

**"Love in Vain" Robert Johnson (1937);
Rolling Stones from *Let it Bleed* (1969)**

GUITAR INTRO

And I followed her to the station
with a suitcase in my hand
And I followed her to the station
with a suitcase in my hand
Well it's hard to tell it's hard to tell
when all your love's in vain
All my love's in vain.

STONES: SLOWER TEMPO; SOLO GUITAR AND VOICE
FOR ENTIRE FIRST VERSE

BOTTLENECK EVOKING TRAIN SIREN

When the train rolled up to the station
and I looked her in the eye
When the train rolled up to the station
and I looked her in the eye
Well, I was lonesome, I felt so lonesome
and I could not help but cry
All my love's in vain

ADDITION OF DRUMS AND BASS AS TRAIN ARRIVES AND STOPS
MORE TRAIN "SIRENS"

When the train, it left the station
With two lights on behind
When the train, it left the station
With two lights on behind
Well the blue light was my blues [Stones say "baby"]
and the red light was my mind
All my love's in vain

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE, WITH "SENTIMENTAL" MANDOLIN,
EVOKING A LOVE SERENADE

FINAL INSTRUMENTAL VERSE

**"Not Fade Away" rec. by Buddy Holly (1957);
Rolling Stones: *Got Live if you Want it* (1966)**

Guitar intro

I want to tell you how it's gonna be
You're gonna give your love to me
I'm gonna love you night and day,
Love is love and not fade away.
Well, love is love and not fade away.

My love's bigger than a Cadillac,
I try to show, then you drive me back.
Your love for me has got to be real,
I want you to know just how I feel.
Love is love and not fade away.
Well, love is love and not fade away.

I want to tell you how it's gonna be,
You're gonna give your love to me.
Love will last more than one day
Love is love and not fade away.
Well, love is love and not fade away.

Rolling Stones: "Miss You" from *Some Girls* (1978)

I've been holding out so long, I've been sleeping all alone
Lord I miss you.
I've been hanging on the phone, I've been sleeping all alone,
I want to kiss you.
Hoo Hoo Hoo, etc.

Well, I've been haunted in my sleep, You've been stirring in my dreams
Lord, I miss you child.
I've been waiting in the hall, been waiting on your call
when the phone rings
*[Spoken]: It's just some friends of mine that say "Hey, what's the matter man?
We're gonna come around at 12:00 with some Puerto Rican girls
that are just dyin' to meet you. We're gonna bring a case of wine, hey,
let's go mess and fool around, you know, like we used to"*
Haa Haa Haa, etc.

[Bridge] Oh, everybody waits so long
Oh, baby why you wait so long? Come on! Come on!

*[Spoken]: I've been walking Central Park, singing after dark
People think I'm Craaazy.
Stumbling on my feet, shufflin' through the street,
askin' people, tsk tsk tsk "What's the matter with you boy?
[Whispered] Sometimes I want to say to myself, sometimes I say
Hoo Hoo Hoo etc.*
Sax solo

I guess I'm just lying to myself, it's just you and no one else,
Lord, I won't miss you child.
You've just been blotting out my mind, fooling on my time,
No, I won't miss you baby ay ay.
Lord! I miss you, child,
Ha Ha Ha
harp solo

V. Coelho: "Is Musicology Ready for the Rolling Stones?"
Edmonton 10/2/95

"Shattered" from *Some Girls* (1978)

Shattered, shattered
Love and hope and sex and dreams
are still surviving on the streets but look at me!
I'm in tatters, shattered

Friends are so alarming and my love is never charming
Life is just a cocktail party on the streets of the Big Apple
People dressed in plastic bags, directing traffic
Some kind of fashion!

Laughter, joy, and loneliness and sex and sex and sex and sex!
and look at me! I'm in tatters. I'm a-shattered

All this chitter chatter, chitter chatter, chitter chatter, chitter chatter
'bout schmata, schmata, schmata
I can't give it away on 7th Avenue
This town is wearing tatters [in background: *Sharubey*]

Work and work and love and sex, ain't you hungry for success, success, success, success?
Does it matter? I'm a-shattered, does it matter?

[Bridge: lead break]

Look at me! I'm a-shattered (repeat)
Pride and joy and greed and sex, that's what makes our town the best
Pride and joy and dirty dreams and still surviving on the street, but look at me!
I'm in tatters, yea, I'm a-shattered. Does it matter? Uh huh.

Don't you know the crime rate's going up, up, up up, up?!

To live in this town, it'll just be talk talk talk talk talk talk!
Rats on the West Side, bedbugs uptown...What a mess,
this town's in tatters!
And I'm in shatters. My brain's been splattered, spreading all over Manhattan. What say?

This town's full of money grabbers. Go ahead, bite the Big Apple
(don't mind the maggots), uh huh.
My brain's been battered. My friends, they come around to
flatter flatter flatter flatter, and party it up, party it up! Party hard! All the time!

Monkey Man

Mick Jagger
Keith Richard

Moderately slow

I'm a flea-bit pea-nut mon-key
All my friends are junk-ies That's not
real-ly true I'm a cold I -
tal-ianpiz-za I could use a
lem-on squeez-er What you do? -
I've been bit-ten, I've been
tossed a-round by ev-'ry she-rat in -
this town Have you, Babe? -
Well, I am just a mon-key man -
I'm glad you are a mon-key wom -
an, too I was bit-ten
by a boar I was gouged and

I was gored But I pulled on
through I am a sack of
bro-ken eggs I al-ways have an
un-made bed Don't you?
Well, I hope we're not too mes -
si-an-ic Or a tri-file too -
sa-tan-ic We love to
play the blues I am just a
mon-key man I'm glad you are
a mon-key wom-an, too
I'm a mon-key
I'm a

Repeat and fa

Gimmie Shelter

Intro

Mick Jagger
Keith Richard

Moderately

