

# EVIL WOMAN

Words and Music by  
JEFF LYNNE

## Rubato

Chord diagrams for the Rubato section:

- C<sup>9</sup>
- F<sup>9</sup>
- F<sup>#dim</sup>
- C

Lyrics: You made a fool of me — but them bro-ken dreams — have got to end. —————

Tempo: *mp*

## Strongly rhythmic







Chord diagrams for the Strongly rhythmic section:

- C
- Am
- Em<sup>7</sup>
- Dm<sup>7</sup>
- Em<sup>7</sup>
- Am
- Em<sup>7</sup>
- Dm<sup>7</sup>
- Em<sup>7</sup>

Chord diagrams for the Strongly rhythmic section:

- Am
- Em<sup>7</sup>
- Dm<sup>7</sup>
- Em<sup>7</sup>
- Am
- Em<sup>7</sup>

Lyrics: Hey wom-an, — you got the blues 'cause you ain't got no — one else —









— to use. There's an o - pen road — that leads — no - where, — so just













make some miles — be - tween here and there. There's a hole in my head — where the rain —

— comes in, you took my bod - y and played — to win. Ha ha, wom-an, it's a

cry - in' shame, but you ain't got no - bod - y else — to blame.

Am Em<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> Am Em<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>7</sup>

E - vil wom - an, e - vil wom - an,

*f*

Am Em<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> Am Em<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> To Coda

e - vil wom - an, e - vil wom - an. —

Am Em<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> Am Em<sup>7</sup>

Rolled in — from an - oth - er town, hit some gold too hard to set -

*mp*

Dm<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> Am Em<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>7</sup>

- tle down, but a fool and his mon - ey soon go sep - 'rate ways. — and

Am Em<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> Am Em<sup>7</sup>

you found a fool ly - in' in a daze. — Ho ha, wom - an, what you gon-

Dm<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> Am Em<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>7</sup>

- na do? You de - stroyed all the vir - tues that the Lord gave you.

Am Em<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>7</sup>

It's so good — that you're feel - in' pain, but you

Fmaj<sup>7</sup> G C

bet - ter get your face on board the ver - y next train. —

D.S. al Coda



E - vil wom - an, how you done me wrong, — but

*mp*









now you're try - in' to wail a dif - f'rent song. Ha ha, fun - ny how you



broke me up; you made the wine, now you drink a cup.



I came run - nin' ev - 'ry time you cried, thought I saw love smil - in'









in your eyes. Ha ha, ——— ver - y nice to know that you














ain't got no — place left — to go. — E - vil wom -

-an, e - vil wom - an, e - vil wom -

1.   2. 

-an, e - vil wom - an. — an. —