

San Diego Serenade
Tom Waits

Received: from * (* [*.*.2]) by * (8.*.6.4) with ESMTp id HAA11360 for ; Tue, 15 Feb 1994 07:00:54 -0800
Received: from * by * with ESMTp (8.*.4)
id for ; Tue, 15 Feb 1994 16:00:34 +0100
From: Johan Kristian Sveen
Received: from localhost by * ; Tue, 15 Feb 1994 16:00:33 +0100
Date: Tue, 15 Feb 1994 16:00:33 +0100
To: *
Message-ID:

the Ghosts of saturday night

(the song is in 3/4)

Db/Gb	Abm7/Db	Bbm7/Eb	Cb9/Db
=====	=====	=====	=====
		6th ***	
			**
		*	
* **	***		***
*	*		

intro:

Cb Db Gb
% | / / / / | / / / / | %

Gb	Bb7	Ebm7	Gb	Gb7
Never saw the morning, til I stayed up all night				
Cb	Db/Gb Abm/Db Bbm/F#	Gb	Ebm7	Gb7
Never saw the sunshine, til you turned out the light				
Cb	Db/Gb Dbsus4 Db	Gb	Ebm7	Gb7
Never saw my hometown, until I stayed away too long				
Cb	Db/Gb Dbsus4 Db	Cb9	Cb9/Db	Gb
Never heard the melody, til I needed the song				

Never saw the white line , til I was leaving you behind
Never knew I needed you, til I was caught up in a bind
Never spoke I love you, until I cursed you in vain
Never felt my heart-strings, til I really went insane

Never saw the east coast til I moved to the west
Never saw the moonlight, until it shone of your breast
Never saw your heart, til someone tried to steal it away
Never saw your tears, until they rolled down your face

Some people play hard to get, I play hard to want

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Support bacteria -- it s the only culture some people have