The Best of Kate Bush
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Babooshka

Words and Music by Kate Bush

Moderato

(Aboosh - ka) She wanted to test her husband

(Eb/G) (Aboosh - ka) She wanted to take it further

(Eb/G) Aboom Db/F Eb/G

She knew exactly what to do

(So she arranged a place to go)

(Db) A pseudonym to fool him.

(Cb) For to see if he

(Eb/G) She couldn't have made a

(Cm7) worse move

(Bm7) mini

(Abm7) to

(Db) She sent him scent-ed let- ters

(Cb) And when he laid eyes on her

(Eb/G) And he received them with a strange

(Eb/G) de-light

(Eb/G) Un-
Just like his wife
But how she was before the tears
And how she was before the
cany how she
Reminds him of his little lady
Capacity to give him

Cmaj7  Bm7  Abm7  Db/F  Eb/G  Abm7  Db/F

To Coda

years flew by all he needs
And how she was when she was beautiful.
She signed the letter

Eb/G  Abm7  Db/F  Abm7  Gb/Bb  Cb  Cb/Db

“All yours, Babooshka, Babooshka, Babooshka, ya, ya.”

Eb7  Db  Abm7  Eb/G  Abm7  Abm7  Db/F

CODA

freezed on him Just like his wife when she was beautiful
He shouted out “I’m

Eb/G  Abm7  Db/F  Abm7  Gb/Bb  Cb  Cb/Db
All yours, Babooshka, Babooshka, Babooshka, ya, ya.

PLAY 4 TIMES

Babooshka, Babooshka, Babooshka, ya, ya.

Babooshka ya ya.”

Ebm Db Abm7 Eb/G Abm7 Ebm Db

Abm7 Eb/G Abm7 Ebm Abm7

Ebm Db Abm Eb/G Abm Abm Db/F Eb/G

Babooshka) (Babooshka)

moto rit.

Abm Db/F Eb/G Abm Db/F Eb
Wuthering Heights

Words and Music by Kate Bush

Very slowly (with expression)

Out on the wind-ing, win- dy moors we’d roll and fall in green.

You had a tem-per, like my jea- lou-sy -

A F E C# A F

Too hot, too gree-dy,

How could you leave me,

I’m com-ing back love,

when I need-ed to

cru-el Heath- cliff,

E C# A F

poss-es-sed you?

my one dream,

I hat- ed you, I

loved you too,

mas- ter

E C# Ab

my on- ly
Bad dream in the night,
Too long I roam in the night,
They told me I was going to lose the fight
I'm coming back to his side to put it right.

Leave behind my Wuthering, Wuthering, Wuthering Heights, Heathcliff,
I'm coming home to your cold, let me in your window.

CHORUS

1 Gb Es7 Ab7
1/2 D7 Gb A7

To Coda

window Heathcliff window
Oh! It gets dark, it gets lonely, On the other side from you.

I pine a lot, I find the lot falls through without you.

Oh! Let me have it, let me grab your soul away.

You know it's me, Cathy.

To Chorus and repeat till fade
December Will Be Magic Again

Words and Music by Kate Bush

Moderato

Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo

Cm Ab Bb Fm Cm Ab Bb Fm

doo doo doo doo doo doo doo

Cm Ab Bb Fm Cm Ab Bb F/A

December will be magic again.

Gm Gm/F Fsus4 F Cm Gm

to the ice

to conjure Mister Wilde

Dm Am Em Bm7 Am

While Bing Crosby sings White Ooh it's
But don't you wake them up.
Come to sparkle the dark up
With just a touch of make up.
Come to cover the muck up
Ooh

D.S. al Coda

CODA

Doo doo doo doo doo doo

I fall like the
snow.

CHORUS

Come to cov-er the lov-ers
But don’t you wake them up

Come to spar-kle the dark_ up
With just_ a touch of make up.

Repeat Chorus till fade

Come to cov-er the muck_ up
Ooh_ with a lit-tle luck_
Hammer Horror

Words and Music by Kate Bush

Slowly

1. You stood in the Bell-tower but now you're gone
2. Re hears - ing in your things I feel guilty
Who calls me from the other side of the street

so who knows all the sights of Notre Dame?
And re trac ing all the scenes of your big hit
And who taps me on the shoul-der I turn a round but you're

They've got the stars for the gal - lant hearts.
Oh, God you need ed the lead ing role
I've got a hunch that you're fol - low-ing
I'm the re - placement for your part.

But gone, I've got a hunch that you're fol - low-ing
It was n't me who made you go, though. Now
To get your own back on me. So
all I want to do is forget you, friend

CHORUS

Ham-mer Hor-ror, Ham-mer Hor-ror won’t leave it a-lone

The first time in my life I keep the lights on to ease my soul

Ham-mer Hor-ror, Ham-mer Hor-ror won’t leave it a-lone I don’t
know, is this the right thing to do?

D.S. al Coda

CODA
Them Heavy People

Words and Music by Kate Bush

Moderato

Rolling the ball. Rolling the ball. Rolling the ball to me.

