Warning • Blood, Sex and Booze • Church On Sunday • Fashion Victim • Castaway • Misery • Deadbeat Holiday • Hold On • Jackass • Waiting • Minority • Macy’s Day Parade
**WARNING**

Lyrics by BILLIE JOE  
Music by GREEN DAY

Moderately \( J = 112 \)

Intro:

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{A} \\
&D \\
&G \\
&D \\
&A \\
&D
\end{align*}
\]

Rhy. Fig. 1

*Acous. Gtr. 1

\[
\begin{align*}
&m_f \\
&\text{mf}
\end{align*}
\]

*Acous. Gtr. 2  Rhy. Fig. 1A

\[
\begin{align*}
&T \\
&B \\
&0 \quad 0 \quad 2 \quad 4 \\
&0 \quad 2 \quad 4 \\
&0 \quad 4 \quad 2 \quad 0 \\
&0 \quad 4 \quad 2 \quad 0 \\
&0 \quad 2 \quad 4 \quad 0 \\
&0 \quad 2 \quad 4
\end{align*}
\]

*Acous. Gtr. 1 dbld.

1. G  D  

2.3. G  D  

Verses 1 & 2:

w/Rhy. Figs. 1 (Acous. Gtr. 1)  
& 1A (Acous. Gtr. 2) both 8 times

1. This is a public service announcement.  
2. Better homes and safety sealed communities?

This is only a test.
mer - gen - cy, e - vac - u - ation, pro - test.
Did you re - mem - ber to pay the u - til - i - ty?

May im - pair your a - bil - i - ty to op - er - ate ma - chin - ery.
Cau - tion: Po - li - ce line. You bet - ter not cross. Is it the

can't quite tell just what it means to me. Keep out of reach of chil - dren,
cop or am I the one that's rea - ly dan - ger - ous? San - i - ta - tion, ex - pi - ra - tion

don't you talk to strang - ers. Get your phi - los - o - phy from a bump - er stick - er.
date, ques - tion ev - 'ry - thing? Or shut up and be the vic - tim of au - thor - i - ty.

Chorus:
w/Rhy. Figs. 1 (Acous. Gtr. 1) & 1A (Acous. Gtr. 2) both 4 times

Warn - ing: Live without warn - ing.

Let's say a warn - ing: Live without warn - ing.
Interlude:
Acous. Gtrs. 1 & 2 tacet
w/Rhy. Figs. 2 (Elec. Gtr. 1) & 2A (Elec. Gtr. 2)
N.C.

Let's see a warning: Live with-out warn-ing.
Verse 3:
N.C.

Better homes and safety-sealed communities?

Did you remember to pay the utility?

Caution: Police line: You'd better not cross. Is it the cop or am I the one

that's really dangerous? Sanitation, expiration date, question everything?

Chorus:

Or shut up and be the victim of authority. Warning:

without warning.

Let's see a warning:

Outro:

This was a public service announcement. This was only a test.
Intro:
N.C.

Moderately fast \( \frac{3}{4} = 176 \) (\( \frac{3}{4} = \frac{3}{4} \))

Elec. Gtr. 1

Cont. rhy. simile

Verse:

1. Waiting in a room
   head is in the gutter.
   Thank you, sir, and strike
   all dressed up, and
   It's of

   bound and gagged up
   another man to a
   chair.
   lin

   so unfair.

   I won't dare move.

   the dogs...
Let the pain she puts me through is
what I need. So it feels so

Chorus:
I'm in distress. Oh, mistress,
I confess so do it one more time, these
handcuffs are too tight. Well, you know I will o-

bey, so please don't make me beg
To Coda

for the blood, sex and booze you

give me. Some say I'm disturbed, (but) it's

what I deserve, another lesson
to be learned... from a girl called kill.

1.  
2. My Cha! Whoo
Interlude:

E

Rhy. Fig. 1

(2nd time only) Oh.

C

1. 2. D.S. & al Coda

end Rhy. Fig. 1

Interlude:

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Elec. Gtr. 1)

Coda

booze you give me.

Outro:

E

Oh.

Cont. rhy. simile
CHURCH ON SUNDAY

Lyrics by BILLIE JOE
Music by GREEN DAY

Moderately fast $j = 160$

Intro:

*Elec. Gtr. 1

Rhy. Fig. 1

Verse:

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Elec. Gtr. 1) 4 times

1. To-day is the first day of the rest of the whole
2. I hereby solemnly swear to tell of the our lives.

E

A

Tend every thing's all right, now.

I'm not getting an "Trust" is a dis

D

E

A

Church on Sunday - 4 - 1

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I'm not gonna state that yesterday never was...

But "respect" is something I will earn... if you have faith...

Pre-chorus:

Blood-shot, dead-beat, and lack of sleep making your...

mas-car-a bleed tears down your face, leaving trac-

es of my mistakes.

