

THE REAL

wulf

BOOK, VOL. I

*Transcribed by
Joey Willenbacher*

revised edition

A Note From the Author

At the very end of 2019 I had a revolutionary idea: a fake book for Vulfpeck tunes. As soon as I realized how feasible it was for me, I started working essentially non-stop on a few songs so I could get them out and see what people thought. After receiving such great feedback from the folks on the Vulfpeck subreddit, I decided to do a full collection of exactly 13 songs in the style of The Real Book.

The first volume contains 11 tunes recorded by Vulfpeck and 2 other Theo Katzman tunes. Each lead sheet includes the basic melody for the song, lyrics (if applicable), and some instrumental parts, as well as chords throughout. The style may not be exactly representative of that of The Real Book, but I believe I've written them in a way that is both consistent and effective for being able to play the tunes.

In some places, particularly in songs sung by Antwaun Stanley, you may see a glissando (wavy) line in the vocal melody. This indicates that the performer originally sang the line freely and in a way that could not be transcribed very effectively. The general idea is that when you see a glissando line, move from the first note to the second however fancily you see fit. You might call this lazy transcribing on my part, but I like to call it "artistic freedom."

I hope everyone enjoys the work that I put into these lead sheets. All rights go to their respective owners (this seems to be what people say when they just want to cover their bases). This book is not officially associated with Vulf Records, Hal Leonard, or anything else like that. Anyways, have fun! -Joey

THE REAL

vulf

BOOK, VOL. I

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-Jack Stratton

N.C. C (w/ vocal ad lib.)

(bass/guitar) (piano)

Verse

F G F9

It's a tzi-mes, but you need to t'set it.

G F9 G

Some-times I write a lit-tlesong so you don't for-get it. Some-times I write a lit-tlesong

Chorus

F9 C F

to re-mem-ber the ly - rics. I go six - teen twelve, that's the code to my_heart. I go

Verse

C F G F9

one six, one two, star... A - qua-ri-on, Ford_Tau-rus.

G F9 G F#

A strike on the box, oo, Ford Fo - cus. Ro-ber-ta Flack, Don-ny Hath-a - way,

Chorus

F C F C

Frank Si-na-tra. Six - teen twelve, that's the code to my_heart. I go one six, one two,

F C F C

oo, _____ star. _____ Six - teen twelve, that's the code to my heart. I go one six, one two, _____

F N.C. E7 Bridge A-7

star, _____ go. (bs./gtr.)

D7 F9 G6

Peace of mind, _____ oh, friend of mine. _____

Chorus C F

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, hey, hey, hey. _____ Six-teen twelve, that's the code to my heart. I go

C F C F

one six, one two, oh, _____ star. _____ I go six-teen, six-teen twelve _____ is the code to my heart. _____

C F N.C. (w/ chorus vocal ad lib.)

_____ One six, one two, oo, star. _____ I go (bs./gtr.)

C (ad lib. on repeat)

Six - teen _____ twelve,

F C F (repeat/fade)

that's the code to my heart. I go one _____ six, _____ one _____ two, _____ hey, hey, hey. I go

Animal Spirits

-Jack Stratton/
Theo Katzman/Christine Hucal

Db C-7(b9) F7(b9) Bb-9 Eb9 Eb-7 Db/F Gb Gb/Ab

(piano/synth)

Db C-7(b9) F7(b9) Bb-9 Eb9

Eb-7 Db/F Gb Gb/Ab Db Eb-7 Db/F Gb Db Eb-7 Db/F Gb Db

Oh whoa whoa... yeah.. oh whoa whoa... yeah.. oh whoa whoa...

