

Funny Old World

Jim Boyes

Moderato, rubato

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Darek
Here I sit in a prison cell, I can hardly sleep. Far a-way no chime no bell can pierce the fortress keep. And

Zaba
Here I sit in a pri-son cell, I can hard-ly sleep. Far a-way no chime no bell can pierce the for-tress keep. And

Jifrik

9
D
God is dead, I saw him die, and hope was lost like my a - li - bi. Here I sit in a pri-son cell,

Z
God is dead, I saw him die, and hope was lost like my a - li - bi. Here I sit in a pri-son cell,

J

16
D
funny old world... And I miss the fields and the pouring rain, I miss the corn and the golden grain, and I

Z
fun-ny old world... And I miss the fields and the pour-ing rain, I miss the corn and the gol-den grain, and I

J

22
D
miss the seas, and I miss the storms, children are born, they don't e-ven know my name. world...

Z
miss the seas, and I miss the storms, chil-dren are born, they don't e-ven know my name. world...

J

Allegro

28
D
Didn't he go like a lamb to the slaughter, didn't he know it was a waste of time? The ju - ry were out for an ho - ur and a quarter,

34
D
all stitched up by a Thin Blue Line. Altered notes and false con-fessions, a slip of the finger, a sleight of hand, a - nother try from the

Z
Al-tered notes and false con-fes-sions, a slip of the finger, a sleight of hand, a - no-ther try from the

J

41
D
Quarter Sessions, a-nother lie from the witness stand. Didn't he go like a lamb to the slaughter, didn't he know it was a waste of time? The

Z
Quar-ter Ses-sions, a-no-ther lie from the wit-ness stand. Did-n't he go like a lamb to the slaugh-ter, did-n't he know it was a waste of time? The

J

48

D jury were out for an hour and a quarter, all stitched up by a Thin Blue Line. Altered notes and false confessions, a slip of the finger, a

Z jury were out for an hour and a quarter, all stitched up by a Thin Blue Line. Al-tered notes and false con-fes-sions, a slip of the finger, a

J jury were out for an hour and a quarter, all stitched up by a Thin Blue Line. Al-tered notes and false con-fes-sions, a slip of the finger, a

55

D sleight of hand, a - nother try from the Quarter Sessions, a - nother lie from the witness stand. Here I sit in a prison cell, I

Z sleight of hand, a - nother try from the Quar-ter Ses-sions, a - no-ther lie from the wit-ness stand. Did-n't he go like a lamb to the slaughter,

J sleight of hand, a - nother try from the Quar-ter Ses-sions, a - no-ther lie from the wit-ness stand. Did-n't he go like a lamb to the slaughter,

62

Rit.

D - can hard - ly sleep; far a-way no chime no bell can pierce the fortress keep. And

Z didn't he know it was a waste of time? The ju - ry were out for an ho-ur and a quar-ter, all stitched up by a Thin Blue Line. And

J didn't he know it was a waste of time? The ju - ry were out for an ho-ur and a quar-ter, all stitched up by a Thin Blue Line. And

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Tempo I^o

D God is dead, I saw him die, and hope was lost like my a - li - bi. Here I sit in a pri-son cell,

Z God is dead, I saw him die, and hope was lost like my a - li - bi. Here I sit in a pri-son cell,

J God is dead, I saw him die, and hope was lost like my a - li - bi. Here I sit in a pri-son cell,

75

D funny old world... And the rich go free for bigger crimes, they've got it made, they don't pay no fines, they

Z fun-ny old world... And the rich go free for bigger crimes, they've got it made, they don't pay no fines, they

J fun-ny old world... And the rich go free for bigger crimes, they've got it made, they don't pay no fines, they

82

D live and breathe in better times and money talks if you read between the lines. Here I sit in a prison cell,

Z live and breathe in bet-ter times and mo-ney talks if you read bet-ween the lines. Here I sit in a pri-son cell,

J live and breathe in bet-ter times and mo-ney talks if you read bet-ween the lines. Here I sit in a pri-son cell,

89

D I can hardly sleep. Far a-way no chime no bell can pierce the fortress keep. Here I sit in a prison cell, funny old world...

Z I can hard-ly sleep. Far a-way no chime no bell can pierce the for-tress kee(p) ... Hm. fun-ny old world...

J I can hard-ly sleep. Far a-way no chime no bell can pierce the for-tress kee(p) ... Hm. fun-ny old world...