

Carnet de chants

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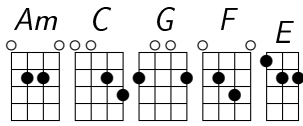
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1

All good things come to an end

Nelly Furtado



Am C
Honestly what will become of me

G
Don't like reality

F
It's way too clear to me, but

Am C
Really life is dandy

G
We are what we don't see

F
Miss everything daydreaming

Am C
Flames to dust

G
Lovers to friends

F Am
Why do all good things come to an end

Am C
Flames to dust

G
Lovers to friends

F Am
Why do all good things come to an end

C G
come to an end come to an

F Am
Why do all good things come to end?

C G
come to an end come to an

F
Why do all good things come to an end?

Am C
Traveling I only stop at exits

G
Wondering if I'll stay

F
Young and restless living this way I stress less

Am C
I want to pull away when the dream dies

G
The pain sets in and I don't cry

F
I only feel gravity and I wonder why

Refrain

Am C
Well the dogs were whistling a new tune

G
Barking at the new moon

G
Hoping it would come soon so that they could

Am C
Dogs were whistling a new tune

G
Barking at the new moon

G
Hoping it would come soon so that they could

F
die

E F G
die die die

Refrain

Am C
Well the dogs were barking at a new moon

G
Whistling a new tune

F
Hoping it would come soon

Am C
And the sun was wondering if it should

G F
stay away for a day til the feeling went away

Am C
And the sky was falling on the clouds were

G F
dropping and the rain forgot how to bring

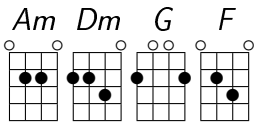
salvation

Am C
the dogs were barking at the new moon

G
Whistling a new tune

F
Hoping it would come soon so that they could

Am
die.



In the land of gods and monsters

I was an angel

Living in the garden of evil

Screwed up, scared, doing anything that I needed

Shining like a fiery beacon

You got that medicine that I need

Fame, liquor, love, give it to me slowly

Put your hands on my waist do it softly

Me and God, we don't get along, so now I sing

No one's gonna take my soul away

Living like Jim Morrison

Heading towards a fucked up holiday

Motel, sprees, sprees, and I'm singing

Fuck yeah, give it to me

This is heaven what I truly want

Is innocence lost?

Innocence lost?

In the land of gods and monsters

I was an angel

Looking to get fucked hard

Like a groupie incognito posing as a real singer

Life imitates art

You got that medicine that I need

Dope, shoot it up, straight to the heart

please

I don't really wanna know what's good for me

God's dead, I said "Baby that's alright with me"

Refrain

When you talk it's like a movie and you're

making me crazy

'Cause life imitates art

If I get a little prettier, can I be your baby?

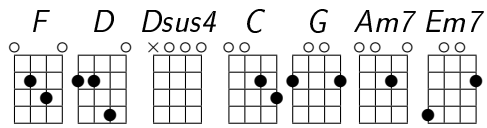
You tell me life isn't that hard

Refrain

3

Old Man

Neil Young



Intro : F D Dsus4 (×2)

F
Old man look at my life,

I'm a lot like you were D Dsus4

F
Old man look at my life,

I'm a lot like you were D F C G

D F C F

D F
Old man look at my life,
C G
twenty four and there's so much more

D F
Live alone in a paradise

C F
that makes me think of two

D F
Love lost, such a cost,

C G
give me things that don't get lost

D C
Like a coin that won't get tossed,

F G
rolling home to you

D F
Lullabies, look in your eyes,

C G
run around the same old town

D F
Doesn't mean that much to me

C F
to mean that much to you

D F
I've been first and last,

C G
look at how the time goes past

D C
But I'm all alone at last,

F G
rolling home to you

Refrain

F D Dsus4

F
Old man look at my life,

I'm a lot like you were D Dsus4

F
Old man look at my life,

I'm a lot like you were D

F C G D

D Dsus4 Am7 Em7 G

D
Old man take a look at my life

Am7 Em7 G
I'm a lot like you

D
I need someone to love me

Am7 Em7 G
the whole day through

D
Ah, one look in my eyes

Am7 Em7 G
and you can tell that's true

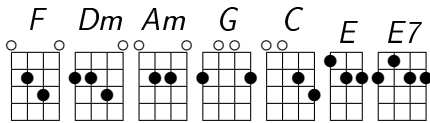
D F C G

D F C F

4

Wind of change

Scorpions



Intro (siffler)

F Dm F Dm

Am Dm Am G

C Follow the Moskwa^{Dm} down to Gorki Park,^C
 listening to the wind^{Dm Am G} of change

C An August summer^{Dm} night, soldiers passing^C by,
 listening to the wind^{Dm Am G} of change

C The world is closing in,^{Dm} did you ever think^C
 that we could be so close like bro - thers^{Dm Am G}

C The future's in the air,^{Dm} I can feel it
 everywhere,^C
 blowing with the wind^{Dm Am G} of change

C Take me to the magic of a moment on a glory^C
 night,^G
 where the children of tomorrow dream away^{Dm G Am F}
 in the wind of change^G

C Walking down the street, distant memories^{Dm C}
 are buried in the past fore - ver^{Dm Am G}
 I follow the Moskwa, down to Gorki Park,^{C Dm}
 listening to the wind of change^{C Dm Am}

C Take me to the magic of a moment on a glory^{G C}
 night,^G
 where the children of tomorrow share their^{Dm G}
 dreams^{Am F}
 with you and me^G

C Take me to the magic of a moment on a glory^{G C}
 night,^G
 where the children of tomorrow dream away^{Dm G Am F}
 in the wind of change^G

Am The wind of change blows straight into the^G
 face of time,^{Am}
 like a stormwind that will ring the freedom bell^G
 for peace of mind^C
 Let your balalaika sing^{Dm} what my guitar wants to
 say^{E E7} !