

Soul man (E)

Intro: E D A H E

E

Comin' to you on a dusty road

Good lovin', I got a truckload

And when you get it, you got something

So don't worry, 'cause I'm comin.

E D E

I'm a soul man, I'm a soul man.

E D E A H

I'm a soul man (whoa), I'm a soul man.

That's what I got, the hard way

And I'll make it better each and every day

So honey, don't you fret, heh

'Cause you ain't seen nothing yet.

I'm a soul man (oh, Lord), I'm a soul man (play it, Steve)

I'm a soul man, ha, I'm a soul man, oh.

I was brought up on a side street, listen now

I learned how to love before I could eat

I was educated at Woodstock

When I start lovin', oh, I can't stop.

I'm a soul man. I am, I'm a soul man

I'm a soul man, yeah, I'm a soul man, look.

C

G

Grab a rope, And I'll pull you in

A

H

Give you hope, And be your only boyfriend..

Intro: E D A H E

(I'm a) soul man, soul man

(And you a) soul man (And you're a) soul man

Gimme some lovin' (E)

E

Well, my temperature's rising and my feet are on the floor
Crazy people knocking 'cause they're wanting some more
Let me in, baby, I don't know what you got
But you better take it easy, this place is hot.

E

Ab

Bb

C

And I'm so glad we made it, So glad we made it.

E

I want you gimme some lovin', Gimme some lovin'
Gimme some lovin' every day, Hey!

Well, my head's exploding and I'm floating to sound
Too much is happening 'cause you're around
It's been a hard day and nothing went too good
I'm gonna relax like everybody should.

And I'm so glad we made it, So glad we made it
I want you gimme some lovin', Gimme some lovin'
Gimme some lovin' every day, Hey!

Well, I feel so good, everything is getting hot
You'd better take some time off 'cause the place is on fire
Better start, baby, 'cause I have so much to do
We made it, baby, and it happened to you.

And I'm so glad we made it So glad we made it
You got it, gimme some lovin' every day.
(Gimme some lovin') every night
(Gimme some lovin') woo-hoo

Hold on I'm coming

F Ab Bb F

F

Now don't you ever be sad
Lean on me when times are bad.

Bb

When the day comes and you're down
In a river of trouble, about to drown

F Ab

Hold on, I'm comin'

Bb F

Hold on, I'm comin'

On my way, your lover

And if it feels cold, I will be your cover

Never have to worry 'cause I'm here

Ah, don't need to suffer, baby, 'cause I'm near (no need)

Hold on 'cause I'm comin'

Hold on, I'm comin'

Hold on 'cause I'm comin'

Hold on, I'm comin', look

Bb

Reach out to me for satisfaction, yeah

Ab Bb

Look, call my name now for quick reaction

C

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

C Eb Ab Bb

F Ab Bb F

Now don't you ever be sad

Lean on me when times get bad

When the day comes, I know you're down

In a river of trouble, you about to drown

So hold on, I'm comin'

Hold on, I'm comin'

Hold on 'cause I'm comin'

Hold on 'cause I'm comin'

Hold on 'cause I'm comin'

I want you to hold on 'cause I'm comin', yeah

Sisters are doin' it for themselves (Dm)

Dm

Now there was a time, When they used to say.
That behind every great man, There had to be a great woman.
But in these times of change, You know that it's no longer true
So we're comin' out of the kitchen...

A

C

'Cause there's somethin' we forgot to say to you, we say...

F

G

A

Dm

*Sisters are doin' it for themselves
Standin' on their own two feet
And ringin' on their own bells, we say
Sisters are doin' it for themselves. /A*

Dm

Now this is a song, *To celebrate
The conscious liberation, Of the female state*
Mothers, daughters, And their daughters too.
Woman to woman, We're singin' with you.
The inferior sex, has, Got a new exterior, yeah
We got doctors, Lawyers, politicians too.

*Everybody take a look around
Can you see, can you see
Can you see there's a woman
Right next to you, we say*

*Sisters are doin' it for themselves
Standin' on their own two feet
And ringin' on their own bells
Sisters are doin' it for themselves.*

Db

Bb

Now we ain't makin' stories, Oh, we ain't layin' plans.

Db

Don't you know that a man still loves a woman

Bb

C

And a woman still loves a man, Just the same way.

----- Gitar

Sisters are doin' it for themselves..

Intro + 1. vers

Stand by your man (A)

Intro: A D A E

A E

Sometimes it's hard to be a woman.

Hm E A

Giving all your love to just one man.

D A

You'll have bad times, And he'll have good times

H E

Doin' things that you don't understand.

