

## **Dire Straits BB1**

<b>WALKING IN THE WILD WEST END D</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>SULTANS OF SWING DM</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>THE BUG</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>WATER OF LOVE</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>BROTHERS IN ARMS AM</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>BROTHERS IN ARMS</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>MONEY FOR NOTHING</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>ROME AND JULIET</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>WALK OF LIFE</b>	<b>12</b>
<b>CALLING ELVIS</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>HEAVY FUEL</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>DOWN TO THE WATERLINE</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>COMMUNIQUE</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>WAG THE DOG</b>	<b>17</b>

## WALKING IN THE WILD WEST END <sup>D</sup>

D Em7 G – riff = Am G F D - C ~ D

Stepping out to Angelluccis for my coffee beans  
Checking out the movies and the magazines  
Waitress she watches me crossing from the Barocco bar  
I'm getting a pickup for my steel guitar  
I saw you walking out Shaftesbury avenue  
Excuse me for talking I wanna marry you  
This is the seventh heaven street to me  
Don't be so proud  
You're just another angel in the crowd  
And I'm walking in the wild west end  
Walking with your wild best friend

And my conductress on the number nineteen  
She was a honey  
Pink toenails and hands all dirty with money  
Greasy hair easy smile  
Made me feel nineteen for a while  
And I went down to Chinatown  
In the backroom its a mans world  
All the money go down  
Duck inside the doorway gotta duck to eat  
Right now feels alright now  
You and me we cant beat

And a gogo dancing girl yes I saw her  
The deejay he say here's Mandy for ya  
I feel alright to see her  
But she's paid to do that stuff  
She's dancing high I move on by  
The close ups can get rough  
When you're walking in the wild west end

## **SULTANS OF SWING** DM

Dm C Bb A A7 -- Dm C Bb A A -- F C Bb Dm - Dm Bb - C - C

You get a shiver in the dark

It's raining in the park but meantime

South of the river you stop and you hold everything

A band is blowin' Dixie double four time

You feel alright when you hear that music ring

And now you step inside but you don't see too many faces

Comin' in out of the rain you hear the jazz go down

Competition in other places

Oh but the horns they blowin' that sound

Way on down south, way on down south London town

You check out Guitar George, he knows all the chords

Mind he's strictly rhythm he doesn't wanna make it cry or sing

Yes an old guitar is all he can afford

When he gets up under the lights to play his thing

And Harry doesn't mind if he doesn't make the scene

He's got a daytime job, he's doin' alright

He can play the honky tonk like anything

Savin' it up for Friday night

With the Sultans... with the Sultans of Swing

And a crowd of young boys they're fooling around in the corner

Drunk and dressed in their best brown baggies and their

platform soles

They don't give a damn about any trumpet playing band

It ain't what they call rock and roll

And the Sultans... yeah the Sultans play Creole

And then the man he steps right up to the microphone

And says at last just as the time bell rings

'Goodnight, now it's time to go home'

And he makes it fast with one more thing

'We are the Sultans... We are the Sultans of Swing'

## THE BUG

d~E

Well it's a strange old game - you learn it slow  
One step forward and it's back to go  
You're standing on the throttle  
You're standing on the brakes  
In the groove 'til you make a mistake

Sometimes you're the windshield E  
Sometimes you're the bug A  
Sometimes it all comes together baby E  
Sometimes you're a fool in love E D A  
Sometimes you're the Louisville slugger baby E  
Sometimes you're the ball A  
Sometimes it all comes together baby E  
Sometimes you're going to lose it all

You gotta know happy - you gotta know glad  
Because you're gonna know lonely  
And you're gonna know bad  
When you're rippin' and a ridin' and you're coming on strong  
You start slippin' and a slidin' and it all goes wrong, because

### Chorus

One day you got the glory  
One day you got none  
One day you're a diamond  
And then you're a stone  
Everything can change  
In the blink of an eye  
So let the good times roll  
Before we say goodbye, because

### Chorus X 2



## BROTHERS IN ARMS AM

Dm..... Am F Dm F, Am F Dm Dm  
Am F Dm F ~G, Am F Dm Dm - Am~~c b a~ g

These mist covered mountains F G (G4 G)  
Are a home now for me C (C4 C)  
But my home is the lowlands Am Em  
And always will be F (Gsus4 G)  
Some day you'll return to Am Em  
Your valleys and your farms F (Gsus4 G)  
And you'll no longer burn G Am  
To be brothers in arms F G  
Am F Dm G, Am F Dm - Am ~