Eb-7 Db/F Gb Gb6 Db/Ab C/Bb C-7(b9) Db

... yeah yeah.. oh... yeah yeah. This is a true love story song, a
ev'ry-one seems un-aware that

C-7(b9) F7(b9) Bb-9 Eb9

tri-umph and a glo-ry song. With on-ly one small ca-ve-at, this
these two are a des-tined pair. But I checked out their as-tral chart, this

Eb-7 Db/F Gb Gb/Ab Db C-7(b9) F7(b9)

... one has-n't hap-pened yet. It's not the stron-gest nar-ra-tive, but de-tails aren't im-per-a-tive. What
... one is a work-of art. I know she reads. as-trol-o-gy, and he can't stand as-trol-o-gy. He's

Bb-9 Eb9 Eb-7 Db/F Gb Gb/Ab Db

mat-ters is the way it ends and they've got six-teen mu-tual friends. And she's got
... quick with an a-pol-o-gy when he wise-cracks the zo-di-ac.

Eb-7 Db/F Gb Db Eb-7 Db/F Gb Db

an-i-mal spi-rits, and he's got heart-felt lyr-ics. Put them to -

E^b-7 D^b/F G^b G^b6 D^b/A^b C/B^b C-7(^b5) D^b 7

geth - er and you can hear it, it's the song — ev' - ry — one knows... And she's got

E^b-7 D^b/F G^b D^b E^b-7 D^b/F G^b D^b

an - i - mal spi - rits, and he's got heart - felt lyr - ics. Put them to -

E^b-7 D^b/F G^b G^b6 D^b/A^b C/B^b C-7(^b5) D^b B^b+7 E^b-7

geth - er and you can hear it, it's the way — the sto - ry goes... Now Oh, oh, oh.

E^b-7 D^b/F G^b G^o A^b E^b-7 D^b/F G^b B^b-7 G^b/A^b D^b

And when the ris - ing ac - tion ris - es, there is on - ly one thing left — and that's the cli - max. (piano)

D^b E^b-7 D^b/F G^b D^b E^b-7 D^b/F G^b D^b E^b-7 D^b/F G^b G^b6

1. D^b/A^b C/B^b C-7(^b5) D^b 2. D^b/A^b C/B^b C-7(^b5) G^b6 D^b/A^b C/B^b C-7(^b5) G^b6

D^b/A^b C/B^b C-7(^b5) D^b (sing 2nd/3rd times) C-7(^b5) F7(^b9) B^b-9 E^b9 A^b11

Twit - ter on your tel - ly, ram - en in your bel - ly, e -
- der, Col - o - rad - o, take — a break at Yad - do, e -

A^b11 D^b C-7(^b5) F7(^b9) B^b-9 E^b9 A^b11

- co - nom - ics, put it in my pock - et. Milt - y, Marx and May - nard, A - ries pen - ny sav - er, set —
- co - nom - ics, put it in my pock - et. Milt - y, Marx and May - nard, Fair - a - mount and Brain - ard, I —

A^b11 D^b

— a mark - et or - der 'cause I'm pre - ty sure I got this. Boul -
can stay, you can stay, I. A. (repeat/fade)

Aunt Leslie

-Woody Goss/Jack Stratton

C D E A-

(trombone)

D7 E C D

1.You were the lens_____ I used. to see...
2.In the darkroom_____ you were a light...

E A- D7 E

Shar-pen the view,_____ the news,_____ the co - lor T._____ V.
Oh, o - ver-ex-posed,_____ I blew out, and tried to make it right.

C D E A- D7

Fil - ter the truth_____through you_ to me._____ What's not to trust_____ it's just_ your
That's when Le-one_____ came in - to frame. A sha - dow cloaked the dan-ger of_ your

3.Instrumental

E A- D B- E- Cmaj7 A#°/C# B/D# B/C#

fam - i - ly._____ 1,2,3.Ring the phone my dear Aunt Les - lie._____ Let's have a word, a
high stakes game._____

1. B 2. B (2nd time freely) A-7 A-6 Gmaj7 D-7 G7 Cmaj7

talk. talk. What have you sold, what have you done with Le - one._____

F#7 To ⊕ B D.S. al ⊕ (take 2nd ending) ⊕ B C (A-)

_____ Film knows all. (drums) Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,

D (D7) E (play 5x)

yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, oo._____

Baby I Don't Know Oh Oh

-Ryan Lerman

G A- B-/A C/D

Ba - by I don't know what I'm gon - na do with you. We
called you on the phone, but I can't get through to you. I

G A- B-/A C/D

found your lit - tle note, should - a had a talk with you. 'Cause
bought a tick - et home, now I'm dread - ing see - ing you.

