

New York Mining Disaster 1941

Words and Music by Barry Gibb and Robin Gibb

Slowly

In the e - vent of some-thing hap-pen-ing to

me, there is, some-thing I would like you all to see. It's just a

pho - to - graph of some - one that I knew. Have you

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G C G C

seen my wife, Mis-ter Jones? Do you know what it's like on the

F E7 To Coda

out - side? Don't go talk - ing too loud, you'll cause a land - slide, Mis - ter

A6

Jones. I keep strain-ing my ears to hear a sound, may-be

D7 G

some - one is dig - ging un - der - ground. Or have they giv - en up and all gone home to

Am D7 G F

bed think-ing those who once ex-ist-ed must be dead. Have you

G C G C F

seen my wife, Mis-ter Jones? Do you know what it's like on the out-side? Don't go

E7 Am

talk-ing too loud, you'll cause a land-slide, Mis-ter Jones.

D.S. al Coda ☼

In the e -

mp

Coda ⊕ Am F

Jones.

mf *mp*