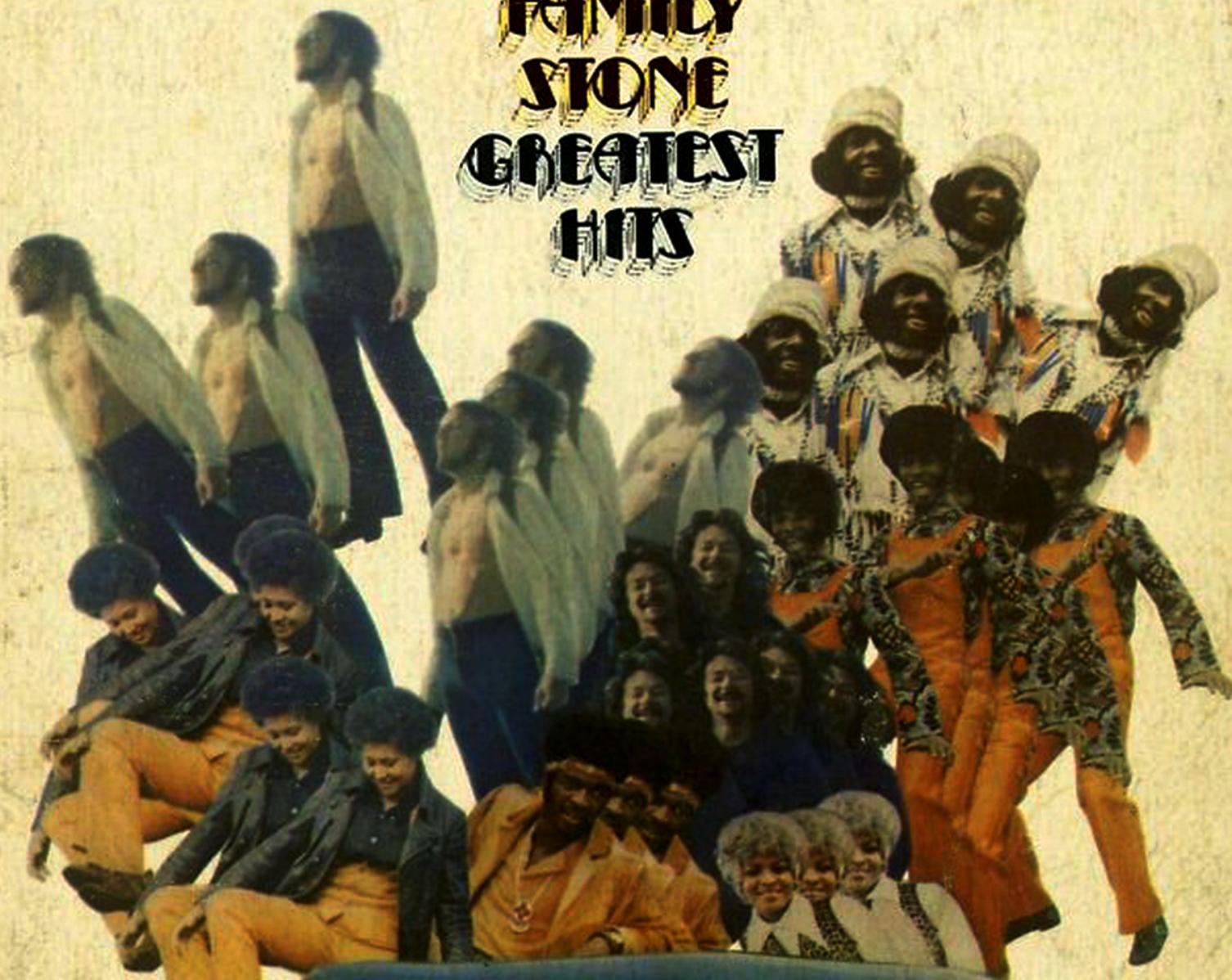


# SLY & THE FAMILY STONE GREATEST HITS



# SLY & THE FAMILY STONE GREATEST HITS

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# SLY & THE FAMILY STONE

By David Henderson



I first saw Sly and The Family Stone at the Electric Circus in the fall of 1967. At that time they were fairly much unknown. I was surprised to find them singing some of the hippest music around. They were from San Francisco and came to New York on the tail end of the San Francisco folk-rock renaissance in the East.

The first night I came into the automatic Electric Circus I heard this very funky bass as I was walking up the stairs. Then as I got to the opening to the dance floor I saw couples dancing in the black light of the rear in a confusion of luminous white shirts and flowered dresses. The scene reminded me of my San Francisco days and the dances at The Fillmore, The Avalon Ballroom and The Steam Beer Factory. I miss that whole scene; here in New York, dancing is all but outlawed. As I moved onto the dance floor I saw a huge circle of people surrounding the podium and a solid line of six dancing people on the stage. On the far right was Sly at the organ swaying and weaving and getting up to buck dance with his two brothers on guitar: Larry who plays bottom (the bass) and Freddy, Sly's blood brother and lead guitarist and singer. The stage was solid motion. Heading the woodwinds was Cynthia Robinson, a saucy tomato from Sacramento with thick red hair and a sensual bougaloo. She blows a hot lip trumpet (the only female player of trumpet I've seen in any group) and comes forth with a sensual gutsy blues wail as well. Sly, Freddy and Larry do some fantastic rhythm steps. They wave their long black locks and kick their dogs high doing the pony while never missing a note by voice or axe. I could not tell whether the brothers wore marcel or wigs but the effects were strikingly strange.

The Family Stone with Sly at the helm plays minor concerts. Each tune connected by organ interludes is a cog in a larger wheel of tunes that swell a spectrum from blues ballad to bip-bop jazz rock back to hard-up-against-the-wall rhythm 'n' blues. All include organ solos, intricate Bantu voice harmonics and holy roller incantations and exhortations. Sly and The Family Stone provide a happy jumping chorus with their voices as well as instruments welded in spirit nommo as one. They explode the energy of an orchestra. The trumpet and saxophone combinations enable them to capture the dramatic flailing woodwind rhythm 'n' blues changes.

The second time I saw them was at The Fillmore East on Second Avenue. Sly plays a beulah baptist organ. His white Gabriel cape gleams like the full moon. He riffs Egyptian chromatics with the ease of a jack-legged preacher. You begin to think he can heal people right on stage. He throws fire and he holds it back — all under control — behind the urban baptist beat. He rides along solidly. Larry on the bottom with the bass sometimes gets into out-of-sight interplays with Sly's organ.



In Sly's tunes I hear James P. Johnson, Jelly Roll Morton and some James Cleveland too. Rural black lands and the southern crossings of freight trains, the transcended peoples of Africa tuning their symphony banjos of Euro-America to the pitch of their voice, their rap. Voices like instrument, instruments like voices.

The seven members of Sly and The Family Stone fill the stage. Their movements cinemascope human harmonics in dance and jig. The three brothers pony and huckle-buck in popeye-leg motions, shake down and ball the jack. Sly, Freddy and Larry get into some fantastic harmony and rhythm things with their voices. Like for instance their boom-boom vocal harmonics which made DANCE TO THE MUSIC an instantly recognizable hit.

Their boom harmonics are but part of their arsenal of innovative effects that seriously challenge the traditional rhythm 'n' blues establishment of New York City and Detroit: the East. Sly's songs say something more than "I love you, baby, and you do/or you don't love me." Take for instance his DON'T BURN BABY BURN, where he turns a popular saying among black militants into a moving ballad. Or JANE IS A GROUPEE, which is blessed with a Lambert Hendricks and Ross virtuosity. He also has a song on his latest album (which as of this writing is not out yet), where he talks of the city of the future, where everybody will be able to groove with everybody else. CITY OF LOVE is the name, I think.

(Continued)

Sly definitely has something to say. He stands strong among the young innovators of today, the young revolutionaries. But Sly's revolution is more towards Marshall McLuhan than, say, Rap Brown. His field is communication, the electromagnetic bands, a plethora of electronic instruments, amplifiers, between microphones, headphones, dance hall or audience or recording studio, where stands with the engineer mixing his tapes at the Columbia Studios in New York. He puts the record together, mixing, listening, talking. He sits as long as the engineer does and is on whatever goes down. While we were talking late one night at the studio he perked up at a remark passed between the engineers: "What do you mean make it louder for the commercial stations? Like Mrs. Robinson, huh?"

