Trio-Jazz

2017–10-28

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A Foggy Day (? Quartet)

Music by Georges Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin 1937

I	B♭Δ			C–7	F7+5		B♭Δ			C–7	F7+5	
	B♭Δ			A7			D–7			G7		
	C–7	F7+5		B♭Δ			D–7	D–6		D–7	G7–9	
	D–7	G7–9		C–7	F7+5		B♭Δ	G7		C–7	F7	
A_1	B♭Δ			G7+5–9			C–7			F7–9		
	B♭Δ			GØ/D♭7			C7			F7		
	B♭Δ			F–7	B♭7		E♭Δ			A♭7		
	D–7			G7–9			C7			F7		
A_2	B♭Δ			G7+5–9			C–7			F7–9		
	B♭Δ			GØ/D♭7			C7			F7		
	F–7			B♭7			E♭Δ			A♭7		
	B♭Δ/**F**	C–7/**F**		B♭Δ/**F**	C–7/**F**		B♭Δ/**F**	G–7		C–7	F7	
	B♭Δ	(D7		C7	F7)							

B Sax. voc-sax/p-voc/sax. S: normal

I was a stranger in the city.
Out of town were the people I knew.
I had that feeling of selfpity,
what to do! What to do? What to do?
The outlook was decidedly blue.
But as I walked through the foggy streets alone,
it turned out to be the luckiest day I've know.
A foggy day in London town

Had me low and had me down.
I viewed the morning with alarm,
the British Museum hat lost its charm.

How long I wondered, could this thing last?
But the age of miracles hadn't passed.
For, suddenly, I saw you there
And through foggy London town the sun was
shining ev'ry where.

That's All

Music and Lyrics by Alan Brandt and Bob Haymes 1953

A_1	$E\flat^{7j}$	$F-^{7}$	$E\flat^{7j}_{/G}$	$F-^{7}$	$E\flat^{7j}$	D^{7+59}	$D\flat^{7-5\,13}$	C^{7}
	$F^{7}_{/A}$	$A\flat-^{6}$	$E\flat^{7j}_{/G}$	$G\flat^{o}$	$F-^{7}$	C^{7}	$F-^{7}$	$B\flat^{7}$
A_2	$E\flat^{7j}$	$F-^{7}$	$E\flat^{7j}_{/G}$	$F-^{7}$	$E\flat^{7j}$	D^{7+59}	$D\flat^{7-5\,13}$	C^{7}
	$F^{7}_{/A}$	$A\flat-^{6}$	$E\flat^{7j}_{/G}$	$G\flat^{o}$	$G-^{7}\,C^{7}$	F^{7}	$B\flat^{7}$	$E\flat^{7j}$
B	$B\flat-^{7}$	$E\flat^{7}$	$A\flat^{7j}$	A^{o}	$B\flat-^{7}$	$E\flat^{7}$	$A\flat^{7j}$
	$C-^{7}$	F^{7}	$B\flat^{7j}$	B^{o}	$C-^{7}$	F^{7}	$F-^{7}$	$B\flat^{7}$
A_3	$E\flat^{7j}$	$F-^{7}$	$E\flat^{7j}_{/G}$	$F-^{7}$	$E\flat^{7j}$	D^{7+59}	$D\flat^{7-5\,13}$	C^{7}
	$F^{7}_{/A}$	$A\flat-^{6}$	$E\flat^{7j}_{/G}$	$G\flat^{o}$	$G-^{7}\,C^{7}$	F^{7}	$B\flat^{7}$	$E\flat^{7j}$

I can only give you love that lasts for ever, and the promise to be near each time you call; and the only heart I own for you and you alone, that's all, that's all.

I can only give you contry walks in springtime and a hand to hold when leaves begin to fall; and a love whose burning light will warm the winter night, that's all, that's all.

There are those, I am sure, who have told you they would give you the world for a toy. All I have are these arms to enfold you and a love time can never destroy.

If you're wond'ring what I'm asking in return dear, you'll be glad to know that my demands are small; say it's me that you'll adore, for now and evermore, that's all, that's all.

Es Ballade. p Intro ohne Rhythmus

	F^{7j}	$G-^{7}$	$F^{7j}_{/A}$	$G-^{7}$	F^{7j}	E^{7+59}	$E\flat^{7-5\,13}$	D^{7}
	$G^{7}_{/B}$	$B\flat-^{6}$	$A-^{7}$	$A\flat^{o}$	$G-^{7}$	D^{7}	$G-^{7}$	C^{7}
	F^{7j}	$G-^{7}$	$F^{7j}_{/A}$	$G-^{7}$	F^{7j}	E^{7+59}	$E\flat^{7-5\,13}$	D^{7}
	$G^{7}_{/B}$	$B\flat-^{6}$	$A-^{7}$	$A\flat^{o}$	$A-^{7}\,D^{7}$	G^{7}	C^{7}	F^{7j}
	$C-^{7}$	F^{7}	$B\flat^{7j}$	B^{o}	$C-^{7}$	F^{7}	$B\flat^{7j}$
	$D-^{7}$	G^{7}	C^{7j}	$C\sharp^{o}$	$D-^{7}$	G^{7}	$G-^{7}$	C^{7}
	F^{7j}	$G-^{7}$	$F^{7j}_{/A}$	$G-^{7}$	F^{7j}	E^{7+59}	$E\flat^{7-5\,13}$	D^{7}
	$G^{7}_{/B}$	$B\flat-^{6}$	$A-^{7}$	$A\flat^{o}$	$G-^{7}$	C^{7}	F^{7j}

As Long As I Live

Music by Harold Arlen Lyrics by Ted Koehler 1934

A_1	F^{Δ}		$A^7_{/E}$		D^7		D^7		
	G^7		C^7		F^{Δ}	$D-^{7+5}$	$G-^7$	C^7	
A_2	F^{Δ}		$A^7_{/E}$		D^7		D^7		
	G^7		C^7		F^{Δ}	$B\flat^{\Delta}$	F^{Δ}		
B	F^7		$B\flat^{\Delta}$		$B\flat-$		F^{Δ}	A^7_{E}	
	$D-$		$D-^7$		$G-^7$	$D^7_{F\sharp}/G\flat^{O}$	$G-^7$	C^7	
A_3	F^{Δ}		$A^7_{/E}$		D^7		D^7		
	G^7		C^7		F^{Δ}	$B\flat^{\Delta}$	F^{Δ}		

F

Maybe I can't live to love you as long as I want to. Live isn't long enough, baby, but I can love you As Long As I Live.

Maybe I can't give you diamonds and things like I want to, but I can promise you, baby, I'm gonna want you As Long As I Live.

