

# 29. Juni 2017 – AZ Lindenhof, Rümlang

2017-6-6 Schwarz = Shrink&Jazz alle Grün = Duo Rot = Trio Blau = Martin+Trio

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# Shiny Stockings

Lyric by Ella Fitzgerald/John Hendricks Music by Frank Foster 1955

A	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7-9</sup>	
	B <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b9</sup>	D <sup>-7j</sup>	D <sup>b0</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>7-9</sup>	
B	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7-9</sup>	
	B <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b9</sup>	D <sup>-7j</sup>	D <sup>b0</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	

## B Blöcke, Schlagzeug 3x

Those silk shiny stockings that I wear when I'm  
with you,  
I wear cause you told me that you dig that crazy  
hue.

Do we think of romance,  
when we go to a dance?  
Oh no! You take a glance –  
at those shiny stockings.

Then came along some chick with great big  
stockings too.  
When you changed your mind about me, why I  
never knew.  
I guess I'll have to find,  
a new, a new kind,  
A guy who digs my shiny stockings too!

I walk with my baby and I know in nothin' flat  
She's got something mellow lots of fellows whistle at  
When we go for a walk, I know soon as we're out  
With no shadow of doubt,  
She's got lots to be proud of...

And I'm hip I'm lucky to have a woman that well  
endowed  
A girl half that lovely could make plenty of fellows  
proud  
I'm crazy about all of her charms, but one in particular  
is a ball  
I love those shiny stockings best of all.  
Every man will eyeball whatever he can

But one thing all men dig is a real shapely leg  
Oh really, oh really, oh really, oh really, oh really, oh really,  
Oh yeah, what do they think of that  
Where to they think we're at?  
A woman has got to pretty up and tend to business  
Make sure she's catchin' an eye!  
The fellows all get to diggin' but they  
Never know what they're diggin' about  
A woman has really got to wail at always lookin' her very best  
She must be up to par without fail  
Otherwise, her old man's eyes will start to wonder  
And is it any wonder?  
Men go for prettines, this I must confess  
Dig a pretty face, dig a pretty dress  
But they like a pretty leg best  
And that's the reason those stockings shine...  
'Cause they appeal to these eyes of mine  
I love it when she says "I'm gonna stick around and love you  
babe"  
I'm certain if I can keep her home from roamin'  
She'll remain and I'll be wonderin'  
Why a wmon that's lookin' as good as her is by my side  
She's fine, yes she's fine  
And she's all mine  
What an incredibly lucky specimin am I!  
I'm crazy 'bout every single one of her charms  
But one in particular is a ball  
I love those shiny stockings best of all  
Oh I love those shiny stockings really I do  
Yes I do, I truly do.

<http://www.ronfry.com/lyrics/ShinyStockings.txt>

Live at Basin Street East. Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan, May 1963.

# How High the Moon

Music by Morgan Lewis Lyrics by Nancy Hamilton 1940

A <sub>1</sub>	G <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	
	E <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>-5b7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-</sup>	A <sup>-5b7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>#0</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	G <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	
	E <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>-5b7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>-</sup>	
	B <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b7/B<sup>b0</sup></sup>	A <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>7j</sup>	

## G Intro: ts ohne Begleitung. S: 3x

Somewhere there's music, how faint the tune!  
Somewhere there's heaven, How High The Moon!  
There is no moon above when love is far away too,  
'till it comes true that you love me as I love you.  
Somewhere there's

music, it's where you are. Somewhere there's  
heaven, how near how far! The darkest night would  
shine if you would come to me soon .Until you will.  
how still my heart, How High The Moon!

F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	
E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	
D <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-5b7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>-</sup>	G <sup>-5b7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	
F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>#0</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	
F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	
E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	
D <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-5b7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>b-</sup>	
A <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>b0</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	

Beispiele «Ornithology»: [Charlie Parker](#) | [Karrin Allyson](#) | [Eddie Jefferson](#)

# Stars Fell on Alabama •

Music by Perkins Lyrics by Mitchel Parish 1934

A <sub>1</sub>	F <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7+5</sup>	F <sup>Δ</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup> /G <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>b0</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7-9</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	F <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7+5</sup>	F <sup>Δ</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup> /G <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>b0</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>Δ</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>b0</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	
B	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>b0</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>6</sup>	F <sup>#</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup> A <sup>7</sup> / <sub>C<sup>#</sup></sub>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>C</sub>	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>2/3</sub>	F <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7+5</sup>	F <sup>Δ</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup> /G <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>b0</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>Δ</sup>		(G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7-9</sup> )	

## F I: 4 Takte

We lived our little drama, we kissed in a field of white  
 And stars fell on Alabama last night  
 I can't forget the glamor, your eyes held a tender light  
 And stars fell on Alabama last night

I never planned in my imagination a situation so heavenly  
 A fairy land where no one else could enter  
 And in the center, just you and me  
 My heart beat like a hammer, my arms wound around you tight  
 And stars fell on Alabama last night

