

Beatles At The Bbc
The Beatles

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#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #
#-----#
#
Date: Mon, 05 Jun 1995 15:17:26 +0200
From: mau@beatles.cselt.stet.it (Maurizio Codogno)
Subject: A bunch of songs from _Beatles at the BBC _
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Songs are separated with a

{new_song}
header. Some of these have not Beatles as title, since the original singer
was known enough .
ciao, .mau.

```
#####
{new_song}
{t: A Shot of Rhythm and Blues}
{st: Beatles}
# as sung by the Beatles on _Live at the BBC_
# lyrics from Dean Myers
# chords from Maurizio Codogno
#
[D][A]
Well, if your [D]hands start a clappin and your fingers start a poppin and
your feet start a movin around.
And if you [G7]start to swing and sway when the band starts to play a [D]real
cool way out sound.
And if you [A7]get to can t help it and you [G7]can t sit down
You [A7]feel like you gotta move a[G7]round.
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{soc}
[G7]You get a shot of Rhythm and Blues.
With just a little Rock and [D]Roll on the side, just for good measure.
[G7]Get a pair of dancin shoes.
Well, with your lover by your [A7]side don t you know you re gonna have a rockin
time, c mon!
{eoc}
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Don t you [D]worry bout a thing if you [G7]start to dance and sing
And [D]chills comin up on you.
And if the [G7]rhythm finally gets you and the beat gets you too
Well, [A7]here s something for you to [D]do.

```
{soc}
Get a shot of Rhythm and Blues.
With just a little Rock and Roll on the side, just for good measure.
Get a pair of dancin shoes.
Well, with your lover by your side don t you know you re gonna have a rockin
time, c mon!
{eoc}
```

Don t you worry bout a thing if you start to dance and sing
And chills comin up on you.
And if the rhythm finally gets you and the beat gets you too
Well, here s something for you to do.

```
{soc}
[G7]Get a shot of Rhythm and Blues.
[D]Get a pair of dancin shoes.
[G7]Get a shot of Rhythm and Blues.
Well, with your lover by your [A7]side don t you know you re gonna have a rockin
time, c mon!
{eoc}
```

Don t you worry bout a thing if you start to dance and sing
And chills comin up on you.
And if the rhythm finally gets you and the beat gets you too
Well, [A]here s something for you to [D]do.
Well, [A]here s something for you to [D]do.
Well, [A]here s something for you to [D]do.[A][D][A6]

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#
#####
{new_song}
{t: Christmastime Is Here Again}
{st: Beatles}
# lyrics from Dean Myers
# chords from Maurizio Codogno
#
[D]Christmastime is here again, Christmastime is [D7]here again,
[G]Christmastime is here again, [D]Christmastime is here again,
[A7]It s been round since you know when.
[D]Christmastime is here again,
O-U-T spells [A7]out .
```

Christmastime is here again, Christmastime is here again,
Christmastime is here again, Christmastime is here again,
It s been round since you know when.
Christmastime is here again,
O-U-T spells out .

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#
#####
{new_song}
{t: Clarabella}
{st: Beatles}
# as sung by the Beatles on _Live at the BBC_
# lyrics from Dean Myers
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chords from Maurizio Codogno

#

Well, I got a baby [G]... crazy for me.[G]

Yeah, I got a baby [G7]... won't let me be.

{soc}

Woh, [C7]baby baby, Clarabella.

[G]Baby baby, Clarabella.

[D7]Baby baby,[C7] wo-wo, ye[G]ah-uh.

{eoc}

Well, she needs [G]no coachin on[G] makin love.

All she needs is the [G7]stars up above.

{soc}

Woh, [C7]baby baby, Clarabella.

[G]Baby baby, Clarabella.

[D7]Baby baby,[C7] wo-wo, ye[G]ah-uh.

[D7]Ahh! woo-hoo.

{eoc}

{ci: solo: |G | | | |C7 | |G | |D7 |C7 |G | }

Well now, Clar[G]abella.

You're my honey, Clarabella. [G7]Ooh-

Yeah now, Cl[C]arabella.

I said you're my baby, [G]Clarabella.