Through these fields of destruction F G (G4 G)  
Baptism of fire C C4 C  
I've witnessed your suffering Am Em  
As the battles raged higher F G (Gsus4 G)  
And though they did hurt me so bad Am Em  
In the fear and alarm F Dm (Gsus4 G)  
You did not desert me G Am  
My brothers in arms F G  
Am F Dm F, Am F Dm ~ Am

There's so many different worlds G Am  
So many different suns G C F  
And we have just one world G Am  
But we live in different ones G C F F  
**intro**

Now the sun's gone to hell F G (G4 G)  
And the moon's riding high C (C4 C)  
Let me bid you farewell Am Em  
Every man has to die F G4 G  
But it's written in the starlight Am Em  
And every line on your palm F Dm (G4 G)  
We're fools to make war Am  
On our brothers in arms F G > **intro**



## MONEY FOR NOTHING

I want my, I want my, I want my MTV (Csus4 Gm7) - > RIFF  
Now look at them yo-yo's that's the way you do it Gm  
You play the guitar on the MTV Gm Bb C  
That ain't working that's the way you do it Gm  
Money for nothing and chicks for free Gm F Gm  
Now that ain't workin' that's the way you do it Gm  
Let me tell ya' them guys ain't dumb Bb C  
Maybe get a blister on your little finger Gm  
Maybe get a blister on your thumb F Gm

### Chorus

We gotta install microwave ovens Eb Bb  
Custom kitchen deliveries Eb F Gm  
We gotta move these refrigerators Gm  
We gotta move these colour TV's C D E > riff

See the little faggot with the earring and the makeup Gm  
Yeah buddy that's his own hair Bb C  
That little faggot got his own jet airplane Gm  
That little faggot he's a milli-on-aire Gm F Gm

### Chorus (*first two lines 2<sup>nd</sup> voice only*)

I shoulda learned to play the guitar Gm  
I shoulda learned to play them drums Gm Bb C  
Look at that mama, she got it stickin' in the camera Gm  
Man we could have some fun  
And he's up there, what's that? Hawaiian noises?  
Bangin' on the bongoes like a chimpanzee  
That ain't workin' that's the way you do it  
Get your money for nothin' get your chicks for free **Chorus**

Now that ain't workin' that's the way you do it  
You play the guitar on the MTV  
That ain't workin' that's the way you do it  
Money for nothin' & yr chicks for free X 4 (**I want my MTV**)



## ROME AND JULIET

Open D tuning – capo 3 -

Riff - 0 2 4 2 3 4 > x x 2 2 2 2 > > x x 0 0 0 0 > x x 2 2 2~3 2

Dm = X 4 4 4 0 0

intro:

F (C) Dm (C) F x4

Verse I:

F c Dm c F  
A love-struck Romeo sings the streets a serenade  
F c Dm c Bb  
Laying everybody low with a love song that he made  
C Bb C F  
Finds a street light steps out into the shade  
Bb C  
Says something like you and me babe, how about it?  
F c Dm c F  
Juliet says hey it's Romeo, you nearly gave me a heart attack  
F c Dm c Bb  
He's underneath the window, she's singing hey la my boyfriends back  
C Bb C F  
you shouldn't come around here singing up to people like that  
Bb C  
Anyway, what you gonna do about it?

Chorus I:

F C Dm c Bb  
Juliet the dice was loaded from the start  
F C Dm c Bb  
And I bet, and you exploded in my heart.  
F c Dm Bb  
And I forget, I forget, the movie song  
Gm f Bb C Dm C F  
When you gonna realize it was just that the time was wrong Juliet?

Verse II:

Come up on different streets, they both the streets of shame  
Both dirty both mean, yes and even and dream was just the same  
And I dreamed your dream for you and now your dream is real.  
How can you look at me as if I was just another part of your deal

Well you can fall for chains of silver, you can fall for chains of gold.  
you can fall for pretty strangers and the promises they hold  
You promised me everything, you promised me thick and thin yeah  
Now you just say oh Romeo yeah, I used to have a scene with him.