I never planned in my imagination a situation so heavenly  
 A fairy land where no one else could enter  
 In the center, just you and me  
 My heart beat like a hammer, my arms wound around you tight  
 And stars fell on Alabama last night

G <sup>Δ</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7+5</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>7</sup> /A <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b0</sup>	
A <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7-9</sup>	
G <sup>Δ</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7+5</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>7</sup> /A <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b0</sup>	
A <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b0</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	
A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b0</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>6</sup>	G <sup>#0</sup>	
A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup> B <sup>7</sup> / <sub>D<sup>#</sup></sub>	E <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>D</sub>	C <sup>#-7</sup>	F <sup>#7</sup>	B <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	
G <sup>Δ</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7+5</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>7</sup> /A <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b0</sup>	
A <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>		(A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7-9</sup> )	

# My Baby Just Cares for Me •

Music by Walter Donaldson Lyrics by Gus Kahn 1930

A <sub>1</sub>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>
	C <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>#0</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>
	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>
	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>
	A <sup>7-9</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>
	B <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>
	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup> (E <sup>b0</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup> )

## C voc, s/p, immer Break S: 2x Stopp auf Me

My baby don't care for shows,  
 My baby don't care for clothes,  
 My baby just cares for me!  
 My baby don't care for fur and laces,  
 My baby don't care for high-tone places.  
 My baby don't care for rings,  
 Or other expensive things,  
 She sensible as can be.  
 My baby don't care who knows it,  
 My baby don't care for me!  
 My baby don't care for jazz,  
 A better idea she has,  
 My baby just cares for me!  
 My baby won't stand for outside petting,  
 For theatres and joyrides she's not fretting.  
 My Baby's no "gadabout."  
 At home she's just mad about,  
 'Cause Baby's home-grown you see,  
 My baby don't care who knows it,  
 My baby don't care for me!

My baby dont care for shows  
 My baby dont care for clothes  
 My baby just cares for me  
 My baby dont care for cars and races  
 My baby dont care for high-tone places

Liz Taylor is not his style  
 And even Lana Turners smile  
 Is somethin he cant see  
 My baby dont care who knows  
 My baby just cares for me

D <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>Δ</sup>
D <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>#0</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>
F <sup>#7</sup>	F <sup>#7</sup>	B <sup>-</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>
E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>

D <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>Δ</sup>
B <sup>7-9</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>
C <sup>#7</sup>	C <sup>#7</sup>	F <sup>#-</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>
E <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>Δ</sup> (F <sup>0</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>7</sup> )

# Girl from Ipanema •

Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim Lyrics by N. Gimbel & V. DeMoraes 1965

I	E <sup>b</sup> Δ	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>b</sup> Δ	E <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	E <sup>b</sup> Δ	E <sup>b</sup> Δ	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup> / <sub>E</sub>	E <sup>b</sup> Δ	E <sup>b</sup> Δ	
A <sub>1</sub>	E <sup>b</sup> Δ	E <sup>b</sup> Δ	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup> / <sub>E</sub>	E <sup>b</sup> Δ	E <sup>b</sup> Δ	
B	E <sup>Δ</sup>	E <sup>Δ</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	E <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>b7</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	E <sup>b</sup> Δ	E <sup>b</sup> Δ	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>b</sup> Δ	E <sup>b</sup> Δ	
S			E <sup>b</sup> Δ	E <sup>7</sup>	
	E <sup>b</sup> Δ	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>b</sup> Δ	E <sup>b</sup> Δ	

## Es Mittelteil einfach spielen. voc/sax/voc

Tall and tan and young and lovely,  
The boy from Ipanema goes walking,  
And when he passes, each one she passes goes –  
“aaah”.

When he walks, he's like a samba  
That swings so cool and sways so gentle  
And when he passes, each one she passes goes –  
“aaah”.

Ooh, But I watch him so sadly  
How can I tell him I love him?  
Yes I would give my heart gladly –  
But each day, when he walks to the sea  
He looks straight ahead, not at he (me)  
Tall and tan and young and lovely  
The boy from Ipanema goes walking  
And when he passes, I smile – but he doesn't see.

F <sup>Δ</sup>	F <sup>Δ</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7-5</sup> /E <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>Δ</sup>	F <sup>Δ</sup>	
F <sup>Δ</sup>	F <sup>Δ</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7-5</sup> /E <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>Δ</sup>	F <sup>Δ</sup>	
F <sup>#Δ</sup>	F <sup>#Δ</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	
E <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	
G <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	
A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7+9</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7-5</sup>	
F <sup>Δ</sup>	F <sup>Δ</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7-5</sup> /E <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>Δ</sup>	F <sup>Δ</sup>	

# Route 66 (C-Dur)

Music and Lyrics by Earl Hines & Henry Wood 1933

A <sub>1</sub>	C	C	C	C <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	C	C	
	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C	C	
A <sub>2</sub>					
	D	D	D	D <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	D	D <sup>7</sup>	
	A <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	ΔD	D	

