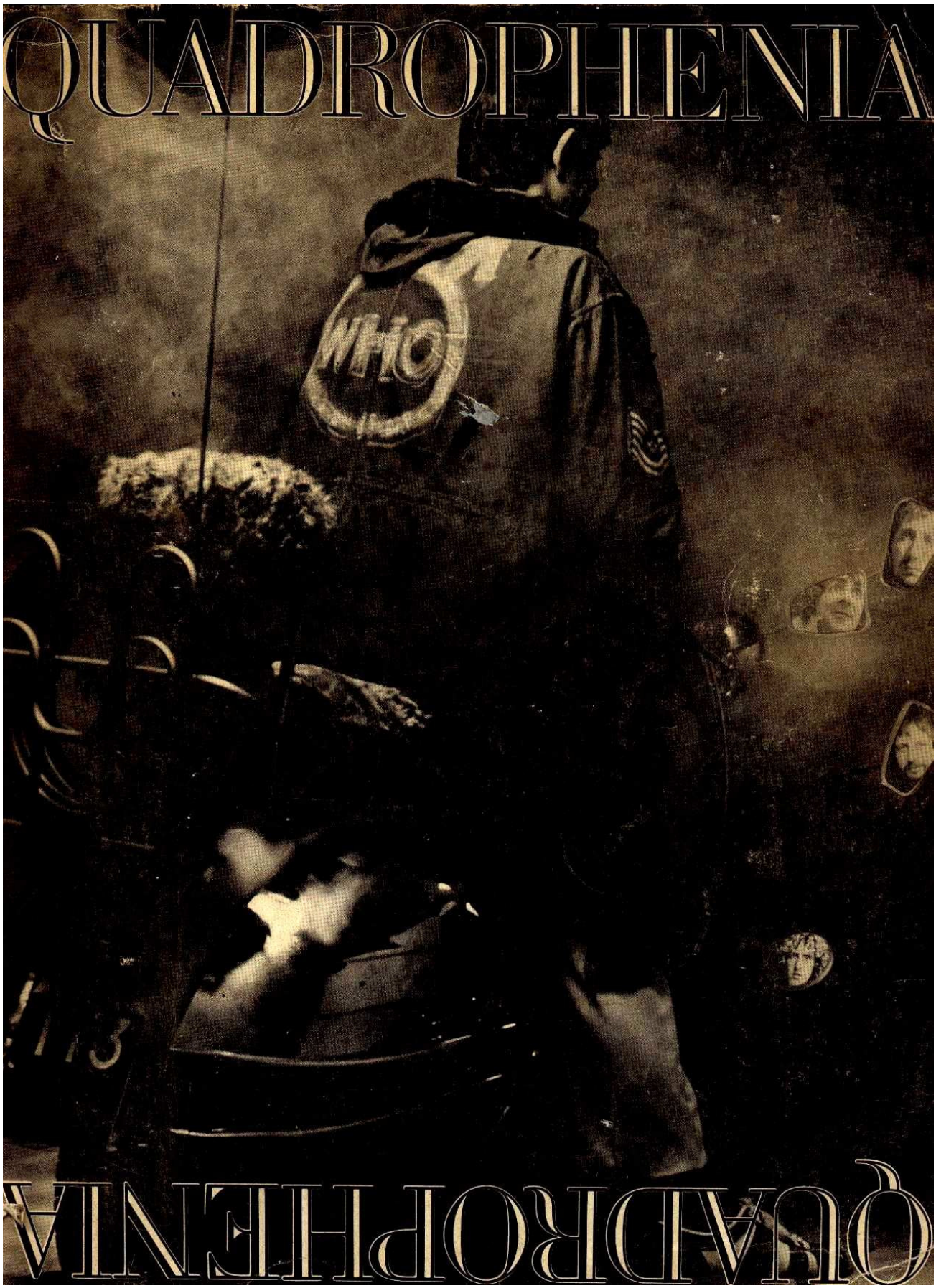
QUADROPHENIA
WHO
QUADROPHENIA

QUADROPHENIA
THE WHO

BELL BOY 106
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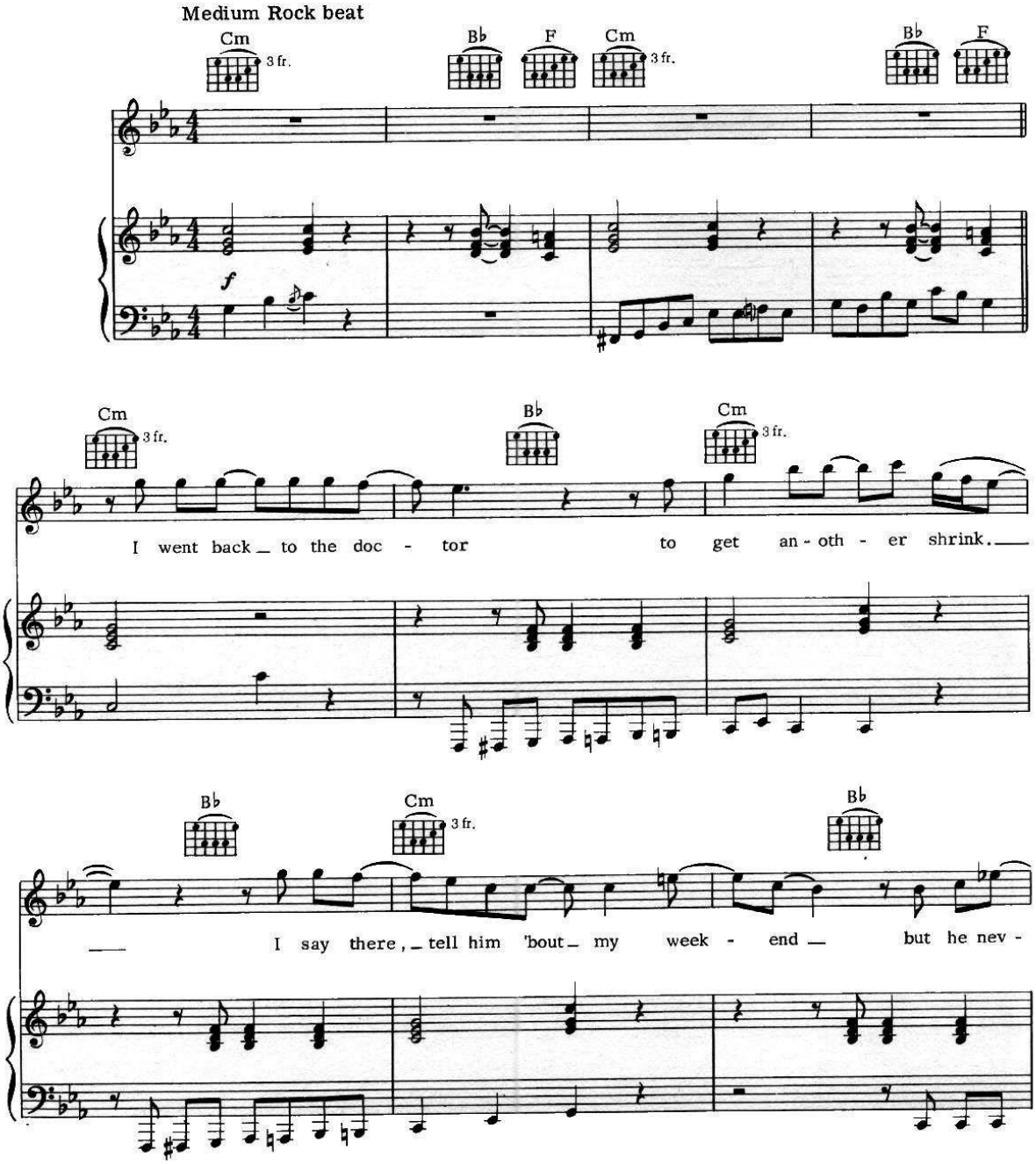
THE REAL ME

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND



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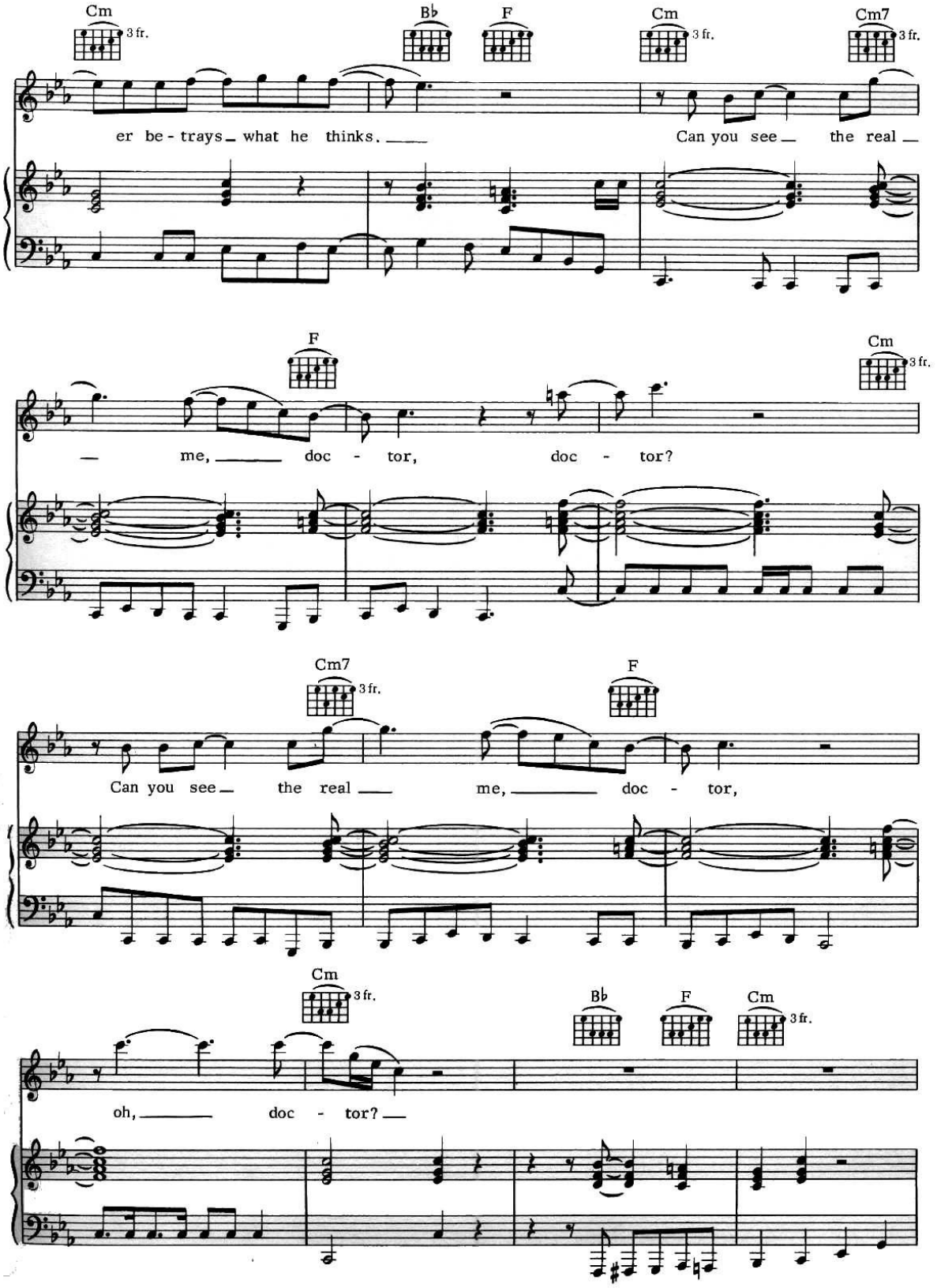
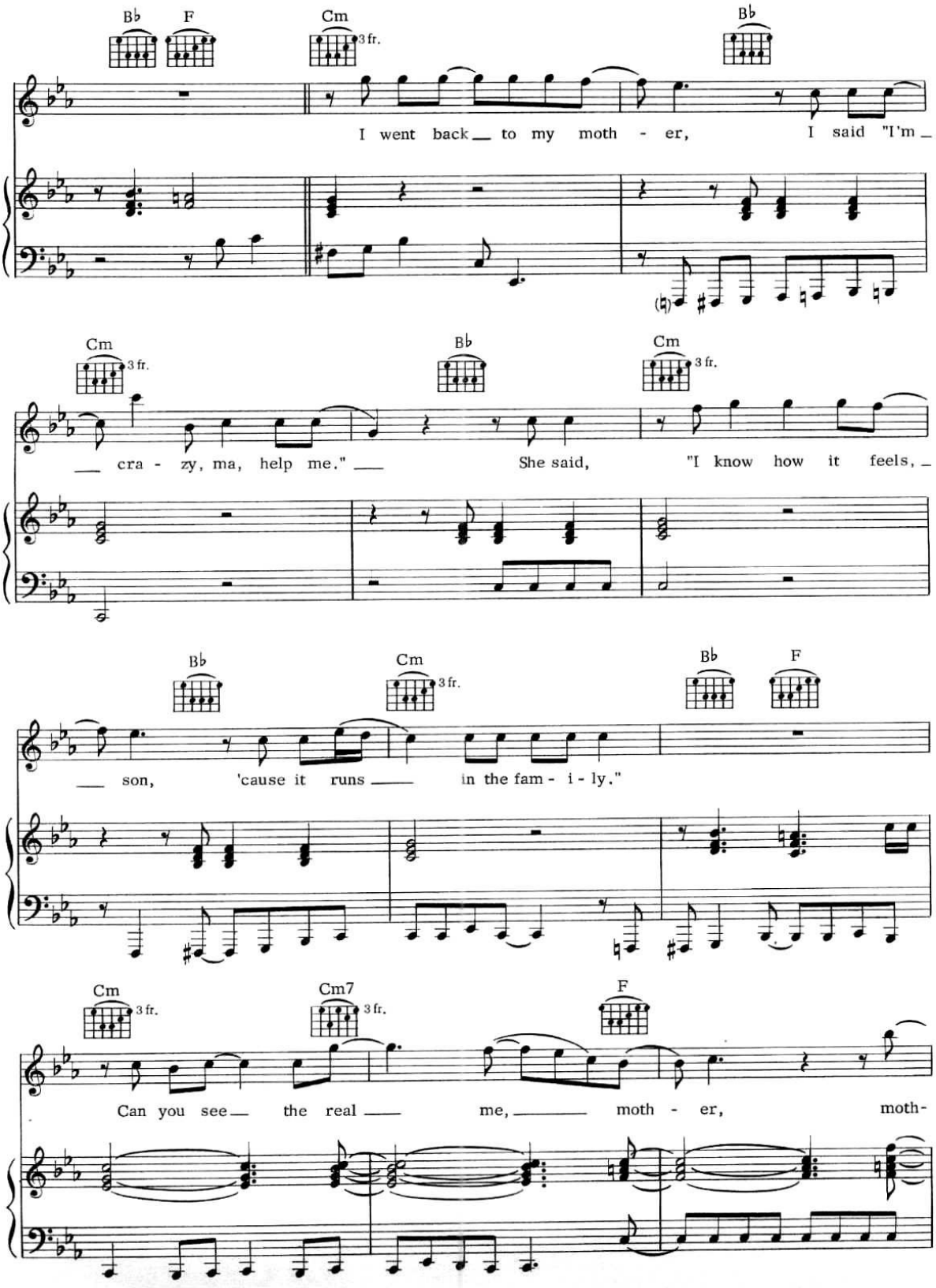
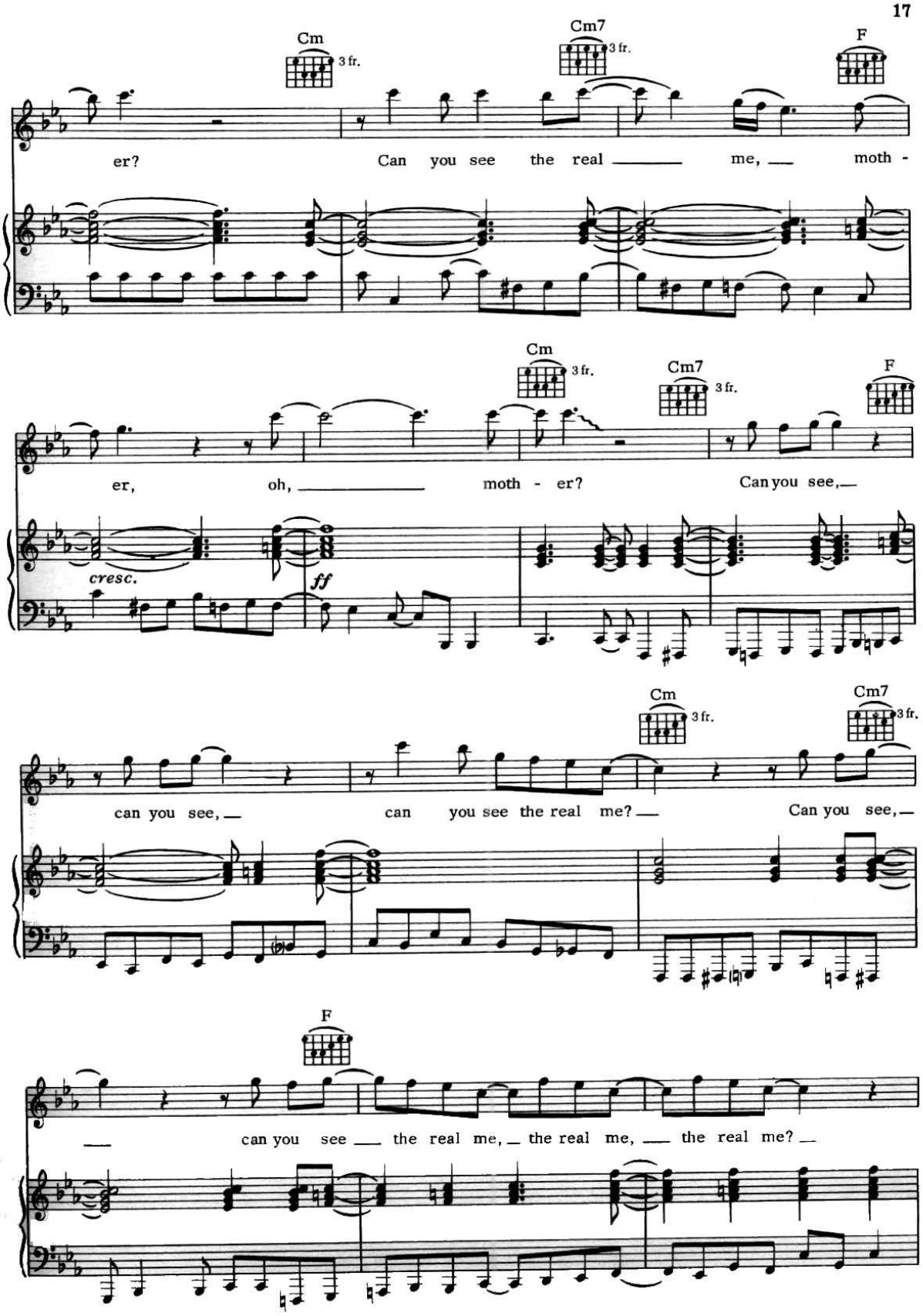
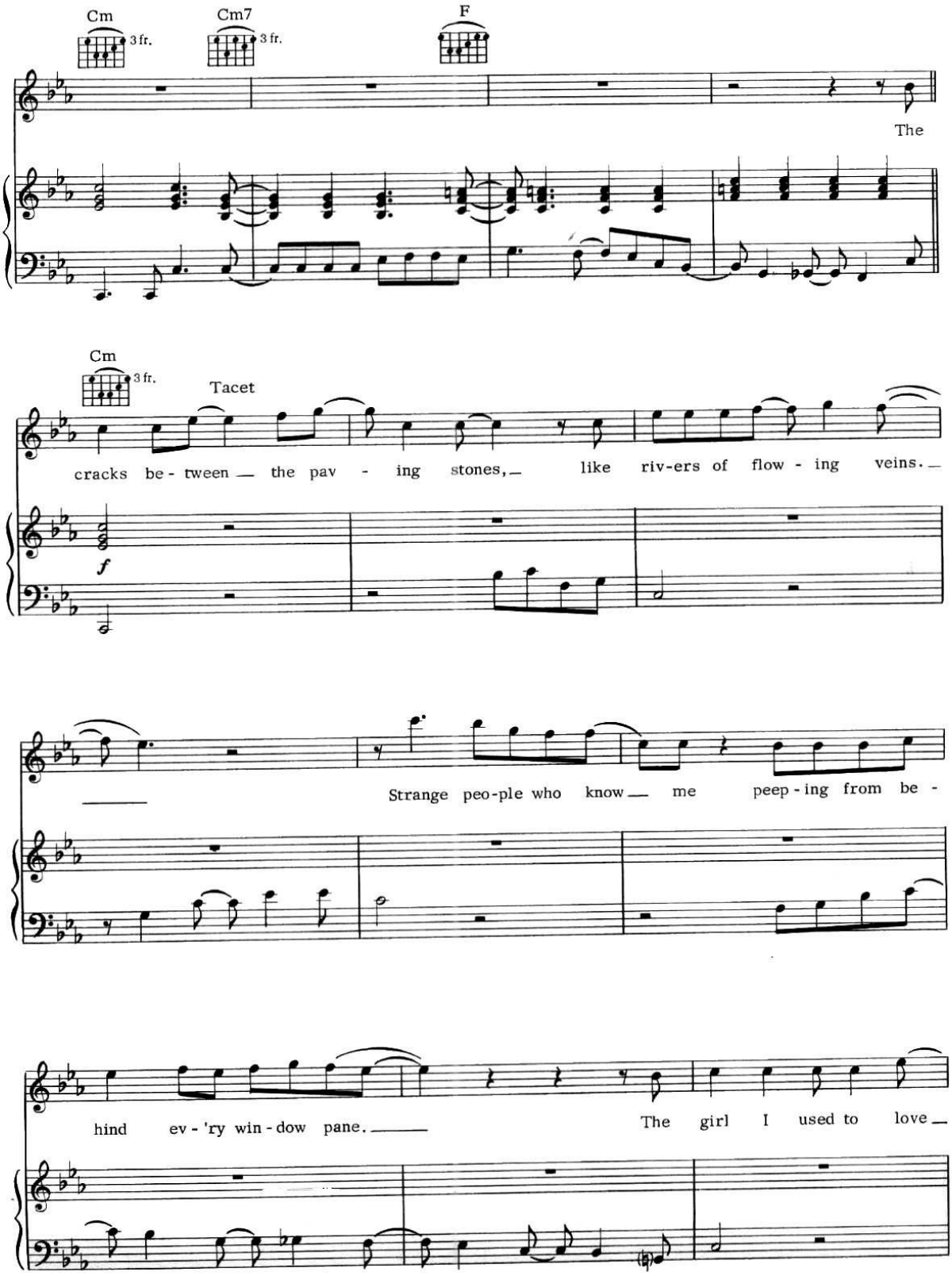
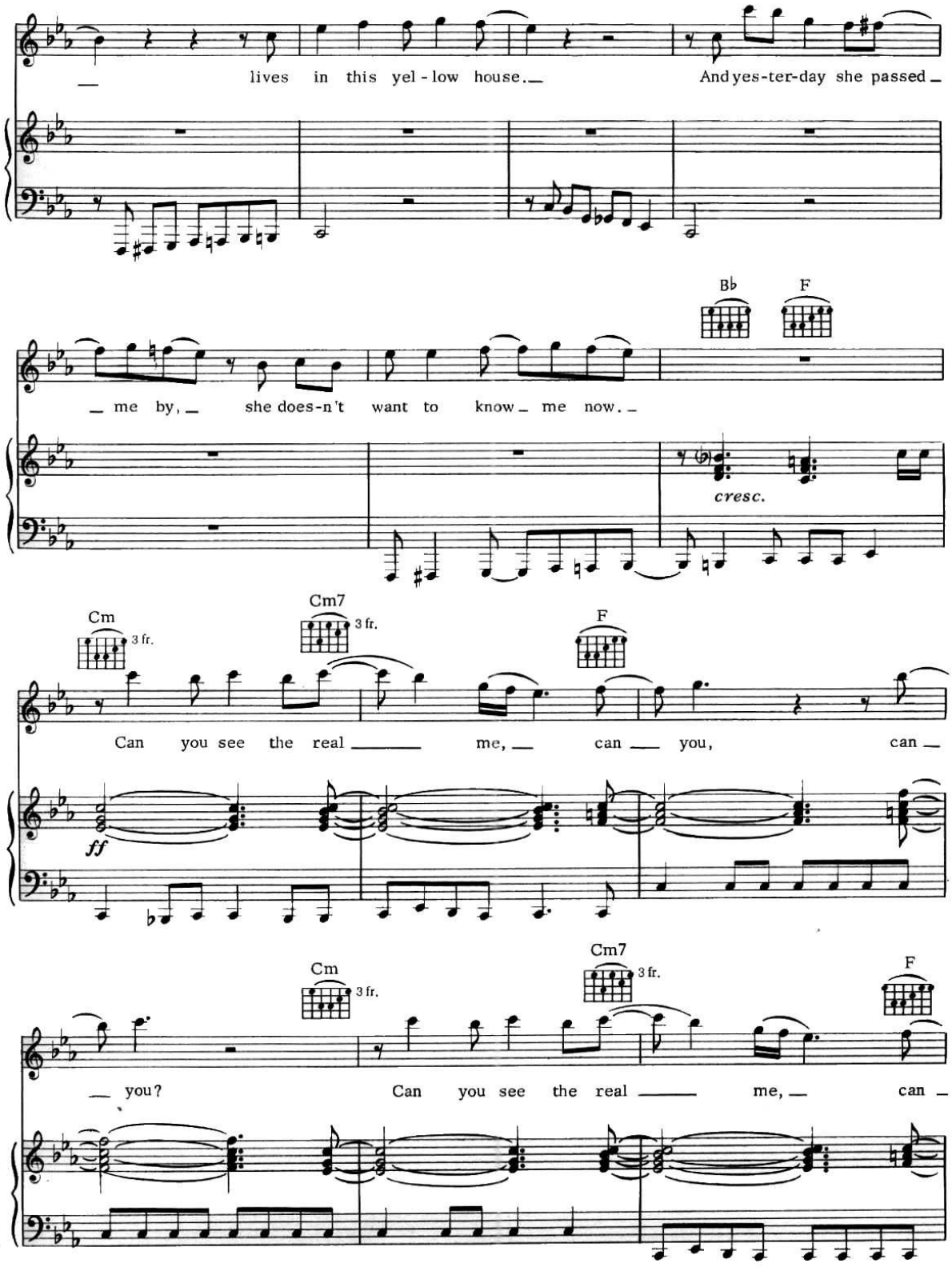
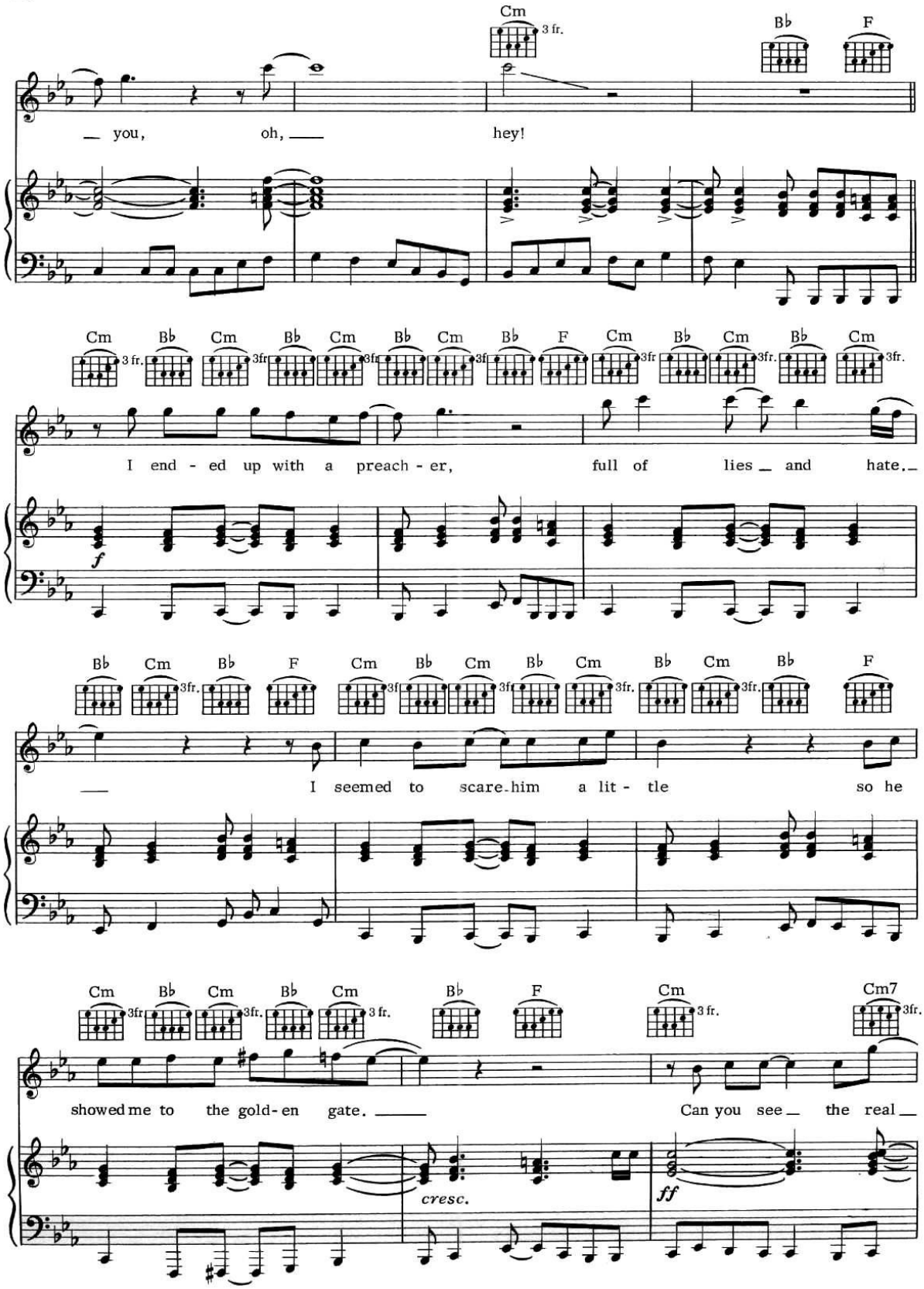

Cm
3 fr.
B♭
F
Cm
3 fr.
Cm7
3 fr.
er be - trays what he thinks.
Can you see the real
F
Cm
3 fr.
me, doc - tor, doc - tor?
Cm7
3 fr.
F
Can you see the real me, doc - tor,
Cm
3 fr.
B♭
F
Cm
3 fr.
oh, doc - tor?

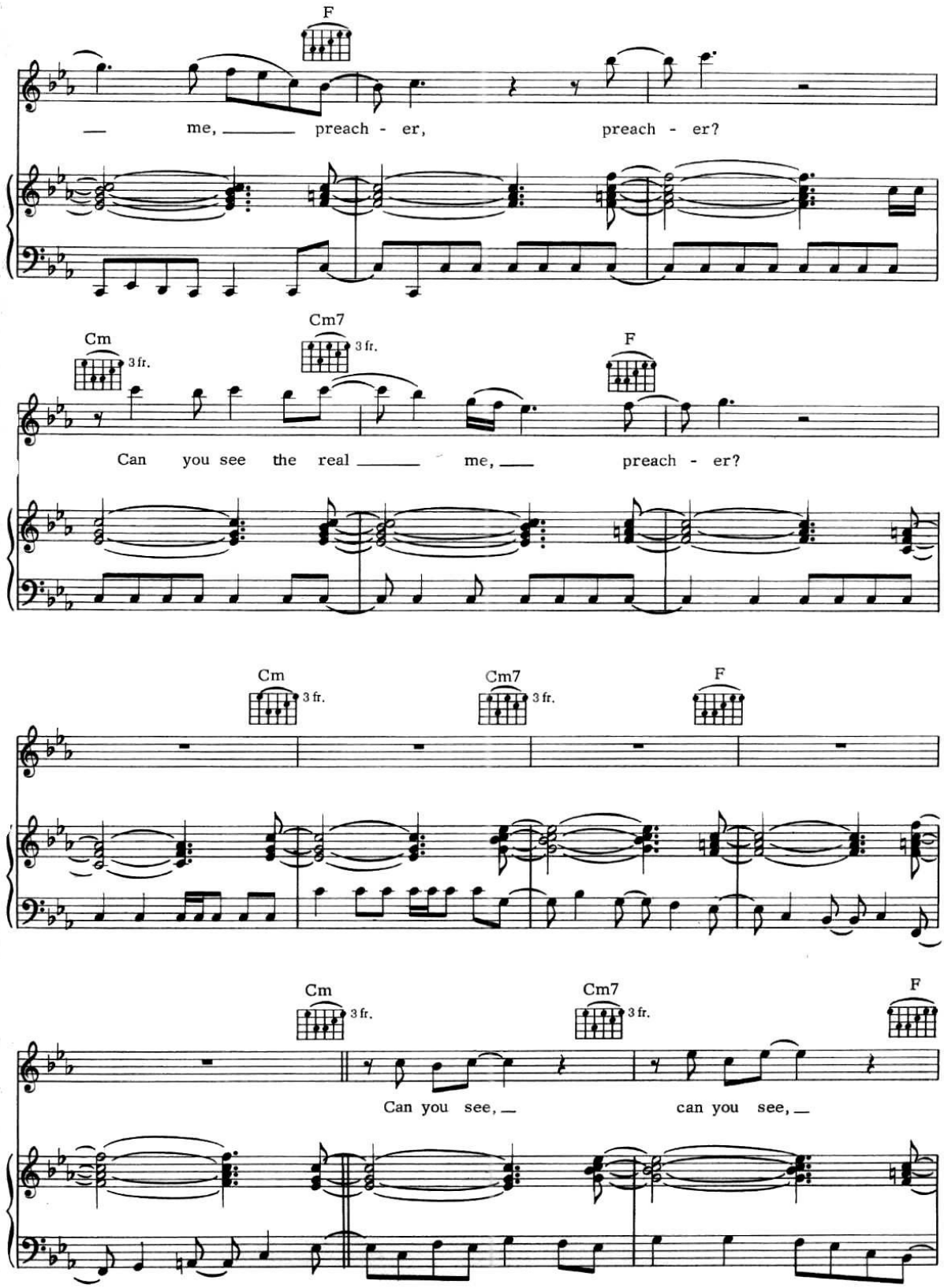

B♭ F Cm 3 fr. B♭
I went back to my moth - er, I said "I'm
Cm 3 fr. B♭ Cm 3 fr.
cra - zy, ma, help me." She said, "I know how it feels,
B♭ Cm 3 fr. B♭ F
son, 'cause it runs in the fam - i - ly."
Cm 3 fr. Cm7 3 fr. F
Can you see the real me, moth - er, moth-

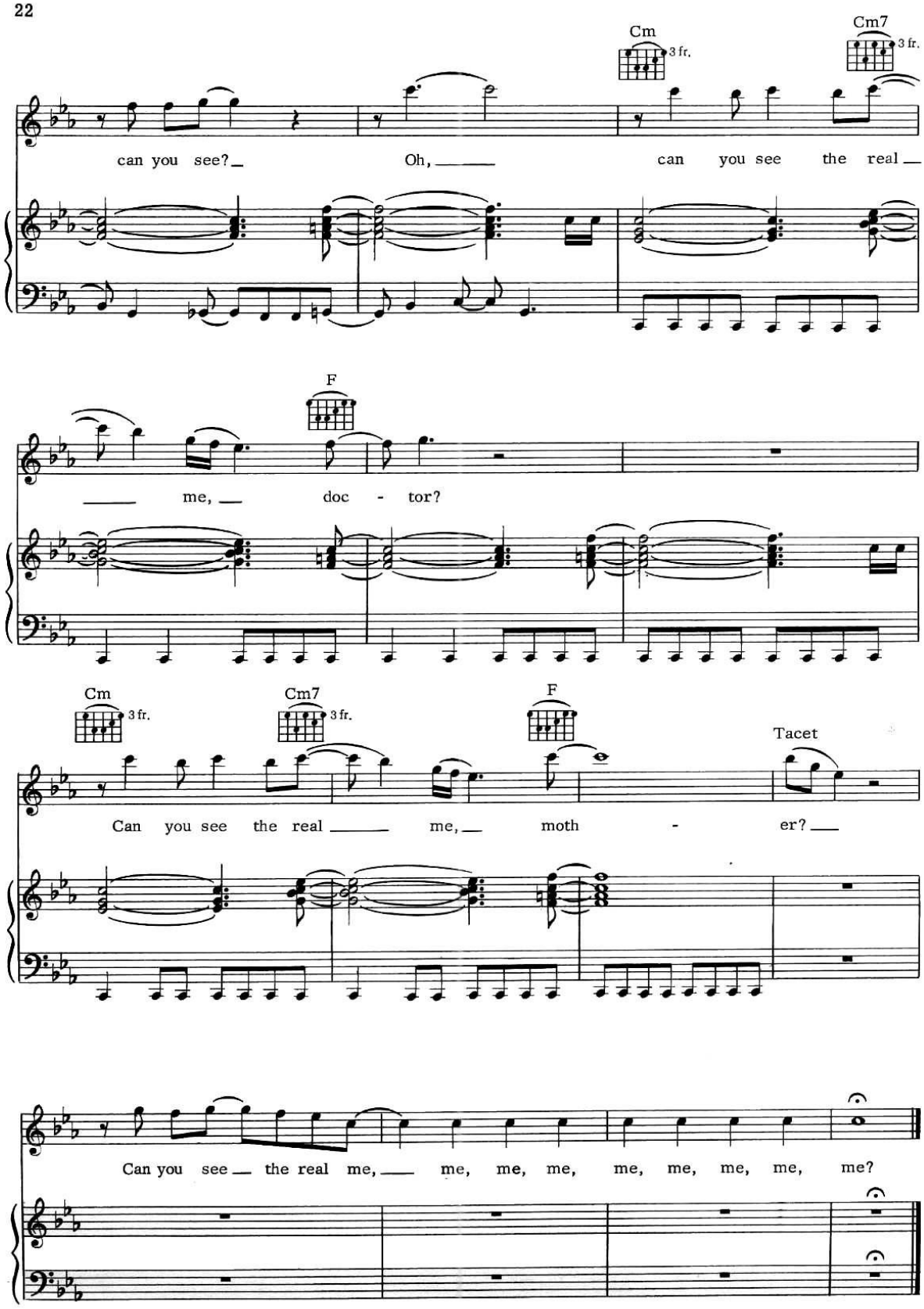

Cm
3 fr.
Cm7
3 fr.
F
er?
Can you see the real me, moth -
Cm
3 fr.
Cm7
3 fr.
F
er, oh, moth - er?
Can you see,
cresc.
ff
Cm
3 fr.
Cm7
3 fr.
can you see,
can you see the real me?
Can you see,
F
can you see the real me, the real me, the real me?


Cm
3 fr.
Cm7
3 fr.
F
The
Cm
3 fr.
Tacet
cracks be - tween — the pav - ing stones,— like riv-ers of flow - ing veins.—
f
Strange peo-ple who know— me peep - ing from be -
hind ev - 'ry win - dow pane.——
The girl I used to love—


lives in this yel - low house.
And yes-ter-day she passed
Bb
F
me by, she does-n't want to know me now.
cresc.
Cm
3 fr.
Cm7
3 fr.
F
Can you see the real me, can you, can
ff
Cm
3 fr.
Cm7
3 fr.
F
you?
Can you see the real me, can

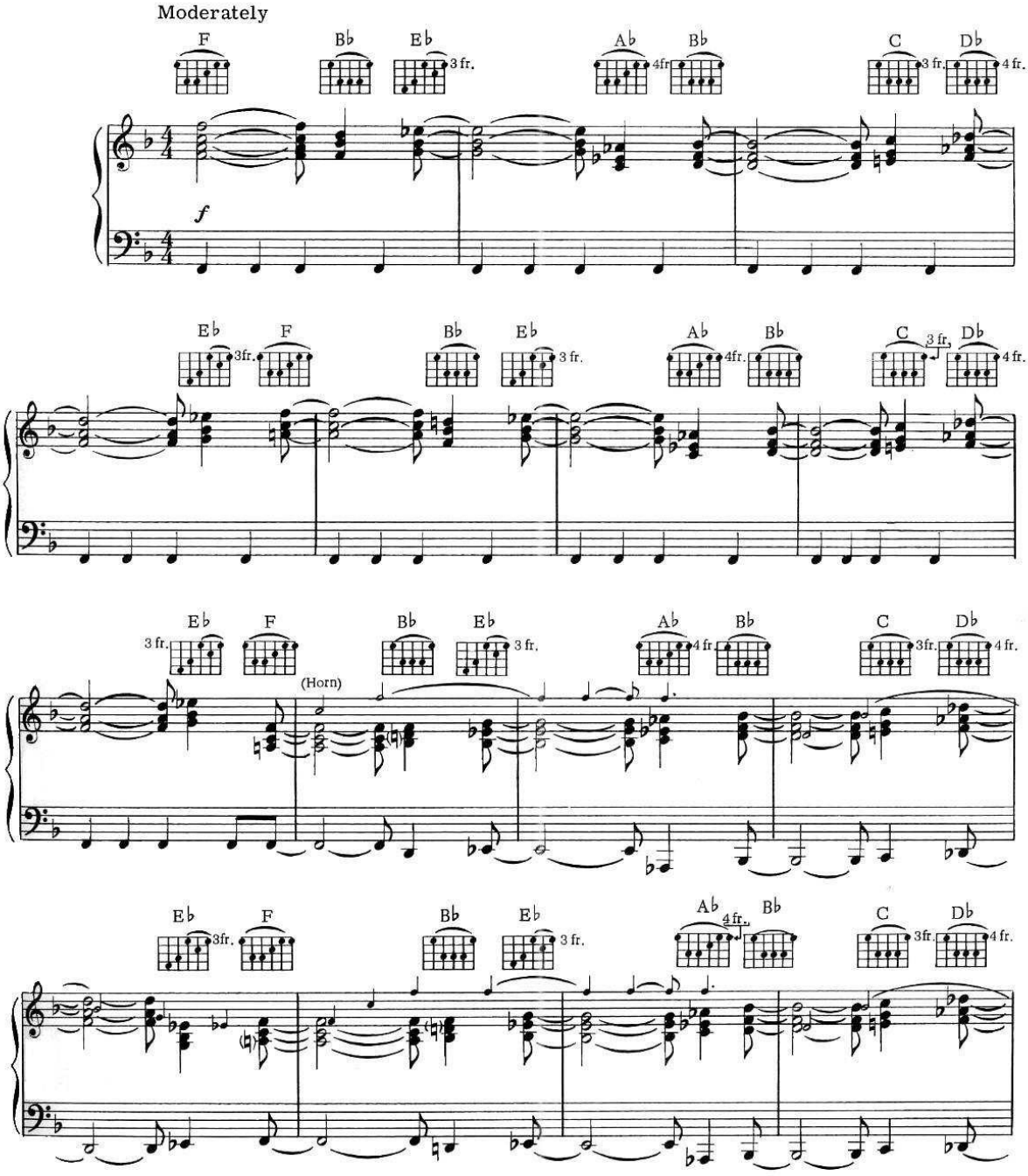

Cm 3 fr.
B♭
F
— you, oh, — hey!
Cm B♭ Cm B♭ Cm B♭ Cm B♭ F Cm B♭ Cm B♭ Cm
I end - ed up with a preach - er, full of lies — and hate.—
f
B♭ Cm B♭ F Cm B♭ Cm B♭ Cm B♭ Cm B♭ F
— I seemed to scare him a lit - tle so he
Cm B♭ Cm B♭ Cm B♭ F Cm Cm7
showed me to the gold - en gate. — Can you see — the real —
cresc.
ff


F
me, preach - er, preach - er?
Cm
3 fr.
Cm7
3 fr.
F
Can you see the real me, preach - er?
Cm
3 fr.
Cm7
3 fr.
F
Cm
3 fr.
Cm7
3 fr.
F
Can you see, can you see,


Cm
3 fr.
Cm7
3 fr.
can you see? Oh, can you see the real
F
me, doc - tor?
Cm
3 fr.
Cm7
3 fr.
F
Tacet
Can you see the real me, moth - er?
Can you see the real me, me, me, me, me, me, me, me, me?

QUADROPHENIA

By PETE TOWNSHEND



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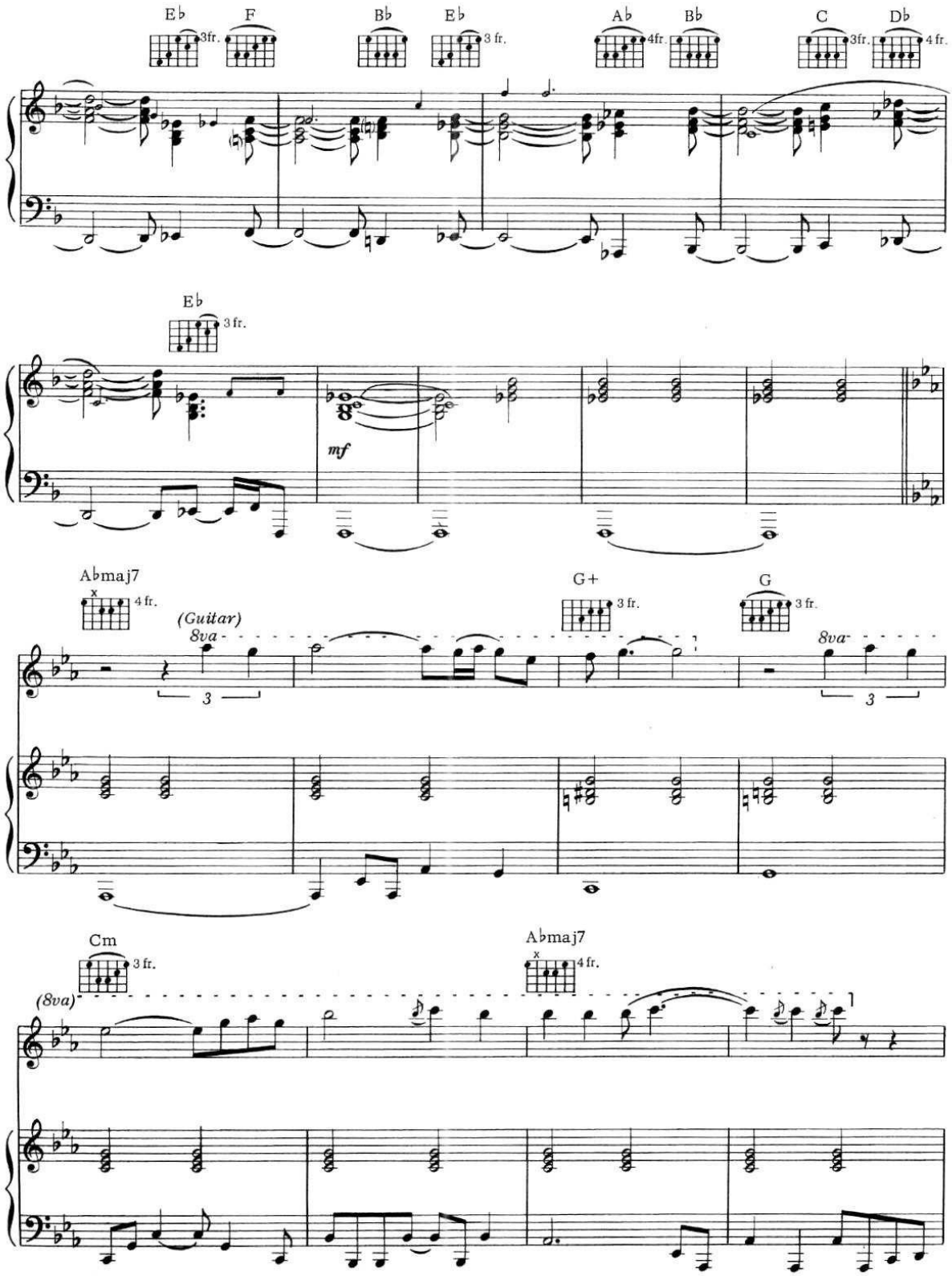
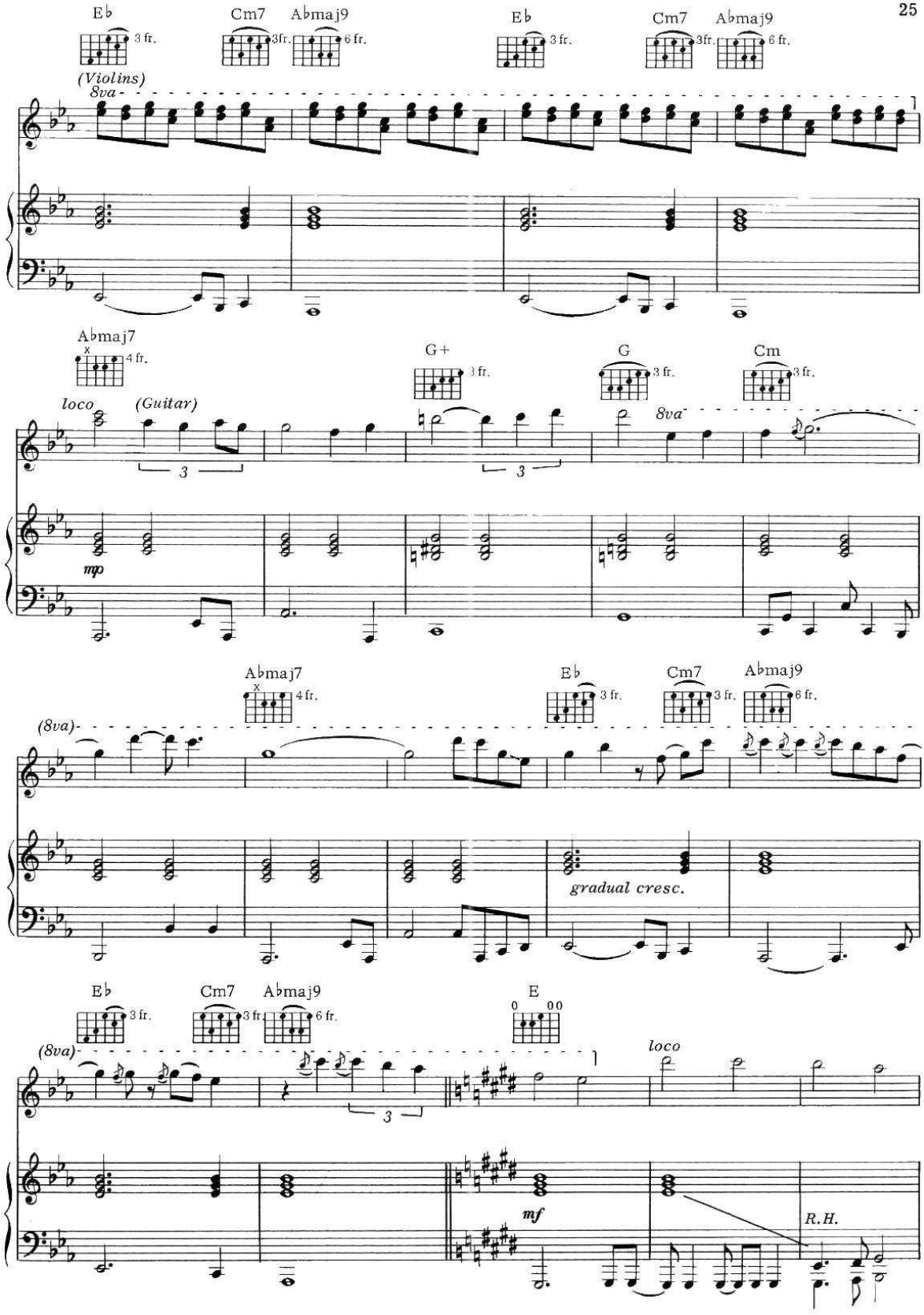
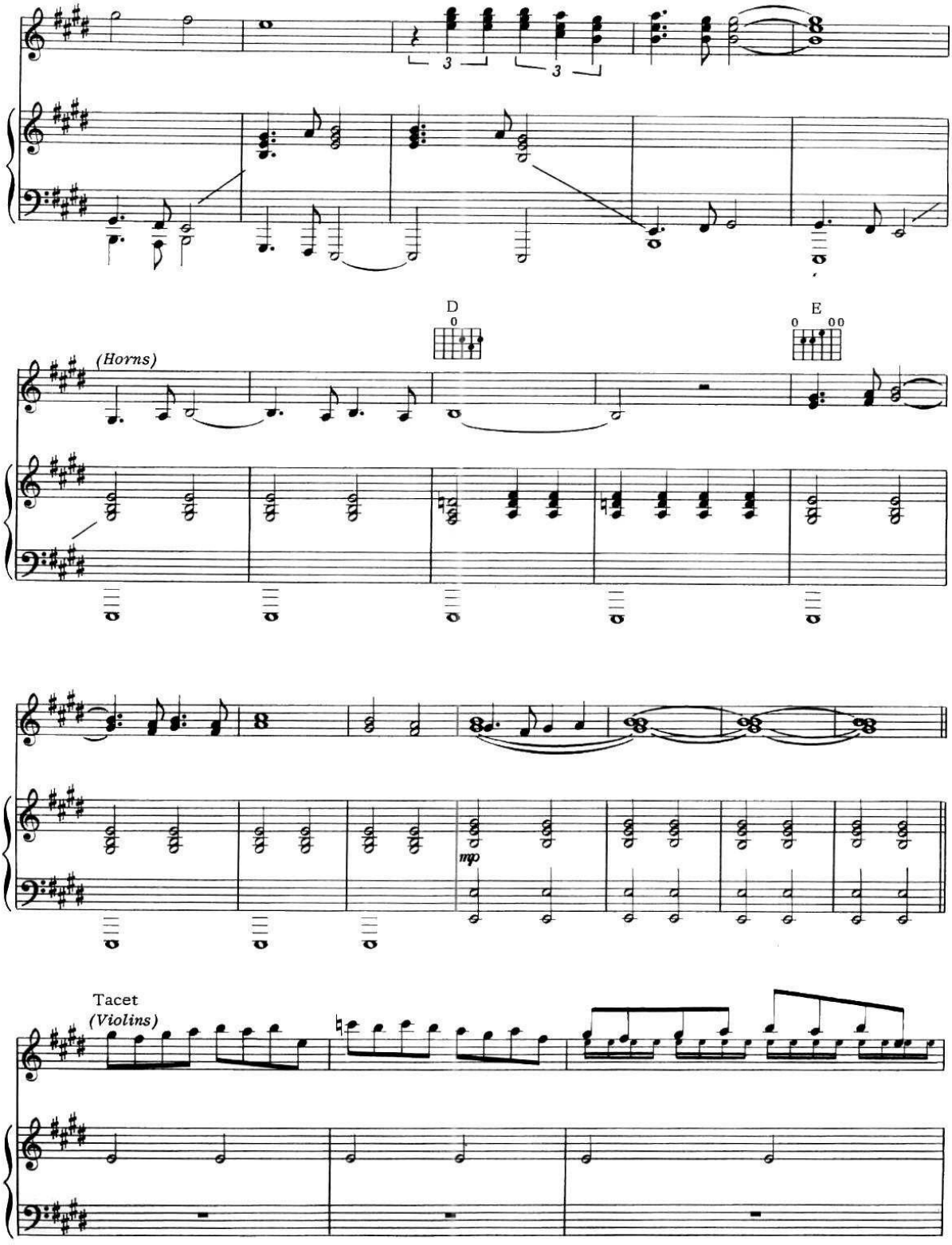
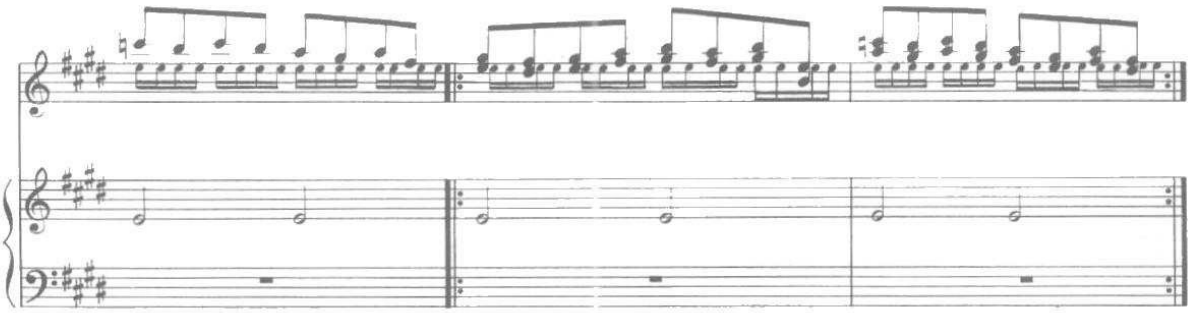
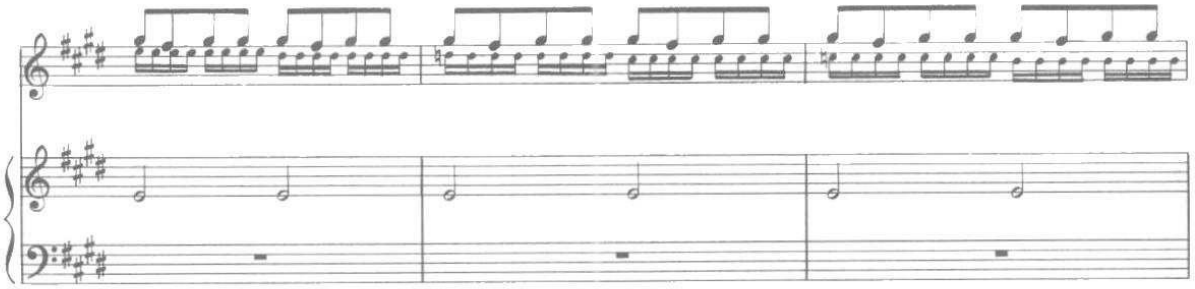
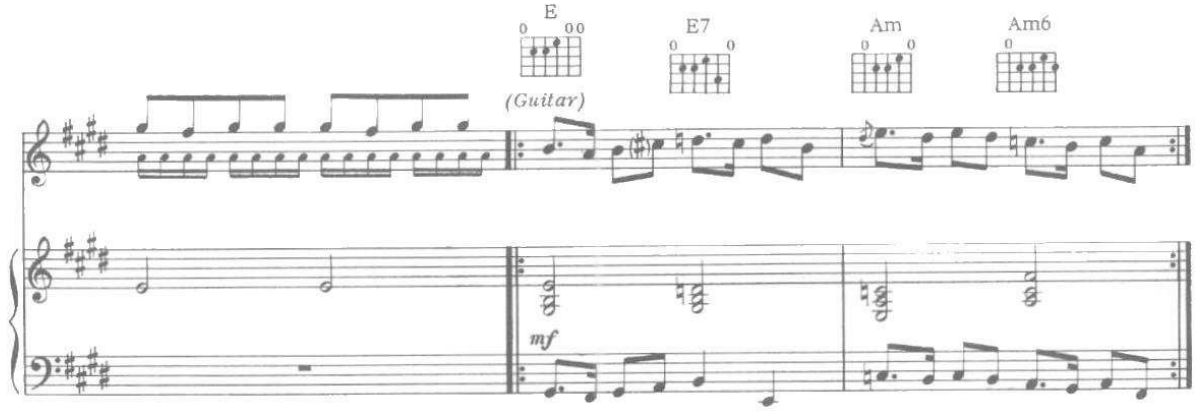

E♭
3fr.
F
B♭
E♭
3 fr.
A♭
4fr.
B♭
C
3fr.
D♭
4 fr.
E♭
3 fr.
mf
A♭maj7
4 fr.
(Guitar)
8va
3
G+
3 fr.
G
3 fr.
8va
3
Cm
3 fr.
(8va)
A♭maj7
4 fr.

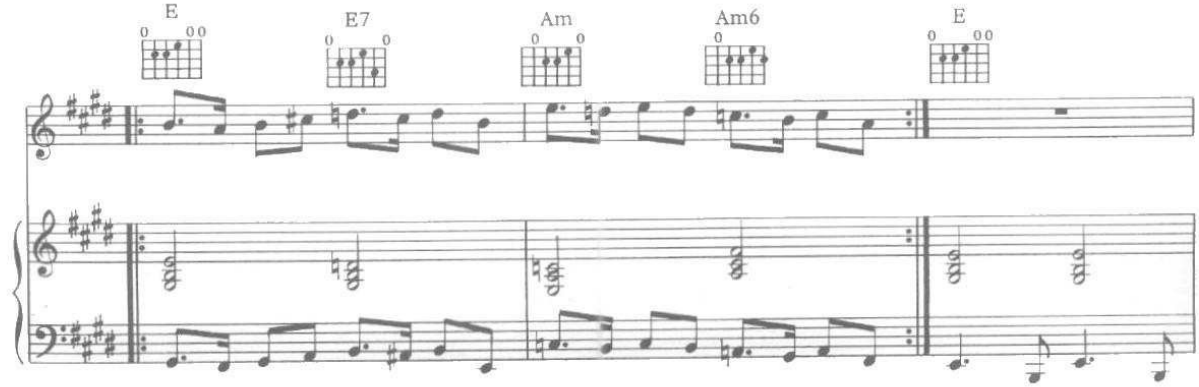

E♭
3 fr.
Cm7
3fr.
A♭maj9
6 fr.
(Violins)
8va
A♭maj7
4 fr.
loco
(Guitar)
G+
G
Cm
mp
(8va)
gradual cresc.
E
mf
R.H.