Ab Ebm Ab Ebm Ab Ebm Db

VERSE

1. They arrived at an inconvenient time, I was hiding in a room in my mind.

Db Ab Gb Db Ab Gb

They made me look at myself, I saw it well. I'd shut the people out of my life.

Db Ab/C Ab Eb Bb/D Bb Gb Fm7 Bb
So now I take the opportunities.
I love the whirling of the der- vi-shes.

Won-der-ful teach-ers
I love the beau-ty of

read-y to teach me.
rare in-no-cence.

I must work on my mind.
You don’t need no crys-tal ball.
Don’t fall for a mag-ic wand,

that ev-ry one of us,
we hu-mans got it all,

has a hea-ven in-side.
we per-act the mir-a-cles.

CHORUS

Them hea- vy peo-ple hit me in a soft spot.
Them hea- vy peo-ple hit
me, them heavy people hit me in a soft spot.

Rolling the ball. Rolling the ball. Rolling the ball

VERSE

to me.

2. They open doorways that I thought were shut for good.

They read me Gurdjieff and Jesus. They build up my body.
Break me emotion-ly. It's nearly kill-ing me, but what a love-ly feel-ing.

Roll-ing the, roll-ing the, roll-ing the, roll-ing the.

CHORUS

Them heav-y peo-ple hit me in a soft spot.

Them heav-y peo-ple hit me,

Repeat till fade.

me,

them heav-y peo-ple hit me in a soft spot.
Saxophone Song

You’ll find me in a Berlin bar

in a corner brooding.

You know that I go very quiet

when I am listening to you.

There’s something special indeed.

There’s something special indeed.

In all the places where I’ve seen you shine boy,
there's something very real in how I feel honey. It's in me,

it's in meee, and you know it's for real

rall. a tempo

Tuning in on your saxophone.
Da ba da ba doo.

The candle burning over your shoulder is throwing shadows from your saxophone.

A surly lady-in-tremor. The stars that climb from her bowels. Those
stars make towers on vowels.

You'll never say that you had all of me.

You'll never see the poetry you've stirred in me.

Of all the stars I've seen that shine so brightly,

I've never known or felt in myself so rightly; it's in me.

CODA

Repeat to fade
Oh England My Lionheart

Words and Music by Kate Bush

Slowly

F

Em

C

D7

Am

G

Oh England, my Lionheart
I'm in your garden fading

C

D7

Dm7

Am

E7

fast in your arms,
The soldiers soften, the war is over

Dm7

Am

E7

Am

F

E7

The air-raid shelters are blooming clover,
Flapping umbrellas fill the

F

Am

F

E7

Am

lanes,

My London Bridge in rain again.
Oh England, my Lion-heart
Dropped from my black Spit-fire to

Kensington Park
Funeral barge
You read me Shakespeare on the rolling Thames

That old River that never, ever ends
Our thumping hearts

Give me one wish and I'd be sailing
In the orchard, my English

Ravens in and keep the tower from tumbling
Rose, or with my Shepherd who'll bring me home
Chorus

Oh England, my Lion-heart
Oh England, my Lion-heart

Oh England, my Lion-heart
I don't want to go.

Oh England, my Lion-heart
I don't want to go.
Army Dreamers

Moderato

Words and Music by Kate Bush

Bm      Em      F#m      A      Bm

dream - ers  And mam - my’s he - ro.

Em      F#m      A      Bm      Em

B. F. P. O.

And

F#m      A      Bm      Em      F#m

mam - my’s he - ro.

1. Our - lit - tle Ar - my boy, is com - ing home from
2. Tears - o’er a tin box, oh Je - sus Christ he

A      Bm      Em      F#m
B. F. P. O. wasn’t to know. I’ve a bunch of purple flowers to decorate a

mammy’s hero. Mourning in the aerodrome, the weather warmer

he is colder. Four men in uniform to carry home my

CHORUS

little soldier. buttons and bows. What could he do? Should have been a rock star. But he didn’t
have the money for a guitar. What could he do? Should have been a politician.

But he never

had a proper education. What could he do? Should have been a father. But he never

even make it to his twenties. What a waste of Army dreamers

Oh what a waste of Army dreamers.
Oh—what a waste of all them Army dreamers

Army dreamers Army dreamers

Doo 'n doo 'n doo 'n doo. De oo 'n doo de doo 'n doo. Bank F. P. O.

THREE TIMES:

(1st & 3rd time) Army dreamers mam-my's hero,

D.C. and repeat introduction to fade.
James And The Cold Gun

Moderato

Words and Music by Kate Bush

James__
Where__
come on lies your home__
heart?__

You've been gone
It's not there in the too long baby
buck-skin baby, It's not there in the gin__ that makes you laugh

We miss you a day and night, long and loud you're a coward, James__

Bbm7 Ab/Bb Ebm7 Bbm7 Ab/Bb Ebm7
Bbm Ab/Bb Ebm Bbm Ab/Bb Ebm
Bbm Ab/Bb Ebm Bbm Ab/Bb Ebm
Bbm Ab/Bb Ebm Bbm Ab/Bb Ebm
Bbm Ab/Bb Ebm Bbm Ab/Bb Ebm
you left town to live by the rifle, you left us to fight,
you're running away from humanity, you're running out.

