

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

tom: Eb

Out there F

There's a world outside of you Bb F

Way out there beyond this hick town, barnaby Cm F7

There's a slick town, barnaby Gm

Out there Cm

Full of shine and full of spark Gm

Close your eyes and see it glisten, barnaby Cm

Listen, barnaby Bb Eb7

Put on your sunday clothes, there's lots of world out there Eb

Get out the brillantine and dime cigars Eb Fm Cm

We're gonna find adventure in the evening air Gm

Girls in white Ab

In a perfumed night Gm Bb

Where the lights are bright as the stars! Eb

Put on your sunday clothes, we're gonna ride through town Eb C

In one of those new horse drawn open cars Fm

We'll see the shows G

At delmonico's Fm

And we'll close the town in a whirl F

And we won't come home until we've kissed a girl! Eb Fm Eb

Put on your sunday clothes when you feel down and out C F C

Strut down the street and have your picture took C Am

Dressed like a dream your spirits seem to turn about Am Em

That sunday shine F

Is a certain sign Em Dm

That you feel as fine as you look C

Beneath your parasol, the world is all a smile C Am

That makes you feel brand new down to your toes Dm

Get out your feathers E7

Your patent leathers Am D7

Your beads and buckles and bows G E G

For there's no blue monday in your sunday C Dm G

No monday in the sunday C F C

No monday in the sunday clothes Db

Put on your sunday clothes when you feel down and out Db Abm

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 Gb Ebm Ab

That you feel as fine as you look! Db Ab Db

Beneath your parasol, the world is all a smile Db Fm

That makes you feel brand new down to your toes Eb

Get out your feathers F

Your patent leathers Bbm Db

Your beads and buckles and bows Db Gb Db

For there's no blue monday in your sunday clothes

[Solo] D D D  
D D Am  
D D Bm  
G Abm C F

Put on your sunday clothes when you feel down and out F Cm

Strut down the street and have your picture took F Dm

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 F

Beneath your bowler brim the world's a simple song F Am C D7 Gm

A lovely lilt that makes you tilt your nose Gm A7

Get out your slickers, your flannel knickers Dm G

Your red suspenders and hose F A C F

For there's no blue monday in your sunday clothes ( F Am )

Ermengarde, keep smiling, nobody wants a little ninny! D G

Ambrose, do a turn, let me see! Am D G

Mr. Hackl, Mr. Tucker, don't forget Irene and Minnie. Bb Eb

Just forget what you've heard a word of mine! Eb Bb

All aboard! Ab G

All aboard! All aboard

All aboard! All aboard G G

Put on your sunday clothes there's lots of world out there C F G

Put on your silk cravat and patent shoes C Gm Gm Bb C

We're gonna find adventure in the evening air C Dm F

To town we'll trot Em

To a smoky spot F

Where the girls are hot as a fuse! G D

Put on your silk high hat and at the turned up cuff  
 We'll wear a hand made grey suede buttoned glove  
 We'll join the astors  
 At tony pastor's  
 And this I'm positive of

That we won't come home  
 That we won't come home  
 No we won't come home until we fall in love  
 [Final]

## Acordes