**C Shuffle; voc/sax 3x/b/voc2-er-Breaks. S +2x4T**

# Bei mir bist Du schön •

Music Sholom Secunda Lyrics acob Jacobs, Sammy Cahn & Paul Chaplin 1937

V	C-	D <sup>∅</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C-	D <sup>∅</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
	C-	F-	C-	C-	G <sup>7</sup>		
	C-	D <sup>∅</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C-	D <sup>∅</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
	C-	F-	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>		
A <sub>1</sub>	C-	C-	C-	C			
	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C-	C-			
A <sub>2</sub>	C-	C-	C-	C			
	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C-	C- <sup>7</sup>			
B	F-	F-	C-	C- <sup>7</sup>			
	F-	F-	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>∅</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>		
A <sub>3</sub>	C-	C-	C-	C			
	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C-	C-			

## Cm. Verses 1. Teil tp 2. Teil Sandra. S: 3x

Verse: Of all the boys I've known, and I've known  
 some Until I first met you I was lonesome And when  
 you came in sight, dear, my heart grew light And this  
 old world seemed new to me. You're really swell, I  
 have to admit, you Deserve expressions that really  
 fit you And so I've wracked my brain, hoping to  
 explain All the things that you do to me

"Bei mir bist Du schön." please let me explain,  
 "Bei mir bist Du schön." means that you're grand.  
 "Bei mir bist Du schön." Again I'll explain, It means

you're the fairest in the land. I could say "Bella,  
 Bella," even say "Voonderbar," Each language only  
 helps me tell you how grand you are. I've tried to  
 explain, "Bei mir bist Du schön," So kiss me and say  
 you understand.

Bei mir bist du schön, Please let me explain Bei mir  
 bist du schön, Means that you're grand. I've tried to  
 explain, Bei mir bist du schön So please tell me that  
 you understand I could say you're the top You're the  
 apex You're delovely.

A <sub>1</sub>	D-	D-	D-	D			
	A <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D-	D-			
A <sub>2</sub>	D-	D-	D-	D			
	A <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D-	D- <sup>7</sup>			
B	G-	G-	D-	D- <sup>7</sup>			
	G-	G-	A <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>∅</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>		
A <sub>3</sub>	D-	D-	D-	D			
	A <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D-	D-			



# Makin' Whoopee •

Lyric by Gus Kahn Music by Walter Donaldson 1928

A <sub>1</sub>	C <sup>Δ</sup> A <sup>7</sup>   D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>Δ</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   F <sup>Δ</sup> F <sup>-</sup>
	C <sup>Δ</sup> / <sub>G</sub> A <sup>-7</sup>   A <sup>b7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>Δ</sup> A <sup>-7</sup>   D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	C <sup>Δ</sup> A <sup>7</sup>   D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>Δ</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   F <sup>Δ</sup> F <sup>-</sup>
	C <sup>Δ</sup> / <sub>G</sub> A <sup>-7</sup>   A <sup>b7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>Δ</sup>   C <sup>Δ</sup>
B	G <sup>∅</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   F   F <sup>-</sup>   C <sup>Δ</sup>
	G <sup>∅</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   F   F <sup>-</sup>   C <sup>7</sup> / <sub>E</sub> D <sup>b0</sup> D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>3</sub>	C <sup>Δ</sup> A <sup>7</sup>   D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>Δ</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   F <sup>Δ</sup> F <sup>-</sup>
	C <sup>Δ</sup> / <sub>G</sub> A <sup>-7</sup>   A <sup>b7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>Δ</sup>   C <sup>Δ</sup>

## C dr-Schlag, Intro. voc-tp/p-voc vor Solo >

Another bride another June Another sunny  
honeymoon Another season, another reason  
For makin' whoopee!

Another year or maybe less What' this I hear?  
Well an't you guess? She feels neglected, and he's  
suspected Of makin' whoopee!

A lot of shoes, a lot of rice The groom is nervous, he  
answers twice It's really killing that he's so willing  
To make whoopee!

She sits alone, 'most ev'ry night He doesn't 'phone  
her he doesn't write He says he's "busy", but she  
says "Is he?" He's makin' whoopee!

Picture a little love nest, Down where the roses  
cling, Picture the same sweet love nest, And think  
what a year can bring.

He doesn't make much money, Only five thousand  
per, Some judge who thinks he's funny, Say "You'll  
pay six to her."

He's washing dishes and baby clothes he's so  
ambitious he even sews but don't forget folks that's  
what you get, folks, For makin'n whoopee!

He says "Now judge, suppose I fail" The judge says:  
"Budge right into jail» You'd better keep her, I think  
it's cheaper, Than makin' whoopee!"

