

Blues Rock
GENERATIONS
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Playlist & Lyrics - ALBUM No. 1

1. **Outside Woman Blues** (written by Blind Joe Reynolds in 1929)
2. **Crossroads** (written by Robert Johnson in 1936)
3. **The Thrill is Gone** (written by Roy Hawkins & Rick Darnell in 1951)
4. **Further On Up The Road** (written by Don Robey & Joe Madwick Veasey in 1957)
5. **Feelings of Winter** (written by Stefan Adamec & Alexander Gustafik in 2021)
6. **Please Love** (written by Stefan Adamec & Alexander Gustafik in 2021)
7. **Born Under a Bad Sign** (written by Albert King in 1967)
8. **A Spoonful Blues** (traditional, known by Charley Patton – 1929, Howin Wolf - 1960)
9. **Taxman** (written by George Harrison in 1966)
10. **Red House** (written by Jimi Hendrix in 1966)

E

Outside Woman Blues

Blind Joe Reynolds - 1929 known by Cream

If you lose your money
Great God, don't lose your mind
If you lose your money
Great God, don't lose your mind
And if you lose your woman
Please don't fool with mine

I'm gonna buy me a bulldog
Watch my lady whilst I sleep *wailst*
I'm gonna buy me a bulldog
Watch my lady whilst I sleep *↑?*
'Cause women these days
They're so doggone crooked *///*
~~That they might make off~~ fore day creep

Well, you can't watch your wife
And your outside woman too
You know you can't watch your wife
And your outside women's too
'Cause when you're out with your woman
Your wife will be at home
Cooking your food, doing your dirt
Buddy, what're you trying to do? *trajaa do*

SOLD 2/12

You can't watch your wife
And your outside women's too
You know you can't watch your wife
And your outside women, too
When you're out with your woman
Your wife will be at home
Doing your dirt, cooking your food
Buddy, what're you trying to do? *Hm, hm, hm*

SOLD 2/12
CUT

W

Mantik: Allegro

"115"

Kisko Gibson

A/3.4.

Crossroads

Robert Johnson 1936 (A)

I went down to the crossroads ... Fell down on my knees
Down to the crossroads..... Fell down on my knees
Asked the Lord above for mercy
"Take me, if you please"

I went down to the crossroads.... Tried to flag a ride
Down to the crossroads Tried to flag a ride
Nobody seemed to know me
Everybody passed me by

Well, I'm going down to Rosedale ... Take my rider by my side
Going down to Rosedale Take my rider by my side
You can still barrelhouse, baby
On the riverside

Going down to Rosedale Take my rider by my side
Going down to Rosedale Take my rider by my side
You can still barrelhouse, baby
On the riverside

You can run, you can run Tell my friend boy Willie Brown
Run, you can run Tell my friend boy Willie Brown
And I'm standing at the crossroads
Believe I'm sinking down

End

Source: [Musixmatch](#)

Songwriters: Robert Johnson

Crossroads lyrics © Mpc King Of Spades, Standing Ovation And Encore Music

Kublo: Epif.
Jazz

March: Ardante "PJ"
PJ

A/G

The Thrill Is Gone (Hmi)

Roy Hawkins 1951

Solo: 4x Full intro 1x

The thrill is gone, gone gone away

Yes the thrill is gone, gone gone with me

Baby you've done me wrong

You'll be sorry ... someday.

Thrill is gone, gone gone from me

Ah... I'll still live on, lonely thou I'll be

Yea... That all thrill we knew

Nothing but misery.

Solo: 2x Full Sq

// The first time I met you baby

You leave your magic wear

But all I can forgive you

Got some free, free from your spell...

(Emi) The thrill is gone, gone gone for good

(And I am free from your spell)

Baby it's all over

~~I carry on~~ and I wish you well. (say) - cut END

Kubko: Epif. Jazz
Stefan: Mauthu #135

A/P

Further on Up the Road

Written by: Don Robey / Joe Madwick Veasey - 1957

Known by Bobby "Blue" Bland 1957 and Eric Clapton 1977 Joe
Bonamassa 2009

G

Further on up the road someone's gonna hurt you like you hurt me.

Further on up the road someone's gonna hurt you like you hurt me.

Further on up the road, baby, just you wait and see.

You gotta reap just what you sow; that old saying is true.

You gotta reap just what you sow; that old saying is true.

Just like you mistreat someone, someone's gonna mistreat you.

You been laughing, pretty baby, someday you're gonna be crying.

You been laughing, pretty baby, someday you're gonna be crying.

Further on up the road you'll find out I wasn't lying.

SOLO 2x12

Further on up the road someone's gonna hurt you like you hurt me.

Further on up the road someone's gonna hurt you like you hurt me.

Further on up the road, baby, just you wait and see.

You been laughing, pretty baby, someday you're gonna be crying.

You been laughing, pretty baby, someday you're gonna be crying.

Further on up the road you'll find out I wasn't lying.

Further on up the road, when you're all alone and blue

Further on up the road, when you're all alone and blue

You're gonna want me back, but I'll have somebody new.

SOLO 4x12

Feelings of Winter (E6)

The things we keep deep down inside our minds.
Suppressors of what could possibly be
A presumed end to all that fortune finds
The problem that marks future with history.

Many times, in thoughts before I have found
There's no reason to begin what's ended once
So have ended chances that never came around
Because why drop a ball that just won't bounce.

Solo 1/4

Winter's cold, sticky times never treat me right.
It ends old and starts new with a clean white slate
A change and resolution overnight
That falls from the sky to bring good or bad fate.

