Christie Lee
Billy Joel

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                 C                        Am G F
                   Let me tell you a story about a woman and a ma-a-n
                                          D                        G
                   Maybe you will find familiar, maybe you won t understand
                                            C                          Am G F
                   The man s name I don t remember, he was always Joe to me-e-e
                                          G C/G G C/G G
C
                   But I can t forget the woman          she was always Christie
Lee

                                          C
   Am G F
                   He was working in the night club that s where he played the
saxopho-o-one
                                             D
G
                   He used to fake the stock arrangements he left the customers
alone
                            C                                  Am  G  F
                   One night before the last song, about a quarter after
three-ee-ee
                                 G C/G G C/G G        C
                   He saw her standing at the coat check, and made his move on
Christie Lee

                   C
     Christie Lee, Christie Lee
       Am  G  F    G  C
     Christie Lee Christie Lee-ee-ee

              C       Am G F
     She was a nice piece of music, she had a rhythm all her o-o-own
        D      G
     He blew a solo like a blind man, she really dug his saxophone
         C       Am G  F
     She wanted more than just an encore, and he could play in every ke-e-ey
                   G          C   C7
     He left the stage and packed his alto, and took it home to Christie Lee

           F
     Oh, I heard the man knew  â€œThe Birdâ€• like the Bible
     C
     You know the man could blow an educated axe
     F
     He couldnâ€™t see that Christie Lee was a woman
            D      G
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Who didnâ€™t need another lover all she wanted was the sax

C Am G F
It tool a while for him to notice, it took a while for him to see-ee-ee
G C
He was never in control here, it was always Christie Lee

C
Christie Lee, Christie Lee
Am G F G C C7
Christie Lee Christie Lee-ee-ee

F
Oh the man took a calculated gamble
C
Yes the man had the power to perform
F
But Christie Lee was more than he knew how to handle
D G
She didnâ€™t need him as a man, all she wanted was the horn

C Am G F
They say that Joe became a wino, they say he always drinks alo-oo-one
D G
They say he stumbles like a blind man, they say he sold his saxophone
C Am G F
Even the band must face the music, thatâ€™s what the moral is to me-ee-ee
G C
The only time you hit the high notes... is when you play for Christie Lee

C
Christie Lee, Christie Lee
Am G F G C
Christie Lee Christie Lee-ee-ee

C
Christie Lee, Christie Lee
Am G F G C
Christie Lee Christie Lee-ee-ee