D <sup>Δ</sup> B <sup>7</sup>   E <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>   D <sup>Δ</sup> D <sup>7</sup>   G <sup>Δ</sup> G <sup>-</sup>
D <sup>Δ</sup> / <sub>A</sub> B <sup>-7</sup>   B <sup>b7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>   D <sup>Δ</sup> B <sup>-7</sup>   E <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>
D <sup>Δ</sup> B <sup>7</sup>   E <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>   D <sup>Δ</sup> D <sup>7</sup>   G <sup>Δ</sup> G <sup>-</sup>
D <sup>Δ</sup> / <sub>A</sub> B <sup>-7</sup>   B <sup>b7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>   D <sup>Δ</sup>   D <sup>Δ</sup>
A <sup>∅</sup> D <sup>7</sup>   G   G <sup>-</sup>   D <sup>Δ</sup>
A <sup>∅</sup> D <sup>7</sup>   G   G <sup>-</sup>   D <sup>7</sup> / <sub>F#</sub> E <sup>b0</sup> E <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>
F
D <sup>Δ</sup> B <sup>7</sup>   E <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>   D <sup>Δ</sup> D <sup>7</sup>   G <sup>Δ</sup> G <sup>-</sup>
D <sup>Δ</sup> / <sub>A</sub> B <sup>-7</sup>   B <sup>b7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>   D <sup>Δ</sup>   D <sup>Δ</sup>

# Je ne veux pas travailler • >>

Music and Lyrics by Pink Martini 1999

I	G <sup>Δ</sup>		G <sup>Δ</sup>		A <sup>-6</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>		
	G <sup>Δ</sup>		A <sup>7</sup>		A <sup>7</sup>		D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>+</sup>	
A	G <sup>Δ</sup>	(E <sup>-7</sup> )	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	(E <sup>-7</sup> )	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>Δ</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	C-	G <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>		
B	G <sup>Δ</sup>		G <sup>Δ</sup>		A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>		
	G <sup>Δ</sup>		A <sup>7</sup>		A <sup>7</sup>		D <sup>7</sup>		
A	G <sup>Δ</sup>	(E <sup>-7</sup> )	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	(E <sup>-7</sup> )	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>Δ</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	C-	G <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>		
C	C-		G <sup>Δ</sup>		C-		G <sup>Δ</sup>		
	F <sup>#7</sup>		B <sup>-7</sup>		A <sup>-∅</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>		
A	G <sup>Δ</sup>	(E <sup>-7</sup> )	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	(E <sup>-7</sup> )	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>Δ</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	C-	G <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>		
	G <sup>Δ</sup>	(E <sup>-7</sup> )	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	(E <sup>-7</sup> )	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>Δ</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	C-	G <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>		
	G <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>+</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>						

## G

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage  
 Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre  
 Les chasseurs à ma porte  
 Comme les p'tits soldats  
 Qui veulent me prendre

[Chorus]

Je ne veux pas travailler  
 Je ne veux pas déjeuner  
 Je veux seulement l'oublier  
 Et puis je fume

[Verse 2]

Déjà j'ai connu le parfum de l'amour  
 Un million de roses n'embaumerait pas autant  
 Maintenant une seule fleur dans mes entourages  
 Me rend malade

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Je ne suis pas fière de ça  
 Vie qui veut me tuer  
 C'est magnifique être sympathique  
 Mais je ne le connais jamais

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

[Chorus]

<http://www2.ac-lyon.fr/enseigne/musique/terlik/jeneveux.pdf>

# Je ne veux pas travailler •

Music and Lyrics by Pink Martini 1999

I	A <sup>Δ</sup>	A <sup>Δ</sup>	B <sup>-6</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>Δ</sup>				
	A <sup>Δ</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>+</sup>			
A	A <sup>Δ</sup>	(F <sup>#-7</sup> )	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>Δ</sup>	(F <sup>#-7</sup> )	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	
	A <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>#</sup>	F <sup>#-7</sup>	D-	A <sup>Δ</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>Δ</sup>		
B	A <sup>Δ</sup>	A <sup>Δ</sup>	B <sup>-6</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>Δ</sup>				
	A <sup>Δ</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>				
A	A <sup>Δ</sup>	(F <sup>#-7</sup> )	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>Δ</sup>	(F <sup>#-7</sup> )	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	
	A <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>#</sup>	F <sup>#-7</sup>	D-	A <sup>Δ</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>Δ</sup>		
C	D-	A <sup>Δ</sup>	D-		A <sup>Δ</sup>				
	A <sup>#7</sup>	C <sup>#-7</sup>	B-∅	D <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>				
A	A <sup>Δ</sup>	(F <sup>#-7</sup> )	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>Δ</sup>	(F <sup>#-7</sup> )	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	
	A <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>#</sup>	F <sup>#-7</sup>	D-	A <sup>Δ</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>Δ</sup>		
	A <sup>Δ</sup>	(F <sup>#-7</sup> )	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>Δ</sup>	(F <sup>#-7</sup> )	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	
	A <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>#</sup>	F <sup>#-7</sup>	D-	A <sup>Δ</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>		
	A <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>+</sup>	A <sup>Δ</sup>						

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Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage  
 Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre  
 Les chasseurs à ma porte  
 Comme les p'tits soldats  
 Qui veulent me prendre

[Chorus]

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 Je veux seulement l'oublier  
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[Verse 2]

