ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK
Words & Music by Ronny Whyte

Swinging 2 beat

Cm
Cm
Gm

Eb/Bb

Cm/A\textdagger

A SUBWAY TRAIN SCREAMS THROUGH THE DARK, A

Db
D/C
Bbm
Db\textdagger
Bb4
B/B\textdagger

MUGGER LURKS BY A TREE IN THE PARK, A GARBAGE COLLECTOR THINKS

B/A\textdagger
B/Gb

Bb
F7
Bb

NOISE IS A LARK, AND IT'S ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK...

Bbm

Eb7
Bbm

Eb7
Ab

Eb7

THE BLONDE AT THE BAR, WHO ONCE WAS A STAR, IS HOPEFUL TO FIND A

Ab
Am7
D7
Gm7

JOHN. A LADY IN BLUE, AT A TABLE FOR TWO, IS

Cm
F7
Bb

C7
F#7

WAITING TO GREET THE DAWN. THE MAN AT THE CORNER,

Bm7
Cm7
F#7
Bm7

NEWSSTAND SELLS HIS PORN WITHOUT A NOD, AND THE

Dm7
G7
Cm7
Fm7
Bb7

HOTEL CLERK, WHO IS BORED WITH HIS WORK IS READING A PAMPHLET ON

Eb (rubato)

Ev

Bm7

GOD. ON THE SEVENTEENTH FLOOR IN AN OFFICE

Abm

F#m7

C7

SOMEONE IS PUSHING A BROOM. A SYMPHONY OR A
All In A Night's Work

Novel is begun in a tenement room.
A couple walks lovingly arm in arm,
A cabby looks for a fare,
A cook slings hash in a diner,
And the discos are in full blare.
A stray cat picks thru 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, it's all in a night's work,
All in a night's work....

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ASCAP
ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK

Words & Music by Ronny Whyte

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 biare.

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.

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