katie melua/pictures
ARRANGED FOR PIANO, VOICE & GUITAR.
It’s All In My Head
Words & Music by Katie Mclua / Mike Batt

Sultry $\frac{d}{= 66}$

Am

Guitar solo

Ev'ry night we fall into bed,
Ev'ry night you whisper to me.
But it’s all in my head.
This always will be.

Am

G

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Every night we fall in a heap,
You smooth down my hair,
And you kiss me to sleep.
But you're not really there.
And darling, it seems as if we know.
Our love will grow.

Every night we fall in a heap,
You smooth down my hair,
And you kiss me to sleep.
But you're not really there.
And darling, it seems as if we know.
Our love will grow.

Till the next day,
Then the next day,
When I find what we did and we said,
It was all in my head.

Drowsy, drinking, I keep thinking.

We're not far apart.
Seared of waking, Lonely, aching.

Just me and my hopeless heart.
Sleeping soundly, Your arms 'round me.
Through the night we cruise.
Then I find it's in my mind.
That you stroke a-way my blues.

Every night we fall into bed.
But it's all in my head.

Every night we fall in a heap.
And you kiss me to sleep.

And by all the sleepy things you say.
Blow me away.
Till the next day. When I find what we did and we said.

It was all in my head.
If The Lights Go Out
Words & Music by Mike Batt

\[ J = 131 \]

say the end’s not far from now, I think they’re wrong.

They

say the world must end somehow.

They

say stay with you till the end of the earth.

Don’t let me down.

\[ Bb \quad Eb \quad F \quad Bb \]

\[ Bb \quad F \quad F \quad Gm \]

\[ \text{say the end’s not far from now.} \]

\[ \text{I think they’re wrong.} \]

\[ \text{Don’t let me down.} \]
Don't worry your life away, Don't let your feelings win. Don't give out, Start gi
c oul.

Living and don't give in. Don't think about tomorrow.

And if the lights go out on all of us, in just a year or two,
I'll go down with you.

Well...

And if the sky

falls down like pouring rain,
then I'll be here with you.
And if the lights go out on all of us, in just a year or two,
What I Miss About You
Words & Music by Katie Melua / Andrea McEwan

\[ \text{\textit{p legato}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{con ped.}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{mp}} \]

I miss the train every morning at eight fifty two.

Sipping coffee from the same cup as you.

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sharing of secrets we thought no-one else knew.

That's what I miss about you.

The new way that love had made me see.

Your bashful grin when you asked if I would like your key.

The
You know the way you used to care for me.

That's what I'm about.

You miss about you.

Stole in with your starry smile, exciting me.

Driving with you in your new car.

Feeling free. And if it's true that love is blind, then I was blind willingly.

You made
me feel we had a future that could be and would be. The way you said I'd be no one on my own.

habit of soaking yourself in overpriced cologne. The way you turned the lights out when I knew you were home. That's what I
Bb

F C Bb

don't miss a-bout you.

Dm Am Bb F Bb F

you're us - ing your wear-y mag - ic

C Dm Am Bb F

like it's new. _ Driv - ing so fast with a new fool be-side

C Dm Am Bb F

you. _ Pres - sum-ab-ly _ believ-ing she's _ the last _ of the luck-y few. _ I won

Bb F C F Bb

der if she knows she's be - ing lied _ to like I _ do'? The way I on - ly doubt ed my self when I
was with you. Like I was wrong for expecting something from life too. Your

skill of putting me down in front of everyone we knew.

That's what I don't miss about you.
Spellbound
Words & Music by Katie Melua

I heard that lately you've gone through a mysterious change
People say you're secretive and you've been acting strange.

They say there's magic afoot, "Stay away."

But to me you were

magical from the day that you were born.
I have become... spellbound...
You lifted me up... high...
Now I don't know how to get down...
No I don't know how to get down...
You're very different...
Different.
You are so rare.

Some kind of witchcraft,
is flying through the air.

I'll admit I can't explain why I feel how I do.

So you must have cast a spell, that's why
You lifted me up, high. Now I don't know how to get down.
No I don't know how to get down. No I

You lifted me up, high. Now I don't know how to get down.
No I don't know how to get down. No I

You lifted me up, high. Now I don't know how to get down.
No I don't know how to get down. No I

You lifted me up, high. Now I don't know how to get down.
No I don't know how to get down. No I

You lifted me up, high. Now I don't know how to get down.
No I don't know how to get down. No I
Mary Pickford
Words & Music by Mike Batt

Lively \( \bullet = 132 \)

1. Mary Pickford used to eat roses.
2. Davie Griffith worked as an extra.

Thought that they'd make her beautiful and they did.
Then as a stage hand, until they let him be.
One sup-poses,
Doug-las Fair-banks,___ he was so hand-some,
A di-rec-tor.
Dave was brave,____ a mov-er and shak-er,
___ A

He wore a mous-tache,___ Must-a had much cash,___ too,
true pi-o-neer,____ He seemed to show no fear,___

Worth a king's ran-som,____
real fil-ma-ker
Char-lie Chap-lin,___ he was in-vi-ted,
Just like Chap-lin,___ he was in-vi-ted,

When these ar-tists be-came uni-ted,
Bm     A/C#     D     A sus4/E

When these artists became united.