B- E- G G/F# E- D#+ 1. C#-7(b5)

you've been on my mind. I know I was out of line tell - ing Dad I'm giv - ing upon you, I
You give me no choice with your self - ish at - ti - tude. You'll be plea - sant if it

D7 G 2. C#-7(b5) C D G (sax solo)

don't want to. I suits your mood. No thanks.

A- B-/A C/D G A- B-/A C/D

Cmaj7 D7 Cmaj7 D7 N.C.

We get old - er in slow mo - tion. Don't you throw it all a - way. 'Cause

B- E- G G/F# E- D#+ C#-7(b5)

you've been on my mind. I know I was out of line, tell - ing Dad I'm giv - ing upon you, I

D7 G (play 6x, vocal ad lib.) A- B-/A C/D G (hit)

don't want to. Ba - by I don't know what I'm gon - na do with you. With you.

Back Pocket

-Theo Katzman/Christine Hucal

Verse

(bass/guitar) N.C. C/D G A- A#-

(Oh, yeah) I know, (yeah) that it's tak-en me all_____ this time to say, girl.

B- A- C/D G A-

(Yeah) I'm slow, (yeah) so it's tak-en me all_____ thistime to say, girl. (Yeah) Tip toe, (yeah) and I want to ac-knowl-

A#- B- A- C/D

- edge my mis-take, girl. (Oh, yeah) Uh oh, (yeah) and I hopethat you know_____ it's not too late (girl).

Chorus

D E- C B- C E-

Put it in mypock-et, put it in mypock-et, in my back pock-et, put it in my pock-et, in my pock-et, in my

D E- C B- C E- D E- C

back pock-et._____ Oh,_____ oh,_____ oh._____ And I'll_____ put it in mypock-et, put it in mypock-et, in my

To ⊕ B- C E- D E- C

back pock-et, put it in mypock-et, in mypock-et, in my back pock-et,_____ and I'll read it when I'm a - lone...

Verse

B- A- C/D G A- A#-

Do you likeme?Cir-cleyes or no on thispiece of pa-per'cause I real-ly real-ly need to know.

B- A- C/D G A-

Are you gon - na be my fifthgrade queen?_____ Hand it back af-ter sec-ond hour,

A#- B- A- D.S. al \oplus

then I will know if you're gon-na be my spe-cial flow-er. Oo, girl, 'cause I need to know. I will

\oplus Bridge
D E- C B- A- B- Cmaj7

back pock-et, and I'll read it when I'm a - lone. When you kissed me on the play-ground,

B-7 B7/D# E-

I lost my breath I had to lay down, and as - sess what I had seen.

Cmaj7 B-7 B7/D# E-

Then I had to write the words out, 'cause you took them out of my mouth. But it's hard for me to read

(backing vox 2nd time only)
D E- C B- A- C/D G A-

out loud. Oh gee, oh gosh. (Yeah) I know, (yeah) that it's tak-en me all

A#- B- A- C/D

this time to say, girl. (Yeah) I'm slow, (yeah) so it's tak-en me all this time to say, girl.

G A- A#-

(Yeah) Tip toe, (yeah) and I want to ac - knowl - edge my mis - take, girl. (Oh,

B- A- (clarinet solo) G A- A#-

yeah) Uh oh, (yeah) and I hope that you know it's not too late.

B- A- C/D N.C.
(bs./gtr.)

Break Up Together

-Theo Katzman

Chorus

C⁶ F⁶ B^b6 G-7

We used to make love to-gether, now we break up to-gether, (Fare - well for-ev-er) we break-

C⁶ F⁶ B^b6 G-7

— up to-gether. Such a strange kind of plea-sure, now we break up to-gether, (Oh— well what-ev-er) we break-

Verse

C⁶ F⁶ F⁶ B^b6 G-7

— up to-gether. We used to share ev'-ry-thing, tooth-paste, laugh - ter and the
used to read fair - y tales, flip the pag - es to the

C⁶ F⁶ B^b6 G-7

kit-chen sink. And noth - ing could come be-tween two young lov - ers shar - ing
ver - y end. And sing a - loud hap - pi - ly, ev - er af - ter we would

Pre-Chorus

C⁶ A7/C# D-7 G7 B^b6

ev'-ry - thing. But some - how things_ have changed, — there's no more laugh - ter no more
play pre - tend. But some - how things_ have changed, — the sto-ry's o - ver at the

C⁶ A7/C# D-7 G7 B^b6

kit-chen sink. And though we can't_ re - main, — at least I know_ that we can
ver - y end.

