ABBA

The Visitors
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All songs written, arranged & produced by
Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus.

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THE VISITORS  (Crackin' Up)

Words & Music by: Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvæus

I hear the door - bell ring and sud - den - ly the pa -

The sig - nal's sound - ing once a - gain and some - one tries

These walls have wit - nessed all the an - guish of hu - mi -

-nic takes me,
the door - knob.
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I cannot move, I'm standing now.
And now they've come to take me.

Numb and frozen
I can't move now.

Am

Among the things I love so dearly,

But how I loved our secret meetings,

Em

And yet it isn't unexpected.
the books, we talked
I have been waiting
for the

A

Help me!
Smiling.
Help me!

G D A

1. 2-3.
Now I hear them mov-ing, muf-fled noi-ces com-ing through the door, I feel I'm

crack-in' up.                          Voi-ces grow-ing loud-er, ir ri-ta-tion build-ing,

and I'm close to faint-ing, crack-in' up.                         They must know by now I'm in

here, trem-bling in a ter-ror ev-er-grow-ing, crack-in' up.
My whole world is falling, going crazy. There is no escaping now. I'm crack-in' up.
Now I hear them moving, muffled noises coming through the door, I feel I'm crackin' up.
Voices growing louder, irritation building, and I’m close to fainting,

They must know by now I’m in here, trembling in a crackling up.
Now I hear them moving, muffled noises coming through the door, I feel I’m crackin’ up. My whole world is falling, going terror ever-growing, crackin’ up. My voices growing louder, irritation building, and I’m close to fainting, crackin’ up.

Repeat and fade out

Repeat and fade out
HEAD OVER HEELS

Words & Music by: Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus

Copyright © 1981 for the world by Union Songs AB, Stockholm, Sweden.
One very good friend,
he's the kind of girl who likes to
very admire.

G7

Follow a trend,
constantly tired.
She has a personal style—

C#m

Some people like it, others tend to go wild!
she pats his head and says: "That's all very fine,

G7

You hear her

C#m

Voice everywhere, taking the chair,
when you're alone,

H7 G7 C#m C#m/H A G7
with no trace of hesitation she keeps going, Head over heels, breaking her way,
pushing through unknown jungles every day. She's a girl

with a taste for the world! (The world is like a playground where

she goes rush-in'.) Head over heels, setting the pace, running the
gauntlet in a whirl of lace. She\\’s extreme, if you know what I mean.

\[1.\]

\[2.\]

Her man is
You hear her

And she goes head over heels.
WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE

Words & Music by: Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus

Here's to us, one more toast and then we'll pay the bill.
In our lives we have walked some strange and lonely treks,
It's so strange when you're down and lying on the floor

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Deep inside both of us can feel the autumn chill.
slight-ly worn but dig-ny-fied and not too old for sex.
how you rise, shake your head, get up and ask for more.

Birds of passage, you and me, we fly in-stinc-tive-ly.
We’re still striv-ing for the sky, no taste for hum-ble pie.
Clear-head-ed and o-pen-eyed with noth-ing left un-tried.

When the sum-mer’s o-ver and the dark clouds hide the sun,
Thanks for all you’re gen-er-ous love and thanks for all the fun.
Stand-ing calm-ly at the cross-roads, no de-sire to run.
neither you nor I’m to blame when all is said and done.
There’s no hurry anymore when all is said and done.
Standing calmly at the crossroads, no desire to run.

There's no hurry anymore when all is said and done.
SOLDIERS
Words & Music by: Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus

Do I hear what I think I'm hearing? Do I see the signs I think I see?
What's that sound, what's that dreadful rumble? Won't somebody tell me what I hear,

or is this just a fantasy?
in the distance but drawing near?

Is it true that the beast is waking, stirring in his restless sleep tonight,
Is it only a storm approaching, all that thunder and the blinding light,

in the pale moonlight?
in the winter night?

In the grip of this

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cold December you and I have reason to remember.

Soldiers write the songs that soldiers sing, the songs that you and I don’t sing.

They blow their horns and march along.

You’d think that nothing in the world was wrong.
Soldiers write the songs that soldiers sing, the songs that you and I won't sing.

Let's not look the other way, taking a chance, 'cause

if the bugler starts to play we too must dance.
I'm hear-ing im-a-ges, I'm see-ing songs no po-et
Some streets are emp-ti-ness. Dry leaves of au-tumn rust-lings
has ev-er paint-ed. Voi-ces call out to me
Down an old al-li-ley. And in the dead of night

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straight to my heart, so strange, yet we're so well acquainted.

I find myself a blind man in some ancient valley. I let the music speak with no restraint, I let my feelings take over. Carrying my soul away, leading me all the way.

