

- 1 HOLLYWOOD NIGHTS
- 2 STILL THE SAME
- 3 OLD TIME ROCK & ROLL
- 4 TILL IT SHINES
- 5 FEEL LIKE A NUMBER

- 6 AIN'T GOT NO MONEY
- 7 WE'VE GOT TONITE
- 8 BRAVE STRANGERS
- 9 THE FAMOUS FINAL SCENE



©1978 Original Sound Recordings Made by Capitol Records, Inc. ©1978 Capitol Records, Inc.

Printed in U.S.A.

EAGLES
The
SINISTER SILENT BAND
Stranger in Town



Capitol
RECORDS

The Silver Bullet Band:
 Bob Seger: Vocals
 Drew Abbott: Guitars
 Robyn Robbins: Keyboards
 Alto Reed: Horns
 Chris Campbell: Bass
 David Teegarden: Drums and Percussion

The Muscle Shoals Rhythm Section:
 Barry Beckett: Keyboards
 Pete Carr: Lead Guitar
 Jimmie Johnson: Rhythm guitar
 David Hood: Bass
 Roger Hawkins: Drums and Percussion

Additional Musicians:
 Glenn Frey (♫): Guitar solo "Till It Shines"
 Don Felder (♫): Guitar solo "Ain't Got No Money"
 Bill Payne (♫): Piano and organ "Hollywood Nights"
 Doug Riley: Piano "Feel Like A Number" and "Brave Strangers"

Background Singers:
 "We've Got Tonight" and "Still The Same":
 Veretta Fields, Clydie King, Shirley Matthews
 "Hollywood Nights": Julia Waters (♫), Maxine Waters (♫),
 Luther Waters (♫), Oren Waters (♫)
 "Still the Same" and "Brave Strangers": Brandy
 "Old Time Rock": James Lavelle, Stanley Carter, George Jackson

Strings arranged and conducted by Jim Ed Norman

*Produced by Bob Seger and Punch

**Produced by Bob Seger and Muscle Shoals Rhythm Section

Mixed by John Arrias, Bob Seger, and Punch at Capitol Records Studios,
 Hollywood, Cal., and Cherokee Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

Engineers:
 John Arrias, Greg Hamm, Steve Melton, David Cole,
 Mark Calice, Hugh Davies, George Tucko

Recorded at:
 Criteria Sound Studios, Miami, Fla.
 Muscle Shoals Sound Studios, Sheffield, Ala.
 Cherokee Studios
 Capitol Records Studios
 Sound Suite Studios, Detroit, MI

Mastered by Wally Traugott at Capitol Records Studios

Special thanks to Glenn Frey and John Carter

Art Direction: Roy Kahara

Design: Ken Anderson

Cover Photography: Bob Siedemann

Liner Photography: Terry Luke and Terry Bert

Insert Photography: Terry Luke



HOLLYWOOD NIGHTS *

B. Seger

She stood there bright as the sun
 On that California coast
 He was a Midwestern boy on his own
 She looked at him with those soft eyes
 So innocent and blue
 He knew right then he was too far from home
 He was too far from home
 She took his hand and she led him along
 That golden beach
 They watched the waves tumble over the sand
 They drove for miles and miles
 Up those twisting turning roads
 Higher and higher and higher they climbed
 And those Hollywood nights
 In those Hollywood hills
 She was looking so right
 In her diamonds and frills
 Oh those big city nights
 In those high rolling hills
 Above all the lights
 She had all of her skills
 He'd headed west cause he felt that a change
 Would do him good
 See some old friends
 Good for the soul
 She had been born with a face
 That would let her get her way
 He saw that face and he lost all control
 He had lost all control
 Night after night
 Day after day
 It went on and on
 Then came that morning he woke up alone
 He spent all night staring down at the
 lights on LA
 Wandering if he could ever go home
 And those Hollywood nights
 In those Hollywood hills
 It was looking so right
 It was giving him chills
 In those big city nights
 In those high rolling hills
 Above all the lights
 With a passion that kills
 In those Hollywood nights
 In those Hollywood hills
 She was looking so right
 In her diamonds and frills
 Oh those big city nights
 In those high rolling hills
 Above all the lights
 She had all of her skills

