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HEART OF GLASS

Words and Music by DEBORAH HARRY

Moderate Disco

Verse

1. Once I had a love and it was a
2. Once I had a love and it was di-

gas;
vine,
soon turned out
soon found out
had a heart of glass.
I was losing my mind.

Seemed like the real thing only to find
Seemed like the real thing, but I was so blind,
Chorus

1. In between, what I find is pleasing and I'm feeling fine.

2. Lost inside, adorable illusion and I cannot hide.

Coda

Love is so confusing, there's no one you're using. Please don't
peace of mind. If I fear I'm losing you, it's just no good, you teasin' like you do.

(4 Times) D.S. \( \frac{x}{4} \) al Coda (1st Verse, 2nd Ending to 2nd Chorus)

push me aside, we could'a' made it cruisin', yeah.
Yeah, riding high on love's true bluish light.

Ooo, oh.

In between, what I find is pleasing and I'm
feeling fine.

Love is so confusing, there's no

peace of mind.

If I fear I'm losing you, it's

just no good, you teasin' like you do.

Repeat and fade

THIRD VERSE

Once I had a love
and it was a gas
soon turned out to be a pain in the ass.
Seemed like the real thing
only to find
mucho mistrust,
love's gone behind.
SUNDAY GIRL

Words and Music by
CHRIS STEIN

Hey, I know a girl from a lonely street.
Cold as ice-cream, but still as sweet.
Dry your eyes, Sunday girl.

I saw your guy with a different girl.
Looks like he's in another world.
Run and hide, Sunday girl.

Hurry up, hurry girl!
up and wait; I stay away all week and still I wait.

got the blues, please come see what your lovin' means to me.

She can't catch up with the work,

Baby, I would like to go out tonight.

If I go with you my folks'll get uptight.
Hey, I saw your guy with a different girl.

When I saw you again in the summertime,
Looks like he's in another world.
If your love was as sweet as mine,
Run and hide, Sunday

Hurry up, hurry

up and wait, I stay away all week and still I wait.

I got the blues, please come see what your lovin'
means to me. Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up and wait,

I got the blues. Please, please, please come see

what you do to me. I got the blues.

Repeat and fade
DENIS

Words and Music by
NEIL LEVINSON

Bright rock

A

D

E

A

Oh Den - is, (Bee - doo) I'm in love with you, Den - is, (Bee -

doo) I'm in love with you, Den - is, (Bee - doo) I'm in love with

you.

D

E

A

D

E

Den - is, Den - is, Oh, when we walk, oh with your eyes so blue. it al - ways feels so nice.
Den-is, Den-is,
And when we talk,
I've got a crush on you. Den-is, Den-is,
It seems like paradise. Den-is, Den-is,

I'm so in love with you.

You're my king. And I'm in heaven every time I look at you.

When you smile, it's such a treat.
And I'm so lucky 'cause I found a boy like you.

Denis, Denis, Denis, Denis,
avec tes yeux si bleus.
Je suis folle de toi.

Quand j'ai peché pour deux.
Embrasse-moi ce soir.

Pour un baiser d'été

Oh Denis,
I'm in love with you, Den - is, (Bee - doo) I'm in love with you.
TIDE IS HIGH (THE)

Words and Music by JOHN HOLT

Moderately

C

F

G

C

Dm

G

C

F6

G7

C

F

G7

The
tide is high but I'm hold - in' on, I'm gon-na be your num - ber one.

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Suite 4, Carlton Tower Place, Sloane Street, London SW1X 9PZ.
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I'm not the kind-a girl who gives up just like that. Oh, no. It's not the things you do that tease and hurt me bad, But it's the way you do the things you do to me.

I'm not the kind-a girl who gives up just like that. Oh, no. The tide is high but I'm holdin' on. I'm gonna be your number one.
Number one.  

ev'ry girl wants you to be her man  
but I'll wait, my dear, till it's my turn.  
i'm not the kind a girl who gives up just like that.  
Oh, no.  
The tide is high but I'm holdin' on,  
i'm gonna be your number one.
one,  
Number one.

Coda

The tide is high but I'm holdin' on,  
I'm gonna be your number one.  

Repeat and Fade
RAPTURE

Words by
DEBORAH HARRY

Music by
CHRIS STEIN

Moderately

Toe to toe
Back to back
Dancing very close
Body spineless

Breathing movement
Almost comatose

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throughout the U.K. & Eire, British Commonwealth (excluding Canada, Japan and South Africa).
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Wall to wall people hypnotised and they're stepping
Face to face sightless solitude and it's finger

Lightly hanging twenty-four hour shopping in rapture.