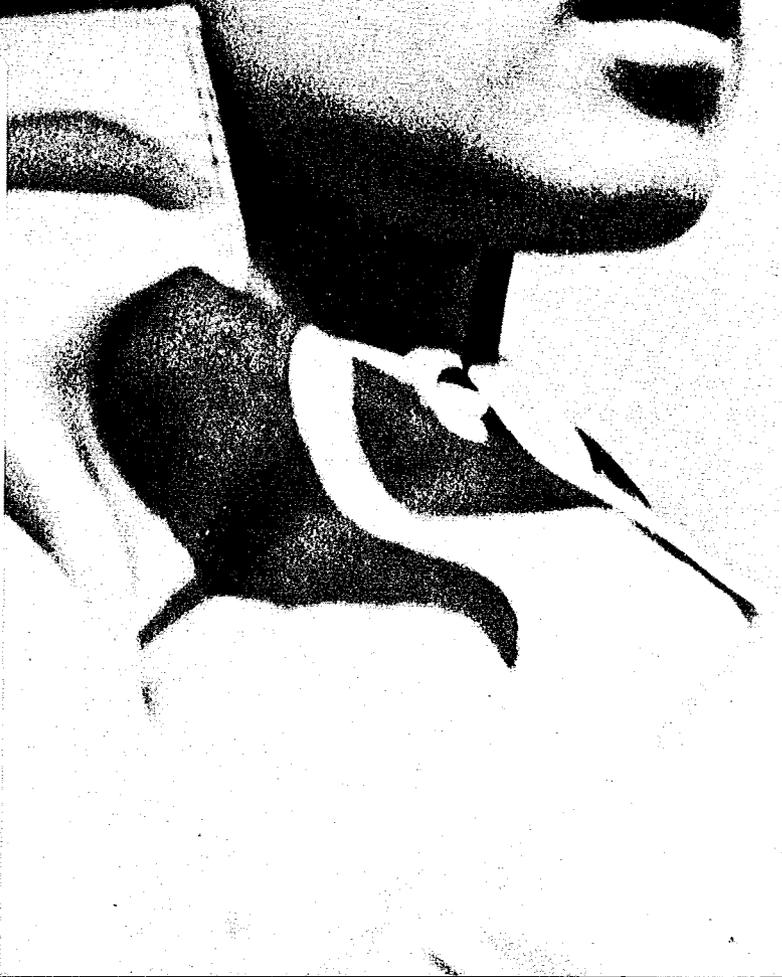
Some believe a huge monster of electrical energy threatens to take over music. (Read Harvey Swados' novel, *False Coin*, or go to a John Cage concert.) As Sly says, "some groups just play loud." They are absorbed into the living organism of electricity. Sly stands strong against the giant amplifiers of The Fillmore East or CBS' voltage stockpile on East 52nd. His music is basically earth-oriented — in the pentecostal tradition, the imparting of the spirit of life, of vitality, the voice as a vessel of nommo, the body expressive of the spirit to be played upon as a drum. Sly makes you feel the music ground-swelling under you, throbbing in your backbone, making you tap your foot and bounce up and down. On the other hand, like at the concert where Sly and Jimi Hendrix performed on the same bill, Hendrix' music assaulted the brain. Not in a harmful way, like the noise of the city, which is the worst possible noise for our organism to endure, according to our scientists. Hendrix sublimates these horrible sounds of subways and exploding Mack trucks, jet exhaust buses and "dig we must" ("exploitation of energy for profit") fascist sounds into a beautiful music with a pyramid base of urban blue guitar, like B. B. King's loony obligato screams, Blind Lemons' Justice of Country Space, Jimmy Reed's urban diddy bop beats, and exalts them all beyond our imagination. We hear space ships landing, changing gears and turbines, factories, Frankenstein static blasts, jets taking off and exploding into melody.

Ethereal melodies of the cosmos — Atomic Warfare, Woton Shango and Shiva. Like much of what Sun Ra does on organ though not nearly as far out. Sun Ra says he has reached Jupiter. I would put Hendrix closer to the moon, with a great deal of lunar intensity. I place Sly along with Hendrix, Havens and The Chambers Brothers as the avant-garde of the rhythm 'n' blues. And Nashville is also feeling some of the waves. Newark is strong in itself, taking the traditional to a genius extreme in the personages of Shorty Long and J. J. Jackson. But Hendrix, Sly, Havens, and to a lesser extent The Chambers Brothers have done for the black soul stations what in part black deejay Del Shields of WLIB has been screaming his head off for some time now at NARA conventions. And that is to bring some black intelligence and variance to the dilemma in programming that the black stations have fallen into under white ivy league management. A sign of the changing times is also evidenced by folksinger-poet-composer-troubadour Len Chandler's gig with KRLA in L.A., in which he writes songs as part of the daily news commentary. Len Chandler's mini-operas in his two Columbia lp's have had an underground effect on eastern black music.



Sly possesses a strong stooping pride and strangely piscine face — rather strikingly close to Martin Luther King's sargasso geechie lips and glinting barracuda eyes. Otis Redding is also a pisces. Sly has Redding's awareness of elemental melody. If there be a universal spectrum of sound, then I would place Redding and Sly into that continuum. The Yogis believe that sound has a deep effect on the physical body — that certain notes caress certain organs and glands (they call them charkas), that these glands and organs differently affect our sensibilities and emotions, and that therefore music can affect the body in different ways — making one feel good or bad (to be simplistic). Many cultures (mainly outside U.S.A.) consider music sacred, especially some of the ancient cultures like the Egyptian where the musicians giggered in the temples. Music can make you feel good. Norman Mailer attests to how he went to a Sun Ra concert in Chicago and got cured of a nasty cold. Sly makes me feel good. His music throbs an earthly loving movement. Sly has an elemental dedication which shines forth from his face. There is also the driving force and stubbornness of the bull. I remember the first time I saw him at the Electric Circus. Between the fortunately frequent appearances of the group, they would quietly play cards and receive visitors. They convey a family unity and dedication that comes across as a devotional ceremony when they play. (Continued)







Indeed it was like a devotional ritual, as jazz funeral to Shango (the African god of life and death), when The Family Stone sang Otis Redding's classic TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS. Sly did not sing it exactly like Redding, nor did he sing it exactly like himself. He moved in between Redding, his own here and remaining true to the original there. Towards the crucial climax of tenderness, that beautiful building-up Redding did which made us burst in anticipation of clashing woodwinds and Otis' plea, a screaming got to try and please her, Sly suspends tenderness in a heartsinking abyss. Sly holds the got to got to, slowly begins to repeat it, and then staggers the phrase; his brothers join; the pendulum swings wider and wider and pretty soon the three brothers are into a time-suspending chant: got to got to now now now got to got to now now now got to got to now now now. They chant it for a while and pretty soon we have ceased to hear the original words. We're hearing something else, something closer to the utter archetypal root of the words in the melody, something out of the forests of Germany and those Anglo-Saxon crags off mainland Europe, with the backbone base of African drum chant in a body rub. And then after what seems like an eternity, a trip at the speed of light over continents and centuries, they end TENDERNESS in the resounding glory of Otis. The light-show screen shows purple orbs merging and exploding into an immense twilight blue. Then they break into a fire and brimstone rhythm and then as quickly into the hambone. We wanted the audience to quit the freak applause so we could hear the three brothers' hambones individually (the thump of hand on chest and the slap of palm on thigh, dual rhythm in hump position), to discover if they were into anything. They were together. Then they jump into traditional proscenium Apollo steps, and the freight train is off once more.

(Continued)

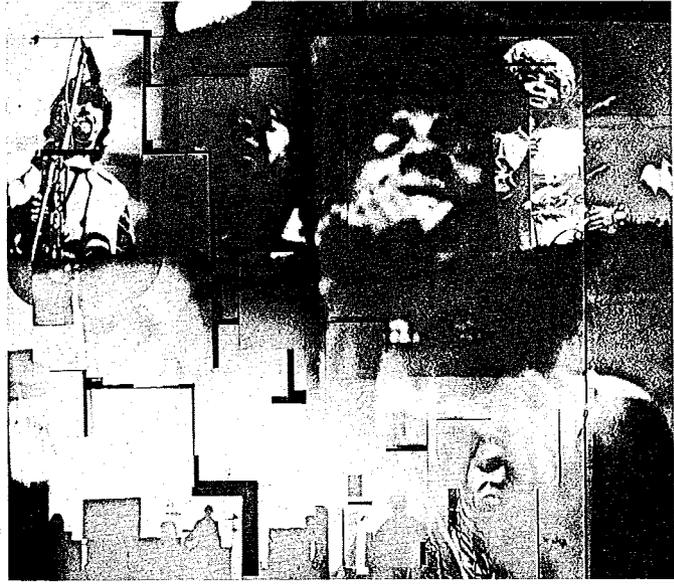


Even in the timelessness The Family Stone can get us into, Sly has the power to rock the joint at any given moment. Each time is irrevocably interwoven. We can dance for the duration. Then Sly is into a pure blind blending of the rock and rhythm beat with jazz improvisations on guitar, organ, trumpet and saxophone. The jazz is reminiscent of Lester Young, Charlie Parker and Clark Terry in the bip-bop and cool periods of the late forties and early fifties. Sly reveals, as Sun Ra says, "an infinity in music that includes the past, the present and the future."

