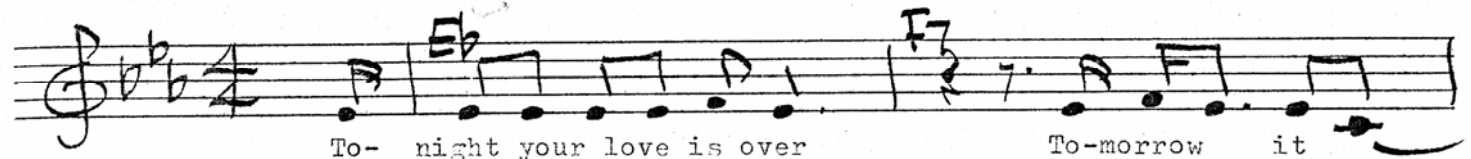
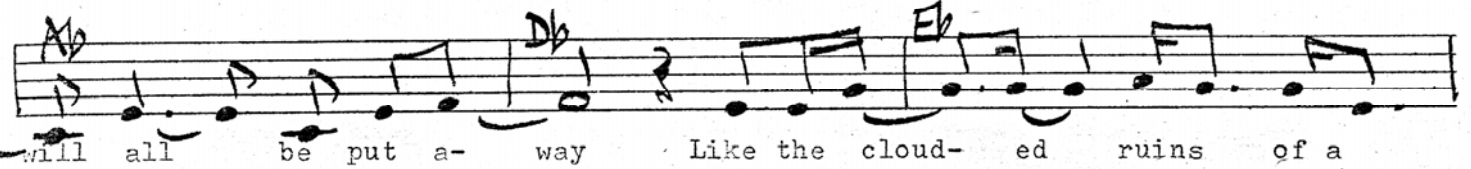


TONIGHT YOUR LOVE IS OVER

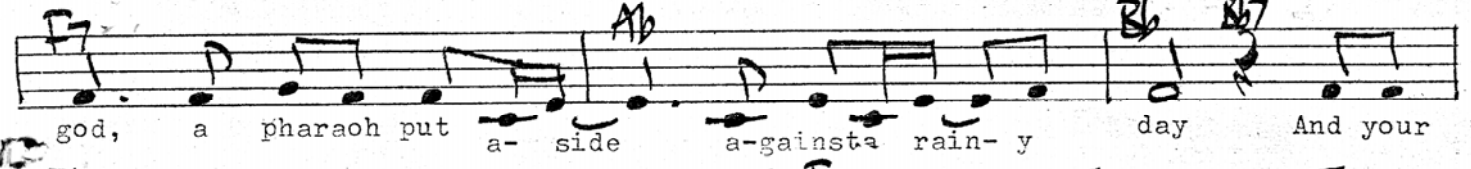
WORDS BY CLIVE JAMES : MUSIC BY PETE ATKIN



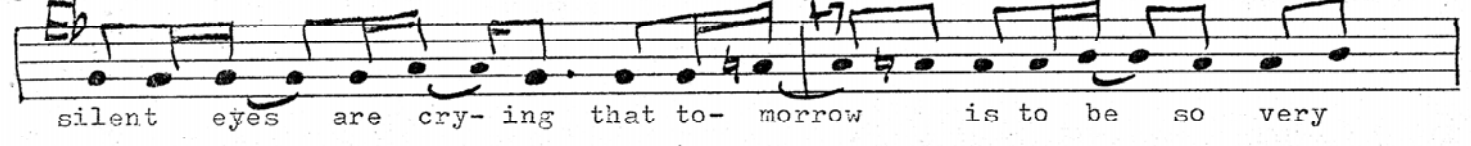
To- night your love is over To-morrow it



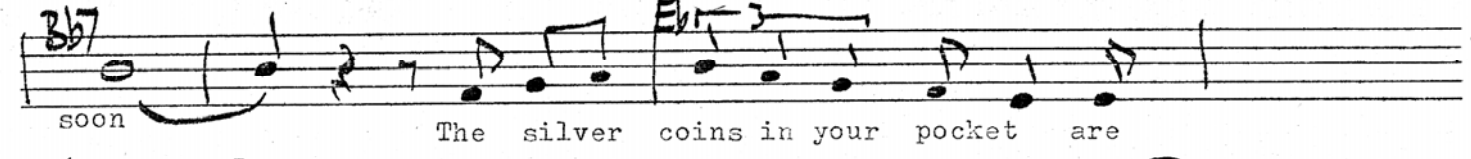
will all be put a- way Like the cloud- ed ruins of a