Chorus II:

Juliet when we made love you used to cry

you said I love you like the stars above I'll love you till I die  
There's a place for us, you know the movie song  
When you gonna realize it was just that the time was wrong Juliet?

Verse III:

I can't do the talk, like they talk on the tv  
I can't do a love song, like the way it's meant to be.  
I can't do anything, but I'd do anything for you.  
I can't do anything but be in love with you.

And all I do is miss you and the way we used to be  
All I do is keep the beat and bad company.  
All I do is kiss you through the bars of a rhyme  
Juliet I'd do the stars with you anytime.

Repeat Chorus II:

Verse IV:

A love struck Romeo, sings the streets a serenade.  
Now he's laying everybody low, with a love song that he made.  
Finds a convenient street light, steps out of the shade  
Says something like you and me babe how about it

outro:

Bb C (as long as the lead player can do those tasty fills)

## WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING

Am F G Esus4

Where do you think you're going?  
Don't you know it's dark outside?  
Where do you think you're going?  
Don't you care about my pride?  
Where do you think you're going?  
I think that you don't know  
You got no way of knowing  
There's really no place you can go

I understand your changes  
Long before you reach the door  
I know where you think you're going you  
I know what you came here for  
And now I'm sick of joking  
You know I like you to be free  
Where do you think you're going?  
I think you better go with me girl

You say there is no reason	G
But you still find cause to doubt me	Am
If you ain't with me girl	Esus4
You're gonna be without me	Am

Where do you think you're going?  
Don't you know it's dark outside?  
Where do you think you're going?  
Don't you care about my pride?  
And now I'm sick of joking  
You know I like you to be free  
So where do you think you're going?  
I think you better go with me girl

## **WALK OF LIFE**

### **Intro organ + Woo hoo**

1

Here comes Johnny singing oldies, goldies  
Be-Bop-A-Lula, Baby What I Say  
Here comes Johnny singing I Gotta Woman  
Down in the tunnels, trying to make it pay

### **Chorus**

He got the action, he got the motion  
Yeah, the boy can play  
Dedication, devotion  
Turning all the night time into the day ~  
He do the song about the sweet lovin' woman  
He do the song about the knife  
He do the walk, he do the walk of life

### **Intro Riff X 1**

2

Here comes Johnny and he'll tell you the story  
Hand me down my walkin' shoes  
Here comes Johnny with the power and the glory  
Backbeat - the talkin' blues

### **Repeat Chorus**

### **SOLO keys on intro X2**

### **Repeat 1**

### **Chorus (slight changes)**

He got the action, he got the motion  
Yeah the boy can play  
Dedication, devotion  
Turning all the night time into the day  
And after all the violence and double talk  
There's just a song in all the trouble and the strife  
You do the walk, you do the walk of life

### **SOLO keys on intro X4**

## CALLING ELVIS

B

### Chorus

Calling Elvis, is anybody home            B  
Calling Elvis, I'm here all alone  
Did he leave the building                    kb Bsus4  
Or can he come to the phone  
Calling Elvis, I'm here all alone

1

Well tell him I was calling just to wish him well    E  
Let me leave my number, heartbreak hotel            E  
Oh love me tender, baby don't be cruel            E  
Return to sender, treat me like a fool            E F#

**Repeat Chorus** Alright – break down on B riff 8 bars

Why don't you go get him, I'm his biggest fan  
You gotta tell him, he's still the man  
Long distance baby, so far from home  
Don't you think maybe you could put him on

**Repeat 1**

**Repeat Chorus**

break on riff – B 12 bars

**Repeat Chorus**

**Riff till end**

## HEAVY FUEL

Intro Drum and guitar licks..... > E riff played at 2<sup>nd</sup> fret

E            C D            C D E

Last time I was sober, man I felt bad  
Worst hangover that I ever had  
It took six hamburgers and scotch all night  
Nicotine for breakfast just to put me right

'Cause if you wanna run cool  
If you wanna run cool  
If you wanna run cool, you got to run  
On heavy, heavy fuel Heavy, heavy fuel Heavy, heavy fuel

My life makes perfect sense  
Lust and food and violence  
Sex and money are my major kicks  
Get me in a fight, I like the dirty tricks

