Asus4	Cadd9	D			
Black powdered ang	els flew thru the a	air.			
Cadd9	Asus	64 D			
Who are these peop	le who never seer	n to care?			
Cadd9	G	D			
How can they do this "in the name of the man"?					
Cadd9	G	D			
I don't know who he	e is, he ain't from	where I am.			
Cadd9	G	D			
I don't know who he	e is, he ain't from	where I am			

Could You Forgive?	Robert	Marr	October, 2006	
Drop D		6		
Just yesterday morning, yo	ou could	G feel the	e compassion in th	D ne air
God-fearing people, going	'bout their	daily lif	e around there.	
Bm Martha tends to the baking Em	g while Sar	nuel sho		
G The preacher's working on	the sermo	n and n	o one else seems	to care.
D School bell is ringing. Way D G	G too early	to get o	D ut for the day. D	
Some kind of warning. Bet Bm	ter get on	down th	nere right away	
Martha wipes a tear away Em	•	uel pulls	s his beard A	G
A They're all standin' `round	waiting for	the ne	ws they dread to h	near.
G Jacob's angels of F G Got their wings on Bm At the top of the h	D a prayer G			still
Em There's a feeling o G	of forgiven D	A ness in t G	the air D	
I'd never make it a	_	_	J	
D Angels dressed all up in wl bound	G hite, `bout	to take	D their final ride, sa	Ivation
D D		G		
Carried home in a one-hor free, without a sound.	se taxi, Lo		g, they'll soon to	be set
Bm Martha gives her hand to t Em	:he widow,	G and Sar		S
G A Sure as hell takes a better did	man than	me to ι	ınderstand what t	hey just

Chorus – Take a better man than me to make it around there.

D C

Today's the day we pledge our love one to the other

Here in front of parents, sisters and brothers

All our friends will witness what we're about to say.

Are you ready to love me till your dying day?

D

You're standing there waiting to hear me proclaim to you

That you mean more to me, more than you ever knew.

OK. Every word is true. Every single word is true!

I love you.

A G

Let's forget how easy it is to tear a family apart.

Let's pretend we're physically attached by the hearts.

Never to come apart. Never to come apart.

Attached by the heart.

God is our witness, the ultimate one

He sees and hears every word we have sung

He prays , lord he prays that it won't be undone

That we won't take apart what we today have begun

Α

G

Let's forget how easy it is to tear a family apart.

Let's pretend we're physically attached by the hearts.

Never to come apart. Never to come apart.

Attached by the heart.

D

You're standing there waiting to hear me proclaim to you

That you mean more to me, more than you ever knew.

OK. Every word is true. Every single word is true!

I love you.

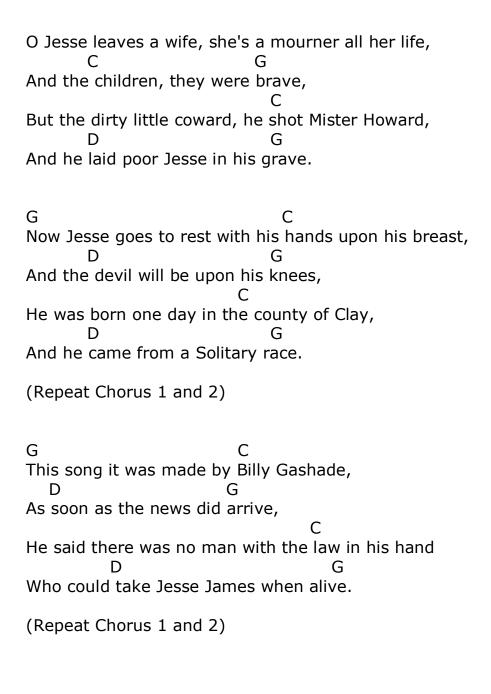
## Arranged by Robert W Marr 8/19/07

Went down to the station, no many days ago, Did something I'll never do again, I got down on my knees and delivered up the keys To Frank and his brother, Jesse James. CHORUS 1 Poor Jesse, good-bye, Jesse, Farewell, Jesse James, Robert Ford caught his eye and he shot him on the sly, And he laid poor Jesse down to die. O Jesse was a man and friend to the poor, He would never see a man suffer pain, But with brother Frank, he robbed the Chicago Bank, And he stopped the Glendale train. (Repeat Chorus 1) O the people in the west, when they heard of Jesse's death, They wondered how he came to die. It was Ford's pistol ball brought him tumbling from the wall,

CHORUS 2

C D

And it laid poor Jesse down to die.