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 Un million de roses n'embaumerait pas autant  
 Maintenant une seule fleur dans mes entourages  
 Me rend malade

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Je ne suis pas fière de ça  
 Vie qui veut me tuer  
 C'est magnifique être sympathique  
 Mais je ne le connais jamais

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

[Chorus]

<http://www2.ac-lyon.fr/enseigne/musique/terlik/jeneveux.pdf>

# Black Coffee •

Music by Francis J. Burke Lyrics by Paul Francis Webster 1948

I	C <sup>7+9</sup>	G <sup>7+5+9</sup> / <sub>C#</sub>						
A <sub>1</sub>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	G <sup>7+5+9</sup> / <sub>C#</sub>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	G <sup>7+5+9</sup> / <sub>C#</sub>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	G <sup>7+5+9</sup> / <sub>C#</sub>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	
	F <sup>7</sup>		F <sup>7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7+9</sup>
	D <sup>7</sup>		D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	G <sup>7+5+9</sup>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	G <sup>7+5+9</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	G <sup>7+5+9</sup> / <sub>C#</sub>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	G <sup>7+5+9</sup> / <sub>C#</sub>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	G <sup>7+5+9</sup> / <sub>C#</sub>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	
	F <sup>7</sup>		F <sup>7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7+9</sup>
	D <sup>7</sup>		D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	G <sup>7+5+9</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	
B	F <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7-5-9</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>		D <sup>∅</sup>	G <sup>7-5-9</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	
	E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>bΔ</sup>		E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>

A<sub>2</sub> hier kommt nochmals A1

S

C

1x tutti :kein Swingrhythmus

I	D <sup>7+9</sup>	A <sup>7+5+9</sup> / <sub>D#</sub>						
A <sub>1</sub>	D <sup>7+9</sup>	A <sup>7+5+9</sup> / <sub>D#</sub>	D <sup>7+9</sup>	A <sup>7+5+9</sup> / <sub>D#</sub>	D <sup>7+9</sup>	A <sup>7+5+9</sup> / <sub>D#</sub>	D <sup>7+9</sup>	
	G <sup>7</sup>		G <sup>7</sup>		D <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>#-7</sup>	B <sup>7+9</sup>
	E <sup>7</sup>		E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7+9</sup>	A <sup>7+5+9</sup>	D <sup>7+9</sup>	A <sup>7+5+9</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	D <sup>7+9</sup>	A <sup>7+5+9</sup> / <sub>D#</sub>	D <sup>7+9</sup>	A <sup>7+5+9</sup> / <sub>D#</sub>	D <sup>7+9</sup>	A <sup>7+5+9</sup> / <sub>D#</sub>	D <sup>7+9</sup>	
	G <sup>7</sup>		G <sup>7</sup>		D <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>#-7</sup>	B <sup>7+9</sup>
	E <sup>7</sup>		E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7+9</sup>	A <sup>7+5+9</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	
B	G <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7-5-9</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>		E <sup>∅</sup>	A <sup>7-5-9</sup>	D <sup>Δ</sup>	
	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>bΔ</sup>		F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>

hier kommt nochmals A1

S

# There Will Never Be Another You •

Music by Harry Warren Lyrics by Mark Gordon 1942

A <sub>1</sub>	B <sup>b</sup> Δ	B <sup>b</sup> Δ	A <sup>∅</sup>	D <sup>7-9</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	
	E <sup>b</sup> Δ	A <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>b</sup> Δ    D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	
	C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	

A <sub>2</sub>	B <sup>b</sup> Δ	B <sup>b</sup> Δ	A <sup>∅</sup>	D <sup>7-9</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	
	E <sup>b</sup> Δ	A <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>b</sup> Δ	C <sup>7</sup> C <sup>#0</sup>	
	B <sup>b</sup> Δ    E <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7-9</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b</sup> Δ	

## B I: 4 T, S:+4 Takte instrumental + aushalten

There will be many other nights like this, and I'll be standing here with someone new, There will be other songs to sing, another fall, another spring, but There Will Never Be Another You.

There will be other lips that I may kiss, but they won't thrill me like yours used to do. Yes, I may dream a million dreams, but how can they come true, if there will never ever be another you?

C <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	B <sup>∅</sup>	E <sup>7-9</sup>	
A <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	
F <sup>Δ</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup> E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	
D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	

C <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	B <sup>∅</sup>	E <sup>7-9</sup>	
A <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	
F <sup>Δ</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>7</sup> D <sup>#0</sup>	
C <sup>Δ</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>7-9</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	

