



- B1 Angie - Rolling Stones
- B2 Englishman - Sting
- B3 In The Summertime - Mungo Jerry
- B4 Killing Me Softly - Roberta Flack
- B5 Mein kleiner grüner Kaktus - Aerzte
- B6 Rock Me Amadeus - Falco
- B7 Satisfaction - Rolling Stones
- B8 Smoke On The Water - Deep Purple
- B9 Unchain My Heart - Joe Cocker

Angie

Interpret: The Rolling Stones
Text und Musik: Mick Jagger/Keith Richards

Intro

1. An-gie, — An-gie, — when will those clouds all dis-ap-pear.
 2. An-gie, — you're beau-ti-ful — but ain't it time we said good-bye.
 3. (Instrumental) —

An-gie, — An-gie, — where will it lead us from
 An-gie, — still love you re-mem-ber all those nights we

4. (D.S.) Instrumental —

here — 1. with no lov-ing in our souls — and no mon-ey in our coats, —
 cried, — all the dreams we held so close — seemed to all go up in smoke, —
 (3.) Oh — An-gie don't you weep — all your kiss-es still taste sweet, —

7 you can't say — we're sat-is-fied, — (flüsternd) An-gie, — An-gie
 7 let me whis-per in your ear, — An-gie, — An-gie
 I hate that sad-ness in your eyes, — but An-gie, — An-gie

you can't say — we nev-er tried. — where will it lead us from here. —
 ain't it time we said good-bye. —

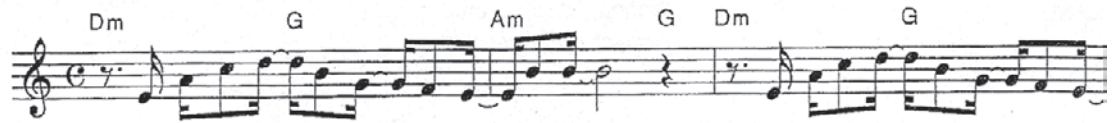
Form: 1 2 Instr. 3 Ending

Arr. mp3 7 23 39 55

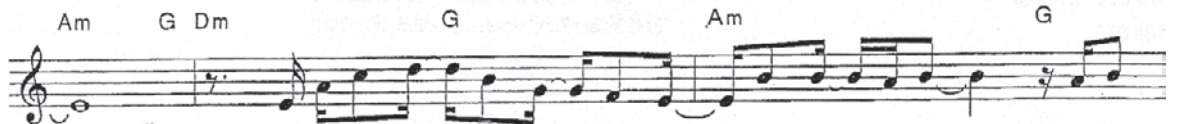
Englishman In New York

Interpret: Sting
Text und Musik:
Gordon M. Sumner

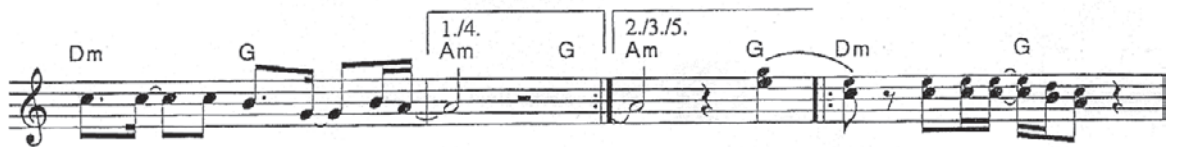
Originaltonart: Bm



1. I don't drink cof - fee I — take tea — my dear. — I like my toast — done on — one side.
2. You see me walk - ing down — Fifth Av - e - nue. — a walk - ing cane — here at — my side.



As you can hear — it in — my ac - cent when — I talk — I'm an
I take it ev - ry - where — I walk, — I'm an

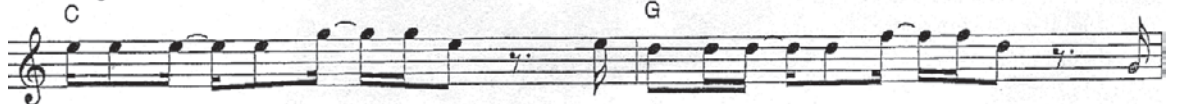


Eng - lish - man in New — York. — Ref.: Woh - oh, I'm an a - li - en,
Eng - lish - man in New — York. —

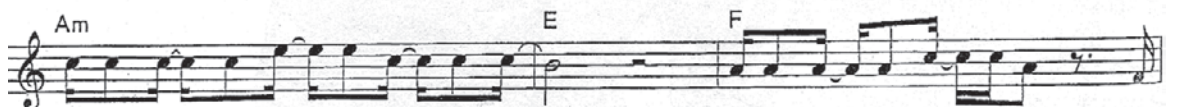


I'm a le - gal a - li - en, I'm an Eng - lish - man in New — York. — Woh —

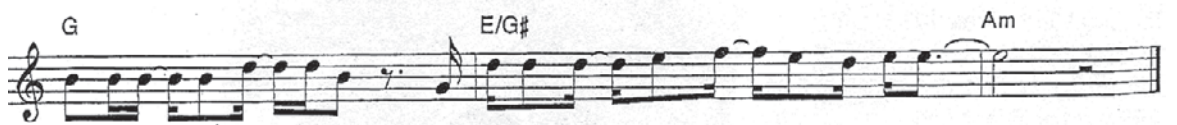
Bridge



Mod - es - ty — pro - pri - e - ty can lead to no - to - ri - e - ty, but



you could end — up as — the on - ly one. Gen - tle - ness, — so - bri - e - ty are



rare in this — so - ci - e - ty, at night a can - dle's brigh - er than the sun. —

Form: Intro ⁴ [1] [2] [R] [3] [R] Bridge [4]

Arr. mp3 7 22 47

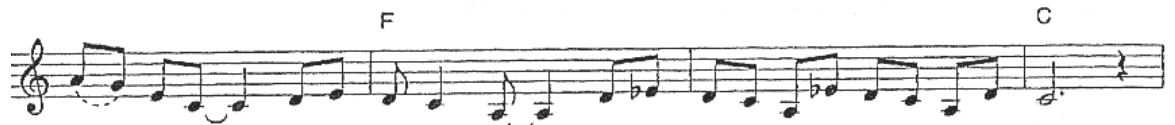
In The Summertime

Originaltonart: E

Interpret: Mungo Jerry
Text und Musik: Ray Dorset



1. In the sum-mer-time— when the weath-er is high,— you can stretch right up— an'—



touch— the sky.— When the weath-er's fine,— you got wo-men, you got wo-men, on your mind.



Have a drink, have a drive, go out and see— what you can find.

2. If her daddy's rich, take her out for a meal,
if her daddy's poor, just do what you feel.
Speed along the lane, do a ton or a ton an' twenty five.
When the sun goes down, you can make it, make it good in a lay-by.

3. We're not grey people, we're not dirty, we're not mean,
we love everybody, but we do as we please,
when the weather's fine, we go fishing or go swimming in the sea.
We're always happy, life's for living yeah! That's our philosophy.

4. Sing along with us,
di di di di...

5. *Instrumental*

6. When the winter's here, yeah, it's party time,
bring a bottle, wear your bright clothes, it'll soon be summertime.
And we'll sing again, we'll go driving or maybe we'll settle down.
If she's rich, if she's nice, bring your friends an' we'll all go into town.