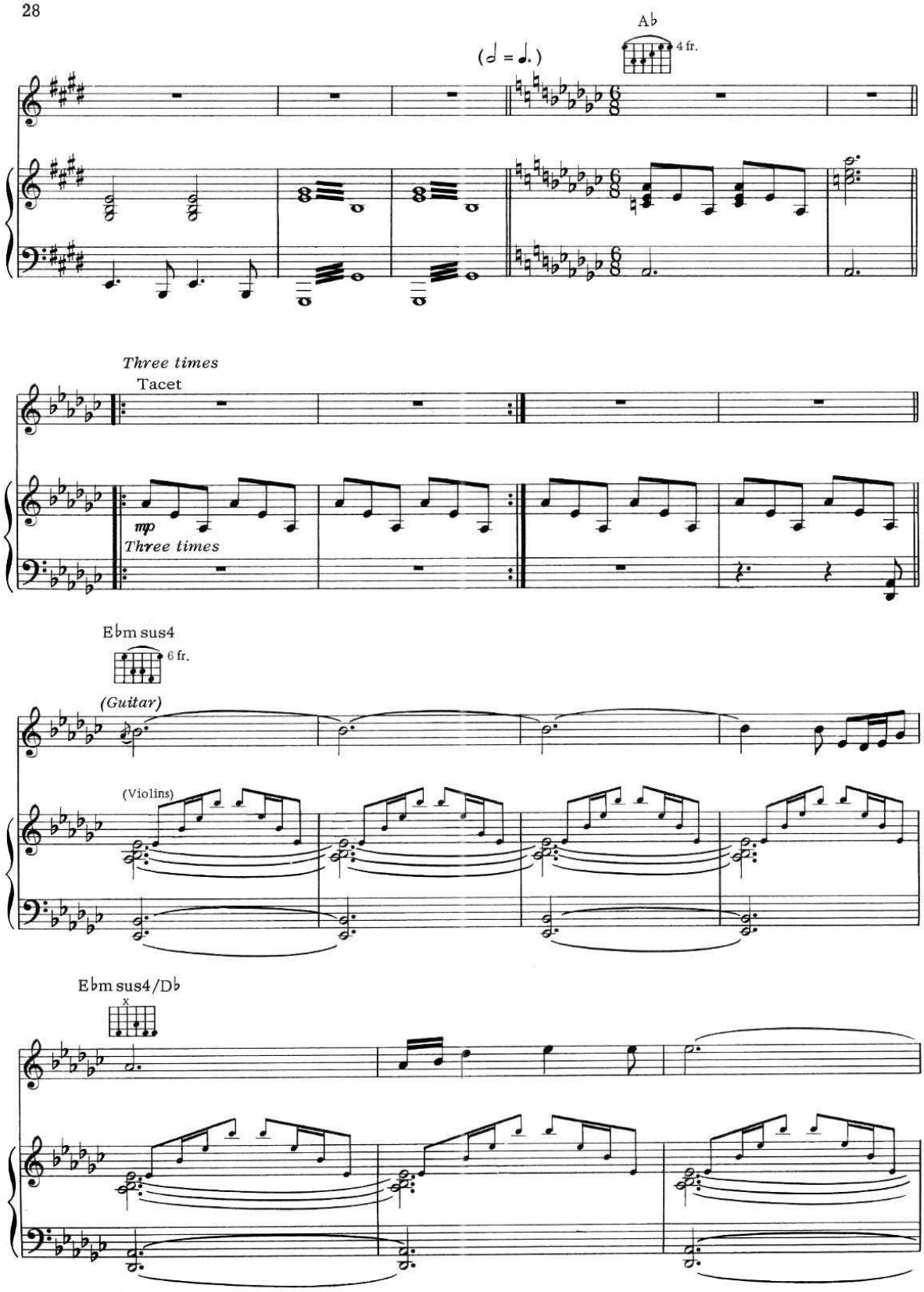

3
3
D
E
(Horns)
mp
Tacet
(Violins)

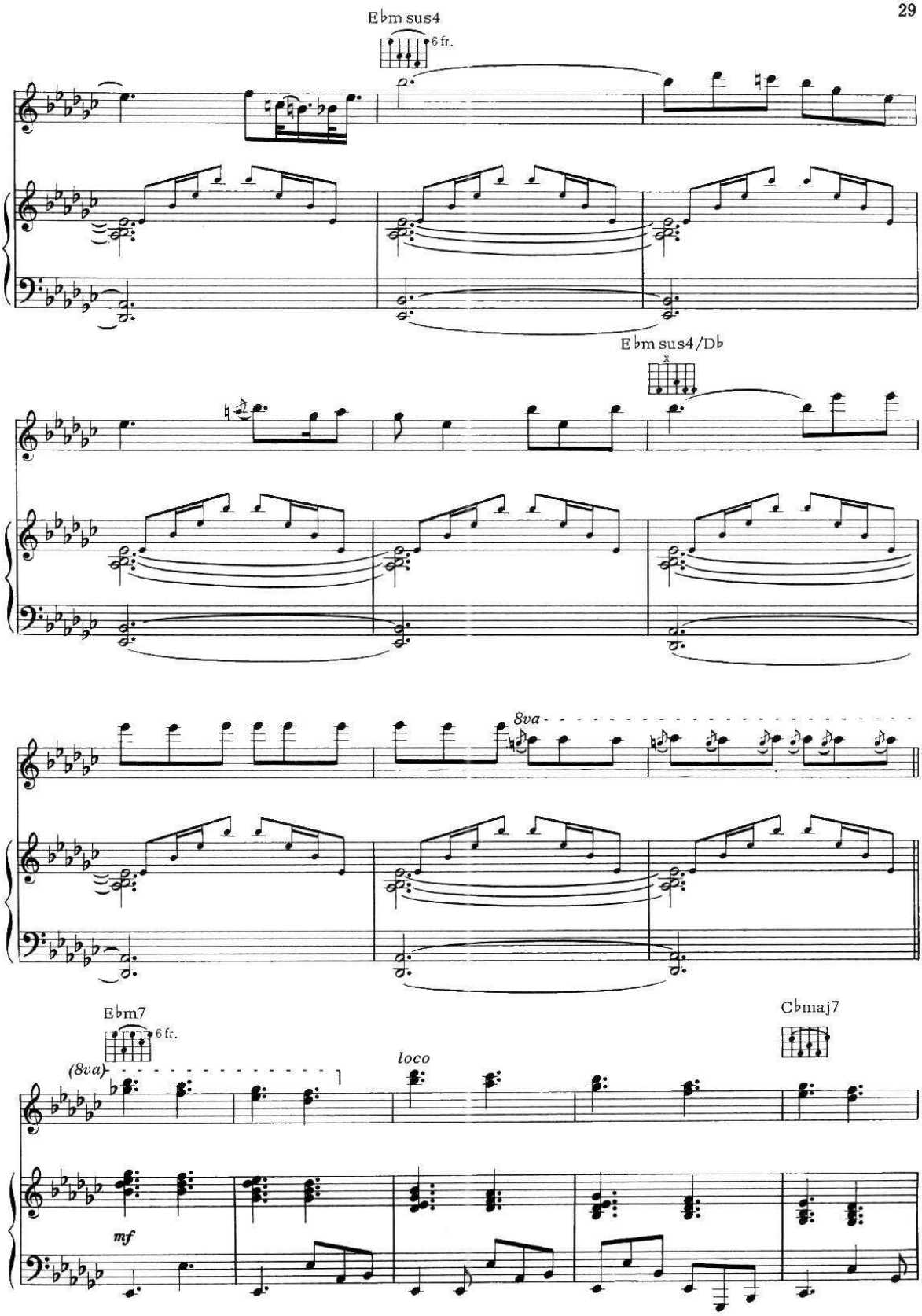


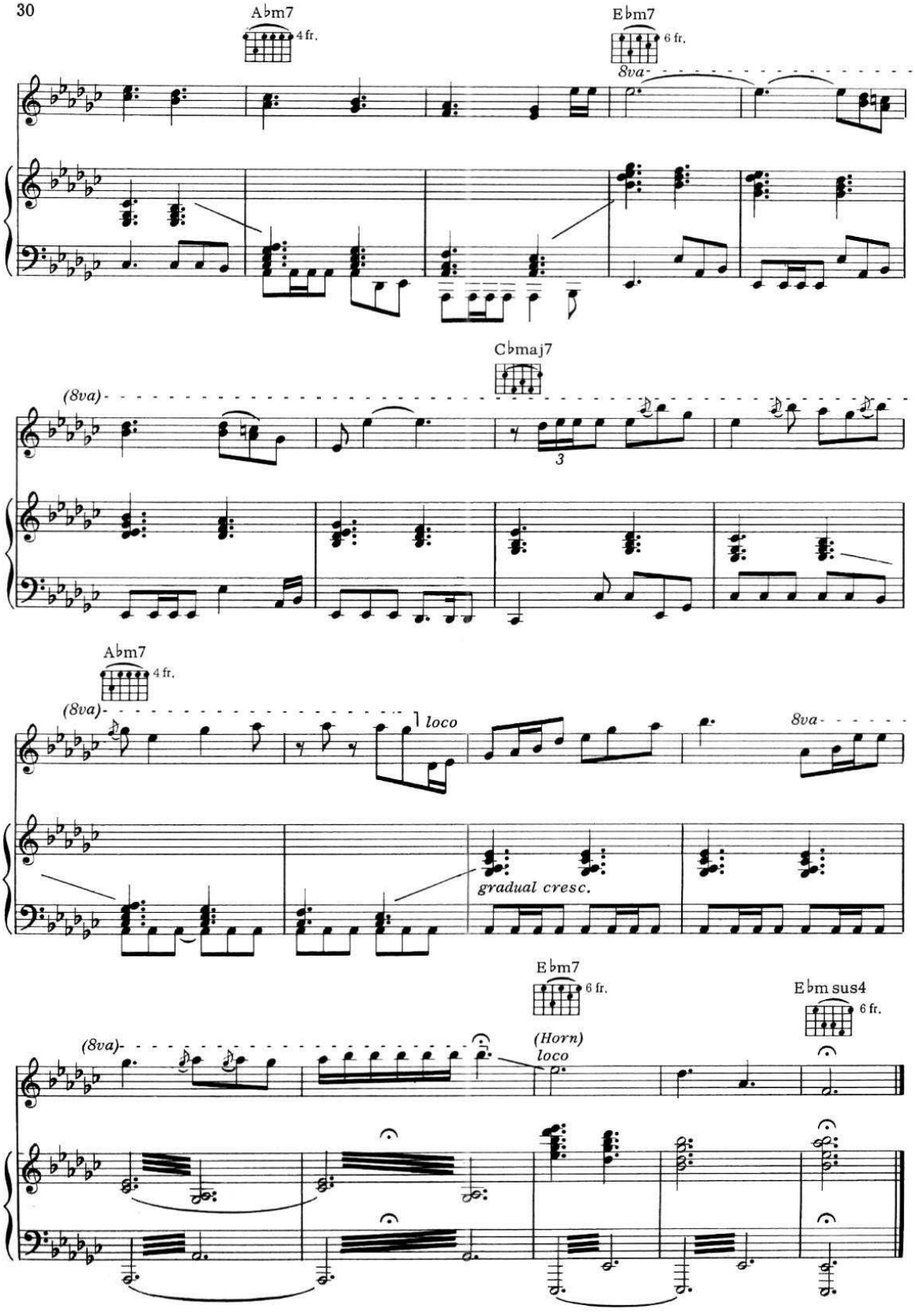



E
E7
Am
Am6
(Guitar)
mf


E
E7
Am
Am6
E

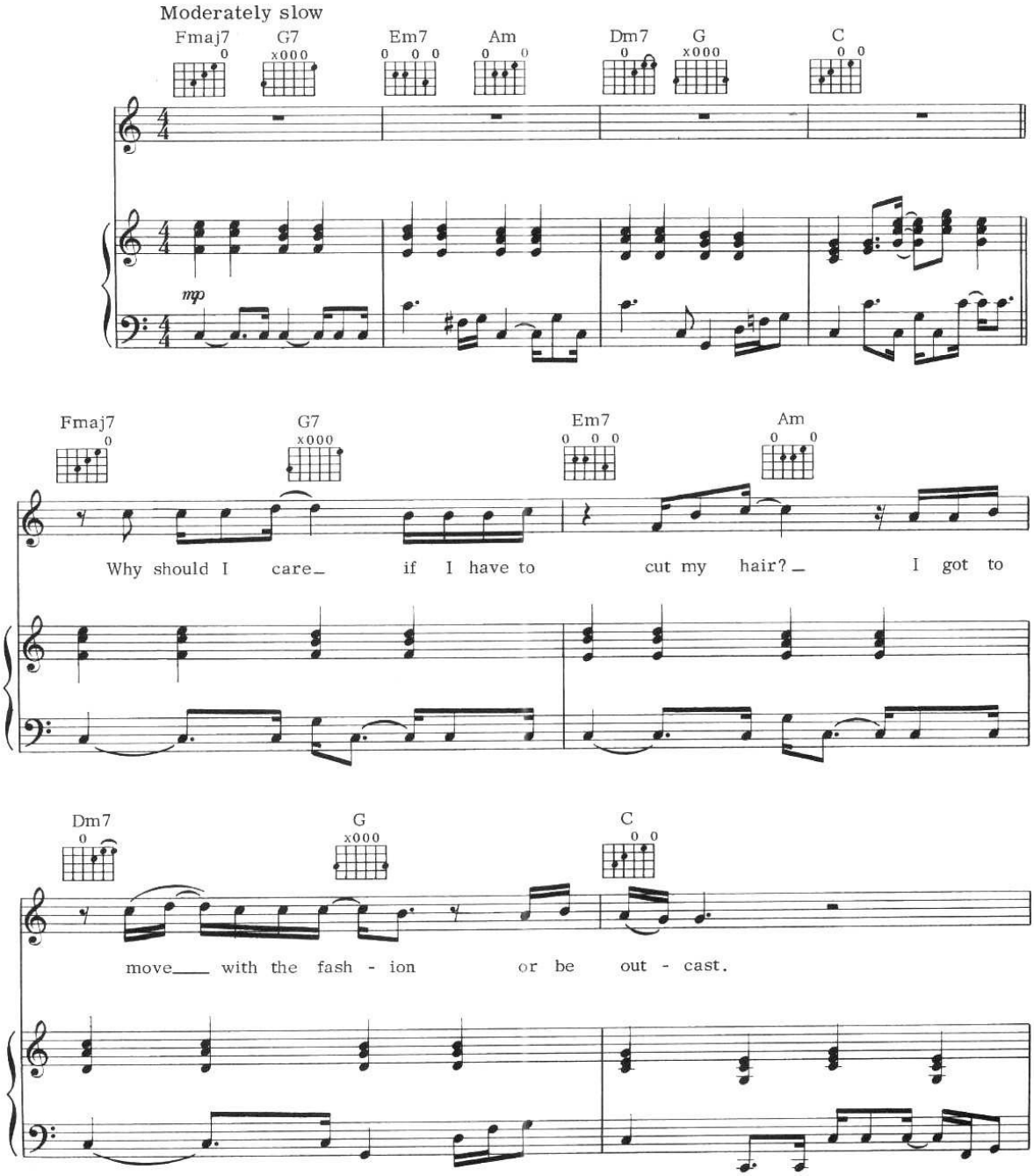

A♭
4 fr.
(𝅗𝅥 = 𝅗𝅥.)
Three times
Tacet
mp
Three times
E♭m sus4
6 fr.
(Guitar)
(Violins)
E♭m sus4/D♭
x


E♭m sus4
6 fr.
E♭m sus4/D♭
8va
E♭m7
6 fr.
(8va)
loco
mf
C♭maj7


Abm7
4 fr.
Ebm7
6 fr.
8va
Cbmaj7
(8va)
3
Abm7
4 fr.
(8va)
loco
8va
gradual cresc.
Ebm7
6 fr.
Ebm sus4
6 fr.
(8va)
(Horn)
loco

CUT MY HAIR

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND



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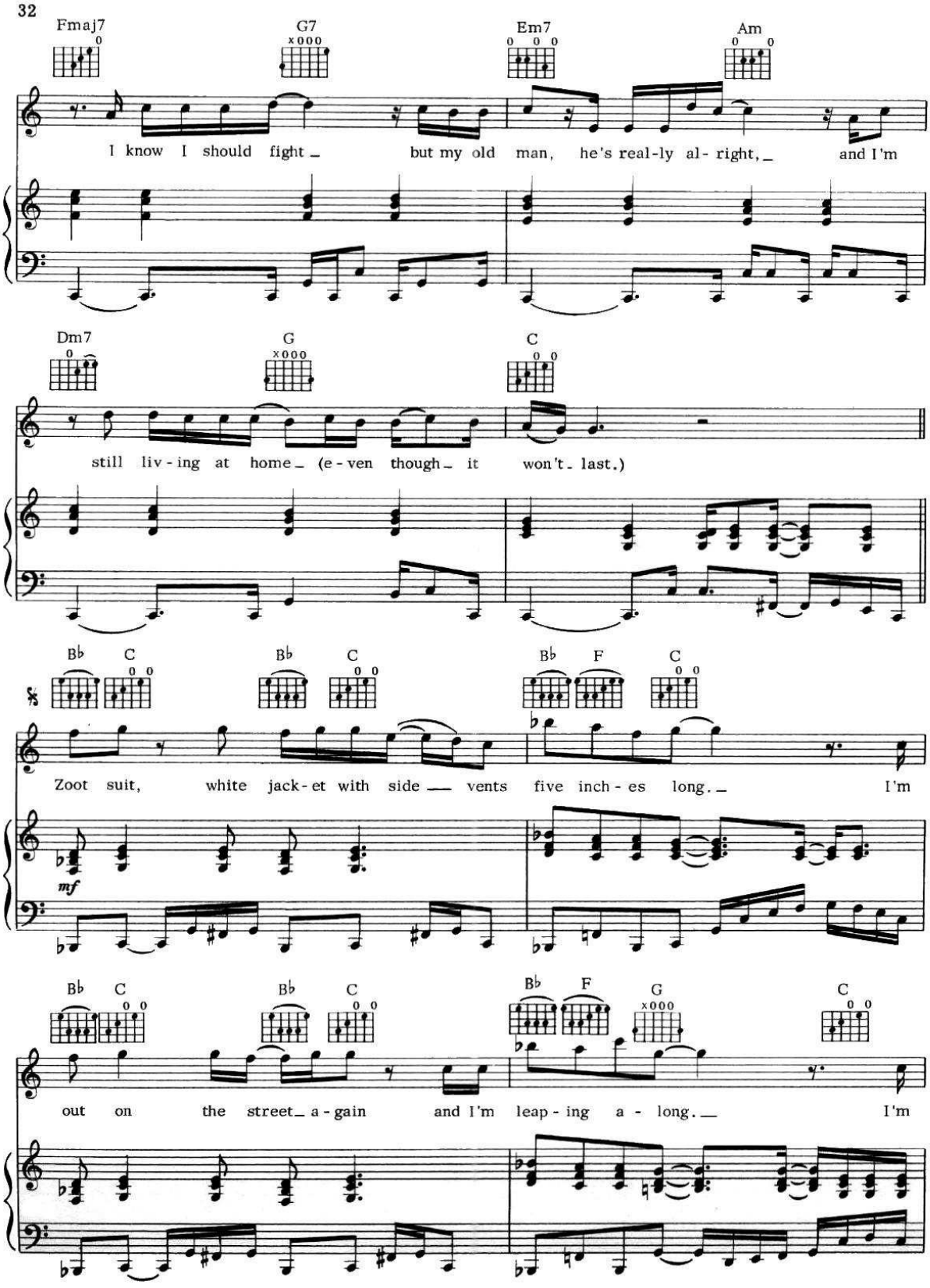
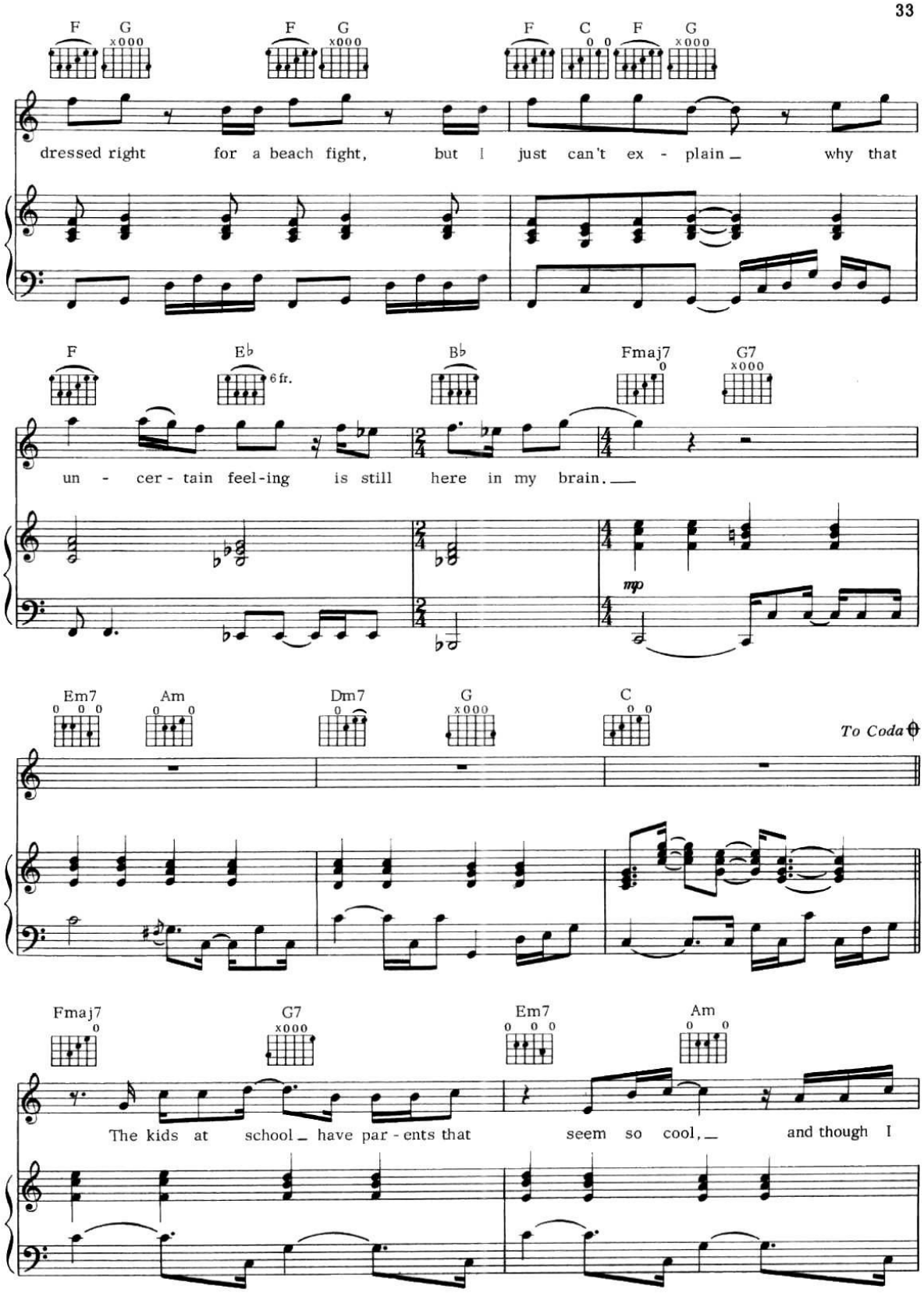
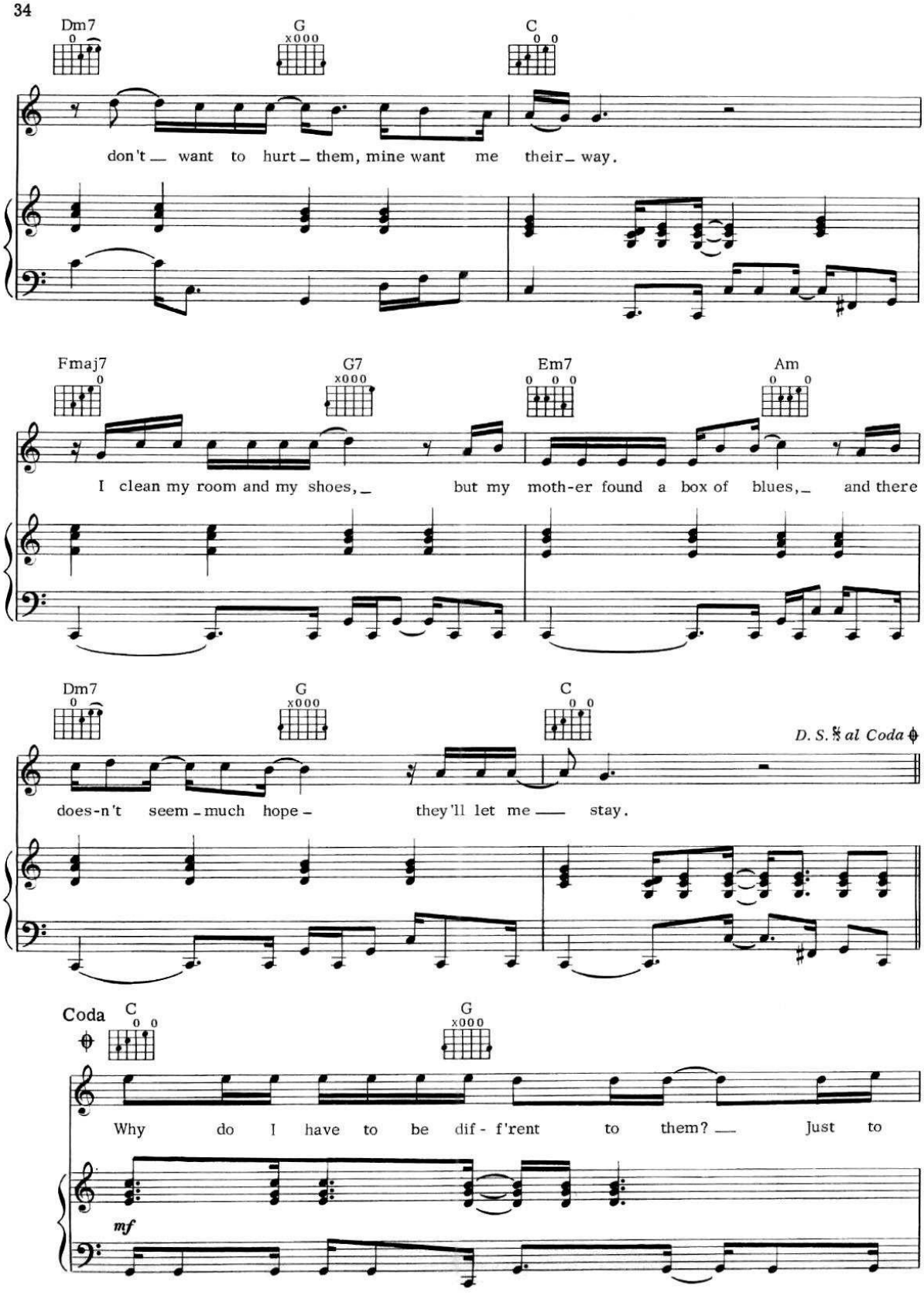
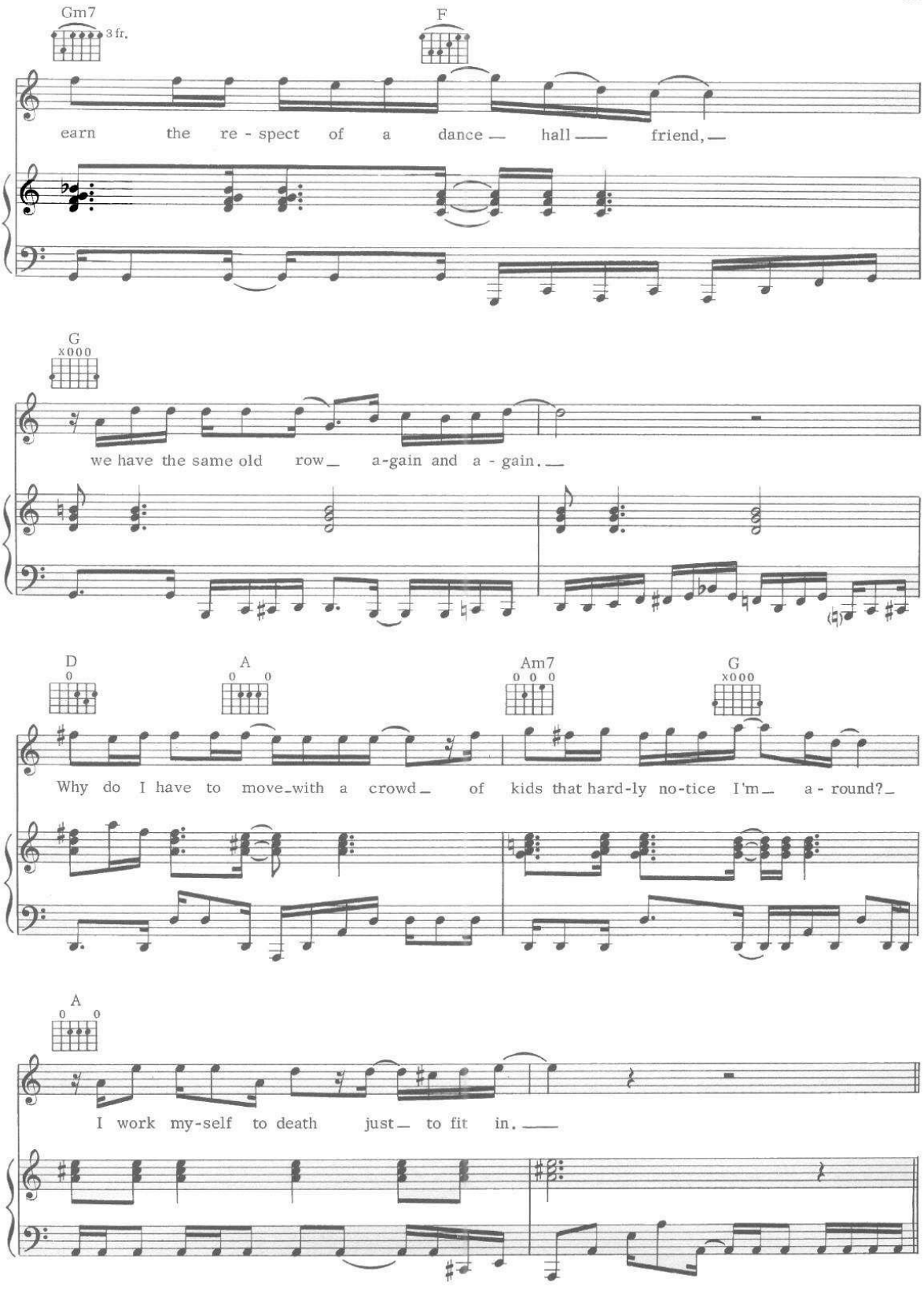
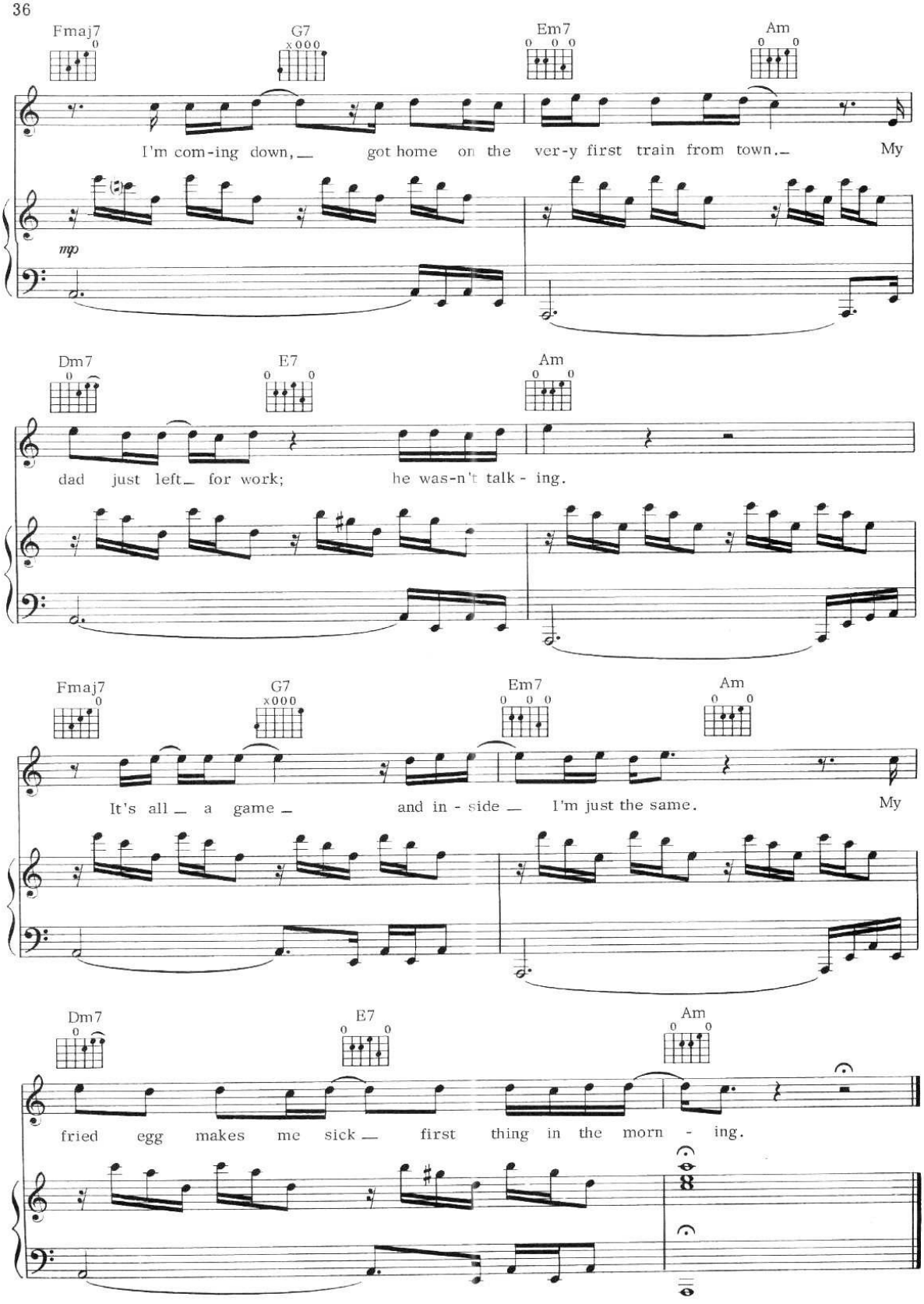

Fmaj7
G7
Em7
Am
I know I should fight _ but my old man, he's real-ly al- right, _ and I'm
Dm7
G
C
still liv - ing at home _ (e - ven though _ it won't - last.)
B♭
C
B♭
C
B♭
F
C
Zoot suit, white jack - et with side — vents five inch - es long. _ I'm
mf
B♭
C
B♭
C
B♭
F
G
C
out on the street _ a - gain and I'm leap - ing a - long. — I'm


F G x000 F G x000 F C 0 0 F G x000
dressed right for a beach fight, but I just can't ex - plain why that
F E♭ 6 fr. B♭ Fmaj7 0 G7 x000
un - cer - tain feel-ing is still here in my brain.
mp
Em7 0 0 0 Am 0 0 Dm7 0 G x000 C 0 0
To Coda
Fmaj7 0 G7 x000 Em7 0 0 0 Am 0 0
The kids at school have par - ents that seem so cool, and though I

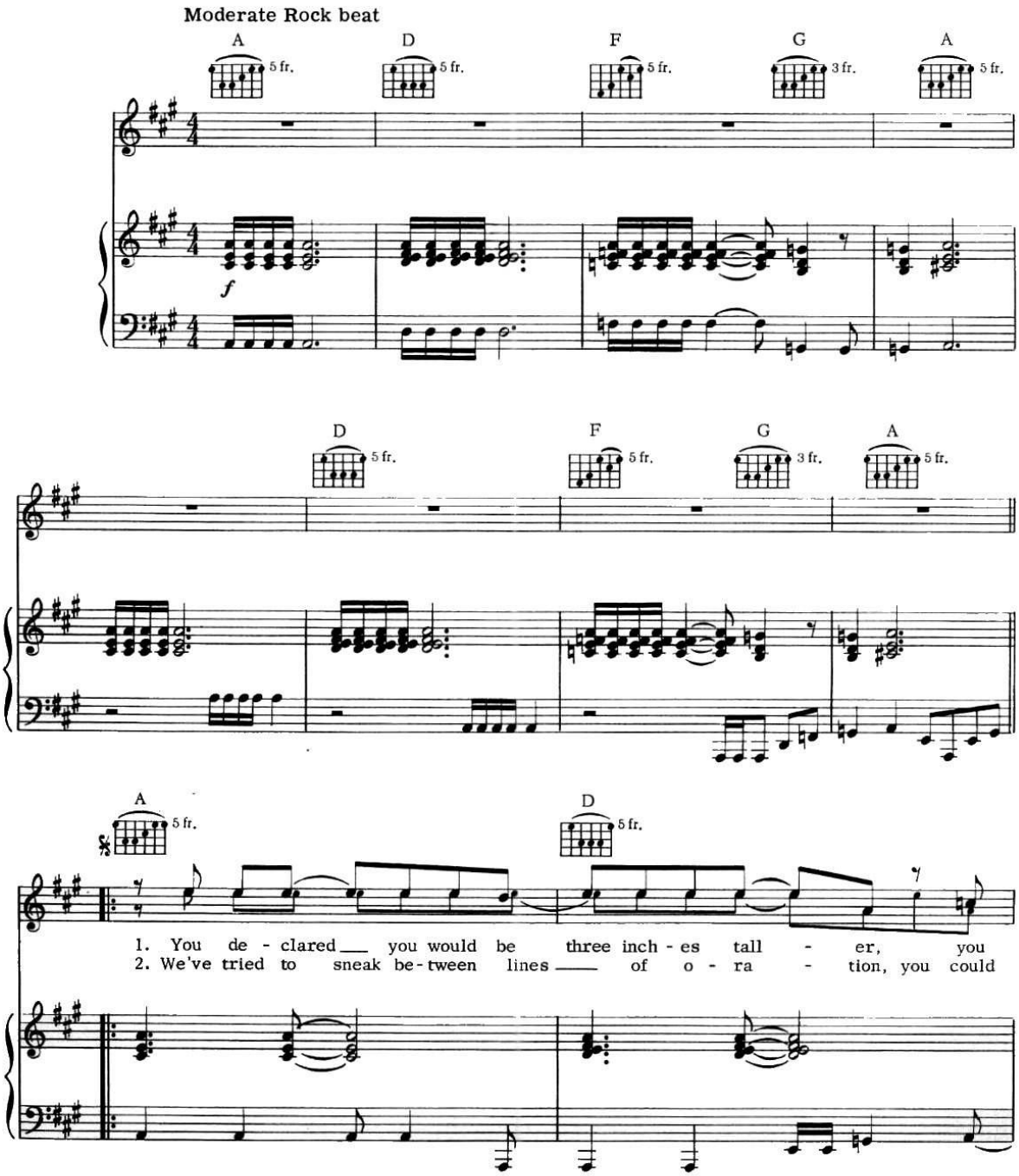

Dm7
G
C
don't want to hurt them, mine want me their way.
Fmaj7
G7
Em7
Am
I clean my room and my shoes, but my moth-er found a box of blues, and there
Dm7
G
C
D. S. 𝄋 al Coda
does-n't seem much hope they'll let me stay.
Coda
C
G
Why do I have to be dif - f'rent to them? Just to
mf


Gm7
3 fr.
F
earn the re - spect of a dance — hall — friend, —
G
x000
we have the same old row — a-gain and a - gain. —
D
A
Am7
G
x000
Why do I have to move-with a crowd — of kids that hard-ly no-tice I'm — a - round? —
A
I work my-self to death just — to fit in. —


Fmaj7
G7
Em7
Am
I'm com-ing down, got home on the ver-y first train from town. My
mp
Dm7
E7
Am
dad just left for work; he was-n't talk - ing.
Fmaj7
G7
Em7
Am
It's all a game and in - side I'm just the same. My
Dm7
E7
Am
fried egg makes me sick first thing in the morn - ing.

THE PUNK MEETS THE GODFATHER

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND



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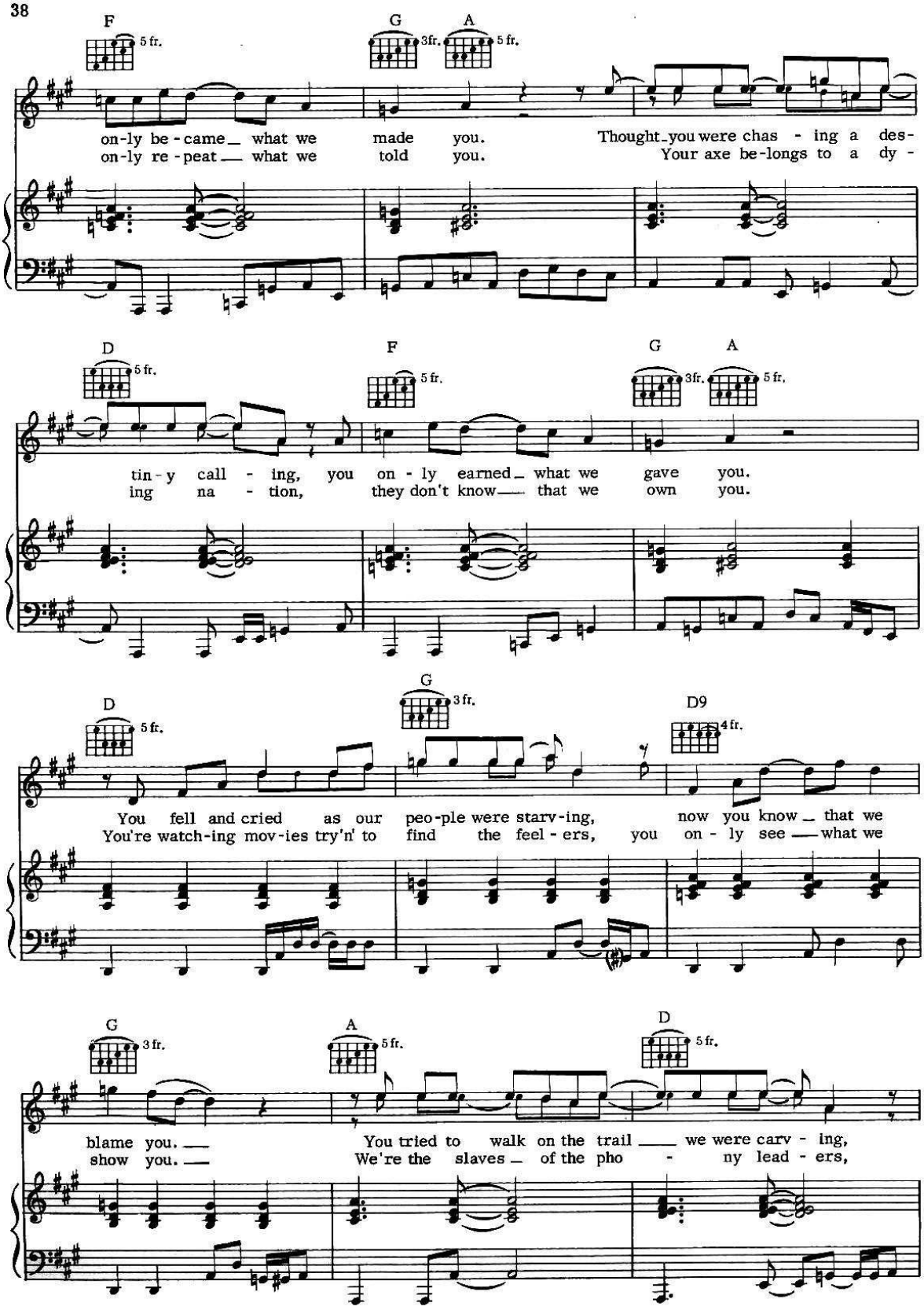
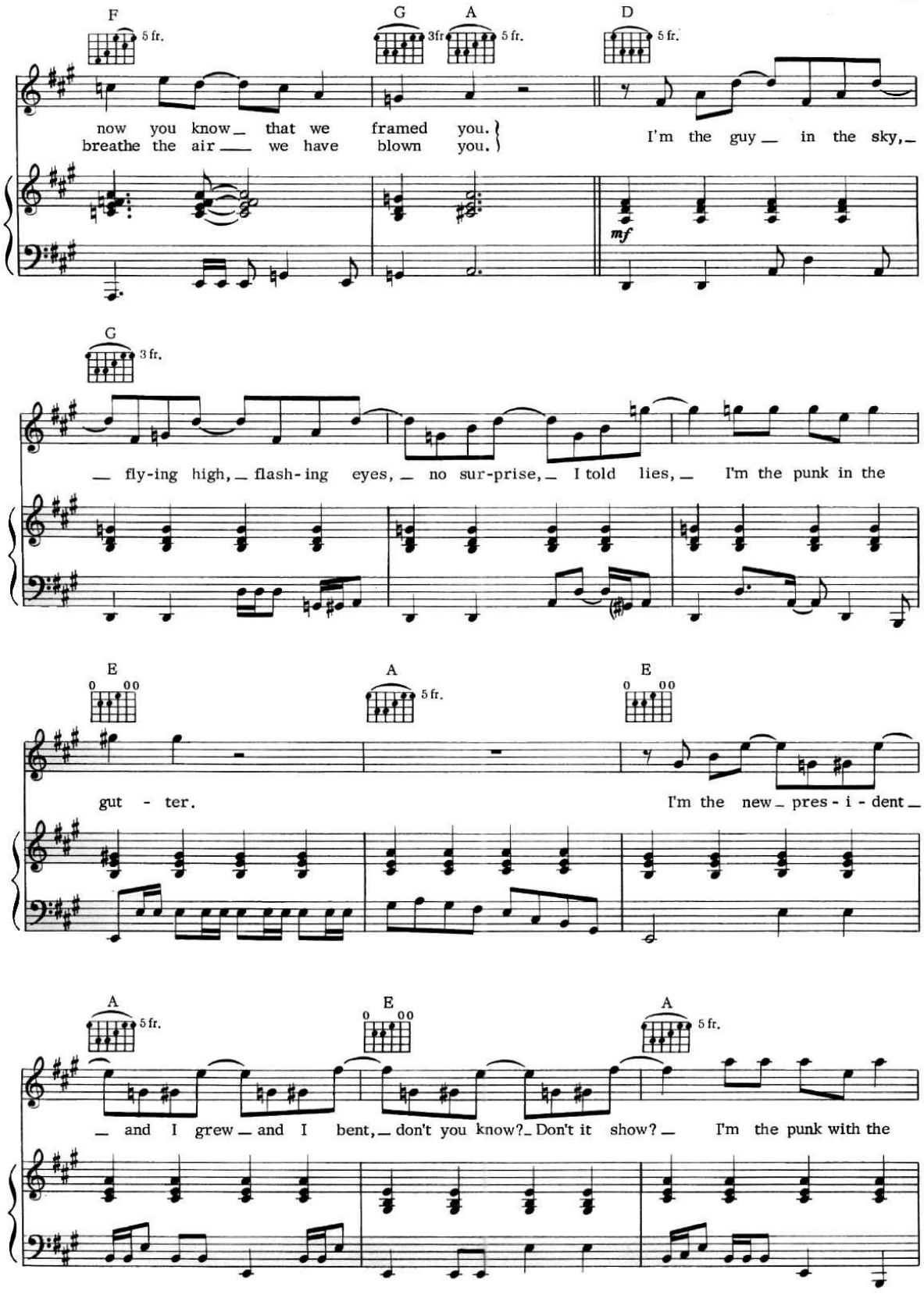
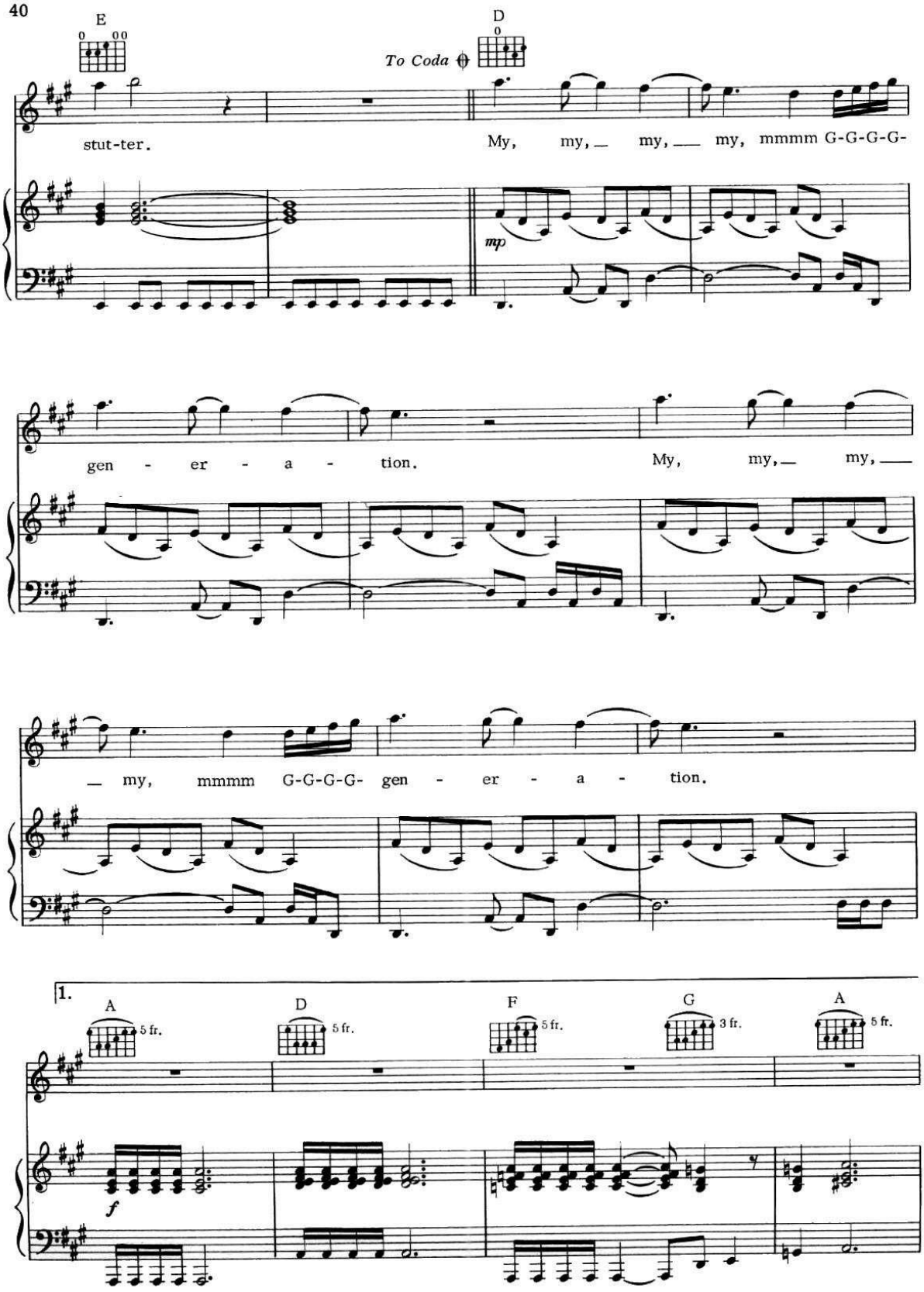
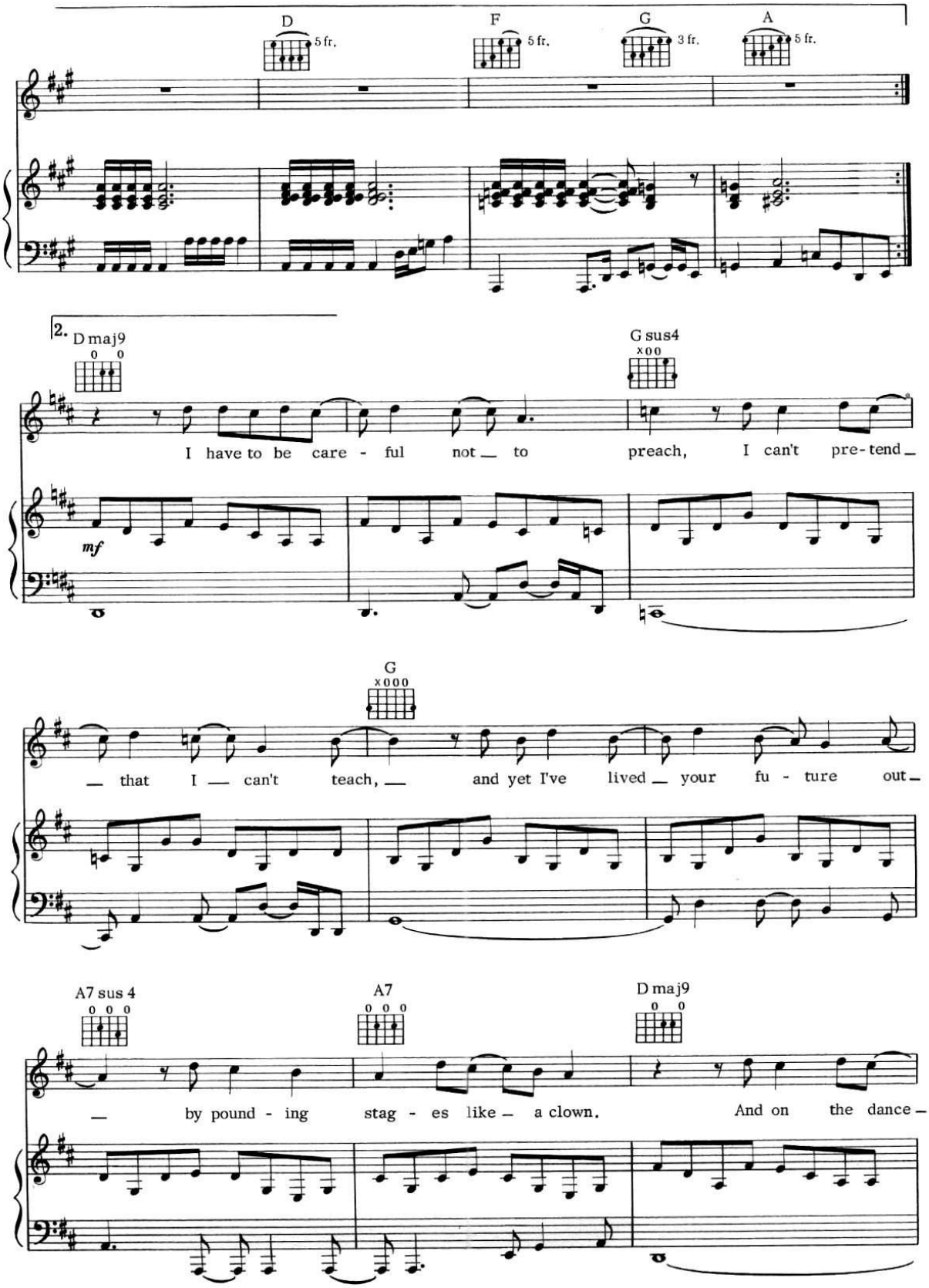
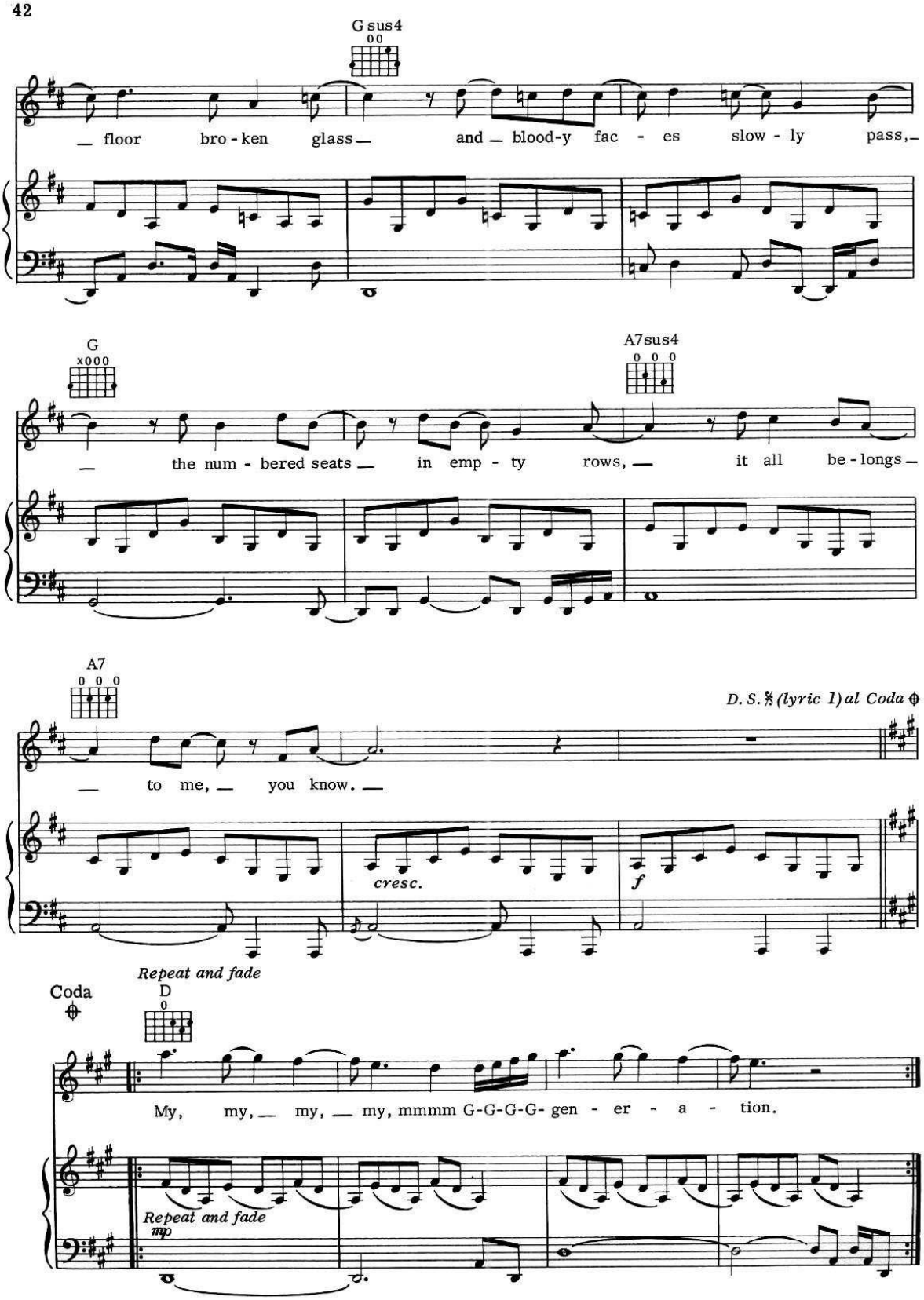
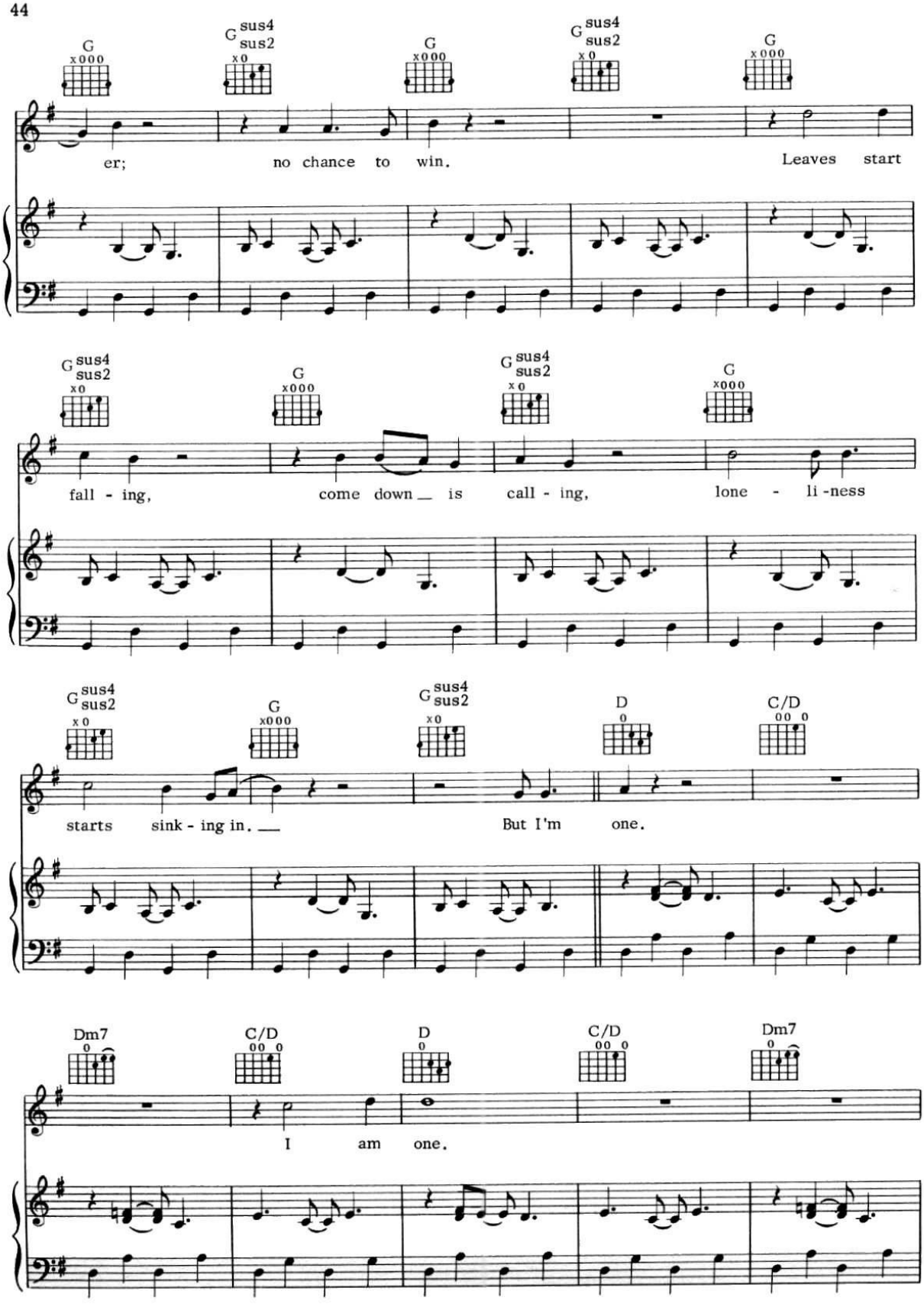

F
5 fr.
G
3fr.
A
5 fr.
on-ly be-came what we made you. Thought you were chas-ing a des-
on-ly re-peat what we told you. Your axe be-longs to a dy-
D
5 fr.
F
5 fr.
G
3fr.
A
5 fr.
tin-y call-ing, you on-ly earned what we gave you.
ing na-tion, they don't know that we own you.
D
5 fr.
G
3 fr.
D9
4 fr.
You fell and cried as our peo-ple were starv-ing, now you know that we
You're watch-ing mov-ies try'n' to find the feel-ers, you on-ly see what we
G
3 fr.
A
5 fr.
D
5 fr.
blame you.
show you.
You tried to walk on the trail we were carv-ing,
We're the slaves of the pho-ny lead-ers,

