**REMAINS OF THE DAY**

Additional Lyrics by JOHN AUGUST
Music and Lyrics by DANNY ELFMAN

Moderately bright \( \text{\textit{\textsc{m.}} = 160} \) \( \text{\textit{\textsc{q.}} = \frac{3}{4}} \) \( \text{\textit{\textsc{n.}} = \frac{3}{4}} \)

N.C.  \( \text{\textit{\textsc{m}.}} \)

Gm

D7  Gm  Bone Jangles: D7

1. Hey, _

Verse 1:

Gm  D7  Gm

_give me a lis - ten, you corp-ses of cheer,_  _at least those of you who_

D7  Gm

still got an ear. _ I'll tell you a sto - ry, make a skel-e-ton cry, _ of our_
own jubiliciously lovely corpse bride.

Chorus:

Everybody:

Die, die, we all pass away, but don't wear a frown 'cause it's really okay. You might try and hide, and you might try and pray, but we all end up the remains of the day._ Yeah, yeah,
Bone Jangles:

yeah, yeah, yeah.

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

2. Well, our

girl was a beauty, known for miles around, when a mysterious stranger
came to town. He was plenty good lookin', but down on his cash, and our

poor little baby, she fell hard and fast. When 'er daddy said no, she
just couldn't cope, so our lovers came up with a plan to elope.

Chorus:
Am                      E7                     Am
Die, die, we all pass away, but don't wear a frown 'cause it's

E7                      F6                      E7                      F                      E7
really okay. You might try and hide, and you might try and pray, but we

Am                      Am(maj7)                 Am7                      F                      E7
all end up the remains of the day. Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah... yeah.
Bridge:

Moderately \( \text{\( \frac{d}{dt} \)} = 92 \)

\[ \text{Bm} \quad \text{Gb7} \quad \text{F7} \quad \text{Bm} \quad \text{Gb7} \quad \text{F7} \]

conjured up a plan to meet late at night. They told not a soul, kept the whole thing tight. Now her

\[ \text{Bm} \quad \text{Fdim7} \quad \text{Bm} \quad \text{Fdim7} \]

mother's wedding dress fit like a glove. You don't need much when you're really in love, except for a few things, or so I'm told, like the family jewels and a satchel of gold. Then

\[ \text{Cm} \quad \text{A\( ^\flat \)7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{A\( ^\flat \)7} \quad \text{G7} \]

\[ \text{C\( ^\flat \)m} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{C\( ^\flat \)m} \quad \text{A7} \]

next to the graveyard by the old oak tree, on a dark foggy night at a quarter to three, she was
Bone Jangles: She waited.

read-y to go, but where was he?

Group: And then?

Am

There in the shade-dows, was it the man?

Gm

Her lit-tle heart beat so loud!

then?

And then?

And then?

And

N.C.

then?

And then, ba-by, ev-ry-thin' went black.

3. Now when she

Tempo I \( \frac{d}{4} = 160 \) \( \frac{d}{4} = \frac{d}{4} \)

Verse 3:

Gm

D7

Gm6

o-pened her eyes, she was dead as dust. Her jewels were miss-ing

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heart was bust. So she made a vow, lying under the tree: That she'd wait for her true love to come set her free. Always waiting for someone to ask for her hand. When out of the blue comes this groov-y young man. who vows forever to be by her side. And that’s the story of our corpse.
Chorus:
Bm
Everybody:

bride.
Die, die, we all pass away, but don't wear a frown 'cause it's

really okay.
You might try and hide, and you might try and pray, but we

all end up the remains ad lib.
all end up the remains of the day.
Yeah!