**Chorus**

*Pianissimo*

My chick loves a man who's strong  
The things she'll do to turn me on  
I love the babes, don't get me wrong  
Hey, that's why I wrote this song

**Solo on riff**

I don't care if my liver is hanging by a thread  
Don't care if my doctor says I ought to be dead  
When my ugly big car won't a-climb this hill  
I'll write a suicide note on a hundred dollar bill

**Chorus**

**Solo on riff - Heavy, Heavy Fuel, Heavy, Heavy Fuel.....**

## DOWN TO THE WATERLINE

Intro weird stuff Bm 5.&6 str f# b, b f, Bm pentat. G Em Bm  
G Bm G Bm.....

Sweet surrender on the quayside Bm F#m A E Bm  
U remember we used to run and hide Bm F#m A E Bm  
In the shadow of the cargoes I take you one time Bm F#m  
And we're counting all the numbers A  
down to the waterline E ~ Bm

Well,

Near misses on the dog leap stairways Bm F#m A E Bm  
French kisses in the darkened doorways Bm F#m A E Bm  
A foghorn blowing out a-wild and cold Bm F#m  
A policeman shines a light A E~  
On my shoulder Bm

G Bm G A Bm

Up comes a coaster fast & silent in the night Bm F#m A E Bm  
Over my shoulder all u can see r th pilot lights Bm F#m A E Bm  
No money in our jackets and our jeans are torn Bm F#m  
Your hands are cold but your lips are warm A E~ Bm

G Bm G A E<sub>2nd</sub> C#m C C G C C9 D A F# G A.....

She can see him on the jetty Bm F#m  
where they used to meld A E Bm  
She can feel him in the Bm F#m  
Places where the sailors go A E Bm  
When she's walking by the river or the railway line Bm F#m  
She can still hear him whisper A  
Let's go down to the waterline E ~ Bm

Come on.... G Bm G A Bm – G A Bm9

## COMMUNIQUE

A riff

1

We wanna get a statement for Jesus sake	Bm G A Bm
It's like a talking to the wall	G A
He's incommunicado no comment to make	Bm G A Bm
He's saying nothing at all	G A

### Chorus

Yeah but in the communiqué	G D
You know he's gonna come clean	Em D
Think what he say, say what he means	G D Em D
Maybe on a Monday he got something to say	G D Em D
Communication – Communiqué	G Bm A
Communiqué	Bm~ (A)

2

Maybe he could talk about the tricks of the trade  
Maybe he can talk about himself  
Maybe he could talk about the money that he made  
Maybe he be saying something else **Chorus**

### Solo on riff > Bridge

Well now the rumors are flying	A
Speculation rife	
They say that he's been trying someone else's wife	
Somebody at the airport	
Somebody on the phone	
Say he's at the station and he's coming home alone	

3

Then we get the story  
The serious piece  
And a photography a taken in the hall  
And you don't have to worry with the previous release  
Right now he's saying nothing at all **Chorus**



## WAG THE DOG

D

Now you can do the watusi D  
You can do it if you try  
Any puppy Dog or pussy  
Can do the jerk or do the fly

### Chorus

Now you can do the wooly bully F (E)  
But can you pull the wooly wooly A2 (A~)  
Can you wag ~ can you wag~ the dog A~ *Drum tacit* D  
Wag the dog, can you wag the dog G~ Bb A D

You got the shimmy and the hustle D  
It's all the rage downtown  
Yeh you don't have to have the muscle  
To get into the mess around **Chorus**

So make him sit, make him stay D  
Come to heel, go play  
Roll him over, lie still D *tacit*  
Make him go kill (*attaboy*) **Solo D G Bb A** (*Wag that dog...*)

You have had the duck and mashed potato  
Funky chicken on a roll  
Move on up a little later  
To the monkey and the stroll **Chorus**

Now go bow, bow wow wow, Now go woof, woof woof woof D  
Yeh that's right wag the dog  
wag the dog, wag that dog (**D G D... rpt till end**)  
The locomotion boogaloo, The hully gully and the limbo too  
Wag that dog  
Yeh hitchhike for me baby, Now we're barefootin'  
The funky funky penguin  
That's the bug - and that's the frug  
Yeh but can you wag  
Wag the dog can you wag the dog  
Wag the dog can you wag the dog