

Lush Life

Chris Connor, Ella Fitzgerald Key

Billy Strayhorn

Ballad [Nat King Cole 1949] ($\text{♩} = 68$)

A1

Verse **B_b⁶** **A_b⁷** **B_bMA⁷** **A_b⁷**

I used to vis-it all the ver-y gay plac-es, those come-what-

B_bMA⁷ **A_b⁷** **B_bMA⁷** **CMI⁷** **D_bMA⁷** **E_bMI⁷**

may plac-es where one re-lax-es on the ax-is of the

FMI⁷ **B⁷** **B_b⁶** **B^{9(#11)}** **B_bMA⁷** **B^{9(#11)}**

wheel of life to get the feel of life from jazz and cocktails. The

A2

B_b⁶ **A_b⁷** **B_bMA⁷** **A_b⁷**

girls I knew had sad and sul-len gray fac-es with dis-tin -

B_bMA⁷ **A_b⁷** **B_bMA⁷** **CMI⁷** **D_bMA⁷** **E_bMI⁷**

gué trac-es that used to be there, you could see where they'd been

FMI⁷ **B⁷** **B_b⁶** **B^{9(#11)}** **B_bMA⁷** / **E_bMI^{7(b5)}** **A⁷**

washed a-way by too man-y through the day; twelve o'-clock tales. Then

B

D_MI **D_MI⁶** **D_MI** **D_MI⁷** **D_MI** **E_MI^{7(b5)}** **A⁷**

you came a-long with your si-ren song to tempt me to mad-ness.

D_MI **D_MI⁶** **D_MI** **D_MI⁷** **D_MI**

thought for a-while that your poignant smile was tinged with the sad-ness

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C

22 C_{MI}⁷ F⁷ A_b^{7(b5)} G⁷ C_{MI}⁷
of a great love for me. Ah! Yes, I was wrong.

26 G_b^{7(b5)} C_{MI}⁷⁽¹¹⁾ F⁷
A - gain, I was wrong.

A Refrain

29 B_b⁶ B⁷ B_b⁶ B⁷ B_b⁶ / A^{7(b5)} A_b¹³ D_b_{MA}⁷ C^{7(#5)} B⁷
Life is lonely a - gain and on - ly last year ev'rything seemed so sure. Now

33 B_b⁶ B⁷ B_b⁶ B⁷ B_b⁶ / B_b⁷ A¹³ D_{MA}⁷ / D_b^{7(#5)} C⁷
life is aw - ful a - gain, a troughful of hearts could only be a bore. A

B

37 F⁶ C^{7(#9)} F⁶ / D_b_{MI}⁷ G_b⁷ B / B_{MI}⁷ E⁷ A⁶ A_b⁷ G⁷ G_b⁷ F⁷
week in Paris will ease the bite of it, all I care is to smile in spite of it.

41 B_b⁶ B⁷ B_b⁶ B⁷ B_b⁶ / A^{7(b5)} A_b⁷ G⁷
I'll for - get you, I will, while yet you are still burning inside my brain. Ro -

C

45 E_b_{MI}⁹ A_b¹³ G_b^{9(#5)} F¹³ B_b_{MA}⁷ E_b¹³ D_{MI}⁷ G⁷
mance is mush, stifling those who strive, - I'll live a lush life in some small dive, - and

49 E_b_{MI}⁹ A_b¹³ G_b^{9(#5)} F¹³ F^{7(#9)} F_#^{7(#9)} G^{7(#9)} G_#^{7(#9)} A^{7(#9)} B⁷ B_b_{MA}⁷
there I'll be while I rot with the rest of those whose lives are lone - ly too.