

# JAM



SONG AND LYRICS BY MICHAEL JACKSON

MUSIC BY MICHAEL JACKSON  
RENE MOORE, BRUCE SWEDIEN AND TEDDY RILEY

Moderate Funk

Dm



*mf*

Dm7(addG)



D7(no3rd)



Na - tion — to na - tion, all — the world — must come — to - geth - er, face — the prob -  
The world. keeps chang - ing, re - ar - rang - ing minds — and thoughts, pre - dic - tions fly —

D7(no3rd)



lems that — we see, — then may - be some - how we — can work — it out —  
— of doom, — the ba - by boom — has come — of age, — we'll work — it out —

D7(no3rd)



G



I asked my neigh - bor for a fav - or, she said, lat - er. What has come.  
I told my broth - er, don't you ask me for no fav - ors, I'm con - di -

D7(no3rd)



G



— of all the peo - ple, have we lost love of what it's a - bout? —  
tioned by the sys - tem, don't you talk to me, don't scream and shout. —

No Chord

I have to find my peace cuz no one seems to let me be. —  
She pray to God, to Bud - dha, then she sings a Tal - mud song. —

False pro - phets cry of doom, what are the pos - si - bil - i - ties? —  
Con - fu - sions con - tra - dict the self, do we know right from wrong? —

D7(no3rd)



G



I told my broth - er there'll be prob - lems, times and tears for fears, - but  
 I just want you to re - cog - nize me, I'm the tem - ple, you can't

D7(no3rd)



N.C.

we must live each day like it's the last. Go with it, go with it.  
 hurt me, I found peace with in my self. Go with it, go with it. }

Dm7(addG)



G



Dm7(addG)



Jam. It ain't, it ain't too much stuff, - it ain't too much, it

G



Dm7(addG)



G



ain't too much for me to jam. It ain't, it ain't too much stuff, -

Dm7(addG)  5fr. 1. G 

— it ain't, don't you, it ain't too much for me to...

2. G  Dm7(addG)  5fr. G 

ain't too much for me to jam. Uh huh, it ain't too much stuff,—

Dm7(addG)  5fr. G  Dm7(addG)  5fr.

— it ain't too much, it ain't too much for me to jam. It ain't,

G  Dm7(addG)  5fr. G  N.C.

it ain't too much stuff,— it ain't, don't you, it ain't too much for me to...

Dm7(addG)



To Coda

1.

2. N.C.

Dm7(addG)



Jam, jam, here comes the man, hot damn, the big boy stands,— mov-in' up a hand.

Mak-in' funk-y tracks with my man Mich-ael Jack - son. Smooth crim-i - nal, that's the man, Mike's so re - laxed.

Min - gle, min - gle, jin - gle in the jun - gle, bum rushed the door 3 and 4's in a bun - dle.



Ex - e - cute the plan, first I cooled like a fan, got with Jan - et, then with Guy, now with Mich - ael 'cause it ain't hard to...

Coda

N.C.

Dm7(addG)

