goes for all you punks in the press that want to start shit by printin' lies instead of the things we said.

*Beat 1 of Rhy. Fig. 1A is struck, not tied.

That means you, Andy Stcker at Hit Parader;
Circus magazine;
Mick Wall at Kerrang;

gently glide.

sl.

1/2

sl.

Bob Guccione Jr. at Spin, what, you pissed off 'cause your dad gets more pussy than you?
Fuck you!
hand slide

w/Rhy. Fills 1 & 1A

sl.

sl.

w/Rhy. Figs. 2 & 2A

read about the hands they want to know about. Printin' lies. Startin' controversy. You wanna antagonize me?

Antagonize me, motherfucker! Get in ring, motherfucker, and I'll kick your bitchy little ass, punk!!

w/Rhy. Fig. 3 (3 times)
D5

I don't like you. (Gtr. 1 out)

dim.

D5

I just hate you. I'm gon

na kick your ass,

E

(Gtr. III cont. in notation)

D5

(w/laughter)

oh yeah

ow!

Gtr. II

Gtr. III

oh yeah

C5

7 5 3 5 3 5 3 5

H

H
w/Rhy. Figs. 2 & 2A

You may not like our integrity.

Gtr. III substitute Rhy. Fill 2

C5

Resume Rhy. Fig. 2A

F5

We built a world out of anarchy.

Gtr. II & II Guitar solo II

B5

w/Rhy. Figs. 1 & 1A (last 3 bars only)

Eb5

oh yeah!

Gtr. I

Full

w/Rhy. Figs. 1 & 1A (both 7 times)

B5

F5

Rhy. Fill 2 (Gtr. III)
(spoken:) And in this corner, weighing in at 850 pounds,

Guns 'N' Roses.

Get in the ring.

Get in the ring.

Get in the ring.

Get in the ring...
Get in the ring... Get in the ring... Get in the ring... Get in the ring...

*w/voc. Fig. 1 (9 times)

Free time (Band out)

Yeah! (Spoken: This song is dedicated to all the Guns N' fuckin' Roses fans who stuck with us through all the fucking shit. And to all those opposed... ummm... well?"
SHOTGUN BLUES

Words and Music by
W. Axl Rose

Fast Rock j - 182

I got the

Oh, I got the

(cont. in slashes)

pick slide

shot - gun blues, shot - gun blues

I said I don't know what I did, but I

know I gotta move. I got the shot - gun blues, shot - gun blues.

can't wait here forever. I got too much here to lose.

blowin' smoke.

I think you're one big joke.

Me,

I got to lot to learn.

An I'm still waitin' for the

heads to turn.

You say I walk a line.

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C5  F/C  C5  A5  D/A  A5
F—uck,  they  move  it  ev—ery  time...

B5  E/B  B5
and  then  you  tell  me  'bout  sing—in'  the  blues...

A5
Ah—well,  you  get  what  you  pay  for.

G5  A5  G5  A5  B5
An  free-dom's  real  high—priced.

G5  A5  G5  A5
An  while  you're  rip-pin'  off  chil—dren.

some-bod—y's  fuck—in'  your  wife...

Doh—well,  it's  never  made  a  dif—ference.

C5  D5  C5  D5  E5
It's  on—ly  how  you  sur—vive— I  got  the  mak—in'  a  stance...

Bridge
Grit.  II  Grit.  I

C5  B5  C5  D5

tired

Grit.  I

of  the  frus—tra—tion  of  liv—in'  in—side  of  your  lies...

D5  E5  B5  C5  D5

And  I'm  wired  on  indig—na—tion.

C5  B5  C5  D5
Chorus
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (2 times)

shot - gun blues, shot - gun blues, I said I don't know what I did, but I know I gotta move. I got the shot - gun blues, shot - gun blues.

I can't wait here for - ever. I got too much here to lose. I got the shot - gun blues, shot -

...
Additional Lyrics

2. An now you ask me why.
   I said it's do or die.
   I'll stick it right in your face.
   And then I'll put you in your motherfuckin' place.
   An you can suck my ass.
   An I think it's so low-class.
   Me, I'm just so concerned.
   I'm still waitin' for your ass to burn.

2nd Pre-chorus:
   Oh, you want a confrontation.
   I'll give you every fuckin' chance
   With your verbal masturbation.
   Me, I just like to dance.
   How's that for provocation?
   I'm just makin' a stance and I'm... (To Bridge)
We all come in from the cold...