# Over the Rainbow •

Music Harold Arlen Lyrics E. Y. Harburg 1938

I	G <sup>Δ</sup>		C <sup>7</sup> / <sub>G</sub>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>		
	G <sup>Δ</sup>	G <sup>#0</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>		G <sup>Δ</sup>	
	G <sup>Δ</sup>		C <sup>7</sup> / <sub>G</sub>		G <sup>Δ</sup>		F <sup>#-7</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>
	E <sup>-</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>D</sub>		G <sup>Δ</sup> / <sub>D</sub>	
	A <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>D</sub>		G <sup>Δ</sup> / <sub>D</sub>	E <sup>0</sup> / <sub>D</sub>	A <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>D</sub>		D <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7+5</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>#0</sup> F <sup>#7</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7+9</sup>
	A <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup> E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	A <sup>7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7+5</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>#0</sup> F <sup>#7</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7+9</sup>
	A <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup> E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	
B	G <sup>Δ</sup>		A <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>D</sub>		B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup> /A <sup>b7-9</sup>
	G <sup>Δ</sup> F <sup>#7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>#0</sup>	F <sup>#7+9</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b0</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>3</sub>	C <sup>#0</sup>	F <sup>#7</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7+5</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>#0</sup> F <sup>#7</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7+9</sup>
	A <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	

## G

When all the world is a hopeless jumble and the raindrops tumble all around, heaven opens a magic lane. When all the clouds darken up the skyway, there's a rainbow highway to be found, leading from you windowpane to a place behind the sun, just a step beyond the rain.

Somewhere Over The Rainbow way up high, There's a land that I heard of once in a lullaby,

Somewhere Over The Rainbow skies are blue, And the dreams that you dare to dream really do come true.

Someday I'll wish upon a star and wake up where the clouds are far behind me, Where troubles melt like lemon drops, away, above the chimney tops that's where you'll find me.

Somewhere Over The Rainbow bluebirds fly, Birds fly Over The Rainbow why then o why can't I?

A <sub>1</sub>	A <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>#-7</sup>	A <sup>7+5</sup>	D <sup>Δ</sup>	E <sup>b0</sup> A <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>b-7</sup>	G <sup>b7+9</sup>
	B <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>b-7</sup> G <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>Δ</sup>	B <sup>7</sup> E <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	A <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>#-7</sup>	A <sup>7+5</sup>	D <sup>Δ</sup>	E <sup>b0</sup> A <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>b-7</sup>	G <sup>b7+9</sup>
	B <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>b-7</sup> G <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>Δ</sup>	
B	A <sup>Δ</sup>		B <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>E</sub>		D <sup>b-7</sup>	G <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup> /B <sup>b7-9</sup>
	A <sup>Δ</sup> G <sup>#7</sup>	F <sup>#-7</sup> E <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b0</sup>	A <sup>b7+9</sup>	D <sup>b-7</sup>	C <sup>0</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>3</sub>	A <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>#-7</sup>	A <sup>7+5</sup>	D <sup>Δ</sup>	E <sup>b0</sup> A <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>b-7</sup>	G <sup>b7+9</sup>
	B <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>b-7</sup> G <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>Δ</sup>	

# My Heart Belongs to Daddy •

Music and Lyrics by Cole Porter 1938

A <sub>1</sub>	F-	F-	F-	B <sup>b</sup> -	
	C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>∅</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	F- C <sup>7+5</sup>	
	F-	F-	F-	B <sup>b</sup> -	
	C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>∅</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	F- C <sup>7+5</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	F-	F-	F-	C <sup>7</sup>	
	C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>Δ</sup>	
	F <sup>Δ</sup>	F <sup>Δ</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>bΔ</sup>	
	B <sup>b</sup> -	F <sup>Δ</sup>	G <sup>∅</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	F-	

## F > Fm Intro: F-

While tearing off, a game of golf,  
I may make a play for the caddie;  
But when I do I don't follow through  
'Cause my heart belongs to daddy

If I invite A Boy som night  
To dine on my fine finan haddie,  
I just adore His asking for more,  
But my heart belongs to daddy

Yes, my heart belongs to Daddy,  
So I simply couldn't be bad.  
Yes, my heart belongs to Daddy,  
Da-da-da-da-da-da-ad-ad!  
So I want to warn you, laddie,  
Tho' I know you're perfectly swell.  
That my heart belongs to Daddy  
'Cause my daddy he treats it so well.

Though I'm in love, I'm not above  
A date with a duke or a caddie  
It's just a pose, 'cause my baby knows  
That my heart belongs to daddy

When some good scout, invites me out  
To dine om some fine fin and haddie  
My baby's sure, his love is secure  
Cause my heart belongs to daddy

Yes my heart belongs to daddy  
So I simply couldn't be bad  
Yes I'm gonna marry daddy  
Da-a-a-a-a-a-a-ad  
If you feel romantic laddy  
Let me warn you right from the start  
That my heart belongs to daddy  
And my daddy belongs to my heart

A <sub>1</sub>	G-	G-	G-	C-	
	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>∅</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	G- D <sup>7+5</sup>	
	G-	G-	G-	C-	
	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>∅</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	G- D <sup>7+5</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	G-	G-	G-	D <sup>7</sup>	
	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	
	G <sup>Δ</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	
	C-	G <sup>Δ</sup>	A <sup>∅</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	G-	