I never cared, but now I'm scared I won't live long enough. That's why I wear my rubbers when it rains and eat an apple every day, then see the doctor anyway

What if I can't live to love you as long as I want to? Long as I promise you baby, I'm gonna love you As Long As I Live.

… I'll even wear long underwear when weather breezes blow, I'm gonna take a care of me because a sneeze or two might means a flu and that would never, never do.

	$B\flat^{\Delta}$		$D^7_{/A}$		G^7		G^7		
	C^7		F^7		$B\flat^{\Delta}$	$D\flat^{O}$	$C-^7$	F^7	
	$B\flat^{\Delta}$		$D^7_{/A}$		G^7		G^7		
	C^7		F^7		$B\flat^{\Delta}$		$B\flat^{\Delta}$		
	$B\flat^{\Delta}$		$E\flat^{\Delta}$		$E\flat-$		$B\flat^{\Delta}$	$D^7_{/A}$	
	$G-^{\Delta}$		$G-^7$	6	$C-^7$	B^{O}	$C-^7$	F^7	
	$B\flat^{\Delta}$		$D^7_{/A}$		G^7		G^7		
	C^7		F^7		$B\flat^{\Delta}$		$B\flat^{\Delta}$		

Everything Happens to Me

Music by Matt Dennis Lyrics by Tom Adair 1941

A_1	C–7	F7	F7/E♭	D–7	D♭O	C–7	F7	F7/E♭	D–7♭5	G7
	G7–9/DO	C–7♭5/E♭–6		D–7	G7–9	C–7	F7 (B7)		B♭7j	G7
$A_{2/3}$	C–7	F7	F7/E♭	D–7	D♭O	C–7	F7	F7/E♭	D–7♭5	G7
	G7–9/DO	C–7♭5/E♭–6		D–7	G7–9	C–7	F7 (B7)		B♭7j	
B	F–7	B♭7+		E♭7j9	C7	F–7	B♭7-9		E♭7j9	
	E–7,11	A7+5		D7j9		G–7	C7		C–7	F7
$A_{2/3}$	C–7	F7	F7/E♭	D–7	D♭O	C–7	F7	F7/E♭	D–7♭5	G7
	G7–9/DO	C–7♭5/E♭–6		D–7	G7–9	C–7	F7 (B7)		B♭7j	

B Garnern

I make a date for golf and you can bet your life
it rains, I try to five a party and the guy upstairs
complains, I guess I'll go thru life just catchin' colds
and missin' trains, Ev'rything Happens To Me.

I never miss a thing, I've hat the measles and the
mumps, and ev'ry time I play an ace my partner
always thrums, I guess I'm just a fool who never
looks before he jumps, Ev'rything Happens To Me.

At first my heart thought you could break this jinx
for me, that love would turn the trick to end despair,
but now I just can't fool this head that thinks for
me, I've mortgaged all my castles in the air.

I've telegraphed and phoned, I send an "Airmail
Special" too, your answer was "Good-bye", and
there was even postage due. I fell in love just once
and then it hat to be with you, Ev'rything Happens
To Me.

Our Love Is Here to Stay

Music by George Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin 1938

A1

G7	G–7 C7	F∆	A∅ D7
G7	G–7 C7	E♭7+4 D7	G7 G♯o
A–7 D7	G–7 C7	F∆ B♭∆	E∅ A7
D–7	G7	G–7	C7 (A∅D7)

A2

G7	G–7 C7	F∆	A∅ D7
G7	G–7 C7	E♭7+4 D7	G7 G♯o
A–7 D7	G–7 C7	E♭7+4 D7	G–7/B♭ G♯o/B
A–7/C D–7	G7 C7	F∆	F∆ (A∅D7)

F

It's very clear our love is here to stay; not for a year but ever and a day. The radio and the telephone and the movies that we know may just be passing fancies, and in time may go.

But, oh my dear, our love is here to stay; together we're going a long, long way. In time the Rockies may crumble, Gibraltar may tumble, they're only made of clay, but our love is here to stay.

C7	C–7 F7	B♭∆	D∅ G7
C7	C–7 F7	A♭7+4 G7	C7 C♯o
D–7 G7	C–7 F7	B♭∆ E♭∆	A∅ D7
G–7	C7	C–7	F7 (D∅ G7)

C7	C–7 F7	B♭∆	D∅ G7
C7	C–7 F7	A♭7+4 G7	C7 C♯o
D–7 G7	C–7 F7	A♭7+4 G7	C–7/E♭ C♯o/E
D–7/F G–7	C7 F7	B♭∆	B♭∆ (D∅ G7)

F7	F–7 B♭7	E♭∆	G∅ C7
F7	F–7 B♭7	D♭7+4 C7	F7 F♯o
G–7 C7	F–7 B♭7	E♭∆ A♭∆	D∅ G7
C–7	F7	F–7	B♭7 (G∅ C7)

F7	F–7 B♭7	E♭∆	G∅ C7
F7	F–7 B♭7	D♭7+4 C7	F7 F♯o
G–7 C7	F–7 B♭7	D♭7+4 C7	F–7/A♭ F♯o/A
G–7/B♭ C–7	F7 B♭7	E♭∆	E♭∆ (G∅ C7)

Sunday

Music by Jule Styne, Ned Miller & Bernie Krüger Lyrics by Chester Cohn 1924

A

C^{7j}	$C^{7j}_{/E}$	$E\flat^{o}$	$D-^{7}$	G^{7}	$B\flat^{7}$	A^{7}
D^{7}	$D-^{7}$	G^{7}	C^{7j}	A^{7-9}	D^{7}	G^{7}
C^{7j}	$C^{7j}_{/E}$	$E\flat^{o}$	$D-^{7}$	G^{7}	$B\flat^{7}$	A^{7}
D^{7}	$D-^{7}$	G^{7}	C^{7j}		C^{7j}	

B

E^{7}	E^{7}		A^{7}		A^{7}	
D^{7}	D^{7}		$D-^{7}$		G^{7j}	
C^{7j}	$C^{7j}_{/E}$	$E\flat^{o}$	$D-^{7}$	G^{7}	$B\flat^{7}$	A^{7}
D^{7}	$D-^{7}$	G^{7}	C^{7j}		C^{7j}	

C Block/Melodie, schneller

I'm blue ev'ry Monday, Thinking over Sunday That one day when I'm with you.

It seems that I sigh all day Tuesday I cry all day Wednesday Oh, My! how I long for you.

And then comes Thursday, Gee it's long, it never goes by. Friday, makes me feel like I'm gonna die, But after Payday in my funday, I shine all day Sunday, That one day when I'm with you.

