

# ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK

Words & Music by Ronny Whyte

Swinging 2 beat

The musical score is written on a grand staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Swinging 2 beat'. The score consists of ten staves of music, each with a line of lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes, and many include a '3' with a bracket, indicating a triplet. The lyrics are: 'A SUB-WAY TRAIN SCREAMS THROUGH THE DARK, A MUG - GER LURKS BY A TREE IN THE PARK, A GAR-BAGE COL-LEC-TOR THINKS NOISE IS A LARK, AND IT'S ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK... THE BLONDE AT THE BAR, WHO ONCE WAS A STAR, IS HOP-ING TO FIND A JOHN. A LA - DY IN BLUE, AT A TA-BLE FOR TWO, IS WAIT - ING TO GREET THE DAWN. THE MAN AT THE CORN - ER. NEWS- STAND SELLS HIS PORN - O WITH-OUT A NOD, AND THE HO - TEL CLERK, WHO IS BORED WITH HIS WORK IS READ-ING A PAM-PHLET ON GOD. ON THE SEV-EN-TEENTH FLOOR IN AN OFF- ICE SOME-ONE IS PUSH-ING A BROOM. A SYN-PHON-Y OR A

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All In a Night's Work - 2

*Fmi7* *Ebm7* *Ab7* *G7*  
 NO - VEL IS BE - GUN IN A TEN - E - MENT ROOM. A

(*atempo*) *Cm* *B+* *E1/Bb* *Cm/A* *Db*  
 COU - PLE WALKS LOV - ING - LY ARM IN ARM, A CAB - BIE LOOKS FOR A

*Db* *B+* *Bbm* *Abm*  
 FARE, A COOK SLINGS HASH IN A DI - NER, - AND THE DIS - COS ARE IN FULL

*Ebm/E* *Cm* *B+* *Cm/Bb* *Cm/A*  
 BLARE. A STRAY CAT PICKS THRU A TRASH CAN, A

*Db* *B+* *Bbm*  
 SHOP - FING BAG LA - DY DOES TOO, A JAZZ - MAN BLOWS A

*Abm* *Gb* *Fm7* *Bb7* *Eb* *Bb7+13*  
 MOURN - FUL TUNE, AND I SING MY SONGS FOR YOU. MOST OF THE TOWN HA'VE

*Eb* *Bb7+13* *Eb* *D+* *Db7* *C7*  
 GONE TO SLEEP, OR ARE WATCH - ING THE LATE, LATE SHOW, BUT

*Fm* *Bb7* *Gm7* *C7* *Am* *D7*  
 SOME OF US ARE STILL GO - ING STRONG, AND WE DO IT BE - CAUSE WE

*Gm7* *C7* *Fm7* *Bb7* *Gm7* *Db7*  
 KNOW, IT'S ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK, IT'S ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK,

*C7* *Emi7* *Eb*  
 ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK....

## ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK

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A subway train screams through the dark,  
A mugger lurks by a tree in the park,  
A garbage collector thinks noise is a lark,  
And it's ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK

The blonde at the bar  
Who once was a star,  
Is hoping to find a John.  
A lady in blue  
At a table for two,  
Is waiting to greet the dawn.

The man at the corner newstand  
Sells his porno without a nod.  
And the hotel clerk,  
Who is bored with his work,  
Is reading a pamphlet on God.

On the seventeenth floor in an office,  
Someone is pushing a broom.  
A symphony or a novel  
Is begun in a tenement room.

A couple walks lovingly arm in arm,  
A cabbie looks for a fare,  
A cook slings hash in a diner,  
And the discos are in full blare.

A stray cat picks through a trash can,  
A shopping bag lady does, too.  
A jazzman blows a mournful tune,  
And I sing my songs for you.

Most of the town have gone to sleep,  
Or are watching the Late, Late Show,  
But some of us are still going strong,  
And we do it because we know:  
It's ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK.  
ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK.  
ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK.