

Gerpið



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'Til the Money Runs Out

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



Check this ^{E7} strange beverage that falls out from the sky
Splashin' ^{E7} Bagdad on the hudson in panther martin's eyes
He's high and outside wearin' ^{A7} candy apple red
^{E7} Scarlet gave him twenty seven stitches in his head
With a pint of green chartreuse ain't nothin' ^{A7} seems right
^{E7} You buy the sunday paper on a saturday night

^{E7} Well can't you hear the thunder, ^{E7} Someone stole my watch
^{E7} I sold a quart of blood and bought a half a pint of scotch
^{A7} Some one tell those chinamen on telegraph canyon road
^{E7} When you're on the bill with the spoon there ain't no time to unload
^{B7} So bye bye baby, ^{A7} Baby bye bye ^{E7}

^{E7} Droopy stranger lonely dreamer toy puppy and the prado
^{E7} We're laughin' as they piled into Olmos' ^{E7} El Dorado
^{A7} Jesus whispered eeany meany meany miney moe,
^{E7} They're too proud to duck their heads
^{E7} That's why they bring it down so low, ^{B7} So bye bye baby, ^{A7} Baby bye bye ^{E7}

^{E7} The pointed man is smack dab in the middle of july
^{E7} Swingin' from the rafters in his brand new tie
^{A7} He said I can't go back to that hotel room, ^{A7} All they do is shout
^{E7} But I'll stay wichew baby till the money runs out
^{B7} So ^{A7} bye bye baby ^{E7} Baby bye bye

(Looking for) The Heart of Saturday Night

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



D
Well, you gassed her up, behind the wheel
G
With your arm around your sweet one, in your Oldsmobile
Em7
Barrellin' down the boulevard,
A7 **D**
your lookin' for heart of Saturday Night.

D
And you got paid on Friday, and your pockets are jinglin'
G
And then you see the lights, you get all tinglin'
Em7
'Cause your cruisin' with a 6,
A7 **D**
And you're lookin' for the heart of Saturday night.

G **A**
Then you comb your hair, shave your face,
D
tryin' to wipe out ev'ry trace
G
Of all the other days in the week,
Em7
you know that this'll be the Saturday
A7
You're reachin' your peak.

D
Stoppin' on the red, you're goin' on the green,
G
'Cause tonight'll be like nothin' you've ever seen,
Em7
And you're barrellin' down the boulevard,
A7 **D**
Lookin' for the heart of Saturday night.

G **A**
And tell me is it the crack of the pool balls neon buzzin'
D
Telephone ringin'; it's you're second cousin.
Em7
Is it the barmaid that smiles, from the corner of her eye
A7
Magic of the melancholic tear in her eye.

D
Makes you kind of quiver, down in the core
G
'Cause you're dreamin' of them Saturdays that came before
Em7
And now you're stumblin',
A7
you're stumblin' on to the heart of Saturday night.

D
Well, you gassed her up, behind the wheel

G
With your arm around your sweet one, in your Oldsmobile
Em7
Barrellin' down the boulevard,
A7 **D**
your lookin' for heart of Saturday Night.

G **A**
And tell me is it the crack of the pool balls neon buzzin'
D
Telephone ringin'; it's your second cousin.
Em7
Is it the barmaid that smiles, from the corner of her eye
A7
Magic of the melancholic tear in her eye.

D
Makes it kind of special, down in the core
G
'Cause your dreamin' of them Saturdays, that came before
Em7
it's found you stumblin', you're stumblin' on to the heart of Sa
Em7
And you're stumblin', you're stumblin' on to the heart of Satu

(Wish I could) Hideaway



Song by: John Fogerty Lyrics by: John Fogerty Artists: Creedence Clearwater Revival

Gm7 F D# D**Gm7 D Gm7 D**

Gm **F**
Howdy, friend, beggin' your pardon
C **G**
is there something on your mind?
Gm **F**
You've gone and sold all your belongings
C **G**
is that something in your eye?

Bm **C**
Well, I know you really never liked
G **C**
the way it all goes down.
Bm **D** **G**
Go on, hide away.

Gm
What's that you say?
F
We're all bound for the graveyard
C **G**
oooh, I wish you well.
Gm
Think it's gonna rain?
F
oh, what's the difference.
C **G**
is there some way I can help?

Bm **C**
'Cause you know, I'm gonna miss you.
G **C**
when you're gone, oh, Lord.
Bm **D** **G**
wish I could hide away.

C **D** **Em** **Bm** **C** **Am**
Hold on, give yourself a chance.
C **G**
I can hear the leavin' train.

Gm **F**
All aboard!. goodbye, goodbye, goodbye!.
C **G**
oooh, I wish you well.
Gm **F**
See you soon, maybe tomorrow.
C **G**
you can never tell.

Bm **C**
'Cause you know, I'm gonna miss you.
G **C**
when you're gone, oh, Lord.

Bm **D** **G**
wish I could hide away.

C **G** **C** **G**
Hide away, hide away, hide away, hide away,
C **G** **C** **G** **C**
hide away, hide away, hide away, hide away

CG C C G C

A Sight For Sore Eyes

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



A sight for sore eyes, It's a long time no see
 Workin' hard hardly workin', Hey man you know me
 Water under the bridge, Did ya see my new car
 Well it's bought and it's paid for, Parked out-side of the bar
 And hey barkeep whats keeping you, Keep pouring drinks
 For all these palookas, Hey you know what I thinks
 That we toast to the old days, And Di-Mag-gio too
 An' old Drysdales and Mantle, Whitey Ford and to you

Oh you know the ol' gang ain't around, Everyone has left town
 'Cept for Thelma 'n' Giardina, Said they just might be down
 Oh half drunk all the time, An' I'm all drunk the rest
 Monks still the champion, Oh but I am the best
 And hey barkeep whats keeping you, Keep pouring drinks
 For all these palookas, Hey you know what I thinks
 That we toast to the old days, And Di-Mag-gio too
 An' old Drysdales and Mantle, Whitey Ford and to you

Guess you heard about Nash, He was killed in a crash
 Oh that must have been two, Or three years ago now
 Yeah, he spun out and he rolled, Hit a telephone pole
 And died with the radio on
 Flo she's married with a kid, Finally split up with Sid
 He's up north for a nickles worth, For armed robbery
 And I'll play you some pinball, No you ain't got a chance
 Then go on over and, Ask her to dance
 And hey barkeep whats keeping you, Keep pouring drinks
 For all these palookas, Hey you know what I thinks
 That we toast to the old days, And Di-Mag-gio too
 An' old Drysdales and Mantle, Whitey Ford and to you-oo-o

A Sweet Little Bullet from a Pretty Blue Gun

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



Well it's raining it's pouring, you didn't bring a sweater and that's just what it means
 Nebraska'll never let you come back home

Go on up the stairs
 with sweet little wishes and pretty blue dreams

Hollywood and Vine by the Thrifty Mart sign
 any night I'll be willin' to bet

And it's raining it's pouring and Hollywood's just fine
 And it's raining it's pouring and Hollywood's just fine

There's a young girl with sweet little dreams and pretty blue wishes
 standin' there just gettin' all wet

And there's a place off the drag called the Gilbert Hotel
 and there's a couple letters burned out in the sign

And it's better than a bus stop they do good business every time it rains
 for little girls with nothing in their jeans
 but pretty blue wishes and sweet little jeans

And it's raining it's pouring, the old man is snoring

Now I lay me down to sleep
 I hear the sirens in the street
 All my dreams are made of chrome
 I have no way to get back home

I'd rather die before I wake
 like Marilyn Monroe
 and you could throw my dreams out in the street
 and let the rain make 'em grow

Now the night clerk he got a club foot
 He's heard every hard luck story
 at least a hundred times or more
 He says: Check out time is 10 a.m.

Now never trust a scarecrow wearin' shades after dark
 be careful of that old bow tie he wears

It takes a sweet little bullet from a pretty blue gun
 to put those scarlet ribbons in your hair

No, that ain't no cherry bomb
 4th of July's all done

Just some fool playin' that second line
 from the barrel of a pretty blue gun

No, that ain't no cherry bomb
 4th of July's all done

Just some fool playin' that second line
 from the barrel of a pretty blue gun

A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall

Song by: Bob Dylan Lyrics by: Bob Dylan Artists: Bob Dylan



D G D

Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son?
 And where have you been, my darling young one?
 I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains,
 I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways,
 I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests,
 I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans,
 I've been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard,
 And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard,
 And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

Oh, what did you see, my blue-eyed son?
 Oh, what did you see, my darling young one?
 I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all around it
 I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it,
 I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin',
 I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin',
 I saw a white ladder all covered with water,
 I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken,
 I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children,
 And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,
 And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

And what did you hear, my blue-eyed son?
 And what did you hear, my darling young one?
 I heard the sound of a thunder, it roared out a warnin',
 Heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world,
 Heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a-blazin',
 Heard ten thousand whisperin' and nobody listenin',
 Heard one person starve, I heard many people laughin',

Heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter,
 Heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley,
 And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,
 And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

Oh, who did you meet, my blue-eyed son?
 Who did you meet, my darling young one?
 I met a young child beside a dead pony,
 I met a white man who walked a black dog,
 I met a young woman whose body was burning,
 I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow,
 I met one man who was wounded in love,
 I met another man who was wounded with hatred,
 And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,
 It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

Oh, what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?
 Oh, what'll you do now, my darling young one?
 I'm a-goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a-fallin',
 I'll walk to the depths of the deepest black forest,
 Where the people are many and their hands are all empty,
 Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters,
 Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison,
 Where the executioner's face is always well hidden,
 Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten,
 Where black is the color, where none is the number,
 And I'll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it,
 And I'll reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it,
 Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin',
 But I'll know my song well before I start singin',

And it's a ^Dhard, it's a ^Ahard, it's a ^Dhard, it's a ^Ghard,
It's a ^Dhard rain's a-^Agonna ^Dfall.

All the World is Green

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



Bm **Em**
I fell into the ocean
A **D**
when you became my wife
G **Em**
I risked it all against the sea
F# **Bm**
to have a better life

Bm **Em** **A**
Marie, you are the wide blue sky
D
and men do foolish things
G **Em**
You turn kings into beggars
F# **Bm**
and beggars into kings

G **D**
Pretend that you owe me nothing
A **D**
and all the world is green
G **D**
we can bring back the old days again
A **D**
and all the world is green

Bm **Em**
The face forgives the mirror
A **D**
The worm forgives the plow
G **Em**
The question begs the answer
F# **Bm**
Can you forgive me somehow

Bm **Em**
Maybe when our story's over
A **D**
we'll go where it's always spring
G **Em**
The band is playing our song again
F# **Bm**
and all the world is green

G **D**
Pretend that you owe me nothing
A **D**
and all the world is green
G **D**
can we bring back the old days again
A **D**
when all the world is green?

Bm **Em**
When the moon is yellow silver
A **D**
on the things that summer brings

G **Em**
It's a love you'd kill for
F# **Bm**
and all the world is green

Bm **Em**
He's balancing a diamond
A **D**
on a blade of grass
G **Em**
The dew will settle on our grave
F# **Bm**
when all the world is green

G **D**
Pretend that you owe me nothing
A **D**
and all the world is green
G **D**
we can bring back the old days again
A **D**
and all the world is green

Cm Fm Bb Eb G# Fm G cm

Cm Fm Bb Eb G# Fm G cm

Cm **Fm**
He's balancing a diamond
Bb **Eb**
on a blade of grass
G# **Fm**
The dew will settle on our grave
G **Cm**
when all the world is green

Ameríka

Song by: Bragi Valdimar Skúlason Lyrics by: Magnús Eiríksson Artists: Valdimar Guðmundsson ásamt fleirum.



Am F G C Cmaj7

F F#dim Gsus4 G

D Dm G C
 Yfirgefnir klúbbar, auð og mannlaus hús,
Am D E
 enginn kakkalakki og engin hagamús.
Am F G C Cmaj7
 Hér var her í landi og háð þau köldu stríð
F F#dim Gsus4 G
 við ímyndaðan óvin í austri alla tíð.

F G Am F G A
 Ameríka, hvar ertu Ameríka?

D Dm G C
 Þá laumuðust á völinn þó nokkrar læðurnar
Am D E
 og þáðu fyrirgreiðsluna sem var í boði þar.
Am F G C Cmaj7
 Herinn fór í burtu og ekkert okkur gaf
F F#dim Gsus4 G
 nema ömurlega herstöð út við ystaballarhaf.

F G Am F G A
 Ameríka, hvar ertu Ameríka?

D Dm G C
 Enn er allt svo snyrtilegt og öllu haldið við
Am D E
 þó amerískir hermenn vakti ei lengur hlið.
Am F G
 Því hann kemur enn um nætur til að þrifa
C Cmaj7
 þessi her
F F#dim
 þeir sem hengdu sig og skutu út úr
Gsus4 G
 leiðindunum hér.

F G Am F G A
 Ameríka, hvar ertu Ameríka?

Aravísur

Song by: Ingibjörg Þorbergs Lyrics by: Stefán Jónsson Artists: Bessi Bjarnason



C G7 C
Hann Ari er lífill, hann er átta ára trítill
með augu svo falleg og skær.

Hann er bara sætur,
jafnvel eins, er hann grætur
og hugljúfur þegar hann hlær.

C A7 Dm
En spurningum Ara er ei auðvelt að svara:

Mamma af hverju er himininn blár?

Sendir Guð okkur jólin?

Hve gömul er sólin?

Pabbi, því hafa hundarnir hár?

C G7 C
Bæði pabba og mömmu og afa og ömmu
þreytir endalaust spurninga suð:

Hvar er sólin um nætur?

Því er sykurinn sætur?

Afi, gegndu, hver skapaði Guð?

C A7
Hvar er heimsendir amma?

Hvað er eilífðin, mamma?

Pabbi, af hverju vex á þér skegg?

Því er afi svo feitur?

Því er eldurinn heitur?

Því eiga ekki hanarnir egg?

C G7 C
Það þykkar í Ara, ef þau ekki svara
og þá verður hann ekki rór,

svo heldur en þegja,

þau svara og segja:

Þú veist það, er verðurðu stór.

C A7 Dm
Fyrst hik er á svári, þá hugsar hann Ari

D7 G
og hallar þá kannski undir flatt

F C
og litla stund þegir,

F C
að lokum hann segir:

Dm G C
Þið eigið að segja mér satt.

Asshole

Song by: Beck Lyrics by: Beck ArtistsBeck



C **Em**
Your brains went black

A
when she took back her love

C **Em** **A**
And put it out into the sun

C **Em** **A**
The birds did fly when the heavens all went dry

C **Em** **Em** **Em**
And the cigarettes were smoking by themselves

F
She'll do anything

E
She'll do anything

A
She'll do anything to make you

C
feel like an asshole

C **Em** **A**
Call her name, she looks the same as you

C **Em** **A**
Question marks stretched across her skin

C **Em** **A**
She dangles carrots, makes you feel embarrassed

C **Em** **A**
To be the fool you know you are

F
She'll do anything

E
She'll do anything

A
She'll do anything to make you

C
feel like an asshole

Baby, let me follow you down

Song by: Bandarískt þjóðlag Lyrics by: Eric Von Schmidt Artists: Bob Dylan



G **F** **C/g** **Eb/g**
Baby let me follow you down, baby let me follow you down
G/b **D/a** **C/e** **D/f#**
Well I'll do anything in this godalmighty world
C/g **D/f#** **G**
If you just let me follow you down.

G **F** **C/g** **Eb/g**
Can I come home with you, baby can I come home with you?
G/b **D/a** **C/e** **D/f#**
Yes I'll do anything in this godalmighty world
C/g **D/f#** **G**
If you just let me come home with you.

G **F** **C/g** **Eb/g**
Baby let me follow you down, baby let me follow you down
G/b **D/a** **C/e** **D/f#**
Well I'll do anything in this godalmighty world
C/g **D/f#** **G**
If you just let me follow you down.

G/b **D/a** **C/e** **D/f#**
Yes I'll do anything in this godalmighty world
C/g **D/f#** **G**
If you just let me follow you down.

Bad Liver and a Broken Heart (In Lowell)



Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits

G D7 G D7

Well, I got a bad liver and a broken heart

G7 Am G/B C

Yeah, I drunk me a river since you tore me apart

G D7 G D7

And I don't have a drinking problem, except when I can't get a drink

E7b9 Am G/B

I wish you'd a known her, we were quite a pair

C G/B Am D7

She was sharp as a razor and soft as a prayer

G D7 G D7

So welcome to the continuing saga

E7b9 Am G/B

She was my better half and I was just a dog

C G/B Am

And so here I am slumped, I've been chipped

D7 E7b9

I've been chumped on my stool

Am G/B C

So buy this fool some spirits and libations

GAm D7 E7b9

It's these railroad station bars

Am G/B

And all these conductors and the porters

C G

And I'm all out of quarters

Gsus4 D7 Gsus4 D7

And this epitaph is the af – ter – math

Gsus4 G/B Am/C G/B

Yeah, I choose my path, hey, come on, Kath

Am D7 E7b9

He's a lawyer, he ain't the one for ya

Am D7 Am D7

No, the moon ain't romantic, it's intimidating as hell

Am D7 Am D7

And some guy's trying to sell me a watch

Am D7 E7b9

And so I'll meet you at the bottom of a bottle of bargain Scotch

Am G/B

I got me a bottle and a dream

CG

It's so maudlin it seems

G D7 Am

You can name your poison, go on ahead and make some noise

D7 E7b9 Am

I ain't sentimental, this ain't a purchase

G/B C G

It's a rental and it's purgatory

Am D7 Am

And hey, what's your story, well, I don't even care

D7 E7b9 Am G/B C G Am G/B C G

'Cause I got my own double-cross to bear

G D7 G7 Am

And I'll see your Red Label, and I'll raise you one more

G D7 G D7

And you can pour me a cab, I just can't drink no more

G G D7

'Cause it don't douse the flames that are started by dames

E7b9 Am G/B C G

It ain't like asbestos, it don't do nothing but rest us assured

Am D7 G

And substantiate the rumours that you've heard

Bag O' Miracles

Song by: Jesse Hughes Josh Homme Lyrics by: Jesse Hughes Josh Homme Artists: Eagles of Death Metal



D Oh yes I got me some trouble lord because I changed one more Nun's name, **G**
A Oh yes I feel so sad and lonesome,
D Words will dress me all up in shame,
D Just like the good lord walk the water so long ago on the sea of gallilee, **G**
A I need a big ol' Bag O' miracles come and lift that woman right off of me. **D**

Amen

D G A D

D Oh yes I got me some trouble lord because I changed one more Nun's name, **G**
A Well, I feel so sad and lonesome, words will dress me up all up in shame, **D**
D Just like the good lord Jesus walk the water so long ago on the sea of gallilee, **G**
A I need me a big ol' Bag O' miracles come and lift that woman right off of me.

Ballad of a Thin Man

Song by: Bob Dylan Lyrics by: Bob Dylan Artists: Bob Dylan



Am
You walk into the room
Am/g#
With your pencil in your hand
Am/g
You see somebody naked
Am/f#
And you say, "Who is that man?"
F
You try so hard
Dm
But you don't understand
C **Em**
Just what you will say
Am
When you get home

C **Em**
Because something is happening here
Am
But you don't know what it is
F **Am**
Do you, Mister Jones?

Am
You raise up your head
Am/g#
And you ask, "Is this where it is?"
Am/g
And somebody points to you and says
Am/f#
"It's his"
F
And you say, "What's mine?"
Dm
And somebody else says, "Where what is?"
C
And you say, "Oh my God
Em **Am**
Am I here all alone?"

C **Em**
Because something is happening here
Am
But you don't know what it is
F **Am**
Do you, Mister Jones?

Am
You hand in your ticket
Am/g#
And you go watch the geek
Am/g
Who immediately walks up to you
Am/f#
When he hears you speak
F
And says, "How does it feel

Dm
To be such a freak?"
C
And you say, "Impossible"
Em **Am**
As he hands you a bone

C **Em**
Because something is happening here
Am
But you don't know what it is
F **Am**
Do you, Mister Jones?

Am
You have many contacts
C
Among the lumberjacks
F
To get you facts
Am
When someone attacks your imagination

But nobody has any respect
C
Anyway they already expect you
F
To just give a check
Dm **G** **G/g#**
To tax-deductible charity organizations

Am
You've been with the professors
Am/g#
And they've all liked your looks
Am/g
With great lawyers you have
Am/f#
Discussed lepers and crooks
F
You've been through all of
Dm
F. Scott Fitzgerald's books
C **Em**
You're very well read
Am
It's well known

C **Em**
Because something is happening here
Am
But you don't know what it is
F **Am**
Do you, Mister Jones?

Am
Well, the sword swallower, he comes up to you

Am/g#

And then he kneels

Am/g

He crosses himself

Am/f#

And then he clicks his high heels

F

And without further notice

Dm

He asks you how it feels

C**Em**

And he says, "Here is your throat back

Am

Thanks for the loan"

C**Em**

Because something is happening here

Am

But you don't know what it is

F**Am**

Do you, Mister Jones?

Am

Now you see this one-eyed midget

Am/g#

Shouting the word "NOW"

Am/g

And you say, "For what reason?"

Am/f#

And he says, "How?"

F

And you say, "What does this mean?"

Dm

And he screams back, "You're a cow

C**Em**

Give me some milk

Am

Or else go home"

C**Em**

Because something is happening here

Am

But you don't know what it is

F**Am**

Do you, Mister Jones?

Am

Well, you walk into the room

Am/g#

Like a camel and then you frown

Am/g

You put your eyes in your pocket

Am/f#

And your nose on the ground

F

There ought to be a law

Dm

Against you comin' around

C**Em**

You should be made

Am

To wear earphones

C**Em**

Because something is happening here

Am

But you don't know what it is

F**Am**

Do you, Mister Jones?

Barbara

Song by: Írskt þjóðlag Lyrics by: Jónas Árnason Artists: Þrjú á palli



Ó, hefði ég dug, ó, hefði ég þor,
 ég hjarta þínu stæli
 og léti engan, engan ná
 því aftur, Barbra Riley.

ef burtu fyrir fullt og allt
 þú færir, Barbra Riley

Mér finnst það skelfing fánýtt hjal,
 er fegurð þinni ég hæli,
 því til þess duga engin orð,
 ó, ást mín, Barbra Riley.

Minn fót og hönd þú hlekkja mátt
 og hafa mig að þræli.
 Í áþján hjá þér yndi ég
 um eilífð, Barbra Riley.

Mín augu mæna á þig bljúg,
 og eiga vildi ég bæli
 í fleti við þinn fótagafl,
 ó, fagra Barbra Riley.

Ég beisk og sölt mín tregatár
 í tugum potta mæli,
 því engan gaum þú gefur mér,
 ó, grimma Barbra Riley.

Og það er ekki undur neitt,
 þó oft á laun ég skæli,
 því án þín lifað ei ég get,
 mitt yndi, Barbra Riley.

Ég léti aftur augu mín
 og andann guði fæli,

Boots of Spanish Leather

Song by: Bob Dylan Lyrics by: Bob Dylan Artists: Bob Dylan



GC/g G

Oh, I'm sailin' away my own true love
I'm sailin' away in the mornin'
Is there something I can send you from across the sea
From the place that I'll be landing?

No, there's nothing you can send me my own true love.
There's nothing I'm a-wishin' to be ownin'.
Just a-carry yourself back to me unspoiled
from across that lonesome ocean.

Ah, but I just thought you might want something fine
made of silver or of golden
either from the mountains of Madrid
or the coast of Barcelona.

But if I had the stars from the darkest night
and the diamonds from the deepest ocean,
I'd forsake them all for your sweet kiss,
for that's all I'm wishin' to be ownin'

But I might be gone a long old time,
and it's only that I'm askin'.
Is there something I can send you to remember me by,
To make your time more easy passin'?

Oh how can, how can you ask me again?
It only brings me sorrow.
The same thing I would want today
I would want again tomorrow.

Oh I got a letter on a lonesome day.

It was from her ship a'sailin'.
Sayin' "I don't know when I'll be comin' back again.
It depends on how I'm a-feelin'."

If you my love must think that a'way
I'm sure your mind is a'roamin'.
I'm sure your thoughts are not with me
but with the country to where you're goin'.

So take heed, take heed of the Western winds.
Take heed of the stormy weather.

And yes, there's something you can send back to me:
Spanish Boots of Spanish Leather.

Braggablús

Song by: Magnús Eiríksson Lyrics by: Magnús Eiríksson ArtistsMannakorn



A Eb7 D7 G

G D+ dm G7
 Ein í bragga, Magga, gægist út um gluggann,
C G A9 D7
 bráðum sér hún Skugga-Baldur skunda hjá
G D+ dm G7
 enn einn túrinn, stúrinn, olú á skúrinn
A7 Eb7 D7 G
 er eftitt nema fyrir fjandans aura að fá.

C Cm6 G
 Í vetur betur gekk henni að galdra
A9 D7
 til sína glaða og kalda karla sem oft gáfu aur,
G D+ dm G7
 en Magga í sagga, situr ein í bragga,
A7 Eb7 D7 G
 á ekki fyrir olú, er alveg staur.

G D+ dm G7
 Fyrst kom Bretinn, rjóður, yndislega góður,
C G A9 D7
 þá bjó hún Magga á Borginni í bleikum kjól.
G D+ dm G7
 Svo kom Kaninn, þaninn, kommúnistabaninn,
A7 Eb7 D7 G
 þá kættist Magga ofsalega og hélt sín jól.

C Cm6 G
 Svo færðist aldur yfir eins og galdur
A9 D7
 og ávallt verra og verra var í karl að ná.
G D+ dm G7
 Nú er Magga stúrin því olú á skúrinn
A7 Eb7 G
 er erfitt nema fyrir fjandans aura að fá.

Brjótum það Sem Brotnar

Song by: Vilhelm Anton Jónsson Lyrics by: Vilhelm Anton Jónsson Artists200.000 Naglbítar



C5 E5 F5
Standa við gluggan hans
D5 C5
standa við glugga verðandi manns
E5 F5
komast inn, komast að
D5 C5
hver er hver og hvað er hvað

E5 F5
Við vitum öll hvernig fer
D5 C5
þau deyja öll inn í sér
E5 F5
Komdu með við verðum öll
D5 F5
að taka það sem við viljum

Það er svo margt sem við eigum inni

C5 E5 F5
Við komust inn, í húsið hans
D5 C5
herbergi mömmunar og pabbans
E5 F5
hnupla hér, hnupla þar
D5 C5
mállaust dótið allstaðar

E5 F5
Státta þig af, sýna þér það
D5 C5
skilja ekki neitt og skilja ekki að
E5 F5
ormurinn á átján börn
D5
og milljón skrilljón saman éta þeir

F5
En það er svo margt sem við eigum inni

C5 F5
Brjótum það sem brotnar
C5 F5
skiptir engu hvað það er
C5 F5
lífum svo í rústunum
C5 F5
þú mátt kúra við hliðin' á mér

C5 E5 F5
Vita það vel, þeir ráða engu meir
D5 C5
annað hvort við eða þeir
E5 F5
sem ráða því, hvað er hvað

D5 C5
sem ráða, annars er eitthvað að

E5 F5
Með dauða tak um taumana
F5 C5
varðveita svið sitt og draumana
E5 F5
húsið sitt, jeppan sinn
D5 F5
passa líka hlekkinn þinn

Það er svo margt sem við eigum inni

C5 F5
Brjótum það sem brotnar
C5 F5
skiptir engu hvað það er
C5 F5
lífum svo í rústunum
C5 F5
þú mátt kúra við hliðin' á mér

C5 F5
Brjótum það sem brotnar
C5 F5
skiptir engu hvað það er
C5 F5
lífum svo í rústunum
C5 F5
þú mátt kúra við hliðin' á mér

F5 C#5 G#5 F5
Það er svo margt sem við viljum tak' af þeim
C#5 G#5 F5
Brjóttu það sem brotnar brjóttu þeirra heim

C5 E5 F5 D5

F5
Getum tekið allt til baka

C5 F5
Brjótum það sem brotnar
C5 F5
skiptir engu hvað það er
C5 F5
lífum svo í rústunum
C5 F5
þú mátt kúra við hliðin' á mér

C5 F5
Brjótum það sem brotnar
C5 F5
skiptir engu hvað það er
C5 F5
lífum svo í rústunum

C5 **F5**
þú mátt kúra við hliðin' á mér

C5 **F5**
Pláss fyrir allt og allt

C5 **F5**
meira en skriljón milljón fallt

C5 **F5**
þú mátt kúra hér hjá mér

C5 **F5** **C5**
aleigunar æsku ungi her

Burma-Shave

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



Dm7 C7 Dm7 C7
 Licorice tattoo, turned a gun metal blue
 Dm7 C7 Fm7 Eb Ab C7
 Scrawled across the shoulders of a dying town
 Dm7 C7 Dm7 C7
 The one eyed jacks, across the railroad tracks
 Dm7 C7 Fm7 Eb Ab
 And the scar on its belly pulled a stranger passing through
 Dm7 C7 Dm7 C7
 He was a juvenile delinquent, never learned how to behave
 Bbm7
 But the cops would never think to look
 C7 Dm7
 In Burma Shave

Bbm7 C7 Dm7
 And the road was like a ribbon, and the moon was like a And
 Dm7 C7 Fm7 Eb Ab C7
 He didn't seem to be like any guy she'd ever known
 Dm7 C7 Dm7
 He kinda looked like Farley Grainger, with his hair slicked back
 Dm7 C7 Fm7 Eb Ab C7
 She says i'm a sucker for a fella in a cowboy hat
 Dm7 C7
 How far are you going
 Dm7 Bbm7 C7
 He said depends on what you mean
 Bbm7 C7
 He says i'm only stop in ' here to get some gasoline
 Dm7 C7 Dm7 C7
 I guess i'm going thataway just as long as it's paved
 Bbm7
 And I guess you'd say i'm on my way
 C7 Dm7
 To burma shave

Bbm7 C7 Dm7 C7 C7Dm7
 And with her knees up on the glove compartment, took Burma Shave
 Dm7 C Fm7
 And her hair spilled out like root beer
 Ab C7
 And she popped her gum and arched her back
 Dm7 C7 Dm7 C7
 Hell Marysville ain't nothing , but a wide spot in the road
 Bbm7 C7
 Some night my heart pounds just like thunder i don't know why it don't explode
 Dm7 C7 Dm7 C7
 Cause everyone in this stinking town, has got one foot in the grave
 Bbm7
 And i'd rather take my chances
 C7 Dm7
 Out in burma shave

Dm7 C7 Dm7 C7
 Presley's what i go by, why don't you change the station
 Dm7 C Fm7 Ab C7
 Count the grain elevators in the rearview mirror
 Dm7 C7 Dm7 C7
 Mister anywhere you point this thing, has got to beat the hell out of the sting

Dm7 C# C7 Dm7 C7
 Of going to bed with every dream that dies here every mornin
 Bbm7 C7
 And so drill me a hole
 Dm7
 With a barber pole
 C7 Bbm7 C7 Dm7 C7
 I'm jumping my parole just like a fugitive tonight
 C7 Bbm7 C7 Dm7
 Why don't you have another swig, and pass that car if you're
 Bbm7
 I wanna get there before the sun comes up in
 C7 Dm7
 Burma Shave

C7 Dm7 C Fm7 Eb Ab C7
 And the spider web crack and the mustang screamed
 Dm7 C Fm7 Eb Ab C7
 Smoke from the tires and the twisted machine
 C7 Dm7 C7 Dm7
 Just a nickel's worth of dreams and every wishbone that they
 Bbm7
 Lie swindled from them on the way to
 C7 Dm7
 Burma Shave

Bbm7 C7 Dm7 C7
 And the sun hit the derrick and cast a bat wing shadow
 Bbm7 C7 Dm7 C7
 Up against the car door on the shotgun side
 Bbm7 C7
 And when they pulled her from the wreck you know she
 Dm7 C7
 Still had on her shades
 Bbm7
 They say that dreams are growing wild just this side of

Burma Shave

Cancelled Check

Song by: Beck Lyrics by: Beck ArtistsBeck



B
I hate to do this
D A E AB
But you're a pain in the neck
B
I thought you knew this
D A E AB
You're handing me a cancelled check

B
You're so helpless
D A E AB
Your girlfriends think you're a saint
B
I'll give you a quarter
D A E AB
I'll keep my judgements to myself

D F#
And I get caught up in the moonlight
B
Reaching out for a rotten egg
B7
I don't want to beg
G F# B
It's crystal clear your time is nearly gone

BD A E A B

BD A E A B

B
Count your blessings
D A E AB
And do the things that you should
B
O the has-beens
D A E AB
Never had it so good

B
Stormy weather
D A E AB
The kids are making a racket
B
In the wilderness
D A E AB
The wild lives are so mild

D F#
And I get caught up in the moonlight
B
Reaching out for a rotten egg
B7
I don't want to beg
G F# B
It's crystal clear your time is nearly gone

D F#
And I get caught up in the moonlight
B
Reaching out for a rotten egg
B7
I don't want to beg
G F# B
It's crystal clear your time is nearly gone

BD A E A B

Christmas Card from a Hooker in Minneapolis

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



F# A#m7 B9 F# A#m7 B9

F# A#m7 B9 G#m A#m7 B B/C#

F# A#7 B9
Hey Charlie, I'm pregnant, and living on 9th Street
F# A#7 B9
Right above a dirty bookstore off Euclid Avenue
F# A#7 B9
And I stopped takin' dope and I quit drinkin' whiskey
G#m7 F#/A# B9 B/C# F# C#11 F#
And my old man plays the trombone and works out at the track

F# A#7 B9
He says that he loves me, even though it's not his baby
F# A#7 B9
He says that he'll raise him up like he would his own son
F# A#7 D#m7 F#
He gave me a ring that was worn by his mother
B9 B/C# C#7 B9 C#11 F#
and he takes me out dancin' every Saturday night

F# A#7 B9
Hey Charlie, I think about you everytime I pass a fillin' station
F# A#7 B9
On account of all the grease you used to wear in your hair
F# A#7 D#m7 F#
I still have that record of Little Anthony and the Imperials
B9 C#11 F#
but someone stole my record player, now how do you like that?

D#m7 F# G#m7 F#
And hey Charlie, I almost went crazy, after Mario got busted
B9 C#7 F# A#7
So I went back to Omaha to live with my folks
D#m7 F# B9
But everyone I used to know was either dead or in prison
G#m7 F# B9 C#7
So I came back to Minneapolis, this time I think I'm gonna stay

F# A#7 B9
Hey Charlie, I think I'm happy for the first time since my accident
F# A#7 B9
And I wish I had all the money we used to spend on dope
F# A#7 D#m7 F#
I'd buy me a used car lot and I wouldn't sell any of 'em
B9 C#11 B9 C#11 F#
I'd just drive a different car every day dependin' on how I feel

F# A#7 B9
Hey Charlie, for chrissakes, if you want to know the truth of it
F# A#7 B9
I don't have a husband, he don't play the trombone
F# A#7 D#m7 F#
I need to borrow money to pay this lawyer, and Charlie, hey
B9 C#11 F#
I'll be eligible for parole come Valentine's day

Cold Braina

Song by: Beck Lyrics by: Beck ArtistsBeck



D A G C D
Cold Brains, unmoved, untouched, unglued,
A G Gsus4 G
alone at last

D A G C D
no thoughts, no mind to rot behind
A G G7 G6
a trail of disasters

A D F A
a final curse abandoned hearse
A D F E
we ride disowned corroded to the bone

D A G C D
the fields of green are bent, obscene
A G Gsus4 G
I lay upon the gravel

D A G C D
a worm of hope a hangman's rope
A G G7 G6
pulls me one way or the other

A D F A
a final curse abandoned hearse
A D F E
we ride disowned corroded to the bone

D A G C D
a bird of song is heard no longer
A G Gsus4 G
in the evacuated heavens

D A G C D
the drain is drawn and drained and gone
A G G7 G6
and on and on, it doesn't matter

A D F A
a final curse abandoned hearse
A D F E
we ride disowned corroded to the bone

Cold Water

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



^A
Well I woke up this morning with the cold water

^E With the cold water, with the ^A cold water

^A
Well I woke up this morning with the cold water

^E With the cold water, with the cold

^A
Police at the station and they dont' look friendly

^E They dont' look friendly no they dont' look friendly

^A
Police at the station and they dont' look friendly

^E They dont' look friendly no they dont

^D
Blind or crippled, Sharp or dull

^A
I'm reading the Bible by a 40 watt bulb

^D
What price freedom? Dirt is my rug

^A
Well I sleep like a baby with the snakes the bugs

^A
Well the stores are open but I ain't got no money

^E I ain't got no money, I ain't got no money

^A
Well the stores are open but I ain't got no money

^E I ain't got no money, well I ain't

^A
Found an old dog he seems to like me

^E Seems to like me, well he seems to like me

^A
Found an old dog he seems to like me

^E Seems to like me, well he seems

^D
See them fellows with the cardboard signs

^A
Scrapin' up a little money to buy a bottle of wine

^D
Pregnant women the Vietnam vets I say

^A
Beggin' on the freeway 'bout as hard as it gets

^A
Well I slept in the graveyard it was cold and still

^E Cold and still, it was cold and still

^A
Well I slept in the graveyard it was cold and still

^E Cold and still, and it was cold

^D
Slept all night in the Cedar Grove

^A
I was born to ramble, born to rove

^D
Some men are searchin' for the Holy Grail

^A
But there aint nothin' sweeter than ridin' the rails

^D
I look 47 but I'm 24

^A
Well they shoed me away from here the time before

^D
Turned their backs and they locked their doors

I'm watching TV in the window of a furniture store

^A
Well I woke up this morning with the cold water

^E With the cold water, with the cold water

^A
Well I woke up this morning with the cold water

^E With the cold water, with the cold

Cold, cold ground

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



C Crest fallen sidekick in an old cafe **Am**
C Never slept with a dream before he had to go away **Am**
C There's a bell in the tower Uncle Ray bought a round **Am**
F Don't worry 'bout the army in the cold cold ground **G** **C**

Am Cold cold ground
C In the cold cold ground
Am In the cold cold ground

C Now don't be a cry baby when there's wood in the shed **Am**
C There's a bird in the chimney and a stone in my bed **Am**
C When the road's washed out, they pass the bottle around **Am**
F And wait in the arms,... of the cold cold ground **G** **C**

Am Cold cold ground
C In the cold cold ground
Am In the cold cold ground

C There's a ribbon in the willow and a tire swing rope **Am**
C And a briar patch of berries takin' over the slope **Am**
C The cat'll sleep in the mailbox and we'll never go to town **Am**
F Till we bury every dream,... in the cold cold ground **G** **C**

Am Cold cold ground
C In the cold cold ground
Am In the cold cold ground

C Gimme a Winchester rifle and a whole box of shells **Am**
C Blow the roof of the goat barn, let it roll down the hill **Am**
C The piano is firewood, Times square is a dream **Am**
F I find we'll lay down together,... in the cold cold ground **G** **C**

Am Cold cold ground
C In the cold cold ground
Am In the cold cold ground

C Call the cops on the Breedloves, bring a bible and a rope **Am**
C And a whole box of rebel and a bar of soap **Am**
C Make a pile of trunk tires and burn 'em all down **Am**
F Bring a dollar with you baby,... in the cold cold ground **G** **C**

Am Cold cold ground
C In the cold cold ground
Am In the cold cold ground

C Take a weather vane rooster, throw rocks at his head **Am**
C Stop talking to the neighbours till we all go dead **Am**
C Beware of my temper and the dog that I've found **Am**
F Break all the windows,..... in the cold cold ground **G** **C**

Am Cold cold ground
C In the cold cold ground
Am In the cold cold ground

Cyanide Breath Mint

Song by: Beck Lyrics by: Beck ArtistsBeck



A
 Definitely this is the wrong place to be
 There's blood on the futon
 There's a kid drinking fire
 Going down to the sea
 They got people to meet
 Shaking hands with themselves
 Looking out for themselves

G# C

When they ask you for credit
 Give them a branch
 When they want you to get it
 Chew on the grass
 I know, I know
 'Cos they told me to tell you
 There's nothing to tell you
 There's nothing to sell you

A
 In the afternoon
 Riding the scapegoat
 Burning equipment
 Decomposing
 Cool off your jets
 Take off your sweats
 I got a funny feeling
 They got plastic in the afterlife

G# C

When they want you to cry
 Leap into the sky

When they suck your mind,
 Like a pigeon you'll fly
 I know, I know
 It's the positive people
 Running from their time
 Looking for some feeling

Devil's Haircut

Song by: Beck Lyrics by: Beck ArtistsBeck



E A C
Somethings wrong cause my mind is fading
E A C
And everywhere I look theres a dead end waiting
E A C
Temperatures droppin at the rotten oasis
E A C
stealing kisses from the lepers faces

E A C
Heads are hangin from the garbage man trees
E A C
mouthwash jukebox gasoline
E A C
pistols are pointing at a poor man's pockets
E A C
smiling eyes whipping out of their sockets

E A C
Got a devil's haircut in my mind
E A C
Got a devil's haircut in my mind
E A C
Got a devil's haircut in my mind
E A C
Got a devil's haircut in my mind

E A C
Love machines on the sympathy crutches
E A C
Discount orgies on the dropout buses
E A C
Hitching a ride with the bleeding noses
E A C
Coming to town with the breif case blues

E A C
Got a devil's haircut in my mind
E A C
Got a devil's haircut in my mind
E A C
Got a devil's haircut in my mind
E A C
Got a devil's haircut in my mind

E A C
Something's wrong cuz my mind is fading
E A C
Ghetto-blasting disintegrating
E A C
Rock'n'roll know what I'm saying
E A C
And everywhere I look there's a devil waiting

E A C
Got a devil's haircut in my mind
E A C
Got a devil's haircut in my mind

E A C
Got a devil's haircut in my mind
E A C
Got a devil's haircut in my mind

E A C
Devil's haircut in my mind
E A C
Devil's haircut in my mind
E A C
Devil's haircut in my mind

Do You Love Me (part 1)

Song by: Nick Cave Lyrics by: Nick Cave Artists: Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds



Cm
I found her on a night of fire and noise
Gm
Wild bells rang in a wild sky
Cm
I knew from that moment on
Gm
I'll love her till the day that I died
Cm
And I kissed away a thousand tears
Gm
My lady of the Various Sorrows
Cm
Some begged, some borrowed, some stolen
Gm
Some kept safe for tomorrow
Cm
On and endless night, silver star spangled
C# **D**
The bells from the chapel went jingle-jangle

Cm Bb Gm Cm Bb Gm
Do you love me? Do you love me?
Cm Bb Gm Cm Bb Gm
Do you love me? Do you love me?
Cm Bb Gm Cm Bb Gm
Do you love me? Do you love me?
Cm Bb F
Do you love me? Like I love you?

Cm
She was given to me to put things right
Gm
And I stacked all my accomplishments beside her
Cm
Still I seemed so obsolete and small
Gm
I found God and all His devils inside her
Cm
In my bed she cast the blizzard out
Gm
A mock sun blazed upon her head
Cm
So completely filled with light she was
Gm
Her shadow fanged and hairy and mad
Cm
Our love-lines grew hopelessly tangled
C# **D**
And the bells from the chapel went jingle-jangle

Cm Bb Gm Cm Bb Gm
Do you love me? Do you love me?
Cm Bb Gm Cm Bb Gm
Do you love me? Do you love me?
Cm Bb Gm Cm Bb Gm
Do you love me? Do you love me?
Cm Bb F
Do you love me? Like I love you?

Cm
She had a heartful of love and devotion
Gm
She had a mindful of tyranny and terror
Cm
Well, I try, I do, I really try
Gm
But I just err, baby, I do, I error
Cm
So come find me, my darling one
Gm
I'm down to the grounds, the very dregs
Cm
Ah, here she comes, blocking the sun
Gm
Blood running down the inside of her legs
Cm
The moon in the sky is battered and mangled
C# **D**
And the bells from the chapel go jingle-jangle

Cm Bb Gm Cm Bb Gm
Do you love me? Do you love me?
Cm Bb Gm Cm Bb Gm
Do you love me? Do you love me?
Cm Bb Gm Cm Bb Gm
Do you love me? Do you love me?
Cm Bb F
Do you love me? Like I love you?

Cm
All things move toward their end
Gm
I knew before I met her that I would lose her
Cm
I swear I made every effort to be good to her
Gm
I made every effort not to abuse her
Cm
Crazy bracelets on her wrists and her ankles
C# **D**
And the bells from the chapel go jingle-jangle

Cm Bb Gm Cm Bb Gm
Do you love me? Do you love me?
Cm Bb Gm Cm Bb Gm
Do you love me? Do you love me?
Cm Bb Gm Cm Bb Gm
Do you love me? Do you love me?
Cm Bb F
Do you love me? Like I love you?

Do You Love Me (part 2)

Song by: Nick Cave Lyrics by: Nick Cave Artists: Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds



Cm
Onward! And Onward! And Onward I go
Gm
Where no man before could be bothered to go
Cm
Till the soles of my shoes are shot full of holes
Gm **Bb**
And it's all downhill with a bullet
Cm
This ramblin' and rovin' has taken it's course
Gm
I'm grazing with the dinosaurs and the dear old horses
Cm
And the city streets crack and a great hole forces
Gm **Bb**
Me down with my soapbox, my pulpit
Cm
The theatre ceiling is silver star spangled
C# **D**
And the coins in my pocket go jingle-jangle

Gm
Do you love me?
Gm
Do you love me?
F
Do you love me?
Gm
Do you love me?

Cm
There's a man in the theatre with girlish eyes
Gm
Who's holding my childhood to ransom
Cm
On the screen there's a death,

there's a rustle of cloth
Gm **Bb**
And a sickly voice calling me handsome
Cm
There's a man in the theatre with sly girlish eyes
Gm
On the screen there's an ape, a gorilla
Cm
There's a groan, there's a cough, there's a rustle of cloth
Gm **Bb**
And a voice that stinks of death and vanilla
Cm
This is a secret, mauled and mangled
C# **D**
And the coins in my pocket go jingle-jangle

Gm
Do you love me?
Gm
Do you love me?
F
Do you love me?

Gm
Do you love me?
Cm
The walls in the ceiling are painted in blood
Gm
The lights go down, the red curtains come apart
Cm
The room is full of smoke and dialogue I know by heart
Gm **Bb**
And the coins in my pocket jingle-jangle
Cm
As the great screen crackled and popped
Gm
And the clock of my boyhood was wound down and stopped
Cm
And my handsome little body oddly propped
Gm **Bb**
And my trousers ride down to my ankles
Cm
Yes, onward! And upward!

And I'm off to find love
C# **D**
Do you love me? If you do, I'm thankful

Gm
Do you love me?
Gm
Do you love me?
F
Do you love me?
Gm
Do you love me?

Cm
This city is an ogre squatting by the river
Gm
It gives life but it takes it away, my youth
Cm
There comes a time when you just cannot deliver
Gm **Bb**
This is a fact. This is a stone cold truth.
Cm
Do you love me? I love you, handsome.
Gm
But do you love me? Yes, I love you, you are handsome
Cm
Amongst the cogs and the wires, my youth
Gm
Vanilla breath and handsome apes with girlish eyes
Cm
Dreams that roam between truth and untruth
Gm **Bb**
Memories that become monstrous lies
Cm
So onward! And Onward! And Onward I go!
Gm
Onward! And Upward! And I'm off to find love

Cm

With blue-black bracelets on my wrists and my ankles

C#

D

And the coins in my pocket go jingle-jangle

Gm

Do you love me?

Gm

Do you love me?

F

Do you love me?

Gm

Do you love me?

...

Drunk on the Moon

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



Cmaj7 C#m7b5 Dm7 Ebdim7

Em7 Fmaj7 E7 Am7

Fmaj7 F7 Em7 A7

Dm7 G9 Cmaj7 C7

Bm7 E7 Am Am7/G D7sus2/F#

Fmaj7 F7 Em7 A7

D9 G9 Em7 A7

D9 G9

Cmaj7 C#m7b5 Dm7 Ebdim7
Tight-slacked clad girls on the graveyard shift

Em7 Fmaj7
'Neath the cement stroll

E7 Am7
Catch the midnight drift

Fmaj7 F7
Cigar chewing Charlie

Em7 A7
In that newspaper nest

Dm7 G7
grifting hot horse tips

Cmaj7 C7
On who's running the best

Bm7 E7
And I'm blinded by the neon

Am Am7/G D7sus2/F#
Don't try and change my tune

Fmaj7 F7
'Cause I thought I heard a saxophone

Em7 A7 D9 G9 Em7

D9 G9

I'm drunk on the moon

Cmaj7 C#m7b5
And the moon's a silver slipper

Dm7 Ebdim7
It's pouring champagne stars

Em7 Fmaj7
Broadway's like a serpent

E7 Am7
Pulling shiny top-down cars

Fmaj7 F7
Laramer is teeming

Em7 A7
With that undulating beat

Dm7 G9
And some Bonneville is screaming

Cmaj7 C7
It's way wilder down the street

Bm7 E7
And I'm blinded by the neon

Am Am7/G D7sus2/F#
Don't try and change my tune

Fmaj7 F7
'Cause I thought I heard a saxophone

Em7 A7 D9 G9 Em7

D9 G9

I'm drunk on the moon

Cmaj7 C#m7b5
Hearts flutter and race

Dm7 Ebdim7
The moon's on the wane

Em7 Fmaj7
Tarts mutter their dream hopes

E7 Am7
The night will ordain

Fmaj7 F7
Come schemers and dancers

Em7 A7
Cherry delight

Dm7 G9
As a Cleveland-bound Greyhound

Cmaj7 C7
And it cuts through the night

Bm7 E7
And I've harked all my yesterdays

Am Am7/G D7sus2/F#
Don't try and change my tune

Fmaj7 F7
'Cause I thought I heard a saxophone

Em7 A7 D9 G9 Em7

D9 G9 Ab6/9

I'm drunk on the moon

Dýrin í Afríku

Song by: Thorbjörn Egner Lyrics by: Sigríður Ingimarsdóttir Artists: Svanhildur Jakobsdóttir



C
Hér koma nokkrar vísur,
Dm G7 C
sem þið viljið mäske heyra,
C
um dýrin úti í Afríku,
G7 G
um apana og fleira.
C Dm
Hoja, hoja, a, ha, ha,
G C
hoja, hoja, a, ha, ha,
Dm
um dýrin úti í Afríku,
G C
um apana og fleira.

C
Hæst í trjánum hanga þar
Dm G7 C
hnetur og bananar.
C
Þar hefðarapar hafa bú,
G7 G
þeir heita bavíanar.
C Dm
Hoja, hoja, a, ha, ha,
G C
hoja, hoja, a, ha, ha,
Dm
um dýrin úti í Afríku,
G C
um apana og fleira.

C
Úr pálmablöðum eru gerðar
Dm G7 C
apa barnavöggur,
C
en barnfóstran er voða gamall
G7 G
páfagaukaskröggur.
C Dm
Hoja, hoja, a, ha, ha,
G C
hoja, hoja, a, ha, ha,
Dm
um dýrin úti í Afríku,
G C
um apana og fleira.

C
Og hér þarf ekkert slökkvilið,
Dm G7 C
og engan brunahana,
C
því fillinn slekkur allan eld
G7 G
með ógnarlöngum rana.

C Dm
Hoja, hoja, a, ha, ha,
G C
hoja, hoja, a, ha, ha,
Dm
um dýrin úti í Afríku,
G C
um apana og fleira.

C
Og kóngurinn í skóginum
Dm G7 C
er ljónið sterka og stóra.
C
Hans kona er ljónadrottningin,
G7 G
hún étur á við fjóra.
C Dm
Hoja, hoja, a, ha, ha,
G C
hoja, hoja, a, ha, ha,
Dm
um dýrin úti í Afríku,
G C
um apana og fleira.

C
Í trjánum sitja fuglarnir
Dm G7 C
og syngja allan daginn,
C
og vatnahestur bumbu ber,
G7 G
og bumban það er maginn.
C Dm
Hoja, hoja, a, ha, ha,
G C
hoja, hoja, a, ha, ha,
Dm
um dýrin úti í Afríku,
G C
um apana og fleira.

C
Þetta er fjörug músík
Dm G7 C
svo öll dýrin fara að dansa.
C
Þau dansa fram á rauða nótt
G7 G
og vilja ekki stansa.
C Dm
Hoja, hoja, a, ha, ha,
G C
hoja, hoja, a, ha, ha,
Dm
um dýrin úti í Afríku,
G C
um apana og fleira.

C
Hjá gíröffum var sýt og sorg,
Dm G7 C
og svei mér ekki af engu,
C

því átta litlir gíraffar

G7 G
illt í hálsinn fengu.

C Dm
Hoja, hoja, a, ha, ha,

G C
hoja, hoja, a, ha, ha,

Dm
um dýrin úti í Afríku,

G C
um apana og fleira.

C
En nashyrningur læknir kom

Dm G7 C
með nefklemmur og tösku.

C
Og hann gaf öllum hálstöflur

G7 G
og hóstasaft af flösku.

C Dm
Hoja, hoja, a, ha, ha,

G C
hoja, hoja, a, ha, ha,

Dm
um dýrin úti í Afríku,

G C
um apana og fleira.

C
Krókóðillinn stóri hann fékk

Dm G7 C
kveisu hér um daginn.

C
Hann hafði étið apakött

G7 G
sem illa þoldi maginn.

C Dm
Hoja, hoja, a, ha, ha,

G C
hoja, hoja, a, ha, ha,

Dm
um dýrin úti í Afríku,

G C
um apana og fleira.

C
Svo var skinnið skorið upp

Dm G7 C
það skelfing var að heyra.

C
Kvæðið langtum lengra er,

G7 G
ég lærði ekki meira.

C Dm
Hoja, hoja, a, ha, ha,

G C
hoja, hoja, a, ha, ha,

Dm
um dýrin úti í Afríku,

G C
um apana og fleira.

Easy



Song by: Lionel Richie Lyrics by: Lionel Richie Artists Faith No More

G **Bm**
You know it sounds funny
Am **D**
But I just can't stand the pain
G **Bm** **Am** **D**
Girl I'm leavin' you tomorrow
G **Bm**
Seems to me, girl
Am **D**
You know I've done all I can
G **Bm** **Am** **D**
You see, I beg, stole and I borrowed, yeah

G **Bm Am**
It's why I'm easy
D **G** **Bm Am D**
I'm easy like Sunday morning
G **Bm Am**
It's why I'm easy
D **F C F G**
Easy like Sunday moooorning

Fmaj7 C Dm
I wanna be high, so high
Fmaj7 **C** **Dm**
I wanna be free to know the things I do are right
Fmaj7
I wanna be free
C **Dm**
Just me
Bb F **Bb C**
Oh babe

GBm Am D

GBm Am D

GBm Am D

GBm Am D

G **Bm Am**
It's why I'm easy
D **G** **Bm Am D**
I'm easy like Sunday morning
G **Bm Am**
It's why I'm easy
D **F C F G**
Easy like Sunday moooorning

Ef þú ert mér hjá

Song by: Magnús Eiríksson Lyrics by: Magnús Eiríksson ArtistsMannakorn



E **Bm** **E7**
Vetur kemur og vetur fer,
A7 **D7**
en alltaf vorar í sálinni á mér.

E **D7** **C#7**
Ef aðeins þú ert mér hjá,
F#7 **B7** **E**
þú ert mér hjá, þú ert mér hjá.

E **Bm** **E7**
Alltaf ertu svo blíð og góð,
A7 **D7**
kjútipæjan mín trítílóð.

E **D7** **C#7**
Ef aðeins þú ert mér hjá,
F#7 **B7** **E**
þú ert mér hjá, þú ert mér hjá

B7
Og þó ég oft í djeilið lendi fyrir vín,
C7 **E**
þá kemur þú með brosið þitt blítt til mín.

B7
Og það er sama hvert um heiminn ég hvolfist og fer,
F#7 **B7**
mitt hjarta verður eftir hjá þér.

E **Bm** **E7**
Syngjum glöð daríðúdadaðæ,
A7 **D7**
dáttaf gleði ég syng og hlæ.

E **D7** **C#7**
Ef aðeins þú ert mér hjá,
F#7 **B7** **E**
þú ert mér hjá, þú ert mér hjá.

Enginn kemur að sækja mig

Song by: Haraldur Freyr Gíslason ásamt fleirum. Lyrics by: Heiðar Örn Kristjánsson ArtistsPollapönk



Ég heiti ^A Aðalsteinn og ég sit hér einn
^D og enginn ennþá kominn að ^A sækja mig.

^A Leikskólinn er búinn fimm
^D og enginn ennþá kominn að ^A sækja mig.

CG

Ég ^E bíð og ég bíð ^G í rigningartíð
^A horfi upp í himingeim því mig ^B langar svo heim ^{C C}
^E Hann pabbi minn ætlað' að ^G koma klukkan fimm
^A en hann er eitthvað seinn og því sit ég hér einn. ^{B C C}

^A Klukkan orðin sex og óttinn vex
^D og ennþá enginn kominn að ^A sækja mig.

Ég heiti ^A Aðalsteinn og pabb' er alltof seinn
^D en ég von'ann komi bráðum að ^A sækja mig.

CG

Ég ^E bíð og ég bíð ^G í rigningartíð
^A horfi upp í himingeim því mig ^B langar svo heim ^{C C}
^E Hann pabbi minn ætlað' að ^G koma klukkan fimm
^A en hann er eitthvað seinn og því sit ég hér einn. ^{B C C}

Ég ^E bíð og ég bíð ^G í rigningartíð
^A horfi upp í himingeim því mig ^B langar svo heim ^{C C}
^E Hann pabbi minn ætlað' að ^G koma klukkan fimm
^A en hann er eitthvað seinn og því sit ég hér einn. ^{B C C}

EG A B C C

EG A B C C

Euróvísa

Song by: Haraldur F. Gíslason ásamt fleirum. Lyrics by: Heiðar Örn Kristjánsson ásamt fleirum. Artists: Botnleöja



ACAC

A
Er ég ímyndunarveikur,
er lífið talnaleikur.
C
Ég er alltaf bara að vinna,
það er svo bara aldrei nóg.
A
Ég fullur er af ótta,
ég neita að leggja á flóttu.
C
Hvað á ég að gera,
A
allir vita hver ég eeeeeer
C
babbara baraba...

C **Bb**
Neiiii... ég gefst ekki upp,
C
þó ég verði að vinna inn meira.
Bb
Ég gefst ekki upp,
A
þó ég eigi ekki aur.

A
Er ég ímyndunarveikur,
er lífið alvarleikur.
C
Er þetta allt sem er,
eða heldur tíminn fram hjá mér.
A
Mig vantar salt í grautinn,
hvar er beina brautin.
C
Hvað á ég að gera,
A
ég veit ekki hvernig fer.
C
babbara baraba...

C **Bb**
Neiiii... ég gefst ekki upp,
C
þó ég verði að vinna inn meira.
Bb
Ég gefst ekki upp,
C
ég verð að eignast einhverja aura.

Bb
Ég gefst ekki upp,
C
er eitthvað sem ég get gert fleira.
Bb
Ég gefst ekki upp,
A
þó ég verð að vinna inn meir...

A
Er ég ímyndunarveikur,
er lífið talnaleikur.
C
Ég er alltaf bara að vinna,
það er svo bara aldrei nóg.
A
Ég fullur er af ótta,
ég neita að leggja á flóttu.
C
Hvað á ég að gera,
A
allir vita hver ég eeeeeer

C **Bb**
Neiiii... ég gefst ekki upp,
C
þó ég verði að vinna inn meira.
Bb
Ég gefst ekki upp,
C
ég verð að eignast einhverja aura.
Bb
Ég gefst ekki upp,
C
er eitthvað sem ég get gert fleira.
Bb
Ég gefst ekki upp,
A
þó ég verð að vinna inn meir...

Filipino Box Spring Hog

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



Em
 Well I hung on to Mary's stump,
D
 I danced with a soldiers glee
Em
 With a rum-soaked crook, and a big fat laugh,
D
 I spent my last dollar on thee
Em
 I saw Bill Bones, gave him a yell,
D
 Kehoe spiked the nog
Em
 With a chain link fence and a scrap-iron jaw

D **Em**
 Cooking up a Filipino Box Spring Hog
D **Em**
 Cooking up a Filipino Box Spring Hog
D **Em** **Em D**
 Cooking up a Filipino Box Spring Ho-o-o-g

Em
 Spider rolled in from Hollister Burn
D
 on a one-eyed, stolen mare
Em
 Donned himself with the chicken fat,
D
 sawin' on a jawbone violin there
Em
 Kathleen was sitten down in

 little Red's recovery room,
D
 In her criminal underwear bra
Em
 I was naked to the waist

 with my fierce black hound, and I'm

D **Em**
 Cooking up a Filipino Box Spring Hog
D **Em**
 Cooking up a Filipino Box Spring Hog
D **Em** **Em D**
 Cooking up a Filipino Box Spring Ho-o-o-g

Em
 Dig a big pit in a dirt alley road,
D
 fill it with madrone and bay
Em
 Stinks like hell and the neighbours complain,
D
 don't give a hoot what they say
Em
 You gotta slap that hog

Roll him over twice
D
 Gotta baste him with a sweeping broom
Em
 You gotta swat them flies, and chain up the dogs

D **Em**
 Cooking up a Filipino Box Spring Hog
D **Em**
 Cooking up a Filipino Box Spring Hog
D **Em** **Em D**
 Cooking up a Filipino Box Spring Ho-o-o-g

Em
 Rattlesnake piccata with grapes and figs,
D
 Old Brown Betty with a yellow wig
Em
 'Tain't the mince-meat filigreeee,
D
 and it ain't the turkey-neck stew
Em
 And it ain't them bruleed ochra seeds,
D
 tho' she made them special for you
Em
 Worse won a prize for the bottom-black pie,
D
 the beans got thrown to the dawgs,
Em
 Je-he-sius Christ, I can always make room

D **Em**
 Cooking up a Filipino Box Spring Hog
D **Em**
 Cooking up a Filipino Box Spring Hog
D **Em**
 Cooking up a Filipino Box Spring Ho-o-o-g
D **Em**
 Cooking up a Filipino Box Spring Ho-o-o-g

Fiskalagið

Song by: Óþekktur Lyrics by: Óþekktur Artists Óþekktur



C **Am** **Dm** **G**
 Nú skulum við að syngja um fiskana tvo
C **Am** **Dm** **G**
 Sem ævi sína enduðu í netinu svo.
C **Am** **Dm** **G**
 Þeir syntu og syntu og syntu um allt
C **Am** **G7** **C**
 En mamma þeirra sagði: Vatnið er kalt!

C **Am** **Dm** **G**
 Baba, búbú, baba,bú!
C **Am** **Dm** **G**
 Baba, búbú, baba, bú!
C **Am** **Dm** **G**
 Þeir syntu og syntu og syntu um allt
C **Am** **G7** **C**
 En mamma þeirra sagði: Vatnið er kalt!

C **Am** **Dm** **G**
 Annar hét Gunnar en hinn hét Geir,
C **Am** **Dm** **G**
 þeir voru þínulitlir báðir tveir.
C **Am** **Dm** **G**
 Þeir syntu og syntu og syntu um allt
C **Am** **G7** **C**
 en mamma þeirra sagði: Vatnið er kalt!

C **Am** **Dm** **G**
 Baba, búbú, baba,bú!
C **Am** **Dm** **G**
 Baba, búbú, baba, bú!
C **Am** **Dm** **G**
 Þeir syntu og syntu og syntu um allt
C **Am** **G7** **C**
 En mamma þeirra sagði: Vatnið er kalt!

Flames Go Higher

Song by: Jesse Hughes Josh Homme Lyrics by: Jesse Hughes Josh Homme Artists: Eagles of Death Metal



G/D A# F G/D G G/D G

I'm gon' set my soul on fire

G/D A# F G/D G G/D G

My heart beats low while the flames go higher

F A# F A# G G/D G G/D G

Strike the match and then the truth is told

F A# F A# G G/D G G/D G

Strike the match and then the truth is told

F A# F A# G G/D G G/D G

Strike the match and then the truth is told

G/D A# F G/D G G/D G

The Devil made me a Woman, I ain't no liar

G/D A# F G/D G G/D G

Her eyes burn black like the lake of fire

F A# F A# G G/D G G/D G

She struck the match and then i sold my soul

F A# F A# G G/D G G/D G

For the black haired girl from the lake of fire

G/D A# F G/D G G/D G

G/D A# F G/D G G/D G

F A# F A# G G/D G G/D G

G/D A# F G/D G G/D G

G/D A# F G/D G G/D G

Im gon' set my soul on fire

G/D A# F G/D G G/D G

My heart beats low while the flames go higher

F A# F A# G G/D G G/D G

Strike the match and then the truth is told

F A# F A# G G/D G G/D G

I just set my soul on fire

G/D A# F G/D G G/D G

G/D A# F G/D G G/D G

F A# F A# G G/D G G/D G

G/D A# F G/D G G/D G

Foreign Affair

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



G/D A# F G/D G B/D G

Cmaj9 Am7 Dm9 G7
When travelling abroad in the continental style,

Cmaj9 Am7 Dm9 G7
When travelling abroad in the continental style,

Cmaj9 Am7 Dm9 G7
When travelling abroad in the continental style,

Cmaj9 Am7 Dm9 G7
When travelling abroad in the continental style,

Dm7 G7sus4 G7 Cmaj9 Am7
And though you'll find your itine rary a blessing and a curse,

Dm7 G7sus4 G7 Cmaj9 Am7
And though you'll find your itine rary a blessing and a curse,

Dm7 G7sus4 G7 Cmaj9 Am7
And though you'll find your itine rary a blessing and a curse,

Dm9 G7sus4
to stay within the city limits of a small midwestern town.

Cmaj9 Am7 Dm7 G7sus4 G7
Most vagabonds I knowed don't ever want to find the culprit

Cmaj9 Am7 Dm7 G7sus4 G7
Most vagabonds I knowed don't ever want to find the culprit

Cmaj9 Am7 Dm7 G7sus4 G7
Most vagabonds I knowed don't ever want to find the culprit

Cmaj9 Am7 Dm7 G7sus4 G7
Most vagabonds I knowed don't ever want to find the culprit

E7sus4/B E7/B Am7 D7/A
Without fear of contradiction, bon voyage is always hollered

E7sus4/B E7/B Am7 D7/A
Without fear of contradiction, bon voyage is always hollered

Esus4/B E7/B Am7
by a girl who drives a Rambler and furthermore

D7/A Dm7 G7sus4
is overly concerned that she won't see him anymore.

D7/A Dm7 G7sus4
is overly concerned that she won't see him anymore.

D7/A Dm7 G7sus4
is overly concerned that she won't see him anymore.

D7/A Dm7 G7sus4
is overly concerned that she won't see him anymore.

D7/A Dm7 G7sus4
is overly concerned that she won't see him anymore.

G7sus4 Cmaj9 Am7 Dm9 G7sus4
A foreign affair, juxtaposed with a stateside

G7sus4 Cmaj9 Am7 Dm9 G7sus4
A foreign affair, juxtaposed with a stateside

E7/G# Am7 Am7/G Dm9 G7sus4
is mysteriously attractive due to circumstances, knowing

E7/G# Am7 Am7/G Dm9 G7sus4
is mysteriously attractive due to circumstances, knowing

E7/G# Am7 Am7/G Dm9 G7sus4
is mysteriously attractive due to circumstances, knowing

Fram á nótt

Song by: Björn Jörundur Friðbjörnsson Lyrics by: Björn Jörundur Friðbjörnsson ArtistsNý Dönsk



Am F Am F

Am Börn og aðrir minna þroskaðir menn,
F
 fóru að gramsa í mínum einkamálum,
Am
F
 þegar ég var óharðnaður enn
G
 og átti erfitt með að miðla málum.

G Þú varðst að ganga rekinn í kút,
F
G til þess að verða ei fyrir aðkasti mannanna,
C
Am Og þó að þú litir alls ekki út fyrir að lifa,
F **G**
C eftir lögum þess bannaða.

F Hvernig kemst ég inn, þegar allt er orðið hljótt.
E **Am**
F Fá að vera með um sinn að djamma fram á nótt.
E **Am**
F Hvernig kemst ég inn, þegar allt er orðið hljótt.
E **Am**
F Fá að vera með um sinn að djamma.

Am Mitt vandamál er á andlega sviðinu,
F
 hugsanirnar heimskar sem gínur á húspökum.
Am
F
 Þú ættir að sjá í andlitið á liðinu,
G
 er það sér úr þessu vandræði við böfum.

G Þú varðst að ganga rekinn í kút,
F
G til þess að verða ei fyrir aðkasti mannanna,
C
Am Og þó að þú litir alls ekki út fyrir að lifa
F **G**
C eftir lögum þess bannaða.

F Hvernig kemst ég inn, þegar allt er orðið hljótt.
E **Am**
F Fá að vera með um sinn að djamma fram á nótt.
E **Am**
F Hvernig kemst ég inn, þegar allt er orðið hljótt.
E **Am**
F Fá að vera með um sinn að djamma.

Fuck You

Song by: Cee Lo Green ásamt fleirum. Lyrics by: Cee Lo Green ásamt fleirum. Artists: Cee Lo Green



CD7 F C

I see you driving round town with the girl I love
 And I'm like "Fuck you!" Ooo ooo ooo
 I guess the change in my pocket wasn't enough
 And I'm like "Fuck you, and fuck her too."
 If I was richer, I'd still be with ya
 Now ain't that some shit (Ain't that some shit)
 And though there's pain in my chest I still wish you the best
 With a "Fuck you"

I said I'm sorry...I can't afford a Ferrari
 But that don't mean I can't get you there
 I guess he's an X-box and I'm more Atari
 But the way you play your game ain't fair

I pity the foooooool who falls in love with you
 Oh shit she's a gold digger, just thought you should know
 Oooooo, I got some news for you
 You can go run and tell your boyfriend

I see you driving round town with the girl I love
 And I'm like "Fuck you!" Ooo ooo ooo
 I guess the change in my pocket wasn't enough
 And I'm like "Fuck you, and fuck her too."
 If I was richer, I'd still be with ya
 Now ain't that some shit (Ain't that some shit)
 And though there's pain in my chest I still wish you the best
 With a "Fuck you"

Now I know I had to borrow,
 beg and steal and lie and cheat
 Tryin' to keep ya, tryin' to please ya

Cause being in love with your ass ain't cheap

I pity the foooooool who falls in love with you
 Oh shit she's a gold digger, just thought you should know
 Oooooo, I got some news for you
 Ooh, I really hate your ass right now

I see you driving round town with the girl I love
 And I'm like "Fuck you!" Ooo ooo ooo
 I guess the change in my pocket wasn't enough

And I'm like "Fuck you, and fuck her too."
 If I was richer, I'd still be with ya
 Now ain't that some shit (Ain't that some shit)
 And though there's pain in my chest I still wish you the best
 With a "Fuck you"

nigga baby, baby, baby, why'd you wanna, wanna hurt me so
 (so, bad, so bad, so bad)
 I'd try to tell my momma but she told me this one from you

(your dad, your dad) yes she did
 Why, why, why, Lady

I love you, I still love you! Aaaaaaa!

I see you driving round town with the girl I love
 And I'm like "Fuck you!" Ooo ooo ooo
 I guess the change in my pocket wasn't enough
 And I'm like "Fuck you, and fuck her too."

If I was richer, I'd still be with ya
 Now ain't that some shit (Ain't that some shit)
 And though there's pain in my chest I still wish you the best
 With a "Fuck you"

Fuck her gently

Song by: Tenacious D Lyrics by: Tenacious D Artists Tenacious D



D **F#m**
You don't always have to fuck her hard, In
Em **A**
Fact sometimes that's not right ... to do.
D **F#m**
Sometimes you gotta make some love
Em **A**
And fuckin give her some smooches too

Bb7 **C** **D**
haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaard!!!

Bm **G**
Sometimes you got to squeeze
Bm **G**
Sometimes you got to say please
D **A**
Sometimes you got to say:

D **F#m**
I'm gonna fuck you softly
Em **A**
I'm gonna screw you gently
D **F#m**
I'm gonna hump you.... sweetly
Em **A**
I'm gonna ball you ... discretely

Bm **G**
And then you say, Hey I brought you flowers
D/F# **A**
And then you say, Wait a minute sally!
Bm **G**
I think I got something in my teeth
Em
could you get it out for me?
A
That's fuckin' Teamwork!

D **F#m**
What's your favorite posish?
Em **A**
That's cool with me it's not my favorite
D
but I'll do it for you
F#m
What's your favorite dish?
Em **A**
I'm not gonna cook it but I'll order it from Zanzibar!

Bm **G**
And then I'm gonna love you completely
D/F# **A**
And then I'll fuckin' fuck you discretely
Bm **G**
And then I'll fuckin bone you completely
D
But then...

Em **A** **C** **G** **D**
I'm gonna fuck you haaaaaaaaaaard

Fumblin' With the Blues

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



Cm **G** **Cm** **G Cm**
Friday left me fumblin' with the blues
Cm **Ab** **G7**
And it's hard to win when you always lose
Cm
Because the nightspots spend your spirit
Fm
Beat your head against the wall
Cm **G** **Cm**
Two dead ends and you've still got to choose

Cm **G**
You know the bartenders
Cm **G Cm**
They all know my name
Cm **Ab** **G7**
And they catch me when I'm pulling up lame
Cm **Fm**
And I'm a pool-shooting-shimmy-shyster shaking my head
Cm **G** **Cm**
When I should be living clean instead

You know the ladies I've been
G **Cm g cm**
seeing off and on
Cm **Ab** **G7**
Well they spend your love and then they're gone
Cm **Fm**
You can't be lovin' someone who is savage and cruel
Cm **G** **Cm**
Take your love and then they leave on out of town

No they do

Cm G Cm G Cm
Cm Ab G7
Cm Fm
Cm G Cm

Cm **G** **Cm** **G Cm**
Well, now fallin' in love is such a breeze
cm **Ab** **G7**
But it's standin' up that's so hard for me
Cm
I wanna squeeze you but I'm scared to death
Fm
I'd break your back
Cm
You know your perfume
G **Cm**
Well it won't let me be

Cm **G**
You know the bartenders
Cm **G Cm**
They all know my name
Cm **Ab** **G7**
And they catch me when I'm pulling up lame

Cm **Fm**
And I'm a pool-shooting-shimmy-shyster shaking my head
Cm **G** **cm**
When I should be living clean instead

Cm **G**
Come on baby
Cm **G** **Cm**
Let your love light shine
Cm **Ab** **G7**
Gotta bury me inside of your fire
Cm
Because your eyes are 'nough to blind me
Fm
You're like a looking at the sun
Cm **G** **Cm**
You gotta whisper tell me I'm the one
Cm **G** **Cm**
Come on and whisper tell me I'm the one
Cm **Ab** **G7**
Gotta whisper tell me I'm the one
Cm **G** **Cm G Cm**
Come on and whisper tell me I'm the one

Gamli sorrí Gráni

Song by: Megas Lyrics by: Megas ArtistsMegas



Capó á 2. bandi.

D A7 D D/F#
Gamli sorrí Gráni
G D
er gagnslaus og smáður
A7 D
gisinn og snjáður
A7
meðferð illri af.

A7 D A7
Hann er feyskinn og fúinn
D D/F# G
og farinn og lúinn
D A7 D
og brotinn og búinn að vera.
D A7
Hann er þreyttur og þvældur og
D D/F# G
þunglyndur spældur
D A7 D
og beizkur og bældur í huga.

D A7 D D/F#
Gamli sorrí Gráni
G D
er gagnslaus og smáður
A7 D
gisinn og snjáður
A7
meðferð illri af.

A7 D A7
Hann er beygður og barinn
D D/F# G
og brotinn og marinn
D A7 D
og feigur og farinn á taugum.
D A7
Hann er knýttur og kalinn
D D/F# G
og karoni falinn
D A7 D
ó hvað hann er kvalinn af öllum.

D A7 D D/F#
Gamli sorrí Gráni
G D
er gagnslaus og smáður
A7 D
gisinn og snjáður
D/F# G A7 D
meðferð illri af.

Garún

Song by: Magnús Eiríksson Lyrics by: Magnús Eiríksson ArtistsMannakorn



Am Dm Am Dm G Am D7sus2 G

Am

Hratt er riðið heim um hjarn

Dm

torfbærinn í tunglsljósinu klúkir

Am

draugalegur dökkklæddur.

Dm

Myrkradjákni á hesti sínum húkir.

G

Tunglið hægt um himinn líður

Am

dauður maður hesti ríður,

D7sus2 G

Garún, Garún.

Am Dm Am Dm G Am D7sus2 G

Am

Höggin falla á dyrnar senn

Dm

komin er ég til enn ó, Garún

Am

öll mín ást í lífinu,

Dm

sem ég elskaði og tilbað alltaf var hún.

G

Komdu með mér út að ríða

Am

lengi er ég búinn að bíða,

D7sus2 G

Garún, Garún,

Am Dm Am Dm G Am D7sus2 G

Am

Tvímennt er úr hlaðinu

Dm

út á hálu vaðinu, smeyk er hún.

Am

Djárninn ríður ástarsjúkur.

Dm

Holar tóftir, berar kjúkur Garún,

G

Tunglið hægt um himinn líður

Am

dauður maður hesti ríður,

D7sus2 G

Garún, Garún.

Am Dm Am Dm G Am D7sus2 G

Am Dm Am Dm G Am D7sus2 G

Girl Dreams

Song by: Beck Lyrics by: Beck ArtistsBeck



You're just the girl of my dreams
 But it seems my dreams never come true

You're just the girl of my dreams
 But it seems my dreams never come true

I first met you down on Lover's Lane
 The birds were insane flapping all about
 Softly you would sing swinging in your swing
 It wasn't night it wasn't day

You're just the girl of my dreams
 But it seems my dreams never come true

You're just the girl of my dreams
 But it seems my dreams never come true

You're just the girl of my dreams
 But it seems my dreams never come true

You're just the girl of my dreams
 But it seems my dreams never come true

F# A E
 G A B E
 F# A E G
 A B E
 F# A E
 G A B E
 F# A E G
 A B E

You're just the girl of my dreams
 But it seems my dreams never come true

You're just the girl of my dreams
 But it seems my dreams never come true

Glaðasti hundur í heimi

Song by: Dr. Gunni Lyrics by: Dr. Gunni Artists Friðrik Dór



Capo á 2. bandi (upprunaleg tóntegund er D)

Gítar 1 (spilaður 3 sinnum ATH* með capó á 2. bandi)

{start_of_tab}

```
e|-----|-----|
B|-----|-----|
G|-----|-----|
D|----2-2-----|-----3-2-0---|
A|-3-3----0-0-3-3-|-----3-|
E|-----|-1-1-----|
{end_of_tab}
```

Gítar 2 (spilaður með gítar 1 í 3. sinn)

{start_of_tab}

```
e|-----|-----|
B|-----|-----|
G|----0-0-----|-----|
D|-2-2-----2-2-|-----3-2-0---|
A|-----3-3----|-0-0-----3-|
E|-----|-----|
{end_of_tab}
```

C **Am** **F**

C **Am** **F**

C **Am** **F**

GG

C **Dm**
Ég er glaðasti, glaðasti, glaðasti hundur í heimi.
F **G** **C**
Mér er klappað á hverjum degi og ég er að fílaða´.
C **Dm**
Ég er glaðasti, glaðasti, glaðasti hundur í heimi.
F **G** **C**
Lífið henti í mig beini og ég ætla að nagaða´.

C
Ég hoppa út um holt og hóla,
Dm
bæði gelti og spangóla.
F **G** **C**
Í dag ég ætla mér bara að dóla.

C
Ég er frjálst og engum háður,
Dm
bæði elskaður og dáður.
F **G** **Am** **G**
Í hundaskóla lífsins hef ég margar gráður ohh ohh ho

C **Dm**
Ég er glaðasti, glaðasti, glaðasti hundur í heimi.
F **G** **C**
Mér er klappað á hverjum degi og ég er að fílaða´.
C **Dm**
Ég er glaðasti, glaðasti, glaðasti hundur í heimi.
F **G** **C**
Lífið henti í mig beini og ég ætla að nagaða´.

C
Bak við kjötbúðina slóra,
Dm
hitti Konráð Bé og Óla.
F **G** **C**
Þeir láta mig fá pulsu svaka stóra.

C
Ég ætla nið´rí fjöru að skreppa,
Dm
gá hvort ég finni aðra seppa.
F **G** **Am** **G**
Ef ég sé hundsross læt ég hann ekki sleppa. ohh ohh ho

D **Em**
Ég er glaðasti, glaðasti, glaðasti hundur í heimi
G **A** **D**
Mér er klappað á hverjum degi og ég er að fílaða´.
D **Em**
Ég er glaðasti, glaðasti, glaðasti hundur í heimi
G **A** **D**
Lífið henti í mig beini og ég ætla að nagaða´.

D **Em**
Ég er glaðasti, glaðasti, glaðasti hundur í heimi
G **A** **D**
Mér er klappað á hverjum degi og ég er að fílaða´.
D **Em**
Ég er glaðasti, glaðasti, glaðasti hundur í heimi
G **A** **D**
Lífið henti í mig beini og ég ætla að nagaða´.

D **Em**
Ég er glaðasti, glaðasti, glaðasti hundur í heimi

^G Mér er klappað á hverjum degi og ^A ég er að ^D fílaða´.
^D Ég er glaðasti, glaðasti, ^{Em} glaðasti hundur í heimi
^G lífið ^A henti í mig ^D beini og ég ætla að nagaða´.

Grapefruit Moon

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



CDm7 F C F Em7 Dm7 G

CDm7 Em7 F C Em F G

C Dm7 F C F Em D7 G
Grapefruit moon, one star shining, shi-ning down on me.

C Dm7 F C F Em D7 G
Heard that tune, and now I'm pining, ho-ney, can't you see?

Am Em F C Am Em F
'Cos every time I hear that melody, well, something breaks in-side.

C Dm7 F C F Em Dm7 G C
And the grapefruit moon, one star shining, can't turn back, the tide.

CDm7 Em7 F C C Em F

C Dm7 F C F Em D7 G
Never had, no desti-nation, could not get a-cross.

C Dm7 F C F Em D7 G
You be-came, my inspi-ration, oh, but what a cost.

Am Em F C Am Em F
'Cos every time I hear that melody, well, something breaks in-side.

C Dm7 F C F Em Dm7 G C
And the grapefruit moon, one star shining, is more than I, can hide.

CDm7 Em7 F C C Em F

CDm7 F C F Em D7 G

CDm7 F C F Em D7 G

Am Em F C Am Em F

CDm7 F C F Em Dm7 G C

CDm7 Em7 F C C Em F

C Dm7 F C F Em D7 G
Now I'm smoking, ciga-rettes, and I, strive for puri-ty.

C Dm7 F C F Em D7 G
And I slip, just like the stars, in-to ob-scuri-ty.

Am Em F C Am Em F
'Cos every time I hear that melody, well, something breaks in-side.

C Dm7 F C F Em Dm7 G C
And the grapefruit moon, one star shining, is all that I, can see..

CDm7 Em7 F C C Em F C

Guttavísur

Song by: Carl Michael Bellman Lyrics by: Stefán Jónsson Artists: Bessi Bjarnason



F **C7**
Sögu vil ég segja stutta
F
sem að ég hef nýskeð frétt.
C7
Reyndar þekkið þið hann Gutta,
F **C7** **F**
það er alveg rétt.
C
Óþekkur er ætíð anginn sá,
út um bæinn stekkur hann og hoppar til og frá.
F
Mömmu sinni unir aldrei hjá
eða gegnir þabba sínum. Nei, nei, það er frá.
C7
Allan daginn út um bæinn
F
eilíf heyrast köll í þeim:
C7
Gutti, Gutti, Gutti, Gutti,
F **C** **F**
Gutti komdu heim.

F **C7**
Andlitið er á þeim stutta
F
oft sem rennblautt moldarflag,
C7
mædd er orðin mamma' hans Gutta,
F **C7** **F**
mælir oft á dag:
C
"Hvað varst þú að gera Gutti minn?
Geturðu' ekki skammast þín að koma svona inn?
F
Réttast væri' að flengja ræfilinn.
Reifstu svona buxurnar og nýja jakkann þinn?
C7
Þú skalt ekki þræta Gutti,
F
það er ekki nokkur vörn.
C7
Almáttugur en sú mæða'
F **C** **F**
að eiga svona börn."

F **C7**
Gutti aldrei gegnir þessu
F
grettir sig og bara hlær.
C7
Orðinn nærri' að einni klessu
F **C7** **F**
undir bíl í gær.

C
Onaf háum vegg í dag hann datt
drottinn minn, og stutta nefið það varð alveg flatt.
F
Eins og pönnukaka, er það satt?
Ójá, því er ver og miður þetta var svo bratt.
C7
Nú er Gutta nefið snúið
F
nú má hafa það á tröll.
C7
Nú er kvæðið næstum búðið.
F **C** **F**
Nú er sagan öll.

Gvendur á eyrinni

Song by: Rúnar Gunnarsson Lyrics by: Þorsteinn Eggertsson ArtistsDátar



EBm7 F#m7 Dsus2 E Bm7 F#m7 Dsus2

Hann ^E Gvendur á ^{Bm7} Eyrinni var ^{F#m7} gamall ^{Dsus2} skútukarl
 og ^E gulan ^D þorskinn ^E dró. ^{Dsus2}
 Hann ^E kaus ^{Bm7} heldur ^{F#m7} svitabað ^{Dsus2} en ^D kvennafar og ^E svall.
 Í ^E koti ^D einn ^E hann ^{Dsus2} bjó.

Og ^E aldrei ^{Bm7} sást ^{F#m7} Gvendur ^{Dsus2} gamli ^E eyða ^D nokkru ^E fé
 og ^E aldrei ^D fékk ^E hann ^{Dsus2} frí.
 Var ^E daufur ^{Bm7} að ^{F#m7} skemmta ^{Dsus2} sér og ^E dansspor ^D aldrei ^E sté
 en ^E dvaldi ^D koti ^E sínu ^E í.

Hann ^{G#m} vann á ^{C#m} eyrinni ^G vikuna ^B allaa
 og ^E fór ^A í ^C aðgerð ^B þegar ^E vel ^{Bm7} gaf.
 Og ^E vel ^A hann ^C dugði ^B til ^E að ^{Bm7} afferma ^E dalla
 og ^{Bm7} dag ^E né ^{Bm7} nótt ^E hann ^{Bm7} varla ^{Bm7} svaf.

Hann ^E hafði ^{Bm7} í ^{F#m7} kindakofa ^{Dsus2} átján ^D gamlar ^E ær
 og ^E af ^{Bm7} þeim ^{F#m7} gleði ^{Dsus2} hlaut.
 Af ^E alúð ^D og ^E natni ^E oft ^E hann ^E annaðist ^E um ^E þær,
 já, ^E eins ^D og ^E brothætt ^E skraut.

Hann ^{G#m} vann á ^{C#m} eyrinni ^G vikuna ^B alla
 og ^E fór ^A í ^C aðgerð ^B þegar ^E vel ^{Bm7} gaf.
 Og ^E vel ^A hann ^C dugði ^B til ^E að ^{Bm7} afferma ^E dalla
 og ^{Bm7} dag ^E né ^{Bm7} nótt ^E hann ^{Bm7} varla ^{Bm7} svaf.

Hann ^E Gvendur á ^{Bm7} Eyrinni var ^{F#m7} gæðasál ^{Dsus2} og ^D hrein
 sem ^E göfgi ^E hafði ^{Dsus2} sýnt.
 Hann ^E liggur ^{Bm7} nú ^{F#m7} örpreyttur ^{Dsus2} og ^D lúin ^E hvílir ^E bein
 og ^E leiðið ^D hans ^E er ^E týnt.

Hann ^{G#m} vann á ^{C#m} eyrinni ^G vikuna ^B alla

og ^G fór ^B í ^E aðgerð ^A þegar ^{Bm7} vel ^E gaf.
 Og ^E vel ^A hann ^C dugði ^B til ^E að ^{Bm7} afferma ^E dalla
 og ^{Bm7} dag ^E né ^{Bm7} nótt ^E hann ^{Bm7} varla ^{Bm7} svaf.

Hang Me, Oh Hang Me

Song by: Dave Van Ronk Lyrics by: Þjóðlag Artists Dave Van Ronk



D G D
 Hang me, Oh hang me, and I'll Be dead and gone.
 D Bm G D
 Hang me, Oh hang me... I'll be dead and gone..
 D Bm D Bm
 wouldn't mind the hangin... but the layin in the grave so long
 Bm Bb A D
 poor boy... i been all around this world.

D G D
 I been all around cape girardeau... parts of Arkansas
 D Bm G D
 all round cape girardeau... parts of Arkansas
 D Bm D Bm
 got so goddamn hungry... I could hide behind a straw...
 Bm Bb A D
 poor boy... I been all around this world.

D G D
 Went up on the mountain... there i made my stand
 D Bm G D
 Went up on the mountain... there i made my stand
 D Bm D Bm
 rifle on my shoulder... and a dagger in my hand
 Bm Bb A D
 poor boy... i been all around this world

D G D
 Hang me, Oh hang me, and I'll Be dead and gone.
 D Bm G D
 Hang me, Oh hang me..., I'll be dead and gone...
 D Bm D Bm
 wouldn't mind the hangin... but the layin in the grave so long
 Bm Bb A D
 poor boy... i been all around this world.

D G D
 Put the noose around my neck... hung me up so high
 D Bm G D
 Put the noose around my neck... hung me up so high
 D Bm D Bm
 last words i heard em say... won't be long now fore you die
 Bm Bb A D
 poor boy... i been all around this world

D G D
 Hang me, Oh hang me, and I'll Be dead and gone.
 D Bm G D
 Hang me, Oh hang me... I'll be dead and gone..
 D Bm D Bm
 wouldn't mind the hangin... but the layin in the grave so long
 Bm Bb A D
 poor boy... i been all around this world.

Heartattack and Vine

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



Dm
Liar, liar with your pants on fire
A7
White spades hanging on the telephone wire
Dm **G7**
Gamblers reevaluate along the dotted line
Dm **G7**
Gamblers reevaluate along the dotted line

Dm
Doctor, lawyer, beggar man, thief
A7
Philly Joe Remarkable looks on in disbelief
Dm **G7**
If you want a taste of madness you'll have to wait in line
Dm **G7**
If you want a taste of madness you'll have to wait in line

Dm
Boney's high on china white

Shorty found a punk

Don't you know there ain't no devil?
A7
That's just God when he's drunk
Dm **G7**
Well, this stuff'll probably kill you lets do another line
Dm **G7**
Well, this stuff'll probably kill you lets do another line

Dm
See that little jersey girl in the see-through top,
A7
With the pedal pushers, suckin' on a soda pop
Dm
Well I'll bet that she's still a virgin
G7
But it's only twenty-five to nine
G7
But it's only twenty-five to nine

Dm
Better off in Iowa against your scrambled eggs
A7
Then crawlin' down Cahuenga on a broken pair of legs
You'll find your ignorance is blissful ev'ry goddamn time
You'll find your ignorance is blissful ev'ry goddamn time

Dm
Boney's high on china white

Shorty found a punk

Don't you know there ain't no devil?
A7
That's just God when he's drunk

Dm **G7**
Well, this stuff'll probably kill you lets do another line
Dm **G7**
Well, this stuff'll probably kill you lets do another line

Heil þér íslenska móðir



Song by: Sigurjón Kjartansson Lyrics by: Sigurjón Kjartansson ArtistsDúettinn Plató (Tvíhöfði)

Am

Í norðurhöfum býr lítil þjóð

F Am

Sem unir glöð við sitt

Am

Í víetnam þar rennur blóð

F G Am

Blóðið mitt og þitt

C G

Milli austurs og vestur þar geysar stríð

F G Am

Á kana sjónvarpsborð fer fjallkonan fríð

Am

Og amerísk lágmenning flæðir yfir landið

F G Am

Í vaxandi erg og gríð

C

Þú Íslenska móðir

G

Þú Íslenska barn

F G Am

Þú rússneski bróðir og kjarnorkuskarð

Am

Hvenær munu verkamenn þerra sín sár

F G Am

Hver mun þerr'okkar tár

Hey

Song by: Pixies Lyrics by: Pixies Artists: Pixies

**F#m**

hey

Bm D G

been trying to meet you

F#m

hey

Bm

must be a devil between us

D

or whores in my head

G

whores at my door

F#m

horse in my bed

Bm

but hey

D

where

G

have you

F#m Bm D

been if you go I will surely die

G Em

we're chained

Bm

chained

GEm Bm**F#m Bm D G**

u uh said the man to the lady

F#m Bm

uh said the lady to the man she adored

D

and the whores like a choir

G

go uh all night

F#m Bm

and Mary ain't you tired of this

uh

D

is

G

the

F#m Bm

sound

D

that the mother makes when the baby breaks

G Em

we're chained

Bm

chained

GEm Bm

Higher and higher

Song by: Gunnar Bjarni Ragnarsson Lyrics by: Páll Rósinkrans Artists: Jet Black Joe



Capó á 3. bandi (fyrir upphaflega tóntegund í C-moll)

Am F7 E

Am F7 E

Am F7 E Am
Day by day, I don't know I don't know what to do
F7 E F7 E
but I'll try, but I'll try just for you ohh

F E Am
higher and higher with you again
F E Am
and I know I will never touch the ground
F E Am
higher and higher with you my friend
F E Am
and I know I will never touch the ground

Am C G Am

Am
Don't you feel like dying
C
when everything is real
G Am
we must carry on and never stop
Am
Said I do believe in prair,
C
but I don't believe in pain
G Am
we must find a way to reach the top

F E Am
higher and higher with you again
F E Am
and I know I will never touch the ground
F E Am
higher and higher with you my friend
F E Am
and I know I will never touch the ground

Am C G Am

Am
It makes you feel like flying ,
C
it makes you feel insain
G Am
makes everything you know and ever seen
Am
cause I don't believe in reason,
C
I don't believe its real
G Am
why must find a way for me to be

F E Am
higher and higher with you again
F E Am
and I know I will never touch the ground
F E Am
higher and higher with you my friend
F E Am
and I know I will never touch the ground

F E Am
higher and higher with you again
F E Am
and I know I will never touch the ground
F E Am
higher and higher with you my friend
F E
and I know I will never touch the ground

Am F7 E Am
Day by day, I don't know I don't know what to do
F7 E F7 E
but I'll try, but I'll try just for you ohh

Hold On

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



D **G**
They hung a sign up in our town
A **D**
"if you live it up, you won't live it down"
G
So, she left Marty Rio's son
A **D**
Just like a bullet leaves a gun
G **A**
With charcoal eyes and Monroe hips
D **G**
She went and took that California trip
Em **A**
Well, the moon was gold and her Hair like wind
Em **A**
She said don't look back just come on Jim - Oh, you got to

D **A**
Hold on, Hold on
D **G**
You got to hold on
D **A**
Take my hand, I'm standing right here
D
You gotta hold on.

D **G**
Well, he gave her a dime store watch
A **D**
And a ring made from a spoon
G
Everyone is looking for someone to blame
A **D**
But you share my bed, you share my name.
G **A**
Well, go ahead and call the cops
D **G**
You don't meet nice girls in coffee shops
Em **A**
She said baby, I still love you
Em **A**
Sometimes there's nothin left to do - Oh, you got to

D **A**
Hold on, Hold on
D **G**
You got to hold on
D **A**
Take my hand, I'm standing right here
D
You gotta hold on.

D **G**
Down by the Riverside motel,
A **D**
It's ten below and falling.
G **A**
By a ninety nine cent store she closed her eyes

D
And started swaying.
G **A**
But it's so hard to dance that way
D **G**
When it's cold and there's no music.
Em **A**
Well your old hometown is so far away
Em **A**
But, inside your head there's a record that's playing, a song

D **A**
Hold on, Hold on
D **G**
You got to hold on
D **A**
Take my hand, I'm standing right here
D
You gotta hold on.

D **A**
Hold on, Hold on
D **G**
You got to hold on
D **A**
Take my hand, I'm standing right here
D
You gotta hold on.

D **A**
Hold on, Hold on
D **G**
You got to hold on
D **A**
Take my hand, I'm standing right here
D
You gotta hold on.

D **A**
Hold on, Hold on
D **G**
You got to hold on
D **A**
Take my hand, I'm standing right here
D
You gotta hold on.
D
You gotta hold on.
D
You gotta hold on.
D
You gotta hold on.

Hríseyjar-Marta

Song by: James Yorkston Lyrics by: Jónas Árnason Artists: Þrjú á palli ásamt fleirum.



G Em
Hún Hríseyjar-Marta
am D
með hárið sitt svarta
G Em C D
var fræg fyrir kátínu forðum á síld.
G Em
Og það hressti okkur alla
am D
að heyra hana kalla:
G Em C D
"Hæ, tunnu!, Hæ, tunnu!. Hæ, salt, meira salt!"

Bb F
Og það hressir enn alla
C7 dm
að heyra hana kalla:
F D7 G F
"Hæ, tunnu!, Hæ, tunnu!. Hæ, salt, meira salt!"

G Em
Hún Hríseyjar-Marta
am D
aldrei heyrðist hún kvarta
G Em C D
þótt hún fengi ekki hænublund nótt eftir nótt.
G Em
Og það hressti okkur alla
am D
að heyra hana kalla:
G Em C D
"Hæ, tunnu!, Hæ, tunnu!. Hæ, salt, meira salt!"

F dm
Hún Hríseyjar-Marta
gm C7
með hárið sitt svarta
F D7 G7 C7
Hún veiktist af hósta eitt haustið og dó.
Bb F
Og það hryggði okkur alla
C7 dm
að hún hætti að kalla:
F D7 G F
"Hæ, tunnu!, Hæ, tunnu!. Hæ, salt, meira salt!"

F dm
Hún Hríseyjar-Marta
gm C7
með hárið sitt svarta
F D7 G7 C7
hún gat ekki legið í gröfinni kjur.
Bb F
Og það hressti okkur alla
C7 dm
að heyra hana kalla:
F D7 G F
"Hæ, tunnu!, Hæ, tunnu!. Hæ, salt, meira salt!"

F dm
Þó öll síldin sé flúin
gm C7
og öll söltun sé búin,
F D7 G7 C7
stendur Marta á planinu nótt eftir nótt.

Hásætisræða Jörundar

Song by: Enskt Þjóðlag Lyrics by: Jónas Árnason Artists: Þrjú á palli



Em
 Hér er hafsins hraustur son,
 Am B7
 hér er hetja og eina von
 Em C B
 þessa kalda lands og kóngur maxímús!
 G
 því skal syngja og dansa dátt,
 B B7
 láta dynja bumbur hátt.

Bm B7 Em B7 Em
 Bræður, barmafyllum hverja krús, krús, krús!
 B B7 Em
 Látum mjöðinn fylla hverja krús!
 Ó, mín litla ljúfa,
 B7
 lokkaprúða dúfa,
 D7 Em B7 Em
 má ég ekki bjóða þér að drekka dús,
 B7
 í einrúmi að drekka dús?

Em
 Ber þú, vindur, út mitt orð
 Am B7
 vítt um Íslands bláu storð
 Em C B
 í sveitakot og sjámanns fátækt hús.
 G
 Segðu að björt og betri tíð
 B B7
 sé nú boðuð öllum lýð.

Bm B7 Em B7 Em
 Bræður, barmafyllum hverja krús, krús, krús!
 B B7 Em
 Látum mjöðinn fylla hverja krús!
 Ó, mín litla ljúfa,
 B7
 lokkaprúða dúfa,
 D7 Em B7 Em
 má ég ekki bjóða þér að drekka dús,
 B7
 í einrúmi að drekka dús?

Em
 Nú skal stríðið heilagt háð
 Am B7
 um hið hrjáða Ísaláð;
 Em C B
 gengur hetja hver til hildar glöð og fús,
 G
 meðan gauðinn Guði á vald
 B B7
 fara grátt í brókarhald

Bm B7 Em B7 Em
 Bræður, barmafyllum hverja krús, krús, krús!
 B B7 Em
 Látum mjöðinn fylla hverja krús!
 Ó, mín litla ljúfa,
 B7
 lokkaprúða dúfa,
 D7 Em B7 Em
 má ég ekki bjóða þér að drekka dús,
 B7
 í einrúmi að drekka dús?

Em
 Sé ég gríðung hátt á hól
 Am B7
 reisa horn mót árdagssól;
 Em C B
 úti haga svefninn losar lítil mús.
 G
 Hvítur fugl á fólgið egg
 B B7
 undir frelsis grænum hegg.

Bm B7 Em B7 Em
 Bræður, barmafyllum hverja krús, krús, krús!
 B B7 Em
 Látum mjöðinn fylla hverja krús!
 Ó, mín litla ljúfa,
 B7
 lokkaprúða dúfa,
 D7 Em B7 Em
 má ég ekki bjóða þér að drekka dús,
 B7
 í einrúmi að drekka dús?

I Can't Wait to Get Off Work (And See My Baby on Montgomery Avenue)

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



Cmaj7 Ebmaj7 Cmaj7 Ebmaj7

Cmaj7 Ebmaj7 Cmaj7

Dm7 G7sus4 Am Am7/G D9 G6 G7

Cmaj7 Ebmaj7 Cmaj7 Ebmaj7
Well, I don't mind working cause I used to be jerkin' off
Cmaj7 Ebmaj7 Cmaj7
most of my time in the bars
Dm7 G7 Am Am7/G
I've been a cabbie and a stock clerk and a soda fountain jock jerk
D9 G6 G7
and a manic mechanic on cars
Cmaj7 Ebmaj7 Cmaj7 Ebmaj7
It's nice work if you can get it - Now, who the hell said it
Dm7 Em F G7 Am Am7/G
I got mo- ney to spend on my gal
Dm7 G7 C A7
but the work never stops and I'll be busting my chops
Dm Em F G9 C G7
working for Joe and Sal

Cmaj7 Ebmaj7 Cmaj7 Ebmaj7
And I can't wait to get off work and see my baby
Cmaj7 Ebmaj7 Cmaj7 Ebmaj7
she said she'd leave the porch light on for me
Dm7 G7 Am Am7/G
I'm disheveled, I'm disdainful and I'm distracted and it's painful
D9 G6 A7 Dm Em F G7 C G7
but this job sweeping up here is gainfully employing me to- night

Cmaj7 Ebmaj7 Cmaj7 Ebmaj7
Tom do this! Tom do that! Tom, don't do that
Cmaj7 Ebmaj7 Cmaj7 Ebmaj7
count the cash, clean the oven, dump the trash, oh your lovin'
Dm7 Em F G9 Am Am7/G
is a rare and a copasetic gift
Dm G7 C A7
and I'm a moonlight watchmanic - It's hard to be romantic
D9
Sweeping up over by the cigarette machine
G7
Sweeping up over by the cigarette machine

Cmaj7 Ebmaj7 Cmaj7 Ebmaj7
I can't wait to get off work and see my baby
Cmaj7 Ebmaj7 Cmaj7 Ebmaj7
she'll be waiting up with a magazine for me
Dm7 G7
clean the bathrooms, clean 'em good
Am Am7/G D9 C Em A7
Oh my lovin', I wish you would - Come down here and sweep me off my feet
Dm Em F G9 Am Am7/G
This broom will have to be my baby
Dm7 G7 Em A7 Dm Em F G7 C
If I hurry, I just might get off before the da- wns early light

I know

Song by: Gunnar Bjarni Ragnarsson Lyrics by: Gunnar Bjarni Ragnarsson Artists: Jet Black Joe



AB

E B
Oh, I know
C#m A
that's the way I like it,
E B
the way it is,
A B
the way it goes.

EB
I know,
C#m A
that's the way I want it
E B
and I don't care,
A B
not any more.

E B C#m
I opened my eyes
G#m A
woke up with a smile
E B
and this is the day.

E B C#m
Free, I am ok.
G#m A
A king for a day
E B
it's never too late.

E B C#m A

E B A B

EB
I know,
C#m A
I don't have to be with
E B
you, blue,
A B
but I do.

EB
I know,
C#m A
I like the way it is to
E B
be free
A B
from she.

E B C#m
I opened my eyes

G#m A
woke up with a smile
E B
and this is the day.

E B C#m
Great, I am ok.
G#m A
A king for a day
E B
it's never too late.

EB
I know,
C#m A
I don't have to wait for
E B
you, true,
A B
come true.

EB
I know,
C#m A
that's the way I like to
E B
be me
A B
forever free.

E B C#m
I opened my eyes
G#m A
woke up with a smile
E B
'cause this is the day.

E B C#m
Great, I am ok.
G#m A
A king for a day
E B
it's never too late.

E B C#m G#m A E B

E B C#m G#m A E B

Cmaj7 A E
I know I know, I know I know, I know I know,
Cmaj7 A E
I know I know, I know I know, I know I know,
Cmaj7 A E
I know I know, I know I know, I know I know,
Cmaj7 A E
I know I know, I know I know, I know I know,
E B C#m A

E B A B

E **B**
Sailing on a jet,
C#m **A**
swimming in the sea
E **B**
so free, me,
A B
to be.

E **B**
Having fun in the sun,
C#m **A**
beach with a surf
E **B**
so sweet, plete,
A B
complete.

E B **C#m**
I opened my eyes
G#m **A**
woke up with a smile
E **B**
and this is the day.

E **B** **C#m**
Great, I am ok.
G#m **A**
A king for a day
E **B**
it's never too late.

E B **C#m**
I opened my eyes
G#m **A**
woke up with a smile
E **B**
and this is the day.

E **B** **C#m**
Great, I am ok.
G#m **A**
A king for a day
E **B**
it's never too late.

Cmaj7 **A** **E**
I know I know, I know I know,

I've Seen the Land Beyond

Song by: Bandarískt Þjóðlag Lyrics by: Beck ArtistsBeck



F
From these shores where we belong
C **F**
I have seen the land beyond
F
Where the lord is strange and strong
C **F**
I have seen the land beyond

F **A** **Bb** **F**
There's no telling who'll be dead
C **F**
When the pale horse is turning red
Bb **F**
And their tongues will burn in vain
C **F**
And everything will feel the same

F
There's no patience there's no peace
C **F**
I have seen the land beyond
F
Where the gravestones never cease
C **F**
I have seen the land beyond

Bb **F**
Through the troubles of the years
C **F**
A heavenly apparition appears
F **A** **Bb** **F**
And we're haunted by our own minds
C
And the spirit calls in the skies

F
From these shores where we belong
Bb **C** **F**
I have seen the land beyond
F
I'll be there and I'll be gone
C **F**
I have seen the land beyond

I've seen the land beyond

Song by: Beck Lyrics by: Beck ArtistsBeck



F
From these shores where we belong
C **F**
I have seen the land beyond
F
Where the lord is strange and strong
C **F**
I have seen the land beyond

F **A** **Bb** **F**
There's no telling who'll be dead
C **F**
When the pale horse is turning red
Bb **F**
And their tongues will burn in vain
C **F**
And everything will feel the same

F
There's no patience there's no peace
C **F**
I have seen the land beyond
F
Where the gravestones never cease
C **F**
I have seen the land beyond
Bb **F**
Through the troubles of the years
C **F**
A heavenly apparition appears

F **A** **Bb** **F**
And we're haunted by our own minds
C
And the spirit calls in the skies
F

From these shores where we belong
Bb **C** **F**
I have seen the land beyond
F
I'll be there and I'll be gone
C **F**
I have seen the land beyond

Innocent When You Dream

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



F D7/F# Gm
The bats are in the belfry
C7 F
The dew is on the moor
A7 Dm
where are the arms that held me
Bb F
and pledged her love before
Bb C F
and pledged her love before

F D7/F# Gm
It's such a sad old feeling
C7 F
the fields are soft and green
F F/Eb Bb
it's memories that I'm stealing
Bbm F/A Bb F/A
but you're innocent when you dream
Bb F/A
when you dream,
F/C Bb F/A
you're innocent when you dream
Bb F/C
when you dream
F/A Bb C7 F
you're innocent when you dream

F D7/F# Gm
I made a golden promise
C7 F
that we would never part
A7 Dm
I gave my love a locket
Bb F
and then I broke her heart
Bb C F
and then I broke her heart

F D7/F# Gm
It's such a sad old feeling
C7 F
the fields are soft and green
F F/Eb Bb
it's memories that I'm stealing
Bbm F/A Bb F/A
but you're innocent when you dream
Bb F/A
when you dream,
F/C Bb F/A
you're innocent when you dream
Bb F/C
when you dream
F/A Bb C7 F
you're innocent when you dream

F D7/F# Gm
Running through the graveyard and

C7 F
we laughed my friends and I
A7 Dm
we swore we'd be together
Bb F
until the day we died
Bb C F
until the day we died

F D7/F# Gm
It's such a sad old feeling
C7 F
the fields are soft and green
F F/Eb Bb
it's memories that I'm stealing
Bbm F/A Bb F/A
but you're innocent when you dream
Bb F/A
when you dream,
F/C Bb F/A
you're innocent when you dream
Bb F/C
when you dream
F/A Bb C7 F
you're innocent when you dream

Invitation to the Blues

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



Well she's up against the register with an apron and a spatula, cause there's a Continental Trailways leaving local bus toni
 With yesterday's deliveries and the tickets for the bachelor you can have my seat, I'm sticking round here for a while
 She's a moving violation from her conk down to her shoes Get me a room at the Squire, the filling station's hiring,
 But it's just an invitation to the blues And I can eat here every night, what the hell have I got to lose

And you feel just like Cagney, she looks like Rita Hayworth Got a crazy sensation,
 At the counter of the Schwab's drugstore Go or stay? now I gotta choose,
 You wonder if she might be single, she's a loner and likes to mingle And I'll accept your invitation to the blues
 Got to be patient, try and pick up a clue

She said "How you gonna like 'em, over medium or scrambled?",
 You say "Anyway's the only way", be careful not to gamble
 On a guy with a suitcase and a ticket getting out of here
 In a tired bus station in an old pair of shoes
 This ain't nothing but an invitation to the blues
 But you can't take your eyes off her, get another cup of java,
 And it's just the way she pours it for you, joking with the customers
 Mercy mercy, Mr. Percy, there ain't nothing back in Jersey
 But a broken-down jalopy of a man I left behind
 And a dream that I was chasing,
 a battle with booze
 And an open invitation to the blues

But she used to have a sugar daddy and a candy-apple Caddy,
 And a bank account and everything, accustomed to the finer things
 He probably left her for a socialite, and he didn't love her 'cept at night,
 And then he's drunk and never even told her that he cared
 So they took the registration,
 And the car-keys and her shoes
 And left her with an invitation to the blues

Island in the Sun

Song by: Rivers Cuomo Lyrics by: Rivers Cuomo Artists: Weezer



Em Am D G

Hey hey

Em Am D G

Hey hey

Em Am D G

Hey hey

Em Am D G

Hey hey

Em Am D G Em Am

When you're on a holiday

D G Em Am

You can't find the words to say

D G Em Am

All the things that come to you

D G Em Am

And I wanna feel it too

D G Em Am

On an island in the sun

D G Em Am

We'll be playing and having fun

D G Em

And it makes me feel so fine

Am D G

I can't control my brain

Em Am D G

Hey hey

Em Am D G

Hey hey

Em Am D G Em Am

When you're on a golden sea

D G Em Am

You don't need no memory

D G Em Am

Just a place to call your own

D G Em Am

As we drift into the zone

D G Em Am

On an island in the sun

D G Em Am

We'll be playing and having fun

D G Em

And it makes me feel so fine

Am D G

I can't control my brain

D G

We'll run away together

D G

We'll spend some time forever

C Am D

We'll never feel bad anymore

Em Am D G

Hey hey

Em Am D G

Hey hey

Em Am D G

Em Am D G

Em Am D G

Em Am D G

Em Am D G

D G Em Am

On an island in the sun

D G Em Am

We'll be playing and having fun

D G Em

And it makes me feel so fine

Am D G

I can't control my brain

D G

We'll run away together

D G

We'll spend some time forever

C Am D

We'll never feel bad anymore

Em Am D G

Hey hey

Em Am D G

Hey hey (We'll never feel bad anymore)

Em Am D G

Hey hey

Em Am D G

Hey hey (No no)

Em Am D G

Hey hey

Em Am D G

Hey hey (We'll never feel bad anymore)

Em Am D G

Hey hey

Em Am D G

Hey hey (No no)

Jesus Christ

Song by: Woody Guthrie Lyrics by: Woody Guthrie Artists: Woody Guthrie



^G Jesus ^C Christ was a man ^G who travelled through the land,
A hard working man and ^D brave.

^G He said to the ^{G7} rich, "Give your ^C goods to the ^G poor."

But they laid ^{D7} Jesus ^G Christ in His grave.

^C Jesus was a man, a ^G carpenter by hand.

His followers true and ^D brave.

^G One dirty little ^{G7} coward called ^C Judas ^G Iscariot,

Has laid ^{D7} Jesus ^G Christ in His ^{C G} grave.

^G He went to the preacher, he went to the ^C sheriff,

He told them all the same, ^D

^G "Sell all your jewellery and give it to the ^{G7} poor."

But they laid ^{D7} Jesus ^G Christ in His grave.

^C When Jesus came to town, the working folks around, ^G

Believed what He did say. ^D

^G Bankers and the ^{G7} preachers, they nailed Him on a ^C cross, ^G

And they laid ^{D7} Jesus ^G Christ in His ^{C G} grave.

Poor workin' people they followed Him around,

Sung and shouted gay.

Cops and the soldiers they nailed Him in the air,

And they laid Jesus Christ in His grave.

This song was written in New York City,

Of rich man, preacher and slave.

If Jesus was to preach what He preached at Galilee

They would lay Jesus Christ in His grave.

Juste une p'tite nuit

Song by: Les Colocs Lyrics by: Les Colocs ArtistsLes Colocs



Em
Em
 J'sais ben qu't'étais
 Pas faite pour moé
 Mais j'm'ennuie pareil
 As-tu compris
 J'm'ennuie de tes cuisses
 J'm'ennuie de tes seins
 J'm'ennuie de tes yeux
 T'ennuies-tu des miens?
Am
 J'sais ben, j'sais ben
 Dis moé le pus
Em
 J'étais pas fait
 Pour toé non plus
Bb
 T'est faite comme un ordinateur
Am
 "Sorry no compute"
Em
 Que c'est que j'fais astheure?
GA G Em
Em
 Calisse reste donc
 Juste une p'tite nuit
 Pis on va s'aimer
 Jusqu'au matin
 T'est obligée
 D'partir, j'sais ben
 Mais t'est pas obligée
 D'partir tout d'suite!
Am
 On va s'rrouler un gros pétard
Em
 On va s'péter
 La fiole en deux
 Tu vas m'dire
Bb
 "André y'est trop tard
Am
 On peut être copains
Em
 Si tu veux"
GA G Em
Em
Am
 On va s'rrouler un gros pétard
Em
 On va s'péter
 La fiole en deux
 Tu vas m'dire
Bb
 "André y'est trop tard
Am
 On peut être copains
Em
 Si tu veux"
GA G Em
GA G Em
Em
 Mais ca je l'sais
 Ca va m'faire chier
 Si c'est rien qu'copains
 J'aime mieux tout seul
 Mais j't'orgeuilleux
 Quand j't'avec toé
 Ca fait que j'av's fermer ma yeule
Am
 On va faire l'amour en silence
Em
 Comme des amants
 Un peu blasés
Bb
 Avant de m'donner mes vacances
Am
 Fais moi accroire
Em
 Que j'pas clairé!

Em

Jónas Ólafur Jóhannesson frá Hriflu

Song by: Megas Lyrics by: Megas ArtistsMegas



G C G
Jónas frá Hriflu var hollvinur snauðra,
C G A7 D
hann hyglaði soltnum og barg þeim frá deyð.
G C G
Og reið yfir landið að líkna þeim ófáu
C G D G
er lífvana hjörðu við hungur neyð.

G C G D
Jónas Ólafur, Jónas Ólafur
G C G Em Am D7 G
Jónas Ólafur Jóhannesson frá Hriflu

G C G
Hann stóð við í Grímsey og stoð var hann mörgum
C G A7 D
og stytta hafði hjarta og heila og hönd.
G C G
Uns barst honum fógetabréf þar sem stóð
C G D G
að sem brjótuður laga' yrði' hann hnepptur í bönd.

G C G D
Jónas Ólafur, Jónas Ólafur
G C G Em Am D7 G
Jónas Ólafur Jóhannesson frá Hriflu

G C G
En fógeta' ei lukkaðist höndur að hafa
C G A7 D
í hári' hans hann hvarf burt og sást ei meir þar.
G C G
En frá örðum landhlutum fregnir um góðverk hans
C G D G
flugu en að klófest'ann tókst ekki þar.

G C G D
Jónas Ólafur, Jónas Ólafur
G C G Em Am D7 G
Jónas Ólafur Jóhannesson frá Hriflu

G C G
Yfirvöld landsins þau ofsóttu Jónas
C G A7 D
en einatt hann barg sér, oft snöggklæddur braut.
G C G
Því enginn var til sá að tækist að fanga' hann,
C G D G
hann tók ekki feilspor uns ljánum hann laut.

G C G D
Jónas Ólafur, Jónas Ólafur
G C G Em Am D7 G
Jónas Ólafur Jóhannesson frá Hriflu

Killer Queen

Song by: Freddie Mercury Lyrics by: Freddie Mercury ArtistsQueen



Capo á 3. bandi

She keeps Moet and Chandon
in her pretty cabinet,
"Let them eat cake" she says,
just like Mary Antoinette.

A built in remedy
for Kruschev and Kennedy,
And any time an invitation
you can decline.

Caviar and cigarettes,
well versed in etiquette,
Extraordinarily nice.
She's a...

Killer Queen,
Gunpowder, gelatine,
dynamite with a laser beam,
Guaranteed to blow your mind, anytime, ooh.
Recommended at the price,
insatiable an appetite
Wanna try?

DG D7 G D

DG D7 G D

To avoid complications
She never kept the same address
In conversation
She spoke just like a baroness
Met a man from China

Went down to Geisha Minah
Then a-gain incidentally
If you're that way inclined

Perfume came naturally from Paris (naturally)
Because she couldn't care less
Fastidious and precise. She's a...

Killer Queen,
Gunpowder, gelatine,
dynamite with a laser beam,
Guaranteed to blow your mind, anytime, ooh.

Drop of a hat, she's as willing as,
playful as a pussycat,
Then momentarily out of action,
Temporarily out of gas,
to absolutely drive you
Wild, wild. (She's out to get you) She's a...

Killer Queen,
Gunpowder, gelatine,
dynamite with a laser beam,
Guaranteed to blow your mind, anytime, ooh.
Recommended at the price,
in-satiable an appetite,

What a drag!

DG D7 G D G D7 G C

Komdu með inn í álfanna heim

Song by: Þorvaldur Bjarni Þorvaldsson Lyrics by: Andrea Gylfadóttir ásamt fleirum. ArtistsBenedikt búálfur



Capó á 3. bandi

C **C/B** **Am**
 Komdu nú með inn í álfanna heim
Dm **G** **C** **G**
 þar sem ekkert er eins og það sýnist
C **C/B** **Am**
 Þar takast á öflin úr veröldum tveim
Dm **C** **G**
 og örlítill tannálfur týnist

Gm **A** **Dm** **G**
 Og við svífum úr heimi í heim
B **C** **F** **C**
 ekkert fær okkur nú stöðvað
Gm **A** **Dm** **G**
 Og við svífum úr heimi í heim
B **C** **Dm**
 viltu ekki koma með mér

GA B
 (slá - bassalínu)
C **C/B** **Am**
 Ferðumst á snjóhvítum svan yfir fjöll
Dm **G** **C** **G**
 og syngjum um það sem við sjáum
C **C/B** **Am**
 Berjumst við dreka og dökkálfa og tröll
Dm **G** **C** **G**
 sem dveljast í hellinum háum.

Gm **A** **Dm** **G**
 Og við svífum úr heimi í heim
B **C** **F** **C**
 ekkert fær okkur nú stöðvað
Gm **A** **Dm** **G**
 Og við svífum úr heimi í heim
B **C** **Dm**
 viltu ekki koma með mér

Gm **A** **Dm** **G**
 Og við svífum úr heimi í heim
B **C** **F** **C**
 ekkert fær okkur nú stöðvað
Gm **A** **Dm** **G**
 Og við svífum úr heimi í heim
B **C** **Dm**
 viltu ekki koma með mér

Komdu og skoðaðu í kistuna mína

Song by: Megas Lyrics by: Megas ArtistsMegas



GC G D

GC G D G

G C G
Komdu nú og skoðaðu oní kistuna mína
D
Kíktu og sjáðu sjálf hve ég breyttur orðinn er
G C G
Komdu í nótt þegar niðamyrkur ríkir
D G
og nályktin hún mun setjast að í vitum þér
C G
Komdu og skoðaðu í kistuna mína
D Em
hvorki er ég lengur svikull né flár
G C G
Farðu um mig höndum eins og forðum þú gerðir
D G
og finndu hve kaldur ég orðinn er nár

GC G D

GC G D G

G C G
Héðan af mun ég ekki halda framhjá
D
né hlaupa ríkið í með það fé allt sem til er
G C G
og Síðan að drekka ráð mitt burt og rænu
D G
rífa og mölva mubblurnar að meðtalinni þér
C G
Komdu og skoðaðu í kistuna mína
D Em
hvorki er ég lengur svikull né flár
G C G
Farðu um mig höndum eins og forðum þú gerðir
D G
og finndu hve kaldur ég orðinn er nár

GD G

G C G
Þú þarft ekki oft að vekja mig í vinnu
D
útá vænan skammt af svívirðingum innblásnum af heift
G C G
tungu mín er stíð, hún stýggir engan frammar
D G
og þó stutt væri í ríkið gæti ég hvorki farið eða keypt
C G
Komdu og skoðaðu í kistuna mína
D Em
hvorki er ég lengur svikull né flár
G C G
Farðu um mig höndum eins og forðum þú gerðir

D G
og finndu hve kaldur ég orðinn er nár

GC G D

GC G D G

G C G
Líttu nú með athygli á allar hliðar málsins
D
ígrundaðu hvernig ég var og orðinn er
G C G
þú hefur mig vísan þú veist ég hleyp vart burt, ha?
D G
og veld ei frammar mæðu né meinum nokkrum þér
C G
Komdu og skoðaðu í kistuna mína
D Em
hvorki er ég lengur svikull né flár
G C G
Farðu um mig höndum eins og forðum þú gerðir
D G
og finndu hve kaldur ég orðinn er nár

GC G D

GC G D G

G C G
Komdu nú og skoðaðu í kistuna mína
D
Kannaðu það sjálf hve ég gulur orðinn er
G C G
Komdu hér í nótt þegar niðamyrkrið ríkir
D G
og nályktin mun setjast upp í vitum þér
C G
Komdu og skoðaðu í kistuna mína
D Em
hvorki er ég lengur svikull né flár
G C G
Farðu um mig höndum eins og forðum þú gerðir
D G
og finndu hve kaldur ég orðinn er nár

GD G

Kontóristinn

Song by: Magnús Eiríksson Lyrics by: Magnús Eiríksson ArtistsMannakorn



Am **Dm**
 Vaknaði í morgun klár og hress
G **G+** **Cmaj7**
 klæddi mig í fót og sagði bless.
F **D7**
 Sólin skein og fuglar sungu í trjánum
G **G+** **Cmaj7**
 borgin var ei byrjuð daglegt stress.

Am **Dm**
 Laugaveginn rölti ég í ró
G **G+** **Cmaj7**
 röflaði við sjálfan mig og hló.
F **D7**
 Þegar klukkan nálgast hálfnú
G **G+** **Cmaj7**
 ég kortið mitt í stimpilklukku sló.

Gm **C** **Gm** **C**
 Nú vappa ég minnar vinnu til
F

á vonlausan kontórin.

Am **D7** **Am** **D7**
 Kannski tekst mér að kreista upp bros
G **G+** **G#7**
 ef kitlar mig forstjórinn.

Am **Dm**
 Ritvélar sem ryðja stafi á blöð
G **G+** **C**
 rugla mig í höfðinu, ó gvöð.
F **D7**
 Svo kem ég heim og kveiki á sjónvarpinu
G **G+** **C**
 þar hvort í sínum stól við sitjum glöð.

Gm **C** **Gm** **C**
 Nú vappa ég minnar vinnu til
F

á vonlausan kontórin.

Am **D7** **Am** **D7**
 Kannski tekst mér að kreista upp bros
G **G+** **G#7**
 ef kitlar mig forstjórinn.

Am **Dm**
 Krónubaslið kennt hefur mér eitt
G **G+** **C**
 og kannski mig til niðurstöðu leitt
F **D7**
 að bestu árum æfi minnar hef ég
G **G+** **C**
 í innantómri kontórvinnu eytt.

Gm **C** **Gm** **C**
 Nú vappa ég minnar vinnu til
F

á vonlausan kontórin.

Krummavísur

Song by: Íslenskt þjóðlag Lyrics by: Jón Thoroddsen Artists: Heimir og Jónas



Am
Krummi svaf í klettagjá,
kaldri vetrarnóttu á
verður margt að meini,
Em **Am**
verður margt að meini,
Am
fyrir en dagur fagur rann
freðið nefið dregur hann
undan stórum steini,
Em **Am**
undan stórum steini.
Am
Allt er frosið úti gor,
ekkert fæst við ströndu mor,
svengd er metti mína,
Em **Am**
svengd er metti mína,
Am
ef að húsum heim ég fer
heimafrakkur bannar mér
seppi' úr sorpi' að tína,
Em **Am**
seppi' úr sorpi' að tína.
Am
Öll er þakin ísi jörð,
ekki séð á holtabörð
fleygir fuglar geta,
Em **Am**
fleygir fuglar geta,
Am
en þó leiti út um mó,
auða hvergi lítur tó;
hvað á hrafn að éta,
Em **Am**
hvað á hrafn að éta?
Am
Á sér krummi ýfði stél,
einnig brýndi gogginn vel,
flaug úr fjallagjótum,
Em **Am**
flaug úr fjallagjótum,

Am
lítur yfir byggð og bú,
á bæjum fyrr en vakna hjú,
veifar vængjum skjótum,
Em **Am**
veifar vængjum skjótum.
Am
Sálaður á síðu lá
sauður feitur garði hjá,
fyrrum frá á velli,
Em **Am**
fyrrum frá á velli,
Am
"Krúnk, krúnk! nafnar, komið hér!
krúnk, krúnk! því oss búin er
krás á köldu svelli,
Em **Am**
krás á köldu svelli.

Lazy Flies

Song by: Beck Lyrics by: Beck ArtistsBeck



CG A E F C

CG A E F C

C G A E F C
 Lazy flies all hovering above
C G A E F C
 The magistrate he puts on his gloves
F G
 And he looks to the clouds
F C
 All pink and disheveled
B7 C
 There must be some blueprint
G F#
 Some creed of the devil
F C
 Inscribed in our minds

Am D
 A hideous game
F Am
 Vanishes in thin air
Am D
 The vanity of slaves
F Am
 Who wants to be there
E F
 To sweep the debris
F C
 To harness dead horses
D G
 To ride in the sun
F C
 A life of confessions
E F G#
 Written in the dust

C G A E
 Out in the mangroves
F C
 The mynah birds cry
C G A E
 In the shadows of sulphur
F C
 The trawlers drift by
F G
 They're chewing dried meat
F C
 In a house of disrepute
B7 C
 The dust of opiates
G F#
 And syphilis patients
F C
 On brochure vacations

Am D
 Fear has a glare

F Am
 That traps you like searchlights
Am D
 The puritans stare
F Am
 Their souls are fluorescent
E F
 The skin of a robot
F C
 Vibrates with pleasure
D G
 Matrons and gigolos
F C
 Carouse in the parlor
E F
 Their hand-grenade eyes
G#
 Invalid and blind

CG A E F C

Am D
 A hideous game
F Am
 Vanishes in thin air
Am D
 The vanity of slaves
F Am
 Who wants to be there
E F
 To sweep the debris
F C
 To harness dead horses
D G
 To ride in the sun
F C
 A life of confessions
E F G#
 Written in the dust

CG A E F C

Leiðin okkar allra

Song by: Þorsteinn Einarsson Lyrics by: Einar Georg Einarsson Artists:Hjálmar



EC#m A B E

EC#m A B E

EC#m A B E

EC#m A B E

E C#m A
Ég ætla mér, út að halda

EC#m A B E

B E
Örlögin valda því.

EC#m A B E

E C#m A
Mörgum á ég, greiða að gjalda

EC#m A B E

B E
Það er gömul saga og ný.

E C#m A
Guð einn veit, hvert leið mín liggur

B E
Lífið svo flókið er.

E C#m A
Oft ég er, í hjarta hryggur

B E
En ég harka samt af mér.

E C#m A
Eitt lítið knús, elsku mamma

B E
Áður en ég fer.

E C#m A
Nú er ég kominn til að kveðja

B E
Ég kem aldrei frammar hér.

EC#m A B E

EC#m A B E

EC#m A B E

E C#m A
Er mánaljósið, fegrar fjöllin

B E
Ég feta veginn minn.

E C#m A
Dyrnar opnar draumahöllin

D E
Og dregur mig þar inn

E C#m A
Ég þakkir sendi, sendi öllum

B E
Þetta er kveðja mín

E C#m A
Ég mun ganga á þessum vegi

B E
Uns lífsins dagur dvín

E C#m A
Ég mun ganga á þessum vegi

B E
Uns lífsins dagur dvín

Leyniskápurinn

Song by: Haraldur Freyr Gíslason Lyrics by: Haraldur Freyr Gíslason Artists: Pollapönk



E
Veistu hvað mig langar að fara að gera?

E
Prakkarast og haga mér eins og geimvera.

Ég ætla að fara að fela mig inn í skápnunum.

E
Það er ofsa spennandi að liggja í leyni.

Sérstaklega fyrir húsverðinum homum Reyni.

Am E
Hann finnur mig aldrei hér í skápnunum.

Am B7 E
En mig syfjaði og ég sofnaði sáttur.

Am B7 E
Svo kom nótt og myrkursins máttur

Am B7 E
settist yfir bæinn minn góða.

Am B7
Nú er ég aleinn uppi í

E
uppi í skóla

E
Elsku mamma hún var að fara á límingunum.

(svo hún hringdi á lögguna sem að setti allt af stað).

E
Og fréttapulan hún fréttirnar las með hrjúfri röddu.

(við lýsum eftir dreng, því hann er týndur).

Am
Þau finna mig aldrei

E
í leyniskápnunum.

Am B7 E
En mig syfjaði og ég sofnaði sáttur.

Am B7 E
Svo kom nótt og myrkursins máttur

Am B7 E
settist yfir bæinn minn góða.

Am B7
Nú er ég aleinn uppi í

E
uppi í skóla

Lonesome Whistle

Song by: Hank Williams Lyrics by: Hank Williams ArtistsBeck



^E
I was riding number nine
^A ^E
Heading south to Caroline
^{B7} ^E
I heard that lonesome whistle blow

^E
Got in trouble had to roam
^A ^E
Left my gal, I left my home
^{B7} ^E
I heard that lonesome whistle blow

^A
Just a kid acting smart
^E
Went and broke my darling's heart
^{B7}
Guess I was too young to know

^E
They pulled me from the Georgia Main
^A ^E
Locked me to a ball and chain
^{B7} ^E
I heard that lonesome whistle blow

^E
All alone I'll bare the shame
^A ^E
I've a number, not a name
^{B7} ^E
I heard that lonesome whistle blow

^E
All I do is sit and cry
^A ^E
When that evening train goes by
^{B7} ^E
I hear that lonesome whistle blow

^A
I'll be locked in this old cell
^E
Till my body's just a shell
^{B7}
And my hair turns whiter than the snow.

^E
I'll never see that girl of mine
^A ^E
Lord I'm in Georgia doing time
^{B7} ^E
I hear that lonesome whistle blow

Martha



Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits

D A7 D A7 Bm A G
Operator, number please, it's been so many years
D A7 D A7 Bm A G
She'll remember my old voice while I fight the tears

Bm Bm7/D G Em7 E7sus4
And Martha, all I had was you and all you had was
D G D G
There was no tomorrow, we packed away our sorrows

D B7/D# Em A7 D B7 Em A7
Hello, hello there - Is this Martha? - This is old Tom Frost
D B7/D# Em A7 Bm A G
I am calling long distance, don't worry 'bout the cost I remember quiet evenings trembling close to you
D B7/D# Em A7 D B7 Em A7
It's been forty years or more now; Martha, please recall,
D B7 Em A7 Bm A G
And meet me out for coffee where we'll talk about it all

D G D G
And those were days of roses, of poetry and prose
Bm Bm7/D G Em7 E7sus4 D G
And Martha, all I had was you and all you had was me
D G D G
There was no tomorrow, we packed away our sorrows
Bm Bm7/A G E7sus4 D G
And we saved them for a rainy day

D A7 D A7 Bm A G

D A7 D A7 Bm A G
I feel so much older now, you're much older too
D A7 D A7 Bm A G
How's the husband, how's the kids You know that I got married too
D B7/D# Em A7 D B7 Em A7
Lucky that you found someone to make you feel secure
D B7/D# Em A7 Bm A G
We were all so young and foolish, now we are mature

D G D G
And those were days of roses, of poetry and prose
Bm Bm7/D G Em7 E7sus4 D G
And Martha, all I had was you and all you had was me
D G D G
There was no tomorrow, we packed away our sorrows
Bm Bm7/A G E7sus4 D G
And we saved them for a rainy day

D A7 D A7 Bm A G

D A7 D A7 Bm A G

D A7 D A7 Bm A G
I was always so impulsive, guess that I still am
D A7 D A7 Bm A G
All that really mattered then was that I was a man
D B7/D# Em A7 D B7 Em A7
Guess that our bein' together was never meant to be
D B7/D# Em A7 Bm A G
Martha, Martha, I love you, can't you see

D G D G
And those were days of roses, of poetry and prose

Metta mittisnetta

Song by: Ópekkur Lyrics by: Jónas Árnason ArtistsPapar



Ég hugsa of á kvöldin um löngu liðna tíð,
um sumarnætur bjartar á Sigló fyrir stríð,

þegar hún Me-metta,
mittisnetta,
steig við piltana
polkadansinn léttá.

Ég læddist meðfram veggjum, og lítið á mér bar,
því feiminn mjög ungur og óreyndur ég var,

þegar hún Me-metta,
mittisnetta,
steig við piltana
polkadansinn léttá.

Ég heyrði að væri suðrænt og sjóðheitt hennar blóð,
og eins og töfrum sleginn á öndinni ég stóð

þegar hún Me-metta,
mittisnetta,
steig við piltana
polkadansinn léttá.

Í rauðu pilsu var hún með röndum fjólublám,
það sviptist oft og lyftist alveg upp að hnjám,

þegar hún Me-metta,
mittisnetta,
steig við piltana
polkadansinn léttá.

Og undir hvítri blússu reis barmur hennar stór,

og undarlegur straumur um æðar mínar fór,

þegar hún Me-metta,
mittisnetta,
steig við piltana
polkadansinn léttá.

Og eitt sinn var mér lítið í augu hennar dökk,
og hjartað í mér barðist og hoppaði og stökk,

þegar hún Me-metta,
mittisnetta,
steig við piltana
polkadansinn léttá.

Nú styttist hjá mér æfin og ellinnar ég bíð,
og hugsa oft á kvöldin um löngu liðna tíð,

þegar hún Me-metta,
mittisnetta,
steig við piltana
polkadansinn léttá.

Midnight Lullaby



Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits

Gmaj7 Cmaj7 Gmaj7 Cmaj7

Gmaj7 Em7 C Am7

Gmaj7 Cmaj7 Gmaj7 Cmaj7

Gmaj7 Em7 C Am7

Gmaj7 Cmaj7 Gmaj7 Cmaj7

Gmaj7 Em7 C Am7

Sing a song of sixpence, pocket full of rye,

Gmaj7 Cmaj7 Gmaj7 Cmaj7

Gmaj7

Hush-a bye, my baby; no need to be crying.

Bm A7 Am7 D

You can burn the midnight oil with me, as long as you will.

Bm A7 Am7 Daug Gmaj7

Stare out at the moon upon the window-sill and dream...

Gmaj7 Cmaj7 Gmaj7 Cmaj7

Sing a song of sixpence, pocket full of rye,

Gmaj7 Cmaj7 Gmaj7 Cmaj7

Hush-a bye, my baby; no need to be crying.

Bm A7 Am7 D

There's dew drops on the window-sill, gumdrops in your head.

Bm A7 Am7 Daug Gmaj7

Slipping into dream land; you're nodding your head, so dream...

Gmaj7 Cmaj7 Gmaj7 Cmaj7

Gmaj7 Cmaj7 Gmaj7 Cmaj7

Bm A7 Am7 D Bm A7 Am7 Daug

Gmaj7 Cmaj7

Gmaj7 Cmaj7

Gmaj7 Cmaj7 Gmaj7 Cmaj7

Dream of West Vir-ginia, or of the British Isles.

Gmaj7 Cmaj7 Gmaj7 Cmaj7

'Cos when you are dreaming, you see for miles and miles.

Bm A7 Am7 D

When you are much older, re-member when we sat.

Bm A7 Am7 D

At midnight on the window-sill and had this little chat...

Gmaj7 Cmaj7

And dream...

Gmaj7 Cmaj7

Come on and dream,

Gmaj7 Cmaj7

Come on and dream.

Gmaj7 Cmaj7

And dream...

Gmaj7 Cmaj7

And dream...

Gmaj7 Cmaj7

Come on and dream.

Muriel

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



Ebmaj7 C9 Fm7 Bb9 Ebmaj7 C9 Fm7 Bb9

Bartender, I'd like a Manhattan please

Ebmaj7 C9
Stop me if you've heard this one
Fm7 Bb9
but I feel as though we've met before
Ebmaj7 C9
Perhaps I am mistaken

Fm7 Bb9 G7
But it's just that I remind you of
Cm7 Fm7

Someone you used to care about

Bb9
Oh, but that was long ago

Ebmaj7 C9
Now tell me, do you really think I'd fall for that old line

Fm7 Bb9
I was not born just yesterday
Ebmaj7 C#9 F#7 Bb9
Besides I never talk to strangers anyway

Ebmaj7 C9
Hell, I ain't a bad guy when you get to know me

Fm7 Bb9
I just thought there ain't no harm

Ebmaj7 C9
Hey, yeah, just try minding your own business, bud
Fm7 Bb9 G7

Who asked you to annoy me

Cm7 C#7
With your sad, sad repartee
Ebmaj7 C#9 F#7 Fm7

Besides I never talk to strangers anyway

Ab C#7
Your life's a dimestore novel

Eb
This town is full of guys like you

Ab C#7 Eb
And you're looking for someone to take the place of her

G7 Cm
You must be reading my mail

G
And you're bitter cause he left you

Cm Cm7
That's why you're drinkin' in this bar

Ab C7 Fm7 Bb7
Well, only suckers fall in love with perfect strangers

Ebmaj7 C9
It always takes one to know one stranger

Fm7 Bb9
Maybe we're just wiser now

Ebmaj7 C9
Yeah, and been around that block so many times

Fm7 Bb9 G7
That we don't notice

Cm Cmmaj7
That we're all just perfect strangers as long as we ignore

Cm7
That we all begin as strangers

Am7
Just before we find
Eb Bbsus4 Ebadd9
We really aren't strangers anymore

C#9 F#9 Ebmaj7 Ebmaj7

Aw, you don't look like such a chump

Aw, hey baby

New Coat of Paint

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



C#m7 F#7 A7 G#7sus4 G#7
C#m7 F#7 A7 G#7sus4 G#7
C#m7 F#7 A7 G#7sus4 G#7
C#m7 F#7 A7 G#7sus4 G#7 C#m7
C#m7 F#7

Let's put a new coat of paint

A7 G#7sus4 G#7

in this lonesome old town

C#m7 F#7

set 'em up,

A7 G#7sus4 G#7

we'll be knocking 'em down

C#m7 F#7

you'll wear a dress, baby,

A7 G#7sus4 G#7

I'll wear a tie

C#m7 F#7

we laugh at that old bloodshot moon,

A7 G#7 C#m7

in that burgundy sky

C#m7 F#7 A7 G#7sus4 G#7

C#m7 F#7 A7 G#7sus4 G#7

C#m7 F#7 A7 G#7sus4 G#7

C#m7 F#7 A7 G#7sus4 G#7

C#m7 F#7

all our scribbled love dreams

A7 G#7sus4 G#7

are lost or trown away

C#m7 F#7

here amidst a shuffle on

A7 G#7sus4 G#7

an overflowing day

C#m7 F#7

our love needs a transfusion,

A7 G#7sus4 G#7

let's shoot it full of wine

C#m7 F#7

fishing for a good time,

A7 G#7 C#m7

starts by throwing in your line

C#m7 F#7 A7 G#7sus4 G#7

C#m7 F#7 A7 G#7sus4 G#7

C#m7 F#7 A7 G#7sus4 G#7

C#m7 F#7 A7 G#7sus4 G#7 C#m7

C#m7 F#7
 Let's put a new coat of paint

A7 G#7sus4 G#7

in this lonesome old town

C#m7 F#7

set 'em up,

A7 G#7sus4 G#7

we'll be knocking 'em down

C#m7 F#7

you'll wear a dress, baby,

A7 G#7sus4 G#7

I'll wear a tie

C#m7 F#7
 we laugh at that old bloodshot moon,
A7 G#7 C#m7
 in that burgundy sky

C#m7 F#7 A7 G#7sus4 G#7
C#m7 F#7 A7 G#7sus4 G#7
C#m7 F#7 A7 G#7sus4 G#7
C#m7 F#7 A7 G#7sus4 G#7 C#m7

Nobodys Fault But My Own

Song by: Beck Lyrics by: Beck ArtistsBeck



D5 **Dmaj7**
treated you like a rusty blade
D6 **Am7**
a throwaway from an open grave
F **Em** **D5**
cut you loose from a chain gang and let you go

D5 **Dmaj7**
and on the day you said it's true
D6 **Am7**
some love holds, some gets used
F **Em** **D5**
tried to tell you I never knew it could be so sweet

Bb **Am**
who could ever be so cruel,
G **F** **C** **Asus4**
blame the devil for the things you do
D5 **Dmaj7**
its such a selfish way to lose
F **Em** **D5**
the way you lose these wasted Blues these wasted Blues

C **G/B** **D5**
tell me that it's nobody's fault nobody's fault but my own
C **G/B** **D5**
tell me that it's nobody's fault nobody's fault but my own
C **G/B** **D5**
tell me that it's nobody's fault nobody's fault but my own
C **G/B** **D5**
tell me that it's nobody's fault nobody's fault but my own

D5 **Dmaj7**
when the moon is a counterfeit
D6 **Am7**
better find the one that fits
F **Em** **D5**
better find the one that lights the way for you

D5 **Dmaj7**
when the road is full of nails,
D6 **Am7**
garbage pails and darkened jails
F **Em** **D5**
and their tongues are full of heartless tales that drain on you

Bb **Am**
who would ever notice you
G **F** **C** **Asus4**
you fade into a shaded room
D5 **Dmaj7**
it's such a selfish way to lose
F **Em** **D5**
the way you lose these wasted blues, these wasted blues

C **G/B** **D5**
tell me that it's nobody's fault nobody's fault but my own

C **G/B** **D5**
tell me that it's nobody's fault nobody's fault but my own

Núna

Song by: Magnús Eiríksson Lyrics by: Magnús Eiríksson Artists: Pálmi Gunnarsson



C#m B A B

C#m B A B

það er engu á mig logið

því ég geri alltof seint

það sem aðrir eru að ætlast til ég geri

tek það stundum illa upp sem vel er til mín meint

fylgi engum ráðum fari það og veri

E A E

ú ú

E B E

ú ú

sú eina sem víst tjónkar við mig

það er einmitt þú

og á þér hef ég alltaf mestu trúna

því hef ég verkið fyrir mér

og útkoman er sú

að ég þarf að hitta þig og elska núna

C#m

B

ástin bíður ekki endalaust það hef ég reynt

en aldrei hef ég á hana misst trúna

ég ætti nú að hætta því að gera alltof seint

hluti sem ég ætti að vera gera núna

E A E

núna núna núna

E B E

ú ú

C#m

B

ástin bíður ekki endalaust það hef ég reynt

en aldrei hef ég á hana misst trúna

ég ætti nú að hætta því að gera alltof seint

hluti sem ég ætti að vera gera núna

E

A

E

ég ætti nú að hætta því að gera alltof seint

E B E
hluti sem ég ætti að vera gera núna

E A E

núna núna núna

E B E

ú ú

Ofboðslega frægur

Song by: Jakob Frimann Magnússon ásamt fleirum. Lyrics by: Þórður Árnason ásamt fleirum. Artists: Stuðmenn



F C Bb F

F C Bb F

F
Hann er einn af þessum stóru,
C
sem í menntaskólann fóru
Dm Bb F
og sneru þaðan valinkunnir andans menn.

F
Ég sá hann endur fyrir löngu,
C
í miðri Keflavíkurgöngu,
Dm Bb F
hann þótti helst til róttækur og þykir enn.

F Am7 Dm
Já hann er, enginn venjulegur maður,
Am7 Dm
og hann býr, í næsta nágrenni við mig,
Am7 Dm
og hann er alveg ofboðslega frægur,
C Bb
hann tók í höndina á mér, heilsaði mér.

F C Dm Bb
Hann sagði: „Komdu sæll og blessaður“
F C Bb
ég fór gjörsamlega í hnút
F C Dm Bb
Hann sagði: „Komdu sæll og blessaður“
Dm C Bb
ég hélt ég myndi fríka út

F
Hann hefur samið fullt af ljóðum,
C
alveg ofboðslega góðum,
Dm Bb F
sem fjalla aðallega um sálarlíf þíns innri manns.

F
Þau er ekki af þessum heimi,
C
þar sem skáldið er á sveimi
Dm Bb F
miðja veginni milli malbiksins og regnbogans.

F Am7 Dm
Já hann er, enginn venjulegur maður,
Am7 Dm
og hann býr, í næsta nágrenni við mig,
Am7 Dm
og hann er alveg ofboðslega frægur,
C Bb
hann tók í höndina á mér, heilsaði mér.

F C Dm Bb
Hann sagði: „Komdu sæll og blessaður“

F C Bb
ég fór gjörsamlega í hnút
F C Dm Bb
Hann sagði: „Komdu sæll og blessaður“
Dm C Bb
ég hélt ég myndi fríka út

F C Bb F

F C Bb F

F
Við ræddum saman heima og geyma,
C
ég hélt mig hlyti að vera að dreyma
Dm Bb F
en ég var örugglega vakandi.

F
Mér fannst hann vera ansi bráður,
C
hann spurði hvort ég væri fjáður
Dm Bb F
og hvort ég væri allsgáður og akandi.

F Am7 Dm
Já hann er, enginn venjulegur maður,
Am7 Dm
og hann býr, í næsta nágrenni við mig,
Am7 Dm
og hann er alveg ofboðslega frægur,
C Bb
hann tók í höndina á mér, heilsaði mér.

Bb Am7 Dm
Já hann er, enginn venjulegur maður,
Am7 Dm
og hann býr, í næsta nágrenni við mig,
Am7 Dm
og hann er alveg ofboðslega frægur,
C Bb
hann tók í höndina á mér, heilsaði mér.

F C Dm Bb
Hann sagði: „Komdu sæll og blessaður“
F C Bb
ég fór gjörsamlega í hnút
F C Dm Bb
Hann sagði: „Komdu sæll og blessaður“
Dm C Bb
ég hélt ég myndi fríka

G7/B C7/Bb F/A C/G C Dm Bb
Hann sagði: „Komdu sæll og blessaður“
F C Bb
ég fór gjörsamlega í hnút
F C Dm Bb
Hann sagði: „Komdu sæll og blessaður“
Dm C
ég hélt ég myndi fríka út.

F C Bb F

Og þá stundi Mundi

Song by: Írskt þjóðlag Lyrics by: Jónas Árnason Artists:Papar ásamt fleirum.



Hann Mundi á sjóinn í fyrsta sinn fór
á fjórtánda árinu, lítill og mjór.

Og það sem hann dró hirti húsbóndi hans
og hét því að koma' honum þannig til manns.

Og þá stundi Mundi:
"Þetta er nóg! Þetta er nóg!
Ég þoli ekki lengur
að þvælast á sjó."

Hjá Munda var lítið um leik eða hvíld.
Hann lenti eftir fermingu norður á síld
og síðan á línu og síðan á net
og síðan á línu og aftur á net.

Og æska hans leið, og hann vann og hann vann,
því vinnan hún "göfgar og bætir hvern mann."
En lítið var það sem úr bítum hann bar,
því bláblönk að jafnaði útgerðin var.

Hann varð af því hokinn, hann varð af því grár
að velkjast á togurum þrjátíu ár.

Í stórsjó og ágjöf hann stóð sína plikt
með sting fyrir brjósti og króníska gigt.

Í hífingu eitt sinn hann hentist á vír,
og hurfu þar fingur hans tveir eða þrír.

Í annað sinn bobbing hann oná sig fékk,
og eftir það haltur og skakkur hann gekk.

Til fimmtugs hann þraukaði, en þá fékk hann slag,
og það gerðist einmitt á sjómannadag.

Og sungið var þá eins og sungið er enn
um særokna, vindbarða Hrafnistumenn.

01' 55

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



Well my time went so quickly I went lickety-splitly
 Out to my ol' fifty-five
 As I pulled away slowly feelin' so holy
 God knows I was feelin' alive.

And now the sun's comin' up
 I'm ridin' with Lady Luck
 Freeway cars and trucks
 Stars beginning to fade
 And I lead the parade
 Just a-wishin' I'd stayed a little longer
 Lord don't you know the feelin's gettin' stronger.

Six in the mornin' gave me no warnin'
 I had to be on my way.

Well this trucks all passin' me, and the lights all flashin'
 I'm on my way home from your place.

And now the sun's comin' up
 I'm ridin' with Lady Luck
 Freeway cars and trucks
 Stars beginning to fade
 And I lead the parade
 Just a-wishin' I'd stayed a little longer
 Lord don't you know the feelin's gettin' stronger.

Well my time went so quickly I went lickety-splitly
 Out to my ol' fifty-five
 As I pulled away slowly feelin' so holy
 God knows I was feelin' alive.

And now the sun's comin' up

I'm ridin' with Lady Luck
 Freeway cars and trucks
 Freeway cars and trucks
 Freeway cars and trucks

Old Shoes (and Picture Postcards)

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



G C G G D G D

I'm singing this song, it's time it was sung

I been puttin' it off for a while, but it's
Hard to cry now, 'cos the truth is so clear

But I cry when I'm seein' you smile.

So goodbye, so long, the road calls me, dear

And your tears do not find me anymore

And farewell to the girl with the sun in her eyes

And I kiss you and then I'll be gone

Everytime that I tried to tell you that we'd

lost the magic I had at the start

I would weep in my heart when I look in your eyes

And I search once again for the spark.

So goodbye, so long, the road calls me, dear

And your tears do not find me anymore

And farewell to the girl with the sun in her eyes

And I kiss you and then I'll be gone

I can see by your eyes, it's time now to go

So I leave you to cry in the rain

Tho' I held in my hand the keys to all joy

(Oh honey) my heart was not born to be tamed

So goodbye, so long, the road calls me, dear

And your tears do not find me anymore

And farewell to the girl with the sun in her eyes

And I kiss you and then I'll be gone

So goodbye, so long, the road calls me, dear

And your tears do not find me anymore

And farewell to the girl with the sun in her eyes

And I kiss you and then I'll be gone

And I kiss you and then I'll be gone

And I kiss you and then I'll be gone

On the Nickel

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



B **F#**
Stick and Stones will Break my Bones,
B **F#**
But I always will be true,
B **F#** **D#m**
And when your mama is dead and gone,
G#m **C#sus4 C#**
I'll Sing this Lulabye just for you,
B **F#**
And what becomes of all the little boys,
B **F#**
Who never comb their hair
B **G#maj7 F#** **D#m**
Well they're lined up all around the block
G#m C# F#
On the Nickel over there.

B **F#**
So you better bring a bucket,
B **F#**
There is a hole in the pail,
B **F# D#m**
And if you don't get my letter,
G#m C#sus4 C#
Then you'll know that I'm in jail
B **F#**
And what becomes of all the little boys,
B **F#**
Who never say their prayers,
B **G#maj7 F# D#m**
Well they're sleepin' like a baby,
G#m C# F#
On the Nickel over there.

Db **Ab**
And if you chew tobacco,
Db **Ab**
And wish upon a star,
Db **Ab** **Fm**
Well you'll find out where the scarecrows sit,
Bbm **Eb**
Just like puchlines between the cars,
Db **Ab**
And I know a place where a royal flush,
Db **Ab**
Can never beat a pair,
Db Bb/D **Ab/Eb Fm**
And even Thomas Jefferson,
Bbm Eb Ab
Is on the Nickel over There.

Db **Ab**
So ring around the rosie,
Db **Ab**
You're sleepin in the rain,
Db **Ab** **Fm**
And you're always late for supper,
Bb **Eb**
And man you let me down, let me down again,

Db **Ab**
I thought I heard a mocking bird,
Db **Ab**
Roosevelt knows where,
Db **Bb/D** **Ab/Eb Fm**
You can skip the light with Grady Tuck,
Bbm Eb Ab
On the Nickel over There.

Eb **Bb**
So what becomes of all the little boys,
Eb **Bb**
Who run away from home,
Eb **Bb Gm**
Well the world just keeps gettin' bigger,
Cm **F**
Once you get out on your own,
Eb **Bb**
So here's to all the little boys,
Eb **Bb**
The sandman takes you where,
Eb **Bb Gm**
Your sleepin' with the pillow of man,
Cm F Bb
On the Nickel over There.

Eb **Bb**
So climb up thru that buttonhole,
Eb **Bb**
And fall right up the stairs,
Eb **C/E** **Bb/F** **Gm**
I'll show you where the short dogs grow,
Cm F Bb
On the Nickel...over There.

Pamela

Song by: Karl Erlingsson Lyrics by: Gígja Sigurðardóttir Artists:Dúkkulísurnar



D5 E5 F5 G5

D5 E5 F5 D5

D5 E5 F5 G5

D5 E5 F5 F5

Am Dm
Fimmtán ára kasólétt
G Am
Það er fúlt og ógeðslegt
Dm G Am
Ég vildi ég væri Pamela í Dallas

Am Dm
Þessi krakki hann er slyss
G Am
í maga mínum eins og blyss
Dm G Am
Ég vildi ég væri Pamela í Dallas

Dm Em F G
en eiga óléttar
Dm Em F Dm
rétt eins og ég?
Dm Em F G
Með ermarnar uppbrettar
Dm Em F
í upp-vaskið fer

Am Dm
Fulla fíflíð stakk svo af
G Am
hvað hann heitir hvað um það
Dm G Am
ég vildi ég væri Pamela í Dallas

Am Dm
Hróið fæddist þriðja des
G Am
mér fannst krakkinn ekkert spes
Dm G Am
Ohh ef ég væri Pamela í Dallas

Am Dm
Gaf svo krakkann ansi heppin
G Am
En hún mamma fór á Kleppinn
Dm G Am
Ég vildi ég væri Pamela í Dallas

Am Dm
Fimmtán ára kasólétt
G Am
Það er fúlt og ógeðslegt
Am Dm G Am
Ohh ef ég væri Pamela í Dallas

Am Dm G Am
Ohh ef ég væri Pamela í Dallas
Am Dm G Am
Ohh ef ég væri Pamela í Dallas.....

Please Call Me, Baby

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



C Dm7 C/E F Bm7 E7 Am7 Gsus4 C7

Am7 D7 Dm7 F/G C Dm7 C7 G7 C

C Dm7 C/E Fm7

The Evening fell just like a star

Bm7 E7

And Left a trail behind

Am7 G7sus4 Bb9 C#7

You Spit as you slammed out the door

C Dm7 C/E Fm7

If this is love we're crazy

Bm7 E7

As we fight like cats and dogs

Am7 G7sus4 Bb7

I know there is got to be more

Am7 D7 F/G

C Dm7 Em7 F

So please call me baby

Bm7 E7

Wherever you are

Am7 G7sus4 Bb9 C#7

It's too cold to be out walkin in the streets

C Dm7 Em7 F Bm7 E7 Am7

We do crazy things when were wounded every ones a bit insane

C Cm9 C/E Fm7

I don't want you catchin your death of cold

Dm7 F/G

Out walkin in the rain

Ragnheiður biskupsdóttir

Song by: Megas Lyrics by: Megas ArtistsMegas



C D G

G D Em A
 Ragnheiður biskupsdóttir brókar var með sótt
C F D Dsus2 D7
 og beiddi þegar Daði mælti á latínu.
G D Em A
 Hann kenndi henni sitt hvað til gamans og til gagns
C D G
 og gjörðist snemma þaukunnugur gatinu.

GD Em A C F D Dsus2 D7

GD Em A C D G

G D Em A
 Í skammdeginu vildi hend að villtust bestu menn
C F D Dsus2 D7
 og var oft fyrir kvenlíkama í rúminu.
G D Em A
 En milli draums og veru þeir vissu óglögg skil
C D G
 og voru síst að þæla í þeim í húminu.

GD Em A C F D Dsus2 D7

GD Em A C D G

G D Em A
 Og Ragnheiður hún fæddi einn dag hann Daðason,
C F D Dsus2 D7
 menn dylgjuðu, menn bára hana út, menn hæddu hana.
G D Em A
 En hlýðið góðir drengir, það er hlálegt en þó satt,
C D G
 það var helvítið hann Brynjólfur sem sæddi hana.

GD Em A C F D Dsus2 D7

GD Em A C D G

Rangur Maður

Song by: Sólstrandargæjarnir Lyrics by: Sólstrandargæjarnir Artists: Sólstrandargæjarnir



Bm **G**
Af hverju get ég ekki
D **A**
lífað eðlilegu lífi

Bm **G**
Af hverju get ég ekki

lífað business lífi
D **A**
keypt mér húsbíl og íbúð

Bm **G**
Af hverju get ég ekki

gengið menntavegin
D **A**
þangað til að ég æli

Bm **G**
Af hverju get ég ekki

gert neitt af viti
D **A**
af hverju fæddist ég loser

Bm **G** **D**
Ég er rangur maður á röngum tíma
A
í vitlausu húsi
Bm **G** **D**
Ég er rangur maður á röngum tíma
A
í vitlausu húsi

Bm **G**
Af hverju er lífið svona ömurlegt
D **A**
ætli það sé skárri í Zimbabwe

Bm **G**
Af hverju var ég fullur á virkum degi
D **A**
af hverju mætti ég ekki í tíma

Bm **G**
Af hverju get ég ekki

byrjað í íþróttum
D **A**
og hlaupið um eins og asni

Bm **G**
Af hverju get ég ekki

verið jafn hamingjusamur
D **A**
og Sigga og Grétar í Stjórninni

Bm **G** **D**
Ég er rangur maður á röngum tíma
A
í vitlausu húsi
Bm **G** **D**
Ég er rangur maður á röngum tíma
A
í vitlausu húsi

Rowboat

Song by: Beck Lyrics by: Beck ArtistsBeck



D
 A E G D
 Rowboat, row me to the shore
 A E G D
 She don't wanna be my friend no more
 A E G D
 She dug a hole in the bottom of my soul
 A E G D
 She don't wanna be my friend no more

G D
 Pick me up, gimme some food to eat
 G D
 In your truck, goin' no place
 G D
 I'll be home, talkin' to nobody
 A C D
 You'll be strange, you'll be far away

A E
 Big fat moon
 G D
 And my body's out of tune
 A E
 With the burnin' waves
 G D
 She's a billion years away
 A E
 Dog food on the floor
 G D
 And I been like this before
 A E
 She is all
 G D
 And everything else is small

G D
 Pick me up, gimme some alcohol
 G D
 In your truck, playin' the radio
 G D
 I'll be home with the gasoline
 A C D
 You'll be stoned, you'll be far away

A E G D
 Rowboat, row me to the shore
 A E G D
 She don't wanna be my friend no more
 A E G D
 She dug a hole in the bottom of my soul
 A E G D
 She is all and everything else is small

Ruby's Arms

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



F C E7 Am

F C Dm7 G7

F C E7 Am
I will leave behind all of my clothes

F C Dm7 G7

I wore when I was with you

F C E7 Am

All I need's my railroad boots

F C Dm7 G7

And my leather jacket

F C E7 Am

As I say goodbye to Ruby's arms

F C Dm7 G7

Although my heart is breaking

F C E7 Am

I will steal away out through your blinds

F C Dm7 G7

For soon you will be waking

G C A Dm
The morning light has washed your face

G C A Dm

The morning light has washed your face

G C A Dm

Hold on to your pillow case

G7 C Dm7 G7sus4 G7

There's nothing I can do ... now

F C E7 Am
As I say goodbye to Ruby's Arms

F C Dm7 G7

You'll find another soldier

F C E7 Am

And I swear to God by Christmastime

F C Dm7 G7

There'll be someone else to hold you

G C A Dm
The only thing I'm taking is

G7 C Dm7 G7sus4 G7

The scarf off of your clothes ... line

G C A Dm

I'll hurry past your chest-of-drawers

G7 C Dm7 G7sus4 G7

And your broken wind ... chimes

F C E7 Am
As I say goodbye, I'll say goodbye

Dm7 G7sus4 F

Say goodbye to Ruby's Arms

C E7 Am F C Dm7 G7

F C E7 Am
I will feel my way down the darkened hall

F C Dm7 G7

Out into the morning

F C E7 Am

The Hoboes at the freight yards

F C Dm7 G7

Have kept their fires burning

F C E7 Am

Jesus Christ this God damn rain

F C E7 Am

Will someone put me on a train

F C E7 Am

I'll never kiss your lips again

Dm7 G7sus4 G7

Or break ... your heart

F C E7 Am

As I say goodbye ... I'll say goodbye

Dm7 G7sus4 F

Say goodbye ...to Ruby's Arms

C E7 Am F C Dm7 G7 C

Ræningjavísur (Kardemommubærinn)

Song by: Thorbjörn Egner Lyrics by: Kristján frá Djúpalæk ArtistsKardemommubærinn



C
Við læðumst hægt um laut og gil
og leyndar þræðum götur,
á hærusekki heldur einn,
C
en hinir bera fötur.
F
Að ræna er best um blakka nótt,
C
í bænum sofa allir rótt.
G7
Þó tökum við aldregi of eða van,
C
hvorki Kasper og Jesper né Jónatan.

C
Í bakarí við brjótumst inn,
G7
en bara lítið tökum,
tólf dvergsmá brauð, sex dropaglös
C
og dálítið af kökum.
F
Svo étur kannske Jónatan,
C
af jólaköku bláendann.
G7
Þó tökum við aldregi of eða van,
C
hvorki Kasper og Jesper né Jónatan.

C
Nú fyllt við höfum fötu og sekk,
G7
af fæðu, drykk og klæðum.
Og allt í lagi eins og ber,
C
en um það fátt við ræðum.
F
Og margt að annast mun í dag,
C
en matargerð er okkar fag,
G7
þó störfum við aldregi of eða van,
C
hvorki Kasper né Jesper né Jónatan.

Saga úr sveitinni

Song by: Megas Lyrics by: Megas ArtistsMegas



D A7 D
Kveð ég um konu og mann
G B7 Em
og konan hún eldaði og spann
A7 D
en karl hann var fróður
G E
um fornaldargróður
D A7 D
kveð ég um hana og hann.

D A7 D
Og bóndadóttir hún dró
G B7 Em
einn dáindis þyrskling úr sjó
A7 D
hún setti hann í pottinn
G E
sótti svo þvottinn
D A7 D
og loks sagði hún: nú er það nóg.

D G
Þau lifðu í sátt
D
og samlyndi og trú
G
á sauðkindina
D A7 A7sus A5 A7
og heilaga jómfú

D A7 D
Og kötturinn Meyvant - fann mús
G B7 Em
í meisnum og bauð henni dús
A7 D
þau ræddu um fólsku
G E
Frakka á pólsku
D A7 D
og dreyptu á norðlenskum djús

D A7 D
Og kindin hún kveinaði hátt
G B7 Em
svo klerkur hann brotnaði í smátt
A7 D
en þeir límdu hann saman
G E
og þótti það gaman
D A7 D
honum fannst gamanið grátt

D G
Þau lifðu í sátt
D
og samlyndi og trú
G
á sauðkindina

D A7 A7sus A5 A7
og heilaga jómfú

D A7 D
Í haga var Búkolla á beit
G B7 Em
og brennandi vorsólin skeit
A7 D
og hundurinn eltist
G E
við hænuna og geltist
D A7 D
í haga var Búkolla og hún beit

D A7 D
Og nautið hét Hálfán og hló
G B7 Em
að húsfreyju þegar hún dó
A7 D
því þótti ekki klerkur
G E
þesslega merkur
D A7 D
en nautið hét Hálfán sem hló

D G
Þau lifðu í sátt
D
og samlyndi og trú
G
á sauðkindina
D A7 A7sus A5 A7
og heilaga jómfú

D A7 D
Nei nautið hét Hálfán og hlóð
G B7 Em
á húsfreyju lof sem hún stóð
A7 D
uppi út í hlöðu
G E
nær hulin í töðu
D A7 D
úr vitunum vætlaði blóð

D A7 D
Og bóndasonurinn sá
G B7 Em
einn sjórekinn mannsfót og brá
A7 D
á flótta hann lagði
G E
en fóturinn sagði
D A7 D
sonur minn segðu ekki frá

D G
Þau lifðu í sátt

D
og samlyndi og trú
G
á sauðkindina
D A7 A7sus A5 A7
og heilaga jómfú

D A7 D
Kveð ég um konu og mann
G B7 Em
og konan hún eldaði og spann
A7 D
en karl hann var fróður
G E
um fornaldargróður
D A7 D
kveð ég um hana og hann.

San Diego Serenade

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



Bb C F

Bb C F

F **A** **Dm** **Bb**
I never saw the morning 'til I stayed up all night
Bb **C** **F** **Dm**
I never saw the sunshine 'til you turned out the light
Bb **C** **F** **Dm**
I never saw my hometown until I stayed away too long
Bb **C** **Bb** **F**
I never heard the melody, until I needed a song.

Bb C F

Bb C F

F **A** **Dm** **Bb**
I never saw the white line, 'til I was leaving you behind
Bb **C** **F** **Dm**
I never knew I needed you 'til I was caught up in a bind
Bb **C** **F** **Dm**
I never spoke 'I love you' 'til I cursed you in vain,
Bb **C** **Bb** **F**
I never felt my heartstrings, until I nearly went insane.

Bb C F

Bb C F

F **A** **Dm** **Bb**
I never saw the east coast 'til I move to the west
Bb **C** **F** **Dm**
I never saw the moonlight until it shone off of your breast
Bb **C** **F** **Dm**
I never saw your heart 'til someone..tried to steal, tried to steal it away
Bb **C** **Bb** **F**
I never saw your tears, until they rolled down your face.

Bb C F

Bb C F

F **A** **Dm** **Bb**
I never saw the morning 'til I stayed up all night
Bb **C** **F** **Dm**
I never saw the sunshine 'til you turned out your love light, baby
Bb **C** **F** **Dm**
I never saw my hometown until I stayed away too long
Bb **C** **Bb** **F**
I never heard the melody, until I needed a song.

Bb C F

Bb C F

Bb C F

Seltjarnarnesið

Song by: Bjarni Guðmundsson Lyrics by: Þórbergur Þórðarson Artists: Jón Hjartarson (í leikritinu Ofvitanum hjá L.R.)



Dm **A**
Seltjarnarnesið er lítið og lágt.

A7 **Dm**
Lifa þar fáir og hugsa smátt.

A
Aldrei líta þeir sumar né sól.

A7 **Dm**
Sál þeirra' er blind einsog klerkur í stól

D7 **Gm**
Aldrei líta þeir sumar né sól.

Dm **A7** **Dm**
Sál þeirra' er blind einsog klerkur í stól

Dm **A**
Konurnar skvetta úr koppum á tún.

A7 **Dm**
Karlarnir vinda segl við hún.

A
Draga þeir marhnút í drenginn sinn.

A7 **Dm**
Duus kaupir af þeim málfiskinn.

D7 **Gm**
Draga þeir marhnút í drenginn sinn.

Dm **A7** **Dm**
Duus kaupir af þeim málfiskinn.

Dm **A**
Kofarnir ramba þar einn og einn.

A7 **Dm**
Ósköp leiðist mér þá að sjá.

A
Prestkona fæddist í holtinu hér.

A7 **Dm**
Hún giftist manni, sem hlær að mér.

D7 **Gm**
Prestkona fæddist í holtinu hér.

Dm **A7** **Dm**
Hún giftist manni, sem hlær að mér.

Dm **A**
Já, Seltjarnarnesið er lítið og lágt.

A7 **Dm**
Lifa þar fáir og hugsa smátt.

A
Á kvöldin heyrast þar kynjahljóð.

A7 **Dm**
"Komið þér sælar, jómfú góð!"

D7 **Gm**
Á kvöldin heyrast þar kynjahljóð.

Dm **A7** **Dm**
"Komið þér sælar, jómfú góð!"

Semi Suite

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



Am7 D Am7 D G7 F#7 F7 E7 E7

Am7 D
Well, you hate those diesels rollin'
Am7 D
And those Friday nights out bowlin'
G F# F E7
When he's off for a twelve hour lay over night

Am7 D
You wish you had a dollar
Am7 D
For every time he hollered
G F# F E7
That he's leavin' And he's never comin' back

Am7 D
But the curtain-laced billow
Am7 D
And his hands on your pillow
G F# F E7
And his trousers are hangin' on the chair

Am7 D
You're lyin' through your pain, babe
Am7 D
But you're gonna tell him he's your man
G F# F E7
And you ain't got the courage to leave

Am7 D

Am7 D

GF# F E7

Am7 D
He tells you that you're on his mind
Am7 D
You're the only one he's ever gonna find
G F# F E7
It's kind-a special, understands his complicated soul...

Am7 D
But the only place a man can breathe
Am7 D
And collect his thoughts is
G F# F E7
Midnight and flyin' away on the road

Am7 D
But you've packed and unpacked
Am7 D
So many times you've lost track
G F# F E7
And the steam heat is drippin' off the walls

Am7 D
But when you hear his engines
Am7 D
You're lookin' through the window in the kitchen and you know
G F# F E7
You're always gonna be there when he calls
Am7 D
'Cause he's a truck drivin' man
Am7 D
Stoppin' when he can
Am7 D
He's a truck drivin' man
Am7 D
Stoppin' when he can
G F# F E7

Silly Love

Song by: Daniel Johnston Lyrics by: Daniel Johnston Artists: Daniel Johnston



G **C**
I've come this far and I know I can make it
G **C** **D**
Got a broken heart and you can't break a broken heart
Am **D** **Am** **D**
I come knockin' at your door you don't love me anymore
Am **D** **Am** **D**
But I just can't give up cause I don't know what to do about it

G **C**
You must be wrong if you think you don't love me
G **C** **D**
you could smile down and put a happy ending to my song
Am **D** **Am** **D**
I come knockin' at your door you don't live there anymore
Am **D** **Am** **D**
Was it just a memory or am I a little crazy for you

G **C**
If there's no love I just can't believe it
G **C** **D**
Got a broken mind and only you can relieve it
Am **D** **Am** **D**
I don't remember who you are were you someone that I saw
Am **D** **Am** **D**
But I really am confused but I think that I still love you

Sing it again

Song by: Beck Lyrics by: Beck ArtistsBeck



AA6 A Asus4 A

A C#7
a town of disrespect
D
the trains are wrecked
A
the night is younger than us
B7 E
nowhere is anywhere else
A
you keep to yourself
D A
stirring the dregs where I have layed
F E
the exit signs are flashing
A D A
dead ends they won't come to life anymore

A D A
upon on the funeral fire and sing it again

A C#7
I pledge the rest
D
I should have guessed
A
your love was hanging by threads
B7 E
tongues tied under the moon,
A D
my love is a room of broken bottles
A
and tangled webs
F E
the misers wind their minds
A D
like clocks that grind their gears
A
on and on

A C#7
and if its meant
D
some accident
A
some coincidence
B7 E
crumbs fall out of the sky
A
when you wander by
D
the dust clouds blow
A
nobody's home
F E
oh won't you lay my bags
A D A
upon on the funeral fire and sing it again
F E
oh won't you lay my bags

Singapore

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



Bm
We sail tonight for Singapore, we're all as mad as hatters here

I've fallen for a tawny moor, took off to the Land of Nod
Em
Drank with all the Chinamen, walked the sewers of Paris
Bm
I danced along a colored wind, dangled from a rope of sand
F# **Bm**
You must say goodbye to me

Bm
We sail tonight for Singapore, don't fall asleep while you're ashore

Cross your heart and hope to die, when you hear the children cry
Em
Let marrowbone and cleaver choose, while making feet for children's shoes
Bm
Through the alley, back from hell, when you hear that steeple bell
F# **Bm**
You must say goodbye to me

Em **Bm** **Em** **Bm**
Wipe him down with gasoline, till his arms are hard and mean
Em **Bm** **D** **F#**
From now on, boys, this iron boat's your home So heave away, boys

Bm
We sail tonight for Singapore, take your blankets from the floor

Wash your mouth out by the door, the whole town's made of iron ore
Em
Every witness turns to steam, they all become Italian dreams
Bm
Fill your pockets up with earth, get yourself a dollar's worth
F# **Bm**
Away boys away boys, heave away

Em **Bm** **Em** **Bm**
The captain is a one-armed dwarf, he's throwing dice along the wharf
Em **Bm** **D** **F#**
In the land of the blind, the one-eyed man is King So take this ring

Bm
We sail tonight for Singapore, we're all as mad as hatters here

I've fallen for a tawny moor, took off to the Land of Nod
Em
Drank with all the Chinamen, walked the sewers of Paris
Bm
I danced along a colored wind, dangled from a rope of sand
F# **Bm**
You must say goodbye to me

Sjómannavalsinn

Song by: Svavar Benediktsson Lyrics by: Kristján frá Djúpalæk Artists Sigurður Ólafsson



Dm
Það gefur á bátinn við Grænland
og gustar um sigluna **A7**
kalt,
Dm
en togarasjómanni tamast það er
E7 **A7**
að tala sem minnst um það allt.
Dm
En fugli sem flýgur í austur
Gm **C7** **F**
er fylgt yfir hafið með þrá.
A7 **Dm**
Og vestfirskur jökull, sem heilsar við Horn
E7 **A** **A7**
í hillung með sólroðna brá,
D **G**
segir velkominn heim, segir velkominn heim,
A7 **D** **A7**
þau verma hin þögulu orð.
D **G**
Sértu velkominn heim, yfir hafið og heim.
A7 **D** **A7**
Þá er hlegið við störfin um borð.

Dm
En geigþungt er brimið við Grænland
og gista það kýs ekki neinn.
A7
Hvern varðar um draum þess og vonir og þrár,
Dm
E7 **A7**
sem vakir þar hljóður og einn.
Dm
En handan við kólguna kalda
Gm **C7** **F**
býr kona, sem fagnar í nótt
A7 **Dm**
og raular við bláeygan, sofandi son
E7 **A** **A7**
og systur hans, þaggandi hljótt:
D **G**
Sértu velkominn heim, sértu velkominn heim.
A7 **D** **A7**
Að vestan er siglt gegnum ís.
D **G**
Sértu velkominn heim, yfir hafið og heim
A7 **D**
og Hornbjarg úr djúpinu rís.

Sleeping Bag

Song by: Beck Lyrics by: Beck ArtistsBeck



A **C#**
open up the door
D **A**
lay the orange juice on the floor
G# **D** **A**
we're having a picnic on the ugly part of town

A **C#**
the sleeping bags on fire
D **A**
and its getting down to the wire
G# **D** **A**
so grab yourself a spot and settle down awhile

A **C#**
cause its getting hard to think
D **A**
and my clothes are starting to shrink
G# **D** **A**
and the moon is sagging down like a metal ball

A **C#**
and the world is a holiday
D **A**
smoking in an old ashtray
G# **D** **A**
they just blow it out their nose and say ok

A **C#**
so lets try to make this last
D **A**
the past is still the past
D **A**
the past is still the past

A **C#**
open up the door
D **A**
lay the orange juice on the floor
G# **D** **A**
we're having a picnic on the ugly part of town

Somewhere (From West Side Story)

Song by: Leonard Bernstein Lyrics by: Stephen Sondheim Artists Tom Waits



B B7 E A
 There's a place for us
F#m B7 E A
 Somewhere a place for us
B B7 G#m C#m
 Peace and quiet and open air
A D B
 Wait for us somewhere
B B7 E A
 There's a time for us
F#m7 B7 E A F#m7
 Someday a time for us
B B7 G#m C#m
 Time together with time to spare
A D G
 Time to care, time to learn

C Am
 Someday, somewhere

A7 D
 We'll find a new way of living
Dm G7 C F#7
 We'll find a way of forgiving, somewhere...

B B7 E A
 There's a place for us
F#m7 B7 E A
 A time and place for us
B B7 G#m C#m
 Hold my hand and we're halfway there
A D G
 Hold my hand and I'll take you there
C Am E
 Somehow, someday, somewhere

Song to Woody

Song by: Bob Dylan Lyrics by: Bob Dylan Artists: Bob Dylan



G **D/F#** **G**
I'm out here a thousand miles from my home
C **G/B** **D/A** **G**
Walking a road other men have gone down
G **E/D** **C** **G**
I'm seeing your world of people and things
G **G/B** **D/A** **G**
Hear paupers and peasants and princes and kings.

G **D/F#** **G**
Hey hey Woody Guthrie I wrote you a song
C **G/B** **D/B** **G**
About a funny old world that's coming along
G **E/D** **C** **G**
Seems sick and it's hungry, it's tired and it's torn
G **G/B** **D/A** **G**
It looks like it's dying and it's hardly been born.

G **D/F#** **G**
Hey Woody Guthrie but I know that you know
C **G/b** **D/A** **G**
All the things that I'm saying and a many times more
G **E/D** **C** **G**
I'm singing you the song but I can't sing enough
G **G/B** **D/A** **G**
'Cause there's not many men that've done the things that you've done.

G **D/F#** **G**
Here's to Cisco and Sonny and Leadbelly too
C **G/B** **D/A** **G**
And to all the good people that travelled with you
G **E/D** **C** **G**
Here's to the hearts and the hands of the men
G **G/B** **D/A** **G**
That come with the dust and are gone with the wind.

G **D/F#** **G**
I'm leaving tomorrow but I could leave today
C **G/B** **D/A** **G**
Somewhere down the road someday
G **E/D** **C** **G**
The very last thing that I'd want to do
G **G/B** **D/A** **G**
Is to say I've been hitting some hard travelling too.

Spooky

Song by: Mike Shapiro Harry Middlebrooks Jr. Lyrics by: James Cobb Buddy Buie ArtistsDusty Springfield



Em7 A6 Em7 A6
 In the cool of the evening, when everything is getting kind of groovy,
 Em7 A6 Em7 A6
 I call you up, and ask you if you'd like to go with me and see a movie,
 Em7
 First you say no, you've got some plans for tonight,
 A6 Bbdim
 And then you stop, and say... al - right,

Em7 A6 Em7 Bm7
 Love is kinda crazy with a spooky little girl like you!