Chorus

C⁶ F⁶ B^b6 G-7

share the pain... We used to make love to-gether, now we break up to-gether, (Fare - well for-ev-er) we break-

C⁶ F⁶ B^b6 G-7

___ up to-gether. Such a strange kind of plea-sure, now we break up to-gether, (Oh ___ well what-ev-er) we break_

1. 2. Bridge

C⁶ B^b6 C⁶

___ up to-gether. We up to-gether. We'll share the grief and we'll share the_ blame,

B^b6 C⁶ B^b6 C⁶

div-vy the guilt and we'll split the_ shame.. We'll drift a - part_ but some - how we'll stay_ con - nec -

Chorus

C-7 F7 B^bmaj7 E^b9 C7 C⁶ F⁶ B^b6

- ted throughour suf - fer - ing... (pno./gtr.) (piano) (Fare -

G-7 C⁶ F⁶ B^b6 G-7

8va

- well for-ev-er) (piano) (Oh ___ well what-ev-er) We break_

C⁶ F⁶ B^b6 G-7

___ up to-gether... We used to make love to-gether... (Fare - well for-ev-er) We break_

C⁶ F⁶ B^b6 G-7 C⁶ F⁶

___ up to-gether. Such a strange kind of plea-sure... (Oo) ___ We break ___ up to-gether.

Christmas in L.A.

-Jack Stratton/Theo Katzman

N.C. Db (play 3x) Db/F Eb-/Gb Db/Ab

(piano, freely)

Cbadd9 Gb7 Db Gb/Ab Db

On Christ-mas morn - ing, on

Db Db/F Eb-/Gb Db/Ab Db Db/F Eb-/Gb Db/Ab

Christ-mas day, Kris Krin-gle's driv - ing, a Chev-ro - let. He

Db Db/F Eb-/Gb Db/Ab Cbadd9 Gb7 Db Gb/Ab

left his rein-deer, he went down south, he just had to see what it's all a - bout.

Cbadd9 F7(b9) Bb-9 Eb9 Cbadd9 F7(b9) Bb-9 Eb9 Cbadd9 F7(b9) Bb-9 Eb9

Wrap - ping Read - ing, pres - ents, writ - ing, out in the sun. Christ - mas is here. Stuff - ing Ca - li - stock - ings, forn - ia,

1. Cbadd9 F7(b9) Gb/Ab Db 2. Cbadd9 Gb7 Db Gb/Ab

hav - ing some fun. Yule - tide cheer. All

Db Db/F Eb-/Gb Db/Ab

the lit - tle chil-dren and all the big chil-dren, it's Christ - mas in L. A.

Db Db/F Eb-/Gb Db/Ab

All of the la - dies and all the lit - tle ba - bies, it's Christ - mas in L. A.

Db Db/F Eb-/Gb Db/Ab

Ev - en the gen - tle - men, ev' - ry sin - gle one of them, Christ - mas in L. A.

Cb^{add9} Gb7 Db Db/F Gb Db/F F7/A Bb-7

In L. A. Oh, Ev' ry one a - round the world.. Ev' - ry boy_ and ev' -

Bb-7 Bb7/Ab Eb-/Gb Db/F Eb- Eb-/Gb Db/F Eb-

- ry girl_ It's time to say, time to say,

Eb-/Gb Db/F Eb- Gb/Ab Ab D.S. al ⊕

it's time to say, out loud. All

⊕ Db/Ab Cb^{add9} Gb7 Db Gb/Ab Db

In L. A. All the lit - tle chil - dren and all the big chil - dren, it's

Db Db/F Eb-/Gb Db/Ab Db

Christ - mas in L. A. All of the la - dies and all the lit - tle ba - bies, it's

Db Db/F Eb-/Gb Db/Ab Db

Christ - mas in L. A. Ev - en the gen - tle - men, ev' - ry sin - gle one of them,

Christ - mas. You got - ta get down to Los An - ge - les, 'cause this year that's where San - ta is. (You got - ta)

Db (play 4x, lead vocal ad lib.) Db/F Eb-/Gb Db/Ab Db N.C.