I've Grown Accustomed to His Face

Music: Frederick Loewe Lyrics: Alan Jay Lerner 1956

I	E♭Δ	A♭7	G–7	C–7	F–7	B♭–7	E♭Δ	B♭7
A_1	E♭Δ	A♭7	G–7	C–7	F–7	B♭7	B♭–7	E♭7
	A♭Δ	AO	E♭Δ /B♭	C7	F–7	EO	F–7	B♭7
A_2	E♭Δ	A♭7	G–7	C–7	F–7	B♭7	B♭–7	E♭7
	A♭Δ	AO	E♭Δ /B♭	C7+5	F–7	B♭7	GØ	C7
	AØ	A♭–7	G–7	C7–9	F–7	B♭7	E♭Δ	

Es Ballade

I've grown accustomed to his face, he almost makes the day begin. I've grown accustomed to the tune he whistles night and noon, his smiles, his frowns, his ups, his downs

are second nature to me now: like breathing out and breathing in. I was serenely in dependent and content before we met; surely I could always be that way again and yet, I've grown accustomed to his looks; accustomed to his voice, accustomed to his face.

On a Clear Day

Music by Burton Lane Lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner 1965

A_1	F^{7j}			F^{7j}			$B\flat^{7}$			$B\flat^{7}$		
	F^{7j}			F^{7j}			$A-^{7}$			D^{7}		
	$G-^{7}$			$G-^{7}$			$G-^{7\flat5}/E\flat^{13}$			$G-^{7\flat5}/E\flat^{13}$		
	$A-^{7}$			$A\flat^{o}$			$G-^{7}$	$F\sharp^{o}$		$G-^{7}$	C^{7}	
A_2	$C-^{7}$			F^{7}			$C-^{7}$			F^{7}		
	$B\flat^{7j}$			G^{7}			$G-^{7}$			C^{7}		
	F^{o}	F^{7j}		F^{7j}			$A-^{7}$			D^{7}		
	$G-^{7}$	$A-^{7}$		$G-^{7}_{/B\flat}$	$A-^{7}$		$G-^{7}$	$A-^{7}$		$G-^{7}$	$A-^{7}$	
	$G-^{7}$			C^{7}			F^{7j}			F^{7j}		

F locker à la Peterson. Immer «Schwänzli»

On a clear day rise and look around you and you'll see who you are. On a clear day how it will astound you that the glow of your being outshines ev'ry star. You feel

part of ev'ry mountain, sea and shore. You can hear, from far and near, a world you've never heard before. And on a

clear day, on that clear day you can see forever and ever and ever and evermore!

	G^{7j}			G^{7j}			C^{7}			C^{7}		
	G^{7j}			G^{7j}			$B-^{7\flat5}$			E^{7}		
	$A-^{7}$			$A-^{7}$			F^{9}			D^{7}		
	$B-^{7}$			$B\flat^{o}$			$A-^{7}$	$G\sharp^{o}$		$A-^{7}$	D^{7}	
	$D-^{7}$			G^{7}			$D-^{7}$			G^{7}		
	C^{7j}			A^{7}			$A-^{7}$			D^{7}		
	G^{o}	G^{7j}		G^{7j}			$B-^{7\flat5}$			E^{7}		
	$A-^{7}$	$B-^{7}$		$A-^{7}_{/C}$	$B-$		$A-^{7}$	$B-^{7}$		$A-^{7}_{/C}$	$B-^{7}$	
	$A-^{7}$			D^{7}			G^{7j}			G^{7j}		

Satin Doll

Music by Duke Ellington & Billy Strayhorn Lyrics by Johnny Mercer 1953

D–7	G7	D–7	G7	E–7	A7	E–7	A7
A–7♭5	D7	A♭–7♭5	D♭7	C7j		A7/C♯o	
D–7	G7	D–7	G7	E–7	A7	E–7	A7
A–7♭5	D7	A♭–7♭5	D♭7	C7j		C7j	
G–7	C7	G–7	C7	F7j		F7j	
A–7	D7	A–7	D7	G7		A7/C♯	/C♯o
D–7	G7	D–7	G7	E–7	A7	E–7	A7
A–7♭5	D7	A♭–7♭5	D♭7	C7j		(A7/C♯	/C♯o)

C Block/Melodie/Block

Cigarette holder which wips me,
Over her shoulder, she digs me,
out cattin', that Satin Doll.

Baby shall we go out skippin',
Careful, amigo, you're flippin',
Speaks Latin, that Satin Doll.
She's nobody's fool, so I'm playing it cool as can be
I'll give it a whirl but I ain't for no girl catching me,
Shwitherooney.

Telephone numbers, well, you know,
Doing my rhumbas with uno,
And that 'n' my Satin Doll.

Centerpiece

Music by Duke Ellington 1930

F	$B\flat^7$	F		F^7			
$B\flat^7$	$B\flat^7$	F	$G-^7$	$A-^7$	D^7		
G^7	C^7	F	D^7	G^7	C^7		

F Blues

Tangerine

Music by Johnny Mercer Lyrics by Victor Schertzinger 1942

A_1	F–^{7}		B♭^{7}		E♭^{7j}	A♭^{7j}	G–^{7}	C$^{7-9}$
	F–^{7}	B♭^{7}	F–^{7}	B♭^{7}	E♭^{7j}		G–$^{5♭7}$	C^{7}
	F–^{7}		B♭^{7}		E♭^{j}		A–$^{5♭7}$	D^{7}
	G^{7j}		A–^{7}	D^{7}	G^{7j}		C$^{7-9}$	
A_2	F–^{7}		B♭^{7}		E♭^{7j}	A♭^{j}	G–^{7}	C$^{7–9}$
	F–^{7}	B♭^{7}	F–^{7}	B♭^{7}	D♭^{7}		C^{7}	
	F–^{7}		D–$^{5♭7}$	G^{7+9}	C–		F^{7}	
	F–^{7}		B♭^{7}		E♭^{j}		E♭^{7j}	

Es (Fm^{7}) locker

Tangerine She is all they claim With her eyes of night and lips as bright as flame. Tangerine, When she dances by Señoritas stare and caballeros sigh.

And I've seen Toasts to Tangerine Raised in ev'ry bar across the Argentine, But her heart belongs to just one, Her heart belongs to Tangerine.