When I say...

Chorus:

If I promise to go to church on Sunday, will you go with me on

Fri-day night? If you live with me, I'll die for you and this com-

promise.

1.

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Elec. Gtr. 1)
If I promise to go to church on Sunday,
will you go with me on Friday night?

If you live with me, I'll die for you and this compromise.

Interlude

Let's go!

(1st time only) Eh... Eh... Eh...
Oh!

D.S. al Coda

And this compromise. It's a compromise.
FASHION VICTIM

Lyrics by BILLIE JOE
Music by GREEN DAY

Moderate shuffle \( J = 134 \) (\( J^\frac{2}{2} \))

Intro:

*Band enters

1. He's a victim of his own time in his "vintage suit" and tie.

Verse:

scented magazine,
looking sharp and living clean.

Whoa.

He's a casual ty dressed to the teeth in the
living well and dressed.

Whoa.

The new seasons come and so,

Looks like hell to me.

Whoa.
robe
do the an - or - ex-a-go-go,
Gonna

sit and beg and fetch the names and you'll follow the dress code.
Whoa.

What's in a name?

Chorus:

2. She's a

Well, you auctioned off your life

for the "most" expensive price.

To Coda

Going once, going twice, it's gone.
w/Fill 1 (Elec. Gtr. 2)

Coda

Al-right, yeah!

G/F♯

E

A

G

G/F♯

E

A

G

G/F♯

Al-right!

Outro:

Elec.

Gtr. 1

What's in a name?

Hey!

What's in a

name?

Hey!

What's in a name?
CASTAWAY

Lyrics by BILLIE JOE
Music by GREEN DAY

Fast \( J = 224 \)

Intro:

N.C.

Elec. Gtr. 1

\( B^5 \)

\( G^5 \)

\( E^5 \)

\( B^5 \)

Rhy. Fig. 1

end Rhy. Fig. 1

Verse:

Elec. Gtr. 1

\( B^5 \)

\( F^5 \)

\( E^5 \)

\( B^5 \)

Rhy. Fig. 2

\( B^5 \)

\( B^5 \)

end Rhy. Fig. 2

1. I'm (1. 3.) on a sentimental journey into sight and riding on the night train and driving stolen

*Elec. Gtr. 1 tacet 3rd time.

w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Elec. Gtr. 1) 3 times

Of no return and no looking back or cars.

Testing my nerves out on the boulevard.

A conscious object to the war that's in my mind.

While leaving in the lurch and I'm taking back what's

Castaway - 4 - 1

\( \text{THE WING COOP AND GREEN DAY MUSIC} \)
Pre-chorus:

mine.

I'm on a mission into destination unknown.

Resume pre-chorus fig. simile

An expedition onto desolation road where I'm a castaway,

going at it alone. Castaway,

now I'm on my own. Castaway,
**Guitar Solo:**

E5

G5

B5

F#5

E5

E5

G5

B5

E5

E5

B5

F#5

E5
*Interlude:

D.S. ♯ al Coda

Lost and found, trouble bound, cast a-
way.

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Elec. Gtr. 1) 3 times

Cast a-
way.

(Cast a-
way...)

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Elec. Gtr. 1) 1st 3 meas. only

Cast a-
way.

(Cast a-
way...)

*Chords implied by bass gtr.
Tune down 1/2 step:
$\text{C}=\text{Eb}$ $\text{D}=\text{Gb}$
$\text{C}=\text{Ab}$ $\text{D}=\text{Bb}$
$\text{C}=\text{Bs}$ $\text{D}=\text{Eb}$

Moderately $j = 132$

Intro:

Organ

Slightly faster $j = 152$

Cont. rhy. simile

Band enters

Acous. Gtr.
Rhy. Fig. 1

hold throughout
Verse:

w/Rhy. Fill 1 (Elec. Gtr. 2) 2nd time only

Bm

Cont. rhy. simile

Gin - ia was a "lot liz - ard" from F - L - A. She
Vinnie was a hus - tler out of Am - ster - dam.

bars: 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2

Elec. Gtr. 1 2nd time only.

had a com - pound frac - ture in the "trunk."
ran the drug car - tel in "tin - sel - town."

They

Fm

Rhy. Fill 1
Elec. Gtr. 2

mf w/trem. bar

TAB

-1/2
started when she ran away, thumb's out on the interstate, she found him in a Cadillac, bludgeoned with a baseball bat.

*hitched in the ride to misery. "Mister"

* Doubled by Elec. Gtr. 1 (2nd time only).

Acous. Gtr. & Elec. Gtr. 1 cont. verse rhy. fig., simile

Whirly" had a catastrophic incident. He

Gina hit the road to New York City. He

fell into the city by the bay. He

seriously the night Vinnie croaked. She

liquidated his estate. Now he sleeps upon the Haight.