But it just ain't right to take away the light
on reality. It won't be funny when they rat-a-tat-tat you down.

CHORUS
Remember Genie from the Casino She's still awaiting in her
golden brass bed.
The boys from your gang are knocking whisky back

Ab Gb Db Ab Ebm Gb Db
Till they get out of hand and wish they were dead.

They're only lonely for the

life that they led with their old friend.

Ooh

Ooh

Ooh

James,

are you selling your soul to a

Gb Db Ab Gb Es7m

Gb Db Ab Gb Gbm Ab

Gb F7 Gbm Ab Gb F7 Gbm Ab

Gb F7 Db Es7m Gb F7
cold gun.

sell - ing your soul Ooh Ooh
to a cold gun.

Repeat till fade
Don’t Push Your Foot On
The Heartbreak

Words and Music by Kate Bush

Em-ma’s__ come down.
She’s stopped the light__ shining out of her eyes__

Em-ma’s been run out__ on__
She’s breaking down__ in so many places

Stuck in low gear__, be-cause of her fears__ of the skid-ding wheels__ (The skid of her wheels she feels)
Skidding wheels. (The skid of her wheels she feels) Spinning wheels, wheel skidding feeling.

Chorus
Her heart is there. But they've greased the road. Her heart is out there. But she's no control. Come on, you've got to use your flow. You know what it's like, and you know you want to go. Don't drive too slowly.
Don't put your blues where your shoes should be.
Don't push your foot on the heart brake.

She's losing that inner flame.
It was burning bright, but she's losing the fight fast.

She's only herself to blame.
Well take care of yourself and remember George. But she's
So “O.D’d” on weeping she can hardly see, that she's dropping beads. (Red, red glass is bleeding)

Dropping beads. (Red, red glass is bleeding) Dropping beads. (Red, red on the parquet)

Her heart is there, But they've greased the road. Her heart is

out there. But she's no control. Oh
Oh Come on you've got to use your flow.

know what it's like, and you know you want to go.

Don't push your blues where your shoes should be.

Don't drive too slowly.

Don't push your foot on the heart brake.
Breathing

Words and Music by Kate Bush

Slowly

Outside, we've lost our chance,
gets we're the first and last,
or

Dm Bb/D D/F# Gm D/A

through her skin
after the blast
I've been out before but
chips of plutonium are

Gm/Bb D/F# G D/F#

this time it's much safer in.

Last night twinkling in every lung.

Gm C/E Dm Bb/D
Breathing her nicotine
Breathing, breathing the fallout in
out, in, out in, out in, out.

Breathing.
out, in, out, in, out, in, out, in,

out, in, out, out, out.
The Man With The Child In His Eyes

Words and Music by Kate Bush

Slowly with expression

He's very understanding, before he's

Em

Em/D

go to sleep and focus on the day that's been,
so aware of all my situations.

I realise And when I

C G/B Am Em

ise he's there when I turn the light off but I feel him

stay up late he's always waiting.

Em/D C G/B
over,
hesitate,

Nobody knows about my man
Oh, I'm so worried about my love

they think he's lost on some horizon
they say, "No, no, it won't last forever."
And suddenly I find myself
And here I am again my girl,

listening to a man
wondering what on earth
I've never known before
I'm doing here,

Telling me about the sea.
Maybe he doesn't love me.
All his love till eternity.
I just took a trip on my love for him.

Dm C G F Ab
Ooh, he's here again,
the man with the child in his eyes.

C G C Bb F Bb F/A Bb F/A

Ooh, he's here again, the man with the child in his eyes.

Cadd9 (omit 3rd)

C G C Bb F Bb F/A

the man with the child in his eyes.
Wow

Words and Music by Kate Bush

Slowly

1. We're all a - lone_ on_ the stage_ to - night_, We've been told_ we're not a - fraid_

_of you._ We know all_ our lines_ so well_ a

ha. We've said them so ma - ny times. Time and time a - gain_

Am9  F6(add9)  Am9  F6(add9)  Am9  F6(add9)

D(no3rd) add9  Am7  Am9  F6(add9)

G  D(no3rd) add9  Am  Bm  Dm
Line and line again... Oh yeah you're amazing... We think you're incredible...
You say we're fantastic. We'd give you a part of my love. But still we don't head the bill.
But you'd have to play the fool.

Chorus
Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow, unbelievable.

To Coda
2. When the actor reaches his death. You know it's not for real, he just holds his breath. But he always dives too soon, too fast to save.

himself. He'll never make the screen, he'll never make the "Sweeney", or be a movie queen. He's too busy hitting the vaseline.
We're all alone on the stage tonight
We're all alone on the stage tonight
(Voice)