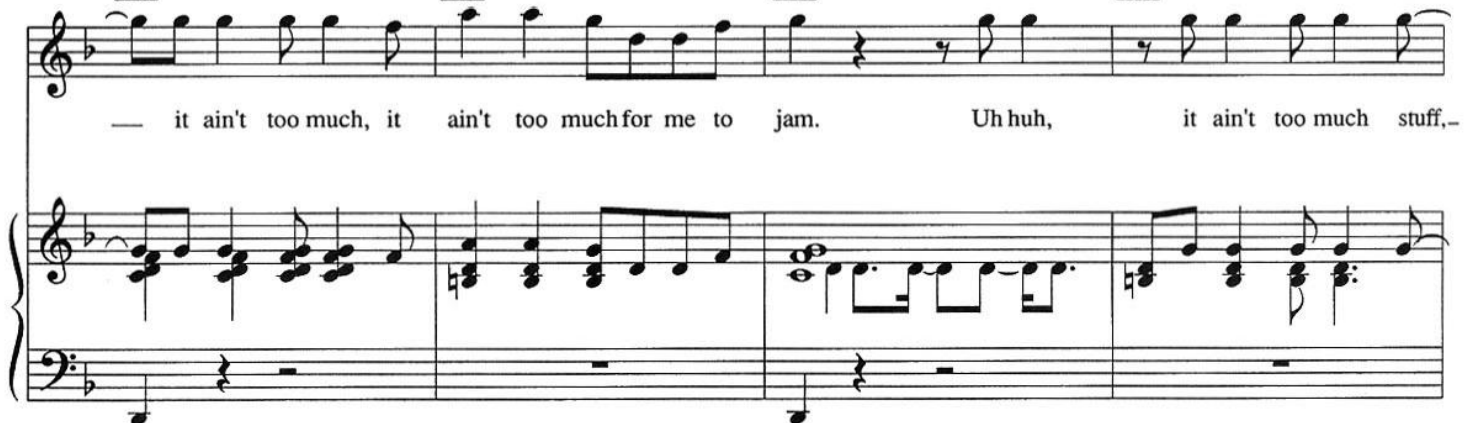



Jam. It ain't, it ain't too much stuff,-

Dm7(addG)

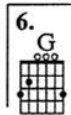
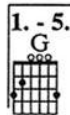


Dm7(addG)

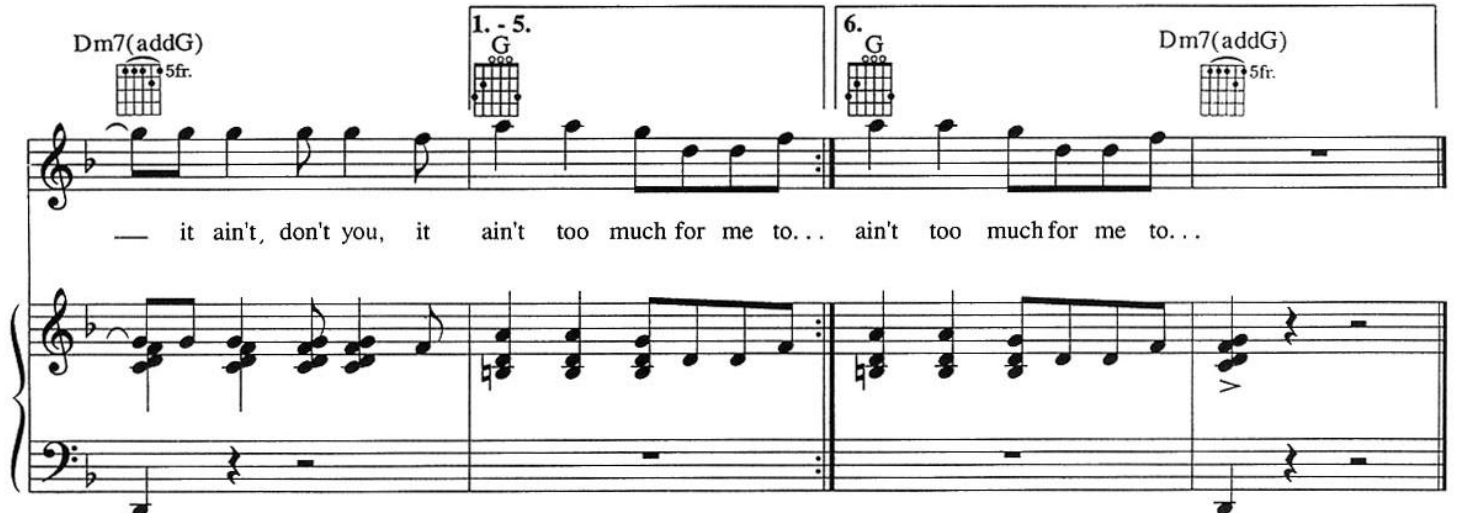



— it ain't too much, it ain't too much for me to jam. Uh huh, it ain't too much stuff,-

Dm7(addG)



Dm7(addG)

— it ain't, don't you, it ain't too much for me to... ain't too much for me to...