With Virginia and the dope and
pan kissed the handling miserably. And they're gonna get

Chorus:

high, high, high when (he's we're) low, low, low. The

fire burns from better days. And (1.3. she screams 2. he screamed) why, oh

why? I said, "I don't know." The catastrophic hymns from yesterday

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Acous. Gtr.) simile

Resume rhy. fig. simile

day, of misery.
Bridge:

Well, hell hounds on your trail now once again, boy.

groping on your leg until it sleeps.

emptiness will fill your soul with sorrow.

it's not what you make, it's what you leave.

Cont. rhy. simile

Ah.
DEADBEAT HOLIDAY

Lyrics by BILLIE JOE
Music by GREEN DAY

Moderately \( j = 154 \)

**Verse:**

Intro:

|-------------|--------------|

1. Wake up, the house is on five.
2. Christmas lights in the middle of August.

**Rhy. Fig. 1**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>T</th>
<th>B</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

*Elec. Gtr. 1st time only.
**Elec. Gtr. 2nd time only.

and the cat's got in the dryer.
Grudges come back to haunt us.
Philosophy's your oldest ally.

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lies are when your home is your headstone.

I - con" is the last chance for hope when there's no such
Ground - ed in a du - plex to find that you're liv - ing on

things as a land - mine.

Vac - ca - tion hot - spots is a

you dug your - self in drive.

Last chance to piss.

it all a - way.
Nothing but hell to pay

1.2. when the lights are going down.

Oh, do,

Chorus:

Deadbeat holiday, celebrate your own decay.

There's a vacant sign that's hanging high on a noose over your home.

Oh, deadbeat holiday.
get on your knees and pray. There's a va-

...cant sign that's hanging high, but at least you're not alone...

Interlude:

...least you're not alone...

(1st time only) Holiday...
Su-i-cide.

least you're not a-lone.

Oh, dead-beat hol-i-day,

cel-ebrate your own de-cay.

There's a va-

cant sign that's hang-ing high but at least you're not a-lone.

Hol-i-day.
HOLD ON

Lyrics by BILLIE JOE
Music by GREEN DAY

Moderately $J = 130$

Intro:

*Rhy. Fig. 1

G C G C C

Rhyth. Fig. 1

*Acc. Gtr.

mf

*Acc. Gtr. d.bld.

1. D 132

end Rhy. Fig. 1

G

1. As I stepped to the edge, 'yond the a

G D G C G

shad-ow of a doubt, with my con-science beat-

D 132

ing. Like the It's

plea for peace, and my con-science beat-

G 21 3 C 32 1 G 32 1 C 32 1 D 132

ing. Pulse not of a drum that ham-mers on and on 'til I reach the break of

G 21 3 C 32 1 G 32 1 C 32 1 D 132

day. As the sun beats down on the half-way house,

G 21 3 C 32 1 G 32 1 D 132

So I run to the edge 'yond the shad-ow of a doubt,
has with my conscience beating
Here lies the truth, the lost
will to persevere as I reach the break of day. When you lost all

treasures of my youth as I hold 'til the break of day.

Chorus:

hope and excuses and the cheap-skates and the losers.
Nothing's left to cling on to. Got to

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Acous Gtr.)

hold on, hold on to yourself.
Guitar Solo:

Acous. Gtr.

*Elec. Gtr.

Cont. rhy. simile

mf hold throughout

*Elec. Gtr. simile 2nd time.

1.

Chorus:

Elec. Gtr. tacet

Em

When you've lost all hope and excuses and the
cheap-skates and the losers. Nothing's left to cling on.

to... Got to hold on, got to hold on, hold on.

Outro:

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Acous. Gtr.)

on, hold on to yourself.

Acous. Gtr. 
Moderately fast $J = 176$ (♩♩♩♩)

Intro:

Elec.
Gtr. 1

C
C/B
Am
C
C/B

mf

*Elec. Gtr. 1 dbld.

G5
F5
C5
G5

Al-right!

1. To know you is to
2. G

Verses 1 & 4: w/Fill 1 (Elec. Gtr. 2) 2nd time only

Rhy. Fig. 1

Fill 1

Elec.
Gtr. 2
hate you, so loving you must be like suicide...

Well, I don't mind...

if you don't mind... Hell, I am not the

one that's gonna die.

2. I guess I just can't listen to this one-sided conversation again...

tension got an honorable mention once again...

'Cause I don't care... Congratulations and salutations...
Well, no one ever said that life was fair.

You're a figment of your own imagination.

Chorus:

Well, everybody loves a joke, but no one likes a fool.

And you're always crackin' the same old lines again.

You're well rehearsed on every verse, and that was stated clear.

But no one understands your veracity.

Saxophone Solo:

1.
2. Elec.
3. The Yeah.
Guitar Solo:

Oh!