(Semi spoken) Fab Five Freddy told me ev'ry-bod'y's fly,

O. J. spin-nin' I said: "my! my!" Flash is fast, Flash is cool, Françoise c'est pas, Flashé no tout, and you
don't stop sure shot go out to the parking lot and get in your car and drive real far and you

drive all night and then you see a light and it comes right down and it lands on the ground and

out comes the man from Mars and you try to run but he's got a gun and he

shoots you dead and he eats your head and then you're in the man from Mars you go
out at night, eating cars. You eat Cadillacs, Lincolns too, Mercurys and Subarus and you don't stop, you keep on eating cars. Then when there's no more cars, you go out at night and eat up bars where the people meet; face to face, dance cheek to cheek. One to one, man to man, dance.

toe to toe, don't move too slow, 'cause the man from Mars is through with cars, he's
Eating bars, yeah wall to wall. Door to door, hall to hall, he's gon-na eat 'em all. Rapture

be pure, take a tour through the sewer, don't strain your brain, paint a train, you'll be sing-in'

in the rain, baby don't stop do punk rock.

(2) Well, now you see what you wanna be just
have your par-ty on T. V. 'cause the man from Mars, won't eat up bars where the T. V. s on and now he's gone back up to space where he won't have to has-sle with the hu-man race and you hip hop and you
don't stop, just blast off a sure shot; 'cause the man from Mars stopped eatin' cars and eat-in' bars and
now he on-ly eats gui-tars yep!

Repeat and Fade ad lib.
DREAMING

Moderately Fast

Words and Music by DEBORAH HARRY and CHRIS STEIN

1. When I met you in the restaurant,
   charity;
   you could have sure's

2. I don't want to live on

G 3fr.

G 3fr.

tell I was no deb - u - tant.
real or is it fan - ta - sy?
You asked me, "What's my pleasure, a
Reel
to reel is living rarity."

People stop and stare at me,
movie or a measure?
I'll have a cup of tea—
we just walk on

To Coda

by:
and tell you of my dreaming.
we just keep on

Dreaming is free.
Dreaming.

Feet, feet walkin' a two mile.
Dream, dream even for a little while.

Meet, meet, meet.

Dream, dream fill me at the turnstile. I never met him.

I'll ing up an idle hour; fade away,
3rd Verse

I sit by and watch the river flow.
I sit by and watch the traffic go.
Imagine something of your very own;
something you can have and hold.
I'd build a road in gold
just to have some dreaming.

(To Coda)
HANGING ON THE TELEPHONE

Words and Music by
JACK LEE

I'm in the phone-booth, it's the one across the hall,
(3) know it's been so long
if you don't answer I'll just

(Drums)

ring it off the wall. I know he's there but I just had to call
Every thing goes wrong. I want to tell you something you've known all along

don't leave me hanging

To Coda

Don't leave me hanging on the telephone,

2. I heard your mother, now she's
go-in' out the door.
(4) stop this conversation...
Did she go to work or just go to the store?
All those things she said I told you to ignore.
Your voice across the line gives me a strange sensation.
I'd like to talk when I can.
I can't control my self.

Oh... I can't control myself.

Oh... I can't control myself.

Oh... I can't control myself.

Don't leave me hanging.

To Codetta

Don't leave me hanging.

3. It's good to hear your voice you
Coda

Gm

Eb

Gm

Eb

Gm

Eb

(Instrumental)

D.S.S. 3\(\frac{3}{4}\), al Coda
tta

4. I had to interrupt and

Codetta

Gm

Eb

Gm

Eb

Gm

Eb

Gm

Eb

Gm

Eb

Gm

Eb

D  Bb  F  Gm

hang up and run to me oh

hang up and run to me

oh

hang up and run to me oh

hang up and run to me

oh

oh run to me
IN THE FLESH

Words and Music by
DEBORAH HARRY and CHRIS STEIN

Dar-ling, Dar-ling, Dar-ling, I can’t wait to see you, your
Dar-ling, Dar-ling, Dar-ling, I can’t wait to hear you, re-

pic-ture ain’t e-nough, I can’t wait to touch you in the
mem-b’ring your love is noth-ing with-out you in the

flesh. flesh. Went

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walking one day on the lower east side,

Met you with a girl friend you were so divine. She said "Hands off this one sweetie,"

this boy is mine”. I couldn’t resist you, I’m not deaf, dumb and blind.

Darling, Darling, Darling now
Darling, Darling, watch
you're out of town, those girls that you run with they'll

bring my head down. mean you wanna see me in the

flesh. Warm and soft in the

flesh.
RIP HER TO SHREDS

Medium rock

Words and Music by
DEBORAH HARRY and CHRIS STEIN

To Coda ♪

Spoken (1st time only) Here — she comes now (Sung) 1. Ah
2 & D C  Ah you know you know her, she would you Miss

look at that hair, yeah you know her Vera Check out those shoes, She
Group-Supreme, yeah you know her, Ve-ra Vogue on parade,

looks like she stepped out of the middle of someone’s blues.
Red eye shadow, green mascara, Ugh! she’s too much.

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She looks like the Sunday Comics,
She thinks she's Brenda Star,
All she needs is an old knife scar,
She's so dull (Come on) Rip her to shreds,
She looks like she don't know better,
Her nose job is real amateur,
Acting like a soap opera queen,
She's so dull (Come on)
Rip her to shreds.

Ah

(Spoken) She's got the nerve to
(Sung) Tell me she's not on it,

But her expression is too serene,

She
looks like she washes with comet_ always looking to create a scene_

Three times

She's so dull_ (come on) Rip her to shreds_

CODA

You know her_ with the fish eating grin_ She's so dull (Spoken) Yes, she's got she goes now,

the nerve to tell me, Huh, she's so, she's so, There she'll make another King Kong (Vocal ad' lib.)

Repeat ad lib. till fade.
PICTURE THIS

Moderate Rock

All I want is a room with a view,
a sight worth seeing, a

vision of you.

All I want is a room with a view.

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Ab

Oh, whoa, whoa.

I will give you my
All I want is a

finest hour;
photo in my wallet,
the one I spent watching you shower.
a small remembrance of something more solid.

F

I will give you
All I want
is a picture of you.

Oh,
Yeah.

Picture this, a
day in December; picture this, freezing cold weather. You got

clouds on your lids and you'd be on the skids if it weren't for your job at the gar-

rage. If you could only oh, oh, picture this, a sky full of thunder.
Picture this, my telephone number.
One and one is what I'm telling you. Oh, yeah.
(1st x only)

All I want is twenty-twenty vision.
A total portrait with no omissions. All I want
is a vision of you. Oh, if you can,

picture this, a

telling you; get a

pocket computer, try to do what you used to do. Yeah.
CALL ME

Moderate Rock (♩=♩=♩)

Words and Music by DEBORAH HARRY and GEORGIO MORODER

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or chart,
I know where you're coming from.
Call me,

on the line.
Call me, call me any time.
Call me,

oh love,
you can call me any day or night.
Call me.

me.
Cover me with kisses, baby, cover me with love.

Roll me in designer sheets, I'll never get enough.

Emotions come, I don't know why,

Cover up love's alibi. Call me,
share the wine... Call me.

Oo, he speaks the languages of love.

Oo, amore, chiamami chiamami

Oo, appelmoi, mon cherie, appelmoi. Any time.
Uh huh, make me to-night,

to-night make it right.

Uh huh,

make me to-night,
night, tonight.

Oh, uh huh, make it magnificent tonight.

night, right.

Oh, your hair is beautiful,
Your hair is beautiful,
oh, tonight.

Repeat and fade

(A - tom - ic, a - tom - ic,)

oh.}
PRESENCE DEAR
(I'm Always Touched By Your)

Words and Music by GARY VALENTINE

Steady rock

Was it destiny?
When we play at cards you use an extra sense.
Stay awake at night and count your R. E. M.'s.

Was it just by chance, could this be Kismet?
You can read my hand, I've got no defense.
When you're talking with your super friends.

Some-thing in my conscience,
When you send your messages
Le-vi-tat-ing lovers in the
told me you'd appear
whispered loud and clear
secret stratosphere.

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Now I'm always touched by your presence dear.
I am always touched by your presence dear.

1. Floating past the evidence of
2. Coming in to contact with

1. Possible possibilities
outer entities
we could navigate
we could entertain

together each one with
psychic frequencies
our theosophies
I am still in touch with your presence

dear, dear, dear, dear, dear.

rit.
UNION CITY BLUE

Words and Music by DEBORAH HARRY and NIGEL HARRISON

Medium Rock

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1. Power passion plays a double hand.
2. Union union Union City man.
3. I say he's mine, I have a plan.
4. I say he's my Union City man.

Repeat and fade

Oh, oh, oh, oh, what are we gonna do,
Union union, Union City Blue.
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