A

TO CODA Ø

C      F      G      C      Am      Dm

They tied the knot together. Groom and bride couldn't

G sus4      G      C      F

hide their pleasure. They tried to
pick fair weather, But love died, and didn't last forever.

Guitar solo

D
E
A
DS AL CODA Θ

CODA

When these artists became united.

rit.
Scary Films
Words & Music by Mike Batt

\[ \text{\#m} \]

\[ \text{\#m\#} \]

\[ \text{\#m\#\#} \]

\[ \text{\#m\#\#} \]

\[ \text{\#m\#\#} \]

\[ \text{\#m\#\#} \]

Scar - y films — don’t scare me now — that
Scar - y films — just make me smile — when
pathic wife kills the husband with a knife.
just a joke Cos I know he's just a bloke.
people's heads end up being torn to shreds.

Hey baby, thanks for clearing my dreams of

all those horror scenes. Which crept in uninvited.

I'm in love and I'm so excited. Hey baby.
A/B B7 E

thanks for clearing my dreams.

C#m

I'm in love and I'm so excited.

Hey baby.
thanks for clearing my dreams.

Thanks for clearing my dreams.
Perfect Circle
Words & Music by Katie Melua / Molly McQueen

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things are never erased, and I have run when I've been chased, By rec-

ing up my sleeves to fight against all the things I locked up all the things I fenced. But in

le-c-tions of you and me falling off our home made cast - le, And
time to let it out, so we can build a brand new cast - le.

ev-en when I'm walking straight, I always end up in a per-fect cir-

cle. Oh I
ev-en when I'm walk-ing straIGHT,
I al-ways end up in a per-fect cir-
}
A7

G7

G

A

Giving in to old temptation. Is like that common twitch. Oh, the silly stupid realisation. The more you scratch, the more you itch.
Ghost Town

Words & Music by Mike Batt

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Like tumbleweed,
I'm rolling round this
Place.
I see please.
From this

Ghost town
I feel like giving in.
Since you left I'm living in and old

---

ghost town.
Hey kid.
I remember all the laughter, especially when we woke the morning after.

Why did you have to go away?

Leaving me to wander every day.

DS at Coda 0
We were born to ride, side by side,
We are always reaching for the stars,
and they can still be ours.
If you free me from this
town.
I feel like giving in,
Since you left, I'm living in an old ghost town.

I feel like giving in, Since you left, I'm living in and old ghost town.
If You Were A Sailboat

Words & Music by Mike Batt

If you were a cowboy I'd trail you.
If you were a river I would swim you.
If I was in jail I know you'd spring me.

If you were a piece of wood I'd nail you to the floor.
If you were a house I would live in you all my days.
If I was a telephone you'd ring me all day long.
If you were a sailboat I would sail you to the shore.
If you were a preacher I'd begin to change my ways.

sometimes I believe in fate,

but the chances we create, always seem to ring more true.

You took a chance on loving me, I took a chance on loving you.
DS al Coda
(no repeat)

Coda

Celeste Solo

you.
If I was hungry you would feed me.
If you were a cowboy I would trail you.

If I was in darkness you would lead me to the light.
If you were a piece of wood I'd nail you to the floor.

If I was a book I know you'd
If you were a sailboat I would

read me every night.
sail you to the shore.
If you were a sailboat I would sail you to the shore...
Dirty Dice
Words & Music by Katie Melua / Andrea McEwan

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With a roll
pushes you as
asleep,
I'm awake,
in the night.

Of my dirty
dice, I'm only
following the devil's advice. I'll take
Coda

\( \text{Repeat and fade} \)

\( \text{Tpt. and Vocal ad lib} \)
loosen my grip on the past. And I miss you so much. there's no one in sight. And we're still making love.

In my secret life.

I smile when I'm angry. I cheat and lie.
I do what I have to do.

To get by.

But I know what is wrong.

And I know what is right.

And I'd die for the truth.

In my secret life.

In my secret life.

Hold on.
hold on, my brother. My sister, hold on tight.

finally got my orders. I'll be marching through the morning.

Marching through the night. Moving cross the borders of my secret life.

I looked through the paper. Makes you wanna cry.
But I'm always alone. and my heart is fast

ice.

And it's crowded and cold.

In my secret life, in my secret life.