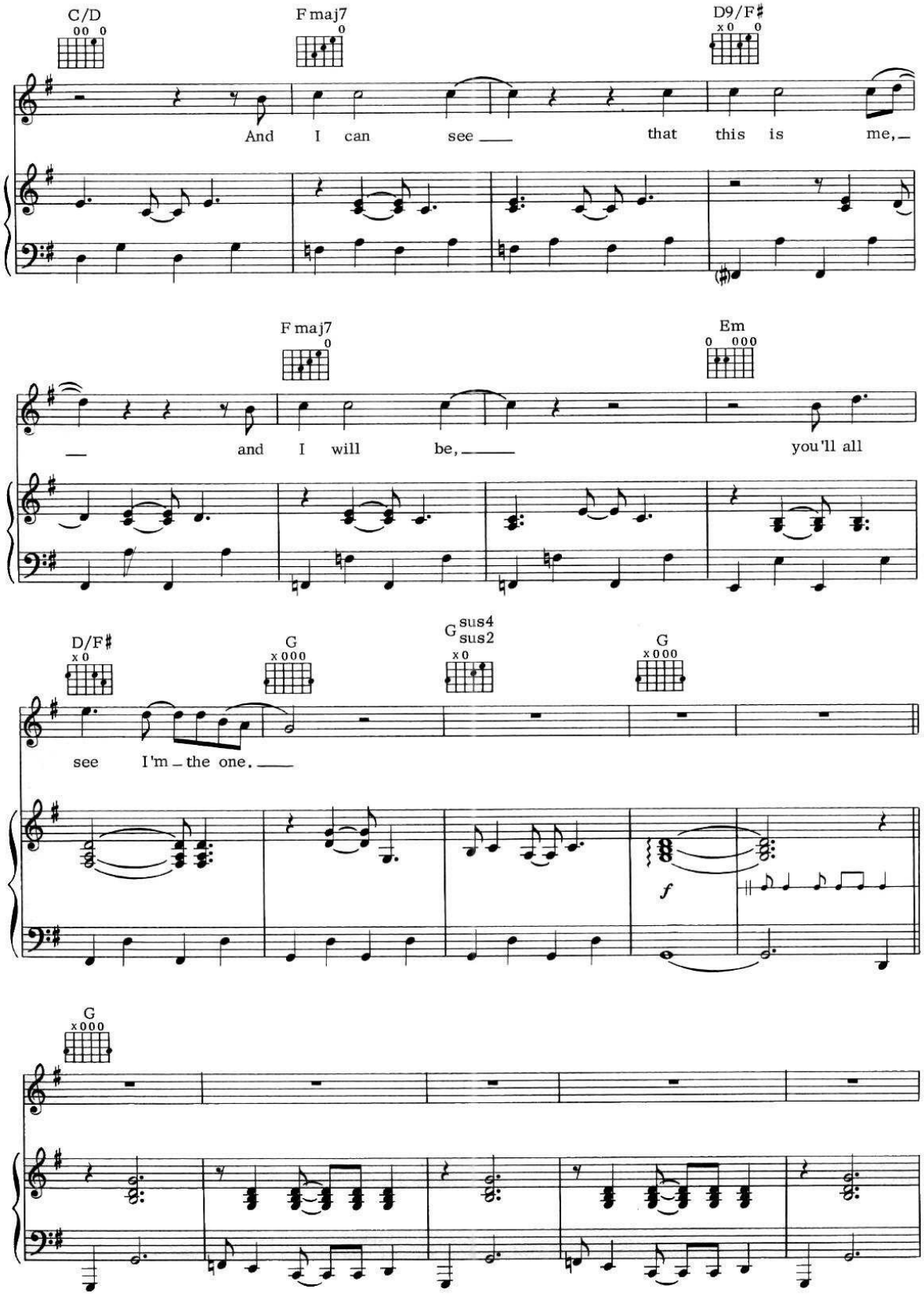

F
5 fr.
G
3fr
A
5 fr.
D
5 fr.
now you know_ that we framed you.
breathe the air ___ we have blown you.
I'm the guy __ in the sky,_
mf
G
3 fr.
__ fly-ing high,_ flash-ing eyes,_ no sur-prise,_ I told lies,_ I'm the punk in the
E
A
5 fr.
E
gut - ter.
I'm the new_ pres - i - dent_
A
5 fr.
E
A
5 fr.
__ and I grew _ and I bent,_ don't you know?_ Don't it show? _ I'm the punk with the

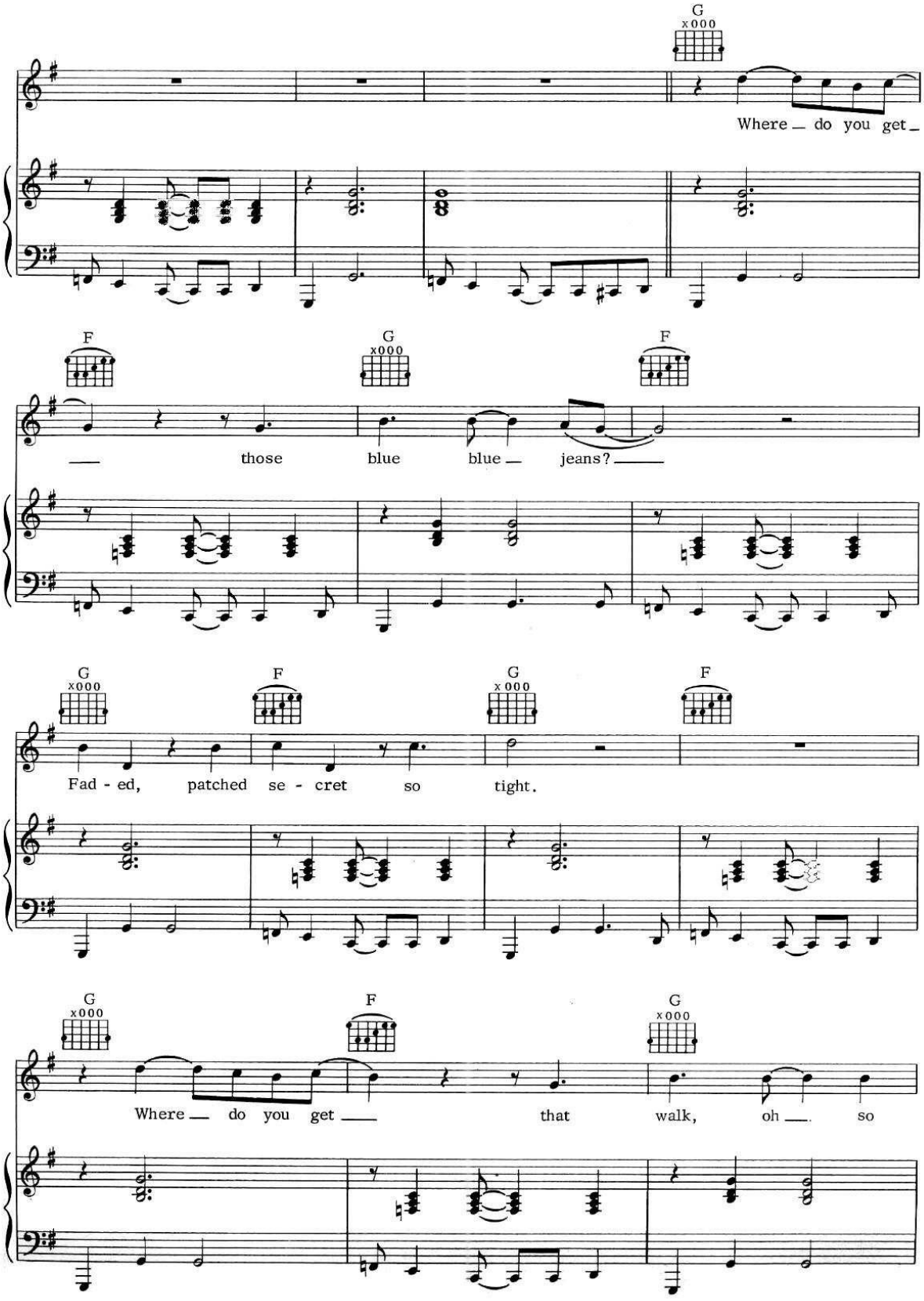

E
To Coda
D
stut-ter.
My, my, my, my, mmmm G-G-G-G-
mp
gen - er - a - tion.
My, my, my,
my, mmmm G-G-G-G- gen - er - a - tion.
1.
A
5 fr.
D
5 fr.
F
5 fr.
G
3 fr.
A
5 fr.
f

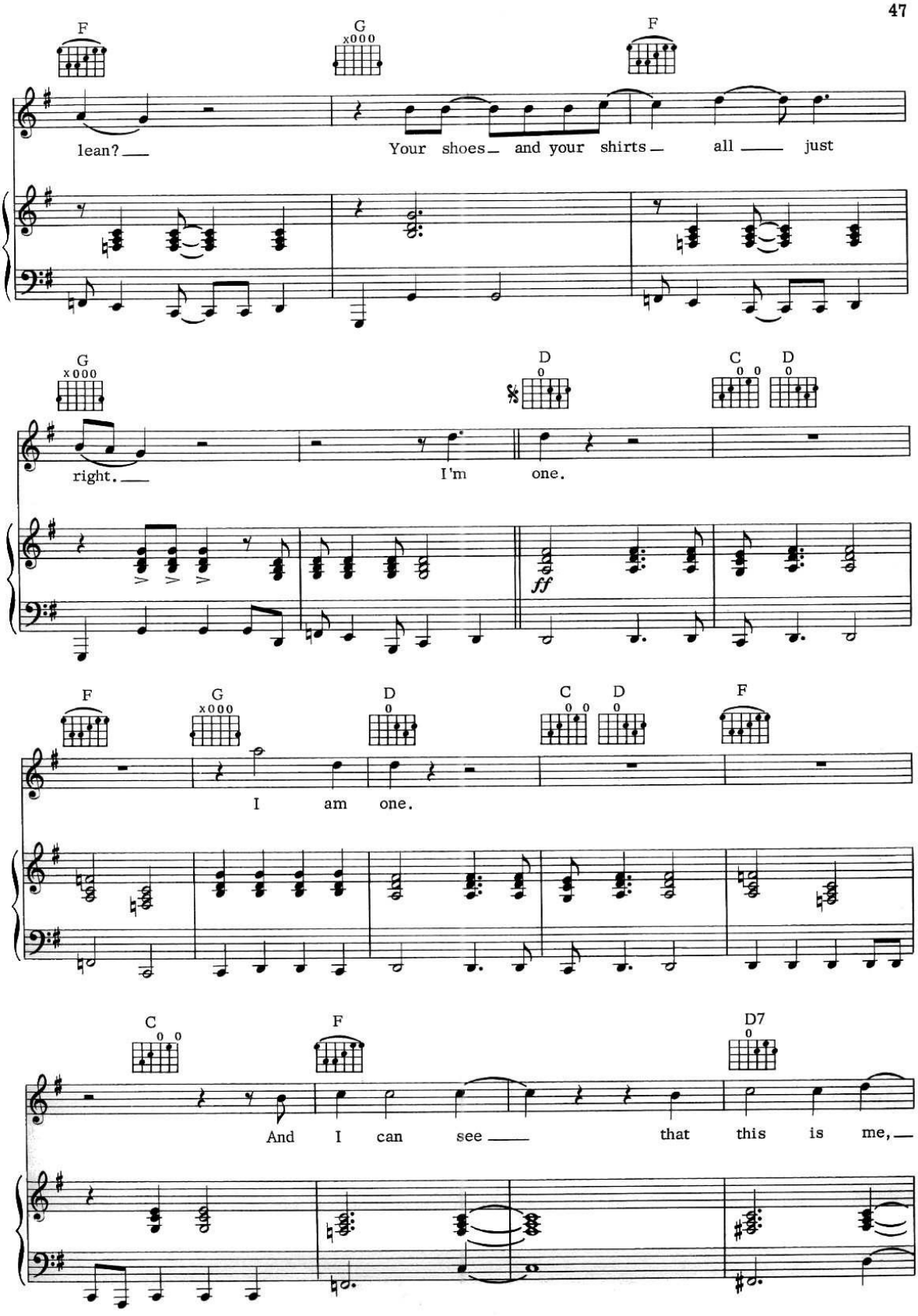

D
5 fr.
F
5 fr.
G
3 fr.
A
5 fr.
2.
D maj9
G sus4
I have to be care - ful not to preach, I can't pre-tend
mf
G
— that I can't teach, and yet I've lived your fu - ture out-
A7 sus 4
A7
D maj9
— by pound - ing stag - es like a clown. And on the dance-

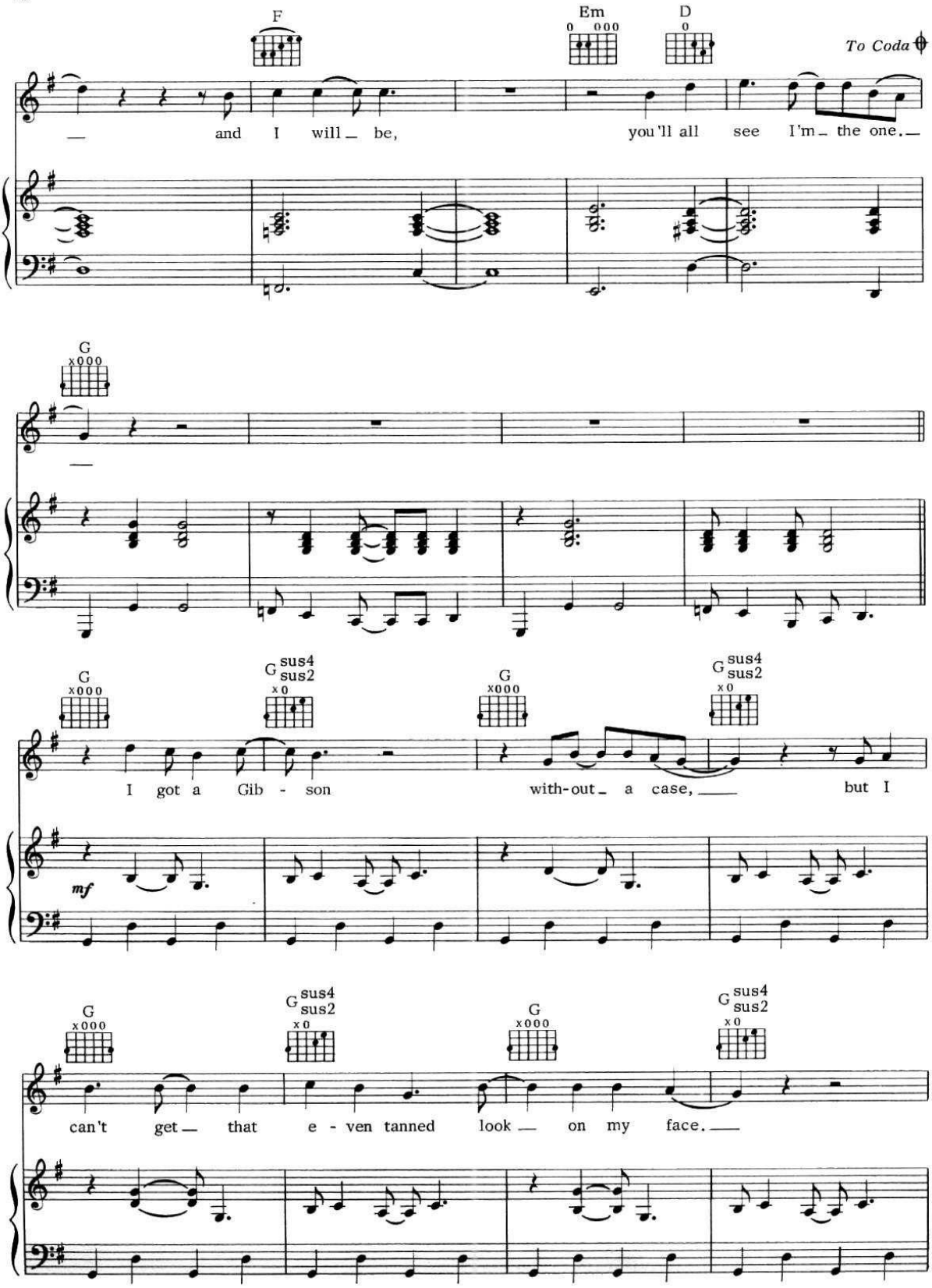

G sus4
— floor bro - ken glass — and — blood-y fac - es slow - ly pass, —
G
A7sus4
— the num - bered seats — in emp - ty rows, — it all be - longs —
A7
D. S. 𝄋 (lyric 1) al Coda
— to me, — you know. —
cresc.
f
Repeat and fade
Coda
D
My, my, — my, — my, mmmm G-G-G-G- gen - er - a - tion.
Repeat and fade
mp

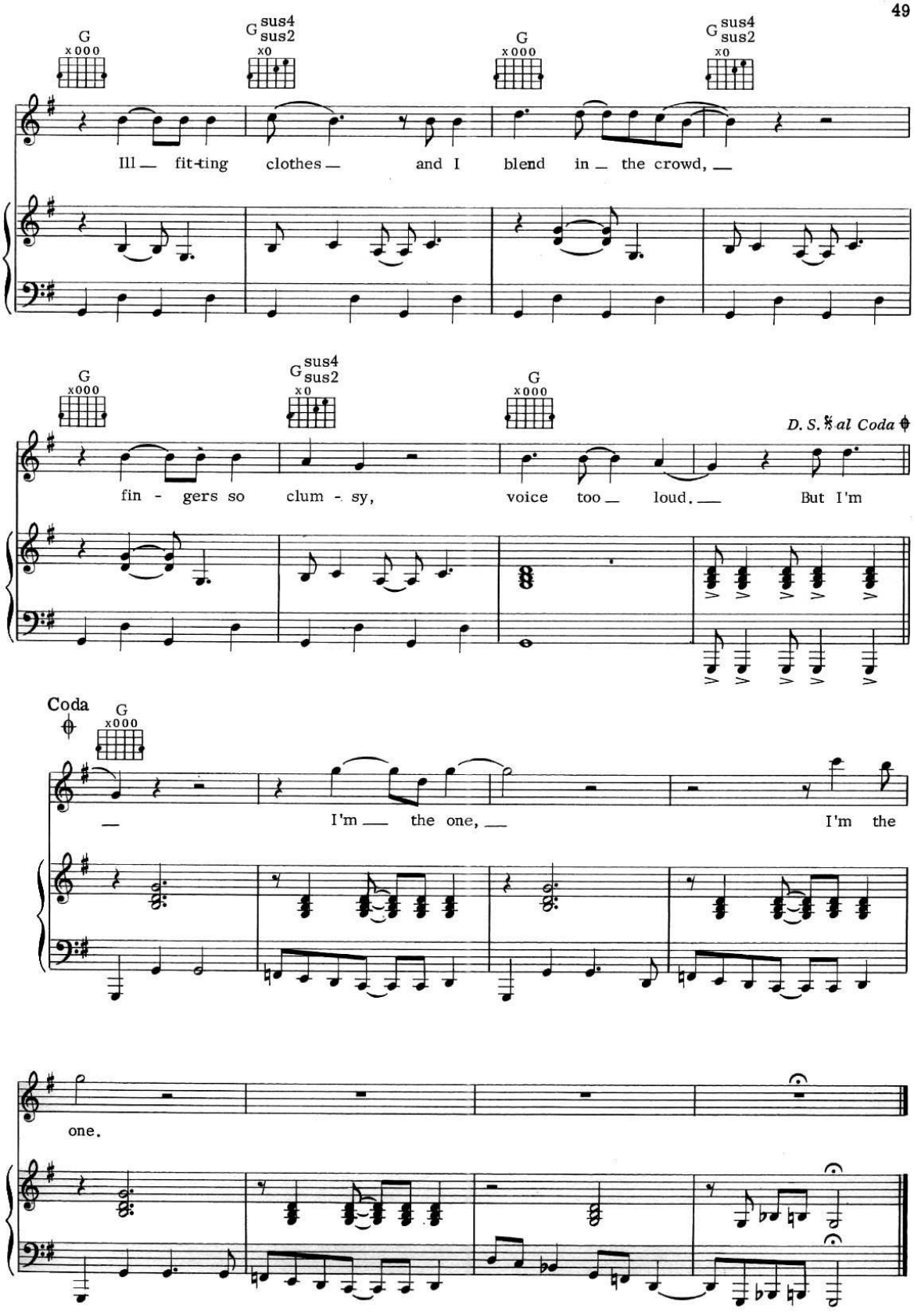

G x000
Gsus4 sus2 x0
G x000
Gsus4 sus2 x0
G x000
er; no chance to win. Leaves start
Gsus4 sus2 x0
G x000
Gsus4 sus2 x0
G x000
fall - ing, come down _ is call - ing, lone - li - ness
Gsus4 sus2 x0
G x000
Gsus4 sus2 x0
D 0
C/D 00 0
starts sink - ing in. _ But I'm one.
Dm7 0
C/D 00 0
D 0
C/D 00 0
Dm7 0
I am one.


C/D
Fmaj7
D9/F♯
And I can see ___ that this is me, _
Fmaj7
Em
_ and I will be, ___ you'll all
D/F♯
G
Gsus4 sus2
G
see I'm _ the one. ___
f
G


G
x000
Where do you get
F
G
x000
F
those blue blue jeans?
G
x000
F
G
x000
F
Fad - ed, patched se - cret so tight.
G
x000
F
G
x000
Where do you get that walk, oh so

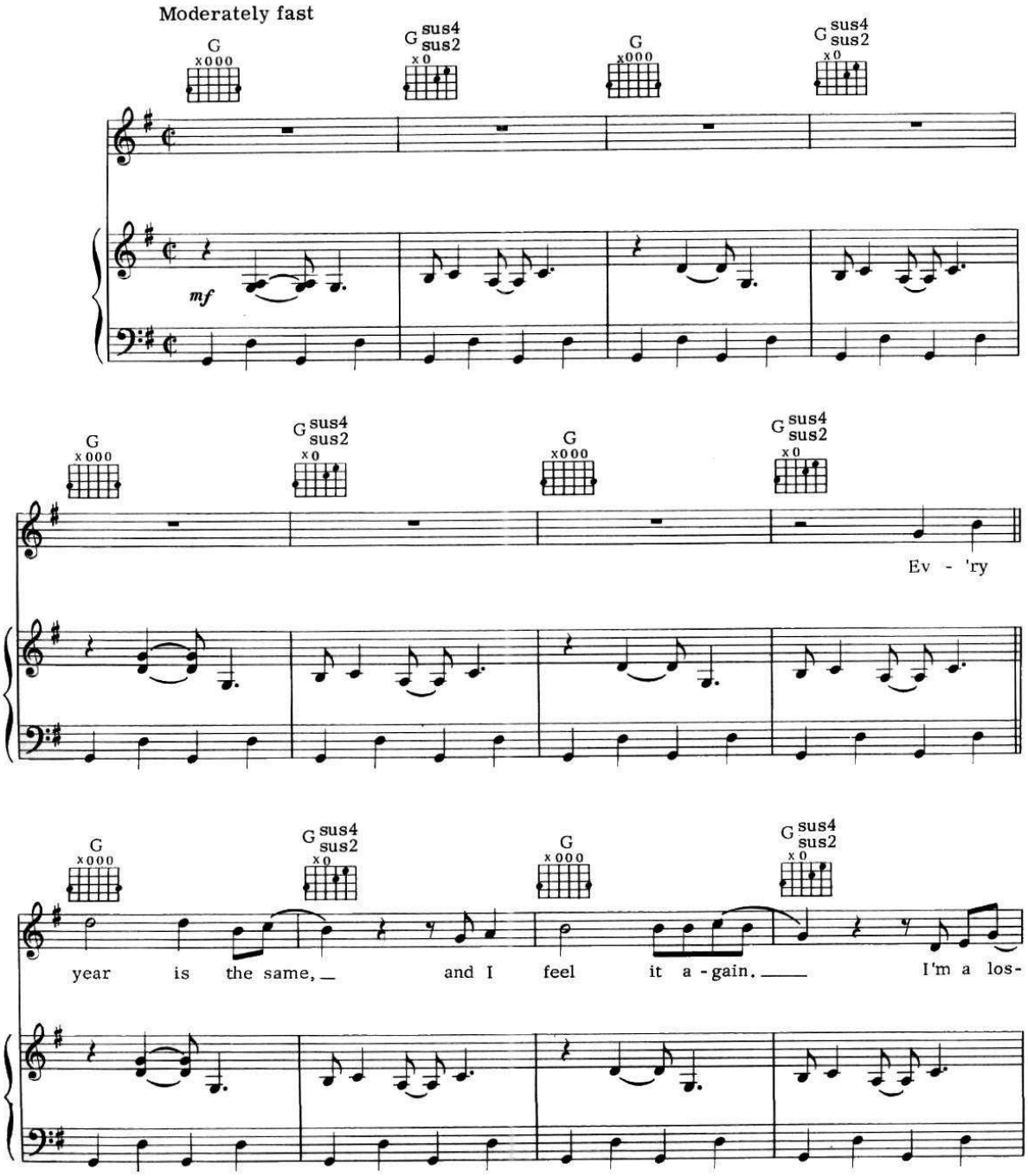

F
G
F
lean? Your shoes and your shirts all just
G
D
C D
right. I'm one.
ff
F
G
D
C D
F
I am one.
C
F
D7
And I can see that this is me,


F
Em
D
To Coda
and I will be,
you'll all see I'm the one.
G
I got a Gib - son
with-out a case,
but I
mf
G sus4 sus2
can't get that e - ven tanned look on my face.


G x000
Gsus4 sus2 x0
G x000
Gsus4 sus2 x0
Ill — fit-ting clothes — and I blend in — the crowd, —
G x000
Gsus4 sus2 x0
G x000
D. S. 𝄋 al Coda
fin - gers so clum - sy, voice too — loud. — But I'm
Coda
G x000
— I'm — the one, — I'm the
one.

I'M ONE
(At least)

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND



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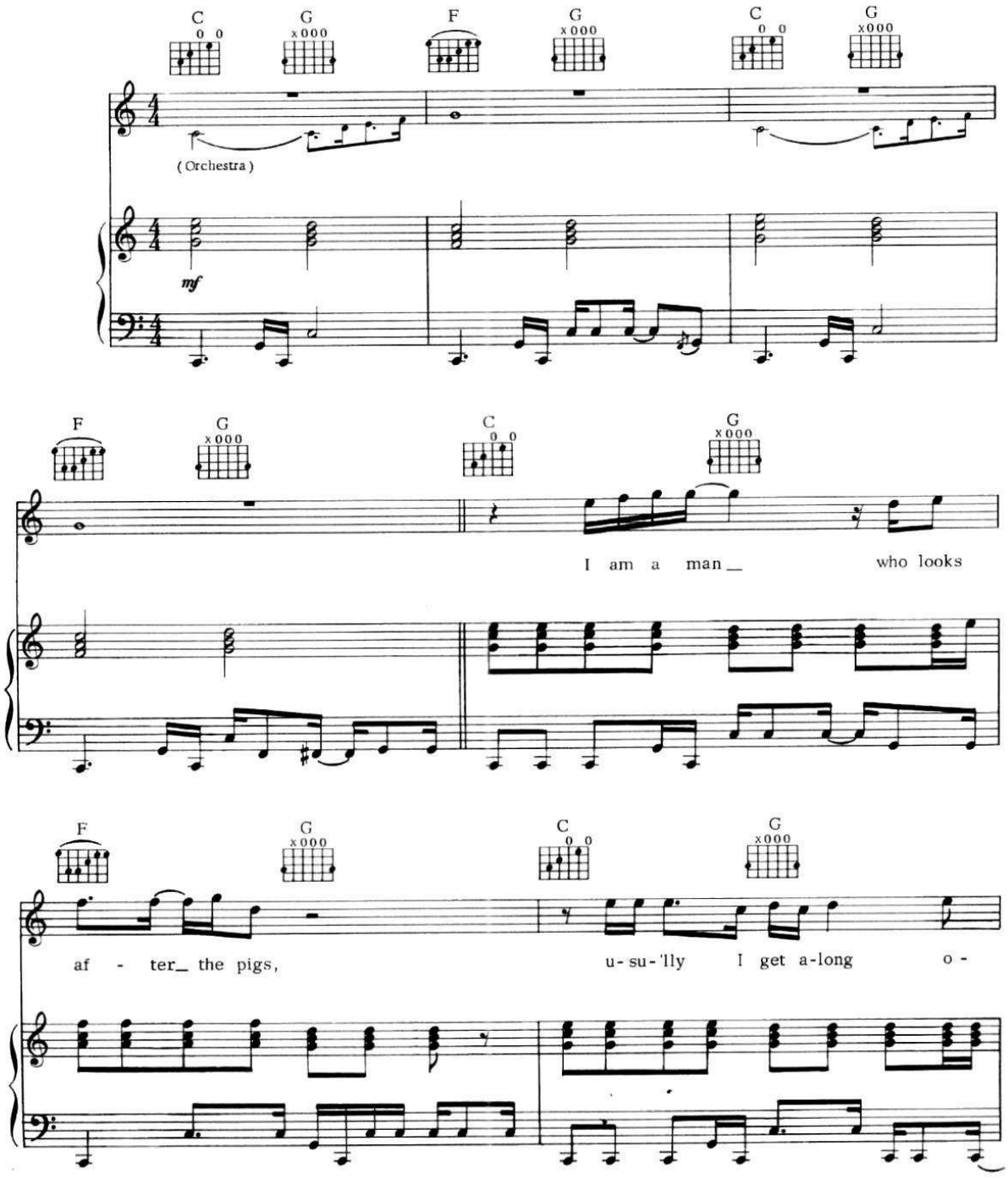
THE DIRTY JOBS

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND

Moderate Rock



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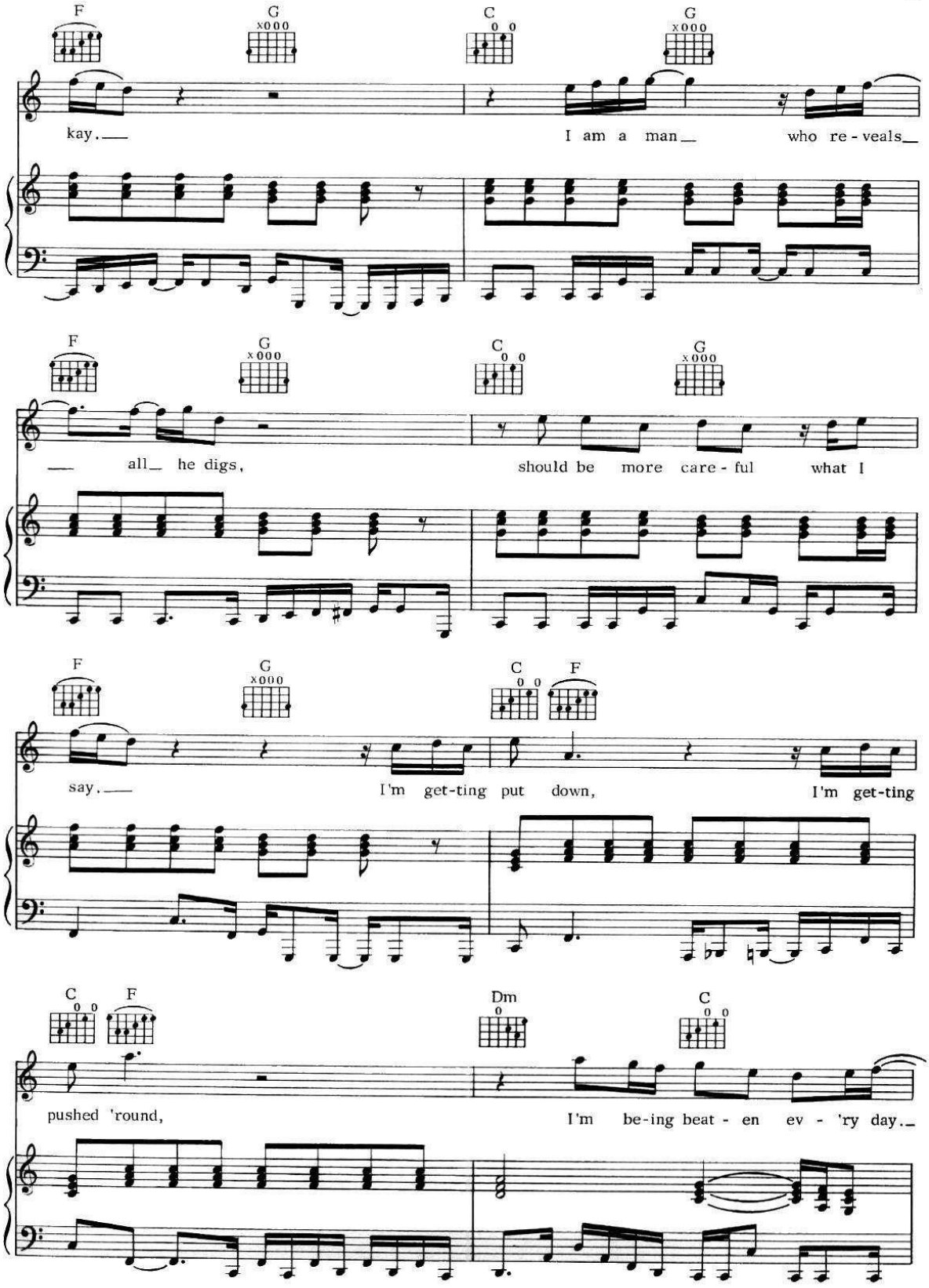
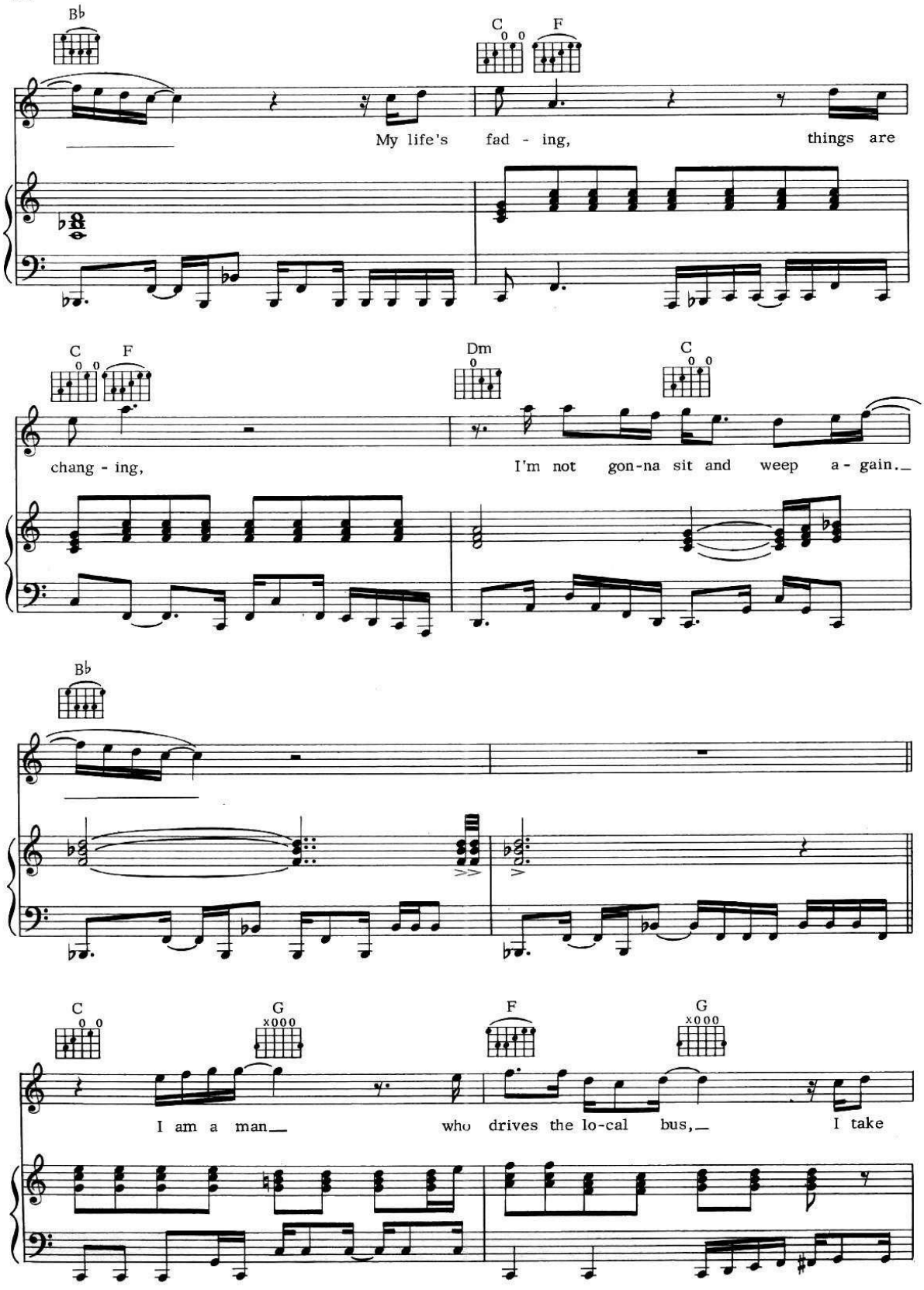
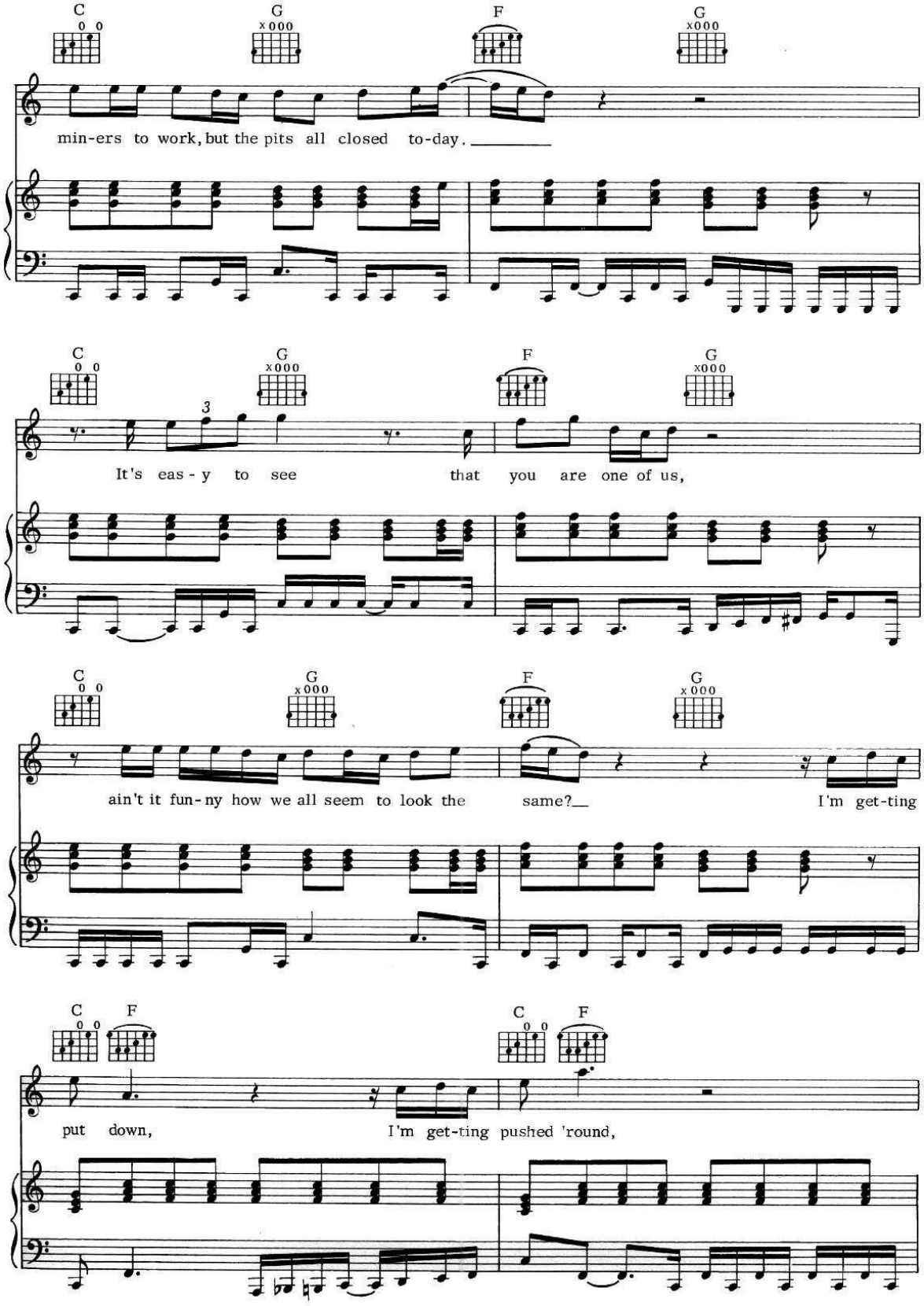
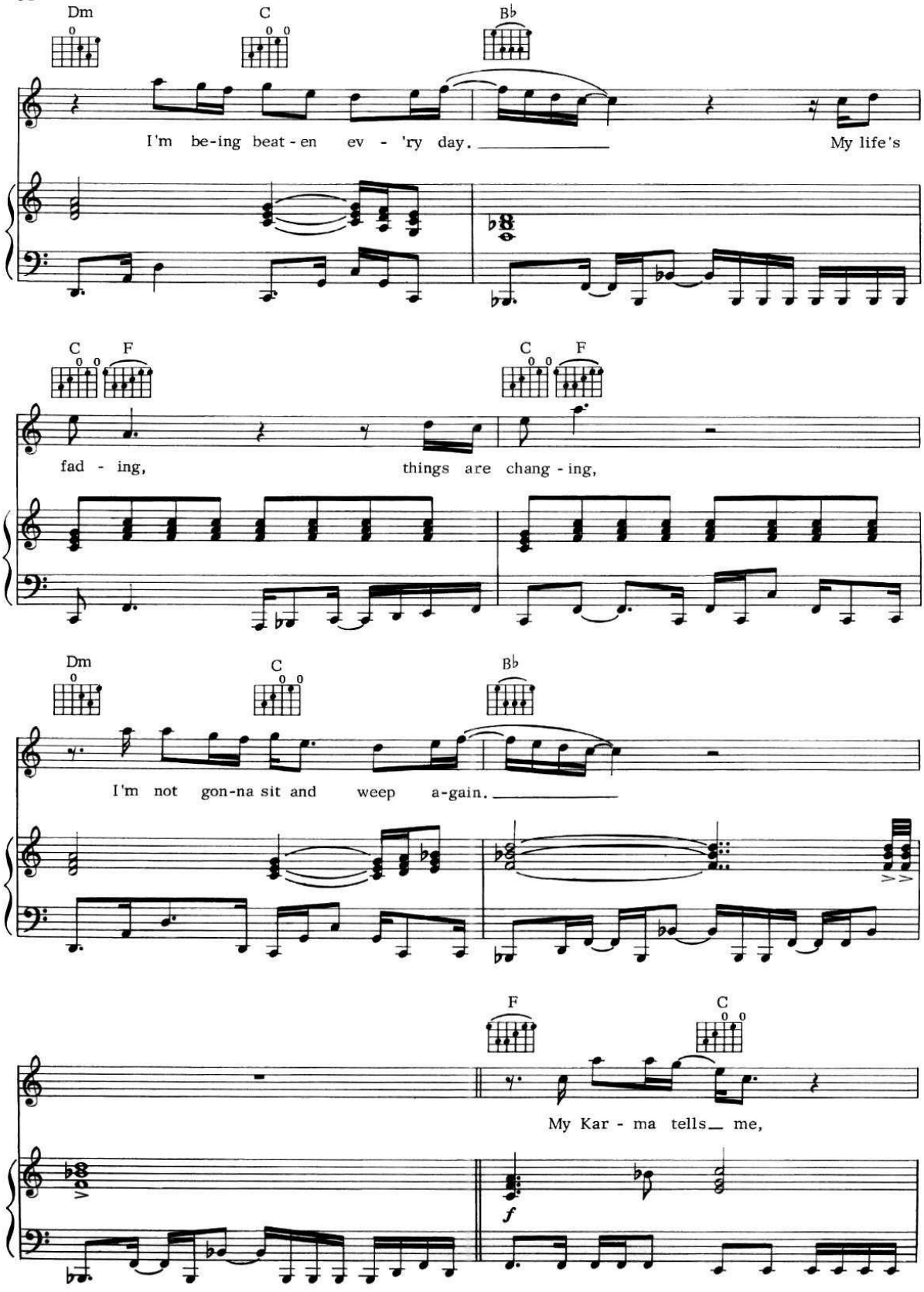
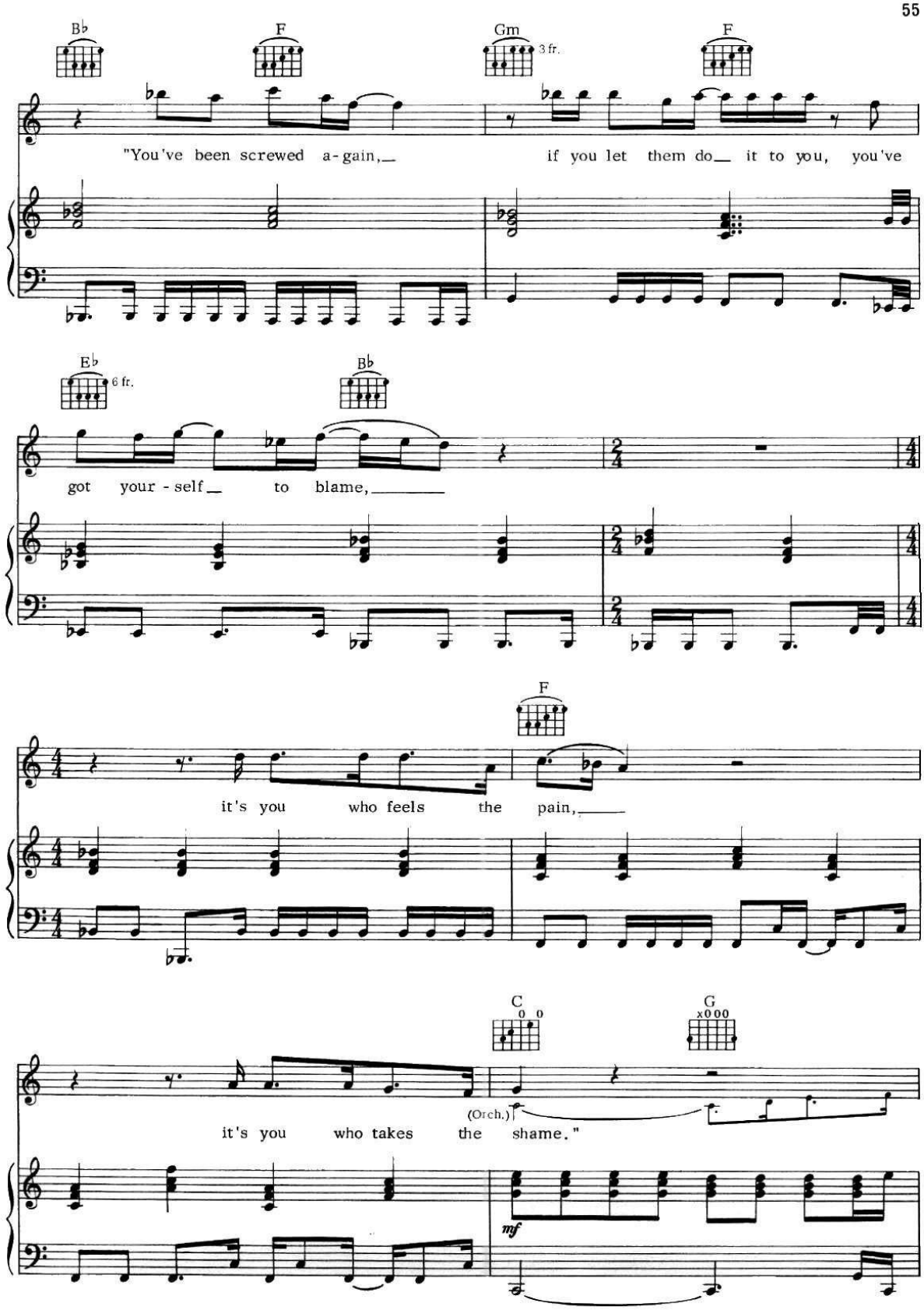
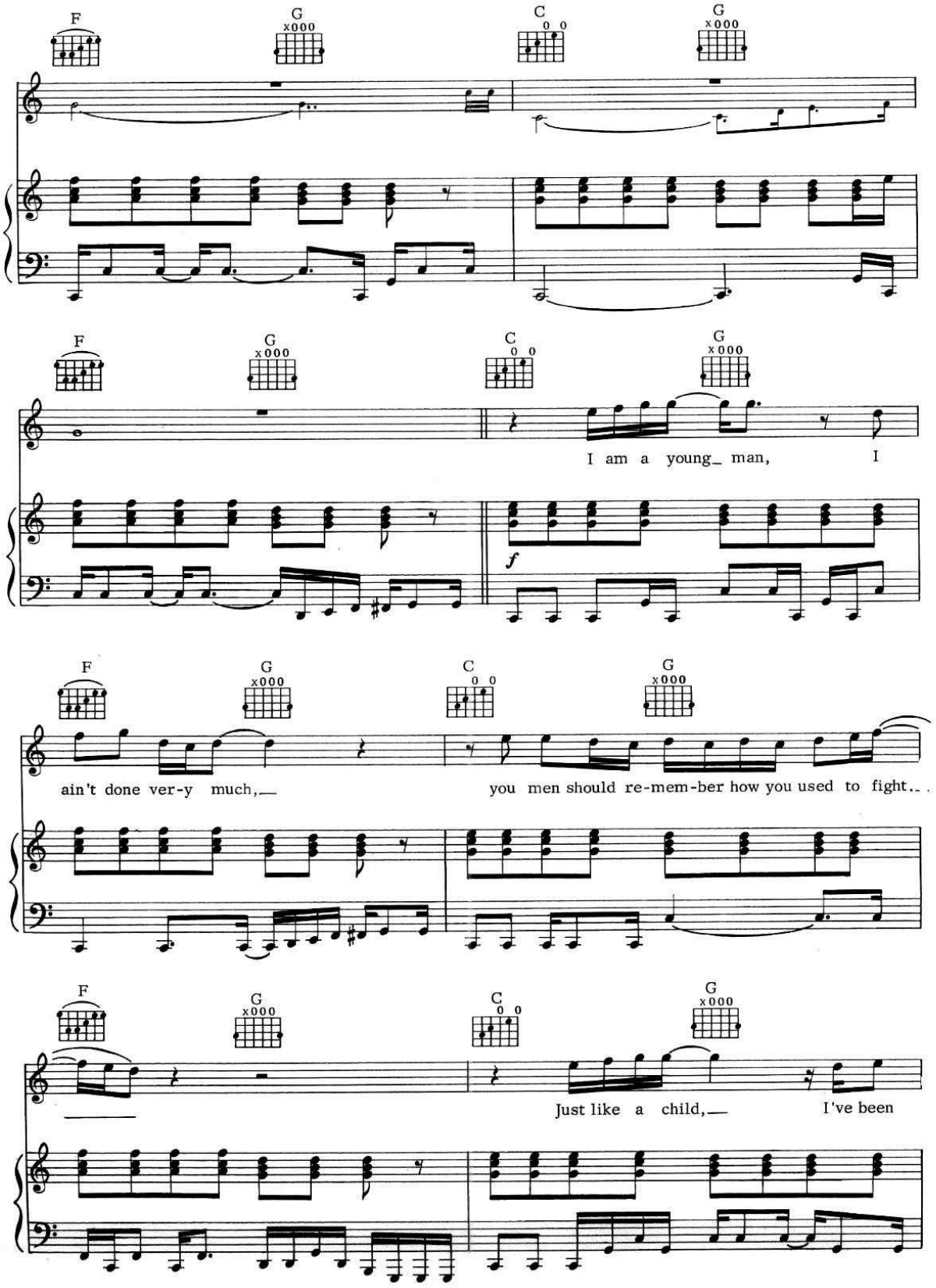

F
G
C
G
kay.
I am a man
who re - veals
F
G
C
G
all he digs,
should be more care - ful what I
F
G
C
F
say.
I'm get-ting put down,
I'm get-ting
C
F
Dm
C
pushed 'round,
I'm be-ing beat - en ev - 'ry day.

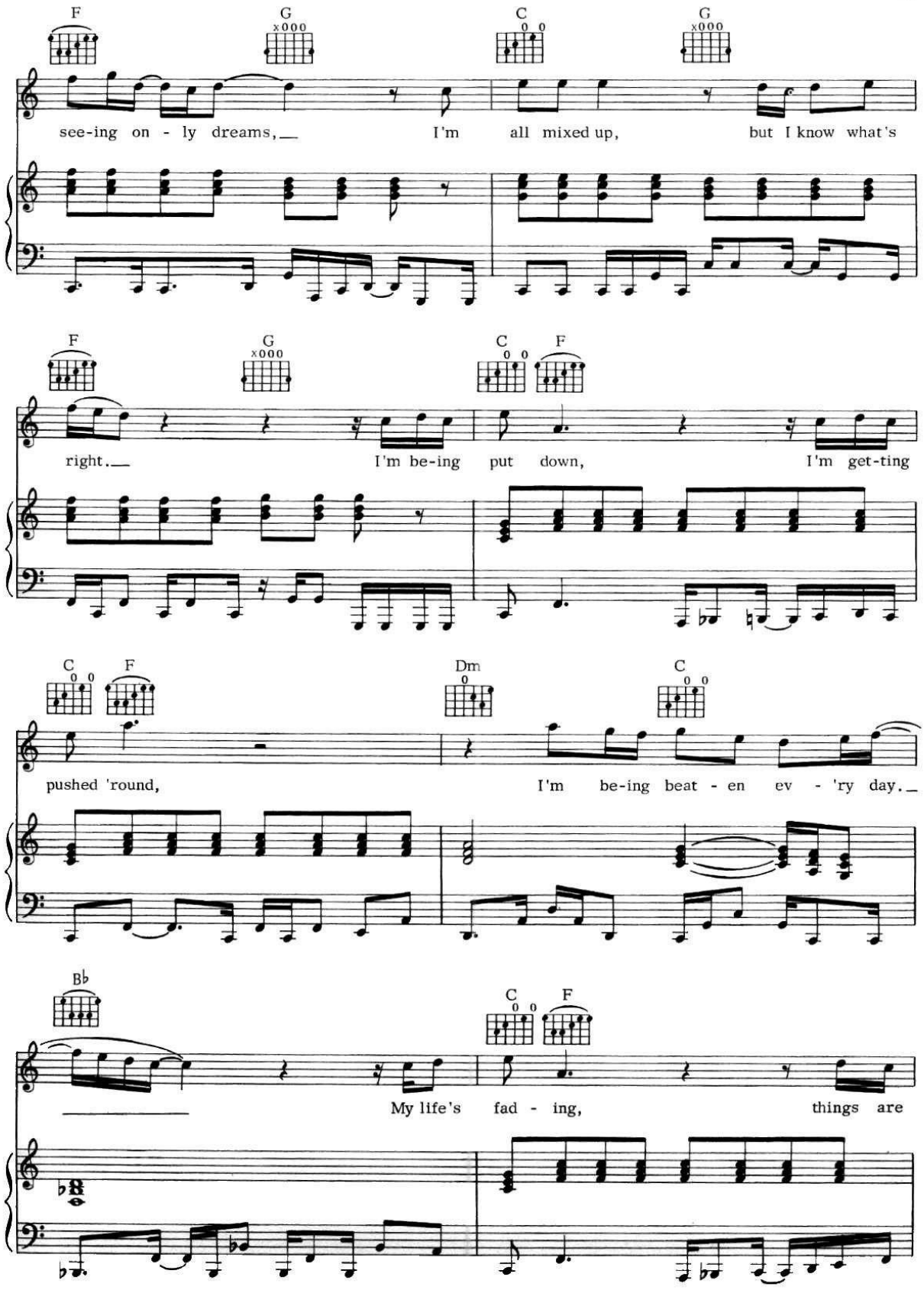

B♭
C
F
My life's fad - ing, things are
C
F
Dm
C
chang - ing, I'm not gon-na sit and weep a - gain.
B♭
C
G
F
G
I am a man who drives the lo-cal bus, I take

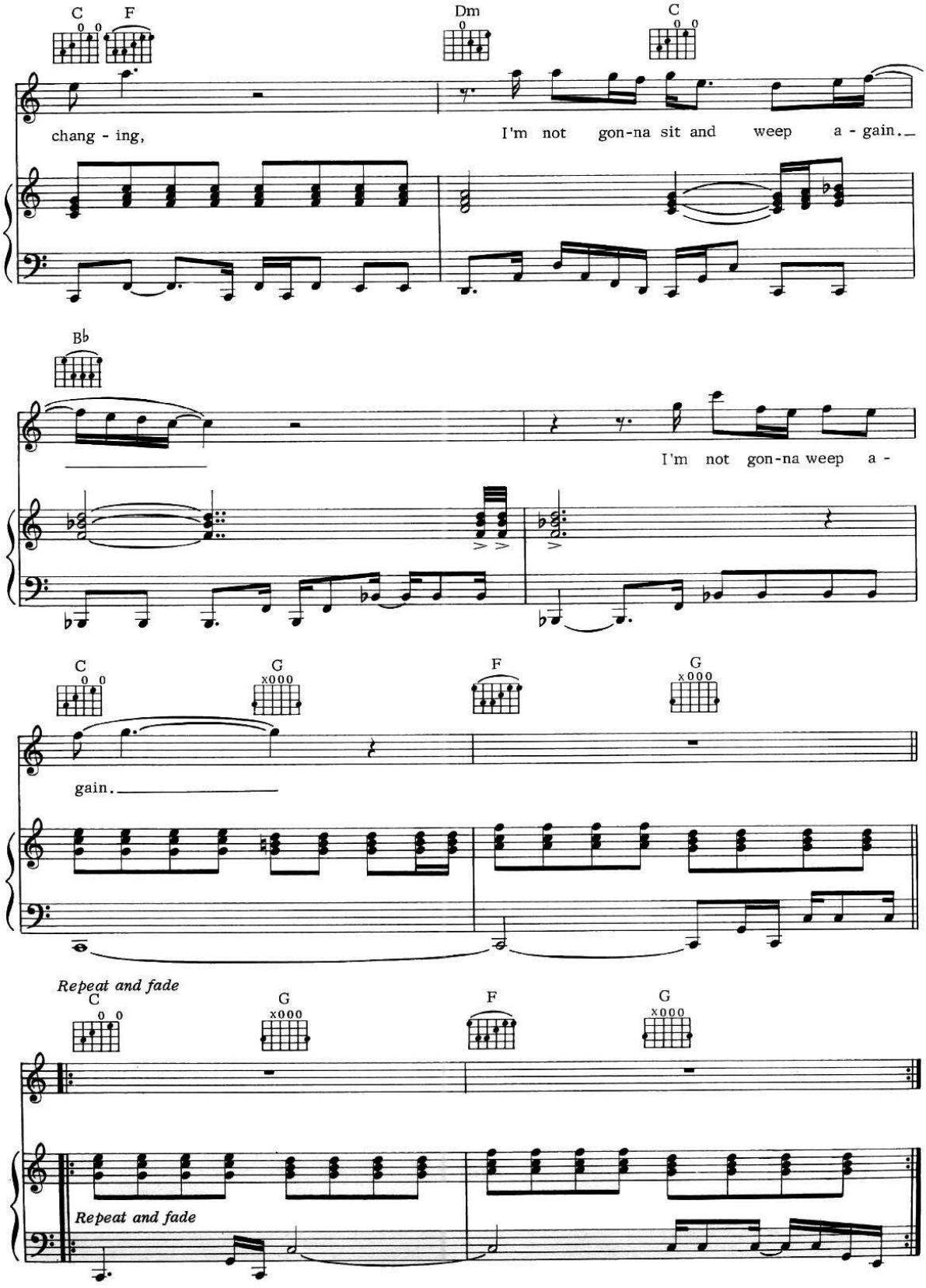

C
G
F
G
min-ers to work, but the pits all closed to-day.
C
G
F
G
It's eas - y to see that you are one of us,
C
G
F
G
ain't it fun - ny how we all seem to look the same?
I'm get-ting
C
F
C
F
put down,
I'm get-ting pushed 'round,


Dm
C
B♭
I'm be-ing beat-en ev - 'ry day.
My life's
C
F
C
F
fad - ing,
things are chang-ing,
Dm
C
B♭
I'm not gon-na sit and weep a-gain.
F
C
My Kar - ma tells me,
f


B♭
F
Gm
3 fr.
F
"You've been screwed a-gain,_ if you let them do_ it to you, you've
E♭
6 fr.
B♭
got your-self_ to blame,_____
F
it's you who feels the pain,_____
C
G
x000
it's you who takes the shame."
(Orch.)
mf

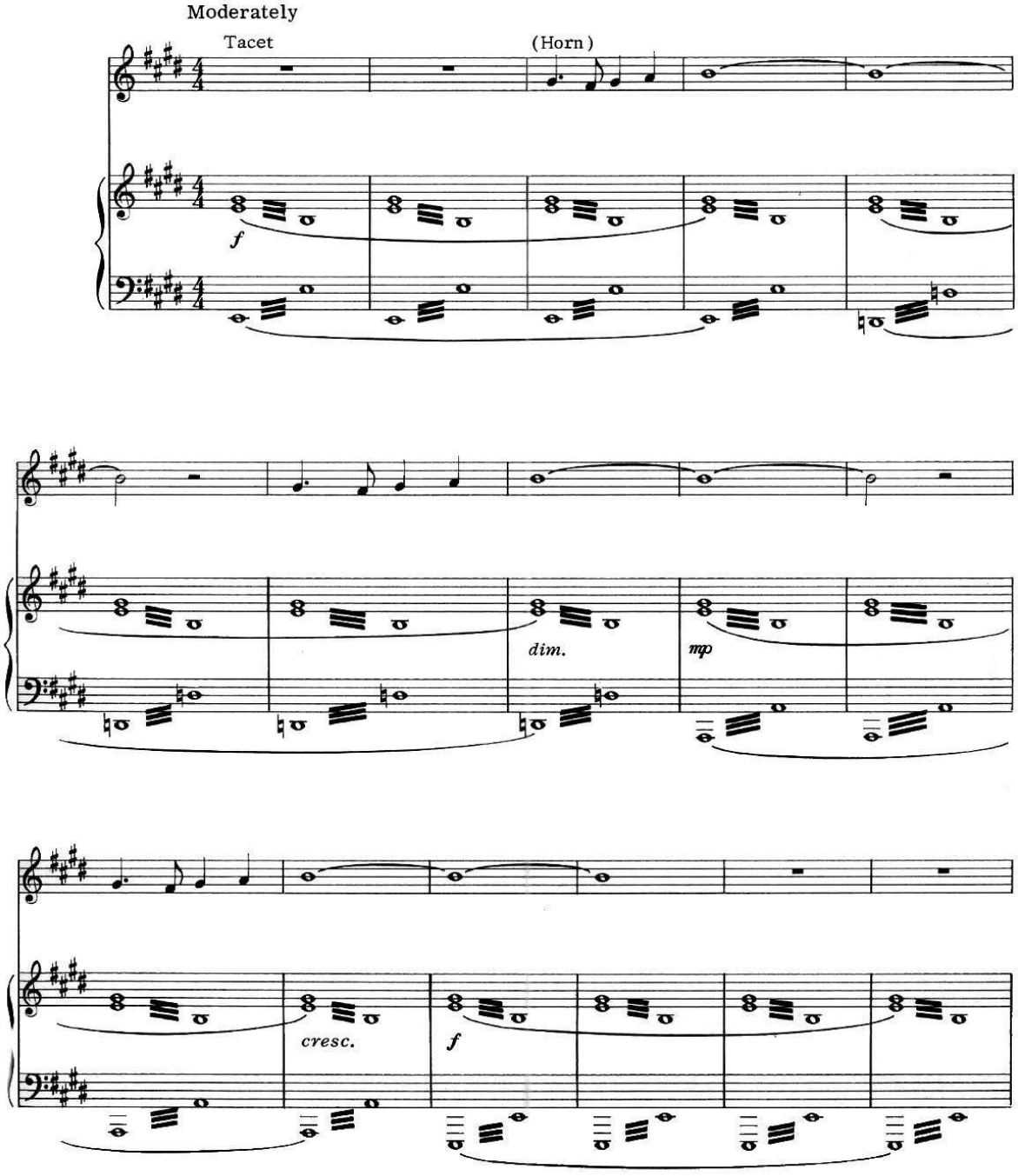

F
G
C
G
I am a young_ man, I
ain't done ver-y much,_ you men should re-mem-ber how you used to fight...
Just like a child,_ I've been