7. *Instrumental*

8. - 11. = 1. - 4. Strophe

Form: ⁴ Intro

1	2	3	4	5
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^{3x4 rep.} Ending

Arr. mp3

10 16

Killing Me Softly

Interpret: Roberta Flack
Text: Norman Gimbel
Musik: Charles Fox

Originaltonart: Fm

Em Am D7

Ref.: Strum-ming my pain with his fin - gers— sing-ing my life— with his words—

G (Gmaj7) Em A/C# (A)

— Kill - ing me soft - ly with his— song, kill - ing me soft -

D C G

- ly— with his— song. Tell - ing my whole— life— with his—

C (Cmaj7) F (Fmaj7-5) E Fine

— words. Kill - ing me soft - ly— with his song.—

17 D7sus4 D7 4x Am7

1. I heard he sang—

D7 G C Am7

— a good— song,— I heard he had a style.— And so I came—

D Em Am7

— to see— him— and lis - ten for a while.— And there— he was—

D7 G B7 D.C.

— this young— boy— a stran - ger to— my eyes.—

2. I felt all flushed with fever embarrassed by the crowd.
I felt he found my letters and read each one out loud.
I prayed that he would finish but he just kept right on.
Ref.: Strumming my pain...

3. He sang as if he knew me in all my dark despair.
And then he looked right through me as if I wasn't there.
And he just kept on singing, singing clear and strong.
Ref.: Strumming my pain...

Form: R ^{4x2} Impro 1 R

Arr. mp3 3 17 25 37

Mein kleiner grüner Kaktus

Interpret: Comedian Harmonist

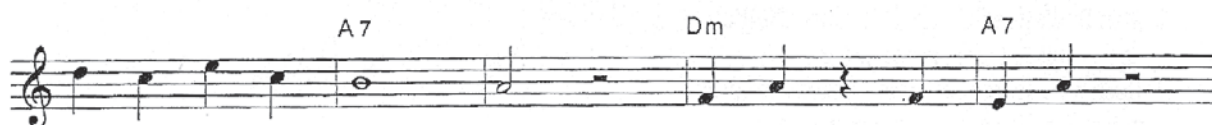
Musik: Bert Reisfeld, Albrecht Marcuse

Orig. Text: Louis Poterat, A. Chevrier, André Loroy

Dt. Sub-Text: Hans Herda



1. Blu - men im Gar - ten, so zwan - zig Ar - ten von Ro - sen,



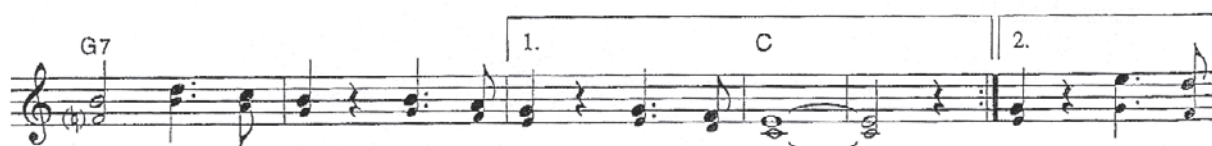
Tul - pen und Nar - zis - sen leis - ten, sich heu - te



die kleins - ten Leu - te. Das will ich al - les gar nicht wis - sen.



Ref.: Mein klei - ner grü - ner Kak - tus steht drau - ßen am Bal -
Was brauch' ich ro - te Ro - sen, was brauch' ich ro - ten



kon, hol - la - ri, hol - la - ri, hol - la - ro! ri, hol - la -
Mohn,



rol! Und wenn ein Bö - se - wicht was Un - ge - zog' - nes



spricht, dann hol' ich mei - nen Kak - tus und der sticht, sticht,

sticht. Mein klei - ner grü - ner Kak - tus steht drau - ßen am Bal -
 kon, hol - la - ri, hol - la - ri, hol - la - ro!

Originaltonart: F - C# - F#

2. Man find't gewöhnlich die Frauen ähnlich
 den Blumen, die sie gerne tragen.
 Doch ich sag' täglich: Das ist nicht möglich,
 was soll'n die Leut' sonst von mir sagen.
Ref.: Mein kleiner grüner Kaktus...