One Saturday we conducted a mock interview which really consisted of going around to the lower east side village head shops and shopping on St. Mark's Place for a dress for his old lady. They were to go to the Americana that night to hear The Fifth Dimension. We drove around and got back to the hotel. After a series of changes in which we had to get a friend who was taking us to a Kamikaze oriental sword-fighting flick, we grouped at his hotel for a hot hour concentrated talk before dashing to Chinatown.



# Sly & the Family Stone



In the ensuing hour Sly filled us in on some of the questions and assumptions we posed. Sly could be called a musical prodigy inasmuch as he started singing and playing at the age of four as a part of a church group at the All National Church Of God And Christ. All of four years old, he sang in a family group, which included his brothers and sisters, called The Stewart Four. His sister and brother sing with him now, not many years later. He is a neighbor of Little Dion, the five-year-old (Jackie Wilson) musical talent on the coast. Sly's father and mother sang together as a duo when they were young. Now Sly's father is their road manager. Sly made a recording, with The Stewart Four backing him up, called ON THE BATTLEFIELD FOR MY LORD. When we asked Sly who was his chief musical mentor, he answered after a long pause: "A fellow named Blind Daniel. He was a man of the Lord who used to visit our church and sing and play."

Sly has two albums (A Whole New Thing and Dance To The Music) out on Epic, as is his latest of which I don't know the name. Dance To The Music takes off from the hit 45 of the same title. A whole side is devoted to the exploration of that tune and, as Sly says, to the basic message of frivolity in dance and rhythm. Dance To The Music is a simple sentiment holding together a welter of thought. If only the population could indeed dance to the music, the music of life, instead of life, instead of, as England's Anthony Powell says, to the music of time. I recommend both albums — especially if you dance, they are indispensable. Both of the albums have a myriad of beautiful and surprising effects, and they are good to make love to as well. A Whole New Thing blends the ballad and the jump tune with fineness. We found especially a tune called IF THIS ROOM COULD TALK. It's a ballad about his old lady.

It has beautiful Indian (American) effects. The theme is transmuted from the western movies, but Sly's harmonies vocally transform the wary cry into a modulating tour de force. Let Me Hear It From You is a beautiful ballad from baritone-bass Larry. He tells his girl that if she wants to break up with him he wants to hear it from her. I remember in the fifties when groups like The Dells, The Spaniels, and The Velours, up at The Apollo, all had fantastic deep basses. Larry qualifies as a boss bass. He covers the bottom instrumentally and vocally. On Dance To The Music I recommend the entire album, especially Higher and Dance To The Music medley. On the other side, Color Me True and the boss ballad Don't Burn Baby Burn and Never Will I Fall In Love Again. I guess the total message of this long-winded piece is to strongly pull your coat to the Family Stone. They provide in their music a sure and avant-garde direction to where the rhythm and race music is going goodbye. ■

**“Don't Hate The Black...  
Don't Hate The White...  
If You Get Bit  
Just Hate The Bite  
Make Sure Your Heart  
Is Beatin' Right  
Are You Ready?”**

**SLY\***

**Human Relations Begin By Being Humane**

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**DANCE TO THE MUSIC**

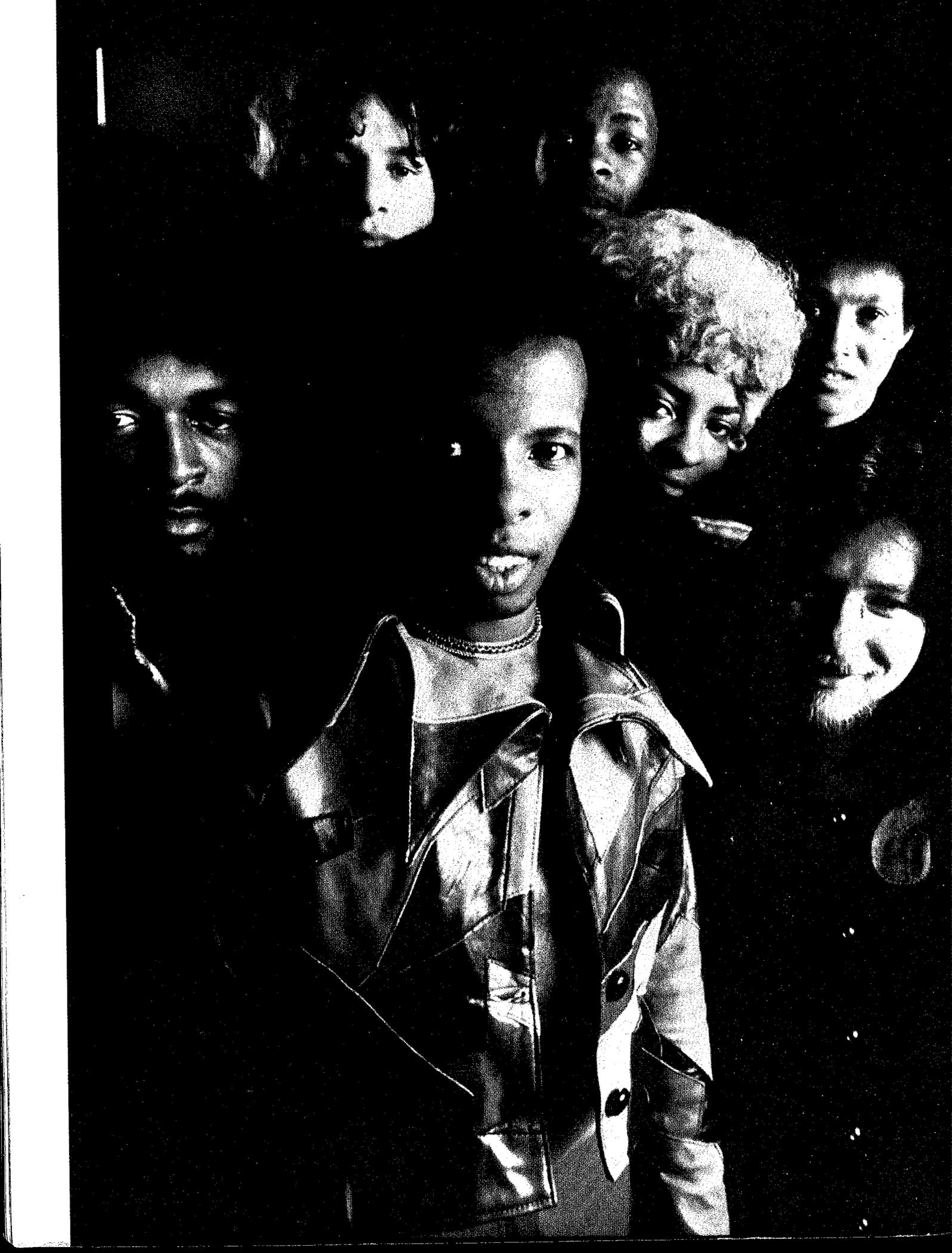
*By Sylvester Stewart*

Dance to the music, dance to the music,  
Dance to the music, dance to the music,  
All we need is a drum  
For people who only need a beat.  
I'm goin' to add a little guitar  
And make it easy to move your feet.  
I'm gonna hit that bottle  
So that the dancing is all night.  
You might like to hear on my organ,  
I said, "Ride, Sally, ride, now."  
You're not gonna hear my horn blow  
Sittin' here on my throne.  
Listen to me sittin' there I got  
A message that says,  
"All the squares go home!"

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# HARMONY

By  
SYLVESTER STEWART

Moderately (in 2)

C7 F Bb F7 Fm7

You can be you let me be me, that's Har-mon - y.

C7 C9 F

Sim-ple as one, two, three, Eas-y as A, B, C.

B $\flat$  F C7 C9

Work-in' out in your mind, sur -

F

pris - in' what you'll find, —

1. Some-thing set - tled in my brain, —

stop what you're do - in' and lis - ten to me, —

Do you like me for

C7

who I am? Or who do you want me to be? You can be you, —

2.

I have no - ticed more than once —

it's so eas - y to be

nice, —

But if it's you to be a clown,

I would nev-er put you down. Sim-ple peo-ple start talk-in',

don't let the smoke ring cross your mind. Sim-ple pro-gress starts

walk-in', talk-in' peo-ple and a walk-in' time.—

E♭ F B♭

Fm F B♭

F Gm9 C7sus F

## DANCE TO THE MUSIC

Moderately, with a Rock Beat

Words and Music by  
SYLVESTER STEWART

Dance to the mus - ic, Dance to the mus - ic,

All we need — is a drum — for peo-ple who on - ly need a beat.

I'm goin' to add a lit - tle gui - tar and make it

eas - y to move your feet. *Solo (ad lib.)*

I'm gon-na hit that bot - tle so that the danc - ing is all - night.

