

Any Old Kind Of Day
Harry Chapin

Intro:

E - B7 - E - Emaj7 - A - E - E7

A B E A
Turning on my pillow, thinking kind of strange

Bm6 C#7 F#m7 B7
The color is of midnight in this room

A B E A
The cars outside are coughing and it's kinda hard to sleep

G#m C#m B7
And there's neon out the window, not the moon.

A B
And it was just an any old kind of day

E A
The kind that comes and slips away

E G#m F#m B7
The kind that fills up easy my life's time

A B7
The night brought any old kind of dark

E A
I heard the ticking of my heart

E G#m F#m7 B7(sus4)
Then why am I thinking something's left behind?

A B E A
I whistled round today and I skipped a footloose jig

Bm6 C#7 F#M7
To the hurdy-gurdy music of the street

A B E A
I looked up past those rooftops, and saw that cloudless sky

G#m7 Amaj7
But I keep on asking why

G#m7 **Amaj7**

My life is passing by

G#m7 **Amaj7**

And Iâ€™m left up high and dry

G#M7 **Amaj7**

But it ainâ€™t no good to cry

G#m7 **Amaj7**

So I shrug the useless sigh

C#m7 **B7** **E**

And I trust to things that other days will meet.

A **B**

And it was just an any old kind of day

E **A**

The kind that comes and slips away

E **G#m** **F#m** **B7**

The kind that fills up easy my lifeâ€™s time

D **B7**

The night brought any old kind of dark

E **A**

I heard the ticking of my heart

E **G#m** **F#m7** **B7(sus4)** **E**

Then why am I thinking somethingâ€™s left behind?

Interlude:

E - **B7** - **E** - **Emaj7** - **A** - **E** - **E7**

A **B**

The night has had it s laughing

E **A**

When street lights blind the stars

Bm6 **C#7**

So now itâ€™s shedding rain

F#m7 **B7**

To sing its sorrow (sorrow)

A **B** **E** **A**

Itâ€™s time for me to sleep and to rest these thoughts away

G#m7 **Amaj7**

Thereâ€™s gonna be another day

G#m7 **Amaj7**

When things will go my way

G#m7 **Amaj7**

And thereâ€™s other things to say

G#m7 **Amaj7**

And thereâ€™s other songs to play

C#m7 **B7** **E**

And thereâ€™ll be time enough for thinking come tomorrow.

A **B**

And it was just an any old kind of day

E **A**

The kind that comes and slips away

E **G#m** **F#m** **B7**

The kind that fills up easy my lifeâ€™s time

D **B7**

The night brought any old kind of dark

E **A**

I heard the ticking of my heart

E **G#m** **F#m7** **B7(sus4)** **E**

Then why am I thinking somethingâ€™s left behind?

B7 **E**