

Elton John - Roy Rogers

Tom: F

F F C F C C F C
F F C F C C F C C7

F C7
Sometimes you dream, sometimes it seems

C7 C F C F F
There's nothing there at all

Dm Am
You just seem older than yesterday

Bb C C F C
And you're waiting for tomorrow to call

F C7
You draw to the curtain and one thing's for certain

C7 C F C F C
You're cozy in your little room

Dm Am
The carpet's all paid for, God bless the TV

Bb C
Let's go shoot a hole in the moon

C F C F Dm
Whoa And Roy Rogers is riding tonight

Bb F F C F
Returning to our silver screens

C C F C F
Comic book characters never grow old

Bb G C

Evergreen heroes whose stories were told

Dm Am
Oh the great sequin cowboy who sings of the plains

Bb G C Dm C
Of roundups and rustlers and home on the range

Dm Am
Turn on the T.V., shut out the lights

F F C F C C7

F C7
Nine o'clock mornings, five o'clock evenings

C7 C F C F C
I'd liven the pace if I could

Dm Am
Oh I'd rather have a ham in my sandwich than cheese

Bb C7 C F
But complaining wouldn't do any good

C F C7
Lay back in my armchair, close eyes and think clear

C7 C F C F C
I can hear hoofbeats ahead

Dm Am
Roy and Trigger have just hit the hilltop

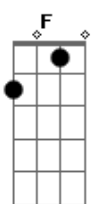
Bb C
While the wife and the kids are in bed

(Chorus)

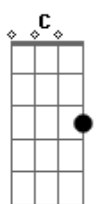
F F C F C C F C

F F C F C C F C F

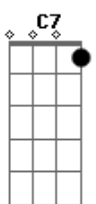
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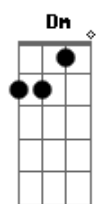
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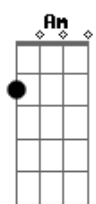
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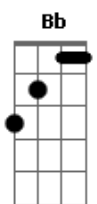
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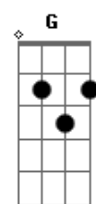
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