

A BRIGHT TUESDAY MORNING

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(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key D

Time sig 3/4

Tempo 115 bpm approx



INTRO

1			A
2	D	F#m	G
6	A	A	D
10	D	F#m	G
14	A	A	D
18	D	F#m	G
22	A	A	D

VERSE 1

26	D	F#m	G	G
	Eight forty	three on a	bright Tuesday	morning, The
30	A	A	D	G
	city bathed	kind in a	soft Autumn	glow,
34	D	F#m	G	G
	Fills the hor-	izon with	shimmering	contours, And a
38	A	A	D	A7
	plane in the	distance, seems a	little bit	low;
42	D	A7		
		Did I		

CHORUS 1

44	F#m	A	E	E
	tell you just	now that I	love you?	Last
48	F#m	A	E	E
	weekend was	simply d-	vine,	And I'm
52	F#m	A	E	E
	counting the	days to next	time;	
56	E	E		

VERSE 2 / CHORUS 2 (as per v1/ch1)

58	D	F#m
	Eight forty	four Etc

84	F#m	A	E	E
	yearning is	keeping me	strong;	
88	E	E		

INSTRUMENTAL

90	D	F#m	G	G
94	A	A	D	G
98	D	F#m	G	G
102	A	A	D	A7

VERSE 3 / CHORUS 3 (as per v1/ch1)

106	D	F#m
	Eight forty	five.... Etc

132	F#m	A	E	E
	promise of	seeing you a-	gain;	
136	E	E		

VERSE 4 (as per v1)

138	D	F#m
	Eight forty	six.... Etc

V

150	A	A	D	A7
	plane in the	sky, seems sur-	prisingly	low;

CODA - REPEAT TO FADE

154	D	A7	D	A7
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- v1
Eight forty-three on a bright Tuesday morning,
The city, bathed kind in a soft Autumn glow,
Fills the horizon with tall shimmering contours,
And a plane in the distance seems a little bit low;
- ch1
Did I tell you just now that I love you?
Last weekend was simply sublime,
And I'm counting the days to next time.
- v2
Eight forty-four on a bright Tuesday morning,
The wall clock ticks steady that brisk a.m. flow,
The window beside me lit warm with the sunshine,
And a plane in the sky perhaps a little bit low;
- ch2
Did I mention just then that I miss you?
These weekdays seem heavy and long,
But this yearning is keeping me strong.
- v3
Eight forty-five on a bright Tuesday morning,
I ought to start work now, the boss will soon show,
My spreadsheet reflecting the glare from the window,
And a plane in the sky seems unusually low;
- ch3
Did I tell you that what keeps me going,
The certainty keeping me sane,

Is the promise that I'll see you again?

v4

Eight forty-six on a bright Tuesday morning,
The city laid calm in the sunshine below,
Peaceful, serene, a mirror of contentment,
And a plane in the sky, seems surprisingly low.