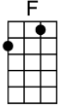

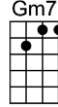
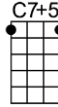
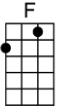
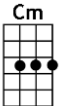
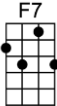
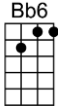
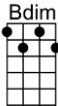
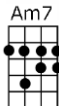
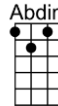


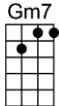
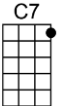
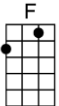
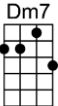
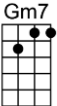
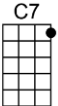
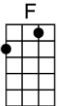
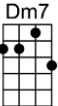
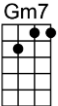
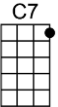
DANCING ON THE CEILING

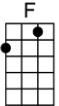
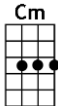
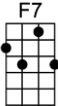
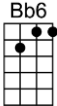
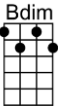
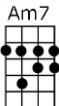

4/4 1...2...1234

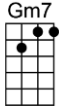
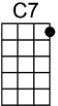
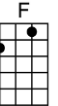
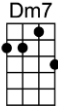
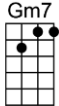
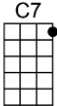
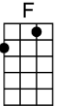
-Richard Rodgers/Lorenz Hart



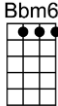
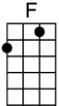
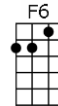
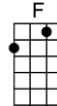
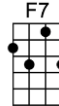
Intro: |  |  |  |  | (X2)


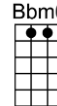
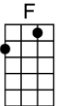
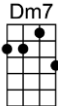
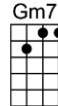
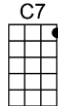
      
 She dances over - head, on the ceiling, near my bed

         
 In my sight, through the night

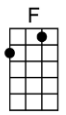
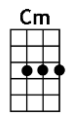
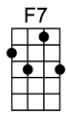
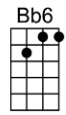

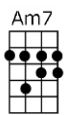
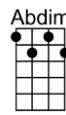
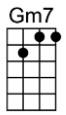
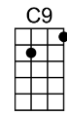
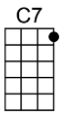
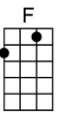
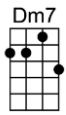
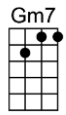
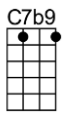
      
 I try to hide, in vain, under-neath my counter-pane.

      
 There's my love, up a-bove

      
 I whisper, "Go away, my lover. It's not fair"

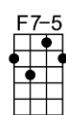
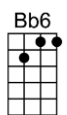
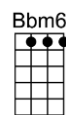
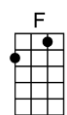
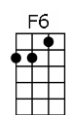
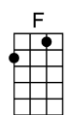
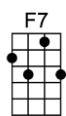
     
 But I'm so grateful to discover she's still there

p.2. Dancing on the Ceiling

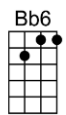
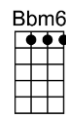
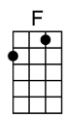
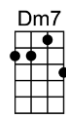
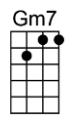
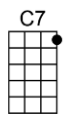
             

I love my ceiling more, since it is a dancing floor, just for my love

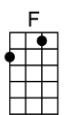
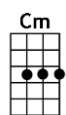
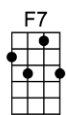
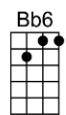
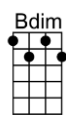
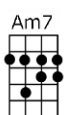
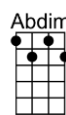
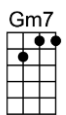
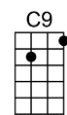
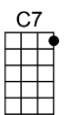
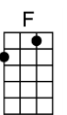
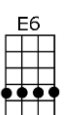
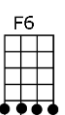
Interlude: First 4 lines

I whisper, "Go away, my lover. It's not fair"

But I'm so grateful to discover she's still there

I love my ceiling more, since it is a dancing floor, just for my love

DANCING ON THE CEILING

4/4 1...2...1234

-Richard Rodgers/Lorenz Hart

Intro: | F | Ab9 | Gm7 | C7+ | (X2)

F Cm F7 Bb6 Bdim Am7 Abdim
She dances over-head, on the ceiling, near my bed

Gm7 C7 F Dm7 Gm7 C7 F Dm7 Gm7 C7
In my sight, through the night

F Cm F7 Bb6 Bdim Am7 Abdim
I try to hide, in vain, under-neath my counter-pane.

Gm7 C7 F Dm7 Gm7 C7 F
There's my love, up a-bove

F7b5 Bb6 Bm6 F F6 F F7
I whisper, "Go away, my lover. It's not fair"

Bb6 Bm6 F Dm7 Gm7 C7
But I'm so grateful to discover she's still there

F Cm F7 Bb6 Bdim Am7 Abdim Gm7 C9 C7 F Dm7 Gm7 C7b9
I love my ceiling more, since it is a dancing floor, just for my love

Interlude: First 4 lines

F7b5 Bb6 Bm6 F F6 F F7
I whisper, "Go away, my lover. It's not fair"

Bb6 Bm6 F Dm7 Gm7 C7
But I'm so grateful to discover she's still there

F Cm F7 Bb6 Bdim Am7 Abdim Gm7 C9 C7 F E6 F6
I love my ceiling more, since it is a dancing floor, just for my love