3. Heute, um viere, klopft's an die Türe,
 nanu, Besuch so früh am Tage?
 Es war Herr Krause vom Nachbarhause,
 der sagt: „Verzeih'n Sie, wenn ich frage.
Ref.: Sie hab'n doch einen Kaktus
 auf Ihrem klein' Balkon,
 hollari, hollari, hollaro!
 Der fiel soeben runter, was halten Sie davon?
 Hollari, hollari, hollaro!
 Der fiel mir auf's Gesicht, ob s'glauben oder nicht,
 nun weiß ich, dass Ihr kleiner grüner Kaktus sticht.
 Bewahr'n Sie Ihren Kaktus gefälligst anderswo,
 hollari, hollari, hollaro!"

Form: Intro ² 1 R 2 R 3 R
 Arr. mp3 28 54

Rock Me Amadeus

Originaltonart: Am
Instrumental-Teil/Rap

Interpret: Falco
Musik: Ferdie und Rob Bolland
Text: Falco

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat major / D minor). It consists of six staves of music. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The first measure has a chord of Am. The second staff continues the melody with chords F, Dm9, and G. The third staff shows a first ending (1. Am7) and a second ending (2. Am). Below the third staff is the lyric 'Ref.: A - ma -'. The fourth staff continues the melody with chords Am and Fmaj7, and the lyrics 'de - us, A - ma - de - us, A - ma - de - us, A - ma - de - us, A - ma - de - us,'. The fifth staff continues with chords Dm9 and G, and the lyrics 'A - ma - de - us, A - ma - de - us, A - ma - de - us, oh, oh, oh A - ma -'. The sixth staff shows a first ending (1. Am) and a second ending (2. Am), with the lyrics 'de - us! Rock me A - ma - de - us! A - ma - de - us!'.

Rap-Strophen: (zu Instr.-Teil)

1. Er war ein Punker
und er lebte in der großen Stadt.
Es war in Wien, war Vienna, wo er alles tat.
Er hatte Schulden, denn er trank,
doch ihn liebten alle Frau'n.
Und jede rief:
Come on, rock me Amadeus!
2. Er war Superstar,
er war populär,
er war so exaltiert,
because er hatte Flair.
Er war ein Virtuose,
war ein Rockidol.
Und alles rief:
Come on, rock me Amadeus!
Ref.: Amadeus,...
3. Es war um 1780
und es war in Wien,
no plastic money anymore,
die Banken gegen ihn.
Woher die Schulden kamen
war wohl jedermann bekannt,
er war ein Mann der Frauen,
Frauen liebten seinen Punk.
4. Er war Superstar,
er war so populär,
er war zu exaltiert,
genau das war sein Flair.
Er war ein Virtuose,
war ein Rockidol.
Und alles ruft noch heute:
Come on, rock me Amadeus!
Ref.: Amadeus,...

Form: 2x8 Instr. 1 2 R 3 4 R 2x8 Fade Instr.

Arr. mp3 11 19 27 35

Satisfaction

Interpret: The Rolling Stones
 Text: Keith Richards
 Musik: Mick Jagger

Intro

E D/A E D/A

Ref: I can't get no sa-tis-fac-tion,

I can't get no sa-tis-fac-tion. 'Cause I try

and I try, and I try, and I try, I can't

get no, I can't get no. 1. When I'm driv-in' in my car

and a man comes on the ra-di-o he's tellin' me more and more.

a-bout some use-less in-for-ma-tion. Sup-posed to fire my i-ma-gi-na-

-tion I can't get no, ah, no no no.

Hey hey hey, that's what I say.

