

Cecilia's Nights at the Payphone

ALTO

Y. Aravindan

$\text{♩} = 100$

Some nights I stay up cash-in' in my bad lu-ck Some nights I call it a draw

5 *mf*

Somenights I think that my lips could build a ca-stle Some nights I wish they'd just fall

8 *mf*

— off But I still wake up I still see your ghost oh Oh,—

13 *mp* *f*

What do I stand forr_ What do I stand forr_ I don't know If hap-py ev-er

17

af-ter_ did_ ex-ist_ I would still be hold-ing_ you like this_ All these fair-y-

21

tales are_ full_ of if_ one more stu-pid love songs I'll_ be sick_ *mp* ah ah

27

ah ah ah ah ah ah down I was-ted my life you turned out the

35 *ff*

light now I'm pa-ra lysed still stuck in thattime when we called it love but e-ven the sun sets in pa-ra

40

dise Ah ah ah ah Ah ah ah ah ah

V.S.

50

ah ah All these fair-y- tales are_ full_ of if_____ one more stu-pid

55

love songs I'll_ be sick_____ HEY! why-ay-ay-ay-ay me? bah bah bah bah

60

it's like a mis-sing you sign and it's writ-ten on my face bah bah it's like

63

eve-ry-bo-dy knows 'cause eve-ry-where I go Whoa! Oh,_ Whoa! Oh,_

67

whoa! Oh,_ ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba

73

Whoa! Oh,_ Whoa! Oh,_ whoa! Oh,_ All these fair-y -

77

tales are_ full_ of if_____ one more stu- pid love songs I'll_ be sick_

80

rit. Unrepentantly triumphant
Ah ah ah ooh