F
G
C
G
see-ing on - ly dreams, I'm all mixed up, but I know what's
F
G
C
F
right. I'm be-ing put down, I'm get-ting
C
F
Dm
C
pushed 'round, I'm be-ing beat - en ev - 'ry day.
B♭
C
F
My life's fad - ing, things are


C
F
Dm
C
chang - ing,
I'm not gon-na sit and weep a - gain.
B♭
I'm not gon-na weep a -
C
G
F
G
gain.
Repeat and fade
C
G
F
G
Repeat and fade

HELPLESS DANCER
(Roger's theme)

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND



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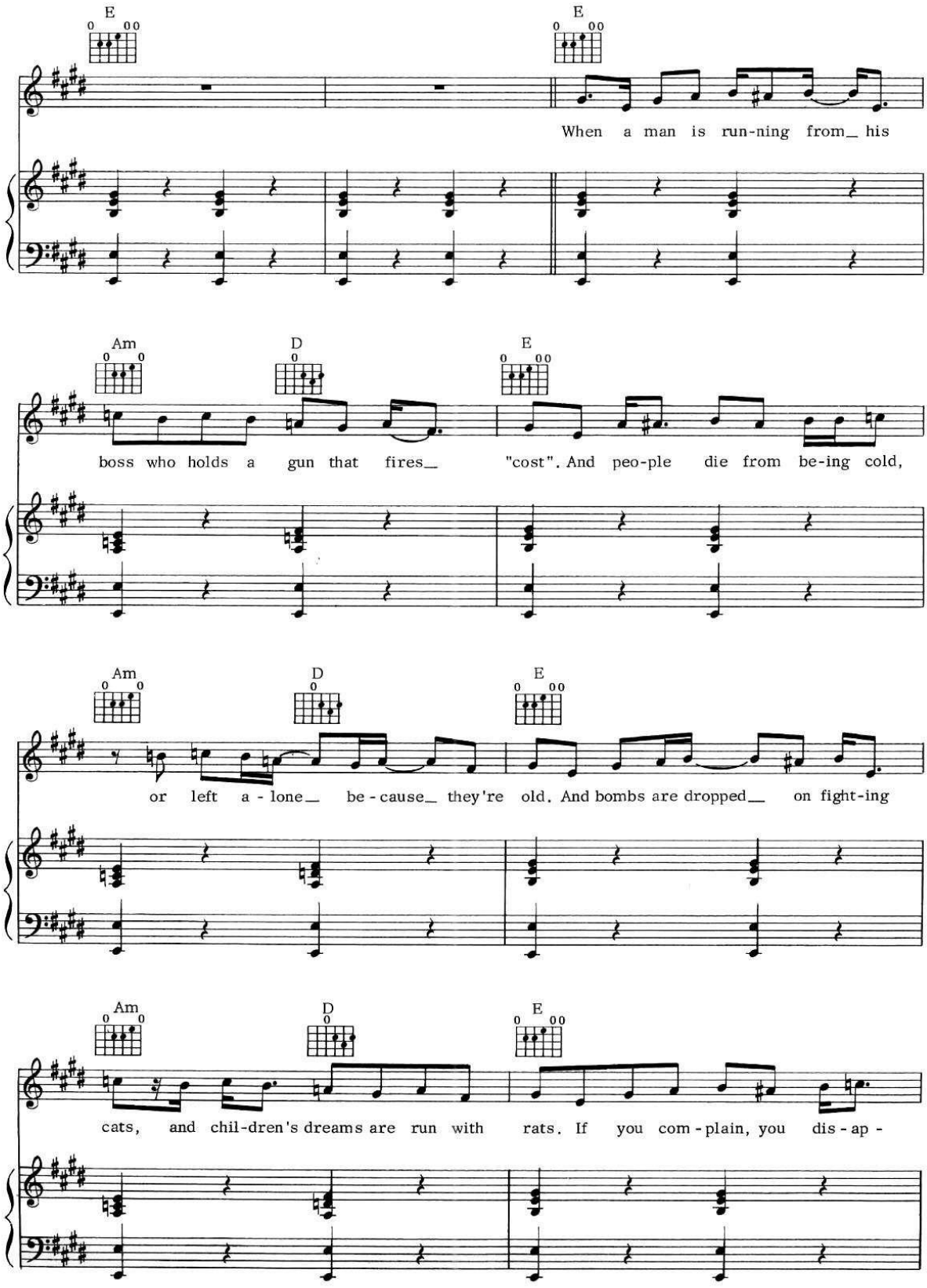
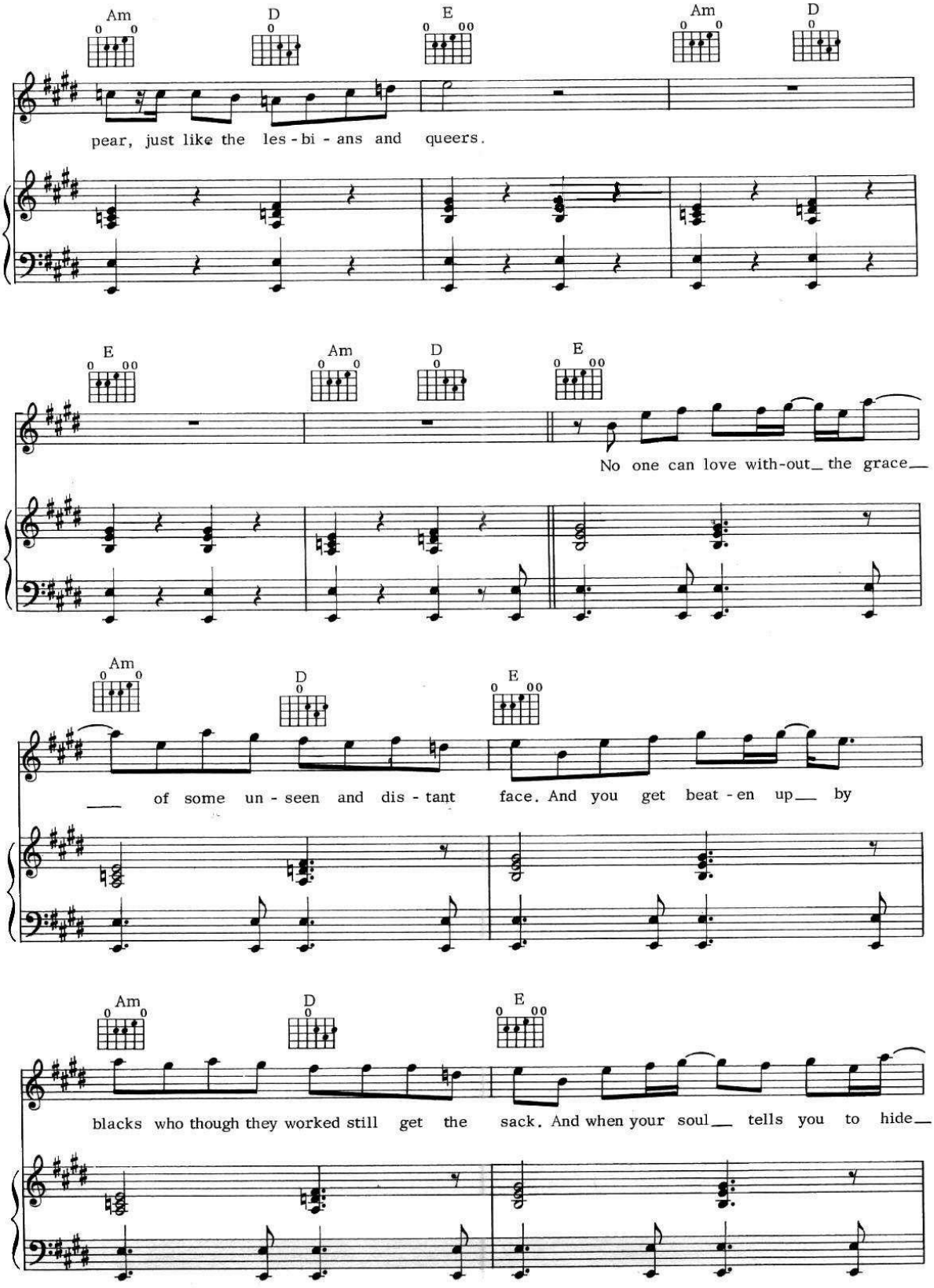
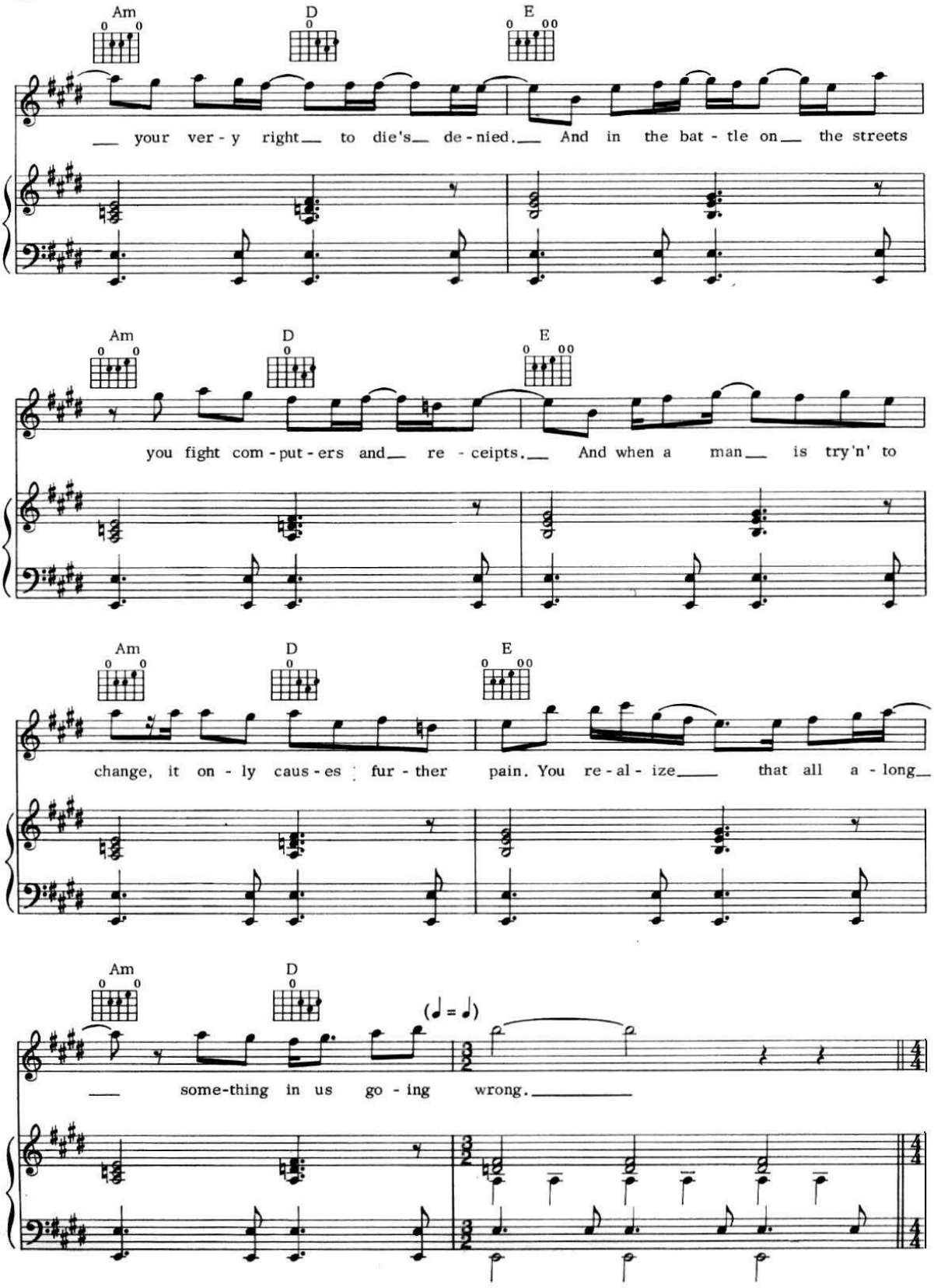
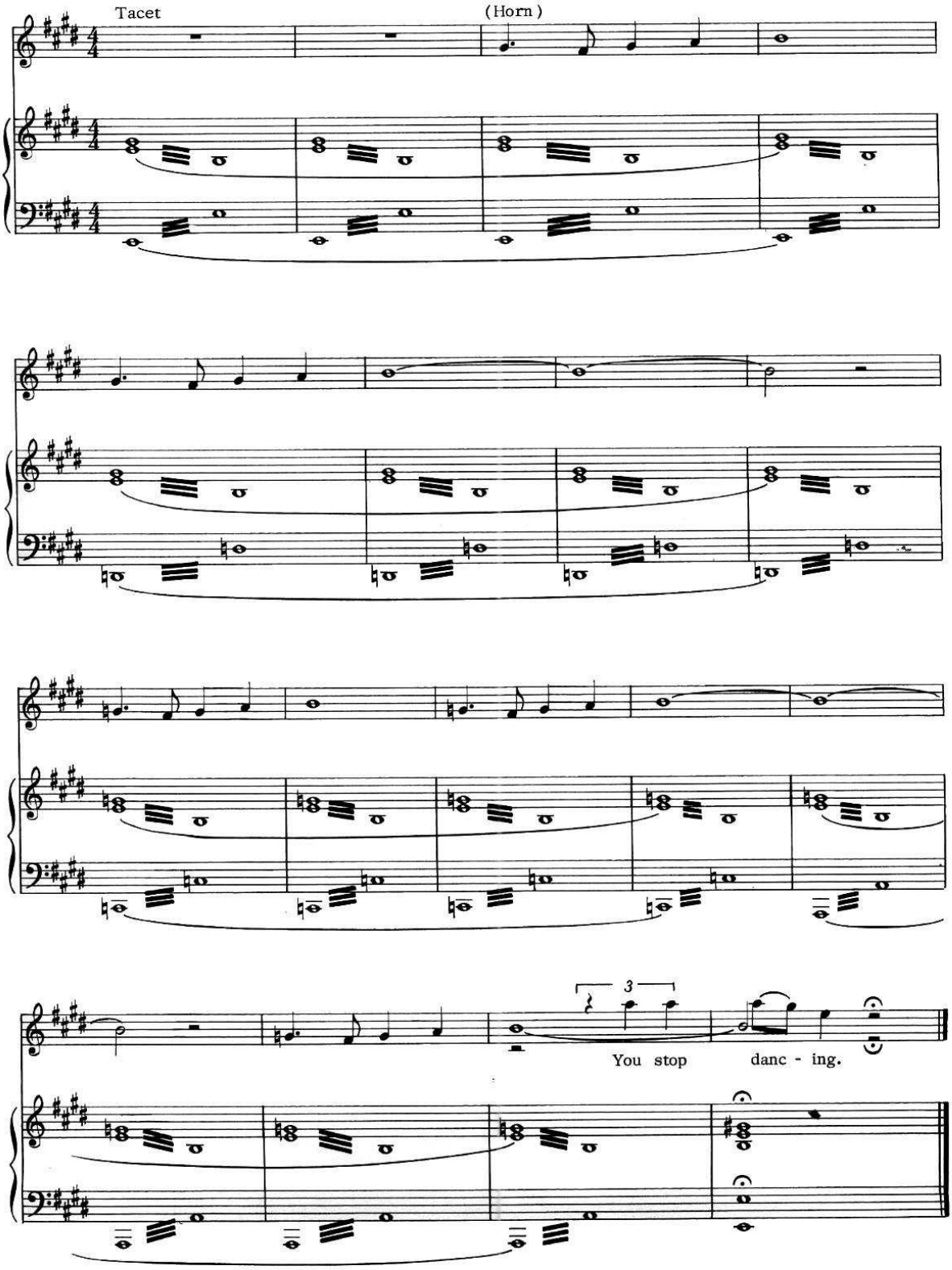

E
E
When a man is run-ning from_ his
Am
D
E
boss who holds a gun that fires_ "cost". And peo-ple die from be-ing cold,
Am
D
E
or left a - lone_ be - cause_ they're old. And bombs are dropped_ on fight-ing
Am
D
E
cats, and chil-dren's dreams are run with rats. If you com - plain, you dis - ap -

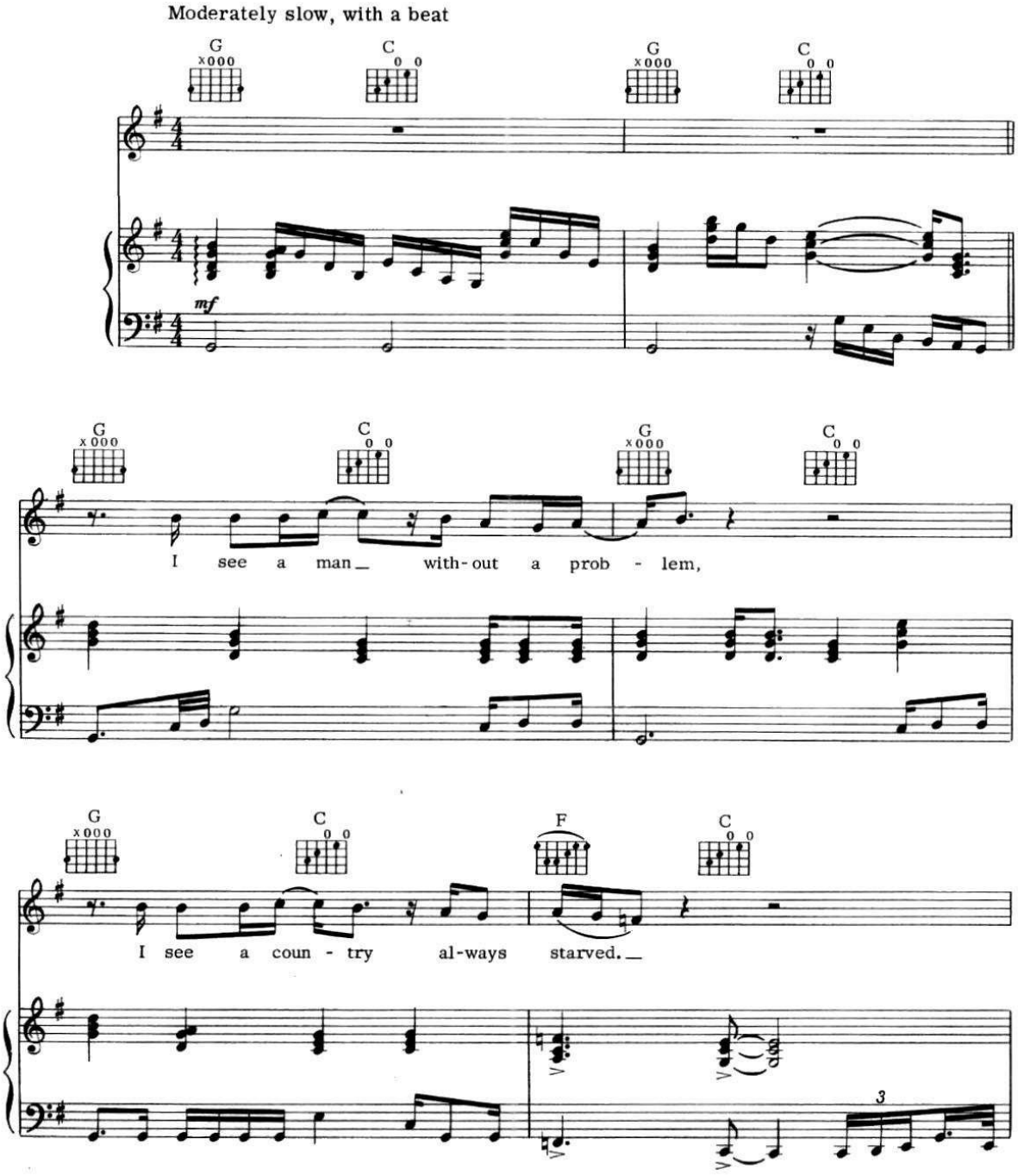

Am D E Am D
pear, just like the les - bi - ans and queers.
E Am D E
No one can love with-out_ the grace_
Am D E
_ of some un - seen and dis - tant face. And you get beat - en up_ by
Am D E
blacks who though they worked still get the sack. And when your soul_ tells you to hide_


Am
D
E
your ver - y right to die's de - nied. And in the bat - tle on the streets
Am
D
E
you fight com - put - ers and re - ceipts. And when a man is try'n' to
Am
D
E
change, it on - ly caus - es fur - ther pain. You re - al - ize that all a - long
Am
D
(♩ = ♩)
some-thing in us go - ing wrong.


Tacet
(Horn)
3
You stop
danc - ing.

IS IT IN MY HEAD

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND



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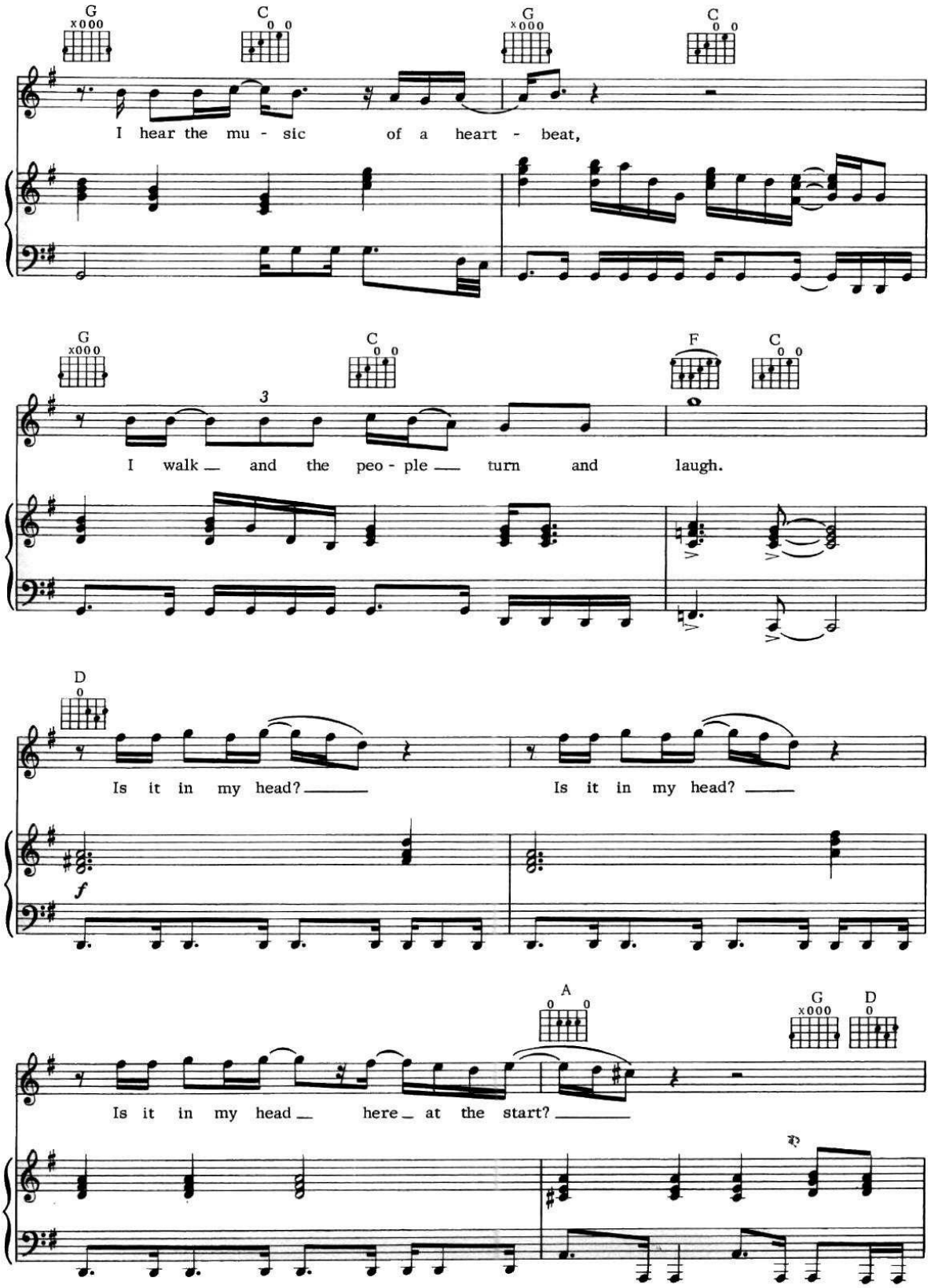
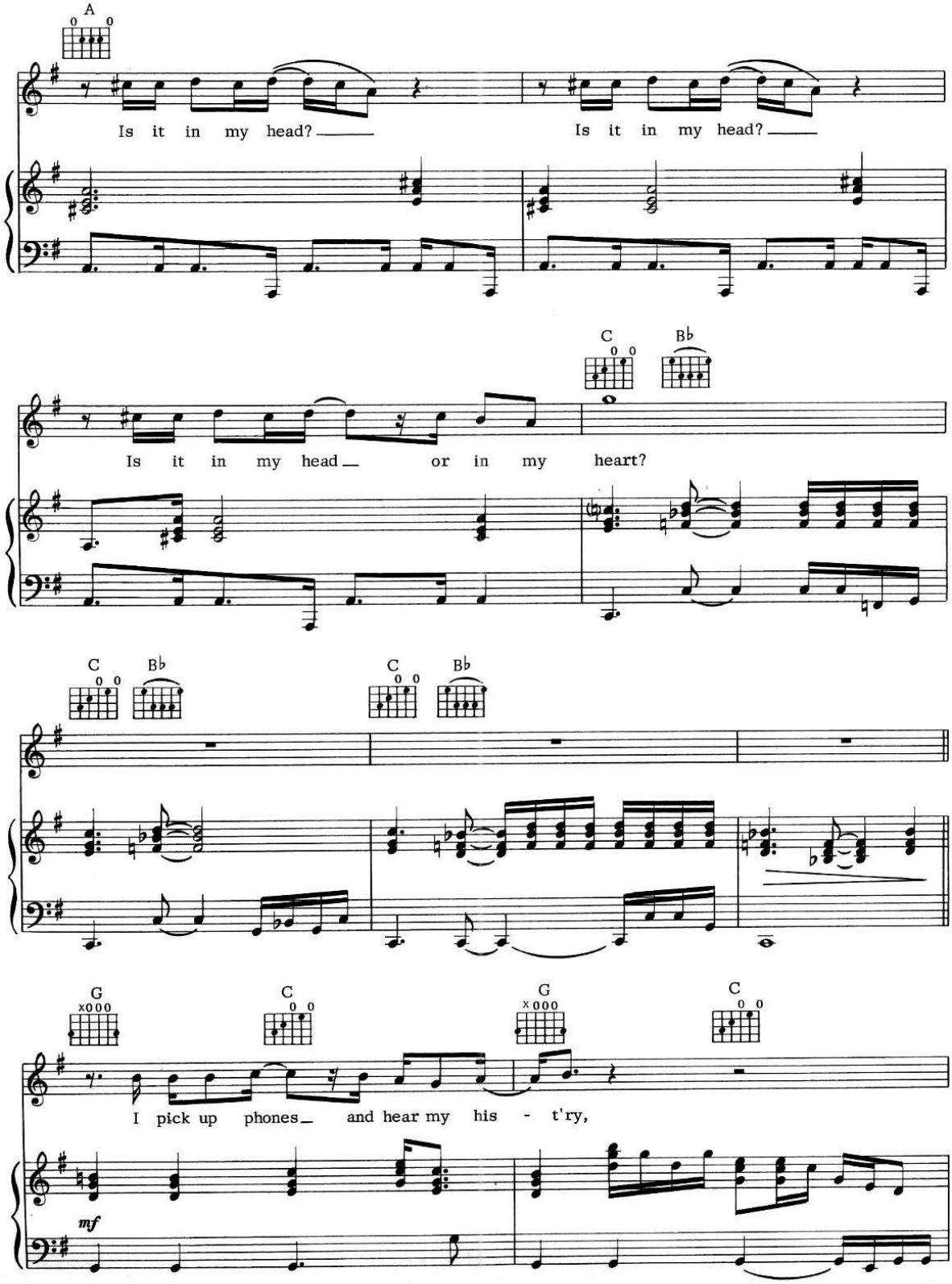
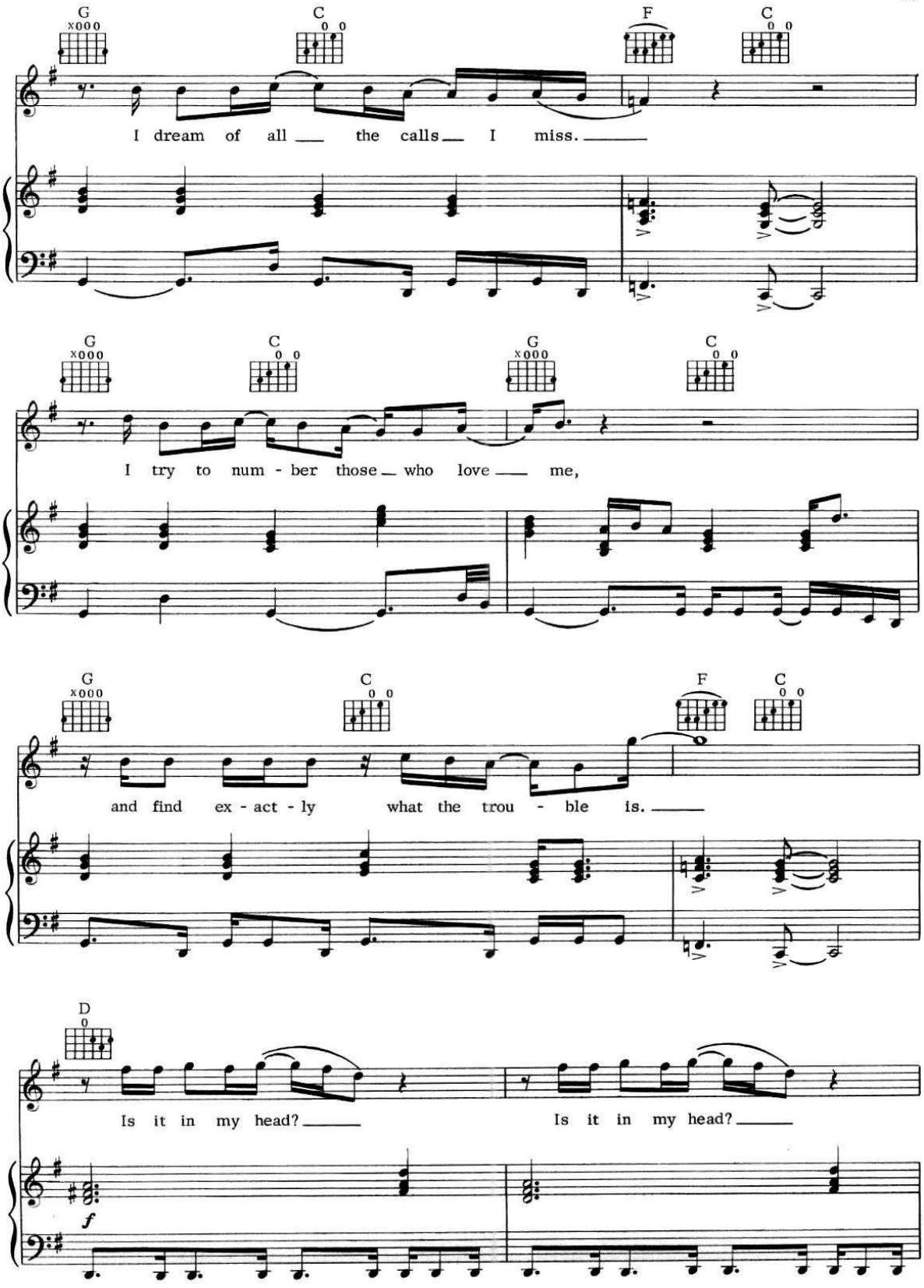
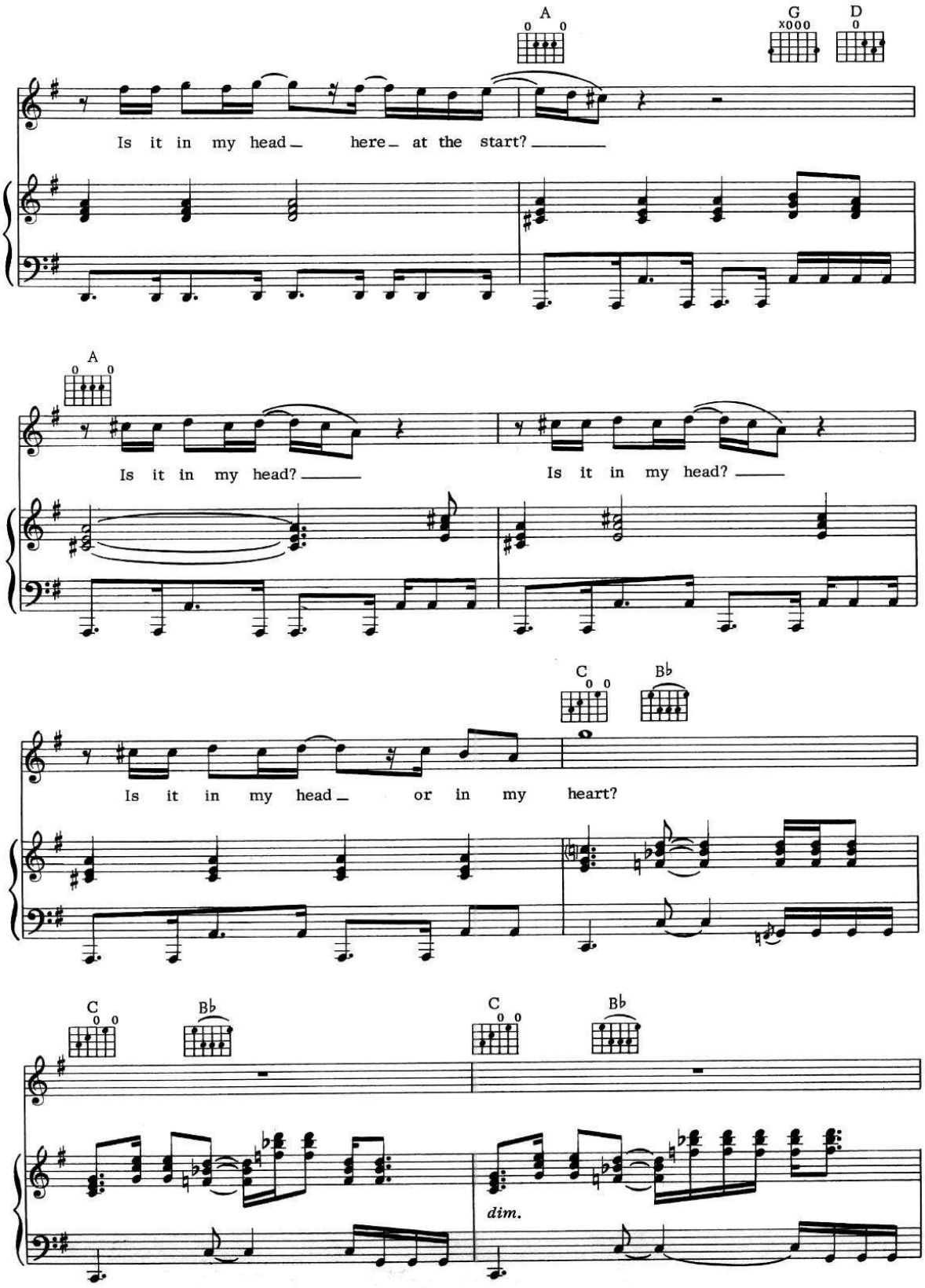
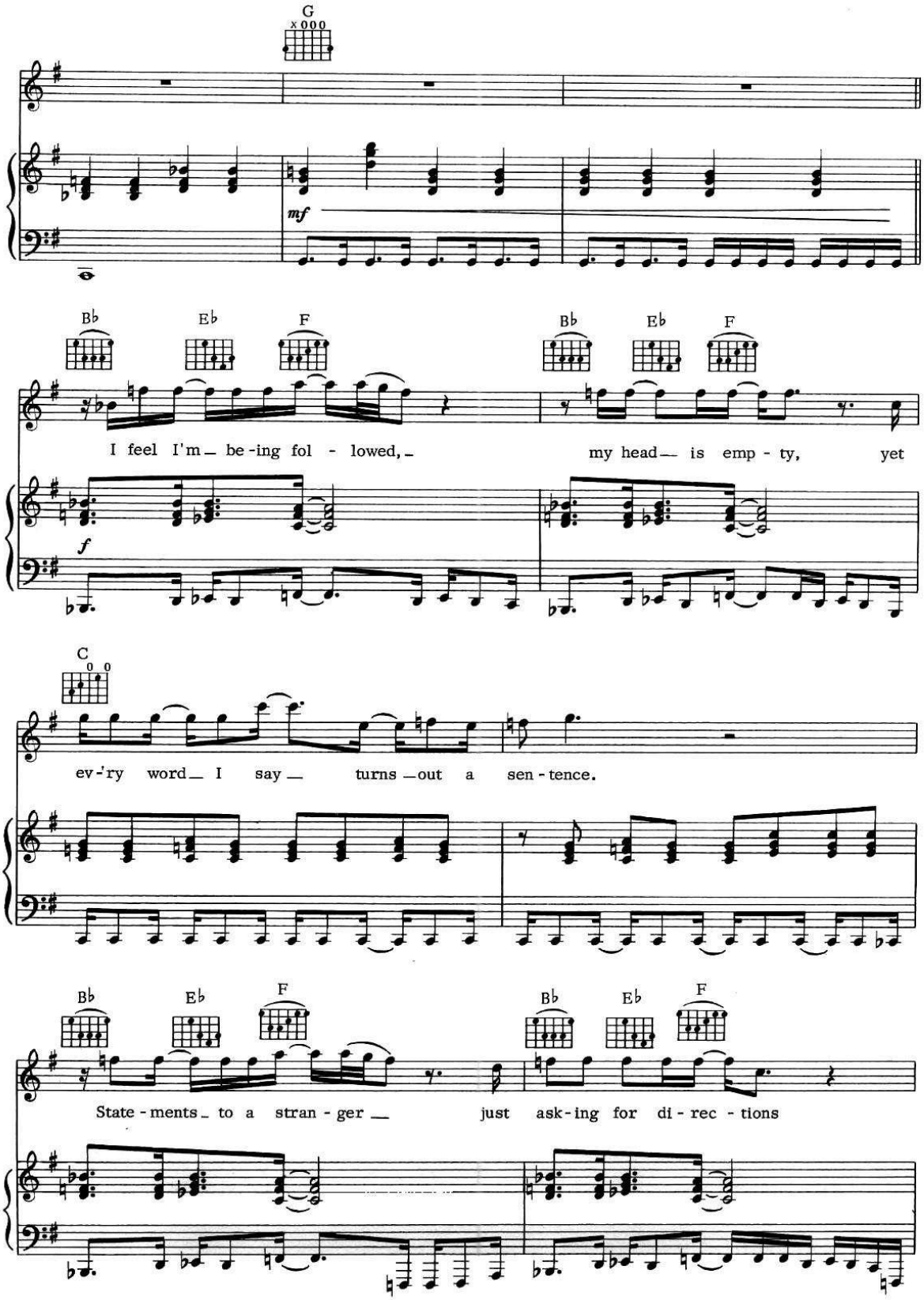
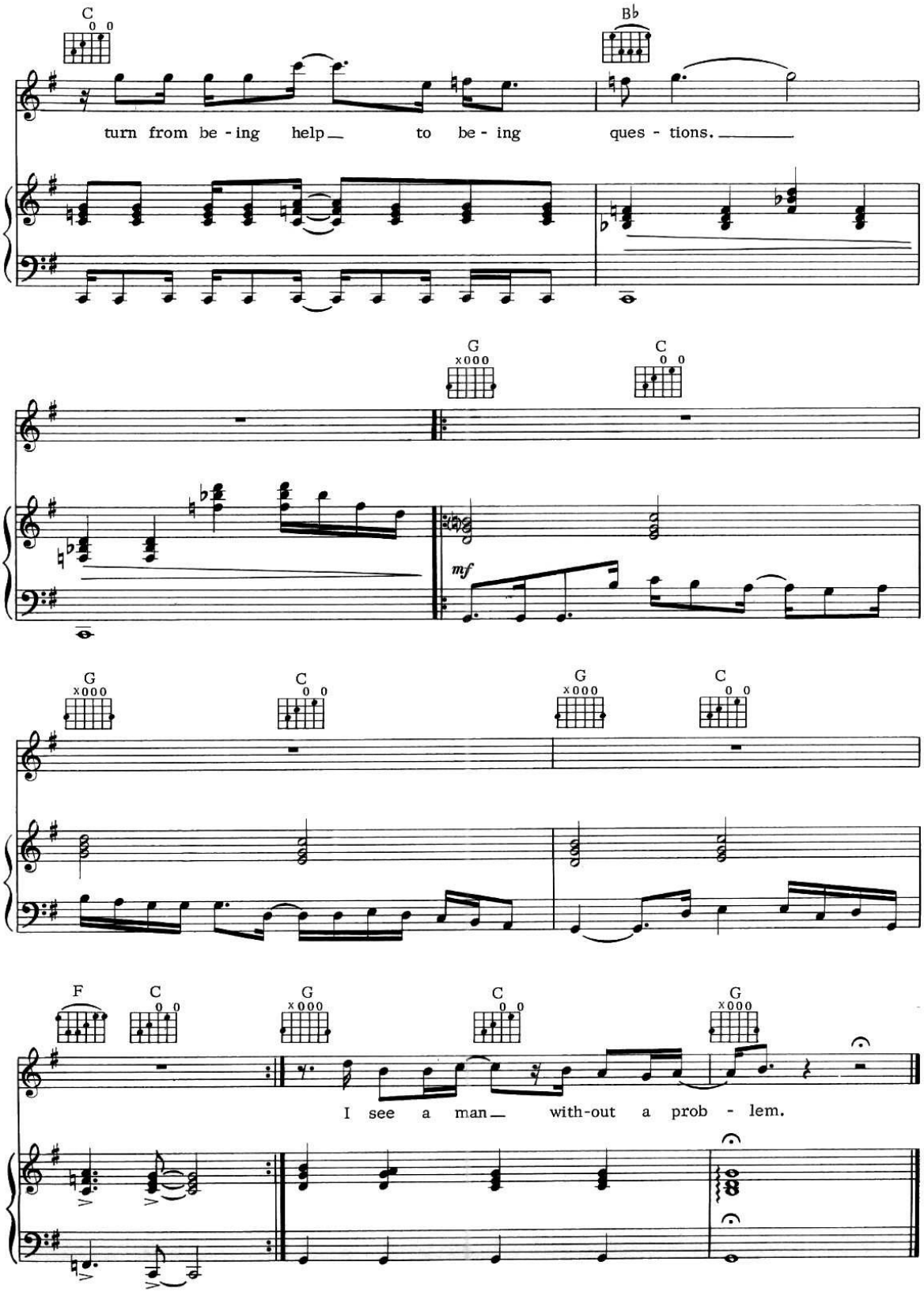

G
C
G
C
I hear the mu - sic of a heart - beat,
G
C
F
C
3
I walk and the peo - ple turn and laugh.
D
Is it in my head?
Is it in my head?
f
A
G
D
Is it in my head here at the start?


A
Is it in my head?
Is it in my head?
C
B♭
Is it in my head
or in my heart?
C
B♭
C
B♭
G
C
G
C
I pick up phones
and hear my his - t'ry,
mf


G
C
F
C
I dream of all the calls I miss.
G
C
G
C
I try to num - ber those who love me,
G
C
F
C
and find ex - act - ly what the trou - ble is.
D
Is it in my head?
Is it in my head?
f

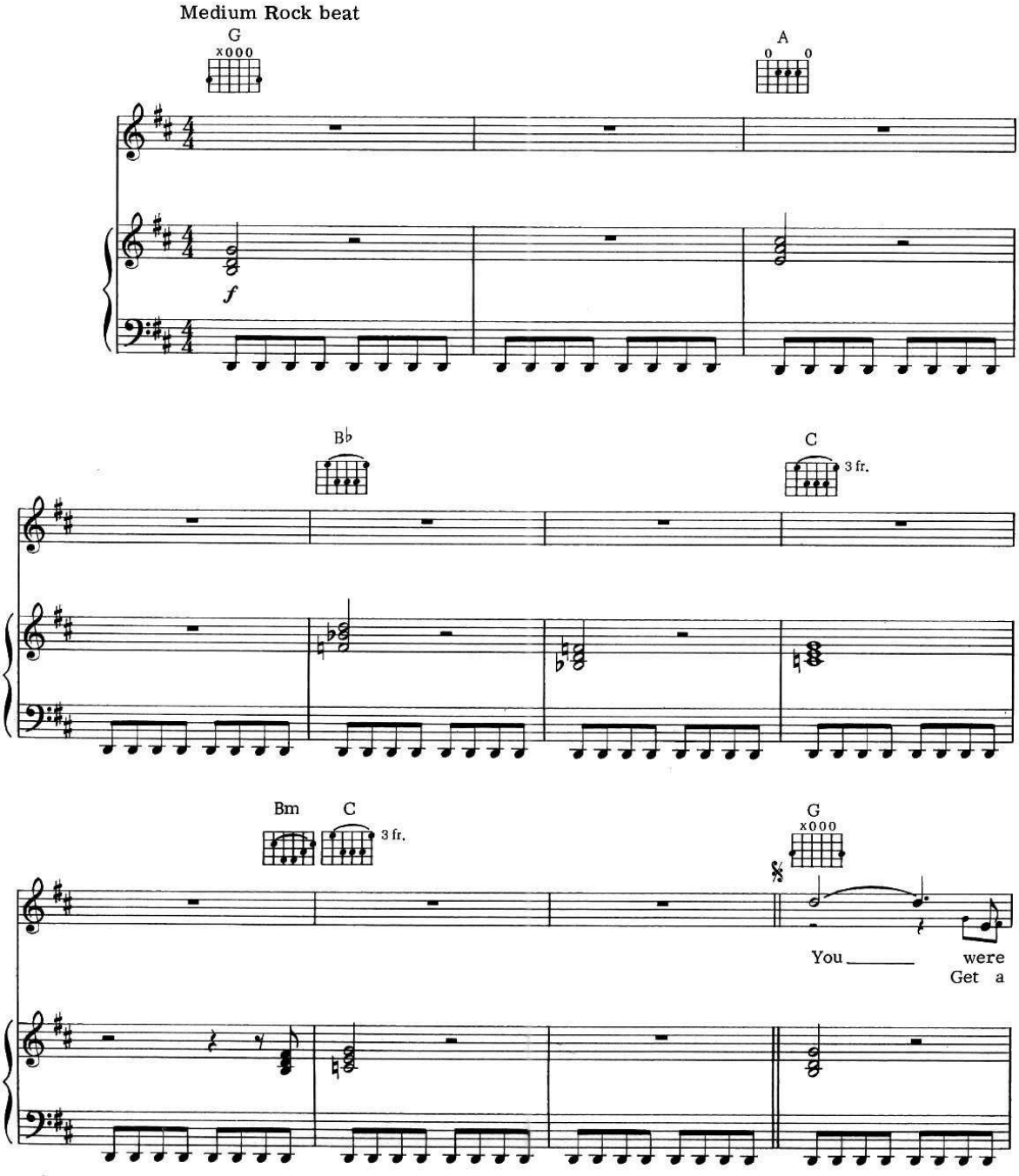

A
G
D
Is it in my head here at the start?
A
Is it in my head?
Is it in my head?
C
Bb
Is it in my head or in my heart?
C
Bb
C
Bb
dim.


G
mf
B♭
E♭
F
I feel I'm be-ing fol - lowed,
my head is emp - ty,
yet
f
C
ev-'ry word I say turns out a sen - tence.
B♭
E♭
F
State - ments to a stran - ger
just ask-ing for di - rec - tions


C
B♭
turn from be - ing help to be - ing ques - tions.
G
C
mf
G
C
G
C
F
C
G
C
G
I see a man with-out a prob - lem.

I'VE HAD ENOUGH

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND



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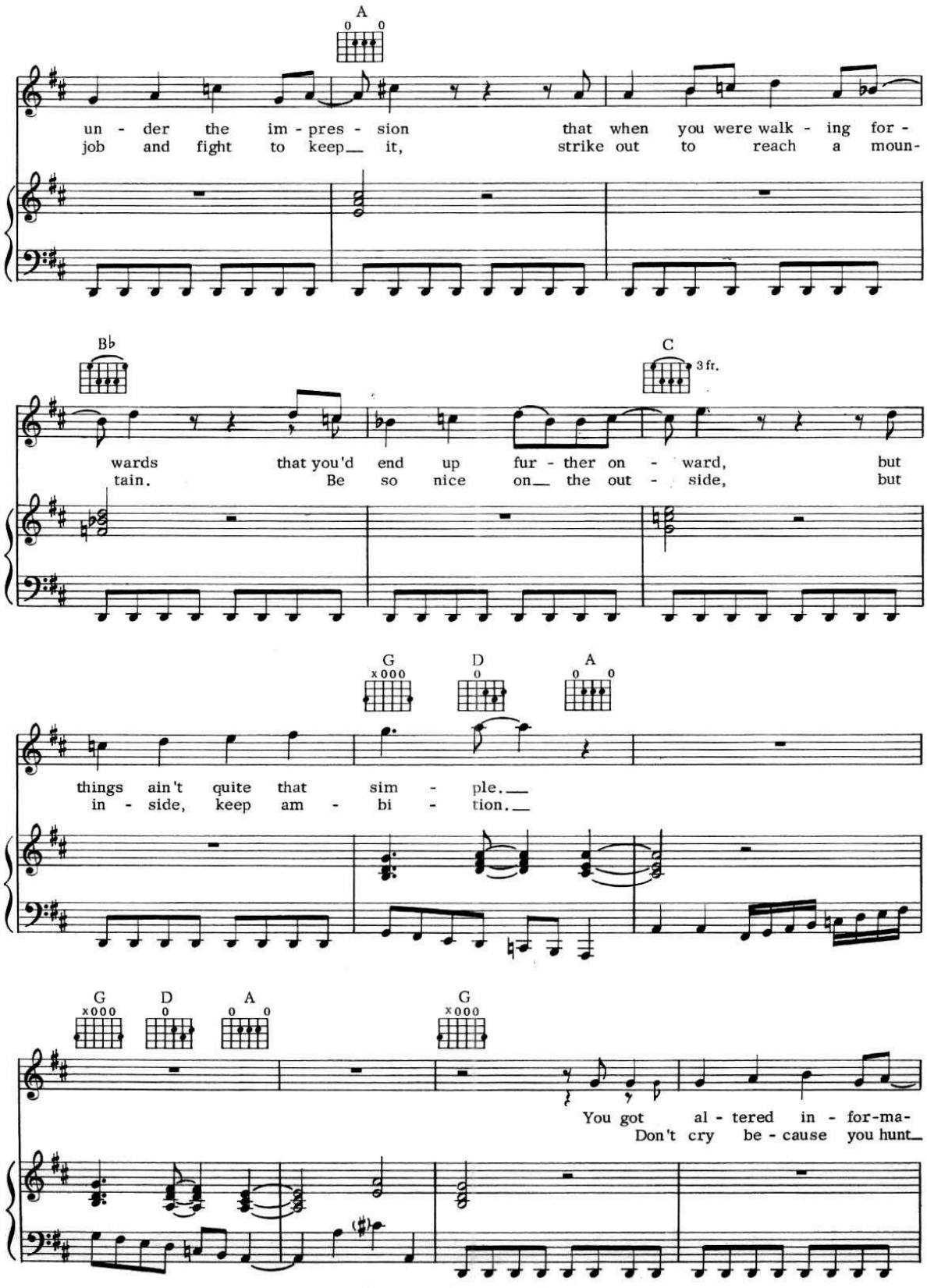
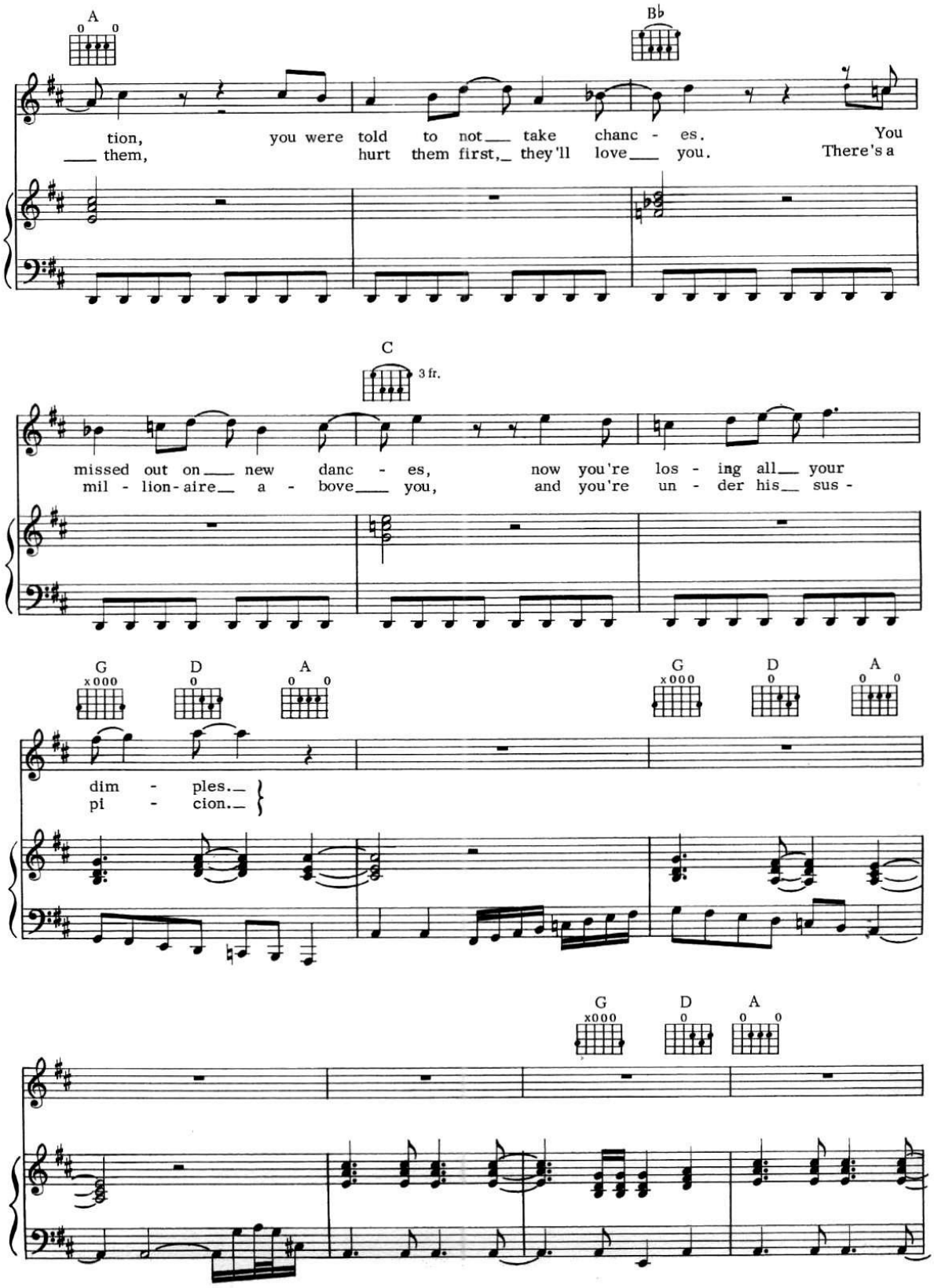
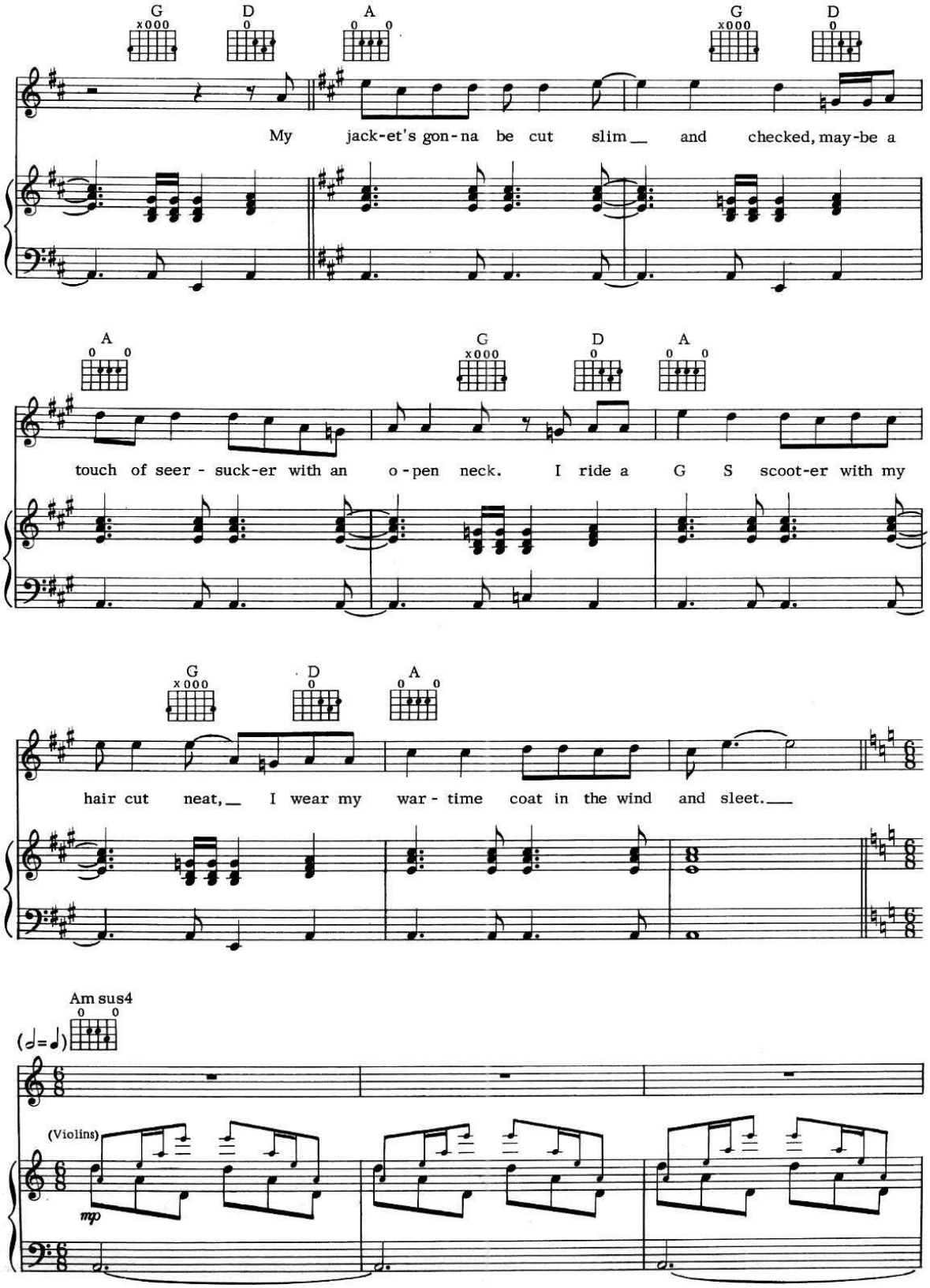
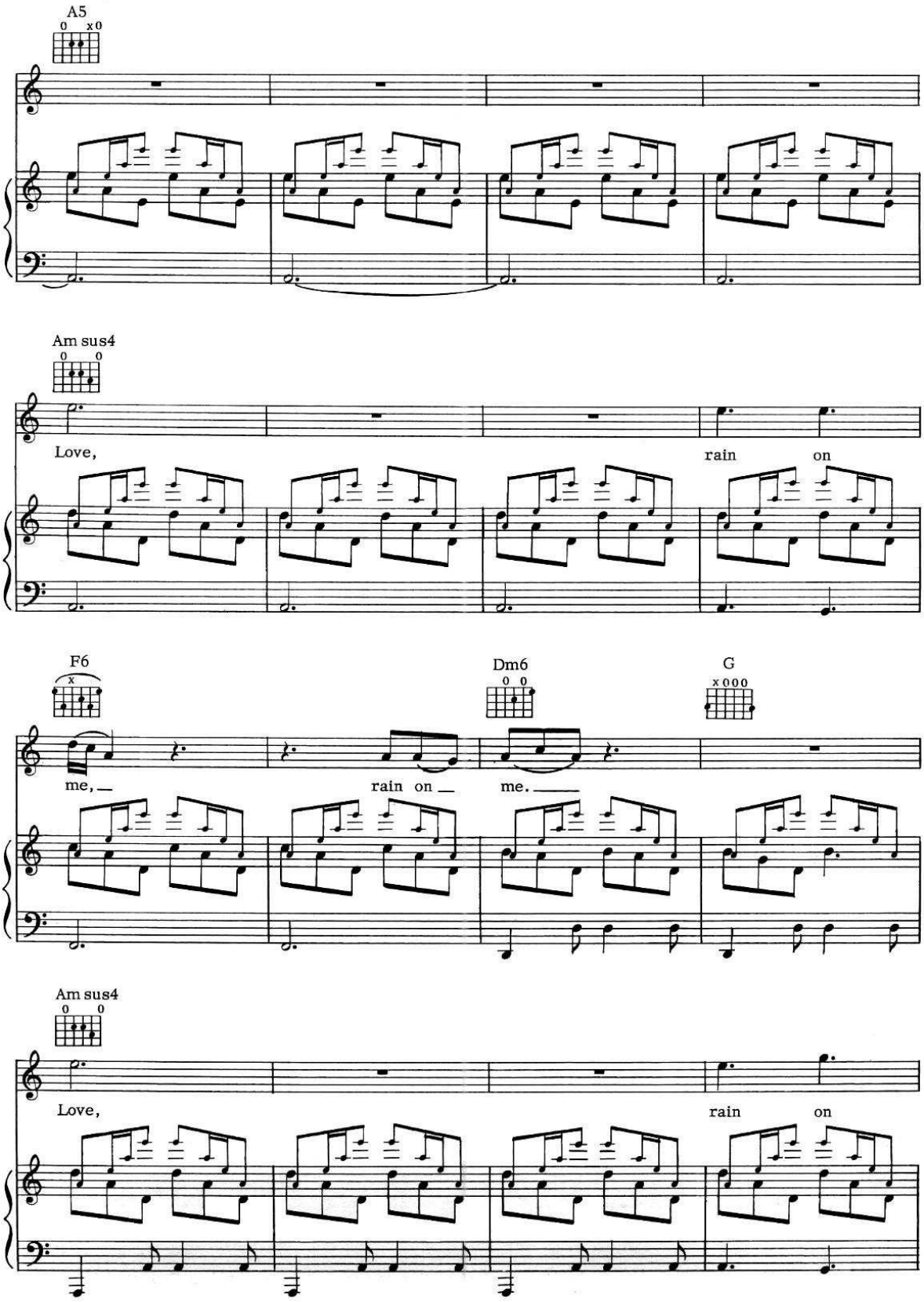