We came down from the wire. An everybody warms themselves to a different...

fire. When sometimes we get burned... you'd think somehow we'd learn...

The
G/B

one you love is the one that should take you higher.

You ain't

G

D/F♯

A/E

G/B Cmaj2

G/B

got no one. You better go back out and find her.

A

D

D maj4 Dmaj2 D G/B Cmaj2

G/B

w/dist.

(Gtr. IV)
Double time $\times 164$

1. Just like children hid - in’ in a closet can’t tell what’s go - in’ on out - side, sometimes we’re so far off the beat.
on track... we'll get a - taken for a ride... by a... parlor trick... or some words... of wit... a hidden hand up a sleeve... To think... that the one you love... could hurt... you now... is a little hard... to believe... But
everybody, darlin', sometimes bites the hand that feeds.

Half time feel

(end half time feel)
(end Rhy. Fig. 3A)

Ow!
(end Rhy. Fig. 3)

Half time feel

Ooh, yeah, yeah, ow! Break.
Chorus:
D

break down!
Rhy. Fig. 4

D

Let me hear it now.

Yeah.

(end Rhy. Fig. 4)

w/Rhy. Fig. 4

break down!

Let me hear it now.

(End half time feel)

G

Ow!

Get down with yo' bad self!

Alright!

(Gtr. IV)
I've come to know the cold. I think of it as home. When there ain't e-
G/B

ough of me to go around. I'd rather be left alone. But if I

w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (1st 4 bars only) (Gtr. V)

(Gtr. III)
call you out of habit. I'm out of love and I gotta have it. Would you

G/B
give it to me... if I fit your needs... like when we both knew... we had it? But

Double time 3 = 164
w/Rhy. Figs. 3 & 3A

now the damage's done... and we're back out on the run... Funny how
Everything was roses when we held on to the guns...

Just because you're winning don't mean you're the lucky ones.

Half time feel

Ooh.

Break-down!

Let me hear it now.

Break-down!

Yeah.

Break-down!

Break-down.
Let me hear it now.

[end half-time feel]

Rhy. Outro
Fig. 6A
(Gtr. VI)

Full Full Full Full Full Full Full

Rhy. Fig. 6 (Gtr. IV)

Full Full Full Full Full Full Full

w/Rhy. Figs. 6 & 6A (both 9 times)

Cnns2

Full Full Full Full Full Full Full

D
(Spoken.) There goes the challenger, being chased by the blue meanies on wheels. The victorious traffic squad.

cars are after our lone driver, the last American hero.

the, the Electric Stair, the demi-god, the super driver of the

Golden West! Two nasty Nazi cars are close behind

the beautiful, lone driver. The police cars are getting closer, closer.
Free time

(Gtr. IV out)

(Gtr. VI out)

But...

string noise

it is written:

if the

(Gtr. III out) N.C.

evil spirit arms the tiger with claws, Brahman provideth wings for the dove.

Gtr. VI

In time \( \text{d} = 97 \)
(Piano & bass gtr.)

Thus spoke the super

guru

Did you hear that?

Additional Lyrics

2. When I look around, everybody always brings me down. Well, is it them or me? Well, I just can’t see. But there ain’t no peace to be found. But if someone really cared, well, they’d take the time to spare A moment to try and understand another one’s despair.

Remember, in this game we call life that no one said it’s fair.
PRETTY TIED UP
(THE PERILS OF ROCK N' ROLL DECADENCE)

Words and Music by
Izyy Stradin

Tune down 1/2 step:
6 = C6
5 = Ab
4 = Dm

Moderate Rock J = 132

*Gtr. I

(Spoken:) The perils of

* w/wah
**Coral elec. sitar arr. for gtr.

D5

Rhy. Fig. 1

rock n' roll decadence.

Gtr. III

Rhy. Fig. 1A

w/Rhy. Tugs. 1 & 1A

D5

Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtr. I)

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I know this chick, she lives down on Melrose.

She ain't satisfied without some pain. (Oo.

Friday night, is goin' up inside her... again.

Well,

crack the whip, 'cause that bitch is just insane. (Spoken:) I'm serious. Oh, she's pretty tied
Chorus

Rhy. DS
Fig. 4
Gr. III
C5
DS
G5
A5
C5
w/Rhy. Figs. 4 & 4A
C5
G5
A5
C5
up hang-in' up-side down...
She's pretty tied up
an you can ride her. She's pretty tied

To Cord 1

Rhy. DS
Fig. 4
Gr. III
G5
Ds
up hang-in' up-side down...

