43  Cold Shot
12  Couldn't Stand The Weather
60  Honey Bee
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71  NOTATION LEGEND
Cold Shot
By Mike Kindred and W. C. Clark

Tune Down 1/2 Step:
1 = Eb  4 = Db
2 = Bb  5 = Ab
3 = Gb  6 = Es

Intro
Moderate Shuffle \( \downarrow = 120 \) \( \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \)

N.C.  (Am7)

Verse
N.C.  (Am7)

1. Once _ was a sweet thing, _ baby, _ we held our love in our hands.
2. Re-mem-ber the way that you loved me, you'd do _ an-y_ thing I _ said.

P.M.  mf  2nd time

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43
And now I reach to kiss your lips,
And now I see you out somewhere,
you won't give me the time of day.

And that's a cold shot, baby,
And that's a cold shot, darlin',

Yeah, that's a drag.
Yeah, that's a drag.
Yeah, that's a drag.

A cold shot, baby,

I let our love go
we've let our love go
we've let our love go

Fill 1
Gr. 1
Verse
Am N.C. Am Bm Am N.C. Am Bm
3. I really meant I was sorry for ever causin’ you pain.

Am N.C. Am N.C. D.S. al Coda
You showed your pre-cia-tion by walk-in’ out any way. And that’s a cold shot.

(1) Coda
Outro
N.C.(Am7)

End shot...

too bad...

cold shot...

E7#9

E9 Am N.C.
(drums fill)

A7#9 Am7

Spoken: Don't let our true love run cold.

On cue: >

Spoken: Don't let our true love run cold.

On cue: >
Gtr 2: Riff A, 4 times

N.C. (Dm7)

(Dm7)

(G7)

(Dm7)

(G7)

(Dm7)
Verse
Gr. 1 tacet
Dm7

1. Com-in' through this all bus'ness of life, rarely time if I'm

needed to.

Ain't so funny when things ain't feel-in' right.

then Dad-dy's hand helps to see me through.

Sweet as sug ar, love won't
Verse
Gtr. 1:uite
Gtr. 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 1
Dm7

2. Like a train that stops at ev’ry station, we all deal with trials.

and tribulations. Fear hangs the fellow that ties up his years.

...
Learn to see them before we're too old.
Don't just take me for

Guitar Solo

Try'n' to be heavy.
Understand, it's time to get ready for the storm.

Gm7
Rhy. Fig. 3
End Rhy. Fig. 3

String noise = w/ flanger & dist.

Gtr. 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 3, 6 1/2 times, simile

A9
G9
Honey Bee

By Stevie Ray Vaughan

Intro
Moderate Shuffle \( \frac{3}{4} \) = 122

Chord symbols represent suggested harmony.

Verse
(E) N.C.

1. Like a queen bee's hon-ey, you as

sweet as can be.

I am the king bee, ba-by, buzz with me.

Dive in your hive and in to your life, tell me lit-tle ba-by that you'll

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Scuttle Buttin'
By Stevie Ray Vaughan

Moderately Fast \( \frac{4}{4} = 160 \)

\( \text{Gr. 1 (dist.)} \)

N.C.

\( \text{Chord symbols represent implied harmony.} \)

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Stang's Swang
By Stevie Ray Vaughan

Tune Down 1/2 Step:

Intro

Fast Swing - 210 (↑ ↓ ↑)

Half Time Feel

A

F13#/D

E13/D

(drum) Gtr. I

clean tone

* Bass gtr. plays D

G7#9
Gb9
F7#9
E9
Eb7#9

let ring ⤐

End Half Time Feel

N.C.

E59
D7#9

let ring ⤐

*T = Thumb on 3

B Theme

N.C. (Gm7)

even ♫

rake ⤐

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Things That I Used To Do

Words and Music by Eddie "Guitar Slim" Jones

Tune Down 1/2 Step:

1 = Eb  4 = Db
2 = Bb  5 = Ab
3 = Gb  6 = Eb

Intro
Moderately Slow  = 64
A tempo

Verse

"G7"

1. The things that I used to do.

Verse

Lord, I won't do no more.

Verse

The things that I used to do.

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All Rights Controlled and Administered by EMI BLACKWOOD MUSIC INC.
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Lord I won't do no more.

I used to sit a-round do-in' noth-in', ah,

cry baby do not go.

2. I used to search all night for ya, darlin'...
Lord, an' my search would al-ways end in vain.

I used to search all night for ya, dar-lin'.

Lord, but my search would al-ways end in vain.

But I knew all the time dar-lin' ah.
Verse

3. I'm gon' send you back to yo' ma-ma, darlin'.

Lord, 'n' I'm go-in' back to my fam'ly, too.

I'm gon' send you back to yo' ma-ma, darlin'.
Lord, I'm goin' back to my family, too.

D9

Free Time
C9
N.C.

A tempo

There's nothin' I can do to please ya, darlin', ah, oh, I just can't get along with accel.

N.C.  G7  C7  G7  N.C.  A\b9  G9  on cue:

you.

Hey!

on cue:
Tin Pan Alley

By Robert Geddins

Intro
Slow Blues $ \frac{3}{4} = 40$
N.C.

(drum roll)

Gtr. 1

Bm

Em

F#7b9

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Verse
Bm

I went down to Tin Pan Alley,

see what was goin' on.

p

Things was too hot down there;

couldn't stay very long...

Hey.

Em

hey,

alley's the roughest place I've ever

Bm

been.
All the people down there living for their whiskey, wine 'n' gin.

Verse

2. I heard a woman scream, yeah, 'n' I peeked through the door.

Some cat was workin' on Annie with a, Lord, with a two-by-four. Hey,
Em

hey,

alley's the roughest place I've ever

Bbm

been.

F#7#9

All the people down there

E9

livin' for their whiskey, wine 'n' gin.

Bbm

Em

B

F#7
Verse

Bm

3. I heard a pistol shoot, yeah, 'n' it was a forty-four.

N.C.

Bm

Somebody killed a crap shooter 'cause he didn't shake, rattle 'n' roll. Hey,

Em

hey, al'ley's the roughest place I've

ever been.
Verse
Bm

4. I hear a cop standing
with his hand on his gun...

Said, "This is a raid, boy... now.
Lord, no body run!"
Hey...

Em

hey, hecy,
alley's the roughest place... I've ever

Bm

been.
Yeah, they took me away from that alley.

Lord, they took me right back to the bend.
Verse
(E7#9)
N.C.

1. Well, I'm standin' next to a moun-tain, chop it down a-with the edge of my
Standin' next to a mountain, chop it down with the edge of my hand.

Pick up the pieces 'n' make an island, might even raise a little sand.
'Cause I'm a

C7  D7  N.C.(E7#9)

voo-doo chile... yeah,

Lord knows, I'm a voo-doo chile...

Guitar Solo
N.C.(E7)

let ring...
Verse
N.C. (E7♯9)

2. I didn't mean to take up all your sweet time,
(I'll) give it right back to ya a one o' these days.

I didn't mean to take up all your sweet time.

give it right back to ya the rest o' my days.
I won't see ya again in this world.

see ya in the next one, don't be late!

'Cause I'm a voodoo chile, yeah.
Lord knows, I'm a voo-doo chile.

Guitar Solo
N.C. (E7)