It's the Talk of the Town

Music by Jerry Livingston Lyrics by Marty Symes & A. J. Neiburg 1933

A_1	F^{7j}	$A^{\flat O}$	$G-^{7}$	C^{7}	$C-^{7}$	F^{7}	$B^{\flat 7j}$	$E^{\flat 9}$
	F^{7}	E^{7}	$E^{\flat 7}$	D^{7}	G^{7}		$G-^{7}$	C^{7}
A_2	F^{7j}	$A^{\flat O}$	$G-^{7}$	C^{7}	$C-^{7}$	F^{7}	$B^{\flat 7j}$	$E^{\flat 9}$
	F^{7}	E^{7}	$E^{\flat 7}$	D^{7}	G^{7}	C^{7}	F^{7j}	
B	$G-^{7}$	D^{7}	$G-^{7}$	D^{7}	$B^{\flat 7j}$		$A-^{7\flat 5}$	D^{7}
	G^{7}		G^{7}		$G-^{7}$		C^{7+5}	
A_3	F^{7j}	$A^{\flat O}$	$G-^{7}$	C^{7}	$C-^{7}$	F^{7}	$B^{\flat 7j}$	$E^{\flat 9}$
	F^{7}	E^{7}	$E^{\flat 7}$	D^{7}	G^{7}	C^{7}	F^{7j}	

F Garnern, langsam

I can't show my face, can't go any place, people stop and stare, it's so hard to bear. Ev'rybody knows you left me, It's The Talk Of The Town.

Ev'ry time we meet, my heart skips a beat, we don't stop to speak, tho' it's just a week. Ev'ry body knows you left me, It's The Talk Of The Town.

We send out invitations to friends and relations announcing our wedding day. Friends and our relations gave congratulations. How can you face them? What can you say?

Let's make up, sweetheart, we can't stay apart, don't let foolish pride keep you from may side. How can love like ours be ended? It's The Talk Of The Town.

Tea for Two

Music by Vincent Youmans Lyrics by Irvin Caesar 1924

V	$E\flat^{7j}$	$F-^{7}$		$E\flat^{7j}/G$	$F-^{7}$		$E\flat^{7j}$	$B\flat^{7}$		$E\flat^{7j}$	$D-^{7\flat5}G^{7}$	
	$C-$	D^{7}		$D-^{7\flat5}$	G^{7}		$C-$	D^{7}	G^{7}	$C-$	$E\flat^{7}$	
	$A\flat^{7}$	$B\flat^{7}$		$E\flat^{7j}/G$	$G\flat^{O}$		$F-^{7}$	$B\flat^{7}$		$E\flat^{7j}$	$B\flat^{7}$	
	$E\flat^{7j}$	$F-^{7}$		$E\flat^{7j}/G$	$F-^{7}$		$E\flat^{7j}$	$B\flat^{7}$		$E\flat^{7j}$	$B\flat^{7}$	B^{7} C^{7}
A_1	$F-^{7}$	$B\flat^{7}$		$F-^{7}$	$B\flat^{7}$		$E\flat^{7j}$	$F-^{7}$		$G-^{7}$		
	$F-^{7}$	$B\flat^{7}$		$F-^{7}$	$B\flat^{7}$		$E\flat^{7j}$			$E\flat^{7j}$		
	$A-^{7}$	D^{7}		$A-^{7}$	D^{7}		G^{7j}	$A-^{7}$		$B-^{7}$	$B\flat^{O}$	
	$A-^{7}$	D^{7}		$A-^{7}$	D^{7}		G^{7j}			$B\flat^{7}$		
A_2	$F-^{7}$	$B\flat^{7}$		$F-^{7}$	$B\flat^{7}$		$E\flat^{7j}$	$F-^{7}$		$G-^{7}$	$G\flat^{O}$	
	$F-^{7}$	$B\flat^{7}$		$F-^{7}$	$B\flat^{7}$		$G\flat-^{7\flat5}/D\flat$			C^{7}		
	$F-^{7}$	$D\flat^{7}$		C^{7}			E^{O}	$F-^{7}$		$A\flat^{7j}$	$D\flat^{7}$	
	$G-^{7}$	$G\flat^{O}$		$F-^{7}$	$B\flat^{7}$		$E\flat^{7j}$			$E\flat^{7j}$		

Es

Summer Samba (So Nice)

Music and Lyrics by Marcos Valle & Paulo Sergio Valle; Norman Gimbel 1965

A_1	F^{7j}	F^{7j}	$B-^{7}$	E^{7}	
	$B\flat^{7j}$	$B\flat^{6}$	$E\flat^{9}$	$E\flat^{9}$	
	$A-^{7}$	D^{7-9}	$G-^{7}$	$E-^{5\flat7}$	A^{7+5}
	$D-^{711}$	G^{7}	$G-^{7}$	$D\flat^{9}$	C^{7}
A_2	F^{7j}	F^{7j}	$B-^{7}$	E^{7}	
	$B\flat^{7j}$	$B\flat^{6}$	$E\flat^{9}$	$E\flat^{9}$	
	$A-^{7}$	D^{7-9}	$G-^{7}$	$C-^{7-9}$	
	F^{7j}	$B\flat^{7}$	F^{7j}	$(G-^{7}$	$C^{7})$

F Samba

Someone to hold me tight
That would be very nice
Someone to love me right
That would be very nice
Someone to understand
Each little dream in me
Someone to take my hand
And be a team with me

So nice, life would be so nice
If one day I'd find
Someone who would take my hand
And samba through life with me

Someone to cling to me
Stay with me right or wrong
Someone to sing to me
Some little samba song
Someone to take my heart
And give his heart to me
Someone who's ready to
Give love a start with me

Oh yeah, that would be so nice
I could see you and me, that would be nice

Someone to hold me tight
That would be very nice
Someone to love me right
That would be very nice
Someone to understand
Each little dream in me
Someone to take my hand
To be a team with me
So nice, life would be so nice
If one day I'd find
Someone who would take my hand
And samba through life with me

Someone to cling to me
Stay with me right or wrong
Someone to sing to me
Some little samba song
Someone to take my heart
And give his heart to me
Someone who's ready to
Give love a start with me

Oh yes, that would be so nice
Shouldn't we, you and me?
I can see it will

Just in Time

Music by Jule Styne Lyrics by Betty Comden & Adolph Green 1956

A_1	$B\flat^{\Delta}$	$B\flat^{\Delta}$	$A-^{7}$	D^{7}
	$D^{\varnothing}$	G^{7}	C^{7}	C^{7}
	F^{7}	F^{7}	$B\flat^{\Delta}$	$B\flat^{7}$
	$E\flat$	$E\flat^{7}$	$A\flat^{\Delta}$	$A^{\varnothing}$ D^{7}
A_2	$G-$	$G-^{\Delta}$	$G-^{7}$	C^{7}
	$B\flat^{\Delta}$	$B\flat^{\Delta}$	$D^{\varnothing}$	G^{7}
	C^{7}	F^{7}	$B\flat^{\Delta}/D-^{7}$	$G-^{7}$
	C^{7}	$C-^{7}$ F^{7}	$B\flat^{\Delta}$	$B\flat^{\Delta}$

B

Just in time I found you just in time before you came, my time was running low. I was lost, the losing dice were tossed, my bridges all were crossed, no where to go.