Uncertainty falls again from above
Puts out my fire of hope, cools passion down ...
"And freezes still my push for loving love."
(The old smile wiped clean for a new current frown).

Solo 2/2

Now I plead: save me with a ^{little} subtle change.
~~Please~~ ~~scar~~ my state with love's sweet painful smile.
If you glow, I'll uncover. Nothing is strange
As love that shines on white. It'll be worth the while. 2x

+2x + 1x - slow
END ?

HARTN

Alegro "M5"

B/2.

Please Love (E)

Please wake me, love, from this reclusive state
I've kept from you, for I am failure's fool
My heart's still a bleeding, bruised beaten tool
X That's kept its distance on love to this date.

My eyes have blown with passion all the while
That my heart has yearned to heal and revive
And somehow my feelings are still alive
X Ready again now to be volatile.

Hwnt Rf: I wait for your torment and joyous pain
The maiming of my being like a curse
Do it now while my mind is changed for worse
While I dream of love's better days in vain.

Solo
F/c
4+

> I WAIT... Rf:

Time will teach me again: love's not divine
For now I'll be the fool I've been before
Watching as my dreams wash up on the shore
X But just for now, love, please let her be mine.

Hwnt Rf: I wait for your torment and joyous pain
The maiming of my being like a curse
Do it now while my mind is changed for worse
While I dream of love's better days in vain.

3x, break, END

Born Under a Bad Sign

Eric Clapton

Born under a bad sign

→ I've been down since I began to crawl

If it wasn't for bad luck,

I wouldn't have no luck at all

||| Bad luck and trouble's my only friend

||| I've been down ever since I was ten

Born under a bad sign

I've been down since I began to crawl

If it wasn't for bad luck,

I wouldn't have no luck at all

||| I CAN'T READ / I CAN'T HOLY WRITE

||| Bad luck and trouble's my only friend

||| I've been down ever since I was ten

||| MY WHOLE LIFE HAS BEEN ONE B16 FIGHT

Born under a bad sign

I've been down since I began to crawl

If it wasn't for bad luck,

I wouldn't have no luck at all

SOLO

||| Bad luck and trouble's my only friend

||| I've been down ever since I was ten

||| You know, wine and women is all I crave

||| A big bad woman's gonna carry me to my grave

Born under a bad sign

I've been down since I began to crawl

If it wasn't for bad luck, + If it wasn't a real bad luck

I wouldn't have no luck...

"Spoonful"

is a blues song written by Willie Dixon and first recorded in 1960 by Howlin' Wolf.

MEU

1) It could be a spoonful of diamond
Could be a spoonful of gold
Just a little spoon of your precious love
Satisfy my soul

Rf: Men lies about little
Some of 'em cries about little
Some of 'em dies about littles
• Everything fight about a spoonful
◀ That spoon, that spoon, that sp

2) It could be a spoonful of coffee
Could be a spoonful of tea
But a little spoon of your precious love
Good enough for me

Rf: Men lies about that
Some of 'em dies about that
Some of 'em cries about that
• But everything fight about a spoonful
◀ That spoon, that spoon, that
Ooh ooh, fight about spoonfuls *SOLD*
Ooh ooh, fight about a spoonful

3) It could be a spoonful of water
Save you from the desert sand
But one spoon of lead from forty-five
Save you from another man

Rf: A Men lies about that
Some of 'em cries about that
Some of 'em dies about that
• Everybody fightin' about a spoonful

◀ That spoon, that spoon, that

END TO SOLD

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Taxman

George Harrison - 1966

Dmi | G | 6

One, two, three, four

One, two (one, two, three, four)

Let me tell you how it will be

There's one for you, nineteen for me

'Cause I'm the taxman

Yeah, I'm the taxman

Should five percent appear too small

Be thankful I don't take it all

'Cause I'm the taxman

Yeah, I'm the taxman

I'll tax the street *IF YOU DRIVE A CAR*

(If you try to sit, sit) I'll tax your seat

(If you get too cold, cold) I'll tax the heat

(If you take a walk, walk) I'll tax your feet

(Taxman)

'Cause I'm the taxman

Yeah, I'm the taxman *SOLO*

Don't ask me what I want it for

(Ah, ah, Mr. Wilson)

If you don't want to pay some more

(Ah, ah, Mr. Heath)

'Cause I'm the taxman

Yeah, I'm the taxman

Now my advice for those who die (taxman)

Declare the pennies on your eyes (taxman)

'Cause I'm the taxman

Yeah, I'm the taxman

And you're working for no one but me (taxman)

Mr.

SOLO

Red House Lyrics

1966 - speed orig
3:45 - time orig.

(Ah yeah!) - 1966
Simi Hendrix

[Verse 1]
There's a red house over yonder
That's where my baby stays
Lord, there's a red house over yonder
Lord, that's where my baby stays
I ain't been home to see my baby
In ninety nine and one half days

[Verse 2]
Wait a minute, something's wrong here
The key won't unlock this door
Wait a minute, something's wrong
Lord have mercy, this key won't unlock this door
(Somethings goin' on here)
I have a bad, bad feeling
That my baby don't live here no more
(That's alright I still got my guitar, look out now!)

[Guitar Solo] (That's alright 2)

[Verse 3]
Well I might as well go on over yonder
Way back up ^{among} on the hill
(I got something to do) - (yah that's what I am gonna do)
Lord, I might as well go back over yonder
Way back yonder 'cross the hills
'Cause if my baby don't love me no more
I know her sister will!

(Yah, how is that)