(get down to Los An - ge - les, 'cause this year that's where San - ta is) (You got - ta) Yah!

Conscious Club

-Jack Stratton

N.C. (G7) (w/ spoken vocal) (play 4x) (play 3x)

(bass) (piano)

To ⊕ C/E F C/E D7 G11 C/E F C/G G

Wel - come to the Con - scious Club.

C/E F C/G G C/E F C/G G

Con - scious and we're filled with love. Wel - come to the Con - scious Club.

C/E F C/G G E E7 F C/E D7/F# G F C/E D7/F#

Con - scious and we're filled with love. Breathe with me.

G F C/E E+/G# E+7 A- C7/G F C/E D7 G11

Come ev' - ry one, let's have some good times. Gon-na dance our past a - way.

⊕ N.C. (G7) (play 3x) C/E F C/E E E7

F C/E D7/F# G F C/E D7/F# G F C/E

Breathe with me. Come ev' - ry one,

E⁺/G[#] E⁺7 A- C7/G F C/E D7 G¹¹ Ab¹¹

let's have some fun. Gon-na dance our past, gon-na dance our past,

(2nd time ad lib.)

N.C. Db/F Gb Db/A^b Ab Db/F Gb Db/A^b Ab

a way. A way.

Db/F Gb Db/A^b Ab 1. Db/F Gb Db/A^b Ab 2. Db/F Gb Db/F Eb7 Ab¹¹

(piano)

Spoken vocal 1:

-Whew! Long flight (long flight). It's my first night in Berlin,
 and I wanna dance! Where should I go?
 -Well, uh, there's Berghain, or you can go to the Sisypheos!
 -Actually, I read about this place: the Conscious Club?
 -Ooh, the Conscious Club, with Joe Dart! Vulfpeck is the house band!
 -Yeah yeah, Vulfpeck, that's it! Do you know how to get there?
 -Actually, I do, but it's very, it's very, very complicated!

Spoken vocal 2:

Close your eyes
 And earth-dive in this mud
 Watch your thoughts
 We're going to the Conscious Club
 Every night at 9pm
 There's a special cab
 Get inside and say "I feel"
 He'll ask you for your chant
 Think of something interesting
 This isn't relaxation
 If he likes your improvisation
 He'll take you to the train station
 There, so close
 You're so far from the start
 Relax your face and say the password
 "It's Dean Dart!"

Hard Work

-Theo Katzman/Tyler Duncan

F A G D A G

(guitar)

G D A Verse G D A

I caught your tear-drops with my shoul - der when you cried.
I held your hair back when you had too much to drink.

A G D A

I called in sick so I could com - fort you all night.
I used my bare hands to unclog that bath - room sink.

A G D A

Now you've got cold feet, well just let me break the ice, yeah.
When you got de - pressed and your mind was on the blink, yeah.

A G D G B- A

I did your laun - dry and I fold - ed it real nice. So ba - by, why?
I peeled you off the floor and drove you to a shrink. Ba - by, why?

Chorus

A G D A G

(I put in the hard work) Now I'm de - feat - ed, face down in the dirt. (I put in the hard work) And I

G D A G D A

can't seem to climb out of this hurt. (I put in the hard work) If it's true that you get what you de - serve,

A G D A N.C.



(I put in the hard work) then why? (I put in the hard work).

N.C. Verse A G D A



(I put in the hard work). I know it's pain-ful to be - come a but-ter-fly...

A G D A G



You have to break your-self be - fore your wings can fly. But still I won-der when I look...

