

Autumn Leaves C

Partie A

Dm7	G9	Cmaj7	Fmaj7
Bm7b5	E7	Am7	A7
Dm7	G9	Cmaj7	Fmaj7
Bm7b5	E7	Am7	Am6

Partie B

Bm7b5	E7	Am7	Am7
Dm7	G9	Cmaj7	Cmaj7
Bm7b5	E7	Am7 G#b9	Gm7 F#9
Fmaj7 Bm7b5	E7	Am7	Am7

Autumn Leaves **G**

Partie A

Am7	D9	Gmaj7	Cmaj7
F#m7b5	B7	Em7	E7
Am7	D9	Gmaj7	Cmaj7
F#m7b5	B7	Em7	Em6

Partie B

F#m7b5	B7	Em7	Em7
Am7	D9	Gmaj7	Gmaj7
F#m7b5	B7	Em7 D#b9	Dm7 C#9
Cmaj7 F#m7b5	B7	Em7	Em7

Baby what you want me to do moderate blues in A

A7	A7	A7	A7
D7	D7	A7	A7
E7	D7	A7	A7 E7

You've got me runnin' You've got me hidin'
You've got me run, hide, hide, run
Anyway you wanna let it roll
Yeah, yeah, yeah
You've got me doin' what you want me
A-baby why you wanna let go

I'm goin' up I'm goin' down
I'm goin' up, down, down, up
Anyway, ya wanna let it roll
Yeah, yeah, yeah
You've got me doin' what you want me
A-baby why'd you wanna let go

Solo

You've got me peepin' You've got me hidin'
You've got me peep, hide, hide, peep
Anyway you wanna let it roll
Yeah, yeah, yeah
You've got me doin' what you want me
So baby, why ya wanna let go

Before you accuse me moderate blues in E

E7	A7	E7	E7
A7	A7	E7	E7
B7	A7	E7 A7	E7 (B7)

Intro 1,2,3,4 *1 grille sans sax + 1 grille avec sax*

Before you accuse me take a look at yourself
Before you accuse me take a look at yourself
You say I've been running with another woman
But I don't know nobody else

I called your mama three or four nights ago
I called your mama three or four nights ago
Your mama said son
Don't call my daughter no more

Before you accuse me

Solo sax deux grilles

Come on back home baby try my love one more time
Come on back home baby try my love one more time
You know I think if I don't quit you
I think I'll lose my mind

Solo guitares (ensemble) deux grilles

Before you accuse me

Before you accuse me
You say I've been running with another woman *-break-*
But I don't know nobody else *fin*

Black's Alley

INTRO

F Dm7	Gm7 C7	F Dm7	Gm7 C7
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THEME

F Dm7	Gm7 C7	F Dm7	Gm7 C7
F Dm7	Gm7 C7	F Dm7	Gm7 C7
C7	Bb7 <i>break</i>	F7 Bb7	F7 C7

CHORUS

F Dm7	Gm7 C7	F Dm7	Gm7 C7
F Dm7	Gm7 C7	F Dm7	Gm7 C7
F Dm7	Gm7 C7	F Dm7	Gm7 C7
F Dm7	Gm7 C7	F Dm7	Gm7 C7
F Dm7	Gm7 C7		

INTRO

THEME X 2 CHORUS

THEME X 2 CHORUS

THEME X 2

Blue Jean blues *slow blues 12 mesures* **Bm**

Intro

Bm	Bm	Bm	Bm
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Grille

Bm	Bm	Bm	Bm
Em	Em	Bm	Bm
Fa#m	Bm D Bm	Bm	Bm

I done ran into my baby
And finally found my old blue jeans
I done ran into my baby
And finally found my old blue jeans
Well, I could tell that they was mine
From the oil and the gasoline

If I ever get back my blue jeans
Lord, how happy could one man be
If I ever get back my blue jeans
Lord, how happy could one man be
'Cause if I get back those blue jeans
I know my baby she'll bring them home to me

Built For Comfort 12 bar medium blues

Bb7	Bb7	Bb7	Bb7
Eb7	Eb7	Bb7	Bb7
F7	Eb7	Bb7	Bb (Eb7)

