

RAIN - WHEELS

Lyric by CLIVE JAMES, music by PETE ATKIN

F G9 A Bm7 C6 D
 E7(9+4) F G9
 I the
 A (D) (Em) (Bm)
 etc
 storm has dumped a mirr-or in the street
 A Jag-u-ar goes by like the
 E (A) (Bm) (F#m7)
 etc

fast-est M. T. B. in all the fleet The

A

girl at the wheel is food for her-oes Her hubs full of hal-oes are

A F

strob-ing like a fing-er dial-ling zer- oes

B7 D E_F(sus4)

She has to get home to the Vale of Health, she has to get out of Notting Hill And back to her nest in amongst the

F G9 A Bm7 C6 D

--- FIRST TIME TACET ---

weather
Where the rain falls warm And the winds don't

THIRD TIME ONLY
(1. & 2. TACET)

1. 2.

E7(sus4) F G9

3.
chill Her Fire-stones go trailing spray, they spin they grip, they whip a-way through

G9 A Bm7 C6 D

trem-b-l-ing re-flec-tions of the lights of in-ter-sections, and the bright-ly flour-ished cray-on of the

E7(sus4) F G9 A Bm7 C6

ne-on (repeat instrumental)

D E7(sus4) F G9 A