# These Foolish Things •

Music by Jack Starchey & Harry Link Lyrics by Holt Marvel 1953

A <sub>1</sub>	B <sup>b</sup> Δ	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7-9</sup>	B <sup>b</sup> Δ	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b</sup> Δ	G <sup>7-9</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>		C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	B <sup>b</sup> Δ	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7-9</sup>	B <sup>b</sup> Δ	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b</sup> Δ	G <sup>7-9</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b</sup> Δ	A <sup>7-9</sup>	
B	D <sup>-</sup>		E <sup>∅</sup>	A <sup>7-9</sup>	A <sup>-</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>∅</sup>	B <sup>b-</sup>	
	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> /A <sup>b0</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>b-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7-9</sup>	
A <sub>3</sub>	B <sup>b</sup> Δ	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7-9</sup>	B <sup>b</sup> Δ	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b</sup> Δ	G <sup>7-9</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b</sup> Δ	F <sup>7-9</sup>	

A cigarette that bears a lipstick's traces, An airline ticket to romantic places, And still my heart has wings. These Foolish Things remind me of you.  
 • A tinkling piano in the next apartment, Those stumbling words that told you what my heart meant, A fair ground's painted swings, These Foolish Things remind me of you.  
 • You came, you saw, you conquer'd me; When you did that to me, I knew somehow this hat to be.  
 • The winds of March that make my heart a dancer, A telephone that rings, but who's the answer? Oh, how the ghost of you clings! These Foolish Things remind me of you.

First daffodils and long excited cables, And candlelight on little corner tables, And still my heart has wings, These Foolish Things remind me of you.  
 • The park at evening when the bell has sounded, The "Île de France" with all the gulls around it. The beauty that is Spring's, These Foolish Things remind

me of you. • How strange, how sweet, to find you still; These things are dear to me, They seem to bring you near to me.  
 • The sigh of midnight trains in empty stations, Silk stockings thrown aside, dance invitations, Oh, how the ghost of you clings! These Foolish Things remind me of you.

Gardenia perfume ling'ring on the pillow, Wild strawb'ries only seven francs a kilo, And still my heart has wings, These Foolish Things remind me of you.  
 • The smile of Garbo and the scent of roses, The waiters whistling as the last bar closes, The song that Cropsy sings. These Foolish Things remind me of you.  
 • How strange, how sweet, to find you still; These things are dear to me, They seem to bring you near to me.  
 • The scent of smould'ring leaves, the wail of steamers, Two lovers on the street who walk like dreamers. Oh, how the ghost of you clings! These Foolish Things remind me of you.

**B**

	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>Δ</sup>	A <sup>7-9</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>		D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
	C <sup>Δ</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7-9</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>Δ</sup>	A <sup>7-9</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	B <sup>7-9</sup>	
	E <sup>-</sup>		F <sup>#∅</sup>	B <sup>7-9</sup>	B <sup>-</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>#∅</sup>	C <sup>-</sup>	
	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup> /B <sup>b0</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup> E <sup>b-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7-9</sup>	
	C <sup>Δ</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7-9</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>Δ</sup>	A <sup>7-9</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	G <sup>7-9</sup>	

# The Tender Trap •

Music by Jimmy van Heusen Lyrics by Sammy Cahn 1961

I	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>b-57</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	drums wirbel
A <sub>1</sub>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>#0</sup>	D <sup>-7+13</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>Δ</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup> (C <sup>#0</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup> )	
A <sub>2</sub>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>#0</sup>	D <sup>-7+13</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>Δ</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	
B	D <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>∅</sup> E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	
	D <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>∅</sup> E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>3</sub>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>#0</sup>	D <sup>-7+13</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>Δ</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	

## C Drums Intro

You see a pair of laughing eyes And suddenly your  
sighing sighs You're thinking nothing's wrong You  
string along, boy, then snap! Those eyes, those sighs,  
they're part of the tender trap

You're hand in hand beneath the trees And soon  
there's music in the breeze You're acting kind of  
smart, until your heart just goes wap! Those trees, that  
breeze, they're part of the tender trap | Some stary  
night, when her kisses make you tingle She'll hold you

tight, and you'll hate yourself for eing single And all at  
once it seems so nice The folks are throwing shoes and  
rice You hurry to a spot, that's just a dot on the map  
You're hooked, you're cooked, you're caught in the  
tender trap | And all at once it seems so nice The folks  
are throwing shoes and rice You hurry to a spot that's  
just a dot on the map And then you wonder how it  
all came about It's too late now there's no gettin' out  
You fell in love, and love is the tender trap

A <sub>1</sub>	D <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>#0</sup>	A <sup>-7+13</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	A <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	F <sup>#7</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	
	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>Δ</sup> (D <sup>#0</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>7</sup> )	
A <sub>2</sub>	D <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>#0</sup>	A <sup>-7+13</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	A <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	F <sup>#7</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	
	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>Δ</sup>	
B	E <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>#∅</sup> F <sup>#7</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	
	E <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>#∅</sup> F <sup>#7</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup> E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>3</sub>	D <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>#0</sup>	A <sup>-7+13</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	A <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	F <sup>#7</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	
	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>#-</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	
	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>Δ</sup>	