Now you're here and now I know just where I'm going, no more doubt or rear, I've found my way. For love came just in time. You fond me just in time and changed my lonely life, that lovely day.

F^{Δ}	F^{Δ}	$E-^{7}$	A^{7}
$A^{\varnothing}$	D^{7}	G^{7}	G^{7}
C^{7}	C^{7}	F^{Δ}	F^{7}
$B\flat^{\Delta}$	$B\flat^{7}$	$E\flat^{\Delta}$	$E^{\varnothing}$ A^{7}
$D-$	$D-^{\Delta}$	$D-^{7}$	G^{7}
F^{Δ}	F^{Δ}	$A^{\varnothing}$	D^{7}
G^{7}	C^{7}	F^{Δ}	$D-^{7}$
G^{7}	$G-^{7}$ C^{7}	F^{Δ}	F^{Δ}

How About You?

Music by Burton Lane Lyrics by Ralph Freed 1941

A	F^{7j}	B♭$^{7-5}$		A–^{7}	A♭^{o}		G–^{7}			C^{7}				
	F^{7j}	B♭$^{7-5}$		A–^{7}	A♭^{o}		A–$^{5\flat7}$			D^{7+5}				
	G^{7}			G–$^{5\flat7}$			F^{7j}			F^{7j}				
	A^{7j}/**E**			B–^{7}	E^{7}		A^{7j}			G–^{7}	C^{7}			
B	F^{7j}	B♭$^{7-5}$		A–^{7}	A♭^{o}		G–^{7}			C^{7}				
	C–^{7}			F^{7}			B♭^{7j}			E♭^{7}				
	F^{7j}/A–^{7}			A♭–^{6}			G–^{7}			E–$^{5\flat7}$	A^{7}			
	D–^{7}			G–^{7}	C^{7}		F^{7j}			F^{7j}				

F Block/Melodie

When a girl meets boy, Life can be a joy, But the note they end on, Will depend on little pleasures they will share; So let us compare.

I like New York In June. How about you? I like a Gershwin tune. How about you? I love a fireside when a storm is due. I like potato chips. moonlight and motor trips. How about you?

I'm mad about good books, can't get my fill. And Franklin Roosevelt's looks, give me a thrill. Holding hands in a movie show, when all the lights are low may not be new, but I like it. How about you?

I like Jack Benny's jokes. To a degree. I love the common folks. That includes me. I like to window shop on 5th Avenue. I like banana splits, late supper at the Ritz, How about you? I love to dream of fame, maybe I'll shine. I'd love to see your name right beside mine. I can see we're in harmony, Looks like we both agree On what to do, And I like it, how about you?

I'm so delighted I've ignited the spark within you. Let me continue to make it burn. With you I will be like a Trilby, so let's not dally. Come on Svengali, I've lots to learn. When you're arisin', start exercisin' daily. For example, just a sample? Bend and touch the floor fifty times or more. Ha! A fine start to be a Bernhardt! A dictionary's necessary but not for talking, it's used for walking the Ziegfeld way. Is this OK?
That's the trick, you're catching on quickly. Should I take a bow? A-ho! Let me show you how!
Just like partners on the stage.
If you can use a partner,
I'm the right age.

Duet by Mickey Rooney & Judy Garland in the flm Babes on Broadway, 1941) Music and lyrics by E.Y. Harburg, Burton Lane, Ralph Freed, Roger Edens and Harold J. Rome

A Gal in Calico

Music by Arthur Schwartz Lyrics by Leo Robin 1946

A_1	$E\flat^{\Delta}$	$A\flat^{7}$	$E\flat^{\Delta}{}_{/G}$	$G\flat^{O}$	$F-^{7}$		$B\flat^{7}$				
	$E\flat^{\Delta}$		$E\flat^{\Delta}{}_{/G}$	$G\flat^{O}$	$F-^{7}$		$B\flat^{7}$				
	$E\flat^{\Delta}$		E^{O}		$F-^{7}$		$D^{\varnothing}$	G^{7}			
	$C-$		$C-^{7}$	C^{7}	F^{7}		$B\flat^{7}$				
A_2	$E\flat^{\Delta}$	$A\flat^{7}$	$E\flat^{\Delta}{}_{/G}$	$G\flat^{O}$	$F-^{7}$		$B\flat^{7}$				
	$E\flat^{\Delta}$		$E\flat^{\Delta}{}_{/G}$	$G\flat^{O}$	$F-^{7}$		$B\flat^{7}$				
	$E\flat^{\Delta}$		$B\flat-^{7}$	$E\flat^{7}$	$A\flat^{\Delta}$		$D\flat^{7}$				
	$G-^{7}$	C^{7}	$F-^{7}$	$B\flat^{7}$	$E\flat^{\Delta}$		$E\flat^{\Delta}$				

Es

Met a gal in calico,
Down in Santa Fé;
Used to be her sunday beau
'Til I rode away.
Do I want her,
Do I want her love? – Yes, siree!
Will I win her,
Will I win her love? – Wait and see!

Workin' with the rodeo,
Rode from town to town.
Seen most every kinda gal,
Ev'ry kind of gown.
But who makes my heart sing
Yipee yi! Yipee Yo!
My little gal in calico

Take my gal in calico,
Down in Santa Fé;
Guess I'd better let her know
That I feel this way.
Is she waitin', is she waitin'?
She'd better be.
Am I hopin' to be ropin' her?
Yes siree!

Gonna quit the rodeo,
Gonna settle down.
Buy a bolt of calico
For a weddin' gown.
Then will I fence her in
Yipee yi! Yipee Yo!
My little gal in calico.