1./2.
D/A

Form: 2x4 Intro R 1 R 2 Fade out
 Arr. mp3 3 11 26 45 Impro

Smoke On The Water

Originaltonart: Gm

Interpret: Deep Purple
 Text und Musik: Ritchie Blackmore
 Ian Gillan/Roger Glover/Jon Lord/Ian Paice

The musical score is written in G minor (one flat) and 4/4 time. It features a melodic line with lyrics and guitar accompaniment. The score includes two main sections, 1. and 2., with a repeat sign and first/second endings. Chords are indicated above the staff: Gm, F, C, Ab, and D.C. (Double Bar Line). The lyrics are: "1. We all came out to Mon-trenix on the lake Geneva shoreline. To make records with a mobile, we didn't have much time. Frank Zappa and the 'Mothers' were at the best place around. But some stupid with a flare-gun burned the place to the ground. Ref.: Smoke on the wa-ter, fire in the sky. Smoke on the wa-ter." The score ends with a D.C. (Da Capo) instruction.

2. They burned down the gambling house, it died with an awful sound,
 Funky Claude was running in and out, pulling kids out the ground.
 When it all was over, we had to find another place,
 but swiss time was running out, it seemed that we would lose the race.
 Ref.: Smoke on the water, ...
 (Zwischenspiel und instrumentale Improvisation)

3. We ended up at the Grand Hotel, it was empty, cold and bare,
 but with the Rolling truck Stones thing just outside, but makin' our music there
 with a few red lights, a few old beds we made a place to sweat,
 no matter what we get out of this, I know, I know we'll never forget.
 Ref.: Smoke on the water, ...
 (Ending/fade out)

Form: 2x4 Intro 1 R 2x4 Intro 2 R Fade out Ending

Arr. mp3 11 27 33 41 (57)

Unchain My Heart

Originaltonart: Am

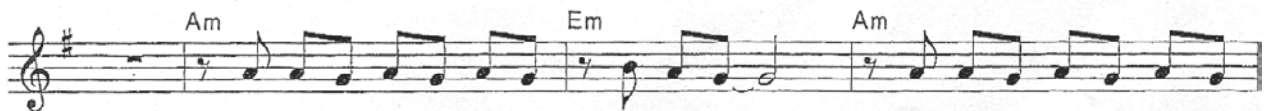
Interpret: Joe Cocker
Text und Musik: Bobby Sharp



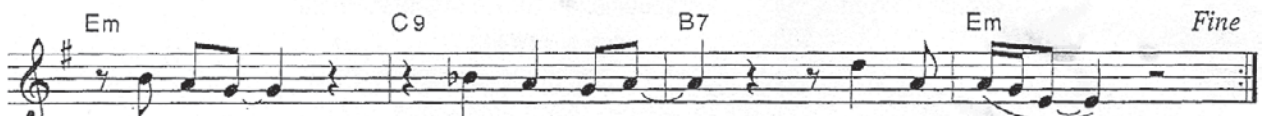
1. Un-chain my heart, — ba-by let me go, —
2. Un-chain my heart, — ba-by let me be, —



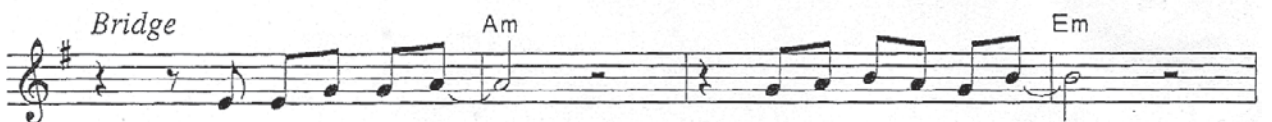
un-chain my heart, — 'cause you don't love me no more. —
un-chain my heart, — 'cause you don't care a-bout me. —



7 Ev-ery time I call you on the phone, — some fel-low tells me that you're
You've got me sewed up like a pil-low case, — 7 but you let my love 7



not at home, — un-chain my heart, — set me free.
go to waste. — Un-chain my heart, — set me free.



I'm un-der your spell — like a man in a trance, —



but you know darn well — I don't stand a chance.

3. Unchain my heart, let me go my way,
unchain my heart, you worry me night and day.
Why lead me through a life of misery,
when you don't care a bag of beans for me,
unchain my heart, set me free!

Form: 1 2 Bridge 3

Arr. mp3 18 34 42