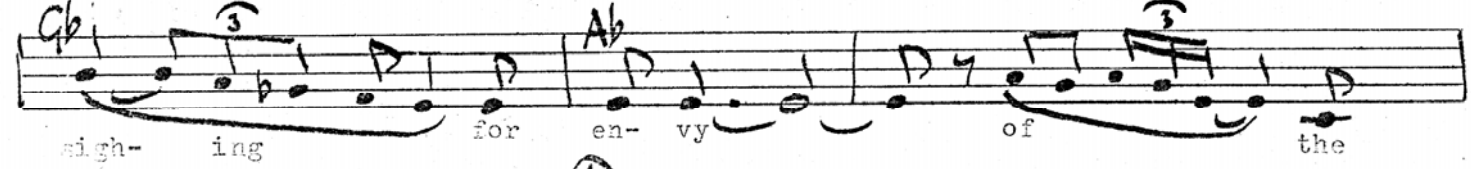
god, a pharaoh put a- side a- gainsta rain- y day And your



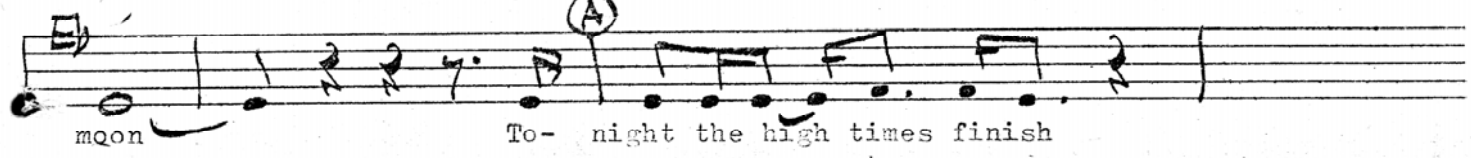
silent eyes are cry- ing that to- morrow is to be so very



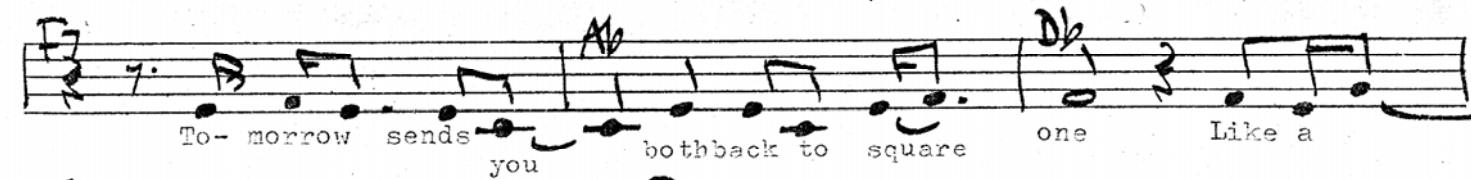
soon The silver coins in your pocket are



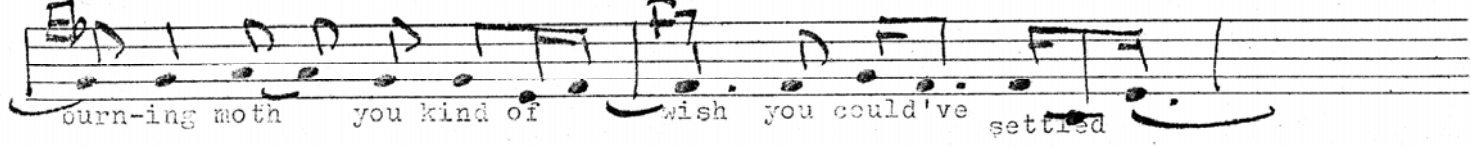
sigh- ing for en- vy of the



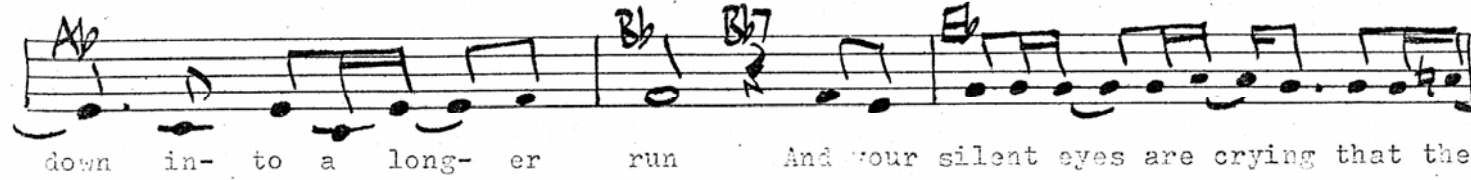
moon To- night the high times finish



To- morrow sends you both back to square one Like a



burn- ing moth you kind of wish you could've settled



down in- to a long- er run And your silent eyes are crying that the

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F7 Bb7
day-time has al-ready half be- gun The stars out-

Eb7 Cb1 Ab
-shone in the east are dy- ing of en- vy

Ab Db Eb
for the sun

F7 Bb7 B Eb F7
To- night your love is over To- morrow it

Ab Db Eb
will all be as you were Like a cap- tain broken in the

F7 Ab Bb Bb7
field ce n'est pas magni- fique mais c'est la guerre And your

silent eyes are cry- ing that to- morrow is to be so very

Bb7 Eb7
soon The silver coins in your pocket are

Cb1 Ab F7
sigh- ing for en- vy of the

moon The silver coins in your pocket are

Cb1 Ab F7
sigh- ing for en- vy of the

moon