Ooh...
I can't tell

Rhy. Fig. 6A

You she's the right one.
Oh no, oh no, oh no...

DS
w/Fill 1

w/Rhy. Figs. 6 & 6A

Oh,... but I can't tell
I can't tell you she's the right one.
She's the right one.
Additional Lyrics

2. Once there was this rock n' roll band rollin' on the streets,
   Time went by and it became a joke.
   We just needed more and more fulfilling—uh-huh.
   Time went by and it all went up in smoke.
   But check it out. (To Chorus)

3. Once you made that money, it costs more now.
   It might cost a lot more than you’d think.
   I just found a million dollars that someone forgot.
   It’s days like this that push me o’er the brink.
   *Cool and stressing. (To Chorus)

*Pronounced "Kool Ranch Dress'ing"
1st, 2nd Verses
w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (3 times) (both gtrs.)
2nd time w/Fill 2
N.C. (A5)

1. Gon-na find a way to cure this loneli-ness. Yeah, I'll find a way to cure the pain. If I said
3. See additional lyrics

that you're my friend and our love would nev-er end how long be-fore I had your trust a-gain

o-pened up the doors when it was cold out-side hop-in' that you'd find your own way

Riff A (Gtr. III) All.

(15 bars)

w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (1st 3 bars only)
in

But how can I pro-tec-t you or try not to re-glect you, when

(end Riff A)

Fill 2 (end of Interlude II solo)
Gtr. III Sny

F#5
Gtrs. I & II

w/Rhy. Fill I

you won't take the love... I have to give?

I___ bought me an illusion an I

Play next 6 bars 2nd time only

5 5 5
P

7 7 7 (6)

F#5

put it on the wall. I let it fill my head with dreams, and I had

(3) 6 6 6 6

F#5

G5 F#5 E5

w/Rhy. Figs. I & 1A

to have them all. But oh, the taste is never so sweet as what you believe it is, well I guess.

(Gtr. III out)

(3) 6 6 6 6

Rhy. Fill I

(Gtr.I & II)

N.C.(A5)

F#5

3-0-3-0-0-0-2

83
Interludes I & II
w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtrs. I & II)
N.C. (A5)

Play 1st time only

Gr. III

Play 2nd time only

Gr. III

2. You
2nd, 4th Verses
w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (3 times)
N.C.(AS)

Yeah, I let you shape me but I feel as though you raped me, 'cause you climbed inside my world and in my song. So now I've closed the door to keep the 2nd time only (Gtr. IV)

Cold outside. Seems somehow I've found, the will to live. But
how can I forget you, or try not to reject you, when we both know it takes time to forgive, yeah.

Fill 1 (Gtr. III)

(N.C.(D5))

G5

(Gtr. IV out)
1. Sweetness is a virtue, and you lost your virtue long ago. You

2. See additional lyrics

*w/ Rhy. Figs. 3 & 3A (2 times)

know I'd like to hurt you, but my conscience always tells me no. You could

sell your body on the street to anyone whom you might meet who'd

love to try and get inside and bust your innocence open wide, 'cause my baby's got a locomotive. My

baby's gone off the track. My baby's got a locomotive, got ta peel the bitch off my back.
I know it looks like I'm insane. Take a closer look, I'm not to blame.

Interlude II
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. I & II)
N.C.(A5)

(w/ Rhy. Fill 2)
D5 A5 C5
not to blame.

(Cont. in Fill 2)
Coda
w/Rhy. Fig. 4 (both gtrs.)
D5 A5 D5 A5 N.C.

not to blame.            
Yeah.

w/Rhy. Fig. 4 (3 times) (Gtr. II)
D5 A5 D5 A5 N.C.

D5 A5 D5 A5 N.C.

If love is blind... I guess I'll buy myself a cane.

C5
w/1st bar of Rhy. Fill 2 (Gtr. II)
D5 A5 Gtr. II.

Outro
Am

*Gtr. I & II sustain for 3 bars.

G5 F5

*Gtr. V

clean tone

*Piano arr. for gtr.

Am

*Gtr. VI

w/wah trem. bar stick; vib. w/bar

1/2

1 2 3 4 5 (3)

2 3 4 5 (3)

1/2

1 2 3 4 5 (3)
3. Gonna have some with my frustration.
Gonna watch the big screen in my head.
I'd rather take a detour 'cause this road ain't gettin' clearer.
Your train of thought has cut me off again.
Better turn that boy 'cause he's a wild one,
Better turn that boy for he's a man.
Sweetheart, don't make me laugh, you're gettin' too big for your pants,
And I think maybe you should cut out what you can.
You can use your illusion, let it take you where it may.
We live and learn, and then sometimes it's best to walk away.
Me, I'm just here hangin' on,
It's my only place to stay, at least for now anyway.
I've worked too hard for my illusions just to throw them all away. (To Interlude III)

4. I'm taking time for quiet consolation,
In passing by this love that's passed away.
I know it's never easy, so why should you believe me
When I've always got so many things to say?
Calling off the dogs, a simple choice is made,
'Cause playful hearts can sometimes be enraged.
You know I tried to wake you, I mean how long could it take you
To open up your eyes and turn the page.

2nd Pre-chorus:
Kindness is a treasure and it's one towards me you're seldom shown.
So I'll say it for good measure, to all the one's like you I've known.
Ya know I'd like to share your head and all my friends could paint it red.
'Cause love to me's a two way street an all I really want is peace. (To Chorus)

3rd Pre-chorus:
Affection is a blessing, can you find it in your sorrid heart?
I tried to keep this thing together, but the terror tore my pad apart.
Yeah, I know it's hard to face when all we've worked for's gone to waste.
But you're such a stupid woman and I'm such a stupid man, but love like time's got it's own plans. (To Chorus)
Bmadd4  C  G  Gmaj7  Bmadd4  C  D

Uh. (Draw breath) Ah.

(end Rhy. Fig. 1A)

1st, 2nd Verses
w/Rhy. Fig. 1A (2 times)
G  Gmaj7

Bmadd4  C  G  Gmaj7

1. How could she look so fine? How could it be. she might.
2. How could she be so cool? How could she be. so fine? ...

Rhy. Fig. 1B
Gtr. 1

(end Rhy. Fig. 1B)

Bmadd4  C  D  G  Gmaj7  Bmadd4  C

be mine? How could she be. so cool?
I owe a favor to a friend...

C  D  G  Gmaj7  Bmadd4  C
G
Gmaj7
C
D

I've been taken for a fool
My friends... they always come through for me, yeah.

Hey...

w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (2 times)

Em
Am
C

It's a story of a man, who works as hard as he can... just to be a man who stands on his own...

Gtr. II

But the book always burns... as the story takes its turn... leaves a broken man...

Rhy. Fig. 2

Gtr. 1

*Play cue note 2nd time.
C
story takes its turn
an leaves a broken man...
If you could only live my life...

C
you could see the difference
you make to me...
to me...
I'd

E
(Am)

C

(Dartt. II out)

Double time \( \frac{3}{140} \)

2nd time w/Fill I

D5 D6 D5 D6 E5

G5 G6 G5 G6 D5 D6 D5

look right up at night...
and all I'd see was darkness.

(end Rhy. Fig. 3)

Rhy. Fig. 3

Gtr. III

\( \frac{3}{w/dist.} \)

Fill I

Gtr.
IV

\( \frac{6}{sl.} \)

\( \frac{20}{sl.} \)
w/ Rhy. Fig. 3 (2½ times)

D6 D5 D6 Es5

C5 G5 G6 G5 D5 D6 D5

see the stars all right...

I wanna reach right up and grab one for you. When the

D6 D5 D6 Es5

G5 G6 G5 G6 D5 D6 D5

lights went down in your house...

yeah, that made me happy.

The

D5 D6 D5 D6 Es5

Gtr. III

To Coda

G5

w/slide

The sweat I make for you...

yeah, I think you know where that comes from. Guitar, come on.

Gtr. IV

Tempo 1

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

(Gtr. III out)

Bmadd4 C G Gmaj7 Bmadd4 C D

Bmadd4 C G Gmaj7 Bmadd4 C D

G Gmaj7 Bmadd4 C G Gmaj7

Gtr. III

D.S. el Coda

Yeah! Well, I'd

(cont. in Fill 1)
I think you know where that comes from.

3. How could she look so good?

(Whispered) So good.

How could she be so fine?

(Draw breath) How could she be so cool?

Oh. How could it be she might be mine?

Ah. Yeah.

Gtr. 1
ESTRANGED

Words and Music by
W. Axl Rose

Moderately slow \( \frac{J}{4} = 89 \)

*Gm7

When you're talkin' to yourself
and nobody's home.

you can fool yourself.
You came in this world alone.
(whispered:) Alone.

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So, nobody ever told you, baby, how it was gonna be.

