who'll stop the rain
badmoon rising
proud mary
down on the corner

commotion
fortunate son
lodi
green river
who'll stop the rain

Words and Music by
JOHN C. FOGERTY
Arr.: Martin Erich

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AND I WONDER, STILL I WONDER WHO'LL STOP THE RAIN?

2. I WENT DOWN VIRGINIA SEEK-IN'

3. HEARD THE SINGERS PLAY-IN'

SHELTER FROM THE STORM—
HOW WE CHEERED FOR MORE—
CAUGHT UP IN THE PABLE I

I WATCHED THE TOWER GROW—
TRYIN' TO KEEP WARM—
FIVE YEAR PLANS AND NEW DEALS

STILL THE RAIN KEPT POURIN'
WRAPPED IN GOLDEN CHAINS —
FALL IN ON MY EARS —
AND I WONDER STILL I WONDER
AND I WONDER STILL I WONDER

WHO'LL STOP THE RAIN?

REPEAT AND FADE OUT
(1) I see a bad moon rising

(2) I hear hurricanes blowing

I see trouble on the way,
I know the end is coming soon.

I see burnt wakes of lightning,
I feel rivers overflowing.

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I see the bad times today,
I hear the voice of wreck and ruin,

Chorus
Don't go round tonight,
They're bound to take your life,
There's a bad moon on the rise.

D.§. al Coda
Well, Don't go round tonight — well it's bound to take your life. — There's a bad moon on the rise.

3. Hope you got your things together
   Hope you are quite prepared to die,
   Looks like we're in for nasty weather,
   "What now?", You're thinking for a night.

Chorus:
   Well, don't go round tonight -
   Well, it's bound to take your life -
   There's a bad moon on the rise.
   Don't go round tonight -
   Well it's bound to take your life -
   There's a bad moon on the rise.
Moderately (with a heavy beat)

VERSE

Left a good job in the city,
Work-in' for The Man ev'ry night and day,

Cleaned a lot of plates in Memphis,
Pumped a lot of pain in New Orleans,

And I never lost one minute of sleep-in',
Wor-r-y-in' 'bout the way things might have been.

But I never saw the good side of the city,

CHORUS

Big wheel keep on turn-in',
Proud Mary keep on burn-in',
Roll-

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Roll-in', roll-in', roll-in' on the river.

If you come down to the river, Bet you gonna find some people who live.

You don't have to worry 'cause you have no money, People on the river are happy to give.

G
To Coda

Verse

D. S. al Coda

Repeat and fade

Roll-in', roll-in', roll-in' on the river.
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ner trying to bring you up. Willy picks a tune.

thm out on his kala-ma-zoo. Willy goes into...

ner there's a happy noise. People come from all...

ner out and he blows it on the harp.

out and he doubles on kazoo.

a dance and doubles on kazo.

a round to watch the magic boy.

CHORUS

Down On The Corner, out in the street, Willy and the Poor-boys are

playin'; Bring a nickel; tap your feet.

and fade out
Commotion

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1. Traffic in the city turns my head around.
2. People keep a-talkin', they don't say a word.
3. Hurry up and get there so you save some time.

No, no, no, no, no, no.
Jaw, jaw, jaw, jaw, jaw, jaw.
Run, run, run, run, run, run.

Back up on the freeway,
Talk up in the white house,
Rush in' to the treadmill,
back up in the church, talk up to your door,
rush in' to get home,

Ev'rywhere you So much go in!
Worry 'bout the

look on time just can't hear. Com, com- mo - tion,
there's a frown, frown. Com, com- mo - tion,

Git, git, git, gone. Com, com- mo - tion,

Git, git, git gone.
Musica e parole di
JOHN C. FOGERTY

Fortunate Son

Moderately bright (in Four)

VERSE

Some folks are born made to wave the flag,
Some folks are born silver spoon in hand,
Some folks inherit star spangled eyes,

Ooh, they're red, white and blue.
Lord, don't they help themselves.
Ooh, they send you down to war.

"Hail to the chief", They point the cannon right at you.
comes to the door, Lord, the house looks like a rummage sale.
"How much should we give?" They only answer More! More! More!

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CHORUS

It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no senator's son.

To Coda

It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one.

CODA

I ain't no fortunate one, it ain't me;

it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one.
Words and Music by
JOHN C. FOGERTY

Moderately

Just about a year ago, I set out on the road,
man from the magazine, said I was on my way.

Seekin' my fame and fortune, lookin' for a pot of gold,
Somehere I lost connections, ran out of songs to play.

I came into town, and things got worse, I guess you will know the tune.
One night stand, looks like my plans fell through.

Oh! Lord, stuck in Lodi a-
Oh! Lord, stuck in Lodi a-

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Rode in on the Greyhound, I'll be walkin' out if I go.
If I only had a dollar, for ev'ry song I've sung.

I was just passin' through, must be seven months or more.
And ev'ry time I've had to play while people sat there drunk.

Ran out of time and money, Looks like they took my friends.
You know, I'd catch the next train back to where I live.

Oh Lord! I'm stuck in Lo-di again.
The Oh, Lord! I'm stuck in Lo-di again.
Words and Music by
JOHN C. FOGERTY

Moderately

Well, take me back down where cool water flows,

Let me remember things I love,

Stop-pin' at the log where

cat-fish bite, Walk-in' a-long the river road at night, Bare-foot girls

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I dancin' in the moonlight. I can hear the bull frog callin' me. Wonder if my rope's still hangin' to the tree.

I love to kick my feet 'way down in shallow water.

Shoefly, drag-on fly, get back to your mother. Pick up a flat rock, skip it across Green...
Up at Co-dy's camp I spent my days

With flat car riders and cross-tie walkers.

Old Co-dy, Junior took me over. Said, "You're gonna find the world is smould'rin'. If you get lost come on home to Green River."