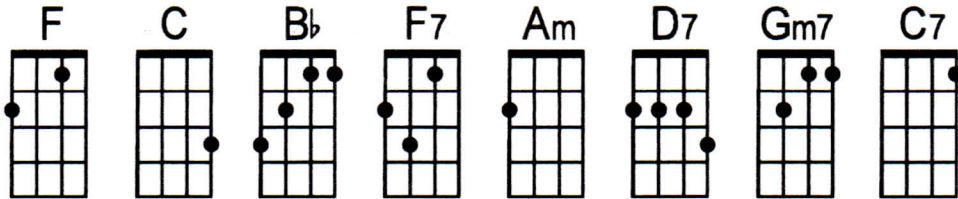


# Raindrops Keep Fallin' On My Head

by Hal David and Burt Bacharach



**Intro:** F . C . | Bb . C . |

F . . . . . | F7 . . . . . |  
 Rain-drops keep fallin' on my head— and just like the guy whose feet are

Bb . . . . | Am . D7 . . . . | Am . D7 . . |  
 Too big for his bed. Nothin' seems to fit, those

Gm7 . . . . . |  
 Rain-drops are fallin' on my head, they keep fall—in'.

C7 . . . . | F . . . . . | F7 . . . . . | F7 . . . . . |  
 So I just did me some talkin' to the sun— and I said I didn't like the

Bb . . . . | Am . D7 . . . . | Am . D7 . . |  
 Way he got things done. Sleepin' on the job those

Gm7 . . . . . |  
 Rain-drops are fallin' on my head, they keep fall—in'.

**Bridge:**

C7 . . . . . | F . . . . . | F7 . . . . . | Bb . . . . . | C . . . . . |  
 But there's one thing— I know— the blues they send to meet me  
 . . . . | Am . . . . . | D7 . . . . . | Gm7 . . . . . |  
 Won't de-feat me— It won't be— long till happ-i—ness steps up to greet me.

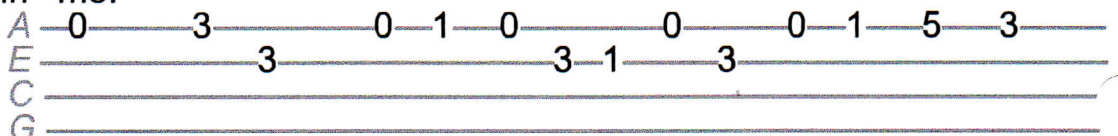
Gm7\\ C\ -- | Gm7\\ C\ -- |

F . . . . . | F7 . . . . . |  
 Rain-drops keep fallin' on my head, but that doesn't mean my eyes will

Bb . . . . | Am . D7 . . . . | Am . D7 . . |  
 soon be tur-nin' red. Cryin's not for me 'cause

Gm7 . . . . . | C7 . . . . . | F . . . . . |  
 I'm never gonna stop the rain by com-plainin', Be—cause I'm free—

Gm7 . C7 . | F . . . | F7 . . . | Bb . . . | C . . . | Am . . . |  
 nothin's worry-in' me.



. . . . . | D7 . . . . . | Gm7 . . . . . | Gm7\\ C\ -- | Gm7\\ C\ -- |  
 It won't be— long till happ-i—ness steps up to greet me.