

ATELIER GUITARE # 2

DO I WANNA KNOW ?

Auteur-compositeur : Alex Turner - Interprètes : Arctic Monkeys
Album : AM - Année : 2013

Intro. + Verse 1

```
E |-----|
B |-----|
G |-----|
D |-----3--1^-----0-----|
A |-----1-----1-----5-3^--1-3--3-X-X--1-3-5-5-----|
E |---1-3---3-X-X-1-3-----3-----|
```

Pre-chorus

```
E |-----|
B |-----|
G |-----|
D |-----3--1^-----0-----|
A |-----1-----1-----5-3^--1-3--3-X-X--5-5-1-----|
E |---1-3---3-X-X-1-3-----|
```

```
E |-----|
B |-----|
G |-----|
D |-----0-----|
A |-----5--6-5-3--1-3--1-3-----|
E |-----3-----|
```

```
E |-----|
B |-----|
G |-----|
D |-----5/1-----0-----|
A |-----1-----5--6-5-3--1-3--1-3-----|
E |---1-3---3-----3---3|
```

Chorus = intro.

* * *

IMPOSSIBLE

Auteur-compositeur et interprète : James Arthur

Album : *James Arthur*

Année : 2013

Note : *capo third fret*

Verse 1

Am
I remember years ago
C
Someone told me I should take
G
Caution when it comes to love.
F
I did, I did.
Am
And you were strong and I was not,
C
My illusion, my mistake,
G
I was careless, I forgot.
F
I did.

Pre-chorus

F
And now when all is done,
G
There is nothing to say.
Am
You have gone and so effortlessly.

You have won,
G
You can go ahead tell them.

Chorus

Am
Tell them all I know now.
C
Shout it from the rooftops,
G
Write it on the skyline.
F
All we had is gone now.
Am
Tell them I was happy
C
And my heart is broken.
G
All my scars are open.
F
Tell them what I hoped would be.
Am C
Impossible, impossible.
G F
Impossible, impossible.

* * *

THE HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

Chanson populaire

Interprètes : The Animals

Album : [Joué en concert]

Année : 1964

- Intro :

```
Am          C          D          F          E [dernier accord x2]
e|-----0-----0-----3--3-----1-1-----0-----
b|---1-^1-----1-^1-----2--^2-----1-^1-----^--0-----
g|--2-----^0-----0-----^0-----3-----^0-----2-----^0-----1--^0-----
d|-2-----^-----2-----^-----0-----^-----3-----^-----2-----^-----
a|0-----3-----2-----3-----2-----2-----2-----2-----2-----
e|-----0-----0-----0-----0-----0-----0-----0-----0-----
```

- Couplets :

Am C D F
There is a house in New Orleans,
Am C E E
They call the Rising Sun.
Am C D F
And It's been the ruin of many a poor boy
Am E Am C D F Am E Am E
And God, I know, I'm one.

My mother was a tailor.
She sewed my new blue jeans.
My father was a gambling man,
Down in New Orleans.

And the only things a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk.
And the only time he's satisfied
Is when he's all a-drunk.

I've got one foot on the platform,
The other foot on the train.
I'm going back to New Orleans
To wear the ball and chain.

So mothers, tell your children
Not to do what I have done :
Spend your life in sin and misery
In the house of the Rising Sun.