A
un - der the im - pres - sion that when you were walk - ing for -
job and fight to keep it, strike out to reach a moun-
B♭
C
3 fr.
wards that you'd end up fur - ther on - ward, but
tain. Be so nice on the out - side, but
G
D
A
things ain't quite that sim - ple.
in - side, keep am - bi - tion.
G
D
A
G
You got al - tered in - for-ma-
Don't cry be - cause you hunt

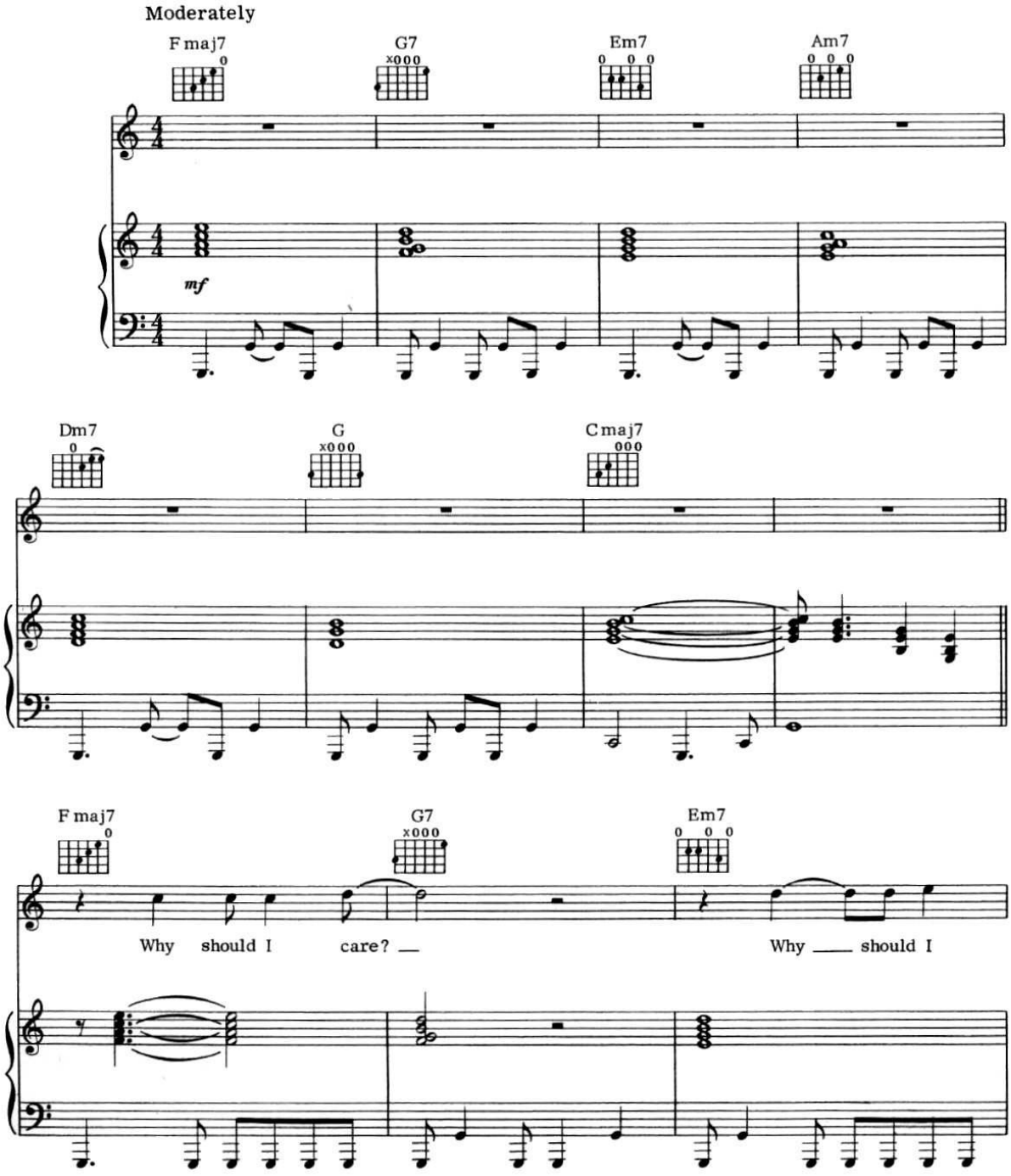

A
B♭
tion, you were told to not take chanc - es. You
them, hurt them first, they'll love you. There's a
C
3 fr.
missed out on new danc - es, now you're los - ing all your
mil - lion-aire a - bove you, and you're un - der his sus -
G
D
A
dim - ples.
pi - cion.
G
D
A
G
D
A


G
D
A
G
D
My jack-et's gon-na be cut slim__ and checked, may-be a
A
G
D
A
touch of seer - suck-er with an o-pen neck. I ride a G S scoot-er with my
G
D
A
hair cut neat,__ I wear my war - time coat in the wind and sleet.___
Am sus4
(♩=♩)
(Violins)
mp


A5
Am sus4
Love,
rain
on
F6
Dm6
G
me,
rain on
me.
Am sus4
Love,
rain
on

5:15

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND



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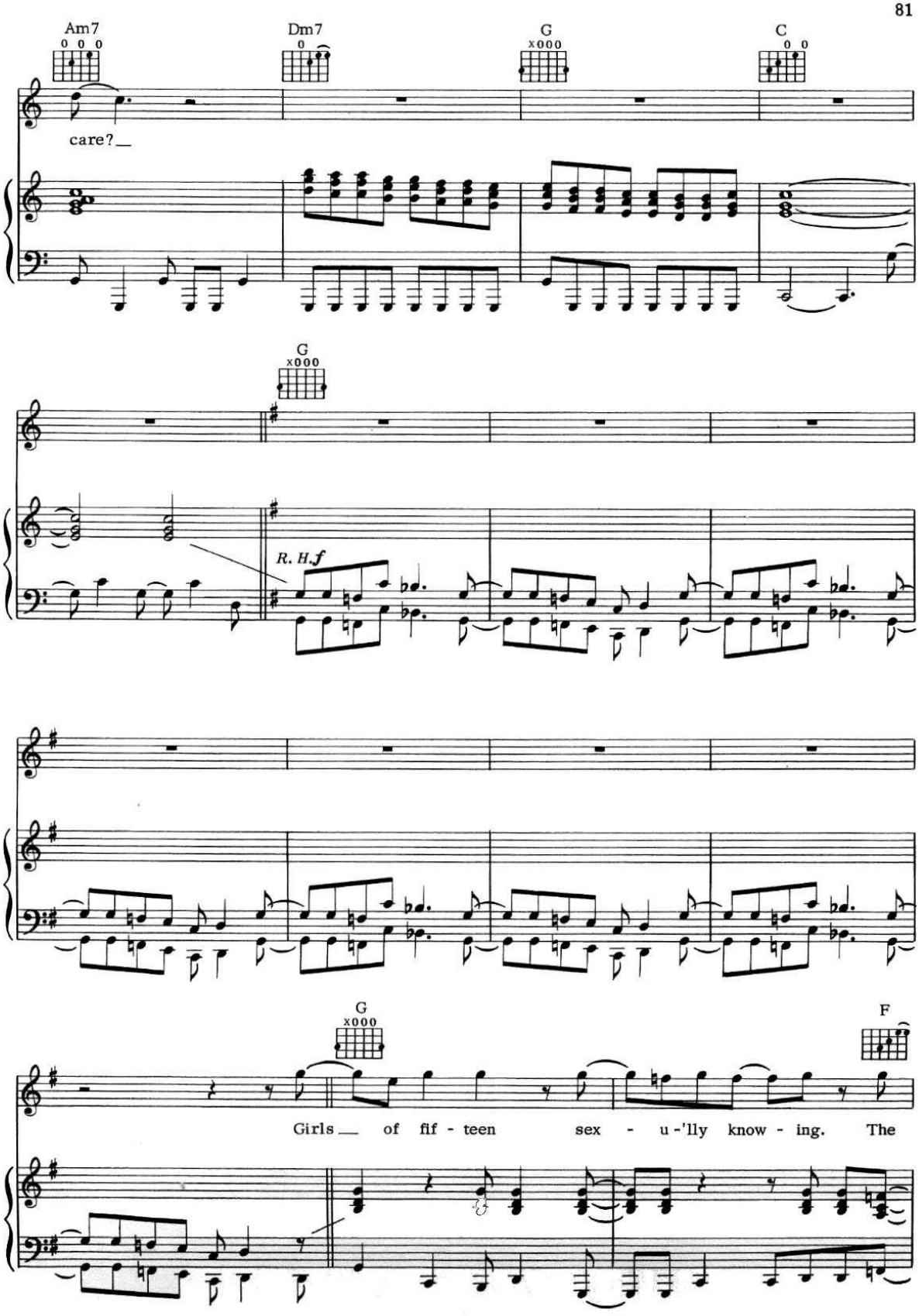
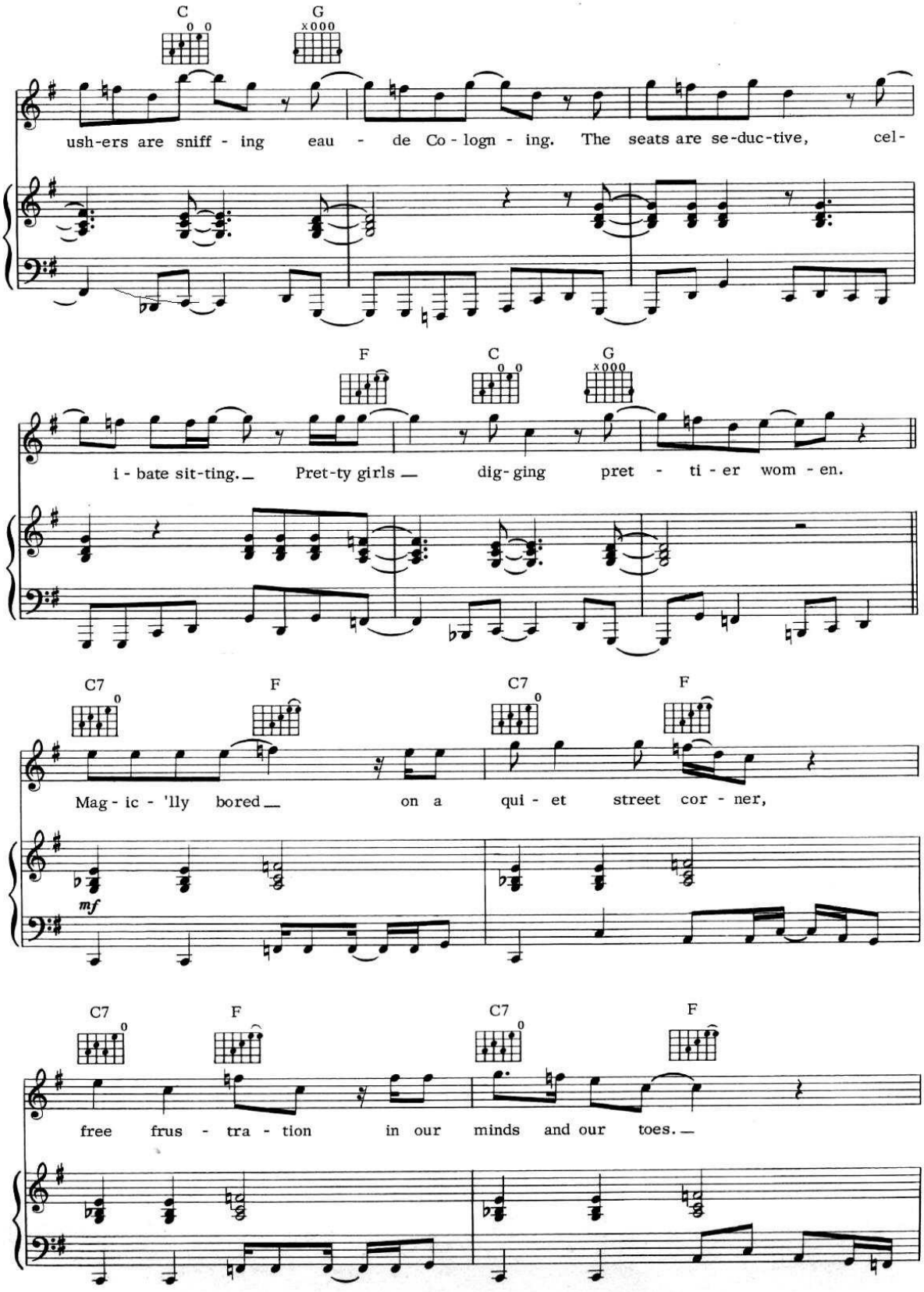
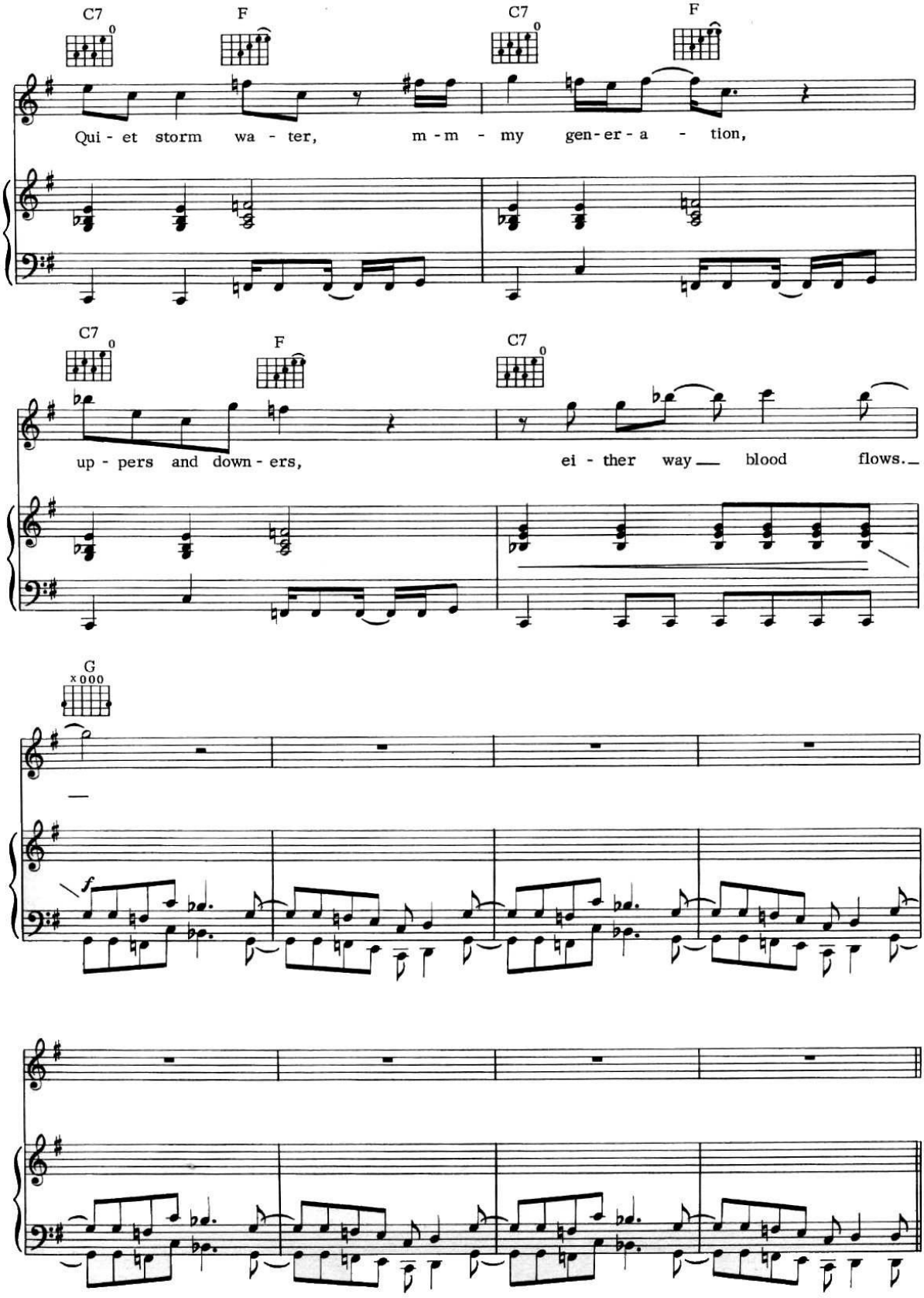
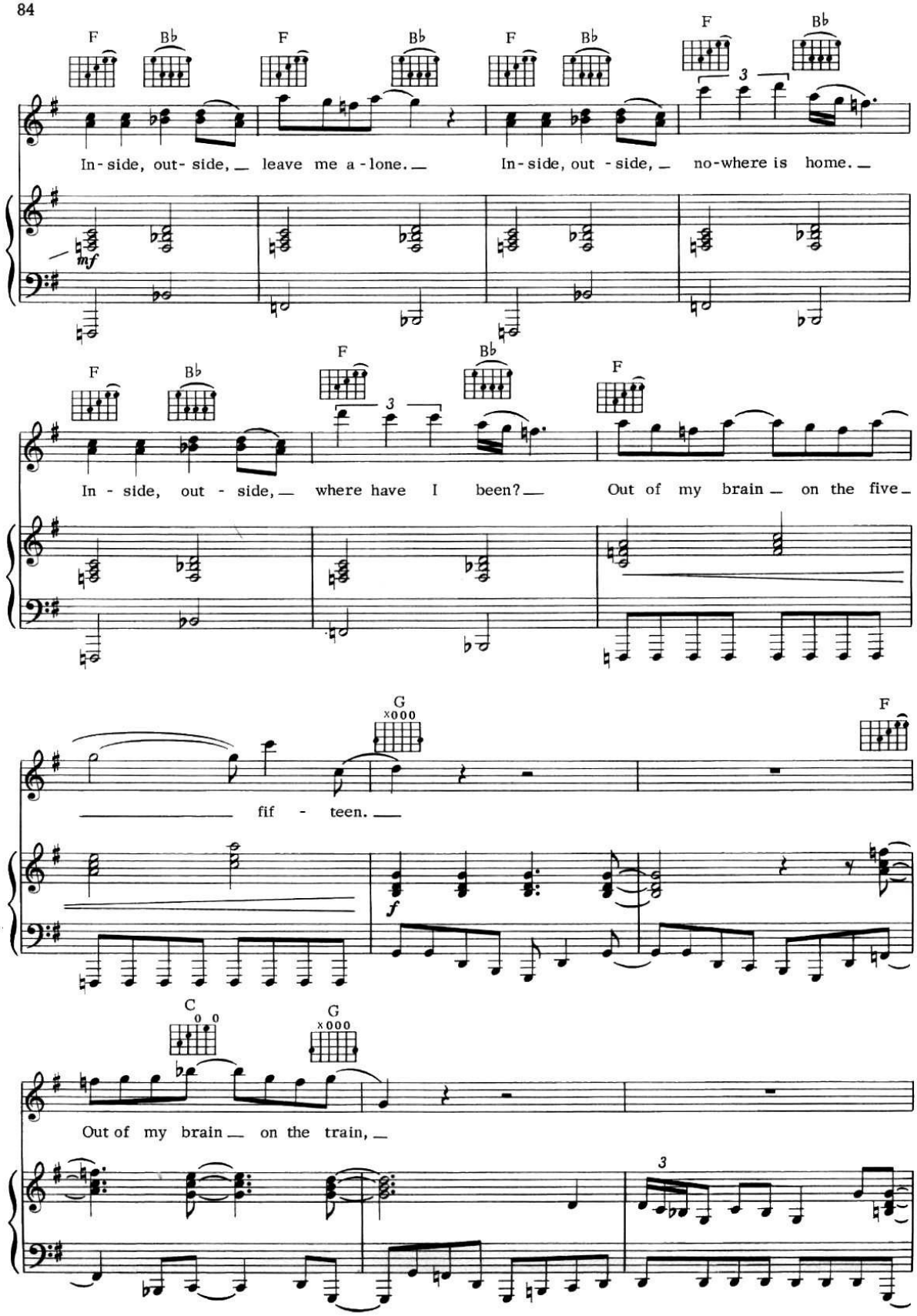
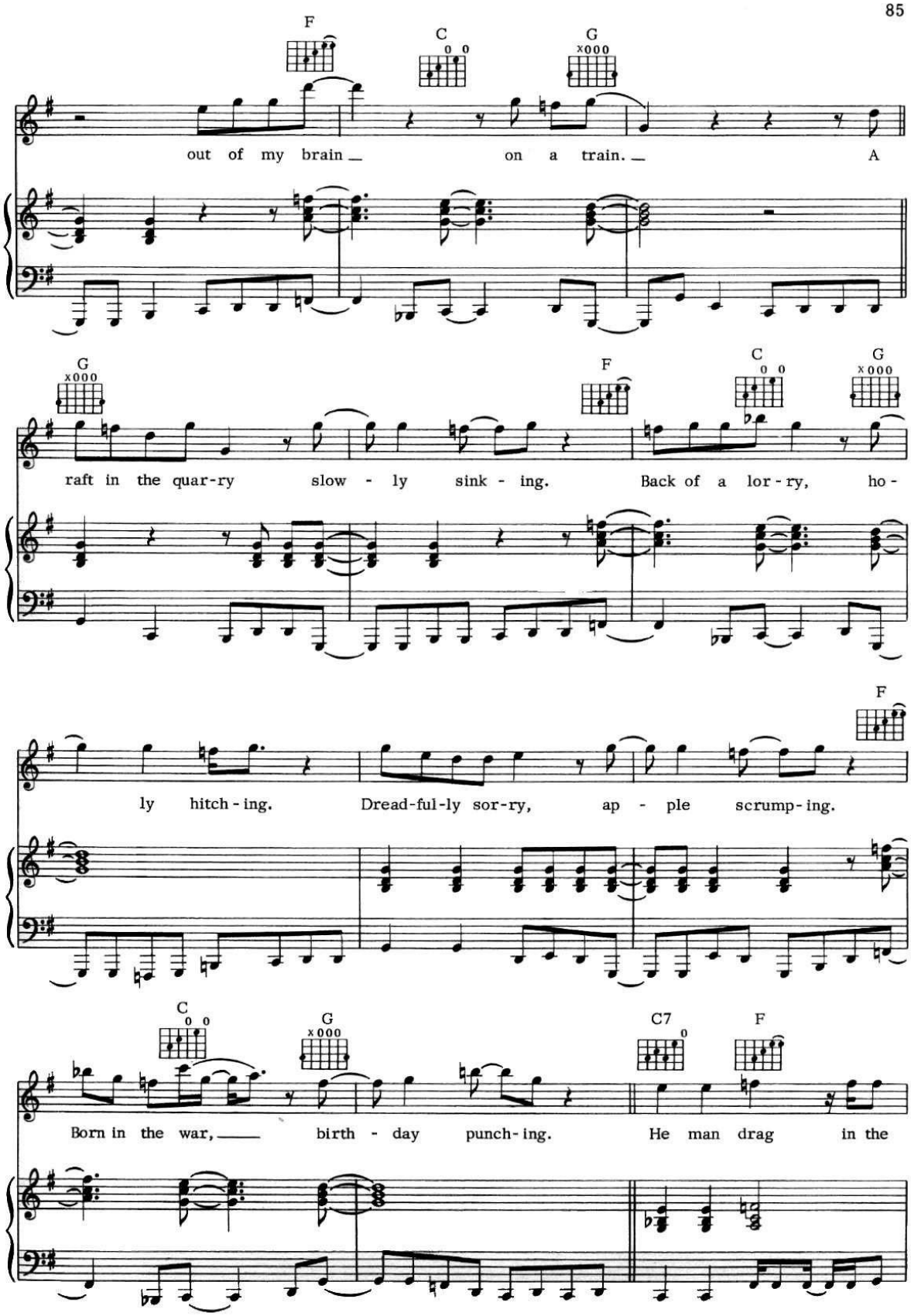
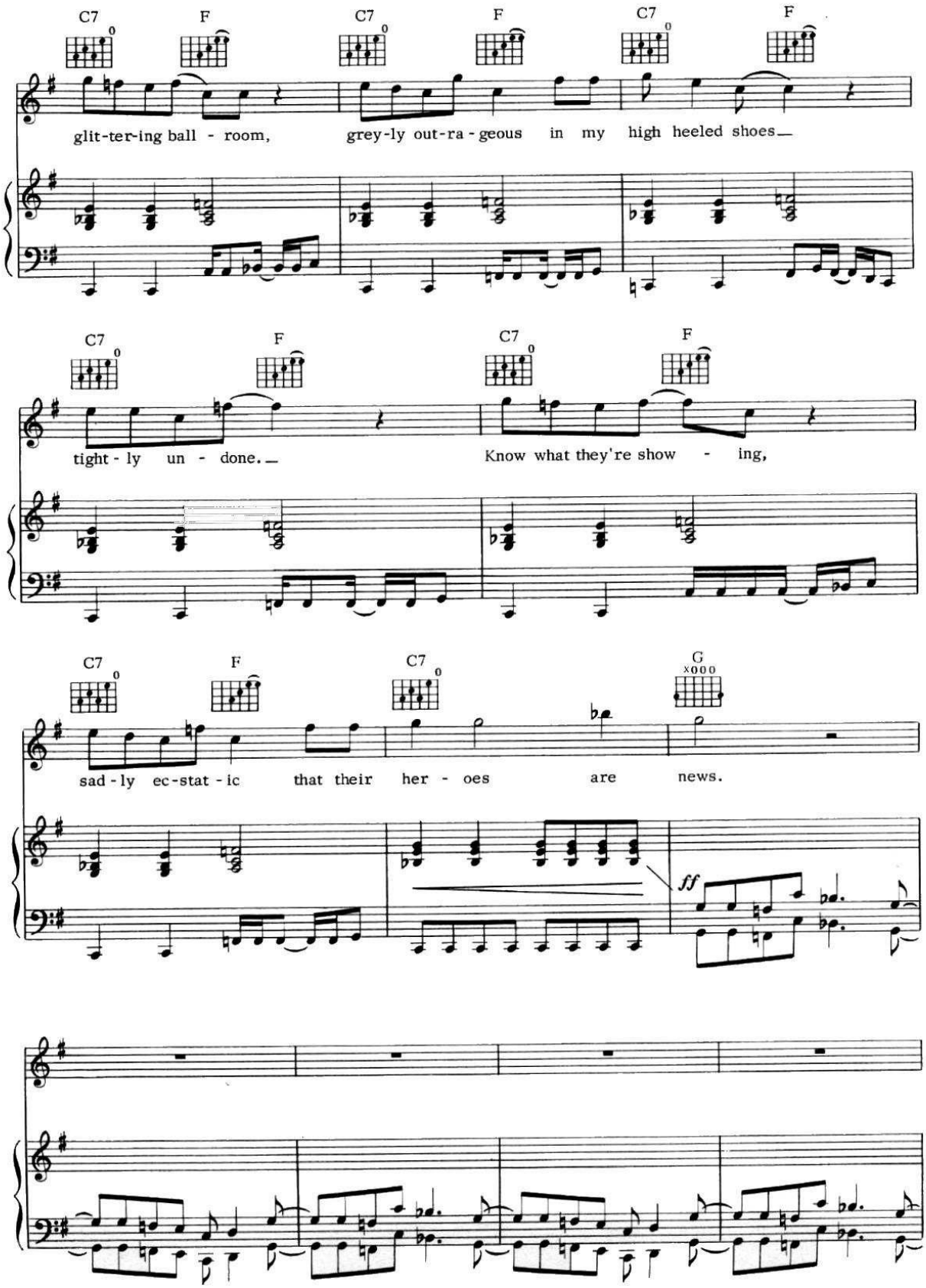

Am7
Dm7
G
C
care?_
G
R. H. f
G
F
Girls__ of fif - teen sex - u -'lly know - ing. The

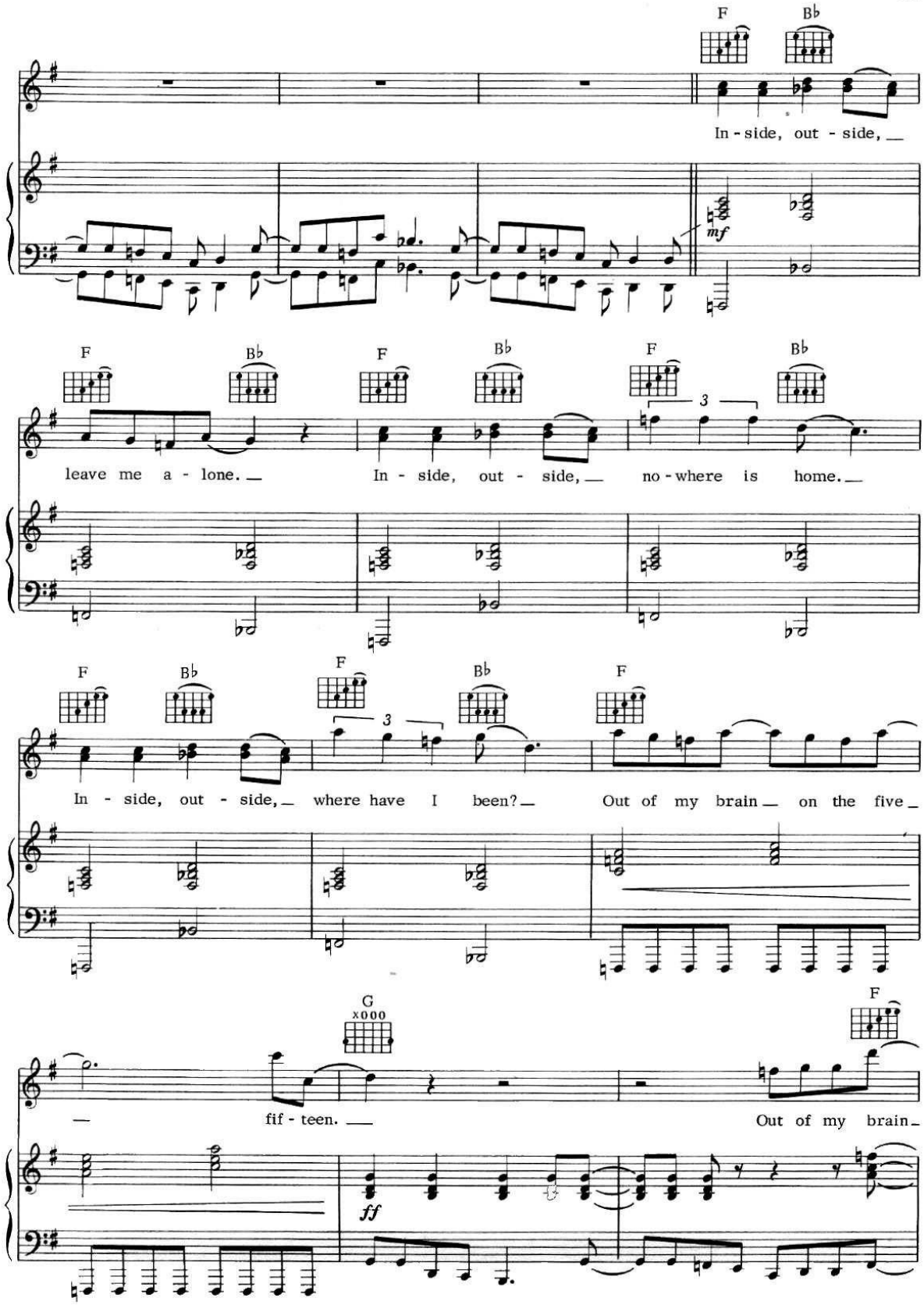

C
G
ush-ers are sniff - ing eau - de Co - logn - ing. The seats are se-duc-tive, cel-
F
C
G
i - bate sit-ting. Pret-ty girls dig-ging pret - ti - er wom - en.
C7
F
C7
F
Mag - ic - 'lly bored on a qui - et street cor - ner,
mf
C7
F
C7
F
free frus - tra - tion in our minds and our toes.

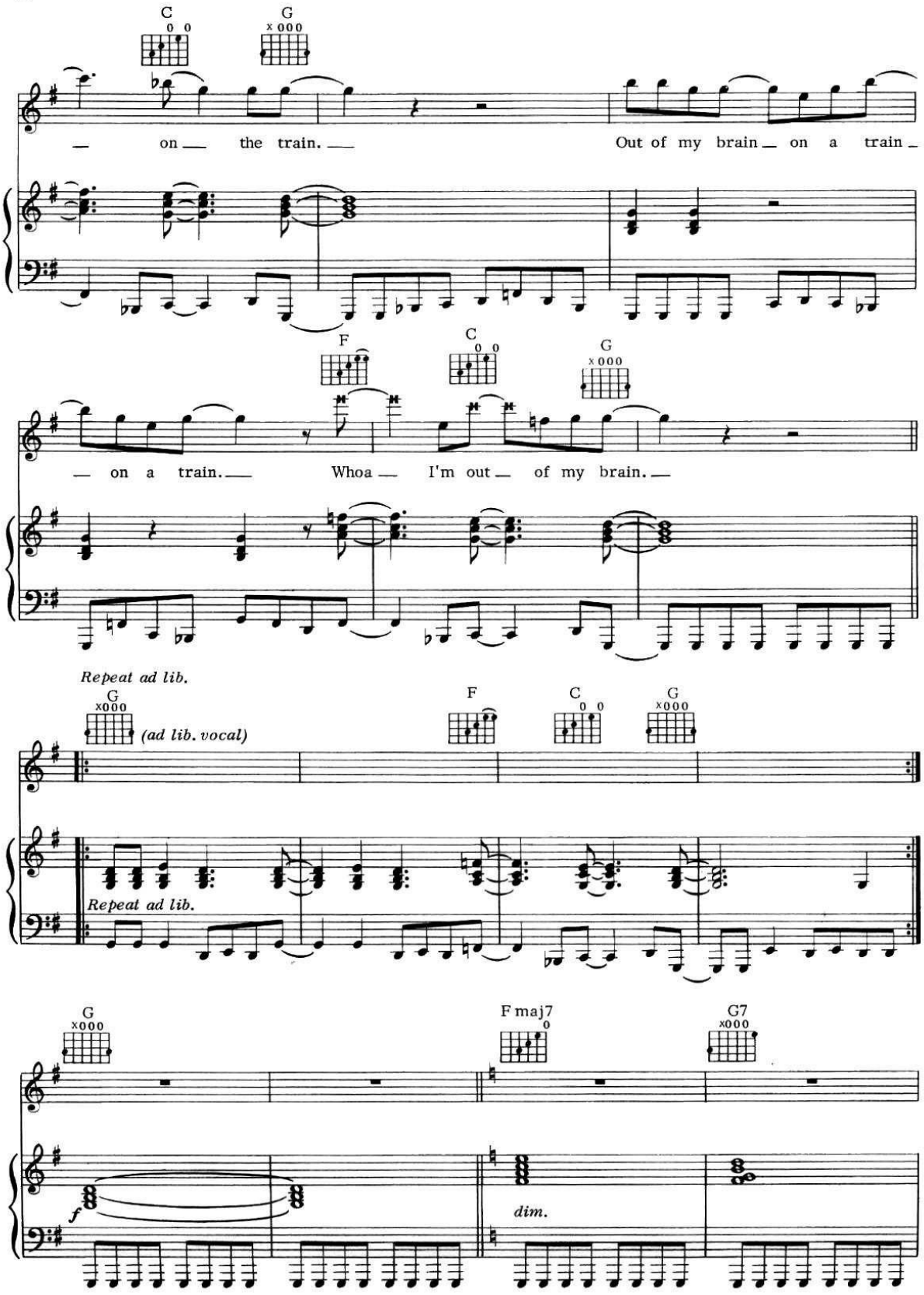

C7
F
C7
F
Qui - et storm wa - ter, m - m - my gen - er - a - tion,
C7
F
C7
up - pers and down - ers, ei - ther way blood flows.
G
x000
f

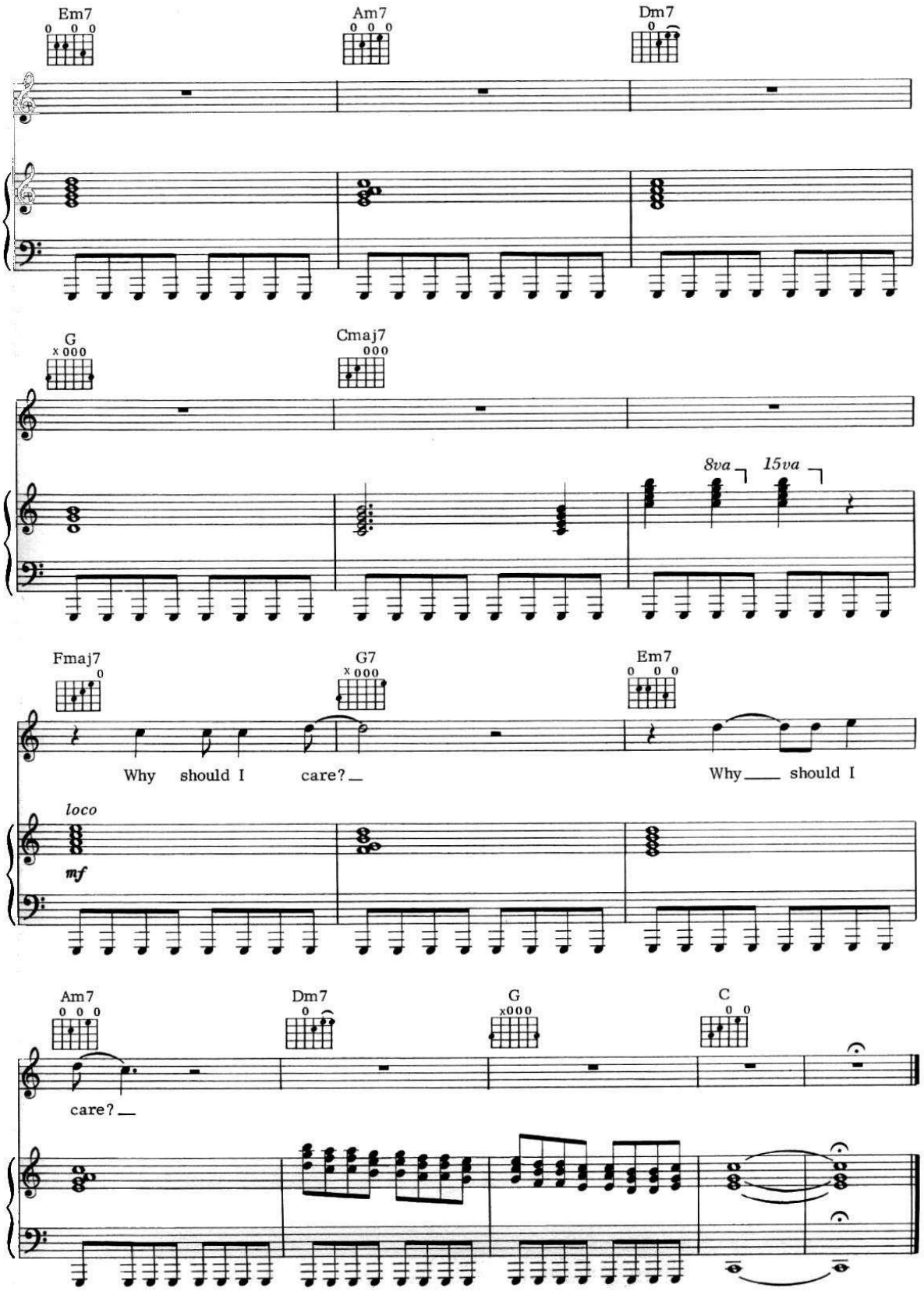

F B♭ F B♭ F B♭ F B♭
In-side, out-side, leave me a-lone. In-side, out-side, no-where is home.
mf
F B♭ F B♭ F
In-side, out-side, where have I been? Out of my brain on the five-
G F
fif-teen.
f
C G
Out of my brain on the train,


F
C
G
out of my brain on a train. A
G
F
C
G
raft in the quar-ry slow - ly sink - ing. Back of a lor - ry, ho -
F
ly hitch - ing. Dread-ful-ly sor-ry, ap - ple scrump - ing.
C
G
C7
F
Born in the war, birth - day punch - ing. He man drag in the


C7
F
C7
F
C7
F
glit-ter-ing ball - room,
grey-ly out-ra - geous in my high heeled shoes_
C7
F
C7
F
tight - ly un - done._
Know what they're show - ing,
C7
F
C7
G
sad - ly ec-stat - ic that their her - oes are news.
ff


F
B♭
In - side, out - side,
mf
F
B♭
leave me a - lone.
In - side, out - side,
no - where is home.
3
In - side, out - side,
where have I been?
Out of my brain
on the five
G
x000
fif - teen.
Out of my brain
ff

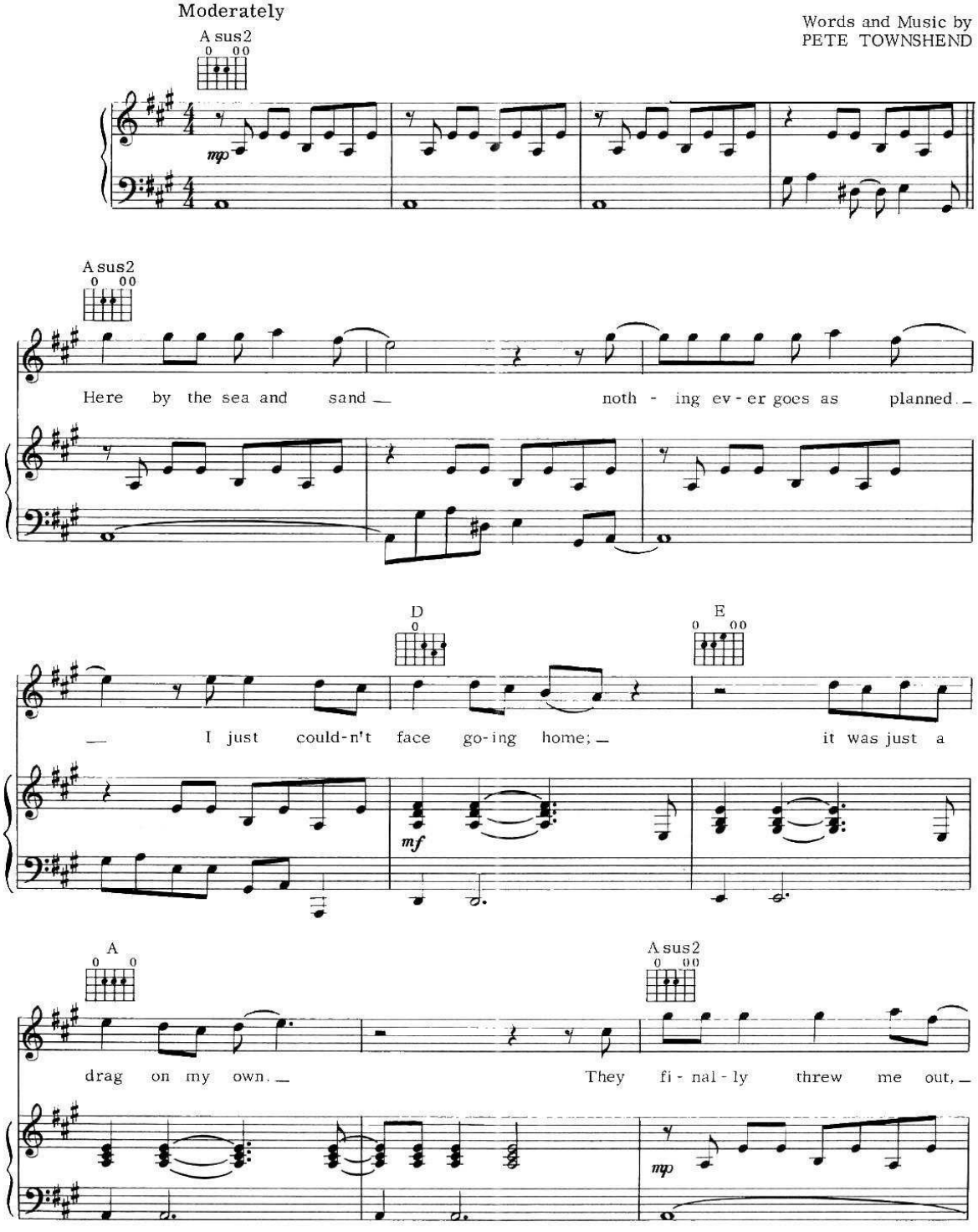

C
G
on the train.
Out of my brain on a train
F
C
G
on a train.
Whoa I'm out of my brain.
Repeat ad lib.
G
(ad lib. vocal)
F
C
G
Repeat ad lib.
G
F maj7
G7
f
dim.


Em7
Am7
Dm7
G
Cmaj7
8va
15va
Fmaj7
G7
Em7
Why should I care?
Why should I
loco
mf
Am7
Dm7
G
C
care?

SEA AND SAND

Moderately

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND



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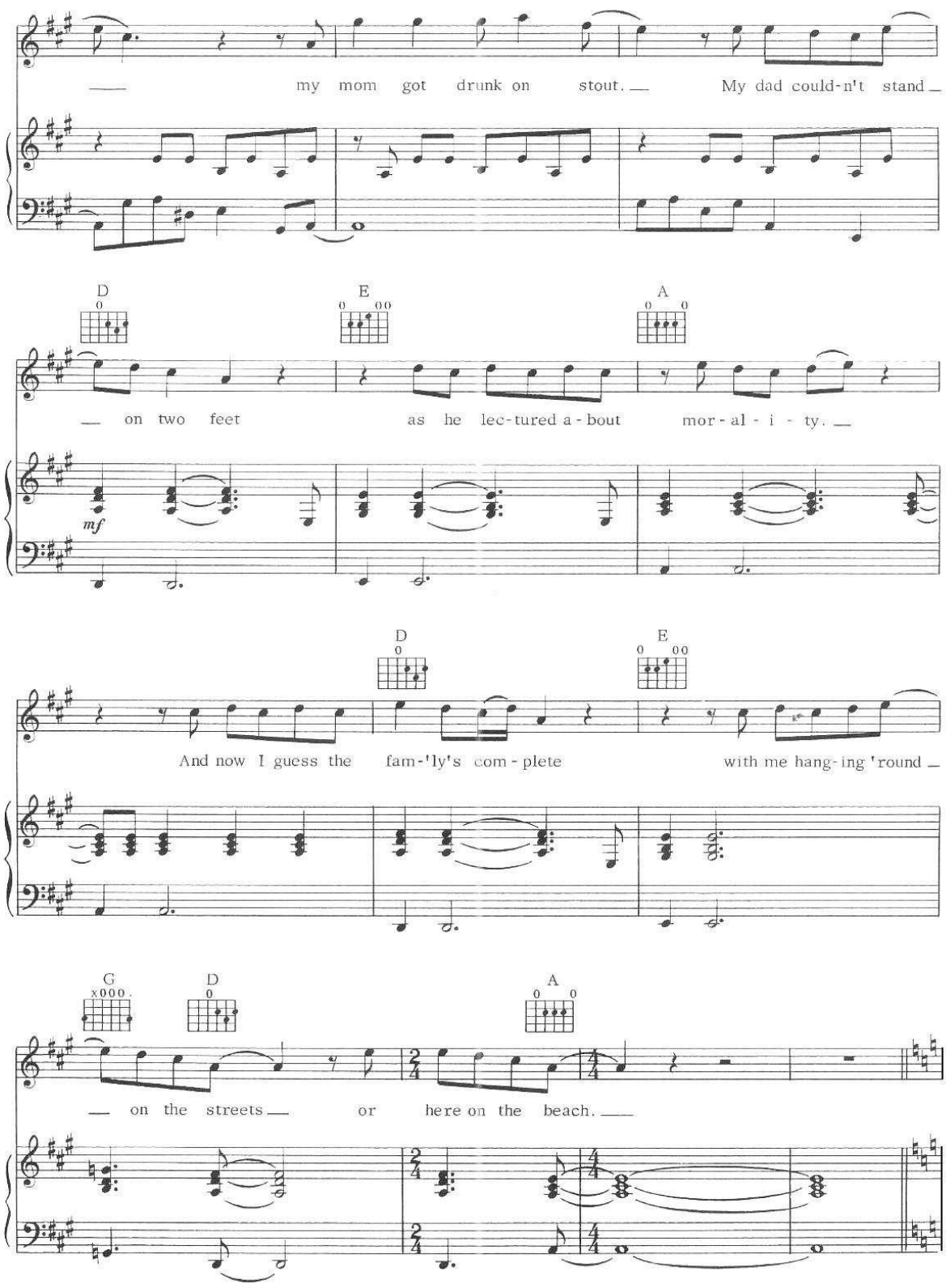
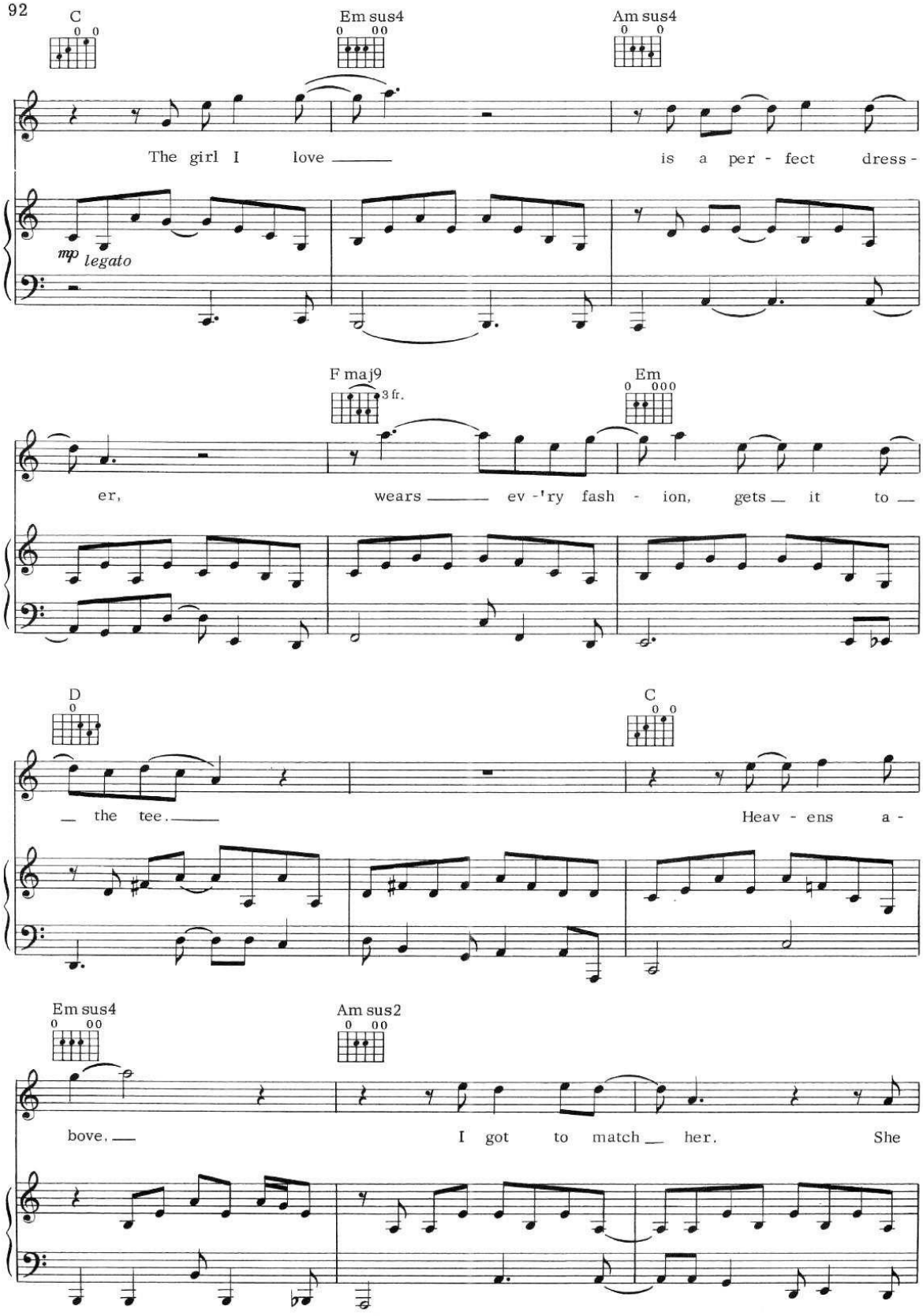
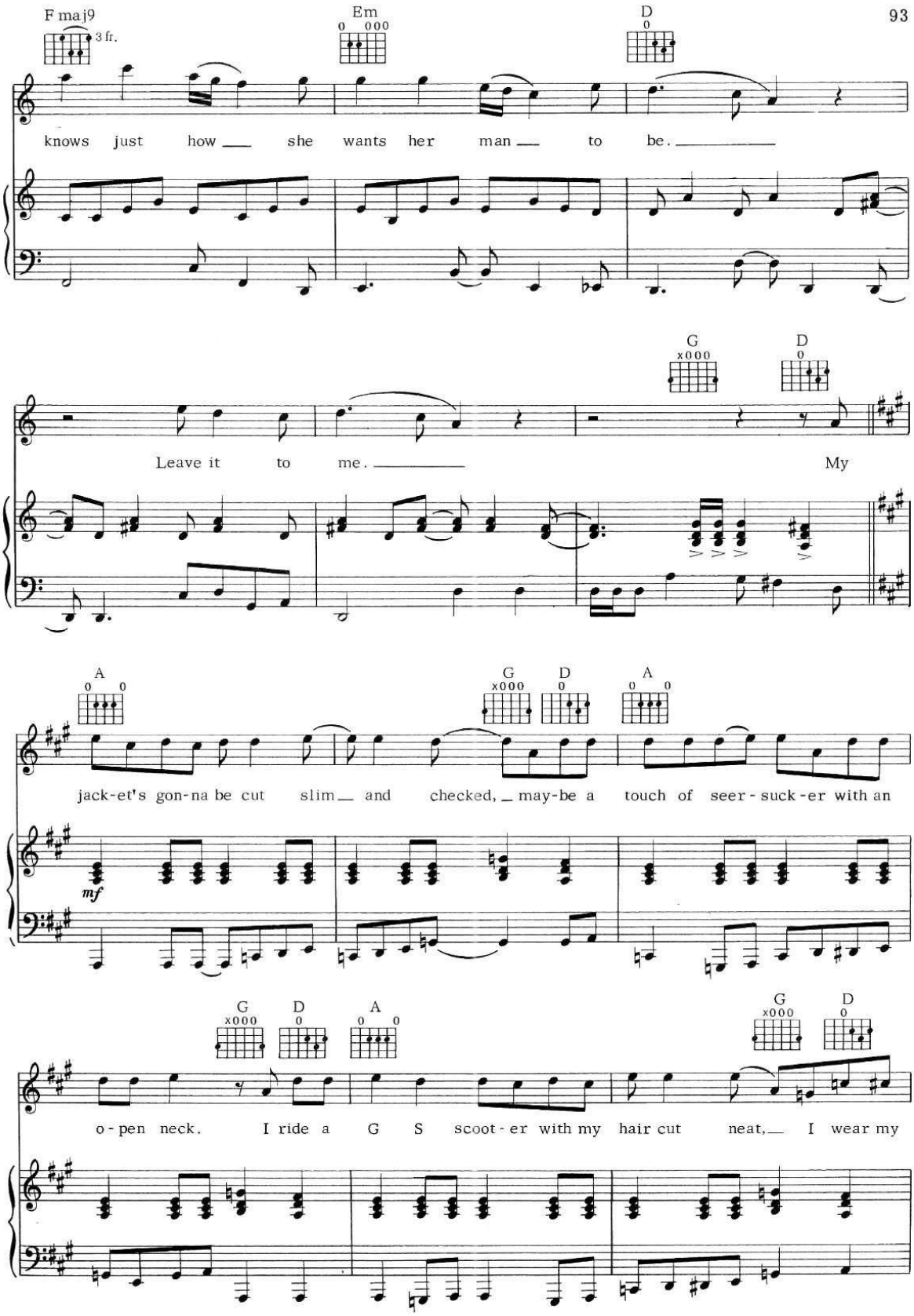
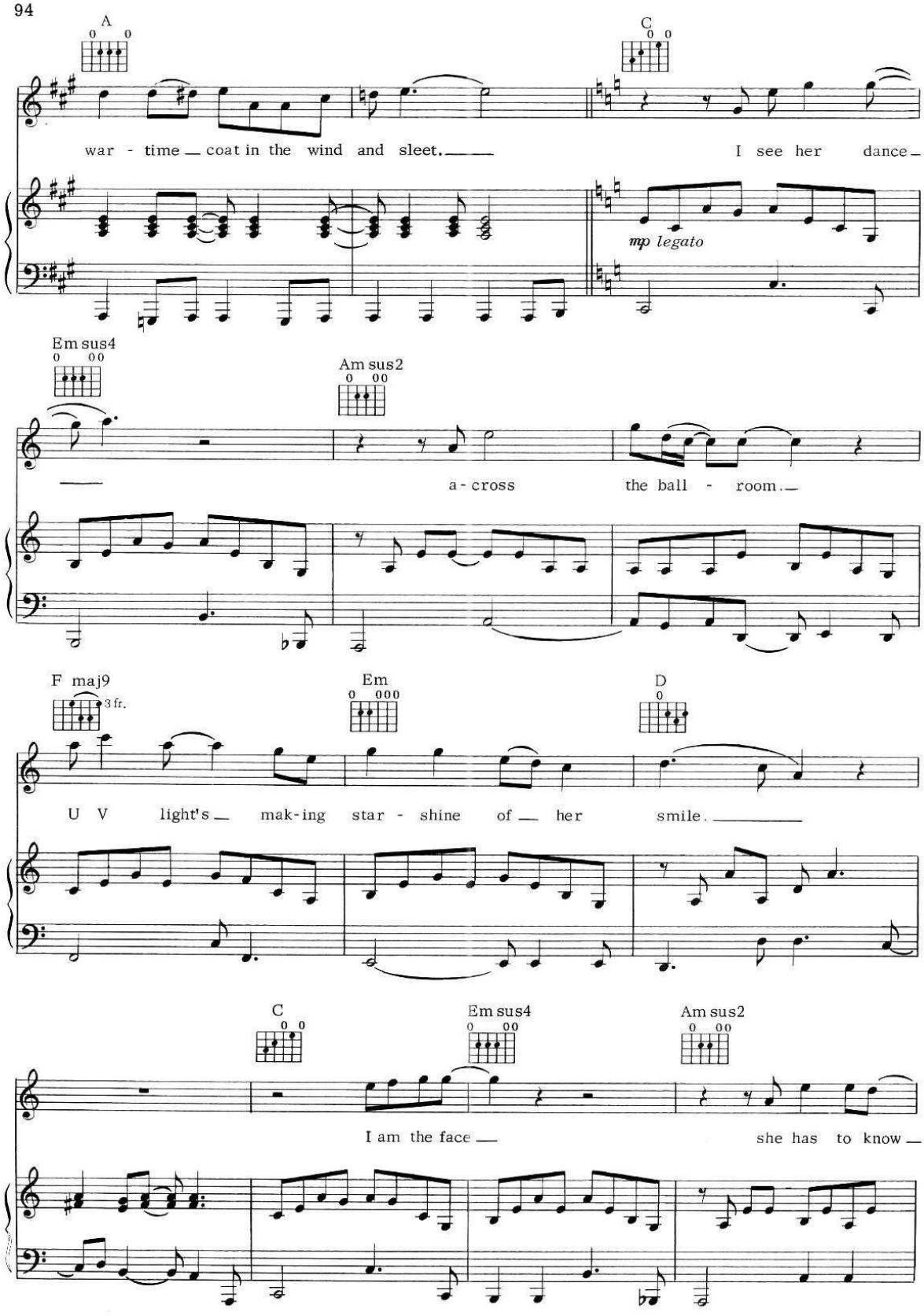
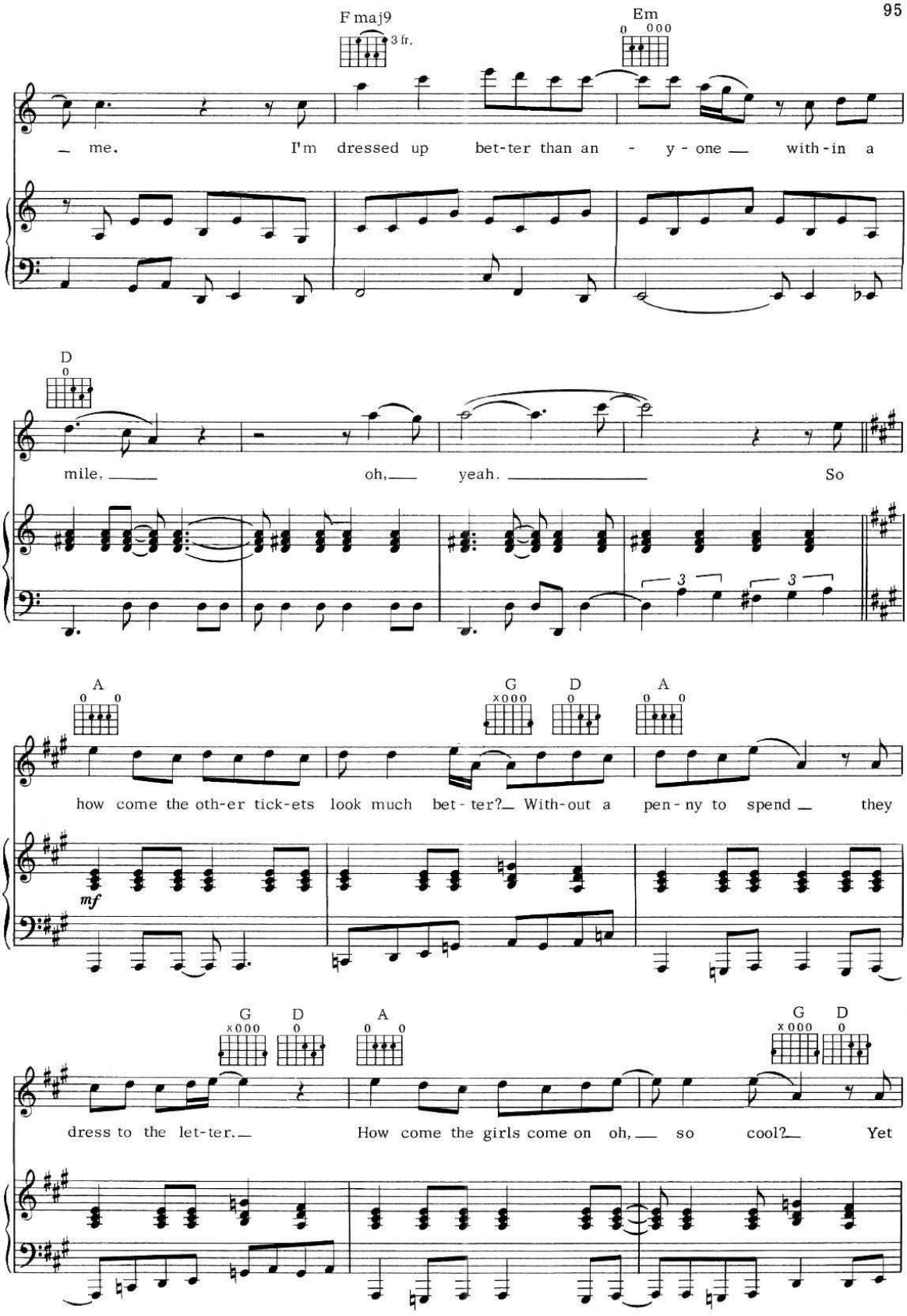
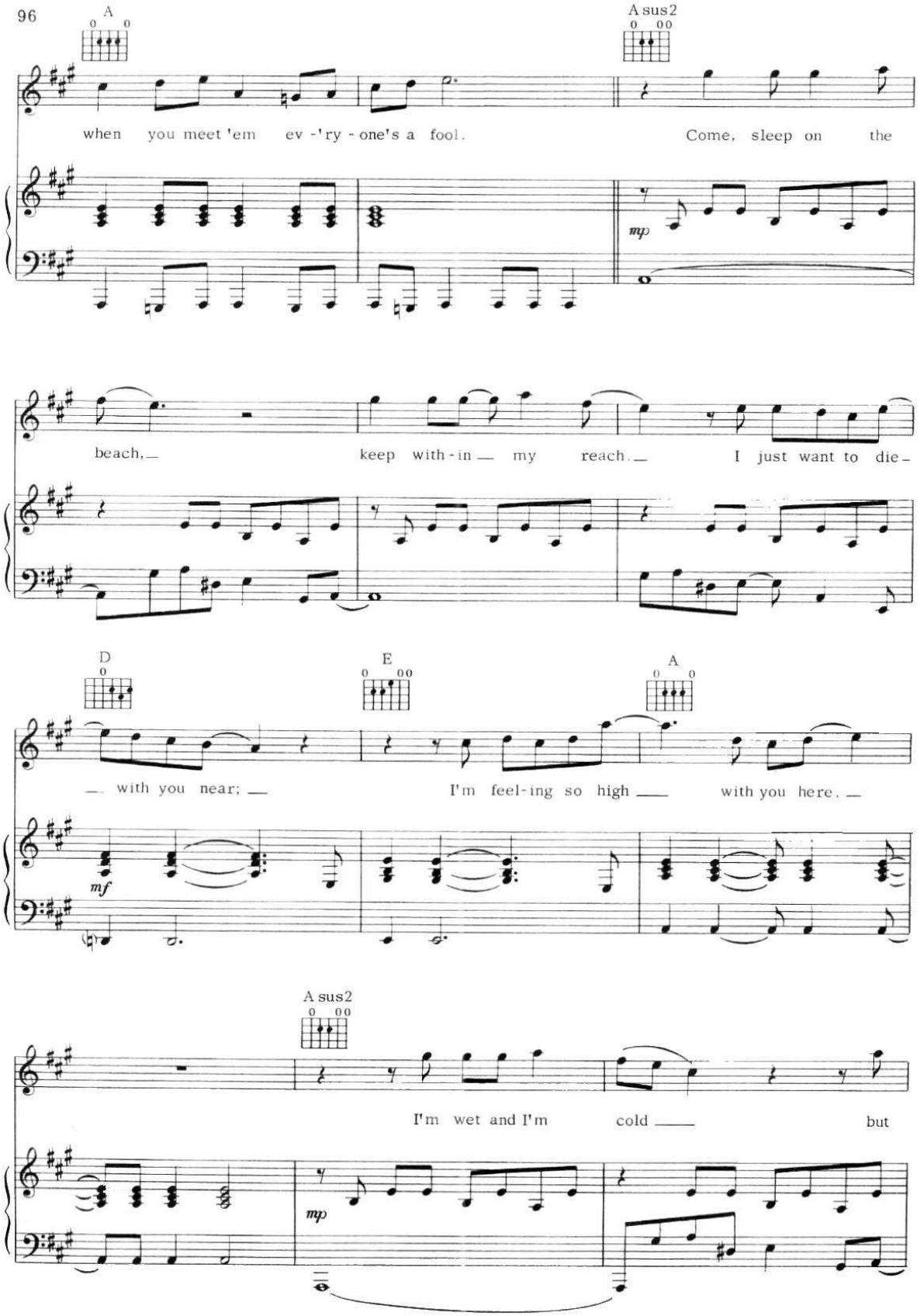

my mom got drunk on stout. My dad could-n't stand
D
E
A
on two feet as he lec-tured a-bout mor-al-i-ty.
mf
D
E
And now I guess the fam-'ly's com-plete with me hang-ing 'round
G
D
A
on the streets or here on the beach.