G

Solo You

G C G C G C G

might like to hear on my or - gan, I said, "Ride, Sal-ly, ride, now." Solo(ad lib.)

G C G

You're

G C G C G C G

not gon-na hear my horn blow sit-tin' here on my throne.

Eb G7

(Spoken) Listen to me Sit-tin' there I got a mes-sage that says,

G A C G C

"All the squares go home!" Repeat and fade out

# DYNAMITE

By

SYLVESTER STEWART

Moderate

Chord diagrams: Dm, Gm7, Dm, Gm7

Chord diagrams: Dm, Gm7, Dm

Miss Clean,  
Miss Clean,  
she's so to - geth - er and nice. Yeah..  
give that girl a hand. Yeah..

Chord diagrams: Gm7, Dm, Gm9

Miss Clean,  
Miss Clean,  
I've got to see her twice.  
she's got a beau - ti - ful tan.

Chord diagrams: Dm7, Gm7, Dm, 1. Gm7

Miss Clean,  
Miss Clean,  
I got the wish-y Moo.

Chord diagrams: Dm7, C7, F, G

Uh, uh.  
What'm I to do? She turned on the light.

F G7

Made my heart beat Dy - na-mite, Dy - na-mite, Dy - na-mite,

2. Gm9

Dy - na-mite, Straight to my head,

Dm7 C7 Dm7 Gm7

Uh, uh. Miss Clean, Miss Clean, I re - mem - ber what she said, Ooo

Dm7 Gm7 F G

Yeah, lis - ten. Ooo What'm I to do? She turned on the light.

F G7 G

Made my heart beat Dy - na - mite, Dy - na - mite.

# EVERYBODY IS A STAR

Words and Music by  
SYLVESTER STEWART

Moderately

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb).

1. Ev-'ry - bod - y is a star.  
2. Ev-'ry - bod - y is a star,

Who would run and chase the  
I can feel it when you

Guitar chords: Bb, Am7, Ab

Musical notation for the first two vocal lines, including guitar chord diagrams for Bb, Am7, and Ab.

dust a - way?—  
shine on me.\_\_\_\_\_

Ev - 'ry - bod - y wants to  
I love you for what you

shine. \_\_\_\_\_  
are \_\_\_\_\_

Guitar chords: Eb, Bb, Am7

Musical notation for the third and fourth vocal lines, including guitar chord diagrams for Eb, Bb, and Am7.

Who would come out on a cloud - y day?—  
not the one you feel you need to be. \_\_\_\_\_

'Tis the sun that loves you  
Ev - er catch a fall - ing

Guitar chords: Ab, Eb, Bb

Musical notation for the fifth and sixth vocal lines, including guitar chord diagrams for Ab, Eb, and Bb.

Am Ab Eb Eb

brown \_\_\_\_\_  
star? \_\_\_\_\_

when the sys - tem tries - to  
Ain't no stop - ping till - it's

bring you down. -  
on the ground. -

Bb Am Ab

Nev - er had to shine at  
Ev - 'ry - bod - y is a

night  
star

you don't need dark - ness to  
one big cir - cle going

Ab F Em Dm C C7 B7

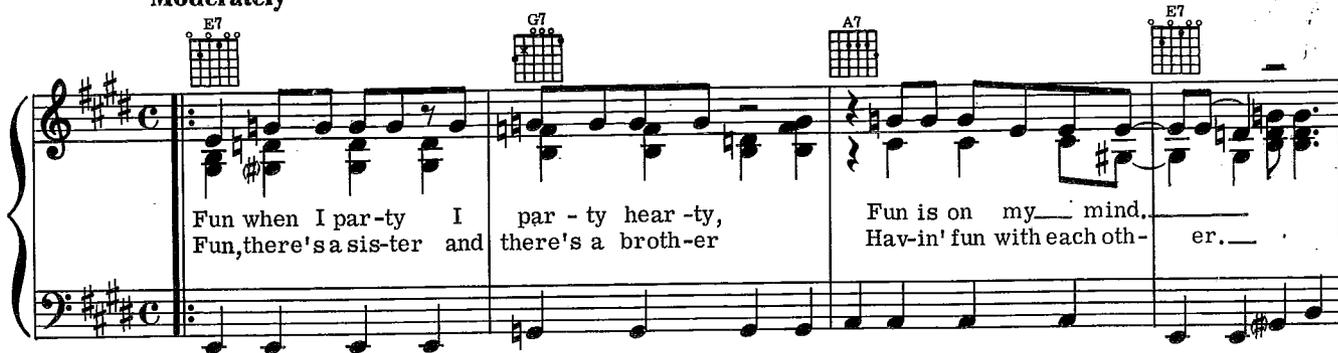
do what you think is \_\_\_\_\_ right.  
'round \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ 'round.

Em G C7 B7

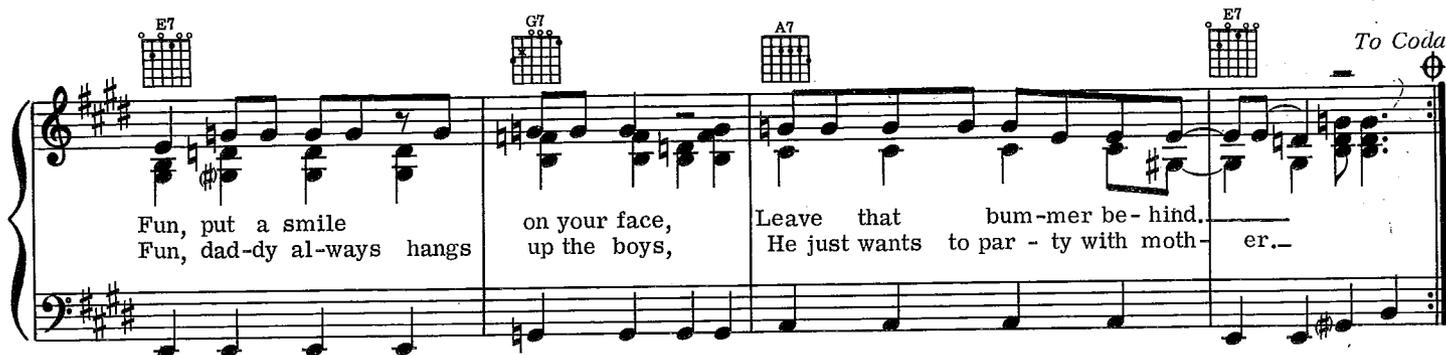
1. Em F F7 2. G (fade ending)

By SYLVESTER STEWART

Moderately



Fun when I par-ty I par-ty hear-ty, Fun, there's a sis-ter and there's a broth-er. Fun is on my mind. Hav-in' fun with each oth-er.



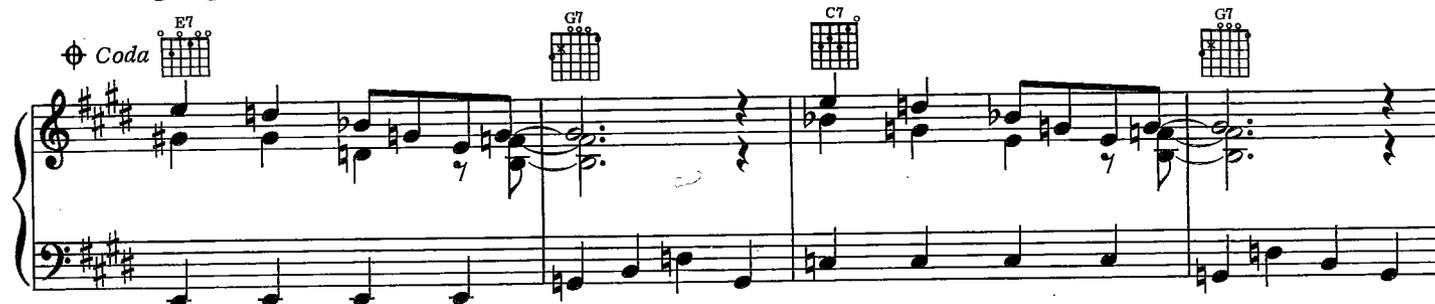
Fun, put a smile on your face, Fun, dad-dy al-ways hangs up the boys, Leave that bum-mer be-hind. He just wants to par-ty with moth-er.



A pri-ate thought can-not be bought, But you know what you have to do.



Sock-eth un-to oth-ers, as you would have them sock-eth to you.



♠ Coda

E7 G7 C7

Fun, fun, fun,

fun, fun, fun, fun, fun.

F7 Ab7 Bb7 F7

Fun when I par-ty, I par-ty hear-ty, Fun is on my mind.

F7 Ab7 Bb7 F7

Fun put a smile on your face, Leave that bum-mer be-hind.

