

115

Lonesomest Gal In Town (1)♩ = 164 2-beat; *a bit tongue in cheek*West Coast Favorite;
McHugh-Mills, 1925

Band Intro *At Tempo*

E^b E^bdim E^b A^{b7} G⁷ C⁷

F⁷ A^b B^{b7} E^b **Vocal**

Verse *Rubato*

E^b B^bm C⁷ Fm C⁷ F⁷

B^{b7} B^b+ E^b B^bdim B^{b7}

E^b E^{b7} Gm C⁷ B^b D⁷ G⁷

Cm C⁷ F⁷ B^b B^{b7}

Fm G⁷ Cm G⁷

At Tempo ♩ = 164

Cm F⁷ B^{b7} Gm D⁷ B^{b7} Fm Fdim B^{b7}

1. (In the) Cafes in town, you are known as a clown, how
Happy you seem to be. But in
Back of the smile, there's a tear all the while, and
Heartaches that no one can see. For the
Life that you lead isn't real, well my friend, I know just how you feel.

2. Well, my friend, don't you know, that your life is a show, you'll
Wake up some day and find, it's too
Late to return, though your poor heart will yearn, for the
Real things that you left behind. For each
Moment you're smiling and gay, there'll be
Hours of sorrow some day.

Lonesomest Gal in Town (2)

115

Chorus

Intro at tempo, rubato voc.V, last line of V at tempo. Solos on C, back to V C.

Chorus:

Rings/ on your fingers/ and heart-/aches in- side, you're the
Lone-/somest gal/ in/ town./// ///

Ev'-/ryone's buddy,/ but no-/body's bride,/ you're the
Lone-/somest gal/ in/ town./// ///

Too/ many parties/ that bring/ you no fun,///
Too/ many night lights/ in- stead/ of the sun.///

Too/ many sweethearts,/ but not/ the right one,/ you're the
Lone-/somest gal/ in/ town./// ///