Yeah, Clara[D]bella, baby.[C7] Wo-wo, [G]yeah-yeh.[D7]

Well, [G]she's got no time for[G] a dumberies.

Already knows[G7] her ABC's.

{soc}

Woh, baby baby, Clarabella.

Baby baby, Clarabella.

Baby baby, wo-wo, yeah-yeh.

Ahh! woo.

{eoc}

{ci: solo}

Well now, Clarabella. Yeah.

You're my honey, Clarabella. Woo ooh-

You're my baby, Clarabella. You're my honey, Clarabella.

Yeah, Clarabella, baby. Wo-wo, yeah-heh-yeah, oh-yeah. [G9]

#####

{new_song}

{t: I Got a Woman}

{st: Ray Charles}

as sung by the Beatles on _Live at the BBC_

lyrics from Dean Myers

chords from Maurizio Codogno

{define: Eb7. base-fret 3 frets x 3 2 3 1 x}

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{define: E7. base-fret 4 frets x 3 2 3 1 x}
{define: Eb6add9 base-fret 4 frets x 2 1 2 2 2}
{define: E6add9 base-fret 5 frets x 2 1 2 2 2}
Well, I got a [E7]woman way cross [B7]town. She s good to [E7]me,[A7] oh-ho
[E7]yeah.
Said I got a [A7]woman way cross town. She s good to [B7]me, oh yeah.
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{soc}
She gives me [E7]money ev rytime I need.
Yes, you know she s a [A7]kind of friend indeed.
Said I got a [E7]woman way cross [B7]town. She s good to [E7]me.[A7] oh-ho,
[E7]yeah.
{eoc}
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She say she [E7]loves me early in the [B7]mornin , just for [E7]me,[A7] oh-ho
[E7]yeah.
She say she [A7]loves me early in the mornin , just for [B7]me, oh yeah.
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{soc}
She say she loves me just for me, yeah.
You know she loves me so tenderly.
Said I got a woman way cross town. She s good to me, oh yeah. Ow!
{eoc}
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{ci: solo: |E7 | |A7 |E7 |A7 |E7 |E/B Bbdim A7 B7|E |}
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[E7.] She s there to love me[Eb7.][E7.] all day and
night[Eb7.][E7.].
[E7.] Never grumbles or fusses[Eb7.][E7.] just treats me
right[Eb7.][E7.].
[E7.] Never runnin in the streets[Eb7.][E7.] leavin me
alone[Eb7.][E7.].
She knows a woman s place is right back there with her hangin round the home.
Got a [A7]woman way cross [B7]town. She s good to [E7]me,[A7] oh [E7]yeah.
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Well, I got a [A7]woman way cross town. She s good to [B7]me, oh-ho, yeah.
Well, she s my [E7]baby, don t cha understand ?
I I I [A7]I, I m her lovin man.
Well, I got a [E7]woman way cross [B7]town. She s good to [E7]me,[A7] oh-ho,
[E7]yeah.
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```
Well, that much is alright.
Well, that much is alright.
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```
I got a [F#7]woman ... way cross [B7]town ... she s good to [E7]me, [A7]oh-ho-ho
yeah.[Eb6add9][E6add9]
#####
{new_song}
{t: I m Gonna Sit Right Down and Cry Over You}
{st: Elvis Presley}
# as sung by the Beatles on _Live at the BBC_
# lyrics from Dean Myers
# chords from Maurizio Codogno
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#
{define: G6add9 base-fret 0 frets 3 2 0 2 0 0}
[D7][C7][G][C7][G][D7]
{soc}
I m gonna [G]sit right down and [C7]cry over [G]you.[C7]
I m gonna [G]sit right down and [C7]cry over you.[D7]
And if you [G]ever say good[G7]bye.
And if you [C]ever even try.
I m gonna [G]sit right down and [D7]cry over [G]you.
{eoc}

{soc}
I m gonna love you more and more every day.
I m gonna love you more and more every way.
And if you ever say goodbye.
And if you ever even try.
I m gonna sit right down and cry over you.
{eoc}

I m gonna tell your [C7]Mother.
Tell your brother [G]too.
So they ll [C7]know exactly [D7]what I m gonna do
If you [G]ever say good[G7]bye.
If you [C]ever even try.
I m gonna [G]sit right down and [D7]cry over [G]you.
Wah-hoo!