STILL THE SAME *

B. Seger

You always won everytime you placed a bet
You're still damn good
No one's gotten to you yet
Everytime they were sure they had you caught
You were quicker than they thought
You'd just turn your back and walk
You always said
The cards would never do you wrong
The trick you said
Was never play the game too long
A gambler's share
The only risk that you would take
The only loss you could forsake
The only bluff you couldn't fake
And you're still the same
I caught up with you yesterday
Moving game to game
No one standing in your way
Turning on the charm
Long enough to get you by
You're still the same
You still aim high
There you stood
Everybody watched you play
I just turned and walked away
I had nothing left to say
'Cause you're still the same
You're still the same
Moving game to game
Some things never change
You're still the same

OLD TIME ROCK & ROLL **

George Jackson and Thomas Earl Jones

Just take those old records off the shelf
I'll sit and listen to 'em by myself
Today's music ain't got the same soul
I like that old time rock 'n' roll
Don't try to take me to a disco
You'll never even get me out on the floor
In ten minutes I'll be late for the door
I like that old time rock 'n' roll
Still like that old time rock 'n' roll
That kind of music just soothes my soul
I reminisce about the days of old
With that old time rock 'n' roll
Wasn't go to hear them play a tango
I'd rather hear some blues or funky old soul
There's only one sure way to get me to go
Start playing old time rock 'n' roll
Call me a relic
Call me what you will
Say I'm old-fashioned
Say I'm over the hill
Today's music ain't got the same soul
I like that old time rock 'n' roll
Still like that old time rock 'n' roll
That kind of music just soothes my soul
I reminisce about the days of old
With that old time rock 'n' roll

TILL IT SHINES **

B. Seger

Take away my inhibitions
Take away my solitude
Fire me up with your resistance
Put me in the mood
Storm the walls around this prison
Leave the inmates
Free the guards
Deal me up another future
From some brand new deck of cards
Take the chip off of my shoulder
Smooth out all the lines
Take me out among the rustling pines
Till it shines
Like an echo down a canyon
Never coming back as clear
Lately I just judge the distance
Not the words I hear
I've been too long on these islands
I've been far too long alone
I've been too long without summer
In this winter home
Still if we can make the effort
If we take the time
Maybe we can leave this much behind
Till it shines
See the rich man lost and lonely
Watch him as he dines
Sitting there just testing all the wines
Till it shines

FEEL LIKE A NUMBER *

B. Seger

I take my card and I stand in line
To make a buck I work overtime
Dear Sir letters keep coming in the mail
I work my back till it's racked with pain
The boss can't even recall my name
I show up late and I'm docked
I never fails
I feel like just another
Spoke in a great big wheel
Like a tiny blade of grass
In a great big field
To workers I'm just another drone
To Ma Bell I'm just another phone
I'm just another statistic on a sheet
To teachers I'm just another child
To IRS I'm another file
I'm just another consensus on the street
Gonna cruise out of this city
Head down to the sea
Gonna shout out at the ocean
Hey it's me
And I feel like a number
Feel like a number
Feel like a stranger
A stranger in this land
I feel like a number
I'm not a number
I'm not a number
Dammit I'm a man
I said I'm a man

AIN'T GOT NO MONEY **

Frankie Miller

Well I'm looking for a woman
About five foot six
Who ain't into glamour
She's just into kicks
Just a sweet fashion lady
Stepping dynamite
Who's gonna take me for granted
In the heat of the night
Come on baby
Don't run away
Look here in my face
Be it night or day
I ain't got no money
But I sure got a whole lotta love
Well I'm walking down the street
And my hearts feeling heavy
Swaying with the beat
'Cause I'm more than just ready
She's looking at me
I can feel it in my bones
Step right on up
And I'll be taking you home
Come on baby
Don't turn away
Look here in my face
Be it night or day
I ain't got no money
But I sure got a whole lot of love
A whole lotta love
Well I'm looking for a woman
Who's looking for a man
Who's looking for a time
Like she ain't ever had
Just a sweet fashion lady
Stepping dynamite
Who's gonna take me for granted
In the heat of the night
Come on baby don't run away
Look here in my face
Be it night or day
I ain't got no money
But I sure got a whole lotta love

WE'VE GOT TONITE **

B. Seger

I know it's late, I know you're weary
I know your plans don't include me
Still here we are, both of us lonely
Longing for shelter from all that we see
Why should we worry
No one will care girl
Look at the stars so far away
We've got tonight who needs tomorrow
We've got tonight babe
Why don't you stay?
Deep in my soul I've been so lonely
All of my hopes fading away
I've longed for love
Like everyone else does
I know I'll keep searching even after today
So there it is girl
I've said it all now
And here we are babe what do you say
We've got tonight who needs tomorrow
We've got tonight babe
Why don't you stay?
I know it's late, I know you're weary
I know your plans don't include me
Still here we are, both of us lonely
Both of us lonely
We've got tonight who needs tomorrow
Let's make it last
Let's find a way
Turn out the light, come take my hand now
We've got tonight babe
Why don't you stay?