Some folk built like this, some folk built like that
But the way I'm built, a-don't you call me fat
Because I'm built for comfort, I ain't built for speed
But I got everything all the good girls need

Some folk rip and roar, some folk b'lieve in signs
But if you want me, baby, you got to take your time
Because I'm built for comfort, I ain't built for speed
But I got everything all the good girls need

Solo

I ain't got no diamonds, I ain't got no gold
All I have is love to satisfy your soul
Because I'm built for comfort, I ain't built for speed
But I got everything, all you good girls need

Do I move you A *Slow blues 12 mesures en La*

<i>Am7</i>	<i>Am7</i>	<i>Am7</i>	<i>Am7</i>
<i>D7</i>	<i>D7</i>	<i>Am7</i>	<i>Am7</i>
<i>E7#9 break</i>	<i>(E7)</i>	<i>Am7</i>	<i>Am7</i>

Do I move you are you willin'
 Do I groove you is it thrillin'
 Do I soothe you tell the truth now
 Do I move you are you loose now

The answer better be (*Yes, yes*)
break That pleases me

Are you ready for this action
 Does it give you satisfaction
 Are you hip to what I'm sayin'
 If you are then let's start swayin'

The answer better be (*Yes, yes*)
break That pleases me

When I touch you do you quiver
 From your head down to your liver
 If you like it let me know it
 Don't be psychic or you'll blow it

The answer better be (*Yes, yes*)
break Great God almighty That pleases me

Flip flop and fly **Bb**

Gm	Gm	Gm	Gm
Cm	Cm	Gm	Gm
Dm	Dm	Gm	Gm

When I get the blues gonna get me a rockin' chair
When I get the blues gonna get me a rockin' chair
When the blues overtake me
Gonna rock rock away from here

When I get lonesome I get on the telephone
When I get lonesome I get on the telephone
Call my baby and tell her I'm gonna come back home

Flip, flop and fly I don't care if I die
Flip, flop and fly I don't care if I die
Don't ever leave me don't ever say goodbye

I'm like a Mississippi bullfrog sitting on a hollow stump
I'm like a Mississippi bullfrog sitting on a hollow stump
I got so many women I don't know which way to jump

Flip, flop and fly....

Give me one last kiss and hold it a long long time
Give me one last kiss and hold it a long long time
I want to feel that kiss till my head run it feels like wine

Flip, flop and fly....

Help me **Gm**

Gm	Gm	Gm	Gm
Cm	Cm	Gm	Gm
Dm	Dm	Gm	Gm

You got to help me I can't do it all by myself
You got to help me, baby I can't do it all by myself
You know if you don't help me little darling
I'll have to find myself somebody else

I may have to wash I may have to sew
I may have to cook I might even mop the floor
But you gotta help me babe
I can't do it all by myself
You know if you don't help me little darling
I'll find myself somebody else

When I walk, you walk with me
When I talk, you talk to me
Oh baby, I can't do it all by myself
You know if you don't help me darling
I'll have to find myself somebody else

Bring me my nightshirt put on your morning gown
Oh bring me my nightshirt put on your morning gown
Darlin' I know we stripped bare
But I don't feel like lying down
Oh help me....

Hoochie-coochie man A

Grille :

A	A	A	A
A	A	A	A
D	D	A	A
E	D/F#	A D	A E

Intro : pedal on A avec riff x 4

A avec riff

The gypsy woman told my mother before I was born

A avec riff

I got a boy-child's comin' he's gonna be a son-of-a-gun

A avec riff

He's gonna make pretty women's jump and shout

A avec riff

Then the world gonna know what this all about

D

Don't you know I'm here

D

A

A

Everybody knows I'm here

E

D/F#

Well, you know I'm the hoochie-coochie man

A D A E

Everybody knows I'm here

I got a black cat bone I got a mojo too
 I got John the Conqueror I'm gonna mess with you
 I'm gonna make you girls Lead me by my hand
 Then the world'll know The hoochie-coochie man

Don't you know I'm here
 Everybody knows I'm here
 Well, you know I'm the hoochie-coochie man
 Everybody knows I'm here