F7 Ab7 Db7 Ab7

Repeat and fade

# HIGHER

By  
SYLVESTER STEWART

Moderately Bright

*mp*

When you're through with  
When you thought you,

Ebm7 Ab Db

what you think you have to do,  
out of mind, I'll pur - sue.  
I'll be there.

Ebm7 Ab6 Db

When you've gone where  
When you've lost all you have to go,  
of your friends, Let me know.  
What a scare.

Gb

I want to take you high - er. Let me take you a lit - tle

A Ab7

high - er. I wan - na take you high - er. Just a lit - tle

B

To Coda

1. Db

high - er. Want to take you high - er. *p*

2. Db

high - er, high - er. You will see that

Ebm7 Ab Db

all that's bright is not what's right. Look a- round. Hear me out then

Ebm7 Ab6 Db

D. S. al Coda

we'll just get you out of sight. We go round. I want to take you

Coda

Db

high - er, high - er. *f*

Repeat and fade

# HOT FUN IN THE SUMMERTIME

By  
SYLVESTER STEWART

Medium Fast and Relaxed

C (G Bass) Fm6 Fm

1. End of the Spring and here she comes back,  
 2. That's when I had most of my fun back,  
 3. First of the Fall and there she goes back,

Ab (add 9) Eb Bb7sus Eb

Hi, hi, hi, hi, there!  
 Hi, hi, hi, hi, there!  
 Bye, bye, bye, bye, there! Well,

Dm7 G7 Dm7 1. G7

sum-mer days, those sum-mer days.

2.3. Gsus Dm Gsus

I'd lie down when I want to,  
 Boo boo boo when I want to,  
 out of

Dm Gsus Dm7

school, Coun - ty fair in the coun - try sun,

Gsus Dm7 Gsus

and ev - 'ry - bod - y gets drunk.

Dm G7 Dm G7

Hot Fun In The Sum-mer - time. Hot Fun In The Sum-mer - time.

Dm G7 Dm G7

Hot Fun In The Sum-mer - time. Hot Fun In The Sum-mer - time.

*D. C. al Coda*

Coda Dm G7 Dm G7

Hot Fun In The Sum-mer - time. Hot Fun In The Sum-mer - time.

# I AIN'T GOT NOBODY (For Real)

By  
SYLVESTER STEWART

Medium Rock Tempo

G Bb6

A7 Abmaj7 To Coda G F7

G F7 G7 F7

1. 3. I ain't got no - bod - y — Look-in' af - ter  
2. I ain't got no - bod - y — Look-in' af - ter

G7 F7 G7 F7 F#7

me. I ain't got no - bod - y I am a  
me. I ain't got no - bod - y Ooo, you can

G7 F7 G

free. — I look a-round — from time to time; You  
see. — All — I want's a down home girl. —

G+ C

see me look-in' don't pay me no mind, — Let me tell you what I'm try - in' to find;  
 I'll find her if she's in — this world. — For real is all — she — has — to be,

C#dim G

A girl who's for real all the time, — She don't have to wear a wig, —  
 Re-al-i - ty is all she has to see, — Love is all she has to give, —

G+ Em G7

She don't have to be too big, in an - y giv - en com-mun - i - ty, as long as  
 Life is all she has to live. — If I can have all of this I'd bet-ter

C C#dim G7 F7

she loves me, — I Ain't Got No - bod - y. I Ain't I Ain't  
 hand my ev-ery kiss. I Ain't Got No - bod - y. I Ain't

G7 F7 G7 F7

Got No - bod - y. I Ain't Got No - bod - y. I Ain't  
 Got No - bod - y. I Ain't Got No - bod - y. I Ain't

G7 F7 3rd Time D. C. al ⊕

Got No - bod - y.  
 Got No - bod - y.

⊕ Coda G

# I HATE TO LOVE HER

By  
SYLVESTER STEWART

Moderately Fast

Am (G Bass) G Am G7

It's a-bout my heart, kind-a shak-y in-side,  
It's a-bout my fu-ture, that I can't fo-cus in.

C E E7

It's a-bout my tears, I can't ev-en hide,  
It's a-bout my past, and the times that I've,

Am (G Bass) Am (G Bass) G Am (G Bass) G Am (G Bass) G

that I've been with her.

Am (G Bass) G6 Am (G Bass) G Am (G Bass) G Am (G Bass) G

Ooo, Ah,

Cm F7 Bb F7 Bb Bb7

I Hate To Love Her. It's no good,  
I Hate To Love Her. I just hate my-self.

Cm F7 Eb F7 Bb

I would leave her, If I could.  
I Hate To Love Her, It's bad for my health,

Am (G Bass) G6 Am (G Bass) G Am (G Bass) G Am (G Bass) G

Ooo, Ah,

*Fine*

Am (G Bass) G Am G7

She does-n't love me. She can't ev - en fake it.  
Sor - ry 'bout my ba-by. Tied up my mind.

C E

She won't re - spect me, if I stay and take it a -  
Why won't she be hon - est, and leave me be - hind to -

Am (G Bass) Am (G Bass) G Am (G Bass) G Am (G Bass) G

noth - er day.  
get ov - er her.

Am (G Bass) G6 Am (G Bass) G Am (G Bass) G Am (G Bass) G

Ooo, Ah,

*2nd D. S. al Fine*

# I WANT TO TAKE YOU HIGHER

By  
SYLVESTER STEWART

B $\flat$       A $\flat$       D $\flat$

B $\flat$

(Shout) Hey Hey Hey Hey

Beat is get - ting strong - er  
 Beat is nit - ty grit - ty  
 Beat is there to help you groove

Mu - sic get - tin' long - er too  
 Mu - sic's in your ci - ty too  
 Sound is there to help you groove

Mu - sic give a thought to me

E $\flat$

I want to I want to I want to take you high - er.



I want to take you high - er. Ba - by ba - by ba - by light my



fire I want to take you high - er.

*Last time fade*



*Fine*

(spoken) Boom lack a lack a lack a Boom lack a lack goong a




# I'M ON A TRIP TO YOUR HEART

By  
SYLVESTER STEWART

Moderate

Gm Bb Bbm Ab Gm Bb Bbm Ab Gm Bb Bbm Ab

Ah! Ah! I know, If I thought,

Gm Cm7 Gm Absus Ab

I know you need at - ten - tion. I I'd got, if I thought you liked silence. I'd make,

Gm Cm7 Gm Absus Ab

I got at - ten - tion for you. I I know, Ev - ery - thing stand still. Some - thing,

Gm Cm7 Gm Absus Ab

I know you need af - fec - tion. I I got, Might sur - prise you. But that's,

Gm Cm7 G Am G Am

I got af - fec - tion for you. ( Ah! ) That's how I feel. Spoken: If somebody told me If someday I find out that

Gm Cm7 G Am G Am

Sung: What would you like to do? \_\_\_\_\_  
That you need e - ter - ni - ty. Spoken: ( Ah! \_\_\_\_\_ )  
I think I would smoke and throw it away.  
I'd love you forever and ever and ever,

Gm Cm7 G Am G Am

Sung: To the sky for you, \_\_\_\_\_  
Love has no heal, \_\_\_\_\_ Spoken: ( Ah! \_\_\_\_\_ )  
If I find out  
If I that you didn't want to be bothered no more

Gm Cm7 G Am G Am

Sung: Do you like dia - monds? \_\_\_\_\_  
You wanted to be a - lone. \_\_\_\_\_ Spoken: ( Ah! \_\_\_\_\_ )  
I got diamonds, and emeralds and rubies and things  
I promise I wouldn't ever bug you at all.

Gm Cm7 Edim

Sung: Got those for you, \_\_\_\_\_  
Never see you a - gain, \_\_\_\_\_ I'm on a trip to your heart

Gm Bb Bbm Ab Gm Bb Bbm Ab

Fine Ah! \_\_\_\_\_ Ah! \_\_\_\_\_

D.S. al Fine

# JANE IS A GROUPEE

By  
SYLVESTER STEWART

Moderately Slow

Em7 Am7 Dm7

Jane Is A Group-ee, and, Jane makes woop-ee,

G Em C Em

and, She's got a thing for guys in the band, ev-'ry mu-si-cian's

C Em C

big-gest fan. Claps her hands with-out a doubt. Has no i-de-a what the song's a-bout. Say, hey, Fred-die I like you, when you play the blues you make me blue.

Em C

She's too bus-y tryin' to fig-ure out the short-er route to take the drum-mer home. I'd like to go a-round with you, too.

Em Am7

Say, Lar-ry, what's a space? Said you'd teach me how to play the bass. Ev-er see a Jane in ac-tion? Diff-'rent lev-els of sat-is-fac-tion.

Em C

Since I've got a lit - tle time to waste, we might as well get it home. —  
 Cause her to lose a frac - tion of her wo - man - hood. —

Em C

Front row tick - ets for the ver - y next show, La La La La La  
 Lis - ten Sly, you can scold me, you can write your songs up - on my knee.

