Barbra Streisand & Marvin Hamlisch - Put On Your Sunday Clothes (Wall-E)

tom: Eb F Out there Bb There's a world outside of yonkers Bb Way out there beyond this hick town, barnaby Cm7 F7 There's a slick town, barnaby Gm7 Out there Gm7 Cm Full of shine and full of sparkle Gm Close your eyes and see it glisten, barnaby Eb7 Bb Listen, barnaby Fb Put on your sunday clothes, there's lots of world out there Bbm7 Fm Bb Fb Get out the brillantine and dime cigars Fm7 Cm Fb We're gonna find adventure in the evening air Gm Girls in white Ab In a perfumed night Bb Gm Where the lights are bright as the stars! Fb Put on your sunday clothes, we're gonna ride through town Fb In one of those new horse drawn open cars We'll see the shows G At delmonico's Fm7 And we'll close the town in a whirl Fh Fb Fm And we won't come home until we've kissed a girl! F Put on your sunday clothes when you feel down and out Strut down the street and have your picture took Dressed like a dream your spirits seem to turn about Am Em That sunday shine Is a certain sign Dm7 Em That you feel as fine as you look Beneath your parasol, the world is all a smile That makes you feel brand new down to your toes Dm Get out your feathers E7 Your patent leathers D7 Am Your beads and buckles and bows G E For there's no blue monday in your sunday C Dm G No monday in the sunday F No monday in the sunday clothes Put on your sunday clothes when you feel down and out Db Abm7

Strut down the street and have your picture took Db Bbm Dressed like a dream your spirits seem to turn about Fm Gb That sunday shine is a certain sign Gh Fbm7 Ab That you feel as fine as you look! Db Db Ab Beneath your parasol, the world is all a smile Fm7 Db That makes you feel brand new down to your toes Fh Get out your feathers Your patent leathers Db Bbm Your beads and buckles and bows Gb Db Db For there's no blue monday in your sunday clothes [Solo] D D D D D D D Am7 D D Bm7 G Abm C F F. Put on your sunday clothes when you feel down and out Strut down the street and have your picture took Dressed like a dream your spirits seem to turn about Am That sunday shine Bb Is a certain sign Bb Gm That you feel as fine as you look Beneath your bowler brim the world's a simple song Am7 C D7 Gm A lovely lilt that makes you tilt your nose A7 Get out your slickers, your flannel knickers Dm G Your red suspenders and hose F Α For there's no blue monday in your sunday clothes (F Am7) D G Ermengarde, keep smiling, nobody wants a little ninny! D Am G Ambrose, do a turn, let me see! Bb Fb Mr. Hackl, Mr. Tucker, don't forget Irene and Minnie. Just forget what you've heard a word of mine! Bb All aboard! G Ab All aboard! All aboard G All aboard! All aboard Put on your sunday clothes there's lots of world out there Gm7 Gm Bb C Put on your silk cravat and patent shoes Dm We're gonna find adventure in the evening air Em To town we'll trot F To a smoky spot D Where the girls are hot as a fuse! G

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