# Try a Little Tenderness •

Music and Lyrics by Harry Woods, Jimmy Campbell & Reg Connelly 1932

A	G <sup>Δ</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>7</sup> / <sub>F#</sub>	B <sup>∅</sup>	E <sup>7+9</sup>	
	A <sup>7</sup>		A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	
A	G <sup>Δ</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	D <sup>7</sup> / <sub>F#</sub>	B <sup>∅</sup>	E <sup>7+9</sup>	
	A <sup>7</sup>		A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>		D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
B	C <sup>Δ</sup>		F# <sup>∅</sup>	B <sup>7+9</sup>	E <sup>-</sup>		E <sup>7</sup>		
	A <sup>-</sup>		B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>		D <sup>7</sup>		
A	G <sup>Δ</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	B <sup>∅</sup>	E <sup>7+9</sup>	
	A <sup>7</sup>		D <sup>7</sup>		G <sup>Δ</sup>	(E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup> )	

## G 2x Groovig

A <sup>Δ</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	C# <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>Δ</sup>	E <sup>7</sup> / <sub>D#</sub>	C# <sup>∅</sup>	F# <sup>7+9</sup>	
B <sup>-7</sup>		B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	C# <sup>-7</sup>	F# <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	
A <sup>Δ</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	C# <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>Δ</sup>	E <sup>7</sup> / <sub>D#</sub>	C# <sup>∅</sup>	F# <sup>7+9</sup>	
B <sup>-7</sup>		B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>Δ</sup>		E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
C <sup>Δ</sup>		F# <sup>∅</sup>	B <sup>7+9</sup>	E <sup>-</sup>		E <sup>7</sup>		
A <sup>-</sup>		B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>		D <sup>7</sup>		
A <sup>Δ</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	C# <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>Δ</sup>	E <sup>7</sup> / <sub>D#</sub>	C# <sup>∅</sup>	F# <sup>7+9</sup>	
B <sup>-7</sup>		B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>Δ</sup>	(C# <sup>-7</sup>	F# <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup> )	

# Perhaps, Perhaps, Perhaps •

Music (Bolero) & Lyrics by Oswaldo Farrés (Cuba) Lyrics by Davis 1947

A <sub>1</sub>	B <sup>b</sup> -	E <sup>b</sup> -	B <sup>b</sup> -	E <sup>b</sup> -
	B <sup>b</sup> -	C <sup>7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b</sup> - E <sup>b</sup> -	F <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	B <sup>b</sup> -	E <sup>b</sup> -	B <sup>b</sup> -	E <sup>b</sup> -
	B <sup>b</sup> - G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b</sup> -	B <sup>b</sup> -
B	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b</sup> Δ	B <sup>b</sup> Δ
	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b</sup> Δ	F <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>3</sub>	B <sup>b</sup> -	E <sup>b</sup> -	B <sup>b</sup> -	E <sup>b</sup> -
	B <sup>b</sup> -	C <sup>7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b</sup> -	B <sup>b</sup> -

## Bm – Schluss: 1 + 1 kurz + 1 × lang, cha-cha-cha

Siempre que te pregunto / Que, cuándo, cómo  
y dónde / Tú siempre me respondes / Quizás,  
quizás, quizás

Y así pasan los días / Y yo, desesperando  
Y tú, tú contestando / Quizás, quizás, quizás  
Estás perdiendo el tiempo / Pensando,  
pensando / Por lo que más tú quieras / ¿Hasta  
cuándo? ¿Hasta cuándo?

Y así pasan los días / Y yo, desesperando  
Y tú, tú contestando / Quizás, quizás, quizás  
Estás perdiendo el tiempo / Pensando,  
pensando / Por lo que más tú quieras / ¿Hasta  
cuándo? ¿Hasta cuándo?

Y así pasan los días / Y yo, desesperando  
Y tú, tú contestando / Quizás, quizás, quizás

You won't admit you love me and so / How am I  
ever to know / You only tell me / Perhaps, perhaps,  
perhaps

A million times I ask you and then / I ask you over  
again / You only answer / Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps  
If you can't make your mind up / We'll never  
get started / And I don't want to wind up / Being  
parted, broken hearted

So if you really love me say, "yes" / But if you don't,  
dear, confess / And please don't tell me / Perhaps,  
perhaps, perhaps

If you can't make your mind up / We'll never  
get started / And I don't want to wind up / Being  
parted, broken hearted /

So if you really love me say, "yes" / But if you don't,  
dear, confess / And please don't tell me / Perhaps,  
perhaps, perhaps ...

[www.phespirit.info/places/2000\\_07\\_havana\\_1.htm](http://www.phespirit.info/places/2000_07_havana_1.htm)

A <sub>1</sub>	C-	F-	C-	F-
	C-	D <sup>7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C- F-	G <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	C-	F-	C-	F-
	C-	D <sup>7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C-	C-
B	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>
	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>Δ</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>3</sub>	C-	F-	C-	F-
	C-	D <sup>7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C-	C-