Into the world where beauty meets the darkness of the deepest place where beauty will defeat the darkest.
farce if it makes me laugh for a little while. Let it be a

tear, let it be a sigh coming from a

heart, speaking to a heart, let it be a cry.
Let it be a joy of each new sunrise or the moment when the
ONE OF US

Words & Music by: Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus

They passed me by,
I saw myself as a concealed attraction.
You were, I felt you
kept me away from the heat and the action.
My picture clear,
just like a child,

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everything seemed so easy,
stubborn and misconceiving,
and so I dealt you the blow,
that's how I started the show,
one of us had to go.
Now it's different, I want you to know.
One of us is crying, one of us is lying in her lonely bed.
Starling at the ceiling,
wishing she was somewhere else instead.
One of us is
lonely, one of us is lonely waiting for a call.

Sorry for herself, feeling stupid, feeling small,

wishing she had never left at all. Never left at all.

Star-ing at the
TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

Words & Music by: Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus

He had what you might call a trivial occupation,
He called the number and a voice said: Alice Whit-

The voice was husky and it

sound-ed quite ex-cit-ing. With no ro-mance in his life som-

He was amazed at his luck, the pur-est streak of gold he'd

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He read the mat-rim-o-nial ad-ver-tis-ing pag-es,
the cries for help from dif-ferent
He said: I read your ad, it sound-ed rath-er thrill-ing.
I think a meet-ing could be
peo-ple, dif-ferent ag-es, but they had noth-ing to say,
at least not un-til the day
mu-tual-ly ful-fill-ing. Why don’t we meet for a chat,
the three of us, in my flat?

when some-thing spe-cial he read. This is what it said:
I can’t for-get what I read. This is what it said:

If you dream of the girl for you, then call us and get two for the price of one.
We're the answer if you feel blue, so call us and get two for the price of one.

If you dream of the girl for you, then call us and get two for the price of one. We're the answer if you feel blue, so call us and get two for the price of one.
She said: I'm sure we must be perfect for each other, and if you doubt it you'll be certain when you meet my mother.
SLIPPING THROUGH MY FINGERS

Words & Music by: Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus

School bag in hand, she leaves home in the early morning
Sleep in our eyes, her and me at the breakfast table,

Waving good-bye with an absent-minded smile.
Barely awake I let precious time go by.

I watch her go when she's gone with a surge of that
Then there's that odd melancholy feeling

Well-known sadness, and I have to sit down for a while.
Chilly feeling and a sense of guilt I can't deny.

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The feeling that I'm losing her forever
What happened to the wonderful adventures,

and without the places I had planned for us to go?

I'm glad whenever I can share her laughter, that and

funny little girl, I just don't know.

Slipping through my
All the time, I try to capture every minute,
the feeling in it. Slipping through my fingers all the time, do I really
see what's in her mind? Each time I think I'm close to knowing
she keeps on growing. Slipping through my fingers all the time.
Sometimes I wish that I could freeze the picture
and save it from the funny tricks of time. Slipping through my fingers.

School-bag in hand she leaves home in the early morning, waving good-bye. with an absent-minded smile.
LIKE AN ANGEL PASSING THROUGH MY ROOM

Words & Music by: Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus

Long awaited darkness falls
Half awake and half in dreams
Cast-ing shad-ows on the
See-ing long for-got-ten

walls, scenes.
In the twi-light hour I am a lone
So the pre-sent runs in to the past.

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Sitting near the fireplace, dying embers warm my face in this peaceful solitude.
Now and then become entwined playing games within my mind like the embers as they die.

All the outside world subdued.
Love was one prolonged goodbye.

Everything comes back to me again in the gloom.
And it all comes back to me again in the gloom,
I close my eyes and my twilight images go by

all too soon, like an angel passing through my room.
SHOULD I LAUGH OR CRY

Words & Music by: Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus

Copyright © 1981 for the world by Union Songs AB, Stockholm, Sweden.
Tell me I must take him of his small pain where there was serious-ly, droning on the usual way. He's such
-loso-phy, carrying on the way he does, and me,
pain be-fore. Far a-way he ram-bles on, I feel
a clev-er guy, and I won-der: Should I laugh or cry?
I get so tired, and I won-der: Should I laugh or cry?
my throat go dry, and I won-der: Should I laugh or cry?
High and mighty his banner flies, a fool’s pride in his eyes,
standing there on his toes to grow in size.

All I see is a big balloon halfway up to the moon.
He's wrapped up in the warm and safe cocoon

of an eternal lie, so should I laugh or cry?

D.S. al
or cry?

Repeat and fade out