Sweet Lorraine

Music by Cliff Burwell Lyrics by Mitchell Parish 1928

A_1	G^{7j}	F^7	E^7		$A-^7$	D^7	$D\sharp^o$		$E-^7$	$E\flat^o$	$D-^7$	$F-^{7-5}_{/D\flat}$	C^7		B^7
	E^7		A^7		$A-^7$	D^7			$B-^7$		E^7		$A-^7$		D^7
A_2	G^{7j}	F^7	E^7		$A-^7$	D^7	$D\sharp^o$		$E-^7$	$E\flat^o$	$D-^7$	$F-^{7-5}_{/D\flat}$	C^7		B^7
	E^7		A^7		$A-^7$	D^7			G^{7J}		C^7		$D-^7$		G^7
B	C^{7j}		$E^7_{/B}$		$A-^7$	$G-^7$	C^7		F^7		E^7		$A-^7$	$A\flat^o$	$G-^7$ C^7
	F^7		E^7		$A-^{7\flat5}_{/E\flat}$	D^7			F^7		E^7		A^7		D^7
$A_{2/3}$	G^{7j}	F^7	E^7		$A-^7$	D^7	$D\sharp^o$		$E-^7$	$E\flat^o$	$D-^7$	$F-^{7-5}_{/D\flat}$	C^7		B^7
	E^7		A^7		$A-^7$	D^7			G^{7J}		C^7		G^{7j}		(D^7)

G

I've just found joy, I'm as happy as a baby boy, playin' with another brand new choochoo toy, when I'm with my Sweet Lorraine.

A pair of eyes that are bluer than the summer skies, when you see them you will realize, why I love my Sweet Lorraine. (I'm so happy)

When it's raining I don't miss the sun, for it's in my sweetie's smile, just to think that I'm the lucky one who will lead her down the aisle.

Each night I pray that nobody steals her heart away, just can't wait until that happy day, when I marry Sweet Lorraine.

A_1	F^Δ	$E\flat^7$	D^7		$G-^7$	C^7	$C\sharp^o$		$D-^7$	$D\flat^o$	$C-^7$	$F-^{7-5}_{/B}$	$B\flat^7$		A^7
	D^7		G^7		$G-^7$	C^7			$F^\Delta/A-^7$		D^7		$G-^7$		C^7
A_2	F^Δ	$E\flat^7$	D^7		$G-^7$	C^7	$C\sharp^o$		$D-^7$	$D\flat^o$	$C-^7$	$F-^{7-5}_{/B}$	$B\flat^7$		A^7
	D^7		G^7		$G-^7$	C^7			F^Δ		$B\flat^7$		$C-^7$		F^7
B	$B\flat^\Delta$		$D^7_{/A}$		$G-^7$	$F-^7$	$B\flat^7$		$E\flat^7$		D^7		$G-^7$		$F-^7$ $B\flat^7$
	$E\flat^7$		D^7		$G^{\varnothing}_{/D\flat}$	C^7			$E\flat^7$		D^7		G^7		C^7
$A_{2/3}$	F^Δ	$E\flat^7$	D^7		$G-^7$	C^7	$C\sharp^o$		$D-^7$	$D\flat^o$	$C-^7$	$F-^{7-5}_{/B}$	$B\flat^7$		A^7
	D^7		G^7		$G-^7$	C^7			F^Δ		$B\flat^7$		$C-^7$		F^7

Tenderly – 3/4

Music by Walter Gross Lyrics by Jack Lawrence 1946

A_1	$E\flat^{\Delta}$				$B\flat^{7+5}$				$E\flat\text{–}^{7}$				$A\flat^{7}$			
	$F\text{–}^{7}$				$F^{\varnothing}/D\flat^{7}$				$E\flat^{\Delta}$				$E\flat^{\Delta}$			
	$F^{\varnothing}$				$B\flat^{\Delta}$				$F^{\varnothing}$				$D^{\varnothing}$		G^{7}	
	$C\text{–}^{7}$				F^{7}				$F\text{–}^{7}$				$B\flat^{7}$			
A_2	$E\flat^{\Delta}$				$B\flat^{7+5}$				$E\flat\text{–}^{7}$				$A\flat^{7}$			
	$F\text{–}^{7}$				$F^{\varnothing}/D\flat^{7}$				$E\flat^{\Delta}$				$E\flat^{\Delta}$			
	$F^{\varnothing}$				$D\text{–}^{7}$		G^{7}		$C\text{–}^{7}$				F^{7}		$F\sharp^{o}$	
	$G\text{–}^{7}$		C^{7}		$F\text{–}^{7}$		$B\flat^{7}$		$E\flat^{\Delta}$				$E\flat^{\Delta}$			

Es 3/4 (Bass nur auf 1), dann 4/4

The evening breeze caressed the trees tenderly; the trembling trees embraced the breeze tenderly. Then you and I came wandering by and lost in a sigh were we.

The shore was kissed by sea and mist tenderly. I can't forget how two heart meets breathlessly Your arms opened wide and closed me inside; you took my lips, you took my love so tenderly.

Time on My Hands

Music by Vincent Youmans Lyrics by Harold Adamson & Mack Gordon 1930

V	G–7	C13–9	F7j	D–7	G–9(11)	C13	F6				
	G–7	C13–9	F7j	D–7	B–7♭5	E7–9	A7j	A6			
	D–7	G7	C7j /E	A7+5	D–7	G7	C9				
A	F7j		F7j		B–7♭5		E7–9				
	G–7		G–7		C7		G–7	C7			
A	F7j		F7j		B–7♭5		E7–9				
	G–7		G–7		E–7♭5		A7–9				
B	D7+5–9		D7+5–9		G9+11		G–7	C7–9			
	A–7		A♭O		G–7		C7 /G	C7–9			
C	F7j		F7j		A♭9		D7–9				
	G9+11		C7		F7j	(D7	G–7	C7)			

F p Verse ohne Rhythmus. langsam Garnern

When the day fades away into twilights,
the moon ist my light of love,
In the nicht I am quite a romancer,
I find an answer above.
To bring me consolation,
you're my inspiration.
This is my imagination.

Time on my hands,
You in my arms,
Nothing but love in view;
Then if you fall,
Once and for all
I'll see my dreams come true,
Moments to spare
for someone you care for;
one love affair for two.
With time on my hands
And you in my arms
And love in my heart all for you.

Deep Purple

Music by Peter De Rose Lyrics by Mitchell Parish 1934

A_1	F^{7j}	$F\sharp^{o}$	$G-^{7}$	C^{7}
	F^{7j}	$A-^{7\flat5}$	D^{7} $E-^{7}$	$F-^{6}$ D^{7}
	$G-^{7}$	$B\flat-^{6}$	$A-^{7}$	$A\flat^{o}$
	$G-^{7}$	C^{7}	$F^{7j}/A-^{7}$ D^{7}	$G-^{7}$ C^{7}
A_2	F^{7j}	$F\sharp^{o}$	$G-^{7}$	C^{7}
	F^{7j}	$A-^{7\flat5}$	D^{7} $E-^{7}$	$F-^{6}$ D^{7}
	$G-^{7}$	$B\flat-^{6}$	$A-^{7}$	$A\flat^{o}$
	$G-^{7}$	C^{7}	$F^{7j}/A-^{7}$ $F\sharp^{o}$	$G-^{7}$ C^{7}

F Swing mittel

When the deep purple falls over sleepy garden walls, and the stars begin to flicker in the sky, Thru the mist of a memory you wander back to me, breathing my name with a sigh,

In the still of the night once again I hold you tight, Tho' you're love lives on when moonlight beams, And as long as my heart will beat, Lover, we'll always meet here in my deep purple dreams.