What'll happen to you, baby, guess we'll have to wait and see.

One, two.
Old at heart, but I'm only twenty-eight. And I'm much too young to let love break my heart.

Young at heart, but it's getting much too late to find ourselves so far apart.

I don't know how you're supposed to find me lately.

And what more could you ask from me? How could you say that I never need...
ed you-
when you took ev 'ry-thing-
said you took ev 'ry-thing from me-

w/ Riff A

G5

C5

B5

G5

G5

E5

F5

(G8th)

G5

E5

F5

* Let Fbkb sustain through next 2 bars.

Young at heart, an it gets so hard to wait-
when no one I know can seem to help- me now-

Gtr. II

Fill I

Fill 1
So, what'll happen to us, baby, guess we'll have to wait and

See

N.C. (C5)
(Bass gtr. & piano)

(Eb5)  (C5)  (Eb5)

w/Fill 2

Gtr. III

Fill 2

Gtr. IV
When I find all of the reasons, may be I'll find another way, find another day.
With all the changing seasons of my life, may be I'll get it right next time.
An, now that you've been broken down, got your head out of the clouds, you're back down on the ground. And you don't
talk so loud, you don't walk so proud any more, and what for!

Guitar solo I
C
Guitar II
C
(Am)

G

Full

A.H. Full

H P

G

Full

H P

A.H. pitch: E

H

C

Full

Full

Full

H P

Full

H P

H P

H P

Full

H P

H P

sl.

111
Well, I jumped into the river...
(Gtr. II out)

w/Rhy. Fig. 1

G

er too many times to make it home. I'm out here on my own, drifting all

G

a-long. If it doesn't show, give it time, to read between the lines.

G

'Cause I see the storm is getting closer.
and the waves... they get so high

and everything we've ever known

here.

Why must it drift away and die?

Ow! Ah. Ah!

*next 6 bars.

(delay off)

(Gtr. III out)
Guitar solo II

C5

G5

F5

Rhy. Fill I

Gtr. III

w/Rhy. Fill I

C5

(Gtr. I out)

I'll never find anyone to re-

(Gtr. II out) Gtr. IV

w/chorus

dim.
place you. Guess I'll have to make it thru. this time... oh, this time...

F

with out you. (Gtr. IV out) (Gtr. III out)

I know the storm was getting clos-

er. And all my friends said I was high.

But ev - ry - thing we've ev - er known's here. I nev - er wanted it to die...

*Piano arr. for gtr.
YOU COULD BE MINE

(Special Thanks To Bernie Taupin and Elton John)

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

Uptempo Rock \( \frac{4}{4} = 152 \)

N.C. Intro

```
\begin{align*}
&\text{Gtr. 1 Harm.} \\
&\text{mf} \quad \text{P.M.}
\end{align*}
```

sl. don't pick

F\#5 E5 E5 A5 B5 C45 F5 G5 A D G D5

Tone down 1/2 step:
- G = G\# (F\#)
- A = Bb (Eb)
- C\# = Db (Db)

Uptempo Rock \( \frac{4}{4} = 152 \)

N.C.

```
\begin{align*}
&\text{Gtr. 1 Harm.} \\
&\text{mf} \quad \text{P.M.}
\end{align*}
```

p

vol. off

"A rounded by pulling strings off side of neck with vibrato-like motion.

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116
1. I'm a heart-breaker. Fit to burn, and I'll rip your heart in two...

(Gtr. III out)

Gtr. IV tweet 2nd time

(end Rhy. Fig. 1) Gtr. II

and I'll leave you lyin' on the bed...

Fill 2
Well, I'll be out the door before ya wake. It's

Gir. 1

A B A B A F#5 E5

noth-in' now ta you. 'cause I think we're

A B A B A F#5 E5
bitch slap rippin' and your cocaine tongue, you get

w/ Fill 1
F♯5

nuthin' done. I said, you

could be mine.

Ow! (Wow!)

Fill 1
Interlude

w/Riffs A, A1, & A2

N.C.

could be mine!
"You could be mine..." (Whispered: Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh. You could be mine...)

You could be mine...

Bridge
Rhy. Fig. 3
G5

F#5
G5
A5
D
A
G5

why don't ya give it a rest.

F#5
G5
A
B5

must you find

F#5
D5
A5
B5
Rhy. Fig 4 Guitar solo

Another reason to cry!