BRAVE STRANGERS*

B. Seger

Nights were warm
Dreams were easy
No one standing overhead
Conversation didn't mean much
We were hungry but we could not be fed
Radio blasting silly little love songs
We only listened for the beat
Taking our chances
Out there on the mean streets
Hiding in the shadows from the heat
We weren't lovers just brave strangers
As we fought and we tumbled through
the night
We were players not arrangers
As we jammed till the dawn's early light
Swimming in the big lake
Taking it easy
Taking any comfort we could find
Didn't need the real truth
Didn't need the meaning
Straight ahead ignoring every sign
Every sign
And oh I remember I know you do too
Oh that one evening
I know you do too
Baby
I know you remember it too
The moon was high
Moon was flying high
We were hiding in the backwoods
Hiding out in the backwoods
With the moon flying high
My hand was shaking
And you took my hand
And it went all right
And it went all right
It went all right
So we walked out hardly speaking
Disappearing in the night
Saw each other a few times after
But we never really got it right
We weren't lovers just brave strangers
As we rolled and we tumbled through
the night
We were players not arrangers
And we jammed till the dawn's early light

THE FAMOUS FINAL SCENE**

B. Seger

Think in terms of bridges burned
Think of seasons that must end
See the rivers rise and fall
They will rise and fall again
Everything must have an end
Like an ocean to a shore
Like a river to a stream
Like a river to a stream
It's the famous final scene
And how you tried to make it work
Did you really think it could
How you tried to make it last
Did you really think it would
Like a guest who stayed too long
Now it's finally time to leave
Yes, it's finally time to leave
Take it calmly and serene
It's the famous final scene
It's been coming on so long
You were just the last to know
It's been a long time since you've smiled
Seems like oh so long ago
Now the stage has all been set
And the nights are growing cold
Soon the winter will be here
And there's no one warm to hold
Now the lines have all been read
And you know them all by heart
Now you move toward the door
Here it comes the hardest part
Try the handle of the door
Feeling different feeling strange
This can never be arranged
As the light fades from the screen
From the famous final scene

MOLLYWOOD NIGHTS

Copyright © 1978 by Gear Publishing Co./ASCAP
All Rights Reserved/Used by Permission

STILL THE SAME

Copyright © 1977 by Gear Publishing Co./ASCAP
All Rights Reserved/Used by Permission

OLD TIME ROCK & ROLL

Copyright © 1977 by Music Share Sound
Publishing Co., Inc./BMI

All Rights Reserved/Used by Permission

TILL IT SHINES

Copyright © 1978 by Gear Publishing Co./ASCAP
All Rights Reserved/Used by Permission

FEEL LIKE A NUMBER

Copyright © 1977 by Gear Publishing Co./ASCAP
All Rights Reserved/Used by Permission

AIN'T GOT NO MONEY

Copyright © 1976 by Chrysalis Music Limited
Controlled in the U.S. & Canada by
Chrysalis Music Corp.

9501 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90049
All Rights Reserved/Used by Permission

WE'VE GOT TONITE

Copyright © 1978 by Gear Publishing Co./ASCAP
All Rights Reserved/Used by Permission

BRAVE STRANGERS

Copyright © 1977 by Gear Publishing Co./ASCAP
All Rights Reserved/Used by Permission

THE FAMOUS FINAL SCENE

Copyright © 1977 by Gear Publishing Co./ASCAP
All Rights Reserved/Used by Permission



The Compact Disc Digital Audio System offers the best possible sound reproduction — on a small, convenient sound-carrier unit. The Compact Disc's superior performance is the result of laser-optical scanning combined with digital playback, and is independent of the technology used in making the original recording. This recording technology is identified on the back cover by a three-letter code.



DDD = digital tape recorder used during session recording, mixing and/or editing, and mastering (transcription).



ADD = analogue tape recorder used during session recording, digital tape recorder used during subsequent mixing and/or editing and during mastering (transcription).



AAD = analogue tape recorder used during session recording and subsequent mixing and/or editing, digital tape recorder used during mastering (transcription).

In storing and handling the Compact Disc, you should apply the same care as with conventional records. No further cleaning will be necessary if the Compact Disc is always held by the edges and is replaced in its case directly after playing. Should the Compact Disc become soiled by fingerprints, dust, or dirt, it can be wiped (always in a straight line, from centre to edge) with a clean and lint-free, soft, dry cloth. No solvent or abrasive cleaner should ever be used on the disc.

If you follow these suggestions, the Compact Disc will provide a lifetime of pure listening enjoyment.

Le système Compact Disc Digital Audio permet la meilleure reproduction sonore possible à partir d'un support de son de format réduit et pratique. Les remarquables performances du Compact Disc sont le résultat de la combinaison unique du système numérique et de la lecture laser-optique, indépendamment des différentes techniques appliquées lors de l'enregistrement. Ces techniques sont identifiées au verso de la couverture par un code à trois lettres.



DDD = utilisation d'un magnétophone numérique pendant les séances d'enregistrement, le mixage et/ou le montage et la gravure.



ADD = utilisation d'un magnétophone analogue pendant les séances d'enregistrement, utilisation d'un magnétophone numérique pendant le mixage et/ou le montage et la gravure.



AAD = utilisation d'un magnétophone analogue pendant les séances d'enregistrement et le mixage et/ou le montage, utilisation d'un magnétophone numérique pendant la gravure.

Pour obtenir les meilleurs résultats, il est indispensable d'apporter le même soin dans le rangement et la manipulation du Compact Disc qu'avec le disque microfilm. Il n'est pas nécessaire d'effectuer de nettoyage particulier si le disque est toujours tenu par les bords et est replacé directement dans son boîtier après l'écoute. Si le Compact Disc porte des traces d'empreintes digitales, de poussière ou autres, il peut être essuyé, toujours en ligne droite, du centre vers les bords, avec un chiffon propre, doux et sec qui ne s'effiloche pas. Tout produit nettoyant, solvant ou abrasif doit être prosaïque. Si ces instructions sont respectées, le Compact Disc vous donnera une parfaite et durable restitution sonore.

Das Compact Disc Digital Audio System bietet die bestmögliche Klangwiedergabe — auf einem kleinen, handlichen Trägersystem. Die überlegene Eigenschaft der Compact Disc beruht auf der Kombination von Laser-Abtastung und digitaler Wiedergabe. Die von der Compact Disc gebotene Qualität ist somit unabhängig von dem technischen Verfahren, das bei der Aufnahme eingesetzt wurde.

Auf der Rückseite der Verpackung kennzeichnet ein Code aus drei Buchstaben die Technik, die bei den drei Stationen Aufnahme, Schnitt/Abmischung und Überspielung zum Einsatz gekommen ist.



DDD = digitales Tonbandgerät bei der Aufnahme, bei Schnitt und/oder Abmischung, bei der Überspielung.



ADD = analoges Tonbandgerät bei der Aufnahme, digitales Tonbandgerät bei Schnitt und/oder Abmischung und bei der Überspielung.



AAD = analoges Tonbandgerät bei der Aufnahme und bei Schnitt und/oder Abmischung, digitales Tonbandgerät bei der Überspielung.

Die Compact Disc sollte mit der gleichen Sorgfalt gelagert und behandelt werden wie die konventionelle Langspielplatte. Eine Reinigung erübrigt sich, wenn die Compact Disc nur am Rande angefasst und nach dem Abspielen sofort wieder in die Spezialverpackung zurückgelegt wird. Sollte die Compact Disc Spuren von Fingerabdrücken, Staub oder Schmutz aufweisen, ist sie mit einem sauberen, fusselfreien, weichen und trockenen Tuch (geradlinig von der Mitte zum Rand) zu reinigen. Bitte keine Lösungsmittel oder Scheuermittel verwenden!

Bei Beachtung dieser Hinweise wird die Compact Disc ihre Qualität dauerhaft bewahren.

WARNING: Copyright subsists in all recordings under this label. Any unauthorized rental, broadcasting, public performance, copying or recording in any manner whatsoever will constitute infringement of such copyright and will render the infringer liable to an action at law. In case there is a perception institution in the relevant country entitled to grant licences for the use of recordings for public performance or broadcasting, such licences may be obtained from such institution. (For the United Kingdom: Phonographic Performance Ltd, Ganton House, 14-22 Ganton Street, London W1V 1LH.)