D G A D C# Bm

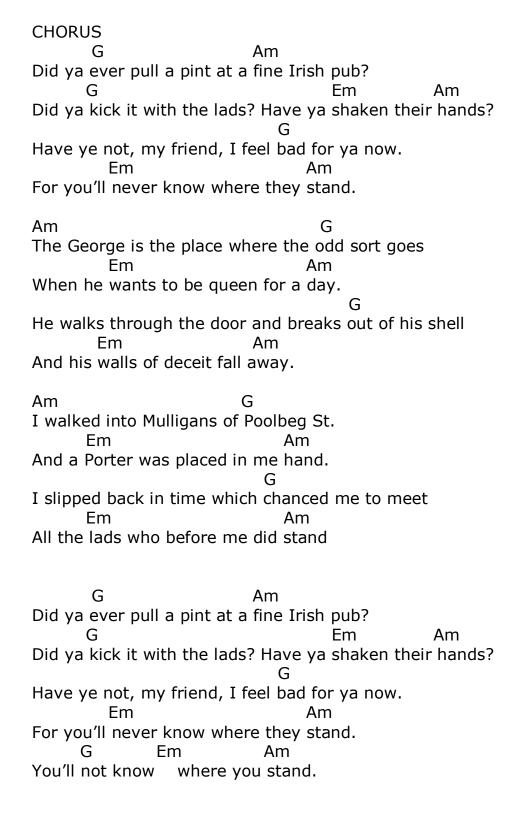
Bm G				
I was wrappin' up another night out on the deck there				
A Bm				
Playin' my last tune, just after last call D				
When I caught some movement down on the ground  A  Bm				
Was an old guy, lookin' all narley, and all.				
Bm G				
He was chauffeuring his old lady, in a raggedy old wheel chair  A  Bm				
Looked like they's on the road the best part of a year				
"Would you be so kind sir", he said, half begging  A  Bm				
"There's something my Mrs. would like to hear"				
D C G D				
Mister, could you play me that Angel From Montgomery D C G D				
Mister, could you play me that Angel From Montgomery  D C G D It's a good old tune written, written by a guy named Prine.  D C G D				
D C G D				
D C G D  It's a good old tune written, written by a guy named Prine.  D C G D				
D C G D  It's a good old tune written, written by a guy named Prine.  D C G D  Was a favorite of my Mrs. 'fore her mind headed northbound  D C G D  Now it's 'come to be a favorite of mine.  Bm G				
D C G D  It's a good old tune written, written by a guy named Prine.  D C G D  Was a favorite of my Mrs. 'fore her mind headed northbound  D C G D  Now it's 'come to be a favorite of mine.				
D C G D  It's a good old tune written, written by a guy named Prine.  D C G D  Was a favorite of my Mrs. 'fore her mind headed northbound  D C G D  Now it's 'come to be a favorite of mine.  Bm G  So I played that song, how many would have known it?				
D C G D  It's a good old tune written, written by a guy named Prine.  D C G D  Was a favorite of my Mrs. 'fore her mind headed northbound  D C G D  Now it's 'come to be a favorite of mine.  Bm G  So I played that song, how many would have known it?  A Bm  What brought that man and his woman there at that time?				

D

Mister, could you play me D C	that Angel Fro G	m Montgomery D			
It's a good old tune written D C	n, written by a G	guy named Prine. D			
Was a favorite of my Mrs. D C G	`fore her mind D	headed northbound			
Now it's 'come to be a fav	orite of mine.				
Bm	G				
After the last chord, I look A	ed out over th Bm	e railing			
Caught him wiping the tea	rs out of her e G	yes			
He looked up and smiled, and tipped his head once.  A  Bm					
And said, thank you mister, you've just made her life.					
D C	G	D			
Thank you for playin' me t D C	G	Ď			
It's a good old tune written D C	n, written by a G	guy named Prine. D			
Was a favorite of my Mrs. D C G	'fore her mind D	went scrambled			
Now it's 'come to be a fav	orite of mine.				