Gr. III

Guitar

Let ring...
While you're break-in' down my back n' I been rack-in' out my brain, it don't
(Gtr. III out)
matter how we make it 'cause it always ends the same. You can push it for more mileage but your

flaps 'r' wear-in' thin and I couldn't sleep on it 'til mom-in', but this nightmare never ends, don't for-

get to call my lawyer with ridiculous demands, you can take the pity so far, but it's

more than I can stand, 'cause this couch-trip's gettin' old-er, tell me how long has it been 'cause
Chorus
w/Ray. Figs. 2 & 2A
A5

five years is for-ev-er an you have-n't grown up yet...

You could be

mine...

but you're way out of line...

With your bitch slap rap-pin' and your co-caine tongue, you got

muth-in' done.

I said, you could be,

you should be.

you
could be mine.  

Oh, you could be mine.

---

M-m-m-mine!  
(You could be mine.)

You could be mine.  
(You could be mine.)

Ow, you could be mine.  
(You could be mine.)

Ow, you could be mine.  
(You could be mine.)
Additional Lyrics

2. Now, holidays come, and then they go,
   It's nothin' new today,
   Collect another memory.
   When I come home late at night,
   Don't ask me where I've been.
   Just count your stars I'm home again. (To Chorus)
DON'T CRY
(ALTERNATIVE LYRICS)

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

Am Dm G5 Dm#5 F Am#4 Am7 C5 G/B A5 F5 D5 E5

Tune down 1/2 step:
- E5 (G#) - Gb
- Ab (D) - A
- Bb (F) - Eb

Rock Ballad \ = 62

---

Intro Am Dm G Csus2 G/B N.C. Am Dm

Gtr. I

mf

mf

let ring throughout clean tone

---

Ooh...

G N.C. A5

1st Verse

Am Dm G Csus2 G/B N.C.

If we could see to-morrow what of your plans?

---

Gtr. II

Full vol. off. w/distortion

---

Funk pitch: E

---

Gtr. III

let ring throughout clean tone

---

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Chorus

Don't you cry tonight
I still love you, baby.

G5

F

G

Am
Don't you cry tonight... There's a heaven above you, baby.

And don't you cry tonight... I know the things you wanted...

Fill 2

(clean tone w/echo)
they're not what you have.

With all the people talkin',

It's drivin' you mad.

If I was standin' by you,

how would you feel

knowing your love's declined,

and all love is real.

(Oh, baby.)

*Fade in.
Don't you cry tonight.

There's a heaven above, you, baby. And don't you cry tonight.

*Two gtr. (w/dsl.) arr. for one.

**Guitar solo**

---

137
3rd Verse
w/Fill 3

Gm

Cadd2

G/B

N.C.

Am
With all the voices I've heard,

And when you're in need of someone my...

...heart won't deny you.

So many seem so lonely with no one left to cry to be by.
Chorus
F5       G5       A5
An don't you cry... to-night...
(Ooh...) An don't you cry... to-night...
Ooh... Ooh...

Gtr.  V

Full

19 19 19 19 19 19 17 19 19 19 (10) (10)

A5       F5
An don't you cry... to-night... There's a heaven above... you, baby...
Ooh... Ooh...

Full 1/2

Full 1/2

140
Don't you cry tonight.
MY WORLD

Words and Music by
W. Axl Rose

Moderate Rap $ = 108$

(N.C.
(w/Keyboards, drums effects)

(Spoken:) You wanna step into my world, it's a socio-psychotic state of bliss.

You've been delayed in the real world. How many times have you hit and missed? Your CAT scan shows disfigureation. I wanna laugh myself to death. With a misfired synapse, with a bent configuration, I'll hold the line while you gasp for breath. You wanna talk to me? [So talk to me.] You wanna talk to me? [So talk to me.]

(Band out) You wanna talk to me? [So talk to me.] You wanna talk to me? [You can't talk to me.]

(You don't understand your sex.) You wanna talk to me? [You ain't been mind-fucked yet.]

Freely

Let's do it. Let's do it. (Oh, Let's my) In time (Band in) 3

do it, distorted smile.

3

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GUNS N' ROSES
USE YOUR ILLUSION II

CIVIL WAR
14 YEARS
YESTERDAYS
KNOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S DOOR
GET IN THE RING
SHOTGUN BLUES
BREAKDOWN
'PRETTY TIED UP (THE PERILS OF ROCK N' ROLL DECADECNE)
LOCOMOTIVE (COMPLICITY)
SO FINE
ESTRANGED
YOU COULD BE MINE
DON'T CRY (ALT. LYRICS)
MY WORLD