

Gone to the moon

Music: Jonathan King Words: Alan Clarke
(Arr. Wayne Richmond, 2023)

Rec. E_b A_b B_b E_b *pp* A_b B_b

5 **A** E_b **Solo** B_b A_b B_b^7 E_b B_b Fm^7 B_b

S. Pri-ces are soar - ing, — wa-ges are low. — Po-li-tic-ians ig - nor-ing — Say-ing "Not so."

13 A_b E_b Fm^7 E_b^{maj7} E_b^6 Fm^7 B_b^7 E_b^{maj7} Fm^7 B_b^7

S. But large cor-por - a - tions, en-joy-ing a boon. — Chea-per to live — on the moon. —

21 **B** E_b **Tutti** B_b A_b B_b^7 E_b B_b Fm^7 B_b

S. Rents head-ing sky-wards, few pla-ces to let. With mort-ga-ges spi-ral-ling, — man-y buy-ers re-gret.

A. Rents head-ing sky-wards, few pla-ces to let. With mort-ga-ges spi-ral-ling, — man-y buy-ers re-gret.

B. Rents head-ing sky-wards, few pla-ces to let. With mort-ga-ges spi-ral-ling, — man-y buy-ers re-gret.

29 A_b E_b Fm^7 E_b^{maj7} E_b^6 Fm^7 B_b^7 E_b^{maj7} Fm^7 B_b^7

S. Not e-nough pub-lic hous-ing, — no more com ing soon. — The home-less can sleep — on the moon. —

A. Not e-nough pub-lic hous-ing, — no more com-ing soon. — The home-less can sleep — on the moon. —

B. Not e-nough pub-lic hous-ing, — no more com ing soon. — The home-less can sleep — on the moon. —

37 **C** B \flat A \flat E \flat B \flat B \flat 7

S. Long time a - go, life has be - gun, ev-'ry-one went to the sun.

A. Long time a - go, life has be - gun, ev-'ry-one went to the sun.

B. Long time a - go, life has be - gun, ev-'ry-one went to the sun.

45 **D** E \flat **Solo** B \flat A \flat B \flat 7 E \flat B \flat Fm7 B \flat

S. Who wants war with Chi-na?_ The peo-ple say "No."_ Let's al-ways be neu-tral,_ not stand toe to toe.

53 A \flat E \flat Fm7 E \flat maj7 E \flat 6 Fm7 B \flat 7 E \flat maj7 Fm7 B \flat 7

S. We're buy-ing the hard-ware, but the Yanks call the tune.____ We'll bu-ry the dead_ on the moon._

61 **E** E \flat **Tutti** B \flat A \flat B \flat 7 E \flat B \flat Fm7 B \flat

S. E-mis-sions in-creas-ing,_ and meth-ane on top. We're los-ing our plan-et,_ this mad-ness must stop.

A. E-mis-sions in-creas-ing,_ and meth-ane on top. We're los-ing our plan-et,_ this mad-ness must stop.

B. E-mis-sions in-creas-ing,_ and meth-ane on top. We're los-ing our plan-et,_ this mad-ness must stop.

69 A \flat E \flat Fm7 E \flat maj7 E \flat 6 Fm7 B \flat 7 E \flat maj7

S. So all those who pro-fit,_ from the Fos-sil sil-ver spoon,_ send them all up_ to the moon!

A. So all those who pro-fit,_ from the Fos-sil sil-ver spoon,_ send them all up_ to the moon!

B. So all those who pro-fit,_ from the Fos-sil sil-ver spoon,_ send them all up_ to the moon!