Em C

She's gon - na be there and the horns will blow, — fly - ing through the songs. —  
 When you get through you can be with me. —

Em Am7 Em Am7 To Coda

Jane, Jane, Jane, shame, shame, shame, Jane, Jane, Jane, shame, shame, shame,

N.C. D. S. al Coda

Coda Em Am7

Jane, Shame,

# M'LADY

By  
SYLVESTER STEWART

**Hard and Driving**

Introduction in 4/4 time, marked *f*. The music features a driving bass line and a melodic line in the right hand.

First system of the song. Includes guitar chord diagrams for G and M'. Lyrics: "La - dy, La - dy, M' M'".

Second system of the song. Includes guitar chord diagrams for C (G Bass) and G. Lyrics: "La - dy, La - dy, M' A smile of pleas - ure could be oh, so".

Third system of the song. Includes guitar chord diagrams for C and G7. Lyrics: "kind,".

Fourth system of the song. Includes guitar chord diagrams for C, G7, and G. Lyrics: "A pret-ty face. A pret-ty face.".

Oh, what a gor-geous wife.

Here's a win-ner, hey,— give her some at - ten -tion -(a), Just tho't I'd

men-tion that.

Ah, Hey, Hey, Ah,

Hey, Hey,

La - dy, M' La - dy. M'

*Repeat and fade*

# LET ME HEAR IT FROM YOU

By  
SYLVESTER STEWART

Moderately (with a Blues feeling)

*mf*

If you talked a-bout me be-hind my back, —

Let me hear it from you. —

Let me hear it from you. —

If an-oth-er man is hold-ing you be-cause of some-thing I — lack, —

Let me hear it from you. —

Let me hear it from you. —

It's there to tell me. —

But it's not so bad to tell me. —

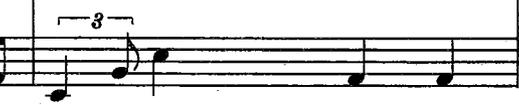
E<sub>b</sub>    

So if you do an-y-thing— I would-n't want you to do, girl, Let me hear it from

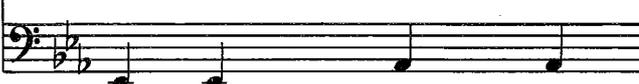
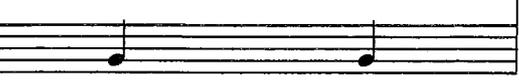
E<sub>b</sub>  Ab   E<sub>b</sub>  Ab   E<sub>b</sub>  Ab  

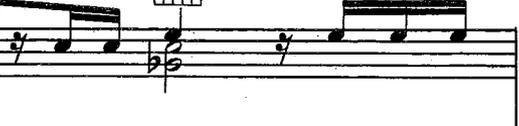
you, Let me hear it from you. If you had a love—

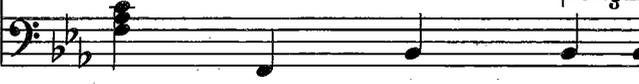
E<sub>b</sub>  Ab  Fm7    

for an-oth-er— man— why don't you just tell— me that

Fm7   Bb7   E<sub>b</sub>   Ab7  

I know— I can take it.— And if you, and if you just don't think

E<sub>b</sub>  Ab  Fm7    

I— can,— why don't you just write me a let-ter— and

Fm7 Eb7 Dbmaj7

I know I can make it. It's bet-ter if you tell me,

C Eb

but it's not so bad if you tell me. So if you do an-y-thing I would-n't want you to do now,

Bb7 Eb Ab

I said, Lord, let me hear it from you. Let me hear it from

Eb Ab Eb Ab

*fade out*

you. Let me hear it from you. Let me hear it from

Eb Ab Eb Ab

you. Let me hear it from you.





# LIFE

By  
SYLVESTER STEWART

Moderately

Life, life,

trial af-ter trial. You don't have to come down.

Life, Life,

tell it like it is. You don't have to die, be-fore you live!

You might get a-an-gry some time, but don't let it run you a-round.  
You're gon-na be sad some time, you might wake and find your pet is



gone. All you got-ta do is get your liv-in' down. But, ba-by, each time is be-ing a-lone.

1.



Life, life, trial af-ter trial.



You don't have to come down.

You might be scared of some-thing, look at mis-ter Stew-art!



He's the on-ly per-son he has to fear! He'll on-ly let him-self get near.



Don't trust no-bod-y. If you'd stop be-in' so



2.

shad - y, you can have a nice young la - dy. Life,



Don't get hipped, he has to go. If you're lov-in', you can't be sad no more. Life,



life, trial af-ter trial.



You don't have to come down. Life,



life, tell it like it is.



You don't have to die be-fore you live!

# INTO MY OWN THING

By  
SYLVESTER STEWART

Rather Slow and Even

NC

Piano introduction in G minor, 4/4 time. The melody is a descending eighth-note line in the right hand, and the bass line consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Gm

In - to My Own — Thing, — In - to My Own —

The first system of the vocal melody. It begins with a Gm chord diagram. The melody is in G minor, 4/4 time, with a descending eighth-note line in the right hand and a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand.

Thing. — When I'm feel - in' great, I stop and med - i - tate. — I'm

The second system of the vocal melody. It continues the descending eighth-note line in the right hand and the steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand.

In - to My Own — Thing. — Ev - 'ry - bod - y's pry - in' 'cause

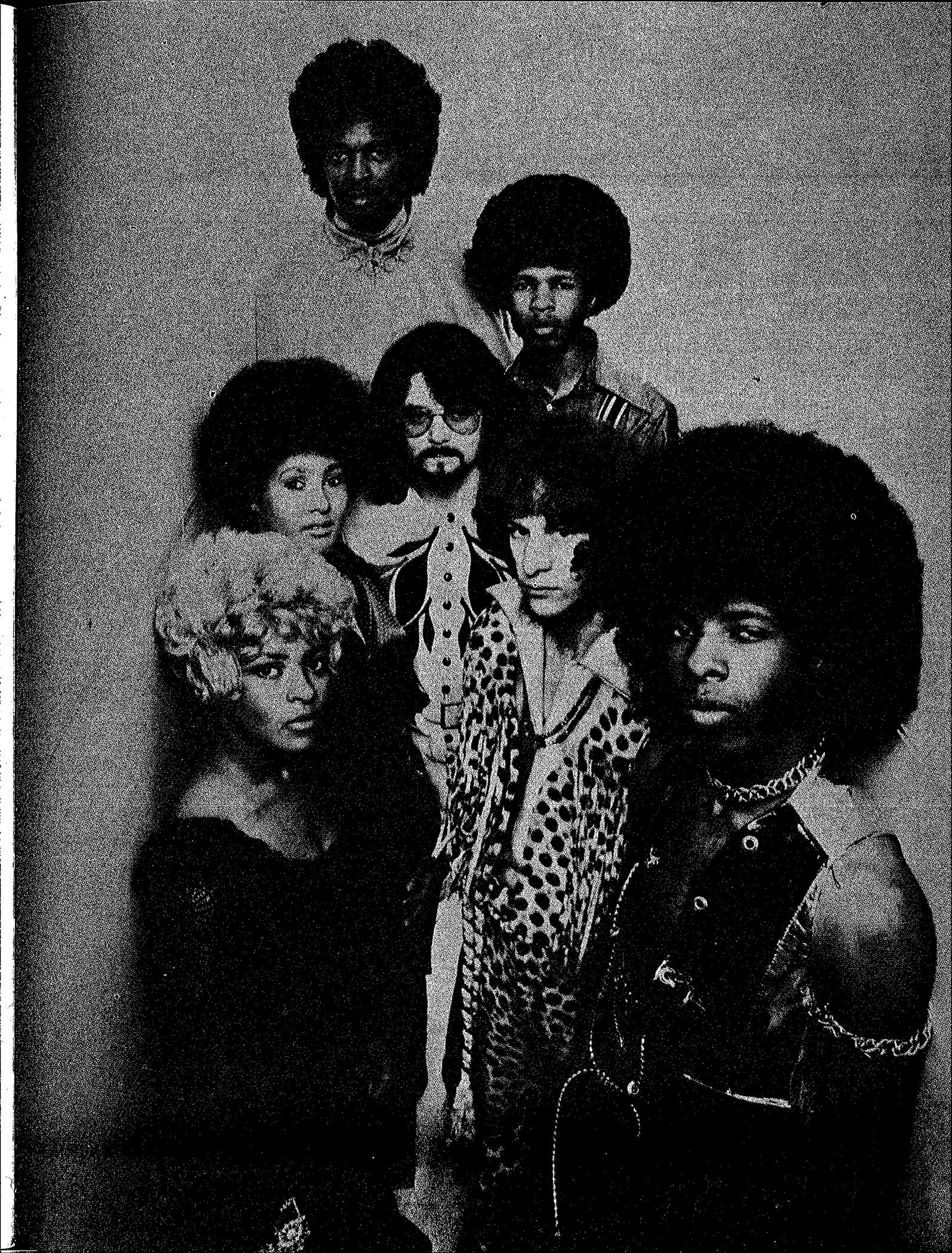
The third system of the vocal melody. It continues the descending eighth-note line in the right hand and the steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand.

