

Girl put your record on

Music / Lyrics: J. Beck,
S. Chrisanthou, C. Bailey Rae
Bewerking: Jetse Bremer

'Tell me your favorite song'

♩ = 96

1

mp

S. Three lit-tle birds, sat on my win-dow. And they told me I don't need to wor-ry.—

A. —

T. —

B. *p* And they told me I don't need to wor-ry.—

Piano *p*

5

Sum-mer came like cin-na - mon So — sweet, — Lit-tle girls doub-le-dutch on the con-crete.—

Sum-mer came like cin-na - mon *p* So — sweet, — Lit-tle girls doub-le-dutch on the con-crete.—

So — sweet, —

So — sweet, —

So — sweet, —

9

mp

p May - be some - times, — we — got it wrong, but it's al -

p Ah — ah — ooh —

Ah — ooh —

p Ah — ooh —

13

right The more things seem to change, the more they stay the same.

ooh

ooh

ooh ooh

17

mf don't you he-sit-ate. *mf* Girl, put your re-cords on, tell me your fa-vourite song You go a-head, let your hair-

mf Girl, put your re-cords on, tell me your fa-vourite song You go a-head, let your hair-

mf Girl, on, song your hair-

mf Girl, on, song your hair-

21

down Sap-phire and fa-ded jeans, I hope you get your dreams, Just go a-head, let your hair-

Sap-phire and fa-ded jeans, I hope you get your dreams, Just go a-head, let your hair

Sap-phire jeans, get your dreams, your hair-

Sap-phire jeans, get your dreams, your hair-