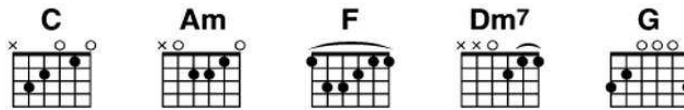


# Mix Up, Mix Up

Words & Music by  
Bob Marley



**Intro**

C Am F Dm7 G  
Oh Lord, oh Lord, oh Lord, yeah.

| C Am | F Dm7 G | C Am | F Dm7 G |  
Well it's not easy, it's not

| C Am | F Dm7 G ||  
easy.

**Verse 1**

C Am F Dm7 G  
Speak the truth, come on, speak, eh, now.

C Am F Dm7 G  
As the wise say:

C Am F Dm7 G  
He who hide the wrong he did

C Am F Dm7 G  
Surely did the wrong thing still.

| C Am | F Dm7 G ||

**Verse 2**

C Am F Dm7 G  
Get in the studio of,

C Am F Dm7 G  
Studio of time and experience:

C Am F Dm7 G  
Here we experience the good and bad;

C Am F Dm7 G  
What we have, and what we had;

**Chorus 1**

C Am F Dm7  
This session (session), \_\_\_\_\_

G C Am F  
Not just another version (version).

*cont.* **Dm7 G C Am F Dm7**  
 Lord, give me a session (session), \_\_\_\_\_  
**G C Am F Dm7 G**  
 Not another version (version). \_\_\_\_\_

*Verse 3* **C Am F Dm7 G**  
 There's so much stumbling blocks right in-a our way: \_\_\_\_\_  
**C Am F Dm7 G**  
 Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday; \_\_\_\_\_  
**C Am F Dm7 G**  
 There's so much wanting, so much gaining, so much have done.  
**C Am F Dm7 G**  
 Too much little mix-up, in the mix-up, yes.  
**C Am F Dm7 G**  
 Too much little mix up,  
**C Am F Dm7 G**  
 Too much of this mix up, mix up.

*Verse 4* **C Am F Dm7 G**  
 I was born in the country, right on top of the hill \_\_\_\_\_  
**C Am F Dm7 G**  
 I still remain, I know I still, I will-a, \_\_\_\_\_  
**C Am F Dm7 G**  
 But through your fuckin' respect and through your false pride  
**C Am F Dm7 G**  
 Someone wanna take Jah - Jah - Jah children for a ride.

*Chorus 2* **C Am F Dm7 G**  
 Shut up, open the gate  
**C Am F Dm7**  
 And let the saints through.  
**G C Am F Dm7**  
 Please make it session (session), \_\_\_\_\_  
**G C Am F Dm7**  
 Not another version (version); \_\_\_\_\_  
**G C Am F Dm7**  
 Please make it a session (session); \_\_\_\_\_  
**G C Am F Dm7 G**  
 Not another version (version). \_\_\_\_\_

*Verse 5* **C Am F Dm7 G**  
 Hey, you been talking all your mouth full of lies,  
**C Am F Dm7 G**  
 Sitting there toppling and, Lord, they criticize.  
**C Am F Dm7 G**  
 So through the eyes of the fool the deaf is wise,  
**C Am F Dm7**  
 And through the eyes of the wise the fool is size. \_\_\_\_\_

**Chorus 3**

G C Am F Dm7 G  
Saying too much mix up, mix up.

C Am F Dm7  
Too much mix up, mix up.

G C Am F Dm7  
I wanna clear the wheel once and for all;

G C Am F Dm7  
I wanna clear my wheels, I don't care who fall.

G C Am F Dm7  
I gotta clear my wheels once and for all; —

G C Am F Dm7 G  
Clear my wheels, I don't care who fall, fall.

**Guitar solo**

| C Am | F Dm7 G |  
(Too much mix up, mix up).

| C Am | F Dm7 G ||

**Verse 6**

C Am F Dm7 G  
Hey, Mr. Music, why don't you wanna play?

C Am F Dm7 G C  
Don't you know today is a bright holiday, yeah (holiday)?

Am F Dm7 G  
Some people waiting for the message that you bring,

C Am F Dm7  
They listening to ev'ry word that you'll sing.

**Chorus 4**

G C Am F Dm7 G  
Singing (too much mix-up, mix-up,

C Am F Dm7  
Too much little mix up)

G C  
Would you groove along now?

Am F Dm7  
Too much mix up, mix up), yeah.

G C  
Would you groove along now?

Am F Dm7  
(Little mix-up)

G C  
They just can't stop you know.

Am F Dm7 G  
(Mix-up, mix-up.) *To fade*