

Shaker Song

Music by Jay Beckenstein
 Lyric by David Lasley
 and Allee Willis
 (As sung by Manhattan Transfer)

Med. Samba (Intro)

$\text{♩} = 97$ (G⁶ F^{6/9} G⁶ F^{6/9}) (4x's) (G⁶ F^{6/9} G⁶ F^{6/9})

(bass tacet) (pn.) (ten.) (pn. simile)

(G⁶ F^{6/9} G⁶ F^{6/9} G⁶ F^{6/9} G⁶)

(G⁶ F^{6/9}) N.C.

(gtr. fills) (pn., ten. doubles bottom line)

(add bass) C^{MA7} C⁶ F^{/G} G⁹ C^{MA7} C⁶ F^{/G} |^{1.} G⁹ |^{2.} F^{/G} - 2 4

(pn.) The

A C^{MA7} F^{MA7} C^{MA7} F^{MA7}

1. Fool screams, "No more." He grabs his shirt and hits the door, What she

C^{MA7} F^{MA7} C^{MA7} F^{MA7}

needs from him he ignores, It's a bore, oh it's a bore, oh it's a bore, oh it's a bore, oh it's a

A^bMA⁷/B^b E^bMA⁷ G^bMA⁷/A^b D^bMA⁷

Blast the radi - o, The hits just come and go, Black out what he

A^bMA⁷/B^b E^bMA⁷ G⁹sus


knows that he has blown, That he has blown. 2. The

B F^{MA7} E⁷(#9) A^{MI7} G^{MI7}


He can shake the blues, but you know he still can get confused,

G^{MI7} C⁹sus F^{MA7} G⁹sus C^{MA7}

It seems like such a waste, 'cause he can't shake her, shake

C¹³_{SUS} *C⁹* *F_MA⁷* *E⁷(#9)*
 her, _____ He can shake his tail, _____ but you know his
A_MI⁷ *G_MI⁷* *C⁹_{SUS}* *F_MA⁷* *G⁹_{SUS}* 
 moves are get - ting stale, _____ He's on the make, but oh, his heart _____ can't fake, _____ He can't
C_MA⁷ *C⁶* *F/G* *G⁹* *C_MA⁷* *C⁶* *F/G* *G⁹*
 shake her, _____ shake her, He can't shake her, _____ No, _____ he can't
C_MA⁷ *C⁶* *F/G* *G⁹* *C_MA⁷* *C⁶* *F/G*
 shake her. (sample scat) _____

Solo on form (AAB);
 After solos, D.S. al Coda
 (sing 3rd & 4th verses)

 *C_MA⁷* *G⁹_{SUS}*
 shake her, _____ shake her, He can't

(Vamp, solo (scat) and fade)

bars 5-8 of **A**
 for 2nd verse:

bars 5-8 of **A**
 for 3rd verse:

bars 5-8 of **A**
 for 4th verse:

Piano lick at 8 before letter A is repeated the last 8 bars of letter B.

2nd VERSE
 The night hangs its head
 As the fool crawls into bed,
 Still his hungry heart begs to be fed
 All the words she once, that she said, that she said,

4th VERSE
 He knows he is beat
 As his heart puts on the heat,
 Run from the street that don't even fit his feet,
 Don't fit his feet, now he can see, now he can really see, now he can

So then he grabs his Chevrolet
 In one more attempt to get away
 But thoughts of all the crimes of passion lay,
 Lay in his way.

Tell him where's a telephone,
 He can beg to let the fool come home,
 He tells her that his life's a drag alone,
 Can't be alone.

3rd VERSE
 Romance falls like rain
 But all the motives are insane
 Every time that he plays the game he feels the pain,
 He feels the pain, who is to blame, who is to blame, who is to blame?

And then he finds a joint that's jive,
 Guys are spinning girls like 45's,
 All of the live bait sinks for his lines,
 They are so high.