

# Foolish Games

B ♭ Whistle  
Arranged by Sasani

Composed and Performed by Jewel Kilcher

1 3 5 7

You took your coat off and stood in the rain you're always - crazy like that

9 11 13 15

And I watched from my window Always felt I was outside looking in on

17 19

you. You were always the mysterious one with dark eyes and care-less hair you were

21 23 25 27

fash-ion-a-bly sen-si - tive but too cool to care. You stood in my doorway,

29 31 33

with no-thing to say be-sides some com-ment on the wea-ther. Well in case you failed to

The musical score is written for a B-flat whistle in 4/4 time. The melody is presented on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The score is divided into measures, with measure numbers 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31, and 33 indicated above the staff. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words spanning across measures. Below the lyrics, there is a dot-matrix visualizer consisting of vertical columns of black dots on a white background. Each column corresponds to a specific note or rhythm in the melody. Some columns have a '+' sign below them, indicating a specific rhythmic value or a breath mark. The visualizer is designed to help the performer understand the timing and pitch of the melody through a series of dots.

8 35 37

no-tice, in case you failed to see this is my heart bleed - ing be-fore you,

39 41 43 45

this is me down on my knees, and these fool-ish games are tear - ing me a - part

47 49 51 53 55

and your thought-less words are break - ing my heart,

57 59 61

you're break-ing my heart. You're al-ways brill-iant in the mor-ning,

63 65 67

smo-king your cig-a - rettes and talk-ing o-ver cof - fee. Your phil - o -

69 71

-so-phies on art, bar-oque moved you, you loved Mo-zart, and you'd speak of your loved ones as I

73 75 77

clum-si-ly strummed my gui-tar. Well ex-cuse me, I guess I've mis-tak-en you for some-bo-dy else

79 81 83

some-bo-dy who gave a damn. some-bo-dy more like my-self. and these fool-ish

85 87 89 91

games are tear-ing me they're tear-ing me they're tear-ing me a-part and your

93 95 97 99

thought-less words are break-ing my heart you're break-ing my

101 103 105 107

heart. You took your coat off and stood in the rain you're al-ways cra-

109

-zy like that