[G][D][G][D7][C7][G][C7][G][D7]
I m gonna tell your Mother.
Tell your brother too.
So they ll know exactly what I m gonna do
If you ever say goodbye.
If you ever even try.
I m gonna sit right down and cry over you.
I m gonna sit right down and cry over you.
I m gonna sit right down and cry over [G]you.[C][D9][G][G6add9]
#####
{new_song}
{t: Keep Your Hands Off My Baby}
{st: Beatles}
# as sung by the Beatles on _Live at the BBC_
# lyrics from Dean Myers
# chords from Maurizio Codogno
#
[D7] We ve been friends for oh so long.
[G] I let you share what s mine.
[D7] When you mess with the girl I love
    It s [G]time to draw the line.

{soc}
Keep your [G]hands (keep your hands) off my [Em]baby.
I ain t a gonna [C]tell you but one more [D7]time.
Woh, keep your [G]hands (keep your hands) off my [Em]baby.

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Boy, you get it [C]through your head[D7] - that girl is [G]mine.[C][G]
{eoc}

I don t mind if you lend my clothes.
But you will be in touch.
There is somethin that you get straight.
There s one thing you don t touch.

{soc}
Keep your hands (keep your hands) off my baby.
I ain t a gonna tell you but one more time.
Woh, keep your hands (keep your hands) off my baby.
Can you get it through your head ? - that girl is mine.
{eoc}

{ci: solo:|D7 | |G | |D7 | |G | D7|}

Keep your hands (keep your hands) off my baby.
I ain t a gonna tell you but one more time.
Woh, keep your hands (keep your hands) off my baby.
Can you get it through your head ? - that girl is mine.

(Keep your hands) Woh, keep your hands off my [Em]baby, she s [G]mine.
(Keep your hands off my baby) You better [Em]watch yourself now.
Boy, you get it [C]through your head[D7] - that girl is [G]mine.[C][G][G7]
#

#####

{new_song}

{t: Soldier Of Love}

{st: Arthur Alexander}

as sung by the Beatles on _Live at the BBC_

lyrics from Dean Myers

chords from Maurizio Codogno

[F][Dm][F][Dm][F][F6]

{soc}

Lay down your [Dm]arms (Soldier of Love) and surrender to [F]me (Shala la)
Lay down your [Dm]arms (Soldier of Love) and love me peaceful[F]ly (Shala la)
Yeah.

[Dm]Use your arms for loving me. [Gm]Baby, that s the way it s gotta [F]be.
(ooh-)
{eoc}

There [F]ain t no reason for [A7]you to declare
[Bb]war on the [C7]one that loves you [F]so.
So forget the other boys because [A7]my love is real.
Come [Bb]off your [C7]battle[F]field.

{soc}
Lay down your arms (Soldier of Love) and love me peacefully (Shala la)
Lay down your arms (Soldier of Love) and love me tenderly (Shala la) Yeah.
Use your arms to hold me tight. Baby, I don t wanna fight no more (ooh-)
{eoc}

The weapons you re using are hurtin me bad.
But someday you re gonna see.
That my love for you baby, is the truest you ve ever had.
A Soldier of Love, that s hard to be.

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{soc}
Lay down your arms (Soldier of Love) and love me peacefully (Shala la)
Lay down your arms (Soldier of Love) and surrender to me (Shala la) Yeah.
Use your arms to squeeze and please cause I m the one that loves you so.
{eoc}
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(Yeah, Soldier of [Dm]Love) Baby, lay down your [F]arms.
(Yeah, Soldier of [Dm]Love) Baby, lay down your [F]arms.
(Yeah)