Em7 A6 Em7 A6
 You always keep me guessing, I never seem to know what you are thinking,
 Em7 A6 Em7 A6
 And if a feller looks at you, it's for sure your little eye will be a - winking,
 Em7
 I get confused, 'cause I don't know where I stand,
 A6 Bbdim
 And then you smile...and hold my hand,

Em7 A6 Em7 Bm7
 Love is kinda crazy with a spooky little girl like you! Spooky, yeah, yeah, yeah!

Em7 A6 Em7 A6

Em7 A6 Em7 A6

Em7 A6 Bbdim

Em7 A6 Em7 Bm7

Em7 A6 Em7 A6
 If you decide someday to stop this little game that you are playing,
 Em7 A6 Em7 A6
 I'm gonna tell you all the things my heart's... been dying to be saying,
 Em7
 Just like a ghost, you've been haunting my dreams,
 A6 Bbdim
 but now I know... you're not what you seem

Em7 A6 Em7 Bm7
 Love is kinda crazy with a spooky little girl like you! Spooky

Em7 A6 Em7 A6
 Spooky Yeah, Lord, alright! I said spooky, awwww!
 Em7 A6 Em7 A6
 Yeah - yeah, I said spooky! Yeah - yeah - yeah!

Spáðu í mig

Song by: Megas Lyrics by: Megas ArtistsMegas



C **C7**
 Kvöldin eru kaldlynd úti á nesi
F **C**
 kafaldsbylur hylur hæð og lægð
G **Am**
 kalinn og með koffortið á bakinu
B7 **E** **G**
 kem ég til þín segjandi með hægð
C
 spáðu í mig
F **C** **Am**
 þá mun ég spá í þig
Dm
 spáðu í mig
G **C** **G**
 þá mun ég spá í þig

C **C7**
 Nóttin hefur augu eins og flugan
F **C**
 og eflaust sér hún mig þar sem ég fer
G **Am**
 heimullega á þinn fund að fela
B7 **E** **G**
 flöskuna og mig í hendur þér
C
 spáðu í mig
F **C** **Am**
 þá mun ég spá í þig
Dm
 spáðu í mig
G **C** **G**
 þá mun ég spá í þig

C **C7**
 Finnst þér ekki Esjan vera sjúkleg
F **C**
 og Akrafjallið geðbillað að sjá
G **Am**
 en ef ég bið þig um að flýja með mér
B7 **E** **G**
 til Omdúrman þá máttu ekki hvá
C
 spáðu í mig
F **C** **Am**
 þá mun ég spá í þig
Dm
 spáðu í mig
G **C**
 þá mun ég spá í þig

G **C**
 spáðu í mig
F **C** **Am**
 þá mun ég spá í þig
Dm
 spáðu í mig
G **C** **G F C7**
 þá mun ég spá í þig

Stingum af

Song by: Mugison Lyrics by: Mugison ArtistsMugison



F#m c#m/E Bm F#m

F#m c#m/E Bm F#m C#7

Það er andvökubjart
 himinn - kvöldsólarskart,
 finnum læk, litla laut,
 tínum grös, sjóðum graut
 finnum læk, litla laut,
 tínum grös, sjóðum graut

C#7
 Finnum göldróttan hval
 og fyndinn sel í smá dal
 lækjarnið, lítinn foss,
 skeinusár, mömmukoss
 lækjarnið, lítinn foss,
 skeinusár, mömmukoss

C#7
 stingum af -
 í spegilsléttan fjörð
 stingum af -
 smá fjölskylduhjörð
 senn fjúka barnaár
 upp í loft, út á sjó
 verðmæt gleðitár,
 - elliró, elliró

F#m c#m/E Bm F#m

F#m c#m/E Bm F#m C#7

hoppum út í bláinn,
 kveðjum stress og skjáinn,
 syngjum lag, spilum spil,

Bm F#m
 þá er gott að vera til
 syngjum lag, spilum spil,
 þá er gott að vera til

C#7
 tínum skeljar, fjallagrös,
 látum pabba blása úr nös,
 við grjótahól í feluleik,
 á hleðslu lambasteik,
 við grjótahól í feluleik,
 á hleðslu lambasteik,

C#7
 stingum af -
 í spegilsléttan fjörð
 stingum af -
 smá fjölskylduhjörð
 senn fjúka barnaár
 upp í loft, út á sjó
 verðmæt gleðitár,
 - elliró, elliró

Söngurinn hennar Siggu

Song by: J.J. Cale Lyrics by: Bubbi Morthens Artists: Bubbi Morthens



G
Ég hitti litla dömu
B7 **Em**
í París var að hoppa
C **G**
sippað getur líka
D **G**
fer heim með rifna sokka.

G
Teiknar fínar myndir
B7 **Em**
býður mér að þiggja.
C **G**
Eina af sér og eina af mömmu
D **G**
skrifar undir Sigga.

G
Samt heilla hana fínir kjólar
B7 **Em**
þegar augun í þá rekur
C **G**
með maskalit og púðri
D **G**
andlit sitt hún þekur.

G
Dansað getur líka,
B7 **Em**
tja tja tja og tangó.
C **G**
Liðug eins og ormur
D **G**
vinnur mig í limbó.

G
Hún á það til að hlæja
B7 **Em**
getur líka grátið
C **G**
en oftast brýst í gegnum tárin
D **G**
sæta litla brosið.

G
Teiknar skrýtnar myndir
B7 **Em**
býður mér að þiggja.
C **G**
Eina af sér og eina af mömmu
D **G**
skrifar undir Sigga

Take this Bottle

Song by: Billy Gould Lyrics by: Billy Gould ásamt fleirum. ArtistsFaith No More



GC GC

G **C**
I can wait to love in heaven
G **C**
I can wait for you
G **C**
Far away, I'll treat you better
G **C**
Better than down here

Em
'cause I done wrong
D G G/F# G/F
And I'm a little afraid
Em
I ain't too strong
D G
And this ain't easy to say:

G C
Take this bottle
G C
Take this bottle
Em D G G/F# G/F
And just walk away - the both of you
Em D G
And let me feel the pain - I've done to you

G C
I can hope we'll be together
G C
With a better roof over our heads
G C
I can hope the stormy weather
G C
It passes on - it passes on -

Em
But I've hoped too long
D G G/F# G/F
Hoped for me to change
Em
That hope is gone
D G
So listen to what I say:

G C
Take this bottle
G C
Take this bottle
Em D G G/F# G/F
And just walk away - the both of you
Em D G
And let me feel the pain - I've done to you

G C
I can wait to love in heaven

G C
I can wait for you
Em
Take this bottle
D G
And just walk away
Em
Take this bottle
D G
And just walk away

G C
Take this bottle
G C
Take this bottle
Em D G G/F# G/F
And just walk away - the both of you
Em D G
And let me feel the pain - I've done to you

Telephone Call from Istanbul



Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits

Em
All night long on the broken glass
Am
Living in a medicine chest
B7
Mediterranean hotel back
Em
Sprawled across a roll top desk.

Em
The monkey rode the blade on an overhead fan
Am
They paint the donkey blue if you pay
B7
I got a telephone call from Istanbul...
Em
My baby's comin home today

Am7
Will ya Sell me one of those if i shave my head
D
Get me out of town is what Fireball said
G
Never trust a man in a blue trench coat
G
Never drive a car when you're dead

Am
Saturday's a festival, Friday's a gem
B7
Dye your hair yellow and raise your hem
Em
Follow me to Beulah's on Dry Creek Road
Am **B7**
I just got to wear the dress that my baby done sewed

Am7
Take me down to buy a Tux on Red Rose Bear
D
Got to cut a hole in the day
D
I got a telephone call from Istanbul...
D
My baby's comin' home today

The Chauffeur



Song by: Duran Duran Lyrics by: Duran Duran Artists: Deftones

Em D G B7/D# Out on the tar plains, the glides are moving,
 Em D G B7/D# all looking for the new place to drive
 Em D G B7/D# Em D Em G B7/D# You sit beside me, so newly charming, sweating dew drops on my forehead

G B7 And the sun slips down bedding heavy behind,
 Em B the front of your dress all shadowy lined
 G B And the droning engine throbs in time
 Em B with your beating heart

GB7

Em D G B7/D# Way down the lane away, living for another day,
 Em D B7/D# the aphids climb up in the haze

Em D G B7/D# Em D B7/D# Swim seagull in the sky towards that hollow western isle, my envied lady holds you in her gaze

G B7 And the sun slips down bedding heavy behind,
 Em B the front of your dress all shadowy lined
 G B And the droning engine throbs in time
 Em B with your beating heart

G B7 And the sun slips down bedding heavy behind,
 Em B the front of your dress all shadowy lined
 G B And the droning engine throbs in time
 Em B B7 with your beating heart

C C/Bb B Em D G B/D#
 Sing, blue silver

Em D G B7/D# And watching lovers part, I feel you smiling,
 Em D G B7/D# what glass splinters lie so deep your mind
 Em D G B7/D# To tear out from your eyes with a word to stiffen brooding lies
 Em D G B7/D# But I'll only watch you leave me further behind

G B7 And the sun slips down bedding heavy behind,

Em B the front of your dress all shadowy lined
 G B And the droning engine throbs in time
 Em G B7/D# with your beating heart
 G B7 And the sun slips down bedding heavy behind,
 Em B the front of your dress all shadowy lined
 G B And the droning engine throbs in time
 Em B B7 with your beating heart

C C/Bb B Em D G B/D#
 Sing, blue silver
 C C/Bb B Em D G B/D#
 Sing, sing, blue silver
 Em D G B/D#

The Chauffeur

Song by: Duran Duran Lyrics by: Simon LeBon Artists:Deftones



Em D G B7
Out on the tar plains, the glides are moving,
Em D G B7
all looking for the new place to drive
Em D G B7
You sit beside me, so newly charming,
Em D G B7
sweating dew drops glisten, freshening side

G B7
And the sun slips down bedding heavy behind,
Em B
the front of your dress all shadowy lined

G B Em
And the droning engine throbs in time with your beating heart
B7
beating heart

Em D G B7
Way down the lane away, living for another day,
Em D G B7
the aphids climb up in the drifting haze
Em D G
Swim seagull in the sky towards that hollow
B7
western isle,
Em D G B7
my envied lady holds you fast in her gaze

G B7
And the sun slips down bedding heavy behind,
Em B
the front of your dress all shadowy lined
G B Em
And the droning engine throbs in time with your
B
beating heart

G B7
And the sun slips down bedding heavy behind,
Em B
the front of your dress all shadowy lined
G B Em
And the droning engine throbs in time with your
B7
beating heart

C C/Bb B B7
Sing , blue silver
Em D G B

Em D G B7 Em D G B7
And watching lovers part, I feel you smiling, what glass splinters lie so deep your mind
Em D G
To tear out from your eyes with a word to stiffen
B7
brooding lies
Em D G B7
But I'll only watch you leave me further behind

G B7
And the sun slips down bedding heavy behind,
Em B
the front of your dress all shadowy lined
G B Em
And the droning engine throbs in time with your
B
beating heart

G B7
And the sun slips down bedding heavy behind,
Em B
the front of your dress all shadowy lined

G B Em
And the droning engine throbs in time with your
B7
beating heart

C C/Bb B B7
Sing , blue silver
C C/Bb B B7
Sing, sing, blue silver
Em D G B
Em D G B
Em D G B

The Heart of Saturday Night

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



DBm Em A D

Well, you gassed her up
behind the wheel
With your arm around your sweet one
In your Oldsmobile
Hailing down the Boulevard
You're looking for the heart of Saturday night

And you got paid on Friday
And your pockets are jinglin'
And you then see the lights
You get all tinglin' cause you're cruisin' with a six
And you're looking for the heart of Saturday night

Then you comb your hair
Shave your face
Tryin' to wipe out ev'ry trace
Of all the other days
In the week you know that this'll be the Saturday
You're reachin' your peak

Stoppin' on the red
You're goin' on the green
'Cause tonight'll be like nothin'

You've ever seen
And you're barrelin' down the boulevard
Lookin' for the heart of Saturday night

Tell me is the crack of the poolballs,
neon buzzin?
Telephone's ringin'; it's your second cousin

Is it the barmaid that's smilin'
from the corner of her eye?
Magic of the melancholy tear in your eye.

Makes it kind of quiver
down in the core
'Cause you're dreamin' of them Saturdays
that came before
And now you're stumblin'
You're stumblin' onto the heart of Saturday night

Well, you gassed her up
behind the wheel
With your arm around your sweet one

In your Oldsmobile
Hailing down the Boulevard
You're looking for the heart of Saturday night

is it the crack of the poolballs,
neon buzzin?
Telephone's ringin'; it's your second cousin
Is it the barmaid that's smilin'
from the corner of her eye?
Magic of the melancholy tear in your eye.

Makes it kind of special down in the core
And you're dreamin' of them Saturdays that came before
It's found you stumblin'
Stumblin' onto the heart of Saturday night
And you're stumblin'
Stumblin onto the heart of Saturday night

The Man in Me



Song by: Bob Dylan Lyrics by: Bob Dylan Artists: Bob Dylan

G **C** **C/b Am**
The man in me will do nearly any task,
D **C** **G**
And as for compensation, there's little he would ask.
G
Take a woman like you
C **D/a**
To get through to the man in me.

G **C** **C/b Am**
Storm clouds are raging all around my door,
D **C** **G**
I think to myself I might not take it any more.
G
Take a woman like your kind
C **D/a**
To find the man in me.

Am **G**
But, oh, what a wonderful feeling
Am **G**
Just to know that you are near,
Am **G**
Sets my a heart a-reeling
Am **D**
From my toes up to my ears.

G **C** **C/b Am**
The man in me will hide sometimes to keep from bein' seen,
D **C** **G**
But that's just because he doesn't want to turn into some machine.
G
Took a woman like you
C **D/a**
To get through to the man in me.

The Piano has been Drinking

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



E C#m7 F#m7 B B7

E C#m7
The piano has been drinking
F#m7 B B7
My necktie's asleep
E C#m7
The combo went back to New York,
F#m7 B B7
The jukebox has to take a leak
E C#m7
and the carpet needs a haircut?
F#m7 B B7
And the spotlight looks just like a prison break
E C#m7
And the telephone's out of cigarettes
F#m7 B B7
As usual the balcony's on the make
E C#m7
And the piano has been drinking
F#m7 B B7
The piano has been drinking

E C#m7
and the menus are all freezing
F#m7 B B7
and the lightman's blind in one eye
E C#m7
and he can't see out of the other
F#m7 B B7
and the piano-tuner's got a hearing aid
E C#m7
and he showed up with his mother
F#m7 B B7
and the piano has been drinking
E C#m7
the piano has been drinking
F#m7 B B7

E C#m7
cause the bouncer is a Sumo wrestler
F#m7 B B7
cream puff casper milk toast
E C#m7
and the owner is a mental midget
F#m7 B B7
with the I.Q. of a fencepost
E C#m7
cause the piano has been drinking
F#m7 B B7
the piano has been drinking...

E C#m7
and you can't find your waitress
F#m7 B B7
with a Geiger counter
E C#m7
And she hates you and your friends

F#m7 B B7
and you just can't get served

without her
E C#m7
and the box-office is drooling
F#m7 B B7
and the bar stools are on fire
E C#m7
and the newspapers were fooling
F#m7 B B7
and the ash-trays have retired
E C#m7
the piano has been drinking
E C#m7
the piano has been drinking
E C#m7
The piano has been drinking
F#m7 B B7
not me, not me, not me, not me, not me

The Ship Song

Song by: Nick Cave Lyrics by: Nick Cave Artists: Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds



G D C G D
G D C G D
G **D**
 Come sail your ships around me
C **G** **D**
 And burn your bridges down
G **D**
 We make a little history, baby
C **G** **D**
 Every time you come around

G **D**
 Come loose your dogs upon me
C **G** **D**
 And let your hair hang down
G **D**
 You are a little mystery to me
C **G** **D**
 Every time you come around

C **G** **D**
 We talk about it all night long
C **G** **D**
 We define our moral ground
Em **G**
 But when I crawl into your arms
C **G** **D**
 Everything comes tumbling down

G **D**
 Come sail your ships around me
C **G** **D**
 And burn your bridges down
G **D**
 We make a little history, baby
C **G** **D**
 Every time you call around

C **G** **D**
 Your face has fallen sad now
c **G** **D**
 For you know the time is nigh
Em **G**
 When I must remove your wings
c **G** **D**
 And you, you must try to fly

G **D**
 Come sail your ships around me
C **G** **D**
 And burn your bridges down
G **D**
 You are a little mystery to me
C **G** **D**
 Every time you call around

G **D**
 Come loose your dogs upon me

C **G** **D**
 And let your hair hang down
G **D**
 We make a little history, baby
C **G** **D**
 Every time you call around

The Universe Song (The Galaxy Song)

Song by: Eric Idle Lyrics by: Eric Idle ArtistsMonty Python



E7

Just Remember that you're standing

on a planet that's evolving

and revolving at nine hundred miles an hour.

That's orbiting at nineteen miles a second, so its reckoned,

a sun that is the source of all our power.

The sun and you and me

and all the stars that we can see,

are moving at a million miles a day.

In and outer spiral arm

at forty thousand miles an hour,

in the galaxy we call the Milky Way.

Our galaxy itself contains a hundred billion stars,

Its a hundred thousand light years side to side.

It bulges in the middle 16,000 light years thick

but out by us it's just 3,000 light years wide.

We're thirty thousand light years from galactic central point,

we go 'round every two hundred million years.

And our galaxy is only one of millions of billions

in this amazing and expanding universe.

The Univers itself keeps on expanding and expanding,

in all of the directions it can whizz.

As fast as it can go, the speed of light you know.

12 million miles a minute and that's the fastest speed there is.

So, remember when you're feeling very small and insecure,

how amazingly unlikely is your birth.

And pray that there's intelligent life somewhere up in space,

'cause there's bugger all down here on earth

The Weeping Song

Song by: Nick Cave Lyrics by: Nick Cave Artists: Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds



Gm **F** **Gm**
Go son, go down to the water
Gm **F** **Gm**
And see the women weeping there
Gm **F** **Gm**
Then go up into the mountains
Gm **F** **Gm**
The men, they are weeping too

Gm **F** **Gm**
Father, why are all the women weeping?
Gm **F** **Gm**
They are weeping for their men
Gm **F** **Gm**
Then why are all the men there weeping?
Gm **F** **Gm**
They are weeping back at them

F **Gm**
This is a weeping song
F **Gm**
A song in which to weep
F **Gm**
While all the men and women sleep
F **Gm**
This is a weeping song
F **Gm**
But I won't be weeping long

Gm **F** **Gm**
Father, why are all the children weeping?
Gm **F** **Gm**
They are merely crying son
Gm **F** **Gm**
O, are they merely crying, father?
Gm **F** **Gm**
Yes, true weeping is yet to come

F **Gm**
This is a weeping song
F **Gm**
A song in which to weep
F **Gm**
While all the men and women sleep
F **Gm**
This is a weeping song
F **Gm**
But I won't be weeping long

Gm **F** **Gm**
O father tell me, are you weeping?
Gm **F** **Gm**
Your face seems wet to touch
Gm **F** **Gm**
O then I'm so sorry, father
Gm **F** **Gm**
I never thought I hurt you so much

F **Gm**
This is a weeping song
F **Gm**
A song in which to weep
F **Gm**
While we rock ourselves to sleep
F **Gm**
This is a weeping song
F **Gm**
But I won't be weeping long
F **Gm**
But I won't be weeping long
F **Gm**
But I won't be weeping long
F **Gm**
But I won't be weeping long

Tom Traubert's Blues (Four Sheets to the Wind in Copenhagen)

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



F Gm7 F/A Bb F/A G7 C7

Bb Wasted and wounded, it ain't what the moon did
Gm7 C7 F C7/G F/A
I got what I paid for now

Bb See you tomorrow, hey Frank, can I borrow
G7 C7
a couple of bucks from you?

F Gm7 F/A Bb
To go waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda
F/A Gm7 C7
You'll go waltzing Matilda with me

Bb I'm an innocent victim of a blinded alley
Gm7 C7 F C7/G F/A
And I'm tired of all these soldiers here

Bb No one speaks English, and everything's broken
G7 C7
And my Stacys are soaking wet

F Gm7 F/A Bb
To go waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda
F/A Gm7 C7
You'll go waltzing Matilda with me

Bb Now the dogs are barking and the taxi cabs parking
Gm7 C7 F C7/G F/A
A lot they can do for me

Bb I begged you to stab me, you tore my shirt open
G7 C7

And I'm down on my knees tonight
Bb F/A
Old Bushmills I staggered, you bury the dagger

G7 C7
in your silhouette window light
F Gm7 F/A Bb
To go waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda
F/A Gm7 C7
You'll go waltzing Matilda with me

Bb Now I've lost my St. Christopher, now that I've kissed her
Gm7 C7 F C7/G F/A
and the one-armed bandit knows

Bb And the maverick Chinamen, and the cold-blooded signs
Gm7 C7
and the girls down by the strip-tease shows go

F Gm7 F/A Bb
Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda
F/A Gm7 C7
You'll go waltzing Matilda with me

Bb No, I don't want your sympathy, the fugitives say
Gm7 C7 F C7/G F/A

That the streets aren't for dreaming now
Bb F/A
And manslaughter dragnets, and the ghosts that sell memor

Gm7 C7
They want a piece of the action anyhow
F Gm7 F/A Bb
Go waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda
F/A Gm7 C7
You'll go waltzing Matilda with me

Bb And you can ask any sailor, and the keys from the jailer
Gm7 C7 F C7/G F/A

And the old men in wheelchairs know
Bb F/A
That Matilda's the defendant, she killed about a hundred

Gm7 C7
and she follows wherever you may go
F Gm7 F/A Bb
Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda
F/A Gm7 C7
You'll go waltzing Matilda with me

Bb And it's a battered old suitcase to a hotel someplace
Gm7 C7 F C7/G F/A

And a wound that will never heal
Bb F/A

No prima donna, the perfume is on
Gm7 C7 F C7/G F/A
An old shirt that is stained with blood and whiskey

Bb F/A
And goodnight to the street sweepers, the night watchmen, f
Gm7 C7 F Gm7 F/A
And goodnight, Matilda, too

Bb F/A Gm7 C7 F

Tvær stjörnur

Song by: Megas Lyrics by: Megas ArtistsMegas



D
Tíminn flýgur áfram
og hann teymir mig á eftir sér
og ekki fæ ég miklu ráðið
D E A
um það hvert hann fer.
D
En ég vona bara að hann
D7 Daug G C#
hugsi svolítið hlýlega til mín
D Bm G gm D/F# A7 D
og leiði mig á endanum aftur til þín.

Ég gaf þér forðum
keðju úr gulli um hálsinn þinn,
svo gleymdir þú mér ekki
D E A
í dagsins amstri nokkurt sinn.
D
Í augunum þínum svörtu horfði
D7 Daug G C#
ég á sjálfan mig um hríð
D Bm
og ég vonaði að ég fengi
G gm D/F# A7
bara að vera þar alla tíð.

G
Það er margt sem angrar
D
en ekki er það þó biðin
Em
Því ég sé það fyrst á rykinu,
A
hve langur tími er liðinn.
G
Og ég skrifa þar eitthvað með
D B7
fingrinum sem skiptir öllu máli.
Em
Því að nóttin mín er dimm
A7
og ein og dagurinn á báli.

D
Já, og andlitið þitt málað,
hve ég man það alltaf skýrt,
G
augnlínur og bleikar varir,
D E A
brosið svo hjúrt.
D
Jú ég veit vel, að ókeypiss

D7 Daug G C#
er allt það sem er best.
D Bm
En svo þarf ég að greiða
G gm D/F# A7
dýru verði það sem er verst.

G
Ég sakna þín í birtingu
D
að hafa þig ekki við hlið mér
Em
og ég sakna þín á daginn
A
þegar sólin brosir við mér.
G
Og ég sakna þín á kvöldin
D B7
þegar dimman dettur á.
Em
En ég sakna þín mest á nóttinni
A7
er svipirnir fara á stjá.

D
Svo líf ég upp og sé
við erum saman þarna tvær
stjörnur á blárri festingunni
D E A
sem færast nær og nær.
D
Ég man þig þegar augun mín
D7 Daug G C#
eru opin, hverja stund.
D Bm
En þegar ég nú legg þau aftur,
G gm D/F# A7b5
fer ég á þinn fund.

Underground

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



Cm Cm/Bb Ab G7

Cm Cm/Bb Ab G7

Cm Cm/Bb Ab
Rattle Big Black Bones
G7 Cm Cm/Bb Ab
in the Dan - ger zone
G7 Cm Cm/Bb Ab
there's a rum - blin' groan
Ab Dm7b5 G7
down below

Fm G7
there's a big dark town
Cm Cm/Bb Ab7
it's a place I've found
Ab7 G7 Cm Cm/Bb Ab G7
there's a world going on underground

Cm Cm7/Bb Ab

Cm Cm/Bb Ab G7 Cm Cm/Bb Ab
they're alive, they're awake
G7 Cm Cm/Bb Ab Dm7b5 G7
while the rest of the world is asleep
Fm G7
below the mine shaft roads
Cm Cm/Bb Ab
it will all un - fold
Ab7 G7 Cm Cm/Bb Ab G7
there's a world going on underground

Cm Cm/Bb Ab
all the roots hang down
G7 Cm Cm/Bb Ab
swing from town to town
G7 Cm Cm/Bb Ab
they are mar - ching around
Dm7b5 G7
down under your boots
Fm G7
all the trucks unload
Cm Cm/Bb Ab7
beyond the go - pher holes
Ab7 G7 Cm Cm/Bb Ab Cm Cm/Bb Ab G7 Cm
there's a world going on underground

Virginia Avenue

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



Well, I'm walking on down Virginia Aven-ue, Em A7
Em A7
 Trying to find somebody to tell my troubles to. B7 A7 G Em
B7 A7 G Em
 Harold's club is closing and everybody's going on home;
 What's a poor boy to do?

I'll just get on back into my short; make it back to the fort,
 Sleep off all the crazy lizards inside of my brain.
 There's got to be some place, that's better than this,
 This life I'm leading's driving me in-sane.
 And let me tell you, I'm dreaming...

Em A7

Em A7

Em A7

A7 D7

A7 D7

G7 B7

B7

Let me tell you that
 I'm dreaming to the twilight; this town has got me down.
 I've seen all the highlights, I've been walking all a-round.
 I won't make a fuss; I'll take a Greyhound bus,
 Carry me away from here; tell me; what have I got to lose?

'Cos I'm walking on down Columbus Aven-ue,
 The bars are all closing, 'cos it's quarter to two.
 Every town I go to, is like a lock without a key,
 The blues I leave behind are catching up on me. Let me tell you;

They're catching up on me,
 They're catching up on me.
 Catching up on me,

Við Birkiland

Song by: Megas Lyrics by: Megas ArtistsMegas



Við bísuðum gjarna saman við tveir
Birkiland og ég.

Í borgina tróðum glapstigu
og margan gæfulausan veg.

Við seldum litla bæklinga og salan hún var treg.
En sumrin í Vatnsmýrinni voru hlý og yndisleg.

Við gengum saman marga villigötu fram á nótt.

Við gerðum skurk að næturþeli,
þegar allt var orðið hljótt.

Við vorum hundeltir
og okkur gert margt ósegjanlega ljótt.
Og að því búnu þá var lögreglan á okkur sótt.

Það er ekki mikið trúlegt, nokkur öfundi þig.
Samt ertu sá sem mestu flugi náði.
Því ægilegustu þrautir þér riðu á slig.
Það var ei neinn sem slíka styrjöld háði.

Við vorum sviknir um stelpur
sem við stóluðum lengi á.

Við höfðum staðið í skilum með innborganir,
já, og þær ekkert smá.

Við vorum þíndir í afvötnun inn við sundin blá.

Við fórum út þaðan hálfu verri og
skelltum okkur beint á krá.

Já, það var mörg árstíðin í ævi þinni sem fór
Í auðnuleysisrás á afvegum slíkum.
En hvað sem verð ég lítill, Já, hvað sem verð ég stór.
Ég klæðist samt aldrei alveg þínum flíkum.

Þú varst undarlegur í háttum
það sinnti enginn um þín kvein.

Allir önnur kafnir við að græða á stríðinu
öll sín mein.

Þú varst sérlundaður furðufugl og þú sast á stakri grein
Þótt þú sæir aldrei móður þína kyssa jólasvein.

Vor í Vaglaskógi

Song by: Jónas Jónasson Lyrics by: Kristján frá Djúpalæk Artists Kaleo ásamt fleirum.



Em G A C Em G A C

Em C Am B7 Em
Kvöldið er okkar og vor um Vaglaskóg.

G Am A7 D B7
Við skulum tjalda í grænum berjamó .

Em Am B Em
Leiddu mig vinur í lundinn frá í gær.

Am B Em
Lindin þar niðar og birkihríslan grær.

D G B Ebdim7 Em

Leikur í ljósum, lokkum og angandi rósum

Am C B Em

leikur í ljósum, lokkum hinn vaggandi blær.

G A C Em G A C

Em C Am B7 Em
Daggperlur glitra um dalinn færast ró

G Am A7 D B7
draumar þess rætast er gistir Vaglaskóg .

Em Am B Em
Kveldrauðu skini á krækilyngið slær.

Am B Em
Kyrrðin er friðandi mild og angurvær.

D G B Ebdim7 Em

Leikur í ljósum, lokkum og angandi rósum

Am C B Em

leikur í ljósum, lokkum hinn fagnandi blær.

G A C Em G A C Em

Wave of Mutilation

Song by: Black Francis Lyrics by: Black Francis ArtistsPixies



F A Bb G Bb A

F A Bb F A Bb F A Bb F

F A Bb G Bb A G F

Ceased to resist, given my goodbyes

F A Bb G Bb A G F

Drive my car into the ocean

F A Bb G

You think I'm dead but I sail away

F A Bb

On a wave of mutilation

F A Bb

wave of mutilation

F A Bb

wave of mutilation

F Bb

Wave

F Bb

Wave

F A Bb G Bb A G F

I've kissed mermaids, rode the el nino

F A Bb G Bb A G F

walked the sand with the crustaceans

F A Bb G

could find my way to mariana

F A Bb

on a wave of mutilation,

F A Bb

wave of mutilation

F A Bb

wave of mutilation

F Bb

wave

F Bb

Wave

F A Bb

wave of mutilation

F A Bb

wave of mutilation

F A Bb

wave of mutilation

F Bb

wave

F Bb

wave

We live again

Song by: Beck Lyrics by: Beck ArtistsBeck



C D B C A D F G

C these withered hands have dug for a dream
A D B C
 sifted through sand and leftover nightmares
C D B C
 over the hill a desolate wind
A D F G
 turns shit to gold and blows my soul crazy

C
 the end

D
 o the end

Bb F
 we live again

Am Dsus D
 o i grow weary of the end

C D B C
 o hungry days the footsteps of fools
A D F G
 gazing alone through sex-painted windows
C D B C
 dredging the night drunk libertines
A D F G
 stink like a colognes from the newfangled wasteland

C
 the end

D
 o the end

Bb F
 we live again

Am Dsus D
 o i grow weary of the end

Bb F A7
 love is a plague in a mix-match parade
Dm Bb
 where the castaways look so deranged
A Dm
 when will the children learn to let their wildernesses burn
F Am Dsus D D9 D
 and love will be new never cold and vacant

C D B C
 these withered hands have dug for a dream
A D F G
 sifted through sand and leftover nightmares

C
 the end

D
 o the end

Bb F
 we live again

Am Dsus D
 o i grow weary of the end

(Það er hægt að spila lagið í G með capo á 3ja bandi)

When the Ship Comes In

Song by: Bob Dylan Lyrics by: Bob Dylan Artists: Bob Dylan



Oh the time will come up
 When the winds will stop
 And the breeze will cease to be breathin'.
 Like the stillness in the wind
 Before the hurricane begins,
 The hour that the ship comes in.
 And the sea will split
 And the ship will hit
 And the sands on the shoreline will be shaking.
 Then the tide will sound
 And the waves will pound
 And the morning will be a-brea - king.

The fishes will laugh
 As they swim out of the path
 And the seagulls they'll be smiling.
 And the rocks on the sand
 Will proudly stand,
 The hour that the ship comes in.
 And the words that are used
 For to get the ship confused
 Will not be understood as they're spoken.
 For the chains of the sea
 Will have busted in the night
 And be buried at the bottom of the o - cean.

A song will lift
 As the mainsail shifts
 And the boat drifts on to the shoreline.
 And the sun will respect

The every face on the deck,
 The hour that the ship comes in.
 Then the sands will roll
 Out a carpet of gold
 For your weary toes to be a-touchin'.
 And the ship's wise men
 Will remind you once again
 That the whole wide world is wa - tchin'.

Oh the foes will rise
 With the sleep still in their eyes
 And they'll jerk from their beds and think they're dreamin'.
 But they'll pinch themselves and squeal
 And they'll know that it's for real,
 The hour that the ship comes in.
 Then they'll raise their hands,
 Sayin' we'll meet all your demands,
 But we'll shout from the bow your days are numbered.
 And like Pharaoh's tribe,
 They'll be drowned in the tide,
 And like Goliath, they'll be conquered.

Where Do You Go To My Lovely

Song by: Peter Sarstedt Lyrics by: Peter Sarstedt Artists Peter Sarstedt



C Em
You talk like Marlene Dietrich
Dm G
And you dance like Zizi Jeanmaire
C Em
Your clothes are all made by Balmain
Dm G G/F G/E G/D
And there's diamonds and pearls in your hair

C Em
You live in a fancy appartement
Dm G
Of the Boulevard of St. Michel
C Em
Where you keep your Rolling Stones records
Dm G G/F G/E G/D
And a friend of Sacha Distel

C Em
But where do you go to my lovely
Dm G
When you're alone in your bed
C Em
Tell me the thoughts that surround you
Dm G G/F G/E G/D
I want to look inside your head

C Em
I've seen all your qualifications
Dm G
You got from the Sorbonne
C Em
And the painting you stole from Picasso
Dm G G/F G/E G/D
Your loveliness goes on and on, yes it does

C Em
When you go on your summer vacation
Dm G
You go to Juan-les-Pines

C Em
With your carefully designed topless swimsuit
Dm G G/F G/E G/D
You get an even suntan, on your back and on your legs

C Em
When the snow falls you're found in St. Moritz
Dm G
With the others of the jet-set

C Em
And you sip your Napoleon Brandy
Dm G G/F G/E G/D
But you never get your lips wet

C Em
But where do you go to my lovely
Dm G
When you're alone in your bed

C Em
Tell me the thoughts that surround you
Dm G G/F G/E G/D
I want to look inside your head yes! do

C Em
Your name is heard in high places
Dm G
You know the Aga Khan
C Em
He sent you a racehorse for christmas
Dm G G/F G/E G/D
And you keep it just for fun, for a laugh haha

C Em
They say that when you get married
Dm G
It'll be to a millionaire
C Em
But they don't realize where you came from
Dm G G/F G/E G/D
And I wonder if they really care, they give a damn

C Em
But where do you go to my lovely
Dm G
When you're alone in your bed
C Em
Tell me the thoughts that surround you
Dm G G/F G/E G/D
I want to look inside your head

C Em
I remember the back streets of Naples
Dm G
Two children begging in rags
C Em
Both touched with a burning ambition
Dm G G/F G/E G/D
To shake off their lowly brown tags, yes they try

C Em
So look into my face Marie-Claire
Dm G
And remember just who you are
C Em
Then go and forget me forever
Dm G G/F G/E G/D
'Cause I know you still bear the scar, deep inside, yes you do

C Em
I know where you go to my lovely
Dm G
When you're alone in your bed
C Em
I know the thoughts that surround you
Dm G G/F G/E G/D
'Cause I can look inside your head

Woe on Me



Song by: Beck Lyrics by: Beck ArtistsBeck

G
On the old forgotten crossways where the fourteen rivers did run
G
The bones of our elders were lying in the street
G
On the dark and dusty desert like a ghost I've flown
G
I barely cried wherever I'd ride I ride I never found a home
C D G
Woe on me
Am D
Somehow I will feel more free
G C
To wallow in the empty headed peace
Am D
Where the plain hearted sorrows never cease

G
I am just a ramshackle I go from town to town
G
Where there is no shelter I lay down on the grown
G
I've killed for no reason I've pissed upon a kind
G
Cost them all and burned the bone when I've had the time

C D G
Woe on me
Am D
Somehow I will feel more free
G C
To wallow in the empty headed peace
Am D
Where the plain hearted sorrows never cease

G
Well there's saints and there are animals they've taken what they could
G
And it's written in the pages to do just what they should
G
Well they stood the test and burned the rest and tore them limb from limb
G
Like a fashion with no passion they open up their skin

C D G
Woe on me
Am D
Somehow I will feel more free
G C
To wallow in the empty headed peace
Am D
Where the plain hearted sorrows never cease

The G is is played like this:

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Wrong Side of the Road



Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits

Bm7 Put a dead cat on the railroad tracks **E7**
 When the wolf bains blooming by the tressel **Bm7** **E7**
 And get the eyeball of a rooster and the stones from a ditch **G7** **F#7**
 And wash 'em down with bilge water and you say you'll never sn **Bm7** **E7**
 we'll celebrate the 4 of july **Bm7** **E7**
 Take the buttons from a yellow jacket - The feather from a **Bm7** **E7**
 and the blood from a bounty hunters cold black heart **Bm7** **E7**
 Catch the tears of a widow in a thimble made of glass **G7** **F#7**
 Tell your mama and papa, they can kick your ass **G7** **F#7**

Bm7 Poison all the water in the wishin well **E7**
 and hang all them scarecrows from a sycamore tree **Bm7** **E7**
 Burn down all those honeymoons, put em in a pillow case **G7** **F#7**
 And wait next to the switch blades at the amusement park for me **G7** **F#7**

Bm7 Strangle all the christmas carols - Scratch out all your prayers **E7**
 Tie 'em up with barbed wire and push them down the stairs **Bm7** **E7**
 And I'll whittle you a pistol for keeping nightmares of the blinds **G7** **F#7**
 Those sunabitches always seem to sneake up from behind **G7** **F#7**

Bm7 Syphon all the gas from your daddys pickup truck **E7**
 fill up johnnys t bird - I got a couple of bucks **Bm7** **E7**
 Put a little perfume and ribbon in your hair **G7** **F#7**
 Careful that you don't wake up the hounds **G7** **F#7**

Bm7 Tear a bolt of lightning of the side of the sky **E7**
 and throw it in the cedar chest if you want to tell me why **Bm7** **E7**
 Bring the gear shift knob from a 49 merc **G7** **F#7**
 and lay down here beside me let me hold you in the dirt **G7** **F#7**

Bm7 You're gonna tremble as the flames tear the throat out of the night **E7**
 sink your teeth into my shoulder, dig your nails into my back **Bm7** **E7**

Yesterday is Here

Song by: Tom Waits Lyrics by: Tom Waits Artists Tom Waits



If you want money in your pocket
and a top hat on your head
a hot meal on your table and a blanket on your bed

well today is grey skies
tomorrow is tears
you'll have to wait till yesterday is here

Well I'm going to New York City
and I'm leaning on a train
and if you want to stay behind and
wait till I come back again

well today is grey skies
tomorrow is tears
you'll have to wait till yesterday is here

well today is grey skies
tomorrow is tears
you'll have to wait till yesterday is here

If you want to go
where the rainbows end
you'll have to say goodbye
all our dreams come true
baby up ahead
and it's out were your memories lie

well the road is out before me
and the moon is shining bright
what I want you to remember
as I disappear tonight

well today is grey skies
tomorrow is tears
you'll have to wait till yesterday is here

well today is grey skies
tomorrow is tears
you'll have to wait till yesterday is here

Á Sprengisandi

Song by: Sigvaldi Kaldalóns Lyrics by: Grímur Thomsen Artists: Islandica

**Am**

Ríðum, ríðum, rekum yfir sandinn,

E E7

rennur sól á bak við Arnarfell.

Am

Hér á reiki' er margur óhreinn andinn

E E7

úr því fer að skyggja á jökulsvell.

Am Dm Am

Drottinn leiði drösulinn minn,

E7 Am F7 E7

drjúgur verður síðasti áfanginn.

Am Dm Am

Drottinn leiði drösulinn minn,

E7 Am F7 E7 Am

drjúgur verður síðasti áfanginn.

Am

Bei bei, bei bei. Þaut í holti tófa,

E E7

þurran vill hún blóði væta góm,

Am

eða líka einhver var að húa

E E7

undarlega digrum karlaróm.

Am Dm Am

Útilegumenn í Ódáðahraun

E7 Am F7 E7

eru kannski' að smala fé á laun.

Am Dm Am

Útilegumenn í Ódáðahraun

E7 Am F7 E7 Am

eru kannski' að smala fé á laun.

Am

Ríðum, ríðum, rekum yfir sandinn,

E E7

rökkrið er að síga' á Herðubreið.

Am

Álfadrotting er að beisla gandinn,

E E7

ekki' er gott að verða' á hennar leið.

Am Dm Am

Vænsta klárinn vildi' ég gefa til

E7 Am F7 E7

að vera kominn ofan í Kiðagil.

Am Dm Am

Vænsta klárinn vildi' ég gefa til

E7 Am F7 E7 Am

að vera kominn ofan í Kiðagil.

Ást

Song by: Magnús Þór Sigmundsson Lyrics by: Sigurður Norðdal Artists: Ragnheiður Gröndal



G D/F# C G Em C G D

G D/F#
Sólin brennir nóttina
C G
og nóttin slökkvir dag;
Em C
þú ert athvarf mitt fyrir
G D/F#
og eftir sólarlag.
C G
Þú ert yndi mitt áður
C G
og eftir að dagur rís,
C Bm
svölun í sumarsins eldi
C D
og sólbráð á vetrarins ís.

G D/F#
Svali á sumardögum
C G
og sólskin um vetrarnótt,
Em C
þögn í seiðandi solli
G D/F#
og söngur ef allt er hljótt.
C G
Söngur í þöglum skógum
C G
og þögn í borganna dyn,
C Bm
þú gafst mér jörðina og grasið
C Dsus4 D
og Guð á himnum að vin.

G D/F#
Þú gafst mér skýin og fjöllin og Guð
Em Em7/D
til að styrkja mig
C G
ég fann ei hvað lífið var fagurt
Am Dsus4 D
fyrir en ég elskaði þig.
G D/F#
Ég fæddist til ljóssins og lífsins
Em Em7/D
er lærði ég að unna þér,
C G
og ást mín fær ekki fölnað
Am Dsus4 D
fyrir en með sjálfri mér.

G D/F# C G Em C G D

C G
Aldir og andartök hrynja
C G
með undursamlegum nið;

C Bm
það er ekkert í heiminum öllum
C Dsus4 D
nema eilífðin, Guð - og við.

A E/G#
Þú gafst mér skýin og fjöllin og Guð
F#m F#m7/E
til að styrkja mig
D A
ég fann ei hvað lífið var fagurt
Bm Esus4 E
fyrir en ég elskaði þig.
A E/G#
Ég fæddist til ljóssins og lífsins
F#m F#m7/E
er lærði ég að unna þér
D A
og ást mín fær ekki fölnað
Bm Esus4 E
fyrir en með sjálfri mér.

A E/G#
Þú gafst mér skýin og fjöllin og Guð
F#m F#m7/E
til að styrkja mig
D A
ég fann ei hvað lífið var fagurt
Bm Esus4 E
fyrir en ég elskaði þig.
A E/G#
Ég fæddist til ljóssins og lífsins
F#m F#m7/E
er lærði ég að unna þér
D A
og ást mín fær ekki fölnað
Bm Esus4 E
fyrir en með sjálfri mér.

AE/G# D A F#m D A E A

Ég vil fá mér kærustu

Song by: Sænskt þjóðlag Lyrics by: Indriði Einarsson Artists:Hjálmar



Dm A7 Bb C F
Ég vil fá mér kærustu sem allra allra fyrst.
Gm Dm E7 A7
En ekki verður gott að finna hana
Dm A7 Bb C F
því hún skal hafa kinnar eins og hrútaber á kvist
Gm Dm A7 Dm
og hvarmaljósinn björt sem demantana.

F C Dm A7
Hún skal vera fallegust af öllum innanlands
Dm A7 Bb C F
og iðin við að spinna og léttan stíga dans
Gm Dm A7 Dm
og hún skal kunna að haga sér hið besta.

Dm A7 Bb C F
Þær eru flestar góðar meðan unnustinn er nær
Gm Dm E7 A7
en oss þær eru vissar til að blekkja
Dm A7 Bb C F
en ég vil fá mér eina þá sem ei við öðrum hlær
Gm Dm A7 Dm
sem elskar mig og bara mig vill þekkja.

F C Dm A7
Og hún skal líka finna beztu hugarró hjá mér
Dm A7 Bb C F
ef húsi mínu færir hún iðni og dyggð með sér
Gm Dm A7 Dm
og stóra, fulla kistu beztu klæða.

Dm A7 Bb C F
Og ef ég svo í eina næ jafnt alveg sem ég vil
Gm Dm E7 A7
þá óðara til brullups skal ég feta
Dm A7 Bb C F
og sveitafólk mitt veislu fær sem vantar ekkert til
Gm Dm A7 Dm
en vín og hrokafylli sína éta

F C Dm A7
Og þar skal vera dans og drykkja daga þrjá í röð
Dm A7 Bb C F
hin dýra ást oss gjörir í hjörtunum svo glöð
Gm Dm A7 Dm
en til þess verður ofurlitlu að eyða.

Ísaðar Gellur

Song by: Bubbi Morthens Lyrics by: Bubbi Morthens Artists: Bubbi Morthens



Dm C Bb A

Dm
Þær tína orminn úr íslenskum fiski
C **Dm**
Ískaldar skilja ekki neitt.

Þær búa á verbúð í felum milli fjalla
Bb **A** **Dm**
þeim finnst þorpið ætti að heita ekki neitt.

C **Dm**
Norðurljósín lýsa upp myrkrið
C **Dm**
langar þig elskan ekki heim.
C **Dm**
Þær drekka vodka, vilja smá hlýju
A **Dm** **C Bb A**
Ísaðar gellur með harðan hrjúfan hreim.

Dm C Bb A

Dm
Þær eiga drauma sem dansa um nætur
C **Dm**
drauma sem leita að heima höfn

og vandamál sem vakna á hvurjum morgni
Bb **A** **Dm**
vandamál með óteljandi nöfn.

C **Dm**
Norðurljósín lýsa upp myrkrið
C **Dm**
langar þig elskan ekki heim.
C **Dm**
Þær drepa tímann, tala um glæstar vonir
A **Dm** **C Bb A**
Ísaðar gellur með harðan hrjúfan hreim.

Dm C Bb A

C **Dm**
Norðurljósín lýsa upp myrkrið
C **Dm**
langar þig elskan ekki heim.
C **Dm**
Þær drekka vodka, vilja smá hlýju
A **Dm** **C Bb A**
Ísaðar gellur með harðan hrjúfan hreim.

Dm C Bb A

Ó, Jósep, Jósep

Song by: Saul Chaplin Lyrics by: Skafti Sigbórsson ArtistsKK ásamt fleirum.



Ó, Jósep, Jósep, bágt á ég að bíða
og bráðum hvarma mína fylla tár,

því fyrr en varir æskuárin líða
og ellin kemur með sín gráu hár.

Ég spyr þig, Jósep, hvar er karlmannslundin
og kjarkur sá er prýðir hraustan mann.

Hvenær má ég klerkinn panta,
kjarkinn má ei vanta,
Jósep, Jósep, nefndu daginn þann.

Gm
Hvenær má ég klerkinn panta,
Dm
kjarkinn má ei vanta,
A A7 Dm
Jósep, Jósep, nefndu daginn þann.

Dm
Ó, Jósep, Jósep, láttu bílinn bruna
og byrjaðu sem fyrst að trukka mig.

Við keyrum út í græna náttúruna,
sem gerir viðkvæm bæði mig og þig.

Ó, Jósep, Jósep, hvar er karlmannslundin
og kjarkur sá er prýðir hraustan mann.

Hvenær má ég klerkinn panta,
Dm
kjarkinn má ei vanta,
A A7 Dm D7
Jósep, Jósep, nefndu daginn þann.

Gm
Hvenær má ég klerkinn panta,
Dm
kjarkinn má ei vanta,
A A7 Dm
Jósep, Jósep, nefndu daginn þann.

Ó, María mig langar heim

Song by: Tills Wilkins Lyrics by: Ólafur Gaukur Þórhallsson Artists Ýmsir



^C Hann sigldi út um höfin ^G blá í 17 ár
 og sjómennsku kunnir hann ^C upp á hár,
 Hann saknaði alla tíð ^F stúlkunnar
 og mynd hennar ^C stöðugt ^G í hjarta ^C hann bar.

Ó, María mig ^G langar heim.

Ó, María mig ^C langar heim.

Því heima vil ég ^F helst vera. ^C

Ó, María ^G hjá ^C þér.

^C Í höfnum var hann ^G hrókur mikils fagnaðar
 hann heillaði þar ^C allar stúlkurnar
 en aldrei hann ^F meyjarnar ^C augum leit
 það átti ekki við hann ^C að ^G rjúfa ^C sín heit.

Ó, María mig ^G langar heim.

Ó, María mig ^C langar heim.

Því heima vil ég ^F helst vera. ^C

Ó, María ^G hjá ^C þér.

^C Loks kom að því, hann ^G vildi halda heim á leið
 til hennar sem ^C sat þar og beið og beið
 hann ^F hætti til sjós, tók sinn hatt og staf
 og heimleiðis sigldi ^C um ógandi haf. ^G

Ó, María mig ^G langar heim.

Ó, María mig ^C langar heim.

Því heima vil ég ^F helst vera. ^C

Ó, María ^G hjá ^C þér.

^F En fleyði bar hann aldrei heim ^C að fjarðarströnd.
 Hann siglir ei lengur ^F um ókunn lönd.

En María ^{Bb} bíður og bíður enn
 Hún ^F bíður og ^C vonar ^F hann komi nú senn.

Ó, María mig ^C langar heim.

Ó, María mig ^F langar heim.

Því heima vil ég ^{Bb} helst vera. ^F

Ó, María ^C hjá ^F þér.

Ólafur Liljurós

Song by: Íslenskt Þjóðlag Lyrics by: Íslenskt Þjóðlag Artists:Ísländica



D
Ólafur reið með björgum fram.
Villir hann, stillir hann.
Hitti' hann fyrir sér álfarann.
Þar rauður loginn brann.
Blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum,
blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum fram.

D
Þar kom út ein álfamær.
Villir hann, stillir hann.
Sú var ekki Kristi kær.
Þar rauður loginn brann.
Blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum,
blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum fram.

D
Þar kom út ein önnur,
Villir hann, stillir hann.
hélt á silfurkönnu.
Þar rauður loginn brann.
Blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum,
blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum fram.

D
Þar kom út hin þriðja,
Villir hann, stillir hann.
með gullband um sig miðja.
Þar rauður loginn brann.
Blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum,
blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum fram.

D
Þar kom út hin fjórða,
Villir hann, stillir hann.
hún tók svo til orða:

Þar rauður loginn brann.
Blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum,
blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum fram.

D
„Velkominn Ólafur Liljurós!
Villir hann, stillir hann.
Gakk í björg og bú með oss“.
Þar rauður loginn brann.
Blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum,
blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum fram.

D
„Ekki vil ég með álfum búa,
Villir hann, stillir hann.
heldur vil ég á Krist minn trú“.
Þar rauður loginn brann.
Blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum,
blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum fram.

D
„Bíddu mín um eina stund,
Villir hann, stillir hann.
meðan ég geng í grænan lund“.
Þar rauður loginn brann.
Blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum,
blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum fram.

D
Hún gekk sig til arkar,
Villir hann, stillir hann.
tók upp saxið snarpa.
Þar rauður loginn brann.
Blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum,
blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum fram.

D
 „Ekki muntu svo héðan fara,
 A **D**
 Villir hann, stillir hann.
 A **D**
 að þú gjörir mér kossinn spara“.
 A7 **D**
 Þar rauður loginn brann.
 G **A7** **D**
 Blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum,
 G **D** **A7** **D**
 blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum fram.

D
 Ólafur laut um söðulboga,
 A **D**
 Villir hann, stillir hann.
 A **D**
 kyssti frú með hálfum huga.
 A7 **D**
 Þar rauður loginn brann.
 G **A7** **D**
 Blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum,
 G **D** **A7** **D**
 blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum fram.

D
 Saxinu' hún stakk í síðu,
 A **D**
 Villir hann, stillir hann.
 A **D**
 Ólafi nokkuð sviður.
 A7 **D**
 Þar rauður loginn brann.
 G **A7** **D**
 Blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum,
 G **D** **A7** **D**
 blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum fram.

D
 Ólafur leit sitt hjartablóð,
 A **D**
 Villir hann, stillir hann.
 A **D**
 líða niður viðhestsins hóf.
 A7 **D**
 Þar rauður loginn brann.
 G **A7** **D**
 Blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum,
 G **D** **A7** **D**
 blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum fram.

D
 Ólafur keyrir hestinn spora,
 A **D**
 Villir hann, stillir hann.
 A **D**
 heim til sinnar móður dyra.
 A7 **D**
 Þar rauður loginn brann.
 G **A7** **D**
 Blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum,

G **D** **A7** **D**
 blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum fram.

D
 Klappar á dyr með lófa sín:
 A **D**
 Villir hann, stillir hann.
 A **D**
 „Ljúktu' upp, kæra móðir mín“.
 A7 **D**
 Þar rauður loginn brann.
 G **A7** **D**
 Blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum,
 G **D** **A7** **D**
 blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum fram.

D
 „Hví ertu fögur og hví ert fár,
 A **D**
 Villir hann, stillir hann.
 A **D**
 eins og sá með álfum gár“?
 A7 **D**
 Þar rauður loginn brann.
 G **A7** **D**
 Blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum,
 G **D** **A7** **D**
 blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum fram.

D
 „Móðir, ljáðu mér mjúka sæng.
 A **D**
 Villir hann, stillir hann.
 A **D**
 Systir, bittu mér síðu band“.
 A7 **D**
 Þar rauður loginn brann.
 G **A7** **D**
 Blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum,
 G **D** **A7** **D**
 blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum fram.

D
 Ei leið nema stundir þrjár,
 A **D**
 Villir hann, stillir hann.
 A **D**
 Ólafur var sem bleikur nár.
 A7 **D**
 Þar rauður loginn brann.
 G **A7** **D**
 Blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum,
 G **D** **A7** **D**
 blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum fram.

D
 Vendi ég mínu kvæði í kross,
 A **D**
 Villir hann, stillir hann.
 A **D**
 sankti María sé með oss.

þar rauður loginn brann.

Blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum,

blíðan lagði byrinn undan björgunum fram.

Porraprællinn 1866

Song by: Þjóðlag Lyrics by: Kristján Jónsson Artists: Alsæla



Nú er frost á Fróni,
frýs í æðum blóð,
kveður kuldaljóð
Kári í jötunmóð.

Yfir laxalóni
liggur klakapil.
Hlær við hríðarbil
Hamragil.
Mararbára blá
brotnar þung og há
unnarsteinum á,
yggld og grett á brá.

Yfir aflatjóni
æðrast skipstjórinn,
harmar hlutinn sinn
hásetinn.

Horfir á heyjaforðann
hryggur búandinn:
"Minnkar stabbinn minn,
magnast harðindin.

Nú er hann enn á norðan,
næðir kuldaél,
yfir móa og mel,
myrkt sem hel."
Bóndans býli á
björtum þeytir snjá.
Hjúin dōpur hjá
honum sitja þá.

Hvítleit hringaskorðan

huggar manninn trautt:
Brátt er búið autt,
búið snautt.

Þögull Þorri heyrir
þetta harmakvein,
en gefur grið ei nein,
glíkur hörðum stein,

engri skepnu eirir,
alla fjær og nær
kuldaklónum slær
og kalt við hlær:

"Bóndi minn, þitt bú
betur stunda þú.

Hugar hrelling sú,
er hart þér þjakar nú,

þá mun hverfa, en fleiri
höpp þér falla í skaut.

Senn er sigruð þraut,
ég svíf á braut."

Þytur í laufi

Song by: Aldís Ragnarsdóttir Lyrics by: Tryggvi Þorsteinsson Artists Tryggvi Þorsteinsson



Am **Dm**
Þytur í laufi bálið brennur.
Am **E**
Blærinn hvíslar: "Sofðu rótt."
Am **Dm**
Hljóður í hafi röðull rennur,
Am **E** **Am**
roðnar og býður góða nótt.

G **C**
Vaka þá ennþá vinir saman
G **G7** **C** **E7**
varðeldi hjá í fögrum dal.
Am **Dm**
Lífið er söngur, glaumur gaman.
Am **E** **Am**
Gleðin, hún býr í fjallasal.

Þórður kakali

Song by: Þýskt þjóðlag Lyrics by: Hannes Hafstein ArtistsÓþekktur



D
Þó Kakali gjörðist konungsþjón
A A7 D
kominn róstonum úr
D
og bauð á kóngsvald feðra frón
A A7 D
fór hann á grenjandi túr.

G D A A7 D
Svík þú aldrei ættland þitt í tryggðum.
G D
Drekk þú heldur,
A A7 D
Drekk þú þig heldur í hel.

D
Hann sat og drakk um dag og nútt
A A7 D
dapur við horna klið,
D
um jarlsnafn hafði seggur sótt,
A A7 D
síðan þoldi' hann ei við.

G D A A7 D
Svík þú aldrei ættland þitt í tryggðum.
G D
Drekk þú heldur,
A A7 D
Drekk þú þig heldur í hel.

D
Því keppinaut sinn hræddist hann,
A A7 D
að hann mundi bitanum ná,
D
og svo var auk þess samviskan
A A7 D
sífelld að bíta og slá.

G D A A7 D
Svík þú aldrei ættland þitt í tryggðum.
G D
Drekk þú heldur,
A A7 D
Drekk þú þig heldur í hel.

D
Eitt kveld, er drakk hann feikna fár,
A A7 D
fimm sinnum á við tvo,
D
þá vitraðist honum vínsins ár,
A A7 D
við hann talandi svo:

G D A A7 D
Svík þú aldrei ættland þitt í tryggðum.
G D
Drekk þú heldur,
A A7 D
Drekk þú þig heldur í hel.

D
"Það hryggir mig, minn hrausti þjón,
A A7 D
að heyra þitt leiða brall,
D
að þú skulir vilja fleka Frón
A A7 D
og frjáls gjörast konungs jarl.

G D A A7 D
Svík þú aldrei ættland þitt í tryggðum.
G D
Drekk þú heldur,
A A7 D
Drekk þú þig heldur í hel.

D
Til launa fyrir fullin mörg
A A7 D
firri' eg þig hefndargjöf,
D
svo laus við smán og landráð örð
A A7 D
leggjast megir í gröf."

G D A A7 D
Svík þú aldrei ættland þitt í tryggðum.
G D
Drekk þú heldur,
A A7 D
Drekk þú þig heldur í hel.

D
Þá hinstu kneyfði Kakali skál,
A A7 D
kingdi og örendur datt.
D
Að hann væri' í rauninni heiðarleg sál
A A7 D
hafa menn fyrir satt.

G D A A7 D
Svík þú aldrei ættland þitt í tryggðum.
G D
Drekk þú heldur,
A A7 D
Drekk þú þig heldur í hel.

D
Hans minning lifði, leyst frá vömm,

A A7 D
lifir hún enn í dag.

D
En það, sem firrti hann þjóðar skömm

A A7 D
það var - brennivíslag.

G D A A7 D
Svík þú aldrei ættland þitt í tryggðum.

G D
Drekk þú heldur,

A A7 D
Drekk þú þig heldur í hel.