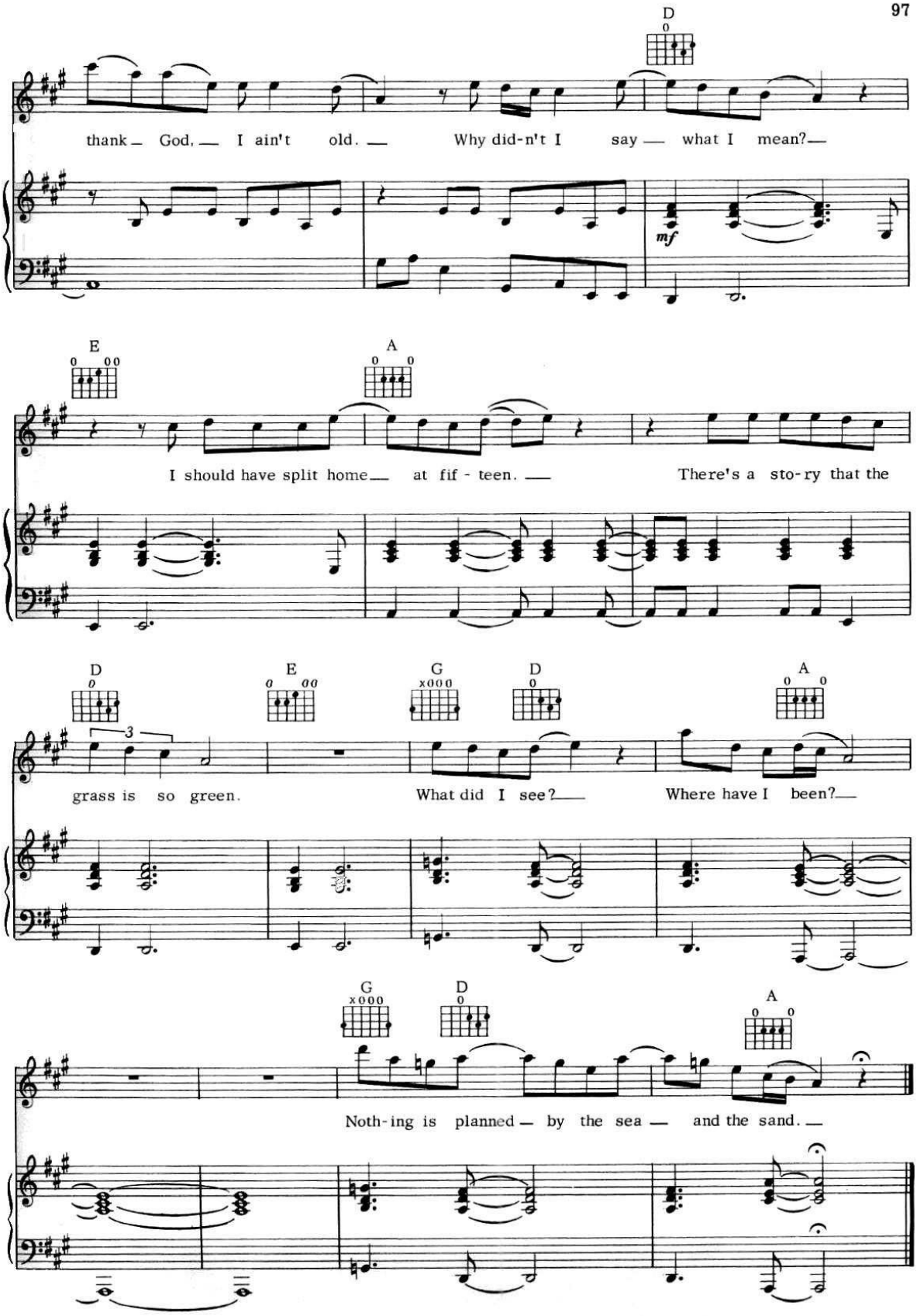

C
Em sus4
Am sus4
The girl I love
is a per - fect dress -
mp legato
F maj9
3 fr.
Em
er,
wears
ev -'ry fash - ion,
gets
it
to
D
C
the tee.
Heav - ens a -
Em sus4
Am sus2
bove,
I got to match her.
She


F maj9
3 fr.
Em
D
knows just how she wants her man to be.
G
D
Leave it to me. My
A
G
D
A
jack-et's gon-na be cut slim and checked, may-be a touch of seer-suck-er with an
mf
G
D
A
G
D
o-pen neck. I ride a G S scoot-er with my hair cut neat, I wear my


A
C
war - time coat in the wind and sleet.
I see her dance
mp legato
Em sus4
Am sus2
a - cross
the ball - room.
F maj9
3 fr.
Em
D
U V light's mak-ing star - shine of her smile.
C
Em sus4
Am sus2
I am the face
she has to know


F maj9
3 fr.
Em
me. I'm dressed up bet-ter than an - y - one with-in a
D
mile, oh, yeah. So
A
G
D
A
how come the oth-er tick-ets look much bet - ter? With-out a pen - ny to spend they
mf
G
D
A
G
D
dress to the let-ter. How come the girls come on oh, so cool? Yet

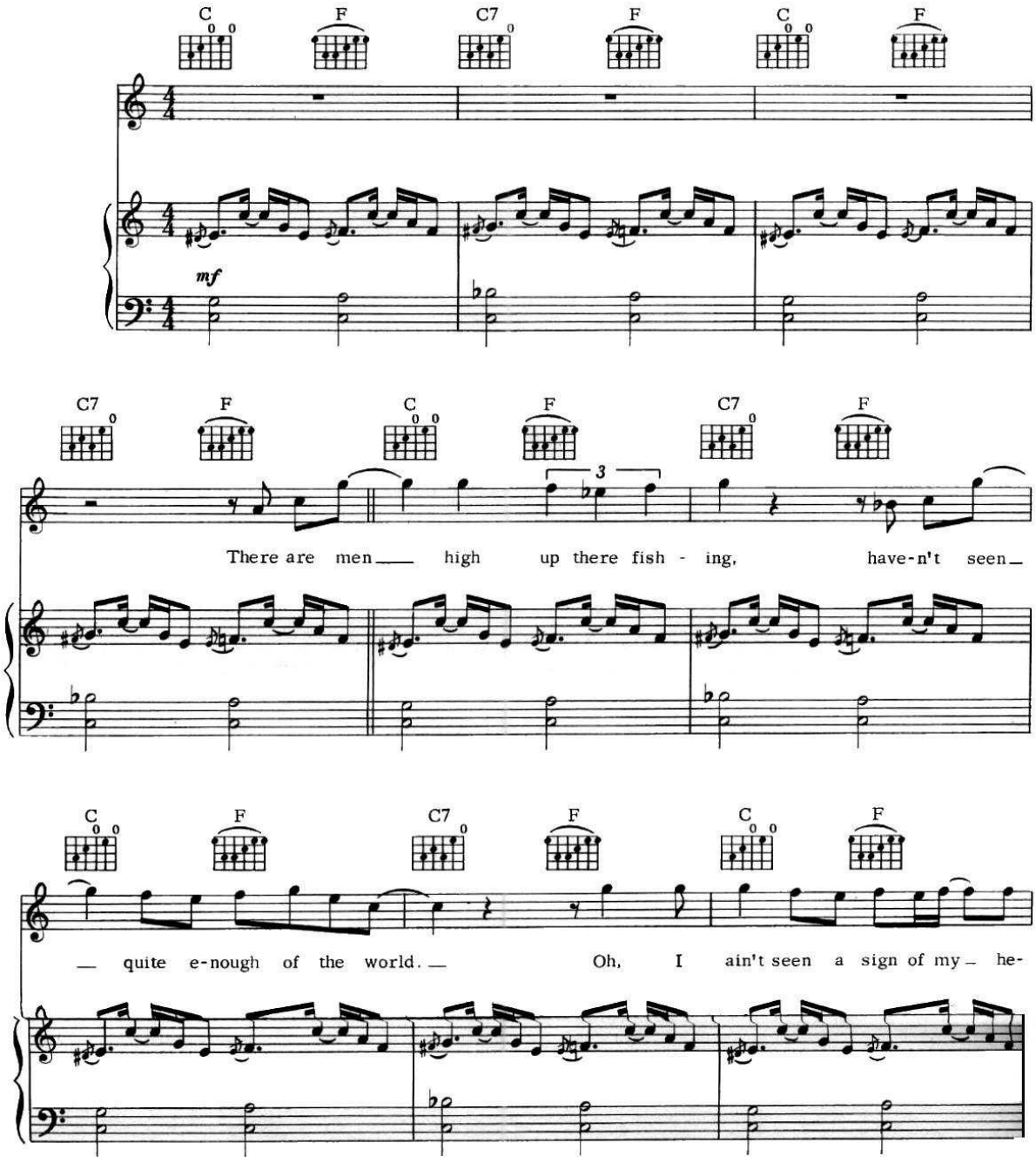

A
A sus2
when you meet 'em ev -'ry - one's a fool.
Come, sleep on the
mp
beach,
keep with - in my reach.
I just want to die -
D
E
A
with you near;
I'm feel-ing so high
with you here.
mf
A sus2
I'm wet and I'm cold
but
mp


D
thank God, I ain't old. Why did-n't I say what I mean?
mf
E
A
I should have split home at fif - teen. There's a sto-ry that the
D
E
G
D
A
grass is so green. What did I see? Where have I been?
G
D
A
Noth-ing is planned by the sea and the sand.

DROWNED

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND

Moderate Rock



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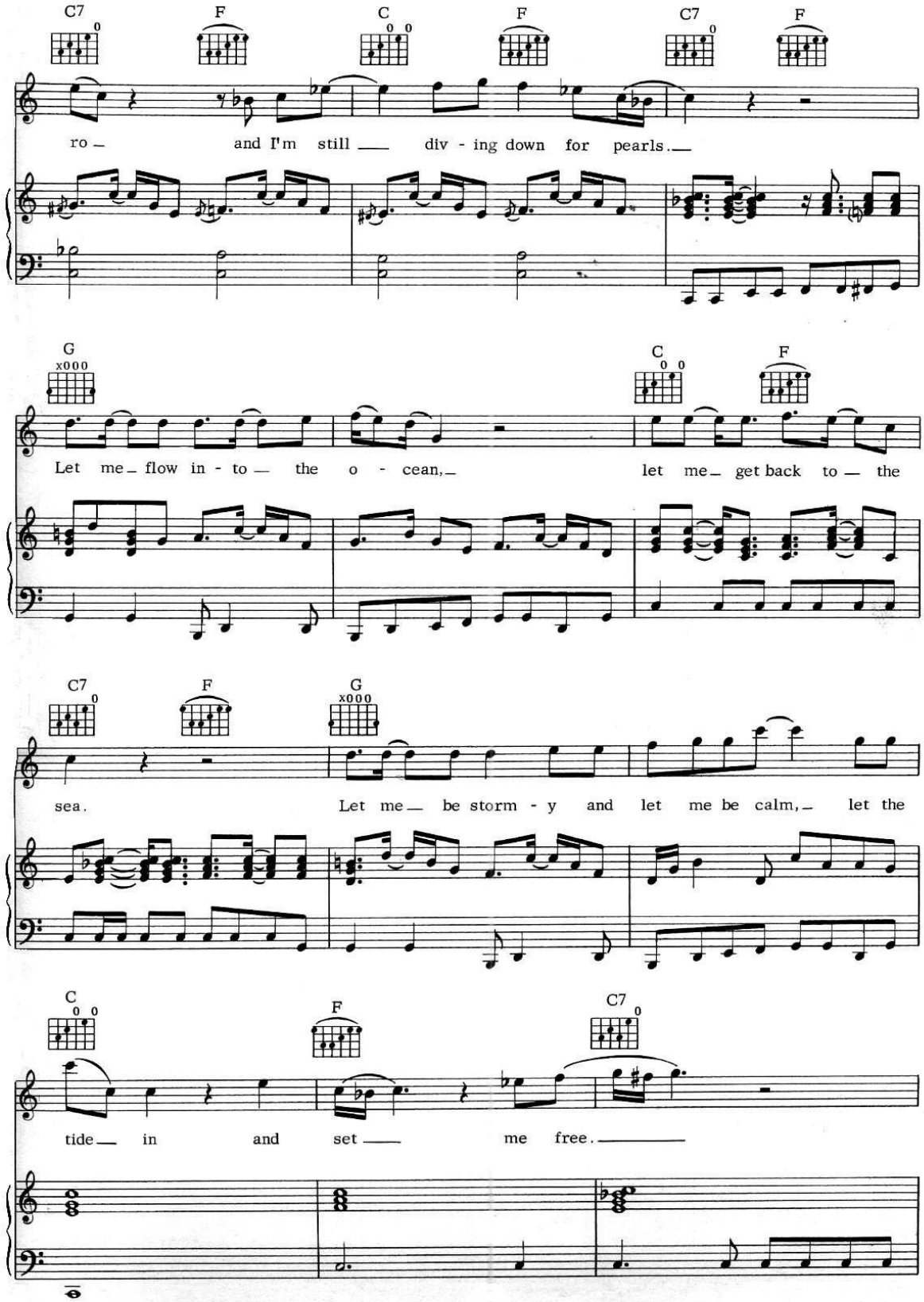
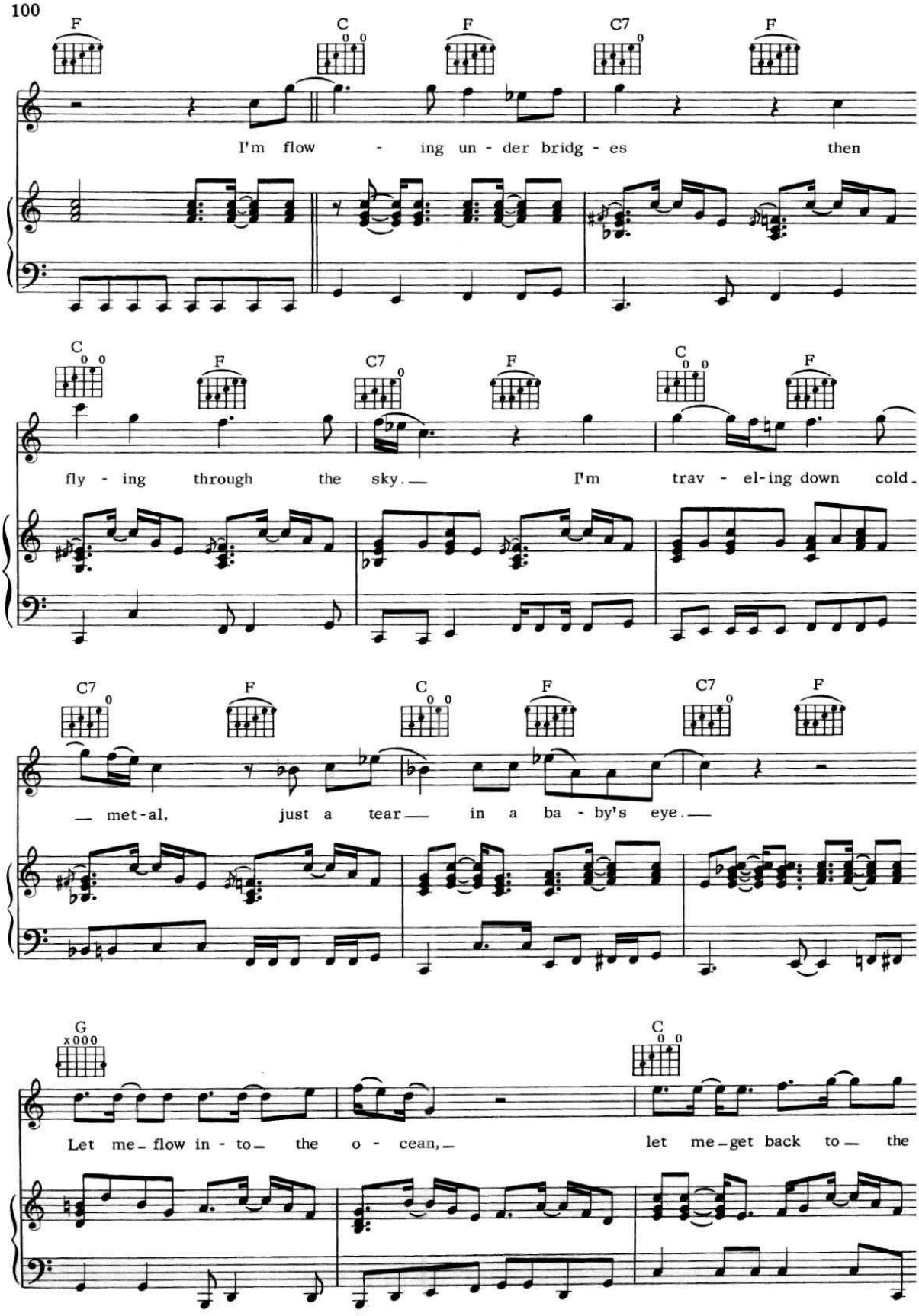
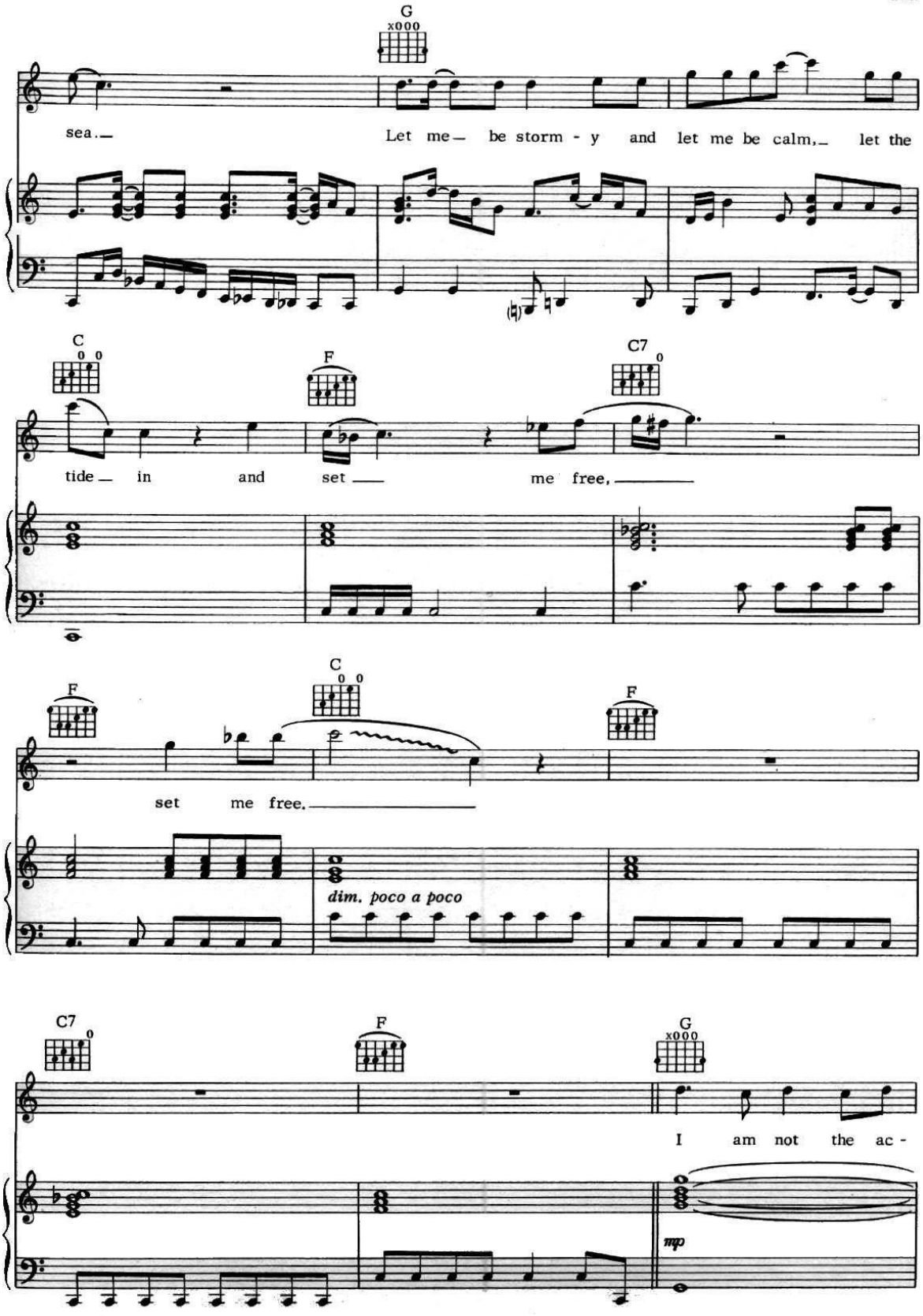
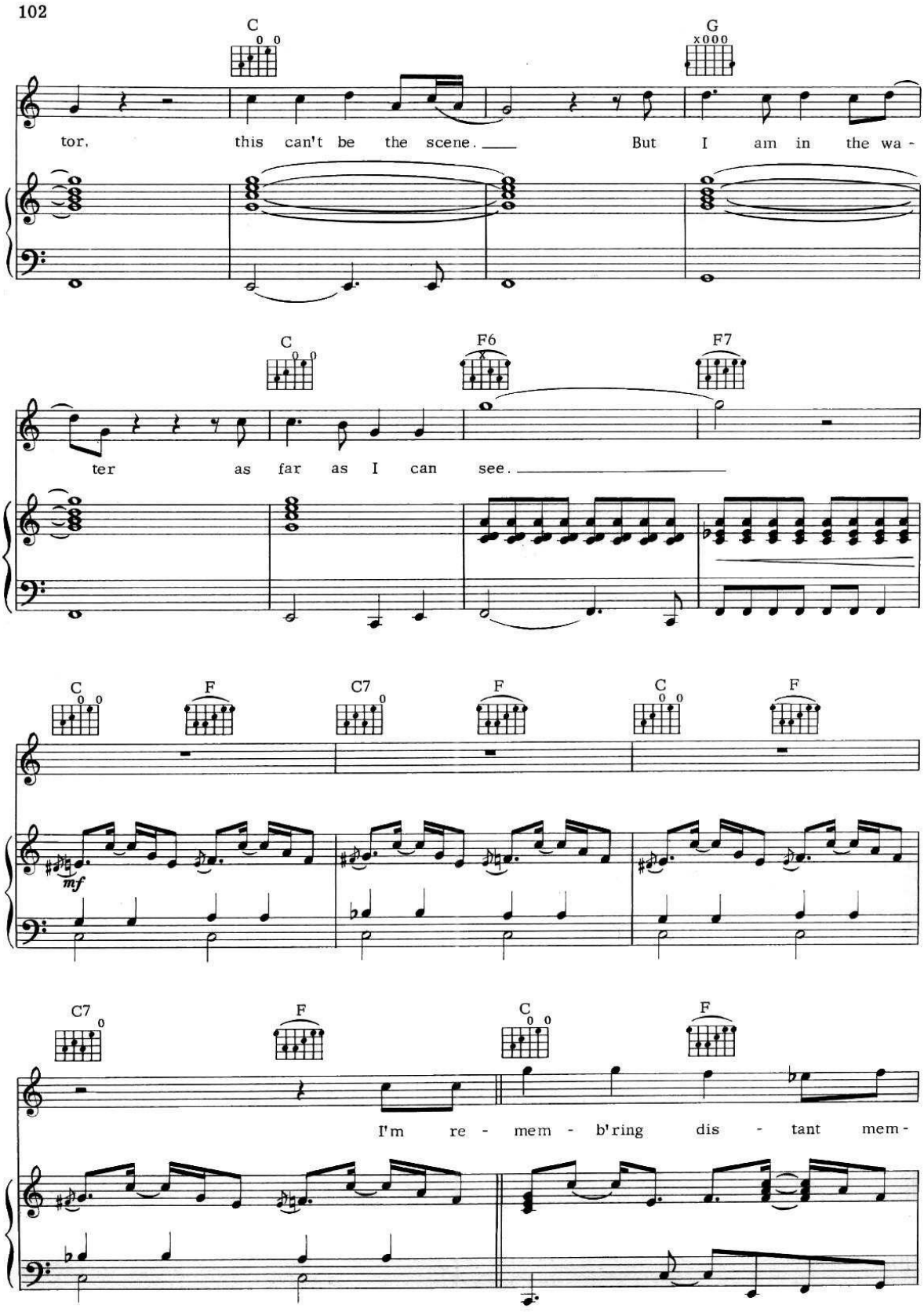
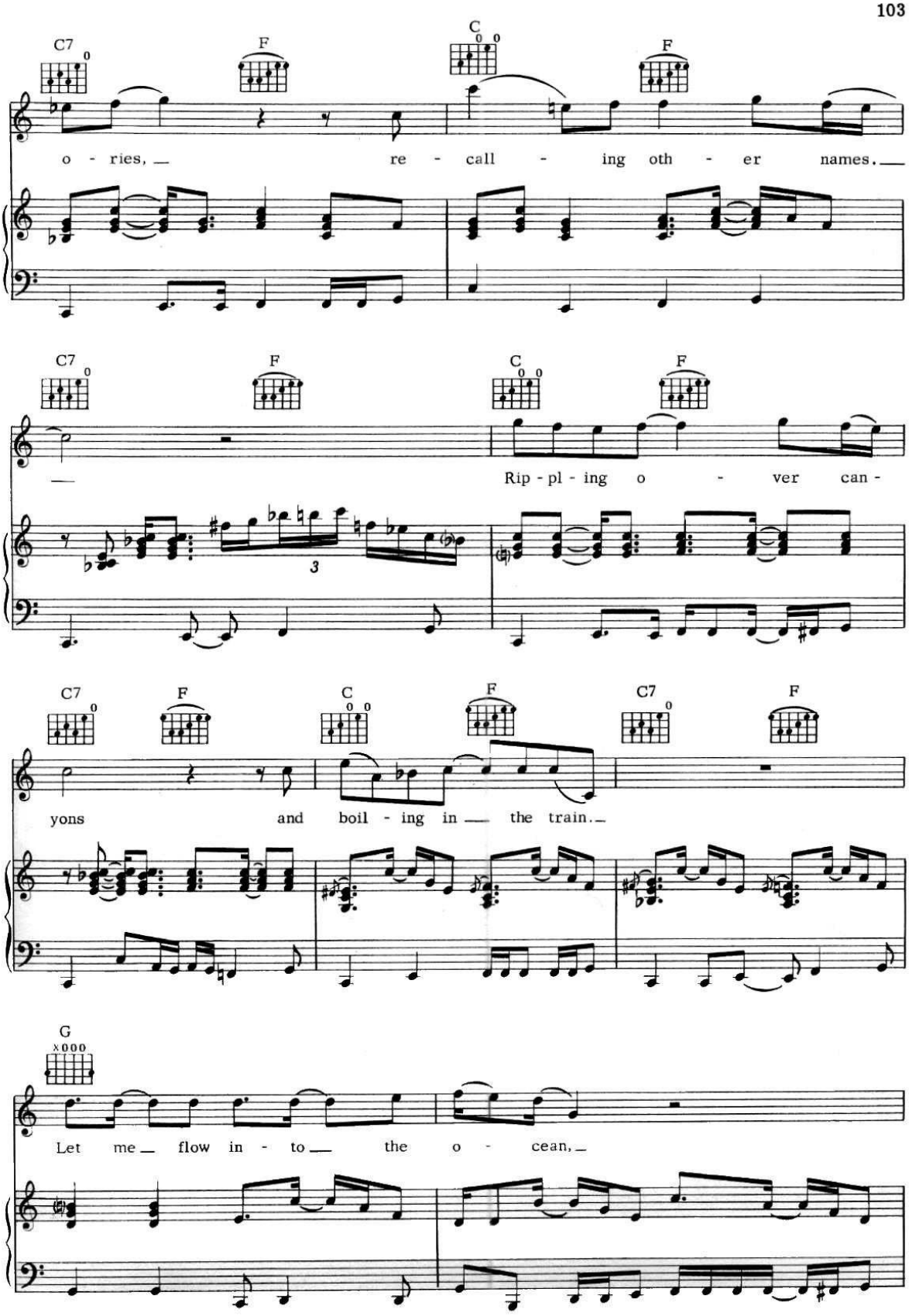
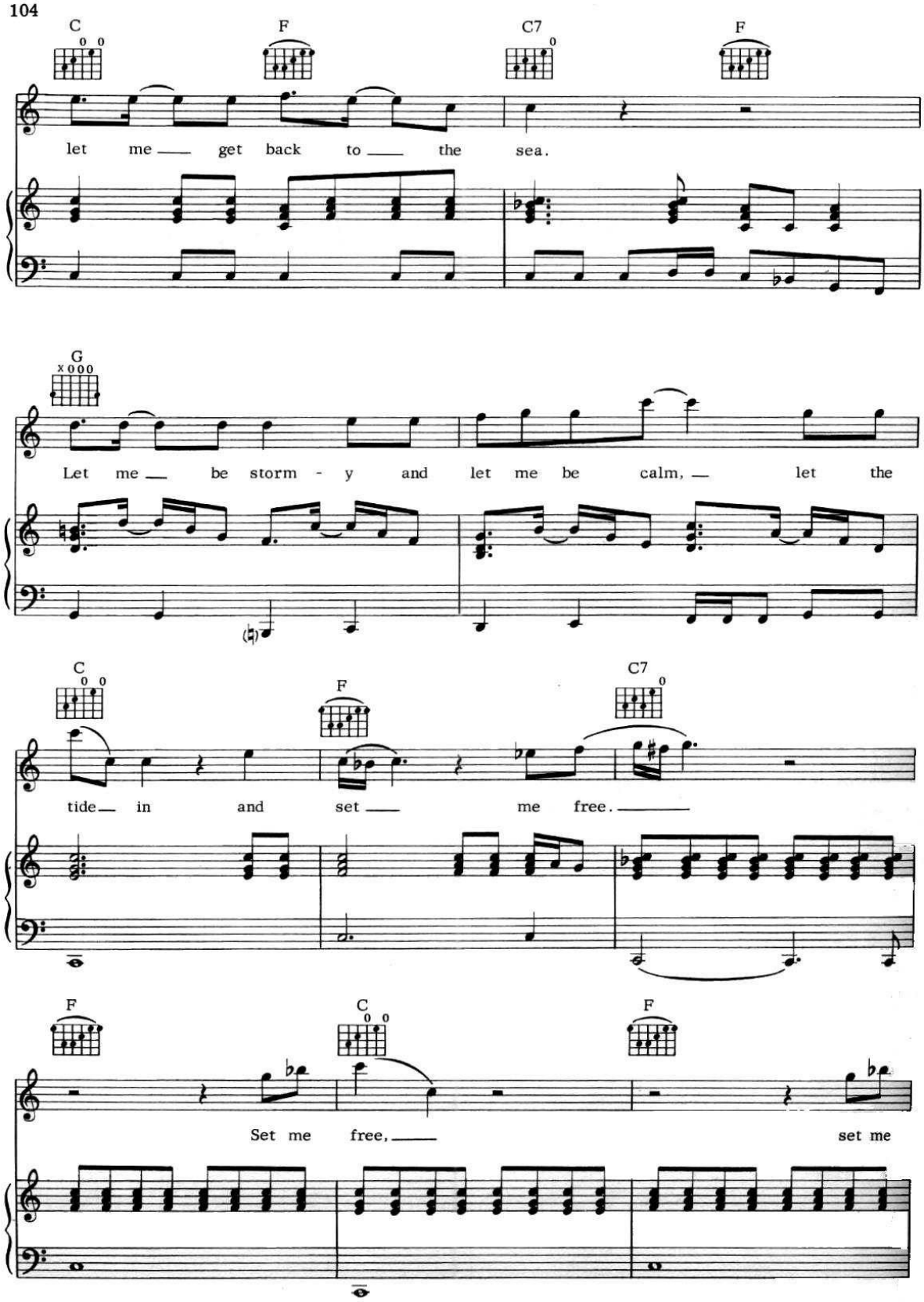

C7 F C F C7 F
ro — and I'm still — div - ing down for pearls.—
G C F
Let me— flow in - to — the o - cean,— let me— get back to — the
C7 F G
sea. Let me— be storm - y and let me be calm,— let the
C F C7
tide— in and set — me free.—

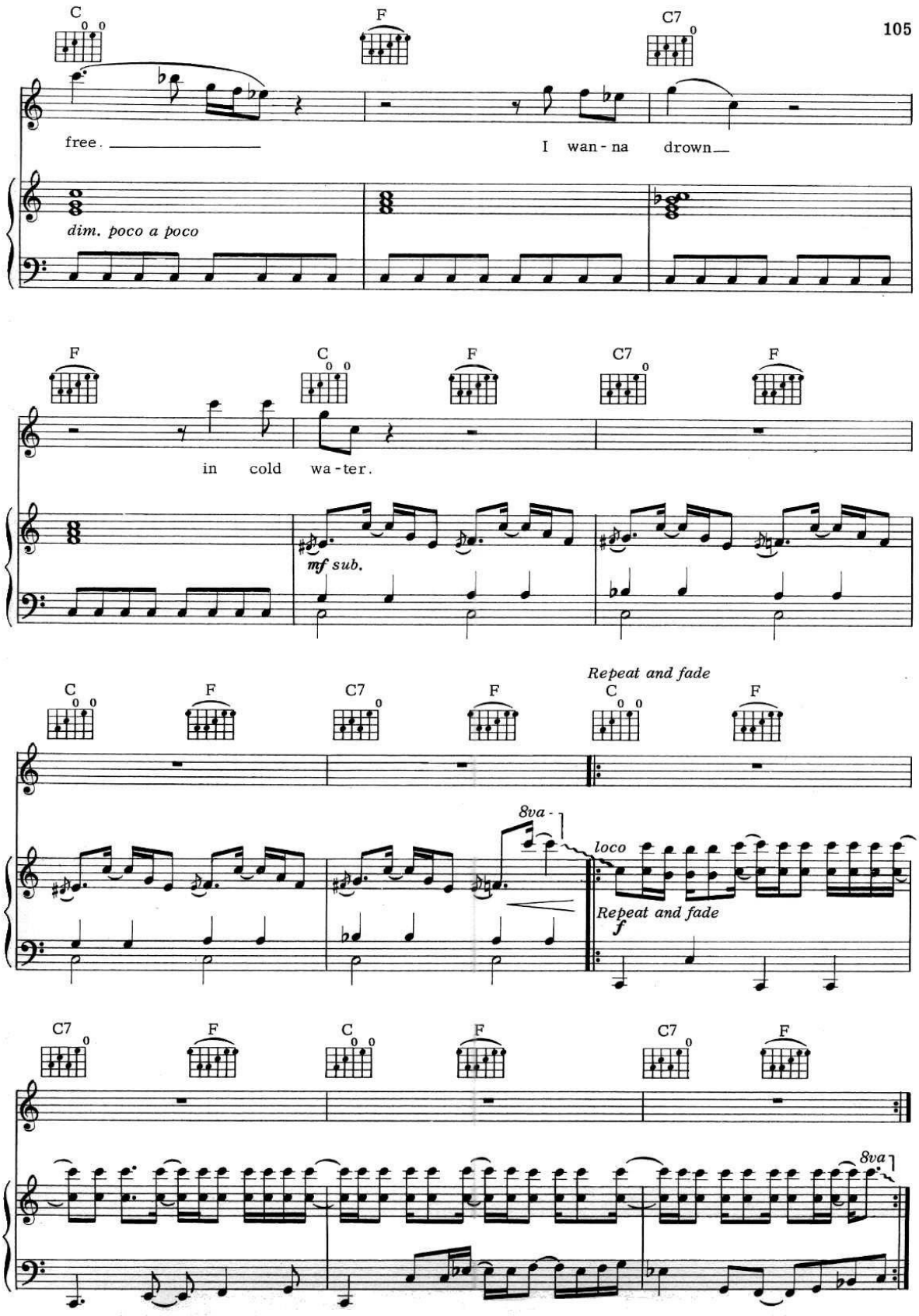

F
C
F
C7
F
I'm flow - ing un - der bridg - es then
C
F
C7
F
C
F
fly - ing through the sky. I'm trav - el-ing down cold
C7
F
C
F
C7
F
met-al, just a tear in a ba - by's eye.
G
C
Let me flow in - to the o - cean, let me get back to the


G
x000
sea.
Let me be storm - y and let me be calm, let the
C
F
C7
tide in and set me free,
C
F
F
set me free.
dim. poco a poco
C7
F
G
x000
I am not the ac -
mp


C
G
tor, this can't be the scene. But I am in the wa -
C
F6
F7
ter as far as I can see.
C
F
C7
F
C
F
mf
C7
F
C
F
I'm re - mem - b'ring dis - tant mem -

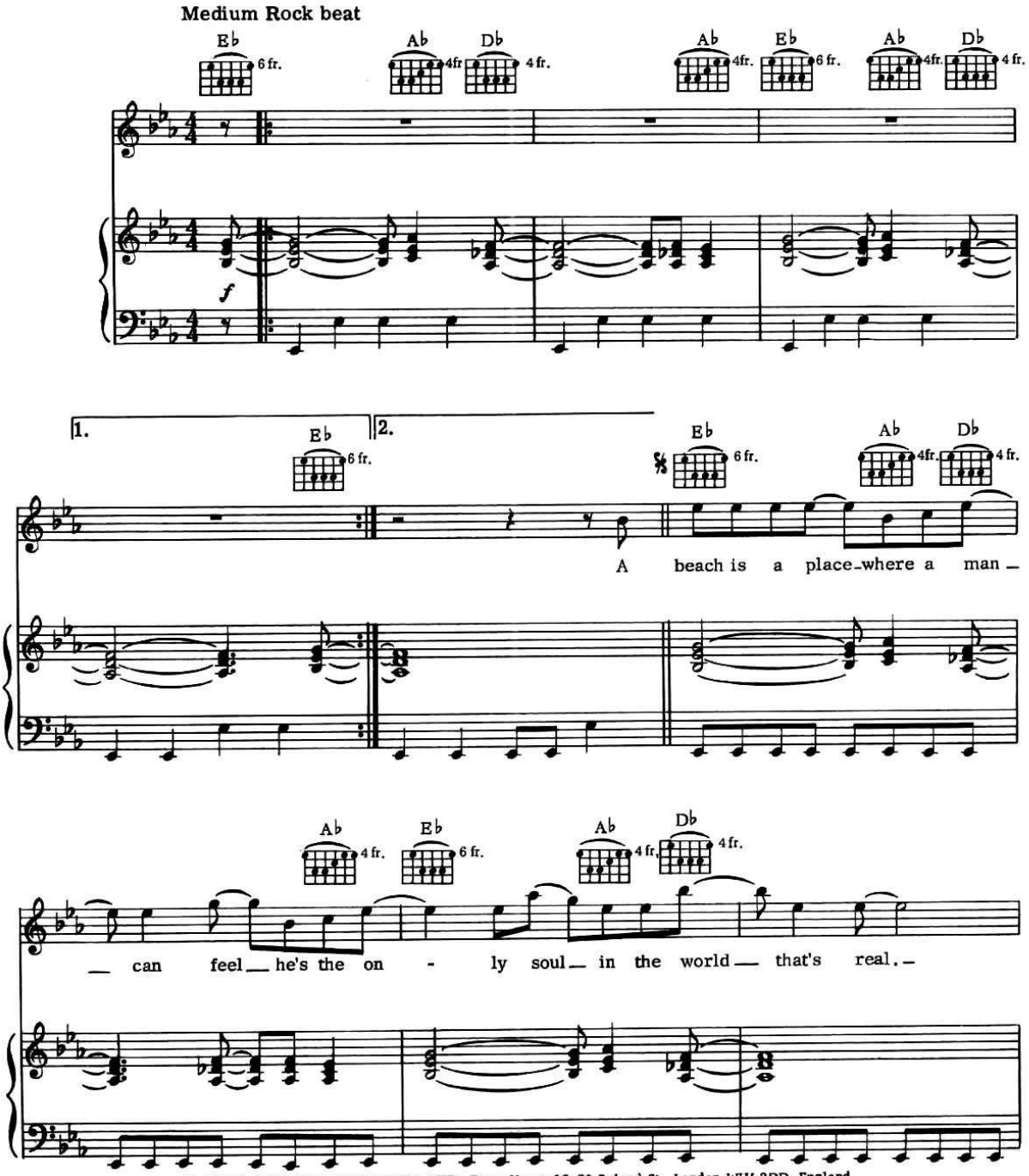

C7
F
C
F
o - ries, re - call - ing oth - er names.
C7
F
C
F
Rip - pl - ing o - ver can -
C7
F
C
F
C7
F
yons and boil - ing in the train.
G
x000
Let me flow in - to the o - cean,


C
F
C7
F
let me get back to the sea.
G
Let me be storm - y and let me be calm, let the
C
F
C7
tide in and set me free.
F
C
F
Set me free, set me


C
F
C7
free.
I wan - na drown
dim. poco a poco
F
C
F
C7
F
in cold wa - ter.
mf sub.
Repeat and fade
C
F
C7
F
C
F
8va
loco
Repeat and fade
f
C7
F
C
F
C7
F
8va

BELL BOY
(Keith's theme)

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND



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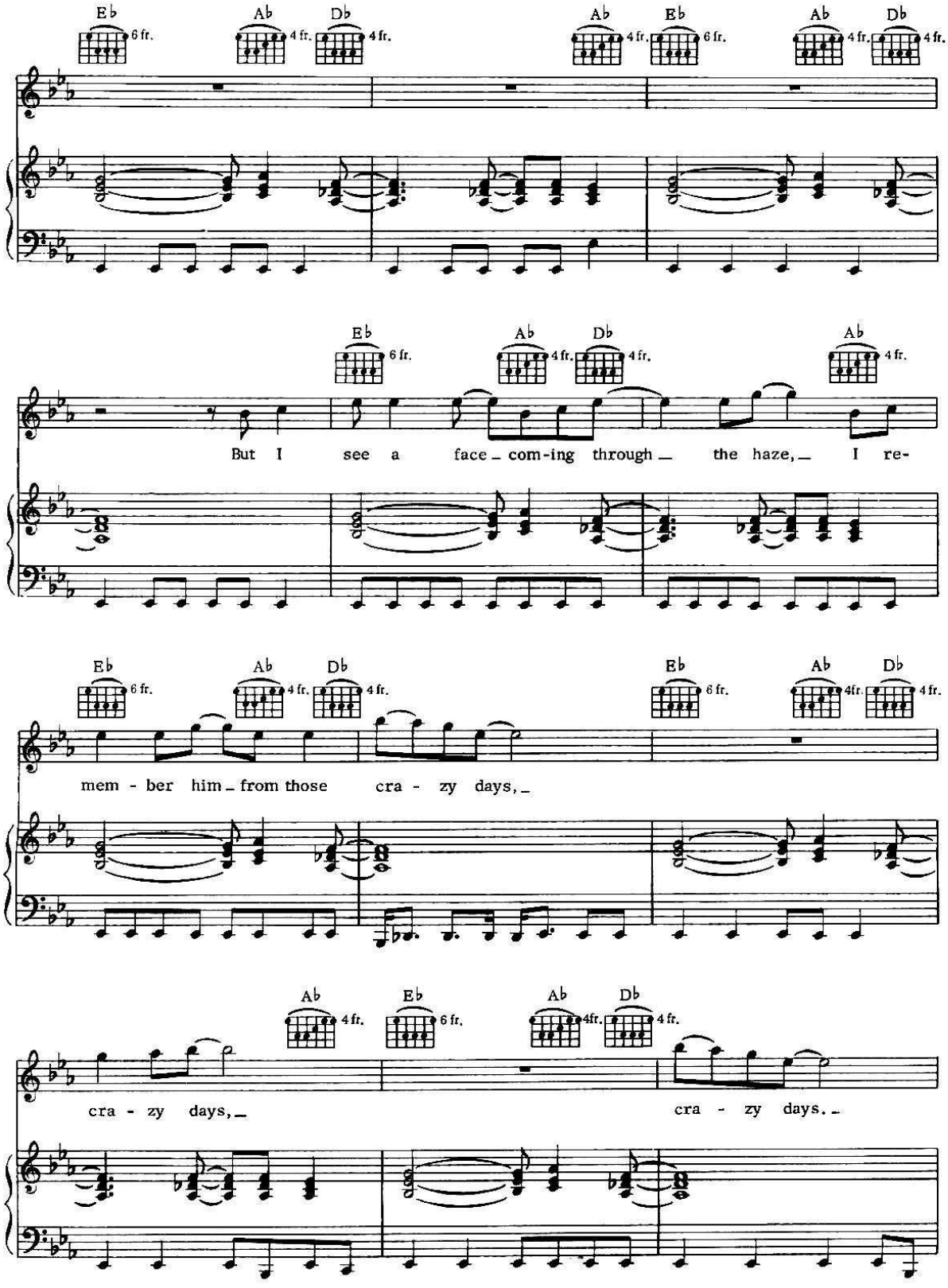
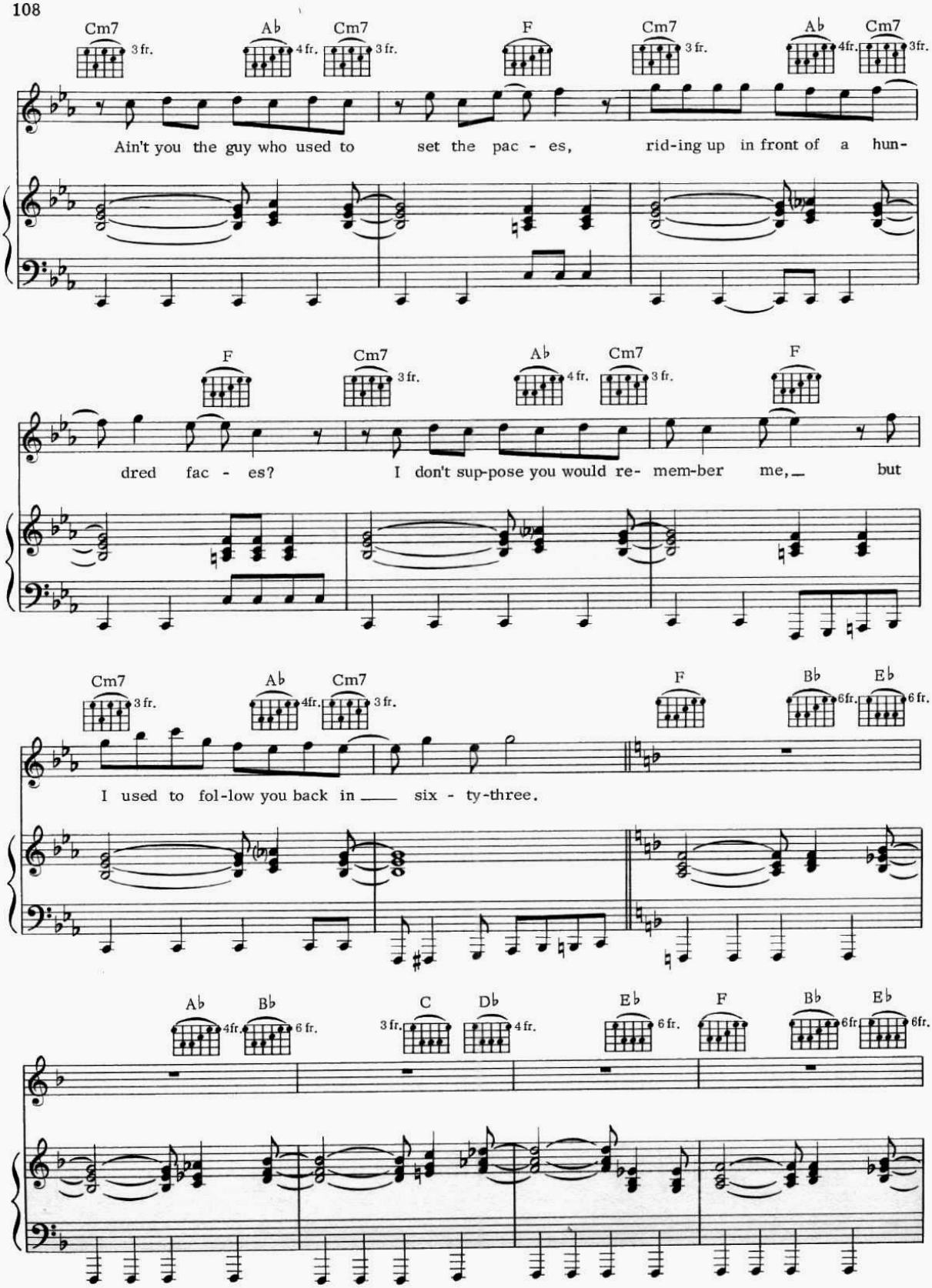
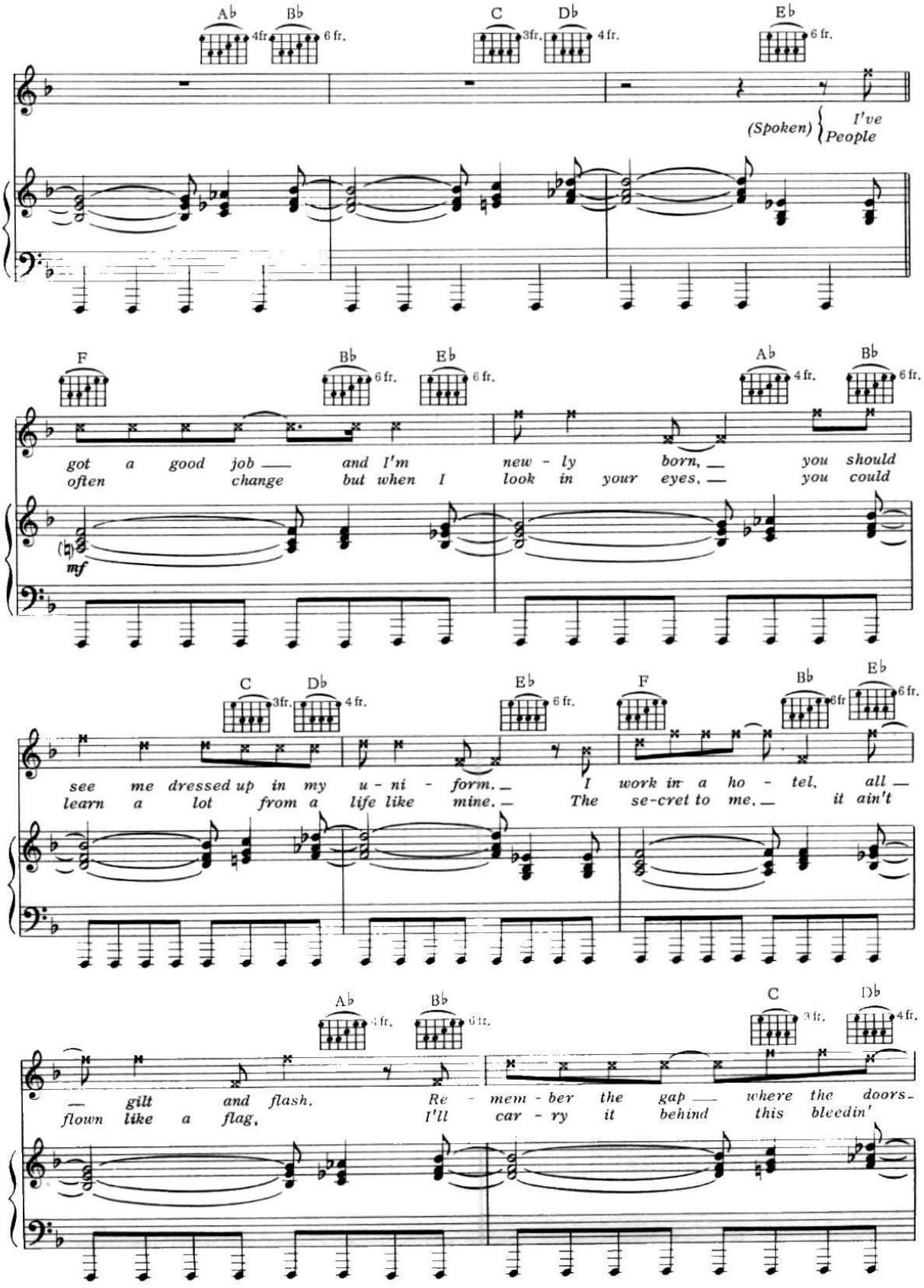
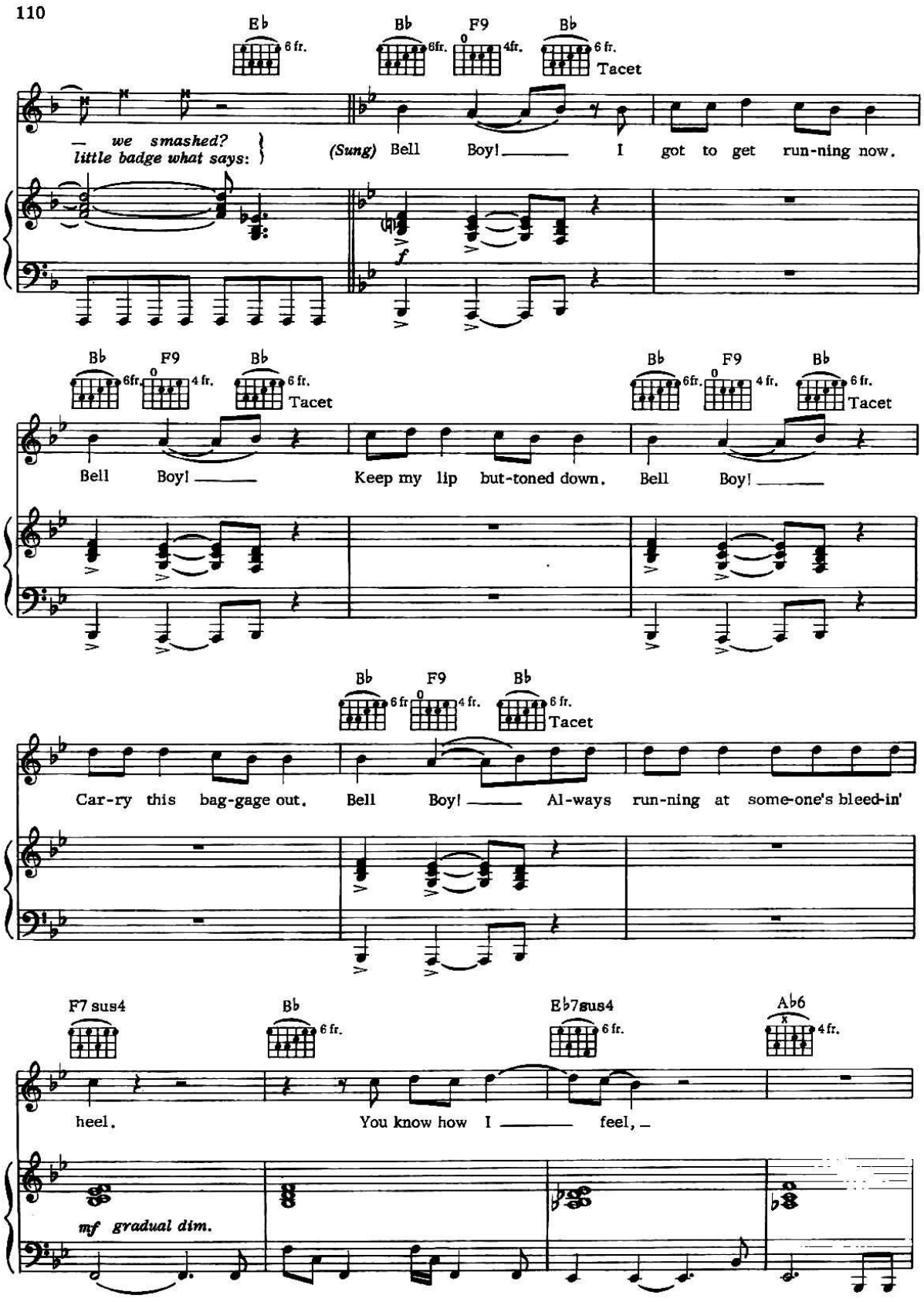
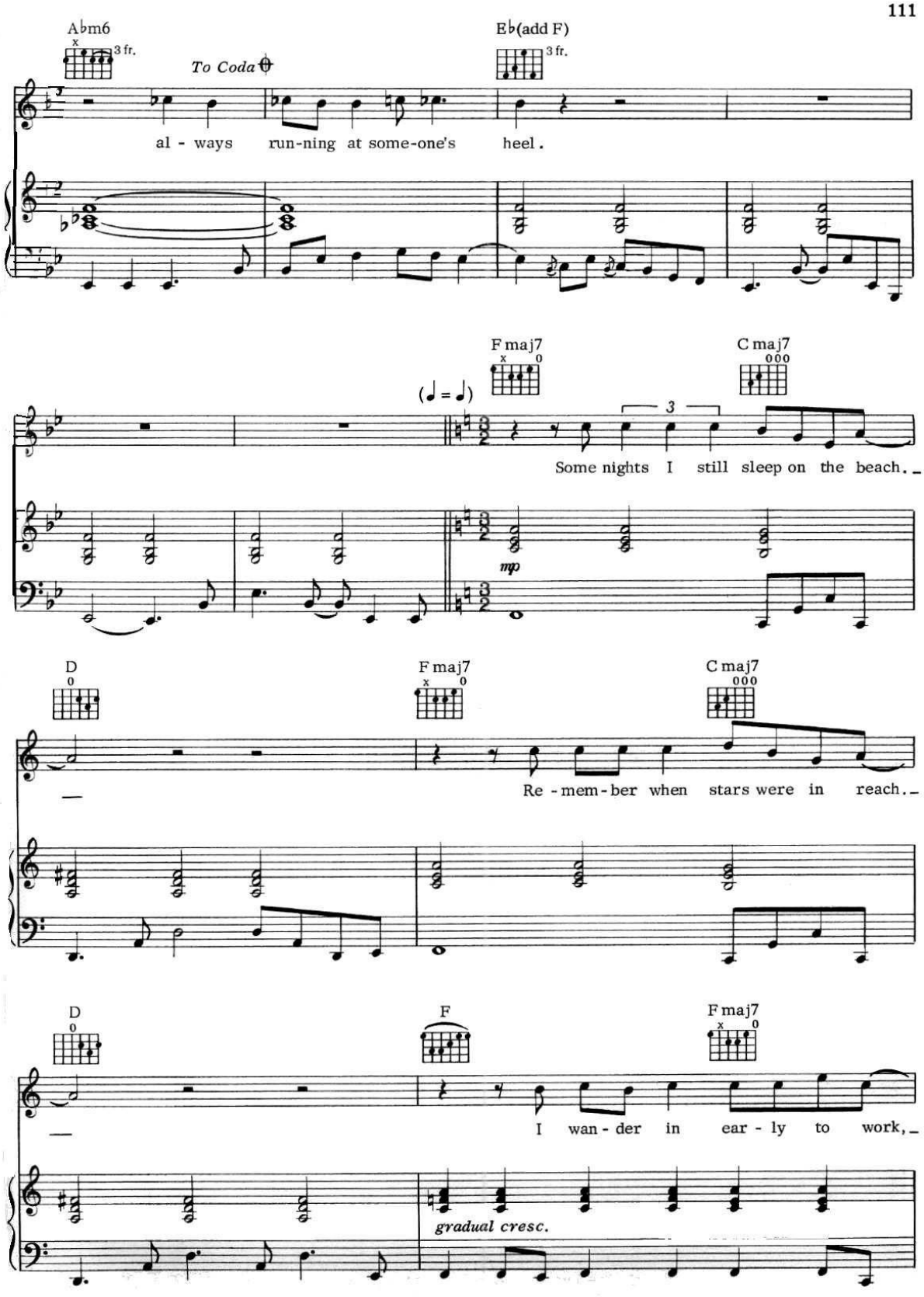
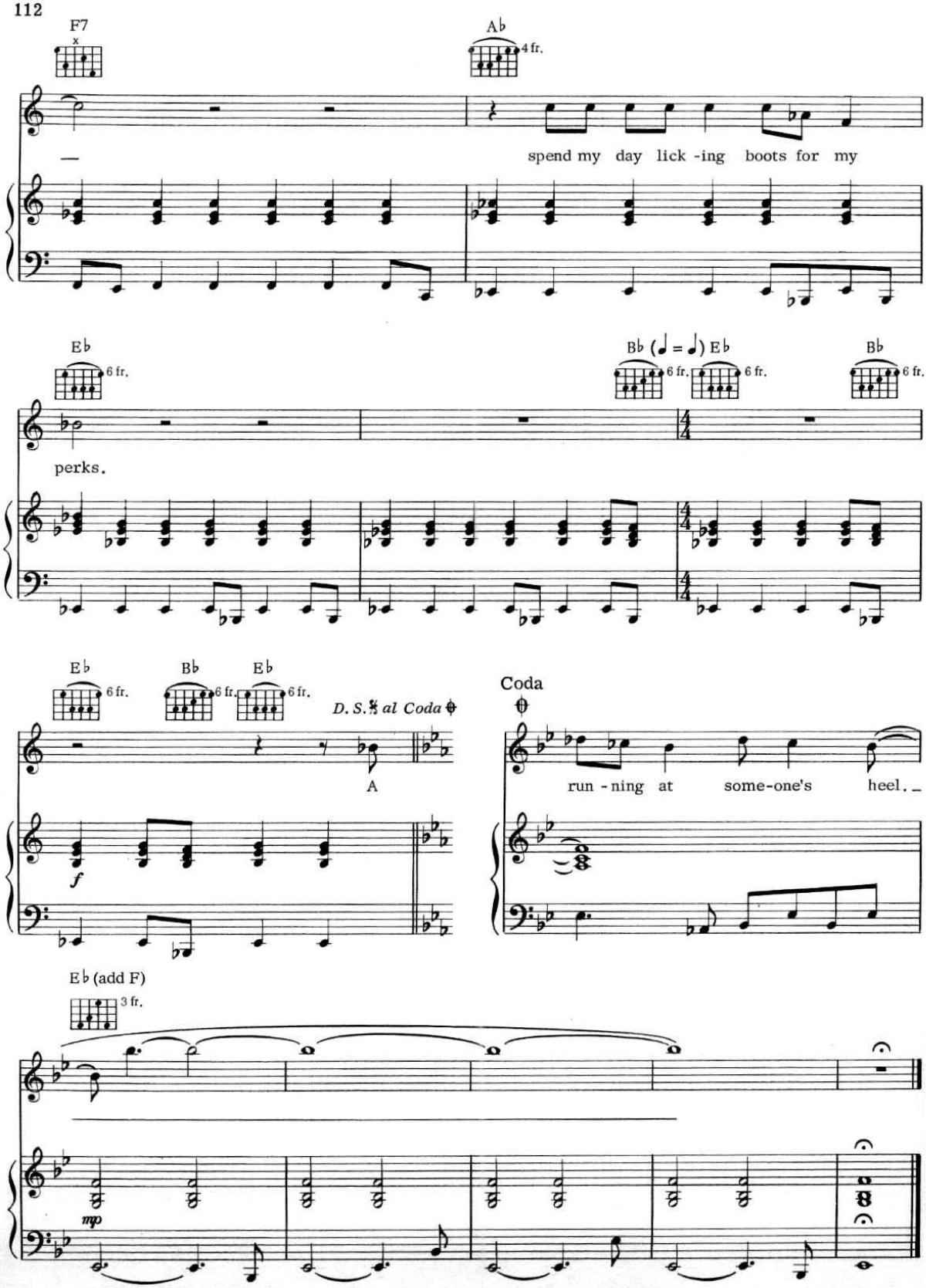

But I see a face com-ing through the haze, I re-
mem - ber him from those cra - zy days,
cra - zy days,
cra - zy days.