Gdim Gm

I got an o - pen mind, And I am In - to My Own — Thing. —

D. C.  
(1st time, ad lib vocal)  
(2nd time, fade out)

The final system of the vocal melody. It includes two chord diagrams: Gdim and Gm. The melody concludes with a final Gm chord. The piano accompaniment ends with a final Gm chord. The system is marked with 'D. C.' and performance instructions: '(1st time, ad lib vocal)' and '(2nd time, fade out)'.



# PLASTIC JIM

Moderately

By  
SYLVESTER STEWART

Cm Ab

All the plas - tic peo - ple; What

Bb Eb

do they all — come for? Plas - tic Jim;

To Coda

F7 Ab6 Ab F7 Cm7 Cm7

Will all his thoughts are fad - ed. He can - not seem to grade. give you a con - ver - sa - tion, To a - void a sit - u - a -

F7 Ab6 Ab F7 Cm7

— it, 'cause all his friends are jad - ed. Plas - tic - tion, 'cause that needs con - tem - pla - tion. Plas - tic Plas - tic

Cm Cm7 F7 Abmaj7 Ab6

Jim. Plas - tic Jim. Six - teen years of school, Jim. Plas - tic Jim. With a cel - o - phane smile,

Might have a swim-ming pool. He just can - not be  
 Ain't nev-er been a prob- lem child. But he will be af-ter

cool. while. Plas - tic Jim. Plas - tic  
 Jim. Plas - tic Jim. Plas - tic

Jim. He can't con - trol his mind. A - twice a week he's kind.  
 Jim. Would take a blind man's glass - es. Would steal the dead man's ash -

- es. The rest of the week - he's mine. Plas - tic  
 - es. When his eag - le crash - es. Plas - tic

Jim.  
 Jim.

*D. C. al Coda*

*Coda*

F Ab Cm (G Bass) F7 Cm

# RUN, RUN, RUN

By  
SYLVESTER STEWART

Moderato and Driving

Piano introduction musical notation in G major, 4/4 time, featuring a driving bass line and a melodic line in the right hand.

**F**

Run, Run, Run, they don't like what we're think- in'. At  
 Run, Run, Run, to a void the has- sle-ing. The  
 Run, Run, Run, they don't like what we're wear- ing.

Musical notation for the first vocal line, including piano accompaniment and a guitar chord diagram for F.

least we are not stag-ger - ing from drink- ing.  
 When it bugs you know it's might - y dras - tic.  
 col - ors we like, they're do - in' a lot of star - ing.

Musical notation for the second vocal line, including piano accompaniment.

**Dm7** (G Bass) **G** **G7**

Don't try to fig - ure out what's hap - pen - ing in - side their heads.  
 The groov - y mu - sic in - side my mind is so gay.  
 Things we do up - set their flesh and blood and bones.

Musical notation for the third vocal line, including piano accompaniment and guitar chord diagrams for Dm7, G, and G7.

**G7sus** **Dm7** (G Bass)

Ain't too much hap - pen - ing in - side the  
 The com - mer - cial comes on to tell me what I ought to be  
 What they ought - a do is leave their flesh and blood and

Musical notation for the fourth vocal line, including piano accompaniment and guitar chord diagrams for G7sus and Dm7.

G G6

To Coda NC

head of the dead, —  
smok - ing. —  
bone — at home. —

Pa, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La,

C (G Bass) F (G Bass) C (G Bass) F (G Bass) C (G Bass)

(Spoken) Peo-ple lis - ten! Peo-ple,

F (G Bass) C (G Bass) F (G Bass) C (G Bass) C6

lis - ten! Peo - ple, lis - ten! Peo - ple —

C Dm

Peo - ple —

D. S. al Coda

Coda C F (C Bass) C Dm (C Bass)

## STAND!

Moderately Fast

By  
SYLVESTER STEWART

Ab Db (A b Bass) Ab Db

Stand, in the end you'll still be you; One that's done.  
Stand, they will try to make you crawl; And they know

Ab Gb F

all the things you've set out to do. Stand, there's a cross  
what you're say - ing makes sense at all. Stand, don't you know

Bb (F Bass) F Bb F Eb

for you to bear; Things to go through if you're go - ing an - y  
that you are free; Well, at least in your mind if you wan - na

To Coda Ab Db (A b Bass) 7

where.  
be. Stand, for the things you know are right;  
Stand, you've been sit - ing much too long;

Ab Db Ab Gb

It's the truth that the truth make's them so up tight. Stand,  
There's a per - ma - nent crease in your right and wrong. Stand,

F Bb (F Bass) F Bb

all the things you want are real; You have you  
 there's a mid - get, stand - ing tall, and the gi -

F Bb Ab

to com - plete, and there is no deal. Stand,  
 - ant be - side him a - bout to fall.

Bb Eb Ab

Stand, Stand! Stand,

Bb Eb

1. 2. D.C. al Coda

Stand, Stand!

Ab Bb Cm

Coda

Stand, Stand,

Repeat and fade

Stand! La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,





## STAND!

*By Sylvester Stewart*

Stand, in the end you'll still be you;  
One that's done all the things you've set out to do.  
Stand, there's a cross for you to bear;  
Things to go through if you're going anywhere.  
Stand, for the things you know are right;  
It's the truth that the truth makes them so up tight.  
Stand, all the things you want are real;  
You have you to complete, and there is no deal.  
Stand, stand, stand! Stand, stand, stand!  
Stand, you've been sitting much too long;  
There's a permanent crease in your right and wrong.  
Stand, there's a midget, standing tall,  
And the giant beside him about to fall.  
Stand, stand, stand! Stand, stand, stand!  
Stand, they will try to make you crawl;  
And they know what you're saying makes sense at all.  
Stand, don't you know that you are free;  
Well, at least in your mind if you wanna be.  
Stand, stand, Stand! La,  
Stand! La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

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## THANK YOU (Falletin Me Be Mice Elf Agin)

*By Sylvester Stewart*

Lookin' at the devil grinnin' at the gun  
Fingers start shakin' I begin to run  
Bullets start chasin' I begin to stop  
We begin to wrestle I was on the top.  
I want to thank you falettin' me be mice elf agin.  
Thank you falettin' me be mice elf agin.  
Stiff all in the collar fluffy in the face  
Chit chat chatter tryin' stuffy in the place  
Thank you for the party I could never stay  
Many things is on my mind words in the way.  
I want to thank you falettin' me be mice elf agin.  
Thank you falettin' me be mice elf agin.  
Ev'ryday people sing a simple song  
Mama's so happy Mama start to cry  
Papa still singin' you can make it if you try.  
I want to thank you falettin' me be mice elf agin.  
Thank you falettin' me be mice elf agin.  
Flamin' eyes of people fear burnin' into you  
Many men are missin' much hatin' what they do  
Youth and Truth are makin' love  
Dig it for a starter Dyin' young is hard to take  
Sellin' out is harder.  
Thank you falettin' me be mice elf agin.  
Thank you falettin' me be mice elf agin.

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# THANK YOU

(Falletin Me Be Mice Elf Agin)

By  
SYLVESTER STEWART

F Ab Bb F F9 F Ab Bb

Look-in' at the dev - il  
Stiff all in the col - lar  
Dance to the mus - ic

grin-nin' at the gun—  
fluf - fy in the face—  
all— nite— long—

F F9 F Ab Bb F F9 F Ab Bb

Fin - gers start shak - in'  
Chit chat chat - ter try - in'  
Ev - 'ry - day peo - ple

I be - gin to run—  
stuf - fy in the place—  
sing a sim - ple song—

F F9 F Ab Bb F F9 F Ab Bb

Bul - lets start chas - in'  
Thank you for the par - ty  
Ma - ma's so hap - py

I be - gin to stop—  
I could nev - er stay—  
Ma - ma start to cry—

F F9 F Ab Bb F F9 F Ab Bb

We be - gin to wres - tle  
Man - y things is on my mind  
Pa - pa still sing - in'

you can I was on the top,  
words in the way.  
make it if you try.

F F9 F Ab Bb F F9

I want to Thank you fa-let-tin' me be mice - elf a -

F Ab Bb F F9 F Ab Bb F9

gin. Thank you fa-let-tin' me be mice - elf a -

1. 2. F Ab Bb F9

gin.

3. F Ab Bb F F9 F Ab Bb

Flam-in' eyes of peo-ple fear burn-in' in-to you Many men are mis-sin' much

F F9 F Ab Bb F F9

hat-in' what they do Youth and Truth are mak-in' love dig it for a start - er

F Ab Bb F F9

Dy - in' young is hard to take sel - lin' out is hard - er.