Just You – Just Me

Music by Jesse Greer Lyrics by Raymond Klages 1929?

A_1	$E\flat^{\Delta}$	$G-^{7\flat5}_{/D\flat}$	C^7			$F-^7$	$F-^{7\flat5}_{/B}$	$B\flat^7$	
	$E\flat^{\Delta}$	$E\flat^7_{/D\flat}$	$A\flat^{\Delta}_{/C}$	$A\flat-_{/B}$		$E\flat^{\Delta}_{/B\flat}$	$B\flat^7$	$E\flat^{\Delta}$	
A_2	$E\flat^{\Delta}$	$G-^{7\flat5}_{/D\flat}$	C^7			$F-^7$	$F-^{7\flat5}_{/B}$	$B\flat^7$	
	$E\flat^{\Delta}$	$E\flat^7_{/D\flat}$	$A\flat^{\Delta}_{/C}$	$A\flat-_{/B}$		$E\flat^{\Delta}_{/B\flat}$	$B\flat^7$	$E\flat^{\Delta}$	
B	$E\flat^7$		$B\flat-^7$	$E\flat^7$		$A\flat^{\Delta}$		$A\flat-_{/D\flat}$	
	$D\flat^{\Delta}$		G^7	$C-^7$		F^7		$B\flat^7$	
A_3	$E\flat^{\Delta}$	$G-^{7\flat5}_{/D\flat}$	C^7			$F-^7$	$F-^{7\flat5}_{/B}$	$B\flat^7$	
	$E\flat^{\Delta}$	$E\flat^7_{/D\flat}$	$A\flat^{\Delta}_{/C}$	$A\flat-_{/B}$		$E\flat^{\Delta}_{/B\flat}$	$B\flat^7$	$E\flat^{\Delta}$	

Just you, just me, Let's find a cosy spot, to cuddle and coo.

Just you, just me, I've missed an awful lot, my trouble is you.

Oh Gee! What are your charms for? What are my arms for? Use your imagination!

Just you, just me, I'll tie a lover's knot 'round wonderful you!

Es

Last Night When We Were Young

Music by Harold Arlen Lyrics by Otto Harburg 1937

A_1	G^{Δ}	C^{Δ}	$B-^{7}$	E^{7}	A^{7}	$A^{\sharp o}$	$A-^{7}$	D^{7}
	G^{Δ}	$G^{\sharp o}$	$A^{\varnothing}$	D^{7}	G^{Δ}		$A-^{7}$	D^{7}
A_2	G^{Δ}	C^{Δ}	$B-^{7}$	E^{7}	A^{7}	$A^{\sharp o}$	$A-^{7}$	D^{7}
	G^{Δ}	$G^{\sharp o}$	$A^{\varnothing}$	D^{7}	G^{Δ}		$(A-^{7}$	$D^{7})$
B	$B^{\varnothing}$		E^{7-9}		A^{7}	$A^{\sharp o}$	A^{7}	
	$D^{\flat\varnothing}$		$G^{\flat}-^{7}$	$B^{\varnothing}$	$E^{\varnothing}$	A^{7}	$A-^{7}$	D^{7}
A_3	G^{Δ}	C^{Δ}	$B-^{7}$	E^{7}	$B^{\varnothing}$		E^{7}	
	A^{7}		$A-^{7}$	D^{7}	G^{Δ}		G^{Δ}	

G Ballade

Call Me Irresponsible

Music by James van Heusen Lyrics by Sammy Cahn 1962

A

F^{7j}	$F^{\sharp o}$	$G-^{7}$	$G^{\sharp o}$
$F^{7j}_{/A}$	A^{7}	$A-^{7\flat 5}$	D^{7}
$G-^{7}$	C^{7}	$A-^{7\flat 5}$	D^{7}
G^{7}	G^{7}	C^{7}	$G-^{7}$ C^{7}

B

F^{7j}	$F^{\sharp o}$	$G-^{7}$	$G^{\sharp o}$
$F^{7j}_{/A}$	A^{7}	D^{7}	D^{7}
$G-^{7}$	C^{7}	$A-^{7\flat 5}$	D^{7}
$G-^{7}$	C^{7}	$A-^{7\flat 5}$	D^{7}
$G-^{7}$	C^{7}	F^{7j}	F^{7j}

F Garnern

Call me irresponsible,
call me unreliable;
throw in undependable too.
Do my foolish alibis bore your?
Well. I'm not too clever, I just adore you.
Call me unpredictable,
tell me I'm impracticable;
rainbows I'm inclined to pursue.
Call me irresponsible.
Yes, I'm unreliable, but it's undeniably true;
I'm irresponsibly mad for you!

C^{7j}	$C^{\sharp o}$	$D-^{7}$	$D^{\sharp o}$
$C^{7j}_{/E}$	E^{7}	$E-^{7\flat 5}$	A^{7}
$D-^{7}$	G^{7}	$E-^{7\flat 5}$	A^{7}
D^{7}	D^{7}	G^{7}	$D-^{7}$ G^{7}

C^{7j}	$C^{\sharp o}$	$D-^{7}$	$D^{\sharp o}$
$C^{7j}_{/E}$	E^{7}	$E-^{7\flat 5}$	A^{7}
$D-^{7}$	G^{7}	$E-^{7\flat 5}$	A^{7}
$D-^{7}$	G^{7}	$E-^{7\flat 5}$	A^{7}
$D-^{7}$	G^{7}	C^{7j}	C^{7j}

Gone with the Wind

Music and Lyrics by Herb Magidson & Allie Wrube 1937

A_1	F–7	B♭7	E♭Δ	E°	F–7	B♭7	E♭Δ				
	A–7	D7	GΔ	G♯°	A–7	D7	GΔ				
	G–7		G♭°		F–7		B♭7				
	E♭7	D7	D♭7	C7	F–7		B♭7				
A_2	F–7	B♭7	E♭Δ	E°	F–7	B♭7	E♭Δ				
	A–7	D7	GΔ	G♯°	A–7	D7	GΔ				
	F–7		C–7		F–7	B♭7	GØ	C7			
	F–7		(D♭7)	B♭7	E♭Δ		E♭Δ				

Es

Gone With The Wind, just like a leaf that has blown away. Gone With The Wind, My romance has flown away. Yesterday's kisses are still on my lips, I had a lifetime of Heaven at my fingertips, but
now all is gone. Gone is the rapture that thrilled my heart, Gone With The Wind. The gladness that filled my heart, just like a flame, love burned brightly then became an empty smoke dream that has gone, Gone With The Wind.