A E

But if you love him you'll forgive him

Hm E A

Even though he's hard to understand.

D A D

And if you love him, oh be proud of him.

A E A D A E

'Cause after all he's just a man.

A C# D

Stand by your man, Give him two arms to cling to.

A F3

And something warm to come to

H E

When nights are cold and lonely.

A C# D

Stand by your man. And show the world you love him

A E D# F# D E A E

Keep giving all the love you can. Stand by your man.

A C# D

Stand by your man. And show the world you love him

A E C# F# D E A D A E A

Keep giving all the love you can. Stand by your man.

Hard to handle (Bb)

Bb

Baby, here I am, I'm the man on the scene.

I can give you what you want but you got to go home with me.

I've got some good old loving and I got some in store.

When I get through throwing it on you, you got to come back for more.

F

Boys and things will come by the dozen

That ain't nothing but drug store loving

Pretty little thing, let me light your candle Eb F Ab Eb Bb

'Cause mama, I'm sure hard to handle, now, yes I am.

Bb

Action speaks louder than word and I'm a man with great experience.

I know you got you another man but I can love you better than him.

Take my hand, don't be afraid, I wanna prove every word I say.

I'm advertising love for free, so won't you place your ad with me?

F

Boys will come a dime by the dozen

But that ain't nothing but ten cent love

Pretty little thing, let me light your candle

'Cause mama, I'm sure hard to handle, now, yes I am

Sax: - - - - - % Ab Eb Bb %

Bb

Baby, here I am, I'm the man on the scene

I can give you what you want but you got to go home with me

I've got some good old loving and I got some in store

When I get through throwing it on you, you got to come back for more

F

Boys will come a dime by the dozen

But that ain't nothing but ten cent love

Pretty little thing, let me light your candle

'Cause mama, I'm sure hard to handle, now, yes I am

Sax: - - - - - % Ab Eb Bb %

I godta to have it....

it's cheaper to keep her (C)

C

F

It's cheaper to keep her, It is cheaper to keep her.

C

When your little girl makes you mad.

F

You get an attitude and pack your bag.

G

Five little children that you're leaving behind.

F

You're gonna pay some alimony or do some time.

C

It's cheaper to keep her (Cheaper to keep her).

F

It's cheaper to keep her (Cheaper to keep her).

G

See when you get to staring that judge in the face

F

You're gonna want to cuss the whole human race.

C

It's cheaper to keep her (Cheaper to keep her).

Eb

Too much to leave that little girl (Cheaper to keep her).

C

It's cheaper, it's cheaper, cheaper, it's cheaper

It's cheaper, it's cheaper

It's cheaper cheaper cheaper cheaper, yeah.

You didn't pay for two dollars to bring the girl home.

Now you're about to pay two thousand to leave alone.

See another woman out there, you want to make a change.

She ain't gonna watch you 'cause you won't have a damn thing.

It's cheaper to keep her (Cheaper to keep her).

Cheaper to keep her (Cheaper to keep her).

The time you get to looking at the judge in the face.

You're gonna want to cuss the whole human race.

It's cheaper to keep her (Cheaper to keep her)

Cost too much to leave (It's cheaper to keep her)

It's cheaper, cheaper, it's cheaper, it's cheaper

It's cheaper, cheaper

Cheaper cheaper cheaper cheaper, yeah.-

Sax: - - - - - % C C Eb Eb %

If you decide to roam, And leave your happy home.
You gotta pay the house note, The child support, your insurance.
all the money, more than one, more than two..

It's cheaper to keep her (Cheaper to keep her).
It's cheaper to keep her (Cheaper to keep her).

Sweet home Chicago (E)

Come on, Oh, baby, don't you wanna go
Come on, Oh, baby, don't you wanna go
Back to that same old place, Sweet home Chicago.

Come on, Baby, don't you wanna go
Hidey-hey, Baby, don't you wanna go
Back to that same old place, Oh, sweet home Chicago.

Well, one and one is two, Six and two is eight
Come on, baby, don't ya make me late....

Hidey-hey, Baby, don't you wanna go
Back to that same old place, Sweet home Chicago
Come on, Baby, don't you wanna go
Well, come on, Baby, don't you wanna go
Back to that same old place, Sweet home Chicago.

Six and three is nine. Nine and nine is eighteen
Look there brother, baby, and see what I've seen...

Hidey-hey, Baby, don't you wanna go
Back to that same old place, Sweet home Chicago.,
Oh, come on
Baby, don't you wanna go
Come on, Baby, don't you wanna go
Back to that same old place, My sweet home Chicago.