G D A G D G B- A



up at the sky, yeah. If this ain't hell then where does love go when it dies? 'Cause ba-by, I,

Chorus A G D A



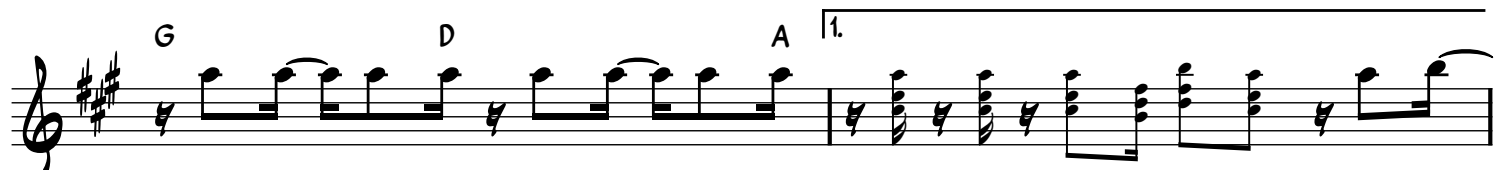
(I put in the hard work) now I'm de - feat - ed, face down in the dirt.
(I put in the hard work) yeah...

A G D A G



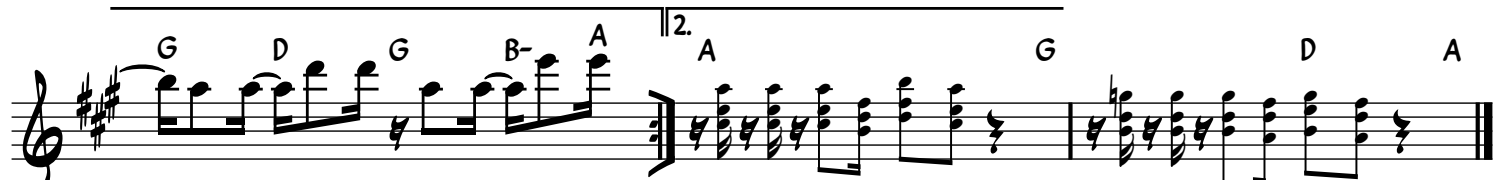
(I put in the hard work) And I can't seem to climb out of this hurt. (I put in the hard work) If it's
(I put in the hard work) And I can't seem to climb out of this hurt. (I put in the hard work) I know

G D A 1.



true that you get what you de - serve, (I put in the hard work) then, God,
it's worth - less but for what it's worth,

G D G B- A 2. A G D A



what'd I do to de - servethis curse? (I put in the hard work) (I put in the hard work).

Love Is a Beautiful Thing

-Theo Katzman

D D+ Gmaj7 G-(maj7) D D+ Gmaj7

(sax/piano)

Verse

A7(b9) D B-7 G A7

1. Love is a beau - ti-ful thing, hug-ging, kiss - ing, laugh - ing, hold - ing hands...
2. Love is a beau - ti-ful thing, birds are sing - ing songs down from the trees...

D B-7 G A A#07

Love is a beau - ti-ful thing, un - less it's you lov - ing an - oth - er man.
Love is a beau - ti-ful thing, the breeze is blow - ing, rust - ling au - tumn leaves.

B-7 E7 G A A#07

Then I can't stand to see you hug-ging, kiss - ing, laugh - ing, hold - ing hands.
But if those leaves are rust - ling un - der - neath some - bo - dy else's feet,

B-7 E7 G G/A

If it's not me, you see, how could that be a thing of beau-ty?
If it's not me, you see, then how could that be a thing of beau-ty?

Bridge

G-7 D/F# G-6

I find com-fort in be-liev - ing, o-ver time, I'll come to see some-day.

Solo

G/A D B-7 G A7

how love could be that way. (sax/piano)

D B-7 G A A#07 B-7 E7

G A A#07 B-7 E7 G G/A

Verse

D B-7 G A7 D

Love is a beau - ti - ful thing, win - ter's rage has soft - ened in - to spring. Love is a beau -

B-7 G A A#07 B-7 E7

- ti - ful thing, and on your hand. I see that there's a ring. And I would un - der - stand if I

G A A#07 B-7 E7 G

had put that ring up - on your hand. But it was not me, you see, so how could that be a thing

G/A D D+ Gmaj7 G-(maj7) D D+

of beau - ty? (sax/piano)

Gmaj7 G-(maj7) D D+ Gmaj7 G-(maj7)

(sax ad lib.)