Solo sur 12 mesures standard:

A	D	A	A7
D	D	A	A7
E	D/F#	A D	A E7

On the seventh hour on the seventh day
 On the seventh month the seventh doctor say
 "He was born for good luck" and that you see
 I got seven hundred dollars and don't you mess with me

Don't you know I'm here
 Everybody knows I'm here
 Well, you know I'm the hoochie-coochie man
 Everybody knows I'm here

I'm gonna move to the outskirts of town

Slow 12 bar blues in A

A7	D7	A7	A7
D7	D7	A7	C#m7 F#7
Bm7	E7	A7 D7	A7 E7

Intro: A7 G#7 C#m7 F#7 Bm7 E7 A7 F7 E7

I'm gonna move baby, way out on the outskirts of town
I'm gonna move baby, way out on the outskirts of town
You see I don't need no-body, always hangin' 'round

Let me tell you honey, we gonna move away from here
I don't need no iceman, I'm gonna, get you a Frigidaire
When we move, way out on the outskirts of town
Well you see we won't need no-body,
always hangin' 'round

Solo

It may seem funny honey, funny as can be
If we have a dozen children,
you know they all better look just like me
When we move, way back uptown
Well, we won't need no-body, always hanging around

We don't need nobody baby, always hanging 'round
Hangin' 'round Hangin' 'round

Key to the highway **G**

Moderate blues 8 mesures

G7	D7	C7	C7
G7	D7	G7 C7	G7 D7

I got the key to the highway
Billed out and bound to go
Gonna leave here running
Walking is much too slow

I'm going back to the border
Baby, where I'm better known
Because you haven't done nothing, baby
But drove a good man from home

When the moon peeks over the mountains
Lil girl, I'll be on my way
I'm gonna roam this highway
Until the break of day

So give me one more kiss, darling
Just before I go
'Cause when I leave this time, little girl
I won't be back no more, no more

I got the key to the highway

La blouse du dentiste *F blues jazzy 12 mesures*

Intro & fin

F7	D7	G7	C7
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Couplet

F7	F7	F7	F7
Bb7	Bb7	F7	D7
G7	C7	F7 Bb7	F7 C7

Ce matin-là en me levant
J'avais bien mal aux dents oh là là
J'sors de chez moi et j'fonce en pleurant
Chez un nommé Durand, woh-woh
Qui est dentiste de son état
Et qui pourra m'arranger ça

La salle d'attente est bourrée de gens
Et pendant que j'attends oh là là
Sur un brancard passe un mec tout blanc
Porté par deux mastards, woh-woh
Je m'lève déjà pour fout' le camp
Mais l'infirmier crie "au suivant"

Pedal sur F Je suis debout devant le dentiste
Je lui fais un sourire de crétin eh-hé-hé-hé
Y m'pousse dans l'fauteuil et crie "en piste"
Il a des tenailles à la main woh-oh, Maman
J'ai les guibolles en fromage blanc (ah ha ha)
Avant même que j'ai pu faire "ouf"
Y m'fait déjà sauter trois dents (ah ah ha)

En moins d'une plombe mes pauvres molaires
Sont retournées dans leur tombe oh là là
Voilà qu'y m'plombe mes deux plus belles dents
Celles que j'ai par devant, oh-oh
Y m'grille la gueule au chalumeau (heh)
Et y me refile un grand verre d'eau

Il me dit "faut régler votre dette"
Je venais d'être payé la veille (hah)
Ce salaud me fauche toute mon oseille
Et me refile 50 balles net
Oh-oh, Maman Et il ajoute en rigolant
"Ha ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
J'suis pas dentiste, je suis plombier, ha ha
Entre voisins faut s'entraider, hé hé hé"

Et moi je gueule ce soir
Le blouse du dentiste dans le noir
Et maintenant qu'j'ai plus d'dents
Qu'est-ce que j'vais lui raconter à ma bébelle,
alors j'te jure c'est pas vrai...
Hé là, lâchez-moi, lâchez-moi
Mais lâchez-moi

Leftover Blues C

12 bar slow blues

C7	F7	C7	C7
F7	F7	C7	C7
G7	F7	C7 F7	C7 G7

Intro:

G7	F7	C7 F7	C7 G7
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Suivi de Riffs sur grille complète

Chorus guitare

Chorus sax

I woke up early this morning Feeling very sad
When I found the note on my doorstep It sure did make me mad
It said baby baby you've got to move It said I used to love you darling
But now you're nothing but the leftover blues

Sax accents *bah bah bah bah*

Doo wah *doo doo doo wah*

I wrote her back a note It said baby don't be so cruel
Give me one more chance darling You won't call me leftover blues
And I said oh baby Baby don't be so cruel
give me one more chance darling You won't call me leftover blues

Riffs sur grille complète ralenti sur le 10^{ème} mesure

Let the good times roll **G**

Moderate 12 bar blues with a back-beat

G7	G7	G7	G7
C7	C7	G7	G7
D7	C7	G7	F7

Hey, everybody, let's have some fun
You only live but once & when you're dead you're done
So let the good times roll let the good times roll
I don't care if you're young or old
Get together and let the good times roll

Don't sit there mumblin', talkin' trash
If you wanna have a ball you gotta spend some cash
Let the good times roll and let the good times roll
I don't care if you're young or old
Get together and let the good times roll

Hey Mister Landlord, lock up all the doors
When the police comes around knocking
Tell them that the joint is closed
And let the good times roll let the good times roll
I don't care if you're young or old
Get together and let the good times roll

Hey everybody, tell everybody
The three kings are in town
I got a dollar and a quarter
And I'm just rarin' to clown
But don't let nobody play me cheap
I got fifty cents more that I can keep
So let the good times roll let the good times roll
I don't care if you're young or old
Get together and let the good times roll

Mary had a little lamb **E**

E7	E7	E7	E7
A7	A7	E7	E7
B7	A7	E7	E7 -

Mary had a little lamb
His fleece was white as snow, yeah
And everywhere the child went
That little lamb was sure to go now

He followed her to school one day
Which broke the teachers cool
But what a time did they have
That day at school

Ticket! Tasket! baby
A green and yellow basket
I sent a letter to my baby
And on my way I past it

Minor swing

Gypsy jazz

Intro (x2)

Am	Dm	Am	Dm
Am	Dm	E7	-

Grille

Am	Am	Dm	Dm
E7	E7	Am	Am
Dm	Dm	Am	Am
Bb7	E7	Am	F7 E7

Mustang Sally C

C	C	C	C
C	C	C	C
F	F	F	F
C	C	C	C
G	G	G F# F	F <i>-break-</i>
C	C	C	C

Intro : C / C / C / C

Mustang Sally

Think you better slow your Mustang down

Mustang Sally

Think you better slow your Mustang down

You been running all over the town now

I guess I'll have to put your flat feet on the ground

All you want to do is ride around Sally

Ride Sally ride

All you want to do is ride around Sally

Ride Sally ride

One of these early mornings

You gonna be wiping your weeping eyes

I bought you a brand new Mustang

It was a nineteen sixty-five

Now you come around signifying woman

You don't wanna let me ride

Mustang Sally....

Precious Time G

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

G C
Precious time is slipping away

G D
You know you're only king for a day

G C
It doesn't matter to which God you pray

G D C G
Precious time is slipping away

It doesn't matter what route you take
Sooner or later your hearts gonna break
There's no rhyme or reason, no master plan
No Nirvana, no promised land

Precious time is slipping away....

Que sera que sera , whatever will be
Keep on searching for immortality
She's so beautiful but she's going to die some day
Cos everything in life just passes away

Precious time is slipping away.... Solo

Well this world is so cruel with its twists and its turns
But the fire's still in me and the passion it burns
I love her madly 'til the day I die
'Til hell freezes over and the rivers run dry

Precious time is slipping away....

