

Barbra Streisand & Marvin Hamlisch - Put On Your Sunday Clothes (Wall-E)

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tom:
                Eb
Out there
There's a world outside of yonkers
Way out there beyond this hick town, barnaby
There's a slick town, barnaby
Out there
Full of shine and full of sparkle
Close your eyes and see it glisten, barnaby
Listen, barnaby
Put on your sunday clothes, there's lots of world out there
Get out the brillantine and dime cigars
                               Fm7
We're gonna find adventure in the evening air
Girls in white
   Ab
In a perfumed night
Where the lights are bright as the stars!
Put on your sunday clothes, we're gonna ride through town
In one of those new horse drawn open cars
We'll see the shows
At delmonico's
Fm7
And we'll close the town in a whirl
And we won't come home until we've kissed a girl!
Put on your sunday clothes when you feel down and out
Strut down the street and have your picture took
Dressed like a dream your spirits seem to turn about
 Am Em
That sunday shine
Is a certain sign
That you feel as fine as you look
Beneath your parasol, the world is all a smile
That makes you feel brand new down to your toes
Get out your feathers
Your patent leathers
Your beads and buckles and bows
For there's no blue monday in your sunday
        Dm
No monday in the sunday
No monday in the sunday clothes
Put on your sunday clothes when you feel down and out
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Strut down the street and have your picture took
Dressed like a dream your spirits seem to turn about
That sunday shine is a certain sign
                       Fbm7 Ab
That you feel as fine as you look!
Beneath your parasol, the world is all a smile
That makes you feel brand new down to your toes
Get out your feathers
Your patent leathers
     Bhm
Your beads and buckles and bows
                    Gb
For there's no blue monday in your sunday clothes
[Solo] D D
      G Abm C F
Put on your sunday clothes when you feel down and out
Strut down the street and have your picture took
Dressed like a dream your spirits seem to turn about
That sunday shine
     Bh
Is a certain sign
That you feel as fine as you look
Beneath your bowler brim the world's a simple song
                                      Am7 C D7 Gm
A lovely lilt that makes you tilt your nose
Get out your slickers, your flannel knickers
     Dm
Your red suspenders and hose
For there's no blue monday in your sunday clothes
( F Am7 )
Ermengarde, keep smiling, nobody wants a little ninny!
Ambrose, do a turn, let me see!
Mr. Hackl, Mr. Tucker, don't forget Irene and Minnie.
Just forget what you've heard a word of mine!
Bb
All aboard!
All aboard! All aboard
All aboard! All aboard
Put on your sunday clothes there's lots of world out there
                                    Gm7 Gm Bb C
Put on your silk cravat and patent shoes
We're gonna find adventure in the evening air
To town we'll trot
To a smoky spot
Where the girls are hot as a fuse!
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Put on your silk high hat and at the turned up cuff G That we won't come home We'll wear a hand made grey suede buttoned glove Em That we won't come home Em We'll join the astors Em G Em Em G B7 No we won't come home until we fall in love At tony pastor's Em [Final] Em D7 G And this I'm positive of **Acordes** Еb Cn7 G_n7 2