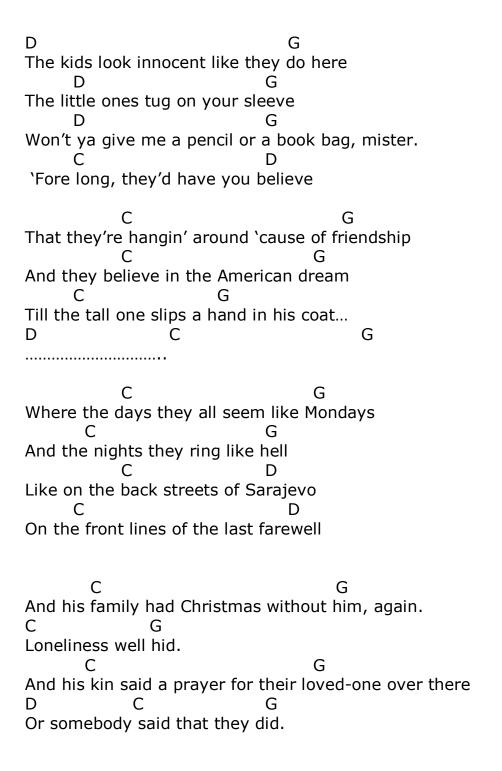
E E7	Α
Well thank you for askin', I thought B7	
What days I like, and them that I d	lon't A
If you just do the math, you will ab	
Give me two sevenths of the week,	
E G A  Just give me them days that begin G A  Them are the enes that mean so m	B7
Them are the ones that mean so m	E7
Just 29% of the seven is all that I r E7 B7 E	need =
And that other 71%, I'd gladly cond	cede
E You need them other days when you	E7 A7 ou have to work for a buck. E
And you might need them other da E	
But there might come a time when B7	you've had it, right up to here E
With that daily grind of being in hig	ıh gear
E E7 Now just think of it, son, nothin' to B7	A do but kick back E
You can walk around the block, or j	just hang in the sack A
Ain't nobody checkin', "whatcha do B7	ne for me now". E
Well I'm doin' it for me, now baby.	This is my time to howl.
E G A Just give me them days that begin G A Them are the ones that mean so m A	B7
Just 29% of the seven is all that I r E7 B7 E	=
And that other 71%, I'd gladly cond	cede.

With music every night of the week!



## $\mathsf{G}\ \mathsf{C}\ \mathsf{G}\ \mathsf{C}\ \mathsf{G}\ \mathsf{D}\ \mathsf{C}\ \mathsf{D}\ \mathsf{G}$

D G On the bus to Blue Grass Station
On his way to the world left behind  D  G
The taste of their final embrace, Lord  C  D  Burning doop in his mind
Burning deep in his mind
C D Just a year, that's all he'll be, lord C D
Before he's back home again C G
A year of dodging the devil in a white dress G C D
In the land of the shifting sand.
C G Where the days they all seem like Mondays C G And the nights they ring like hell
Like on the back streets of Sarajevo
On the front lines of the last farewell
C And his family had Christmas without him C G
Loneliness well hid. C G
And his kin said a prayer for their loved-one over there  D  G  G
Or somebody said that they did.



Em I was a poor	C9/7Maj r man, poorer th		37sus4 Hardly could	get throu	Em igh the
day.	CO /7M=÷	D7a	-1	F.100	
	uggle, just gettir	-	g my desire		
G A I was a sing	C er in a one-man	Em -Irish-ban	d, with no s		ell.
Em		C9/7Ma	•	B7sus4	
Em And I was o around in he	n the fast track	to nowhere	e, man, but	a 4 hour l	nang-
	J				
Em Em		C9/7Maj	B7sus4		
, -	was the same o	ld story,	I played my	tunes to	a bottle of
gin. Em	C9/7Ma <sup>-</sup>	j	В7	sus4	
_	m		a bysa=a \\\	ممامه العالم	بلمنطة يتميياا
they came i	t there, seven sl n.	neets to th	e breeze. w	ny the ne	ii you think
G A	C or in a one man	Em	d with no c		A oll
Em	er in a one-man	C9/7Ma	•	B7sus4	
Em	n the fast track	to nowher	a man hut	a 4 hour l	hang-
around in he		to nowner	o, man, buc	a + nour i	larig
D		Em			
Stuck on th	ne highway to	nowhere			
D Playing car	ntinas and the	Em gin mills			
D		Em	_1		
C IIKE I	m caught up in I	i a round- O	about.	Em	
If I don't b	reak out, if I d	on't brea	k out soon	, I never	will.
[INST]					
Em	C9/7M	aj	B7sus4		
Em I've been al	l over the crazy	ole world,	seen a lot o	of places 1	wanted to
see Em		C9/7Maj		B7sus4	
L111	Em	C5/ / Maj		D/3037	

Robert W Marr

5/19/2006

Stuck

(C1)

But I'	d gladly	trade it all i	for the right kin	d of deal. It's t	ime the world
got a	taste of	me.			
G	Α	С	Em	G	Α
I was a singer in a one-man-Irish-band, with no stories to tell.					
Em			C9/7Maj	B7sus4	
Em					
And I was on the fast track to nowhere, man, but a 4 hour hang-					
aroun	d in hell.				
Choru	IS				

G A C Em I was a singer in a one-man-Irish-band.