D D+ Gmaj7 A7(b9) D

How could that be a thing of beau - ty?

Sky Mall

-Jack Stratton

A G^b F7 B^b-9 E^b9 A^b-7 D^b9

G^b F7 B^b-9 E^b9 A^b-7 D^b9

B G^b7 G7 G^b7

(bass solo)

G^b7 G7 G^b7 D.C., play 3x then to ⊕

⊕ N.C.

(bass continues, play 3x)

(bass)

Smile Meditation

-Woody Goss

Ab^(b5) Ab Ab-6 Ebmaj7 F6 F Ebmaj7 F6 Ab Ab-6

(piano)

Ebmaj7 F6 F Ebmaj7 F6 Ab Ab-6 Ebmaj7 F6 F Ebmaj7

F6 Ab Ab-6 Ebmaj7 F6 F Ebmaj7 F6 Ab Ab-6

Ebmaj7 F6 F Ebmaj7 F6 Ab Ab-6 Ebmaj7 F6 F

Ab G7 G+7 G7 C-9 Bb/D Ebmaj7 D-7 C-9 Bb/D

To ⊕
G7 G+7 G7 C-9 Bb/D Ebmaj7 Gb^(b5) Ab^(b5) Ab Ab-6

(solos 4x each) Ebmaj7 F6 F Ebmaj7 F6 Ab Ab-6 Ab G7 G+7 G7

repeat for solos || last time D.S. al ⊕

⊕ C-9 Bb/D Ebmaj7 Gb^(b5) Ab^(b5) (piano chords: Ab^(b5) Ab Ab^{6(b5)} Ab) (repeat/fade)

(bass/guitar)

Wait for the Moment

-Jack Stratton

2nd time w/ vocal ad lib.

(piano)

1. C E7 A-7 G-7 C F C/E D-7 C/G G

2. D-7 C/G G C E7 A-7 G-7 C

Momsaid wait for the mo-ment, gone home went to bed. While the

F C/E D-7 C/G G (chords sim. throughout)

oth-er kids, they're still out - side. I don't feel time when I sleep, so I snug-gle up with my sheet. And

wait for a bright-er day. I'll play foot-ball to-mor-row, with on - ly my best friends. Peo-ple I

like, but I don't love, are not al - lowed. I won-der if Sha-ron will see me, but I'll play cool. 'Cause

cool is what you have to do. It's hard to make a point when you're liv-ing so loud. Oo,

turn it down. Try-ing to get my friend ex-ci - ted a - bout not be-ing in-vi - ted. I

say, that's an op - por - tu-ni-ty. Butt dialed, I smile, lis-ten dialed I smile. It

was so nice to get a call. Oh, Sha - ron, I'm good at stuff, and you're in - to stuff.

Oo, ³ ³ let's make pro-ducts. Oh, oh. I'm a pro-duct guy, and you're a pro-duce girl.

I said that mon-ey, mon-ey, mon-ey, mon-ey, mon-ey will be spent. I'm at-tuned.

to the grooves that turn you off. Bass man, oo, break it down.

(bass solo) C E7 A-7 G-7 C F C/E 1. D-7 C/G G 2. D-7 C/G G

Oo,—

buttdialed, I smile, list-endaied I smile. It was so nice to get a call. Oh, Sha-

ron, oo, oh, I'm good at stuff, you're in-to stuff. Oo oo-o-o-o-oh oh, let's make

pro-ducts. Oh, yeah. I'm a pro-duct kind of guy, and you're a pro-duce kind of girl.

I said mon-ey, mon-ey, mon-ey, mon-ey, mon-ey, mon-ey, mon-ey, mon-ey will be spent. Oh,

I'm at-tuned to the grooves that turn you off. Oh, oh, oh. Oo.