*D.S. & fade*

# UNDERDOG

By  
SYLVESTER STEWART

Fast (In Two)

Cm Eb

mf

Db Ab

To Coda Cm Bb Cm Bb Cm

Cm Eb Ebm6

I know how it feels to ex-pect to get a fair shake, but they won't let  
 E - ven if you nev - er rat - tle, they get up tight, when you get  
 Know how it feels when you know the real, but but ev - 'ry other time

Eb Ab

— you for - get that you're the Un - der - dog, and you got - ta be twice as good.  
 — too bright, 'cause you might start think-in' too much  
 — you get a raw deal.

1. 2. Cm Cm

3. Cm

Yeah, Yeah! — Yeah, Yeah! Say, I'm the

Cm Bb Cm Ab

Un - der - dog, Un -

Bb G7 Cm

der - dog.

Bb Ab6 Cm

(D.S. For extra verses)  
(Last time D.C.)

⊕ Coda Cm Bb Eb Cm Bb

# YOU CAN MAKE IT IF YOU TRY

By  
SYLVESTER STEWART

Medium Soul Tempo  
NC

*f*

You Can Make It If You  
You Can Make It If You

Try. —  
Try. —

You Can Make It If You  
You Can Make It If You

Try. —  
Try. —

Push a lit - tle hard - er; think a lit - tle deep - er, —  
Time is here a - creep - in', 'spec - ial - ly when you're sleep - in'; —

Don't let the plas - tic bring you  
Wake up and go for what you

down. — (Shout)  
know. — All to - geth - er now!

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!

D7 G7 C7 F7 To Coda

You Can Make It If You

Try. — You Can Make It If You Try. —

You'll get what's due — you, and ev-'ry-thing com-in' to you. — You got to move if you wan-na be a -head.

(Shout) All to -geth-er, now! Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!

*D. S. al Coda*  
Using 2nd verse of lyric

*Coda* F7

You Can Make It If You Try. — You Can Make It If You Try. —

*Repeat and fade*



GREG ERRICO

ROSE STONE

FREDDIE STONE

CYNTHIA  
ROBINSON



LARRY GRAHAM

GERRY MARTINI

SLY STONE

## YOU CAN MAKE IT IF YOU TRY

*By Sylvester Stewart*

You can make it if you try.  
 You can make it if you try.  
 Push a little harder;  
 Think a little deeper,  
 Don't let the plastic  
 Bring you down.  
 All together now!  
 Yeah, yeah, yeah,  
 Yeah, yeah, yeah!

You can make it if you try.  
 You can make it if you try.  
 Time is here a-creepin',  
 'Specially when you're sleepin';  
 Wake up and go for what you know.  
 All together now!  
 Yeah, yeah, yeah,  
 Yeah, yeah, yeah!

You can make it if you try.  
 You can make it if you try.  
 You'll get what's due you,  
 And ev'rything comin' to you.  
 You got to move if you  
 Wanna be ahead. All together now!  
 Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!

You can make it if you try.  
 You can make it if you try.  
 Time is here a-creepin',  
 'Specially when you're sleepin';  
 Wake up and go for what you know.  
 All together now!  
 Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!

You can make it if you try.  
 You can make it if you try.

# SING A SIMPLE SONG

By  
SYLVESTER STEWART

**Brightly**



Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

I'm talk - in', talk - in', talk - liv - in', liv - in', liv - in', talk - in' life with all it's ups and sleep. I'm walk - in', walk - in', walk - in' down. I'm walk - in', giv - in', giv - in' love, and smil - in' down the street. in' at the frowns.

Chord diagrams: Gb, Ab, Eb7, Gb, Ab

Time is pass - in', I grow old - er,  
 You're in trou - ble when you find it's

Chord diagrams: Eb7, Gb, Ab, Eb7

Things are hap - pen - ing fast All I have to hold  
 hard for you to smile, A sim - ple song might make

Chord diagrams: Gb, Ab, Eb7, Gb, Ab

on to is a sam - ple song at last. Lem - me hear you say  
 it bet - ter for a lit - tle while. Lem - me hear you say

Chord diagrams: Eb7, Gb, Ab, Eb7, Gb, Ab

Yah, yah, yah,

Chord diagrams: Eb7, Gb, Ab, Eb7, Gb, Ab

yah, yah.

To Coda



(Shout) Sing A Sim - ple



Song! Try a lit - tle



Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do.



Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do. *D.C. al Coda*

*Coda*



Yah, yah, yah, yah,

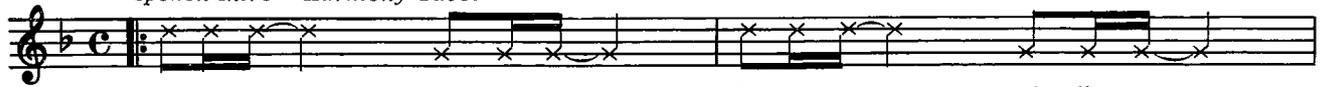


yah, yah, Sing it in the show - er. Sing it!  
Sing it ev - 'ry hour; Sing it!

# YOU'RE THE ONE

By  
SYLVESTER STEWART

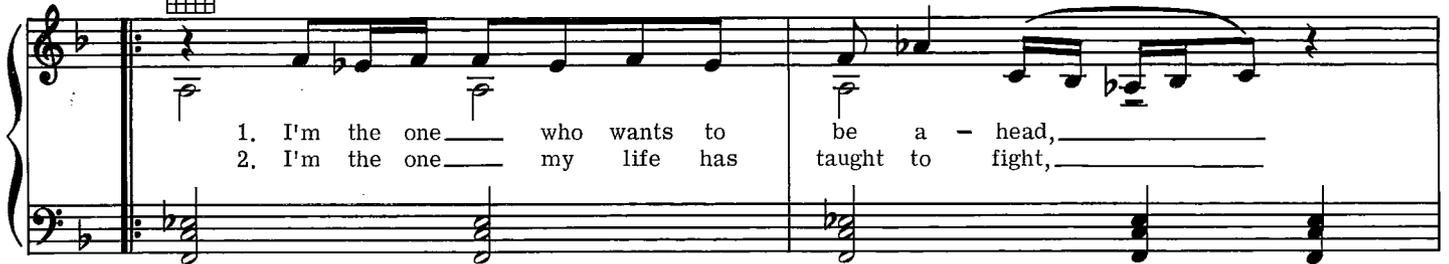
## Spoken Intro - Harmony Tacet



I'm the one, — you're the one, — I'm the one, — you're the one, —



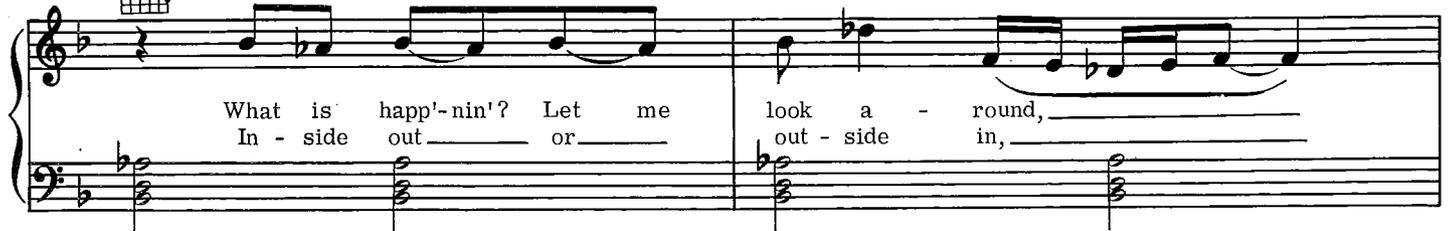
I'm the one, — you're the one, — you're the one, — you're the one. —



1. I'm the one — who wants to be a — head, —  
2. I'm the one — my life has taught to fight, —



I stand in line — and I'm be — hind in — stead, —  
To turn a — round — would nev — er make it right, —



What is happ'-nin'? Let me look a — round, —  
In — side out — or — out — side in, —

not a thing — try -ing to hold me down, — Now I know I got to  
 way you go — de -pends on where you been. — Think I'm mak -in' it, I

look at me, — some-things are a lit -tle hard to see, —  
 think I'm near, — then I — re - a -lize I'm in the clear. —

I, — I, —

(Chorus) Can't blame your neigh - bor - hood, — you're the one! —

*(Last time thru: repeat "you're the one!" only throughout fade section)*

Your ma-ma can't make you good, — you're the one! —



Can't blame no ar - gu - ment, you're the one!



Don't you know how to take a hint, you're the one!



Your teach - er can't teach you dumb, you're the one!



But your pi - ty can make you numb, you're the one!

*Repeat and fade out*