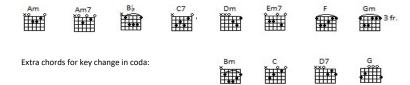
JAZZ ON A HOT SUMMER NIGHT

www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk

(Words and music: Robin Hill)



Main key F (change to G in coda) Time sig 4/4

INTRO

1		C7		
2	F >> Am	Gm	Bb >> Gm	Gm >> F > C7
6	F >> Am	Gm	Bb >> Gm	Gm >> F > C7
10	F >> Am	C7	Dm	C7
14	F >> Am	F >> Am	F >> Am	F >> Am

VERSE 1

18 F	Am7 >> Em7	C7	Dm
Usually now, at the	end of the day, you can	hear all the echoes of	miles away, A
22 F	Am7 >> Em7	C7	Dm
sheepdog perhaps who is	barking somewhere, through the	silence that hangs in the	late evening air; But
26 F	C7	Dm	Dm >>> C7
that's not the	picture to -	night;	For
30 F	Am7 >> Cmaj7	C7	Dm
I, at my table with	paper and pen,	Pause, write one sentence, then	falter again; Dis-
34 F	Am7 >> Cmaj7	C7	Dm
tracted instead by the	thunderous roar of the	voice and sounds from the	party next door; Com-
38 F >> Dm	F >> Dm	Dm >> C7	C7
posure corrupted, my	work interrupted, by	jazz on a hot summer	night;

INTERMEZZO 1

42	C7	C7	Dm >>> C7	
45	F >> Am	Gm	Bb >> Gm	Gm >> F > C7
49	F >> Am	Gm	Bb >> Gm	Gm >> F > C7
53	F	F	F	F

VERSE 2 (as Verse 1)

57	F	Am7 >> Cmaj7	C7	Dm
	try to plough onwards etc	etc	etc	etc

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77	F >> Dm	F >> Dm	Dm >> C7	C7
	etc	etc	soul of a hot summer	night;

INTERMEZZO 2

81	C7	C7	Dm >>> C7	
84	F >> Am	Gm	Bb >> Gm	Gm >> F > C7
88	F >> Am	Gm	Bb >> Gm	Gm >> F > C7
92	F	F>>> C7		

BRIDGE:

94 F	Am7 >> Em7	C7	Dm	
Memories and follies from	thirty years ago Float	back through the curtains to	tease you in play;	
98 F	F	F	Dm	
Some you forget	most you regret: but they	all shape the follies you	still hold today:	

INSTRUMENTAL

102	F	Am7 >> Em7	C7	Dm	
106	F	Am7 >> Em7	C7	C7	
110	F	C7	Dm	Dm >>> C7	
114	F	Am7 >> Em7	C7	Dm	
118	F	Am7 >> Em7	C7	C7	C7
123	F >> Am	Gm	Bb >> Gm	Gm >> F > C7	
127	F >> Am	Gm	Bb >> Gm	Gm >> F > C7	
131	F	F	F	F >>> C7	

As

VERSE 3 (as Verse 1)

135 F	Am7 >> Em7	C7	Dm
we grow older etc	etc	etc	etc

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155	F >> Dm	F >> Dm	Dm >> C7	C7	C7
_	etc	etc	funk of a hot summer	night;	

CODA

160 F >> Am	Gm	Bb >> Gm	Gm >> F > C7
164 F >> Am	Gm	Bb >> Gm	Gm >> F > D7 (change key to G)
168 G > Bm	Am	C >> Am	Am >> G > D7
172 G > Bm	Am	C >> Am	Am >> G > D7
176 F (revert key to F at finish)		_	_

v1 Usually now, at the end of the day,

You can hear all the echoes of miles away, A sheepdog perhaps, who is barking somewhere Through the silence that hangs in the late evening air; But that's not the picture tonight:

For I, at my table with paper and pen,

Pause, write a sentence, then falter again;

Distracted instead by the thunderous roar

Of the voices and sounds from the party next door;

Composure corrupted, My work interrupted

By jazz on a hot summer night.

v2 I try to plough onwards, my job's on the line, The boss wants my figures tomorrow at nine; But the noise and the lights leave me nowhere to hide, And I move to the window, peer slyly outside Through the gloom of the fast fading light: By the shed in the garden, alongside the wall, In a blue cotton frock and a taffeta shawl, A pretty young princess is taking the air With a leather-clad youth, who is stroking her hair: They are laughing and joking, Drinking and smoking The soul of a hot summer night.

Br Memories and follies from thirty years ago Come back through the curtains to tease you in play: Some you forget, most you regret;

Yet they all shape the follies we still hold today.

v3 As we grow older, the faults of our youth Are put firmly behind us, but maybe in truth It's the follies of age which play most on the mind, And stand most at fault, for that putting behind; And maybe that's why I'm uptight: The blue cotton princess in the taffeta shawl Still stands in the gloom of the shed by the wall; But the leather-clad youth who was stroking her hair Has his arms wrapped around her, now stroking elsewhere; And I just feel so slighted, I wasn't invited

To the funk of a hot summer night.