

B^b

Shaker Song

Music by Jay Beckenstein

Lyric by David Lasley

and Allee Willis

(As sung by Manhattan Transfer)

Med. Samba (Intro)

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♩ = 97 (G⁶ F⁶/₉ G⁶ F⁶/₉) (4x's) (G⁶ F⁶/₉ G⁶ F⁶/₉)
 (bass tacet) (pn.) (ten.) (pn. simile)
 (G⁶ F⁶/₉ G⁶ F⁶/₉ G⁶ F⁶/₉ G⁶)
 (G⁶ F⁶/₉) N.C.
 (gtr. fills) (pn., ten. doubles bottom line)
 (add bass) C^{MA7} C⁶ F⁶/_G G⁹ C^{MA7} C⁶ F⁶/_G G⁹ 1. F⁶/_G 2. F⁶/_G
 (pn.) The

A C^{MA7} F^{MA7} C^{MA7} F^{MA7}
 1. Fool screams, "No more." He grabs his shirt and hits the door, What she

C^{MA7} F^{MA7} C^{MA7} F^{MA7}
 needs from him he ig - nore, It's a bore, oh it's a bore, oh it's a bore, oh it's a bore, oh it's a

A^bMA⁷/B^b E^bMA⁷ G^bMA⁷/A^b D^bMA⁷
 Blast the rad - i - o, The hits just come and go, Black out what he

A^bMA⁷/B^b E^bMA⁷ G⁹_{sus}
 knows that he has blown, That he has blown. 2. The

B F^{MA7} E⁷(#9) A^{MI7} G^{MI7}
 He can shake the blues, but you know he still can get con - fused,

G^{MI7} C⁹_{sus} F^{MA7} G⁹_{sus} C^{MA7}
 It seems like such a waste, 'cause he can't shake her, shake

her, He can shake his tail, but you know his
moves are get - ting stale, He's on the make, but oh, his heart can't fake, He can't
shake her, shake her, He can't shake her, No, he can't
shake her.

(sample scat) — — — — —

Solo on form (AAB);
After solos, D.S. al Coda
(sing 3rd & 4th verses)

(Vamp solo (scat) and fade)

bars 5-8 of [A]
for 2nd verse:



bars 5-8 of [A]
for 3rd verse:



bars 5-8 of [A]
for 4th verse:



Piano lick at 8 before letter A is repeated the last 8 bars of letter B.

2nd VERSE

The night hangs its head
As the fool crawls into bed,
Still his hungry heart begs to be fed
All the words she once, that she said, that she said,

So then he grabs his Chevrolet
In one more attempt to get away
But thoughts of all the crimes of passion lay,
Lay in his way.

3rd VERSE

Romance falls like rain
But all the motives are insane
Every time that he plays the game he feels the pain,
He feels the pain, who is to blame, who is to blame, who is to blame?

And then he finds a joint that's jive,
Guys are spinning girls like 45's,
All of the live bait sinks for his lines,
They are so high.

4th VERSE

He knows he is beat
As his heart puts on the heat,
Run from the street that don't even fit his feet,
Don't fit his feet, now he can see, now he can really see, now he can

Tell him where's a telephone,
He can beg to let the fool come home,
He tells her that his life's a drag alone,
Can't be alone.