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#
#####
{new_song}
{t:Some Other Guy}
{st:Beatles}
# as sung by the Beatles on _Live at the BBC_
# lyrics from Dean Myers
# chords from Maurizio Codogno
{define: D7add9 base-fret 0 frets x x 0 2 0 0}
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[A][C][D]      [G]Ow![D][A]      [D]
[D]Some other guy now, has taken my love away from me. Oh [G7]now.
Some other guy now, has [D]taken away my sweet desire. Oh now.
Some other guy now, I just don t wanna hold my hand. Oh [A7]now.
I m the lonely one. As lonely as I can [D9]feel [D]all [D7]right.
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Some other guy now, is sippin up the honey like a yellow dog. Oh now.
Some other guy now, has taken my love just like I m gone. Oh now.
Some other guy now, has taken my love away from me. Oh now.
I m the lonely one. As lonely as I can feel all right. Oh-oh-hoho.

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{ci: solo: |D | |G | |D | |A7 | | | |D | | | |}
```

Some other guy now, is makin me very very mad. Oh now.
Some other guy now, is makin my past seem oh, so bad. Oh now.
Some other guy now, she was the first girl I ever had. Oh now.
I m the lonely one. As lonely as I can feel all right. Oh-oh-hoho.

I m a talkin to [D9]you, right [D]now. [A7] Hey, [C] Ow![D][D7add9]

```
#
#####
{new_song}
{t: That s Alright Mama}
{st: Beatles}
# as sung by the Beatles on _Live at the BBC_
# lyrics from Dean Myers
# chords from Maurizio Codogno
{define: A7add9 base-fret 0 frets x 0 2 0 0 0}
```

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#
[A]Well, that s alright, Mama. That s alright with you.
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Yeah, that s alright now, Mama. Just [A7]anyway you do.
That s al[D7]right, that s alright, that s a[E7]lright my Mama, anyway you
[A]do.

Well Mama, she done told me. Poppa done told me too.
Said, Son, that gal you re foolin with - she ain t no gal for you .
That s alright, that s alright, that s alright my Mama, anyway you do.
Woh.

{ci: solo: |A | | |A7 |D | |E | |A | |}

Well, I m leavin town, baby. I m leavin town for sure.
Then you won t be bothered with me hangin round your door.
That s alright, that s alright, yeah that s alright my Mama, anyway you do.

Well, that s alright, Mama. Yeah, that s alright with you.
That s alright now, Mama. Just anyway you do.
That s alright, that s alright, that s alright my Mama, anyway you do.
Ooh, ah-hoo.

{ci: solo}

[A]Ya da di dididi, ya da di dididi, ya da di dididi,
I need your [D7]lovin .

That s alright, that s [E7]alright my Mama, anyway you [A]do.
Yeah, that s [E7]alright my Mama, anyway you [A]do. [A7add9]

#

#####

{new_song}

{t: Too Much Monkey Business}

{st: Beatles}

as sung by the Beatles on _Live at the BBC_

lyrics from Dean Myers

chords from Maurizio Codogno

[A]Runnin to-and-fro, hard. Workin at the mail.

Never [A7]fail. Get the mail. Yeah, some rotten deal, Ow!

[D7] Too much monkey business.[A] Too much monkey business.

[E7]Too much monkey business for [D7]me to invite em [A]again.[E7]

Say me. Talkin to me. Tryin to run me up a creek.
She used to buy one. Try to pay me again next week, Ow!
Too much monkey business. Too much monkey business.
Too much monkey business for me to invite em again.

Long-haired, good-lookin . Tryin to get me hooked.
Or me to marry. Settle down. Get the horn by the bull, Ow!
Too much monkey business. Too much monkey business.
Too much monkey business for me to invite em again.

{ci: solo:|A | | | |D7 | |A | |E7 |D7 |A |E7 |}

Mediocre money. Bein fightin in the hall.

Army bunk, Army go, Army chow, Army cook, Ow!
Too much monkey business. Too much monkey business.
Too much monkey business for me to invite em again.

Same thing every day. Gettin up, goin to school.
No need to make complainin . My objection s overruled, Ow!
Too much monkey business. Too much monkey business.
Too much monkey business for me to invite em again.

Workin in the fillin station. Too many tires.
Wipe the windows. Check the tire. Check the oil and all the gas, Ow!
Too much monkey business. Too much monkey business.
Don t want your moderation, get away, leave me.