G D

Woke up to a bright light outside my window

I 's drawn to it like friends to a camp fire.

D

Deep into the corn field, it led me along

C D G D C G

lifted me up, and took me inside.

G D

Well, the next thing I remember, I was lying on my back

Getting' scanned by something, or another

And it said they'd like to trade what's kept up in my mind

For some super-human powers, if I druther.

D C

Well, it didn't take too long for me to decide

D C

How much of a choice did I have?

G D

They took what little they could find in my head

C D G

And planted a chip behind my right eye.

D C

The queen of Venus was standing between us,

) ·

me and the man in the moon.

G D

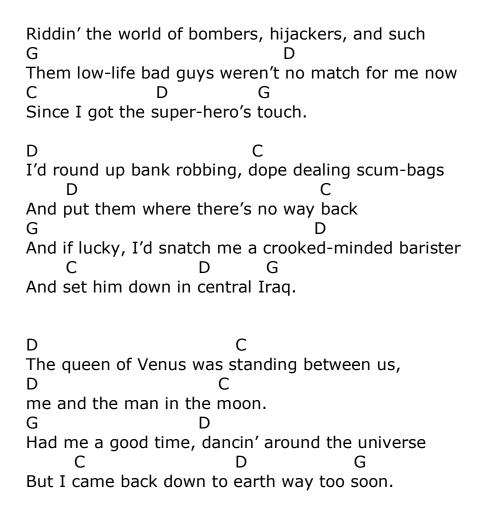
Had me a good time, dancin' around the universe

C D G

But I came back down to earth way too soon.

i I

Well, I spent the rest of my life, fightin' crime and doin' good.



C3

Em Am G G/F# EM

T'was 16 and 35 when Robert left London, bound for places unknown.

m Am

On the good ship, Speedwell, her direction was westward

G G/F# Em

And they prayed they'd soon make ground.

Am Em

And they first saw the timbers surrounding the waters,

Am Em

now known as Narragansett Bay.

Em Am

They directed the Speedwell to a point on the shore line,

G G/F# Em

as they stepped off they would say.

Am Am/C Am/B Am/A Em

Sixty-six days, and sixty-six nights

Am Em

we sailed 'cross her waters, blue and green

Am Am/C Am/B Am/A Em

And we think of those who fared not so well

Am G G/F# Em

Our new land, they never will see.

Em Am

They settled in the trees, along side the creek there

G G/F# Em

That flowed into the bay

Em Am

With the help of the natives they learned how to survive there

G G/F# Em

And Kingstown grew out of the haze

Am Em

Despite the brutal nature of the land they had chosen

Am Em

They managed to prosper most days.

Em Am
Here we are, 400 years later
G G/F# Em
3,000 strong, we all say

Am Am/C Am/B Am/A Em
Sixty-six days, and sixty-six nights
Am Em
They sailed `cross her waters, blue and green
 Am Am/C Am/B Am/A Em
And we think of those who fared not so well
 Am G G/F# Em
Our new land, they have never seen.

```
Trains
           Robert W Marr
                                   1981
It seems to be that time again
We're gonna talk about our old friends
The trains! Oh, them trains!
They made America famous, way back then.
The Orange Blossom Special and the Old 97
Trains! Oh, them trains!
[Chorus]
You can't say enough about the good they've done.
They're amazin', and fun to some.
Em
They carry stuff like whiskey and grain.
But there's one fact that still remains. I hate trains!
Don't ask me to explain it, I swear it never fails.
When I'm getting' it on, it's dead on the rails! Across the road.
Oh, them trains!
I'll be spinnin' some tunes, my favorite song
And all I can hear is that dad-blasted horn
Again!
I know it's un-American, but here's somethin' I'll bet.
   C
                                         C
If I hate anything, it ain't invented yet.
Trains! Oh, them trains!
```

C
I'll be lyin' in bed, catchin' some Z's.

G
Come a noise, knock me outa my BVDs.

C
G
It's the dog, howlin' at them dang trains!

And he don't wear a watch!

[Chorus 2]

D
You've done said enough 'bout the good they do.

C
They may be amazin' and fun to you.

Em
Sure, they carry stuff like whiskey and grain.

C
D
C
But that iron-wheel horse is drivin' me insane.

Trains!