

Tom Waits - San Diego Serenade

Tom: C

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 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 Abm7 Bbm7 Cb

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||| ||| 6th ||| |||
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Intro: Cb Db Gb
%|/ / / |///|%
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Gb Bb7 Ebm7 Gb Gb7
 Never saw the morning, 'til I stayed up all night

Never saw the sunshine, 'til you turned out the light

Never saw my hometown, until I stayed away too long

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

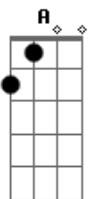
Some people play hard to get, I play hard to want

Johan Kristian Sveen
 dept. of informatics
 University of Oslo

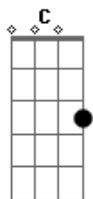
Email:

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

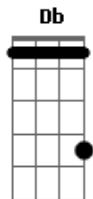
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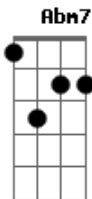
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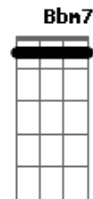
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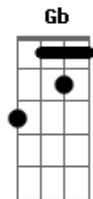
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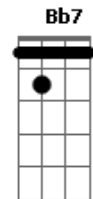
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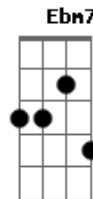
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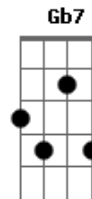
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