D.S. % al Coda

4. To

hold

Coda

Elec. Gtr. 1

wasting all your time.
WAITING

Tune down 1/2 step:
$D = E_b$
$G = F#$
$A = A_b$
$B = G#
$D = F$

Moderately $\frac{b}{4} = 134$

Intro:

I've been waiting a long time for this moment to come.
I'm destined for anything at all.

Verse:

*Elec. Gtr. 1 dbl.
1. Down town.
2. Dawn ing.
3. Dumb struck.

lights will be shining on me like a new diamond
Call ing, don't let it catch you
Good luck, you're gonna need it

ring out under the midnight hour.
fall ing, ready or not at all.
where I'm going if I get there at all.
Well, no one can touch me now.
Well, so close, enough to taste it.

Wake up.

To Coda

And I can't turn my back, it's too late.
Almost I can embrace this feeling.

Better thank your lucky stars.

read y or not at all.

Chorus:

I'm so much closer than I have ever known.

Wake up.

Well,

I'm so much closer than I have ever known.

Wake up.
Better thank your lucky stars.

Sure, hey, hey, hey.

*Guitar Solo:*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Elec. Gtr. 1</th>
<th>Elec. Gtr. 2</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A</td>
<td>D</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Cont. rhy. simile
Chorus:

Well, I'm so much closer than I have ever known.

Wake up.

Better thank your
lucky stars.

Interlude:

Sure, hey, hey, hey.

*Elec. Gtr. 1 not dbld.

Mid-tro:

I've been waiting a lifetime for this

moment to came. I'm destined for anything at all.

D.S. % al Coda
MINORITY

Lyrics by BILLIE JOE
Music by GREEN DAY

Moderately \( \text{J} = 132 \) \( \left( \frac{\text{J}}{\text{J}} \right) \)

Intro:

\[
\begin{align*}
&C \quad G \quad Fm7 \quad C \\
\acoust. &\text{Rhy. Fig. 1} \quad \text{Gtr.}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
&mf \quad \text{fingerstyle} \\
&T \quad A \quad B \\
\text{Cont. in slashes}
\end{align*}
\]

Chorus:

\[
\begin{align*}
&C \quad F \quad G \quad F \quad C \quad F \\
\text{Elec. Gtr. 1} &\quad \text{& Acous. Gtr.} \\
\text{Cont. rhy. simile}
\end{align*}
\]

I want to be the minority.
I don't need your authority.
Down with the moral majority.
'Cause...

Verse:

\[
\begin{align*}
&C \quad F \quad G \quad F \quad C \quad G \quad F \quad G \\
\text{Acous.} &\text{Gtr.}
\end{align*}
\]

I want to be the minority.
I pledge (2,3.) light, allegiance one mind.
to the underworld. One nation underdog there of which I stand alone.
Blind-ed by the silence of a thousand broken hearts. "For

face in the crowd, unsung against the mold.

Chorus:

Elec. Gtr. 1
& Acous. Gtr.

only way I know.

"You are your own sight." ] 'Cause I want to be the minority.

Cont. rhy. simile

I don't need your authority.

Down with the moral ma-

To Coda

jor - i - ty. 'Cause I want to be the minority.
Bridge:

1. Stepped out of the line

2. Instrumental.

from the herd.

Marching out of time

to my own beat now.

The only way I know.

Interlude:

Cont. rhy. simile

3. One

Coda

nor - i - ty.

I want to be the mi - nor - i - ty.
I want to be the majority. I want to be the minority. I want to be the minority.
MACY'S DAY PARADE

Lyrics by BILLIE JOE
Music by GREEN DAY

Moderately \( j = 112 \)

Intro:

Verse:

w/Fill 1 (Elec. Gtr.) 8 times, 3rd time only.

1. Today's the Macy's Day Parade...
The night of the living dead is on its way,
I thought...
I wanted all the things that I have n't got.

with a credit report for duty call.
Oh, but I learned the hardest way.

It's a lifetime guarantee,
Then I realized what it took in a coffin, "ten percent more free."

2. When I was a kid I thought...

3. Instrumental

Red light spe -

Fill 1

Elec. Gtr.
Pre-chorus:
1. Give me something that I need, satisfaction
2. What's the consolation prize? economy
3. Guaranteed to you. What's the consolation prize?

Chorus:
Guaranteed. 'Cause I'm thinking 'bout a brand-new hope, the one I've never known.
'Cause now I know it's all that I wanted.
Coda

sized dreams of hope Give me something that I need.

Chorus:

\begin{align*}
\text{Satisfaction guaranteed. 'Cause I'm thinking 'bout a brand new hope,}
\end{align*}

the one I've never known and where it goes.

And I'm thinking 'bout the only road, the one I've never known and where it goes.

'Cause I'm thinking 'bout a brand new hope, the one I've never known. 'cause now I know it's all that I wanted.