Rock Me Baby *Medium 12 bar blues* **G**

G7	G7	G7	G7
C7	C7	G7	G7
D7	C7	G7	G7 D7

Rock me baby, rock me all night long
Rock me baby, honey, rock me all night long
I want you to rock me baby,
Like my back ain't got no bone

Rock me baby, honey, rock me slow
Yeah, rock me pretty baby, baby rock me slow
Want you to rock me baby,
Till I want no more

Roll me baby, like you roll a wagon wheel
I want you to roll me baby, like you roll a wagon wheel
Want you to roll me baby,
You don't know how it makes me feel

Saint James Infirmary **Dm**

Dm	A7	Dm	Dm
Dm	Bb	A	A7
Dm	A7	Dm	Dm
Bb	A7	Dm	Dm

I'm goin' down to St. James Infirmary
See my baby there
She's stretched out on a long, white table
So sweet, so cold, so fair

Let her go, let her go, God bless her
Wherever she may be;
She can search this wide world over
But she'll never find another sweet man like me

Now, when I die, bury me in my straight-leg britches
Put on a box-back coat and a stetson hat
Put a twenty-dollar gold piece on my watch chain
So you can let all the boys know I died standing pat

Folks, now that you have heard my story
Say, boy, hand me over another shot of that booze
And if anyone should ask you tell 'em
I've got those St. James Infirmary blues

Stop breakin' down boogie blues in A

A7	A7	A7	A7
D7	D7	A7	A7
E7	D7	A7	A7 (E7)

One two three four....

I can't stop walkin' down the street
some pretty woman start breakin' down with me
Stop breakin' down please stop breakin' down
The stuff I got'll bust your brains out baby
hoo hoo, it'll make you lose your mind

I can't stop walkin' down the street
some pretty woman start breakin' down with me
Stop breakin' down

You Saturday night women you love to ape and clown
You won't do nothin' but tear a good man's reputation down
Stop breakin' down

Solo

I gave my baby the ninety-nine degree
She jumped up and pulled a pistol down on me
Stop breakin' down

I can't start walkin' down the street
some pretty woman start breakin' down with me
Stop breakin' down

Sweet home Chicago E

E7	A7	E7	E7
A7	A7	E7	E7
B7	A7	E7	E7 (B7)

Come on baby don't you wanna go home
Come on baby don't you wanna go home
Back from the land of California
To my sweet home Chicago

Two and two is four, babe Four into two is eight
Come on now girl don't you now make me late

And I've got to leave
Baby, don't you wanna go home
Back from the land of California
To my sweet home Chicago

One and one is two two and two is four
I'm here so lonely, I hooked and I gotta go

And I'm cryin' please
Baby, don't you wanna go home
Back from the land of California
To my sweet home Chicago

The thrill is gone **Bm**

Bm	Bm	Bm	Bm
Em	Em	Bm	Bm
Gmaj7	F#7	Bm	Bm A Ab

The thrill is gone The thrill is gone away
The thrill is gone, baby The thrill is gone away
You know you done me wrong, baby
And you'll be sorry someday

The thrill is gone It's gone away from me
The thrill is gone, baby The thrill is gone away from me
Although, I'll still live on
But so lonely I'll be

The thrill is gone It's gone away for good
All the thrill is gone Baby, it's gone away for good
Someday I know I'll be open-armed baby
Just like I know, I know I should

You know, I'm free, free now, baby
I'm free from your spell
Oh, free, free, free now, baby
I'm free from your spell
And now that it's all over
All that I can do is wish you well

Unchain my heart Am

Am	Am	Am	Am
Dm	Dm	Am	Am
Dm	Am	Dm	Am
F7	E7	Am	Am

*Intro: Unchain my heart baby let me be
 'cause you don't care about me set me free*

Unchain my heart let me go
Unchain my heart 'cause you don't love me no more
Every time I call you on the phone
Some fella tells me that you're not at home
Unchain my heart set me free

Unchain my heart baby let me be
Unchain my heart 'cause you don't care about me
You've got me sewed up like a pillow case
But you let my love go to waste
Unchain my heart set me free

Dm	Dm	Am	Am
Dm	Dm	E	E7

I'm under your spell like a man in a trance
Oh, but you know darn well that I don't stand a chance

Unchain my heart let me go my way
Unchain my heart you worry me night and day
Why lead me through a life of misery
When you don't care a bag of beans for me
Unchain my heart, oh please set me free

Solo