Cm7 3 fr.
Ab 4 fr.
Cm7 3 fr.
F
Cm7 3 fr.
Ab 4fr.
Cm7 3fr.
Ain't you the guy who used to set the pac - es, rid-ing up in front of a hun-
F
Cm7 3 fr.
Ab 4 fr.
Cm7 3 fr.
F
dred fac - es? I don't sup-pose you would re- mem-ber me, but
Cm7 3 fr.
Ab 4fr.
Cm7 3 fr.
F
Bb 6fr.
Eb 6 fr.
I used to fol-low you back in six - ty-three.
Ab 4fr.
Bb 6 fr.
C 3 fr.
Db 4 fr.
Eb 6 fr.
F
Bb 6fr.
Eb 6fr.


A♭ 4fr. B♭ 6 fr. C 3fr. D♭ 4 fr. E♭ 6 fr.
(Spoken) I've People
F B♭ 6 fr. E♭ 6 fr. A♭ 4 fr. B♭ 6 fr.
got a good job — and I'm new - ly born, — you should
often change but when I look in your eyes, — you could
mf
C 3fr. D♭ 4 fr. E♭ 6 fr. F B♭ 6fr E♭ 6 fr.
see me dressed up in my u - ni - form. — I work in a ho - tel, all —
learn a lot from a life like mine. — The se-cret to me, — it ain't
A♭ 4 fr. B♭ 6 fr. C 3 fr. D♭ 4 fr.
— gilt and flash. Re - mem - ber the gap — where the doors -
flown like a flag, I'll car - ry it behind this bleedin'


E♭ 6 fr.
B♭ 6fr.
F9 4fr.
B♭ 6 fr. Tacet
— we smashed? little badge what says:
(Sung) Bell Boy! I got to get run-ning now.
f
B♭ 6fr. F9 4 fr. B♭ 6 fr. Tacet
Bell Boy!
Keep my lip but-toned down.
Bell Boy!
B♭ 6 fr. F9 4 fr. B♭ 6 fr. Tacet
Car-ry this bag-gage out.
Bell Boy! Al-ways run-ning at some-one's bleed-in'
F7 sus4
B♭ 6 fr.
E♭7sus4 6 fr.
A♭6 4 fr.
heel.
You know how I feel, –
mf gradual dim.

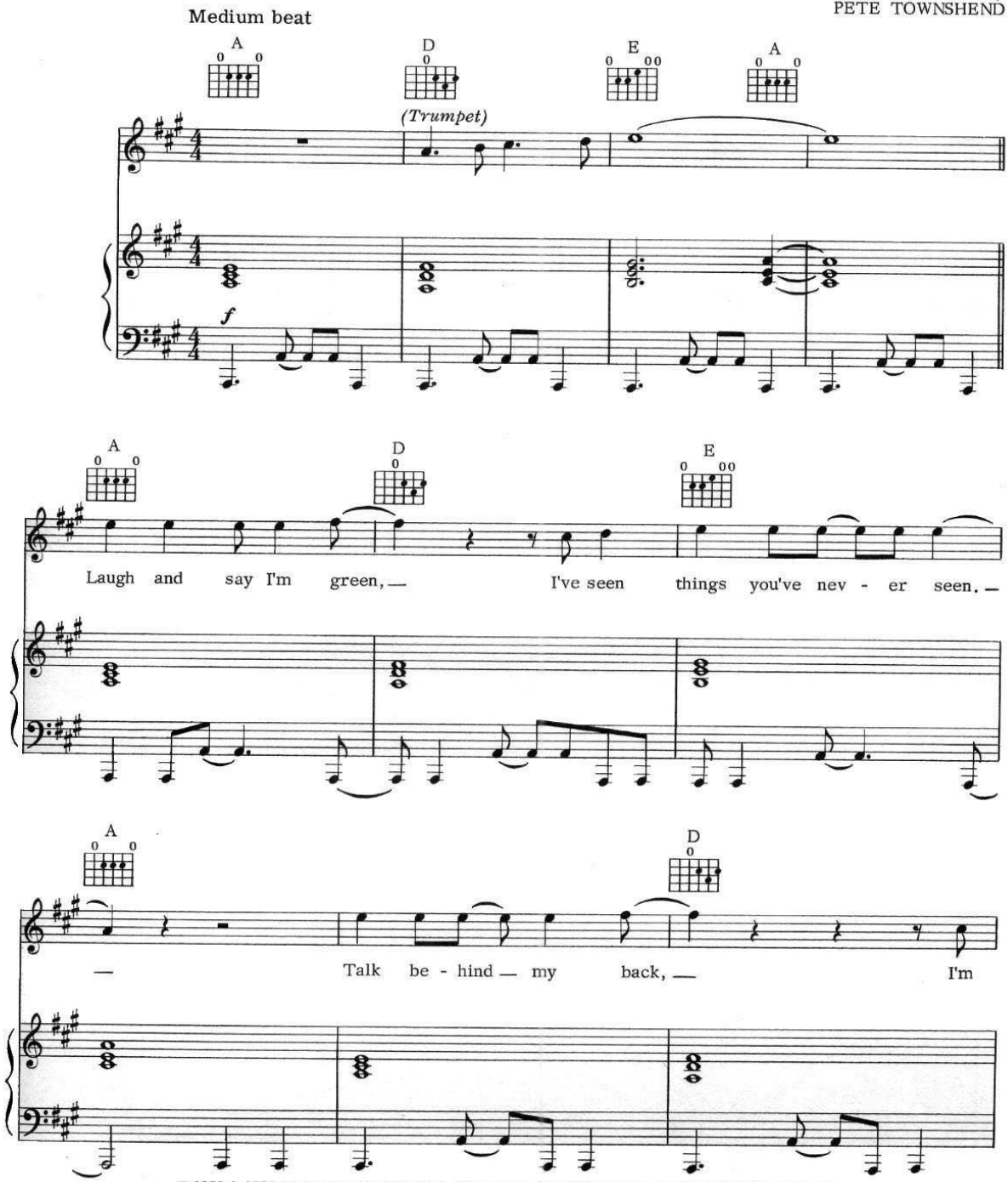

A♭m6
3 fr.
To Coda
E♭(add F)
3 fr.
al - ways run-ning at some-one's heel.
F maj7
C maj7
(♩ = ♩)
3
Some nights I still sleep on the beach.
mp
D
F maj7
C maj7
Re - mem - ber when stars were in reach.
D
F
F maj7
I wan - der in ear - ly to work,
gradual cresc.


F7
x
A♭
4 fr.
spend my day lick -ing boots for my
E♭
6 fr.
perks.
B♭ (♩ = ♩) E♭
6 fr.
6 fr.
B♭
6 fr.
4/4
E♭
6 fr.
B♭
6 fr.
E♭
6 fr.
D. S. 𝄋 al Coda
A
f
Coda
run -ning at some-one's heel.
E♭ (add F)
3 fr.
mp

DR. JIMMY

(Including John's theme, IS IT ME?)

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND



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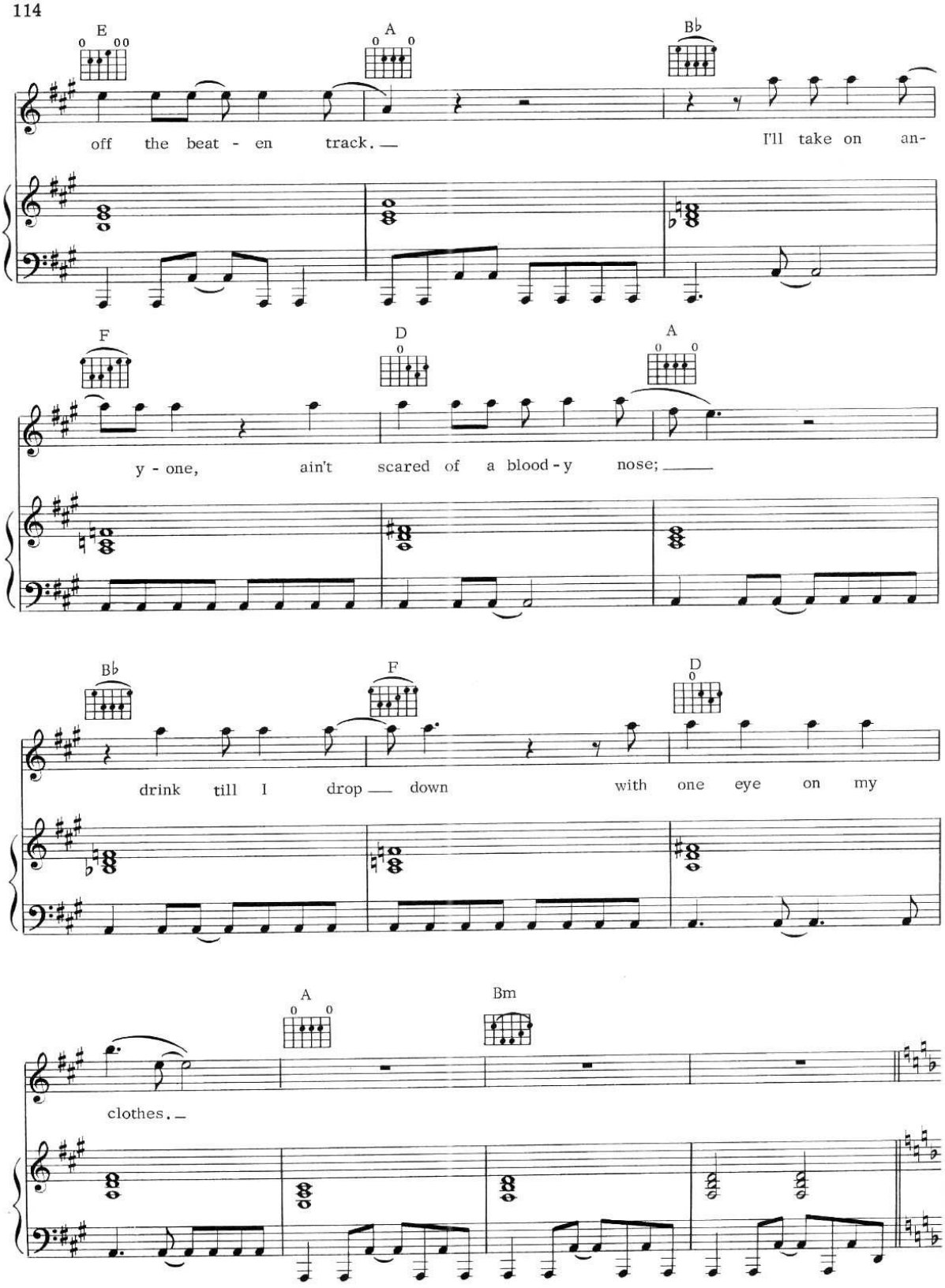
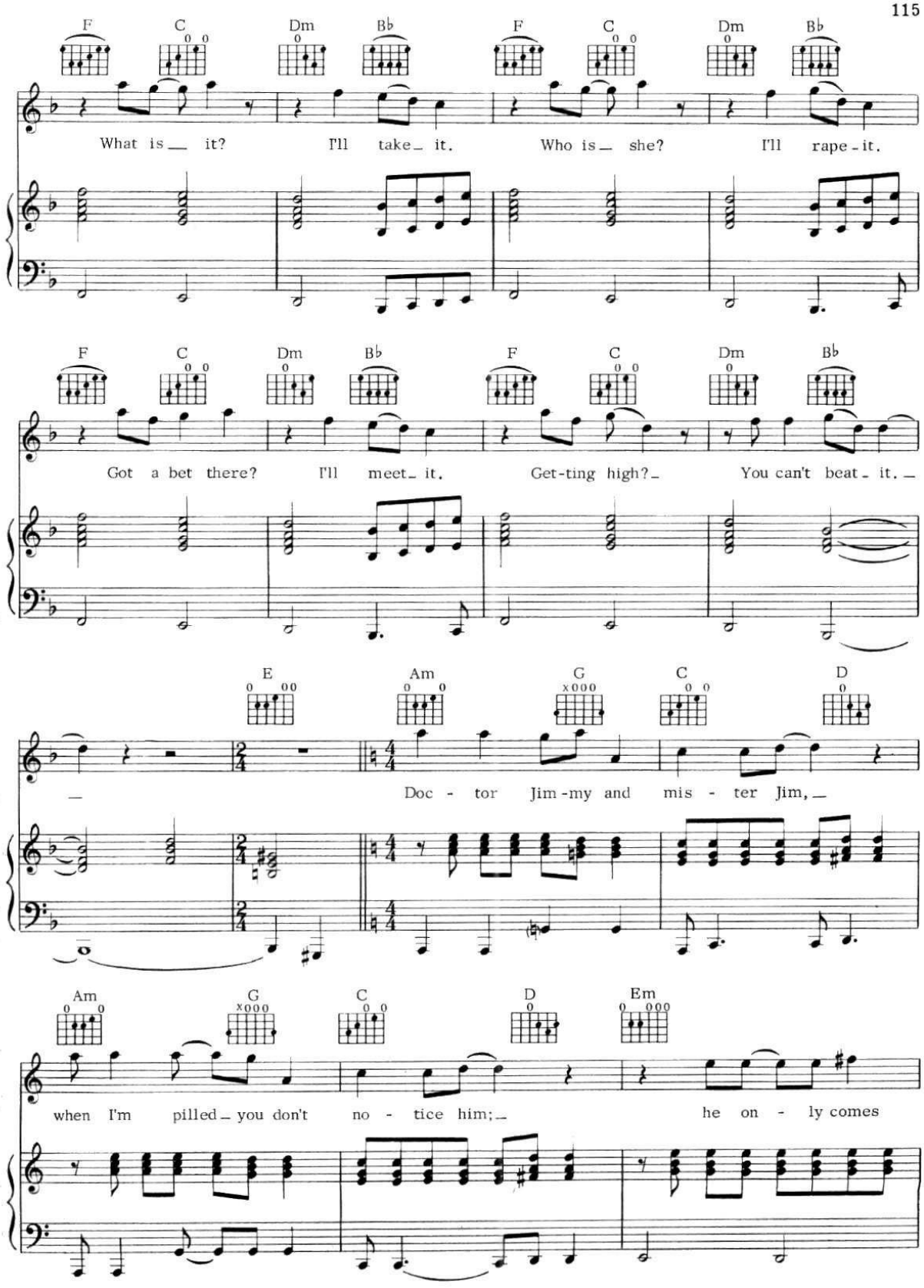
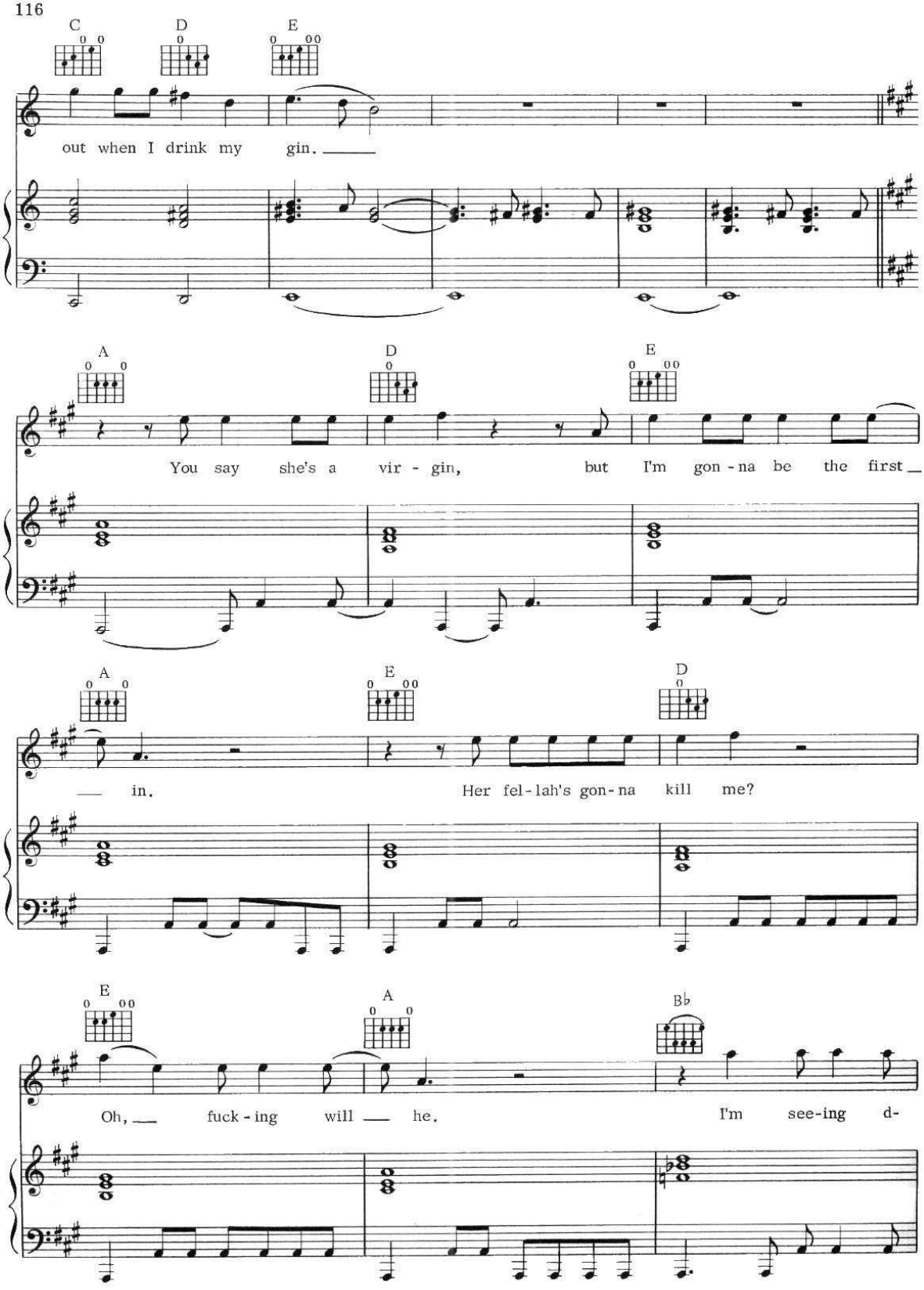
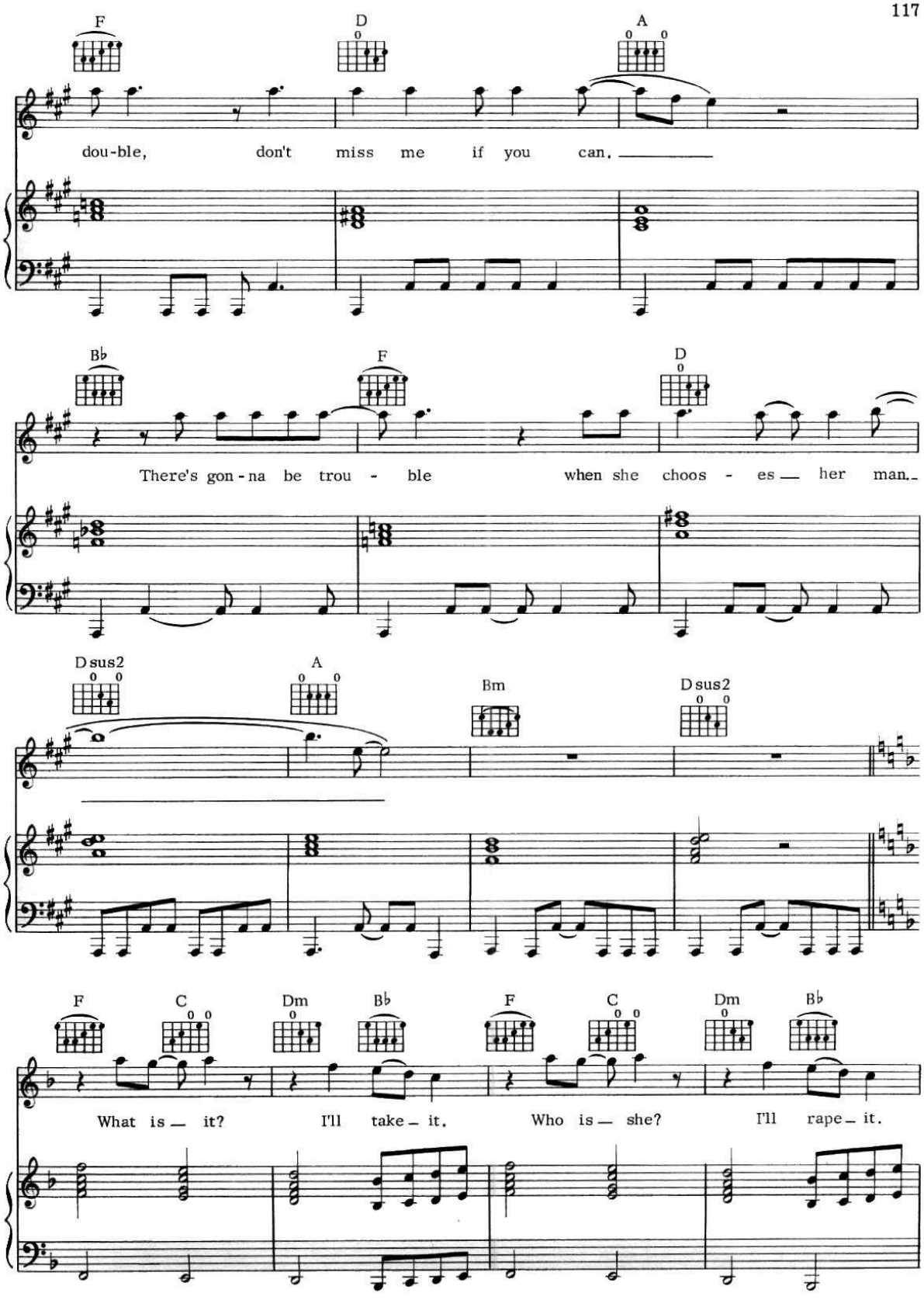
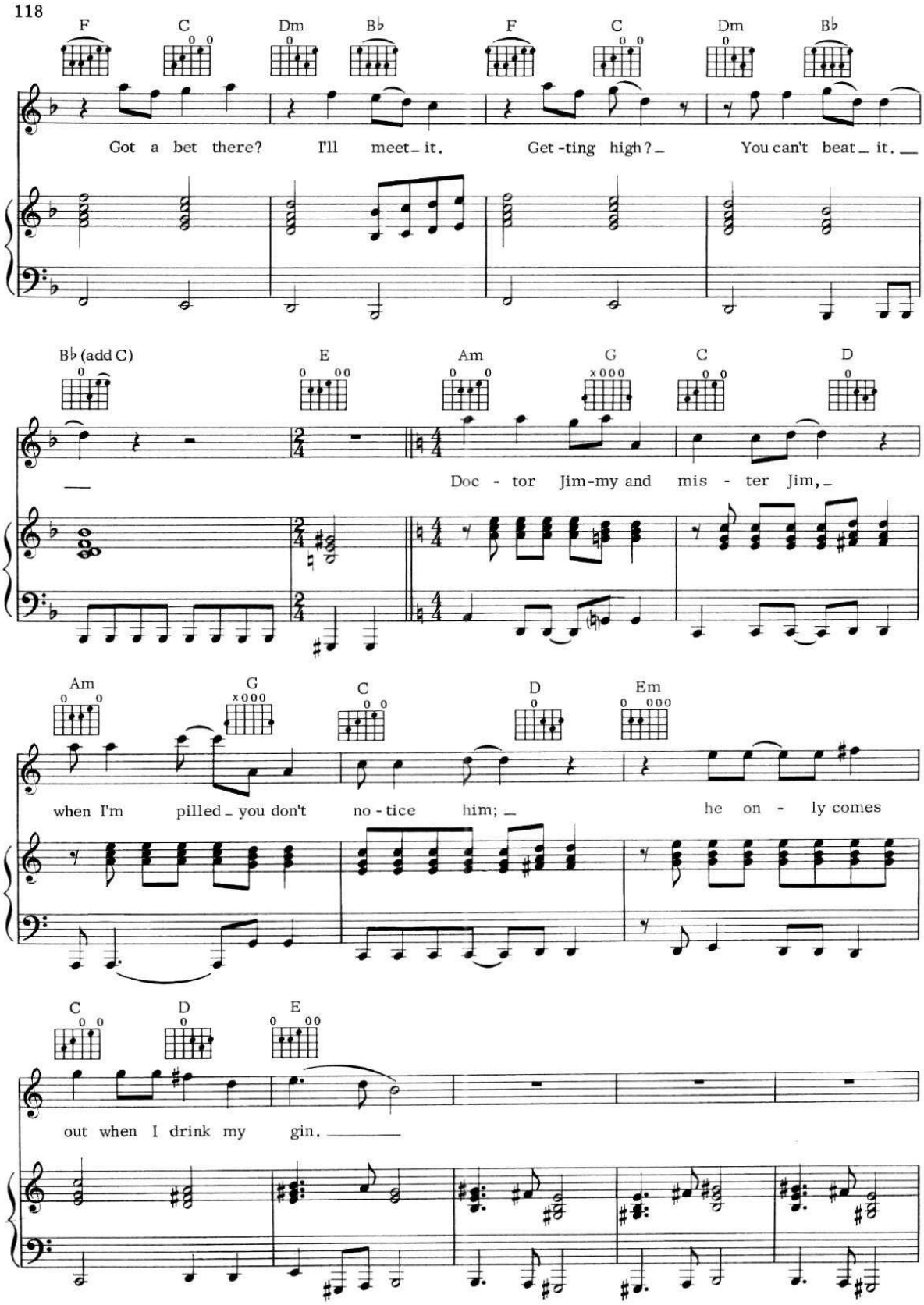
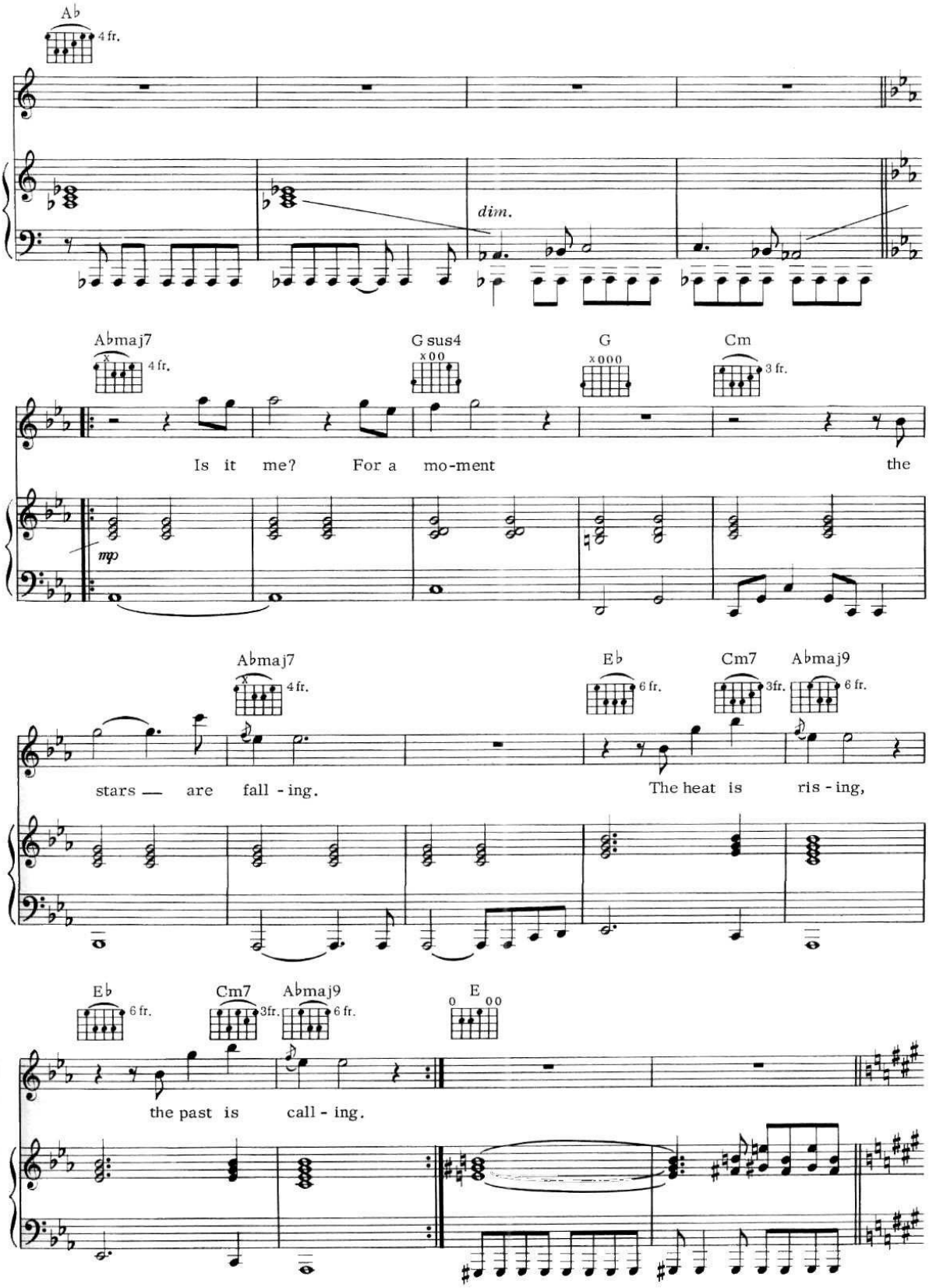

E
A
B♭
off the beat - en track. —
I'll take on an-
F
D
A
y - one, ain't scared of a blood - y nose; ——
B♭
F
D
drink till I drop — down with one eye on my
A
Bm
clothes. —

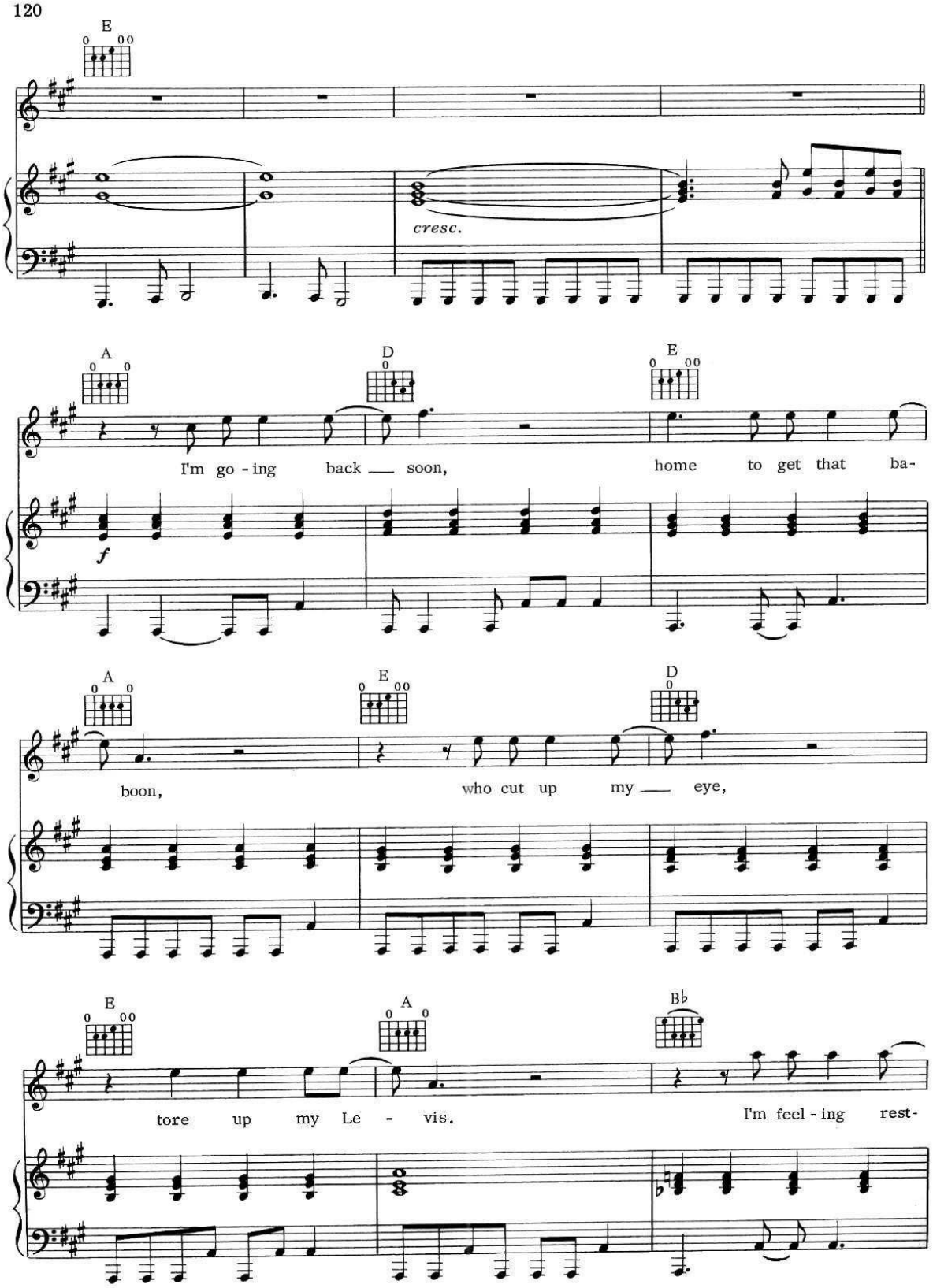

F C Dm B♭ F C Dm B♭
What is__ it? I'll take_ it. Who is_ she? I'll rape - it.
F C Dm B♭ F C Dm B♭
Got a bet there? I'll meet_ it. Get-ting high?_ You can't beat - it._
E Am G C D
Doc - tor Jim - my and mis - ter Jim,_
Am G C D Em
when I'm pilled_ you don't no - tice him;_ he on - ly comes

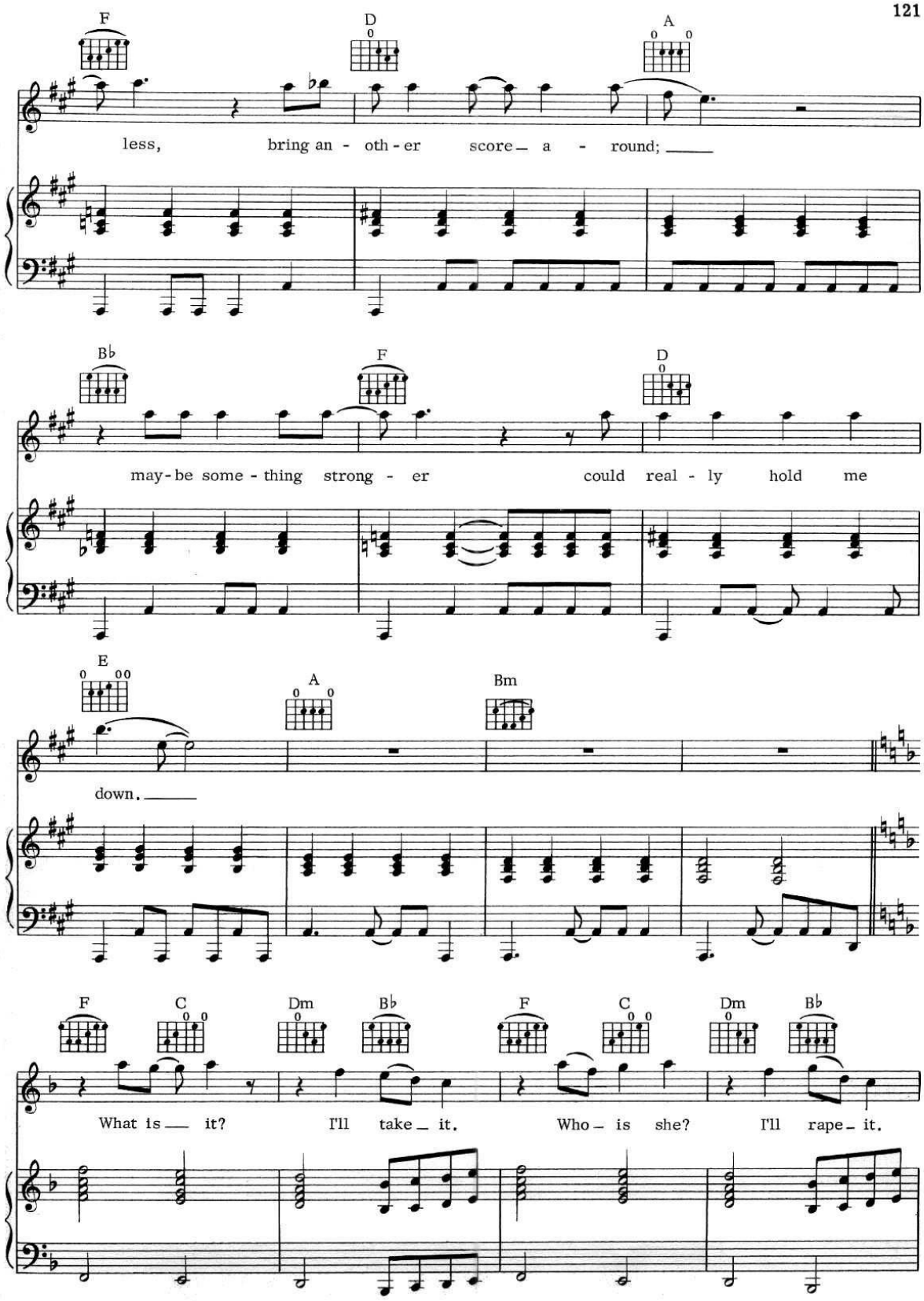

C
D
E
out when I drink my gin.
A
D
E
You say she's a vir - gin, but I'm gon - na be the first
A
E
D
in. Her fel - lah's gon - na kill me?
E
A
B♭
Oh, fuck - ing will he. I'm see-ing d-

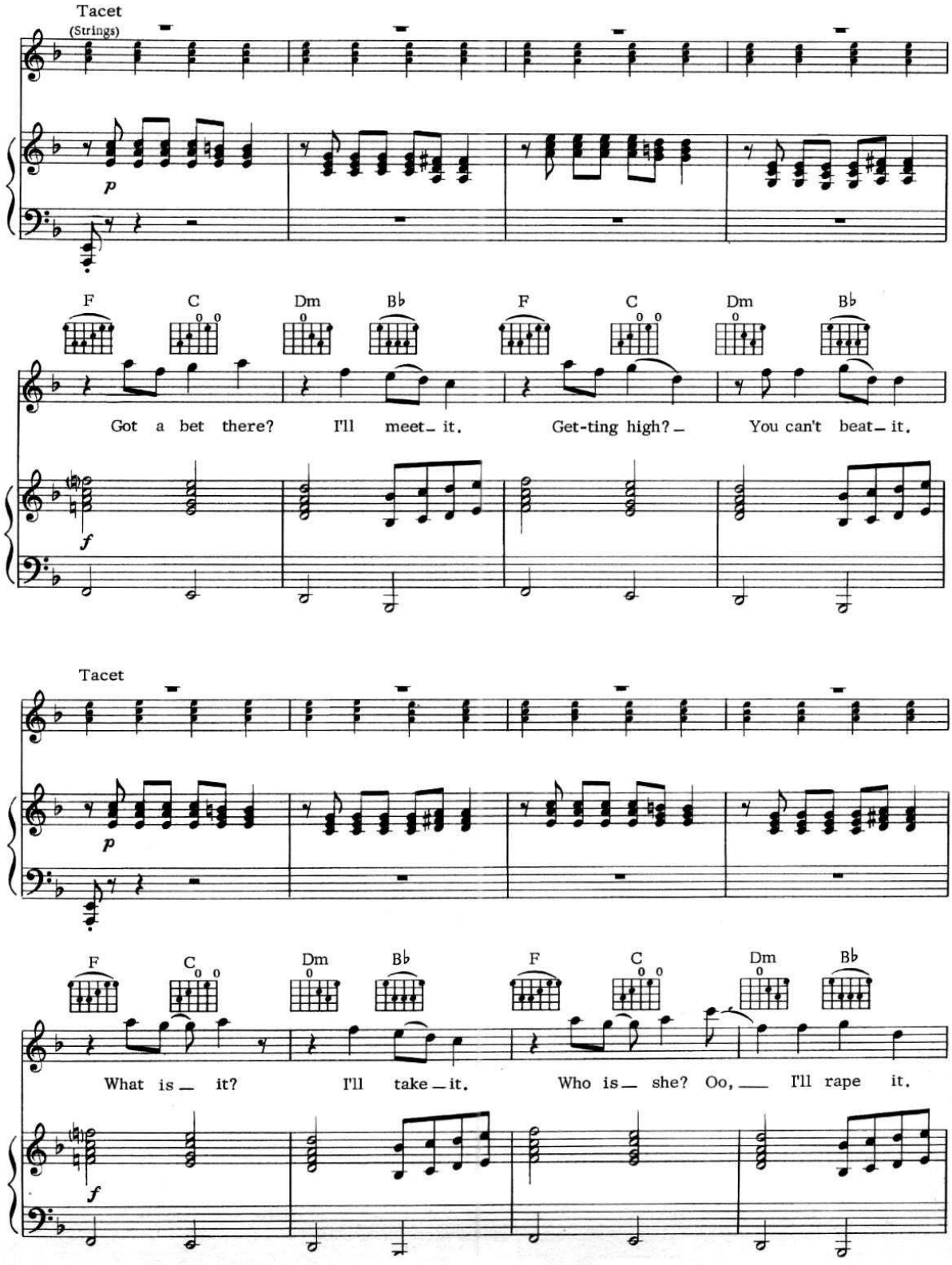

F
D
A
dou-ble, don't miss me if you can.
B♭
F
D
There's gon-na be trou - ble when she choos - es her man.
Dsus2
A
Bm
Dsus2
F
C
Dm
B♭
F
C
Dm
B♭
What is it?
I'll take it.
Who is she?
I'll rape it.

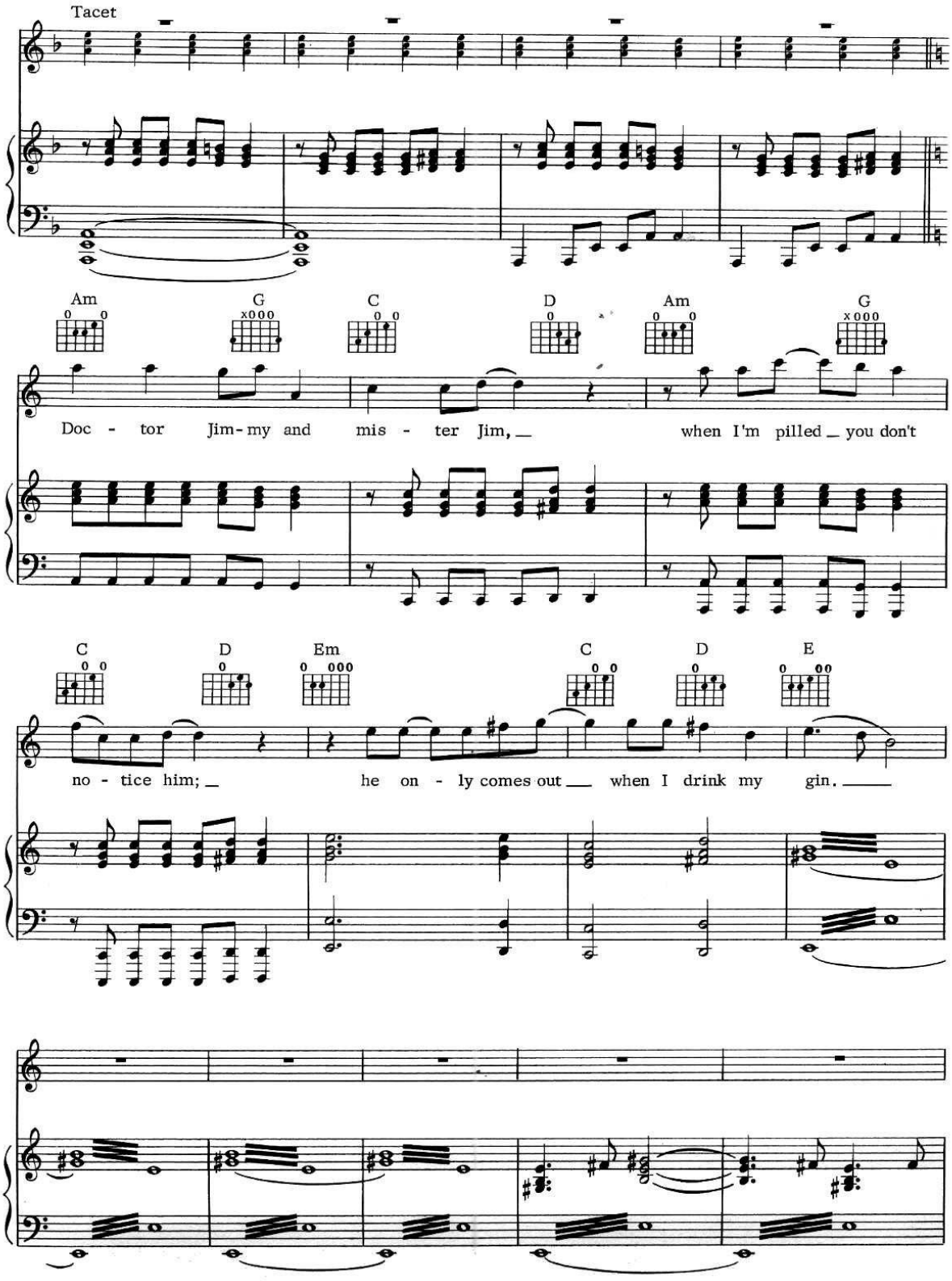

F C Dm B♭ F C Dm B♭
Got a bet there? I'll meet_ it. Get-ting high?_ You can't beat_ it.__
B♭ (add C) E Am G C D
Doc - tor Jim-my and mis - ter Jim,_
Am G C D Em
when I'm pilled_ you don't no-tice him;_ he on - ly comes
C D E
out when I drink my gin.

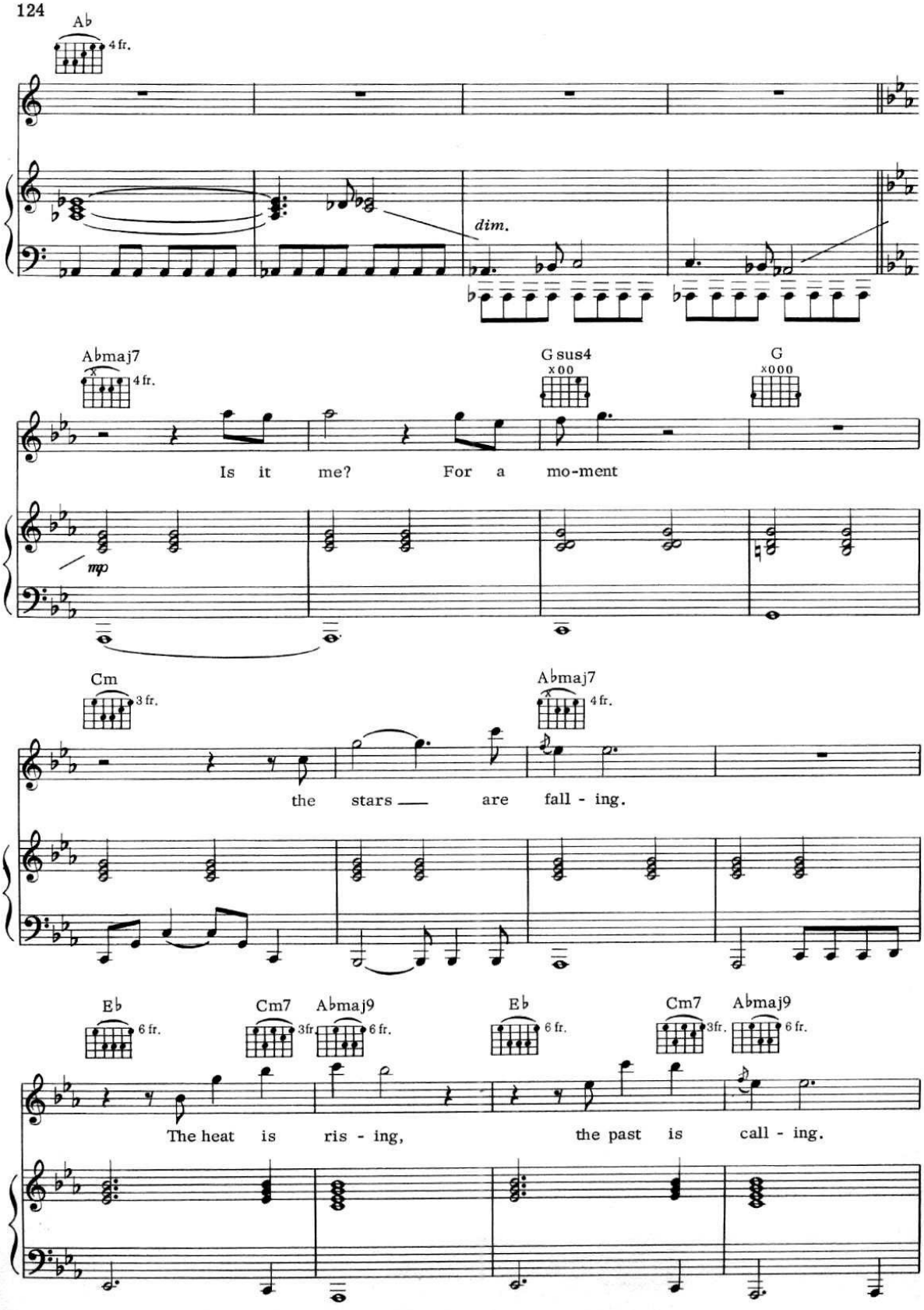

Ab
4 fr.
dim.
Abmaj7
4 fr.
G sus4
x00
G
x000
Cm
3 fr.
Is it me? For a mo-ment the
mp
Abmaj7
4 fr.
Eb
6 fr.
Cm7
3fr.
Abmaj9
6 fr.
stars — are fall - ing.
The heat is ris - ing,
Eb
6 fr.
Cm7
3fr.
Abmaj9
6 fr.
E
0 00
the past is call - ing.

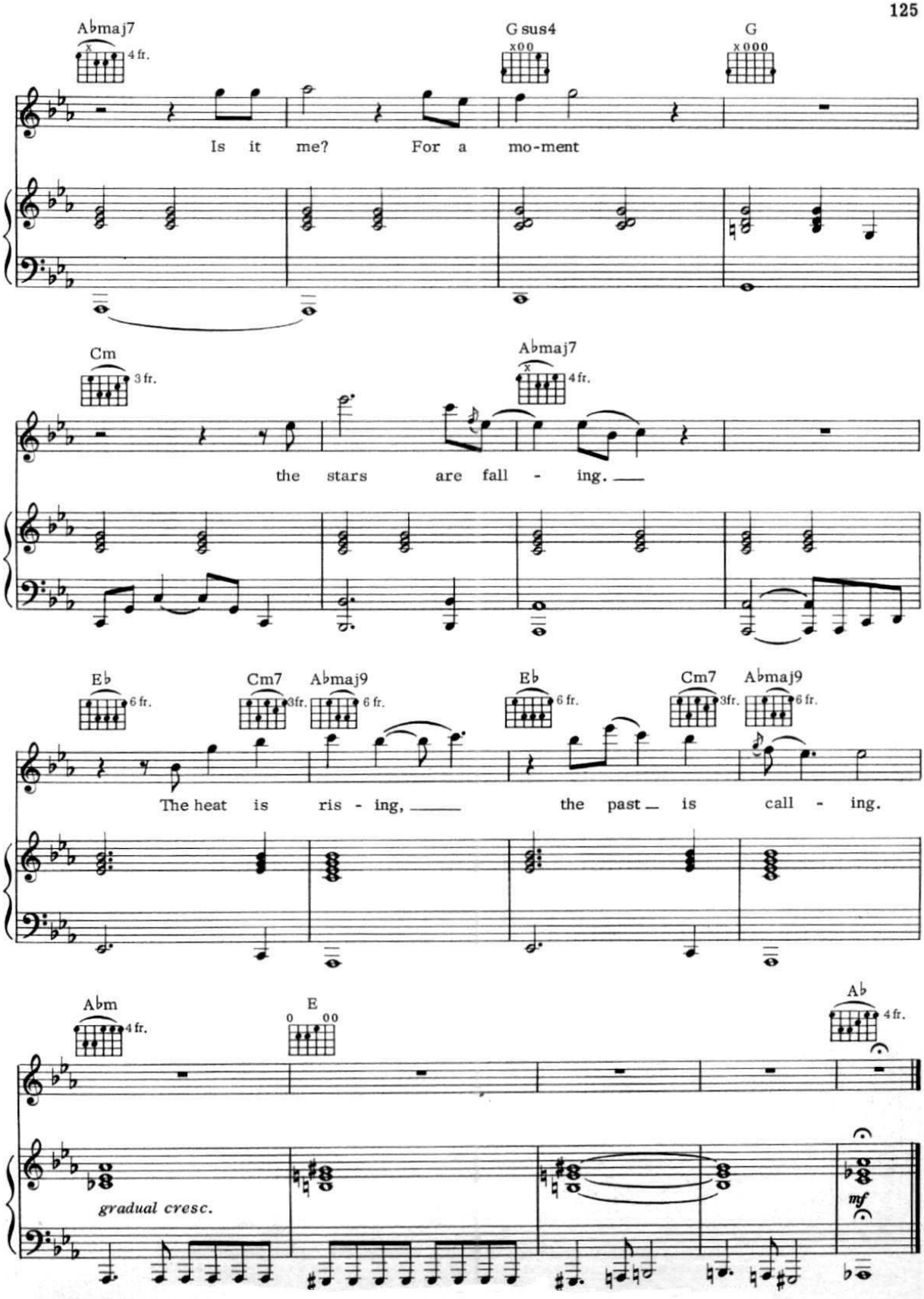

E
cresc.
A
D
E
I'm go - ing back — soon, home to get that ba-
f
A
E
D
boon, who cut up my — eye,
E
A
Bb
tore up my Le - vis. I'm feel - ing rest-


F
D
A
less, bring an - oth - er score a - round;
B♭
F
D
may - be some - thing strong - er could real - ly hold me
E
A
Bm
down.
F
C
Dm
B♭
F
C
Dm
B♭
What is it? I'll take it. Who is she? I'll rape it.


Tacet
(Strings)
p
F C Dm B♭ F C Dm B♭
Got a bet there? I'll meet it. Get-ting high? You can't beat it.
f
Tacet
p
F C Dm B♭ F C Dm B♭
What is it? I'll take it. Who is she? Oo, I'll rape it.
f

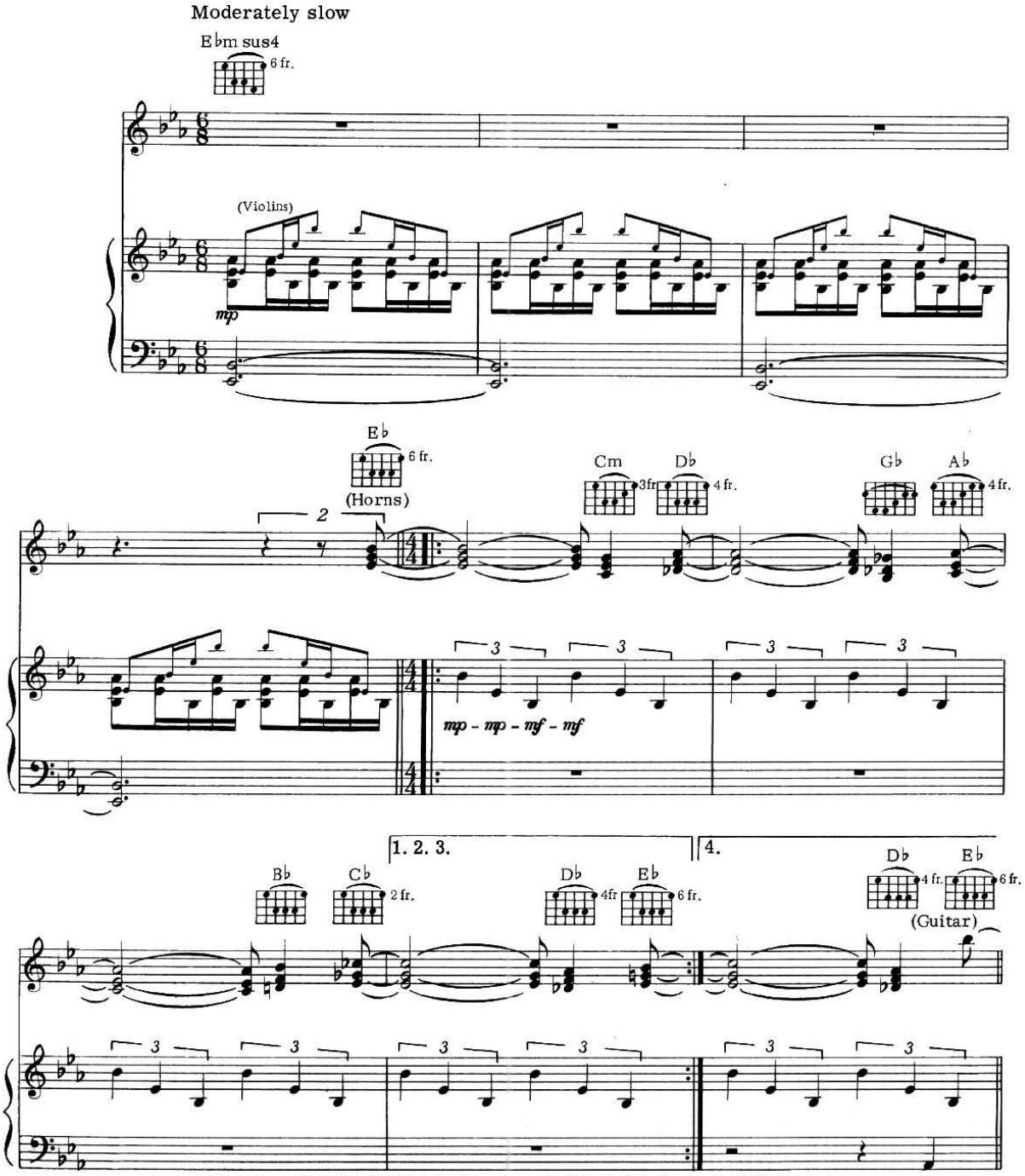

Tacet
Am
G
C
D
Am
G
Doc - tor Jim-my and mis - ter Jim, _ when I'm pilled _ you don't
C
D
Em
C
D
E
no - tice him; _ he on - ly comes out __ when I drink my gin. ___


A♭
4 fr.
dim.
A♭maj7
4 fr.
G sus4
x00
G
x000
Is it me? For a mo-ment
mp
Cm
3 fr.
A♭maj7
4 fr.
the stars — are fall - ing.
E♭
6 fr.
Cm7
3fr.
A♭maj9
6 fr.
E♭
6 fr.
Cm7
3fr.
A♭maj9
6 fr.
The heat is ris - ing, the past is call - ing.