Teach Me Tonight

Music by Gene De Paul Lyrics by Sammy Cahn 1953

A_1	$E\flat^{7j}$	$A\flat^7/F\text{–}^7$	$G\text{–}^7$	$C^7{}_{/E}$	$F\text{–}^7$	$B\flat^7$	$G\text{–}^{7\flat5}$	C^7
	$F\text{–}^7$		$F\text{–}^7$	$B\flat^7$	$E\flat^{7j}$	C^7	$F\text{–}^7$	$B\flat^7$
A_2	$E\flat^{7j}$	$A\flat^7/F\text{–}^7$	$G\text{–}^7$	$C^7{}_{/E}$	$F\text{–}^7$	$B\flat^7$	$G\text{–}^{7\flat5}$	C^7
	$F\text{–}^7$		$F\text{–}^7$	$B\flat^7$	$E\flat^{7j}$	$A\flat^7$	$E\flat^{7j}$	$G\text{–}^7F\sharp\text{–}^7$
B	$F\text{–}^7$	$B\flat^7$	$E\flat^{7j}$	C^{7-9}	$F\text{–}^7$	$B\flat^7$	$E\flat^{7j}$	
	$A\text{–}^{7\flat5}$	D^{7-9}	$G\text{–}^7$	C^7	$C\text{–}^7$	F^7	$F\text{–}^7$	$B\flat^7$
$A_{2/3}$	$E\flat^{7j}$	$A\flat^7/F\text{–}^7$	$G\text{–}^7$	$C^7{}_{/E}$	$F\text{–}^7$	$B\flat^7$	$G\text{–}^{7\flat5}$	C^7
	$F\text{–}^7$		$F\text{–}^7$	$B\flat^7$	$E\flat^{7j}$	$(C^7$	$F\text{–}^7$	$B\flat^7)$

Es Garnern

Did you say "I've got a lot to learn?" Well, don't think I'm trying not to learn, Since this is the perfect spot to learn, Teach Me Tonight.

Starting with the "A, B, C" of it, Right down to the "X, Y, Z" of it, Help me solve the mystery of it, Teach Me tonight.

The sky's a blackboard high above you, If a shootin' star goes by I'll use that star to write I love you, A thousand times across the sky.

One thins isn't very clear, my love, Should the teacher stand so near, my love, Graduation's almost here, my love, Teach Me Tonight.

The Boy Next Door – 3/4 (? Quartet)

Music by Hugh Martin Lyrics by Ralph Blane 1943

V

B♭Δ /D	D♭O	C–7	F7
F–7	B♭7	E♭Δ	A♭7
B♭Δ /D	D♭O	C–7	F7
F–7	B♭7	E♭Δ	A♭7
D–7	D♭O	F–7	B♭7

B♭Δ /D	D♭O	C–7	F7
D–7	D♭O	C–7	F7
B♭Δ /D	D♭O	C–7	F7
D–7	D♭O	C–7	F7

A1

E♭Δ		C7–9	
E♭Δ		C–7	
F–7		B♭7	
AØ		D7+9	

F–7		B♭7+4	
F7		F7	
E♭Δ		C–Δ	
G–7	G♭O	F–7	B♭7

A3

E♭Δ		C7–9	
E♭Δ		C–7	
E♭Δ /B♭		E♭Δ /B♭	
F–7		B♭7	

F–7		B♭7+4	
F7		F♯O	
F7		F7	
E♭Δ		(F–7	B♭7)

Es I:p. 3/4. Bass nur 1; S: verlängern

The moment I saw him smile I knew he was just my style My only regret Is we've never met Though I dream of him all the while

But he doesn't know I exist No matter how I may persist So it's clear to see There's no hope for me Though I live at fifty-one thirty-five Kensington Avenue And he lives at fifty-one thirty-three

How can I ignore The boy next door I love him more than I can say Doesn't try to please me Doesn't even tease me And he never sees me glance his way

And though I'm heart-sore The boy next door Affection for me won't display I just adore him So I can't ignore him The boy next door

I just adore him So I can't ignore him The boy next door

F Δ	D7–9	G–7	C7+4
F Δ	D–7	G7	G7
G–7	C7	F Δ	D–Δ
BØ	E7+9	A–7 A♭O	G–7 C7

F Δ	D7–9	G–7	C7+4
F Δ	D–7	G7	G♯O
F Δ /C	F Δ	D7	D7
G–7	C7	F Δ	(G–7 | C7)

Street of Dreams

Music Victor Young Lyrics Sam F. Lewis 1932

I	E♭–6	C∅	B7	B♭7	E♭–6	C∅	B7	B♭7
	E♭–6	D♭7	B7	B♭7	E♭–6	A9+11	B♭∅	E♭7
	A♭–6	F∅	B♭7		E♭–6	C∅	B7	B♭7
	E♭–6	D♭7	B7	B♭7	B♭7	B7	F–7	B♭7
A	F7		F–7	B♭7	E♭Δ	A♭Δ	G–7	C7
	F7		F–7	B♭7	E♭Δ	C–7	B♭–7	E♭7
B	A♭Δ		D♭7		G–7		D♭7	C7
	F7		D♭7		F–7	B♭7	E♭7	(C7)

Es

Midnight, you heavy laden, it's midnight
Come on and trade in your old dreams for new
Your new dreams for old
I know where they're bought
I know where they're sold
Midnight, you've got to get there at midnight
And you'll be met there by others like you
Brothers as blue
Smiling on the street of dreams

Love laughs at a king
Kings don't mean a thing
On the street of dreams
Dreams broken in two can be made like new
On the street of dreams
Gold, sliver and gold
All you can hold is in the moonbeams
Poor, no one is poor
Long as love is sure
On the street of dreams

Midnight, look at the steeple, it's midnight
Unhappy people, it's ringing with joy
It's ringing with cheer
'Cause yesterday's gone
Tomorrow is near
Midnight, the heart is lighter at midnight
Things will be brighter the moment you find
More of your kind
Smiling on the street of dreams

Love laughs at a king
Kings don't mean a thing
On the street of dreams
Dreams broken in two can be made like new
On the street of dreams
Gold, sliver and gold
All you can hold is in the moonbeams
Poor, no one is poor
Long as love is sure
On the street of dreams