A♭maj7
4 fr.
G sus4
x00
G
x 000
Is it me? For a mo-ment
Cm
3 fr.
A♭maj7
4 fr.
the stars are fall - ing.
E♭
6 fr.
Cm7
3fr.
A♭maj9
6 fr.
E♭
6 fr.
Cm7
3fr.
A♭maj9
6 fr.
The heat is ris - ing, the past is call - ing.
A♭m
4 fr.
E
0 00
A♭
4 fr.
gradual cresc.
mf

THE ROCK

By PETE TOWNSHEND



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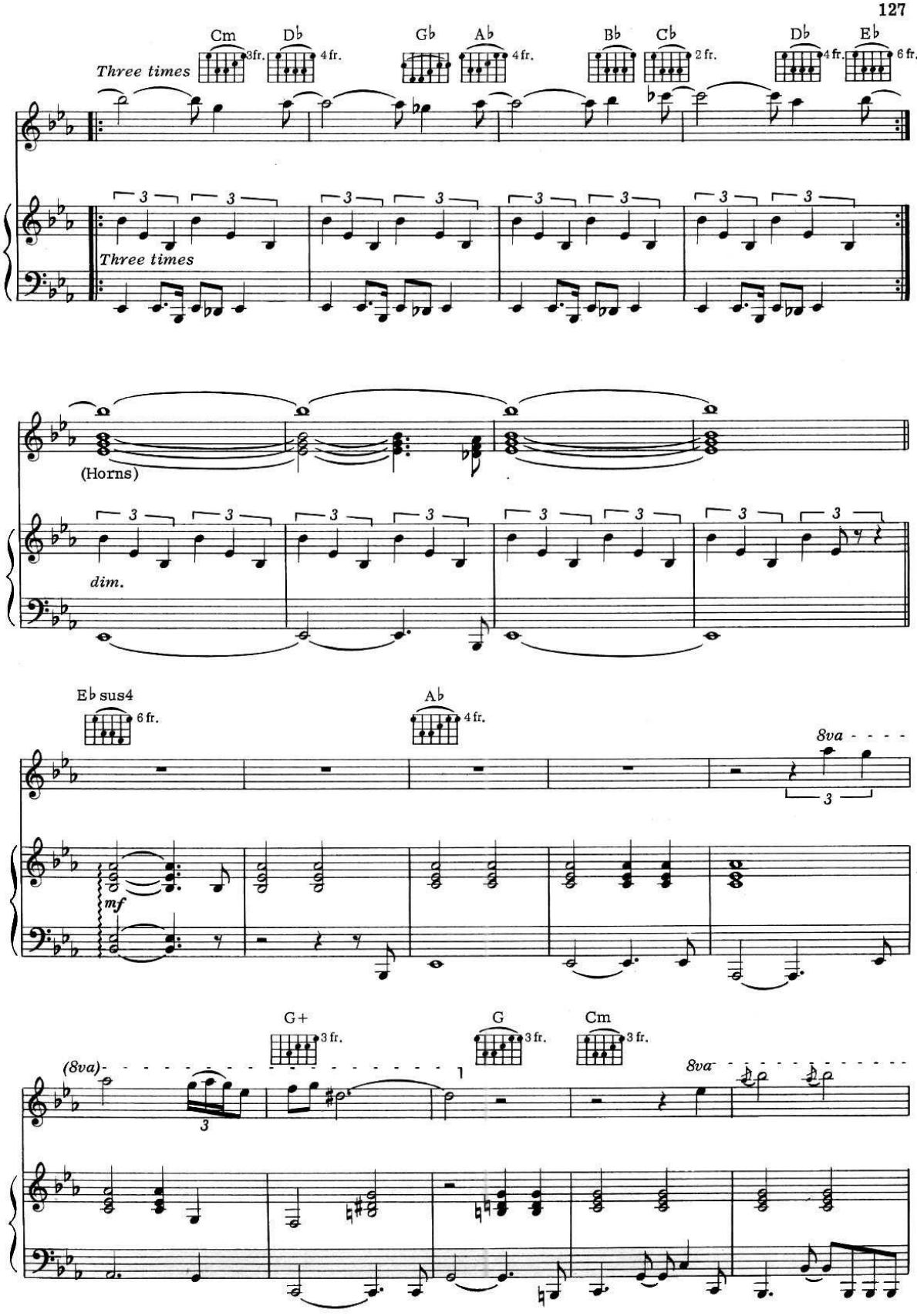
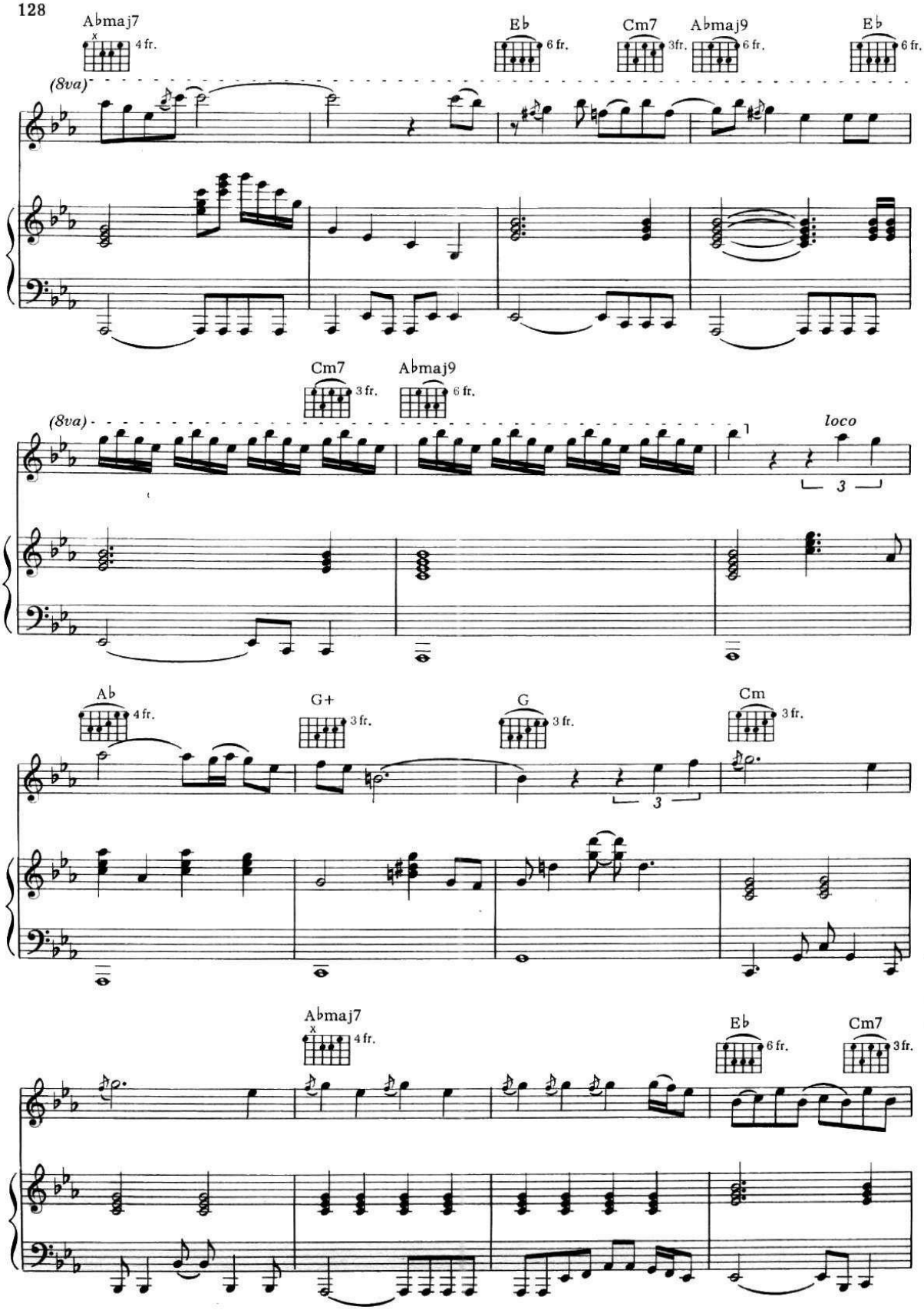
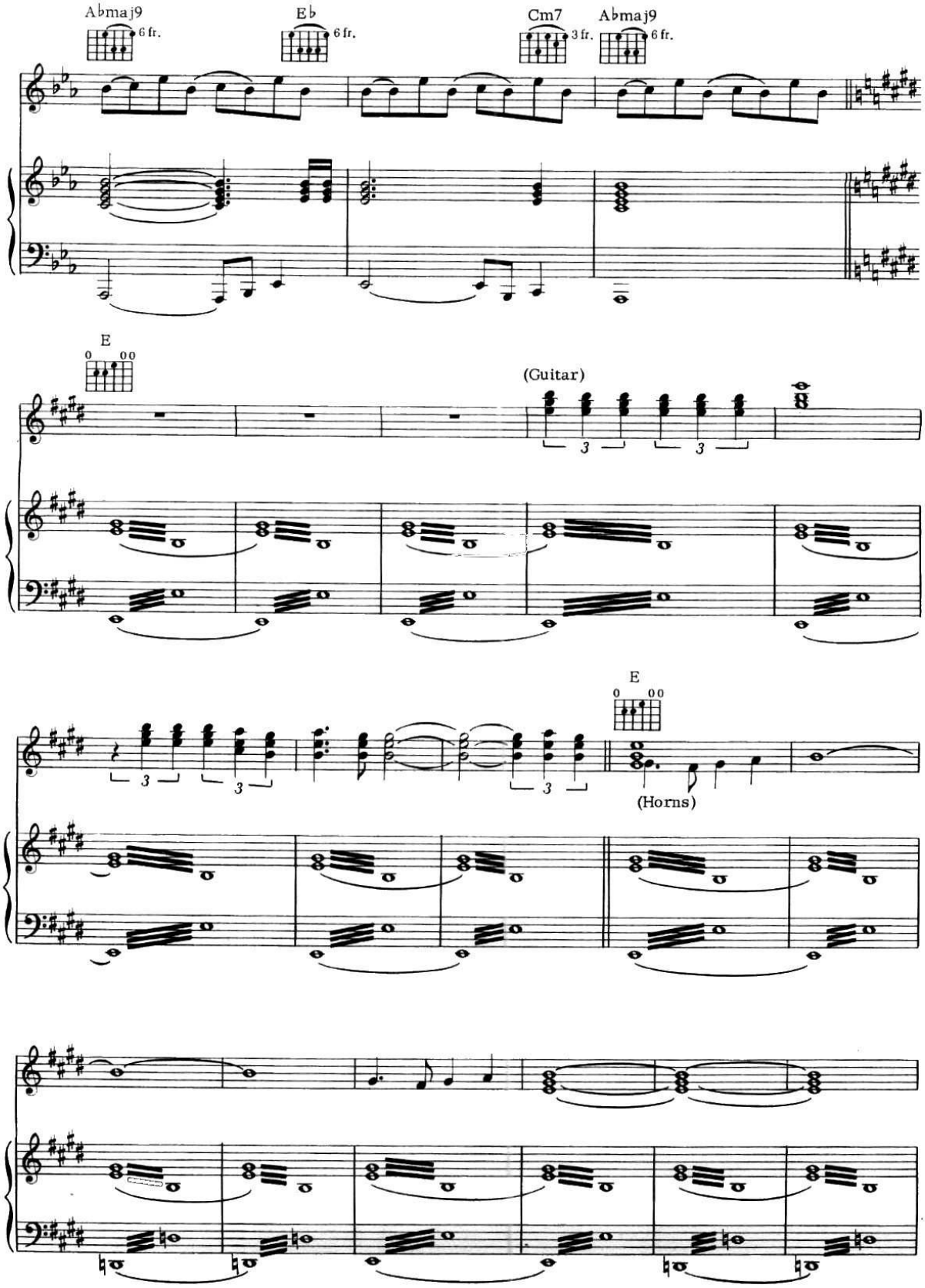
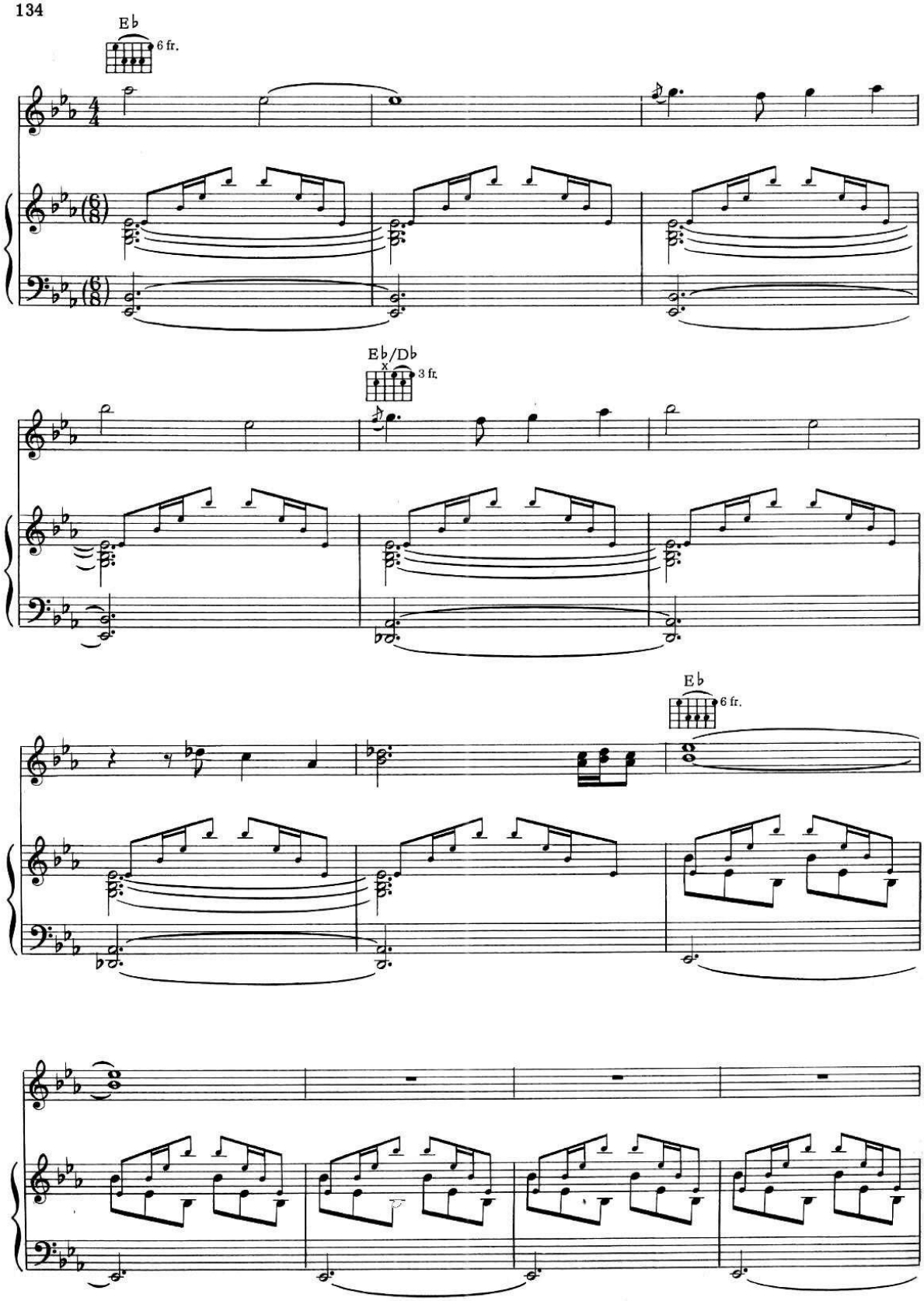
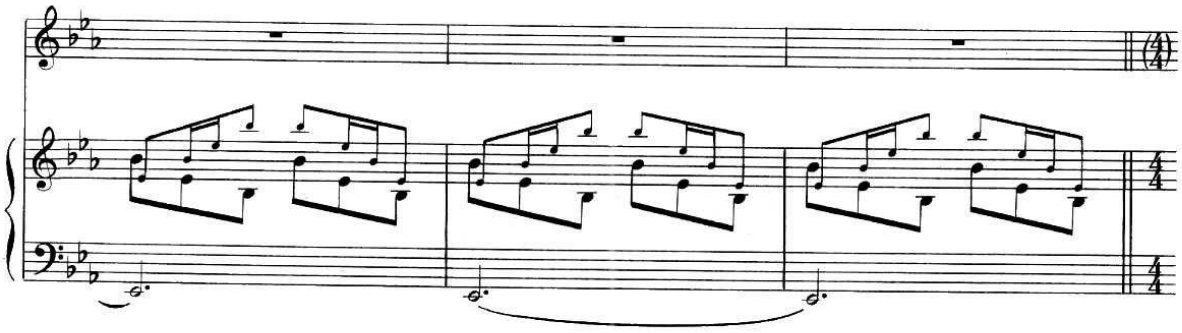
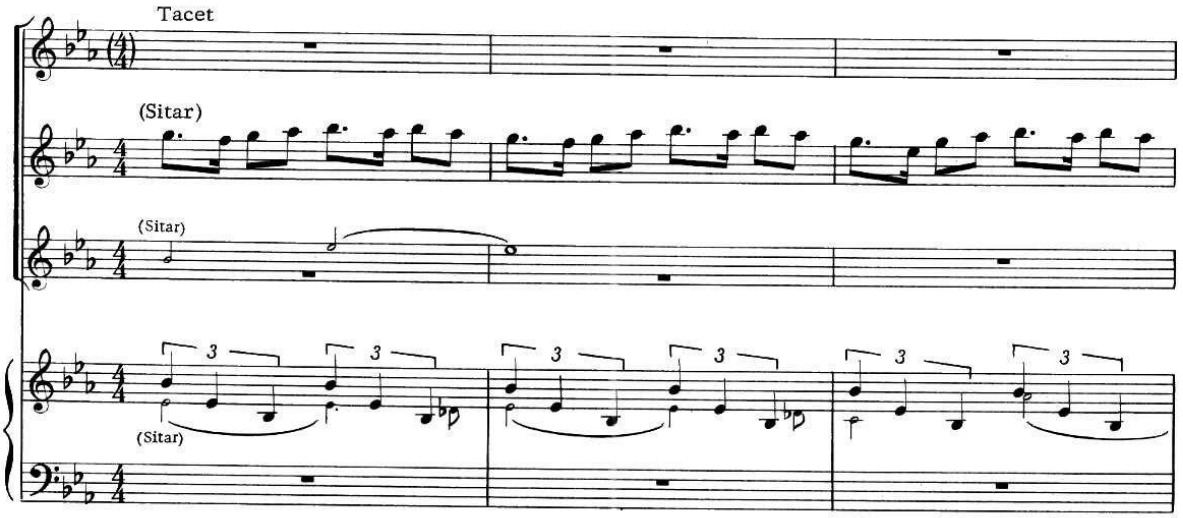

Cm
3fr.
Db
4fr.
Gb
Ab
4fr.
Bb
Cb
2fr.
Db
4fr.
Eb
6fr.
Three times
Three times
(Horns)
dim.
Eb sus4
6fr.
Ab
4fr.
8va
mf
G+
3fr.
G
3fr.
Cm
3fr.
(8va)
8va

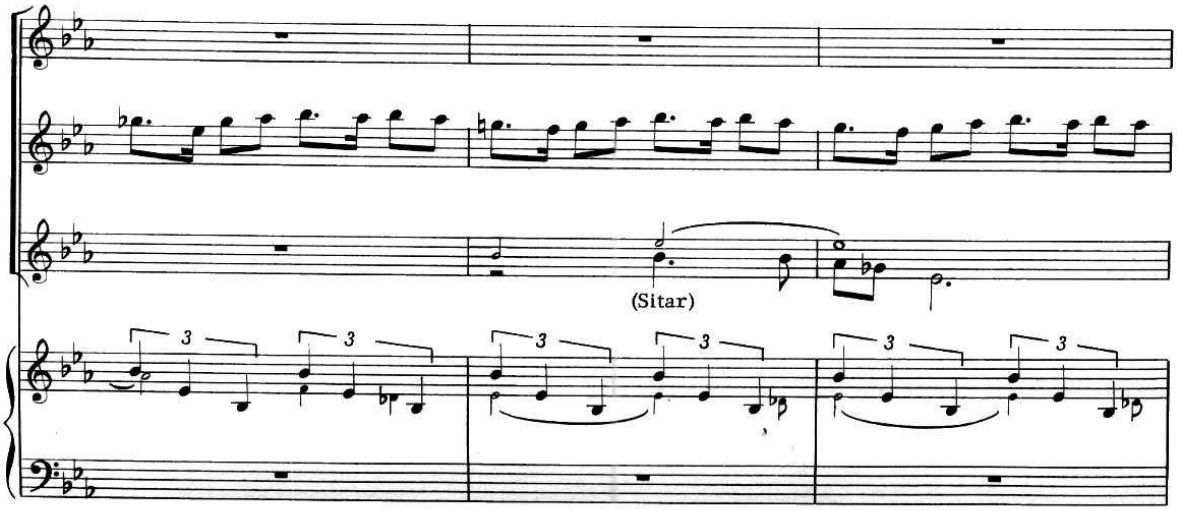

A♭maj7
4 fr.
E♭
6 fr.
Cm7
3fr.
A♭maj9
6 fr.
E♭
6 fr.
(8va)
Cm7
3 fr.
A♭maj9
6 fr.
(8va)
loco
3
A♭
4 fr.
G+
3 fr.
G
3 fr.
Cm
3 fr.
3
A♭maj7
4 fr.
E♭
6 fr.
Cm7
3 fr.

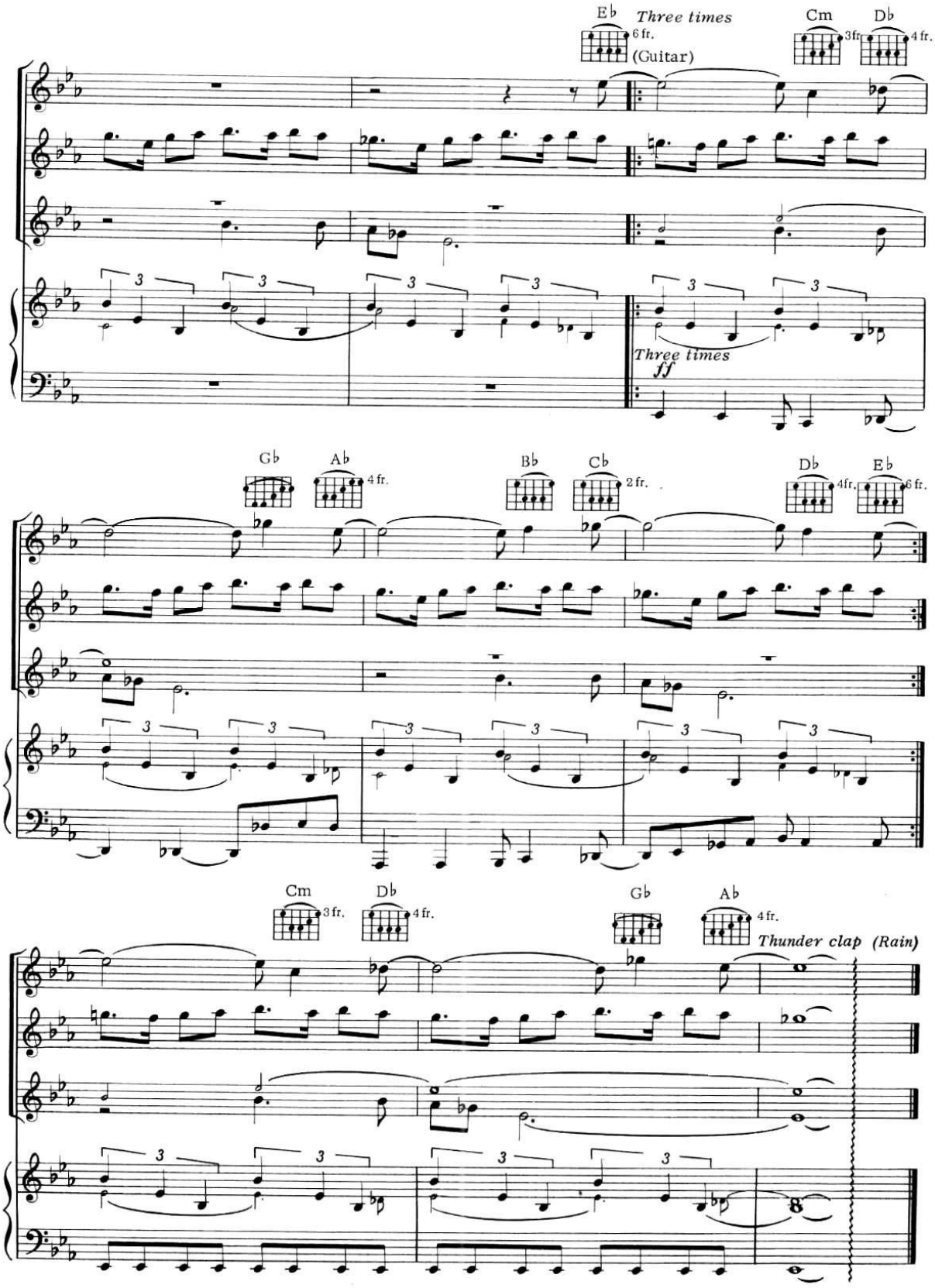

Abmaj9
6 fr.
Eb
6 fr.
Cm7
3 fr.
Abmaj9
6 fr.
E
(Guitar)
E
(Horns)


E♭
6 fr.
E♭/D♭
3 fr.
E♭
6 fr.




Tacet
(Sitar)
(Sitar)
(Sitar)

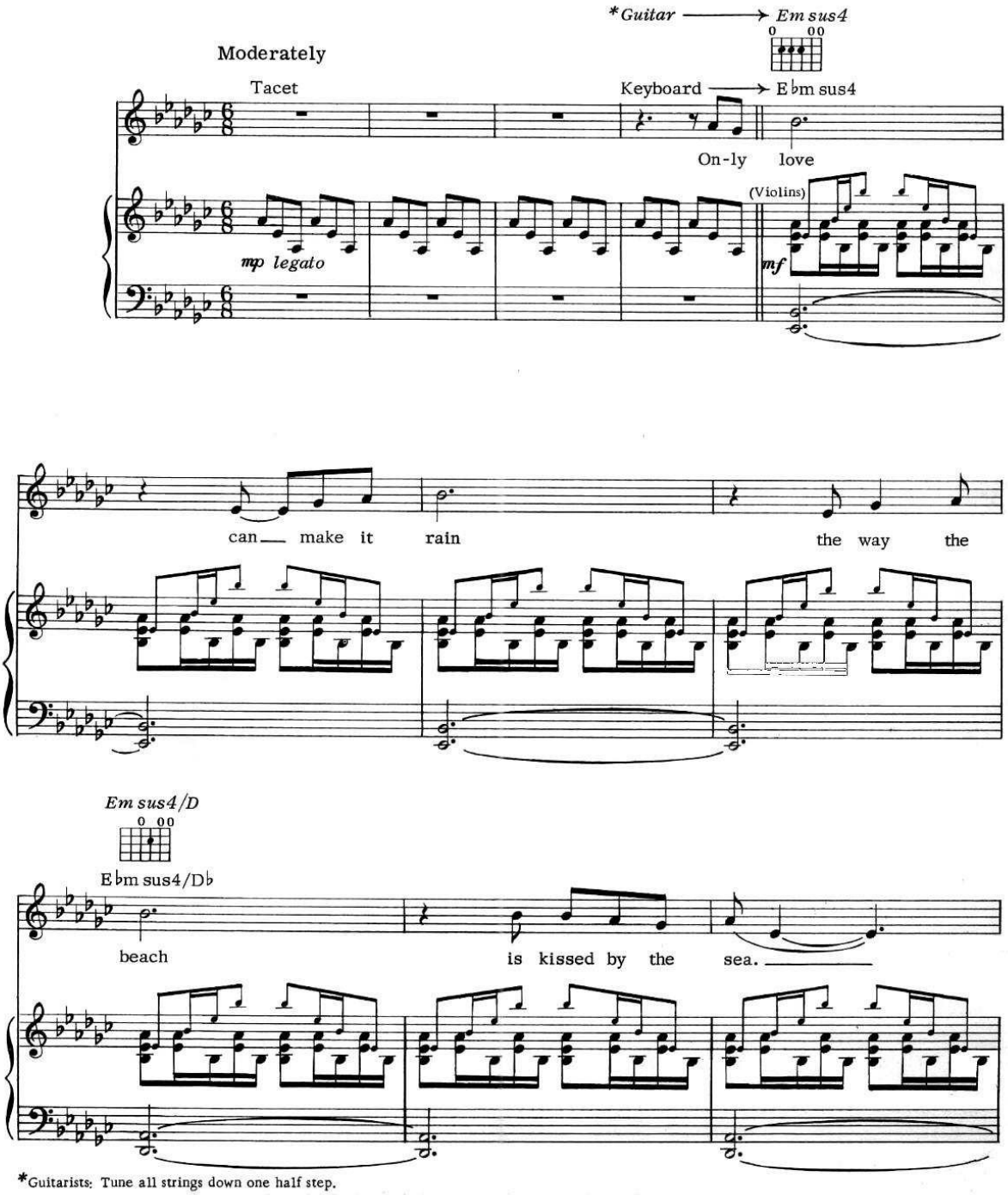

(Sitar)


E♭
Three times
6 fr.
(Guitar)
Cm
3fr.
D♭
4 fr.
Three times
ff
G♭
A♭
4 fr.
B♭
C♭
2 fr.
D♭
4fr.
E♭
6 fr.
Cm
3 fr.
D♭
4 fr.
G♭
A♭
4 fr.
Thunder clap (Rain)

LOVE, REIGN O'ER ME

(Pete's theme)

Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND



*Guitarists: Tune all strings down one half step.

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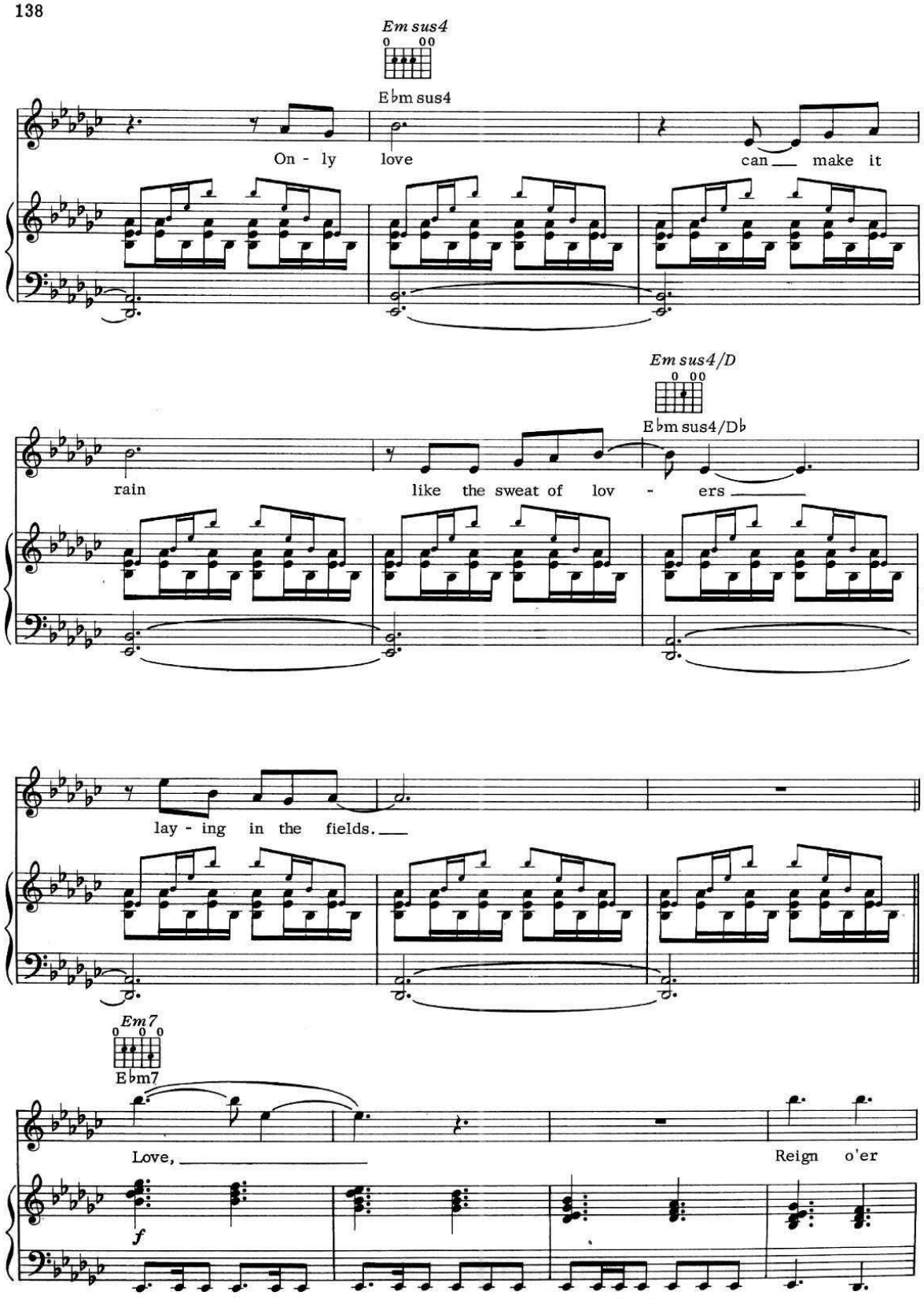
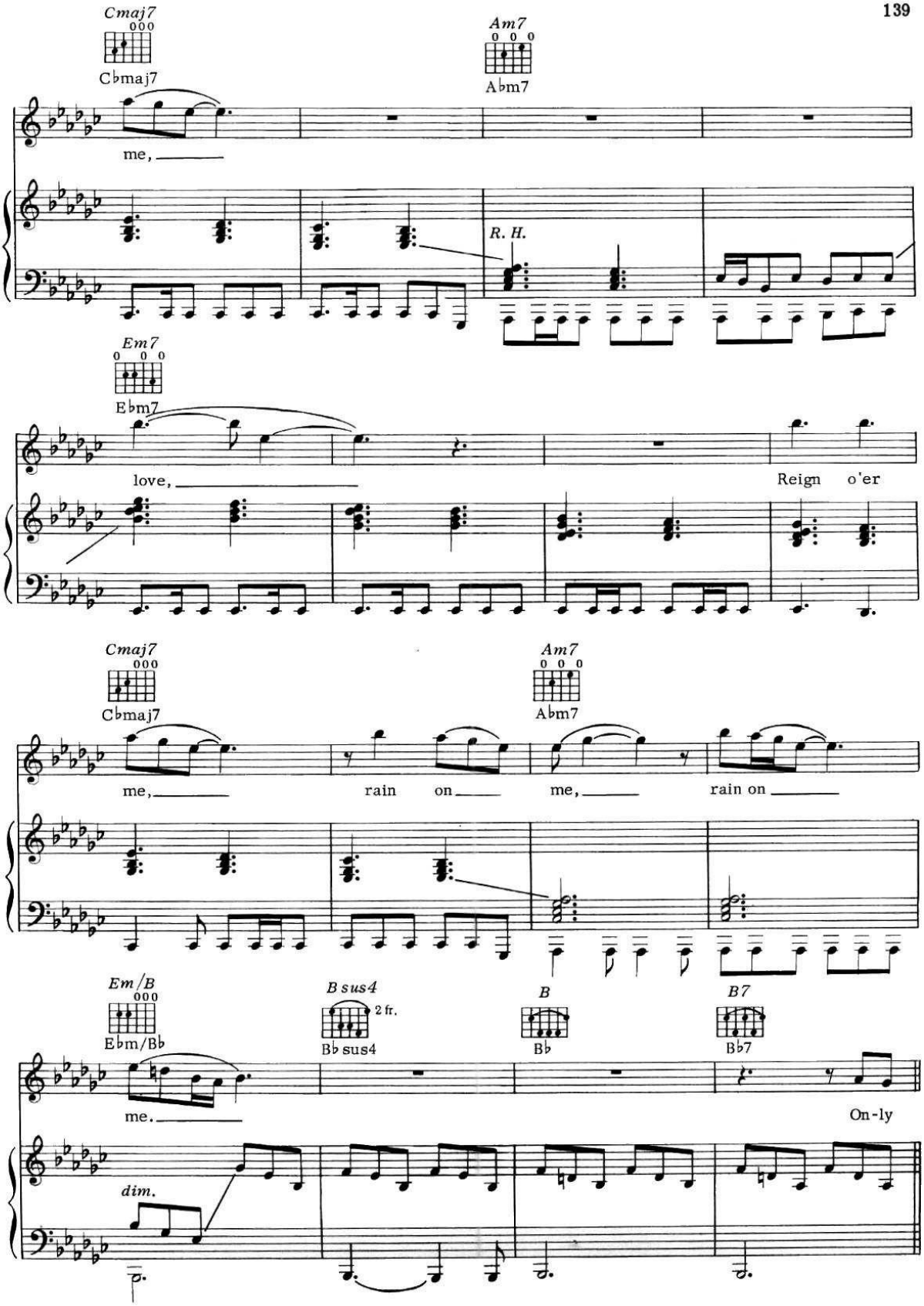
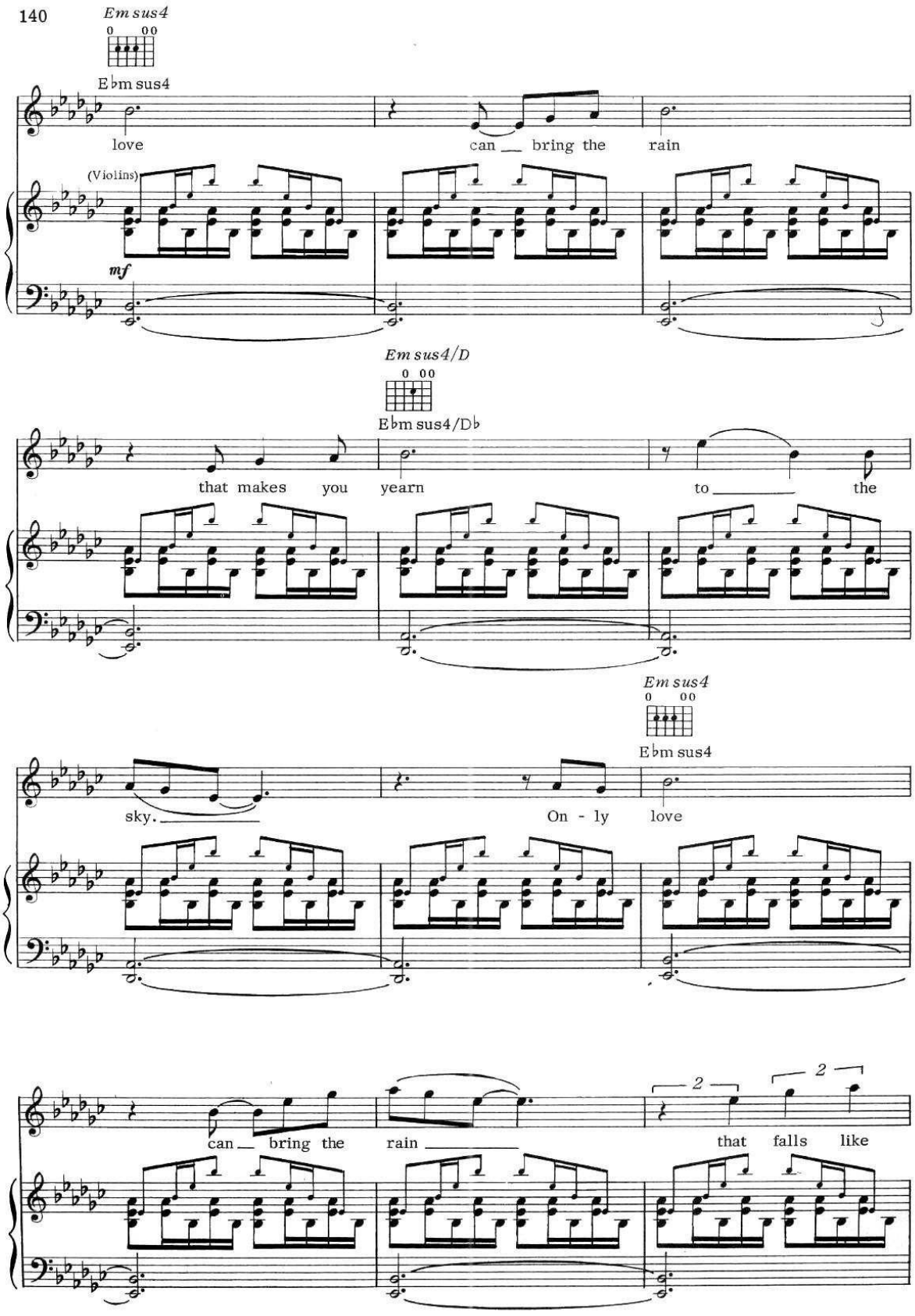
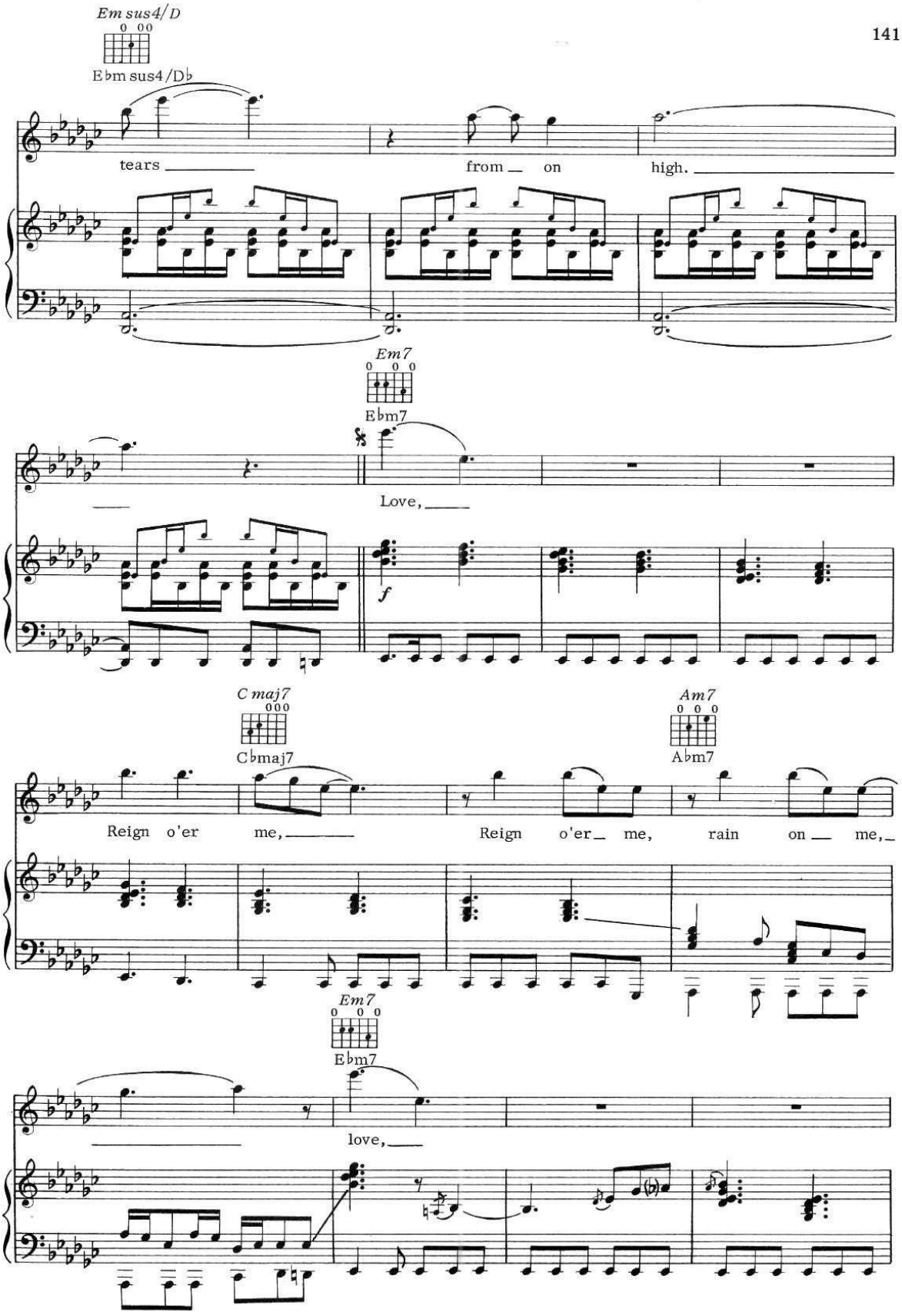
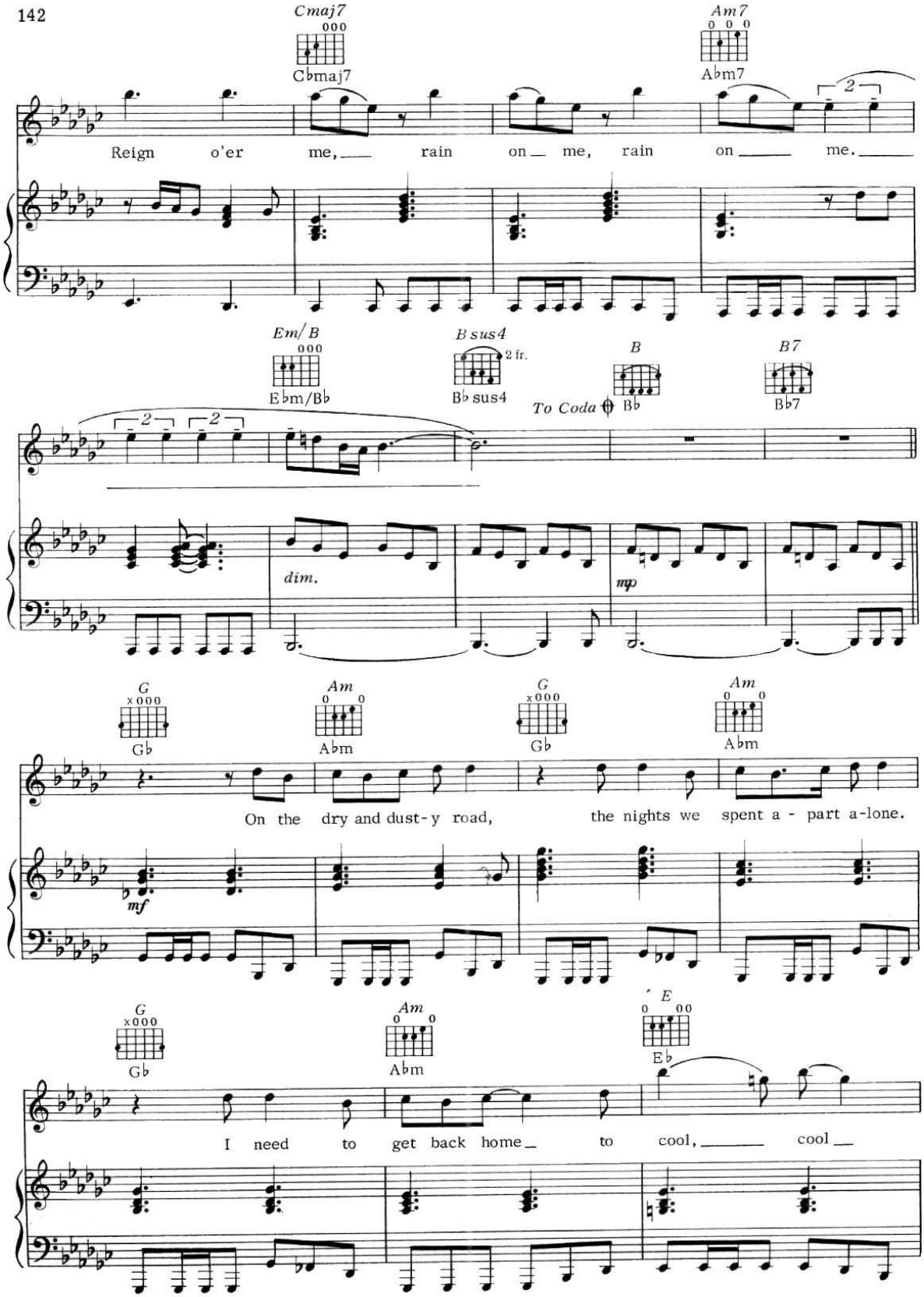
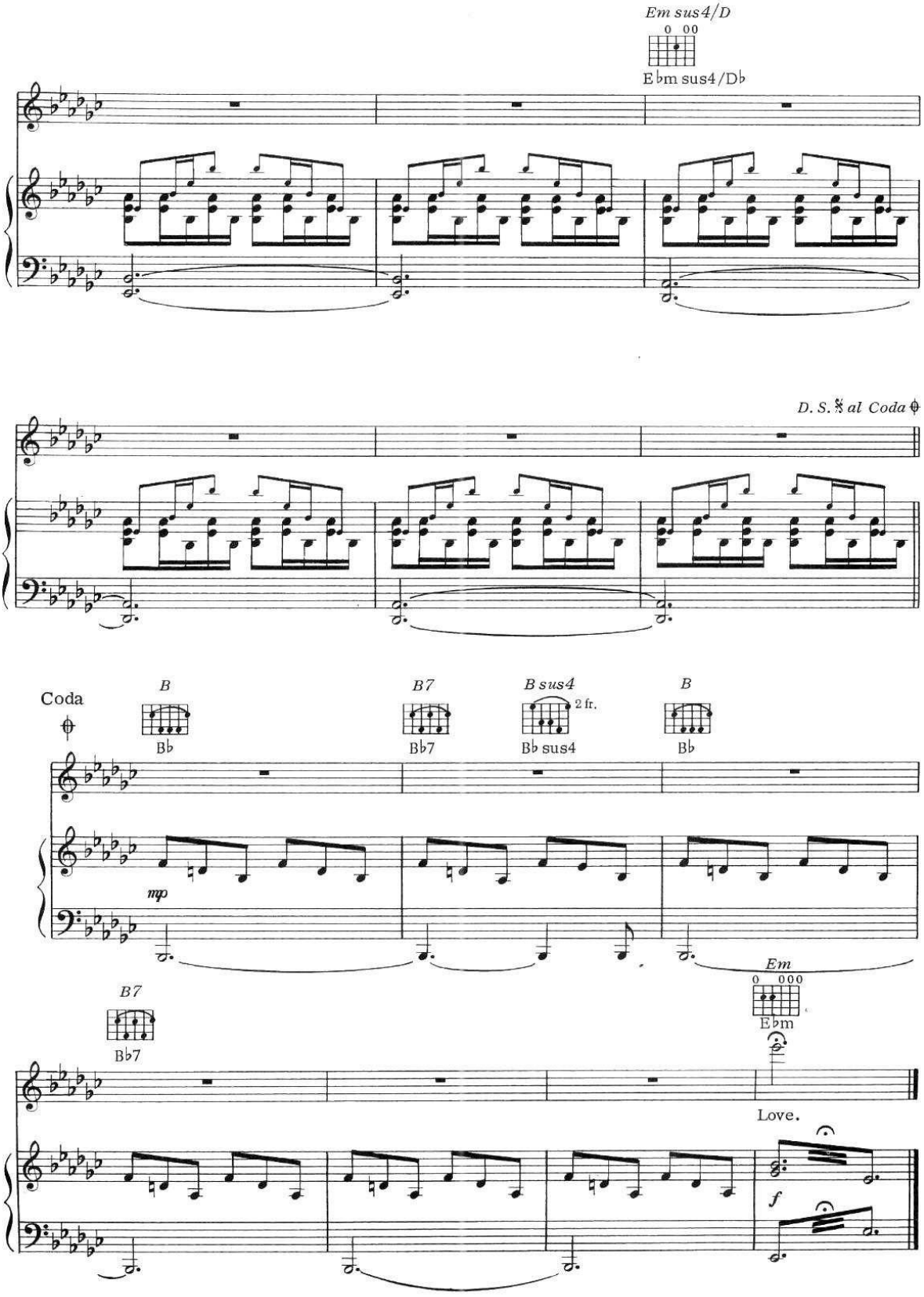

Em sus4
Eb m sus4
On - ly love can make it
Em sus4/D
Eb m sus4/Db
rain like the sweat of lov - ers
lay - ing in the fields.
Em7
Eb m7
Love, Reign o'er
f


Cmaj7
Cbmaj7
Am7
Abm7
me,
R. H.
Em7
Ebm7
love,
Reign o'er
Cmaj7
Cbmaj7
Am7
Abm7
me,
rain on
me,
rain on
Em/B
Ebm/Bb
Bsus4
2 fr.
Bb sus4
B
Bb
B7
Bb7
me.
On-ly
dim.


Em sus4
Eb m sus4
love
can bring the
rain
(Violins)
mf
Em sus4/D
Eb m sus4/Db
that makes you
yearn
to
the
Em sus4
Eb m sus4
sky.
On - ly
love
can bring the
rain
2
2
that falls like


Em sus4/D
E♭m sus4/D♭
tears
from
on
high.
Em7
E♭m7
Love,
f
C maj7
C♭maj7
Am7
A♭m7
Reign o'er me,
Reign o'er me,
rain on me,
Em7
E♭m7
love,


Cmaj7
Cbmaj7
Am7
Abm7
Reign o'er me, rain on me, rain on me.
Em/B
Ebm/Bb
Bsus4
Bb sus4
2 fr.
To Coda
B
Bb
B7
Bb7
dim.
mp
G
Gb
Am
Abm
G
Gb
Am
Abm
On the dry and dust-y road, the nights we spent a - part a-lone.
mf
G
Gb
Am
Abm
E
Eb
I need to get back home to cool, cool


Em sus4/D
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Love.
f

I had to go to this psychiatrist every week. Every Monday. He never really knew what was wrong with me. He said I wasn't mad or anything. He said there's no such thing as madness. I told him he should try standing in a queue at Brentford football ground on a Saturday morning, I thought it might change his mind. My dad put it another way. He said I changed like the weather. One minute I'd be a tearaway, next minute all soppy and swoony over some bird. Schizophrenia, he called it. Nutty, my mum called it.

It used to be alright at home. My dad would get pissed out of his brain every single night, and when the telly finished he'd storm out of the house like a lunatic to get to the Eel and Pie shop before it closed. He'd come home with enough for an army. I never liked the eels, just the pies and mash, and the liquor. My friend Dave said that eels live on sewage. My dad must be full of it, he used to eat five bleeding cartons of eels a day. I don't think he ever twigged I was doing five cartons of leapers every day. Each to his own sewage. The rows at home started when I got back from the trouble at Brighton. I'd slept on the beach and me suit was ruined. I really cared about my suit, all my clothes, even though my mother said I didn't care about anything. My mother's terrible when she's had a few Guinesses. Not that she'll ever settle for a few. As soon as I said I was leaving she started rejoicing like the war had just ended. I was a mountain of paranoia. Coming down off leapers isn't much fun. You can put it off by having more just as you start feeling bad, but it only makes it worse in the end. Pills used to make me see things. They used to make me feel great, like Tarzan. But I think I saw life the way it was. People couldn't hide from me when I was leaping. My shrink used to have a sign on his wall to make you laugh. It said that a paranoiac is a person who has some idea what is really going on. That was me on leapers.

I pissed off after I'd slept off the come-down. I got me suit cleaned at the automat and spent two hours pressing the pissing thing. It never did look quite right. I took my parka as well, in case I had to sleep rough. I got a shitty couple of nights sleep under Hammersmith flyover. There only seems to be about five minutes in the night when there ain't some flash bastard in a sportscar going round and round with his tyres screaming and a police car bell coming up behind. On the second night I saw the posters going up outside the Odeon for a WHO concert. I'd seen them down at Brighton. They were a mod group. Well, mods liked them. They weren't exactly mods but mods did like them. They had a drummer who used to play with his arms waving about in the air like a lunatic. The singer was a tough looking bloke with really good clothes. If I hadn't have seen him near home I would have said his hair was gold. Real gold I mean, like gold paint. The guitar player was a skinny geezer with a big nose who twirled his arm like a windmill. He wrote some good songs about mods, but he didn't quite look like one. The bass player was a laugh. He never did anything. Nothing. He used to smile sometimes, but the smile would only last half a second then it would switch off again. My friend Dave said he smiled a lot more at his sister, they were engaged I think. His bass sounded like a bleeding VC10.

They played Tamla stuff and R & B. They could have been perfect if they'd played Blue Beat as well. I used to know one of them before they got their record in the charts so I went to see them. They were alright. They smashed up so much gear that nobody believed it was real. When they played down the Marquee they used real gear. I used to have a bit of bass drum to prove it. After the show I hung around outside waiting for them to come out. When they did they never bloody well recognised me. I shouted and one of them turned round and said "How are you doing?", like he remembered me. "Working?" he said. I hate it when people say that. Course I wasn't working, I was still at fucking school.

Next day I got a job, as a dustman. Now I know why people say "Working?" to one another. Nine quid for a full weeks filthy work. They stuffed it, I left after two days with two quid in me pocket. Two of the blokes there were talking about striking for more money, but most of the geezers there had been working for the council for years. They looked upon it as some sort of church. The mayor as the Pope. One bloke has medals for being a war hero and he didn't have the guts to strike for more pay. They were all clean though, after hours.

There's a part of me that hates people. Not the actual people but how useless they are, how stupid. They sit and stew while the whole world gets worse and worse. Wars and battles. People dying of starvation. Old people dying because their kids have got their own kids and they ain't got time. That's what makes me smash things up. My shrink says I ain't mad. He should see me when I'm pissed.

I don't know what clicked inside me, but I got fed up with sleeping under the flyover. The weather was terrible for a start. Two rainy nights and that was it. I really started to fancy going back to Brighton. I still had about two hundred leapers left, kept me company. What was really weird was seeing this bird that I really liked, I even had her on the beach at Brighton. Two in a sleeping bag is really cosy until you're finished. Anyway, she was with my mate Dave. Him! She walked right past me after a dance at the Goldhawk. The girl of my best friend and all that. It did me in. It was like the last straw. The real last straw was yet to come, I was so brought down, I smashed me G.S. up in the pissing rain. I can't bear to think about it. I walked to the station down the railway tracks, across the river. I felt like throwing myself in front of a train, but I didn't. I took about twenty leapers at once, got a first class ticket to Brighton and set off to my land of dreams.

I did some thinking on the train. At one point I could swear I was floating about in the carriage, looking down at these two city gents. What was weirdest about it was that I could see myself as well. Must have been the pills again.

Brighton is a fantastic place. The sea is so gorgeous you want to jump into it and sink. When I was there last time there were about two thousand mods driving up and down the promenade on scooters. My scooter's seen the last of Brighton bloody promenade now, I know that. I felt really anonymous then, sort of like I was in an army. But everyone was a mod. Wherever you looked there were mods. Some of them were so well dressed it was sickening. Levi's had only come into fashion about a month before and some people had jeans on that looked like they'd been born wearing them. There was this bloke there that seemed to be the ace face. He was dancing one night in the Aquarium ballroom and everyone was copying him. He kept doing different dances, but everyone would copy it and the whole place would be dancing a dance that he'd only just made up. That's power for you. He was really heavy too, though. When the mods collected in Brighton, the Rockers would turn up too. There were never as many of them, but this geezer once took on two of them at once and beat them. That didn't usually happen I can tell you.

I was in a crowd of kids once chasing three Rockers down Brighton Pier. As it seemed they were going to get caught anyway they stopped and turned to meet their fate. All hundred of these kids I was with stopped dead. I was the first to stop, but the rest ran, so I had to follow. There's nothing uglier than a Rocker. This ace face geezer wouldn't have run. He smashed the glass doors of this hotel too. He was terrific. He had a sawn-off shotgun under his jacket and he'd be kicking at plate glass and he still looked like he was Fred Astaire reborn. Quite funny, I met him earlier today. He ended up working at the same hotel. But he wasn't the manager.

I never ever felt like I blasphemed. You know, in an old fashioned sense. But I was in a pretty blasphemous mood when I left for Brighton. Brighton cheered me up. But then it let me down. Me folks had let me down, Rock had let me down, women had let me down, work wasn't worth the effort, school isn't even worth mentioning. But I never ever thought I'd feel let down by being a mod. I pinched this boat, first time I'd ever been on a boat at sea. I had another few leapers to keep from coming down and I felt a bit bravado. So I headed for this Rock out off the coast. It was sticking up very jagged, but very peaceful. I didn't know then what I was up to, but I know now.

Schizophrenic! What a laugh. It must be alright to be plain ordinary mad. About halfway over I took a swallow of this Gilbeys gin I'd bought. Booze never did help me much though. On the boat it did me right in, specially on top of the pills and the come-down. Anyway, the sound of the engine turned into this drone, then the drone turned into a sound like pianos or something. Like heavenly choirs or orchestras tuning up. It was really an incredible sound. Like the sort of noise you'd expect to hear in heaven, if there is such a place. I pinched myself and I wasn't really drunk anymore. I was floating. I felt really happy. I must have looked bloody stupid as it happens. I was waving me Gilbeys around in the air and singing in tune with the engine. The sound got better and better, I was nearly delirious when I got to the Rock. I switched off the engine and jumped onto it. When the engine stopped, so did the music. And when that beautiful music stopped, I remembered the come-down I had, I felt sick from the booze, the sea was splashing all over the place and there was thunder in the distance. I remembered why I'd come to this bastard Rock.

So that's why I'm here, the bleeding boat drifted off and I'm stuck here in the pissing rain with my life flashing before me. Only it isn't flashing, it's crawling. Slowly. Now it's just the bare bones of what I am.

A tough guy, a helpless dancer.
A romantic, is it me for a moment?
A bloody lunatic, I'll even carry your bags.
A beggar, a hypocrite, love reign over me.

Schizophrenic? I'm Bleeding Quadrophenic.

(No one in this story is meant to represent anyone either living or dead, particularly not the Mum and Dad. Our Mums and Dads are all very nice and live in bungalows which we bought for them in the Outer Hebrides.)

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